CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY PRESS & ASSESSMENT

A Level

English

Session: 1994 June
Type: Question paper
Code: 9000

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS SYNDICATE

General Certificate of Education Advanced Level

ENGLISH **9000/1**

PAPER 1 Shakespeare

Monday **6 JUNE 1994** Morning 3 hours

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 question **1** (Section A) and any **two** questions from 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

The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.

This question paper consists of 10 printed pages and 2 blank pages.

[Turn over

Section A

1 Choose **two** of the following passages (only one from any play) and answer the question which follows each.

Antony and Cleopatra

Either (a)

Caesar: Welcome to Rome.
Antony: Thank you.
Caesar: Sit.
Antony: Sit, sir.
Caesar: Nay, then. [*They sit.*
Antony: I learn you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.
Caesar: I must be laugh'd at
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' th' world; more laugh'd at that I should
Once name you derogately when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.
Antony: My being in Egypt, Caesar,
What was't to you?
Caesar: No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt. Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.
Antony: How intend you – practis'd?
Caesar: You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you; you were the word of war.
Antony: You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act. I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.
Caesar: You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgement to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.
Antony: Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another!
The third o'th' world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.
Enobarbus: Would we had all such wives, that the men might go
to wars with the women!

[Act 2, Scene 2, lines 28 - 70]

What impressions of the relationship between Antony and Caesar at this stage of the play are created here, and by what means? [20]

Or **(b)** *Cleopatra:* Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call. I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act. I hear him mock
The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come.
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So, have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian. Iras, long farewell.
[Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.
Charmian: Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say
The gods themselves do weep.
Cleopatra: This proves me base.
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[To an asp, which she applies to her breast.
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie. Poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass
Unpolicied!
Charmian: O Eastern star!
Cleopatra: Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast
That sucks the nurse asleep?
Charmian: O, break! O, break!
Cleopatra: As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle –
O Antony! Nay, I will take thee too:
[Applying another asp to her arm.
What should I stay –
[Dies.
Charmian: In this vile world? So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
And golden Phoebus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it and then play –
Enter the Guard, *rushing in.*
1 Guard: Where's the Queen?
Charmian: Speak softly, wake her not.
1 Guard: Caesar hath sent -
Charmian: Too slow a messenger.

[Act 5, Scene 2, lines 278 - 319]

By close reference to the language and dramatic action, consider what might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as this scene unfolds. [20]

[Turn over

The Merchant of Venice

Either (c) *Bassanio:* … Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t'entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes –
How could he see to do them? Having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.
'You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.'
A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Portia: You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am. Though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish
To wish myself much better, yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
That only to stand high in your account
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account. But the full sum of me
Is sum of something which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

[Act 3, Scene 2, lines 120 - 165]

Paying close attention to the language and imagery of both Bassanio's and Portia's speeches, consider what impressions of Portia are created by Shakespeare here.

[20]

Or **(d)**

Portia: You, merchant, have you anything to say?
Antonio: But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand Bassanio; fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you,
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom. It is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which ling'ring penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you; speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bassanio: Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Portia: Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.
Gratiano: I have a wife who I protest I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Nerissa: 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shylock: [*Aside*] These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter –
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! –
We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.
Portia: A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine.
The court awards it and the law doth give it.
Shylock: Most rightful judge!
Portia: And you must cut this flesh from off his breast.
The law allows it and the court awards it.
Shylock: Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare.
Portia: Tarry a little; there is something else...

[Act 4, Scene 1, lines 258 - 300]

By close reference to the characterisation and central issues here, suggest how you would present this scene dramatically to express your interpretation of it. [20]

[Turn over

Hamlet

Either **(e)**

King: But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son –
Hamlet: [*Aside*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.
King: How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Hamlet: Not so, my lord; I am too much in the sun.
Queen: Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.
Thou know'st 'tis common – all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Hamlet: Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen: If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Hamlet: Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem;
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passes show –
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King: 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father;
But you must know your father lost a father;
That father lost lost his; and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd;
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so'.

[Act 1, Scene 2, lines 64 - 106]

What impressions of Hamlet's domestic situation are created here and by what means? [20]

Or **(f)**

Ophelia: O heavenly powers, restore him!

Hamlet: I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another. You jig and amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say we will have no moe marriage: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit*

Ophelia: O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers – quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King *and* Polonius

King: Love! His affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger; which to prevent
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected tribute.
Haply the seas and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Polonius: It shall do well. But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;
But if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief. Let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference.

[Act 3, Scene 1, lines 142 - 185]

Referring closely to the language, imagery and tone of the speeches here, comment on the presentation of the four characters' states of mind at this point in the play. [20]

[Turn over

Richard II

Either **(g)** *King Richard:* Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart.Thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away. [*To Bolingbroke*] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.
Bolingbroke: How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of Kings.
Gaunt: I thank my liege that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby,
For ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.
King Richard: Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.
Gaunt: But not a minute, King, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
King Richard: Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave.
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?
Gaunt: Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild.
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say
I was too strict to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.
King Richard: Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him so.
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[Act 1, Scene 3, lines 208 - 248]

By close reference to this extract, show in what ways it contributes to the central concerns in the play. (20)

Or **(h)** *King Richard:* Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
The breath of wordly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel. Then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.
Enter Salisbury
Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?
Salisbury: Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd and fled.
Aumerle: Comfort, my liege, why looks your Grace so pale?
King Richard: But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.
Aumerle: Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.
King Richard: I had forgot myself; am I not King?
Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the King's name twenty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king; are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?
Enter Scroop
Scroop: More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.
King Richard: Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd.
The worst is wordly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? Why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.

[Act 3, Scene 2, lines 54 - 99]

What impressions do you gain of Richard's character and state of mind from this extract? [20]

[Turn over

Section B

Answer **two** questions, each on a different play. Each question carries 30 marks.

2 **Either** **(a)** 'Notwithstanding the title of the play and the complex portrayal of Cleopatra, it is Antony's situation which most engages our interest.' How far do you agree?

Or **(b)** The play has recently been criticised for 'defective construction, geographical restlessness, the use of rhetoric to glorify sexual obsession'. Consider your own response to the play *Antony and Cleopatra* in the light of these comments.

3 **Either** **(a)** 'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.' How important is the idea of hazard (chance or risk) to what you take *The Merchant of Venice* to be about?

Or **(b)** To what extent do you agree that the audience's greatest difficulty with the play *The Merchant of Venice* is that there is no character with whom one can sympathise?

4 **Either** **(a)** Discuss the importance of images of acting and the theatre in the play *Hamlet*.

Or **(b)** To Horatio, Hamlet describes himself and Claudius as 'mighty opposites'. How far do you see the relationship between Hamlet and Claudius as the central conflict of the play?

5 **Either** **(a)** How, and with what dramatic effect, is the idea of England - its land and people - presented in the play *Richard II*?

Or **(b)** 'He is that most dangerous of climbing politicians, the man who will go further than his rivals because he never allows himself to know where he is going.' Consider the characterisation of Bolingbroke in the light of this statement.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS SYNDICATE

General Certificate of Education Advanced Level

ENGLISH **9000/2**

PAPER 2 Open Texts

Friday **17 JUNE 1994** 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. Choose from at least **two** sections.

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 on 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.

This question paper consists of 4 printed pages.

[Turn over

Section I: Poetry

ALEXANDER POPE: *The Rape of the Lock* (Routledge)

1 **Either** **(a)** Starting with a consideration of the lines from Canto III beginning 'Behold, four kings...' and ending '... and long Canals reply', (II.37-100), consider Pope's use of the mock-heroic in *The Rape of the Lock.*

Or **(b)** How far do you find *The Rape of the Lock* faithful to Pope's stated intention in the Dedication to 'divert a few young ladies... to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own'?

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: *Selected Poems* (Penguin or Heinemann)

2 **Either** **(a)** How far, and in what ways, do the last four stanzas (32-35) of 'The Wreck of the Deutschland' seem to you to reflect the concerns of the poem as a whole and to constitute an effective conclusion?

Or **(b)** Illustrate the means by which Hopkins in his verse conveys a sense of terror, and discuss the part such terror plays in some of his work.

W.H. AUDEN: *Selected Poems* (Faber)

3 **Either** **(a)** How far do you take 'In Memory of W.B. Yeats' to be representative of Auden's concerns and style in the selection you have studied?

Or **(b)** 'A poet cannot bring us any truth without introducing into his poetry the problematic, the painful, the disorderly, the ugly.' How far do you find Auden's words a fitting description of his own poetry?

U.A. FANTHORPE: *Selected Poems* (Penguin)

4 **Either** **(a)** Consider by what means and to what effect U.A. Fanthorpe explores in her verse the points of view of women, using a discussion of 'From the Third Storey ' (p. 123) as a starting point for your essay.

Or **(b)** Referring to at least **two** poems in detail, discuss the view of religion presented in U.A. Fanthorpe's work.

Section II : Prose

DANIEL DEFOE: *Roxana* (Penguin)

5 **Either** **(a)** Consider Defoe's way of introducing Roxana and the central issues of the novel in the passage beginning 'I was born, as my friends told me' (Penguin p.37) and ending 'I saw my ruin hastening on without any possible way to prevent it' (Penguin p.43).

Or **(b)** 'All that matters is economic survival.' Do you think that this is a fair evaluation of *Roxana*?

