

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS SYNDICATE
General Certificate of Education Advanced Subsidiary Level

LANGUAGE & LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8695/9

PAPER 9 Poetry, Prose and Drama

OCTOBER/NOVEMBER SESSION 2001

2 hours

Additional materials:
Answer paper

TIME 2 hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer paper/answer booklet.

Answer **two** questions from **two** different sections.

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

If you use more than one sheet of paper, fasten the sheets together.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

This question paper consists of 11 printed pages and 1 blank page.

Section A: Poetry

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

- 1 **Either** (a) '*Innocence* is not the happy land the reader hoped for.'
How far are the *Songs of Innocence* poems "of happy cheer"?
- or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, and say how far you find its methods and concerns characteristic of *Songs of Innocence and Experience*.

The Human Abstract

Pity would be no more,
If we did not make somebody Poor:
And Mercy no more could be,
If all were as happy as we:

And mutual fear brings peace: 5
Till the selfish loves increase.
Then Cruelty knits a Snare,
And spreads his baits with care.

He sits down with holy fears,
And waters the ground with tears: 10
Then Humility takes its root
Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade
Of Mystery over his head;
And the Catterpillar and Fly, 15
Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the fruit of Deceit,
Ruddy and sweet to eat:
And the Raven his nest has made
In its thickest shade. 20

The Gods of the earth and sea,
Sought thro' Nature to find this Tree
But their search was all in vain;
There grows one in the Human Brain

Touched with Fire: ed. HYDES (Sections E and F)

- 2 **Either** (a) In 'My Busconductor', Roger McGough writes
 'He holds a ninepenny single
 As if it were a rose.'
 Examine the ways poets have transformed the ordinary into the extraordinary in **three** poems from your selection.

- Or** (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem:

The Second Coming

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
 The falcon cannot hear the falconer;

Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
 Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
 The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere 5
 The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
 The best lack all conviction, while the worst
 Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
 Surely the Second Coming is at hand. 10

The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
 When a vast image out of *Spiritus Mundi*
 Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
 A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
 A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun, 15
 Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
 Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.

The darkness drops again; but now I know
 That twenty centuries of stony sleep
 Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle, 20
 And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
 Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

W. B. Yeats

SYLVIA PLATH: *Ariel*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'Plath uses flowers as a metaphor for the creative consciousness.'
Referring to **three** poems, discuss Plath's use of flower imagery in the light of this statement.
- Or** (b) Several of Plath's poems in *Ariel* concern the experience of illness or injury. Comment on the following poem, saying how far you find it characteristic of them.

Paralytic

It happens. Will it go on? —
My mind a rock,
No fingers to grip, no tongue,
My god the iron lung

That loves me, pumps 5
My two
Dust bags in and out,
Will not

Let me relapse
While the day outside glides by like ticker tape. 10
The night brings violets,
Tapestries of eyes,

Lights,
The soft anonymous
Talkers: 'You all right?' 15
The starched, inaccessible breast.

Dead egg, I lie
Whole
On a whole world I cannot touch,
At the white, tight 20

Drum of my sleeping couch
Photographs visit me —
My wife, dead and flat, in 1920 furs,
Mouth full of pearls,

Two girls 25
As flat as she, who whisper 'We're your daughters.'
The still waters
Wrap my lips,

Eyes, nose and ears,
A clear 30
Cellophane I cannot crack.
On my bare back

I smile, a buddha, all
Wants, desire
Falling from me like rings 35
Hugging their lights.

The claw
Of the magnolia,
Drunk on its own scents,
Asks nothing of life. 40

Section B: Prose

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

- 4 **Either** (a) Achebe writes in Chapter 7 that Okonkwo 'wanted Nwoye to grow into a tough young man capable of ruling his father's household when he was dead and gone to join the ancestors.'
What does Achebe's characterisation of Nwoye contribute to the idea of 'manhood' in the novel?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, and show how it contributes to the importance of Okonkwo's exile in Mbanta.

The last big rains of the year were falling. It was the time for treading red earth with which to build walls. It was not done earlier because the rains were too heavy and would have washed away the heap of trodden earth, and it could not be done later because harvesting would soon set in and after that the dry season.

It was going to be Okonkwo's last harvest in Mbanta. The seven wasted and weary years were at last dragging to a close. Although he had prospered in his motherland Okonkwo knew that he would have prospered even more in Umuofia, in the land of his fathers where men were bold and warlike. In these seven years he would have climbed to the utmost heights. And so he regretted every day of his exile. His mother's kinsmen had been very kind to him, and he was grateful. But that did not alter the facts. He had called the first child born to him in exile Nneka — 'Mother is Supreme' — out of politeness to his mother's kinsmen. But two years later when a son was born he called him Nwofia — 'Begotten in the Wilderness'.

