

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 2003

**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 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.

This document consists of **9** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



## Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss how Blake demonstrates his dislike of social institutions which restrain humankind, either physically or mentally. You should refer to **two** or **three** poems.
- Or** (b) Paying particular attention to the presentation of a London scene in the following poem, say how far it reflects Blake's concerns and methods in *Songs of Innocence and Experience*.

*Holy Thursday*

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean  
 The children walking two & two in red & blue & green  
 Grey headed beadle walked before with wands as white as snow  
 Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames' waters flow

O what a multitude they seemd these flowers of London town  
 Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own  
 The hum of multitudes was there but multitudes of lambs  
 Thousands of little boys & girls raising their innocent hands

5

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song  
 Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among.  
 Beneath them sit the aged men wise guardians of the poor  
 Then cherish pity; lest you drive an angel from your door.

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

- 2 **Either** (a) Compare the way poets have written about death in **two** poems in your selection.  
**Or** (b) Discuss how Soyinka communicates the narrator's feelings in the following poem:

*Telephone Conversation*

The price seemed reasonable, location  
 Indifferent. The landlady swore she lived  
 Off premises. Nothing remained  
 But self-confession. 'Madam,' I warned,  
 'I hate a wasted journey – I am African.' 5  
 Silence. Silenced transmission of  
 Pressurized good-breeding. Voice, when it came,  
 Lipstick coated, long gold-rolled  
 Cigarette-holder pipped. Caught I was, foully.  
 'HOW DARK?' ... I had not misheard ... 'ARE YOU LIGHT 10  
 OR VERY DARK?' Button B. Button A. Stench  
 Of rancid breath of public hide-and-speak.  
 Red booth. Red pillar-box. Red double-tiered  
 Omnibus squelching tar. It was real! Shamed  
 By ill-mannered silence, surrender 15  
 Pushed dumbfoundment to beg simplification.  
 Considerate she was, varying the emphasis –  
 'ARE YOU DARK? OR VERY LIGHT?' Revelation came.  
 'You mean – like plain or milk chocolate?'  
 Her assent was clinical, crushing in its light 20  
 Impersonality. Rapidly, wavelength adjusted,  
 I chose. 'West African sepia' — and as afterthought,  
 'Down in my passport.' Silence for spectroscopic  
 Flight of fancy, till truthfulness clanged her accent  
 Hard on the mouthpiece. 'WHAT'S THAT?' conceding 25  
 'DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS.' 'Like brunette.'  
 'THAT'S DARK, ISN'T IT?' 'Not altogether.  
 Facially, I am brunette, but, madam, you should see  
 The rest of me. Palm of my hand, soles of my feet  
 Are a peroxide blond. Friction, caused – 30  
 Foolishly, madam – by sitting down, has turned  
 My bottom raven black – One moment, madam!' – sensing  
 Her receiver rearing on the thunderclap  
 About my ears – 'Madam,' I pleaded, 'wouldn't you rather  
 See for yourself?' 35

*Wole Soyinka*

Please note that the extract of 'Poppies in July' by Sylvia Plath has been removed for copyright reasons.

4

SYLVIA PLATH: *Ariel*

- 3 **Either** (a) Make a close comparison of **two** poems in which Plath conveys very contrasting moods.
- Or** (b) How far do you find the imagery of the following poem characteristic of the poems in *Ariel*?

## Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects of Achebe's narrative use of traditional myth and legend in *Things Fall Apart*.
- Or** (b) Comment in detail on the following passage, saying how it reflects the conflict between the Ibo religion and the newly-arrived Christianity.

That night a bell-man went through the length and breadth of Mbanta proclaiming that the adherents of the new faith were thenceforth excluded from the life and privileges of the clan.

The Christians had grown in number and were now a small community of men, women and children, self-assured and confident. Mr Brown, the white missionary, paid regular visits to them. 'When I think that it is only eighteen months since the Seed was first sown among you,' he said, 'I marvel at what the Lord hath wrought.' 5

It was Wednesday in Holy week and Mr Kiaga had asked the women to bring red earth and white chalk and water to scrub the church for Easter, and the women had formed themselves into three groups for this purpose. They set out early that morning, some of them with their water-pots to the stream, another group with hoes and baskets to the village red-earth pit, and the others to the chalk quarry. 10

Mr Kiaga was praying in the church when he heard the women talking excitedly. He rounded off his prayer and went to see what it was all about. The women had come to the church with empty water-pots. They said that some young men had chased them away from the stream with whips. Soon after, the women who had gone for red earth returned with empty baskets. Some of them had been heavily whipped. The chalk women also returned to tell a similar story. 15

'What does it all mean?' asked Mr Kiaga, who was greatly perplexed.

