
LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 9 Poetry, Prose and Drama

8695/92

May/June 2015

2 hours

No Additional Materials are required.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions, each from a different section.

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **15** printed pages, **1** blank page and **1** insert.

Section A: Poetry

TED HUGHES: *New Selected Poems 1957–1994*

1 Either (a) 'Crueller than owl or eagle ...'

With close reference to **two** poems, discuss the presentation and significance of cruelty in Hughes's poetry.

Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents the dead animal.

View of a Pig

The pig lay on a barrow dead.
It weighed, they said, as much as three men.
Its eyes closed, pink white eyelashes.
Its trotters stuck straight out.

Such weight and thick pink bulk 5
Set in death seemed not just dead.
It was less than lifeless, further off.
It was like a sack of wheat.

I thumped it without feeling remorse. 10
One feels guilty insulting the dead,
Walking on graves. But this pig
Did not seem able to accuse.

It was too dead. Just so much 15
A poundage of lard and pork.
Its last dignity had entirely gone.
It was not a figure of fun.

Too dead now to pity. 20
To remember its life, din, stronghold
Of earthly pleasure as it had been,
Seemed a false effort, and off the point.

Too deadly factual. Its weight
Oppressed me – how could it be moved?
And the trouble of cutting it up!
The gash in its throat was shocking, but not pathetic.

Once I ran at a fair in the noise 25
To catch a greased piglet
That was faster and nimbler than a cat,
Its squeal was the rending of metal.

Pigs must have hot blood, they feel like ovens. 30
Their bite is worse than a horse's –
They chop a half-moon clean out.
They eat cinders, dead cats.

Distinctions and admirations such 35
As this one was long finished with.
I stared at it a long time. They were going to scald it,
Scald it and scour it like a doorstep.

WILFRED OWEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Owen presents concern for injured soldiers in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem expresses the narrator's response to the encounter with 'His face'.

Storm

His face was charged with beauty as a cloud
 With glimmering lightning. When it shadowed me
 I shook, and was uneasy as a tree
 That draws the brilliant danger, tremulous, bowed.

So must I tempt that face to loose its lightning. 5
 Great gods, whose beauty is death, will laugh above,
 Who made his beauty lovelier than love.
 I shall be bright with their unearthly brightening.

And happier were it if my sap consume;
 Glorious will shine the opening of my heart; 10
 The land shall freshen that was under gloom;
 What matter if all men cry aloud and start,
 And women hide bleak faces in their shawl,
 At those hilarious thunders of my fall?

Songs of Ourselves

3 **Either** (a) 'I grieve, and dare not show my discontent ...'

Compare ways in which writers express grief in **two** poems.

Or (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the relationship between the man and the woman in the following poem.

Sonnet 75

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
 But came the waves, and washèd it away:
 Again I wrote it with a second hand,
 But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
 'Vain man,' said she, 'that dost in vain assay
 A mortal thing so to immortalise; 5
 For I myself shall like to this decay,
 And eke my name be wipèd out likewise.'
 'Not so,' quod I, 'let baser things devise
 To die in dust, but you shall live by fame: 10
 My verse your virtues rare shall eternise,
 And in the heavens write your glorious name:
 Where, whenas death shall all the world subdue,
 Our love shall live, and later life renew.'

Edmund Spenser

Turn to page 6 for Section B

Section B: Prose

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Half of a Yellow Sun*

4 **Either** (a) 'Characters are divided by loyalties to different people or ideals.'

Discuss Adichie's presentation of **two** characters in the light of this comment.

Or (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the confrontation between Olanna and Odenigbo's mother in the following passage.

Ugwu rolled out the wood mortar from under the table and was rinsing it when Olanna came home. She appeared at the kitchen door; her dress was smart-fitting, her smiling face was full of light.

'Mama!' she said. 'Welcome, *nno*. I am Olanna. Did you go well?' She reached out to hug Master's mother. Her arms went round to enclose the older woman but Master's mother kept her hands to her sides and did not hug Olanna back. 5

'Yes, our journey went well,' she said.

'Good afternoon,' Amala said.

'Welcome.' Olanna hugged Amala briefly before turning to Master's mother. 'Is this Odenigbo's relative from home, Mama?' 10

'Amala helps me in the house,' Master's mother said. She had turned her back to Olanna and was stirring the soup.

