
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/63

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

October/November 2014

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.

DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

Answer **two** questions.

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 **13** printed pages and **3** blank pages.

FLEUR ADCOCK: *Poems 1960–2000*

- 1 **Either** (a) With reference to at least **three** poems, discuss Adcock's poetic methods and their effects in her presentation of ageing and old age.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, structure and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering ways it is characteristic of Adcock's poetry.

For Andrew

'Will I die?' you ask. And so I enter on
 the dutiful exposition of that which you
 would rather not know, and I rather not tell you.
 To soften my 'Yes' I offer compensations –
 age and fulfilment ('It's so far away; 5
 you will have children and grandchildren by then')
 and indifference ('By then you will not care').
 No need: you cannot believe me, convinced
 that if you always eat plenty of vegetables
 and are careful crossing the street you will live for ever. 10
 And so we close the subject, with much unsaid –
 this, for instance: Though you and I may die
 tomorrow or next year, and nothing remain
 of our stock, of the unique, preciously-hoarded
 inimitable genes we carry in us, 15
 it is possible that for many generations
 there will exist, sprung from whatever seeds,
 children straight-limbed, with clear enquiring voices,
 bright-eyed as you. Or so I like to think:
 sharing in this your childish optimism. 20

W.H. AUDEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'You cannot conquer Time.' (From Auden's poem, 'As I walked out one evening')

With reference to at least **three** poems, discuss Auden's poetic methods and their effects in his presentation of Time.

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering how Auden explores attitudes to love and loving, here and elsewhere in your selection.

Lay your sleeping head, my love,

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Watched by every human love.

L. P. HARTLEY: *The Go-Between*

3 Either (a) Trimingham says: 'Nothing is ever a lady's fault; you'll learn that.'

Discuss the significance of this remark to your understanding of *The Go-Between*.

Or (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering ways it is characteristic of Hartley's methods and concerns.

I didn't recover my memory of what happened at Brandham however, after the revelation in the outhouse.

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I could make no contact with either,
and lacking the nourishment that these umbilical cords convey I shrank into myself.

Epilogue

KATHERINE MANSFIELD: *Selected Stories*

- 4 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Mansfield present men's view of marriage and relationships? You should refer in detail to at least **two** stories in your selection.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering ways it is characteristic of Mansfield's methods and concerns.

Why does one feel so different at night? Why is it so exciting to be awake when everybody else is asleep? Late—it is very late! And yet every moment you feel more and more wakeful, as though you were slowly, almost with every breath, waking up into a new, wonderful, far more thrilling and exciting world than the daylight one. And what is this queer sensation that you're a conspirator? Lightly, stealthily you move about your room. You take something off the dressing-table and put it down again without a sound. And everything, even the bed-post, knows you, responds, shares your secret... 5

You're not very fond of your room by day. You never think about it. You're in and out, the door opens and slams, the cupboard creaks. You sit down on the side of your bed, change your shoes and dash out again. A dive down to the glass, two pins in your hair, powder your nose and off again. But now—it's suddenly dear to you. It's a darling little funny room. It's yours. Oh, what a joy it is to own things! Mine—my own! 10

'My very own for ever?' 15

'Yes.' Their lips met.

No, of course, that had nothing to do with it. That was all nonsense and rubbish. But, in spite of herself, Beryl saw so plainly two people standing in the middle of her room. Her arms were round his neck; he held her. And now he whispered, 'My beauty, my little beauty!' She jumped off her bed, ran over to the window and kneeled on the window-seat, with her elbows on the sill. But the beautiful night, the garden, every bush, every leaf, even the white palings, even the stars, were conspirators too. So bright was the moon that the flowers were bright as by day; the shadow of the nasturtiums, exquisite lily-like leaves and wide-open flowers, lay across the silvery veranda. The manuka tree, bent by the southerly winds, was like a bird on one leg stretching out a wing. 20 25

But when Beryl looked at the bush, it seemed to her the bush was sad.

'We are dumb trees, reaching up in the night, imploring we know not what,' said the sorrowful bush.

It is true when you are by yourself and you think about life, it is always sad. All that excitement and so on has a way of suddenly leaving you, and it's as though, in the silence, somebody called your name, and you heard your name for the first time. 'Beryl!' 30

'Yes, I'm here. I'm Beryl. Who wants me?'

'Beryl!' 35

'Let me come.'

It is lonely living by oneself. Of course, there are relations, friends, heaps of them; but that's not what she means. She wants some one who will find the Beryl they none of them know, who will expect her to be that Beryl always. She wants a lover. 40

'Take me away from all these other people, my love. Let us go far away. Let us live our life, all new, all ours, from the very beginning. Let us make our fire. Let us sit down to eat together. Let us have long talks at night.'

