

Cambridge
International
AS & A Level

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International Advanced Subsidiary and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/63

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

May/June 2015

2 hours

No Additional Materials are required.

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.

This document consists of **14** printed pages, **2** blank pages and **1** insert.

2

W. H. AUDEN: *Selected Poems*

- 1** **Either** **(a)** By what means and with what effects does Auden present the fragile nature of human 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 Auden's poetic methods and concerns.

The Door

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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) With detailed reference to characters and scenes in **both** plays, discuss some of the ways Fugard dramatises ideas about freedom.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language and tone in the following extract, discuss how Fugard shapes an audience's response to the characters, here and elsewhere in *My Children! My Africa!*

<i>Mr M</i>	[<i>rubbing his hands with pleasure</i>]: All I can say is ... Splendid! Splendid! Splendid! The intellect in action. Challenge and response. That is what a good debate is all about. And whatever you do, young lady, don't underestimate your achievement in winning the popular vote. It wasn't easy for that audience to vote against Mbikwana. He's one of them, and a very popular 'one of them' I might add. [<i>waving a finger at THAMI</i>] You were quite shameless in the way you tried to exploit that loyalty.	5
<i>Thami</i>	[<i>another laugh</i>]: Was that wrong?	10
<i>Mr M:</i>	No. As the saying goes, all is fair in love, war and debating. But the fact that you didn't succeed is what makes me really happy. I am very proud of our audience. In my humble opinion they are the real winners this afternoon. You two just had to talk and argue. Anybody can do that. They had to listen ... intelligently!	15
<i>Isabel:</i>	They certainly gave me a good time.	
<i>Mr M:</i>	That was very apparent, if I may say so, Miss Dyson. I can't thank you enough for coming to us today. I sincerely hope there'll be another occasion.	20
<i>Isabel:</i>	Same here.	
<i>Mr M:</i>	Good! [<i>Consults his watch.</i>] Now you must excuse me. There is a staff meeting waiting for me. Will you look after Miss Dyson, please, Mbikwana?	
<i>Thami:</i>	Yes, teacher.	25
	[<i>MR M leaves. ISABEL and THAMI pack away into their school cases the papers and books they used in the debate. Without the mediating presence of MR M they are both a little self-conscious. First moves in the ensuing conversation are awkward.</i>]	30
<i>Isabel:</i>	I wish we had a teacher like ... Mr ... [<i>pronouncing the name carefully</i>] M ya lat ya. Did I say it right?	
<i>Thami:</i>	Yes you did, but nobody calls him that. He's just plain Mr M to everybody.	
<i>Isabel:</i>	Mr M.	35
<i>Thami:</i>	That's right.	
<i>Isabel:</i>	Well, I think he's wonderful.	
<i>Thami:</i>	He's OK.	
<i>Isabel:</i>	I had a geography teacher in Standard Seven who was a little bit like him. Full of fun and lots of energy.	40
<i>Thami:</i>	Ja, that's Mr M all right.	

- [*Pause.*]
- Isabel:* I meant what I said to him. I really did have a good time.
- Thami:* Same here.
- Isabel:* You did? Because to be honest with you, I wasn't expecting it. 45
- Thami:* Me neither.
- Isabel:* No?
- Thami:* Nope.
- Isabel:* Why not? 50
- Thami* [*embarrassed*]: Well ... you know ...
- Isabel:* Let me guess. You've never debated with girls before.
- [*He nods, smiling sheepishly.*]
- And white girls at that! I don't believe it. You boys are all the same. 55
- Thami:* But you were good!
- Isabel:* Because I happen to feel very strongly about what we were debating. But it was also the whole atmosphere you know. It was so ... so free and easy. The debates at my school are such stuffy affairs. And so boring most of the time. Everything is done according to the rules with everybody being polite and nobody getting excited ... lots of discipline but very little enthusiasm. This one was a riot! 60
- Thami* [*finger to his lips*]: Be careful.
- Isabel:* Of what? 65
- Thami:* That word.
- Isabel:* Which one?
- Thami:* Riot! Don't say it in a black township. Police start shooting as soon as they hear it.
- Isabel:* Oh ... I'm sorry ... 70
- Thami* [*having a good laugh*]: It's a joke, Isabel.
- Isabel:* Oh ... you caught me off guard. I didn't think you would joke about those things.
- Thami:* Riots and police? Oh yes, we joke about them. We joke about everything. 75
- Isabel:* OK, then I'll say it again; this afternoon was a riot.
- Thami:* Good! Try that one on your folks when you get home tonight. Say the newspapers have got it all wrong. You had a wonderful time taking part in a little township riot.
- [*This time ISABEL does get the joke. They have a good laugh.*] 80
- Isabel:* Oh ja, I can just see my mom and dad cracking up at that one.

