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UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
General Certificate of Education  
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**LANGUAGE & LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**  
**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH (HALF CREDIT)**

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

Paper 9 Poetry, Prose and Drama

Paper 1 Poetry, Prose and Drama

**October/November 2007**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**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.

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This document consists of **16** printed pages and **4** blank pages.





## Section A: Poetry

JOHN KEATS : *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) According to Keats, 'human passion ... leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd.'  
With reference to **two** poems, discuss ways in which Keats presents love.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, saying in what ways it is characteristic of Keats's poetry.

*Ode on Melancholy*

1

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist  
 Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;  
 Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd  
 By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;  
 Make not your rosary of yew-berries, 5  
 Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be  
 Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl  
 A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;  
 For shade to shade will come too drowsily,  
 And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul. 10

2

But when the melancholy fit shall fall  
 Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,  
 That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,  
 And hides the green hill in an April shroud;  
 Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose, 15  
 Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,  
 Or on the wealth of globed peonies;  
 Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,  
 Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,  
 And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes. 20

3

She dwells with Beauty – Beauty that must die;  
 And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips  
 Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,  
 Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:  
 Ay, in the very temple of Delight 25  
 Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,  
 Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue  
 Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;  
 His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,  
 And be among her cloudy trophies hung. 30

STEVIE SMITH : *Selected Poems*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'Shun compromise  
Forget him and forget her.'
- Discuss the ways in which Smith presents human relationships in **two** or **three** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, comparing the presentation of religious faith here and in **one** other poem from your selection.

*Egocentric*

What care I if good God be  
 If he be not good to me,  
 If he will not hear my cry  
 Nor heed my melancholy midnight sigh?  
 What care I if he created Lamb, 5  
 And golden Lion, and mud-delighting Clam,  
 And Tiger stepping out on padded toe,  
 And the fecund earth the Blindworms know?  
 He made the Sun, the Moon and every Star,  
 He made the infant Owl and the Baboon, 10  
 He made the ruby-orbed Pelican,  
 He made all silent inhumanity,  
 Nescient and quiescent to his will,  
 Unquickened by the questing conscious flame  
 That is my glory and my bitter bane. 15  
 What care I if Skies are blue,  
 If God created Gnat and Gnu,  
 What care I if good God be  
 If he be not good to me?

## Section B: Prose

CHINUA ACHEBE : *Anthills of the Savannah*

- 4 **Either** (a) What effects do you think Achebe achieves by using different narrators in the course of the novel?
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting on the significance of the naming ceremony in the novel.

She picked up the tiny bundle from its cot and, turning to Elewa, said: 'Name this child.'

'Na you go name am.'

'OK. You just saved a false step, anyway. Thanks. I will start afresh ... There was an Old Testament prophet who named his son *The-remnant-shall-return*. They must have lived in times like this. We have a different metaphor, though; we have our own version of hope that springs eternal. We shall call this child AMAECHINA: *May-the-path-never-close*. Ama for short.' 5

'But that's a boy's name.'

'No matter.' 10

'Girl fit answer am also.'

'It's a beautiful name. The Path of Ikem.'

'That's right. May it never close, never overgrow.'

'Das right!'

'May it always shine! The Shining Path of Ikem.' 15

'Dat na wonderful name.'

'Na fine name so.'

'In our traditional society,' resumed Beatrice, 'the father named the child. But the man who should have done it today is absent ... Stop that sniffing, Elewa! The man is not here although I know he is floating around us now, watching with that small-boy smile of his. I am used to teasing him and will tease him now. What does a man know about a child anyway that he should presume to give it a name ...' 20

'Nothing except that his wife told him he is the father,' said Abdul, causing much laughter.

'Na true my brother,' said Braimoh. 'Na woman de come tell man say na him born the child. Then the man begin make *inyanga* and begin answer father. Na *yéyé* father we be.' 25

'Exactly. So I think our tradition is faulty there. It is really safest to ask the mother what her child is or means or should be called. So Elewa should really be holding Ama and telling us what she is. What it was like to be loved by that beautiful man Ikem. But Elewa is too shy. Look at her!' 30

'I no shy at all,' she replied, her eyes smiling and holding back tears at the same time like bright sunshine through a thin drizzle. 'I no shy but I no sabi book.'

'Dis no be book matter, my sister.'

'You no sabi book but you sabi plenty thing wey pass book, my dear girl!' 35

'Say that again,' said Emmanuel.

