



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/63

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

October/November 2011

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.

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: *Collected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'Adcock takes delight in exploring the mysteries, the puzzles of life'.

With detailed reference to **two or more** poems, discuss how she does this and what effects.

- Or** (b) Write a detailed appreciation of the following poem, considering the poetic methods Adcock uses to explore the ideas and create effects.

A Walk in the Snow

Neighbours lent her a tall feathery dog
 to make her expedition seem natural.
 She couldn't really fancy a walk alone,
 drawn though she was to the shawled whiteness,
 the flung drifts of wool. She was not a walker. 5
 Her winter pleasures were in firelit rooms –
 entertaining friends with inventive dishes
 or with sherry, conversation, palm-reading:
 'You've suffered,' she'd say. 'Of course, life is suffering ...'
 holding a wrist with her little puffy hand 10
 older than her face. She was writing a novel.
 But today there was the common smothered in snow,
 blanked-out, white as meringue, the paths gone:
 a few mounds of bracken spikily veiled
 and the rest smooth succulence. They pocked it, 15
 she and the dog; they wrote on it with their feet –
 her suede boots, his bright flurrying paws.
 It was their snow, and they took it.

That evening

the poltergeist, the switcher-on of lights 20
 and conjuror with ashtrays, was absent.
 The house lay mute. She hesitated a moment
 at bedtime before the Valium bottle;
 then, to be on the safe side, took her usual;
 and swam into a deep snowy sleep 25
 where a lodge (was it?) and men in fur hats,
 and the galloping ... and something about ...

T. S. ELIOT: *Prufrock and Other Observations*, *The Waste Land* and *The Hollow Men*

- 2 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Eliot present isolation and loneliness in this selection? You should make close reference to **two or more** poems.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, focusing in detail on Eliot's poetic methods and effects.

II. *A Game of Chess*

The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,
 Glowed on the marble, where the glass
 Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines
 From which a golden Cupidon peeped out
 (Another hid his eyes behind his wing) 5
 Doubled the flames of sevenbranched candelabra
 Reflecting light upon the table as
 The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,
 From satin cases poured in rich profusion;
 In vials of ivory and coloured glass 10
 Unstoppered, lurked her strange synthetic perfumes,
 Unguent, powdered, or liquid – troubled, confused
 And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air
 That freshened from the window, these ascended
 In fattening the prolonged candle-flames, 15
 Flung their smoke into the laquearia,
 Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.
 Huge sea-wood fed with copper
 Burned green and orange, framed by the coloured stone,
 In which sad light a carved dolphin swam. 20
 Above the antique mantel was displayed
 As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene
 The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king
 So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale
 Filled all the desert with inviolable voice 25
 And still she cried, and still the world pursues,
 'Jug Jug' to dirty ears.
 And other withered stumps of time
 Were told upon the walls; staring forms
 Leaned out, leaning, hushing the room enclosed. 30
 Footsteps shuffled on the stair.
 Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair
 Spread out in fiery points
 Glowed into words, then would be savagely still.

JANET FRAME: *Towards Another Summer*

3 **Either** (a) 'Words were so mysterious, full of pleasure and fear.'

In the light of this quotation, discuss Frame's presentation of Grace in the novel.

Or (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering the ways in which it is characteristic of Frame's narrative methods.

Once or twice she woke, drew the bedclothes down to free her arms and turned from the wall to the dark glistening shape of window. Immediately the chilling air surged near her, touching spears of icicles upon her skin; she lay entombed in ice; anyone coming into the room would have seen the oblong coffin-shape of ice resting upon the bed containing deep within it the smoky darkening-blue feminine shape of a comfortless weekender, migratory bird, lying in the penultimate home of an elderly New Zealand sheep-farmer. Country darkness fills the bowl of light to overflowing; in city darkness little silver lights swim like fish in and around the pool. Winchley at night was dark and lonely. No sound. No moreporks, hedgehogs, cats, no sea crashing over the breakwater, town-clock striking the quarter-hour. No people; only now and again from the children's room the small restless whimpers which children make in their dreams – Don't take it from me, it's mine, Mummy, Noel's got it, and it's mine, I want this, I want this, but it belongs to Sarah, No No I want it, Mummy look what Noel's doing, Daddy what's Grace-Cleave staying here for, where's my baby Jesus and my angels: whimpers for things broken or stolen or put out of reach; things things. 5

