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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 2004

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 on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

This document consists of **11** printed pages and **1** blank page.

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Section A

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

1 **Either** **(a)** How far do you consider it appropriate to associate *Songs of Innocence* with childhood and *Songs of Experience* with adulthood? You should refer in your answer to at least **two** poems.

Or **(b)** Compare the following two poems, saying how far they characterise the different worlds of *Innocence* and *Experience*.

Infant Joy

I have no name
I am but two days old. —
What shall I call thee?
I happy am
Joy is my name, — *5*
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile. *10*
I sing the while
Sweet joy befall thee.

Infant Sorrow

My mother groand! my father wept.
Into the dangerous world I leapt:
Helpless, naked, piping loud:
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my fathers hands: *5*
Striving against my swadling bands:
Bound and weary I thought best
To sulk upon my mothers breast.

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

2 **Either** **(a)** Discuss the ways poets treat religious concerns in **two** poems from your se

Or **(b)** Comment closely on the following poem, focusing on how the writer expresses sense of loss.

The Voice

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,
Saying that now you are not as you were
When you have changed from the one who was all to me,
But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then, *5*
Standing as when I drew near to the town
Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you then,
Even to the original air-blue gown!

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness
Travelling across the wet mead to me here, *10*
You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness,
Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I; faltering forward,
Leaves around me falling,
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward, *15*
And the woman calling.

Thomas Hardy

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STEVIE SMITH*: Selected Poems*

3 Either (a) ‘If I lie down upon my bed I must be here,
But if I lie down in my grave I may be elsewhere.’

Discuss Smith’s presentation of death in **two** or **three** poems you have studied.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following poem, saying how far you find its style and concerns typical of Smith’s poetry.

Harold’s Leap

Harold, are you asleep?
Harold, I remember your leap,
It may have killed you
But it was a brave thing to do.
Two promontories ran high into the sky, *5*
He leapt from one rock to the other
And fell to the sea’s smother.
Harold was always afraid to climb high,
But something urged him on,
He felt he should try. *10*
I would not say that he was wrong,
Although he succeeded in doing nothing but die.
Would you?
Ever after that steep
Place was called Harold’s Leap. *15*
It was a brave thing to do.

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Section B

ELIZABETH GASKELL: *North and South*

4 **Either** **(a)** How do the final chapters of the novel, set again in the South, show how Margaret has changed during her stay in the North?

Or **(b)** Discuss the argument between John Thornton and Margaret in the following passage, commenting on what it contributes to the presentation of their relationship at this point in the novel.

'Very lately,' said Margaret, 'I heard a story of what happened in Nuremberg only three or four years ago. A rich man there lived alone in one of the immense mansions which were formerly both dwellings and warehouses. It was reported that he had a child, but no one knew of it for certain. For forty years this rumour kept rising and falling — never utterly dying away. After his death it was found to be true. *5* He had a son — an over grown man, with the unexercised intellect of a child, whom he had kept up in that strange way, in order to save him from temptation and error. But, of course, when this great old child was turned loose into the world, every bad counsellor had power over him. He did not know good from evil. His father had made the blunder of bringing him up in ignorance and taking it for innocence; and *10* after fourteen months of riotous living, the city authorities had to take charge of him, in order to save him from starvation. He could not even use words effectively enough to be a successful beggar.'

'I used the comparison (suggested by Miss Hale) of the position of the master to that of a parent; so I ought not to complain of your turning the simile into a *15* weapon against me. But, Mr Hale, when you were setting up a wise parent as a model for us, you said he humoured his children in their desire for independent action. Now certainly, the time is not come for the hands to have any independent action during business hours; I hardly know what you would mean by it then. And I say, that the masters would be trenching on the independence of their hands, in a *20* way that I, for one, should not feel justified in doing, if we interfered too much with the life they lead out of the mills. Because they labour ten hours a-day for us, I do not see that we have any right to impose leading-strings upon them for the rest of their time. I value my own independence so highly that I can fancy no degradation greater than that of having another man perpetually directing and advising and *25* lecturing me, or even planning too closely in any way about my actions. He might be the wisest of men, or the most powerful — I should equally rebel and resent his interference. I imagine this is a stronger feeling in the North of England than in the South.'

