

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

October/November 2005

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

Section A

JOHN KEATS: *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'The weariness, the fever, and the fret'
'More happy love! more happy, happy love!'

In what ways does Keats present human life in his poetry? Refer to **two** poems in your answer.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the language and form of the following poem.

To Autumn

1.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees, 5
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease, 10
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

2.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind; 15
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook; 20
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

3.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day, 25
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn; 30
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;

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

- 2 **Either** (a) A number of the poems in your selection concern memory or the past. Compare ways the poets treat this subject in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, discussing how effectively it suggests the 'human position' of 'suffering'.

Musée des Beaux Arts

About suffering they were never wrong,
 The Old Masters: how well they understood
 Its human position; how it takes place
 While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along;
 How, when the aged are reverently, passionately waiting 5
 For the miraculous birth, there always must be
 Children who did not specially want it to happen, skating
 On a pond at the edge of a wood:
 They never forgot 10
 That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course
 Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot
 Where the dogs go on with their doggy life and the torturer's horse
 Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

In Brueghel's *Icarus*, for instance: how everything turns away
 Quite leisurely from the disaster; the ploughman may 15
 Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,
 But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone
 As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green
 Water; and the expensive delicate ship that must have seen
 Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky, 20
 Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.

W.H. Auden

STEVIE SMITH: *Selected Poems*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss the ways in which Smith's poetry makes ordinary events and experiences remarkable, with reference to **three** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, discussing how it expresses its ideas about being 'A Man'.

A Man I Am

I was consumed by so much hate
 I did not feel that I could wait,
 I could not wait for long at anyrate.
 I ran into the forest wild,
 I seized a little new born child, 5
 I tore his throat, I licked my fang,
 Just like a wolf. A wolf I am.

I ran wild for centuries
 Beneath the immemorial trees,
 Sometimes I thought my heart would freeze, 10
 And never know a moment's ease,
 But presently the spring broke in
 Upon the pastures of my sin,
 My poor heart bled like anything.
 The drops fell down, I knew remorse, 15
 I tasted that primordial curse,
 And falling ill, I soon grew worse.
 Until at last I cried on Him,
 Before whom angel faces dim,
 To take the burden of my sin 20
 And break my head beneath his wing.

Upon the silt of death I swam
 And as I wept my joy began
 Just like a man. A man I am.

Section B

ELIZABETH GASKELL: *North and South*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of Bessy Higgins and the contribution her character makes to the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, discussing the presentation of Mr Hale's announcement to Margaret and the importance of his decision in the novel.

He made her take a chair by him; he stirred the fire, snuffed the candles, and sighed once or twice before he could make up his mind to say—and it came out with a jerk after all—'Margaret! I am going to leave Helstone.'

'Leave Helstone, papa! But why?'

Mr. Hale did not answer for a minute or two. He played with some papers on the table in a nervous and confused manner, opening his lips to speak several times, but closing them again without having the courage to utter a word. Margaret could not bear the sight of the suspense, which was even more distressing to her father than to herself.

'But why, dear papa? Do tell me!'

He looked up at her suddenly, and then said with a slow and enforced calmness:

'Because I must no longer be a minister in the Church of England.'

Margaret had imagined nothing less than that some of the preferments which her mother had so much desired had befallen her father at last—something that would force him to leave beautiful, beloved Helstone, and perhaps compel him to go and live in some of the stately and silent Closets which Margaret had seen from time to time in Cathedral towns. They were grand and imposing places, but if, to go there, it was necessary to leave Helstone as a home for ever, that would have been a sad, long, lingering pain. But nothing to the shock she received from Mr. Hale's last speech. What could he mean? It was all the worse for being so mysterious. The aspect of piteous distress on his face, almost as imploring a merciful and kind judgment from his child, gave her a sudden sickening. Could he have become implicated in anything Frederick had done? Frederick was an outlaw. Had her father, out of a natural love for his son, connived at any—

'Oh! what is it? do speak, papa! tell me all! Why can you no longer be a clergyman? Surely, if the bishop were told all we know about Frederick, and the hard, unjust—'

'It is nothing about Frederick; the bishop would have nothing to do with that. It is all myself. Margaret, I will tell you about it. I will answer any questions this once, but after to-night let us never speak of it again. I can meet the consequences of my painful, miserable doubts; but it is an effort beyond me to speak of what has caused me so much suffering.'

'Doubts, papa! Doubts as to religion?' asked Margaret, more shocked than ever.

'No! not doubts as to religion; not the slightest injury to that.'

He paused. Margaret sighed, as if standing on the verge of some new horror. He began again, speaking rapidly, as if to get over a set task:

'You could not understand it all, if I told you—my anxiety, for years past, to know whether I had any right to hold my living—my efforts to quench my smouldering doubts by the authority of the Church. Oh! Margaret, how I love the holy Church from which I am to be shut out!'

- 5 **Either** (a) 'Mansfield sheds a vivid light onto ordinary lives.'

In what ways, and how effectively, do you think Mansfield achieves this? Refer to **one** or **two** stories in your answer.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Laura in the following passage, paying particular attention to how Mansfield combines the internal and external worlds of the character.

Four men in their shirt-sleeves stood grouped together on the garden path. They carried staves covered with rolls of canvas, and they had big tool-bags slung on their backs. They looked impressive. Laura wished now that she was not holding that piece of bread-and-butter, but there was nowhere to put it, and she couldn't possibly throw it away. She blushed and tried to look severe and even a little bit short-sighted as she came up to them. 5

'Good morning,' she said, copying her mother's voice. But that sounded so fearfully affected that she was ashamed, and stammered like a little girl, 'Oh—er—have you come—is it about the marquee?'

