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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

**9695/62**

**May/June 2014**

**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.

**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.



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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, explore by what means and with what effects Adcock presents other people.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering the effects of Adcock's playful use of language and tone, here and elsewhere in her poems.

*Flames*

Which redhead did I get my temper from?  
 I've made a short ancestral list  
 by hair-colour and moods. But, more to the point,  
 what are the odds on Alzheimer's?

Which ones went funny in their seventies?  
 Mary Ellen, perhaps, found in the coal-shed  
 hunting for her Ship Canal shares  
 after her fiery hair turned grey.

5

My hair's not red. I like flames, though.  
 When I get old and mad I'll play with them –  
 run the flimsy veils through my fingers  
 like orange plastic film, like parachute-silk.

10

My hands will scorch and wither, if I do.  
 I shall be safe and dead. It won't matter.  
 It's something to look forward to,  
 playing with fire. That, or deep water.

15

W. H. AUDEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'Auden is interested in what it means to be human.'

With reference to at least **three** poems, consider Auden's poetic methods and their effects in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering Auden's use of language, sound and rhythm, here and elsewhere in your selection.

Look, stranger, at this island now

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And all the summer through the water saunter.

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

- 3 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Hartley explore innocence and the loss of innocence in *The Go-Between*?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following extract, considering how far it is characteristic of Hartley's methods and concerns.

Walking back from church I again found myself the odd man out, and this time Marian didn't join me;

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Perhaps he expected,  
as I had, that she would come and claim the prayer-book at once.

Chapter 6

KATHERINE MANSFIELD: *Selected Stories*4 **Either** (a) 'Girls have a lot to learn'. (*Frau Brechenmacher Attends a Wedding*)

With detailed reference to at least **two** stories, discuss how Mansfield presents young girls in the light of this comment.

## Or (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering ways in which it is characteristic of Mansfield's presentation of relationships.

Carefully she cut the cake into thick little wads and he reached across for a piece.

'Do realize how good it is,' she implored. 'Eat it imaginatively. Roll your eyes if you can and taste it on the breath. It's not a sandwich from the hatter's bag—it's the kind of cake that might have been mentioned in the Book of Genesis .... And God said: "Let there be cake. And there was cake. And God saw that it was good."'

'You needn't entreat me,' said he. 'Really you needn't. It's a queer thing but I always do notice what I eat here and never anywhere else. I suppose it comes of living alone so long and always reading while I feed ... my habit of looking upon food as just food ... something that's there, at certain times ... to be devoured ... to be ... not there.' He laughed. 'That shocks you. Doesn't it?'

'To the bone,' said she.

'But—look here—' He pushed away his cup and began to speak very fast. 'I simply haven't got any external life at all. I don't know the names of things a bit—trees and so on—and I never notice places or furniture or what people look like. One room is just like another to me—a place to sit and read or talk in—except,' and here he paused, smiled in a strange naive way, and said, 'except this studio.' He looked round him and then at her; he laughed in his astonishment and pleasure. He was like a man who wakes up in a train to find that he has arrived, already, at the journey's end.

'Here's another queer thing. If I shut my eyes I can see this place down to every detail—every detail.... Now I come to think of it—I've never realized this consciously before. Often when I am away from here I revisit it in spirit—wander about among your red chairs, stare at the bowl of fruit on the black table—and just touch, very lightly, that marvel of a sleeping boy's head.'

He looked at it as he spoke. It stood on the corner of the mantelpiece; the head to one side down-drooping, the lips parted, as though in his sleep the little boy listened to some sweet sound....

'I love that little boy,' he murmured. And then they both were silent.

A new silence came between them. Nothing in the least like the satisfactory pause that had followed their greetings—the 'Well, here we are together again, and there's no reason why we shouldn't go on from just where we left off last time.' That silence could be contained in the circle of warm, delightful fire and lamplight. How many times hadn't they flung something into it just for the fun of watching the ripples break on the easy shores. But into this unfamiliar pool the head of the little boy sleeping his timeless sleep dropped—and the ripples flowed away, away—boundlessly far—into deep glittering darkness.

And then both of them broke it. She said: 'I must make up the fire,' and he said: 'I have been trying a new....' Both of them escaped. She made up the fire and put the table back, the blue chair was wheeled forward, she curled up and he lay back among the cushions. Quickly! Quickly! They must stop it from happening again.

'Well, I read the book you left last time.'

'Oh, what do you think of it?'

They were off and all was as usual. But was it? Weren't they just a little too quick, too prompt with their replies, too ready to take each other up? Was this really anything more than a wonderfully good imitation of other occasions? His heart beat; her cheek burned and the stupid thing was she could not discover where exactly they were or what exactly was happening. She hadn't time to glance back. And just as she had got so far it happened again. They faltered, wavered, broke down, were silent. Again they were conscious of the boundless, questioning dark. Again, there they were—two hunters, bending over their fire, but hearing suddenly from the jungle beyond a shake of wind and a loud, questioning cry...