'I concur,' said Captain Medani.

'Dat na true word,' said Braimoh.

'I tell you!' said Aina.

'All of we,' continued Beatrice, 'done see *baad* time; but na you one, Elewa, 40  
come produce something wonderful like this to show your sufferhead. Something  
alive and kicking.'

'That's true. Very true,' said the Captain.

'But living ideas ...' Emmanuel began haltingly.

'Ideas cannot live outside people,' said Beatrice rather peremptorily stopping 45  
him in mid-stride. He obeyed for a second, scratched his head and came right back  
blurting defiantly:

'I don't accept that. The ideas in one lecture by Ikem changed my entire life  
from a parrot to a man.'

'Really?' 50

'Yes, really. And the lives of some of my friends. It wasn't Ikem the man who  
changed me. I hardly knew him. It was his ideas set down on paper. One idea  
in particular: that we may accept a limitation on our actions but never, under no  
circumstances, must we accept restriction on our thinking.'

'OK,' said Beatrice bowing to this superior, unstoppable passion. 'I have also felt 55  
what you are saying, though I knew him too as a man. You win! People and Ideas,  
then. We shall drink to both of them.'

*Chapter 18*

GEORGE ELIOT : *The Mill on the Floss*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'You struggled with your feelings, you say. Yes! I have had feelings to struggle with; but I conquered them. I have had a harder life than you have had; but I have found my comfort in doing my duty.' (*Book VII Chapter 1*)

How far does the novel lead you to sympathise with Tom's speech to Maggie?

- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting in particular on the presentation of Lucy and Stephen and the relationship between them.

The well-furnished drawing-room, with the open grand piano, and the pleasant outlook down a sloping garden to a boat-house by the side of the Floss, is Mr Deane's. The neat little lady in mourning, whose light-brown ringlets are falling over the coloured embroidery with which her fingers are busy, is of course Lucy Deane; and the fine young man who is leaning down from his chair to snap the scissors in the extremely abbreviated face of the 'King Charles' lying on the young lady's feet is no other than Mr Stephen Guest, whose diamond ring, attar of roses, and air of nonchalant leisure, at twelve o'clock in the day, are the graceful and odoriferous result of the largest oil-mill and the most extensive wharf in St Ogg's. There is an apparent triviality in the action with the scissors, but your discernment perceives at once that there is a design in it which makes it eminently worthy of a large-headed, long-limbed young man; for you see that Lucy wants the scissors, and is compelled, reluctant as she may be, to shake her ringlets back, raise her soft hazel eyes, smile playfully down on the face that is so very nearly on a level with her knee, and holding out her little shell-pink palm, to say, –

'My scissors, please, if you can renounce the great pleasure of persecuting my poor Minny.'

The foolish scissors have slipped too far over the knuckles, it seems, and Hercules holds out his entrapped fingers hopelessly.

'Confound the scissors! The oval lies the wrong way. Please, draw them off for me.'

'Draw them off with your other hand,' says Miss Lucy, roguishly.

'Oh, but that's my left hand: I'm not left-handed.'

Lucy laughs, and the scissors are drawn off with gentle touches from tiny tips, which naturally disposes Mr Stephen for a repetition *da capo*. Accordingly, he watches for the release of the scissors, that he may get them into his possession again.

'No, no,' said Lucy, sticking them in her band, 'you shall not have my scissors again – you have strained them already. Now don't set Minny growling again. Sit up and behave properly, and then I will tell you some news.'

'What is that?' said Stephen, throwing himself back and hanging his right arm over the corner of his chair. He might have been sitting for his portrait, which would have represented a rather striking young man of five-and-twenty, with a square forehead, short dark-brown hair, standing erect, with a slight wave at the end, like a thick crop of corn, and a half-ardent, half-sarcastic glance from under his well-marked horizontal eyebrows. 'Is it very important news?'

'Yes – very. Guess.'

'You are going to change Minny's diet, and give him three ratafias soaked in a dessert-spoonful of cream daily?'

'Quite wrong.'

'Well, then, Dr Kenn has been preaching against buckram, and you ladies have all been sending him a round-robin, saying – "This is a hard doctrine; who can bear it?"'

'For shame!' said Lucy, adjusting her little mouth gravely. 'It is rather dull of you not to guess my news, because it is about something I mentioned to you not very long ago.' 45

'But you have mentioned many things to me not long ago. Does your feminine tyranny require that when you say the thing you mean is one of several things, I should know it immediately by that mark?'