'That's right, miss,' said the tallest of the men, a lanky, freckled fellow, and he shifted his tool-bag, knocked back his straw hat and smiled down at her. 'That's about it.' 10

His smile was so easy, so friendly, that Laura recovered. What nice eyes he had, small, but such a dark blue! And now she looked at the others, they were smiling too. 'Cheer up, we won't bite,' their smile seemed to say. How very nice workmen were! And what a beautiful morning! She mustn't mention the morning; she must be business-like. The marquee. 15

'Well, what about the lily-lawn? Would that do?'

And she pointed to the lily-lawn with the hand that didn't hold the bread-and-butter. They turned, they stared in the direction. A little fat chap thrust out his underlip, and the tall fellow frowned. 20

'I don't fancy it,' said he. 'Not conspicuous enough. You see, with a thing like a marquee,' and he turned to Laura in his easy way, 'you want to put it somewhere where it'll give you a bang slap in the eye, if you follow me.'

Laura's upbringing made her wonder for a moment whether it was quite respectful of a workman to talk to her of bangs slap in the eye. But she did quite follow him. 25

'A corner of the tennis-court,' she suggested. 'But the band's going to be in one corner.'

'H'm, going to have a band, are you?' said another of the workmen. He was pale. He had a haggard look as his dark eyes scanned the tennis-court. What was he thinking? 30

'Only a very small band,' said Laura gently. Perhaps he wouldn't mind so much if the band was quite small. But the tall fellow interrupted.

'Look here, miss, that's the place. Against those trees. Over there. That'll do fine.' 35

Against the karakas. Then the karaka-trees would be hidden. And they were so lovely, with their broad, gleaming leaves, and their clusters of yellow fruit. They were like trees you imagined growing on a desert island, proud, solitary, lifting their leaves and fruits to the sun in a kind of silent splendour. Must they be hidden by a marquee? 40

They must. Already the men had shouldered their staves and were making for the place. Only the tall fellow was left. He bent down, pinched a sprig of lavender, put his thumb and forefinger to his nose and snuffed up the smell. When Laura saw that gesture she forgot all about the karakas in her wonder at him caring for things like that—caring for the smell of lavender. How many men that she knew would have done such a thing? Oh, how extraordinarily nice workmen were, she thought. 45

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the characterisation and role of Karanja.
- Or** (b) In what ways, and how effectively, does the following passage present Gikonyo's feelings for Mumbi at this point in the novel?

Early the next day Gikonyo started work on the handle. Low waves of excitement left his heart in a glow as he chose a piece of wood on which to work. The touch of wood always made him want to create something. But now he felt as if his life depended on giving himself wholly to the present job. His hands were firm. He drove the plane (he had recently bought it) against the rough surface, peeling off rolls and rolls of shavings. Gikonyo saw Mumbi's gait, her very gestures, in the feel and movement of the plane. Her voice was in the air as he bent down and traced the shape of the panga on the wood. Her breath gave him power. 5

And now he exerted that power on the podo-wood. He chiselled and scooped out the unwanted parts to make two pieces of the right shape. He took particular pains over boring the holes. Worms of wood wriggled along the cyclic grooves of the drill-bit and heaved themselves on to the table. The holes were ready. Next he cut three nails with which he riveted the two pieces of wood to the panga. As he hammered the thin ends of the nails into caps, another wave of power swept through him. New strength entered his right hand. He brought the hammer down, up, and brought the hammer down. He felt free. Everything, Thabai, the whole world was under the control of his hand. Suddenly the wave of power broke into an ecstasy, an exultation. Peace settled in his heart. He felt a holy calm; he was in love with all the earth. 10

He thought of taking the panga on Sunday morning. Came the time and doubts began to stab his complacency. He found faults; the smoothness and the fitting had fallen short of the vision in his mind. The handle appeared ordinary, the sort of thing that any carpenter could make. And the wood? It would surely blister a woman's hands within a few minutes of use. He changed into a defiant mood. What did it matter if Mumbi liked it or not? If she did not like the clumsy offering, she ought to do the carpenter's work herself or ask Karanja to help her. In any case she might not be at home. Yes. He would love to find her absent. But as he came to the narrow path leading into the yard through the hedge, he began fearing that she might not be at home; his work would not be complete without her participation. 20

He found her sitting on a four-legged stool outside her mother's hut. Gikonyo affected a nonchalant air. 30

'Is your mother in?' he asked casually, his hands itching to show the panga to Mumbi.

'What do you want with mother? Don't you know that she has got a husband?' Her eyes were laughing at him. Gikonyo would not respond to her smile. He became more solemn, with difficulty. 35

'Sit down,' she said, rising to give him her seat. Then she saw the panga. She rushed forward and took it from his hands. For a moment she stood there, admiring the new handle. Suddenly she pranced towards the hut shouting, 'Mother! Mother! Come and see!' 40

Sweet warmth swelled up in Gikonyo. Joy pained him. His work was done. For Mumbi's smile, for that look of appreciation, he would go on making chairs, tables, cupboards; restore leaking roofs and falling houses; repair windows and doors in all Thabai without a cent in return. He would never make money, he would remain poor, but he would have her. 45

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