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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/61**

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

**October/November 2011**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**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.

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This document consists of **12** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



FLEUR ADCOCK: *Collected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Adcock explore aspects of the world? Discuss with close reference to **two or more** poems.
- Or** (b) Write a detailed appreciation of the following poem, considering Adcock's poetic methods used to explore the theme and create effects.

*Witnesses*

We three in our dark decent clothes,  
unlike ourselves, more like the three  
witches, we say, crouched over the only  
ashtray, smoke floating into our hair,

wait. An hour; another hour. 5  
If you stand up and walk ten steps  
to the glass doors you can see her there  
in the witness box, a Joan of Arc,

straight, still, her neck slender,  
her lips moving from time to time 10  
in reply to voices we can't hear:  
'I put it to you... I should like to suggest...'

It's her small child who is at stake.  
His future hangs from these black-clad  
proceedings, these ferretings under her sober 15  
dress, under our skirts and dresses

to sniff out corruption: 'I put it to you  
that in fact your husband... that my client...  
that you yourself initiated the violence...  
that your hysteria...' She sits like marble. 20

We pace the corridors, peep at the distance  
from door to witness box (two steps up,  
remember, be careful not to trip  
when the time comes) and imagine them there,

the ones we can't see. A man in a wig 25  
and black robes. Two other men  
in lesser wigs and gowns. More men  
in dark suits. We sit down together,

shake the smoke from our hair, pass round 30  
more cigarettes (to be held carefully  
so as not to smirch our own meek versions  
of their clothing), and wait to be called.

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

- 2 **Either** (a) With close reference to **two or more** poems, explore the ways Eliot uses metaphor to present the theme of desire.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, focusing in detail on Eliot's poetic methods and effects.

*Portrait of a Lady*

*Thou hast committed—*

*Fornication: but that was in another country,  
And besides, the wench is dead.*

The Jew of Malta

I

Among the smoke and fog of a December afternoon  
You have the scene arrange itself—as it will seem to do—  
With 'I have saved this afternoon for you';  
And four wax candles in the darkened room,  
Four rings of light upon the ceiling overhead, 5  
An atmosphere of Juliet's tomb  
Prepared for all the things to be said, or left unsaid.  
We have been, let us say, to hear the latest Pole  
Transmit the Preludes, through his hair and finger-tips.  
'So intimate, this Chopin, that I think his soul 10  
Should be resurrected only among friends  
Some two or three, who will not touch the bloom  
That is rubbed and questioned in the concert room.'  
—And so the conversation slips  
Among velleities and carefully caught regrets 15  
Through attenuated tones of violins  
Mingled with remote cornets  
And begins.  
'You do not know how much they mean to me, my friends,  
And how, how rare and strange it is, to find 20  
In a life composed so much, so much of odds and ends,  
[For indeed I do not love it ... you knew? you are not  
blind!  
How keen you are!]  
To find a friend who has these qualities, 25  
Who has, and gives  
Those qualities upon which friendship lives.  
How much it means that I say this to you—  
Without these friendships—life, what *cauchemar!*'

Among the windings of the violins 30  
And the ariettes  
Of cracked cornets  
Inside my brain a dull tom-tom begins  
Absurdly hammering a prelude of its own,  
Capricious monotone 35  
That is at least one definite 'false note'.  
—Let us take the air, in a tobacco trance,  
Admire the monuments,  
Discuss the late events,  
Correct our watches by the public clocks. 40  
Then sit for half an hour and drink our backs

- 3 **Either** (a) Explore the significance and effect in the novel of Grace's continual reference to herself as a 'migratory bird'.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, paying particular attention to the narrative methods and effects in the presentation of the characters.

Replacing the book on the shelf, Grace switched off the gas fire and went downstairs to the sitting room. Philip and Anne looked up as she entered. Philip's eyes showed a mixture of sympathy and alarm, and Anne said hurriedly,

—Would you like a cup of coffee?

