



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

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/07

Paper 7 Comment and Appreciation

October/November 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.

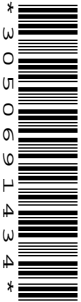
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions.

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 **6** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



- 1 Write a critical commentary on the following extract from *Cloud Nine*, a play by C. P. Scott and C. S. Lewis, based on a play by J. M. Synge. The play is by J. M. Synge, a playwright from Ireland. The play is set in an imaginary African country in the 19th Century. Clive is an English colonial administrator, Betty is his wife, and Joshua is their African servant. Clive has just arrived home after a day working.

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BETTY: I thought you would never come. The day's so long without you.
 CLIVE: Long ride in the bush.
 BETTY: Is anything wrong? I heard drums.
 CLIVE: Nothing serious. Beauty is a damned good mare. I must get some new boots sent from home. These ones have never been right. I have a blister. 5

BETTY: My poor dear foot.
 CLIVE: It's nothing.
 BETTY: Oh but it's sore.
 CLIVE: We are not in this country to enjoy ourselves. Must have ridden fifty miles. Spoke to three different headmen who would all gladly chop off each other's heads and wear them round their waists. 10

BETTY: Clive!
 CLIVE: Don't be squeamish, Betty, let me have my joke. And what has my little dove done today?
 BETTY: I've read a little. 15
 CLIVE: Good. Is it good?
 BETTY: It's poetry.
 CLIVE: You're so delicate and sensitive.
 BETTY: And I played the piano. Shall I send for the children?
 CLIVE: Yes, in a minute. I've a piece of news for you. 20
 BETTY: Good news?
 CLIVE: You'll certainly think it's good. A visitor.
 BETTY: From home?
 CLIVE: No. Well of course originally from home.
 BETTY: Man or woman? 25
 CLIVE: Man.
 BETTY: I can't imagine.
 CLIVE: Something of an explorer. Bit of a poet. Odd chap but brave as a lion. And a great admirer of yours.
 BETTY: What do you mean? Whoever can it be? 30
 CLIVE: With an H and a B. And does conjuring tricks for little Edward.
 BETTY: Sounds like Mr Bagley.
 CLIVE: Harry Bagley.
 BETTY: He certainly doesn't admire me, Clive, what a thing to say. How could I possibly guess from that. He's hardly explored anything at all, he's just been up a river, he's done nothing at all compared to what you do. You should have said a heavy drinker and a bit of a bore. 35
 CLIVE: But you like him well enough. You don't mind him coming?
 BETTY: Anyone at all to break the monotony.
 CLIVE: But you have your mother. You have Ellen. 40
 BETTY: Ellen is a governess. My mother is my mother.
 CLIVE: I hoped when she came to visit she would be company for you.
 BETTY: I don't think mother is on a visit. I think she lives with us.
 CLIVE: I think she does.
 BETTY: Clive you are so good. 45
 CLIVE: But are you bored my love?
 BETTY: It's just that I miss you when you are away. We're not in this country to enjoy ourselves. If I lack society that is my form of service.
 CLIVE: That's a brave girl. So today has been all right? No fainting? No hysteria?

BETTY: I have been very tranquil.
 CLIVE: Ah what a haven of peace to come home to. The cool, the calm, the beauty.
 BETTY: There is one thing, Clive, if you don't mind.
 CLIVE: What can I do for you, my dear?
 BETTY: It's about Joshua.
 CLIVE: I wouldn't leave you alone here with a quiet mind if it weren't for Joshua. 55
 BETTY: Joshua doesn't like me.
 CLIVE: Joshua has been my boy for eight years. He has saved my life. I have saved his life. He is devoted to me and to mine. I have said this before.
 BETTY: He is rude to me. He doesn't do what I say. Speak to him.
 CLIVE: Tell me what happened. 60
 BETTY: He said something improper.
 CLIVE: Well, what?
 BETTY: I don't like to repeat it.
 CLIVE: I must insist.
 BETTY: I had left my book inside on the piano. I was in the hammock. I asked him to fetch it. 65
 CLIVE: And did he not fetch it?
 BETTY: Yes, he did eventually.
 CLIVE: And what did he say?
 BETTY: Clive –
 CLIVE: Betty. 70
 BETTY: He said Fetch it yourself. You've got legs under that dress.
 CLIVE: Joshua!

