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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/33

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

October/November 2019

2 hours

No Additional Materials are required.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions, each from a different section.

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

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Section A: Poetry

ROBERT FROST: *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss Frost's presentation of rural life. You should refer to **two** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Frost presents the encounter and its significance in the following poem.

An Encounter

Once on the kind of day called "weather breeder,"

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Half looking for the orchid Calypso."

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ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) With reference to **two** poems, discuss ways in which Jennings presents individual people.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem explores changing attitudes to fear and terror.

Warning to Parents

Save them from terror; do not let them see
 The ghost behind the stairs, the hidden crime.
 They will, no doubt, grow out of this in time
 And be impervious as you and me.

Be sure there is a night-light close at hand;
 The plot of that old film may well come back,
 The ceiling, with its long, uneven crack,
 May hint at things no child can understand.

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You do all this and are surprised one day
 When you discover how the child can gloat
 On Belsen and on tortures—things remote
 To him. You find it hard to watch him play

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With thoughts like these, and find it harder still
 To think back to the times when you also
 Caught from the cruel past a childish glow
 And felt along your veins the wish to kill.

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Fears are more personal than we had guessed—
 We only need ourselves; time does the rest.

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Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which poets present peace or rest in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents feelings of anger.

The White House

Your door is shut against my tightened face,
And I am sharp as steel with discontent;
But I possess the courage and the grace
To bear my anger proudly and unbent.
The pavement slabs burn loose beneath my feet,
A chafing savage, down the decent street;
And passion rends my vitals as I pass,
Where boldly shines your shuttered door of glass.
Oh, I must search for wisdom every hour,
Deep in my wrathful bosom sore and raw,
And find in it the superhuman power
To hold me to the letter of your law!
Oh, I must keep my heart inviolate
Against the potent poison of your hate.

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Claude McKay

Turn over for Section B.

Section B: Prose

E.M. FORSTER: *Howards End*

- 4 **Either** (a) Mrs Wilcox comments: 'I sometimes think it is wise to leave action and discussion to men.'

Discuss ways in which this view is challenged in the novel.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage presents Margaret Schlegel and Henry Wilcox.

Expelled from his old fortress, Mr. Wilcox was building a new one. He could no longer appear respectable to her, so he defended himself instead in a lurid past. It was not true repentance.

"Leave it where you will, boy. It's not going to trouble us; I know what I'm talking about, and it will make no difference."

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"No difference?" he inquired. "No difference, when you find that I am not the fellow you thought?" He was annoyed with Miss Schlegel here. He would have preferred her to be prostrated by the blow, or even to rage. Against the tide of his sin flowed the feeling that she was not altogether womanly. Her eyes gazed too straight; they had read books that are suitable for men only. And though he had dreaded a scene, and though she had determined against one, there was a scene, all the same. It was somehow imperative.

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"I am unworthy of you," he began. "Had I been worthy, I should not have released you from your engagement. I know what I am talking about. I can't bear to talk of such things. We had better leave it."

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She kissed his hand. He jerked it from her, and, rising to his feet, went on: "You, with your sheltered life, and refined pursuits, and friends, and books, you and your sister, and women like you—I say, how can you guess the temptations that lie round a man?"

"It is difficult for us," said Margaret; "but if we are worth marrying, we do guess."

"Cut off from decent society and family ties, what do you suppose happens to thousands of young fellows overseas? Isolated. No one near. I know by bitter experience, and yet you say it makes 'no difference.'"

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"Not to me."

He laughed bitterly. Margaret went to the sideboard and helped herself to one of the breakfast dishes. Being the last down, she turned out the spirit-lamp that kept them warm. She was tender, but grave. She knew that Henry was not so much confessing his soul as pointing out the gulf between the male soul and the female, and she did not desire to hear him on this point.

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"Did Helen come?" she asked.

He shook his head.

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"But that won't do at all, at all! We don't want her gossiping with Mrs. Bast."

"Good God! no!" he exclaimed, suddenly natural. Then he caught himself up.

"Let them gossip, my game's up, though I thank you for your unselfishness—little as my thanks are worth."

"Didn't she send me a message or anything?"

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"I heard of none."

"Would you ring the bell, please?"

"What to do?"

"Why, to inquire."