'I beg your pardon, [said Mr Hale] but is not that because there has been none *30* of the equality of friendship between the adviser and advised classes? Because every man has had to stand in an unchristian and isolated position, apart from and jealous of his brother-man: constantly afraid of his rights being trenched upon?'

'I only state the fact. I am sorry to say, I have an appointment at eight o'clock, and I must just take facts as I find them to-night, without trying to account for them; *35* which, indeed, would make no difference in determining how to act as things stand — the facts must be granted.'

'But,' said Margaret, in a low voice, 'it seems to me that it makes all the difference in the world —.' Her father made a sign to her to be silent, and allow Mr Thornton to finish what he had to say. He was already standing up and preparing to *40* go.

'You must grant me this one point. Given a strong feeling of independence every Darkshire man, have I any right to obtrude my views, of the manner in which he shall act, upon another (hating it as I should do most vehemently myself), merely because he has labour to sell and I capital to buy?'

Chapter 15

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DORIS LESSING: *Martha Quest*

5 Either (a) At one point in the novel, Lessing writes of the young people of the Sports Club: 'They did not understand, they understood nothing, they were barbarians'. How does she convey this view in her depiction of the Sports Club set?

Or (b) In what ways does the following passage establish Martha's character at the beginning of the novel?

In the meantime, Martha, in an agony of adolescent misery, was lying among the long grass under a tree, repeating to herself that her mother was hateful, all these old women hateful, every one of these relationships, with their lies, evasions, compromises, wholly disgusting. For she was suffering that misery peculiar to the young, that they are going to be cheated by circumstances out of the full life every nerve and instinct is clamouring for.

After a short time, she grew more composed. A self preserving nerve had tightened in her brain, and with it her limbs and even the muscles of her face became set and hardened. It was with a bleak and puzzled look that she stared at a sunlit and glittering bush which stood at her feet, for she did not see it, she was seeing herself, and in the only way she was equipped to do this — through literature. For if one reads novels from earlier times, and if novels accurately reflect, as we hope and trust they do, the life of their era, then one is forced to conclude that being young was much easier then than it is now. Did X and Y and Z, those blithe heroes and heroines, loathe school, despise their parents and teachers who never understood them, spend years of their lives fighting to free themselves from an environment they considered altogether beneath them? No, they did not; while in a hundred years' time people will read the novels of this century and conclude that everyone (no less) suffered adolescence like a disease, for they will hardly be able to lay hands on a novel which does not describe the condition. What then? For Martha was tormented, and there was no escaping it.

Perhaps, she thought (retreating into the sour humour that was her refuge at such moments), one should simply take the years from, let us say, fourteen to twenty as read, until those happier times arrive when adolescents may, and with a perfectly clear conscience, again enjoy themselves? How lucky, she thought, those coming novelists, who would be able to write cheerfully, and without the feeling that they were evading a problem: 'Martha went to school in the usual way, liked the teachers, was amiable with her parents, and looked forward with confidence to a happy and well-spent life!' But then (and here she suffered a twisting spasm of spite against those cold-minded mentors who so persistently analysed her state, and in so many volumes), what would they have to write about?

That defensive spite released her, and it was almost with confidence that she again lay back, and began to consider herself. For if she was often resentfully conscious that she was expected to carry a burden that young people of earlier times knew nothing about, then she was no less conscious that she was developing a weapon which would enable her to carry it. She was not only miserable, she could focus a dispassionate eye on that misery. This detached observer, felt perhaps as a clear-lit space situated just behind the forehead, was the gift of the Cohen boys at the station; who had been lending her books for the last two years. Joss Cohen tended towards economics and sociology, which she read without feeling personally implicated. Solly Cohen was in love (there is no other word for it) with psychology; he passionately defended everything to do with it, even when his heroes contradicted each other. And from these books Martha had gained a clear picture of herself, from the outside. She was adolescent, and therefore bound to be unhappy; British, and therefore uneasy and defensive; in the fourth decade of the twentieth century, and therefore inescapably beset with problems of race and class; female, and obliged to repudiate the shackled women of the past. She was tormented with

guilt and responsibility and self-consciousness; and she did not regret the torm
though there were moments when she saw quite clearly that in making her se
herself thus the Cohen boys took a malicious delight which was only too natural.
There were moments, in fact, when she hated them.

