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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/32**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**May/June 2017**

**2 hours**

No Additional Materials are required.

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**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.



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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 Hughes's treatment of the relationship between humankind and the natural world in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the ways in which the following poem explores the experience of warfare.

*Bayonet Charge*

Suddenly he awoke and was running – raw

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His terror's touchy dynamite.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss Jennings's exploration of art in **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents a response to death.

*A Requiem*

It is the ritual not the fact  
That brings a held emotion to  
Its breaking-point. This man I knew  
Only a little, by his death  
Shows me a love I thought I lacked  
And all the stirrings underneath.

5

It is the calm, the solemn thing,  
Not the distracted mourner's cry  
Or the cold place where dead things lie,  
That teaches me I cannot claim  
To stand aside. These tears which sting—  
Are they from sorrow or from shame?

10

*Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2*

3 **Either** (a) 'I am sharp as steel with discontent...' (from *The White House*)

Compare ways in which **two** poems from your selection express anger or discontent.

**Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem expresses a father's response to the death of his daughter.

*On My First Daughter*

Here lies, to each her parents' ruth,  
 Mary, the daughter of their youth;  
 Yet all heaven's gifts being heaven's due,  
 It makes the father less to rue.

At six months' end she parted hence

5

With safety of her innocence;

Whose soul heaven's queen, whose name she bears,

In comfort of her mother's tears,

Hath placed amongst her virgin-train:

Where, while that severed doth remain,

10

This grave partakes the fleshly birth;

Which cover lightly, gentle earth!

Ben Jonson

**Turn over for Section B.**

## Section B: Prose

JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Lahiri portrays characters' reactions to changing circumstances in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Lahiri presents Gogol's first experience of Maxine's house in the following passage.

He is stunned by the house, a Greek Revival, admiring it for several minutes like a tourist before opening the gate. He notes the pedimented window lintels, the Doric pilasters, the bracketed entablature, the black cruciform paneled door. He climbs a low stoop with cast-iron railings. The name below the bell is Ratliff. Several minutes after he presses it, enough to make him double-check the address on the scrap of paper in his jacket pocket, Maxine arrives. She kisses him on the cheek, leaning toward him on one foot, the other leg extended, slightly raised behind her. She is barefoot, wearing flowing black wool pants and a thin beige cardigan. As far as he can tell she wears nothing under the cardigan apart from her bra. Her hair is done up in the same careless way. His raincoat is draped on a coat rack, his folding umbrella dropped into a stand. He glimpses himself quickly in a mirror in the foyer, smoothing his hair and his tie. 5 10

She leads him down a flight of stairs to a kitchen that appears to occupy an entire floor of the house, with a large farmhouse table at one end, and beyond that French doors leading to a garden. The walls are adorned with prints of roosters and herbs and an arrangement of copper skillets. Ceramic plates and platters are displayed on open shelves, along with what seem to be hundreds of cookbooks, food encyclopedias, and volumes of essays about eating. A woman stands at a butcher-block island by the appliances, snipping the ends of a pile of green beans with a pair of scissors. 15 20

"This is my mother, Lydia," Maxine says. "And this is Silas," she tells him, pointing to a reddish brown cocker spaniel dozing under the table.

Lydia is tall and slender like her daughter, with straight iron-colored hair cut youthfully to frame her face. She is carefully dressed, with gold jewelry at her ears and throat, a navy apron wrapped around her waist, gleaming black leather shoes. Though her face is lined and her complexion a bit splotchy, she is more beautiful even than Maxine, her features more regular, the cheekbones higher, the eyes more elegantly defined. 25

"Lovely to meet you, Nikhil," she says, smiling brightly, and though she looks at him with interest, she does not pause in her work or offer to shake his hand. 30