No sound from Philip and Anne; they must be deep asleep. They must have accepted their sleeping, performing the ritual of it with the deceiving simplicity of mime, like film stars on the screen – each entering the room, undressing, each drawing back the blankets, lying neatly on the appointed side of the double bed, resting the head just so on the pillow, apart, as if poisonous thorns lay between them; then reaching to switch off the lamp, calling a sporty Cheerio, Night-Night; the eyes closed; the two unmixed in instant sleep. Grace used to imagine, when she saw such modest films, that as soon as the camera had left the scene the bedmates flicked open their eyes, like dolls, and seeing in the dark, sprang towards each other, arms and legs locked like complicated mechanical toys, blood-red and snow-white twisted and exposed, revolving like the colours on a barber's pole. Grace knew that more often it was the unreal film which was real, that a man and woman climbed into bed, arranged the bedclothes considerably with each having a fair share, put out the light, said Ta-Ta or Bye-Bye or See You Tomorrow, and slept, stretched like corpses, as if each were thinking of death and of the trouble and expense that would be saved if they died in the night with their bodies discreetly and properly arranged each to fit its own coffin. 20

Now and then Grace heard a sigh or murmur from Philip or Anne; something spoken in a dream. I am the perpetual eavesdropper, Grace thought; always with my ear to the wall of other people's lives; such a vicarious existence does not seem possible. I feel that if I were human and not, now, thankfully, a migratory bird, I should be one of the first programmed human machines, with my cold eyes flashing their lights at stated intervals, and my mouth emitting its cardboard code. 25

Reluctantly she got out of bed and used the chamber, a big roomy vessel with deep white walls like the cliffs of Dover. The British, she thought, are so hospitable. 30 40

Please turn to page 6 for Question 4.

BRIAN FRIEL: *Translations*

- 4 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Friel present Ireland and the Irish play?
- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effects in the following passage, exploring how Friel shapes an audience's response to the characters and the concerns of the play.

OWEN: (at map) Back to first principles. What are we trying to do?

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MANUS: (leaving) I'm sure. But there are always the Rolands, aren't there?

(He goes upstairs and exits.)

Act 2, Scene 1

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss Narayan's presentation of the conflict between the traditional and modern in the novel.
- Or** (b) Write a detailed analysis of the following passage, exploring the ways in which Narayan presents the character of Krishna at this point in the novel.

I sat in my room, at the table. It was Thursday and it was a light day for me at college – only two hours of work in the afternoon, and not much preparation for that either. *Pride and Prejudice* for a senior class, non-detailed study, which meant just reading it to the boys. And a composition class. I sat at my table as usual after morning coffee looking over the books ranged on the table and casually turning over the pages of some exercise books. 'Nothing to do. Why not write poetry? Ages since I wrote anything?' My conscience had a habit of asserting itself once in six months and reminding me that I ought to write poetry. At such moments I opened the bottommost drawer of my table and pulled out a notebook of about five hundred pages, handsomely bound. I had spent nearly a week at a local press getting this done some years ago. Its smooth pages contained my most cherished thoughts on life and nature and humanity. In addition to shorter fragments that I wrote at various times on a miscellany of topics, it contained a long unfinished poem on an epic scale to which I added a few dozen lines whenever my conscience stirred in me. I always fancied that I was born for a poetic career and some day I hoped to take the world by storm with the publication. Some of the pieces were written in English and some in Tamil. (I hadn't yet made up my mind as to which language was to be enriched with my contributions to its literature, but the language was unimportant. The chief thing seemed to be the actual effort.) I turned over the pages looking at my previous writing. The last entry was several months ago, on nature. I felt satisfied with it but felt acute discomfort on realizing that I had hardly done anything more than that. Today I was going to make up for all lost time; I took out my pen, dipped it in ink, and sat hesitating. Everything was ready except a subject. What should I write about?

