
WORLD LITERATURE

0408/31

Paper 3: Set Text

May/June 2016

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 Lawyers</i>	[<i>approaching AZDAK, who stands up expectantly</i>]: An absolutely ridiculous case, Your Worship. The accused has abducted the child and refuses to hand it over.	
<i>Azdak</i>	[<i>stretching out his hand, and glancing at GRUSHA</i>]: A most attractive person. [<i>He receives more money.</i>] I open the proceedings and demand the absolute truth. [<i>To GRUSHA:</i>] Especially from you.	5
<i>The First Lawyer:</i>	High Court of Justice! Blood, as the saying goes, is thicker than water. This old proverb ...	
<i>Azdak:</i>	The Court wants to know the lawyer's fee.	10
<i>The First Lawyer</i>	[<i>surprised</i>]: I beg your pardon? [<i>AZDAK rubs his thumb and index finger.</i>] Oh, I see. 500 piastres, Your Worship, is the answer to the Court's somewhat unusual question.	
<i>Azdak:</i>	Did you hear? The question is unusual. I ask it because I listen to you in a quite different way if I know you are good.	15
<i>The First Lawyer</i>	[<i>bowing</i>]: Thank you, Your Worship. High Court of Justice! Of all bonds the bonds of blood are the strongest. Mother and child—is there a more intimate relationship? Can one tear a child from its mother? High Court of Justice! She has conceived it in the holy ecstasies of love. She has carried it in her womb. She has fed it with her blood. She has borne it with pain. High Court of Justice! It has been observed, Your Worship, how even the wild tigress, robbed of her young, roams restless through the mountains, reduced to a shadow. Nature herself ...	20
<i>Azdak</i>	[<i>interrupting, to GRUSHA</i>]: What's your answer to all this and anything else the lawyer might have to say?	25
<i>Grusha:</i>	He's mine.	
<i>Azdak:</i>	Is that all? I hope you can prove it. In any case, I advise you to tell me why you think the child should be given to you.	30
<i>Grusha:</i>	I've brought him up according to my best knowledge and conscience. I always found him something to eat. Most of the time he had a roof over his head. And I went to all sorts of trouble for him. I had expenses, too. I didn't think of my own comfort. I brought up the child to be friendly with everyone. And from the beginning I taught him to work as well as he could. But he's still very small.	35
<i>The First Lawyer:</i>	Your Worship, it is significant that the person herself doesn't claim any bond of blood between herself and this child.	40
<i>Azdak:</i>	The Court takes note.	

- The First Lawyer:* Thank you, Your Worship. Please permit a woman who has suffered much—who has already lost her husband and now also has to fear the loss of her child—to address a few words to you. Her Highness, Natella Abashvili ... 45
- The Governor's Wife* [*quietly*]: A most cruel fate, sir, forces me to ask you to return my beloved child. It's not for me to describe to you the tortures of a bereaved mother's soul, the anxiety, the sleepless nights, the ...
- The Second Lawyer* [*exploding*]: It's outrageous the way this woman is treated. She's not allowed to enter her husband's palace. The revenue of her estates is blocked. She is told cold-bloodedly that it's tied to the heir. She can't do anything without the child. She can't even pay her lawyers. [*To THE FIRST LAWYER who, desperate about this outburst, makes frantic gestures to stop him speaking*]: Dear Illo Shuboladze, why shouldn't it be divulged now that it's the Abashvili estates that are at stake? 50
- The First Lawyer:* Please, Honoured Sandro Oboladze! We had agreed ... [*To AZDAK*]: Of course it is correct that the trial will also decide whether our noble client will obtain the right to dispose of the large Abashvili estates. I say 'also' on purpose, because in the foreground stands the human tragedy of a mother, as Natella Abashvili has rightly explained at the beginning of her moving statement. Even if Michael Abashvili were *not* the heir to the estates, he would still be the dearly beloved child of my client. 55
- Azdak:* Stop! The Court is touched by the mention of the estates. It's a proof of human feeling. 60
- 65

In what ways does Brecht make this scene so powerful?

