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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/33

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

October/November 2012

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

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 **9** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



Section A: Poetry

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which Hardy presents loving relationships in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, showing how it develops a response to the shipwreck.

The Convergence of the Twain
(Lines on the loss of the 'Titanic')

I
In a solitude of the sea
Deep from human vanity,
And the Pride of Life that planned her, stilly couches she.

II
Steel chambers, late the pyres
Of her salamandrine fires, 5
Cold currents thrid, and turn to rhythmic tidal lyres.

III
Over the mirrors meant
To glass the opulent
The sea-worm crawls – grotesque, slimed, dumb,
indifferent. 10

IV
Jewels in joy designed
To ravish the sensuous mind
Lie lightless, all their sparkles bleared and black and blind.

V
Dim moon-eyed fishes near
Gaze at the gilded gear 15
And query: 'What does this vaingloriousness down
here?'...

VI
Well: while was fashioning
This creature of cleaving wing,
The Immanent Will that stirs and urges everything 20

VII
Prepared a sinister mate
For her – so gaily great –
A Shape of Ice, for the time far and dissociate.

VIII
And as the smart ship grew
In stature, grace, and hue, 25
In shadowy silent distance grew the Iceberg too.

3

IX

Alien they seemed to be:
No mortal eye could see
The intimate welding of their later history,

X

Or sign that they were bent
By paths coincident
On being anon twin halves of one august event, 30

XI

Till the Spinner of the Years
Said 'Now!' And each one hears,
And consummation comes, and jars two hemispheres. 35

SEAMUS HEANEY: *District and Circle*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the importance and treatment of childhood memories in Heaney's poem.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, paying particular attention to the effects of language and structure.

The Nod

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Songs of Ourselves

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** poems from your selection treat the subject of conflict.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the writer presents the childhood experience in the following poem.

My Parents

My parents kept me from children who were rough
 Who threw words like stones and wore torn clothes
 Their thighs showed through rags. They ran in the street
 And climbed cliffs and tripped by the country streams.

I feared more than tigers their muscles like iron
 Their jerking hands and their knees tight on my arms
 I feared the salt coarse pointing of those boys
 Who copied my lisp behind me on the road.

5

They were lithe, they sprang out behind hedges
 Like dogs to bark at my world. They threw mud
 While I looked the other way, pretending to smile.
 I longed to forgive them but they never smiled.

10

Stephen Spender

Section B: Prose

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of Tambu's parents and their significance to the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to ways in which Tambu's views of the changes in her life are presented.

How can I describe the sensations that swamped me when Babamukuru started his car, with me in the front seat beside him, on the day I left my home? It was relief, but more than that. It was more than excitement and anticipation. What I experienced that day was a short cut, a rerouting of everything I had ever defined as me into fast lanes that would speedily lead me to my destination. My horizons were saturated with me, my leaving, my going. There was no room for what I left behind. My father, as affably, shallowly agreeable as ever, was insignificant. My mother, my anxious mother, was no more than another piece of surplus scenery to be maintained, of course to be maintained, but all the same superfluous, an obstacle in the path of my departure. As for my sisters, well, they were there. They were watching me climb into Babamukuru's car to be whisked away to limitless horizons. It was up to them to learn the important lesson that circumstances were not immutable, no burden so binding that it could not be dropped. The honour for teaching them this emancipating lesson was mine. I claimed it all, for here I was, living proof of the moral. There was no doubt in my mind that this was the case.

When I stepped into Babamukuru's car I was a peasant. You could see that at a glance in my tight, faded frock that immodestly defined my budding breasts, and in my broad-toed feet that had grown thick-skinned through daily contact with the ground in all weathers. You could see it from the way the keratin had reacted by thickening and, having thickened, had hardened and cracked so that the dirt ground its way in but could not be washed out. It was evident from the corrugated black callouses on my knees, the scales on my skin that were due to lack of oil, the short, dull tufts of malnourished hair. This was the person I was leaving behind. At Babamukuru's I expected to find another self, a clean, well-groomed, genteel self who could not have been bred, could not have survived, on the homestead. At Babamukuru's I would have the leisure, be encouraged to consider questions that had to do with survival of the spirit, the creation of consciousness, rather than mere sustenance of the body. This new me would not be enervated by smoky kitchens that left eyes smarting and chests permanently bronchitic. This new me would not be frustrated by wood fires that either flamed so furiously that the *sadza* burned, or so indifferently that it became *mbodza*. Nor would there be trips to Nyamarira, Nyamarira which I loved to bathe in and watch cascade through the narrow outlet of the fall where we drew our water. Leaving this Nyamarira, my flowing, tumbling, musical playground, was difficult. But I could not pretend to be sorry to be leaving the waterdrums whose weight compressed your neck into your spine, were heavy on the head even after you had grown used to them and were constantly in need of refilling. I was not sorry to be leaving the tedious task of coaxing Nyamarira's little tributary in and out of the vegetable beds. Of course, my emancipation from these aspects of my existence was, for the foreseeable future, temporary and not continuous, but that was not the point. The point was this: I was going to be developed in the way that Babamukuru saw fit, which in the language I understood at the time meant well. Having developed well I did not foresee that there would be reason to regress on the occasions that I returned to the homestead.

