



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/32

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

October/November 2011

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.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

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

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **10** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



Section A: Poetry

SUJATA BHATT: *Point No Point*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects of Bhatt's choices of different forms in her poetry. Refer to **two** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following extract, considering how it presents the experience of childbirth.

*The Need to Recall the Journey
for Regina Munzel*

Now when she cries
for milk,

now as she drinks
I drift back
to the moments when she was
almost out

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still part of me
but already I could reach down
and touch her hair.

I want to return
to her moment of birth.
It was too quick.
I want it to go on –

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When the pain was suddenly
defined by her head,
when she was about to slide out
safely

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all by herself – I felt my heart
go half-way out with her ...
like seeing a beloved one off
to a harbour, to a ship
destined to go
to a far away place
you've never been to ...

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But I could touch
her hair –
a thick, fuzzy heat.
Sticky feathers clung
wet to runny whites of eggs ...

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But this is a little person
who already has
a favourite sleeping position.

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Weeks pass, the bleeding stops.
Months pass –
What I thought could never heal
actually heals.

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And still there is this need
to recall the journey,
retell the story.
The urge
to reopen every detail
until our faces glow again.

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What are we
trying to understand?

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Hardy said that 'Poetry is emotion put into measure'.

In the light of this comment, discuss ways in which Hardy uses rhythm, rhyme and form to explore emotional feelings in **two** poems.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents a loving relationship.

A Church Romance
(Mellstock, circa 1835)

She turned in the high pew, until her sight
Swept the west gallery, and caught its row
Of music-men with viol, book, and bow
Against the sinking sad tower-window light.

She turned again; and in her pride's despite
One strenuous viol's inspirer seemed to throw
A message from his string to her below,
Which said: 'I claim thee as my own forthright!'

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Thus their hearts' bond began, in due time signed.
And long years hence, when Age had scared Romance,
At some old attitude of his or glance

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That gallery-scene would break upon her mind,
With him as minstrel, ardent, young, and trim,
Bowing 'New Sabbath' or 'Mount Ephraim'.

Songs of Ourselves

- 3 **Either** (a) 'Last year is dead, they seem to say,
Begin afresh, afresh, afresh.'

Discuss the poetic methods of **two** poems in which poets explore the effects of the passage of time.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents war and its effects.

Anthem For Doomed Youth

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
 Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
 Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
 Can patter out their hasty orisons.
 No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells,
 Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs, –
 The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
 And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

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What candles may be held to speed them all?
 Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
 Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.
 The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
 Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
 And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

10

Wilfred Owen

Section B: Prose

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

- 4 **Either** (a) Jane says to Mrs Reed, 'I am not your dear; I cannot lie down.'

In what ways does Brontë present Jane's difficulty in accepting the roles expected of her?

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, looking in particular at how the narrative style presents this stage of Jane's journey to Thornfield.

A new chapter in a novel is something like a new scene in a play; and when I draw up the curtain this time, reader – you must fancy you see a room in the George Inn at Millcote, with such large-figured papering on the walls as inn rooms have; such a carpet, such furniture, such ornaments on the mantelpiece, such prints – including a portrait of George the Third and another of the Prince of Wales, and a representation of the death of Wolfe. All this is visible to you by the light of an oil lamp hanging from the ceiling, and by that of an excellent fire, near which I sit in my cloak and bonnet; my muff and umbrella lie on the table, and I am warming away the numbness and chill contracted by sixteen hours' exposure to the rawness of an October day: I left Lowton at four o'clock a.m. and the Millcote town clock is now just striking eight. 5 10

Reader, though I look comfortably accommodated, I am not very tranquil in my mind. I thought when the coach stopped here there would be some one to meet me; I looked anxiously round as I descended the wooden steps the 'boots' placed for my convenience, expecting to hear my name pronounced and to see some description of carriage waiting to convey me to Thornfield. Nothing of the sort was visible; and when I asked a waiter if anyone had been to inquire after a Miss Eyre, I was answered in the negative; so I had no resource but to request to be shown into a private room: and here I am waiting, while all sorts of doubts and fears are troubling my thoughts. 15 20

It is a very strange sensation to inexperienced youth to feel itself quite alone in the world, cut adrift from every connexion, uncertain whether the port to which it is bound can be reached, and prevented by many impediments from returning to that it has quitted. The charm of adventure sweetens that sensation, the glow of pride warms it: but then the throb of fear disturbs it, and fear with me became predominant when half an hour elapsed and still I was alone. I bethought myself to ring the bell. 25

'Is there a place in this neighbourhood called Thornfield?' I asked of the waiter who answered the summons.