—Yes please, Grace said, and then explaining her absence,

—I got caught with your father's book, *The Story of the Rifle Brigade*. I've been reading for about an hour.

—You had the fire on, I hope?

Grace wanted to say, Why not!, to make Philip and Anne believe that she was either too timid or too absorbed to turn on the fire, but she was a passionate seeker for Truth, whatever it may be, even in little things, and she would have the world without and the world within stripped of all deceit, in the way that the birds, flying down to seize the flakes of gold that covered the Happy Prince, had stolen his clothes, then his limbs, his jewelled eyes, his ears, his flesh until only his heart remained ... one had to begin, carefully removing deceit layer by layer ... therefore Grace answered,

—Yes, I turned on the fire.

She had not been too timid, too absorbed; it was an act, because she felt she did not measure up to their expectation of her; they had expected a witty, wise, intelligent guest; instead they had this Grace-Cleave, as hyphenated as her name when it was spoken (intuitively) by little Sarah.

Yet she was indeed afraid, chiefly of thresholds and the human beings who might cross them; continually warned, she gave forth an offensive cloud of emotion and dream – timidity, absorption.

—Yes, she repeated boldly, —I turned on the fire.

She saw that, secretly, Philip and Anne wished she had not been so bold. They had been concerned for her going to her room and staying there an hour or more without a word of explanation. They had wanted to be able to say, anxiously,

—Oh you should have turned on the fire to warm the room. You must use it at any time, Grace.

She observed their disappointment, their cautious prying from their words of the anxiety that was not, after all, necessary.

—I'm glad you were warm enough, they said together.

—Was your father in the Rifle Brigade? Grace asked Anne.

—Yes. Look, I'll make coffee.

When Anne returned and they had drunk their coffee, Grace pulled a book, *Modern Architecture*, from the shelves, and sprang with quick courage to her feet.

—I think I'll retire. Goodnight.

Goodnight, Philip and Anne said together, Philip adding, again as if there were some doubt about her appearing in the morning,

—See you in the morning.

—Yes, she said formally.

Dear Sir, with regard to your statement on the matter of Sunday morning, this is to confirm ...

She would never learn; communication with people was more than a business letter; why could she not make it so? There were tears of rage in her eyes, rage at herself and the World, as tripping over instincts, ults, res, and heretofores, she went upstairs to bed.

As on her first night at Winchley, her pillow was wet with tears before sleep came.

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 4

BRIAN FRIEL: *Translations*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss Friel's dramatic presentation of Owen, and his significance in the play as a whole.
- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effectiveness of the following passage, exploring how Friel shapes an audience's response to the characters and the concerns of the play.

MANUS: Jimmy, please! Once more – just once more – 'My name –' Good girl.

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MANUS: You're a dangerous bloody man, Jimmy Jack.

Act 1, Scene 1

- 5 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Narayan present the theme of cheating in the novel?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effect of the writing in the following passage, focusing in detail on the ways Narayan shapes your response to the characters and concerns of the novel.

She came presently into my room with a paper screw full of sugar and said: 'This man has given underweight of sugar. He has cheated you.' I lowered the book, frowned at her and asked: 'What do you mean?'

'I fear to speak to you if you get angry,' she said.

'Who is angry?' I asked. 'What is the matter, tell me?'

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'I wrote for two measures of sugar, and see this; he has billed for two measures and has actually given a measure and a half I have measured it just now.' She looked at me victoriously, waiting to hear how I was going to answer this charge. I merely said: 'He wouldn't do such a thing. You must have some extraordinary measure with you at home.'

