

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/62

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, 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.



- 1 **Either** (a) With reference to at least **three** poems, discuss the poetic methods Adcock explore family concerns and their effects.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering ways it is characteristic of Adcock's work.

The Voyage Out

The weekly dietary scale
 per adult: pork and Indian beef,
 three pounds together; one of sugar,
 two of potatoes, three and a half
 of flour; a gill of vinegar; 5
 salt, pepper, a pint of oatmeal;
 coffee, two ounces, likewise tea;
 six of butter, suet, treacle,
 and, in the tropics, of lime juice;
 grudging grants of mustard and pickle; 10
 split peas, raisins, currants, rice,
 and half a pound of biscuit a day.
 A diet for the young and fit:
 monotonous, but not starvation –
 and Martha traded half her ration 15
 for extra lime juice from the crew.
 Their quarters, also, adequate.
 So not the middle passage; no.
 But not a pleasure cruise, either.
 A hundred days of travelling steerage 20
 under capricious canvas; Martha
 newly pregnant, struggling to manage
 the first four (Tom, Eliza, Joe,
 Annie); to keep them cool and clean
 from a two-gallon can of water; 25
 to calm their sleeping; to stay awake,
 so heavy, herself; to protect the daughter
 she rocked unborn in the swaying hammock
 below her ribs (who would be Jane).
 True, the family was together. 30
 But who could envy Martha? Sick
 with salt meat; thirsty; and gazing on
 a sky huge as the whole Atlantic,
 storm-waves like Slieve Gallion,
 and no more Ireland than went with her. 35

W.H. AUDEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) With reference to at least **three** poems, discuss Auden's poetic methods and effects in his treatment of the past.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Auden's poetic methods and effects, write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering how far it is characteristic of the poems in your selection.

First Things First

Woken, I lay in the arms of my own warmth and listened

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Thousands have lived without love, not one without water.

- 3** **Either** **(a)** Discuss Hartley's presentation of Leo's relationships with other boys and the significance of those relationships to the novel as a whole.
- Or** **(b)** Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering the ways it is characteristic of Hartley's narrative methods and effects.

Eighty point nine, said the thermometer. This was an advance of nearly three degrees on yesterday, but I felt that the sun could do still better, give us a greater grilling, and it turned out I was right.

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'He might be upset.'

Chapter 15

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- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance and effects of Mansfield's use of an outsider's point of view to present relationships. You should refer in detail to at least **two** stories from the selection.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering ways it is characteristic of Mansfield's narrative methods and effects.

When dear old Mrs Hay went back to town after staying with the Burnells she sent the children a doll's house. It was so big that the carter and Pat carried it into the courtyard, and there it stayed, propped up on two wooden boxes beside the feed-room door. No harm could come to it; it was summer. And perhaps the smell of paint would have gone off by the time it had to be taken in. For, really, the smell of paint coming from that doll's house ('Sweet of old Mrs Hay, of course; most sweet and generous!')—but the smell of paint was quite enough to make anyone seriously ill, in Aunt Beryl's opinion. Even before the sacking was taken off. And when it was.... 5

There stood the doll's house, a dark, oily, spinach green, picked out with bright yellow. Its two solid little chimneys, glued on to the roof, were painted red and white, and the door, gleaming with yellow varnish, was like a little slab of toffee. Four windows, real windows, were divided into panes by a broad streak of green. There was actually a tiny porch, too, painted yellow, with big lumps of congealed paint hanging along the edge. 10

But perfect, perfect little house! Who could possibly mind the smell? It was part of the joy, part of the newness. 15

'Open it quickly, someone!'

The hook at the side was stuck fast. Pat prised it open with his penknife, and the whole house-front swung back, and—there you were, gazing at one and the same moment into the drawing-room and dining-room, the kitchen and two bedrooms. That is the way for a house to open! Why don't all houses open like that? How much more exciting than peering through the slit of a door into a mean little hall with a hatstand and two umbrellas! That is—isn't it?—what you long to know about a house when you put your hand on the knocker. Perhaps it is the way God opens houses at dead of night when He is taking a quiet turn with an angel.... 20

'O-oh!' The Burnell children sounded as though they were in despair. It was too marvellous; it was too much for them. They had never seen anything like it in their lives. All the rooms were papered. There were pictures on the walls, painted on the paper, with gold frames complete. Red carpet covered all the floors except the kitchen; red plush chairs in the drawing-room, green in the dining-room; tables, beds with real bedclothes, a cradle, a stove, a dresser with tiny plates and one big jug. But what Kezia liked more than anything, what she liked frightfully, was the lamp. It stood in the middle of the dining-room table, an exquisite little amber lamp with a white globe. It was even filled all ready for lighting, though of course you couldn't light it. But there was something inside that looked like oil and that moved when you shook it. 25