She lifted her head. 'It's raining,' she murmured. And her voice was like his when he had said: 'I love that little boy.'

Well. Why didn't they just give way to it—yield—and see what will happen then? But no. Vague and troubled though they were, they knew enough to realize their precious friendship was in danger. She was the one who would be destroyed—not they—and they'd be no party to that.

*Psychology*

HAROLD PINTER: *The Birthday Party*

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

[STANLEY *sits*, as MEG *enters*. She crosses and hangs her shopping bag on a hook. He lights a match and watches it burn.]

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*He arrives at her  
chair, banging the drum, his face and the drumbeat now  
savage and possessed.*

*Curtain]*

Act 1

ARUNDHATI ROY: *The God of Small Things*

- 6 **Either** (a) How do Roy's time scheme and the interplay between past and present add to the impact of *The God of Small Things*?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering ways it is characteristic of Roy's methods and concerns.

Sophie Mol had convinced the twins that it was *essential* that she go along too. That the absence of children, *all* children, would heighten the adults' remorse. It would make them truly sorry, like the grown-ups in Hamelin after the Pied Piper took away all their children. They would search everywhere and just when they were sure that all three of them were dead, they would return home in triumph. Valued, loved, and needed more than ever. Her clinching argument was that if she were left behind she might be tortured and forced to reveal their hiding place. 5

Estha waited until Rahel got in, then took his place, sitting astride the little boat as though it were a seesaw. He used his legs to push the boat away from the shore. As they lurched into the deeper water they began to row diagonally upstream, against the current, the way Velutha had taught them to. ('If you want to end up there, you must aim *there*!') 10

In the dark they couldn't see that they were in the wrong lane on a silent highway full of muffled traffic. That branches, logs, parts of trees, were motoring towards them at some speed. 15

They were past the Really Deep, only yards from the Other Side, when they collided with a floating log and the little boat tipped over. It had happened to them often enough on previous expeditions across the river, and they would swim after the boat and, using it as a float, dog-paddle to the shore. This time, they couldn't see their boat in the dark. It was swept away in the current. They headed for the shore, surprised at how much effort it took them to cover that short distance. 20

Estha managed to grab a low branch that arched down into the water. He peered downriver through the darkness to see if he could see the boat at all.

'I can't see anything. It's gone.'

Rahel, covered in slush, clambered ashore and held a hand out to help Estha pull himself out of the water. It took them a few minutes to catch their breath and register the loss of the boat. To mourn its passing. 25

'And all our food is spoiled,' Rahel said to Sophie Mol and was met with silence. A rushing, rolling, fishswimming silence.

'Sophie Mol?' she whispered to the rushing river. 'We're here! Here! Near the Illimba tree!' 30

Nothing.

On Rahel's heart Pappachi's moth snapped open its sombre wings.

Out.

In. 35

And lifted its legs.

Up.

Down.

They ran along the bank calling out to her. But she was gone. Carried away on the muffled highway. Greygreen. With fish in it. With the sky and trees in it. And at night the broken yellow moon in it. 40

There was no storm-music. No whirlpool spun up from the inky depths of the Meenachal. No shark supervised the tragedy.

Just a quiet handing over ceremony. A boat spilling its cargo. A river accepting the offering. One small life. A brief sunbeam. With a silver thimble clenched for luck in its little fist. 45

It was four in the morning, still dark, when the twins, exhausted, distraught and covered in mud, made their way through the swamp and approached the History House. Hansel and Gretel in a ghastly fairy tale in which their dreams would be captured and redreamed. They lay down in the back verandah on a grass mat with an inflatable goose and a Qantas koala bear. A pair of damp dwarves, numb with fear, waiting for the world to end. 50

'D'you think she's dead by now?'

Estha didn't answer.

'What's going to happen?'

55

'We'll go to jail.'

He Jolly Well knew. Little Man. He lived in a cara-van. Dum dum.

They didn't see someone else lying asleep in the shadows. As lonely as a wolf. A brown leaf on his black back. That made the monsoons come on time.

Chapter 16

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

- 7 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Soyinka involve the audience in the Jero plays?
- Or** (b) Comment in detail on the language and dramatic effects in the following extract, considering ways it is characteristic of Soyinka's dramatic methods in the plays.