'The village has outlawed us,' said one of the women. 'The bell-man announced it last night. But it is not our custom to debar anyone from the stream or the quarry.' 20

Another woman said, 'They want to ruin us. They will not allow us into the markets. They have said so.'

Mr Kiaga was going to send into the village for his men-converts when he saw them coming on their own. Of course they had all heard the bell-man, but they had never in all their lives heard of women being debarred from the stream. 25

'Come along,' they said to the women. 'We will go with you to meet those cowards.' Some of them had big sticks and some even matchets.

But Mr Kiaga restrained them. He wanted first to know why they had been outlawed. 30

'They say that Okoli killed the sacred python,' said one man.

'It is false,' said another. 'Okoli told me himself that it was false.'

Okoli was not there to answer. He had fallen ill on the previous night. Before the day was over he was dead. His death showed that the gods were still able to fight their own battles. The clan saw no reason then for molesting the Christians. 35

*Chapter Eighteen*

ELIZABETH GASKELL: *North and South*

- 5 **Either** (a) How effective a contribution to the novel do you think is made by the story of Frederick?
- Or** (b) Discuss the presentation of Milton in the following passage, and the significance of the changes in the character of John Thornton.

MEANWHILE at Milton the chimneys smoked, the ceaseless roar and mighty beat, and dizzying whirl of machinery, struggled and strove perpetually. Senseless and purposeless were wood and iron and steam in their endless labours; but the persistence of their monotonous work was rivalled in tireless endurance by the strong crowds, who, with sense and with purpose, were busy and restless in seeking after – What? In the streets there were few loiterers, none walking for mere pleasure; every man’s face was set in lines of eagerness or anxiety; news was sought for with fierce avidity; and men jostled each other aside in the Mart and in the Exchange, as they did in life, in the deep selfishness of competition. There was gloom over the town. Few came to buy, and those who did were looked at suspiciously by the sellers; for credit was insecure, and the most stable might have their fortunes affected by the sweep in the great neighbouring port among the shipping houses. Hitherto there had been no failures in Milton; but, from the immense speculations that had come to light in making a bad end in America, and yet nearer home, it was known that some Milton houses of business must suffer so severely that every day men’s faces asked, if their tongues did not, ‘What news? Who is gone? How will it affect me?’ And if two or three spoke together, they dwelt rather on the names of those who were safe than dared to hint at those likely, in their opinion, to go; for idle breath may, at such times, cause the downfall of some who might otherwise weather the storm; and one going down drags many after. ‘Thornton is safe,’ say they. ‘His business is large – extending every year; but such a head as he has, and so prudent with all his daring!’ Then one man draws another aside, and walks a little apart, and with head inclined into his neighbour’s ear, he says, ‘Thornton’s business is large; but he has spent his profits in extending it; he has no capital laid by; his machinery is new within these two years, and has cost him – we won’t say what! – a word to the wise!’ But that Mr Harrison was a croaker, – a man who had succeeded to his father’s trade-made fortune, which he had feared to lose by altering his mode of business to any having a larger scope; yet he grudged every penny made by others more daring and far-sighted.

But the truth was, Mr Thornton was hard pressed. He felt it acutely in his vulnerable point – his pride in the commercial character which he had established for himself. Architect of his own fortunes, he attributed this to no especial merit or qualities of his own, but to the power, which he believed that commerce gave to every brave, honest and persevering man to raise himself to a level from which he might see and read the great game of worldly success, and honestly, by such far-sightedness, command more power and influence than in any other mode of life. Far away, in the East and in the West, where his person would never be known, his name was to be regarded, and his wishes to be fulfilled, and his word pass like gold. That was the idea of merchant-life with which Mr Thornton had started. ‘Her merchants be like princes,’ said his mother, reading the text aloud, as if it were a trumpet-call to invite her boy to the struggle. He was but like many others – men, women, and children – alive to distant, and dead to near things. He sought to possess the influence of a name in foreign countries and faraway seas; – to become the head of a firm that should be known for generations; and it had taken him long silent years to come even to a glimmering of what he might be now, today, here in his own town, his own factory, among his own people. He and they had led parallel lives – very close, but never touching – till the accident (or so it seemed) of his

acquaintance with Higgins. Once brought face to face, man to man, with an individual of the masses around him, and (take notice) out of the character of master and workman, in the first instance, they had each begun to recognise that 'we have all of us one human heart.' It was the fine point of the wedge; and until now, when the apprehension of losing his connection with two or three of the workmen whom he had so lately begun to know as men, – of having a plan or two, which were experiments lying very close to his heart, roughly nipped off without trial, – gave a new poignancy to the subtle fear that came over him from time to time; until now, he had never recognized how much and how deep was the interest he had grown of late to feel in his position as manufacturer, simply because it led him into such close contact, and gave him the opportunity of so much power, among a race of people strange, shrewd, ignorant; but, above all, full of character and strong human feeling.

