
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/32

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

October/November 2017

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

TED HUGHES: *New Selected Poems 1957–1994*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects of **two** poems which explore conflict.
Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents a painful experience.

The Tender Place

Your temples, where the hair crowded in,

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Holding in their entrails.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Compare Jennings's presentation of hospitals in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents the fireworks and responses to them.

Remembering Fireworks

Always as if for the first time we watch
 The fireworks as if no one had ever
 Done this before, made shapes, signs,
 Cut diamonds on air, sent up stars
 Nameless, imperious. And in the falling 5
 Of fire, the spent rocket, there is a kind
 Of nostalgia as normally only attaches
 To things long known and lost. Such an absence,
 Such emptiness of sky the fireworks leave
 After their festival. We, fumbling 10
 For words of love, remember the rockets,
 The spinning wheels, the sudden diamonds,
 And say with delight 'Yes, like that, like that.'
 Oh and the air is full of falling
 Stars surrendered. We search for a sign. 15

Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which poets present feelings about separation in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the poet develops his argument effectively in the extract from the following poem.

from *An Essay on Criticism*

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts, 5
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts;
 While from the bounded level of our mind
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind,
 But, more advanced, behold with strange surprise 10
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
 The eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
 But those attained, we tremble to survey 15
 The growing labours of the lengthened way;
 The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

Alexander Pope

Turn over for Section B.

Section B: Prose

JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'There is none of the exasperation he feels with his own parents. No sense of obligation.'

In the light of this comment, discuss ways in which Lahiri explores the relationships between children and their parents.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage presents Ashima hearing of Ashoke's death.

At twilight the sky turns a pale but intense blue, and the trees on the lawn and the shapes of the neighboring houses become silhouettes, solidly black. At five o'clock her husband still hasn't called. She calls his apartment and gets no answer. She calls ten minutes later, then ten minutes after that. It is her own voice on the answering machine, reciting the number and asking the caller to leave a message. 5
Each time she calls she listens to the tone, but she doesn't leave a message. She considers the places he may have stopped on his way home—the pharmacy to pick up a prescription, the supermarket for food. By six o'clock she can no longer distract herself by sealing and stamping the envelopes she's spent all day addressing. She calls directory assistance, asking for an operator in Cleveland, then calls 10
the number of the hospital he told her he'd gone to. She asks for the emergency room, is connected to one part of the hospital after another. "He's just there for an examination," she tells the people who answer and tell her to hold. She spells the last name as she has hundreds of thousands of times by now, "G like green," "N like napkin." She holds the line until she is tempted to hang up, wondering all the while 15
if her husband is trying to reach her from home, regretting not having call waiting. She is disconnected, calls again. "Ganguli," she says. Again she is told to hold. Then a person comes on the line, a young woman's voice, no older than Sonia probably. "Yes. I do apologize for the wait. To whom am I speaking?"
"Ashima Ganguli," Ashima says. "Ashoke Ganguli's wife. To whom am I 20
speaking, please?"
"I see. I'm sorry, ma'am. I'm the intern who first examined your husband."
"I've been holding on for nearly half an hour. Is my husband still there or has he gone?"
"I'm very sorry, ma'am," the young woman repeats. "We've been trying to reach 25
you."
And then the young woman tells her that the patient, Ashoke Ganguli, her husband, has expired.
Expired. A word used for library cards, for magazine subscriptions. A word which, for several seconds, has no effect whatsoever on Ashima. 30
"No, no, it must be a mistake," Ashima says calmly, shaking her head, a small laugh escaping from her throat. "My husband is not there for an emergency. Only for a stomachache."
"I'm sorry, Mrs. ... Ganguli, is it?"
She listens to something about a heart attack, that it had been massive, that 35
all attempts to revive him had failed. Did she wish to have any of her husband's organs donated? she is asked. And then, is there anyone in the Cleveland area to identify and claim the body? Instead of answering, Ashima hangs up the phone as the woman is still speaking, pressing down the receiver as hard as she can into the cradle, keeping her hand there for a full minute, as if to smother the words she's just 40
heard. She stares at her empty teacup, and then at the kettle on the stove, which

she'd had to turn off in order to hear her husband's voice just a few hours ago. She begins to shiver violently, the house instantly feeling twenty degrees colder. She pulls her sari tightly around her shoulders, like a shawl. She gets up and walks systematically through the rooms of the house, turning on all the light switches, turning on the lamppost on the lawn and the floodlight over the garage, as if she and Ashoke are expecting company. She returns to the kitchen and stares at the pile of cards on the table, in the red envelopes it had pleased her so much to buy, most of them ready to be dropped in the mailbox. Her husband's name is on all of them. 45

