

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/03

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2006

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.
Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.
Write in dark blue or black pen.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.
At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

Section A

JOHN KEATS : *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) Keats has been praised for 'the richness of his language and imagery'.
Discuss what contribution you find this richness makes to the effects of **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following extract, saying in what ways it is characteristic of Keats's poetry.

Leading the way, young damsels danced along,
 Bearing the burden of a shepherd song;
 Each having a white wicker over brimm'd
 With April's tender younglings: next, well trimm'd,
 A crowd of shepherds with as sunburnt looks 5
 As may be read of in Arcadian books;
 Such as sat listening round Apollo's pipe,
 When the great deity, for earth too ripe,
 Let his divinity o'er-flowing die
 In music, through the vales of Thessaly: 10
 Some idly trailed their sheep-hooks on the ground,
 And some kept up a shrilly mellow sound
 With ebon-tipped flutes: close after these,
 Now coming from beneath the forest trees,
 A venerable priest full soberly, 15
 Begirt with ministring looks: alway his eye
 Stedfast upon the matted turf he kept,
 And after him his sacred vestments swept.
 From his right hand there swung a vase, milk-white,
 Of mingled wine, out-sparkling generous light; 20
 And in his left he held a basket full
 Of all sweet herbs that searching eye could cull:
 Wild thyme, and valley-lilies whiter still
 Than Leda's love, and cresses from the rill.
 His aged head, crowned with beechen wreath, 25
 Seem'd like a poll of ivy in the teeth
 Of winter hoar. Then came another crowd
 Of shepherds, lifting in due time aloud
 Their share of the ditty. After them appear'd,
 Up-followed by a multitude that rear'd 30
 Their voices to the clouds, a fair wrought car,
 Easily rolling so as scarce to mar
 The freedom of three steeds of dapple brown:
 Who stood therein did seem of great renown
 Among the throng. His youth was fully blown, 35
 Shewing like Ganymede to manhood grown;
 And, for those simple times, his garments were
 A chieftain king's: beneath his breast, half bare,
 Was hung a silver bugle, and between
 His nery knees there lay a boar-spear keen. 40
 A smile was on his countenance; he seem'd,
 To common lookers on, like one who dream'd
 Of idleness in groves Elysian:
 But there were some who feelingly could scan

A lurking trouble in his nether lip, 45
And see that oftentimes the reins would slip
Through his forgotten hands: then would they sigh,
And think of yellow leaves, of owlet's cry,
Of logs piled solemnly.—Ah, well-a-day,
Why should our young Endymion pine away! 50

from Endymion

Ed. HYDES : *Touched with Fire (Sections A and B)*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.'

Compare the ways poets have written about different kinds of pain in **two** poems.

- Or** (b) Discuss the following poem, commenting in particular on the development of the poet's concern with time.

Rising Five

'I'm rising five', he said,
'Not four', and little coils of hair
Un-clicked themselves upon his head.
His spectacles, brimful of eyes to stare
At me and the meadow, reflected cones of light 5
Above his toffee-buckled cheeks. He'd been alive
Fifty-six months or perhaps a week more:

not four,

But rising five.

Around him in the field the cells of spring 10
Bubbled and doubled; buds unbuttoned; shoot
And stem shook out the creases from their frills,
And every tree was swilled with green.
It was the season after blossoming,
Before the forming of the fruit: 15

not May,

But rising June.

And in the sky
The dust dissected tangential light:
not day, 20

But rising night;

not now,

But rising soon.

The new buds push the old leaves from the bough.
We drop our youth behind us like a boy 25
Throwing away his toffee-wrappers. We never see the flower,
But only the fruit in the flower; never the fruit,
But only the rot in the fruit. We look for the marriage bed
In the baby's cradle, we look for the grave in the bed:

not living, 30

But rising dead.

Norman Nicholson

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss the role of humour in Stevie Smith's poetry.
Or (b) Comment closely on the language, tone and content of the following poem.

Will Man Ever Face Fact And Not Feel Flat?

The rocks and trees in silence stood
To see where Man ran by,
A creature weak as this one is
What can he do but die?
But as they stood and scornful smiled 5
They heard an angel call:
'The tender creature needeth love,
He needeth love above all.'

This made the rocks and trees laugh more 10
Until they saw the force of it,
Saw Man disembowelling the earth
And killing because of it.

Ah then they found Man admirable
'But', said the angel, 'is he?'
And weeping cried, 'The need of love 15
Makes Man too busy.'