EMILY BRONTE: *Wuthering Heights* (Penguin)

6 **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and how effectively, does the final chapter (Ch.34, pp.356-367) bring the novel to its conclusion?

Or **(b)** 'For a specimen of true benevolence and homely fidelity look at the character of Nelly Dean; for an example of constancy and tenderness, remark that of Edgar Linton' (Charlotte Bronte, 1850 Preface, p.39). Using evidence from the text, say how far your own reading of the novel leads you to find either or both of these judgements adequate.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY: *Vanity Fair* (Penguin)

7 **Either** **(a)** Consider how, and to what extent, Chapter 23 'Captain Dobbin proceeds on his Canvass' exemplifies concerns and techniques of the novel as a whole.

Or **(b)** 'Amelia may be the apparent heroine: but it is Becky who attracts our attention, and sustains our interest.' Show how far you agree with this view.

MARGARET ATWOOD: *The Handmaid's Tale* (Virago)

8 **Either** **(a)** Consider in what ways Chapter 8 of *The Handmaid's Tale* develops issues that are central to the novel's concerns.

Or **(b)** '*The Handmaid's Tale* explores the central tension between a woman's inner life and her public function.' Discuss this view of Margaret Atwood's novel.

[Turn over

Section III: Drama

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE: *Edward II* (OUP)

9 Either **(a)** With close reference to the text, show how far and in what ways the final scene (Act V Scene vi, from MORTIMER JUNIOR: 'Is't done, Matrevis') constitutes both a climax and a conclusion to the play.

Or **(b)** 'It is deliberately made difficult for the audience to identify morally or humanly with either side.' Consider the importance of such uncertainty to the play's effect.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE: *The Man of Mode* (New Mermaid)

10 Either **(a)** Consider the means by which Etherege develops dramatic interest and concerns central to the play in Act III Scene I of *The Man of Mode*.

Or **(b)** How far do you agree that *The Man of Mode* shows us 'a society taking a holiday from moral responsibility'?

HENRIK IBSEN: *Hedda Gabler* (Penguin)

11 Either **(a)** In what ways does the episode from the opening of Act II (Penguin p.296) to the entry of Jorgen Tesman (Penguin pp.301/302) contribute to the dramatic development of the play?

Or **(b)** 'Hedda Gabler - victim or culprit?' Consider to what extent Hedda Gabler is responsible for her own destruction.

BRIAN FRIEL: *Translations* (Faber)

12 Either **(a)** Taking the dialogue beginning with OWEN: 'What age is he?' (p.40) and ending with HUGH: 'I suppose you could call us a spiritual people' (p.42) as a starting point, discuss the part played by the classical world and its literature in *Translations*.

Or **(b)** HUGH: '...remember that words are signals, counters ...it can happen that civilisation can be imprisoned in a linguistic contour which no longer matches the landscape of ...fact' (p.43). In the light of Hugh's statement, consider the part played by the Irish Gaelic language in the play.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS SYNDICATE

General Certificate of Education Advanced Level

ENGLISH **9000/3**

PAPER 3 Chaucer and other Major Authors

Monday **13 JUNE 1994** Afternoon 3 hours

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.

Candidates outside UK: in Part I, answer the questions on any **two** passages.
UK candidates only: in Part I, answer the questions on passage **(a)** and on **one** other passage.
All candidates: in Part II, answer **two** questions, at least **one** of which must deal with a work on which you have **not** written in Part I.
You must write on at least **three** different texts in the paper as a whole.

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

The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.

You should spend no longer than 1 hour 15 minutes on Part I.

This question paper consists of 12 printed pages.

[Turn over

Part I

1 **Candidates outside UK:** answer the questions on **any two** passages.
UK Candidates only: answer the questions on passage **(a)** and on **one** other passage.

CHAUCER: *The Miller's Prologue and Tale*

(a)

"Now herkneth," quod the Millere, "alle and some!
But first I make a protestacioun
That I am dronke, I knowe it by my soun;
And therfore if that I mysspeke or seye,
Wyte it the ale of Southwerk, I you preye.
For I wol telle a legende and a lyf
Bothe of a carpenter and of his wyf,
How that a clerk hath set the wrightes cappe."
The Reve answerde and seyde, "Stynt thy clappe!
Lat be thy lewed dronken harlotrye.
It is a synne and eek a greet folye
To apeyren any man, or hym defame,
And eek to bryngen wyves in swich fame.
Thou mayst ynogh of othere thynges seyn."
This dronke Millere spak ful soone ageyn
And seyde, "Leve brother Osewold,
Who hath no wyf, he is no cokewold.
But I sey nat therfore that thou art oon;
Ther been ful goode wyves many oon,
And evere a thousand goode ayeyns oon badde.
That knowestow wel thyself, but if thou madde.
Why artow angry with my tale now?
I have a wyf, pardee, as wel as thow;
Yet nolde I, for the oxen in my plogh,
Take upon me moore than ynogh,
As demen of myself that I were oon;
I wol bileve wel that I am noon.
An housbonde shal nat been inquisityf
Of Goddes pryvetee, nor of his wyf.
So he may fynde Goddes foyson there,
Of the remenant nedeth nat enquere."

With reference to its tone and language, write a detailed account of this passage, suggesting how far and in what ways it prepares the audience and the reader for the *Tale* that follows.

[20]

JONSON: *Volpone*

(b) *Volpone*: 'Tis the beggar's virtue.
If thou hast wisdom, hear me, Celia.
Thy baths shall be the juice of July-flowers,
Spirit of roses, and of violets,
The milk of unicorns, and panthers' breath
Gathered in bags and mixed with Cretan wines.
Our drink shall be preparèd gold and amber,
Which we will take until my roof whirl round
With the vertigo; and my dwarf shall dance,
My eunuch sing, my fool make up the antic.
Whilst we, in changèd shapes, act Ovid's tales,
Thou like Europa now, and I like Jove,
Then I like Mars, and thou like Erycine;
So of the rest, till we have quite run through,
And wearied all the fables of the gods.
Then will I have thee in more modern forms,
Attirèd like some sprightly dame of France,
Brave Tuscan lady, or proud Spanish beauty;
Sometimes unto the Persian Sophy's wife,
Or the Grand Signior's mistress; and, for change,
To one of our most artful courtesans,
Or some quick Negro, or cold Russian;
And I will meet thee in as many shapes;
Where we may so transfuse our wand'ring souls
Out at our lips and score up sums of pleasures,
[*Sings*] That the curious shall not know
How to tell them as they flow;
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pined.

Celia: If you have ears that will be pierced, or eyes
That can be opened, a heart may be touched,
Or any part that yet sounds man about you;
If you have touch of holy saints, or heaven,
Do me the grace to let me 'scape. If not,
Be bountiful and kill me. You do know
I am a creature hither ill betrayed
By one whose shame I would forget it were.
If you will deign me neither of these graces,
Yet feed your wrath, sir, rather than your lust,
(It is a vice comes nearer manliness)
And punish that unhappy crime of nature,
Which you miscall my beauty: flay my face,
Or poison it with ointments for seducing
Your blood to this rebellion. Rub these hands
With what may cause an eating leprosy,
E'en to my bones and marrow; anything
That may disfavour me, save in my honour,
And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay down
A thousand hourly vows, sir, for your health...

Write a detailed account of Jonson's presentation of characters and themes in this passage, indicating how far in your view the scene supports the claim that in *Volpone* 'virtue pales before the imaginative energy of vice'. [20]

[Turn over

JOHN DONNE: *Metaphysical Poets (ed. Gardner)*

(c)

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not soe,
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee;
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.
Thou art slave to Fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,
And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,
And better than thy stroake; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
And death shall be no more, Death thou shalt die.

Write a critical account of this sonnet, drawing attention to what you find of interest in its language, style and development of thought and feeling. [20]

WYCHERLEY: *The Country Wife*

(d)

Lady Fidget: [*aside* to *Horner*].
But, poor gentleman, could you be so generous, so truly a man of honor, as for the sakes of us women of honor, to cause yourself to be reported no man? No man! And to suffer yourself the greatest shame that could fall upon a man, that none might fall upon us women by your conversation? But indeed, sir, as perfectly, perfectly, the same man as before your going into France, sir? as perfectly, perfectly, sir?

Horner: As perfectly, perfectly, madam. Nay, I scorn you should take my word; I desire to be tried only, madam.

Lady Fidget: Well, that's spoken again like a man of honor; all men of honor desire to come to the test. But, indeed, generally you men report such things of yourselves, one does not know how or whom to believe; and it is come to that pass we dare not take your words, no more than your tailor's, without some staid servant of yours be bound with you. But I have so strong a faith in your honor, dear, dear, noble sir, that I'd forfeit mine for yours at any time, dear sir.

Horner: No, madam, you should not need to forfeit it for me; I have given you security already to save you harmless, my late reputation being so well known in the world, madam.

Lady Fidget: But if upon any future falling out, or upon a suspicion of my taking the trust out of your hands, to employ some other, you yourself should betray your trust, dear sir? I mean, if you'll give me leave to speak obscenely, you might tell, dear sir.

Horner: If I did, nobody would believe me; the reputation of impotency is as hardly recovered again in the world as that of cowardice, dear madam.

Lady Fidget: Nay then, as one may say, you may do your worst, dear, dear sir.