'Thornfield? I don't know, ma'am: I'll inquire at the bar.' He vanished, but reappeared instantly. 30

'Is your name Eyre, miss?'

'Yes.'

'Person here waiting for you.'

I jumped up, took my muff and umbrella, and hastened into the inn passage: a man was standing by the open door, and in the lamp-lit street I dimly saw a one-horse conveyance. 35

'This will be your luggage, I suppose?' said the man rather abruptly when he saw me, pointing to my trunk in the passage.

'Yes.' He hoisted it on to the vehicle, which was a sort of car, and then I got in: before he shut me up, I asked him how far it was to Thornfield. 40

'A matter of six miles.'

'How long shall we be before we get there?'

'Happen an hour and a half.'

He fastened the car door, and climbed to his own seat outside, and we set off. Our progress was leisurely, and gave me ample time to reflect: I was content to be at length so near the end of my journey; and as I leaned back in the comfortable though not elegant conveyance, I meditated much at my ease. 45

Chapter 11

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 5 **Either** (a) At the end of the novel, Tambu thinks that Nyasha, Chido and Nhamo 'succumbed' to 'Englishness'. How far does Dangarembga's presentation of Tambu convince you that she does not 'succumb'?
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting on the presentation of Tambu's mother's opinions and the significance of her speech to the novel as a whole.

'Mother!' I gasped and turned to Nyasha before I could stop myself, and wished I hadn't, because I did not want Nyasha to see the shame in my eyes. Nor did I want to see the pain and confusion in hers.

'Sisi!' remonstrated Lucia, 'Contain yourself! Why do you want to hurt yourself by saying such painful things? Especially when you know they are not true!'

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But my mother was in a bad way and there was no holding her. The things that were coming out had been germinating and taking root in her mind for a long time.

'Ha! You!' mocked my mother, raving at her sister. 'You think you can tell me to contain myself, you! He-he-e-e! Now this is something to make a woman laugh! When, Lucia, just tell me, when, did you ever contain yourself? Do you even know what it means, you who were in the blankets with my husband the moment you arrived? And with Takesure. You were probably there, the three of you together, Jeremiah having his ride, enjoying himself, and then Takesure, and so it carried on. So don't tell me about containing myself. You know nothing about it.' We thought she had finished, but she was only pausing to breathe. 'And anyway,' she continued, 'in what way am I not restraining myself? I am only saying what I think, just like she did. She did tell us, didn't she, what she thinks, and did anyone say anything! No. Why not? Because Maiguru is educated. That's why you all kept quiet. Because she's rich and comes here and flashes her money around, so you listen to her as though you want to eat the words that come out of her mouth. But me, I'm not educated, am I? I'm just poor and ignorant, so you want me to keep quiet, you say I mustn't talk. Ehe! I am poor and ignorant, that's me, but I have a mouth and it will keep on talking, it won't keep quiet. Today I have said it and I am saying it again: she is a witch, a witch. Have you heard me properly? She-is-a-witch. She steals other women's children because she could only produce two of her own, and you can't call those two people. They're a disgrace to decent parents, except that Maiguru is not decent because first she killed my son and now she has taken Tambudzai away from me. Oh, yes, Tambudzai. Do you think I haven't seen the way you follow her around,' she spat at me fiercely, 'doing all her dirty work for her, anything she says? You think your mother is so stupid she won't see Maiguru has turned you against me with her money and her white ways? You think I am dirt now, me, your mother. Just the other day you told me that my toilet is dirty. "It disgusts me," that's what you said. If it is meat you want that I cannot provide for you, if you are so greedy you would betray your own mother for meat, then go to your Maiguru. She will give you meat. I will survive on vegetables as we all used to do. And we have survived, so what more do you want? You have your life. Go to your Maiguru and eat sausage.' And she sat there with her arms tightly folded across her chest, her mouth thrust out in a defiant pout, defying us to change her mind.

