



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
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Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level  
Advanced International Certificate of Education

**LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**  
**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH (HALF CREDIT)**

**8695/09**  
**0397/01**

Paper 9 Poetry, Prose and Drama

Paper 1 Poetry, Prose and Drama

**May/June 2007**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

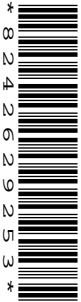
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions, each from a different section.

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

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **14** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



**Section A: Poetry**JOHN KEATS : *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) Keats wrote of the 'yearning and fondness I have for the Beautiful'.  
Discuss the ways Keats expresses his appreciation of beauty in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, paying particular attention to the ways it presents the narrator's feelings.

*'Bright Star, would I were steadfast as thou art'*

Bright Star, would I were steadfast as thou art –  
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night  
And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,  
The moving waters at their priestlike task                      5  
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,  
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen masque  
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors.  
No – yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,  
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,                      10  
To feel for ever its soft swell and fall.  
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,  
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
And so live ever – or else swoon to death.

*Songs of Ourselves (Section 4)*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the ways poets have written about their own or others' responses to particular places in **two** poems from Section 4.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following poem, commenting in particular on the ways in which the poet expresses a sense of wonder at the newborn baby.

*The Spirit is Too Blunt an Instrument*

The spirit is too blunt an instrument  
to have made this baby.  
Nothing so unskilful as human passions  
could have managed the intricate  
exacting particulars: the tiny 5  
blind bones with their manipulating tendons,  
the knee and the knucklebones, the resilient  
fine meshings of ganglia and vertebrae,  
the chain of the difficult spine.

Observe the distinct eyelashes and sharp crescent 10  
fingernails, the shell-like complexity  
of the ear, with its firm involutions  
concentric in miniature to minute  
ossicles. Imagine the  
infinitesimal capillaries, the flawless connections 15  
of the lungs, the invisible neural filaments  
through which the completed body  
already answers to the brain.

Then name any passion or sentiment 20  
possessed of the simplest accuracy.  
No, no desire or affection could have done  
with practice what habit  
has done perfectly, indifferently,  
through the body's ignorant precision.  
It is left to the vagaries of the mind to invent 25  
love and despair and anxiety  
and their pain.

*Anne Stevenson*

STEVIE SMITH : *Selected Poems*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'Underneath the lighthearted tone, there is often something dark or disturbing in Smith's poetry.'

Discuss **three** poems from your selection in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the language, tone and concerns of the following poem.

*The River Deben*

All the waters of the river Deben  
Go over my head to the last wave even  
Such a death were sweet to seven times seven.

Death sits in the boat with me  
His face is shrouded but he smiles I see 5  
The time is not yet, he will not come so readily.

But he smiles and I smile it is pleasant in the boat at night  
There is no moon rising but from the east a light  
Shines in the sky, is it dawn or dawn's twilight?

Over here the waters are dark as a deep chasm 10  
Shadowed by cliffs of volcanic spasm  
So dark so dark is the waves' fashion.

But the oars dip I am rowing they dip and scatter  
The phosphorescence in a sudden spatter  
Of light that is more actual than a piece of matter. 15

Up the Deben we row I row towards Waldringfield  
It is a long way yet, my arms ache but will not yield  
In this physical tiredness there is a happy shield.

Oh happy Deben, oh happy night, and night's companion Death,  
What exultation what ecstasy is in thy breath 20  
It is as salt as the salt silt that lies beneath.

Flow tidal river flow, draw wind from the east,  
Smile pleasant Death, smile Death in darkness blessed,  
But tarry day upon the crack of dawn. Thou comest unwished.

## Section B: Prose

ACHEBE : *Anthills of the Savannah*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'As well as identifying social problems, the novel suggests solutions to them.'

How far would you agree with this view of *Anthills of the Savannah*?

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to Ikem's observations of people's behaviour at the public execution.

By two o'clock there was no standing room on the beach, neither on the hot white sand nor the black granite boulders of the great breakwater wall stretching out to sea. On ordinary days only suicidal maniacs climbed those giant rocks that halted the galloping waves as the fierce horsemen at the durbar are stilled by an imaginary line before the royal pavilion. But this was no ordinary day. It was a day on which ordinarily sane people went berserk. The crowd on the perilous sea-wall had a fair sprinkling of women. And even children. 5

The camera crew from the national Television perched on their mobile tower were much admired by the crowd. As they swivelled their machine from one side of the amphitheatre to another taking in all that colour in the brilliant sun – the yellow and red and white and blue – especially the blue – of Kangan indigo dyes, the people smiled and made faces and waved to the camera. 10

The only room not taken yet was on the raised platform with numbered seats for VIPs and at the four stakes backed by their own little sea-wall of sandbags. The sun's heat honed with salt and vapour came down so brutally on the forehead that we all made visors with our hands to save our eyes. Those who had had the foresight to bring along umbrellas could not open them without obstructing others. A mild scuffle began right in front of me and ended only when the offending umbrella was folded up again. 15

'I beg una-o,' said its peace-loving owner, 'make I de use my thing for walking-stick.' 20

'E better so. No be for see umbrella we de roast for sun since we waka come here dis morning.'