Sir Jasper Fidget: Come, is your ladyship reconciled to him yet? Have you agreed on matters? For I must be gone to Whitehall.

Lady Fidget: Why, indeed, Sir Jasper, Master Horner is a thousand, thousand times a better man than I thought him. Cousin Squeamish, Sister Dainty, I can name him now; truly, not long ago, you know, I thought his very name obscenity, and I would as soon have lain with him as have named him.

Sir Jasper Fidget: Very likely, poor madam.

Mrs. Dainty Fidget: I believe it.

Mrs. Squeamish: No doubt on't.

Sir Jasper Fidget: Well, well — that your ladyship is as virtuous as any she, I know, and him all the town knows — he, he, he! Therefore, now you like him, get you gone to your business together; go, go to your business, I say, pleasure, whilst I go to my pleasure, business.

Write a critical account of this passage, saying what you find of interest in its style, characterisation and its presentation of themes important to the play as a whole. [20]

FIELDING: *Jonathan Wild*

(e) The day now drew nigh when our great man was to exemplify the last and noblest act of greatness by which any hero can signalize himself. This was the day of execution, or consummation, or apotheosis (for it is called by different names), which was to give our hero an opportunity of facing death and damnation, without any fear in his heart, or, at least, without betraying any symptoms of it in his countenance. A completion of greatness which is heartily to be wished to every great man; nothing being more worthy of lamentation than when Fortune, like a lazy poet, winds up her catastrophe awkwardly, and, bestowing too little care on her fifth act, dismisses the hero with a sneaking and private exit, who had in the former part of the drama performed such notable exploits as must promise to every good judge among the spectators a noble, public, and exalted end.

But she was resolved to commit no such error in this instance. Our hero was too much and too deservedly her favourite to be neglected by her in his last moments; accordingly all efforts for a reprieve were vain, and the name of Wild stood at the head of those who were ordered for execution.

From the time he gave over all hopes of life, his conduct was truly great and admirable. Instead of shewing any marks of dejection or contrition, he rather infused more confidence and assurance into his looks. He spent most of his hours in drinking with his friends and with the good man above commemorated. In one of these compotations, being asked whether he was afraid to die, he answered: 'D—n me, it is only a dance without music.' Another time, when one expressed some sorrow for his misfortune, as he termed it, he said with great fierceness: 'A man can die but once.' Again, when one of his intimate acquaintance hinted his hopes, that he would die like a man, he cocked his hat in defiance, and cried out greatly: 'Zounds! who's afraid?'

Happy would it have been for posterity, could we have retrieved any entire conversation which passed at this season, especially between our hero and his learned comforter; but we have searched many pasteboard records in vain.

On the eve of his apotheosis, Wild's lady desired to see him, to which he consented. This meeting was at first very tender on both sides; but it could not continue so, for unluckily, some hints of former miscarriages intervening, as particularly when she asked him how he could have used her so barbarously once as calling her b—, and whether such language became a man, much less a gentleman, Wild flew into a violent passion, and swore she was the vilest of b—s to upbraid him at such a season with an unguarded word spoke long ago. She replied, with many tears, she was well enough served for her folly in visiting such a brute; but she had one comfort, however, that it would be the last time he could ever treat her so; that indeed she had some obligation to him, for that his cruelty to her would reconcile her to the fate he was to-morrow to suffer; and, indeed, nothing but such brutality could have made the consideration of his shameful death (so this weak woman called hanging), which was now inevitable, to be borne even without madness. She then proceeded to a recapitulation of his faults in an exacter order, and with more perfect memory, than one would have imagined her capable of; and it is probable would have rehearsed a complete catalogue had not our hero's patience failed him, so that with the utmost fury and violence he caught her by the hair and kicked her, as heartily as his chains would suffer him, out of the room.

(i) Say what impressions you gain from this passage of Wild, his wife and the relationship between them. [12]

(ii) How far in your view does this passage support the claim that *Jonathan Wild* is comedy at its grimmest and most remorseless? [8]

JANE AUSTEN: *Emma*

(f) 'We shall never agree about him,' cried Emma; 'but that is nothing extraordinary. I have not the least idea of his being a weak young man; I feel sure that he is not. Mr. Weston would not be blind to folly, though in his own son; but he is very likely to have a more yielding, complying, mild disposition than would suit your notions of man's perfection. I dare say he has; and though it may cut him off from some advantages, it will secure him many others.'

'Yes, all the advantages of sitting still when he ought to move, and of leading a life of mere idle pleasure, and fancying himself extremely expert in finding excuses for it. He can sit down and write a fine flourishing letter, full of professions and falsehoods, and persuade himself that he has hit upon the very best method in the world of preserving peace at home, and preventing his father's having any right to complain. His letters disgust me.'

'Your feelings are singular. They seem to satisfy everybody else.'

'I suspect they do not satisfy Mrs. Weston. They hardly can satisfy a woman of her good sense and quick feelings; standing in a mother's place, but without a mother's affection to blind her. It is on her account that attention to Randalls is doubly due, and she must doubly feel the omission. Had she been a person of consequence herself, he would have come, I dare say; and it would not have signified whether he did or no. Can you think your friend behindhand in these sort of considerations? Do you suppose she does not often say all this to herself? No, Emma; your amiable young man can be amiable only in French, not in English. He may be very 'amiable,' have very good manners, and be very agreeable; but he can have no English delicacy towards the feelings of other people — nothing really amiable about him.'

'You seem determined to think ill of him.'

'Me! not at all,' replied Mr. Knightley, rather displeased; 'I do not want to think ill of him. I should be as ready to acknowledge his merits as any other man; but I hear of none, except what are merely personal — that he is well-grown and good-looking, with smooth, plausible manners.'

'Well, if he have nothing else to recommend him, he will be a treasure at Highbury. We do not often look upon fine young men, well-bred and agreeable. We must not be nice, and ask for all the virtues into the bargain. Cannot you imagine, Mr. Knightley, what a *sensation* his coming will produce? There will be but one subject throughout the parishes of Donwell and Highbury — but one interest — one object of curiosity: it will be all Mr. Frank Churchill; we shall think and speak of nobody else.'

'You will excuse my being so much overpowered. If I find him conversable, I shall be glad of his acquaintance; but if he is only a chattering coxcomb, he will not occupy much of my time and thoughts.'

Examine this portrayal of Emma and Mr. Knightley, indicating to what extent and in what ways the reader can learn from it more about the characters and their relationship than they themselves are aware of. [20]

[Turn over

(g) It is characteristic of Heyst's unattached, floating existence that he was in a position to accept this proposal. There is no reason to think that he wanted particularly just then to go poking aboard the brig into all the holes and corners of the Archipelago where Morrison picked up most of his trade. Far from it; but he would have consented to almost any arrangement in order to put an end to the harrowing scene in the cabin. There was at once a great transformation act: Morrison raising his diminished head and sticking the glass in his eye to look affectionately at Heyst, a bottle being uncorked, and so on. It was agreed that nothing should be said to anyone of this transaction. Morrison, you understand, was not proud of the episode, and he was afraid of being unmercifully chaffed.

'An old bird like me! To let myself be trapped by those damned Portuguese rascals! I should never hear the last of it. We must keep it dark.'

From quite other motives, among which his native delicacy was the principal, Heyst was even more anxious to bind himself to silence. A gentleman would naturally shrink from the part of heavenly messenger that Morrison would force upon him. It made Heyst uncomfortable, as it was. And perhaps he did not care that it should be known that he had some means, whatever they might have been — sufficient, at any rate, to enable him to lend money to people. These two had a duet down there, like conspirators in a comic opera, of 'Sh — ssh, shssh! Secrecy! Secrecy!' It must have been funny, because they were very serious about it.

And for a time the conspiracy was successful in so far that we all concluded that Heyst was boarding with the good-natured — some said: sponging on the imbecile — Morrison, in his brig. But you know how it is with all such mysteries. There is always a leak somewhere. Morrison himself, not a perfect vessel by any means, was bursting with gratitude, and under the stress he must have let out something vague — enough to give the island gossip a chance. And you know how kindly the world is in its comments on what it does not understand. A rumour sprang out that Heyst, having obtained some mysterious hold on Morrison, had fastened himself on him and was sucking him dry. Those who had traced these mutters back to their origin were very careful not to believe them. The originator, it seems, was a certain Schomberg, a big, manly, bearded creature of the Teutonic persuasion, with an ungovernable tongue which surely must have worked on a pivot. Whether he was a Lieutenant of the Reserve, as he declared, I don't know. Out there he was by profession a hotel-keeper, first in Bangkok, then somewhere else, and ultimately in Sourabaya. He dragged after him up and down that section of the tropical belt a silent, frightened, little woman with long ringlets, who smiled at one stupidly, showing a blue tooth. I don't know why so many of us patronized his various establishments. He was a noxious ass, and he satisfied his lust for silly gossip at the cost of his customers. It was he who, one evening, as Morrison and Heyst went past the hotel — they were not his regular patrons — whispered mysteriously to the mixed company assembled on the veranda:

'The spider and the fly just gone by, gentlemen.' Then, very important and confidential, his thick paw at the side of his mouth: 'We are among ourselves; well, gentlemen, all I can say is, don't you ever get mixed up with that Swede. Don't you ever get caught in his web.'

