

## Language A: Literature

### Individual Oral Commentary (IOC) and Discussion

#### ***Instructions for the IOC***

You have twenty (20) minutes to prepare a commentary on the Part 2 poem. Be sure to provide an interpretation with close analysis of language, structure, technique, style and the effects of these in a coherent structure. Comment on the poem's relation to others you have studied by the poet. You may incorporate answers to the guiding questions, but do not restrict yourself to answering these only. You should aim to provide an eight (8) minute commentary. This will be followed by two (2) minutes of subsequent questions. The commentary, taped, will last ten (10) minutes.

#### ***Guiding Questions for the IOC***

“Standing Female Nude”

- A range of characters' responses are quoted, reported, or alluded to in the poem. What are the effects of this?
- To what extent has your understanding of Art been influenced by this poem?

#### ***The Discussion***

This immediately follows the IOC and is a critical discussion based on one of the other Part 2 works, lasting ten (10) minutes. Please respond to the questions asked by your teacher.

“Standing Female Nude”

Six hours like this for a few francs.  
Belly nipple arse in the window light,  
he drains the colour from me. Further to the right,  
Madame. And do try to be still.

5 I shall be represented analytically and hung  
in great museums. The bourgeoisie will coo  
at such an image of a river-whore. They call it Art.

Maybe. He is concerned with volume, space.  
10 I with the next meal. You’re getting thin,  
Madame, this is not good. My breasts hang  
slightly low, the studio is cold. In the tea-leaves  
I can see the Queen of England gazing  
on my shape. Magnificent, she murmurs,  
15 moving on. It makes me laugh. His name

is Georges. They tell me he’s a genius.  
There are times he does not concentrate  
and stiffens for my warmth.  
20 He possesses me on canvas as he dips the brush  
repeatedly into the paint. Little man,  
you’ve not the money for the arts I sell.  
Both poor, we make our living how we can.

25 I ask him Why do you do this? Because  
I have to. There’s no choice. Don’t talk.  
My smile confuses him. These artists  
take themselves too seriously. At night I fill myself  
with wine and dance around the bars. When it’s  
30 finished  
he shows me proudly, lights a cigarette. I say  
Twelve francs and get my shawl. It does not look like  
me.



