

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
General Certificate of Education  
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 2004

**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 on both sides of the paper.  
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions from **two** different sections.  
At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.  
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.  
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

## Section A

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

- 1 **Either** (a) How far do you consider it appropriate to associate *Songs of Innocence* with childhood and *Songs of Experience* with adulthood? You should refer in your answer to at least **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Compare the following two poems, saying how far they characterise the different worlds of *Innocence* and *Experience*.

*Infant Joy*

I have no name  
 I am but two days old. —  
 What shall I call thee?  
 I happy am  
 Joy is my name, — 5  
 Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!  
 Sweet joy but two days old.  
 Sweet joy I call thee:  
 Thou dost smile. 10  
 I sing the while  
 Sweet joy befall thee.

*Infant Sorrow*

My mother groand! my father wept.  
 Into the dangerous world I leapt:  
 Helpless, naked, piping loud:  
 Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my fathers hands: 5  
 Striving against my swadling bands:  
 Bound and weary I thought best  
 To sulk upon my mothers breast.

Ed. HYDES: *Touched with Fire (Sections A and B)*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the ways poets treat religious concerns in **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, focusing on how the writer expresses a sense of loss.

*The Voice*

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,  
Saying that now you are not as you were  
When you have changed from the one who was all to me,  
But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then, 5  
Standing as when I drew near to the town  
Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you then,  
Even to the original air-blue gown!

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness 10  
Travelling across the wet mead to me here,  
You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness,  
Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I; faltering forward,  
Leaves around me falling,  
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward, 15  
And the woman calling.

*Thomas Hardy*

STEVIE SMITH: *Selected Poems*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'If I lie down upon my bed I must be here,  
But if I lie down in my grave I may be elsewhere.'

Discuss Smith's presentation of death in **two** or **three** poems you have studied.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, saying how far you find its style and concerns typical of Smith's poetry.

*Harold's Leap*

Harold, are you asleep?	
Harold, I remember your leap,	
It may have killed you	
But it was a brave thing to do.	
Two promontories ran high into the sky,	5
He leapt from one rock to the other	
And fell to the sea's smother.	
Harold was always afraid to climb high,	
But something urged him on,	
He felt he should try.	10
I would not say that he was wrong,	
Although he succeeded in doing nothing but die.	
Would you?	
Ever after that steep	
Place was called Harold's Leap.	15
It was a brave thing to do.	

## Section B

ELIZABETH GASKELL: *North and South*

- 4 **Either** (a) How do the final chapters of the novel, set again in the South, show how Margaret has changed during her stay in the North?
- Or** (b) Discuss the argument between John Thornton and Margaret in the following passage, commenting on what it contributes to the presentation of their relationship at this point in the novel.

'Very lately,' said Margaret, 'I heard a story of what happened in Nuremberg only three or four years ago. A rich man there lived alone in one of the immense mansions which were formerly both dwellings and warehouses. It was reported that he had a child, but no one knew of it for certain. For forty years this rumour kept rising and falling — never utterly dying away. After his death it was found to be true. He had a son — an over grown man, with the unexercised intellect of a child, whom he had kept up in that strange way, in order to save him from temptation and error. But, of course, when this great old child was turned loose into the world, every bad counsellor had power over him. He did not know good from evil. His father had made the blunder of bringing him up in ignorance and taking it for innocence; and after fourteen months of riotous living, the city authorities had to take charge of him, in order to save him from starvation. He could not even use words effectively enough to be a successful beggar.'

'I used the comparison (suggested by Miss Hale) of the position of the master to that of a parent; so I ought not to complain of your turning the simile into a weapon against me. But, Mr Hale, when you were setting up a wise parent as a model for us, you said he humoured his children in their desire for independent action. Now certainly, the time is not come for the hands to have any independent action during business hours; I hardly know what you would mean by it then. And I say, that the masters would be trenching on the independence of their hands, in a way that I, for one, should not feel justified in doing, if we interfered too much with the life they lead out of the mills. Because they labour ten hours a-day for us, I do not see that we have any right to impose leading-strings upon them for the rest of their time. I value my own independence so highly that I can fancy no degradation greater than that of having another man perpetually directing and advising and lecturing me, or even planning too closely in any way about my actions. He might be the wisest of men, or the most powerful — I should equally rebel and resent his interference. I imagine this is a stronger feeling in the North of England than in the South.'

'I beg your pardon, [said Mr Hale] but is not that because there has been none of the equality of friendship between the adviser and advised classes? Because every man has had to stand in an unchristian and isolated position, apart from and jealous of his brother-man: constantly afraid of his rights being trenched upon?'

