



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 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 **8** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



SEAMUS HEANEY: *District and Circle*

2 **Either** (a) 'The language of Heaney's poetry has a physical directness.'

In the light of this view, compare Heaney's use of language in **two** poems.

Or (b) Comment closely on the ways in which the following poem presents the woman's funeral.

The Lift

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Songs of Ourselves

- 3 Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** poems from your selection express strong emotions.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the writer presents the relationship in the following poem.

Because I Liked You Better

Because I liked you better
 Than suits a man to say,
 It irked you, and I promised
 To throw the thought away.

To put the world between us 5
 We parted, stiff and dry;
 'Good-bye', said you, 'forget me.'
 'I will, no fear', said I.

If here, where clover whitens 10
 The dead man's knoll, you pass,
 And no tall flower to meet you
 Starts in the trefoiled grass,

Halt by the headstone naming 15
 The heart no longer stirred,
 And say the lad that loved you
 Was one that kept his word.

A. E. Housman

Section B: Prose

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which the novel presents African views of Englishness.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Dangarembga presents Tambu's developing education in the following passage.

Thus began the period of my reincarnation. I liked to think of my transfer to the mission as my reincarnation. With the egotistical faith of fourteen short years, during which my life had progressed very much according to plan, I expected this era to be significantly profound and broadening in terms of adding wisdom to my nature, clarity to my vision, glamour to my person. In short, I expected my sojourn to fulfil all my fourteen-year-old fantasies, and on the whole I was not disappointed. Freed from the constraints of the necessary and the squalid that defined and delimited our activity at home, I invested a lot of robust energy in approximating to my idea of a young woman of the world. I was clean now, not only on special occasions but every day of the week. I was meeting, outside myself, many things that I had thought about ambiguously; things that I had always known existed in other worlds although the knowledge was vague; things that had made my mother wonder whether I was quite myself, or whether I was carrying some other presence in me. 5

It was good to be validated in this way. Most of it did not come from the lessons they taught at school but from Nyasha's various and extensive library. I read everything from Enid Blyton to the Brontë sisters, and responded to them all. Plunging into these books I knew I was being educated and I was filled with gratitude to the authors for introducing me to places where reason and inclination were not at odds. It was a centripetal time, with me at the centre, everything gravitating towards me. It was a time of sublimation with me as the sublimate. 15 20

When I tried to describe to Nyasha a little of what was happening in my world, she laughed and said I was reading too many fairy-tales. She preferred reality. She was going through a historical phase. She read a lot of books that were about real people, real peoples and their sufferings: the condition in South Africa, which she asked Maiguru to compare with our own situation and ended up arguing with her when Maiguru said we were better off. She read about Arabs on the east coast and the British on the west; about Nazis and Japanese and Hiroshima and Nagasaki. She had nightmares about these things, the atrocities; but she carried on reading all the same, because, she said, you had to know the facts if you were ever going to find the solutions. She was certain the solutions were there. She wanted to know many things: whether the Jews' claim to Palestine was valid, whether monarchy was a just form of government, the nature of life and relations before colonisation, exactly why UDI was declared and what it meant. 'So,' she advised, concerning my fairy-tales and my reincarnation, 'enjoy it while you can. These things don't last.' And she helped me to enjoy my heady transition by pointing out which books were worth reading (although I did not always agree with her, because her tastes had grown serious), by straightening my hair and putting ribbons in it at weekends; by filing my nails and sometimes painting them bright purple in spite of Babamukuru's frowns; by cooking with me heavily spiced dishes out of Maiguru's recipe books which Babamukuru and I did not like but which she and Maiguru tucked into with relish. 25 30 35 40

Not only was I succeeding in my own context, but in other people's as well. I had not been going to school long before I realised that Nyasha did not have many friends. The girls did not like the way she spoke. They were still imitating her behind her back when I went to the mission, which was three years after Babamukuru's return. And if I thought that Nyasha ought to have lost more of her accent in 45

that time than she had allowed herself to, I also thought that her classmates had had long enough to grow used to it. As it turned out, it was not Nyasha's accent they disliked, but Nyasha herself. 'She thinks she is white,' they used to sneer, and that was as bad as a curse. 'She is proud,' pronounced others. 'She is loose,' the most vicious condemned her. 'The way she dresses for the Saturday night dances! 50
And the way she was acting with George [or Johnson or Mathias or Chengetai]! It's obvious. It shows for everyone to see.' After that there would be a discussion about what Nyasha had or had not actually been doing on the dance-floor and the talk would end with someone voicing the general opinion that she could get a way with anything because she was the headmaster's daughter. 55

Chapter 5

E. M. FORSTER: *A Passage to India*

5 **Either** (a) 'God is here – very good, very fine indeed.'

'For you I shall arrange a lady with breasts like mangoes ...'

Discuss the effects of the combination of the spiritual and the physical in Forster's characterisation of Aziz.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to ways Forster presents Adela's responses to the punkah-wallah.

Presently the case was called.

Their chairs preceded them into the court, for it was important that they should look dignified. And when the chuprassies had made all ready they filed into the ramshackly room with a condescending air, as if it was a booth at a fair. The Collector made a small official joke as he sat down, at which his entourage smiled, 5 and the Indians, who could not hear what he said, felt that some new cruelty was afoot, otherwise the sahibs would not chuckle.

