
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

9695/31

May/June 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.

Section A: Poetry

ROBERT FROST: *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Frost presents a secluded life. In your answer you should refer to **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which neighbourly relationships are presented in the following poem.

Mending Wall

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
 That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it
 And spills the upper boulders in the sun,
 And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.
 The work of hunters is another thing: 5
 I have come after them and made repair
 Where they have left not one stone on a stone,
 But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,
 To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean, 10
 No one has seen them made or heard them made,
 But at spring mending-time we find them there.
 I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;
 And on a day we meet to walk the line
 And set the wall between us once again.
 We keep the wall between us as we go. 15
 To each the boulders that have fallen to each.
 And some are loaves and some so nearly balls
 We have to use a spell to make them balance:
 "Stay where you are until our backs are turned!"
 We wear our fingers rough with handling them. 20
 Oh, just another kind of outdoor game,
 One on a side. It comes to little more:
 There where it is we do not need the wall:
 He is all pine and I am apple orchard.
 My apple trees will never get across 25
 And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.
 He only says, "Good fences make good neighbors."
 Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder
 If I could put a notion in his head:
 "Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it 30
 Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.
 Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
 What I was walling in or walling out,
 And to whom I was like to give offense.
 Something there is that doesn't love a wall, 35
 That wants it down." I could say "Elves" to him,
 But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather
 He said it for himself. I see him there,
 Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top
 In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed. 40
 He moves in darkness as it seems to me,
 Not of woods only and the shade of trees.
 He will not go behind his father's saying,
 And he likes having thought of it so well
 He says again, "Good fences make good neighbors." 45

ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Jennings presents family relationships in her poetry, referring to **two** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Jennings presents art and responses to art in the following poem.

Chinese Art

You said you did not care for Chinese art
 Because you could not tell what dynasties
 A scroll or bowl came from. 'There is no heart'
 You said, 'Where time's avoided consciously.'

I saw your point because I loved you then. 5
 The willows and the horses and the birds
 Seemed cold to me; each skilfully laid-on, thin
 Phrase spoke like nothing but unpassionate words.

I understand now what those artists meant;
 They did not care for style at all, or fashion. 10
 It was eternity they tried to paint,
 And timelessness, they thought, must lack all passion.

Odd that just when my feeling need for you
 Has gone all wrong, I should discover this.
 Yes, but I lack the sense of what is true 15
 Within these wise old artists' skilfulness.

It would be easy now to close again
 My heart against such hurt. Those willows show,
 In one quick stroke, a lover feeling pain,
 And birds escape fast as the brush-strokes go. 20

Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which poets present social problems in **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Death in the following poem.

Death

I am the one whose thought
 Is as the deed; I have no brother, and
 No father; years
 Have never seen my power begin. A chain
 Doth bind all things to me. In my hand, man,— 5
 Infinite thinker,—vanishes as doth
 The worm that he creates, as doth the moth
 That it creates, as doth the limb minute
 That stirs upon that moth. My being is
 Inborn with all things, and 10
 With all things doth expand.

But fear me not; I am
 The hoary dust, the shut ear, the profound,
 The deep of night,
 When Nature's universal heart doth cease 15
 To beat; communicating nothing; dark
 And tongueless, negative of all things. Yet
 Fear me not, man; I am the blood that flows
 Within thee,—I am change; and it is I
 Creates a joy within thee, when thou feel'st 20
 Manhood and new untried superior powers
 Rising before thee: I it is can make
 Old things give place
 To thy free race.

All things are born for me. 25
 His father and his mother,—yet man hates
 Me foolishly.
 An easy spirit and a free lives on,
 But he who fears the ice doth stumble. Walk
 Straight onward peacefully,—I am a friend 30
 Will pass thee graciously: but grudge and weep
 And cark,—I'll be a cold chain round thy neck
 Into the grave, each day a link drawn in,
 Until thy face shall be upon the turf,
 And the hair from thy crown 35
 Be blown like thistle-down.

William Bell Scott

Turn over for Section B.

Section B: Prose

E.M. FORSTER: *Howards End*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which the house Howards End is made significant in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents Leonard and Jacky Bast.

Leonard was trying to form his style on Ruskin; he understood him to be the greatest master of English Prose. He read forward steadily, occasionally making a few notes.