Act 1, Scene 1

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

- 3 Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Hartley present Leo's feelings for Ted and his feelings about their relationship in the novel as a whole?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Hartley's methods and concerns.

With an effort I took up the diary again and turned the closely written pages, so buoyant with success. February, March, April – with April the entries fell off for it was the holidays – May full up again and the first half of June. Again the dearth of entries and I was in July. Under Monday 9th I had written 'Brandham Hall'. A list of names followed, the names of my fellow guests, and then: 'Tuesday 10th. 84.7 degrees.' Each day after that I had recorded the maximum temperature and much else, until: 'Thursday 26th. 80.7 degrees.'

5

This was the last entry in July, and the last entry in the diary. I did not have to turn the pages to know they would be blank.

It was 11.5, five minutes later than my habitual bedtime. I felt guilty at being still up, but the past kept pricking at me and I knew that all the events of those nineteen days in July were astir within me, like the loosening phlegm in an attack of bronchitis, waiting to come up. I had kept them buried all these years, but they were there, I knew, the more complete, the more unforgotten, for being carefully embalmed. Never, never had they seen the light of day; the slightest stirring had been stifled with a scattering of earth.

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My secret – the explanation of me – lay there. I take myself much too seriously, of course. What does it matter to anyone what I was like, then or now? But every man is important to himself at one time or another; my problem had been to reduce the importance, and spread it out as thinly as I could over half a century. Thanks to my interment policy I had come to terms with life, I had made a working – working was the word – arrangement with it, on the one condition that there should be no exhumation. Was it true, what I sometimes told myself, that my best energies had been given to the undertaker's art? If it was, what did it matter? Should I have acquitted myself better, with the knowledge I had now? I doubted it; knowledge may be power, but it is not resilience, or resourcefulness, or adaptability to life, still less is it instinctive sympathy with human nature; and those were qualities I possessed in 1900 in far greater measure than I possess them in 1952.

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If Brandham Hall had been Southdown Hill School I should have known how to deal with it. I understood my schoolfellows, they were no larger than life to me. I did not understand the world of Brandham Hall; the people there were much larger than life; their meaning was as obscure to me as the meaning of the curses I had called down on Jenkins and Strode; they had zodiacal properties and proportions. They were, in fact, the substance of my dreams, the realization of my hopes; they were the incarnated glory of the twentieth century; I could no more have been indifferent to them than after fifty years the steel could be indifferent to the magnets in my collar-box.

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If my twelve-year-old self, of whom I had grown rather fond, thinking about him, were to reproach me: 'Why have you grown up such a dull dog, when I gave you such a good start? Why have you spent your time in dusty libraries, cataloguing other people's books instead of writing your own? What has become of the Ram, the Bull, and the Lion, the example I gave you to emulate? Where above all is the Virgin, with her shining face and long curling tresses, whom I entrusted to you' – what should I say?

40

I should have an answer ready. 'Well, it was you who let me down, and I will tell you how. You flew too near to the sun, and you were scorched. This cindery creature is what you made me.'

45

7

To which he might reply: 'But you have had half a century to get over it! Half a century, half the twentieth century, that glorious epoch, that golden age that I bequeathed to you!'

50

'Has the twentieth century,' I should ask, 'done so much better than I have? When you leave this room, which I admit is dull and cheerless, and take the last bus to your home in the past, if you haven't missed it – ask yourself whether you found everything so radiant as you imagined it. Ask yourself whether it has fulfilled your hopes. You were vanquished, Colston, you were vanquished, and so was your century, your precious century that you hoped so much of.'