Then God said, 'You are wrong all,
The need of love is meant to call
Man to me, I am love, I,
If it does not, for lack of love he'll die.' 20

But then came a little wind sneaking along
That was older than all and infamously strong,
'Oh what an artistic animal is our little Man,'
Sneered the wind, 'It is wonderful how he can
Invent fairy stories about everything, pit pat, 25
Will he ever face fact and not feel flat?'

Section B

GEORGE ELIOT : *The Mill on the Floss*

- 4 **Either** (a) George Eliot wrote in a letter that 'woman seems to me to have the worse share existence.' In what ways do you think the novel explores this concern?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, discussing the ways it presents Maggie's and Philip's relationship at this stage of the novel.

Philip turned to walk on, as if he had not patience to stand still any longer, and they went out of the hollow, winding amongst the trees and bushes in silence. After that last word of Philip's, Maggie could not bear to insist immediately on their parting.

'I've been a great deal happier,' she said at last, timidly, 'since I have given up thinking about what is easy and pleasant, and being discontented because I couldn't have my own will. Our life is determined for us; and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing, and only think of bearing what is laid upon us, and doing what is given us to do.' 5

'But I can't give up wishing,' said Philip, impatiently. 'It seems to me we can never give up longing and wishing while we are thoroughly alive. There are certain things we feel to be beautiful and good, and we *must* hunger after them. How can we ever be satisfied without them until our feelings are deadened? I delight in fine pictures; I long to be able to paint such. I strive and strive, and can't produce what I want. That is pain to me, and always *will* be pain, until my faculties lose their keenness, like aged eyes. Then there are many other things I long for,'—here Philip hesitated a little, and then said, —'things that other men have, and that will always be denied me. My life will have nothing great or beautiful in it; I would rather not have lived.' 10 15

'Oh, Philip,' said Maggie, 'I wish you didn't feel so.' But her heart began to beat with something of Philip's discontent. 20

'Well, then,' said he, turning quickly round and fixing his grey eyes entreatingly on her face, 'I should be contented to live, if you would let me see you sometimes.' Then, checked by a fear which her face suggested, he looked away again and said more calmly, 'I have no friend to whom I can tell everything — no one who cares enough about me; and if I could only see you now and then, and you would let me talk to you a little, and show me that you cared for me — and that we may always be friends in heart, and help each other — then I might come to be glad of life.' 25

'But how can I see you, Philip?' said Maggie, falteringly. (Could she really do him good? It would be very hard to say 'goodbye' this day, and not speak to him again. Here was a new interest to vary the days — it was so much easier to renounce the interest before it came.) 30

'If you would let me see you here sometimes, — walk with you here, — I would be contented if it were only once or twice in a month. *That* could injure no one's happiness, and it would sweeten my life. Besides,' Philip went on, with all the inventive astuteness of love at one-and-twenty, 'if there is any enmity between those who belong to us, we ought all the more to try and quench it by our friendship — I mean, that by our influence on both sides we might bring about a healing of the wounds that have been made in the past, if I could know everything about them. And I don't believe there is any enmity in my own father's mind; I think he has proved the contrary.' 35 40

KATHERINE MANSFIELD : *Short Stories*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the different characteristics and effects of the narrative voice, with reference to **two** stories.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to the way Mansfield presents Mrs Harry Kember and society's view of her.

'I'm undressing farther along. I'm going to bathe with Mrs. Harry Kember.'

'Very well.' But Mrs. Fairfield's lips set. She disapproved of Mrs. Harry Kember. Beryl knew it.

Poor old mother, she smiled, as she skimmed over the stones. Poor old mother! Old! Oh, what joy, what bliss it was to be young... 5

'You look very pleased,' said Mrs. Harry Kember. She sat hunched up on the stones, her arms round her knees, smoking.

'It's such a lovely day,' said Beryl, smiling down at her.

