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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/63

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 **15** printed pages and **1** blank page.

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W.H. AUDEN: *Selected Poems*

- 1** **Either** **(a)** By what means and with what effects does Auden's poetry comment on or interpret society? You should refer in detail to **three** poems.
- Or** **(b)** Write a detailed appreciation of the following poem, and consider how far it is characteristic of Auden's methods and concerns.

Control of the Passes

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Turn to page 4 for Question 2

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

- 2 **Either** (a) Elsa says that, ‘trust means dropping your defences, leaving yourself “wide open”’.

By what means and with what effects does Fugard explore the idea of trust in **both** plays?

- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effects in the following scenes and comment on the significance of these scenes to *My Children! My Africa!*

SCENE TWO

[MR M *alone*. To start with, the mood is one of quiet, vacant disbelief.]

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Is that the only reason you've
come? To tell me to stop ringing the school bell?

Act 2, Scenes 2 & 3

6

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

- 3** **Either** **(a)** By what means and with what effects does Hartley explore social class in the novel?
- Or** **(b)** Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering ways it is characteristic of Hartley's narrative methods and effects.

'I thought I should find you in the field,' I said, hoping this would be a safe topic.

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‘Then if you spoon with someone, does it mean they will have a baby?’

Chapter 10

LIZ LOCHHEAD: *Selected Poems*

- 4 **Either** (a) With detailed reference to **three** poems, consider by what means and with what effects Lochhead presents different attitudes to love.
- Or** (b) Write a detailed appreciation of the following poem, and consider how Lochhead presents herself here and elsewhere in her poems.

The Choosing

We were first equal Mary and I –
 with same-coloured ribbons in mouse-coloured hair
 and with equal shyness
 we curtseyed to the lady councillor
 for copies of Collins' Children's Classics. 5
 First equal, equally proud.

Best friends too Mary and I –
 a common bond in being cleverest (equal)
 in our small school's small class.
 I remember 10
 the competition for top desk
 or to read aloud the lesson
 at school service.
 And my terrible fear
 of her superiority at sums. 15

I remember the housing scheme
 where we both stayed.
 The same houses, different homes,
 where the choices were made.

I don't know exactly why they moved, 20
 but anyway they went.
 Something about a three-apartment
 and a cheaper rent.
 But from the top deck of the high-school bus
 I'd glimpse among the others on the corner 25
 Mary's father, muffled, contrasting strangely
 with the elegant greyhounds by his side.
 He didn't believe in high-school education,
 especially for girls,
 or in forking out for uniforms. 30

Ten years later on a Saturday –
 I am coming from the library –
 sitting near me on the bus,
 Mary
 with a husband who is tall, 35
 curly-haired, has eyes
 for no one else but Mary.
 Her arms are round the full-shaped vase
 that is her body.
 Oh, you can see where the attraction lies 40
 in Mary's life –
 not that I envy her, really.

9

And I am coming from the library
with my arms full of books.
I think of those prizes that were ours for the taking
and wonder when the choices got made
we don't remember making.

45

KATHERINE MANSFIELD: *Selected Stories*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'Her characters experience a significant shift in their understanding of their own feelings or the world they live in.'

In the light of this comment, discuss Mansfield's presentation of characters with detailed reference to **two** stories.

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

Of course he knew—no man better—that he hadn't a ghost of a chance, he hadn't an earthly. The very idea of such a thing was preposterous. So preposterous that he'd perfectly understand it if her father—well, whatever her father chose to do he'd perfectly understand. In fact, nothing short of desperation, nothing short of the fact that this was positively his last day in England for God knows how long, would have screwed him up to it. And even now.... He chose a tie out of the chest of drawers, a blue and cream check tie, and sat on the side of his bed. Supposing she replied, 'What impertinence!' would he be surprised? Not in the least, he decided, turning up his soft collar and turning it down over the tie. He expected her to say something like that. He didn't see, if he looked at the affair dead soberly, what else she could say. 5 10

Here he was! And nervously he tied a bow in front of the mirror, jammed his hair down with both hands, pulled out the flaps of his jacket pockets. Making between £500 and £600 a year on a fruit farm in—of all places—Rhodesia. No capital. Not a penny coming to him. No chance of his income increasing for at least four years. As for looks and all that sort of thing, he was completely out of the running. He couldn't even boast of top-hole health, for the East Africa business had knocked him out so thoroughly that he'd had to take six months' leave. He was still fearfully pale—worse even than usual this afternoon, he thought, bending forward and peering into the mirror. Good heavens! What had happened? His hair looked almost bright green. Dash it all, he hadn't green hair at all events. That was a bit too steep. And then the green light trembled in the glass; it was the shadow from the tree outside. Reggie turned away, took out his cigarette case, but remembering how the mater hated him to smoke in his bedroom, put it back again and drifted over to the chest of drawers. No, he was dashed if he could think of one blessed thing in his favour, while she.... Ah! ... He stopped dead, folded his arms, and leaned hard against the chest of drawers. 15 20 25