55

Prologue

LIZ LOCHHEAD: *Selected Poems*

- 4 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Lochhead present memories in her poetry? 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 Lochhead's poetic methods and concerns.

Rapunzstiltskin

& just when our maiden had got
 good & used to her isolation,
 stopped daily expecting to be rescued,
 had come to almost love her tower,
 along comes This Prince 5
 with absolutely
 all the wrong answers.
 Of course she had not been brought up to look for
 originality or gingerbread
 so at first she was quite undaunted 10
 by his tendency to talk in strung-together cliché.
 'Just hang on and we'll get you out of there'
 he hollered like a fireman in some soap opera
 when she confided her plight (the old
 hag inside etc. & how trapped she was); 15
 well, it was corny but
 he did look sort of gorgeous
 axe and all.
 So there she was, humming & pulling
 all the pins out of her chignon, 20
 throwing him all the usual lifelines
 till, soon, he was shimmying in & out
 every other day as though
 he owned the place, bringing her
 the sex manuals & skeins of silk 25
 from which she was meant, eventually,
 to weave the means of her own escape.
 'All very well & good,' she prompted,
 'but when exactly?'
 She gave him till 30
 well past the bell on the timeclock.
 She mouthed at him, hinted,
 she was keener than a TV quizmaster
 that he should get it right.
 'I'll do everything in my power,' he intoned, 'but 35
 the impossible (she groaned) might
 take a little longer.' He grinned.
 She pulled her glasses off.
 'All the better
 to see you with my dear?' he hazarded. 40
 She screamed, cut off her hair.
 'Why, you're beautiful?' he guessed tentatively.
 'No, No, No!' she
 shrieked & stamped her foot so
 hard it sank six cubits through the floorboards. 45
 'I love you?' he came up with
 as finally she tore herself in two.

Turn to page 10 for Question 5

KATHERINE MANSFIELD: *Selected Stories*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of young people, and their significance in **two** stories from your selection.
- 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.

He rolled over in the big bed, his heart still beating in quick, dull throbs, and with every throb he felt his energy escaping him, his—his inspiration for the day stifling under those thudding blows. It seemed that she took a malicious delight in making life more difficult for him than—Heaven knows—it was, by denying him his rights as an artist, by trying to drag him down to her level. What was the matter with her? What the hell did she want? Hadn't he three times as many pupils now as when they were first married, earned three times as much, paid for every stick and stone that they possessed, and now had begun to shell out for Adrian's kindergarten? ... And had he ever reproached her for not having a penny to her name? Never a word—never a sign! The truth was that once you married a woman she became insatiable, and the truth was that nothing was more fatal for an artist than marriage, at any rate until he was well over forty... Why had he married her? He asked himself this question on an average about three times a day, but he never could answer it satisfactorily. She had caught him at a weak moment, when the first plunge into reality had bewildered and overwhelmed him for a time. Looking back, he saw a pathetic, youthful creature, half child, half wild untamed bird, totally incompetent to cope with bills and creditors and all the sordid details of existence. Well—she had done her best to clip his wings, if that was any satisfaction for her, and she could congratulate herself on the success of this early morning trick. One ought to wake exquisitely, reluctantly, he thought, slipping down in the warm bed. He began to imagine a series of enchanting scenes which ended with his latest, most charming pupil putting her bare, scented arms round his neck, and covering him with her long, perfumed hair. 'Awake, my love!' ...

As was his daily habit, while the bath water ran, Reginald Peacock tried his voice.

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,
Looping up her laces, tying up her hair,

he sang, softly at first, listening to the quality, nursing his voice until he came to the third line:

Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded ...

and upon the word 'wedded' he burst into such a shout of triumph that the tooth-glass on the bathroom shelf trembled and even the bath tap seemed to gush stormy applause...

Well, there was nothing wrong with his voice, he thought, leaping into the bath and soaping his soft, pink body all over with a loofah shaped like a fish. He could fill Covent Garden with it! 'Wedded,' he shouted again, seizing the towel with a magnificent operatic gesture, and went on singing while he rubbed as though he had been Lohengrin tipped out by an unwary Swan and drying himself in the greatest haste before that tiresome Elsa came along...