(i) What impressions do you gain from this passage of Heyst, Morrison and Schomberg?

[12]

(ii) From this passage say what you find of interest in the style and tone of the narrator and his attitude to the story he is telling. [8]

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *The Waves*

(h) 'It is the first day of the summer holidays,' said Susan. 'But the day is still rolled up. I will not examine it until I step out on to the platform in the evening. I will not let myself even smell it until I smell the cold green air off the fields. But already these are not school fields; these are not school hedges; the men in these fields are doing real things; they fill carts with real hay; and those are real cows, not school cows. But the carbolic smell of corridors and the chalky smell of schoolrooms is still in my nostrils. The glazed, shiny look of matchboard is still in my eyes. I must wait for fields and hedges, and woods and fields, and steep railway cuttings, sprinkled with gorse bushes, and trucks in sidings, and tunnels and suburban gardens with women hanging out washing, and then fields again and children swinging on gates, to cover it over, to bury it deep, this school that I have hated.

'I will not send my children to school nor spend a night all my life in London. Here in this vast station everything echoes and booms hollowly. The light is like the yellow light under an awning. Jinny lives here. Jinny takes her dog for walks on these pavements. People here shoot through the streets silently. They look at nothing but shop-windows. Their heads bob up and down all at about the same height. The streets are laced together with telegraph wires. The houses are all glass, all festoons and glitter; now all front-doors and lace curtains, all pillars and white steps. But now I pass on, out of London again; the fields begin again; and the houses, and women hanging washing, and trees and fields. London is now veiled, now vanished, now crumbled, now fallen. The carbolic and the pitch-pine begin to lose their savour. I smell corn and turnips. I undo a paper packet tied with a piece of white cotton. The egg-shells slide into the cleft between my knees. Now we stop at station after station, rolling out milk-cans. Now women kiss each other and help with baskets. Now I will let myself lean out of the window. The air rushes down my nose and throat — the cold air, the salt air with the smell of turnip fields in it. And there is my father, with his back turned, talking to a farmer. I tremble. I cry. There is my father in gaiters. There is my father.'

'I sit snug in my own corner going North,' said Jinny, 'in this roaring express which is yet so smooth that it flattens hedges, lengthens hills. We flash past signal-boxes; we make the earth rock slightly from side to side. The distance closes for ever in a point; and we for ever open the distance wide again. The telegraph poles bob up incessantly; one is felled, another rises. Now we roar and swing into a tunnel. The gentleman pulls up the window. I see reflections on the shining glass which lines the tunnel. I see him lower his paper. He smiles at my reflection in the tunnel. My body instantly of its own accord puts forth a frill under his gaze. My body lives a life of its own. Now the black window glass is green again. We are out of the tunnel. He reads his paper. But we have exchanged the approval of our bodies. There is then a great society of bodies, and mine is introduced; mine has come into the room where the gilt chairs are. Look — all the windows of the villas and their white-tented curtains dance; and the men sitting in the hedges in the cornfields with knotted blue handkerchiefs are aware too, as I am aware, of heat and rapture. One waves as we pass him. There are bowers and arbours in these villa gardens and young men in shirt-sleeves on ladders trimming roses. A man on a horse canters over the field. His horse plunges as we pass. And the rider turns to look at us. We roar again through blackness. And I lie back; I give myself up to rapture; I think that at the end of the tunnel I enter a lamp-lit room with chairs, into one of which I sink, much admired, my dress billowing round me. But behold, looking up, I meet the eyes of a sour woman, who suspects me of rapture. My body shuts in her face, impertinently, like a parasol. I open my body, I shut my body at my will. Life is beginning. I now break into my hoard of life.'

Write an account of this passage, saying what you learn from it of the thoughts and feelings of Susan and Jinny as they leave school for the last time. Suggest *briefly* how far their future lives are foreshadowed here. [20]

[Turn over

T.S. ELIOT: *Selected Poems*

(I) The October night comes down: returning as before

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And should I have the right to smile?

Write a critical account of this passage, commenting in particular on the style, the use of the speaking voice, and the portrayal of human relationships and feelings. [20]

PART II

Answer **two** questions, at least **one** of which must deal with a work on which you have **not** written in Part I. All questions carry 30 marks.

2 CHAUCER: *The Miller's Prologue and Tale*

Either **(a)** How far do you agree that *The Miller's Tale* is a celebration of the vitality of common life, and that moral criticism has no place in it?

Or **(b)** '*The Miller's Tale* is based on the conflict of opposites: the clever and the stupid, the natural and the affected, the old and the young.'

Consider Chaucer's treatment of any **two** of these 'conflicts' in *The Miller's Tale.*

3 JONSON: *Volpone*

Either **(a)** 'What a rare punishment Is avarice to itself!'

How far and in what ways does Jonson in *Volpone* attempt to establish the truth of this observation?

Or **(b)** Consider Jonson's treatment of the themes of mimicry and disguise in *Volpone*, suggesting what it contributes to the overall effect of the play.

4 JOHN DONNE: *Metaphysical Poets (ed. Gardner)*

Either **(a)** Say what poetic effects you think Donne achieves in his love poetry by his use of a variety of speaking voices.

Or **(b)** 'Only in 'Hymne to God the Father' do we find an assured faith: elsewhere there is always an element of conflict, doubt and fear.'
Consider Donne's religious poetry in the light of this comment.

5 WYCHERLEY: *The Country Wife*

Either **(a)** Consider Wycherley's treatment in *The Country Wife* of the contrast between appearance and reality, indicating what in your view it contributes to the overall effect of the play.

Or **(b)** From your reading of *The Country Wife* say how far you would agree that Wycherley associates sexual passion with lust and jealousy, ideal love with gracefulness and humour.

6 FIELDING: *Jonathan Wild*

Either **(a)** 'Throughout *Jonathan Wild* Fielding directs his irony at the willingness, the positive desire of people to be deceived.'

How helpful do you find this comment to your understanding and enjoyment of *Jonathan Wild*?

Or **(b)** '*Jonathan Wild* is like a puppet-show in which the reader is constantly shown the puppet-master's strings.'

With this comment in mind, write an essay on the role of the narrator in *Jonathan Wild*, indicating what it contributes to your enjoyment of the novel.

[Turn over

7 JANE AUSTEN: *Emma*

Either **(a)** From your experience of *Emma* say how far you think Jane Austen was justified in describing Emma Woodhouse as 'a heroine whom no-one but myself will much like.'

Or **(b)** Say how far you would agree that *Emma* is notable for the importance it attributes to characters who never appear in person.

8 CONRAD: *Victory*

Either **(a)** 'What victory?'

From your reading of Conrad's novel say how you would answer this question.

Or **(b)** Examine Conrad's portrayal in *Victory* of Mr. Jones, Ricardo and Pedro, indicating how far you would agree that 'these three have about them a certain glamour and even a ghoulish charm'.

9 VIRGINIA WOOLF: *The Waves*

Either **(a)** 'Living is continual awareness, a ruthless clinging to the truth of thoughts and sensations and emotions.'

To what extent and by what means does Virginia Woolf, in your view, achieve this sense of 'living' in *The Waves*?

Or **(b)** 'Each part of *The Waves* is marked by a prologue, linking the lives of the characters to the progress of a day.'

Consider Virginia Woolf's use of these prologues in *The Waves*, suggesting what you think it contributes to the overall effect of the novel.

10 T.S. ELIOT: *Selected Poems*

Either **(a)** With close reference to some poems in your selection, consider Eliot's poetry as an expression of the variety and complexity of human experience.

Or **(b)** Write an essay on some of the different uses of the journey in T.S. Eliot's poetry.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS SYNDICATE

General Certificate of Education Advanced Level

ENGLISH **9000/4**

PAPER 4 The Period c.1720 – c.1832

Monday **20 JUNE 1994** Morning 3 hours

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 any **four** questions.

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 on this paper carry equal marks.

This question paper consists of 6 printed pages and 2 blank pages.

[Turn over

Austen: *Mansfield Park*

1 Either (a) Write an essay on the rôles of Henry and Mary Crawford in the novel *Mansfield Park.*

Or (b) Write a commentary on the following passage suggesting what it reveals of the characters involved.

Mrs Norris fetched breath, and went on again.

"The nonsense and folly of people's stepping out of their rank and trying to appear above themselves makes me think it right to give *you* a hint, Fanny, now that you are going into company without any of us; and I do beseech and entreat you not to be putting yourself forward, and talking and giving your opinion as if you were one of your cousins – as if you were dear Mrs Rushworth or Julia.

"*That* will never do, believe me. Remember, wherever you are, you must be the lowest and last; and though Miss Crawford is in a manner at home at the parsonage, you are not to be taking place of her. And as to coming away at night, you are to stay just as long as Edmund chooses. Leave him to settle *that.*"

"Yes, ma'am; I should not think of anything else."

"And if it should rain – which I think exceedingly likely, for I never saw it more threatening for a wet evening in my life – you must manage as well as you can, and not be expecting the carriage to be sent for you. I certainly do not go home tonight, and, therefore, the carriage will not be out on my account; so you must make up your mind to what may happen, and take your things accordingly."

Her niece thought it perfectly reasonable. She rated her own claims to comfort as low even as Mrs Norris could; and when Sir Thomas soon afterwards, just opening the door, said, "Fanny, at what time would you have the carriage come round?" she felt a degree of astonishment which made it impossible for her to speak.

