



**Cambridge
Assessment**

A Level

English Literature

Session: 2000 June
Type: Question paper
Code: 9000

General Certificate of Education Advanced Level
former Cambridge linear syllabus

ENGLISH LITERATURE

9000/1

PAPER 1 Shakespeare and other authors

Monday

5 JUNE 2000

Morning

3 hours

Texts should be taken into the examination. They may bear brief candidate annotation.
Additional materials:
Answer paper

TIME 3 hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer paper/answer booklet

Answer **three** questions, including at least **one** from each of Section A and Section B.

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

If you use more than one sheet of paper, fasten the sheets together.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

This question paper consists of 24 printed pages.

Section A

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

1 **Either** (a) Discuss the importance of 'Ganymede' to the play's exploration of human relationships.

Or (b) *Play, music; and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.*

How far do you find the play's resolution to be appropriate to the concerns and atmosphere of the rest of *As You Like It*?

Or (c) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, paying particular attention to the way in which language develops characterisation and themes at this point in the play.

Rosalind. What shall be our sport, then?

Celia. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Rosalind. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women. 5

Celia. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Rosalind. Nay; now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Celia. No; when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument? 10

Rosalind. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Celia. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's, who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! Whither wander you? 15

Touchstone. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Celia. Were you made the messenger? 20

Touchstone. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Rosalind. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touchstone. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught. Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn. 25

Celia. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Rosalind. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touchstone. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave. 30

Celia. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touchstone. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were. But if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn; no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away

- before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard. 35
- Celia.* Prithee, who is't that thou mean'st?
- Touchstone.* One that old Frederick, your father, loves.
- Celia.* My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough, speak no more of him; you'll be whipt for taxation one of these days.
- Touchstone.* The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly. 40

(Act 1, Scene 2, lines 27-79)

UCLES

As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is. And doth affection breed it?
I think it doth. Is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well; else let them know
The ills we do their ills instruct us so.

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Desdemona. Good night, good night. God me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

[*Exeunt.*]

(Act 4, Scene 3, lines 53-103)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'He is, above all, the conscious actor who delights in his own wit.' Assess this claim in the light of your own understanding of Richard in the play *Richard III*.
- Or** (b) 'The play presents women as weak, helpless victims.' Discuss.
- Or** (c) With close reference to the text, discuss what might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as this scene unfolds.

Buckingham. Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times
Unto a lineal true-derived course. 5

Mayor. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buckingham. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Catesby. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

Gloucester. Alas, why would you heap this care on me? 10

I am unfit for state and majesty.

I do beseech you, take it not amiss:

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buckingham. If you refuse it – as, in love and zeal, 15

Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;

As well we know your tenderness of heart

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

Which we have noted in you to your kindred

And egally indeed to all estates –

Yet know, whe'er you accept our suit or no, 20

Your brother's son shall never reign our king;

But we will plant some other in the throne

To the disgrace and downfall of your house;

And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come, citizens. Zounds, I'll entreat no more. 25

Gloucester. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

[*Exeunt Buckingham, Mayor, and Citizens.*]

Catesby. Call him again, sweet Prince, accept their suit.

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Gloucester. Will you enforce me to a world of cares? 30

Call them again. I am not made of stones,

But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men, 35

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,

To bear her burden, whe'er I will or no,

I must have patience to endure the load;

But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach

Attend the sequel of your imposition,

Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me 40

From all the impure blots and stains thereof;

For God doth know, and you may partly see,

How far I am from the desire of this.
Mayor. God bless your Grace! We see it, and will say it.
Gloucester. In saying so, you shall but say the truth. 45
Buckingham. Then I salute you with this royal title –
 Long live King Richard, England's worthy King!
All. Amen.
Buckingham. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?
Gloucester. Even when you please, for you will have it so. 50
Buckingham. To-morrow, then, we will attend your Grace;
 And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.
Gloucester. [*To the Bishops*] Come, let us to our holy work again.
 Farewell, my cousin; farewell, gentle friends.

(Act 3, Scene 7, lines 195-247)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

- 4 **Either** (a) A 'most poor credulous monster' (Trinculo of Caliban)
'this thing of darkness ...' (Prospero of Caliban)

In what ways is Caliban's character developed in the context of the different relationships he has in the play?

- Or** (b) 'Society in miniature'. How far is this your view of the island as represented in *The Tempest*?
- Or** (c) In what ways, and with what effects, does the following dialogue between Prospero and Miranda help to establish the play's main concerns?

Miranda. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four, or five, women once, that tended me?
Prospero. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. 5
But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou rememb'rest aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst. 10

Miranda. But that I do not.
Prospero. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Miranda. Sir, are not you my father? 15
Prospero. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir
And princess no worse issued.

Miranda. O, the heavens! 20
What foul play had we that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?

Prospero. Both, both, my girl.
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly help hither. 25

Miranda. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther.
Prospero. My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio – 30
I pray thee, mark me that a brother should
Be so perfidious. He, whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed 35
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel, those being all my study –
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle – 40
Dost thou attend me?

Miranda.

Sir, most heedfully.

Prospero.

Being once perfected how to grant suits,
 How to deny them, who t' advance, and who
 To trash for over-topping, new created 45
 The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
 Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
 Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
 To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
 The ivy which had hid my princely trunk 50
 And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

Miranda.

O, good sir, I do!

Prospero.

I pray thee, mark me.

I thus neglecting wordly ends, all dedicated
 To closeness and the bettering of my mind 55
 With that which, but by being so retir'd,
 O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
 Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falsehood, in its contrary as great 60
 As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
 A confidence sans bound.

(Act 1, Scene 2, lines 44-97)

Section B

APHRA BEHN: *The Rover*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'Much more complicated than the traditional stereotype of a prostitute.' Discuss Angellica Bianca's role in the play in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) 'The audience laughs, but it is an uneasy laughter.' How far is this your response to the play, and why?
- Or** (c) Write a critical analysis of the following episode, showing what main concerns of the play as a whole are introduced in it, and by what means.

Enter several men in masquing habits, some playing on music, others dancing after; women dressed like courtesans, with papers pinned on their breasts, and baskets of flowers in their hands

- Blunt.* 'Sheartlikins, what have we here! 5
- Frederick.* Now the game begins.
- Willmore.* Fine pretty creatures! May a stranger have leave to look and love? – What's here? (*Reads the papers*) – 'Roses for every month'!
- Blunt.* 'Roses for every month'! What means that?
- Belvile.* They are, or would have you think they're courtesans, who here in Naples are to be hired by the month. 10
- Willmore.* Kind and obliging to inform us – pray where do these roses grow? I would fain plant some of 'em in a bed of mine.
- Woman.* Beware such roses, sir.
- Willmore.* A pox of fear: I'll be baked with thee between a pair of sheets, and that's thy proper still; so I might but strew such roses over me and under me. Fair one, would you would give me leave to gather at your bush this idle month; I would go near to make somebody smell of it all the year after. 15
- Belvile.* And thou hast need of such a remedy, for thou stink'st of tar and ropes' ends like a dock or pesthouse. 20
- The woman puts herself into the hands of a man and exeunt*
- Willmore.* Nay, nay, you shall not leave me so.
- Belvile.* By all means use no violence here.
- Willmore.* Death! Just as I was going to be damnably in love, to have her led off! I could pluck that rose out of his hand, and even kiss the bed the bush grew in. 25
- Frederick.* No friend to love like a long voyage at sea.
- Blunt.* Except a nunnery, Fred.
- Willmore.* Death! But will they not be kind? Quickly be kind? Thou know'st I'm no tame sigher, but a rampant lion of the forest. 30

Advance from the farther end of the scenes, two men dressed all over with horns of several sorts, making grimaces at one another, with papers pinned on their backs.

- Belvile.* Oh the fantastical rogues, how they're dressed! 'Tis a satire against the whole sex.
- Willmore.* Is this a fruit that grows in this warm country? 35
- Belvile.* Yes, 'tis pretty to see these Italians start, swell, and stab at the word 'cuckold', and yet stumble at horns on every threshold.

Willmore. See what's on their back. (*Reads*) 'Flowers of every night.' Ah, rogue!
And more sweet than roses of every month! This is a gardener of
Adam's own breeding. 40

They dance

Belvile. What think you of those grave people? Is a wake in Essex half so mad
or extravagant?
Willmore. I like their sober grave way; 'tis a kind of legal authorised fornication,
where the men are not chid for't, nor the women despised, as amongst 45
our dull English. Even the monsieurs want that part of good manners.
Belvile. But here in Italy, a monsieur is the humblest best-bred gentleman –
duels are so baffled by bravos that an age shows not one but between
a Frenchman and a hangman, who is as much too hard for him on the
Piazza as they are for a Dutchman on the New Bridge. But see, 50
another crew.

Enter FLORINDA, HELLENA, *and* VALERIA, *dressed like gipsies; CALLIS and* STEPHANO,
LUCETTA, PHILIPPO *and* SANCHO *in masquerade*

Hellena. Sister, there's your Englishman, and with him a handsome proper
fellow. I'll tell him, and instead of telling him his fortune, try my own. 55
Willmore. Gipsies, on my life. Sure these will prattle if a man cross their hands.
(*Goes to HELLENA*) – Dear, pretty, and, I hope, young devil, will you tell
an amorous stranger what luck he's like to have?
Hellena. Have a care how you venture with me, sir, lest I pick your pocket, which
will more vex your English humour than an Italian fortune will please 60
you.

(Act 1, Scene 2, lines 83-143)

ANNE BRONTË: *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'Ill at ease with the aristocracy; more convincing in portraying village people ...' How far do you agree with this comment on Brontë's characterisation in the novel?
- Or** (b) In what ways, and how effectively, are the inequalities between men and women explored in the novel?
- Or** (c) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting in particular on its evocation of the narrator's emotions.

It was on the night of the 4th, a little after tea, that Annabella had been singing and playing, with Arthur as usual at her side: she had ended her song, but still she sat at the instrument; and he stood leaning on the back of her chair, conversing in scarcely audible tones, with his face in very close proximity with hers. I looked at Lord Lowborough. He was at the other end of the room, talking with Messrs Hargrave and Grimsby; but I saw him dart, towards his lady and his host, a quick, impatient glance, expressive of intense disquietude, at which Grimsby smiled. Determined to interrupt the tête-à-tête, I rose, and selecting a piece of music from the music-stand, stepped up to the piano, intending to ask the lady to play it; but I stood transfixed and speechless on seeing her seated there, listening with what seemed an exultant smile on her flushed face, to his soft murmurings, with her hand quietly surrendered to his clasp. The blood rushed first to my heart and then to my head – for there was more than this; almost at the moment of my approach, he cast a hurried glance over his shoulder towards the other occupants of the room, and then ardently pressed the unresisting hand to his lips. On raising his eyes he beheld me and dropped them again, confounded and dismayed. She saw me too, and confronted me with a look of hard defiance. I laid the music on the piano, and retired. I felt ill; but I did not leave the room: happily, it was getting late and could not be long before the company dispersed. I went to the fire and leant my head against the chimney-piece. In a minute or two, someone asked me if I felt unwell. I did not answer – indeed, at the time I knew not what was said – but I mechanically looked up, and saw Mr Hargrave standing beside me on the rug.

'Shall I get you a glass of wine?' said he.

'No, thank you,' I replied; and turning from him, I looked round. Lady Lowborough was beside her husband, bending over him as he sat, with her hand on his shoulder, softly talking and smiling in his face; and Arthur was at the table turning over a book of engravings. I seated myself in the nearest chair; and Mr Hargrave, finding his services were not desired, judiciously withdrew. Shortly after, the company broke up, and as the guests were retiring to their rooms, Arthur approached me, smiling with the utmost assurance.

'Are you very angry, Helen?' murmured he.