DAI SIJIE: *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress*

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

The village headman, a man of about fifty, sat cross-legged in the centre of the room, close to the coals burning in a hearth that was hollowed out of the floor; he was inspecting my violin. Among the possessions brought to this mountain village by the two 'city youths' – which was how they saw Luo and me – it was the sole item that exuded an air of foreignness, of civilisation, and therefore aroused suspicion. 5

One of the peasants came forward with an oil lamp to facilitate identification of the strange object. The headman held the violin upright and peered into the black interior of the body, like an officious customs officer searching for drugs. I noticed three blood spots in his left eye, one large and two small, all the same shade of bright red. 10

Raising the violin to eye level, he shook it, as though convinced something would drop out of the sound-holes. His investigation was so enthusiastic I was afraid the strings would break. 15

Just about everyone in the village had come to the house on stilts way up on the mountain to witness the arrival of the city youths. Men, women and children swarmed inside the cramped room, clung to the windows, jostled each other by the door. When nothing fell out of my violin, the headman held his nose over the sound-holes and sniffed long and hard. Several long, bristly hairs protruding from his left nostril vibrated gently. 20

Still no clues.

He ran his calloused fingertips over one string, then another ... The strange resonance froze the crowd, as if the sound had won some sort of respect. 25

'It's a toy,' said the headman solemnly.

This verdict left us speechless. Luo and I exchanged furtive, anxious glances. Things were not looking good. 30

One peasant took the 'toy' from the headman's hands, drummed with his fists on its back, then passed it to the next man. For a while my violin circulated through the crowd and we – two frail, skinny, exhausted and risible city youths – were ignored. We had been tramping across the mountains all day, and our clothes, faces and hair were streaked with mud. We looked like pathetic little reactionary soldiers from a propaganda film after their capture by a horde of Communist farm workers. 35

'A stupid toy,' a woman commented hoarsely.

'No,' the village headman corrected her, 'a bourgeois toy.'

I felt chilled to the bone despite the fire blazing in the centre of the room.

'A toy from the city,' the headman continued, 'go on, burn it!'

His command galvanised the crowd. Everyone started talking at once, shouting and reaching out to grab the toy for the privilege of throwing it on the coals. 40

'Comrade, it's a musical instrument,' Luo said as casually as he could, 'and my friend here's a fine musician. Truly.'

The headman called for the violin and looked it over once more. Then he held it out to me.

'Forgive me, comrade,' I said, embarrassed, 'but I'm not that good.'

I saw Luo giving me a surreptitious wink. Puzzled, I took my violin and set about tuning it.

'What you are about to hear, comrade, is a Mozart sonata,' Luo announced, as coolly as before. 45

I was dumbfounded. Had he gone mad? All music by Mozart or indeed by any other Western composer had been banned years ago. In my sodden shoes my feet turned to ice. I shivered as the cold tightened its grip on me.

'What's a sonata?' the headman asked warily.

'I don't know,' I faltered. 'It's Western.'

'Is it a song?'

'More or less,' I replied evasively. 50

At that instant the glint of the vigilant Communist reappeared in the headman's eyes, and his voice turned hostile.

'What's the name of this song of yours?'

'Well, it's like a song, but actually it's a sonata.'

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'I'm asking you what it's called!' he snapped, fixing me with his gaze.

Again I was alarmed by the three spots of blood in his left eye.

'Mozart ...' I muttered.

'Mozart what?'

'Mozart is Thinking of Chairman Mao,' Luo broke in.

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The audacity! But it worked: as if he had heard something miraculous, the headman's menacing look softened.

In what ways does Sijie make this such a fascinating introduction to the novel?

MILES FRANKLIN: *My Brilliant Career*

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

On this afternoon we had six cows to lift. We struggled manfully, and got five on their feet, and then proceeded to where the last one was lying, back downwards, on a shadeless stony spot on the side of a hill. The men slewed her round by the tail, while mother and I fixed the dog-leg and adjusted the ropes. We got the cow up, but the poor beast was so weak and knocked about that she immediately fell down again. We resolved to let her have a few minutes' spell before making another attempt at lifting. There was not a blade of grass to be seen, and the ground was too dusty to sit on. We were too overdone to make more than one-worded utterances, so waited silently in the blazing sun, closing our eyes against the dust.

5

Weariness! Weariness!

10

A few light wind-smitten clouds made wan streaks across the white sky, haggard with the fierce relentless glare of the afternoon sun. Weariness was written across my mother's delicate careworn features, and found expression in my father's knitted brows and dusty face. Blackshaw was weary, and said so, as he wiped the dust, made mud with perspiration, off his cheeks. I was weary—my limbs ached with the heat and work. The poor beast stretched at our feet was weary. All nature was weary, and seemed to sing a dirge to that effect in the furnace-breath wind which roared among the trees on the low ranges at our back and smote the parched and thirsty ground. All were weary, all but the sun. He seemed to glory in his power, relentless and untiring, as he swung boldly in the sky, triumphantly leering down upon his helpless victims.