He swaggered up to it tragically, and sounded a peal. Margaret poured herself out some coffee. The butler came, and said that Miss Schlegel had slept at the George, so far as he had heard. Should he go round to the George?

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“I’ll go, thank you,” said Margaret, and dismissed him.

“It is no good,” said Henry. “Those things leak out; you cannot stop a story once it has started. I have known cases of other men—I despised them once, I thought that *I’m* different, I shall never be tempted. Oh, Margaret—” He came and sat down near her, improvising emotion. She could not bear to listen to him. “We fellows all come to grief once in our time. Will you believe that? There are moments when the strongest man—‘Let him who standeth, take heed lest he fall.’ That’s true, isn’t it? If you knew all, you would excuse me. I was far from good influences—far even from England. I was very, very lonely, and longed for a woman’s voice. That’s enough. I have told you too much already for you to forgive me now.” 45

“Yes, that’s enough, dear.”

“I have”—he lowered his voice—“I have been through hell.”

Gravely she considered this claim. Had he? Had he suffered tortures of remorse, or had it been, “There! that’s over. Now for respectable life again”? The latter, if she read him rightly. A man who has been through hell does not boast of his virility. He is humble and hides it, if, indeed, it still exists. Only in legend does the sinner come forth penitent, but terrible, to conquer pure woman by his resistless power. Henry was anxious to be terrible, but had not got it in him. He was a good average Englishman, who had slipped. The really culpable point—his faithlessness to Mrs. Wilcox—never seemed to strike him. She longed to mention Mrs. Wilcox. 50 55 60

Chapter 29

ANDREA LEVY: *Small Island*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and role of the American soldiers in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on Gilbert's account of his experience of England in the following passage.

Now tell me, have you ever seen a dog with a gecko? We had a dog at home – Blackie – my boyhood friend. Wrestling Blackie from the smothering arms of my sisters, removing the baby's hat from his head, the mittens from his back paws and returning to him his scruffy canine dignity, I would find one of those little lizards to deliberately place in Blackie's path. A gecko sensing a dog remains as still as death. Blackie seeing a gecko is suddenly caught by passionate curiosity. Up with his ears, his eyes popping wide. Fearing the unexpected he moves stealthily round the creature, never – even for a second – taking his gaze from it. Carefully, closer, pat the air above it with a paw and jump back. Circling round. Sniff the air. Closer, closer. Skip forward, leap back, wait. That gecko could not even move one of its prehistoric eyes without that dog's awareness. This could go on nearly all day until eventually Blackie would pluck up the courage to slowly crouch down low, wiggle his back end, and pounce at the gecko. Sometimes he almost caught it but usually the gecko ran away, being skilful and faster than my silly dog. 5

You might want to know why I am telling you this. But patience. Now see this, a fine day: a weak, heatless sun resting in a blue sky. We are out of the camp for the first time, six maybe seven of the boys and me. Walking in our RAF blue through the English village of Hunmanby. No order to follow, no command to hear, just us boys. We are remarking on the pretty neatness of the gardens – a flower still in bloom, which someone, I forget who, insists they know the name of. Shutting his eye and biting his lip he tries to recall it. 'A rose,' he says. 10

'Cha, that is not a rose,' someone else says. 'Every flower is rose to you.'

'That is a rose.'

'It is not a rose.'

This argument is going on as we walk on past the post office and shop. The display in the window, piled up high with tins and boxes, still manages to proclaim that there is a lot of nothing to buy inside. Hubert is trying to persuade James, a strict Presbyterian and teetotal, to come into the pub. 'You think one little beer gonna keep you outta heaven?' 25

It was I who first noticed. Leaning urgently into our group I whispered, 'Man, everyone looking at us.' 30

The entire village had come out to play dog with gecko. Staring out from dusty windows, gawping from shop doors, gaping at the edge of the pavement, craning at gates and peering round corners. The villagers kept their distance but held that gaze of curious trepidation firmly on we West Indian RAF volunteers. Under this scrutiny we darkies moved with the awkwardness of thieves caught in a sunbeam. 35

'Gilbert, ask them what the problem,' Hubert told me.