"My dear Sir Thomas," cried Mrs Norris, red with anger, "Fanny can walk."

"Walk!" repeated Sir Thomas, in a tone of most unanswerable dignity, and coming farther into the room – "my niece walk to a dinner engagement at this time of the year! – Will twenty minutes after four suit you?"

"Yes, sir", was Fanny's humble answer, given with the feelings almost of a criminal towards Mrs Norris; and not bearing to remain with her in what might seem a state of triumph, she followed her uncle out of the room, having stayed behind him only long enough to hear these words spoken in angry agitation, –

"Quite unnecessary! – a great deal too kind! But Edmund goes too. True, it is upon Edmund's account. I observed he was hoarse on Thursday night."

Keats: *Selected Poems and Letters*

2 **Either** **(a)** Keats wrote in a letter to Benjamin Bailey: 'O for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts!'

How far and in what ways does Keats's writing give expression to this desire?

Or **(b)** Write an appreciation of the following poem, saying in what ways it is characteristic of Keats's poetry.

Bright star! would I were as steadfast as thou art –
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors –
No – yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever – or else swoon to death.

Wordsworth and Coleridge: *Lyrical Ballads*

3 **Either** **(a)** 'Subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity.'

To what extent and to what effect is this claim borne out in Wordsworth's contributions to *Lyrical Ballads?*

Or **(b)** Would you agree that the strength of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* lies in its symbolic quality?

[Turn over

James Hogg: *Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*

4 **Either** **(a)** 'A story so melodramatic, so full of horrors, as to be unacceptable and unconvincing.'

Discuss this view of the *Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner.*

Or **(b)** Consider the presentation of Wringhim's state of mind in the following passage, indicating what part his ideas play in the novel as a whole.

My reverend father had been, moreover, examining me every day regarding the state of my soul, and my answers sometimes appeared to give him satisfaction, sometimes not. As for my mother, she would harp on the subject of my faith for ever; yet, though I knew her to be a Christian, I confess that I always despised her motley instructions, nor had I any great regard for her person. If this was a crime in me, I never could help it. I confess it freely, and believe it was a judgement from heaven inflicted on her for some sin in former days, and that I had no power to have acted otherwise toward her than I did.

In this frame of mind was I, when my reverend father one morning arose from his seat, and, meeting me as I was entering the room, he embraced me, and welcomed me into the community of the just upon earth. I was struck speechless, and could make no answer save by looks of surprise. My mother also came to me, kissed and wept over me; and after showering unnumbered blessings on my head, she welcomed me into the society of *the just made perfect.* Then each of them took me by the hand, and my reverend father explained to me how he had wrestled with God, as the patriarch of old had done..., and that in bitterness and anguish of spirit, on my account; but that *he* had at last prevailed, and had now gained the long and earnestly desired assurance of my acceptance with the Almighty, in and through the merits of his Son: That I was now a justified person .... " And now, my son, be strong and steadfast in the truth. Set your face against sin and sinful men, and resist even to blood, as many of the faithful of this land have done, and your reward shall be double ... Rejoice and be thankful, for you are plucked as a brand out of the burning, and now your redemption is sealed and sure."

Scott: *The Heart of Midlothian*

5 **Either** **(a)** 'A steady courage and a scrupulous sense of duty.'

Using this comment as a basis, consider Scott's characterisation of Jeanie Deans in *The Heart of Midlothian.*

Or **(b)** 'The happy ending is no solution to the ethical problems raised.'

How far do you agree?

Byron: *Selected Poems*

6 **Either** **(a)** 'There was in him a vital scorn of all.'

How far do you consider that this is a fair judgement of the tone of Byron's poems?

Or **(b)** Write a commentary on the following passage, making brief references where appropriate to other poems in this selection.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,
And Freedom find no champion and no child
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and undefiled?
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has Earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,
And fatal have her Saturnalia been
To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime;
Because the deadly days which we have seen,
And vile Ambition, that built up between
Man and his hopes an adamantine wall,
And the base pageant last upon the scene,
Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst – his second fall.

[Turn over

Clare: *Selected Poems and Prose*

7 **Either** **(a)** 'The dearest joys man ever met
Are all among the past.'

With these words of Clare in mind, write an essay on the importance of past experiences and events in Clare's works.

Or **(b)** Write an appreciation of the following poem, showing in what ways it is characteristic of Clare's poetry.

Insects

Thou tiney loiterer on the barleys beard
And happy unit of a numerous herd
Of playfellows the laughing summer brings
Mocking the suns face in their glittering wings
How merrily they creep and run and flye
No kin they bear to labours drudgery
Smoothing the velvet of the pale hedge rose
And where they flye for dinner no one knows
The dewdrops feed them not – they love the shine
Of noon whose sun may bring them golden wine
All day theyre playing in their sunday dress
Till night goes sleep and they can do no less
Then in the heath bells silken hood they flie
And like to princes in their slumber lie
From coming night and dropping dews and all
In silken beds and roomy painted hall
So happily they spend their summer day
Now in the cornfields now the new mown hay
One almost fancies that such happy things
In coloured moods and richly burnished wings
Are fairey folk in splendid masquerade
Disguised through fear of mortal folk afraid
Keeping their merry pranks a mystery still
Lest glaring day should do their secrets ill.

Goldsmith: *She Stoops to Conquer*

8 **Either** **(a)** Sir Charles: 'I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive.'

In the light of this remark, discuss Goldsmith's presentation of Marlow's behaviour towards women in *She Stoops to Conquer.*

Or **(b)** The play, wrote Hazlitt, is 'more a delightful and delicately managed series of caricatures than a genuine comedy.'

Considering this remark in your discussion, write an essay on what you consider to be the comic qualities of the play.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS SYNDICATE

General Certificate of Education Advanced Level

ENGLISH

9000/5

PAPER 5 Literature of the Victorian Age

Friday **24 JUNE 1994** Afternoon 3 hours

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 any **four** questions.

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 on this paper carry equal marks.

This question paper consists of 9 printed pages and 3 blank pages.

4174 QF41876

[Turn over

KATE CHOPIN: *The Awakening*

1 **Either** **(a)** 'I don't want anything but my own way,' says Edna. How adequate is this as an assessment of her character?

Or **(b)** Discuss the following passage and say to what extent it exemplifies Kate Chopin's narrative methods in the novel as a whole.

But that evening Edna finished her dinner alone, with forced deliberation. Her face was flushed and her eyes flamed with some inward fire that lighted them. After finishing her dinner she went to her room, having instructed the boy to tell any other callers that she was indisposed.

It was a large, beautiful room, rich and picturesque in the soft, dim light which the maid had turned low. She went and stood at an open window and looked out upon the deep tangle of the garden below. All the mystery and witchery of the night seemed to have gathered there amid the perfumes and the dusky and tortuous outlines of flowers and foliage. She was seeking herself and finding herself in just such sweet, half-darkness which met her moods. But the voices were not soothing that came to her from the darkness and the sky above and the stars. They jeered and sounded mournful notes without promise, devoid even of hope. She turned back into the room and began to walk to and fro down its whole length, without stopping, without resting. She carried in her hands a thin handkerchief, which she tore into ribbons, rolled into a ball, and flung from her. Once she stopped, and taking off her wedding ring, flung it upon the carpet. When she saw it lying there, she stamped her heel upon it, striving to crush it. But her small boot heel did not make an indenture, not a mark upon the little glittering circlet.

In a sweeping passion she seized a glass vase from the table and flung it upon the tiles of the hearth. She wanted to destroy something. The crash and clatter were what she wanted to hear.

TROLLOPE: *The Way We Live Now*

2 Either (a) 'Melmotte is a sign of degeneracy, not its cause.' How far do you find this comment relevant to your reading of the novel?

Or (b) Write a commentary on the following passage, saying how it relates to the values explored in the whole novel.

If a moderate estate in land be left to a man now, there arises the question whether he is not damaged unless an income also be left to him wherewith to keep up the estate. Land is a luxury, and of all luxuries is the most costly. Now the Carburys never had anything but land. Suffolk has not been made rich and great either by coal or iron. No great town had sprung up on the confines of the Carbury property. No eldest son had gone into trade or risen high in a profession so as to add to the Carbury wealth. No great heiress had been married. There had been no ruin,—no misfortune. But in the days of which we write the Squire of Carbury Hall had become a poor man simply through the wealth of others. His estate was supposed to bring him in £2,000 a year. Had he been content to let the Manor House, to live abroad, and to have an agent at home to deal with the tenants, he would undoubtedly have had enough to live luxuriously. But he lived on his own land among his own people, as all the Carburys before him had done, and was poor because he was surrounded by rich neighbours. The Longestaffes of Caversham,—of which family Dolly Longestaffe was the eldest son and hope,—had the name of great wealth, but the founder of the family had been a Lord Mayor of London and a chandler as lately as in the reign of Queen Anne. The Hepworths, who could boast good blood enough on their own side, had married into new money. The Primeros,—though the good nature of the country folk had accorded to the head of them the title of Squire Primero,—had been trading Spaniards fifty years ago, and had bought the Bundlesham property from a great duke. The estates of those three gentlemen, with the domain of the Bishop of Elmham, lay all around the Carbury property, and in regard to wealth enabled their owners altogether to overshadow our squire. The superior wealth of a bishop was nothing to him. He desired that bishops should be rich, and was among those who thought that the country had been injured when the territorial possessions of our prelates had been converted into stipends by Act of Parliament. But the grandeur of the Longestaffes and the too apparent wealth of the Primeros did oppress him, though he was a man who would never breathe a word of such oppression into the ear even of his dearest friend. It was his opinion,—which he did not care to declare loudly, but which was fully understood to be his opinion by those with whom he lived intimately,—that a man's standing in the world should not depend at all upon his wealth.