<i>Rebecca:</i>	You are going out Brother Jero?	
<i>Jero:</i>	Preparations, Sister, preparations. If we must fight this battle well, there is a certain ally we cannot do without. I must go and seek him. [ <i>He stops. Benevolent smile.</i> ]	5
	But we shall win, Sister Rebecca, we shall win. Because I have already the best ally on my side. Here, in this room. [ <i>Going, hesitates, moves towards the vase of flowers and raises it to his face, sniffing delicately with his eyes shut.</i> ]	
	And I thank you for brightening up my humble shack with these flowers, even as you have lightened my life with your spiritual lamp. [ <i>Goes out rapidly, leaving SISTER REBECCA coy, enraptured, confused, and overwhelmed all at once.</i> ]	10
	Once outdoors BROTHER JERO slips round the side and observes her through a window. The woman's condition obviously uplifts him for he moves off with even jauntier step and a light adjustment to his chasuble. He is immediately confronted by a fellow prophet, ANANAIAS, one of the poorer specimens of the brotherhood but built like a barrel.]	15
<i>Ananaias:</i>	What are you up to now, Jero? Spying on your own little nest?	20
<i>Jero</i>	[ <i>clamps his hand on ANANAIAS and drags him off.</i> ]: S-sh.	
<i>Ananaias:</i>	Take your hands off me. [ <i>Shakes him off easily but follows him.</i> ] So who have you got in there? The bailiffs?	
<i>Jero:</i>	Bailiffs like all sinners are welcome in my church, Brother Ananaias. But I do not welcome them in my humble abode.	25
<i>Ananaias:</i>	That's enough of that pious nonsense. I know you.	
<i>Jero:</i>	Just what do you know of me, Brother?	
<i>Ananaias:</i>	Eh, come off it. If it's bailiffs ...	
<i>Jero:</i>	Bailiffs do not even know my dwelling Ananaias.	
<i>Ananaias:</i>	That's because you're a clever man, Jero. Not even your worse enemy will deny you that.	30
<i>Jero:</i>	Will you kindly say what business brought you here? I'm a busy man.	
<i>Ananaias:</i>	All right, then. I came to tell you you're going to need all that cunning of yours very soon. The City Council have taken a final decision. They're going to chuck us out. Every last hypocritical son of the devil.	35
<i>Jero:</i>	That is old news, Ananaias. And for some of us it doesn't matter of course. The Lord will provide. But for those with no true vocation ...	40

- Ananaias:* Like you.
- Jero:* I said vocation. You wouldn't know what that is. The beach for you is just a living, nothing else.
- Ananaias:* You haven't done badly out of it yourself I notice.
- Jero:* It is written that the good Lord shall feed his true servants. What are you going to do when you wake up one morning and find yourself face to face with a bulldozer? 45
- Ananaias* [*flexing his muscles.*]: Let them try that's all, let them try.
- Jero:* Wrestling is one thing but a bulldozer is another. Not even you can wrestle with a bulldozer. And let me tell you, you are getting no younger. 50
- Ananaias:* Am I a born fool? There's a man drives those clumsy beasts isn't there? I leave the machine alone and drag him out by the scruff of his neck. When I've dipped him in the sea a few times he will emerge a good Christian and learn how to leave holy prophets alone. 55
- Jero:* That's not the way to fight them.
- Ananaias:* What's the way then? Stand by? Let them run me out of this land of milk and honey? I was doing quite well as a wrestler before I got the call and came into the service of the Lord. Gave all that up for this barren waste and now I can't even call it my own? 60
- Jero:* A moment ago it was a land of milk and honey.
- Ananaias:* Spiritual milk and honey of course. Otherwise barren waste. Look at it yourself.
- Jero:* Violence will not help us. I am calling a meeting tonight at which all these matters will be discussed. The good Lord shall help us find a way. 65
- Ananaias:* Calling a meeting? You already have something up your sleeve or you wouldn't be calling a meeting. Come on, let's have it. Let's be partners, you and me. 70
- Jero:* Tonight.
- Ananaias:* Now. Or I'll go in that room and tell whoever is there you were hiding and spying on them. I'll shout and tell them you're right here.
- Jero* [*folding his arms.*]: Go ahead, then.
- Ananaias:* Hey? 75
- Jero:* I said go ahead.
- Ananaias:* You're bluffing you know.
- Jero:* Call my bluff then. And by the way, when the battle is over and we have won our rights, I shall run you off this beach without lifting a finger. 80
- Ananaias:* You can't do that to me. I've got as much right as you to be here.
- Jero:* Not you.
- Ananaias:* You can't do it. I'm a holy man same as you.
- Jero* [*contemptuously*]: Wrestling. Were you also wrestling in Kiri-kiri Prisons? 85
- Ananaias* [*clamping his hand over JERO's mouth in turn, and staring wildly round.*]: You're the devil himself you are. How come you know that?
- Jero:* I know.

*Jero's Metamorphosis, Scene 1*





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