'This is no jest, Arthur,' said I, seriously, but as calmly as I could – 'unless you think it a jest to lose my affection for ever.'

'What! so bitter?' he exclaimed, laughingly clasping my hand between both his; but I snatched it away, in indignation – almost in disgust, for he was obviously affected with wine.

'Then I must go down on my knees,' said he; and kneeling before me with clasped hands uplifted in mock humiliation, he continued imploringly – 'Forgive me, Helen! –

dear Helen, forgive me, and I'll *never* do it again!' and burying his face in his handkerchief, he affected to sob aloud.

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Leaving him thus employed, I took my candle, and slipping quietly from the room, hastened upstairs as fast as I could. But he soon discovered that I had left him, and rushing up after me, caught me in his arms, just as I had entered the chamber, and was about to shut the door in his face.

'No, no, by Heaven, you shan't escape me so!' he cried. Then, alarmed at my agitation, he begged me not to put myself in such a passion, telling me I was white in the face, and should kill myself if I did so.

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'Let me go then,' I murmured; and immediately he released me – and it was well he did, for I was really in a passion. I sunk into the easy-chair and endeavoured to compose myself, for I wanted to speak to him calmly. He stood beside me, but did not venture to touch me or to speak, for a few seconds; then approaching a little nearer, he dropped on one knee – not in mock humility, but to bring himself nearer my level, and leaning his hand on the arm of the chair, he began in a low voice –

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'It is all nonsense, Helen – a jest, a mere nothing – not worth a thought. Will you *never* learn?' he continued, more boldly, 'that you have nothing to fear from me? that I love you wholly and entirely? – or if,' he added, with a lurking smile, 'I ever give a thought to another, you may well spare it, for those fancies are here and gone like a flash of lightning, while my love for you burns on steadily, and for ever like the sun. You little exorbitant tyrant, will not *that* –'

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'Be quiet a moment, will you, Arthur,' said I, 'and listen to me – and don't think I'm in a jealous fury: I am perfectly calm. Feel my hand.' And I gravely extended it towards him – but closed it upon his with an energy that seemed to disprove the assertion, and made him smile. 'You needn't smile, sir,' said I, still tightening my grasp, and looking steadfastly on him till he almost quailed before me. 'You may think it all very fine, Mr Huntingdon, to amuse yourself with rousing my jealousy; but take care you don't rouse my hate instead. And when you have once extinguished my love, you will find it no easy matter to kindle it again.'

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(Chapter 27)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Nun's Priest's Tale*

- 7 **Either** (a) 'The relationship between Chauntecleer and Pertelote is a comic rendition of the married state.' Discuss.
- Or** (b) In what ways do mock heroic techniques contribute to the meaning and effect of the *Tale*?
- Or** (c) With close attention to the following passage, discuss what it contributes to the concerns and style of the *Tale* as a whole.

And certes in the same book I rede,
 Right in the nexte chapitre after this –
 I gabbe nat, so have I joye or blis –
 Two men that wolde han passed over see,
 For certeyn cause, into a fer contree, 5
 If that the wynd ne hadde been contrarie,
 That made hem in a citee for to tarie
 That stood ful myrie upon an haven-syde;
 But on a day, agayn the even-tyde,
 The wynd gan change, and blew right as hem leste. 10
 Jolif and glad they wente unto hir reste,
 And casten hem ful erly for to saille.
 But to that o man fil a greet mervaille:
 That oon of hem, in slepyng as he lay,
 Hym mette a wonder dreem agayn the day. 15
 Hym thoughte a man stood by his beddes syde,
 And hym comanded that he sholde abyde,
 And seyde hym thus: 'If thou tomorwe wende,
 Thow shalt be dreynt; my tale is at an ende.'
 He wook, and tolde his felawe what he mette, 20
 And preyde hym his viage for to lette;
 As for that day, he preyde hym to byde.
 His felawe, that lay by his beddes syde,
 Gan for to laughe, and scorned him ful faste.
 'No dreem,' quod he, 'may so myn herte agaste 25
 That I wol lette for to do my thynges.
 I sette nat a straw by thy dremynges,
 For swevenes been but vanytees and japes.
 Men dreme alday of owles and of apes,
 And eek of many a maze therwithal; 30
 Men dreme of thyng that nevere was ne shal.
 But sith I see that thou wolt heere abyde,
 And thus forslewthen wilfully thy tyde,
 God woot, it reweth me; and have good day!
 And thus he took his leve, and wente his way. 35
 But er that he hadde half his cours yseyled,
 Noot I nat why, ne what myschaunce it eyed,
 But casuelly the shippes botme rente,
 And ship and man under the water wente
 In sighte of othere shippes it bisyde, 40
 That with hem seyled at the same tyde.
 And therefore, faire Pertelote so deere,
 By swiche ensamples olde maistow leere
 That no man sholde been to recchelees
 Of dremes; for I seye thee, doutelees, 45
 That many a dreem ful soore is for to drede.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale*

- 8 **Either** (a) How far do you find *The Pardoner's Tale* appropriate to its teller?
- Or** (b) 'What makes the Pardoner attractive to readers is the sheer skill with which he manipulates his audience.' How far does your reading of *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale* lead you to agree with this view?
- Or** (c) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting upon how typical it is of the Pardoner's preaching style.

A lecherous thyng is wyn, and dronkenesse
 Is ful of stryvyng and of wrecchednesse.
 O dronke man, disfigured is thy face,
 Sour is thy breath, foul artow to embrace,
 And thurgh thy dronke nose semeth the soun 5
 As though thou seydest ay 'Sampsoun, Sampsoun!'
 And yet, God woot, Sampsoun drank nevere no wyn.
 Thou fallest as it were a styked swyn;
 Thy tonge is lost, and al thyn honeste cure;
 For dronkenesse is verray sepulture 10
 Of mannes wit and his discrecioun.
 In whom that drynke hath dominacioun
 He kan no conseil kepe, it is no drede.
 Now kepe yow fro the white and fro the rede,
 And namely fro the white wyn of Lepe, 15
 That is to selle in Fysshstrete or in Chepe.
 This wyn of Spaigne crepeth subtilly
 In othere wynes, growyng faste by,
 Of which ther ryseth swich fumositee
 That whan a man hath dronken draughtes thre, 20
 And weneth that he be at hoom in Chepe,
 He is in Spaigne, right at the toune of Lepe, –
 Nat at the Rochele, ne at Burdeux toun;
 And thanne wol he seye 'Sampsoun, Sampsoun!'
 But herkneth, lordynges, o word, I yow preye, 25
 That alle the sovereyn actes, dar I seye,
 Of victories in the Olde Testament,
 Thurgh verray God, that is omnipotent,
 Were doon in abstinence and in preyere.
 Looketh the Bible, and ther ye may it leere. 30
 Looke, Attila, the grete conquerour,
 Deyde in his sleep, with shame and dishonour,
 Bledyng ay at his nose in dronkenesse.
 A capitayn sholde lyve in sobrenesse.
 And over al this, avyseth yow right wel 35
 What was comaunded unto Lamuel –
 Nat Samuel, but Lamuel, seye I;
 Redeth the Bible, and fynde it expresly
 Of wyn-yevyng to hem that han justise.
 Namooore of this, for it may wel suffise. 40

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

- 9 **Either** (a) *'Pause you who read this and think for a moment of the long chain of iron or gold, of thorns or flowers, that would never have bound you, but for the formation of the first link on one memorable day.'*

How important are chains of cause and effect to your understanding of the novel?

Or (b) Write an essay on the role and significance of Herbert Pocket in the novel.

Or (c) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract, discussing in particular its tone and its presentation of character.

'Well, boy,' Uncle Pumblechook began, as soon as he was seated in the chair of honour by the fire. 'How did you get on up town?'

I answered: 'Pretty well, sir,' and my sister shook her fist at me.

'Pretty well?' Mr Pumblechook repeated. 'Pretty well is no answer. Tell us what you mean by pretty well, boy?' 5

Whitewash on the forehead hardens the brain into a state of obstinacy perhaps. Anyhow, with whitewash from the wall on my forehead, my obstinacy was adamant. I reflected for some time, and then answered as if I had discovered a new idea: 'I mean pretty well.'

My sister with an exclamation of impatience was going to fly at me – I had no shadow of defence, for Joe was busy in the forge – when Mr Pumblechook interposed with 'No! Don't lose your temper. Leave this lad to me, ma'am, leave this lad to me.' Mr Pumblechook then turned me towards him, as if he were going to cut my hair, and said: 10

'First (to get our thoughts in order): Forty-three pence?' 15

I calculated the consequences of replying 'Four Hundred Pound,' and finding them against me, went as near the answer as I could – which was somewhere about eightpence off. Mr Pumblechook then put me through my pence-table from 'twelve pence make one shilling,' up to 'forty pence make three and fourpence,' and then triumphantly demanded, as if he had done for me, 'Now! How much is forty-three pence?' To which I replied, after a long interval of reflection: 'I don't know.' And I was so aggravated that I almost doubt if I did know. 20

Mr Pumblechook worked his head like a screw to screw it out of me, and said: 'Is forty-three pence seven and sixpence three fardens, for instance?'

'Yes!' said I. And although my sister instantly boxed my ears, it was highly gratifying to me to see that the answer spoilt his joke, and brought him to a dead stop. 25

'Boy! What like is Miss Havisham?' Mr Pumblechook began again when he had recovered; folding his arms tight on his chest and applying the screw.

'Very tall and dark,' I told him.

'Is she, uncle?' asked my sister. 30

Mr Pumblechook winked an assent; from which I at once inferred that he had never seen Miss Havisham, for she was nothing of the kind.

'Good!' said Mr Pumblechook, conceitedly. ('This is the way to have him! We are beginning to hold our own, I think, Mum?')

- 'I am sure, uncle,' returned Mrs Joe, 'I wish you had him always: you know so well how to deal with him.' 35
- 'Now, boy! What was she a-doing of, when you went in to-day?' asked Mr Pumblechook.
- 'She was sitting,' I answered, 'in a black velvet coach.'
- Mr Pumblechook and Mrs Joe stared at one another – as they well might – and both repeated, 'In a black velvet coach?' 40
- 'Yes,' said I. 'And Miss Estella – that's her niece, I think – handed her in cake and wine at the coach-window, on a gold plate. And we all had cake and wine on gold plates. And I got up behind the coach to eat mine, because she told me to.'
- 'Was anybody else there?' asked Mr Pumblechook. 45
- 'Four dogs,' said I.
- 'Large or small?'
- 'Immense,' said I. 'And they fought for veal-cutlets out of a silver basket.'
- Mr Pumblechook and Mrs Joe stared at one another again, in utter amazement. I was perfectly frantic – a reckless witness under the torture – and would have told them anything. 50
- 'Where was this coach, in the name of gracious?' asked my sister.
- 'In Miss Havisham's room.' They stared again. 'But there weren't any horses to it.' I added this saving clause, in the moment of rejecting four richly caparisoned coursers, which I had had wild thoughts of harnessing. 55
- 'Can this be possible, uncle?' asked Mrs Joe. 'What can the boy mean?'
- 'I'll tell you, Mum,' said Mr Pumblechook. 'My opinion is, it's a sedan-chair. She's flighty, you know – very flighty – quite flighty enough to pass her days in a sedan-chair.'
- 'Did you ever see her in it, uncle?' asked Mrs Joe. 60
- 'How could I,' he returned, forced to the admission, 'when I never see her in my life? Never clapped eyes on her!'
- 'Goodness, uncle! And yet you have spoken to her?'
- 'Why, don't you know,' said Mr Pumblechook, testily, 'that when I have been there, I have been took up to the outside of her door, and the door has stood ajar, and she has spoken to me that way. Don't say you don't know *that*, Mum. However, the boy went there to play. What did you play at, boy?' 65
- 'We played with flags,' I said. (I beg to observe that I think of myself with amazement, when I recall the lies I told on this occasion).
- 'Flags!' echoes my sister. 70
- 'Yes,' said I. 'Estella waved a blue flag, and I waved a red one, and Miss Havisham waved one sprinkled all over with little gold stars, out at the coach-window. And then we all waved our swords and hurrahed.'
- 'Swords!' repeated my sister. 'Where did you get swords from?'
- 'Out of a cupboard,' said I. 'And I saw pistols in it – and jam and pills. And there was no daylight in the room, but it was all lighted up with candles.' 75

'That's true, Mum,' said Mr Pumblechook, with a grave nod. 'That's the state of the case, for that much I've seen myself.' And then they both stared at me, and I, with an obtrusive show of artlessness on my countenance, stared at them, and plaited the right leg of my trousers with my right hand.