'Yes, I know you think I am silly.' 50

'I think you are perfectly charming.'

'And my silliness is part of my charm?'

'I didn't say *that*.'

'But I know you like women to be rather insipid. Philip Wakem betrayed you: he said so one day when you were not here.' 55

*Book VI Chapter 1*

KATHERINE MANSFIELD : *Short Stories*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'Underneath the surface, there is often violence in Mansfield's stories.'  
Discuss the effects of **two** stories in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, discussing in particular the ways in which Mansfield presents the women here.

It was over at last. And: 'Come and see my new coffee machine,' said Bertha.

'We only have a new coffee machine once a fortnight,' said Harry. Face took her arm this time; Miss Fulton bent her head and followed after.

The fire had died down in the drawing-room to a red, flickering 'nest of baby phoenixes', said Face. 5

'Don't turn up the light for a moment. It is so lovely.' And down she crouched by the fire again. She was always cold ... 'without her little red flannel jacket, of course,' thought Bertha.

At that moment Miss Fulton 'gave the sign'.

'Have you a garden?' said the cool, sleepy voice. 10

This was so exquisite on her part that all Bertha could do was to obey. She crossed the room, pulled the curtains apart, and opened those long windows.

'There!' she breathed.

And the two women stood side by side looking at the slender, flowering tree. Although it was so still it seemed, like the flame of a candle, to stretch up, to point, to quiver in the bright air, to grow taller and taller as they gazed – almost to touch the rim of the round, silver moon. 15

How long did they stand there? Both, as it were, caught in that circle of unearthly light, understanding each other perfectly, creatures of another world, and wondering what they were to do in this one with all this blissful treasure that burned in their bosoms and dropped, in silver flowers, from their hair and hands? 20

For ever – for a moment? And did Miss Fulton murmur: 'Yes. Just *that*.' Or did Bertha dream it?

Then the light was snapped on and Face made the coffee and Harry said: 'My dear Mrs Knight, don't ask me about my baby. I never see her. I shan't feel the slightest interest in her until she has a lover,' and Mug took his eye out of the conservatory for a moment and then put it under glass again and Eddie Warren drank his coffee and set down the cup with a face of anguish as though he had drunk and seen the spider. 25

'What I want to do is to give the young men a show. I believe London is simply teeming with first-chop, unwritten plays. What I want to say to 'em is: "Here's the theatre. Fire ahead."' 30

'You know, my dear, I am going to decorate a room for the Jacob Nathans. Oh, I am so tempted to do a fried-fish scheme, with the backs of the chairs shaped like frying-pans and lovely chip potatoes embroidered all over the curtains.' 35

'The trouble with our young writing men is that they are still too romantic. You can't put out to sea without being seasick and wanting a basin. Well, why won't they have the courage of those basins?'

'A *dreadful* poem about a girl who was *violated* by a beggar *without* a nose in a lit-tle wood ...' 40

Miss Fulton sank into the lowest, deepest chair and Harry handed round the cigarettes.

From the way he stood in front of her shaking the silver box and saying abruptly: 'Egyptian? Turkish? Virginian? They're all mixed up,' Bertha realised that she not only bored him; he really disliked her. And she decided from the way Miss Fulton said: 'No, thank you, I won't smoke,' that she felt it, too, and was hurt. 45

'Oh, Harry, don't dislike her. You are quite wrong about her. She's wonderful, wonderful. And, besides, how can you feel so differently about someone who means so much to me. I shall try to tell you when we are in bed tonight what has been happening. What she and I have shared.' 50

*Bliss*

ARTHUR MILLER : *A View from the Bridge*

- 8 **Either** (a) At the end of the play, Marco calls Eddie an 'Animal', whereas Alfieri says 'I will love him more than all my sensible clients.'

What is your response to Miller's presentation of Eddie?

- Or (b) Discuss in detail the ways Miller presents the relationship between Catherine and Rodolpho in the following episode.