'I only state the fact. I am sorry to say, I have an appointment at eight o'clock, and I must just take facts as I find them to-night, without trying to account for them; which, indeed, would make no difference in determining how to act as things stand — the facts must be granted.'

'But,' said Margaret, in a low voice, 'it seems to me that it makes all the difference in the world —.' Her father made a sign to her to be silent, and allow Mr Thornton to finish what he had to say. He was already standing up and preparing to go.

'You must grant me this one point. Given a strong feeling of independence in every Darkshire man, have I any right to obtrude my views, of the manner in which he shall act, upon another (hating it as I should do most vehemently myself), merely because he has labour to sell and I capital to buy?'

*Chapter 15*

DORIS LESSING: *Martha Quest*

- 5 **Either** (a) At one point in the novel, Lessing writes of the young people of the Sports Club: 'They did not understand, they understood nothing, they were barbarians'. Does she convey this view in her depiction of the Sports Club set?
- Or** (b) In what ways does the following passage establish Martha's character at the beginning of the novel?

In the meantime, Martha, in an agony of adolescent misery, was lying among the long grass under a tree, repeating to herself that her mother was hateful, all these old women hateful, every one of these relationships, with their lies, evasions, compromises, wholly disgusting. For she was suffering that misery peculiar to the young, that they are going to be cheated by circumstances out of the full life every nerve and instinct is clamouring for. 5

After a short time, she grew more composed. A self preserving nerve had tightened in her brain, and with it her limbs and even the muscles of her face became set and hardened. It was with a bleak and puzzled look that she stared at a sunlit and glittering bush which stood at her feet, for she did not see it, she was seeing herself, and in the only way she was equipped to do this — through literature. For if one reads novels from earlier times, and if novels accurately reflect, as we hope and trust they do, the life of their era, then one is forced to conclude that being young was much easier then than it is now. Did X and Y and Z, those blithe heroes and heroines, loathe school, despise their parents and teachers who never understood them, spend years of their lives fighting to free themselves from an environment they considered altogether beneath them? No, they did not; while in a hundred years' time people will read the novels of this century and conclude that everyone (no less) suffered adolescence like a disease, for they will hardly be able to lay hands on a novel which does not describe the condition. What then? For Martha was tormented, and there was no escaping it. 10 15 20

Perhaps, she thought (retreating into the sour humour that was her refuge at such moments), one should simply take the years from, let us say, fourteen to twenty as read, until those happier times arrive when adolescents may, and with a perfectly clear conscience, again enjoy themselves? How lucky, she thought, those coming novelists, who would be able to write cheerfully, and without the feeling that they were evading a problem: 'Martha went to school in the usual way, liked the teachers, was amiable with her parents, and looked forward with confidence to a happy and well-spent life!' But then (and here she suffered a twisting spasm of spite against those cold-minded mentors who so persistently analysed her state, and in so many volumes), what would they have to write about? 25 30

That defensive spite released her, and it was almost with confidence that she again lay back, and began to consider herself. For if she was often resentfully conscious that she was expected to carry a burden that young people of earlier times knew nothing about, then she was no less conscious that she was developing a weapon which would enable her to carry it. She was not only miserable, she could focus a dispassionate eye on that misery. This detached observer, felt perhaps as a clear-lit space situated just behind the forehead, was the gift of the Cohen boys at the station; who had been lending her books for the last two years. Joss Cohen tended towards economics and sociology, which she read without feeling personally implicated. Solly Cohen was in love (there is no other word for it) with psychology; he passionately defended everything to do with it, even when his heroes contradicted each other. And from these books Martha had gained a clear picture of herself, from the outside. She was adolescent, and therefore bound to be unhappy; British, and therefore uneasy and defensive; in the fourth decade of the twentieth century, and therefore inescapably beset with problems of race and class; female, and obliged to repudiate the shackled women of the past. She was tormented with 35 40 45

guilt and responsibility and self-consciousness; and she did not regret the torment though there were moments when she saw quite clearly that in making her see herself thus the Cohen boys took a malicious delight which was only too natural. There were moments, in fact, when she hated them.

*Part One, Chapter One*



- 6 **Either** (a) On the day of Uhuru, the narrator says that 'It was not exactly a happy feeling, more a disturbing sense of inevitable doom.' Discuss Ngugi's presentation of Kenyan Independence in the light of this statement.
- Or** (b) In what ways, and how effectively, does the following passage present the treatment of detainees at the Rira Camp?

When he considered the moment ripe, Thompson started calling them in singly into his office. His theory which had matured into a conviction over the years in administering Africans was: Do the unexpected. But here he met different men; men who would not even open their mouths, men who only stared at him. After two weeks he was driven by the men's truculence to the edge of his patience. He went home and cried to Margery: These men are sick. 5

He hoped the third week would prove different. He leaned back in his chair and waited for the African warders to usher in the first man. Beside Thompson sat two other officers.