DICKENS: *Bleak House*

3 **Either** **(a)** 'In *Bleak House* Dickens places the stress on common involvement and common responsibility.' How far do you agree?

Or **(b)** Write an appreciation of the passage that follows, including comment on the extent to which it exemplifies Dickens's ways of portraying characters in *Bleak House*.

Plenty of dust comes in at Mr. Tulkinghorn's windows, and plenty more has generated among his furniture and papers. It lies thick everywhere. When a breeze from the country that has lost its way, takes fright, and makes a blind hurry to rush out again, it flings as much dust in the eyes of Allegory as the law—or Mr. Tulkinghorn, one of its trustiest representatives—may scatter, on occasion, in the eyes of the laity.

In his lowering magazine of dust, the universal article into which his papers and himself, and all his clients, and all things of earth, animate and inanimate, are resolving, Mr. Tulkinghorn sits at one of the open windows, enjoying a bottle of old port. Though a hard-grained man, close, dry, and silent, he can enjoy old wine with the best. He has a priceless binn of port in some artful cellar under the Fields, which is one of his many secrets. When he dines alone in chambers, as he has dined to-day, and has his bit of fish and his steak or chicken brought in from the coffee-house, he descends with a candle to the echoing regions below the deserted mansion, and, heralded by a remote reverberation of thundering doors, comes gravely back, encircled by an earthy atmosphere, and carrying a bottle from which he pours a radiant nectar, two score and ten years old, that blushes in the glass to find itself so famous, and fills the whole room with the fragrance of southern grapes.

Mr. Tulkinghorn, sitting in the twilight by the open window, enjoys his wine. As if it whispered to him of its fifty years of silence and seclusion, it shuts him up the closer. More impenetrable than ever, he sits, and drinks, and mellows as it were, in secrecy; pondering, at that twilight hour, on all the mysteries he knows, associated with darkening woods in the country, and vast blank shut-up houses in town: and perhaps sparing a thought or two for himself, and his family history, and his money, and his will—all a mystery to every one—and that one bachelor friend of his, a man of the same mould and a lawyer too, who lived the same kind of life until he was seventy-five years old, and then, suddenly conceiving (as it is supposed) an impression that it was too monotonous, gave his gold watch to his hair-dresser one summer evening, and walked leisurely home to the Temple, and hanged himself.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE: *Shirley*

4 **Either** **(a)** Comment on the narrative methods of the novel.

Or **(b)** Discuss the following passage, saying to what extent the expression of emotional deprivation and alienation here is characteristic of the novel as a whole.

Then, too, her imagination was full of pictures; images of Moore; scenes where he and she had been together; winter fireside sketches; a glowing landscape of a hot summer afternoon passed with him in the bosom of Nunnely Wood: divine vignettes of mild spring or mellow autumn moments, when she had sat at his side in Hollow's Copse, listening to the call of the May cuckoo, or sharing the September treasure of nuts and ripe blackberries—a wild dessert which it was her morning's pleasure to collect in a little basket, and cover with green leaves and fresh blossoms, and her afternoon's delight to administer to Moore, berry by berry, and nut by nut, like a bird feeding its fledgling.

Robert's features and form were with her; the sound of his voice was quite distinct in her ear; his few caresses seemed renewed. But these joys being hollow, were, ere long, crushed in: the pictures faded, the voice failed, the visionary clasp melted chill from her hand, and where the warm seal of lips had made impress on her forehead, it felt now as if a sleety raindrop had fallen. She returned from an enchanted region to the real world: for Nunnely Wood in June, she saw her narrow chamber; for the songs of birds in alleys, she heard the rain on her casement; for the sigh of the south wind, came the sob of the mournful east; and for Moore's manly companionship, she had the thin illusion of her own dim shadow on the wall.

BERNARD SHAW: *The Man of Destiny* and *You Never Can Tell*

5 **Either** **(a)** '*The Man of Destiny* is hardly more than a bravura piece to display the virtuosity of the two principal performers [and] . . . *You Never Can Tell* was an attempt to comply with . . . the requirements of managers in search of fashionable comedies for West End theatre.' Is there more to *either* of these plays than these comments in Shaw's Preface would have us believe?

Or **(b)** Write a commentary on the following dialogue, considering how far it is typical of Shaw's dramatic methods and concerns in *You Never Can Tell* as a whole.

Valentine: Have you ever studied the subject of gunnery? artillery? cannons and war-ships and so on?

Passage removed due to third party copyright restrictions

Mrs Clandon: And you have taught me—nothing. Goodbye.

E. B. BROWNING: *Selected Poems*

6 **Either** **(a)** 'Her poetry expresses a frank sense of the way in which social, political and economic concerns inform the conduct of sexual passion.' How far is this comment supported by your reading of the poems in this selection?

Or **(b)** To what extent is the following extract from 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship' characteristic of tone and attitude in the collection as a whole?

LXX

He had left her, peradventure, when my foot-step proved my coming,
But for *her*—she half arose, then sate, grew scarlet and grew pale.
Oh, she trembled! 'tis so always with a worldly man or woman
In the presence of true spirits: what else *can* they do but quail?

LXXI

Oh, she fluttered like a tame bird, in among its forest brothers
Far too strong for it; then drooping, bowed her face upon her hands;
And I spake out wildly, fiercely, brutal truths of her and others:
I, she planted in the desert, swathed her, windlike, with my sands.

LXXII

I plucked up her social fictions, bloody-rooted though leaf-verdant,
Trod them down with words of shaming,—all the purple and the gold,
All the 'landed stakes' and lordships, all that spirits pure and ardent
Are cast out of love and honour because chancing not to hold.

LXXIII

'For myself I do not argue,' said I, 'though I love you, madam,
But for better souls that nearer to the height of yours have trod:
And this age shows, to my thinking, still more infidels to Adam
Than directly, by profession, simple infidels to God.

LXXIV

'Yet, O God,' I said, 'O grave,' I said, 'O mother's heart and bosom,
With whom first and last are equal, saint and corpse and little child!
We are fools to your deductions, in these figments of heart-closing;
We are traitors to your causes, in these sympathies defiled.'

HARDY: *The Distracted Preacher and Other Tales*

7 Either (a) Write an essay on the effects created by Hardy's use of irony in the stories in this selection.

Or (b) Comment on the ways in which Hardy engages the reader's attention in the following passage and in two or three other stories in the volume.

A man in semi-clerical dress was walking along the road which led from the railway-station into a provincial town. As he walked he read persistently, only looking up once now and then to see that he was keeping on the foot-track and to avoid other passengers. At those moments, whoever had known the former students at the millwright's would have perceived that one of them, Joshua Halborough, was the peripatetic reader here.

What had been simple force in the youth's face was energized judgement in the man's. His character was gradually writing itself out in his countenance. That he was watching his own career with deeper and deeper interest, that he continually 'heard his days before him', and cared to hear little else, might have been hazarded from what was seen there. His ambitions were, in truth, passionate, yet controlled; so that the germs of many more plans than ever blossomed to maturity had place in him; and forward visions were kept purposely in twilight, to avoid distraction.

Events so far had been encouraging. Shortly after assuming the mastership of his first school he had obtained an introduction to the Bishop of a diocese far from his native county, who had looked upon him as a promising young man and taken him in hand. He was now in the second year of his residence at the theological college of the cathedral-town, and would soon be presented for ordination.

He entered the town, turned into a back street, and then into a yard, keeping his book before him till he set foot under the arch of the latter place. Round the arch was written 'National School', and the stonework of the jambs was worn away as nothing but boys and the waves of ocean will wear it. He was soon amid the sing-song accents of the scholars.

His brother Cornelius, who was the schoolmaster here, laid down the pointer with which he was directing attention to the Capes of Europe, and came forward.

'That's his brother Jos!' whispered one of the sixth-standard boys. 'He's going to be a pa'son. He's now at college.'

'Corney is going to be one too, when he's saved enough money,' said another.

TENNYSON: *Selected Poems*

8 **Either** **(a)** 'The bard of public sentiments'; 'the poet of private sensibilities'. What have you found in the selection to support either or both of these comments on Tennyson's poetic achievement?

Or **(b)** Write a commentary on the following lines from 'Ulysses', considering how far they are characteristic of Tennyson's treatment of heroism in the selection as a whole.

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS SYNDICATE

General Certificate of Education Advanced Level

ENGLISH **9000/6**

PAPER 6 Literature c.1900 – c.1960

Tuesday **21 JUNE 1994** Afternoon 3 hours

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 any **four** questions.

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 on this paper carry equal marks.

This question paper consists of 7 printed pages and 1 blank page.