'Mama, come, let's sit down. *Bia nodu ana*. You should not bother in the kitchen. You should rest. Let Ugwu do it.'

'I want to cook a proper soup for my son.' 15

There was a light pause before Olanna said, 'Of course, Mama.' Her Igbo had slipped into the dialect that Ugwu heard in Master's speech when his cousins visited. She walked around the kitchen, as if eager to do something to please Master's mother but uncertain what to do. She opened the pot of rice and closed it. 'At least let me help you, Mama. I'll go and change.' 20

'I hear you did not suck your mother's breasts,' Master's mother said.

Olanna stopped. 'What?'

'They say you did not suck your mother's breasts.' Master's mother turned to look at Olanna. 'Please go back and tell those who sent you that you did not find my son. Tell your fellow witches that you did not see him.' 25

Olanna stared at her. Master's mother's voice rose, as if Olanna's continued silence had driven her to shouting. 'Did you hear me? Tell them that nobody's medicine will work on my son. He will not marry an abnormal woman, unless you kill me first. Only over my dead body!' Master's mother clapped her hands, then hooted and slapped her palm across her mouth so that the sound echoed. 30

'Mama –' Olanna said.

'Don't mama me,' Master's mother said. 'I said, Do not mama me. Just leave my son alone. Tell your fellow witches that you did not find him!' She opened the back door and went outside and shouted. 'Neighbours! There is a witch in my son's house! Neighbours!' Her voice was shrill. Ugwu wanted to gag her, to stuff sliced vegetables into her mouth. The soup was burning. 35

'Mah? Will you stay in the room?' he asked, moving towards Olanna.

Olanna seemed to get hold of herself. She tucked a plait behind her ear, picked up her bag from the table, and headed for the front door. 'Tell your master I have gone to my flat,' she said. 40

Ugwu followed her and watched as she got into her car and drove out. She did not wave. The yard was still; there were no butterflies flitting among the white flowers. Back in the kitchen, Ugwu was surprised to hear Master's mother singing

a gently melodious church song: *Nya nya oya mu ga-ana. Na m metu onu uwe ya aka...* 45

She stopped singing and cleared her throat. 'Where has that woman gone?'

'I don't know, Mama,' Ugwu said. He walked over to the sink and began to put away the clean plates in the cupboard. He hated the too-strong aroma of her soup that filled the kitchen; the first thing he would do after she left was wash all the curtains because that smell would soak into them. 50

'This is why I came. They said she is controlling my son,' Master's mother said, stirring the soup.

Chapter 4

E.M. FORSTER: *A Passage to India*

5 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Forster present the English characters in the novel?

Or (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the trial in the following passage.

But his last words brought on another storm, and suddenly a new name, Mrs Moore, burst on the court like a whirlwind. Mahmoud Ali had been enraged, his nerves snapped; he shrieked like a maniac, and asked whether his client was charged with murder as well as rape, and who was this second English lady.

'I don't propose to call her.'

5

'You don't because you can't, you have smuggled her out of the country; she is Mrs Moore, she would have proved his innocence, she was on our side, she was poor Indians' friend.'

'You could have called her yourself,' cried the Magistrate. 'Neither side called her, neither must quote her as evidence.'

10

'She was kept from us until too late – I learn too late – this is English justice, here is your British Raj. Give us back Mrs Moore for five minutes only, and she will save my friend, she will save the name of his sons; don't rule her out, Mr Das; take back those words as you yourself are a father; tell me where they have put her, oh, Mrs Moore ...'

15

'If the point is of any interest, my mother should have reached Aden,' said Ronny dryly; he ought not to have intervened, but the onslaught had startled him.

'Imprisoned by you there because she knew the truth.' He was almost out of his mind, and could be heard saying above the tumult: 'I ruin my career, no matter; we are all to be ruined one by one.'

20

'This is no way to defend your case,' counselled the Magistrate.

'I am not defending a case, nor are you trying one. We are both of us slaves.'

'Mr Mahmoud Ali, I have already warned you, and unless you sit down I shall exercise my authority.'

'Do so; this trial is a farce, I am going.' And he handed his papers to Amritrao and left, calling from the door histrionically yet with intense passion, 'Aziz, Aziz – farewell for ever.' The tumult increased, the invocation of Mrs Moore continued, and people who did not know what the syllables meant repeated them like a charm. They became Indianized into Esmis Esmoor, they were taken up in the street outside. In vain the Magistrate threatened and expelled. Until the magic exhausted itself, he was powerless.

