

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 2003

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

2 hours

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.
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 **10** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



Section A: Poetry

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

- 1 **Either (a)** 'In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear,
In every voice; in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear'.

How far do these lines reflect the tone of *Songs of Experience*?

- Or (b)** Comment closely on the following poem, considering how its form and language contribute to Blake's presentation of the tiger.

The Tyger

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies, 5
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art 10
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp 15
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee? 20

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Ed. HYDES: *Touched with Fire*

- 2 **Either** (a) Several of the poems in your selection concern childhood. Compare the ways the poets approach this subject in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Discuss the poet's treatment of human ambition in the following poem:

Ozymandias

I met a traveller from an antique land
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command 5
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive (stamped on these lifeless things)
 The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:
 And on the pedestal these words appear:
 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: 10
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

P.B. Shelley

SYLVIA PLATH : *Ariel*

- 3 **Either** (a) Colour is often a striking feature of Plath's poems. Focusing on **two** or **three** poems, comment on her use of colour and how effective it is.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, saying how far you find its methods and concerns typical of the poetry about children in *Ariel*.

You're

Clownlike, happiest on your hands,
 Feet to the stars, and moon-skulled,
 Gilled like a fish. A common-sense
 Thumbs-down on the dodo's mode.
 Wrapped up in yourself like a spool, 5
 Trawling your dark as owls do.
 Mute as a turnip from the Fourth
 Of July to All Fools' Day,
 O high-riser, my little loaf.

Vague as fog and looked for like mail. 10
 Farther off than Australia.
 Bent-backed Atlas, our travelled prawn.
 Snug as a bud and at home
 Like a sprat in a pickle jug.
 A creel of eels, all ripples. 15
 Jumpy as a Mexican bean.
 Right, like a well-done sum.
 A clean slate, with your own face on.

Section B: Prose

Answer **one** question from this section

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of Okonkwo's attitude to Ikemefuna and the significance of this relationship in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment on the content and style of Uchendu's advice to Okonkwo in the following passage, and its importance for his exile in Mbanta.

'It is Okonkwo that I primarily wish to speak to,' he began. 'But I want all of you to note what I am going to say. I am an old man and you are all children. I know more about the world than any of you. If there is any one among you who thinks he knows more let him speak up.' He paused, but no one spoke.

'Why is Okonkwo with us today? This is not his clan. We are only his mother's kinsmen. He does not belong here. He is an exile, condemned for seven years to live in a strange land. And so he is bowed with grief. But there is just one question I would like to ask him. Can you tell me, Okonkwo, why it is that one of the commonest names we give our children is Nneka, or "Mother is Supreme"? We all know that a man is the head of the family and his wives do his bidding. A child belongs to its father and his family and not to its mother and her family. A man belongs to his fatherland and not to his motherland. And yet we say Nneka – "Mother is Supreme". Why is that?' 5

There was silence. 'I want Okonkwo to answer me,' said Uchendu.

'I do not know the answer,' Okonkwo replied. 10

'You do not know the answer? So you see that you are a child. You have many wives and many children – more children than I have. You are a great man in your clan. But you are still a child, *my* child. Listen to me and I shall tell you. But there is one more question I shall ask. Why is it that when a woman dies she is taken home to be buried with her own kinsmen? She is not buried with her husband's kinsmen. Why is that? Your mother was brought home to me and buried with my people. Why was that?' 15

Okonkwo shook his head.

'He does not know that either,' said Uchendu, 'and yet he is full of sorrow because he has come to live in his motherland for a few years.' He laughed a mirthless laughter, and turned to his sons and daughters. 'What about you? Can you answer my question?' 20

They all shook their heads.

'Then listen to me,' he said and cleared his throat. 'It's true that a child belongs to its father. But when a father beats his child, it seeks sympathy in its mother's hut. A man belongs to his fatherland when things are good and life is sweet. But when there is sorrow and bitterness he finds refuge in his motherland. Your mother is there to protect you. She is buried there. And that is why we say that mother is supreme. Is it right that you, Okonkwo, should bring your mother a heavy face and refuse to be comforted? Be careful or you may displease the dead. Your duty is to comfort your wives and children and take them back to your fatherland after seven years. But if you allow sorrow to weigh you down and kill you, they will all die in exile.' He paused for a long while. 'These are now your kinsmen.' He waved at his sons and daughters. 'You think you are the greatest sufferer in the world. Do you know that men are sometimes banished for life? Do you know that men sometimes 25 30 35 40

lose all their yams and even their children? I had six wives once. I have none now except that young girl who knows not her right from her left. Do you know how many children I have buried – children I begot in my youth and strength? Twenty-two. I did not hang myself, and I am still alive. If you think you are the greatest sufferer in the world ask my daughter, Akeuni, how many twins she has borne and thrown away. Have you not heard the song they sing when a woman dies?

45

*“For whom is it well, for whom is it well?
There is no one for whom it is well.”*

‘I have no more to say to you.’

Chapter Fourteen

ELIZABETH GASKELL: *North and South*

- 5 **Either** (a) Elizabeth Gaskell originally intended to call the novel *Margaret Hale* before changing it to *North and South*. Which of these titles would you have chosen, and why?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, discussing the significance of Henry Lennox's proposal at this point in the novel.