80

If they had asked me any more questions I should undoubtedly have betrayed myself, for I was even then on the point of mentioning that there was a balloon in the yard, and should have hazarded the statement but for my invention being divided between that phenomenon and a bear in the brewery. They were so much occupied, however, in discussing the marvels I had already presented for their consideration, that I escaped. The subject still held them when Joe came in from his work to have a cup of tea. To whom my sister, more for the relief of her own mind than for the gratification of his, related my pretended experiences.

85

(Chapter 9)

ANDREW MARVELL in *'The Metaphysical Poets'* (ed. Gardner)

- 10 **Either** (a) How far do you agree that Marvell's love poetry is about ideas rather than lovers?
- Or** (b) 'Marvell's characteristic method is argument.' Discuss this view, referring closely to the form and tone of some of the poems in your selection.
- Or** (c) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem.

The Garden

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the Palm, the Oke, or Bayes;
And their uncessant Labours see
Crown'd from some single Herb or Tree.
Whose short and narrow verged Shade
Does prudently their Toyles upbraid;
While all Flow'rs and all Trees do close
To weave the Garlands of repose.

5

Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy Sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busie Companies of Men.
Your sacred Plants, if here below,
Only among the Plants will grow.
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious Solitude.

10

No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond Lovers, cruel as their Flame,
Cut in these Trees their Mistress name.
Little, Alas, they know, or heed,
How far these Beauties Hers exceed!
Fair Trees! where s'eer your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

20

When we have run our Passions heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The *Gods*, that mortal Beauty chase,
Still in a Tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted *Daphne* so,
Only that She might Laurel grow.
And *Pan* did after *Syrinx* speed,
Not as a Nymph, but for a Reed.

25

30

What wond'rous Life in this I lead!
Ripe Apples drop about my head;
The Luscious Clusters of the Vine
Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine;
The Nectaren, and curious Peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grass.

35

40

Mean while the Mind, from pleasure less,
 Withdraws into its happiness:
 The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
 Does streight its own resemblance find;
 Yet it creates, transcending these, 45
 Far other Worlds, and other Seas;
 Annihilating all that's made
 To a green Thought in a green Shade.

Here at the Fountains sliding foot,
 Or at some Fruit-trees mossy root, 50
 Casting the Bodies Vest aside,
 My Soul into the boughs does glide:
 There like a Bird it sits, and sings,
 Then whets, and combs its silver Wings;
 And, till prepar'd for longer flight, 55
 Waves in its Plumes the various Light.

Such was that happy Garden-state,
 While Man there walk'd without a Mate:
 After a Place so pure, and sweet,
 What other Help could yet be meet! 60
 But 'twas beyond a Mortal's share
 To wander solitary there:
 Two Paradises 'twere in one
 To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful Gardner drew 65
 Of flow'rs and herbes this Dial new;
 Where from above the milder Sun
 Does through a fragrant Zodiack run;
 And, as it works, th' industrious Bee
 Computes its time as well as we. 70
 How could such sweet and wholesome Hours
 Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs!

JOHN MILTON: *Comus* and *Lycidas*

11 Either (a) 'The only convincing emotion to be found in *Lycidas* is in the attack upon the Church.' How far do you find this a fair judgement on the poem?

Or (b) Discuss the significance of the role of the Attendant Spirit in the masque *Comus*.

Or (c) With detailed reference to the language of the following passage, say how effective you find *Comus's* powers of persuasion here.

Comus. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
 Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth, 5
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please, and sate the curious tastè?
 And set to work millions of spinning worms, 10
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk
 To deck her sons, and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
 She hatched the all-worshipped ore, and precious gems
 To store her children with; if all the world 15
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
 The all-giver would be unthanked, would be unpraised,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despised,
 And we should serve him as a grudging master, 20
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
 And strangled with her waste fertility;
 The earth cumbered, and the winged air darked with plumes, 25
 The herds would over-multitude their lords,
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the unsought diamonds
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
 And so bestud with stars, that they below
 Would grow inured to light, and come at last 30
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
 List Lady be not coy, and be not cozened
 With that same vaunted name virginity,
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
 But must be current, and the good thereof 35
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
 Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself.
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languished head.
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown 40
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply 45

The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts,
Think what, and be advised, you are but young yet.

50

(*Comus*: lines 705-754)

UCLES

JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi*

- 12 Either (a) How important do you find the issues of intrigue and subterfuge to your understanding of *The Duchess of Malfi*?
- Or (b) How far do you find *The Duchess of Malfi* a tragic play?
- Or (c) With detailed reference to the following passage, comment upon how effective you find it as the conclusion to the play.

Ferdinand. My sister, oh! my sister, there's the cause on't.
Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,
Like diamonds we are cut with our own dust. [Dies] 5

Cardinal. Thou hast thy payment too.

Bosola. Yes, I hold my weary soul in my teeth;
 'Tis ready to part from me. I do glory
 That thou, which stood'st like a huge pyramid
 Begun upon a large and ample base,
 Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

[Enter PESCARA, MALATESTA, RODERIGO and GRISOLAN] 10

Pescara. How now, my lord?

Malatesta. O sad disaster!

Roderigo. How comes this?

Bosola. Revenge, for the Duchess of Malfi, murdered
 By th' Aragonian brethren; for Antonio, 15
 Slain by this hand; for lustful Julia,
 Poison'd by this man; and lastly, for myself,
 That was an actor in the main of all,
 Much 'gainst mine own good nature, yet i'th' end
 Neglected. 20

Pescara. How now, my lord?

Cardinal. Look to my brother:
 He gave us these large wounds, as we were struggling
 Here i'th'rushes. And now, I pray, let me
 Be laid by, and never thought of. [Dies] 25

Pescara. How fatally, it seems, he did withstand
 His own rescue!

Malatesta. Thou wretched thing of blood,

Bosola. How came Antonio by his death? 30
 In a mist: I know not how;
 Such a mistake as I have often seen
 In a play. Oh, I am gone:
 We are only like dead walls, or vaulted graves
 That, ruin'd, yields no echo. Fare you well;
 It may be pain: but no harm to me to die 35
 In so good a quarrel. Oh this gloomy world,
 In what a shadow, or deep pit of darkness
 Doth, womanish, and fearful, mankind live?
 Let worthy minds ne'er stagger in distrust
 To suffer death or shame for what is just: 40
 Mine is another voyage. [Dies]

Pescara. The noble Delio, as I came to th'palace,
 Told me of Antonio's being here, and show'd me

A pretty gentleman his son and heir.

[Enter DELIO with ANTONIO'S son]

45

Malateste. O sir, you come too late.

Delio.

I heard so, and

Was arm'd for't ere I came. Let us make noble use

Of this great ruin; and join all our force

To establish this young hopeful gentleman

50

In's mother's right. These wretched eminent things

Leave no more fame behind 'em, than should one

Fall in a frost, and leave his print in snow,

As soon as the sun shines, it ever melts

Both form and matter. I have ever thought

55

Nature doth nothing so great for great men,

As when she's pleas'd to make them lords of truth:

Integrity of life is fame's best friend,

Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the end.

Exeunt.

60

(Act 5, Scene 5, lines 70-120)

General Certificate of Secondary Education
former Cambridge linear syllabus

ENGLISH LITERATURE

9000/2

PAPER 2 Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century Writing

Wednesday

14 JUNE 2000

Afternoon

3 hours

Texts should **not** be taken into the examination.

Additional materials:

Answer paper

TIME 3 hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer paper/answer booklet.

Answer **three** questions.

Each answer **must** be on a different text.

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

If you use more than one sheet of paper, fasten the sheets together.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

This question paper consists of 17 printed pages and 3 blank pages.

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'Austen's principal characters do not speak for their author nor are they models of all the virtues.'

With close reference to Austen's construction of the character and role in the novel of Elizabeth Bennet or Darcy or of both characters, say how far you support this view.

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting in particular on its significance as a turning point in the novel.

While settling this point, she was suddenly roused by the sound of the door-bell, and her spirits were a little fluttered by the idea of its being Colonel Fitzwilliam himself, who had once before called late in the evening, and might now come to inquire particularly after her. But this idea was soon banished, and her spirits were very differently affected, when, to her utter amazement, she saw Mr. Darcy walk into the room. In a hurried manner he immediately began an inquiry after her health, imputing his visit to a wish of hearing that she were better. She answered him with cold civility. He sat down for a few moments, and then getting up, walked about the room. Elizabeth was surprised, but said not a word. After a silence of several minutes, he came towards her in an agitated manner, and thus began:

'In vain have I struggled. It will not do. My feelings will not be repressed. You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you.'

Elizabeth's astonishment was beyond expression. She stared, coloured, doubted, and was silent. This he considered sufficient encouragement; and the avowal of all that he felt, and had long felt for her, immediately followed. He spoke well; but there were feelings besides those of the heart to be detailed, and he was not more eloquent on the subject of tenderness than of pride. His sense of her inferiority – of its being a degradation – of the family obstacles which judgment had always opposed to inclination, were dwelt on with a warmth which seemed due to the consequence he was wounding, but was very unlikely to recommend his suit.

In spite of her deeply rooted dislike, she could not be insensible to the compliment of such a man's affection, and though her intentions did not vary for an instant, she was at first sorry for the pain he was to receive; till, roused to resentment by his subsequent language, she lost all compassion in anger. She tried, however, to compose herself to answer him with patience, when he should have done. He concluded with representing to her the strength of that attachment which, in spite of all his endeavours, he had found impossible to conquer; and with expressing his hope that it would now be rewarded by her acceptance of his hand. As he said this, she could easily see that he had no doubt of a favourable answer. He *spoke* of apprehension and anxiety, but his countenance expressed real security. Such a circumstance could only exasperate further, and, when he ceased, the colour rose into her cheeks, and she said: ...

from Chapter XXXIV

Turn to page 4 for Question 2

UCLES

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'Reading Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Experience* is increasingly painful, as the poet's feelings of innocence and joy give way to anger and despair.'

How far does your reading of *Songs of Innocence and Experience* lead you to support this view?

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating it to Blake's treatment of the theme of guardianship in *Songs of Innocence and Experience* as a whole.

Night

The sun descending in the west
 The evening star does shine,
 The birds are silent in their nest,
 And I must seek for mine.
 The moon like a flower
 In heaven's high bower,
 With silent delight
 Sits and smiles on the night. 5

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
 Where flocks have took delight: 10
 Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
 The feet of angels bright;
 Unseen they pour blessing
 And joy without ceasing,
 On each bud and blossom, 15
 And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
 Where birds are cover'd warm;
 They visit caves of every beast,
 To keep them all from harm: 20
 If they see any weeping
 That should have been sleeping
 They pour sleep on their head,
 And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tygers howl for prey, 25
 They pitying stand and weep;
 Seeking to drive their thirst away,
 And keep them from the sheep.
 But if they rush dreadful,
 The angels, most heedful 30
 Receive each mild spirit
 New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries, 35
And walking round the fold,
Saying: wrath by his meekness
And by his health, sickness
Is driven away
From our immortal day. 40

And now beside thee bleating lamb
I can lie down and sleep;
Or think on him who bare thy name,
Graze after thee and weep. 45
For wash'd in life's river
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold
As I guard o'er the fold.

