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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/62**

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

**May/June 2015**

**2 hours**

No Additional Materials are required.

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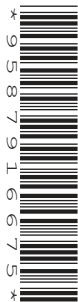
**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



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This document consists of **15** printed pages, **1** blank page and **1** Insert.

**2**

W. H. AUDEN: *Selected Poems*

- 1**   **Either**   **(a)** With detailed reference to **three** or more poems, discuss how Auden uses different poetic methods and effects to shock or challenge a reader's ideas.
- Or**        **(b)** Write a detailed appreciation of the following poem and show how far it is characteristic of Auden's poetic methods and concerns.

*Old People's Home*

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**Turn to page 4 for Question 2**

ATHOL FUGARD: *The Road to Mecca* and *My Children! My Africa!***2 Either (a)** 'In Fugard's plays, freedom is seen as a challenge and a responsibility.'

By what means and with what dramatic effects does Fugard present attitudes to freedom in both plays?

**Or (b)** Commenting closely on the language and tone, discuss the following extract, showing how far it is characteristic of Fugard's dramatic methods and concerns.

*Helen:* All I know about him is what you told me. He sounded like such a sensitive and good man, well read and intelligent. So right for you.

*Elsa:* He was all of that. [*A moment's hesitation. She is not certain about saying something. She decides to take the chance.*] There's also something about him I didn't tell you. He's married. He has a devoted, loving wife – quite pretty in fact – and a child. A little girl. Shocked you? 5

*Helen:* Yes. You should have told me, Elsie. I would have warned you.

*Elsa:* That's exactly why I didn't. I knew you would, but I was going to prove you wrong. Anyway, I didn't need any warnings. Anything you could have said to me, Helen, I'd said to myself from the very beginning ... but I was going to prove myself wrong as well. What it all came down to finally was that there were two very different ideas about what was happening, and we discovered it too late. You see, I was in it for keeps, Helen. I knew that we were all going to get hurt, that somehow we would all end up being victims of the situation ... but I also believed that when the time came to choose I would be the lucky winner, that he would leave his wife and child and go with me. Boy, was I wrong! Ding-dong, wrong-wrong, tolls Elsa's bell at the close of the day! 10 15 20

*Helen:* Don't do that.

*Elsa:* Defence mechanism. It still hurts. I'm getting impatient for the time when I'll be able to laugh at it all. I mustn't make him sound like a complete bastard. He wasn't without a conscience. Far from it. If anything, it was too big. The end would have been a lot less messy if he'd known how to just walk away and close the door behind him. When finally the time for that did come, he sat around in pain and torment, crying – God, that was awful! – waiting for me to tell him to go back to his wife and child. Should have seen him, Helen. He came up with postures of despair that would have made Michelangelo jealous. I know it's all wrong to find another person's pain disgusting, but that is what eventually happened. The last time he crucified himself on the sofa in my lounge I felt like vomiting. He told me just once too often how much he hated himself for hurting me. 25 30 35

*Helen:* Elsie, my poor darling. Come here.

*Elsa* [*taut*]: I'm all right now. [*Pause.*] Do you know what the really big word is, Helen? I had it all wrong. Like most people, I suppose I used to think it was 'love'. That's the big one all right, and it's quite an event when it comes along. But there's an even bigger one. Trust. And more dangerous. Because that's when you drop your defences, lay yourself wide open, and if you've made a mistake, 40

## 5

you're in big, big trouble. And it hurts like hell. Ever heard the story about the father giving his son his first lesson in business? 45

[MISS HELEN *shakes her head.*]

I think it's meant to be a joke, so remember to laugh. He puts his little boy high up on something or other and says to him, 'Jump. Don't worry, I'll catch you.' The child is nervous, of course, but Daddy keeps reassuring him: 'I'll catch you.' Eventually the little boy works up enough courage and does jump, and Daddy, of course, doesn't make a move to catch him. When the child has stopped crying – because he has hurt himself – the father says: 'Your first lesson in business, my son. Don't trust anybody.' 50  
[*Pause.*] If you tell it with a Jewish accent, it's even funnier. 55

*Helen:* I don't think it's funny.

*Elsa:* I think it's ugly. That little boy is going to think twice about jumping again, and at this moment the same goes for Elsa Barlow.

*Helen:* Don't speak too soon, Elsie. Life has surprised me once or twice.

