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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/61

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

October/November 2013

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 **14** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



- 1 **Either** (a) With reference to **three** poems from your selection, discuss Adcock's treatment of death.
- Or** (b) Write a detailed appreciation of the following poem showing how far it is characteristic of Adcock's methods and concerns.

House-talk

Through my pillow, through mattress, carpet, floor and ceiling,
 sounds ooze up from the room below:
 footsteps, chinking crockery, hot-water pipes groaning,
 the muffled clunk of the refrigerator door,
 and voices. They are trying to be quiet,
 my son and his friends, home late in the evening.

5

Tones come softly filtered through the layers of padding.
 I hear the words but not what the words are,
 as on my radio when the batteries are fading.
 Voices are reduced to a muted music:
 Andrew's bass, his friend's tenor, the indistinguishable
 light murmurs of the girls; occasional giggling.

10

Surely wood and plaster retain something
 in their grain of all the essences they absorb?
 This house has been lived in for ninety years,
 nine by us. It has heard all manner of talking.
 Its porous fabric must be saturated
 with words. I offer it my peaceful breathing.

15

W. H. AUDEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'Auden adopts different voices for different poetic purposes.'

Compare the effects created by his use of voice in **three** poems in your selection.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Auden's poetic methods and concerns, write a detailed appreciation of the following poem, showing in what ways it is characteristic of his work.

A Walk After Dark

A cloudless night like this

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And these United States.

JANET FRAME: *Towards Another Summer*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss how and with what effects Frame presents Grace as a writer.
- Or** (b) Discuss in detail the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering how far it is characteristic of Frame's narrative methods and concerns.

Dried words like drops of blood surrounded her on the platform.

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of jigsaw that would fit in to the Thirkettle pattern.

Chapter 7

BRIAN FRIEL: *Translations*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Friel's presentation of Hugh is central to his exploration of the issues of the play.
Discuss the dramatic presentation of Hugh in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) Write a detailed analysis of the following passage showing how far it is characteristic of Friel's dramatic methods and concerns.

Doalty: Hi, boys, is Manus about?

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Owen: You can learn to decode us.

Act 2, Scene 1

- 5 **Either** (a) Leo says he is 'a foreigner in the world of emotions'.

Discuss Hartley's presentation of Leo in the light of this statement.

- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering how far it is characteristic of Hartley's narrative methods.

We were walking in silence, every now and then taking a few skips to release the tension and let the bad blood out, when suddenly I saw something which turned me cold.

We were in sight of the outhouse where the deadly nightshade grew, and the deadly nightshade was coming out of the door. 5

For a second I actually thought it had been endowed with movement and was coming towards us. Then the phenomenon explained itself: the bush had grown so much since my last visit that the hut no longer held it.

On the threshold which it guarded we paused and peered in. Marcus was for pushing past it into the shed: 'Oh, don't,' I whispered, and he smiled and drew back: it was our moment of reconciliation. The shrub had spread amazingly; it topped the roofless walls, it pressed into their crannies, groping for an outlet, urged by a secret explosive force that I felt would burst them. It had battened on the heat which had parched everything else. Its beauty, of which I was well aware, was too bold for me, too uncompromising in every particular. The sullen heavy purple bells wanted something of me that I could not give, the bold black burnished berries offered me something that I did not want. All other plants, I thought, bloom for the eye; they are perfected for our view: the mysterious principle of growth is manifest in them, mysterious yet simple. But this plant seemed to be up to something, to be carrying on a questionable traffic with itself. There was no harmony, no proportion in its parts. It exhibited all the stages of its development at once. It was young, middle-aged, and old at the same time. Not only did it bear its fruit and flowers together but there was a strange discrepancy between the size of its leaves: some were no longer than my little finger, others much longer than my hand. It invited and yet repelled inspection, as if it was harbouring some shady secret which it yet wanted you to know. Outside the shed, twilight was darkening the air, but inside it was already night, night which the plant had gathered to itself. 10 15 20 25

Torn between fascination and recoil I turned away, and it was then we heard the voices.

Actually there was only one voice, or only one voice audible. I recognized it at once, though Marcus didn't; it was the voice of 'When Other Lips', speaking, no doubt, the language whose excess imparts the power it feels so well. But what I heard was a low insistent murmur, with pauses for reply in which no reply was made. It had an hypnotic quality which I had never heard in any voice: a blend of urgency, cajolery, and extreme tenderness, and with below it the deep vibrato of a held-in laugh that might break out at any moment. It was the voice of someone wanting something very much and confident of getting it, but at the same time willing, no, constrained, to plead for it with all the force of his being. 30 35

'A loony talking to himself,' whispered Marcus: 'shall we go and see?'