'Oh my *dear!*' Mrs. Harry Kember's voice sounded as though she knew better than that. But then her voice always sounded as though she knew something more about you than you did yourself. She was a long, strange-looking woman with narrow hands and feet. Her face, too, was long and narrow and exhausted-looking; even her fair curled fringe looked burnt out and withered. She was the only woman at the Bay who smoked, and she smoked incessantly, keeping the cigarette between her lips while she talked, and only taking it out when the ash was so long you could not understand why it did not fall. When she was not playing bridge — she played bridge every day of her life — she spent her time lying in the full glare of the sun. She could stand any amount of it; she never had enough. All the same, it did not seem to warm her. Parched, withered, cold, she lay stretched on the stones like a piece of tossed-up driftwood. The women at the Bay thought she was very, very fast. Her lack of vanity, her slang, the way she treated men as though she was one of them, and the fact that she didn't care twopence about her house and called the servant Gladys 'Glad-eyes,' was disgraceful. Standing on the veranda steps Mrs. Kember would call in her indifferent, tired voice, 'I say, Glad-eyes, you might heave me a handkerchief if I've got one, will you?' And Glad-eyes, a red bow in her hair instead of a cap, and white shoes, came running with an impudent smile. It was an absolute scandal! True, she had no children, and her husband... Here the voices were always raised; they became fervent. How can he have married her? How can he, how can he? It must have been money, of course, but even then! 10 15 20 25

Mrs. Kember's husband was at least ten years younger than she was, and so incredibly handsome that he looked like a mask or a most perfect illustration in an American novel rather than a man. Black hair, dark blue eyes, red lips, a slow sleepy smile, a fine tennis player, a perfect dancer, and with it all a mystery. Harry Kember was like a man walking in his sleep. Men couldn't stand him, they couldn't get a word out of the chap; he ignored his wife just as she ignored him. How did he live? Of course there were stories, but such stories! They simply couldn't be told. The women he'd been seen with, the places he'd been seen in... but nothing was ever certain, nothing definite. Some of the women at the Bay privately thought he'd commit a murder one day. Yes, even while they talked to Mrs. Kember and took in the awful concoction she was wearing, they saw her, stretched as she lay on the beach; but cold, bloody, and still with a cigarette stuck in the corner of her mouth. 30 35 40

At the Bay

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss Ngugi's presentation of the experience of the white people in Kenya at the time of independence.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of Mugo and his situation here.

Mugo went out. Perhaps the cold air and anonymous night would still his nerves on edge. A cup of tea at Kabui shops seemed the best plan. As he walked through the night, many scenes in his life flashed across his mind; he would be frightened, thrilled, repelled, etc., in turns at each succeeding scene. And strangely everything ended in last night's saying from the Bible: he shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor. The words tickled something in him, they disturbed a memory.

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The memory was of a day in May 1955. Kenya had been in a State of Emergency for about two years. Mugo went to his shamba, another thin strip of land, near Rung'ei Railway Station. Then Emergency regulations and troubles had not touched him. Beyond the station was the tarmac road which went through the settled area to Nairobi, to Mombasa and into the sea. Mugo had never travelled beyond Rung'ei, to the settled area, or to the big city. Once or twice when he was a boy he saw a group of white people smoking, talking and laughing, while black people carried bags of maize and pyrethrum from standing lorries into the railway trucks. When all the lorries had been emptied, the goods train rattled away. Mugo had watched the scene from a safe distance. In after years, whenever he thought of a whiteman (even John Thompson) he always pictured a man smoking a cigarette and a standing train that vomited out smoke. On this day he had tied his shirt, unbuttoned, to the waist, so that the collar and the sleeves brushed against his calves and the back of his thighs as he bent over the crops. The sun burnt the bare black torso pleasantly. Light on the sweating body made the skin gleam brown. The crops — young maize plants, potatoes, beans, peas — opened out and spread their leaves to the sun. Mugo used a small jembe to turn the soil over in the bare and weedy patches between the plants, his fingers for earthing up the crops. As he disturbed the plant stems, the dewdrops on the leaves would break and melt away. The air was fresh and clear and sharp. The fields around, all covered with green things — long, wide leaves hiding the dark earth — appeared beautiful to look at. The sun became increasingly hotter; the moisture on leaves evaporated; leaves dropped, so that at noon the greenness had waned, slightly ashy, and the fields appeared tired. Mugo lay on his back under the shade of a Mwariki and experienced that excessive contentment which one feels during a noon rest from toil. A voice, then he always heard voices whenever he lay on his back at rest, told him: Something is going to happen to you. Closing his eyes, he could feel, almost touched the thing, whose form was vague but, oh, so beautiful. He let the gentle voice lure him to distant lands in the past. Moses too was alone keeping the flock of Jethro his father-in-law. And he led the flock to the far side of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb. And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush. And God called out to him in a thin voice, Moses, Moses. And Mugo cried out, Here am I, Lord.

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Whenever he thought of this day, he always saw it as the climax of his life. For a week later D.O. Robson was shot dead, and Kihika came into his life.

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Chapter 8

Copyright Acknowledgements:

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