
WORLD LITERATURE

0408/32

Paper 3 Set Text

May/June 2017

1 hour 30 minutes

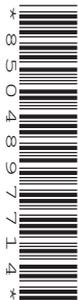
No Additional Materials are required.

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: **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
Your questions may be on one set text or on two set texts.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **12** printed pages and **1** Insert.

SECTION A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

BERTOLT BRECHT: *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*

1 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

<i>The Adjutant:</i>	So far all is quiet. But there isn't a minute to lose. There's not enough room for the trunks on the carriage. Please pick out what you need. [Exit THE ADJUTANT <i>quickly</i> .]	
<i>The Governor's Wife:</i>	Only essentials! Quick, open the trunks. I'll tell you what I've got to have. [<i>The trunks are lowered and opened</i> .]	5
<i>The Governor's Wife</i>	[<i>pointing at some brocade dresses</i>]: That green one! And of course that one with the fur trimming. Where are the doctors? I'm getting this terrible migraine again. It always starts in the temples. This one with the little pearl buttons ... [Enter GRUSHA.] You're taking your time, eh? Go and get the hot water bottles at once! [GRUSHA <i>runs off, and returns with hot water bottles</i> . THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE <i>orders her about by signs</i> .]	10
<i>The Governor's Wife</i>	[<i>watching a young woman attendant</i>]: Don't tear the sleeve!	15
<i>The Young Woman:</i>	I promise you, madam, no harm has come to the dress.	
<i>The Governor's Wife:</i>	Because I caught you. I've been watching you for a long time. Nothing in your head but making eyes at the Adjutant. I'll kill you, you bitch! [<i>She beats her</i> .]	20
<i>The Adjutant</i>	[<i>returning</i>]: I must ask you to make haste, Natella Abashvili. They are fighting in the town. [Exit THE ADJUTANT.]	
<i>The Governor's Wife</i>	[<i>letting go of THE YOUNG WOMAN</i>]: My God, do you think they'll do something to me? Why should they? [<i>All are silent. She herself begins to rummage in the trunks</i> .] Where's my brocade jacket? Help me! What about Michael? Is he asleep?	25
<i>The Nurse:</i>	Yes, madam.	
<i>The Governor's Wife:</i>	Then put him down a moment and go and fetch my little morocco slippers from the bedchamber. I need them to go with the green dress. [THE NURSE <i>puts down the child and goes off</i> . To THE YOUNG WOMAN]: Don't stand around, you! [THE YOUNG WOMAN <i>runs off</i> .] Stay here, or I'll have you flogged! Just look at the way these things have been packed! No love! No understanding! If one doesn't give every order oneself ... At such moments one realizes what one's servants are like! Masha! [<i>She gives her an order with a wave of the hand</i> .] You all gorge yourselves, but never a sign of gratitude! I won't forget this.	30
		35
		40

<i>The Adjutant</i>	[<i>very excited</i>]: Natella, you must leave at once! Orbeliani, Judge of the Supreme Court, has just been hanged! The carpet weavers are in revolt!	
<i>The Governor's Wife:</i>	Why? I must have the silver dress—it cost 1000 piastres. And that one there, and all my furs. And where's the wine-coloured dress?	45
<i>The Adjutant</i>	[<i>trying to pull her away</i>]: Riots have broken out in the outer town! We've got to leave this minute! [<i>A servant runs off.</i>] Where's the child?	
<i>The Governor's Wife</i>	[<i>to THE NURSE</i>]: Maro, get the child ready! Where are you?	50
<i>The Adjutant</i>	[<i>leaving</i>]: We'll probably have to do without the carriage. And ride. [<i>THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE still rummages among her dresses, throws some on to the heap to go with her, then takes them off again. Drums are heard. The sky begins to redden.</i>]	55
<i>The Governor's Wife</i>	[<i>rummaging desperately</i>]: I can't find that wine-coloured dress. [<i>Shrugging her shoulders, to THE SECOND WOMAN</i>]: Take the whole heap and carry it to the carriage. Why hasn't Maro come back? Have you all gone off your heads? I told you it's right at the bottom.	60
<i>The Adjutant</i>	[<i>returning</i>]: Quick! Quick!	
<i>The Governor's Wife</i>	[<i>to THE SECOND WOMAN</i>]: Run! Just throw them into the carriage!	65
<i>The Adjutant:</i>	We're not going by carriage. Come at once or I'll ride off on my own!	
<i>The Governor's Wife:</i>	Maro! Bring the child! [<i>To THE SECOND WOMAN</i>]: Go and look, Masha. No, first take the dresses to the carriage. It's all nonsense, I wouldn't dream of riding!	70

What vivid impressions of the Governor's Wife does Brecht's writing create for you at this moment in the play?