Part One, Chapter One

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NGUGI: *A Grain of Wheat*

6 **Either** **(a)** On the day of Uhuru, the narrator says that 'It was not exactly a happy fe[...] was more a disturbing sense of inevitable doom.' Discuss Ngugi's presentati[...] Kenyan Independence in the light of this statement.

Or **(b)** In what ways, and how effectively, does the following passage present the treatment of detainees at the Rira Camp?

When he considered the moment ripe, Thompson started calling them in singly into his office. His theory which had matured into a conviction over the years in administering Africans was: Do the unexpected. But here he met different men; men who would not even open their mouths, men who only stared at him. After two weeks he was driven by the men's truculence to the edge of his patience. He went *5* home and cried to Margery: These men are sick.

He hoped the third week would prove different. He leaned back in his chair and waited for the African warders to usher in the first man. Beside Thompson sat two other officers.

'What's your name?' *10*

'Mugo.'

'Where do you come from?'

'Thabai.'

Thompson was relieved to find a man who at least agreed to answer questions. This was a good beginning. If one man confessed the oath, others would follow. He *15* knew Thabai. He had been a District Officer in Rung'ei area twice; the last time being when he went to replace the murdered Robson. So for a few seconds he tried a friendly chat about Thabai: how green the landscape was, how nice and friendly its inhabitants. Then he resumed the questioning.

'How many oaths have you taken?' *20*

'None.'

This sent Thompson to his feet. He paced up and down the room. Suddenly he faced Mugo. The man's face seemed vaguely familiar. But then it was difficult to tell one black face from another: they looked so much alike, masks.

'How many oaths have you taken?' *25*

'None.'

'Liar!' he shouted, sweating.

As for Mugo, he was indifferent to his fate. He was in that state of despair when a man perceives that all struggle is useless. You are condemned to die. Let the sword come quickly. *30*

One of the officers whispered something to Thompson. He studied the man's face for a while. Light dawned on him. He sent Mugo out of the room and carefully dived into the man's record.

Thereafter things went from bad to worse. Many detainees never spoke. In fact, Mugo was the only one who consented to answer questions. But he only opened to *35* repeat what he had said in all the camps. Thompson, like a tick, stuck to Mugo. He questioned him daily, perhaps because he seemed the likeliest to give in. He picked him up for punishment. Sometimes he would have the warders whip Mugo before the other detainees. Sometimes, in naked fury, he would snatch the whip from the warders and apply it himself. If Mugo had cried or asked for mercy Thompson might *40* have relented. But now it seemed to him that all the detainees mocked and despised him for his failure to extort a cry from Mugo.

And that was how Mugo gained prestige among the other detainees. Beyond despair, there was no moaning; the feeling that he deserved all this numbed Mugo to the pain. But the other detainees saw his resignation to pain in a different light; it *45* gave them courage; they came together and wrote a collective letter listing complaints. Among other things they wanted to be treated as political prisoners not

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criminals. Food rations should be raised. Unless these things were done, t would go on hunger-strike. And indeed on the third day, all the detainees, to a man sat down on strike.

Thompson was on the edge of madness. Eliminate the vermin, he would grind his teeth at night. He set the white officers and warders on the men. Yes — eliminate the vermin.

But the thing that sparked off the now famous deaths, was a near-riot act that took place on the third day of the strike. As some of the warders brought food to the detainees, a stone was hurled at them and struck one of them on the head. They let go the food and ran away howling murder! Riot! The detainees laughed and let fly more stones.

What occurred next is known to the world. The men were rounded up and locked in their cells. The now famous beating went on day and night. Eleven men died.

Chapter 9

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