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*Chapter 50*

DORIS LESSING: *Martha Quest*

- 6 **Either** (a) When Martha is about to leave home for a job in town, Lessing writes: 'She felt as if a phase of her life had ended, and that now a new one should begin'. How important is this transition for the development of Martha's character in the novel?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of Martha's parents and her responses to them.

Mr Quest, having finished a long explanation of how Russia was the Antichrist, and therefore the war could not start until the sides had become reshuffled in some way, remarked, 'Well, there was something I wanted to say.' He glanced apprehensively over his shoulder towards where his wife had gone, and said, 'I didn't want to say anything in front of your mother, she's not – well she doesn't understand this kind of thing.' He paused, staring at the ground for a few moments, and then went on, as if there had been no interruption: 'I suppose you two are not getting married because you've got to? Matty isn't in any sort of trouble?' He looked uncomfortably at the silent couple, the frail white skin of his face flushing. He does look old, thought Martha miserably, trying to look courageously at this new vision of him; for, in spite of everything, she had always thought of him as a young man. 5

Douglas said, 'No, sir, there's nothing of the kind.'

Mr Quest stared disbelievingly at him. 'Well, why get married in such a hurry, people will talk, you know.'

'*People*,' said Martha scornfully. 10

'I daresay,' said her father angrily. 'Well, I don't care. It's your affair, but what people say causes more trouble than you seem to think.' He paused again, and said appealingly, 'Matty, I wouldn't like to think of you getting married when you didn't really want to – of course, this has nothing personal in it, Douglas.' Douglas nodded reassuringly. 'Because if you are in the family way, then we'll do something about it, provided your mother doesn't know,' he said aggressively, with another glance over his shoulder. 15

The words 'family way' caused Martha acute resentment, and with a glance at her face, her father said, 'Oh, very well, then, if it's all right, I'm glad to hear it.' He then began telling Douglas about his war, while Martha waited, with her nerves on edge, for him to say, 'But that was the Great Unmentionable, and of course you don't want to hear about that, you're all too busy enjoying yourselves.' 20

Douglas said politely that he was very interested in everything Mr Quest said; and Mr Quest's face brightened, and then he sighed, and said, 'Yes, it's starting again, and I'm out of it, they wouldn't have me. I'm too old.' 25

Martha could not endure this. She abruptly got up and went out.

Her mother was returning from the kitchen. Martha braced herself for the opposition that must come, but Mrs Quest hurried past, saying, 'I must get him his injection, and there's his new tonic, oh, dear, and where have I put it?' But she checked herself, and came back, saying quickly, with a downward look at Martha's stomach, 'You're not – I mean, you haven't ...?' Her eyes were lit with furtive interest. 30

Martha snapped out coldly, with as much disgust as Mrs Quest might have considered due to the cause of the possible event, 'No, I'm not pregnant.'

Mrs Quest looked abashed and disappointed, and said, 'Oh, well, then, if you are – well, I mean, but your father shouldn't know, it would kill him.' She hurried away. 35

At lunchtime Mrs Quest inquired whether they wanted to be married at the district church, and Martha said hotly that they were both atheists, and it would be nothing but hypocrisy to be married in church. She was expecting an argument, but Mrs Quest glanced at Douglas, and sighed, and let her face drop, and finally 40



muttered, 'Oh, dear, it really isn't very nice, is it?'

That evening, when Martha went to her bedroom, she sat on the edge of her bed, and pointed out to herself that not only had her parents accepted the marriage, but she could expect her mother to take full control of the thing. In fact, she already felt as if it concerned her mother more than herself. The door opened, Mrs Quest entered, and she said that she was going to come into town with Martha on Monday to buy her trousseau. Martha said firmly that she didn't want a trousseau. They wrangled for a few moments; then Mrs Quest said, 'Well, at least you should have a nightdress.' She blushed furiously, while Martha demanded, 'Whatever do I want a nightdress for?'

'My dear child,' said her mother, 'you must. Besides, you hardly know him.' At this she blushed again, while Martha began to laugh. Suddenly good-natured, she kissed her mother and said she would be delighted to have a nightdress, and it was very nice of her to suggest it.

*Part Four, Chapter Three*





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