'Margaret,' said he, taking her by surprise, and getting sudden possession of her hand, so that she was forced to stand still and listen, despising herself for the fluttering at her heart all the time; 'Margaret. I wish you did not like Helstone so much – did not seem so perfectly calm and happy here. I have been hoping for these three months past to find you regretting London – and London friends, a little – enough to make you listen more kindly' (for she was quietly, but firmly, striving to extricate her hand from his grasp) 'to one who has not much to offer, it is true – nothing but prospects in the future – but who does love you, Margaret, almost in spite of himself. Margaret, have I startled you too much? Speak!' For he saw her lips quivering almost as if she were going to cry. She made a strong effort to be calm; she would not speak till she had succeeded in mastering her voice, and then she said:

'I was startled. I did not know that you care for me in that way. I have always thought of you as a friend; and, please, I would rather go on thinking of you so. I don't like to be spoken to as you have been doing. I cannot answer you as you want me to do, and yet I should feel so sorry if I vexed you.'

'Margaret,' said he, looking into her eyes, which met his with their open, straight look, expressive of the utmost good faith and reluctance to give pain, 'Do you' – he was going to say – 'love anyone else?' But it seemed as if this question would be an insult to the pure serenity of those eyes. 'Forgive me! I have been too abrupt. I am punished. Only let me hope. Give me the poor comfort of telling me you have never seen anyone whom you could –' Again a pause. He could not end his sentence. Margaret reproached herself acutely as the cause of his distress.

'Ah! if you had but never got this fancy into your head! It was such a pleasure to think of you as a friend.'

'But I may hope, may I not, Margaret, that some time you will think of me as a lover? Not yet, I see – there is no hurry – but some time –'

She was silent for a minute or two, trying to discover the truth as it was in her own heart before replying, then she said:

'I have never thought of – you, but as a friend. I like to think of you so; but I am sure I could never think of you as anything else. Pray let us both forget that all this' ('disagreeable,' she was going to say, but stopped short) 'conversation has taken place.'

He paused before he replied. Then, in his habitual coldness of tone, he answered:

'Of course, as your feelings are so decided, and as this conversation has been so evidently unpleasant to you, it had better not be remembered. That is all very fine in theory, that plan of forgetting whatever is painful, but it will be somewhat difficult for me, at least, to carry it into execution.'

'You are vexed,' said she, sadly; 'yet how can I help it?'

She looked so truly grieved as she said this, that he struggled for a moment with his real disappointment, and then answered more cheerfully, but still with a little hardness in his tone:

'You should make allowances for the mortification, not only of a lover, Margaret, but of a man not given to romance in general – prudent, worldly, as some people

call me – who has been carried out of his usual habits by the force of a passion – well, we will say no more of that; but in the one outlet which he has formed for the deeper and better feelings of his nature, he meets with rejection and repulse. I shall have to console myself with scorning my own folly. A struggling barrister to think of matrimony!’

Margaret could not answer this.

DORIS LESSING: *Martha Quest*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss Lessing's presentation of the development of Martha's political consciousness in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, focusing on the significance of Martha's first experience of independence and employment.

At the office that day, she was left to 'keep her eyes open' until after the lunch hour. Then Mr Max Cohen brought her a document to copy. She was so nervous, she had to start afresh three times; and when he came to fetch it, all that had been achieved were the words 'Memorandum of an Agreement of Sale' typed raggedly across the top of the sheet. She shrank under his impatient assurance that it did not matter in the least, and she must take her time. Her fingers were heavy and trembling, and her head was thick. To type two pages of his small neat writing into something clean and pleasant to look at seemed to her, just then, an impossibly difficult task. He went home without coming to her desk again; and she flung a dozen sheets of paper into the wastepaper basket, and decided she would come early next morning and do it before anyone else arrived. 5

Mrs Buss, on her way out, asked, 'Have you got any certificates?' Martha said no, she had learned to type at home. Mrs Buss said nothing consoling, but merely nodded absent-mindedly, for her eyes were on the elegant Mrs Jasper Cohen. 10

Martha left the office so humiliated she could hardly see where she was going. She was filled with a violent revulsion against the law and everything connected with it. What she said to herself was, I won't spend the rest of my life typing this stupid jargon. 15

She stood at the corner of the street, with Mr Jasper Cohen's money – or rather what was left of it – in her handbag, and watched a crowd of carefree young people going into McGrath's Hotel, and felt sick with envy. Then she crossed the street and went into the offices of the *Zambesi News*. She was going to see Mr Spur, an old journalist, whom she had known 'as a child' – that is to say, she had spent a month's holiday with him and his wife about four years before. She was in the building about half an hour, and when she came out her face was hot with embarrassment. It had been so painful she could not bear to remember what had happened. What she must remember was that she had no qualifications whatsoever. 20

She understood, finally, the extent of the favour Mr Cohen was doing her; and next morning she was at her desk in a very chastened frame of mind. Her eyes were certainly opened, but she had no time to use them, for long before that first document was finished, several more arrived on her desk, and it was lunchtime before she knew it. She was very incompetent. She tried to persuade herself that the papers she sent in, neatly clipped and tied with green tape in the form of the exquisite, faultless documents Mrs Buss turned out with such ease, were satisfactory. Mr Max Cohen received them with a noncommittal glance and a nod; and later Martha saw Mrs Buss doing them again. She was given no more. For a whole day she sat idle at her desk, feeling sick and useless, wishing that she could run away, wondering what would happen. 25

The fair, plump girl, Maisie Gale, who sat next to her said consolingly, 'Don't lose any sleep over it. Just do what you can get away with, that's my motto.' 30

Martha was offended, and replied with a stiff smile. 35

Part Two, Chapter Two

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