*Elsa:* I'm talking about trust, Miss Helen. I can see myself loving somebody else again. Not all that interested in it right at the moment, but there's an even chance that it will happen again. Doesn't seem as if we've got much choice in the matter anyway. But trusting? 60

*Helen:* You can have the one without the other? 65

*Elsa:* Oh yes. That much I've learned. I went on loving David long after I realized I couldn't trust him any more. That is why life is just a bit complicated at the moment. A little of that love is still hanging around.

*Helen:* I've never really thought about it. 70

*Elsa:* Neither had I. It needs a betrayal to get you going.

*Helen:* Then I suppose I've been lucky. I never had any important trusts to betray ... until I met you. My marriage might have looked like that, but it was habit that kept Stefanus and me together. I was never ... open? ... to him. Was that the phrase you used? 75

*Elsa:* Wide open.

*Helen:* That's it! It's a good one. I was never 'wide open' to anyone. But with you all of that changed. So it's as simple as that. Trust. I've always tried to understand what made you, and being with you, so different from anything else in my life. But, of course, that's it. I trust you. That's why my little girl can come out and play. All the doors are wide open! 80

*The Road to Mecca, Act 1*

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

- 3 Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Hartley present Ted's relationship with Marian?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider how far it is characteristic of Hartley's methods and concerns.

Four candles (for combustion)  
 One mettle container (silver)  
 I perforated utensil  
 Four books (small) for supporting the last named  
 Four boxes of matches 5  
 Water for boiling  
 Watch for timing  
 Wet sponge in case of fire

The metal container was a cup my mother had given me: it was one of a series, graduated in size, which fitted into each other and so took up only a small space. 10  
 They were of silver, gilt-washed inside, and had been given to mother as a wedding present. They were meant for picnics and she hoped I should use mine for this purpose, on my visit, though actually I never did, for there were always plenty of glasses. She also believed, I suspect, that the cup would be a mark of gentility, showing that I came from a good home. As an alembic it was almost perfect, being 15  
 egg-shell thin.

The perforated utensil on which, more than on anything else, the success of my spell depended was the drainer from the soapdish on my washstand, a white enamelled makeshift that did not match the set. It had a large hole in the middle and other holes all round through which, I thought, the candle flames would find their way: supported by the books it would make a kind of tripod. 20

Then having arrived and having reduced the ingredients in the cup to a mash or pulp to add water but not too much as this will require longer to boil. Boiling takes place when bubbling begins (212 Fahr.). This should be at midnight, and at the same time chant the spell (words of spell to be supplied later) thirteen times backwards, 25  
 thirteen times forwards, saying, 'And I am thirteen too,' not so loud as to be heard in the passage but loud enough for someone listening in the room to hear, and if the magician sweats to add some drops of his own sweat for this is most effective.

Afterwards on no account to touch the liquid with the lips but pour it down the WC, leaving all utensils clean and workmanlike, remembering that others have to use them after you. 30

How much of these instructions I was able to repeat I cannot tell; I had written them down on a blank page of my diary, which I meant to tear out, for safety's sake, as soon as I had ceased to be proud of them. But I forgot to do that, as I forgot many other things, the following day. 35

Though my eyes got gradually accustomed to the darkness I was almost on top of the outhouses before I saw the thick blur of the deadly nightshade. It was like a lady standing in her doorway looking out for someone. I was prepared to dread it, but not prepared for the tumult of emotions it aroused in me. In some way it wanted me, I felt, just as I wanted it; and the fancy took me that it wanted me as an ingredient, 40  
 and would have me. The spell was not waiting to be born in my bedroom, as I meant it should be, but here in this roofless shed, and I was not preparing it for the deadly nightshade, but the deadly nightshade was preparing it for me. 'Come in,' it seemed

to say; and at last after an unfathomable time I stretched my hand out into the thick darkness where it grew and felt the shoots and leaves close softly on it. I withdrew my hand and peered. There was no room for me inside, but if I went inside, into the unhallowed darkness where it lurked, that springing mass of vegetable force, I should learn its secret and it would learn mine. And in I went. It was stifling, yet delicious, the leaves, the shoots, even the twigs, so yielding; and this must be a flower that brushed my eyelids, and this must be a berry that pressed against my lips ...