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'Nothing wrong with my measure. Even your mother measured everything with it and said it was correct.' So this was a legacy from her mother-in-law. She had taught the girl even this. She had a bronze tumbler, which she always declared was a correct half measure, and she would never recognize other standards and measures. She insisted upon making all her purchases, ghee or oil or milk or salt, with the aid of this measure, and declared that all other measures, including the Government stamped ones, were incorrect, and were kept maliciously incorrect because some municipal members were business men! She used the same tumbler for weighing too, placing it for weight in the scale pan, declaring that the curious thing about the vessel was that by weight too it was exactly half seer, and she would challenge anyone to disprove it. All tradespeople somehow succumbed to this challenge and allowed her to have her own way. She carried this tumbler about wherever she went, and I now found that she had procured a similar one for her daughter-in-law, and had trained her in the use of it.

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'Throw away that tumbler and use an honest measure,' I said. Susila merely looked at me and said: 'Please don't speak so loudly. The child is asleep,' and tried to go out of the room. I called her back and said: 'If you use an honest measure you will find that others have also done so.'

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'This National Provisions man is a thief,' she cried, 'the sooner you change the better.' This annoyed me very much. I had known the N.P.S. man for years and liked him. I went all the way to South Extension to patronize his shop, and I liked the man because he was fat and talkative, and Sastri the logic man always said that it was the best shop in the town. I rather prided myself on going to the shop. I liked the fat, thoughtful proprietor. I said: 'There is nothing wrong with him. He is the best shop man known. I won't change him...' 'I don't know why you should be so fond of him when he is giving under measure and rotten stuff...' she replied. I was by this time very angry: 'Yes, I am fond of him because he is my second cousin,' I said with a venomous grin.

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Her hatred of him was not mitigated. She said: 'You would pay cart hire and go all the way to South Extension to be cheated by him rather than go to a nearer shop. And his rates!' She finished the rest of her sentence with a shiver. 'I don't care if he overcharges – I won't drop him,' I declared. 'Hush, remember the child is sleeping,' she said and left the room. I lay in my chair fretting for fifteen minutes and then tried to resume my study, but could read only for five minutes. I got up and went over to the store-room as she was putting away the provisions and articles in their respective tin or glass containers. I stood at the doorway and watched her. I felt a great pity for her; the more because I had not shown very great patience. I asked: 'I will return the iadderv if it is too much. Have you absolutely no use for it?'

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In answer she pushed before me a glass goblet and said: 'This can hold just half a pound of jaggery and not more; which is more than enough for our monthly use. If it is kept in any other place, ants swarm on it.' I now saw the logic of her indignation, and by the time our next shopping was done, she had induced me to change over to the Co-operative Stores.

Since then every time the monthly list was drawn up she warned me: 'Don't alter anything in it.' I followed her list with strict precision, always feeling that one could never be sure what mess any small change might entail. If there were alterations to be made, I rather erred on the side of omission and went again next day after taking her suggestion.

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HAROLD PINTER: *The Homecoming*

6 Either (a) 'Teddy is the villain of the play.'

With detailed reference to the text, discuss your response to this statement.

Or (b) Discuss the dramatic effects in the following passage, exploring how Pinter shapes an audience's response to the characters.

JOEY looks round for his jacket, picks it up, goes out of the room and up the stairs.

Pause.

MAX: Sam ... why don't you go, too, eh? Why don't you just go upstairs? Leave me quiet. Leave me alone. 5

SAM: I want to make something clear about Jessie, Max. I want to. I do. When I took her out in the cab, round the town, I was taking care of her, for you. I was looking after her for you, when you were busy, wasn't I? I was showing her the West End.

Pause. 10

You wouldn't have trusted any of your other brothers. You wouldn't have trusted Mac, would you? But you trusted me. I want to remind you.

Pause.

Old Mac died a few years ago, didn't he? Isn't he dead? 15

Pause.

He was a lousy stinking rotten loudmouth. A bastard uncouth sodding runt. Mind you, he was a good friend of yours.

Pause.

MAX: Eh, Sam... 20

SAM: What?

MAX: Why do I keep you here? You're just an old grub.

SAM: Am I?

MAX: You're a maggot.

SAM: Oh yes? 25

MAX: As soon as you stop paying your way here, I mean when you're too old to pay your way, you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to give you the boot.