MILES FRANKLIN: *My Brilliant Career*

2 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Self-Analysis

N.B.—This is dull and egotistical. Better skip it. That’s my advice—S. P. M.

As a tiny child I was filled with dreams of the great things I was to do when grown up. My ambition was as boundless as the mighty bush in which I have always lived. As I grew it dawned upon me that I was a girl—the makings of a woman! Only a girl—merely this and nothing more. It came home to me as a great blow that it was only men who could take the world by its ears and conquer their fate, while women, metaphorically speaking, were forced to sit with tied hands and patiently suffer as the waves of fate tossed them hither and thither, battering and bruising without mercy. Familiarity made me used to this yoke; I recovered from the disappointment of being a girl, and was reconciled to that part of my fate. In fact, I found that being a girl was quite pleasant until a hideous truth dawned upon me—I was ugly! That truth has embittered my whole existence. It gives me days and nights of agony. It is a sensitive sore that will never heal, a grim hobgoblin that nought can scare away. In conjunction with this brand of hell I developed a reputation of cleverness. Worse and worse! Girls! girls! Those of you who have hearts, and therefore a wish for happiness, homes, and husbands by and by, never develop a reputation of being clever. It will put you out of the matrimonial running as effectually as though it had been circulated that you had leprosy. So, if you feel that you are afflicted with more than ordinary intelligence, and especially if you are plain with it, hide your brains, cramp your mind, study to appear unintellectual—it is your only chance. Provided a woman is beautiful, allowance will be made for all her shortcomings. She can be unchaste, vapid, untruthful, flippant, heartless, and even clever; so long as she is fair to see, men will stand by her, and as men, in this world, are “the dog on top,” they are the power to truckle to. A plain woman will have nothing forgiven her. Her fate is such that the parents of uncomely female infants should be compelled to put them to death at their birth.

The next unpleasant discovery I made in regard to myself was that I was woefully out of my sphere. I studied the girls of my age around me, and compared myself with them. We had been reared side by side. They had had equal advantages; some, indeed, had had greater. We all moved in the one little, dull world, but they were not only in their world, they were of it; I was not. Their daily tasks and their little pleasures provided sufficient oil for the lamp of their existence—mine demanded more than Possum Gully could supply. They were totally ignorant of the outside world. Patti, Melba, Irving, Terry, Kipling, Caine, Corelli, and even the name of Gladstone, were only names to them. Whether they were islands or racehorses they knew not and cared not. With me it was different. Where I obtained my information, unless it was born in me, I do not know. We took none but the local paper regularly, I saw few books, had the pleasure of conversing with an educated person from the higher walks of life about once in a twelvemonth, yet I knew of every celebrity in literature, art, music, and drama; their world was my world, and in fancy I lived with them. My parents discouraged me in that species of foolishness. They had been fond of literature and the higher arts, but now, having no use for them, had lost interest therein.

In what ways does Franklin strikingly convey Sybylla’s thoughts and feelings to you in this passage?

DAI SIJIE: *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress*

3 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

One cold morning in early spring, snowflakes fell thick and fast for two hours, and soon the ground was blanketed with ten centimetres of fluffy snow. The village headman gave us the day off. Luo and I set out at once to visit Four-Eyes. We had heard about his stroke of bad luck: as was bound to happen, the lenses of his spectacles had been broken.

I was sure, however, that he wouldn't allow this mishap to interfere with his work, in case his myopia was taken as a sign of physical deficiency by the revolutionary peasants and they thought he was a slacker. He lived in constant terror of the peasants' opinion, for it would be up to them one day to decide whether he had been properly re-educated, and so, in theory at any rate, his future lay in their hands. In these circumstances even the slightest defect, either political or physical, could be disastrous.

Unlike us, the inhabitants of our friend's village had to carry on working in spite of the snow: great hodfuls of rice needed to be transported on foot to the district storage station, which was situated twenty kilometres away on the bank of a river whose source was in Tibet. It was time for the annual village tax contribution, and the headman had divided the total weight of rice by the number of villagers, each one being charged with carrying about sixty kilos.

We arrived to find Four-Eyes filling his hod in readiness for the journey to the rice station. We threw some snowballs at him, but he looked all round without seeing us. Without his spectacles his goggle eyes reminded me of the dull, dazed look of a Pekinese dog. He seemed quite lost and stricken, even before he had hoisted the hod of rice onto his back.

'You're mad,' Luo said to him. 'Without your glasses you won't be able to manage that mountain path.'

'I've written to my mother. She's going to send me a new pair as soon as possible, but I can't sit and do nothing until they arrive. I've got to work, that's what I'm here for. At least, that's what the headman says.'

He talked very rapidly, as if he had no time to waste on us.

