UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/61**

Paper 6 20th Century Writing **May/June 2011**

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

3618847664

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, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

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.

© UCLES 2011

www.theallpapers.com

BLANK PAGE

© UCLES 2011

www.theallpapers.com

FLEUR ADCOCK: *Poems 1960–2000*

1 **Either** **(a)** With close reference to **two or more** poems from this selection, consider the ways in which Adcock turns ordinary events into something special.

Or **(b)** Write a detailed appreciation of 'Regression', showing the ways in which it is characteristic of Adcock's poetic methods and concerns.

Regression

All the flowers have gone back into the ground.
We fell on them, and they did not lie
crushed and crumpled, waiting to die
on the earth's surface. No: they suddenly wound

the film of their growth backwards. We saw them shrink
from blossom to bud to tiny shoot,
down from the stem and up from the root.
Back to the seed, brothers. It makes you think.

Clearly they do not like us. They've gone away,
given up. And who could blame
anything else for doing the same?
I notice that certain trees look smaller today.

You can't escape the fact: there's a backward trend
from oak to acorn, and from pine
to cone; they all want to resign.
Understandable enough, but where does it end?

Harder, you'd think, for animals; yet the cat
was pregnant, but has not produced.
Her rounded belly is reduced,
somehow, to normal. How to answer that?

Buildings, perhaps, will be the next to go;
imagine it: a tinkle of glass,
a crunch of brick, and a house will pass
through the soil to the protest meeting below.

This whole conspiracy of inverted birth
leaves only us; and how shall we
endure as we deserve to be,
foolish and lost on the naked skin of the earth?

© UCLES 2011

[Turn over
www.theallpapers.com

T. S. ELIOT: *Prufrock and Other Observations, The Waste Land* and *The Hollow Men*

2 **Either** **(a)** 'Eliot expresses spiritual ideas through concrete imagery.'

Consider this statement, with close reference to **two or more** poems from this selection.

Or **(b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following extract, focusing in detail on Eliot's poetic methods.

II

Eyes I dare not meet in dreams
In death's dream kingdom
These do not appear:
There, the eyes are

Sunlight on a broken column
There, is a tree swinging
And voices are
In the wind's singing
More distant and more solemn
Than a fading star.

Let me be no nearer
In death's dream kingdom
Let me also wear
Such deliberate disguises
Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves
In a field
Behaving as the wind behaves
No nearer –

Not that final meeting
In the twilight kingdom

III

This is the dead land
This is cactus land
Here the stone images
Are raised, here they receive
The supplication of a dead man's hand
Under the twinkle of a fading star.

Is it like this
In death's other kingdom
Waking alone
At the hour when we are
Trembling with tenderness
Lips that would kiss
Form prayers to broken stone.

© UCLES 2011

www.theallpapers.com

IV

The eyes are not here
There are no eyes here
In this valley of dying stars
In this hollow valley
This broken jaw of our lost kingdoms

In this last of meeting places
We grope together
And avoid speech
Gathered on this beach of the tumid river

Sightless, unless
The eyes reappear
As the perpetual star
Multifoliate rose
Of death's twilight kingdom
The hope only
Of empty men.

The Hollow Men

www.theallpapers.com

JANET FRAME: *Towards Another Summer*

3 **Either** **(a)** Explore the importance of the blending of past and present in *Towards Another Summer*.

Or **(b)** Discuss the following passage in detail, exploring Frame's concerns and narrative techniques.

The producer was crisp, the interviewer efficient. Both had notes; Grace held only a glass of water which she twirled in her hand, answering or not answering the questions, breaking off in midsentence, her mind blank. She sighed, repeated Sorry, Sorry in a whisper, shaking her head.

– I don't know, I don't know. What are my books about? How should I be able to tell? My style? What does it matter?

She wondered whether these accumulated stains that seemed so much a part of her essentially private ventures would in the end spread over most of her life, sink deeper and deeper, be absorbed as a poison which could be removed only if she swallowed a violent medicine which would force her to vomit her whole life – all her treasured experiences and dreams – and be left weak, unable to digest more of life, sitting, cramped with pain and lassitude, in a bed or wheelchair until she died and was buried here, in London, with a representative from New Zealand House taking time off to trim the frayed thread-dropping embarrassments of untidiness woven when a stranger without next of kin dies ten thousand miles from home.

– Miss Cleave, are you trying to put across a message? It has been said, Miss Cleave, that you resemble … Could you tell us briefly the *essential* nature of your work … Do you think you will ever return to New Zealand?

The interview was finished at last. Humiliated, inarticulate, Grace sat twirling her glass of water. Why couldn't she speak, why couldn't she speak?

The producer came from the recording room, opened the door and looked in.