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'Aiwa-wo, Sisi,' soothed Lucia, taking no notice of all this resoluteness. 'How can you talk such nonsense? As soon as the child is born and you have settled down, you will laugh at yourself. But now be calm. Otherwise you will do yourself damage. It is over, isn't it?'

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'Hm!' grunted my mother. 'Over! When I see Nhamo in front of me, then, only then will it be over.'

Chapter 7

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Turn to page 10 for Question 6.

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) In a short story, the writer has a limited opportunity to develop characters. Discuss ways in which writers have overcome this to create striking or memorable characters in **two** stories.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the writing of the following passage, paying particular attention to ways in which Wells's narrator creates the sense of a 'true story'.

One confidential evening, not three months ago, Lionel Wallace told me this story of the Door in the Wall. And at the time I thought that so far as he was concerned it was a true story.

He told it me with such direct simplicity of conviction that I could not do otherwise than believe in him. But in the morning, in my own flat, I woke to a different atmosphere; and as I lay in bed and recalled the things he had told me, stripped of the glamour of his earnest slow voice, denuded of the focused, shaded table light, the shadowy atmosphere that wrapped about him and me, and the pleasant bright things, the dessert and glasses and napery of the dinner we had shared, making them for the time a bright little world quite cut off from everyday realities, I saw it all as frankly incredible. 'He was mystifying!' I said, and then: 'How well he did it! ... It isn't quite the thing I should have expected of him, of all people, to do well.'

Afterwards as I sat up in bed and sipped my morning tea, I found myself trying to account for the flavour of reality that perplexed me in his impossible reminiscences, by supposing they did in some way suggest, present, convey – I hardly know which word to use – experiences it was otherwise impossible to tell.

Well, I don't resort to that explanation now. I have got over my intervening doubts. I believe now, as I believed at the moment of telling, that Wallace did to the very best of his ability strip the truth of his secret for me. But whether he himself saw, or only thought he saw, whether he himself was the possessor of an inestimable privilege or the victim of a fantastic dream, I cannot pretend to guess. Even the facts of his death, which ended my doubts for ever, throw no light on that.

That much the reader must judge for himself.

I forget now what chance comment or criticism of mine moved so reticent a man to confide in me. He was, I think, defending himself against an imputation of slackness and unreliability I had made in relation to a great public movement, in which he had disappointed me. But he plunged suddenly. 'I have,' he said, 'a preoccupation –'

'I know,' he went on, after a pause, 'I have been negligent. The fact is – it isn't a case of ghosts or apparitions – but – it's an odd thing to tell of, Redmond – I am haunted. I am haunted by something – that rather takes the light out of things, that fills me with longings ...'

He paused, checked by that English shyness that so often overcomes us when we speak of moving or grave or beautiful things. 'You were at Saint Athelstan's all through,' he said, and for a moment that seemed to me quite irrelevant. 'Well' – and he paused. Then very haltingly at first, but afterwards more easily, he began to tell of the thing that was hidden in his life, the haunting memory of a beauty and happiness that filled his heart with insatiable longings, that made all the interests and spectacle of worldly life seem dull and tedious and vain to him.

Now that I have the clue to it, the thing seems written visibly in his face. I have a photograph in which that look of detachment has been caught and intensified. It reminds me of what a woman once said of him – a woman who had loved him greatly. 'Suddenly,' she said, 'the interest goes out of him. He forgets you. He doesn't care a rap for you – under his very nose ...'

Yet the interest was not always out of him, and when he was holding his 45
 attention to a thing Wallace could contrive to be an extremely successful man. His
 career, indeed, is set with successes. He left me behind him long ago; he soared
 up over my head, and cut a figure in the world that I couldn't cut – anyhow. He
 was still a year short of forty, and they say now that he would have been in office
 and very probably in the new Cabinet if he had lived. At school he always beat me 50
 without effort – as it were by nature. We were at school together at Saint Athelstan's
 College in West Kensington for almost all our school-time. He came into the school
 as my co-equal, but he left far above me, in a blaze of scholarships and brilliant
 performance. Yet I think I made a fair average running. And it was at school I heard
 first of the 'Door in the Wall' – that I was to hear of a second time only a month 55
 before his death.

To him at least the Door in the Wall was a real door, leading through a real wall
 to immortal realities. Of that I am now quite assured.

The Door in the Wall

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