My wife had come in and was stealthily watching the pages over my shoulder. As I sat biting the end of my pen, she remarked from behind me: 'Oh, the poetry book is out: why are you staring at a blank page?' Her interruption was always welcome. I put away my book, and said: 'Sit down,' dragging a stool nearer. 'No, I'm going away. Write your poetry. I won't disturb you. You may forget what you wanted to write.' 'I have not even thought of what to write,' I said. 'Some day I want to fill all the pages of this book and then it will be published and read all over the world.' At this she turned over the leaves of the notebook briskly and laughed: 'There seem to be over a thousand pages, and you have hardly filled the first ten.'

'The trouble is I have not enough subjects to write on,' I confessed. She drew herself up and asked: 'Let me see if you can write about me.'

'A beautiful idea,' I cried. 'Let me see you.' I sat up very attentively and looked at her keenly and fixedly like an artist or a photographer viewing his subject. I said: 'Just move a little to your left please. Turn your head right. Look at me straight here. That's right. ... Now I can write about you. Don't drop your lovely eyelashes so much. You make me forget my task. Ah, now, don't grin please. Very good, stay as you are and see how I write now, steady. ...' I drew up the notebook, ran the fountain pen hurriedly over it and filled a whole page beginning:

'She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight:
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.'

It went on for thirty lines ending:

'And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.'

I constantly paused to look at her while writing, and said: 'Perfect. Thank you.
Now listen.'

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'Oh, how fast you write!' she said admiringly.

'You will also find how well I've written. Now listen,' I said, and read as if to my
class, slowly and deliberately, pausing to explain now and then.

'I never knew you could write so well.'

Chapter 2

HAROLD PINTER: *The Homecoming*

- 6 **Either** (a) '*The Homecoming* focuses on basic human needs: to be recognised, appreciated, wanted and loved.'

Discuss this statement with reference to specific episodes in the play.

- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effects in the following passage, exploring the ways Pinter shapes an audience's responses.

RUTH comes down the stairs, dressed.

She comes into the room.

She smiles at the gathering, and sits.

Silence.

- TEDDY: Ruth ... the family have invited you to stay, for a little while longer. As a ... as a kind of guest. If you like the idea I don't mind. We can manage very easily at home ... until you come back. 5
- RUTH: How very nice of them.
Pause.
- MAX: It's an offer from our heart. 10
- RUTH: It's very sweet of you.
- MAX: Listen ... it would be our pleasure.
Pause.
- RUTH: I think I'd be too much trouble.
- MAX: Trouble? What are you talking about? What trouble? Listen, I'll tell you something. Since poor Jessie died, eh, Sam? we haven't had a woman in the house. Not one. Inside this house. And I'll tell you why. Because their mother's image was so dear any other woman would have ... tarnished it. But you ... Ruth ... you're not only lovely and beautiful, but you're kin. You're kith. You belong here. 15
Pause.
- RUTH: I'm very touched.
- MAX: Of course you're touched. I'm touched.
Pause.
- TEDDY: But Ruth, I should tell you ... that you'll have to pull your weight a little, if you stay. Financially. My father isn't very well off. 25
- RUTH: (to MAX) Oh, I'm sorry.
- MAX: No, you'd just have to bring in a little, that's all. A few pennies. Nothing much. It's just that we're waiting for Joey to hit the top as a boxer. When Joey hits the top ... well ... 30
Pause.
- TEDDY: Or you can come home with me.
- LENNY: We'd get you a flat.
Pause.
- RUTH: A flat? 35
- LENNY: Yes.
- RUTH: Where?
- LENNY: In town.
Pause.
- MAX: But you'd live here, with us. 40
- MAX: Of course you would. This would be your home. In the bosom of the family.
- LENNY: You'd just pop up to the flat a couple of hours a night, that's all

MAX: Just a couple of hours, that's all. That's all.
LENNY: And you make enough money to keep you going here.
Pause.
RUTH: How many rooms would this flat have?
LENNY: Not many.
RUTH: I would want at least three rooms and a bathroom.
LENNY: You wouldn't need three rooms and a bathroom.
MAX: She'd need a bathroom.
LENNY: But not three rooms.
Pause.
RUTH: Oh, I would. Really.