“Let us consider a little each of these characters in succession, and first (for of the shafts enough has been said already), what is very peculiar to this church—its luminousness.” 5

Was there anything to be learnt from this fine sentence? Could he adapt it to the needs of daily life? Could he introduce it, with modifications, when he next wrote a letter to his brother, the lay-reader? For example—

“Let us consider a little each of these characters in succession, and first (for of the absence of ventilation enough has been said already), what is very peculiar to this flat—its obscurity.” 10

Something told him that the modifications would not do; and that something, had he known it, was the spirit of English Prose. “My flat is dark as well as stuffy.” Those were the words for him. 15

And the voice in the gondola rolled on, piping melodiously of Effort and Self-Sacrifice, full of high purpose, full of beauty, full even of sympathy and the love of men, yet somehow eluding all that was actual and insistent in Leonard’s life. For it was the voice of one who had never been dirty or hungry, and had not guessed successfully what dirt and hunger are. 20

Leonard listened to it with reverence. He felt that he was being done good to, and that if he kept on with Ruskin, and the Queen’s Hall Concerts, and some pictures by Watts, he would one day push his head out of the grey waters and see the universe. He believed in sudden conversion, a belief which may be right, but which is peculiarly attractive to a half-baked mind. It is the basis of much popular religion; in the domain of business it dominates the Stock Exchange, and becomes that “bit of luck” by which all successes and failures are explained. “If only I had a bit of luck, the whole thing would come straight... He’s got a most magnificent place down at Streatham and a 20 h.p. Fiat, but then, mind you, he’s had luck... I’m sorry the wife’s so late, but she never has any luck over catching trains.” Leonard was superior to these people; he did believe in effort and in a steady preparation for the change that he desired. But of a heritage that may expand gradually, he had no conception; he hoped to come to Culture suddenly, much as the Revivalist hopes to come to Jesus. Those Miss Schlegels had come to it; they had done the trick; their hands were upon the ropes, once and for all. And meanwhile, his flat was dark, as well as stuffy. 25 30 35

Presently there was a noise on the staircase. He shut up Margaret’s card in the pages of Ruskin, and opened the door. A woman entered, of whom it is simplest to say that she was not respectable. Her appearance was awesome. She seemed all strings and bell-pulls—ribbons, chains, bead necklaces that clinked and caught and a boa of azure feathers hung round her neck, with the ends uneven. Her throat was bare, wound with a double row of pearls, her arms were bare to the elbows, and might again be detected at the shoulder, through cheap lace. Her hat, which was flowery, resembled those punnets, covered with flannel, which we sowed with 40

mustard and cress in our childhood, and which germinated here yes, and there no. 45
She wore it on the back of her head. As for her hair, or rather hairs, they are too
complicated to describe, but one system went down her back, lying in a thick pad
there, while another, created for a lighter destiny, rippled around her forehead. The
face—the face does not signify. It was the face of the photograph, but older, and the
teeth were not so numerous as the photographer had suggested, and certainly not 50
so white. Yes, Jacky was past her prime, whatever that prime may have been. She
was descending quicker than most women into the colourless years, and the look in
her eyes confessed it.

Chapter 6

5 **Either** (a) '*Small Island* has four narrators: Queenie, Bernard, Gilbert and Hortense.'

Discuss some of the effects Levy achieves by changing narrators in the novel.

Or (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Mr and Mrs Ryder in the following passage.

This private school was run by Mr and Mrs Ryder, a married couple who had sold everything they had in America to set up the school.

'It is for the poor people that we have been sent to do this,' Mr Ryder told me, on our first meeting.

Mrs Ryder, in her movie-star accent, remarked, 'Someone must help these poor negro children. Education is all they have.' 5

Many people wondered if Mr and Mrs Ryder were aware that their school took only the wealthiest, fairest and highest-class children from the district. Or whether these polite, clean and well-spoken pupils nevertheless still looked poor to them.

The Ryders were evangelists and Mr Philip had no time for evangelists. He did not like the way that people moved by the spirit of the Lord threw themselves to the ground shaking and frothing at the mouth like beasts. He could not understand that, as the service came to a close, those same people could be seen politely shaking the preacher's hand as they left the church. He said, 'The spirit of the Lord cannot come and go in people so quickly.' I asked him to make an exception of Mr and Mrs Ryder as the spirit only ever moved them to raise their eyes to heaven and sway. 10 15

Mrs Ryder was, without any doubt, the whitest woman I had ever seen. Her short blonde hair sat stiff as a halo around her head. Her delicate skin was so thin that in places it revealed a fine blue tracery of veins. But her mouth looked unfinished – a gash in her face with no lips to ornament the opening. Mr Ryder had so very little hair that a naughty boy from the school claimed to have counted the strands that were left. Sixty-five was the number that escaped from the schoolyard out into the town. His poor shiny hairless head was red as a berry ripe to burst, and when the sun caught his face a fever of brown freckles was produced. 20

