
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/61

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

October/November 2015

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



W.H. AUDEN: *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Auden present suffering?
You should make detailed reference to **three** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Write a detailed appreciation of the following poem and consider how far it is
characteristic of Auden's poetic methods and concerns.

As I walked out one evening,
Walking down Bristol Street,

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The clocks had ceased their chiming
And the deep river ran on.

ATHOL FUGARD: *The Road to Mecca* and *My Children! My Africa!*

- 2 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways Fugard uses betrayal as a means of exploring character and creating dramatic effects in the plays.
- Or** **(b)** Discuss how the language, tone and action shape an audience's response to the following passage, and comment on the significance of this passage in *The Road to Mecca* as a whole.

Helen: But those were easy Darknesses to deal with.

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Ah, Miss Barlow!

[*Curtain.*]

The Road to Mecca, Act 1

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

- 3** **Either** **(a)** By what means and with what effects does Hartley shape a reader's response to Hugh Trimingham in the novel?
- Or** **(b)** Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider how far it is characteristic of Hartley's narrative methods.

I was half-way through the belt of trees above the water-meadow when automatically my hand went to my pocket, encountering the sharp edge of the flap of the unsealed envelope.

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The rest was hidden by the envelope.

Chapter 9

LIZ LOCHHEAD: *Selected Poems*

- 4 **Either** (a) With detailed reference to **three** poems, consider by what means and with what effects Lochhead presents childhood.
- Or** (b) Write a detailed appreciation of the following poem and consider how far it is characteristic of Lochhead's poetic methods and concerns.

Epithalamium

for Joe and Annie Thomson

For Marriage, love and love alone's the argument.
 Sweet ceremony, then hand-in-hand we go
 Taking to our changed, still dangerous days, our complement.
 We think we know ourselves, but all we know
 Is: love surprises us. It's like when sunlight flings 5
 A sudden shaft that lights up glamorous the rain
 Across a Glasgow street – or when Botanic Spring's
 First crisp, dry breath turns February air champagne.

Delight's infectious – your quotidian friends
 Put on, with gladrag finery today, your joy, 10
 Renew in themselves the right true ends
 They won't let old griefs, old lives destroy.
 When at our lover's feet our opened selves we've laid
 We find ourselves, and all the world, remade.

Turn to page 10 for Question 5

KATHERINE MANSFIELD: *Selected Stories*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'Her characters experience moments when they understand something new about themselves.'

In the light of this comment, discuss some of the ways Mansfield presents characters. You should make detailed reference to **two** stories.

- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the choice of language, narrative structure and tone in the following extract, and comment on how far it is characteristic of Mansfield's methods and concerns.

She was the only woman at the Bay who smoked, and she smoked incessantly, keeping the cigarette between her lips while she talked, and only taking it out when the ash was so long you could not understand why it did not fall. When she was not playing bridge—she played bridge every day of her life—she spent her time lying in the full glare of the sun. She could stand any amount of it; she never had enough. All the same, it did not seem to warm her. Parched, withered, cold, she lay stretched on the stones like a piece of tossed-up driftwood. The women at the Bay thought she was very, very fast. Her lack of vanity, her slang, the way she treated men as though she was one of them, and the fact that she didn't care twopence about her house and called the servant Gladys 'Glad-eyes', was disgraceful. Standing on the veranda steps Mrs Kember would call in her indifferent, tired voice, 'I say, Glad-eyes, you might heave me a handkerchief if I've got one, will you?' And Glad-eyes, a red bow in her hair instead of a cap, and white shoes, came running with an impudent smile. It was an absolute scandal! True, she had no children, and her husband... Here the voices were always raised; they became fervent. How can he have married her? How can he, how can he? It must have been money, of course, but even then! 5

Mrs Kember's husband was at least ten years younger than she was, and so incredibly handsome that he looked like a mask or a most perfect illustration in an American novel rather than a man. Black hair, dark blue eyes, red lips, a slow sleepy smile, a fine tennis player, a perfect dancer, and with it all a mystery. Harry Kember was like a man walking in his sleep. Men couldn't stand him, they couldn't get a word out of the chap; he ignored his wife just as she ignored him. How did he live? Of course there were stories, but such stories! They simply couldn't be told. The women he'd been seen with, the places he'd been seen in ... but nothing was ever certain, nothing definite. Some of the women at the Bay privately thought he'd commit a murder one day. Yes, even while they talked to Mrs Kember and took in the awful concoction she was wearing, they saw her, stretched as she lay on the beach; but cold, bloody, and still with a cigarette stuck in the corner of her mouth. 10

Mrs Kember rose, yawned, unsnapped her belt buckle, and tugged at the tape of her blouse. And Beryl stepped out of her skirt and shed her jersey, and stood up in her short white petticoat, and her camisole with ribbon bows on the shoulders. 15

'Mercy on us,' said Mrs Harry Kember, 'what a little beauty you are!'