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of religion and religious views in the passage.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways Forster presents the differing attitudes towards Aziz and the Indians in this passage.

'But you see I believe she's under some hideous delusion, and that that wretched boy is innocent.'

The policeman started in surprise, and a shadow passed over his face, for he could not bear his dispositions to be upset.

'I had no idea that was in your mind,' he said, and looked for support at the signed deposition, which lay before him. 5

'Those field-glasses upset me for a minute, but I've thought since: it's impossible that, having attempted to assault her, he would put her glasses into his pocket.'

'Quite possible, I'm afraid; when an Indian goes bad, he goes not only very bad, but very queer.' 10

'I don't follow.'

'How should you? When you think of crime you think of English crime. The psychology here is different. I dare say you'll tell me next that he was quite normal when he came down from the hill to greet you. No reason he should not be. Read any of the Mutiny records; which, rather than the Bhagavad Gita, should be your bible in this country. Though I'm not sure that the one and the other are not closely connected. Am I not being beastly? But, you see, Fielding, as I've said to you once before, you're a schoolmaster, and consequently you come across people at their best. That's what puts you wrong. They can be charming as boys. But I know them as they really are, after they have developed into men. Look at this, for instance.' He 15

held up Aziz's pocket-case. 'I am going through the contents. They are not edifying. Here is a letter from a friend who apparently keeps a brothel.' 20

'I don't want to hear his private letters.'

'It'll have to be quoted in court, as bearing on his morals. He was fixing up to see women at Calcutta.' 25

'Oh, that'll do, that'll do.'

McBryde stopped, naïvely puzzled. It was obvious to him that any two sahibs ought to pool all they knew about any Indian, and he could not think where the objection came in.

'I dare say you have the right to throw stones at a young man for doing that, but I haven't. I did the same at his age.' 30

So had the Superintendent of Police, but he considered that the conversation had taken a turn that was undesirable. He did not like Fielding's next remark either.

'Miss Quested really cannot be seen? You do know that for a certainty?'

'You have never explained to me what's in your mind here. Why on earth do you want to see her?' 35

'On the off-chance of her recanting before you send in that report and he's committed for trial, and the whole thing goes to blazes. Old man, don't argue about this, but do of your goodness just ring up your wife or Miss Derek and inquire. It'll cost you nothing.' 40

'It's no use ringing up them,' he replied, stretching out for the telephone.

'Callendar settles a question like that, of course. You haven't grasped that she's seriously ill.'

'He's sure to refuse, it's all he exists for,' said the other desperately.

The expected answer came back: the Major would not hear of the patient being troubled. 45

'I only wanted to ask her whether she is certain, dead certain, that it was A
who followed her into the cave.'

'Possibly my wife might ask her that much.'

'But I wanted to ask her. I want someone who believes in him to ask her.' 50

'What difference does that make?'

'She is among people who disbelieve in Indians.'

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare the effectiveness of the openings of **two** different stories.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the writing of the following passage creates the atmosphere of the story.

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was – but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me – upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain – upon the bleak walls – upon the vacant eye-like windows – upon a few rank sedges – and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees – with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the afterdream of the reveller upon opium – the bitter lapse into everyday life – the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart – an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it – I paused to think – what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate its capacity for sorrowful impression; and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down – but with a shudder even more thrilling than before – upon the remodelled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country – a letter from him – which, in its wildly importunate nature, had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The MS. gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness – of a mental disorder which oppressed him – and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best, and indeed his only personal friend, with a view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said – it was the apparent *heart* that went with his request – which allowed me no room for hesitation; and I accordingly obeyed forthwith what I still considered a very singular summons.

The Fall of the House of Usher

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