'Wait,' Luo said. 'I've got an idea: we'll help you carry your hod to the rice station, and when we get back you can lend us some of those books you've got hidden in your suitcase. How's that for a deal?'

'To hell with you,' growled Four-Eyes. 'I don't know what you're talking about. I haven't got any books hidden away.'

Spluttering with anger, he hoisted the heavy burden onto his back and set off.

'Just one book will do,' Luo called after him. 'Done?'

Without replying, Four-Eyes pressed on.

The physical odds were against him. Very soon he was embroiled in a sort of masochistic ordeal: the snow made the path more slippery than usual, and in some places he sank into it up to his ankles. He kept his bulging eyes fixed on the ground before him but couldn't see the raised stones on which he might have put his feet. He advanced blindly, tottering and lurching like a drunkard.

In what ways does Sijie make this moment in the novel so memorable?

HENRIK IBSEN: *Hedda Gabler*

4 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

- Hedda:* I'd really danced myself tired, my dear sir. I had had my day ... [*She gives a little shudder.*] Oh, no ... I'm not going to say that. Nor think it, either.
- Brack:* With respect, madam, you've no reason to.
- Hedda:* Oh ... reason... . [*She sums him up with her look.*] And Jörgen Tesman ... 5
you must allow that he's a most worthy person in every way.
- Brack:* Oh, solid worth. Heaven preserve us.
- Hedda:* And I can't see that there's anything specifically ridiculous about him. ...
Or what do you say?
- Brack:* Ridiculous? No-o ... I wouldn't say that exactly... . 10
- Hedda:* Well. But then he's a most diligent research worker, at any rate! ... And
after all, he might get somewhere with it in time, in spite of everything.
- Brack* [*looks at her a little uncertainly*]: But I thought you believed, like everybody
else, that he'd make a really outstanding man.
- Hedda* [*with a tired expression*]: Yes, so I did. ... And then when he came along 15
and was so pathetically eager to be allowed to support me. ... I don't
really see why I shouldn't let him?
- Brack:* Well of course, if you put it like that... .
- Hedda:* It was more than any of my other gallant friends were prepared to do,
dear Mr. Brack. 20
- Brack* [*laughs*]: Ah, I regret I can't answer for all the others. But as for myself,
as you know I've always observed a ... a certain respect for the bonds of
holy matrimony. In a general sort of way, my lady.
- Hedda* [*banteringly*]: Well no, I never really had any very high hopes of you.
- Brack:* I demand no more than a nice intimate circle of acquaintances, where 25
I can rally round with advice and assistance, and where I'm allowed to
come and go as ... as a trusted friend... .
- Hedda:* Of the master of the house, you mean?
- Brack* [*inclines his head*]: Candidly ... of the lady, for choice. But naturally of
the man as well. D'you know ... this sort of ... let me put it, this sort of 30
triangular relationship ... it's really highly convenient for all concerned.
- Hedda:* Yes, I'd have been glad of a third on the trip, often enough. Ugh ... sitting
there, just two people alone in the compartment ... !
- Brack:* Fortunately, the nuptial journey is at an end... .
- Hedda* [*shakes her head*]: The journey'll be a long one ... a long one yet. I've just 35
come to a stopping-place on the line.
- Brack:* Well, then you jump out. And move around a little, my lady.
- Hedda:* I'll never jump out.
- Brack:* Are you quite sure?
- Hedda:* Yes. Because there's always someone there who'll ... 40
- Brack* [*laughing*]: ... who'll look at your legs, you mean?
- Hedda:* Exactly.
- Brack:* Oh well, good Lord... .

- Hedda* [*with a gesture of dismissal*]: Don't like it. ... Then I'd sooner stay where I am ... in the compartment. Two people alone together. 45
- Brack*: Well then, if somebody else climbs into the compartment.
- Hedda*: Ah yes ... that's quite another thing!
- Brack*: A trusted and sympathetic friend ...
- Hedda*: ... who can converse on all manner of lively topics ...
- Brack*: ... and who's not in the least academic! 50
- Hedda* [*with an audible sigh*]: Yes, that really is a relief.
- Brack* [*hears the front door opening and listens*]: The triangle is completed.
- Hedda* [*half aloud*]: And the train drives on.

How does Ibsen make this conversation between Hedda and Brack so memorable?

Selection from *Songs of Ourselves Volume 2: from Part 3*

5 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

Touch and Go

Man is coming out of the mountains
But his tail is caught in the pass.
Why does he not free himself
Is he not an ass?

Do not be impatient with him 5
He is bowed with passion and fret
He is not out of the mountains
He is not half out yet.

Look at his sorrowful eyes 10
His torn cheeks, his brow
He lies with his head in the dust
Is there no one to help him now?

No, there is no one to help him
Let him get on with it 15
Cry the ancient enemies of man
As they cough and spit.