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Act 2

WOLE SOYINKA: *Death and the King's Horseman*

- 7 **Either** (a) With detailed reference to specific episodes, discuss Soyinka's dramatic presentation of the clash of cultures in the play.
- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effects of the writing in the following passage, exploring how Soyinka shapes an audience's response to the characters and the concerns of the play.

IYALLOJA: She is betrothed.

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IYALLOJA: ...would you rather it was my hand whose sacrilege wrenched it loose?

Scene 1

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *To the Lighthouse*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss Woolf's presentation of Lily Briscoe and her role in the novel.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, commenting in detail on the way Woolf shapes your understanding of the characters and their relationships.

But his son hated him. He hated him for coming up to them, for stopping and looking down on them; he hated him for interrupting them; he hated him for the exaltation and sublimity of his gestures; for the magnificence of his head; for his exactingness and egotism (for there he stood, commanding them to attend to him); but most of all he hated the twang and twitter of his father's emotion which, vibrating round them, disturbed the perfect simplicity and good sense of his relations with his mother. By looking fixedly at the page, he hoped to make him move on; by pointing his finger at a word, he hoped to recall his mother's attention, which, he knew angrily, wavered instantly his father stopped. But no. Nothing would make Mr Ramsay move on. There he stood, demanding sympathy. 5

Mrs Ramsay, who had been sitting loosely, folding her son in her arm, braced herself, and, half turning, seemed to raise herself with an effort, and at once to pour erect into the air a rain of energy, a column of spray, looking at the same time animated and alive as if all her energies were being fused into force, burning and illuminating (quietly though she sat, taking up her stocking again), and into this delicious fecundity, this fountain and spray of life, the fatal sterility of the male plunged itself, like a beak of brass, barren and bare. He wanted sympathy. He was a failure, he said. Mrs Ramsay flashed her needles. Mr Ramsay repeated, never taking his eyes from her face, that he was a failure. She blew the words back at him. 'Charles Tansley ...' she said. But he must have more than that. It was sympathy he wanted, to be assured of his genius, first of all, and then to be taken within the circle of life, warmed and soothed, to have his senses restored to him, his barrenness made fertile, and all the rooms of the house made full of life – the drawing-room; behind the drawing-room the kitchen; above the kitchen the bedrooms; and beyond them the nurseries; they must be furnished, they must be filled with life. 10 15 20 25

Charles Tansley thought him the greatest metaphysician of the time, she said. But he must have more than that. He must have sympathy. He must be assured that he too lived in the heart of life; was needed; not here only, but all over the world. Flashing her needles, confident, upright, she created drawing-room and kitchen, set them all aglow; bade him take his ease there, go in and out, enjoy himself. She laughed, she knitted. Standing between her knees, very stiff, James felt all her strength flaring up to be drunk and quenched by the beak of brass, the arid scimitar of the male, which smote mercilessly, again and again, demanding sympathy. 30

He was a failure, he repeated. Well, look then, feel then. Flashing her needles, glancing round about her, out of the window, into the room, at James himself, she assured him, beyond a shadow of a doubt, by her laugh, her poise, her competence (as a nurse carrying a light across a dark room assures a fractious child), that it was real; the house was full; the garden blooming. If he put implicit faith in her, nothing should hurt him; however deep he buried himself or climbed high, not for a second should he find himself without her. So boasting of her capacity to surround and protect, there was scarcely a shell of herself left for her to know herself by; all was so lavished and spent; and James, as he stood stiff between her knees, felt her rise in a rosy-flowered fruit tree laid with leaves and dancing boughs into which the beak of brass, the arid scimitar of his father, the egotistical man, plunged and smote, demanding sympathy. 35 40 45

Filled with her words, like a child who drops off satisfied, he said, at last, looking at her with humble gratitude, restored, renewed, that he would take a turn; he would watch the children playing cricket. He went.

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