Chapter 7

EDITH WHARTON: *The House of Mirth*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss Wharton's presentation of Percy Gryce, and his importance to the novel as a whole.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents Lily's appearance in the tableaux.

The scenes were taken from old pictures, and the participators had been cleverly fitted with characters suited to their types. No one, for instance, could have made a more typical Goya than Carry Fisher, with her short dark-skinned face, the exaggerated glow of her eyes, the provocation of her frankly-painted smile. A brilliant Miss Smedden from Brooklyn showed to perfection the sumptuous curves of Titian's Daughter, lifting her gold salver laden with grapes above the harmonising gold of rippled hair and rich brocade, and a young Mrs Van Alstyne, who showed the frailer Dutch type, with high blue-veined forehead and pale eyes and lashes, made a characteristic Vandyke, in black satin, against a curtained archway. Then there were Kauffmann nymphs garlanding the altar of Love; a Veronese supper, all sheeny textures, pearl-woven heads and marble architecture; and a Watteau group of lute-playing comedians, lounging by a fountain in a sunlit glade. 5

Each evanescent picture touched the vision-building faculty in Selden, leading him so far down the vistas of fancy that even Gerty Farish's running commentary – 'Oh, how lovely Lulu Melson looks!' or: 'That must be Kate Corby, to the right there, in purple' – did not break the spell of the illusion. Indeed, so skilfully had the personality of the actors been subdued to the scenes they figured in that even the least imaginative of the audience must have felt a thrill of contrast when the curtain suddenly parted on a picture which was simply and undisguisedly the portrait of Miss Bart. 10 15 20

Here there could be no mistaking the predominance of personality – the unanimous 'Oh!' of the spectators was a tribute, not to the brushwork of Reynolds's 'Mrs Lloyd' but to the flesh and blood loveliness of Lily Bart. She had shown her artistic intelligence in selecting a type so like her own that she could embody the person represented without ceasing to be herself. It was as though she had stepped, not out of, but into, Reynolds's canvas, banishing the phantom of his dead beauty by the beams of her living grace. The impulse to show herself in a splendid setting – she had thought for a moment of representing Tiepolo's Cleopatra – had yielded to the truer instinct of trusting to her unassisted beauty, and she had purposely chosen a picture without distracting accessories of dress or surroundings. Her pale draperies, and the background of foliage against which she stood, served only to relieve the long dryad-like curves that swept upward from her poised foot to her lifted arm. The noble buoyancy of her attitude, its suggestion of soaring grace, revealed the touch of poetry in her beauty that Selden always felt in her presence, yet lost the sense of when he was not with her. Its expression was now so vivid that for the first time he seemed to see before him the real Lily Bart, divested of the trivialities of her little world, and catching for a moment a note of that eternal harmony of which her beauty was a part. 25 30 35

'Deuced bold thing to show herself in that get-up; but, gad, there isn't a break in the lines anywhere, and I suppose she wanted us to know it!' 40

These words, uttered by that experienced connoisseur, Mr Ned Van Alstyne, whose scented white moustache had brushed Selden's shoulder whenever the parting of the curtains presented any exceptional opportunity for the study of the female outline, affected their hearer in an unexpected way. It was not the first time that Selden had heard Lily's beauty lightly remarked on, and hitherto the tone of the comments had imperceptibly coloured his view of her. But now it woke only a motion of indignant contempt. This was the world she lived in, these were the 45

standards by which she was fated to be measured! Does one go to Caliban for a judgement on Miranda?