They had a car, which was the envy of every black man who ever walked from the fields in slip-slop shoes. Even Mrs Ryder drove this car, sitting low at the wheel in a hat adorned with a long brown bird's feather. The car drew head-turning stares from anyone it passed. So it was to no one's surprise that gossip about the Ryders followed close behind: in shops, under the shade of trees, on street corners, at food tables, busybodies discussed when they last saw Mr Ryder where Mr Ryder should not have been. When a pretty young woman produced a fair-skinned baby with a completely bald head, the men who sat at their dominoes sucked their teeth and whispered that Mr Ryder was spreading more than just his love of learning. Some looked in pity on Mrs Ryder as she sauntered through the district unescorted. Although plenty of young men would leave their game of dominoes undecided to rush to her assistance. 25 30 35

Chapter 3

Turn over for Question 6.

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which the hopes and aspirations of young people are presented in **two** stories.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage from *The Door in the Wall* presents a fantasy world.

'You know, in the very moment the door swung to behind me, I forgot the road with its fallen chestnut leaves, its cabs and tradesmen's carts, I forgot the sort of gravitational pull back to the discipline and obedience of home, I forgot all hesitations and fear, forgot discretion, forgot all the intimate realities of this life. I became in a moment a very glad and wonder-happy little boy – in another world. 5

It was a world with a different quality, a warmer, more penetrating, and mellower light, with a faint clear gladness in its air, and wisps of sun-touched cloud in the blueness of its sky. And before me ran this long wide path, invitingly, with weedless beds on either side, rich with untended flowers, and these two great panthers. I put my little hands fearlessly on their soft fur, and caressed their round ears and the sensitive corners under their ears, and played with them, and it was as though they welcomed me home. There was a keen sense of homecoming in my mind, and when presently a tall, fair girl appeared in the pathway and came to meet me, smiling, and said, 'Well?' to me, and lifted me and kissed me and put me down and led me by the hand, there was no amazement, but only an impression of delightful rightness, of being reminded of happy things that had in some strange way been overlooked. There were broad red steps, I remember, that came into view between spikes of delphinium, and up these we went to a great avenue between very old and shady dark trees. All down this avenue, you know, between the red chapped stems, were marble seats of honour and statuary, and very tame and friendly white doves. 10

'Along this cool avenue my girl-friend led me, looking down – I recall the pleasant lines, the finely-modelled chin of her sweet kind face – asking me questions in a soft, agreeable voice, and telling me things, pleasant things, I know, though what they were I was never able to recall ... Presently a Capuchin monkey, very clean, with a fur of ruddy brown and kindly hazel eyes, came down a tree to us and ran beside me, looking up at me and grinning, and presently leaped to my shoulder. So we two went on our way in great happiness.' 15

He paused.

'Go on,' I said.

'I remember little things. We passed an old man musing among laurels, I remember, and a place gay with parakeets, and came through a broad shaded colonnade to a spacious cool palace, full of pleasant fountains, full of beautiful things, full of the quality and promise of heart's desire. And there were many things and many people, some that still seem to stand out clearly and some that are vaguer; but all these people were beautiful and kind. In some way – I don't know how – it was conveyed to me that they all were kind to me, glad to have me there, and filling me with gladness by their gestures, by the touch of their hands, by the welcome and love in their eyes. Yes –' 20

He mused for a while. 'Playmates I found there. That was much to me, because I was a lonely little boy. They played delightful games in a grass-covered court where there was a sundial set about with flowers. And as one played one loved ... 25

'But – it's odd – there's a gap in my memory. I don't remember the games we played. I never remembered. Afterwards, as a child, I spent long hours trying, even with tears, to recall the form of that happiness. I wanted to play it all over again – in my nursery – by myself. No! All I remember is the happiness and two dear playfellows who were most with me ... Then presently came a sombre dark woman, with a grave, pale face and dreamy eyes, a sombre woman, wearing a soft 30

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long robe of pale purple, who carried a book, and beckoned and took me aside with her into a gallery above a hall – though my playmates were loth to have me go, and ceased their game and stood watching as I was carried away. “Come back to us!” 50 they cried. “Come back to us soon!” I looked up at her face, but she heeded them not at all. Her face was very gentle and grave. She took me to a seat in the gallery, and I stood beside her, ready to look at her book as she opened it upon her knee. The pages fell open. She pointed, and I looked, marvelling, for in the living pages of that book I saw myself, it was a story about myself, and in it were all the things that 55 had happened to me since ever I was born ...

‘It was wonderful to me, because the pages of that book were not pictures, you understand, but realities.’

The Door in the Wall

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