[*Light is rising on CATHERINE in the apartment. RODOLPHO is watching as she arranges a paper pattern on cloth spread on the table.*]

- CATHERINE: You hungry?
- RODOLPHO: Not for anything to eat. [*Pause.*] I have nearly three hundred dollars. Catherine? 5
- CATHERINE: I heard you.
- RODOLPHO: You don't like to talk about it any more?
- CATHERINE: Sure, I don't mind talkin' about it.
- RODOLPHO: What worries you, Catherine? 10
- CATHERINE: I been wantin' to ask you about something. Could I?
- RODOLPHO: All the answers are in my eyes, Catherine. But you don't look in my eyes lately. You're full of secrets. [*She looks at him. She seems withdrawn.*] What is the question?
- CATHERINE: Suppose I wanted to live in Italy. 15
- RODOLPHO [*smiling at the incongruity*]: You going to marry somebody rich?
- CATHERINE: No, I mean live there – you and me.
- RODOLPHO [*his smile vanishing*]: When?
- CATHERINE: Well ... when we get married.
- RODOLPHO [*astonished*]: You want to be an Italian? 20
- CATHERINE: No, but I could live there without being Italian. Americans live there.
- RODOLPHO: For ever?
- CATHERINE: Yeah.
- RODOLPHO [*crosses to rocker*]: You're fooling.
- CATHERINE: No, I mean it. 25
- RODOLPHO: Where do you get such an idea?
- CATHERINE: Well, you're always saying it's so beautiful there, with the mountains and the ocean and all the –
- RODOLPHO: You're fooling me.
- CATHERINE: I mean it. 30
- RODOLPHO [*goes to her slowly*]: Catherine, if I ever brought you home with no money, no business, nothing, they would call the priest and the doctor and they would say Rodolpho is crazy.
- CATHERINE: I know, but I think we would be happier there.
- RODOLPHO: Happier! What would you eat? You can't cook the view! 35
- CATHERINE: Maybe you could be a singer, like in Rome or –

- RODOLPHO: Rome! Rome is full of singers.
- CATHERINE: Well, I could work then.
- RODOLPHO: Where?
- CATHERINE: God, there must be jobs somewhere! 40
- RODOLPHO: There's nothing! Nothing, nothing, nothing. Now tell me what you're talking about. How can I bring you from a rich country to suffer in a poor country? What are you talking about? [*She searches for words.*] I would be a criminal stealing your face. In two years you would have an old, hungry face. When my brother's babies cry they give them water, water that boiled a bone. Don't you believe that? 45
- CATHERINE [*quietly*]: I'm afraid of Eddie here.  
[*Slight pause.*]
- RODOLPHO [*steps closer to her*]: We wouldn't live here. Once I am a citizen I could work anywhere and I would find better jobs and we would have a house, Catherine. If I were not afraid to be arrested I would start to be something wonderful here! 50
- CATHERINE [*steeling herself*]: Tell me something. I mean just tell me, Rodolpho – would you still want to do it if it turned out we had to go live in Italy? I mean just if it turned out that way. 55
- RODOLPHO: This is your question or his question?
- CATHERINE: I would like to know, Rodolpho. I mean it.
- RODOLPHO: To go there with nothing.
- CATHERINE: Yeah.
- RODOLPHO: No. [*She looks at him wide-eyed.*] No. 60
- CATHERINE: You wouldn't?
- RODOLPHO: No; I will not marry you to live in Italy.

Act 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE : *Julius Caesar*

- 9 **Either** (a) How far do you find Shakespeare presents Mark Antony as a character to be admired?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the relationship between Cassius and Brutus in the following passage.

CASSIUS: Do not presume too much upon my love;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS: You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty 5  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;  
For I can raise no money by vile means.  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, 10  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me; was that done like Cassius? 15  
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces! 20

CASSIUS: I denied you not.

BRUTUS: You did.

CASSIUS: I did not. He was but a fool  
That brought my answer back.  
Brutus hath riv'd my heart. 25  
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRUTUS: I do not, till you practise them on me.

CASSIUS: You love me not.

BRUTUS: I do not like your faults. 30

CASSIUS: A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRUTUS: A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS: Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, 35  
For Cassius is aweary of the world:  
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;  
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,  
Set in a notebook, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep 40  
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.  
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart. 45  
 Strike as thou didst at Caesar; for I know,  
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better  
 Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

BRUTUS: Sheathe your dagger.  
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope; 50  
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,  
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire;  
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
 And straight is cold again. 55

CASSIUS: Hath Cassius liv'd  
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
 When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

BRUTUS: When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

CASSIUS: Do you confess so much? Give me your hand. 60

BRUTUS: And my heart too.

*Act 4 Scene 3*





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