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Weariness! Weariness!

This was life—my life—my career, my brilliant career! I was fifteen—fifteen! A few fleeting hours and I would be old as those around me. I looked at them as they stood there, weary, and turning down the other side of the hill of life. When young, no doubt they had hoped for, and dreamed of, better things—had even known them. But here they were. This had been their life; this was their career. It was, and in all probability would be, mine too. My life—my career—my brilliant career!

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Weariness! Weariness!

The summer sun danced on. Summer is fiendish, and life is a curse, I said in my heart. What a great dull hard rock the world was! On it were a few barren narrow ledges, and on these, by exerting ourselves so that the force wears off our finger-nails, it allows us to hang for a year or two, and then hurls us off into outer darkness and oblivion, perhaps to endure worse torture than this.

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How does Franklin strikingly convey the nature of Sybylla's life at Possum Gulley at this moment in the novel?

Turn over for Question 4

HENRIK IBSEN: *Hedda Gabler*

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

- Lövborg:* Promise me first ... give me your word that Thea will never know what I'm going to tell you now.
- Hedda:* I give you my word.
- Lövborg:* Well. Then I'll tell you that what I was saying just now wasn't the truth.
- Hedda:* About the manuscript? 5
- Lövborg:* Yes. I didn't tear it up. And I didn't throw it in the fjord, either.
- Hedda:* No. ... But ... where is it then?
- Lövborg:* I've destroyed it all the same. Destroyed it utterly, Hedda!
- Hedda:* I don't understand this.
- Lövborg:* Thea said that for her it was as though I had killed a child. 10
- Hedda:* Yes ... so she did.
- Lövborg:* But to kill his child ... that's not the worst thing a father can do.
- Hedda:* Not the worst?
- Lövborg:* No. I wanted to spare Thea the worst.
- Hedda:* And what is this worst thing, then? 15
- Lövborg:* Look, Hedda, suppose a man ... in the early hours of the morning ... came home to his child's mother after a wild and senseless debauch and said: now listen ... I've been here and I've been there. To all sorts of places. And I had our child along with me. All over the place. And I've lost him. Just like that. Christ alone knows where he's got to, or who's got hold of him. 20
- Hedda:* Oh but ... when all's said and done ... this was only a book. ...
- Lövborg:* Thea's soul was in that book.
- Hedda:* Yes, I can understand that.
- Lövborg:* And so you must understand also that Thea and I ... that there isn't any future for us any more. 25
- Hedda:* And what are you going to do, then?
- Lövborg:* Nothing. Just put an end to it all. The sooner the better.
- Hedda* [*takes a step towards him*]: Ejler Lövborg ... listen to me. ... Couldn't you let it happen ... beautifully? 30
- Lövborg:* Beautifully? [*Smiles.*] Crowned with vine leaves, as you used to imagine?
- Hedda:* Oh no. I don't believe in those vine leaves any more. But beautifully all the same! Just for this once! ... Goodbye. You must go now. And never come here again.
- Lövborg:* Goodbye, Mrs. Tesman. And remember me to your husband. 35
- [He is about to leave.]*
- Hedda:* No, wait! I want to give you something to remember me by.
[She goes to the desk and opens the drawer, and takes out the pistol case. Then she comes back to LÖVBORG with one of the pistols.]
- Lövborg* [*looks at her*]: That! Is that what you want me to have? 40
- Hedda* [*nods slowly*]: Do you recognize it? It was aimed at you, once.
- Lövborg:* You should have used it then.

Hedda: Well ... ! You use it now.

Lövborg [*sticking the pistol in his breast pocket*]: Thank you.

Hedda: And beautifully, Ejlert Lövborg. Promise me that!

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Lövborg: Goodbye, Hedda Gabler.

[*He goes out at the hall door.*]

[*HEDDA listens at the door for a moment. Then she goes to the desk and takes out the packet with the manuscript, peeps inside the wrappers for a moment, takes some of the leaves half way out and looks at them. Then she takes it all over to the armchair by the stove and sits down. After a while she opens the stove door, and unwraps the packet.*]

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Hedda [*throws one of the folded sheets into the fire and whispers to herself*]: Now I'm burning your child, Thea! With your curly hair! [*Throws a few more sheets into the stove.*] Your child and Ejlert Lövborg's. [*Throws in the rest.*] I'm burning ... burning your child.