[Turn over

RUDYARD KIPLING: *Selected Stories*

1 **Either** **(a)** 'Kipling's stories are complex, unpredictable and disturbing.' Choosing at least **two** stories from the collection you have studied, say how far you have found a relationship between their 'unpredictable' elements and their effect on you.

Or **(b)** This passage comes at the end of 'The Gardener': comment in detail on it, saying how it relates to what has gone before and how satisfactory you find it as a conclusion to the story.

Next morning Mrs Scarsworth left early on her round of commissions, and Helen walked alone to Hagenzeele Third. The place was still in the making, and stood some five or six feet above the metalled road, which it flanked for hundreds of yards. Culverts across a deep ditch served for entrances through the unfinished boundary wall. She climbed a few wooden-faced earthen steps and then met the entire crowded level of the thing in one held breath. She did not know that Hagenzeele Third counted twenty-one thousand dead already. All she saw was a merciless sea of black crosses, bearing little strips of stamped tin at all angles across their faces. She could distinguish no order or arrangement in their mass; nothing but a waist-high wilderness as of weeds stricken dead, rushing at her. She went forward, moved to the left and the right hopelessly, wondering by what guidance she should ever come to her own. A great distance away there was a line of whiteness. It proved to be a block of some two or three hundred graves whose headstones had already been set, whose flowers were planted out, and whose new-sown grass showed green. Here she could see clear-cut letters at the ends of the rows, and, referring to her slip, realized that it was not here she must look.

A man knelt behind a line of headstones – evidently a gardener, for he was firming a young plant in the soft earth. She went towards him, her paper in her hand. He rose at her approach and without prelude or salutation asked: 'Who are you looking for?'

'Lieutenant Michael Turrell – my nephew,' said Helen slowly and word for word, as she had many thousands of times in her life.

The man lifted his eyes and looked at her with infinite compassion before he turned from the fresh-sown grass towards the naked black crosses.

'Come with me,' he said, 'and I will show you where your son lies.'

When Helen left the Cemetery she turned for a last look. In the distance she saw the man bending over his young plants; and she went away, supposing him to be the gardener.

EDITH WHARTON: *The House of Mirth*

2 **Either** **(a)** 'Selden had meant to keep free from permanent ties, not from any poverty of feeling but because, in a different way, he was, as much as Lily, the victim of his environment.'

With this comment in mind, discuss Wharton's characterisation of Lawrence Selden and Lily Bart and the significance of their relationship for an understanding of the novel as a whole.

Or **(b)** 'In the New York novels a strong sense of human dignity and integrity supplies the ultimate standard behind the social conventions and forms.'

How helpful do you find this as a comment on the social world that Wharton creates in *The House of Mirth*?

JAMES JOYCE: *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

3 **Either** **(a)** 'Stephen's inner experience is constantly contrasted with the reality of his external circumstances.' Consider in what ways such contrasts contribute to Joyce's presentation of Stephen Dedalus.

Or **(b)** How far and in what ways does Joyce succeed in convincing us that Stephen Dedalus has the potential to become an artist?

ARNOLD WESKER: *The Wesker Trilogy*

4 **Either** **(a)** '... the perfect vision is always so distant from the behaviour of the imperfect men and women who must be its agents and its material ...'

How far would you agree that this is the principal theme of the plays that make up the *Trilogy*?

Or **(b)** Wesker's dramatic style has been characterised as 'complexity beneath a veneer of simplicity'. How far would you agree with this assessment?

THOM GUNN: *Selected Poems* **and** TED HUGHES: *The Hawk in the Rain*

5 **Either** **(a)** 'Nature serves mainly to illustrate an inner drama which is the poet's real concern.' How far do you feel this is true of the work of **either** Gunn **or** Hughes **or** both?

Refer to at least **three** poems in your answer.

Or **(b)** Hughes has said that poetry 'seizes on what is depressing and destructive and lifts it into a realm where it becomes healing and energizing'. How far does this comment reflect the concerns and effects of the poetry by Hughes **and/or** Gunn that you have studied?

Refer to at least **three** poems in your answer.

ELIZABETH BOWEN: *The Death of the Heart*

6 Either (a) *'The Death of the Heart* can be viewed as a narrative about Portia's transformation from innocent girlhood to knowing womanhood.'

With this comment in mind, discuss the presentation and implications of **two** or **three** episodes that you see as crucial to the development of Portia's character.

Or (b) The following extract is from the scene where Thomas Quayne is obliged to entertain Major Brutt alone. Discuss the methods and effects of the passage, and indicate in what ways you think Thomas's views on personal and social relations are confirmed or challenged by the novel as a whole.

Then, Thomas had a crisis of self-repugnance. Twitching his head away, with a

(frankly) a discard put the final blot on a world Thomas did not like.

Poetry of the Thirties (Penguin)

7 **Either** **(a)** In his introduction to *Poetry of the Thirties,* Robin Skelton says that in the best poetry of the period 'feelings of private and of communal insecurity are fused together'. How far do you feel this to be true of the poetry you have read from the anthology? You should discuss at least **three** poems.

Or **(b)** Comment in detail on the following poem, saying how far and in what ways you feel it to be characteristic of the poetry of the Thirties:

The British Museum Reading Room

Under the hive-like dome the stooping haunted readers

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5

10

15

20

The guttural sorrow of the refugees.

July, 1939 LOUIS MACNEICE

TERENCE RATTIGAN: *The Winslow Boy* **and** *The Browning Version*

8 **Either** **(a)** Rattigan's main concern as a dramatist has been described as 'the process of learning to know yourself as you really are'. How far and in what ways does this description seem true of some of the characters in the plays you have studied?

Or **(b)** '... the happy endings are never the result of fate, but the result of deliberate and hard come-by decisions.' Write about the endings of the Rattigan plays you have studied, saying how effectively they resolve the action of the plays.

[Turn over

GEORGE LAMMING: *In the Castle of my Skin*

9 **Either** **(a)** 'The times is changin',' said the shoemaker, 'if nothin' change ever in Creighton's village, times is changin' ...'

What kinds of change does this novel explore, and by what means does Lamming suggest their significance?

Or **(b)** *In the Castle of my Skin* ends as below, with a conversation between the narrator and 'the old man Pa'. Discuss the effectiveness of this conclusion, in relation to what you consider to be the novel's principal concerns.

He paused and tapped the stick on the ground.

more deep than simple departure I had said farewell, farewell to the land.

NGUGI WA THIONG'O: *A Grain of Wheat*

10 Either (a) Discuss the view that in this novel Ngugi makes clear both the necessity and the cost of independence for the people of Kenya.

Or (b) How far and in what ways do you find the following passage characteristic of Ngugi's concerns and way of writing in the novel as a whole?

When a young boy, Mugo once went to the railway station at Rung'ei to look at

Passage removed due to third party copyright restrictions

after. Numbed, he ran without thinking of the road, its origin or its end.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS SYNDICATE

General Certificate of Education Advanced Level

ENGLISH **9000/7, 9002/7**

PAPER 7 Comment and Appreciation

Tuesday **28 JUNE 1994** Morning 3 hours (including 30 minutes reading time)

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 any **two** questions.

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 on this paper carry equal marks.

The total of 3 hours includes thirty minutes for you to study the questions before you begin your answers. You may make notes or begin writing your answers during this time if you wish.

This question paper consists of 6 printed pages and 2 blank pages.

4175 QF41878

[Turn over

1 Compare and contrast the following poem and prose passage. Does your reading of the one help to illuminate the other? 'The Echoing Green' is by William Blake (1757–1827). Passage (b) is from *Under the Early Stars* by Alice Meynell (1847–1922).

(a)

THE ECHOING GREEN

The Sun does arise,
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the Echoing Green.

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say:
'Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls and boys,
In our youth time were seen
On the Echoing Green.'

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry;
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening Green.

(b) Play is not for every hour of the day, or for any hour taken at random. There is a tide in the affairs of children. Civilization is cruel in sending them to bed at the most stimulating time of dusk. Summer dusk, especially, is the frolic moment for children, baffle them how you may. They may have been in a pottering mood all day, intent upon all kinds of close industries, breathing hard over choppings and poundings. But when late twilight comes, there comes also the punctual wildness. The children will run and pursue, and laugh for the mere movement—it does so jolt their spirits.

What remembrances does this imply of the hunt, what of the predatory dark? The kitten grows alert at the same hour, and hunts for moths and crickets in the grass. It comes like an imp, leaping on all fours. The children lie in ambush and fall upon one another in the mimicry of hunting.

The sudden outbreak of action is complained of as a defiance and a rebellion. Their entertainers are tired, and the children are to go home. But, with more or less of life and fire, the children strike some blow for liberty. It may be the impotent revolt of the ineffectual child, or the stroke of the conqueror; but something, something is done for freedom under the early stars.

This is not the only time when the energy of children is in conflict with the weariness of men. But it is less tolerable that the energy of men should be at odds with the weariness of children, which happens at some time of their jaunts together, especially, alas! in the jaunts of the poor.

Of games for the summer dusk when it rains, cards are most beloved by children. Three tiny girls were to be taught 'old maid' to beguile the time. One of them, a nut-brown child of five, was persuading another to play. 'Oh come,' she said, 'and play with me at new maid.'

2 Write a critical appreciation of the following poem by the West Indian poet Lucinda Roy. How effectively and by what means does she express feelings of loss and affection through her writing?