At that moment a second voice became audible, toneless, unrecognizable but distinct. Marcus's eyes lit up. 40

'Eh bien, je jamais! c'est un couple,' he whispered, 'un couple qui fait le cuiller.'

'Fait le cuiller?' I echoed, stupidly.

'Spooning, you idiot. Let's go and rout them out.'

Terrified equally at the thought of discovering or being discovered I suddenly had an inspiration. 45

'Mais non!' I whispered, 'Ça serait trop ennuyeux. Laissons-les faire!'

I started resolutely on the homeward path and Marcus, after more than one backward glance, with a bad grace followed me. Through the mad pounding of my heart, and my general gratitude for deliverance, I found time to congratulate myself. It was the word 'ennuyeux' that had done the trick: Marcus had used it to discredit the rubbish-heap; in all his large vocabulary it carried the greatest weight of disparagement. Precociously sophisticated, he knew that to be boring was the unforgivable sin.

Chapter 17

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss how Roy presents the relationship between Rahel and Estha and its significance to the novel as a whole.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, write an analysis of the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Roy's descriptive writing and concerns.

Years later, when Rahel returned to the river, it greeted her with a ghastly skull's smile, with holes where teeth had been, and a limp hand raised from a hospital bed.

Both things had happened.

It had shrunk. And she had grown.

Downriver, a saltwater barrage had been built, in exchange for votes from the influential paddy-farmer lobby. The barrage regulated the inflow of saltwater from the backwaters that opened into the Arabian Sea. So now they had two harvests a year instead of one. More rice, for the price of a river.

Despite the fact that it was June, and raining, the river was no more than a swollen drain now. A thin ribbon of thick water that lapped wearily at the mud banks on either side, sequinned with the occasional silver slant of a dead fish. It was choked with a succulent weed, whose furred brown roots waved like thin tentacles under water. Bronze-winged lily-trotters walked across it. Splay-footed, cautious.

Once it had had the power to evoke fear. To change lives. But now its teeth were drawn, its spirit spent. It was just a slow, sludging green ribbon lawn that ferried fetid garbage to the sea. Bright plastic bags blew across its viscous, weedy surface like subtropical flying-flowers.

The stone steps that had once led bathers right down to the water, and Fisher People to the fish, were entirely exposed and led from nowhere to nowhere, like an absurd corbelled monument that commemorated nothing. Ferns pushed through the cracks.

On the other side of the river, the steep mud banks changed abruptly into low mud walls of shanty hutments. Children hung their bottoms over the edge and defecated directly onto the squelchy, sucking mud of the exposed river bed. The smaller ones left their dribbling mustard streaks to find their own way down. Eventually, by evening, the river would rouse itself to accept the day's offerings and sludge off to the sea, leaving wavy lines of thick white scum in its wake. Upstream, clean mothers washed clothes and pots in unadulterated factory effluents. People bathed. Severed torsos soaping themselves, arranged like dark busts on a thin, rocking, ribbon lawn.

On warm days the smell of shit lifted off the river and hovered over Ayemenem like a hat.

Further inland, and still across, a five-star hotel chain had bought the Heart of Darkness.

The History House (where map-breath'd ancestors with tough toe-nails once whispered) could no longer be approached from the river. It had turned its back on Ayemenem. The hotel guests were ferried across the backwaters, straight from Cochin. They arrived by speedboat, opening up a V of foam on the water, leaving behind a rainbow film of gasoline.

The view from the hotel was beautiful, but here too the water was thick and toxic. *No Swimming* signs had been put up in stylish calligraphy. They had built a tall wall to screen off the slum and prevent it from encroaching on Kari Saipu's estate. There wasn't much they could do about the smell.

But they had a swimming pool for swimming. And fresh tandoori pomfret and crêpe suzette on their menu.

The trees were still green, the sky still blue, which counted for something. they went ahead and plugged their smelly paradise – ‘God’s Own Country’ they called it in their brochures – because they knew, those clever Hotel People, that smelliness, like other people’s poverty, was merely a matter of getting used to. A question of discipline. Of Rigour and Air-conditioning. Nothing more.

50

Chapter 5

- 7 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Soyinka reveal the nature of Jero in the plays?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language and action, discuss the significance of the following passage, showing how it is characteristic of Soyinka's dramatic methods and concerns.