As soon as he entered his last year in exile Okonkwo sent money to Obierika to build him two huts in his old compound where he and his family would live until he built more huts and the outside wall of his compound. He could not ask another man to build his own *obi* for him, nor the walls of his compound. Those things a man built for himself or inherited from his father.

As the last heavy rains of the year began to fall, Obierika sent word that the two huts had been built and Okonkwo began to prepare for his return, after the rains. He would have liked to return earlier and build his compound that year before the rains stopped, but in doing so he would have taken something from the full penalty of seven years. And that could not be. So he waited impatiently for the season to come.

It came slowly. The rain became lighter and lighter until it fell in slanting showers. Sometimes the sun shone through the rain and a light breeze blew. It was a gay and airy kind of rain. The rainbow began to appear, and sometimes two rainbows, like a mother and her daughter, the one young and beautiful, and the other an old and faint shadow. The rainbow was called the python of the sky.

Okonkwo called his three wives and told them to get things together for a great feast. 'I must thank my mother's kinsmen before I go,' he said.

Chapter Nineteen

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

- 5 **Either** (a) How far and in what ways does Dickens create sympathy for Miss Havisham in the mind of the reader?
- Or** (b) The following passage contains Magwitch's description of his earlier trial and conviction. In what ways does Dickens use Magwitch's account to highlight the novel's concern with justice?

He looked about him in a confused way, as if he had lost his place in the book of his remembrance; and he turned his face to the fire, and spread his hands broader on his knees, and lifted them off and put them on again.

'There ain't no need to go into it,' he said, looking round once more. 'The time wi' Compeyson was a'most as hard a time as ever I had; that said, all's said. Did I tell you as I was tried, alone, for misdemeanour, while with Compeyson?' 5

I answered, No.

'Well!' he said, 'I was, and got convicted. As to took up on suspicion, that was twice or three times in the four or five year that it lasted; but evidence was wanting. At last, me and Compeyson was both committed for felony – on a charge of putting stolen notes in circulation – and there was other charges behind. Compeyson says to me, "Separate defences, no communication," and that was all. And I was so miserable poor, that I sold all the clothes I had, except what hung on my back, afore I could get Jagers.' 10

'When we was put in the dock, I noticed first of all what a gentleman Compeyson looked, wi' his curly hair and his black clothes and his white pocket-handkercher, and what a common sort of a wretch I looked. When the prosecution opened and the evidence was put short, aforehand, I noticed how heavy it all bore on me, and how light on him. When the evidence was giv in the box, I noticed how it was always me that had come for'ard, and could be swore to, how it was always me that the money had been paid to, how it was always me that had seemed to work the thing and get the profit. But, when the defence come on, then I see the plan plainer; for, says the counsellor for Compeyson, "My lord and gentlemen, here you has afore you, side by side, two persons as your eyes can separate wide; one, the younger, well brought up, who will be spoke to as such; one, the elder, ill brought up, who will be spoke to as such; one, the younger, seldom if ever seen in these here transactions, and only suspected; t'other, the elder, always seen in 'em and always wi' his guilt brought home. Can you doubt, if there is but one in it, which is the one, and, if there is two in it, which is much the worst one?" And such-like. And when it come to character, warn't it Compeyson as had been to the school, and warn't it his schoolfellows as was in this position and in that, and warn't it him as had been know'd by witnesses in such clubs and societies, and nowt to his disadvantage? And warn't it me as had been tried afore, and as had been know'd up hill and down dale in Bridewells and Lock-Ups? And when it come to speech-making, warn't it Compeyson as could speak to 'em wi' his face dropping every now and then into his white pocket-handkercher – ah! and wi' verses in his speech, too – and warn't it me as could only say, "Gentlemen, this man at my side is a most precious rascal"? And when the verdict come, warn't it Compeyson as was recommended to mercy on account of good character and bad company, and giving up all the information he could agen me, and warn't it me as got never a word but Guilty? And when I says to Compeyson, "Once out of this court, I'll smash that face of yourn!" ain't it Compeyson as prays the Judge to be protected and gets two turnkeys stood betwixt us? And when we were sentenced, ain't it him as gets seven year, and me fourteen, and ain't it him as the Judge is sorry for, because he might a done so well and ain't it me as the Judge perceives to be a old offender of violent passion, likely to come to worse?' 15
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Chapter 42

DORIS LESSING: *Martha Quest*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the ways in which Lessing presents Rhodesia in the novel as a country of division.
- Or** (b) One of the features of *Martha Quest* is the capturing in words of Martha's internal thoughts and experiences. In what ways is the following passage typical of Lessing's characterisation of Martha?