[JOSHUA comes]

Joshua, madam says you spoke impolitely to her this afternoon.
 JOSHUA: Sir? 75
 CLIVE: When she asked you to pass her book from the piano.
 JOSHUA: She has the book, sir.
 BETTY: I have the book now, but when I told you –
 CLIVE: Betty, please let me handle this. You didn't pass it at once?
 JOSHUA: No sir, I made a joke first. 80
 CLIVE: What was that?
 JOSHUA: I said my legs were tired, sir. That was funny because the book was very near, it would not make my legs tired to get it.
 BETTY: That's not true.
 JOSHUA: Did madam hear me wrong? 85
 CLIVE: She heard something else.
 JOSHUA: What was that, madam?
 BETTY: Never mind.
 CLIVE: Now Joshua, it won't do you know. Madam doesn't like that kind of joke. You must do what madam says, just do what she says and don't answer back. You know your place, Joshua. I don't have to say any more. 90
 JOSHUA: No sir.
 BETTY: I expect an apology.
 JOSHUA: I apologise, madam.
 CLIVE: There now. It won't happen again, my dear. I'm very shocked Joshua, very shocked. 95

[CLIVE winks at JOSHUA, unseen by BETTY. JOSHUA goes]

CLIVE: I think another drink, and send for the children, and isn't that Harry riding down the hill? Wave, wave. Just in time before dark. Cuts it fine, the blighter. Always a hot-head, Harry.
 BETTY: Can he see us? 100
 CLIVE: Stand further forward. He'll see your white dress. There, he waved back.
 BETTY: Do you think so? I wonder what he saw. Sometimes sunset is so terrifying I can't bear to look.

2 Write a critical appreciation of the following poem.

To My Mother

Mother, I need you. Though a woman grown,
Mine own self's arbitrator, mine own law,
My need of you is deeper than I've known,
And far more urgent than it was before.
Into her tender arms I'd love to creep,
Pour out my woes, and cry myself to sleep.

5

But even were you here, this could not be,
Convention kills the sobbing child in me,
Since soft white luster crowned your smooth fair brow,
'Tis I, the child, turns Mother to you now.
Then whilst my firm hand smooths your long white hair,
And my young lips press from your eyes the tears,
Whilst my strong arms are round you, resting there in my embrace
I loose the weight of years,
And when you smile, confiding tilt your head,
To gaze into my eyes, I'm comforted.

10

15

Gladys May Casely-Hayford (1904–1950)

- 3 Write a critical comparison of the two extracts below, both of which describe a winter. They are both taken from the openings of novels.

(a)

Implacable November weather. As much mud in the streets, as if the waters had but newly retired from the face of the earth. Smoke lowering down from chimney-pots, making a soft black drizzle with flakes of soot in it as big as full-grown snowflakes – gone into mourning, one might imagine, for the death of the sun. Dogs, indistinguishable in mire¹. Horses, scarcely better; splashed to their very blinkers. Foot passengers, jostling one another's umbrellas, in a general infection of ill temper, and losing their foot-hold at street-corners, where tens of thousands of other foot passengers have been slipping and sliding since the day broke (if this day ever broke), adding new deposits to the crust upon crust of mud, sticking at those points tenaciously to the pavement, and accumulating at compound interest. 5 10

Fog everywhere. Fog up the river, where it flows among green aits² and meadows; fog down the river, where it rolls defiled among the tiers of shipping, and the waterside pollutions of a great (and dirty) city. Fog on the Essex marshes, fog on the Kentish Heights. Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners, wheezing by the firesides of their wards; fog in the stem and bowl of the afternoon pipe of the wrathful skipper, down in his cabin; fog cruelly pinching the toes and fingers of his shivering little apprentice boy on deck. Chance people on the bridges peeping over the parapets into a nether sky of fog, with fog all around them, as if they were up in a balloon, and hanging in the misty clouds. 15

Gaslights looming through the fog in various places in the streets, much as the sun may, from the spongy fields, be seen to loom by the farm workers. Most of the shops lighted two hours before their time – as the gas seems to know, for it has a haggard and unwilling look. 20

The raw afternoon is rawest, and the dense fog is densest, and the muddy streets are muddiest, near that leaden-headed obstruction, Temple Bar. 25

¹ *mire* – mud

² *aits* – small islands

From ***Bleak House*** (slightly adapted) by Charles Dickens (published 1853)

(b)

There had been a great deal of snow that December, followed by hard frost. A few days before Christmas a thaw set in, temperatures rose steeply, the snow became slush.

Fog.

You could smell it in the great industrial towns, its edge of carbon and sulphur biting into the windpipe. 5

You could see it clearly wherever you walked. But it was all you could see.

You could taste it if you walked out in it without a scarf or kerchief wrapped round your mouth.

You could feel it, damp and greasy, on your skin. Almost under your skin. 10

And you could hear it. No sound passed through it that it did not muffle and crush and make its own.

It made driving difficult but not impossible. If you drove with care, if your motivation was strong and impelling, it was possible to get to your destination.

Flying was impossible. 15

Airport lounges filled. And overfilled. And overspilled. Till the atmosphere of damp and smoke and noise and frustration was almost as bad as the fog outside.

Occasionally it raised itself off the ground. Sometimes long enough for a plane to taxi out onto the runway. Sometimes long enough for a plane to get away, which made the waiting even more unbearable for those still crammed in the restaurants, bars and lounges. 20

Confusion breeds confusion.

From *An Advancement of Learning* by Reginald Hill (published 1971)

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