– I'm sorry, Grace said. – I haven't anything to say, I haven't anything to say.

The producer spoke crisply. She reminded Grace of the manageress of the dairy at the corner of the street near her flat: an efficient woman who knew which part of the refrigerator held the stale, and which the fresh milk, and who each time chose, automatically, the stale milk. There were stale biscuits too, and wrapped cakes and old pies arranged on the counter; the woman was surrounded by an array of yesterday's and last week's food and drink which had to be sold.

– Quite good, the producer said. – We'll make something of it. (This packet of biscuits is specially reduced – would you like to buy some?)

– Yes, quite good. The silences were so *effective*.

Grace ruffled her feathers, flapped her wings wildly, went hysterically out into the Strand, found a cafe where she sat on a tall revolving stool, ate bleached cod fillet with chips like a heap of thin twisted yellow nails, and bread brushed with a damp yellow sponge. Then she caught the bus to St Pancras Station. The freezing drizzle had changed to snow, big flakes too extravagant for city distribution, as big as the pages of a huge diary, a month to an opening, fluttering, drifting, the streets full of people hurrying in panic, fearful of burial. Grace almost ran from the bus and collided with a West Indian man standing calmly being snowed on, with a newspaper spread over his head.

© UCLES 2011

www.theallpapers.com

– Snow, he said. – Don't you like it?

Grace was ashamed. Of course she liked it, of course she hadn't lost her feeling of wonder at the sight of snow – then why had she been running from it?

– Yes I like it, oh yes.

She pulled her rainhat closer to her head and hurried towards the station; convincing herself as she ran, It's not real snow, it's only city snow, but when you begin to make such distinctions doesn't it mean that everything is lost?

Grace couldn't bear to lose things; her head was always dizzy with looking for the mislaid, stolen, concealed.

Chapter 6

www.theallpapers.com

BRIAN FRIEL: *Translations*

4 **Either** **(a)** Explore the presentation of the relationship between Maire and Yolland and its significance to the play as a whole.

Or **(b)** Write a detailed analysis of the following passage, showing how the dialogue shapes an audience's response to the issues raised.

OWEN: The captain is the man who actually makes the new map.

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

Sarah is staring at Manus.

Act 1

© UCLES 2011

www.theallpapers.com

www.theallpapers.com

R. K. NARAYAN: *The English Teacher*

5 **Either** **(a)** 'Narayan presents Krishna as heroic in his struggle to find meaning in his life.'

Discuss the presentation of Krishna in the light of this statement.

Or **(b)** Write a detailed analysis of the following passage, focusing in particular on how the narrative method and choice of language shape the reader's response to the characters' relationship.

While the old lady kept fondling the child, sitting on the floor, I read the letter under the hall light and my wife read it over my shoulder. We looked at each other. There was consternation in her look. There were many questions which she was aching to ask me. I adjourned to my room and she followed me.

'What shall we do?' she asked, looking desperate.

'Why do you look so panicky? We will send her back if you do not want her.'

'No, no. How can that be? Your mother has sent her. We have got to have her.'

'I think it will be good to have her. All your time is now spent in the kitchen when you are not tending the baby. I don't like you to spend all your time cooking either tiffin or food.'

'But I like it. What is wrong in it?' she asked. 'You must spend some more time reading or stitching or singing. Man or woman is not born merely to cook and eat,' I said, and added: 'You have neglected your books. Have you finished *Ivanhoe*?' She had been trying to get through *Ivanhoe* for years now, and *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare*. But she never went beyond the fiftieth page. Her library also contained a book of hymns by a Tamil saint, a few select stanzas of Kamba Ramayana, Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* and a leather-bound Bhagavad-Gita in Sanskrit. I knew how fond she was of books. She was always planning how she was going to devour all the books and become the member of some library. But it never became more than an ambition.

In the earlier years of our married life we often sat together with one or other of the books, in the single top-floor room in her father's house, and tried to read. The first half an hour would be wasted because of an irresponsible mood coming over her, which made her laugh at everything: even the most solemn poem would provoke her, especially such poems as were addressed by a lover. 'My true love hath my heart and I have his.' She would laugh till she became red in the face. 'Why can't each keep his own or her own heart instead of this exchange?' She then put out her hand and searched all my pockets saying: 'In case you should take away mine!'

'Hush, listen to the poem,' I said, and she would listen to me with suppressed mirth and shake her head in disapproval. And then another line that amused her very much was 'Oh, mistress mine, where are you roaming?' She would not allow me to progress a line beyond, saying: 'I shall die of this poem some day. What is the matter with the woman loafing all over the place except where her husband is?'