Suddenly the feeling in Martha deepened, and as it did so she knew she had forgotten, as always, that what she had been waiting for like a revelation was a pain, not a happiness; what she remembered, always, was the exultation and the achievement, what she forgot was this difficult birth into a state of mind which words like *ecstasy*, *illumination*, and so on could not describe, because they suggest joy. Her mind having been formed by poetic literature (and little else), she of course knew that such experiences were common among the religious. But the fact was, so different was 'the moment' from what descriptions of other people's 'moments' led her to believe was common, that it was not until she had come to accept the experience as ordinary and 'incidental to the condition of adolescence' as she put it sourly, and with positive resentment, that it occurred to her. Why, perhaps it is the same thing, after all? But if so, they were liars, liars one and all; and that she could understand, for was it not impossible for her to remember, in between, how terrible an illumination it was? 5 10

There was certainly a definite point at which the thing began. It was not; then it was suddenly inescapable, and nothing could have frightened it away. There was a slow integration, during which she, and the little animals, and the moving grasses, and the sunwarmed trees, and the slopes of shivering silvery mealies, and the great dome of blue light overhead, and the stones of earth under her feet, became one, shuddering together in a dissolution of dancing atoms. She felt the rivers under the ground forcing themselves painfully along her veins, swelling them out in an unbearable pressure; her flesh was the earth, and suffered growth like a ferment; and her eyes stared, fixed like the eye of the sun. Not for one second longer (if the terms for time apply) could she have borne it; but then, with a sudden movement forwards and out, the whole process stopped; and *that* was 'the moment' which it was impossible to remember afterwards. For during that space of time (which was timeless) she understood quite finally her smallness, the unimportance of humanity. In her ears was an inchoate grinding, the great wheels of movement, and it was inhuman, like the blundering rocking movement of a bullock cart; and no part of that sound was Martha's voice. Yet she was part of it, reluctantly allowed to participate, though on terms — but what terms? For that moment, while space and time (but these are words, and if she understood anything it was that words, here, were like the sound of a baby crying in a whirlwind) kneaded her flesh, she knew futility; that is, what was futile was her own idea of herself and her place in the chaos of matter. What was demanded of her was that she should accept something quite different; it was as if something new was demanding conception, with her flesh as host; as if it were a necessity, which she must bring herself to accept, that she should allow herself to dissolve and be formed by that necessity. But it did not last; the force desisted, and left her standing on the road, already trying to reach out after 'the moment' so that she might retain its message from the wasting and creating chaos of darkness. Already the thing was sliding backwards, becoming a whole in her mind, instead of a process; the memory was changing, so that it was with nostalgia that she longed 'to try again'. 15 20 25 30 35 40

There had been a challenge that she had refused. But the wave of nostalgia made her angry. She knew it to be a falsity; for it was a longing for something that had never existed, an 'ecstasy', in short. There had been no ecstasy, only difficult knowledge. It was as if a beetle had sung. There should be a new word for *illumination*. 45

Part One, Chapter Two

Section C: Drama

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss the characterisation and importance of Biff and Happy in the play.
- Or** (b) Discuss how the following extract from the play dramatises the relationship between Willy and Linda.

WILLY	I know it when I walk in. They seem to laugh at me.	
LINDA	Why? Why would they laugh at you? Don't talk that way, Willy. (WILLY <i>moves to the edge of the stage</i> . LINDA <i>goes into the kitchen and starts to darn stockings</i> .)	
WILLY	I don't know the reason for it, but they just pass me by. I'm not noticed.	5
LINDA	But you're doing wonderful, dear. You're making seventy to a hundred dollars a week.	
WILLY	But I gotta be at it ten, twelve hours a day. Other men – I don't know – they do it easier. I don't know why – I can't stop myself – I talk too much. A man oughta come in with a few words. One thing about Charley. He's a man of few words, and they respect him.	10
LINDA	You don't talk too much, you're just lively.	
WILLY	(<i>smiling</i>) Well, I figure, what the hell, life is too short, a couple of jokes. (To himself) I joke too much! (The smile goes.)	
LINDA	Why? You're –	15
WILLY	I'm fat. I'm very – foolish to look at, Linda. I didn't tell you, but Christmas-time I happened to be calling on F.H. Stewarts, and a salesman I know, as I was going in to see the buyer I heard him say something about – walrus. And I – I cracked him right across the face. I won't take that. I simply will not take that. But they do laugh at me. I know that.	20
LINDA	Darling ...	
WILLY	I gotta overcome it. I know I gotta overcome it. I'm not dressing to advantage, maybe.	
LINDA	Willy, darling, you're the handsomest man in the world –	
WILLY	Oh, no, Linda.	25
LINDA	To me you are. (<i>Slight pause</i>) The handsomest. (From the darkness is heard the laughter of a woman. WILLY doesn't turn to it, but it continues through LINDA'S lines.)	
LINDA	And the boys. Willy. Few men are idolized by their children the way you are.	30
	(<i>Music is heard as behind a scrim, to the left of the house, the WOMAN, dimly seen, is dressing</i> .)	
WILLY	(with great feeling) You're the best there is, Linda, you're a pal, you know that? On the road – on the road I want to grab you sometimes and just kiss the life outa you.	35
	(The laughter is loud now, and he moves into a brightening area at the left, where the WOMAN has come from behind the scrim and is standing, putting on her hat, looking into a 'mirror', and laughing.)	
WILLY	'Cause I get so lonely – especially when business is bad and there's nobody to talk to. I get the feeling that I'll never sell anything again, that I won't make a living for you, or a business, a business for the boys. (He talks through the WOMAN'S subsiding laughter; the WOMAN primps at the 'mirror'.) There's so much I want to make for –	40
THE WOMAN	Me? You didn't make me, Willy. I picked you.	
WILLY	(pleased) You picked me?	45
THE WOMAN	(who is quite proper-looking, Willy's age) I did.	