And in spite of her position, her father's wealth, the fact that she was an only child and far and away the most popular girl in the neighbourhood; in spite of her beauty and her cleverness—cleverness!—it was a great deal more than that, there was really nothing she couldn't do; he fully believed, had it been necessary, she would have been a genius at anything—in spite of the fact that her parents adored her, and she them, and they'd as soon let her go all that way as.... In spite of every single thing you could think of, so terrific was his love that he couldn't help hoping. Well, was it hope? Or was this queer, timid longing to have the chance of looking after her, of making it his job to see that she had everything she wanted, and that nothing came near her that wasn't perfect—just love? How he loved her! He squeezed hard against the chest of drawers and murmured to it, 'I love her, I love her!' And just for the moment he was with her on the way to Umtali. It was night. She sat in a corner asleep. Her soft chin was tucked into her soft collar, her gold-brown lashes lay on her cheeks. He doted on her delicate little nose, her perfect lips, her ear like a baby's, and the gold-brown curl that half covered it. They were passing through the jungle. It was warm and dark and far away. Then she woke up and said, 30 35 40

‘Have I been asleep?’ and he answered, ‘Yes. Are you all right? Here, let me—’ And he leaned forward to.... He bent over her. This was such bliss that he could dream no further. But it gave him the courage to bound downstairs, to snatch his straw hat from the hall, and to say as he closed the front door, ‘Well, I can only try my luck, that’s all.’ 45

But his luck gave him a nasty jar, to say the least, almost immediately. Promenading up and down the garden path with Chinny and Bidy, the ancient Pekes, was the mater. Of course Reginald was fond of the mater and all that. She—she meant well, she had no end of grit, and so on. But there was no denying it, she was rather a grim parent. And there had been moments, many of them, in Reggie’s life, before Uncle Alick died and left him the fruit farm, when he was convinced that to be a widow’s only son was about the worst punishment a chap could have. And what made it rougher than ever was that she was positively all that he had. 50 55

Mr and Mrs Dove

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HAROLD PINTER: *The Birthday Party*

6 Either (a) 'A comedy of menace.'

With detailed reference to the text, discuss how far this phrase helps you to understand the play's meaning and effects.

Or (b) Paying attention to the language and action in the following extract, discuss how Pinter shapes the audience's response to the characters, here and elsewhere in the play.

Goldberg: Wait!

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Goldberg: Right!

Act 3

ARUNDHATI ROY: *The God of Small Things*

- 7 **Either** (a) Roy describes Ammu as having both 'infinite tenderness' and 'reckless rage'.

Discuss some of the ways Roy shapes your response to Ammu in the light of this description.

- 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.

Silence hung in the air like secret loss.

The terrible ghosts of impossible-to-forget toys clustered on the blades of the ceiling fan. A catapult. A Qantas koala (from Miss Mitten) with loosened button eyes. An inflatable goose (that had been burst with a policeman's cigarette). Two ballpoint pens with silent streetscapes and red London buses that floated up and down in them. 5

Estha put on the tap and water drummed into a plastic bucket. He undressed in the gleaming bathroom. He stepped out of his sodden jeans. Stiff. Dark blue. Difficult to get out of. He pulled his crushed-strawberry T-shirt over his head, smooth, slim, muscular arms crossed over his body. He didn't hear his sister at the door. 10

Rahel watched his stomach suck inwards and his ribcage rise as his wet T-shirt peeled away from his skin, leaving it wet and honey-coloured. His face and neck and a V-shaped triangle at the base of his throat were darker than the rest of him. His arms too were double-coloured. Paler where his shirtsleeves ended. A dark brown man in pale honey clothes. Chocolate with a twist of coffee. High cheekbones and hunted eyes. A fisherman in a white-tiled bathroom, with sea-secrets in his eyes. 15

Had he seen her? Was he really mad? Did he know that she was there?

They had never been shy of each other's bodies, but they had never been old enough (together) to know what shyness was. 20

Now they were. Old enough.

Old.

A viable die-able age.

What a funny word *old* was on its own, Rahel thought, and said it to herself: *Old.*

Rahel at the bathroom door. Slim-hipped. ('Tell her she'll need a Caesarean!' a drunk gynaecologist had said to her husband while they waited for their change at the gas station.) A lizard on a map on her faded T-shirt. Long wild hair with a glint of deep henna-red, sent unruly fingers down into the small of her back. The diamond in her nostril flashed. Sometimes. And sometimes not. A thin, gold, serpent-headed bangle glowed like a circle of orange light around her wrist. Slim snakes whispering to each other, head to head. Her mother's melted wedding ring. Down softened the sharp lines of her thin, angular arms. 25

At first glance she appeared to have grown into the skin of her mother. High cheekbones. Deep dimples when she smiled. But she was longer, harder, flatter, more angular than Ammu had been. Less lovely perhaps to those who liked roundness and softness in women. Only her eyes were incontestably more beautiful. Large. Luminous. *Drownable in*, as Larry McCaslin had said and discovered to his cost. 35

Rahel searched her brother's nakedness for signs of herself. In the shape of his knees. The arch of his instep. The slope of his shoulders. The angle at which the rest of his arm met his elbow. The way his toe-nails tipped upwards at the ends. The sculpted hollows on either side of his taut, beautiful buns. Tight plums. Men's bums 40

15

never grow up. Like school satchels, they evoke in an instant memories of childhood.
Two vaccination marks on his arm gleamed like coins. Hers were on her thigh.

Girls always have them on their thighs, Ammu used to say.

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Rahel watched Estha with the curiosity of a mother watching her wet child. A
sister a brother. A woman a man. A twin a twin.

Chapter 3

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