25

'Unexpected,' remarked Mr Turton.

Ronny furnished the explanation. Before she sailed, his mother had taken to talk about the Marabar in her sleep, especially in the afternoon when servants were on the veranda, and her disjointed remarks on Aziz had doubtless been sold to Mahmoud Ali for a few annas; that kind of thing never ceases in the East.

35

'I thought they'd try something of the sort. Ingenious.' He looked into their wide-open mouths. 'They get just like that over their religion,' he added calmly. 'Start and can't stop. I'm sorry for your old Das, he's not getting much of a show.'

'Mr Heaslop, how disgraceful dragging in your dear mother,' said Miss Derek, bending forward.

40

'It's just a trick, and they happened to pull it off. Now one sees why they had Mahmoud Ali – just to make a scene on the chance. It is his speciality.' But he disliked it more than he showed. It was revolting to hear his mother travestied into Esmis Esmoor, a Hindu goddess.

45

'Esmis Esmoor
Esmis Esmoor
Esmis Esmoor
Esmis Esmoor ...'

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** stories explore characters' need to escape.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Grancy and his second wife in the following passage.

This news of Mrs Grancy's death came to me with the shock of an immense blunder – one of fate's most irretrievable acts of vandalism. It was as though all sorts of renovating forces had been checked by the clogging of that one wheel. Not that Mrs Grancy contributed any perceptible momentum to the social machine: her unique distinction was that of filling to perfection her special place in the world. So many people are like badly-composed statues, over-lapping their niches at one point and leaving them vacant at another. Mrs Grancy's niche was her husband's life; and if it be argued that the space was not large enough for its vacancy to leave a very big gap, I can only say that, at the last resort, such dimensions must be determined by finer instruments than any ready-made standard of utility. Ralph Grancy's was in short a kind of disembodied usefulness: one of those constructive influences that, instead of crystallising into definite forms, remain as it were a medium for the development of clear thinking and fine feeling. He faithfully irrigated his own dusty patch of life, and the fruitful moisture stole far beyond his boundaries. If, to carry on the metaphor, Grancy's life was a sedulously-cultivated enclosure, his wife was the flower he had planted in its midst – the embowering tree, rather, which gave him rest and shade at its foot and the wind of dreams in its upper branches.

We had all – his small but devoted band of followers – known a moment when it seemed likely that Grancy would fail us. We had watched him pitted against one stupid obstacle after another – ill-health, poverty, misunderstanding and, worst of all for a man of his texture, his first wife's soft insidious egotism. We had seen him sinking under the leaden embrace of her affection like a swimmer in a drowning clutch; but just as we despaired he had always come to the surface again, blinded, panting, but striking out fiercely for the shore. When at last her death released him it became a question as to how much of the man she had carried with her. Left alone, he revealed numb withered patches, like a tree from which a parasite has been stripped. But gradually he began to put out new leaves; and when he met the lady who was to become his second wife – his one *real* wife, as his friends reckoned – the whole man burst into flower.

The second Mrs Grancy was past thirty when he married her, and it was clear that she had harvested that crop of middle joy which is rooted in young despair. But if she had lost the surface of eighteen she had kept its inner light; if her cheek lacked the gloss of immaturity her eyes were young with the stored youth of half a life-time. Grancy had first known her somewhere in the East – I believe she was the sister of one of our consuls out there – and when he brought her home to New York she came among us as a stranger. The idea of Grancy's remarriage had been a shock to us all. After one such calcining most men would have kept out of the fire; but we agreed that he was predestined to sentimental blunders, and we awaited with resignation the embodiment of his latest mistake. Then Mrs Grancy came – and we understood. She was the most beautiful and the most complete of explanations. We shuffled our defeated omniscience out of sight and gave it hasty burial under a prodigality of welcome. For the first time in years we had Grancy off our minds. 'He'll do something great now!' the least sanguine of us prophesied; and our sentimentalist emended: 'He *has* done it – in marrying her!'

The Moving Finger

Section C: Drama

EDWARD ALBEE: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

- 7 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Albee present failure in the play?
Or (b) Discuss Albee's creation of dramatic tension between characters at this point in the play. You should make close reference to both language and action.