GEORGE ELIOT: *The Mill on the Floss*

- 3 **Either** (a) How, and how effectively in your view, does Eliot present the conflict between passion and duty in *The Mill on the Floss*?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to Eliot's portrayal of the feelings and values of the Dodsons in the novel as a whole.

She kissed him, then seated herself again, and took another table cloth on her lap, unfolding it a little way to look at the pattern, while the children stood by in mute wretchedness – their minds quite filled for the moment with the words 'beggars' and 'workhouse'.

'To think o' these cloths as I spun myself,' she went on, lifting things out and turning them over with an excitement all the more strange and piteous because the stout lymphatic woman was usually so passive: – if she had been ruffled before, it was at the surface merely – 'and Job Haxey wove 'em, and brought the piece home on his back, as I remember standing at the door and seeing him come, before I ever thought o' marrying your father! And the pattern as I chose myself – and bleached so beautiful – and I marked 'em so as nobody ever saw such marking – they must cut the cloth to get it out, for it's a particular stitch. And they're all to be sold – and go into strange people's houses, and perhaps be cut with the knives, and wore out before I'm dead. You'll never have one of 'em, my boy,' she said, looking up at Tom with her eyes full of tears, 'and I meant 'em for you. I wanted you to have all o' this pattern. Maggie could ha' had the large check – it never shows so well when the dishes are on it.'

Tom was touched to the quick, but there was an angry reaction immediately. His face flushed as he said

'But will my aunts let them be sold, mother? Do they know about it? They'll never let your linen go, will they? Haven't you sent to them?'

'Yes, I sent Luke directly they'd put the bailies in, and your aunt Pullet's been – and O dear, O dear, she cries so, and says your father's disgraced my family and made it the talk o' the country: and she'll buy the spotted cloths for herself because she's never had so many as she wanted o' that pattern, and they shan't go to strangers, but she's got more checks a'ready nor she can do with.' (Here Mrs Tulliver began to lay back the table cloths in the chest, folding and stroking them automatically.) 'And your uncle Glegg's been too, and he says things must be bought in for us to lie down on, but he must talk to your aunt; and they're all coming to consult. ... But I know they'll none of 'em take my chany' she added, turning towards the cups and saucers – 'for they all found fault with 'em when I bought 'em, 'cause o' the small gold sprig all over 'em, between the flowers. But there's none of 'em got better chany, not even your aunt Pullet herself, – and I bought it wi' my own money as I'd saved ever since I was turned fifteen, and the silver tea-pot, too – your father never paid for 'em. And to think as he should ha' married me and brought me to this.'

Mrs Tulliver burst out crying afresh, and she sobbed with her handkerchief at her eyes a few moments, but then removing it, she said in a deprecating way, still half sobbing as if she were called upon to speak before she could command her voice,

'And I *did* say to him times and times, "Whatever you do, don't go to law" – and what more could I do? I've had to sit by while my own fortin's been spent, and what should ha' been my children's too. You'll have niver a penny, my boy ... but it isn't your poor mother's fault.'

from Volume II Book Three Chapter 2

Turn to page 8 for Question 4

UCLES

GEORGE FARQUHAR: *The Beaux' Stratagem*

4 **Either** (a) '*The Beaux' Stratagem* is about the struggles of men and women to achieve control over their own lives.'
Discuss.

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to Farquhar's dramatic presentation of the conflict between honest and dishonest ambition in the play as a whole.

Archer: Courage, Tom! – Shall I wish you joy?
 Aimwell: No.
 Archer: 'Oons, man, what ha' you been doing?
 Aimwell: O Archer! My honesty, I fear, has ruined me.
 Archer: How? 5
 Aimwell: I have discovered myself.
 Archer: Discovered! and without my consent? What! have I embarked my small remains in the same bottom with yours, and you dispose of all without my partnership?
 Aimwell: O Archer! I own my fault. 10
 Archer: After conviction – 'tis then too late for pardon. – You may remember, Mr. Aimwell, that you proposed this folly: as you begun, so end it. Henceforth I'll hunt my fortune single – so farewell!
 Aimwell: Stay, my dear Archer, but a minute.
 Archer: Stay! What, to be despised, exposed, and laughed at! No, I would 15
 sooner change conditions with the worst of the rogues we just now bound than bear one scornful smile from the proud knight that once I treated as my equal.
 Aimwell: What knight?
 Archer: Sir Charles Freeman, brother to the lady that I had almost – but no 20
 matter for that, 'tis a cursed night's work, and so I leave you to make your best on't. *Going*
 Aimwell: Freeman! – One word, Archer. Still I have hopes; me-thought she received my confession with pleasure.
 Archer: 'Sdeath! who doubts it? 25
 Aimwell: She consented after to the match; and still I dare believe she will be just.
 Archer: To herself, I warrant her, as you should have been.
 Aimwell: By all my hopes, she comes, and smiling comes.
 Enter Dorinda, mighty gay 30
 Dorinda: Come, my dear lord – I fly with impatience to your arms – the minutes of my absence was a tedious year. Where's this tedious priest?
 Enter Foigard
 Archer: 'Oons, a brave girl! 35
 Dorinda: I suppose, my lord, this gentleman is privy to our affairs?
 Archer: Yes, yes, madam, I'm to be your father.
 Dorinda: Come, priest, do your office.
 Archer: Make haste, make haste, couple 'em any way. (*Takes Aimwell's hand*) Come, madam, I'm to give you– 40
 Dorinda: My mind's altered; I won't.
 Archer: Eh!
 Aimwell: I'm confounded!
 Foigard: Upon my shoul, and sho is myself.

Archer:
Dorinda:

What's the matter now, madam?

Look ye, sir, one generous action deserves another. This gentleman's honour obliged him to hide nothing from me; my justice engages me to conceal nothing from him. In short, sir, you are the person that you thought you counterfeited; you are the true Lord Viscount Aimwell, and I wish your lordship joy. – Now, priest, you may be gone; if my lord is pleased now with the match, let his lordship marry me in the face of the world.

45

50

from Act V Scene IV

UCLES

HENRY FIELDING: *Joseph Andrews*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'For all his follies and inadequacies, Parson Adams is a better man than those who do him down.'

How far do you agree with this view of Fielding's presentation of Adams and his role in *Joseph Andrews*?

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting in particular on its tone and comic effects and indicating how far you consider they are characteristic of Fielding's writing in *Joseph Andrews* as a whole.

At this time an accident happened, which put a stop to those agreeable walks, which probably would have soon puffed up the cheeks of Fame, and caused her to blow her brazen trumpet through the town; and this was no other than the death of Sir Thomas Booby, who, departing this life, left his disconsolate lady confined to her house, as closely as if she herself had been attacked by some violent disease. 5
 During the first six days the poor lady admitted none but Mrs. Slipslop, and three female friends, who made a party at cards; but on the seventh she ordered Joey, whom, for a good reason, we shall hereafter call Joseph, to bring up her tea-kettle. The lady being in bed, called Joseph to her, bade him sit down, and having accidentally laid her hand on his, she asked him, if he had ever been in love. Joseph 10
 answered, with some confusion, it was time enough for one so young as himself to think on such things. 'As young as you are,' replied the lady, 'I am convinced you are no stranger to that passion. Come, Joey,' says she, 'tell me truly, who is the happy girl whose eyes have made a conquest of you?' Joseph returned, that all the women he had ever seen were equally indifferent to him. 'O then,' said the lady, 'you are a 15
 general lover. Indeed you handsome fellows, like handsome women, are very long and difficult in fixing; but yet you shall never persuade me that your heart is so insusceptible of affection; I rather impute what you say to your secrecy, a very commendable quality, and what I am far from being angry with you for. Nothing can be more unworthy in a young man than to betray any intimacies with the ladies.' 20
 'Ladies! madam,' said Joseph, 'I am sure I never had the impudence to think of any that deserve that name.' 'Don't pretend to too much modesty,' said she, 'for that sometimes may be impertinent: but pray answer me this question. Suppose a lady should happen to like you; suppose she should prefer you to all your sex, and admit you to the same familiarities as you might have hoped for, if you had been born her 25
 equal, are you certain that no vanity could tempt you to discover her? Answer me honestly, Joseph; have you so much more sense, and so much more virtue, than you handsome young fellows generally have, who make no scruple of sacrificing our dear reputation to your pride, without considering the great obligation we lay on you by our condescension and confidence? Can you keep a secret, my Joey?' 'Madam,' 30
 says he, 'I hope your ladyship can't tax me with ever betraying the secrets of the family; and I hope, if you was to turn me away, I might have that character of you.' 'I don't intend to turn you away, Joey,' said she, and sighed; 'I am afraid it is not in my power.' She then raised herself a little in her bed, and discovered one of the whitest 35
 necks that ever was seen; at which Joseph blushed. 'La!' says she, in an affected surprise, 'what am I doing? I have trusted myself with a man alone, naked in bed; suppose you should have any wicked intentions upon my honour, how should I defend myself?' Joseph protested that he never had the least evil design against her. 'No,' says she, 'perhaps you may not call your designs wicked; and perhaps they are not so.' He swore they were not. 'You misunderstand me,' says she; 'I 40
 mean, if they were against my honour, they may not be wicked; but the world calls them so. But then, say you, the world will never know anything of the matter; yet would not that be trusting to your secrecy? Must not my reputation be then in your power? Would you not then be my master?' Joseph begged her ladyship to be

comforted; for that he would never imagine the least wicked thing against her, and 45
that he had rather die a thousand deaths than give her any reason to suspect him.
'Yes,' said she, 'I must have reason to suspect you. Are you not a man? and without
vanity I may pretend to some charms. But perhaps you may fear I should prosecute
you; indeed I hope you do; and yet heaven knows I should never have the
confidence to appear before a court of justice; and you know, Joey, I am of a 50
forgiving temper. Tell me, Joey, don't you think I should forgive you?' – 'Indeed,
madam,' says Joseph, 'I will never do anything to disoblige your ladyship.' 'How,'
says she, 'do you think it would not disoblige me then? Do you think I would willingly
suffer you?' – 'I don't understand you, madam,' says Joseph. – 'Don't you?' said
she, 'then you are either a fool, or pretend to be so: I find I was mistaken in you. So 55
get you down stairs, and never let me see your face again; your pretended
innocence cannot impose on me.' – 'Madam,' said Joseph, 'I would not have your
ladyship think any evil of me. I have always endeavoured to be a dutiful servant both
to you and my master.' – 'O thou villain!' answered my lady; 'why didst thou mention
the name of that dear man, unless to torment me, to bring his precious memory to 60
my mind,' (and then she burst into a fit of tears). 'Get thee from my sight! I shall
never endure thee more.'

from Book I Chapter 5

THOMAS HARDY: *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*

6 **Either** (a) 'I thought we were an old family; but this is all new!'

How, and how effectively in your view, does Hardy present the conflict between tradition and modernity in the novel *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*?

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to Hardy's treatment of missed opportunity and regret in the novel as a whole.

The two elder reluctantly left him and walked on, taking their brother's knapsack to relieve him in following, and the youngest entered the field.

'This is a thousand pities,' he said gallantly, to two or three of the girls nearest him, as soon as there was a pause in the dance. 'Where are your partners, my dears?'

'They've not left off work yet,' answered one of the boldest. 'They'll be here by and by. Till then, will you be one, sir?' 5

'Certainly. But what's one among so many!'