'What's your name?' 10

'Mugo.'

'Where do you come from?'

'Thabai.'

Thompson was relieved to find a man who at least agreed to answer questions. This was a good beginning. If one man confessed the oath, others would follow. He knew Thabai. He had been a District Officer in Rung'ei area twice; the last time being when he went to replace the murdered Robson. So for a few seconds he tried a friendly chat about Thabai: how green the landscape was, how nice and friendly its inhabitants. Then he resumed the questioning. 15

'How many oaths have you taken?' 20

'None.'

This sent Thompson to his feet. He paced up and down the room. Suddenly he faced Mugo. The man's face seemed vaguely familiar. But then it was difficult to tell one black face from another: they looked so much alike, masks.

'How many oaths have you taken?' 25

'None.'

'Liar!' he shouted, sweating.

As for Mugo, he was indifferent to his fate. He was in that state of despair when a man perceives that all struggle is useless. You are condemned to die. Let the sword come quickly. 30

One of the officers whispered something to Thompson. He studied the man's face for a while. Light dawned on him. He sent Mugo out of the room and carefully dived into the man's record.

Thereafter things went from bad to worse. Many detainees never spoke. In fact, Mugo was the only one who consented to answer questions. But he only opened to repeat what he had said in all the camps. Thompson, like a tick, stuck to Mugo. He questioned him daily, perhaps because he seemed the likeliest to give in. He picked him up for punishment. Sometimes he would have the warders whip Mugo before the other detainees. Sometimes, in naked fury, he would snatch the whip from the warders and apply it himself. If Mugo had cried or asked for mercy Thompson might have relented. But now it seemed to him that all the detainees mocked and despised him for his failure to extort a cry from Mugo. 35

And that was how Mugo gained prestige among the other detainees. Beyond despair, there was no moaning; the feeling that he deserved all this numbed Mugo to the pain. But the other detainees saw his resignation to pain in a different light; it gave them courage; they came together and wrote a collective letter listing complaints. Among other things they wanted to be treated as political prisoners not 40

45

criminals. Food rations should be raised. Unless these things were done, they would go on hunger-strike. And indeed on the third day, all the detainees, to a man, sat down on strike.

Thompson was on the edge of madness. Eliminate the vermin, he would grind his teeth at night. He set the white officers and warders on the men. Yes — eliminate the vermin.

But the thing that sparked off the now famous deaths, was a near-riot act that took place on the third day of the strike. As some of the warders brought food to the detainees, a stone was hurled at them and struck one of them on the head. They let go the food and ran away howling murder! Riot! The detainees laughed and let fly more stones.

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What occurred next is known to the world. The men were rounded up and locked in their cells. The now famous beating went on day and night. Eleven men died.

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## Section C

CARYL CHURCHILL: *Serious Money*

- 7 **Either** (a) The play involves quite complex legal and financial issues. In what ways, and with what effects, does Churchill present these issues to an audience?
- Or** (b) Comment in detail on the following passage, concentrating on what it suggests about the effect of City life on personal relationships.

[ZAC and JACINTA, exhausted, in the foyer of the Savoy.]

ZAC	So he cancelled the deal.	
JACINTA	And how do you feel?	
ZAC	Exhausted.	
JACINTA	I get you a drink	
	At least we can meet,	5
	You're not rushed off your feet,	
	It's better like this I think.	
ZAC	Jacinta, I still can't forgive you for going to Biddulph, the whole deal could have been wrecked.	
JACINTA	But I get more money that way, Zac, really what do you expect? I can't do bad business just because I feel romantic.	10
ZAC	The way you do business, Jacinta, drives me completely frantic.	
JACINTA	I love the way you are so obsessed when you're thinking about your bids.	
ZAC	I love that terrible hospital scam / and the drug addicted kids.	15
JACINTA	(That's true, Zac!)	
	I love the way you never stop work, I hate a man who's lazy.	
ZAC	The way you unloaded your copper mines drove me completely crazy.	
JACINTA	Zac, you're so charming, I'm almost as fond	
	Of you as I am of a eurobond.	20
ZAC	I thought we'd never manage to make a date.	
	You're more of a thrill than a changing interest rate.	
JACINTA	This is a very public place to meet.	
ZAC	Maybe we ought to go up to your suite.	
	<i>They get up to go.</i>	25
ZAC	Did you ever play with a hoop when you were a child and when it stops turning it falls down flat?	
	I feel kind of like that.	
JACINTA	I am very happy. My feeling for you is deep.	
	But will you mind very much if we go to sleep?	30
	[GREVILLE, drunk.]	
GREVILLE	Maybe I should retire while my career is at its pinnacle.	
	Working in the City can make one rather cynical.	
	When an oil tanker sank with a hundred men the lads cheered	
	because they'd made a million.	35
	When Sadat was shot I was rather chuffed because I was long of gold	
	bullion.	
	Life's been very good to me. I think I'll work for Oxfam	