I began to wonder at one point if I hadn't made a foolish gesture in refusing the ticket for one of those nicely spaced-out, numbered seats, that now seemed so desirably cool. Hardly anybody was sitting on them yet. Isn't the great thing about a VIP that his share of good things is always there waiting for him in abundance even while he relaxes in the coolness of home, and the poor man is out there in the sun pushing and shoving and roasting for his miserable crumbs? Look at all those empty padded seats! How does the poor man retain his calm in the face of such provocation? From what bottomless wells of patience does he draw? His great good humour must explain it. This sense of humour turned sometimes against himself, must be what saves him from total dejection. He has learnt to squeeze every drop of enjoyment he can out of his stony luck. And the fool who oppresses him will make a particular point of that enjoyment: *You see, they are not in the least like ourselves. They don't need and can't use luxuries that you and I must have. They have the animal capacity to endure the pain of, shall we say, domestication.* The very words the white master had said in his time about the black race as a whole. Now we say them about the poor. 25 30 35

But even the poor man can forget what his humour is about and become altogether too humorous in his suffering. That afternoon he was punished most dreadfully at the beach and he laughed to his pink gums and I listened painfully for the slightest clink of the concealed weapon in the voluminous folds of that laughter. And I didn't hear it. So Chris is right. But how I wish, for the sake of all the years I have known and loved him, that the day never came when he should be that kind of right. But that's by the way. 40 45

Chapter 4

GEORGE ELIOT : *The Mill on the Floss*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the importance of the River Floss to the structure of the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to the characterisation of Mr Tulliver and the significance of this episode in the novel.

The particular embodiment of the evil principle now exciting Mr Tulliver's determined resistance was Mr Pivart, who, having lands higher up the Ripple, was taking measures for their irrigation, which either were, or would be, or were bound to be (on the principle that water was water), an infringement on Mr Tulliver's legitimate share of water-power. Dix, who had a mill on the stream, was a feeble auxiliary of Old Harry compared with Pivart. Dix had been brought to his senses by arbitration, and Wakem's advice had not carried *him* far. No; Dix, Mr Tulliver considered, had been as good as nowhere in point of law; and in the intensity of his indignation against Pivart, his contempt for a baffled adversary like Dix began to wear the air of a friendly attachment. He had no male audience to-day except Mr Moss, who knew nothing, as he said, of the "natur' o' mills," and could only assent to Mr Tulliver's arguments on the *a priori* ground of family relationship and monetary obligation; but Mr Tulliver did not talk with the futile intention of convincing his audience, he talked to relieve himself; while good Mr Moss made strong efforts to keep his eyes wide open, in spite of the sleepiness which an unusually good dinner produced in his hard-worked frame. Mrs Moss, more alive to the subject, and interested in everything that affected her brother, listened and put in a word as often as maternal preoccupations allowed.

"Why, Pivart's a new name hereabout, brother, isn't it?" she said; "he didn't own the land in father's time, nor yours either, before I was married."

"New name? Yes, I should think it *is* a new name," said Mr Tulliver, with angry emphasis. "Dorlcote Mill's been in our family a hundred year and better, and nobody ever heard of a Pivart meddling with the river, till this fellow came and bought Bincome's farm out of hand, before anybody else could so much as say 'snap.' But I'll *Pivart* him!" added Mr Tulliver, lifting his glass with a sense that he had defined his resolution in an unmistakable manner.

"You won't be forced to go to law with him, I hope, brother?" said Mrs Moss, with some anxiety.

"I don't know what I shall be forced to; but I know what I shall force *him* to, with his dikes and erigations, if there's any law to be brought to bear o' the right side. I know well enough who's at the bottom of it; he's got Wakem to back him and egg him on. I know Wakem tells him the law can't touch him for it, but there's folks can handle the law besides Wakem. It takes a big raskil to beat him; but there's bigger to be found, as know more o' th' ins and outs o' the law, else how came Wakem to lose Brumley's suit for him?"

Mr Tulliver was a strictly honest man, and proud of being honest, but he considered that in law the ends of justice could only be achieved by employing a stronger knave to frustrate a weaker. Law was a sort of cock-fight, in which it was the business of injured honesty to get a game bird with the best pluck and the strongest spurs.

