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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

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Paper 7 Comment and Appreciation

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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 the play *Anowa* by Ama Ata Aidoo (1965), exploring how the writer portrays Osam and Badua and their thoughts about their daughter Anowa.

In the pot something is cooking which throughout the scene Maami Badua will go and stir. By the hearth is a small vessel into which she puts the ladle after each stirring.

Badua enters from upper right, goes to the hearth, picks up the ladle and stirs the soup. She is talking loudly to herself. 5

Badua Any mother would be concerned if her daughter refused to get married six years after her puberty. If I do not worry about this, what shall I worry about?

Osam enters from upper left smoking his pipe.

Badua Besides, a woman is not a stone but a human being; she grows. 10

Osam Woman, (**Badua** turns to look at him.) that does not mean you should break my ears with your complaints. (*He looks very composed.*)

Badua What did you say, Osam?

Osam I say you complain too much. (*He goes to occupy the lie-in chair, and exclaims, 'Ah!' with satisfaction.*) 15

Badua (*seriously*) Are you trying to send me insane?

Osam Will that shut you up?

Badua Kofi¹ Sam! (*Now she really is angry.*)

Osam Yes, my wife.

Badua breathes audibly with exasperation. She begins pacing up and down the courtyard, with the ladle in her hand. 20

Badua (*moving quickly up to Osam*) So it is nothing at a-a-I-I (*Stretching the utterance of the last word.*) to you that your child is not married and goes round wild, making everyone talk about her?

Osam Which is your headache, that she is not yet married, or that she is wild? 25

Badua Hmm!

Osam You know that I am a man and getting daughters married is not one of my duties. Getting them born, aha! But not finding them husbands.

Badua Hmm! (*Paces up and down.*) 30

Osam And may the ancestral spirits help me, but what man would I order from the heavens to please the difficult eye of my daughter Anowa?

Badua Hmm! (*She goes and stirs the soup and this time remembers to put the ladle down. She stands musing by the hearth.*)

Osam As for her wildness, what do you want me to say again about that? I have always asked you to apprentice her to a priestess to quieten her down. But ... 35

Roused again, Badua moves quickly back to where he is and meanwhile, corks both her ears with two fingers and shakes her head to make sure he notices what she is doing. 40

Osam (*chuckles*) Hmm, play children's games with me, my wife. One day you will click your fingers with regret that you did not listen to me.

Badua (*removes her fingers from her ears*) I have said it and I will say it again and again and again! I am not going to turn my only daughter into a dancer priestess. 45

Osam What is wrong with priestesses?

Badua I don't say there is anything wrong with them.

Osam Did you not consult them over and over again when you could not get a single child from your womb to live beyond one day?

Badua (*reflectively*) O yes. I respect them, I honour them ... I fear them. Yes, my husband, I fear them. But my only daughter shall not be a 50

Osam They have so much glory and dignity ...	
Badua But in the end, they are not people. They become too much like the gods they interpret.	
<i>As she enumerates the attributes of priesthood, her voice grows hysterical and her face terror-stricken. Osam removes his pipe, and stares at her, his mouth open with amazement.</i>	
They counsel with spirits;	
They read into other men's souls;	60
They swallow dogs' eyes	
Jump fires	
Drink goats' blood	
Sheep milk	
Without flinching	65
Or vomiting	
They do not feel	
As you or I,	
They have no shame.	
<i>She relaxes, and Osam does too, the latter sighing audibly. Badua continues, her face slightly turned away from both her husband and the audience.</i>	70
I want my child	
To be a human woman	
Marry a man,	75
Tend a farm	
And be happy to see her	
Peppers and her onions grow.	
A woman like her	
Should bear children	80
Many children,	
So she can afford to have	
One or two die.	
Should she not take	
Her place at meetings	85
Among the men and women of the clan?	
And sit on my chair when	
I am gone? And a captainship in the army,	
Should not be beyond her	
When the time is ripe!	90
Osam <i>nods his head and exclaims, 'Oh ... oh!'</i>	
Badua But a priestess lives too much in her own and other people's minds, my husband.	
Osam (<i>sighing again</i>) My wife, people with better vision than yours or mine have seen that Anowa is not like you or me. And a prophet with a locked mouth is neither a prophet nor a man. Besides, the yam that will burn, shall burn, boiled or roasted.	95
Badua (<i>picks up the ladle but does not stir the pot. Throws her arms about</i>) Since you want to see Nkomfo and Nsofo, seers and dancers ...	
Anowa (<i>from the distance</i>) Mother!	100
Badua That is her coming.	
Anowa Father!	
Osam O yes. Well let us keep quiet about her affairs then. You know what heart lies in her chest.	
Anowa Mother, Father ... Father, Mother ... Mother ...	105

¹ *Kofi*: this literally means 'a man born on Friday', but here it simply means 'Mister'.

- 2 Write a critical commentary on the opening of the novel *The Secret River*, by Kate Grenville (published in 2005). William Thornhill, a convicted criminal from London, England, is sent as punishment to a convict colony in Australia; this extract describes his arrival.

The *Alexander*, with its cargo of convicts, had bucked over the face of the ocean for the better part of a year.

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After so long as a felon, hunched under the threat of the lash, he felt himself expanding back into his full size. His voice was rough, full of power, his anger a solid warmth inside him.

- 3 Write a critical commentary on the following poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806–1861).

The Autumn

Go, sit upon the lofty hill,
 And turn your eyes around,
 Where waving woods and waters wild
 Do hymn an autumn sound.
 The summer sun is faint on them – 5
 The summer flowers depart –
 Sit still – as all transform'd to stone,
 Except your musing heart.

How there you sat in summer-time,
 May yet be in your mind; 10
 And how you heard the green woods sing
 Beneath the freshening wind.
 Though the same wind now blows around,
 You would its blast recall;
 For every breath that stirs the trees, 15
 Doth cause a leaf to fall.

Oh! like that wind, is all the mirth
 That flesh and dust impart:
 We cannot bear its visitings,
 When change is on the heart. 20
 Gay words and jests may make us smile,
 When Sorrow is asleep;
 But other things must make us smile,
 When Sorrow bids us weep!

The dearest hands that clasp our hands, – 25
 Their presence may be o'er;
 The dearest voice that meets our ear,
 That tone may come no more!
 Youth fades; and then, the joys of youth,
 Which once refresh'd our mind, 30
 Shall come – as, on those sighing woods,
 The chilling autumn wind.

Hear not the wind – view not the woods;
 Look out o'er vale and hill –
 In spring, the sky encircled them – 35
 The sky is round them still.
 Come autumn's scathe¹ – come winter's cold –
 Come change – and human fate!
 Whatever prospect Heaven doth bound,
 Can ne'er be desolate. 40

¹ *scathe*: damage

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