The enemies of man are like trees
They stand with the sun in their branches
Is there no one to help my creature
Where he languishes? 20

Ah, the delicate creature
He lies with his head in the rubble
Pray that the moment pass
And the trouble.

Look he moves, that is more than a prayer, 25
But he is so slow
Will he come out of the mountains?
It is touch and go.

(Stevie Smith)

In what striking ways does Smith depict man in this poem?

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 Read this extract from *The Open Boat* (by Stephen Crane), and then answer the question that follows it:

The monstrous inshore rollers heaved the boat high until the men were again enabled to see the white sheets of water scudding up the slanted beach. 'We won't get in very close,' said the captain. Each time a man could wrest his attention from the rollers, he turned his glance toward the shore, and in the expression of the eyes during this contemplation there was a singular quality. The correspondent, observing the others, knew that they were not afraid, but the full meaning of their glances was shrouded. 5

As for himself, he was too tired to grapple fundamentally with the fact. He tried to coerce his mind into thinking of it, but the mind was dominated at this time by the muscles, and the muscles said they did not care. It merely occurred to him that if he should drown it would be a shame. 10

There were no hurried words, no pallor, no plain agitation. The men simply looked at the shore. 'Now, remember to get well clear of the boat when you jump,' said the captain.

Seaward the crest of a roller suddenly fell with a thunderous crash, and the long white comber came roaring down upon the boat. 15

'Steady now,' said the captain. The men were silent. They turned their eyes from the shore to the comber and waited. The boat slid up the incline, leaped at the furious top, bounced over it, and swung down the long back of the wave. Some water had been shipped, and the cook bailed it out. 20

But the next crest crashed also. The tumbling, boiling flood of white water caught the boat and whirled it almost perpendicular. Water swarmed in from all sides. The correspondent had his hands on the gunwale at this time, and when the water entered at that place he swiftly withdrew his fingers, as if he objected to wetting them.

The little boat, drunken with this weight of water, reeled and snuggled deeper into the sea. 25

'Bail her out, cook! Bail her out!' said the captain.

'All right, Captain,' said the cook.

'Now, boys, the next one will do for us sure,' said the oiler. 'Mind to jump clear of the boat.' 30

The third wave moved forward, huge, furious, implacable. It fairly swallowed the dinghy, and almost simultaneously the men tumbled into the sea. A piece of lifebelt had lain in the bottom of the boat, and as the correspondent went overboard he held this to his chest with his left hand.

The January water was icy, and he reflected immediately that it was colder than he had expected to find it off the coast of Florida. This appeared to his dazed mind as a fact important enough to be noted at the time. The coldness of the water was sad; it was tragic. This fact was somehow mixed and confused with his opinion of his own situation, so that it seemed almost a proper reason for tears. The water was cold. 35

When he came to the surface he was conscious of little but the noisy water. Afterward he saw his companions in the sea. The oiler was ahead in the race. He was swimming strongly and rapidly. Off to the correspondent's left, the cook's great white and corked back bulged out of the water; and in the rear the captain was hanging with his one good hand to the keel of the overturned dinghy. 40

There is a certain immovable quality to a shore, and the correspondent wondered at it amid the confusion of the sea. 45

It seemed also very attractive; but the correspondent knew that it was a long journey, and he paddled leisurely. The piece of life preserver lay under him, and sometimes he whirled down the incline of a wave as if he were on a hand-sled.

But finally he arrived at a place in the sea where travel was beset with difficulty. He did not pause swimming to inquire what manner of current had caught him, but there his progress ceased. The shore was set before him like a bit of scenery on a stage, and he looked at it and understood with his eyes each detail of it.

50

In what ways does Crane vividly portray the power of the sea in this extract?

SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

BERTOLT BRECHT: *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*

- 7 Explore how Brecht's use of The Singer contributes to the impact of the play.

MILES FRANKLIN: *My Brilliant Career*

- 8 Sybylla says: 'I felt there was no good in the world – especially in men – the hateful creatures.'
How far does Franklin's portrayal of the men in the novel lead you to agree with Sybylla's view?

DAI SIJIE: *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress*

- 9 How far does Sijie's portrayal of Luo make him an admirable character?

NB: Do not use the extract in Question 3 in answering this question.

HENRIK IBSEN: *Hedda Gabler*

- 10 Explore how Ibsen's portrayal of the relationship between Hedda and Lövborg contributes to the dramatic impact of the play.

Selection from *Songs of Ourselves Volume 2: from Part 3*

- 11 Explore the ways in which the poets use words and images to memorable effect in *Shirt* (by Robert Pinsky) **and one** other poem of your choice from the selection you have studied.

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 12 To what extent does Wharton's writing make you sympathise with Ralph Grancy and Claydon, the artist, in *The Moving Finger*?

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