*Book Two Chapter Two*



KATHERINE MANSFIELD : *Short Stories*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'Mansfield's stories are more concerned with the minds of characters than with events.'

Referring to **two** stories, say how far you agree.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, saying how far you find it an effective opening to *The Voyage*.

The Picton boat was due to leave at half-past eleven. It was a beautiful night, mild, starry, only when they got out of the cab and started to walk down the Old Wharf that jutted out into the harbour, a faint wind blowing off the water ruffled under Fenella's hat, and she put up her hand to keep it on. It was dark on the Old Wharf, very dark; the wool sheds, the cattle trucks, the cranes standing up so high, the little squat railway engine, all seemed carved out of solid darkness. Here and there on a rounded wood-pile, that was like the stalk of a huge black mushroom, there hung a lantern, but it seemed afraid to unfurl its timid, quivering light in all that blackness; it burned softly, as if for itself. 5

Fenella's father pushed on with quick, nervous strides. Beside him her grandma bustled along in her crackling black ulster; they went so fast that she had now and again to give an undignified little skip to keep up with them. As well as her luggage strapped into a neat sausage, Fenella carried clasped to her her grandma's umbrella, and the handle, which was a swan's head, kept giving her shoulder a sharp little peck as if it too wanted her to hurry... Men, their caps pulled down, their collars turned up, swung by; a few women all muffled scurried along; and one tiny boy, only his little black arms and legs showing out of a white woolly shawl, was jerked along angrily between his father and mother; he looked like a baby fly that had fallen into the cream. 10 15

Then suddenly, so suddenly that Fenella and her grandma both leapt, there sounded from behind the largest wool shed, that had a trail of smoke hanging over it, "Mia-oo-oo-O-O!" 20

"First whistle," said her father briefly, and at that moment they came in sight of the Picton boat. Lying beside the dark wharf, all strung, all beaded with round golden lights, the Picton boat looked as if she was more ready to sail among stars than out into the cold sea. People pressed along the gangway. First went her grandma, then her father, then Fenella. There was a high step down on to the deck, and an old sailor in a jersey standing by gave her his dry, hard hand. They were there; they stepped out of the way of the hurrying people, and standing under a little iron stairway that led to the upper deck they began to say good-bye. 25 30

"There, mother, there's your luggage!" said Fenella's father, giving grandma another strapped-up sausage.

"Thank you, Frank."

"And you've got your cabin tickets safe?"

"Yes, dear." 35

"And your other tickets?"

Grandma felt for them inside her glove and showed him the tips.

"That's right."

He sounded stern, but Fenella, eagerly watching him, saw that he looked tired and sad. "Mia-oo-oo-O-O!" The second whistle blared just above their heads, and a voice like a cry shouted, "Any more for the gangway?" 40

"You'll give my love to father," Fenella saw her father's lips say. And her grandma, very agitated, answered, "Of course I will, dear. Go now.

You'll be left. Go now, Frank. Go now."



“It’s all right, mother. I’ve got another three minutes.” To her surprise Fenella 45  
saw her father take off his hat. He clasped grandma in his arms and pressed her to  
him. “God bless you, mother!” she heard him say.

And grandma put her hand, with the black thread glove that was worn through  
on her ring finger, against his cheek, and she sobbed, “God bless you, my own 50  
brave son!”

This was so awful that Fenella quickly turned her back on them, swallowed  
once, twice, and frowned terribly at a little green star on a mast head.

But she had to turn round again; her father was going.

*The Voyage*

ARTHUR MILLER : *A View from the Bridge*

8 **Either** (a) Discuss the ways in which Miller dramatises the community and environment of Red Hook.

**Or** (b) Comment in detail on the following episode, discussing in particular the impression Eddie might make on an audience here.

BEATRICE [To CATHERINE] Whyn't you run down buy a tablecloth. Go ahead, here. [EDDIE *is reaching into his pocket.*]

CATHERINE There's no stores open now.

EDDIE [*to* BEATRICE] You was gonna put a new cover on the chair.

BEATRICE I know – well, I thought it was gonna be next week! I was gonna clean the walls, I was gonna wax the floors. [*She stands disturbed.*] 5

CATHERINE [*pointing upward*] Maybe Mrs Dondero upstairs –

BEATRICE [*of the tablecloth*] No, hers is worse than this one. [*Suddenly*] My God, I don't even have nothin' to eat for them! [*She starts for the kitchen.*]

EDDIE [*reaching out and grabbing her arm*] Hey, hey! Take it easy. 10

BEATRICE No, I'm just nervous, that's all. [*To* CATHERINE] I'll make the fish.