The court was crowded and of course very hot, and the first person Adela noticed in it was the humblest of all who were present, a person who had no bearing officially upon the trial: the man who pulled the punkah. Almost naked, and splendidly formed, 10 he sat on a raised platform near the back, in the middle of the central gangway, and he caught her attention as she came in, and he seemed to control the proceedings. He had the strength and beauty that sometimes come to flower in Indians of low birth. When that strange race nears the dust and is condemned as untouchable, then nature remembers the physical perfection that she accomplished elsewhere, and 15 throws out a god – not many, but one here and there, to prove to society how little its categories impress her. This man would have been notable anywhere; among the thin-hammed, flat-chested mediocrities of Chandrapore he stood out as divine, yet he was of the city, its garbage had nourished him, he would end on its rubbish-heaps. Pulling the rope towards him, relaxing it rhythmically, sending swirls of air 20 over others, receiving none himself, he seemed apart from human destinies, a male Fate, a winnow of souls. Opposite him, also on a platform, sat the little Assistant Magistrate, cultivated, self-conscious and conscientious. The punkah-wallah was none of these things; he scarcely knew that he existed and did not understand why the court was fuller than usual, indeed he did not know that it was fuller than usual, 25 didn't even know he worked a fan, though he thought he pulled a rope. Something in his aloofness impressed the girl from middle-class England, and rebuked the narrowness of her sufferings. In virtue of what had she collected this roomful of people together? Her particular brand of opinions, and the suburban Jehovah who sanctified them – by what right did they claim so much importance in the world, and 30 assume the title of civilization? Mrs Moore – she looked round, but Mrs Moore was far away on the sea; it was the kind of question they might have discussed on the voyage out, before the old lady had turned disagreeable and queer.

While thinking of Mrs Moore she heard sounds, which gradually grew more distinct. The epoch-making trial had started, and the Superintendent of Police was 35 opening the case for the prosecution.

Chapter 24

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** stories deal with age and ageing.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the writing of the following passage presents the narrator's relationships with her husband and daughter.

My bed is made . My big bed which a half-asleep Lucy, creeping under the mosquito-net, tumbles into in the middle of every night. She fits herself into my body and I put my arm over her until she shakes it off. In her sleep she makes use of me; my breast is sometimes her pillow, my hip her footstool. I lie content, glad to be of use. I hold her foot in my hand and dread the time – so soon to come – when it will no longer be seemly to kiss the dimpled ankle. 5

On a black leather sofa in a transit lounge in an airport once, many years ago, I watched a Pakistani woman sleep. Her dress and trousers were a deep, yellow silk and on her dress bloomed luscious flowers in purple and green. Her arms were covered in gold bangles . She had gold in her ears, her left nostril and around her neck. Against her body her small son lay curled. One of his feet was between her knees, her nose was in his hair. All her worldly treasure was on that sofa with her, and so she slept soundly on. That image, too, I saved up for him. 10

I made my bed this morning. I spread my arms out wide and gathered in the soft, billowing mosquito-net. I twisted it round in a thick coil and tied it into a loose loop that dangles gracefully in mid-air. 15

Nine years ago, sitting under my first mosquito-net, I had written, 'Now I know how it feels to be a memsahib.' That was in Kano; deep, deep in the heart of the continent I now sit on the edge of . I had been in love with him for three years and being apart then was a variant, merely, of being together. When we were separated there was for each a gnawing lack of the other. We would say that this confirmed our true, essential union. We had parted at Heathrow, and we were to be rejoined in a fortnight, in Cairo, where I would meet his family for the first time. 20

I had thought to write a story about those two weeks; about my first trip into Africa: about Muhammad al-Senusi explaining courteously to me the inferior status of women, courteously because, being foreign, European, on a business trip, I was an honorary man. A story about travelling the long, straight road to Maiduguri and stopping at roadside shacks to chew on meat that I then swallowed in lumps while Senusi told me how the meat in Europe had no body and melted like rice pudding in his mouth. About the time when I saw the lion in the tall grass. I asked the driver to stop, jumped out of the car, aimed my camera and shot as the lion crouched. Back in the car, unfreezing himself from horror, the driver assured me that the lion had crouched in order to spring at me. I still have the photo: a lion crouching in tall grass – close up. I look at it and cannot make myself believe what could have happened. 25

I never wrote the story, although I still have the notes. Right here, in this leather portfolio which I take out of a drawer in my cupboard. My Africa story. I told it to him instead – and across the candlelit table of a Cairo restaurant he kissed my hands and said, 'I'm crazy about you.' Under the high windows the Nile flowed by. Eternity was in our lips, our eyes, our brows – I married him, and I was happy. 35

I leaf through my notes. Each one carries a comment, a description meant for him. All my thoughts were addressed to him. For his part he wrote that after I left him at the airport he turned round to hold me and tell me how desolate he felt. He could not believe I was not there to comfort him. He wrote about the sound of my voice on the telephone and the crease at the top of my arm that he said he loved to kiss. 40

Sandpiper

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