At that I panicked and tried to force my way out but could not find the way out: there seemed to be a wall on every side, and I barked my knuckles. At first I was afraid of hurting the plant, then in my terror I began to tear at it, and heard its branches ripping and crackling. Soon I cleared a space round my head, but that was not enough, it must all be clear. The plant was much less strong than I supposed: I fought with it: I got hold of its main stem and snapped it off. There was a swish; a soft, sighing fall of leaf on leaf; a swirl, a débris of upturned leaves, knee-deep all round me: and standing up among them, the torn stem. I seized it and pulled it with all my might, and as I pulled the words of the missing spell floated into my mind out of some history lesson – ‘delenda est belladonna! delenda est belladonna!’ I heard the roots creaking and cracking, felt their last strength arrayed against me, the vital principle of the plant defending itself in its death-agony. ‘Delenda est belladonna!’ I chanted, not loudly, but loud enough for anyone listening to hear, and braced myself for a last pull. And then it gave, came away in my hands, throwing up with a soft sigh a little shower of earth which rustled on the leaves like rain; and I was lying on my back in the open, still clutching the stump, staring up at its mop-like coronal of roots, from which grains of earth kept dropping on my face.

Chapter 21

## 8

LIZ LOCHHEAD: *Selected Poems*

- 4 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Lochhead present family relationships? You should refer in detail to **three** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Write a detailed appreciation of the following poem and consider how far it is characteristic of Lochhead's poetic methods and concerns.

*Revelation*

I remember once being shown the black bull  
 when a child at the farm for eggs and milk.  
 They called him Bob – as though perhaps  
 you could reduce a monster  
 with the charm of a friendly name. 5

At the threshold of his outhouse, someone  
 held my hand and let me peer inside.  
 At first, only black  
 and the hot reek of him. Then he was immense,  
 his edges merging with the darkness, just 10  
 a big bulk and a roar to be really scared of,  
 a trampling, and a clanking tense with the chain's jerk.  
 His eyes swivelled in the great wedge of his tossed head.  
 He roared his rage. His nostrils gaped like wounds.

And in the yard outside, 15  
 oblivious hens just picked their way about.  
 The faint and rather festive jingling  
 behind the mellow stone and hasp was all they knew  
 of that Black Mass, straining at his chains.  
 I had always half-known he existed – 20  
 this antidote and Anti-Christ, his anarchy  
 threatening the eggs, well rounded, self-contained –  
 and the placidity of milk.

I ran, my pigtails thumping on my back in fear,  
 past the big boys in the farm lane 25  
 who pulled the wings from butterflies and  
 blew up frogs with straws.  
 Past thorned hedge and harried nest,  
 scared of the eggs shattering –  
 only my small and shaking hand on the jug's rim 30  
 in case the milk should spill.



**Turn to page 10 for Question 5**

KATHERINE MANSFIELD: *Selected Stories*

- 5 Either (a)** By what means and with what effects does Mansfield present characters who are dissatisfied with what their lives have to offer? You should refer in detail to **two** stories.
- Or (b)** Discuss the effects of the writing in the following extract and comment on how far it is characteristic of Mansfield's methods and concerns.

Although Bertha Young was thirty she still had moments like this when she wanted to run instead of walk, to take dancing steps on and off the pavement, to bowl a hoop, to throw something up in the air and catch it again, or to stand still and laugh at—nothing—at nothing, simply.

What can you do if you are thirty and, turning the corner of your own street, you are overcome, suddenly, by a feeling of bliss—absolute bliss!—as though you'd suddenly swallowed a bright piece of that late afternoon sun and it burned in your bosom, sending out a little shower of sparks into every particle, into every finger and toe? ...

Oh, is there no way you can express it without being 'drunk and disorderly'? How idiotic civilization is! Why be given a body if you have to keep it shut up in a case like a rare, rare fiddle?

'No, that about the fiddle is not quite what I mean,' she thought, running up the steps and feeling in her bag for the key—she'd forgotten it, as usual—and rattling the letter-box. 'It's not what I mean, because—Thank you, Mary'—she went into the hall. 'Is Nurse back?'

'Yes, M'm.'

'And has the fruit come?'

'Yes, M'm. Everything's come.'

'Bring the fruit up to the dining-room, will you? I'll arrange it before I go upstairs.'

It was dusky in the dining-room and quite chilly. But all the same Bertha threw off her coat; she could not bear the tight clasp of it another moment, and the cold air fell on her arms.

But in her bosom there was still that bright glowing place—that shower of little sparks coming from it. It was almost unbearable. She hardly dared to breathe for fear of fanning it higher, and yet she breathed deeply, deeply. She hardly dared to look into the cold mirror—but she did look, and it gave her back a woman, radiant, with smiling, trembling lips, with big, dark eyes and an air of listening, waiting for something ... divine to happen ... that she knew must happen ... infallibly.

Mary brought in the fruit on a tray and with it a glass bowl, and a blue dish, very lovely, with a strange sheen on it as though it had been dipped in milk.