'Don't!' said Beryl softly; but, drawing off one stocking and then the other, she felt a little beauty. 20

'My dear—why not?' said Mrs Harry Kember, stamping on her own petticoat. Really—her underclothes! A pair of blue cotton knickers and a linen bodice that reminded one somehow of a pillowcase ... 'And you don't wear stays, do you?' She touched Beryl's waist, and Beryl sprang away with a small affected cry. Then 'Never!' she said firmly. 25

'Lucky little creature,' sighed Mrs Kember, unfastening her own. 30

Beryl turned her back and began the complicated movements of some one who is trying to take off her clothes and to pull on her bathing-dress all at one and the same time. 35

40

‘Oh, my dear—don’t mind me,’ said Mrs Harry Kember. ‘Why be shy? I shan’t eat you. I shan’t be shocked like those other ninnies.’ And she gave her strange neighing laugh and grimaced at the other women. 45

But Beryl was shy. She never undressed in front of anybody. Was that silly? Mrs Harry Kember made her feel it was silly, even something to be ashamed of. Why be shy indeed! She glanced quickly at her friend standing so boldly in her torn chemise and lighting a fresh cigarette; and a quick, bold, evil feeling started up in her breast. 50 Laughing recklessly, she drew on the limp, sandy-feeling bathing-dress that was not quite dry and fastened the twisted buttons.

‘That’s better,’ said Mrs Harry Kember. They began to go down the beach together. ‘Really, it’s a sin for you to wear clothes, my dear. Somebody’s got to tell you some day.’ 55

The water was quite warm. It was that marvellous transparent blue, flecked with silver, but the sand at the bottom looked gold; when you kicked with your toes there rose a little puff of gold-dust. Now the waves just reached her breast. Beryl stood, her arms outstretched, gazing out, and as each wave came she gave the slightest little jump, so that it seemed it was the wave which lifted her so gently. 60

‘I believe in pretty girls having a good time,’ said Mrs Harry Kember. ‘Why not? Don’t you make a mistake, my dear. Enjoy yourself.’ And suddenly she turned turtle, disappeared, and swam away quickly, quickly, like a rat. Then she flicked round and began swimming back. She was going to say something else. Beryl felt that she was being poisoned by this cold woman, but she longed to hear. But oh, how strange, how horrible! As Mrs Harry Kember came up close she looked, in her black waterproof bathing-cap, with her sleepy face lifted above the water, just her chin touching, like a horrible caricature of her husband. 65

At the Bay, Section 5

HAROLD PINTER: *The Birthday Party*

- 6 **Either** **(a)** What, in your view, is the significance of Pinter's use of *The Birthday Party* as the title of the play?
- Or** **(b)** Paying close attention to the language and action, discuss how Pinter creates dramatic significance and effects in this scene.

[A loud drumbeat off left, descending the stairs. GOLDBERG takes the chair from STANLEY. They put the chairs down. They stop still. Enter MEG, in evening dress, holding sticks and drum.]

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[McCANN *shines the torch in*
STANLEY's *face*.] Now, Mrs Boles, it's all yours.
[*Pause.*]

Act 2

ARUNDHATI ROY: *The God of Small Things*

- 7 **Either** (a) Compare and contrast the roles and characterisation of Ammu and Baby Kochamma.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage and show how far it is characteristic of Roy's methods and concerns.

They woke Velutha with their boots.
 Esthappen and Rahel woke to the shout of sleep surprised by shattered kneecaps.
 Screams died in them and floated belly up, like dead fish. Cowering on the floor, rocking between dread and disbelief, they realized that the man being beaten was Velutha. Where had he come from? What had he done? Why had the policemen brought him here? 5

They heard the thud of wood on flesh. Boot on bone. On teeth. The muffled grunt when a stomach is kicked in. The muted crunch of skull on cement. The gurgle of blood on a man's breath when his lung is torn by the jagged end of a broken rib.

Blue-lipped and dinner-plate-eyed, they watched, mesmerized by something that they sensed but didn't understand: the absence of caprice in what the policemen did. The abyss where anger should have been. The sober, steady brutality, the economy of it all. 10

They were opening a bottle.
 Or shutting a tap. 15
 Cracking an egg to make an omelette.

The twins were too young to know that these were only history's henchmen. Sent to square the books and collect the dues from those who broke its laws. Impelled by feelings that were primal yet paradoxically wholly impersonal. Feelings of contempt born of inchoate, unacknowledged fear – civilization's fear of nature, men's fear of women, power's fear of powerlessness. 20

Man's subliminal urge to destroy what he could neither subdue nor deify.
 Men's Needs.

What Esthappen and Rahel witnessed that morning, though they didn't know it then, was a clinical demonstration in controlled conditions (this was not war after all, or genocide) of human nature's pursuit of ascendancy. Structure. Order. Complete monopoly. It was human history, masquerading as God's Purpose, revealing herself to an under-age audience. 25

There was nothing accidental about what happened that morning. Nothing *incidental*. It was no stray mugging or personal settling of scores. This was an era imprinting itself on those who lived in it. 30

History in live performance.

If they hurt Velutha more than they intended to, it was only because any kinship, any connection between themselves and him, any implication that if nothing else, at least biologically he was a fellow creature – had been severed long ago. They were not arresting a man, they were exorcizing fear. They had no instrument to calibrate how much punishment he could take. No means of gauging how much or how permanently they had damaged him. 35

Unlike the custom of rampaging religious mobs or conquering armies running riot, that morning in the Heart of Darkness the posse of Touchable Policemen acted with economy, not frenzy. Efficiency, not anarchy. Responsibility, not hysteria. They didn't tear out his hair or burn him alive. They didn't hack off his genitals and stuff them in his mouth. They didn't rape him. Or behead him. 40

After all, they were not battling an epidemic. They were merely inoculating a community against an outbreak. 45

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