EDDIE You're savin' their lives, what're you worryin' about the tablecloth? They probably didn't see a tablecloth in their whole life where they come from.

BEATRICE [*looking into his eyes*] I'm just worried about you, that's all I'm worried. 15

EDDIE Listen, as long as they know where they're gonna sleep.

BEATRICE I told them in the letters. They're sleepin' on the floor.

EDDIE Beatrice, all I'm worried about is you got such a heart that I'll end up on the floor with you, and they'll be in our bed. 20

BEATRICE All right, stop it.

EDDIE Because as soon as you see a tired relative, I end up on the floor.

BEATRICE When did you end up on the floor?

EDDIE When your father's house burned down I didn't end up on the floor?

BEATRICE Well, their house burned down! 25

EDDIE Yeah, but it didn't keep burnin' for two weeks!

BEATRICE All right, look, I'll tell them to go someplace else. [*She starts into the kitchen.*]

EDDIE Now wait a minute. Beatrice! [*She halts. He goes to her.*] I just don't want you bein' pushed around, that's all. You got too big a heart. [*He touches her hand.*] What're you so touchy? 30

BEATRICE I'm just afraid if it don't turn out good you'll be mad at me.

EDDIE Listen, if everybody keeps his mouth shut, nothin' can happen. They'll pay for their board.

BEATRICE Oh, I told them. 35

EDDIE Then what the hell. [*Pause. He moves.*] It's an honour, B. I mean it. I was just thinkin' before, comin' home, suppose my father didn't come to this country, and I was starvin' like them over there... and I had people in America could keep me a couple of months? The man would be honoured to lend me a place to sleep. 40

BEATRICE [*– there are tears in her eyes. She turns to CATHERINE*] You see what he is? [*She turns and grabs EDDIE's face in her hands.*] Mmm! You're an angel! God'll bless you. [*He is gratefully smiling.*] You'll see, you'll get a blessing for this!

EDDIE [*laughing*] I'll settle for my own bed. 45

BEATRICE Go, Baby, set the table.

CATHERINE We didn't tell him about me yet.

BEATRICE Let him eat first, then we'll tell him. Bring everything in. [*She hurries CATHERINE out.*]

EDDIE [*sitting at the table*] What's all that about? Where's she goin'?

BEATRICE No place. It's very good news, Eddie. I want you to be happy. 50

EDDIE What's goin' on?  
[*CATHERINE enters with plates, forks.*]

BEATRICE She's got a job.  
[*Pause. EDDIE looks at CATHERINE, then back to BEATRICE.*] 55

EDDIE What job? She's gonna finish school.

CATHERINE Eddie, you won't believe it –

EDDIE No – no, you gonna finish school. What kinda job, what do you mean?  
All of a sudden you –

CATHERINE Listen a minute, it's wonderful. 60

EDDIE It's not wonderful. You'll never get nowheres unless you finish school.  
You can't take no job. Why didn't you ask me before you take a job?

*Act 1*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE : *Julius Caesar*

9 **Either** (a) 'This play charts the development of the ruthless politics of power.'

How far and in what ways do you see this development in the play *Julius Caesar*?

**Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to the light it sheds on Brutus's role among the conspirators.

BRUTUS	Give me your hands all over, one by one.	
CASSIUS	And let us swear our resolution.	
BRUTUS	No, not an oath. If not the face of men, The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, If these be motives weak, break off betimes,	5
	And every man hence to his idle bed. So let high-sighted tyranny range on, Till each man drop by lottery. But if these, As I am sure they do, bear fire enough	10
	To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen, What need we any spur but our own cause To prick us to redress? What other bond Than secret Romans that have spoke the word And will not palter? And what other oath	15
	Than honesty to honesty engag'd, That this shall be or we will fall for it? Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous, Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear	20
	Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain The even virtue of our enterprise, Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits, To think that or our cause or our performance Did need an oath; when every drop of blood	25
	That every Roman bears, and nobly bears, Is guilty of a several bastardy, If he do break the smallest particle Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.	
CASSIUS	But what of Cicero? shall we sound him? I think he will stand very strong with us.	30
CASCA	Let us not leave him out.	
CINNA	No, by no means.	
METELLUS	O, let us have him, for his silver hairs Will purchase us a good opinion, And buy men's voices to commend our deeds. It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands; Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear, But all be buried in his gravity.	35

BRUTUS O, name him not! Let us not break with him; 40  
For he will never follow any thing  
That other men begin.

CASSIUS: Then leave him out.

CASCA Indeed he is not fit.

*Act 2 Scene 1*

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