[FROSBY, *with a gun.*]

FROSBY I thought the sun would never set.  
I thought I'd be extremely rich.  
You can't be certain what you'll get.  
I've heard the young say Life's a bitch.  
I betrayed my oldest friend.  
It didn't give me too much fun.  
My way of life is at an end.  
At least I have a friendly gun.  
My word is my junk bond.

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*Act Two*



MACBETH Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the crow  
Makes wing to th' rooky wood;  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.  
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:  
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.  
So, prithee, go with me.

40

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*[Exeunt.]*

*Act 3 Scene 2*

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *The Glass Menagerie*

9 **Either (a)** 'You live in a dream; you manufacture illusions!'

Discuss how the play presents the attractiveness and dangers of dreams and illusions.

**Or (b)** Comment closely on the following extract, focusing on the ways Williams guides an audience's responses.

JIM ... You're — pretty!  
 LAURA In what respect am I pretty?  
 JIM In all respects — believe me! Your eyes — your hair — are pretty! Your hands are pretty!

*[He catches hold of her hand.]* 5

You think I'm making this up because I'm invited to dinner and have to be nice. Oh, I could do that! I could put on an act for you, Laura, and say lots of things without being very sincere. But this time I am. I'm talking to you sincerely. I happened to notice you had this inferiority complex that keeps you from feeling comfortable with people. Somebody needs to build your confidence up and make you proud instead of shy and turning away and — blushing — Somebody — ought to — Ought to — *kiss you*; Laura! 10

*[His hand slips slowly up her arm to her shoulder.]*  
 MUSIC SWELLS TUMULTUOUSLY. 15

*He suddenly turns her about and kisses her on the lips. When he releases her, LAURA sinks on the sofa with a bright, dazed look.*

JIM *backs away and fishes in his pocket for a cigarette.*  
 LEGEND ON SCREEN: 'SOUVENIR'.] 20

Stumble-john!

*[He lights the cigarette, avoiding her look. There is a peal of girlish laughter from AMANDA in the kitchen. LAURA slowly raises and opens her hand. It still contains the little broken glass animal. She looks at it with a tender, bewildered expression.]* 25

Stumble-john!  
 I shouldn't have done that — That was way off the beam.  
 You don't smoke, do you?

*[She looks up, smiling, not hearing the question. He sits beside her a little gingerly. She looks at him speechlessly — waiting.]* 30

*He coughs decorously and moves a little farther aside as he considers the situation and senses her feelings, dimly, with perturbation. Gently.]* 35

Would you — care for a — mint?

*[She doesn't seem to hear him but her look grows brighter even]*

Peppermint — Life-Saver?  
My pocket's a regular drug store — wherever I go ...

*[He pops a mint in his mouth. Then gulps and decides to make a clean breast of it. He speaks slowly and gingerly.]*

Laura, you know, if I had a sister like you, I'd do the same thing as Tom. I'd bring out fellows and — introduce her to them. The right type of boys of a type to — appreciate her.

Only — well — he made a mistake about me. 45

Maybe I've got no call to be saying this. That may not have been the idea in having me over. But what if it was? There's nothing wrong about that. The only trouble is that in my case — I'm not in a situation to — do the right thing.

I can't take down your number and say I'll phone. I can't call up next week and — ask for a date. 50

I thought I had better explain the situation in case you — misunderstand it and — hurt your feelings.

*[Pause.*

*Slowly, very slowly, LAURA'S look changes, her eyes returning slowly from his to the ornament in her palm. 55*

*AMANDA utters another gay laugh in the kitchen.]*

LAURA *[faintly]* You — won't — call again?  
JIM No, Laura, I can't.

*[He rises from the sofa.] 60*

As I was just explaining, I've — got strings on me.

Laura, I've — been going steady!

I go out all of the time with a girl named Betty. She's a home-girl like you, and Catholic, and Irish, and in a great many ways — we get along fine.

I met her last summer on a moonlight boat trip up the river to Alton, on the *Majestic.* 65

Well — right away from the start it was — love!

[LEGEND: 'LOVE!'

*LAURA sways slightly forward and grips the arm of the sofa. He fails to notice, now enrapt in his own comfortable being.] 70*

Being in love has made a new man of me!

## Scene 7

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