In the long moment before the curtain fell, he had time to feel the whole tragedy of her life. It was as though her beauty, thus detached from all that cheapened and vulgarised it, had held out suppliant hands to him from the world in which he and she had once met for a moment, and where he felt an overmastering longing to be with her again. 50

Book 1, Chapter 12

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which writers present characters making important discoveries in **two** stories.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the relationship between Royal and his wife in the following passage from *Five-Twenty*.

Most evenings, weather permitting, the Natwicks sat on the front veranda to watch the traffic. During the day the stream flowed, but towards five it began to thicken, it sometimes jammed solid like: the semi-trailers and refrigeration units, the decent old-style sedans, the mini-cars, the bombs, the Holdens and the Holdens. She didn't know most of the names. Royal did, he was a man, though never ever mechanical himself. She liked him to tell her about the vehicles, or listen to him take part in conversation with anyone who stopped at the fence. He could hold his own, on account of he was more educated, and an invalid has time to think. 5

They used to sit side by side on the tiled veranda, him in his wheelchair she had got him after the arthritis took over, her in the old cane. The old cane chair wasn't hardly presentable any more; she had torn her winter cardy on a nail and laddered several pair of stockings. You hadn't the heart to get rid of it, though. They brought it with them from Sarsaparilla after they sold the business. And now they could sit in comfort to watch the traffic, the big steel insects of nowadays, which put the wind up her at times. 10 15

Royal said, 'I reckon we're a shingle short to'uv ended up on the Parramatta Road.'

'You said we'd still see life,' she reminded, 'even if we lost the use of our legs.'

'But look at the traffic! Worse every year. And air. Rot a man's lungs quicker than the cigarettes. You should'uv headed me off. You who's supposed to be practical!' 20

'I thought it was what you wanted,' she said, keeping it soft; she had never been one to crow.

'Anyway, I already lost the use of me legs.' 25

As if she was to blame for that too. She was so shocked the chair sort of jumped. It made her blood run cold to hear the metal feet scream against the little draught-board tiles.

'Well, I 'aven't!' she protested. 'I got me legs, and will be able to get from 'ere to anywhere and bring 'ome the shopping. While I got me strength.' 30

She tried never to upset him by any show of emotion, but now she was so upset herself.

They watched the traffic in the evenings, as the orange light was stacked up in thick slabs, and the neon signs were coming on.

'See that bloke down there in the parti-coloured Holden?' 35

'Which?' she asked.

'The one level with our own gate.'

'The pink and brown?' She couldn't take all that interest tonight, only you must never stop humouring a sick man.

'Yairs. Pink. Fancy a man in a pink car!' 40

'Dusty pink is fashionable.' She knew that for sure.

'But a man!'

'Perhaps his wife chose it. Perhaps he's got a domineering wife.'

Royal laughed low. 'Looks the sort of coot who might like to be domineered, and if that's what he wants, it's none of our business, is it?' 45

She laughed to keep him company. They were such mates, everybody said. And it was true. She didn't know what she would do if Royal passed on first.

That evening the traffic had jammed. Some of the drivers began tooting. Some of them stuck their heads out, and yarned to one another. But the man in the pink-and-brown Holden just sat. He didn't look to either side. 50

Come to think of it, she had noticed him pass before. Yes. Though he wasn't in no way a noticeable man. Yes. She looked at her watch.

'Five-twenty,' she said. 'I seen that man in the pink-and-brown before. He's pretty regular. Looks like a business executive.'

Royal cleared his throat and spat. It didn't make the edge of the veranda. Better not to notice it, because he'd only create if she did. She'd get out the watering-can after she had pushed him inside. 55

'Business executives!' she heard. 'They're afraid people are gunner think they're poor class without they *execute*. In our day nobody was ashamed to *do*. Isn't that about right, eh?' She didn't answer because she knew she wasn't meant to. 'Funny sort of head that cove's got. Like it was half squashed. Silly-lookun bloody head!' 60

'Could have been born with it,' she suggested. 'Can't help what you're born with. Like your religion.'

Five-Twenty

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