Maxine pours him a glass of wine, not asking if perhaps he might prefer something else. "Come on," she says, "I'll show you the house." She leads him up five flights of uncarpeted stairs that creak noisily beneath their combined weight. The plan of the house is simple, two immense rooms per floor, each of which, he is certain, is larger than his own apartment. Politely he admires the plaster cove moldings, the ceiling medallions, the marble mantelpieces, things he knows how to speak intelligently and at length about. The walls are painted in flamboyant colors: hibiscus pink, lilac, pistachio, and are crowded with clusters of paintings and drawings and photographs. In one room he sees an oil portrait of a small girl he assumes is Maxine, sitting in the lap of a stunning, youthful Lydia, wearing a yellow sleeveless dress. Along the hallways on every floor shelves ascend to the ceiling, crammed with all the novels one should read in a lifetime, biographies, massive monographs of every artist, all the architecture books Gogol has ever coveted. Alongside the clutter there is a starkness about the place that appeals to him: the 35 40

floors are bare, the woodwork stripped, many of the windows without curtains to highlight their generous proportions. 45

Maxine has the top floor to herself: a peach-colored bedroom with a sleigh bed at the back, a long black and red bathroom. The shelf above the sink is full of different creams for her neck, her throat, her eyes, her feet, daytime, nighttime, sun and shade. Through the bedroom is a gray sitting room she treats as a closet, her shoes and handbags and clothes scattered across the floor, piled on a fainting couch, spilling over the backs of chairs. These patches of disorder make no difference— it is a house too spectacular to suffer distraction, forgiving of oversight and mess. 50

Chapter 6

EDITH WHARTON: *The House of Mirth*

- 5 **Either** (a) Wharton writes of Lily that ‘all her being clamoured for its share of personal happiness.’

Discuss ways in which Lily’s search for happiness is presented in the novel.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents Gus Trenor.

At the station she thought Gus Trenor seemed surprised, and not wholly unrelieved, to see her. She yielded up the reins of the light runabout in which she had driven over, and as he climbed heavily to her side, crushing her into a scant third of the seat, he said: ‘Halloo! It isn’t often you honour me. You must have been uncommonly hard up for something to do.’

5

The afternoon was warm, and propinquity made her more than usually conscious that he was red and massive, and that beads of moisture had caused the dust of the train to adhere unpleasantly to the broad expanse of cheek and neck which he turned to her; but she was aware also, from the look in his small dull eyes, that the contact with her freshness and slenderness was as agreeable to him as the sight of a cooling beverage.

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The perception of this fact helped her to answer gaily: ‘It’s not often I have the chance. There are too many ladies to dispute the privilege with me.’

‘The privilege of driving me home? Well, I’m glad you won the race, anyhow. But I know what really happened – my wife sent you. Now didn’t she?’

15

He had the dull man’s unexpected flashes of astuteness, and Lily could not help joining in the laugh with which he had pounced on the truth.

‘You see, Judy thinks I’m the safest person for you to be with; and she’s quite right,’ she rejoined.

‘Oh, is she, though? If she is, it’s because you wouldn’t waste your time on an old hulk like me. We married men have to put up with what we can get: all the prizes are for the clever chaps who’ve kept a free foot. Let me light a cigar, will you? I’ve had a beastly day of it.’

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He drew up in the shade of the village street, and passed the reins to her while he held a match to his cigar. The little flame under his hand cast a deeper crimson on his puffing face, and Lily averted her eyes with a momentary feeling of repugnance. And yet some women thought him handsome!

25

As she handed back the reins, she said sympathetically: ‘Did you have such a lot of tiresome things to do?’

‘I should say so – rather!’ Trenor, who was seldom listened to, either by his wife or her friends, settled down into the rare enjoyment of a confidential talk. ‘You don’t know how a fellow has to hustle to keep this kind of thing going.’ He waved his whip in the direction of the Bellomont acres, which lay outspread before them in opulent undulations. ‘Judy has no idea of what she spends – not that there isn’t plenty to keep the thing going,’ he interrupted himself, ‘but a man has got to keep his eyes open and pick up all the tips he can. My father and mother used to live like fighting-cocks on their income, and put by a good bit of it too – luckily for me – but at the pace we go now, I don’t know where I should be if it weren’t for taking a flyer now and then. The women all think – I mean Judy thinks – I’ve nothing to do but to go down town once a month and cut off coupons, but the truth is it takes a devilish lot of hard work to keep the machinery running. Not that I ought to complain today, though,’ he went on after a moment, ‘for I did a very neat stroke of business, thanks to Stepney’s friend Rosedale: by the way, Miss Lily, I wish you’d try to persuade Judy to be decently civil to that chap. He’s going to be rich enough to buy us all out one of these days, and if she’d only ask him to dine now and then I could get almost