And the thought was almost, 'Save me, my love. Save me!'

... 'Oh, go on! Don't be a prude, my dear. You enjoy yourself while you're young. That's my advice.' And a high rush of silly laughter joined Mrs Harry Kember's loud, indifferent neigh. 45

You see, it's so frightfully difficult when you've nobody. You're so at the mercy of

things. You can't just be rude. And you've always this horror of seeming inexperienced and stuffy like the other ninnies at the Bay. And—and it's fascinating to know you've power over people. Yes, that is fascinating.... 50

Oh why, oh why doesn't 'he' come soon?

If I go on living here, thought Beryl, anything may happen to me.

'But how do you know he is coming at all?' mocked a small voice within her.

But Beryl dismissed it. She couldn't be left. Other people, perhaps, but not she. 55
It wasn't possible to think that Beryl Fairfield never married, that lovely fascinating girl.

At the Bay

HAROLD PINTER: *The Birthday Party*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the dramatic presentation and significance of Stanley in *The Birthday Party*.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the language and action in the following extract, considering ways Pinter shapes an audience's response to the characters, here and elsewhere in the play.

Meg: Well, I'd better be off now. [*She moves to the back door, and turns.*] Petey, when Stanley comes down....

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Petey [*dubiously*]: What do you mean? [*Enter McCANN with two suitcases.*] All packed up?

Act 3

ARUNDHATI ROY: *The God of Small Things*

- 6 **Either** (a) In *The God of Small Things*, ‘the Love Laws ... lay down who should be loved. And how. And how much.’

By what means and with what effects does Roy reveal the significance of the ‘Love Laws’ in the novel?

- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering ways it is characteristic of Roy’s narrative methods and concerns.

In Pappachi’s study, mounted butterflies and moths had disintegrated into small heaps of iridescent dust that powdered the bottom of their glass display cases, leaving the pins that had impaled them naked. Cruel. The room was rank with fungus and disuse. An old neon-green hula hoop hung from a wooden peg on the wall, a huge saint’s discarded halo. A column of shining black ants walked across a windowsill, their bottoms tilted upwards, like a line of mincing chorus girls in a Busby Berkeley musical. Silhouetted against the sun. Buffed and beautiful. 5

Rahel (on a stool, on top of a table) rummaged in a book cupboard with dull, dirty glass panes. Her bare footprints were clear in the dust on the floor. They led from the door to the table (dragged to the bookshelf), to the stool (dragged to the table and lifted onto it). She was looking for something. Her life had a size and a shape now. She had half-moons under her eyes and a team of trolls on her horizon. 10

On the top shelf, the leather binding on Pappachi’s set of *The Insect Wealth of India* had lifted off each book and buckled like corrugated asbestos. Silverfish tunneled through the pages, burrowing arbitrarily from species to species, turning organized information into yellow lace. 15

Rahel groped behind the row of books and brought out hidden things.

A smooth seashell and a spiky one.

A plastic case for contact lenses. An orange pipette.

A silver crucifix on a string of beads. Baby Kochamma’s rosary. 20

She held it up against the light. Each greedy bead grabbed its share of sun.

A shadow fell across the sunlit rectangle on the study floor. Rahel turned towards the door with her string of light.

‘Imagine. It’s still here. I stole it. After you were Returned.’

That word slipped out easily. *Returned*. As though that was what twins were meant for. To be borrowed and returned. Like library books. 25

Estha wouldn’t look up. His mind was full of trains. He blocked the light from the door. An Estha-shaped hole in the Universe.

Behind the books, Rahel’s puzzled fingers encountered something else. Another magpie had had the same idea. She brought it out and wiped the dust off with the sleeve of her shirt. It was a flat packet wrapped in clear plastic and stuck with Sellotape. A scrap of white paper inside it said *Esthappen and Rahel*. In Ammu’s writing. 30

There were four tattered notebooks in it. On their covers they said *Wisdom Exercise Notebooks* with a place for *Name, School/College, Class, Subject*. Two had her name on them, and two Estha’s. 35

Inside the back cover of one, something had been written in a child’s handwriting. The laboured form of each letter and the irregular space between words was full of the struggle for control over the errant, self-willed pencil. The sentiment, in contrast, was lucid: *I Hate Miss Mitten and I Think Her gnickers are TORN*. 40

On the front of the book, Estha had rubbed out his surname with spit, and taken half the paper with it. Over the whole mess, he had written in pencil *Un-known*. Esthappen Un-known. (His surname postponed for the Time Being, while Ammu chose between her husband’s name and her father’s.) Next to *Class* it said: *6 years*. Next to *Subject* it said: *Story-writing*. 45

Rahel sat cross-legged (on the stool on the table).
'Esthappen Un-known,' she said. She opened the book and read aloud.