Back in his bedroom, he pulled the blind up with a jerk, and standing upon the pale square of sunlight that lay upon the carpet like a sheet of cream blotting-paper, he began to do his exercises—deep breathing, bending forward and back, squatting like a frog and shooting out his legs—for if there was one thing he had a horror of it was of getting fat, and men in his profession had a dreadful tendency that way.

11

However, there was no sign of it at present. He was, he decided, just right, just in good proportion. In fact, he could not help a thrill of satisfaction when he saw himself in the glass, dressed in a morning coat, dark grey trousers, grey socks and a black tie with a silver thread in it. Not that he was vain—he couldn't stand vain men—no; the sight of himself gave him a thrill of purely artistic satisfaction. '*Voilà tout!*' said he, passing his hand over his sleek hair. 45

That little, easy French phrase blown so lightly from his lips, like a whiff of smoke, reminded him that someone had asked him again, the evening before, if he was English. People seemed to find it impossible to believe that he hadn't some Southern blood. True, there was an emotional quality in his singing that had nothing of the John Bull in it... The door-handle rattled and turned round and round. Adrian's head popped through. 50 55

'Please, father, mother says breakfast is quite ready, please.'

'Very well,' said Reginald. Then, just as Adrian disappeared: 'Adrian!'

'Yes, father.'

'You haven't said "good morning".'

A few months ago Reginald had spent a weekend in a very aristocratic family, where the father received his little sons in the morning and shook hands with them. Reginald thought the practice charming, and introduced it immediately, but Adrian felt dreadfully silly at having to shake hands with his own father every morning. And why did his father always sort of sing to him instead of talk? ... 60

Mr Reginald Peacock's Day

HAROLD PINTER: *The Birthday Party*

- 6 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Pinter develop the character and significance of Goldberg?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, showing how Pinter shapes an audience's response to the characters here and elsewhere in the play.

[STANLEY'S *body shudders, relaxes, his head drops, he becomes still again, stooped. PETEY enters from door, downstage, left.*]

Goldberg: Still the same old Stan. Come with us. Come on, boy.

McCann: Come along with us.

Petey: Where are you taking him?

[*They turn. Silence.*]

Goldberg: We're taking him to Monty.

Petey: He can stay here.

Goldberg: Don't be silly.

Petey: We can look after him here.

Goldberg: Why do you want to look after him?

Petey: He's my guest.

Goldberg: He needs special treatment.

Petey: We'll find someone.

Goldberg: No. Monty's the best there is. Bring him, McCann.

[*They help STANLEY out of the chair. They all three move towards the door, left.*]

Petey: Leave him alone!

[*They stop. GOLDBERG studies him.*]

Goldberg [*insidiously*]: Why don't you come with us, Mr Boles?

McCann: Yes, why don't you come with us?

Goldberg: Come with us to Monty. There's plenty of room in the car.

[*PETEY makes no move. They pass him and reach the door. McCANN opens the door and picks up the suitcases.*]

Petey [*broken*]: Stan, don't let them tell you what to do!

[*They exit.*]

Silence. PETEY stands. The front door slams. Sound of a car starting. Sound of a car going away. Silence. PETEY slowly goes to the table. He sits on a chair, left. He picks up the paper and opens it. The strips fall to the floor. He looks down at them. MEG comes past the window and enters by the back door. PETEY studies the front page of the paper.

Meg [*coming downstage*]: The car's gone.

Petey: Yes.

Meg: Have they gone?

Petey: Yes.