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45



anything out of him. The man is mad to know the people who don't want to know him, and when a fellow's in that state there is nothing he won't do for the first woman who takes him up.'

Lily hesitated a moment. The first part of her companion's discourse had started an interesting train of thought, which was rudely interrupted by the mention of Mr Rosedale's name. She uttered a faint protest. 50

'But you know Jack did try to take him about, and he was impossible.'

'Oh, hang it – because he's fat and shiny, and has a shabby manner! Well, all I can say is that the people who are clever enough to be civil to him now will make a mighty good thing of it. A few years from now he'll be in it whether we want him or not, and then he won't be giving away a half a million tip for a dinner.' 55

Book 1, Chapter 7

*Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** stories present relationships between parents and their children.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage from *Secrets*, considering ways in which it explores the past.

A tiny rattle began as the kettle warmed up, then it bubbled and steam gushed quietly from its spout. The cards began to curl slightly in the jet of steam but she didn't seem to be watching. The stamps peeled moistly off and he put them in a saucer of water to flatten them.

'Who is Brother Benignus?' he asked. She seemed not to hear. He asked again and she looked over her glasses. 5

'He was a friend.'

His flourishing signature appeared again and again. Sometimes Bro Benignus, sometimes Benignus and once Iggy.

'Is he alive?' 10

'No, he's dead now. Watch the kettle doesn't run dry.'

When he had all the stamps off he put the postcards together and replaced them in the pigeon-hole. He reached over towards the letters but before his hand touched them his aunt's voice, harsh for once, warned.

'A-A-A,' she moved her pen from side to side. 'Do-not-touch,' she said and smiled. 'Anything else, yes! That section, no!' She resumed her writing. 15

The boy went through some other papers and found some photographs. One was of a beautiful girl. It was very old-fashioned but he could see that she was beautiful. The picture was a pale brown oval set on a white square of card. The edges of the oval were misty. The girl in the photograph was young and had dark, dark hair scraped severely back and tied like a knotted rope on the top of her head – high arched eyebrows, her nose straight and thin, her mouth slightly smiling, yet not smiling – the way a mouth is after smiling. Her eyes looked out at him dark and knowing and beautiful. 20

'Who is that?' he asked. 25

'Why? What do you think of her?'

'She's all right.'

'Do you think she is beautiful?' The boy nodded.

'That's me,' she said. The boy was glad he had pleased her in return for the stamps. 30

Other photographs were there, not posed ones like Aunt Mary's but Brownie snaps of laughing groups of girls in bucket hats like German helmets and coats to their ankles. They seemed tiny faces covered in clothes. There was a photograph of a young man smoking a cigarette, his hair combed one way by the wind against a background of sea. 35

'Who is that in the uniform?' the boy asked.

'He's a soldier,' she answered without looking up.

'Oh,' said the boy. 'But who is he?'

'He was a friend of mine before you were born,' she said. Then added, 'Do I smell something cooking? Take your stamps and off you go. That's the boy.' 40

The boy looked at the back of the picture of the man and saw in black spidery ink 'John, Aug' 15 Ballintoye'.

'I thought maybe it was Brother Benignus,' he said. She looked at him not answering.

'Was your friend killed in the war?' 45

At first she said no, but then she changed her mind.

'Perhaps he was,' she said, then smiled. 'You are far too inquisitive. Put it to use

and go and see what is for tea. Your mother will need the kettle.’ She came over to the bureau and helped tidy the photographs away. Then she locked it and put the keys on the shelf.

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‘Will you bring me up my tray?’

The boy nodded and left.

*Secrets*

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