- Silva:* Captain Winston said that you were a natural on the trumpet and I suppose he is right. But there are certain things still to be learnt otherwise you will be like a lone voice crying in the wilderness. Now, shall we try again? I want you to watch me and try and follow the er, the movement of my hands—like this. Watch, watch ... Tam ... ta. ra. ta. tam. ta. ra ... tam and so on. Got it? 5
- Chume* [*assertively*]: Yes, yes. That is how Captain Winston is teaching me. 10
- Silva:* Good. Now are we ready? One—Two—Three ...
[*Continues to talk as he plays.*]
That's better. Always remember that the tunes of the Army must be martial in colour and tempo. We march to it remember, not dance. No, no. Stop. No flourishes please, no flourishes. Especially not with a march. Most especially not with a march. 15
- Chume:* Which one be flourish again?
- Silva:* Beg your pardon?
- Chume:* I say which one be flourish? 20
- Silva:* Oh, flourish. Well, flourish is er ... extra, you know, frills, decoration. What we want is pure notes, pure crystal clear notes. [*Chume looks blank.*] Look, just play the first bar again will you. 25
- Chume* [*more mystified still*]: Bar?
- Silva:* Yes, the first ... all right, start from the beginning again will you and I will stop you when you come to the flourish. ...
[*Chume plays. Silva stops him after a few notes.*]
That's it. You played that bit Ta-a-ta instead of ta-ta. 30
- Chume:* Oh you mean the pepper.
- Silva:* Pepper?
- Chume:* Enh, pepper. When you cook soup you go put small pepper. Otherwise the thing no go taste. I mean to say, 'e go taste like something. After all, even sand-sand get in own taste. But who dey satisfy with sand-sand? If they give you sand-sand to chop you go chop? 35
- Silva* [*beginning to doubt his senses*]: Mr. Chume, if I tell you I understand one word of what you're saying I commit the sin of mendacity. 40
- Chume:* What! You no know wetin pepper be? Captain Winston, as soon as I say pepper 'e knows wetin I mean one time.

- Silva:* I do not know, to use your own quaint expression, wetin musical pepper be, Mr. Chume.
- Chume:* And condiments? Iru? Salt? Ogiri? Kaun? And so on and so forth?
- Silva:* Mr. Chume, I'm afraid I don't quite see the relevance.
- Chume:* No no, no try for see am. Make you just *hear* am. 50
[Blows a straight note.] Dat na plain soup. *[Blows again, slurring into a higher note.]* Dat one na soup and pepper. *[Gives a new twist.]* Dat time I put extra flavour. Now, if you like we fit lef' am like that. But suppose I put stockfish, smoke-fish, ngwam-ngwam ... 55
- Silva:* If you don't mind I would just as soon have a straightforward rehearsal. We have no time for all this nonsense.
- Chume:* Wait small, you no like ngwam-ngwam or na wetin? Na my traditional food you dey call nonsense? 60
- Silva:* I had no intention whatsoever to insult you, Mr. Chume.
- Chume:* If nonsense no to big insult for man of my calibre, den I no know wetin be insult again.
- Silva:* Brother Chume, please. Do remember we have an important date at tomorrow's executions. We must rehearse! 65
- Chume [blasts an aggressive note on the trumpet]:* Stockfish! *[Another.]* Bitter-leaf! I done tire for your nonsense. 70
[Throws down cap, blows more notes.] Locust bean and red pepper! *[Kicks off shoes.]* If you still dey here when I put the ngwam-ngwam you go sorry for your head.
- [Throws himself into the music now, turning the tune into a traditional beat and warming up progressively. His legs begin to slice into the rhythm and before long his entire body is caught up with it. He dances aggressively towards Silva who backs away but cannot immediately escape as Chume's dance controls the exit. Finally when Chume leaps to one side he seizes his chance and takes to his heels. Chume continues dancing and does not notice Brother Jero who enters and, after a despairing shake of his head, with his usual calculating gesture, steps into the dance with him. Chume becomes slowly aware that other legs have joined his, his movement peters to a stop and he follows the legs up to the smiling, benevolent face of Brother Jero. Chume backs off.]* 75
80
85
- Jero [holds out his arms]:* It is no ghost, Brother Chume. It is no apparition that stands before you. Assure yourself that you are well again and suffer no more from hallucinations. It is I, your old beloved master the Prophet Jeroboam. Immaculate Jero. Articulate Hero of Christ's Crusade. 90

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