From every point of the compass eyes were on us. 'You have a megaphone for me, man?' I said. When I scratched my head the whole village knew. If any one of those people had a stick long enough, I swear they would have poked us with it. 40

It was some while before the more daring among them took cautious steps toward us, the unfamiliar. A young woman – curling brunette hair, dark eyes, pretty and plump at the hips – finally stood within an arm's distance to ask, 'Are you lot American?' She had her mind on feeling some nylon stockings on her graceful leg. Which, as she stood pert and feminine before us, every one of us boys had our mind on too. 45

'No, we are from Jamaica,' I told her.

Turn over for Question 6.

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare the presentation of fantasy or the supernatural in **two** stories.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Lord Emsworth and Freddie Threepwood in the following passage from *The Custody of the Pumpkin*.

The ninth Earl of Emsworth was a fluffy-minded and amiable old gentleman with a fondness for new toys. Although the main interest of his life was his garden, he was always ready to try a side line, and the latest of these side lines was this telescope of his. Ordered from London in a burst of enthusiasm consequent upon the reading of an article on astronomy in a monthly magazine, it had been placed in position on the previous evening. What was now in progress was its trial trip.

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Presently, the cow's audience-appeal began to wane. It was a fine cow, as cows go, but, like so many cows, it lacked sustained dramatic interest. Surfeited after a while by the spectacle of it chewing the cud and staring glassily at nothing, Lord Emsworth decided to swivel the apparatus round in the hope of picking up something a trifle more sensational. And he was just about to do so, when into the range of his vision there came the Hon. Freddie. White and shining, he tripped along over the turf like a Theocritan shepherd hastening to keep an appointment with a nymph, and a sudden frown marred the serenity of Lord Emsworth's brow. He generally frowned when he saw Freddie, for with the passage of the years that youth had become more and more of a problem to an anxious father.

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Unlike the male codfish, which, suddenly finding itself the parent of three million five hundred thousand little codfish, cheerfully resolves to love them all, the British aristocracy is apt to look with a somewhat jaundiced eye on its younger sons. And Freddie Threepwood was one of those younger sons who rather invite the jaundiced eye. It seemed to the head of the family that there was no way of coping with the boy. If he was allowed to live in London, he piled up debts and got into mischief; and when you jerked him back into the purer surroundings of Blandings Castle, he just mooned about the place, moping broodingly. Hamlet's society at Elsinore must have had much the same effect on his stepfather as did that of Freddie Threepwood at Blandings on Lord Emsworth. And it is probable that what induced the latter to keep a telescopic eye on him at this moment was the fact that his demeanour was so mysteriously jaunty, his bearing so intriguingly free from its customary crushed misery. Some inner voice whispered to Lord Emsworth that this smiling, prancing youth was up to no good and would bear watching.

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The inner voice was absolutely correct. Within thirty seconds its case had been proved up to the hilt. Scarcely had his lordship had time to wish, as he invariably wished on seeing his offspring, that Freddie had been something entirely different in manners, morals, and appearance, and had been the son of somebody else living a considerable distance away, when out of a small spinney near the end of the meadow there bounded a girl. And Freddie, after a cautious glance over his shoulder, immediately proceeded to fold this female in a warm embrace.

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Lord Emsworth had seen enough. He tottered away from the telescope, a shattered man. One of his favourite dreams was of some nice, eligible girl, belonging to a good family, and possessing a bit of money of her own, coming along some day and taking Freddie off his hands; but that inner voice, more confident now than ever, told him that this was not she. Freddie would not sneak off in this furtive fashion to meet eligible girls, nor could he imagine any eligible girl, in her right senses, rushing into Freddie's arms in that enthusiastic way. No, there was only one explanation. In the cloistral seclusion of Blandings, far from the Metropolis with all its conveniences for that sort of thing, Freddie had managed to get himself entangled. Seething with anguish and fury, Lord Emsworth hurried down the stairs and out on to the terrace. Here he prowled like an elderly leopard waiting for feeding-time, until in due season

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there was a flicker of white among the trees that flanked the drive and a cheerful whistling announced the culprit's approach.

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It was with a sour and hostile eye that Lord Emsworth watched his son draw near. He adjusted his pince-nez, and with their assistance was able to perceive that a fatuous smile of self-satisfaction illumined the young man's face, giving him the appearance of a beaming sheep. In the young man's buttonhole there shone a nosegay of simple meadow flowers, which, as he walked, he patted from time to time with a loving hand.

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The Custody of the Pumpkin

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