CAROUSEL

For Namba Roy, 1910-1961

I often spin around with you and hear

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which will never be swept back by the wind.

3 In the following extract from Shakespeare's play *Pericles* (? 1609) Pericles, Prince of Tyre, is at sea during a violent storm. Lychorida, a nurse, enters with his new-born child. Write a commentary on the passage, discussing in particular the way Shakespeare handles the dramatic presentation of character and incident.

Enter PERICLES, *on shipboard.*

Pericles: The god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deaf'ning, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails! Now, Lychorida!

Enter LYCHORIDA, *[with an infant].*

Lychorida: Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Pericles: How? how, Lychorida?

Lychorida: Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Pericles: O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.

Lychorida: Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Pericles: Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blusterous birth had never babe;
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb. [Poor inch of nature!]
Even at the first thy loss is more than can
Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find here.
Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon't!

4 The following passage comes from *To the Lighthouse* (1927) by Virginia Woolf.

Either **(a)** Write an appreciation of the passage, paying particular attention to its narrative and stylistic features.

Or **(b)** The next section of the novel begins:

'So with the house empty and the doors locked and the mattresses rolled round, those stray airs, advance guards of great armies, blustered in, brushed bare boards, nibbled and fanned. . . .'

(i) Continue the section in your own words but in the same style, for another paragraph or two; then

(ii) Write a brief commentary on what you have written. Comment on any difficulties you may have experienced in imitating Virginia Woolf's style. How far did writing your own version help you to identify and appreciate the characteristic features of the original?

But what after all is one night? A short space, especially when the darkness dims so soon, and so soon a bird sings, a cock crows, or a faint green quickens, like a turning leaf, in the hollow of the wave. Night, however, succeeds to night. The winter holds a pack of them in store and deals them equally, evenly, with indefatigable fingers. They lengthen; they darken. Some of them hold aloft clear planets, plates of brightness. The autumn trees, ravaged as they are, take on the flash of tattered flags kindling in the gloom of cool cathedral caves where gold letters on marble pages describe death in battle and how bones bleach and burn far away in Indian sands. The autumn trees gleam in the yellow moonlight, in the light of the harvest moons, the light which mellows the energy of labour, and smooths the stubble, and brings the wave lapping blue to the shore.

It seemed now as if, touched by human penitence and all its toil, divine goodness had parted the curtain and displayed behind it, single, distinct, the hare erect; the wave falling; the boat rocking, which, did we deserve them, should be ours always. But alas, divine goodness, twitching the cord, draws the curtain; it does not please him; he covers his treasures in a drench of hail, and so breaks them, so confuses them that it seems impossible that their calm should ever return or that we should ever compose from their fragments a perfect whole or read in the littered pieces the clear words of truth. For our penitence deserves a glimpse only; our toil respite only.

The nights now are full of wind and destruction; the trees plunge and bend and their leaves fly helter skelter until the lawn is plastered with them and they lie packed in gutters and choke rain pipes and scatter damp paths. Also the sea tosses itself and breaks itself, and should any sleeper fancying that he might find on the beach an answer to his doubts, a sharer of his solitude, throw off his bedclothes and go down by himself to walk on the sand, no image with semblance of serving and divine promptitude comes readily to hand bringing the night to order and making the world reflect the compass of the soul. The hand dwindles in his hand; the voice bellows in his ear. Almost it would appear that it is useless in such confusion to ask the night those questions as to what, and why, and wherefore, which tempt the sleeper from his bed to seek an answer.

[Mr Ramsay stumbling along a passage stretched his arms out one dark morning, but, Mrs Ramsay having died rather suddenly the night before, he stretched his arms out. They remained empty.]

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS SYNDICATE
General Certificate of Education Advanced Level

ENGLISH 9000/11

PAPER 11 Contemporary Writing

Tuesday **21 JUNE 1994** Afternoon 3 hours

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 any **four** questions.

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 on this paper carry equal marks.

This question paper consists of 19 printed pages and 1 blank page.

4177 QF41880

[Turn over

PETER ACKROYD: *Hawksmoor*

1 **Either** **(a)** In *Hawksmoor* London is called the 'Capitol of Darknesse' and 'the Dungeon of Man's Desires'. What do these descriptions suggest to you about the treatment of the city in the novel?

Or **(b)** Write a close critical appreciation of the following passage, making clear how characteristic you consider it to be of the language and narrative style in *Hawksmoor* as a whole.

I have not bin out of my Bed these two weeks, since I was seiz'd on the Street with

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minde that the Plummer performes his gutters well. And so fair well for now.

(Abacus, pp. 44–45)

JULIAN BARNES: *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters*

2 **Either** **(a)** Nearly halfway through *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters* there is a colour reproduction of Gericault's *The Raft of Medusa* (1819). Write an essay on the painting's significance for the meaning of the novel.

Or **(b)** By a critical analysis of its language, style, and themes, assess how far the following passage is characteristic of *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters* as a whole.

If we look at the history of the world, it seems surprising that love is included. It's an

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textbook, the real thing proved close and reluctant with its secrets.

MARGARET ATWOOD: *Surfacing*

3 **Either** **(a)** In what senses can *Surfacing* be called a ghost story?

Or **(b)** How far does the following passage reflect the language and style of *Surfacing* as a whole?

When I'm certain I've guessed what is required I go back to the cabin, enter it. The

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with a click behind me.

(Virago, pp. 176–177)

Contemporary Women Poets (Bloodaxe)

4 Either (a) Printed below is an extract from Sylvia Plath's *A Comparison*. Write an essay on how far and in what ways it reflects the poetry by Plath that you have read.

How I envy the novelist!

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Now I am being smug, I am finding advantages.

(Bloodaxe, p. 149)

Or (b) To what extent would you agree that the poets in the anthology are characterised by their differences rather than their similarities?

RAYMOND CARVER: *Stories*

5 **Either** **(a)** 'A writer whose limited range of subject matter is reflected in his limited range of technique.' Discuss with reference to Carver's *Stories.*

Or **(b)** Taking the following passage as a starting point consider the use of dialogue in Carver's writing.

'We're the Myerses,' Paula said. 'We came to wish you a Merry Christmas.'

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he said to his wife. 'This is certainly an occasion.'

(Picador, pp. 104–105)

The Heinemann Book of African Poetry in English

6 **Either** **(a)** What in the poems from the anthology has struck you as being especially African in its concerns and attitudes?

Or **(b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, saying how far you find it characteristic of the poetry in the anthology as a whole.

ON BEING A POET IN SIERRA LEONE

SYL CHENEY-COKER

A poet alone in my country

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my poetry, an imperfect metaphor of life!

MAXINE HONG KINGSTON: *The Woman Warrior*

7 **Either** **(a)** In what ways and to what effect does Maxine Hong Kingston make childhood experience central to *The Woman Warrior*?

Or **(b)** Incorporating comment on the following passage in your discussion, consider the narrator's depiction of the United States in *The Woman Warrior*.

My mouth went permanently crooked with effort, turned down on the left side and

one girl who could not speak up even in Chinese school.

(Picador, pp. 154–155)

EARL LOVELACE: *The Dragon Can't Dance*

8 **Either** **(a)** 'The most striking feature of Lovelace's narrative style . . . is its remarkable diversity.' Discuss.

Or **(b)** Write a commentary on the following passage, saying to what extent it reflects the major themes of *The Dragon Can't Dance* as a whole.

For all the years he remained in Calvary Hill steelband, he never became a real

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Zigilee, Baron and Barker.

(Longman, pp. 68–69)

TONI MORRISON: *Song of Solomon*

9 **Either** **(a)** Write an essay on the ways in which the title *Song of Solomon* suggests the main themes and concerns of the novel.

Or **(b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to its style and language and considering its importance in *Song of Solomon* as a whole.

They were troublesome thoughts, but they wouldn't go away. Under the moon, on

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pulling meaning through his fingers.

(Picador, pp. 277–278)

NGUGI: *Devil on the Cross*

10 Either (a) Write an essay on the narrative style and structure of *Devil on the Cross* bearing in mind the 'narrator's' plea 'Give me the tongue . . . give strength, you who commanded me to tell this tale. Give me the words. . . .'

Or (b) Discuss Ngugi's portrayal of contemporary Kenyan society in the following passage and in *Devil on the Cross* as a whole.

Ndĩtika wa Ngũũnji was very fat. His head was huge, like a mountain. His belly hung

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laughing. Ha! ha! ha!'

(Heinemann, pp. 176–177)

STEPHEN POLIAKOFF: *Hitting Town* and *City Sugar*

11 Either (a) What common concerns have you discovered in *Hitting Town* and *City Sugar*?

Or (b) What does the following extract from *Hitting Town* suggest to you about Poliakoff's dramatic method and attitude to the play's subject matter?

Scene Two

The walkway, suggested by a concrete shelf. Behind it the wall is covered in graffiti—of all sorts.

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Clare: (looking at him): You've got to phone our mother remember.

Blackout

(Methuen, pp. 11–13)

CHARLES TOMLINSON: *Selected Poems*

12 Either **(a)** Discuss Tomlinson's poetry in relation to his claim to have sought 'a language of water, light and air.'

Or **(b)** Tomlinson has spoken of his attempt to write 'a rhyme for Eden.' What does this concern with Eden suggest to you about his treatment of England in the poetry?