'Shall I turn on the light, M'm?'

'No, thank you. I can see quite well.'

There were tangerines and apples stained with strawberry pink. Some yellow pears, smooth as silk; some white grapes covered with a silver bloom and a big cluster of purple ones. These last she had bought to tone in with the new dining-room carpet. Yes, that did sound rather far-fetched and absurd, but it was really why she had bought them. She had thought in the shop: 'I must have some purple ones to bring the carpet up to the table.' And it had seemed quite sense at the time.

When she had finished with them and had made two pyramids of these bright round shapes, she stood away from the table to get the effect—and it really was most curious. For the dark table seemed to melt into the dusky light and the glass dish and the blue bowl to float in the air. This, of course in her present mood, was so incredibly beautiful. ... She began to laugh.

'No, no. I'm getting hysterical.' And she seized her bag and coat and ran upstairs to the nursery.

## 11

Nurse sat at a low table giving Little B her supper after her bath. The baby had on a white flannel gown and a blue woollen jacket, and her dark, fine hair was brushed up into a funny little peak. She looked up when she saw her mother and began to jump.

50

‘Now, my lovey, eat it up like a good girl,’ said Nurse, setting her lips in a way that Bertha knew, and that meant she had come into the nursery at another wrong moment.

‘Has she been good, Nanny?’

‘She’s been a little sweet all the afternoon,’ whispered Nanny. ‘We went to the park and I sat down on a chair and took her out of the pram and a big dog came along and put its head on my knee and she clutched its ear, tugged it. Oh, you should have seen her.’

55

Bertha wanted to ask if it wasn’t rather dangerous to let her clutch at a strange dog’s ear. But she did not dare to. She stood watching them, her hands by her side, like the poor little girl in front of the rich little girl with the doll.

60

*Bliss*

HAROLD PINTER: *The Birthday Party*

- 6 Either** (a) Discuss Pinter's presentation of the relationship between Goldberg and McCann and its dramatic significance in *The Birthday Party*.
- Or** (b) Paying attention to the language and action in the following passage, discuss how Pinter shapes an audience's response to the characters here and elsewhere in the play.

*McCann* [to STANLEY]: I'll take your glasses.  
[McCANN takes STANLEY's glasses.]

*Meg*: Give me the scarf.

*Goldberg* [*holding LULU*]: Tie his scarf, Mrs. Boles.

*Meg*: That's what I'm doing. [To STANLEY.] Can you see my nose? 5

*Goldberg*: He can't. Ready? Right! Everyone move. Stop! And still!

[STANLEY stands blindfold, McCANN backs slowly across the stage to the left. He breaks STANLEY's glasses, snapping the frames. MEG is downstage, left, LULU and GOLDBERG upstage centre, close together. STANLEY begins to move, very slowly, across the stage to the left. McCANN picks up the drum and places it sideways in STANLEY's path. STANLEY walks into the drum and falls over with his foot caught in it.] 10

*Meg*: Ooh!

*Goldberg*: Sssh! 15

[STANLEY rises. He begins to move towards MEG, dragging the drum on his foot. He reaches her and stops. His hands move towards her and they reach her throat. He begins to strangle her. McCANN and GOLDBERG rush forward and throw him off.]

BLACKOUT 20

[There is now no light at all through the window. The stage is in darkness.]

*Lulu*: The lights!

*Goldberg*: What's happened?

*Lulu*: The lights! 25

*McCann*: Wait a minute.

*Goldberg*: Where is he?

*McCann*: Let go of me!

*Goldberg*: Who's this?

*Lulu*: Someone's touching me! 30

*McCann*: Where is he?

*Meg*: Why has the light gone out?

*Goldberg*: Where's your torch? [McCANN shines the torch in GOLDBERG's face.] Not on me! [McCANN shifts the torch. It is knocked from his hand and falls. It goes out.] 35

*McCann*: My torch!

*Lulu*: Oh God!

*Goldberg*: Where's your torch? Pick up your torch!

## 13

McCann: I can't find it.

Lulu: Hold me. Hold me. 40

Goldberg: Get down on your knees. Help him find the torch.

Lulu: I can't.

McCann: It's gone.

Meg: Why has the light gone out?

Goldberg: Everyone quiet! Help him find the torch. 45

*[Silence. Grunts from McCANN and GOLDBERG on their knees. Suddenly there is a sharp, sustained rat-a-tat with a stick on the side of the drum from the back of the room. Silence. Whimpers from LULU.]*

Goldberg: Over here. McCann! 50

McCann: Here.