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Explore the ways in which Ibsen makes this such a powerful moment in the play.

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 5 Read this extract from *The Village Saint*, and then answer the question that follows it:

People were never fooled by façades. They would look quietly and humorously behind the façade at the real person – cheat, liar, pompous condescending sham, and so on – and nod their heads in a certain way until destiny caught up with the decrepit one. The village could be rocked from end to end by scandal; the society itself seemed to cater for massive public humiliations of some of its unfortunate citizens and during those times all one's fanciful, heretical, or venal tendencies would be thoroughly exposed. Despite this acute insight into human nature, the whole village was aghast the day it lost its patron saint, Mma-Mompati. She had had a long reign of twenty-six years, and a fool-proof façade.

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Oh, the story was a long one. It was so long and so austere and holy that it was written into the very stones and earth of village life. And so habitual had her own pose of saintliness become to her that on the day her graven image shattered into a thousand fragments, she salvaged some of the pieces and was still seen at the head of the funeral parade or praying for the sick in hospital.

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Mma-Mompati and her husband, Rra-Mompati, belonged to the elite of the village. At the time of their marriage, Rra-Mompati held an important position in tribal affairs. It was so important that he lived in a large, white-washed, colonial-style house with many large rooms. A wide porch, enclosed with mosquito netting, surrounded the whole house. It was to this house that the elders of the tribe retired to discuss top-secret affairs and it was in this house that Mma-Mompati first made her début as the great lady of the town.

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Their only son, Mompati, was born a year after marriage into this state of affairs – he was born into the Bamangwato tribe, which, as most people know, was famous or notorious for a history of unexpected explosions and intrigues. The child was welcomed tenderly by his father and named Mompati – my little travelling companion. All three members of the family were spectacular in their own ways, but people tended to forget the former names of the parents – they were simply known as Father of Mompati or Mother of Mompati. The child, Mompati, hardly fulfilled the forecast of his name. Indeed, he travelled side by side with his father for sixteen years, he travelled side by side with his mother for another ten years but when he eventually emerged as a personality in his own right, he became known rather as the warm-hearted, loud-voiced firm defender of all kinds of causes – marriage, morals, child care, religion, and the rights of the poor.

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Mompati started his career early in that great white-washed colonial house. Whenever an explosion occurred, and there were many at one stage, the elders of the tribe did not wish the people to know of their secret deliberations and this left the people in an agony of suspense and tension. Some people, under cover of dark, would try to creep onto the wide porch of the house and hold their ears near the window to try and catch only *one* word of the hush-hush talks. A little patrolman soon appeared on stocky, stubby legs with a set, earnest expression who took turn after turn on duty around the porch to keep all eavesdroppers at bay. Seeing Mompati, the eavesdroppers would back away, laughing and shaking their heads in frustration.

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'It was no good,' they would report to the people. 'The little policeman was on duty.'

And so life went on in that great house. The tribal intrigues and explosions came; the intrigues and explosions became irrelevant. The great lady of the town, Mma-Mompati, was seen everywhere. She had the close, guarded eyes of one who knows too much and isn't telling. She presided over teas and luncheons in her home, just like any English lady, with polished etiquette and the professional smile of the highborn who don't really give a damn about people or anything. And as though to off-set all the intrigues and underworld deals that went on in her home behind closed doors, Mma-Mompati

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assiduously cultivated her 'other image' of the holy woman. No villager could die without being buried by Mma-Mompatati: she attended the funerals of rich and poor. No one could fall ill without receiving the prayers of Mma-Mompatati.

In what ways does Head make this such a memorable opening to the story?

SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

BERTOLT BRECHT: *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*

- 6 How does Brecht make the relationship between Grusha and Simon Chachava so moving in the play?

DAI SIJIE: *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress*

- 7 How does Sijie make Four-Eyes such a memorable character in the novel?

MILES FRANKLIN: *My Brilliant Career*

- 8 To what extent does Franklin make you feel that Sybylla is right not to marry Harold Beecham at the end of the novel?

HENRIK IBSEN: *Hedda Gabler*

- 9 What striking impressions of Brack does Ibsen's writing create for you?

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 10 Explore the ways in which MacLaverty powerfully depicts the nephew's thoughts and feelings in *Secrets*.

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