SAM: You are, eh?

MAX: Sure. I mean, bring in the money and I'll put up with you. But when the firm gets rid of you – you can flake off. 30

SAM: This is my house as well, you know. This was our mother's house.

MAX: One lot after the other. One mess after the other.

SAM: Our father's house.

MAX: Look what I'm lumbered with. One cast-iron bunch of crap after another. One flow of stinking pus after another. 35

Pause.

Our father! I remember him. Don't worry. You kid yourself. He used to come over to me and look down at me. My old man did. He'd bend right over me, then he'd pick me up. I was only that big. Then he'd dandle me. Give me the bottle. Wipe me clean. Give me a smile. Pat me on the bum. Pass me around, pass me from hand to hand. Toss me up in the air. Catch me coming down. I remember my father.

BLACKOUT.

LIGHTS UP. 45

Night.

TEDDY and RUTH stand at the threshold of the room. They are both well dressed in light summer suits and light raincoats.

Two suitcases are by their side.

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 7

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

- 7 **Either** (a) By what means and with what dramatic effects does Soyinka present the Br...  
the play?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting in detail on how  
the language contributes to the dramatic effects.

PRAISE-SINGER: Elesin Alafin, can you hear my voice?

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The stables at the end of day, gracefully ... Scene 3

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *To the Lighthouse*

- 8 **Either** (a) What is the significance and effect of Woolf's decision to remove Mrs. Ramsay's way through the novel?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting in detail on Woolf's narrative methods and concerns.

'Perhaps you will wake up and find the sun shining and the birds singing,' she said compassionately, smoothing the little boy's hair, for her husband, with his caustic saying that it would not be fine, had dashed his spirits she could see. This going to the Lighthouse was a passion of his, she saw, and then, as if her husband had not said enough, with his caustic saying that it would not be fine tomorrow, this odious little man went and rubbed it in all over again. 5

'Perhaps it will be fine tomorrow,' she said smoothing his hair.

All she could do now was to admire the refrigerator, and turn the pages of the Stores list in the hope that she might come upon something like a rake, or a mowing-machine, which, with its prongs and its handles, would need the greatest skill and care in cutting out. All these young men parodied her husband, she reflected; he said it would rain; they said it would be a positive tornado. 10

But here, as she turned the page, suddenly her search for the picture of a rake or a mowing-machine was interrupted. The gruff murmur, irregularly broken by the taking out of pipes and the putting in of pipes which had kept on assuring her, though she could not hear what was said (as she sat in the window), that the men were happily talking; this sound, which had lasted now half an hour and had taken its place soothingly in the scale of sounds pressing on top of her, such as the tap of balls upon bats, the sharp, sudden bark now and then, 'How's that? How's that?' of the children playing cricket, had ceased; so that the monotonous fall of the waves on the beach, which for the most part beat a measured and soothing tattoo to her thoughts and seemed consolingly to repeat over and over again as she sat with the children the words of some old cradle song, murmured by nature, 'I am guarding you – I am your support', but at other times suddenly and unexpectedly, especially when her mind raised itself slightly from the task actually in hand, had no such kindly meaning, but like a ghostly roll of drums remorselessly beat the measure of life, made one think of the destruction of the island and its engulfment in the sea, and warned her whose day had slipped past in one quick doing after another that it was all ephemeral as a rainbow – this sound which had been obscured and concealed under the other sounds suddenly thundered hollow in her ears and made her look up with an impulse of terror. 15 20 25 30

They had ceased to talk; that was the explanation. Falling in one second from the tension which had gripped her to the other extreme which, as if to recoup her for her unnecessary expense of emotion, was cool, amused, and even faintly malicious, she concluded that poor Charles Tansley had been shed. That was of little account to her. If her husband required sacrifices (and indeed he did) she cheerfully offered up to him Charles Tansley, who had snubbed her little boy. 35

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