'Better than none. 'Tis melancholy work facing and footing it to one of your own sort, and no clipping and colling at all. Now, pick and choose.'

'Ssh – don't be so for'ard!' said a shyer girl. 10

The young man, thus invited, glanced them over, and attempted some discrimination; but, as the group were all so new to him, he could not very well exercise it. He took almost the first that came to hand, which was not the speaker, as she had expected; nor did it happen to be Tess Durbeyfield. Pedigree, ancestral skeletons, monumental record, the d'Urberville lineaments, did not help Tess in her life's battle as yet, even to the extent of attracting to her a dancing-partner over the heads of the commonest peasantry. So much for Norman blood unaided by Victorian lucre. 15

The name of the eclipsing girl, whatever it was, has not been handed down; but she was envied by all as the first who enjoyed the luxury of a masculine partner that evening. Yet such was the force of example that the village young men, who had not hastened to enter the gate while no intruder was in the way, now dropped in quickly, and soon the couples became leavened with rustic youth to a marked extent, till at length the plainest woman in the club was no longer compelled to foot it on the masculine side of the figure. 20 25

The church clock struck, when suddenly the student said that he must leave – he had been forgetting himself – he had to join his companions. As he fell out of the dance his eyes lighted on Tess Durbeyfield, whose own large orbs wore, to tell the truth, the faintest aspect of reproach that he had not chosen her. He, too, was sorry then that, owing to her backwardness, he had not observed her; and with that in his mind he left the pasture. 30

On account of his long delay he started in a flying-run down the lane westward, and had soon passed the hollow and mounted the next rise. He had not yet overtaken his brothers, but he paused to get breath, and looked back. He could see the white figures of the girls in the green enclosure whirling about as they had whirled when he was among them. They seemed to have quite forgotten him already. 35

All of them, except, perhaps, one. This white shape stood apart by the hedge alone. From her position he knew it to be the pretty maiden with whom he had not danced. Trifling as the matter was, he yet instinctively felt that she was hurt by his oversight. He wished that he had asked her; he wished that he had inquired her name. She was so modest, so expressive, she had looked so soft in her thin white gown that he felt he had acted stupidly. 40

However, it could not be helped, and turning, and bending himself to a rapid walk, he dismissed the subject from his mind.

from Phase the First Chapter 2

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *The Scarlet Letter*

- 7 **Either** (a) 'Hester Prynne is stubbornly faithful both to her partner in sin, whom she loves, and to the man she has betrayed, whom she loathes.'

With this comment in mind, consider Hawthorne's portrayal in *The Scarlet Letter* of Hester's relationship with Dimmesdale **and/or** Chillingworth.

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, with particular reference to its effectiveness as the climax of the novel.

It seemed, at this point, as if the minister must leave the remainder of his secret undisclosed. But he fought back the bodily weakness – and, still more, the faintness of heart – that was striving for the mastery with him. He threw off all assistance, and stepped passionately forward a pace before the woman and the child.

'It was on him!' he continued, with a kind of fierceness, so determined was he to speak out the whole. 'God's eye beheld it! The angels were forever pointing at it! The Devil knew it well, and fretted it continually with the touch of his burning finger! But he hid it cunningly from men, and walked among you with the mien of a spirit, mournful, because so pure in a sinful world! – and sad, because he missed his heavenly kindred! Now, at the death-hour, he stands up before you! He bids you look again at Hester's scarlet letter! He tells you that, with all its mysterious horror, it is but the shadow of what he bears on his own breast, and that even this, his own red stigma, is no more than the type of what has seared his inmost heart! Stand any here that question God's judgment on a sinner? Behold! Behold a dreadful witness of it!' 5 10 15

With a convulsive motion, he tore away the ministerial band from before his breast. It was revealed! But it were irreverent to describe that revelation. For an instant, the gaze of the horror-stricken multitude was concentrated on the ghastly miracle; while the minister stood, with a flush of triumph in his face, as one who, in the crisis of acutest pain, had won a victory. Then, down he sank upon the scaffold! Hester partly raised him, and supported his head against her bosom. Old Roger Chillingworth knelt down beside him, with a blank, dull countenance, out of which the life seemed to have departed. 20

'Thou hast escaped me!' he repeated more than once. 'Thou hast escaped me!' 25

'May God forgive thee!' said the minister. 'Thou, too, hast deeply sinned!'

He withdrew his dying eyes from the old man, and fixed them on the woman and the child.

'My little Pearl,' said he, feebly – and there was a sweet and gentle smile over his face, as of a spirit sinking into deep repose; nay, now that the burden was removed, it seemed almost as if he would be sportive with the child – 'dear little Pearl, wilt thou kiss me now? Thou wouldst not, yonder, in the forest! But now thou wilt?' 30

Pearl kissed his lips. A spell was broken. The great scene of grief, in which the wild infant bore a part, had developed all her sympathies; and as her tears fell upon her father's cheek, they were the pledge that she would grow up amid human joy and sorrow, nor forever do battle with the world, but be a woman in it. Towards her mother, too, Pearl's errand as a messenger of anguish was all fulfilled. 35

'Hester,' said the clergyman, 'farewell!'

from Chapter XXIII

JOHN KEATS: *Lyric Poems*

- 8 **Either** (a) 'In Keats's poetry, death, for all its seductive appeal, is constantly rejected in favour of life and experience.'

With reference to **three** or **four** poems in your selection, say how far you support this view.

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating it to Keats's treatment of disenchantment and despair in *Lyric Poems*.

La Belle Dame sans Merci
A BALLAD

I

O, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

II

O, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

5

III

I see a lilly on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

10

IV

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful – a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

15

V

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

20

VI

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

VII

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
'I love thee true'.

25

VIII

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four. 30

IX

And there she lulled me asleep
And there I dream'd – Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill side. 35

X

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried – 'La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!' 40

XI

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

XII

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing. 45

ALEXANDER POPE: *The Rape of the Lock*

- 9 **Either** (a) How far do you agree that in *The Rape of the Lock* Pope succeeds in presenting the 'rape' as at once momentous and trivial?
- Or** (b) Compare and contrast the following passages, relating them to the roles of Thalestris and Clarissa in the poem as a whole.

'O wretched maid!' she spread her hands, and cried,
 (While *Hampton's* echoes, 'Wretched maid!' replied)
 'Was it for this you took such constant care
 The *bodkin, comb, and essence* to prepare?
 For this your locks in paper durance bound? 5
 For this with tort'ring irons wreathed around?
 For this with fillets strained your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the fops envy and the ladies stare! 10
Honour forbid! at whose unrivalled shrine
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all, our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast, 15
 And all your honour in a whisper lost!
 How shall I then your helpless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!'

from Canto IV

'Say, why are beauties praised and honoured most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
 Why decked with all that land and sea afford?
 Why angels called, and angel-like adored?
 Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaus? 5
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains;
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
 "Behold the first in virtue as in face!" 10
 Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charmed the small-pox, or chased old age away;
 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?'

from Canto V

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *Mrs Warren's Profession*

- 10 Either (a) Shaw described himself as 'detesting our scramble for money, and believing in equality as the only basis of social organisation'.

How, and how effectively in your opinion, are these concerns dramatised in *Mrs Warren's Profession*?

- Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, indicating how far in your view it foreshadows the relationship between Mrs Warren and Vivie in the play as a whole.

Mrs Warren: (to Praed, looking at Crofts) Just look at him, Praddy: he looks cheerful, dont he? He's been worrying my life out these three years to have that little girl of mine shewn to him; and now that Ive done it, he's quite out of countenance. (Briskly) Come! sit up, George; and take your stick out of your mouth. (Crofts sulkily obeys). 5

Praed: I think, you know – if you dont mind my saying so – that we had better get out of the habit of thinking of her as a little girl. You see she has really distinguished herself; and I'm not sure, from what I have seen of her, that she is not older than any of us. 10

Mrs Warren: (greatly amused) Only listen to him, George! Older than any of us! Well, she has been stuffing you nicely with her importance.

Praed: But young people are particularly sensitive about being treated in that way.

Mrs Warren: Yes; and young people have to get all that nonsense taken out of them, and a good deal more besides. Dont you interfere, Praddy: I know how to treat my own child as well as you do. (Praed, with a grave shake of his head, walks up the garden with his hands behind his back. Mrs Warren pretends to laugh, but looks after him with perceptible concern. Then she whispers to Crofts) Whats the matter with him? What does he take it like that for? 15 20

Crofts: (morosely) Youre afraid of Praed.

Mrs Warren: What! Me! Afraid of dear old Praddy! Why, a fly wouldnt be afraid of him. 25

Crofts: Youre afraid of him.

Mrs Warren: (angry) I'll trouble you to mind your own business, and not try any of your sulks on me. I'm not afraid of you, anyhow. If you cant make yourself agreeable, youd better go home. (She gets up, and, turning her back on him, finds herself face to face with Praed). Come, Praddy, I know it was only your tender-heartedness. Youre afraid I'll bully her. 30

Praed: My dear Kitty: you think I'm offended. Dont imagine that: pray dont. But you know I often notice things that escape you; and though you never take my advice, you sometimes admit afterwards that you ought to have taken it. 35

Mrs Warren: Well, what do you notice now?

Praed: Only that Vivie is a grown woman. Pray, Kitty, treat her with every respect.

Mrs Warren: (with genuine amazement) Respect! Treat my own daughter with respect! What next, pray! 40

from Act I

JONATHAN SWIFT: *Gulliver's Travels*

- 11 **Either** (a) 'Swift's object was to expose empty pride and grandeur.'

With close reference to one of the *Voyages*, say how far you consider Swift achieved this object in *Gulliver's Travels*.

- Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, indicating how far you find its subject matter and style characteristic of Swift's writing in *A Voyage to Brobdingnag*.

The Maids of Honour often invited Glumdalclitch to their apartments, and desired she would bring me along with her, on purpose to have the pleasure of seeing and touching me. They would often strip me naked from top to toe, and lay me at full length in their bosoms; wherewith I was much disgusted; because, to say the truth, a very offensive smell came from their skins; which I do not mention or intend to the disadvantage of those excellent ladies, for whom I have all manner of respect; but I conceive that my sense was more acute in proportion to my littleness, and that those illustrious persons were no more disagreeable to their lovers, or to each other, than people of the same quality are with us in England. And, after all, I found their natural smell was much more supportable than when they used perfumes, under which I immediately swooned away. I cannot forget that an intimate friend of mine in Lilliput took the freedom in a warm day, when I had used a good deal of exercise, to complain of a strong smell about me, although I am as little faulty that way as most of my sex: but I suppose his faculty of smelling was as nice with regard to me, as mine was to that of this people. Upon this point, I cannot forbear doing justice to the Queen my mistress, and Glumdalclitch my nurse, whose persons were as sweet as those of any lady in England. 5 10 15

That which gave me most uneasiness among these Maids of Honour, when my nurse carried me to visit them, was to see them use me without any manner of ceremony, like a creature who had no sort of consequence. For, they would strip themselves to the skin, and put on their smocks in my presence, while I was placed on their toilet directly before their naked bodies, which, I am sure, to me was very far from being a tempting sight, or from giving me any other emotions than those of horror and disgust. Their skins appeared so coarse and uneven, so variously coloured, when I saw them near, with a mole here and there as broad as a trencher, and hairs hanging from it thicker than pack-threads; to say nothing further concerning the rest of their persons. Neither did they at all scruple while I was by to discharge what they had drunk, to the quantity of at least two hogsheads, in a vessel that held above three tuns. The handsomest among these Maids of Honour, a pleasant frolicsome girl of sixteen, would sometimes set me astride upon one of her nipples, with many other tricks, wherein the reader will excuse me for not being over particular. But, I was so much displeased, that I entreated Glumdalclitch to contrive some excuse for not seeing that young lady any more. 20 25 30

One day, a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurse's governess, came and pressed them both to see an execution. It was of a man who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevailed on to be of the company, very much against her inclination, for she was naturally tender-hearted: and, as for myself, although I abhorred such kind of spectacles, yet my curiosity tempted me to see something that I thought must be extraordinary. The malefactor was fixed in a chair upon a scaffold erected for the purpose, and his head cut off at one blow with a sword of about forty foot long. The veins and arteries spouted up such a prodigious quantity of blood, and so high in the air, that the great *jet d'eau* at Versailles was not equal for the time it lasted; and the head when it fell on the scaffold floor, gave such a bounce as made me start, although I were at least an English mile distant. 35 40

from Part II Chapter 5

General Certificate of Education Advanced Level

former Cambridge linear syllabus

ENGLISH LITERATURE

9000/3

PAPER 3 Twentieth Century Writing

Wednesday

7 JUNE 2000

Morning

3 hours

Texts should **not** be taken into the examination.