Chapter 7

WOLE SOYINKA: *The Trials of Brother Jero and Jero's Metamorphosis*

- 7 **Either** (a) 'Soyinka's comedy in these plays depends on bizarre and extreme exaggeration, as well as the careful use of language.'

With detailed reference to particular scenes, discuss the plays in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language and action in the following extract, discuss ways Soyinka shapes an audience's response to the characters, here and elsewhere.

[PROPHET JEROBOAM, *known to his congregation as BROTHER JERO, is seen again at the window, this time with his canvas pouch and divine stick. He lowers the bag to the ground, eases one leg over the window.*]

Amope [without looking back.]: Where do you think you're going? 5
[BROTHER JERO practically flings himself back into the house.]

Amope: One pound, eight shillings, and ninepence for three months. And he calls himself a man of God.

[*She puts the notebook away, unwraps the brazier, and proceeds to light it preparatory to getting breakfast.* 10
The door opens another foot.]

Jero [*Coughs.*]: Sister ... my dear sister in Christ ...

Amope: I hope you slept well, Brother Jero ...

Jero: Yes, thanks be to God. [*Hems and coughs.*] I—er—I hope you have not come to stand in the way of Christ and his work. 15

Amope: If Christ doesn't stand in the way of me and my work.

Jero: Beware of pride, sister. That was a sinful way to talk.

Amope: Listen, you bearded debtor. You owe me one pound, eight and nine. You promised you would pay me three months ago but of course you have been too busy doing the work of God. Well, let me tell you that you are not going anywhere until you do a bit of my own work. 20

Jero: But the money is not in the house. I must get it from the post office before I can pay you.

Amope [*fanning the brazier.*]: You'll have to think of something else before you call me a fool. 25

[BROTHER JEROBOAM *shuts the door.*]

A woman trader goes past with a deep calabash bowl on her head.]

Amope: Ei, what are you selling? 30

[*The TRADER hesitates, decides to continue on her way.*]

Amope: Isn't it you I'm calling? What have you got there?

Trader [*stops, without turning round.*]: Are you buying for trade or just for yourself?

Amope: It might help if you first told me what you have. 35

Trader: Smoked fish.

Amope: Well, let's see it.

Trader [*hesitates.*]: All right, help me to set it down. But I don't usually stop on the way.

- Amope:* Isn't it money you are going to the market for, and isn't it money I'm going to pay you? 40
- Trader* [*as AMOPE gets up and unloads her.*]: Well, just remember it is early in the morning. Don't start me off wrong by haggling.
- Amope:* All right, all right. [*Looks at the fish.*] How much a dozen?
- Trader:* One and three, and I'm not taking a penny less. 45
- Amope:* It is last week's, isn't it?
- Trader:* I've told you, you're my first customer, so don't ruin my trade with the ill-luck of the morning.
- Amope* [*holding one up to her nose.*]: Well, it does smell a bit, doesn't it?
- Trader* [*putting back the wrappings.*]: Maybe it is you who haven't had a bath for a week. 50
- Amope:* Yeh! All right, go on. Abuse me. Go on and abuse me when all I wanted was a few of your miserable fish. I deserve it for trying to be neighbourly with a cross-eyed wretch, pauper that you are ...
- Trader:* It is early in the morning. I am not going to let you infect my luck with your foul tongue by answering you back. And just you keep your cursed fingers from my goods because that is where you'll meet with the father of all devils if you don't. 55
[*She lifts the load to her head all by herself.*]
- Amope:* Yes, go on. Carry the burden of your crimes and take your beggar's rags out of my sight ... 60
- Trader:* I leave you in the hands of your flatulent belly, you barren sinner. May you never do good in all your life.
- Amope:* You're cursing me now, are you?
[*She leaps up just in time to see BROTHER JERO escape through the window.*] 65
Help! Thief! Thief! You bearded rogue. Call yourself a prophet? But you'll find it easier to get out than to get in. You'll find that out or my name isn't Amope ...
[*She turns on the TRADER who has already disappeared.*] 70
Do you see what you have done, you spindle-leg toad? Receiver of stolen goods, just wait until the police catch up with you ...
[*Towards the end of this speech the sound of 'gangan' drums is heard, coming from the side opposite the hut. A boy enters carrying a drum on each shoulder. He walks towards her, drumming. She turns almost at once.*] 75
- Amope:* Take yourself off, you dirty beggar. Do you think my money is for the likes of you?
[*The boy flees, turns suddenly, and beats a parting abuse on the drums.*] 80
- Amope:* I don't know what the world is coming to. A thief of a Prophet, a swindler of a fish-seller and now that thing with lice on his head comes begging for money. He and the Prophet ought to get together with the fish-seller their mother.
- [*Lights fade*] 85

The Trials of Brother Jero, Scene 2

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