13

<i>Meg:</i>	Won't they be in for lunch?	40
<i>Petey:</i>	No.	
<i>Meg:</i>	Oh, what a shame. [<i>She puts her bag on the table.</i>] It's hot out. [<i>She hangs her coat on a hook.</i>] What are you doing?	
<i>Petey:</i>	Reading.	45
<i>Meg:</i>	Is it good?	
<i>Petey:</i>	All right. [<i>She sits by the table.</i>]	
<i>Meg:</i>	Where's Stan?	
	[<i>Pause.</i>]	50
	Is Stan down yet, Petey?	
<i>Petey:</i>	No ... he's...	
<i>Meg:</i>	Is he still in bed?	
<i>Petey:</i>	Yes, he's ... still asleep.	
<i>Meg:</i>	Still? He'll be late for his breakfast.	55
<i>Petey:</i>	Let him ... sleep. [<i>Pause.</i>]	
<i>Meg:</i>	Wasn't it a lovely party last night?	
<i>Petey:</i>	I wasn't there.	
<i>Meg:</i>	Weren't you?	60
<i>Petey:</i>	I came in afterwards.	
<i>Meg:</i>	Oh. [<i>Pause.</i>]	
	It was a lovely party. I haven't laughed so much for years. We had dancing and singing. And games. You should have been there.	65
<i>Petey:</i>	It was good, eh? [<i>Pause.</i>]	
<i>Meg:</i>	I was the belle of the ball.	
<i>Petey:</i>	Were you?	70
<i>Meg:</i>	Oh yes. They all said I was.	
<i>Petey:</i>	I bet you were, too.	
<i>Meg:</i>	Oh, it's true. I was. [<i>Pause.</i>]	
	I know I was.	75

[*Curtain*]

Act 3

ARUNDHATI ROY: *The God of Small Things*

- 7 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Roy present issues of identity in the novel?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider how far it is characteristic of Roy's methods and concerns.

To the Kathakali Man these stories are his children and his childhood. He has grown up within them. They are the house he was raised in, the meadows he played in. They are his windows and his way of seeing. So when he tells a story, he handles it as he would a child of his own. He teases it. He punishes it. He sends it up like a bubble. He wrestles it to the ground and lets it go again. He laughs at it because he loves it. He can fly you across whole worlds in minutes, he can stop for hours to examine a wilting leaf. Or play with a sleeping monkey's tail. He can turn effortlessly from the carnage of war into the felicity of a woman washing her hair in a mountain stream. From the crafty ebullience of a rakshasa with a new idea into a gossipy Malayali with a scandal to spread. From the sensuousness of a woman with a baby at her breast into the seductive mischief of Krishna's smile. He can reveal the nugget of sorrow that happiness contains. The hidden fish of shame in a sea of glory.

5

He tells stories of the gods, but his yarn is spun from the ungodly, human heart.

The Kathakali Man is the most beautiful of men. Because his body *is* his soul. His only instrument. From the age of three it has been planed and polished, pared down, harnessed wholly to the task of story-telling. He has magic in him, this man within the painted mask and swirling skirts.

15

But these days he has become unviable. Unfeasible. Condemned goods. His children deride him. They long to be everything that he is not. He has watched them grow up to become clerks and bus conductors. Class IV non-gazetted officers. With unions of their own.

20

But he himself, left dangling somewhere between heaven and earth, cannot do what they do. He cannot slide down the aisles of buses, counting change and selling tickets. He cannot answer bells that summon him. He cannot stoop behind trays of tea and Marie biscuits.

25

In despair he turns to tourism. He enters the market. He hawks the only thing he owns. The stories that his body can tell.

He becomes a Regional Flavour.

In the Heart of Darkness they mock him with their lolling nakedness and their imported attention spans. He checks his rage and dances for them. He collects his fee. He gets drunk. Or smokes a joint. Good Kerala grass. It makes him laugh. Then he stops by the Ayemenem Temple, he and the others with him, and they dance to ask pardon of the gods.

30

Rahel (no Plans, no Locusts stand I), her back against a pillar, watched Karna praying on the banks of the Ganga. Karna, sheathed in his armour of light. Karna, melancholy son of Surya, God of Day. Karna the Generous. Karna the abandoned child. Karna the most revered warrior of them all.

35

That night Karna was stoned. His tattered skirt was darned. There were hollows in his crown where jewels used to be. His velvet blouse had grown bald with use. His heels were cracked. Tough. He stubbed his joints out on them.

40

But if he had had a fleet of make-up men waiting in the wings, an agent, a contract, a percentage of the profits – what then would he be? An impostor. A rich pretender. An actor playing a part. Could he be Karna? Or would he be too *safe* inside his pod of wealth? Would his money grow like a rind between himself and his story? Would he be able to touch its heart, its hidden secrets, in the way that he can now?

45

Perhaps not.

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