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*

- 8 **Either** (a) At the end of the play, Malcolm describes Macbeth and Lady Macbeth as ‘this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen’. How far do you consider this to be an adequate summary of their characters?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following extract, considering its contribution to the play’s concern with kingship.

MALCOLM	I grant him bloody, Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful, Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin That has a name; but there’s no bottom, none, In my voluptuousness. Your wives, your daughters, 5 Your matrons, and your maids could not fill up The cistern of my lust, and my desire All continent impediments would o’erbear That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth, Than such an one to reign. 10	
MACDUFF	Boundless intemperance In nature is a tyranny; it hath been Th’untimely emptying of the happy throne And fall of many kings. But fear not yet To take upon you what is yours. You may 15 Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty And yet seem cold. The time you may so hoodwink. We have willing dames enough; there cannot be That vulture in you to devour so many As will to greatness dedicate themselves, Finding it so inclined. 20	
MALCOLM	With this, there grows In my most ill-composed affection such A stanchless avarice that, were I King, I should cut off the nobles for their lands, 25 Desire his jewels, and this other’s house; And my more-having would be as a sauce To make me hunger more, that I should forge Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal, Destroying them for wealth. 30	
MACDUFF	This avarice Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been The sword of our slain kings; yet do not fear, Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will 35 of your mere own. All these are portable, With other graces weighed.	

Act 4 Scene 3

CARYL CHURCHILL: *Top Girls*

- 9 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance of the shifts between the Employment Agency office and Joyce's back yard in Act Two of the play.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, focusing on the significance to the play of Win's speeches.

WIN Fan are you? Fan of your aunty's?
 ANGIE Do you think I could work here?
 WIN Not at the moment.
 ANGIE How do I start?
 WIN What can you do? 5
 ANGIE I don't know. Nothing.
 WIN Type?
 ANGIE Not very well. The letters jump up when I do capitals. I was going to do a CSE in commerce but I didn't.
 WIN What have you got? 10
 ANGIE What?
 WIN CSE's, O's.
 ANGIE Nothing, none of that. Did you do all that?
 WIN Oh yes, all that, and a science degree funnily enough. I started out doing medical research but there's no money in it. I thought I'd go abroad. Did you know they sell Coca-cola in Russia and Pepsi-cola in China? You don't have to be qualified as much as you might think. Men are awful bullshitters, they like to make out jobs are harder than they are. Any job I ever did I started doing it better than the rest of the crowd and they didn't like it. So I'd get unpopular and I'd have a drink to cheer myself up. I lived with a fella and supported him for four years, he couldn't get work. After that I went to California. I like the sunshine. Americans know how to like. This country's too slow. Then I went to Mexico, still in sales, but it's no country for a single lady. I came home, went bonkers for a bit, thought I was five different people, got over that all right, the psychiatrist said I was perfectly sane and highly intelligent. Got married in a moment of weakness and he's inside now, he's been inside four years, and I've not been to see him too much this last year. I like this better than sales, I'm not really that aggressive. I started thinking sales was a good job if you want to meet people, but you're meeting people that don't want to meet you. It's no good if you like being liked. Here your clients want to meet you because you're the one doing them some good. They hope. 15
 ANGIE *has fallen asleep.* NELL *comes in.*
 NELL You're talking to yourself, sunshine. 35
 WIN So what's new?
 NELL Who is this?
 WIN Marlene's little niece.
 NELL What's she got, brother, sister? She never talks about her family.
 WIN I was telling her my life story. 40
 NELL Violins?
 WIN No, success story.
 NELL You've heard Howard's had a heart attack?
 WIN No, when?
 NELL I heard just now. He hadn't come in, he was at home, he's gone to hospital. He's not dead. His wife was here, she rushed off in a cab. 45
 WIN Too much butter, too much smoke. We must send him some flowers.

Act 2 Scene 3

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