The father and mother dolls, who sprawled very stiff as though they had fainted in the drawing-room, and their two little children asleep upstairs, were really too big for the doll's house. They didn't look as though they belonged. But the lamp was perfect. It seemed to smile at Kezia, to say, 'I live here.' The lamp was real. 30

35 40

The Doll's House

Turn to page 8 for Question 5

HAROLD PINTER: *The Birthday Party*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the dramatic presentation and significance of women in *The Birthday Party*.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the language and action in the following passage to show how far it is characteristic of Pinter's methods in the play as a whole.

[GOLDBERG *sighs, and sits at the table right.*]

Goldberg: McCann.

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Goldberg: Enos or Andrews?

Act 2

[Turn over

- 6 Either (a) 'All sorts of rules are important in the novel and everybody breaks them.'

Discuss the significance and effects of Roy's presentation of rules in *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.

The History House.

With cool stone floors and dim walls and billowing ship-shaped shadows. Plump, translucent lizards lived behind old pictures, and waxy, crumbling ancestors with tough toe-nails and breath that smelled of yellow maps gossiped in sibilant, papery whispers.

5

'But we can't go in,' Chacko explained, 'because we've been locked out. And when we look in through the windows, all we see are shadows. And when we try and listen, all we hear is a whispering. And we cannot understand the whispering, because our minds have been invaded by a war. A war that we have won and lost. The very worst sort of war. A war that captures dreams and re-dreams them. A war that has made us adore our conquerors and despise ourselves.'

10

'Marry our conquerors, is more like it,' Ammu said drily, referring to Margaret Kochamma. Chacko ignored her. He made the twins look up *Despise*. It said: *To look down upon; to view with contempt; to scorn or disdain*.

Chacko said that in the context of the war he was talking about – the War of Dreams – *Despise* meant all those things.

15

'We're Prisoners of War,' Chacko said. 'Our dreams have been doctored. We belong nowhere. We sail unanchored on troubled seas. We may never be allowed ashore. Our sorrows will never be sad enough. Our joys never happy enough. Our dreams never big enough. Our lives never important enough. To matter.'

20

Then, to give Estha and Rahel a sense of historical perspective (though perspective was something which, in the weeks to follow, Chacko himself would sorely lack), he told them about the Earth Woman. He made them imagine that the earth – four thousand six hundred million years old – was a forty-six-year-old woman – as old, say, as Aleyamma Teacher, who gave them Malayalam lessons. It had taken the whole of the Earth Woman's life for the earth to become what it was. For the oceans to part. For the mountains to rise. The Earth Woman was eleven years old, Chacko said, when the first single-celled organisms appeared. The first animals, creatures like worms and jellyfish, appeared only when she was forty. She was over forty-five – just eight months ago – when dinosaurs roamed the earth.

25

30

'The whole of human civilization as we know it,' Chacko told the twins, 'began only *two hours* ago in the Earth Woman's life. As long as it takes us to drive from Ayemenem to Cochin.'

It was an awe-inspiring and humbling thought, Chacko said (*Humbling* was a nice word, Rahel thought. *Humbling along without a care in the world*), that the whole of contemporary history, the World Wars, the War of Dreams, the Man on the Moon, science, literature, philosophy, the pursuit of knowledge – was no more than a blink of the Earth Woman's eye.

35

'And we, my dears, everything we are and ever will be – are just a twinkle in her eye,' Chacko said grandly, lying on his bed, staring at the ceiling.

40

When he was in this sort of mood, Chacko used his Reading Aloud voice. His room had a church-feeling. He didn't care whether anyone was listening to him or not. And if they were, he didn't care whether or not they had understood what he was saying. Ammu called them his Oxford Moods.

Later, in the light of all that happened, *twinkle* seemed completely the wrong word to describe the expression in the Earth Woman's eye. Twinkle was a word with crinkled, happy edges.

45

Turn to page 12 for Question 7

7 Either (a) Jero says: 'The Lord protects his own.' (*The Trials of Brother Jero*.)

With detailed reference to particular scenes, discuss Soyinka's dramatic use and presentation of religion in both plays.

Or (b) Discuss the effects of the language and action in the following extract, considering how characteristic it is of Soyinka's dramatic methods and concerns.