Additional materials:

Answer paper

TIME 3 hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer paper/ answer booklet.

Answer **three** questions.

Each answer **must** be on a different text.

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

If you use more than one sheet of paper, fasten the sheets together.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

This question paper consists of 18 printed pages and 2 blank pages.

PAT BARKER: *Regeneration*

- 1 **Either** (a) In what ways do you think *Regeneration* is an appropriate title for this novel?
- Or** (b) The following passage is taken from the scene where Sassoon and Rivers have lunch in the Conservative Club. Discuss the effects of the writing here, with regard to the presentation of the two characters and their relationship in the novel as a whole.

'Sorry I'm late,' Rivers said, coming up behind him. 'I meant to be here when you arrived.'

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laziness or greed might be the ruling characteristic of lesser men.

UCLES

CARYL CHURCHILL: *Top Girls*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'In this play about relationships between women, what strikes you is the absence of any sense of 'sisterhood'.'

How far would you agree with this view of the play?

- Or** (b) The following passage brings the play to an end. Discuss the effects achieved here, in relation to your view of the methods and concerns of the play as a whole.

Marlene. I hate the working class / which is what you're going

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Marlene. Did you have a bad dream? What happened in it? Well you're awake now, aren't you pet?
Angie. Frightening.

65

T. S. ELIOT: Selected Poems

- 3 **Either** (a) In reading Eliot's poems, how far have you been aware of a 'contrast between the vitality and variety of the writing and the gloominess of his view of life'?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, from 'A Game of Chess' in *The Waste Land*. How far are the methods and concerns evident here characteristic of Eliot's work in the selection as a whole?

II. *A Game of Chess*

The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,

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Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door.

UCLES

ATHOL FUGARD: *The Township Plays*

- 4 **Either** (a) Fugard has said: 'I am not using the stage as a political platform.'

To what extent do *you* regard Fugard as a political dramatist? Refer to particular plays in your answer.

- Or** (b) The following passage concludes Scene 1 of *The Island*. Discuss the dramatic effects of the passage in relation to methods and concerns evident in this play and in others you have studied from this collection.

[John is now seated on his bed-roll. After a moment's thought he holds

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We'll be with the others. Tell her also ... it's starting to get cold now, but the worst is still coming.
[*Slow fade to blackout.*]

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JAMES JOYCE: *Dubliners*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'The stories are variations on the themes of rebellion from the Dublin environment and entrapment within it.'

Discuss how these themes (rebellion/entrapment) are explored in at least THREE of the stories in the collection.

- Or (b) The following passage closes the story 'Araby'. Discuss the effects of the writing: how typical of the collection as a whole are the methods and concerns evident here?

I held a florin tightly in my hand as I strode down Buckingham Street towards the station. The sight of the streets thronged with buyers and glaring with gas recalled to me the purpose of my journey. I took my seat in a third-class carriage of a deserted train. After an intolerable delay the train moved out of the station slowly. It crept onward among ruinous houses and over the twinkling river. At Westland Row Station a crowd of people pressed to the carriage doors; but the porters moved them back, saying that it was a special train for the bazaar. I remained alone in the bare carriage. In a few minutes the train drew up beside an improvised wooden platform. I passed out on to the road and saw by the lighted dial of a clock that it was ten minutes to ten. In front of me was a large building which displayed the magical name.

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I could not find any sixpenny entrance and, fearing that the bazaar would be closed, I passed in quickly through a turnstile, handing a shilling to a weary-looking man. I found myself in a big hall girdled at half its height by a gallery. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was in darkness. I recognized a silence like that which pervades a church after a service. I walked into the centre of the bazaar timidly. A few people were gathered about the stalls which were still open. Before a curtain, over which the words *Café Chantant* were written in coloured lamps, two men were counting money on a salver. I listened to the fall of the coins.

15

Remembering with difficulty why I had come I went over to one of the stalls and examined porcelain vases and flowered tea-sets. At the door of the stall a young lady was talking and laughing with two young gentlemen. I remarked their English accents and listened vaguely to their conversation.

20

– O, I never said such a thing!

– O, but you did!

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– O, but I didn't!

– Didn't she say that?

– Yes. I heard her.

– O, there's a ... fib!

Observing me the young lady came over and asked me did I wish to buy anything. The tone of her voice was not encouraging; she seemed to have spoken to me out of a sense of duty. I looked humbly at the great jars that stood like eastern guards at either side of the dark entrance to the stall and murmured:

30

– No, thank you.

The young lady changed the position of one of the vases and went back to the two young men. They began to talk of the same subject. Once or twice the young lady glanced at me over her shoulder.

35

I lingered before her stall, though I knew my stay was useless, to make my interest in her wares seem the more real. Then I turned away slowly and walked down the middle of the bazaar. I allowed the two pennies to fall against the sixpence in my pocket. I heard a voice call from one end of the gallery that the light was out. The upper part of the hall was now completely dark.

40

Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger.

UCLES

PHILIP LARKIN: *The Whitsun Weddings*

- 6 **Either** (a) '... in Larkin's poetry the commonplace is made significant ...'

With this comment in mind, and referring to at least THREE poems, discuss Larkin's treatment of details of everyday experience.

- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following poem, showing how far you think its methods and concerns are characteristic of Larkin's work in the collection as a whole.

MCMXIV

Those long uneven lines

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Never such innocence again.

D. H. LAWRENCE: *Women in Love*

7 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Lawrence invoke the world of nature to comment on human society and conduct?

Or (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, in relation to your view of the way Lawrence presents the character of Gerald Crich in the novel as a whole.

So Gerald set himself to work, to put the great industry in order. In his travels, and in his accompanying readings, he had come to the conclusion that the essential secret of life was harmony. He did not define to himself at all clearly what harmony was. The word pleased him, he felt he had come to his own conclusions. And he proceeded to put his philosophy into practice by forcing order into the established world, translating the mystic word harmony into the practical word organization. 5

Immediately he saw the firm, he realized what he could do. He had a fight to fight with Matter, with the earth and the coal it enclosed. This was the sole idea, to turn upon the inanimate matter of the underground, and reduce it to his will. And for this fight with matter, one must have perfect instruments in perfect organization, a mechanism so subtle and harmonious in its workings that it represents the single mind of man, and by its relentless repetition of given movement, will accomplish a purpose irresistibly, inhumanly. It was this inhuman principle in the mechanism he wanted to construct that inspired Gerald with an almost religious exaltation. He, the man, could interpose a perfect, changeless, godlike medium between himself and the Matter he had to subjugate. There were two opposites, his will and the resistant Matter of the earth. And between these he could establish the very expression of his will, the incarnation of his power, a great and perfect machine, a system, an activity of pure order, pure mechanical repetition, repetition *ad infinitum*, hence eternal and infinite. He found his eternal and his infinite in the pure machine-principle of perfect coordination into one pure, complex, infinitely repeated motion, like the spinning of a wheel; but a productive spinning, as the revolving of the universe may be called a productive spinning, a productive repetition through eternity, to infinity. And this is the God-motion, this productive repetition *ad infinitum*. And Gerald was the God of the machine, *Deus ex Machina*. And the whole productive will of man was the Godhead. 10 15 20 25

He had his life-work now, to extend over the earth a great and perfect system in which the will of man ran smooth and unthwarted, timeless, a Godhead in process. He had to begin with the mines. The terms were given: first the resistant Matter of the underground; then the instruments of its subjugation, instruments human and metallic; and finally his own pure will, his own mind. It would need a marvellous adjustment of myriad instruments, human, animal, metallic, kinetic, dynamic, a marvellous casting of myriad tiny wholes into one great perfect entirety. And then, in this case there was perfection attained, the will of the highest was perfectly fulfilled, the will of mankind was perfectly enacted; for was not mankind mystically contradistinguished against inanimate Matter, was not the history of mankind just the history of the conquest of the one by the other? 30 35

The miners were overreached. While they were still in the toils of divine equality of man, Gerald had passed on, granted essentially their case, and proceeded in his quality of human being to fulfil the will of mankind as a whole. He merely represented the miners in a higher sense when he perceived that the only way to fulfil perfectly the will of man was to establish the perfect, inhuman machine. But he represented them very essentially, they were far behind, out of date, squabbling for their material equality. The desire had already transmuted into this new and greater desire, for a perfect intervening mechanism between man and Matter, the desire to translate the Godhead into pure mechanism. 40 45

GRAHAM SWIFT: *Last Orders*

- 8 **Either** (a) What do you think are the main effects of the way the novel is structured?
- Or** (b) The following extract comes from the narrative segment headed MANDY. Discuss the effects of the writing showing how far methods and concerns evident here are characteristic of the novel as a whole.

So Mandy Black, or Judy Battersby as she was travelling as, arrived in London in a

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at eight o'clock. But I couldn't help carrying that song in my head, like my theme tune: *She's leaving home, bye, bye.*

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

9 **Either** (a) '... We've had this date with each other from the beginning ...'

How far do you think the play's outcome is inevitable?

Or (b) Discuss the dramatic effects of the following passage, showing how far you think the methods and concerns of the play as a whole are evident here.

Blanche. May I – speak – *plainly*?

Stella. Yes, do. Go ahead. As plainly as you want to.

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As the lights fade away, with a lingering brightness on their embrace, the music of the 'blue piano' and trumpet and drums is heard.]

UCLES

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *To the Lighthouse*

- 10 **Either** (a) How far would you agree that *To the Lighthouse* is about attempts to create order out of chaos?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, showing how far you think the methods and concerns evident here are characteristic of the novel as a whole.

Nothing happened. Nothing! Nothing! as she leant her head against Mrs. Ramsay's knee. And yet, she knew knowledge and wisdom were stored in Mrs. Ramsay's heart. How then, she had asked herself, did one know one thing or another thing about people, sealed as they were? Only like a bee, drawn by some sweetness or sharpness in the air intangible to touch or taste, one haunted the dome-shaped hive, ranged the wastes of the air over the countries of the world alone, and then haunted the hives with their murmurs and their stirrings; the hives which were people. Mrs. Ramsay rose. Lily rose. Mrs. Ramsay went. For days there hung about her, as after a dream some subtle change is felt in the person one has dreamt of, more vividly than anything she said, the sound of murmuring and, as she sat in the wicker arm-chair in the drawing-room window she wore, to Lily's eyes, an august shape; the shape of a dome. 5

This ray passed level with Mr. Bankes's ray straight to Mrs. Ramsay sitting reading there with James at her knee. But now while she still looked, Mr. Bankes had done. He had put on his spectacles. He had stepped back. He had raised his hand. He had slightly narrowed his clear blue eyes, when Lily, rousing herself, saw what he was at, and winced like a dog who sees a hand raised to strike it. She would have snatched her picture off the easel, but she said to herself, One must. She braced herself to stand the awful trial of someone looking at her picture. One must, she said, one must. And if it must be seen, Mr. Bankes was less alarming than another. But that any other eyes should see the residue of her thirty-three years, the deposit of each day's living, mixed with something more secret than she had ever spoken or shown in the course of all those days was an agony. At the same time it was immensely exciting. 10 15 20

Nothing could be cooler and quieter. Taking out a penknife, Mr. Bankes tapped the canvas with the bone handle. What did she wish to indicate by the triangular purple shape, "just there?" he asked. 25

It was Mrs. Ramsay reading to James, she said. She knew his objection – that no one could tell it for a human shape. But she had made no attempt at likeness, she said. For what reason had she introduced them then? he asked. Why indeed? – except that if there, in that corner, it was bright, here, in this, she felt the need of darkness. Simple, obvious, commonplace, as it was, Mr. Bankes was interested. Mother and child then – objects of universal veneration, and in this case the mother was famous for her beauty – might be reduced, he pondered, to a purple shadow without irreverence. 30 35

UCLES

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ENGLISH LITERATURE

9000/4

PAPER 4 Topic Paper

Wednesday

21 JUNE 2000

Afternoon

3 hours

Texts should be taken into the examination. They may bear brief candidate annotation.