Martha [to GEORGE]: Get me a drink.
 [GEORGE moves to the bar.]
 George makes everybody sick.... When our son was just a little boy, he used to ...

George: Don't, Martha.... 5

Martha: ... he used to throw up all the time, because of George....

George: I said, don't!

Martha: It got so bad that whenever George came into the room he'd start right in retching, and ...

George: ... the real reason [*Spits out the words*] our son ... used to throw up all the time, wife and lover, was nothing more complicated than that he couldn't stand you fiddling at him all the time, breaking into his bedroom with your kimono flying, fiddling at him all the time, with your liquor breath on him, and your hands all over his ... 10

Martha: YEAH? And I suppose that's why he ran away from home twice in one month, too. [*Now to the guests*] Twice in one month! Six times in one year! 15

George [*also to the guests*]: Our son ran away from home all the time because Martha here used to corner him. 20

Martha [*braying*]: I NEVER CORNERED THE SON OF A BITCH IN MY LIFE!

George [*handing MARTHA her drink*]: He used to run up to me when I'd get home, and he'd say, 'Mama's always coming at me.' That's what he'd say. 25

Martha: Liar!

George [*shrugging*]: Well, that's the way it was ... you were always coming at him. I thought it was very embarrassing.

Nick: If you thought it was so embarrassing, what are you talking about it for? 30

Honey [*admonishing*]: Dear ... !

Martha: Yeah! [*To NICK*] Thanks, sweetheart.

George [*to them all*]: I didn't want to talk about him at all ... I would have been perfectly happy not to discuss the whole subject.... I never want to talk about it. 35

Martha: Yes you do.

George: When we're alone, maybe.

Martha: We're alone!

George: Uh ... no, love ... we've got guests.

Martha [*with a covetous look at NICK*]: We sure have. 40
Honey: Could I have a little brandy? I think I'd like a little brandy.
Nick: Do you think you should?
Honey: Oh yes ... yes, dear.
George [*moving to the bar again*]: Sure! Fill 'er up!
Nick: Honey, I don't think you ... 45
Honey [*petulance creeping in*]: It will steady me, dear. I feel a little unsteady.
George: Hell, you can't walk steady on half a bottle ... got to do it right.
Honey: Yes. [*To MARTHA*] I love brandy ... I really do.
Martha [*somewhat abstracted*]: Good for you. 50
Nick [*giving up*]: Well, if you think it's a good idea ...
Honey [*really testy*]: I know what's best for me, dear.
Nick [*not even pleasant*]: Yes ... I'm sure you do.
Honey [*GEORGE hands her a brandy*]: Oh, goodie! Thank you. [*To NICK*] Of course I do, dear. 55
George [*pensively*]: I used to drink brandy.
Martha [*privately*]: You used to drink bergin, too.
George [*sharp*]: Shut up, Martha!
Martha [*her hand over her mouth in a little girl gesture*]: Oooooops.

Act 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

- 8 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Shakespeare dramatise the relationship between Richard and his brothers, Clarence and Edward IV?
- Or** (b) How, and with what dramatic effects, does Shakespeare present Richmond in the following passage?

[Enter the LORDS to RICHMOND sitting in his tent.]

<i>Lords:</i>	Good morrow, Richmond!	
<i>Richmond:</i>	Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen, That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.	
<i>Lords:</i>	How have you slept, my lord?	5
<i>Richmond:</i>	The sweetest sleep and fairest-boding dreams That ever ent'red in a drowsy head Have I since your departure had, my lords. Methought their souls whose bodies Richard murder'd Came to my tent and cried on victory. I promise you my soul is very jocund In the remembrance of so fair a dream. How far into the morning is it, lords?	10
<i>Lords:</i>	Upon the stroke of four.	
<i>Richmond:</i>	Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction. [His Oration to his Soldiers.] More than I have said, loving countrymen, The leisure and enforcement of the time Forbids to dwell upon; yet remember this: God and our good cause fight upon our side; The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls, Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces; Richard except, those whom we fight against Had rather have us win than him they follow. For what is he they follow? Truly, gentlemen, A bloody tyrant and a homicide; One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd; One that made means to come by what he hath, And slaughtered those that were the means to help him; A base foul stone, made precious by the foil Of England's chair, where he is falsely set; One that hath ever been God's enemy. Then if you fight against God's enemy, God will in justice ward you as his soldiers; If you do sweat to put a tyrant down, You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain; If you do fight against your country's foes, Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire; If you do fight in safeguard of your wives, Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors; If you do free your children from the sword, Your children's children quits it in your age. Then, in the name of God and all these rights, Advance your standards, draw your willing swords. For me, the ransom of my bold attempt	15 20 25 30 35 40 45

Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

50

[*Exeunt.*]

Act 5, Scene 3

ROBERT BOLT: *A Man for All Seasons*

- 9 **Either** (a) *Chapuys*: Sir Thomas is a good son of the Church!
Cromwell: Sir Thomas is a man.

In what ways, and with what effects, does Bolt explore this dramatic tension in *A Man for All Seasons*?

- Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss Bolt's presentation of Cromwell at this point in the play.

- Cromwell*: Sir Thomas, there is a more serious charge —
More: Charge?
Cromwell: For want of a better word. In the May of 1526 the King published a book, [*he permits himself a little smile*] a theological work. It was called *A Defence of the Seven Sacraments*. 5
More: Yes. [*Bitterly.*] For which he was named 'Defender of the Faith', by His Holiness the Pope.
Cromwell: – By the Bishop of Rome. Or do you insist on 'Pope'?
More: No, 'Bishop of Rome' if you like. It doesn't alter his authority.
Cromwell: Thank you, you come to the point very readily; what is that authority? As regards the Church in other parts of Europe; [*approaching*] for example, the Church in England. What exactly *is* the Bishop of Rome's authority? 10
More: You will find it very ably set out and defended, Master Secretary, in the King's book. 15
Cromwell: The book published under the King's name would be more accurate. You wrote that book.
More: – I wrote no part of it.
Cromwell: – I do not mean you actually held the pen.
More: – I merely answered to the best of my ability certain questions 20 on canon law which His Majesty put to me. As I was bound to do.
Cromwell: – Do you deny that you *instigated* it?
More: – It was from first to last the King's own project. This is trivial, Master Cromwell. 25
Cromwell: I should not think so if I were in your place.
More: Only two people know the truth of the matter. Myself and the King. And, whatever he may have said to you, he will not give evidence to support this accusation.
Cromwell: Why not? 30
More: Because evidence is given on oath, and he will not perjure himself. If you don't know that, you don't yet know him.
[*CROMWELL looks at him viciously.*]
Cromwell [*goes apart, formally*]: Sir Thomas More, is there anything you wish to say to me concerning the King's marriage with Queen Anne? 35
More [*very still*]: I understood I was not to be asked that again.
Cromwell: Evidently you understood wrongly. These charges —

- More* [anger breaking through]: They are terrors for children, Mr Secretary, not for me! 40
- Cromwell*: Then know that the King commands me to charge you in his name with great ingratitude! And to tell you that there never was nor never could be so villainous a servant nor so traitorous a subject as yourself!
- More*: So I am brought here at last. 45
- Cromwell*: Brought? You brought yourself to where you stand now.
- More*: Yes. Still, in another sense I was brought.
- Cromwell* [indifferent]: Oh yes. [Official.] You may go home now. For the present. [Exit MORE.] I don't like him so well as I did. There's a man who raises the gale and won't come out of harbour. 50
[Scene change commences here, i.e., rear of stage becoming water patterned.]
- Rich* [covert jeer]: Do you still think you can frighten him?
- Cromwell*: No, he's misusing his intelligence.
- Rich*: What will you do now, then? 55
- Cromwell* [as to an importunate child]: Oh, be quiet, Rich.... We'll do whatever's necessary. The King's a man of conscience and he wants either Sir Thomas More to bless his marriage or Sir Thomas More destroyed. Either will do.
- Rich* [shakily]: They seem odd alternatives, Secretary. 60
- Cromwell*: Do they? That's because you're not a man of conscience. If the King destroys a man, that's proof to the King that it must have been a bad man, the kind of man a man of conscience ought to destroy – and of course a bad man's blessing's not worth having. So either will do. 65
- Rich* [subdued]: I see.
- Cromwell*: Oh, there's no going back, Rich. I find we've made ourselves the keepers of this conscience. And it's ravenous.
[Exit CROMWELL and RICH.]

Act 2

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