- Jero [turns and beams on the gathering.]:* And now, dear brother shepherds of the flock, let us waste no more time. We are mostly known to one another so I shall not waste time on introductions. The subject is progress. Progress has caught up with us. Like the ocean tide it is battering on our shore-line, the doorstep of our tabernacle. Projects everywhere! Fun fairs! Gambling! Casinos! The servants of Mammon have had their heads turned by those foreign fleshpots to which they are drawn whenever they travel on their so-called economic missions. And our mission, the mission of the good Lord Jehovah shall be the sacrificial lamb, on the altar of Mammon. Oh when you see smoke rising on that grievous day, know that it rises from these shacks of devotion which we have raised to shelter the son of God on his Visitation on that long-awaited day. And what shall he find? What shall he find when he comes over the water, that great fisherman among men, thinking to step on to the open tabernacle which we, you and I, have founded here to await his glorious coming? *THIS!* [*With a flourish he pulls out a sheaf of photographs from his bag.*] This, my brothers! [*JERO observes their reactions as the photos of luscious scantily-clad bathers are circulated. Reactions vary from SHADRACH who turns away in calculated disgust to ANANAIAS who finds them lewdly hilarious and MATTHEW who literally drools.*] 5
- Shadrach:* It must never happen here! 10
- Isaac:* Never. We must organize.
- Caleb:* I concur. Rally the union. No business sharks in our spirituous waters.
- Isaac:* All legitimate avenues of protest must be explored. 15
- Matthew:* What for?
- Ananaias:* What do you mean, what for?
- Matthew:* I said what for? These photos reveal strayed souls in need of salvation. Must we turn away from suchlike? Only the sick have need of the physician. 20
- Isaac:* Not your kind of physick, Brother Matthew.
- Shadrach:* If we take Brother Jeroboam's meaning correctly, and we think we do, the intention is to exclude ... er ... us, the physicians from this so-called resort is it not, Brother? 25
- Matthew:* We don't know that for certain. 30
- Jero [hands him the file at an open page.]:* Read this, Brother Matthew. These are the minutes of the meeting of Cabinet at which certain decisions were taken.
- Matthew [shrinks away.]:* What file is that? 35
- Jero:* Read it. 40
- Matthew:* It says Confidential on that paper. I don't want any government trouble.

- Isaac:* Very wise of you, Brother Matthew. Mustn't risk your parole. [*Takes file.*] I'll read it. [*At the first glance he whistles.*] How did you get hold of this, Jero?
- Jero:* The Lord moves in mysterious ways ...
- Ananias:* ... His wonders to perform. Amen.
- Isaac [reading]:* 'Memorandum of the Cabinet Office to the Board of Tourism. Proposals to turn the Bar Beach into a National Public Execution Amphitheatre.' Whew! You hadn't mentioned that.
- Jero:* I was saving it for a surprise. It is the heart of the whole business enterprise. 50
- Shadrach:* We don't understand. Does this mean ...?
- Jero:* Business, Brother Shadrach, big business.
- Matthew:* Where do we come in in all this?
- Jero:* Patience, we're coming to it. Brother Isaac, do read on. Go down to the section titled Slum Clearance. 55
- Isaac [His expression clouds in fury]:* Hn? Hn? Hng!!!
- Matthew:* What is it? What is it?
- Isaac:* Riff-raff! They call us riff-raff!
- Jero:* Read it out, Brother Isaac. 60
- Isaac:* 'Unfortunately the beach is at present cluttered up with riff-raff of all sorts who dupe the citizenry and make the beach unattractive to decent and respectable people. Chiefest among these are the so-called ...' Oh may the wrath of Jehovah smite them on their blasphemous mouths!
- Jero [taking back the file]:* Time is short, Brothers. We cannot afford to be over-sensitive. [*Reads.*] '... the so-called prophets and evangelists. All these are not only to be immediately expelled but steps must be taken to ensure that they never at any time find their way back to the execution stadium.' 65
- Shadrach:* Fire and brimstone! Sodom and Gomorrah! 70
- Jero:* Patience Brothers, patience. 'It is proposed however, that since the purpose of public execution is for the moral edification and spiritual upliftment of the people, one respectable religious denomination be licensed to operate on the Bar Beach. Such a body will say prayers before and after each execution, and where appropriate will administer the last rites to the condemned. They will be provided a point of vantage where they will preach to the public on the evil of crime and the morals to be drawn from the miserable end of the felons. After which their brass band shall provide religious music.' 75
- Isaac:* A brass band? That means ... 80
- Jero:* Yes, the Salvation Army.
- Shadrach:* Enough. We have heard all we need to know of the conspiracy against us. The question now is, what do we do to foil them?
- Jero:* Organize. Band together. Brother Matthew is right: the sick have need of healing. We must not desert the iniquitous in their greatest hour of need. 85

Jero's Metamorphosis, Scene 3

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