Additional materials:

Answer paper

TIME 3 hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer paper/ answer booklet.

Answer **two** questions.

Answer Question **1** and **either** Question **2** or Question **3** in the topic area you have studied.

You may answer Question **1** in one topic area and **either** Question **2** or Question **3** in a different topic area, if you wish.

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

At the beginning of your answers, write down the titles of the texts you have studied in your topic area. In your answers you must refer to at least two texts.

If you use more than one sheet of paper, fasten the sheets together.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

This question paper consists of 14 printed pages and 2 blank pages.

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

- 1 The following passage is the opening of *Errata* (1997), by the critic and novelist George Steiner. By a close study of the passage, explore the importance for an adult autobiographer of childhood memories and incidents.

Rain, particularly to a child, carries distinct smells and colours. Summer rains in the



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was it, distantly, sexual? – has, in good part, oriented my life.

Either

- 2 Referring closely to the texts you have studied, discuss the ways in which biography or autobiography may be described as literature.

Or

- 3 'Biography and autobiography are often most revealing about their subjects when they deal with the ordinary, not with the extraordinary.' Discuss, with careful reference to the texts you have studied.

THE GOTHIC TRADITION

- 1 The following passage is the opening of *Rebecca* (1938) by Daphne du Maurier. Write a critical appreciation of the passage, assessing how far and in what ways it reflects the conventions of Gothic writing.

Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me I stood by the iron

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long strands crept across the lawns, and soon would encroach upon the house itself.

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Either

- 2 Explore the treatment of obsession as a theme in the Gothic tradition. You should include close reference to the texts you have studied.

Or

- 3 Discuss the idea of heroes and heroism in the Gothic fiction you have studied.

THE INDUSTRIAL NOVEL

- 1 By a close study of this extract from *Nice Work* (1988) show how effectively David Lodge presents the conditions of the workers and their relationship with their employers. To what extent is this passage typical of other industrial novels you have studied?

There was something uncanny, almost obscene, to Robyn's eye, about the sudden,

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and set off again at his brisk terrier's trot.

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Either

- 2 The industrial novel deals with contrasts such as wealth and poverty, city and country. Show how effectively such contrasts have been explored in the novels you have studied.

Or

- 3 It has been claimed that authors of industrial novels, because of their middle-class backgrounds, fail to present the reality of working class lives. To what extent does your study of the genre support this view?

SATIRE

- 1 By a close examination of the following two poems, show how the poets use satirical techniques to express their indignation.

Does it Matter?

Does it matter – losing your legs? ...

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And no one will worry a bit.

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Siegfried Sassoon (1886–1967)

In the Children's Hospital

"Does it matter? Losing your legs?"
Siegfried Sassoon

Now let the lealess boy show the areat ladv

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Thundered in her skull for evermore!

Hugh MacDiarmid (1892–1978)

Either

- 2 Compare and contrast different approaches to satire adopted by the writers you have studied. Have these approaches been equally successful?

Or

- 3 'Yes I am proud, I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God afraid of me.'

Discuss the power of the satirist in the light of this claim by Alexander Pope. You should support your answer with close reference to the texts you have studied.

TRAVEL WRITING

- 1 Write a critical appreciation of the following extract, which comes from the travel diary (1954) of the novelist Graham Greene. How far does this passage share the characteristics of other travel writing you have encountered?

January 5. At the military airport at Hanoi at 7 a.m. to wait for a plane on the shuttle

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Slept after an admirable dinner in a dug-out shared with the Intelligence officer.

Either

- 2 Explore the distinctive approaches to narrative adopted by travel writers in the texts you have studied.

Or

- 3 Compare and contrast the ways in which writers you have studied describe and reflect upon their own emotions (for example fear, loneliness, excitement, boredom ...) in their travel writing.

POST-COLONIAL LITERATURE

- 1 'The Australian Dream' is by the Australian poet David Campbell (1915–1979). Write a critical appreciation of the poem, discussing in particular its impact when read within the context of post-colonial literature.

The Australian Dream

The doorbell buzzed. It was past three o'clock.

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Most grateful to you, Jock. Please call me Ma'am.'

Either

- 2 In what ways do the texts you have studied help you to define post-colonial literature as a literary genre?

Or

- 3 With detailed reference to the texts you have studied, compare and contrast ways in which their writers have presented one or more key themes in post-colonial literature.

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ENGLISH LITERATURE

9000/5

PAPER 5 Open Texts

Monday

26 JUNE 2000

Afternoon

3 hours

ERRATUM NOTICE

One copy to be given to each candidate

Since this question paper was written, there have been some changes to the published texts on this paper. Here are some additional notes about how to find the text referred to in the questions:

THOMAS HARDY: *The Mayor of Casterbridge*

5(a) (Chapter 11 begins with the words 'The Ring at Casterbridge...')

5(b) Chapter 44 begins 'Meanwhile, the man of their talk had pursued his solitary way...')

[Turn over

DAVID HARE: *Racing Demon* (Faber)

- 6(a) In what ways, and how successfully, do the play's last two scenes (Act Two Scenes Ten and Eleven,

pp. 86-88 (Faber second (revised) edition, 1996)

Passage begins 'Lionel's living room. HEATHER is sitting alone playing patience.....'

- 6(b) By a close reading of Act One Scene Eight,

pp. 26-33 (Faber second (revised) edition, 1996)

Passage begins 'The Espy's kitchen. HEATHER comes in.....'

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day* (Faber)

- 7(b) Discuss the effects and significance for the novel as a whole of the meeting between Stevens and the Colonel's batman on –

pp. 117-120 (Faber old edition, 1990)

pp. 123-127 (Faber new edition, 1999).

Passage **begins** 'Having enjoyed a good morning's motoring in splendid weather'

and **ends** 'and so it was that I arrived here at this spot a little over half an hour ago.'

HAROLD PINTER: *The Homecoming* (Methuen/Faber)

- 8(b) Consider the dramatic and thematic effects of the language and events at the end of Act 1 [from Ruth's entrance on –

p40 (Methuen and early Faber editions)

p62 (New Faber edition)

to the end of the Act].

(Set section **begins** 'TEDDY and RUTH come down the stairs.')

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ENGLISH LITERATURE

9000/5

PAPER 5 Open Texts

Monday

26 JUNE 2000

Afternoon

3 hours

Texts should be taken into the examination. They may bear brief candidate annotation.

Additional materials:

Answer paper

TIME 3 hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer paper/ answer booklet.

Answer **three** questions.

Each answer **must** be on a different text.

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

If you use more than one sheet of paper, fasten the sheets together.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

The page references are to certain specified editions. Where these are different from the edition you have been using, your teacher will give you the page reference to your own edition.

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

This question paper consists of 3 printed pages and 1 blank page.

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *The Norman Conquests* (Penguin)

- 1 **Either** (a) What insights into the characterisation and comic presentation of Tom are given by an examination of pp. 203 to 210 of *Round and Round the Garden*?
- Or** (b) What do the events of pages 55–64 of *Table Manners* show about Norman's relationships with each of the women in the Trilogy, and about the comic presentation of those relationships?

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Villette* (Everyman)

- 2 **Either** (a) What bearing has Chapter 19 'The Cleopatra' (p. 191) on the presentation of women and their situation in *Villette*?
- Or** (b) Using close reference to any **three** episodes, discuss the effectiveness of Brontë's handling of the character of Madame Beck in the novel.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: *Selected Poems* (ed. Beer, Everyman's Poetry)

- 3 **Either** (a) With close reference to any **three** poems from your selection, discuss Coleridge's views of nature, and the poetic means by which those views are conveyed.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of 'Kubla Khan' (p. 24), showing how far and in what ways you find it characteristic of Coleridge's verse in your selection.

EMILY DICKINSON: *Selected Poems* (ed. McNeil, Everyman's Poetry)

- 4 **Either** (a) Using detailed evidence drawn from **three** poems, discuss Dickinson's uses of the world of nature in her verse.
- Or** (b) Discuss Dickinson's treatment of suffering in her poetry, on the basis of a comparison between poem 341 'After great pain, a formal feeling comes...' (p. 24) and any **one** other poem of your choice.

THOMAS HARDY: *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (Wordsworth)

- 5 **Either** (a) Consider the significance of Chapter 11 (pp. 54–58) in the novel's development.
- Or** (b) Discuss the methods and effects of Hardy's description of Henchard's journey and arrival at the wedding in Chapter 44 (p. 246), indicating its significance in the narrative as a whole.

DAVID HARE: *Racing Demon* (Faber)

- 6 **Either** (a) In what ways, and how successfully, do the play's last two scenes (Act Two Scenes Ten and Eleven, pp. 87–88) conclude the action?
- Or** (b) By a close reading of Act One Scene Eight (pp. 26–34), consider the dramatic presentation and significance of the character of Frances Parnell in the play.

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day* (Faber)

- 7 **Either** (a) Illustrate and discuss the presentation and the role of Mr Farraday in *The Remains of the Day*, with close reference to any **two** episodes of your choice.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects and significance for the novel as a whole of the meeting between Stevens and the Colonel's batman on pp. 117–120.

HAROLD PINTER: *The Homecoming* (Methuen/Faber)

- 8 **Either** (a) With close reference to **two** episodes of your choice, discuss the way in which women are represented in *The Homecoming*.
- Or** (b) Consider the dramatic and thematic effects of the language and events at the end of Act 1 (from Ruth's entrance on p. 40 to the end of the Act).

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS: *Selected Poems* (ed. Jeffares, Macmillan)

- 9 **Either** (a) Discuss Yeats's poetic treatment of politics in his verse, with close reference to **two** or **three** poems which seem to you appropriate.
- Or** (b) How far, and in what ways, does 'To a Wealthy Man...' (p. 54) offer insights into Yeats's concerns and techniques?

UCLES

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ENGLISH LITERATURE

9000/7

PAPER 7 Comment and Appreciation

Tuesday

27 JUNE 2000

Morning

1 hour

Texts should be taken into the examination. They may bear brief candidate annotation.

Additional materials:

Answer paper

TIME 1 hour

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer paper/ answer booklet.

Answer **one** question.

Write your answer on the separate answer paper provided.

If you use more than one sheet of paper, fasten the sheets together.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

This question paper consists of 16 printed pages and 4 blank pages.

- 1 Write a critical appreciation of the following poem by Carol Ann Duffy, showing how far its style and concerns reflect those of other poems by her in the anthology. If you wish, you may also compare it with some of Liz Lochhead's writing.

War Photographer

In his darkroom he is finally alone

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he earns his living and they do not care.