Goldberg: Come to me, come to me. Easy. Over there.

*[GOLDBERG and McCANN move up left of the table. STANLEY moves down right of the table. LULU suddenly perceives him moving towards her, screams and faints. GOLDBERG and McCANN turn and stumble against each other.]* 55

Goldberg: What is it?

McCann: Who's that?

Goldberg: What is it?

*[In the darkness STANLEY picks up LULU and places her on the table.]* 60

Meg: It's Lulu!

*[GOLDBERG and McCANN move downstage, right.]*

Goldberg: Where is she?

McCann: She fell. 65

Goldberg: Where?

McCann: About here.

Goldberg: Help me pick her up.

McCann *[moving downstage, left]*: I can't find her.

Goldberg: She must be somewhere. 70

McCann: She's not here.

Goldberg *[moving downstage, left]*: She must be.

McCann: She's gone.

*[McCANN finds the torch on the floor, shines it on the table and STANLEY. LULU is lying spread-eagled on the table, STANLEY bent over her. STANLEY, as soon as the torchlight hits him, begins to giggle. GOLDBERG and McCANN move towards him. He backs, giggling, the torch on his face. They follow him upstage, left. He backs against the hatch, giggling. The torch draws closer. His giggle rises and grows as he flattens himself against the wall. Their figures converge upon him.]* 75 80

Curtain]

Act 2

ARUNDHATI ROY: *The God of Small Things*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss the narrative significances of the twins' return to Ayemenem as adults.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, and show how far it is characteristic of Roy's narrative methods and concerns.

Rahel returned to contemplating toads.

Fat. Yellow. From stone to scummy stone. She touched one gently. It moved its eyelids upwards. Funnily self-assured.

*Nictitating membrane*, she remembered she and Estha once spent a whole day saying. She and Estha and Sophie Mol. 5

*Nictitating*  
*ictitating*  
*titating*  
*itating*  
*tating*  
*ating*  
*ting*  
*ing*

10

They were, all three of them, wearing saris (old ones, torn in half) that day, Estha was the draping expert. He pleated Sophie Mol's pleats. Organized Rahel's pallu and settled his own. They had red bindis on their foreheads. In the process of trying to wash out Ammu's forbidden kohl, they had smudged it all over their eyes, and on the whole looked like three raccoons trying to pass off as Hindu ladies. It was about a week after Sophie Mol arrived. A week before she died. By then she had performed unfalteringly under the twins' perspicacious scrutiny and had confounded all their expectations. 15

She had:

(a) Informed Chacko that even though he was her Real Father, she loved him less than Joe – (which left him available – even if not inclined – to be the surrogate father of certain two-egg persons greedy for his affection). 25

(b) Turned down Mammachi's offer that she replace Estha and Rahel as the privileged plaiter of Mammachi's nightly rat's tail and counter of moles. 30

(c) (& Most Important) – Astutely gauged the prevailing temper, and not just rejected, but rejected outright and extremely rudely, all of Baby Kochamma's advances and small seductions.

As if this were not enough, she also revealed herself to be human. One day the twins returned from a clandestine trip to the river (which had excluded Sophie Mol), and found her in the garden in tears, perched on the highest point of Baby Kochamma's Herb Curl, 'Being Lonely,' as she put it. The next day Estha and Rahel took her with them to visit Velutha. 35

They visited him in saris, clumping gracelessly through red mud and long grass (*Nictitating ictitating tating ating ting ing*) and introduced themselves as Mrs Pillai, Mrs Eapen and Mrs Rajagopalan. Velutha introduced himself and his paralysed brother, Kuttappen (although he was fast asleep). He greeted them with the utmost courtesy. He addressed them all as Kochamma and gave them fresh coconut water to drink. He chatted to them about the weather. The river. The fact that in his opinion coconut trees were getting shorter by the year. As were the ladies in 40 45

## 15

Ayemenem. He introduced them to his surly hen. He showed them his carpentry tools, and whittled them each a little wooden spoon.

It is only now, these years later, that Rahel with adult hindsight, recognized the sweetness of that gesture. A grown man entertaining 50 three raccoons, treating them like real ladies. Instinctively colluding in the conspiracy of their fiction, taking care not to decimate it with adult carelessness. Or affection.

It is after all so easy to shatter a story. To break a chain of thought. To ruin a fragment of a dream being carried around carefully like a piece of 55 porcelain.

To let it be, to travel with it, as Velutha did, is much the harder thing to do.

Chapter 9

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