(page 66)

Louis de Bernieres: *Captain Corelli's Mandolin*

- 2 Beginning with a critical discussion of the following extract, show how far it is characteristic of the way in which de Bernieres presents the relationship between Pelagia and Mandras in the novel as a whole.

Agapeton,

I have heard nothing from you for such a long time, you have not written since that sad

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killed and that Marigo's fiancé was taken prisoner. Whenever I hear such things I thank God that it wasn't you.

(page 104)

Wilkie Collins: *The Woman in White*

- 3 Discuss in detail how Collins creates mystery and suspense in the following extract, showing how far you find it characteristic of his methods in the novel as a whole.

The heat had been painfully oppressive all day; and it was now a close and sultry night.

My mother and sister had spoken so many last words, and had begged me to wait another five minutes so many times, that it was nearly midnight when the servant locked the garden-gate behind me. I walked forward a few paces on the shortest way back to London; then stopped, and hesitated.

The moon was full and broad in the dark blue starless sky; and the broken ground of the heath looked wild enough in the mysterious light to be hundreds of miles away from the great city that lay beneath it. The idea of descending any sooner than I could help into the heat and gloom of London repelled me. The prospect of going to bed in my airless chambers, and the prospect of gradual suffocation, seemed, in my present restless frame of mind and body, to be one and the same thing. I determined to stroll home in the purer air, by the most roundabout way I could take; to follow the white winding paths across the lonely heath; and to approach London through its most open suburb by striking into the Finchley-road, and so getting back, in the cool of the new morning, by the western side of the Regent's Park.

I wound my way down slowly over the Heath, enjoying the divine stillness of the scene, and admiring the soft alternations of light and shade as they followed each other over the broken ground on every side of me. So long as I was proceeding through this first and prettiest part of my night-walk, my mind remained passively open to the impressions produced by the view; and I thought but little on any subject – indeed, so far as my own sensations were concerned, I can hardly say that I thought at all.

But when I had left the Heath, and had turned into the by-road, where there was less to see, the ideas naturally engendered by the approaching change in my habits and occupations, gradually drew more and more of my attention exclusively to themselves. By the time I had arrived at the end of the road, I had become completely absorbed in my own fanciful visions of Limmeridge House, of Mr. Fairlie, and of the two ladies whose practice in the art of water-colour painting I was so soon to superintend.

I had now arrived at that particular point of my walk where four roads met – the road to Hampstead, along which I had returned; the road to Finchley; the road to West End; and the road back to London. I had mechanically turned in this latter direction, and was strolling along the lonely high-road – idly wondering, I remember, what the Cumberland young ladies would look like – when, in one moment, every drop of blood in my body was brought to a stop by the touch of a hand laid lightly and suddenly on my shoulder from behind me.

I turned on the instant, with my fingers tightening round the handle of my stick.

There, in the middle of the broad, bright high-road – there, as if it had that moment sprung out of the earth or dropped from the heaven – stood the figure of a solitary Woman, dressed from head to foot in white garments; her face bent in grave inquiry on mine, her hand pointing to the dark cloud over London, as I faced her.

I was far too seriously startled by the suddenness with which this extraordinary apparition stood before me, in the dead of night and in that lonely place, to ask what she wanted. The strange woman spoke first.

'Is that the road to London?' she said.

I looked attentively at her, as she put that singular question to me. It was then nearly one o'clock. All I could discern distinctly by the moonlight, was a colourless, youthful face, meagre and sharp to look at, about the cheeks and chin; large, grave, wistfully-attentive eyes; nervous, uncertain lips; and light hair of a pale, brownish-yellow hue.

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(Oxford World's Classics page 14)

UCLES

Helen Gardner ed.: *Metaphysical Poetry*

- 4 Write a critical commentary on the following poem, showing how far you find it reflects the methods and concerns that you have found in this selection of Donne's poetry.

The Apparition

When by thy scorne, O murdresse, I am dead,
 And that thou thinkst thee free
 From all solicitation from mee,
 Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
 And thee, fain'd vestall, in worse armes shall see; 5
 Then thy sicke taper will begin to winke,
 And he, whose thou art then, being tyr'd before,
 Will, if thou stirre, or pinch to wake him, thinke
 Thou call'st for more,
 And in false sleepe will from thee shrinke, 10
 And then poor Aspen wretch, neglected thou
 Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lye
 A veryer ghost than I;
 What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
 Lest that preserve thee; 'and since my love is spent, 15
 I'had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
 Than by my threatenings rest still innocent.

(Helen Gardner ed: *Metaphysical Poetry* page 72)

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QUESTION 5 IS ON PAGE 8.

UCLES

T. S. Eliot: *Murder in the Cathedral*

- 5 Write a critical commentary on the following extract, showing how far you find it characteristic of the ways in which Eliot presents and uses the Chorus throughout the play.

CHORUS

Here let us stand, close by the cathedral. Here let us wait.

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And the saints and martyrs wait, for those who shall be
martyrs and saints.

(the opening of the play)

UCLES

F. Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby*

- 6 Write a critical commentary on the following extract – the opening paragraphs of *The Great Gatsby* – showing how Fitzgerald introduces the novel's themes and concerns.

In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since.

'Whenever you feel like criticizing anyone,' he told me, 'just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had.'

He didn't say any more, but we've always been unusually communicative in a reserved way, and I understood that he meant a great deal more than that. In consequence, I'm inclined to reserve all judgements, a habit that has opened up many curious natures to me and also made me the victim of not a few veteran bores. The abnormal mind is quick to detect and attach itself to this quality when it appears in a normal person, and so it came about that in college I was unjustly accused of being a politician, because I was privy to the secret griefs of wild, unknown men. Most of the confidences were unsought – frequently I have feigned sleep, preoccupation, or a hostile levity when I realized by some unmistakable sign that an intimate revelation was quivering on the horizon; for the intimate revelations of young men, or at least the terms in which they express them, are usually plagiaristic and marred by obvious suppressions. Reserving judgments is a matter of infinite hope. I am still a little afraid of missing something if I forget that, as my father snobbishly suggested, and I snobbishly repeat, a sense of fundamental decencies is parcelled out unequally at birth. 5
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And, after boasting this way of my tolerance, I come to the admission that it has a limit. Conduct may be founded on the hard rock or the wet marshes, but after a certain point I don't care what it's founded on. When I came back from the East last autumn I felt that I wanted the world to be in uniform and at a sort of moral attention for ever; I wanted no more riotous excursions with privileged glimpses into the human heart. Only Gatsby, the man who gives his name to this book, was exempt from my reaction – Gatsby, who represented everything for which I have an unaffected scorn. If personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures, then there was something gorgeous about him, some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life, as if he were related to one of those intricate machines that register earthquakes ten thousand miles away. This responsiveness had nothing to do with that flabby impressionability which is dignified under the name of the 'creative temperament' – it was an extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness such as I have never found in any other person and which it is not likely I shall ever find again. No – Gatsby turned out all right at the end; it is what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrows and shortwinded elations of men. 20
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Arthur Miller: *The Crucible*

- 7 Beginning with a close examination of the following extract, say how far you find its concerns and dramatic techniques to be characteristic of those in the play as a whole.

Danforth: [*There is a knock. He calls to the door.*] Hold! [*To ABIGAIL*] Turn your back. Turn your back. [*To PROCTOR*] Do likewise.

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Proctor [*crying out*]: Elizabeth, I have confessed it!
Elizabeth: Oh, God!

(Penguin edition, page 99)

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Toni Morrison: *Beloved*

- 8 Write a critical commentary on the following extract from *Beloved*, showing to what extent its concerns and methods are characteristic of those of the novel as a whole.

A fully dressed woman walked out of the water. She barely gained the dry bank of the

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masses of black yarn under her hat.

(page 50]

Willy Russell: *Educating Rita*

- 9 Write a critical commentary on Act Two Scene Five of the play, showing how Russell presents the changed relationship between Frank and Rita here.

FRANK *is sitting in a chair by the window desk with a mug in his hand and a bottle of whisky on the desk in front of him listening to the radio. There is a knock at the door.*

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Frank: What is it now then? Virginia?
RITA *exits*.
Or Charlotte? Or Jane? Or Emily?

Blackout.

J. M. Synge: *The Playboy of the Western World*

- 10 Write a critical commentary on the following extract, discussing how Synge presents the relationship between Pegeen and Christy both here and in the play as a whole.

Pegeen	<i>[radiantly, wiping his face with her shawl]</i> : Well, you're the lad, and you'll have great times from this out when you could win that wealth of prizes, and you sweating in the heat of noon!	
Christy	<i>[looking at her with delight]</i> : I'll have great times if I win the crowning prize I'm seeking now, and that's your promise that you'll wed me in a fortnight, when our banns is called.	5
Pegeen	<i>[backing away from him]</i> : You've right daring to go ask me that, when all knows you'll be starting to some girl in your own townland, when your father's rotten in four months, or five.	
Christy	<i>[indignantly]</i> : Starting from you, is it? <i>[He follows her.]</i> I will not, then, and when the airs is warming, in four months or five, it's then yourself and me should be pacing Neifin in the dews of night, the times sweet smells do be rising, and you'd see a little, shiny new moon, maybe, sinking on the hills.	10
Pegeen	<i>[looking at him playfully]</i> : And it's that kind of a poacher's love you'd make, Christy Mahon, on the sides of Neifin, when the night is down?	15
Christy:	It's little you'll think if my love's a poacher's, or an earl's itself, when you'll feel my two hands stretched around you, and I squeezing kisses on your puckered lips, till I'd feel a kind of pity for the Lord God is all ages sitting lonesome in His golden chair.	
Pegeen:	That'll be right fun, Christy Mahon, and any girl would walk her heart out before she'd meet a young man was your like for eloquence, or talk at all.	20
Christy	<i>[encouraged]</i> : Let you wait, to hear me talking, till we're astray in Erris, when Good Friday's by, drinking a sup from a well, and making mighty kisses with our wetted mouths, or gaming in a gap of sunshine, with yourself stretched back unto your necklace, in the flowers of the earth.	25
Pegeen	<i>[in a voice, moved by his tone]</i> : I'd be nice so, is it?	
Christy	<i>[with rapture]</i> : If the mitred bishops seen you that time, they'd be the like of the holy prophets, I'm thinking, do be straining the bars of Paradise to lay eyes on the Lady Helen of Troy, and she abroad, pacing back and forward, with a nosegay in her golden shawl.	30
Pegeen	<i>[with real tenderness]</i> : And what is it I have, Christy Mahon, to make me fitting entertainment for the like of you, that has such poet's talking, and such bravery of heart?	
Christy	<i>[in a low voice]</i> : Isn't there the light of seven heavens in your heart alone, the way you'll be an angel's lamp to me from this out, and I abroad in the darkness, spearing salmons in the Owen or the Carowmore?	35
Pegeen:	If I was your wife I'd be along with you those nights, Christy Mahon, the way you'd see I was a great hand at coaxing bailiffs, or coining funny nicknames for the stars of night.	
Christy:	You, is it? Taking your death in the hailstones, or in the fogs of dawn.	40
Pegeen:	Yourself and me would shelter easy in a narrow bush <i>[with a qualm of dread]</i> ; but we're only talking, maybe, for this would be a poor, thatched place to hold a fine lad is the like of you.	

(Act 3: Heinemann Educational Books, Hereford Plays, page 66)

William Wordsworth: *Favourite Poems*

- 11 Write a critical commentary on the following section (IX) of *Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*, showing how far you find it reflects the methods and concerns of either the complete *Ode* or at least two other poems in this selection.

O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed 5
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest –
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:– 10
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings; 15
 Blank misgivings of a Creature
 Moving about in worlds not realised,
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature
 Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
 But for those first affections, 20
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make 25
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
 To perish never;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor Man nor Boy, 30
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!
 Hence in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea 35
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

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