However much she might understand or not understand, she derived a curious delight in turning over the pages of a book, and the great thing was that I should sit by her side and explain. While she read the Tamil classics and Sanskrit texts without my help, she liked English to be explained by me. If I showed the slightest hesitation, she would declare: 'Perhaps you don't care to explain English unless you are paid a hundred rupees a month for it?'

But all that stopped after the child was born. When the child left her alone, she had to be in the kitchen, and my argument now appealed to her. She said: 'But that will mean an extra expense. What shall we pay her?'

'About eight rupees, just what everyone pays, I think,' I said.

© UCLES 2011

www.theallpapers.com

'Oh, too much,' she said. 'I'm sure she will waste another eight rupees' worth of things. This is an unnecessary expense,' she said. I explained: 'Very necessary and we can afford it. In addition to the provident fund, why should we send thirty-five to the savings bank? I think about twenty-five rupees a month for the bank will be more than enough. Many of my friends do not save even five rupees.'

'Why do you want to follow their example? We must live within our means, and save enough.' She often declared: 'When we are old we must never trouble others for help. And remember there is a daughter, for whose marriage we must save.'

'When we bring forth some more daughters and sons …' I began, and she covered my mouth with her fingers. 'You men! what do you care! You would think differently if God somehow made you share the bothers of bringing forth! Where is your promise?' I often reiterated and confirmed our solemn pact that Leela should be our only child. And anything I said otherwise, even in jest, worried her very much.

Chapter 2

www.theallpapers.com

HAROLD PINTER: *The Homecoming*

6 **Either** **(a)** Discuss Pinter's presentation of Sam, and the importance of his role in *The Homecoming*.

Or **(b)** Explore the following passage in detail, considering how the dialogue shapes an audience's response to the characters and the issues raised.

MAX: Who's this?
TEDDY: I was just going to introduce you.
MAX: Who asked you to bring tarts in here?
TEDDY: Tarts?
MAX: Who asked you to bring dirty tarts into this house?
TEDDY: Listen, don't be silly –
MAX: You been here all night?
TEDDY: Yes, we arrived from Venice –
MAX: We've had a smelly scrubber in my house all night. We've had a stinking pox-ridden slut in my house all night.
TEDDY: Stop it! What are you talking about?
MAX: I haven't seen the bitch for six years, he comes home without a word, he brings a filthy scrubber off the street, he shacks up in my house!
TEDDY: She's my wife! We're married!
Pause.
MAX: I've never had a whore under this roof before. Ever since your mother died. My word of honour. (*To* JOEY.) Have you ever had a whore here? Has Lenny ever had a whore here? They come back from America, they bring the slopbucket with them. They bring the bedpan with them. (*To* TEDDY.) Take that disease away from me. Get her away from me.
TEDDY: She's my wife.
MAX: (*to* JOEY). Chuck them out.
Pause.
A Doctor of Philosophy, Sam, you want to meet a Doctor of Philosophy? (*To* JOEY.) I said chuck them out.
Pause.
What's the matter? You deaf?
JOEY: You're an old man. (*To* TEDDY.) He's an old man.
LENNY *walks into the room, in a dressing-gown.*
He stops.
They all look round.
MAX *turns back, hits* JOEY *in the stomach with all his might.*
JOEY *contorts, staggers across the stage.* MAX*, with the exertion of the blow, begins to collapse. His knees buckle.*
He clutches his stick.
SAM *moves forward to help him.*
MAX *hits him across the head with his stick,* SAM *sits, head in hands.*
JOEY*, hands pressed to his stomach, sinks down at the feet of* RUTH.
She looks down at him.

www.theallpapers.com

LENNY *and* TEDDY *are still.*
JOEY *slowly stands. He is close to* RUTH*. He turns from* RUTH*, looks round at* MAX*.*
SAM *clutches his head.*
MAX *breathes heavily, very slowly gets to his feet,*
JOEY *moves to him.*
They look at each other.
Silence.
MAX *moves past* JOEY*, walks towards* RUTH*. He gestures with his stick.*

MAX: Miss.
RUTH *walks towards him.*

RUTH: Yes?
He looks at her.

MAX: You a mother?

RUTH: Yes.

MAX: How many you got?

RUTH: Three.
He turns to TEDDY*.*

MAX: All yours, Ted?
Pause.
Teddy, why don't we have a nice cuddle and kiss, eh? Like the old days? What about a nice cuddle and kiss, eh?

TEDDY: Come on, then.
Pause.

MAX: You want to kiss your old father? Want a cuddle with your old father?

TEDDY: Come on, then.
TEDDY *moves a step towards him.*
Come on.
Pause.

MAX: You still love your old Dad, eh?
They face each other.

TEDDY: Come on, Dad. I'm ready for the cuddle.
MAX begins to chuckle, gurgling.
He turns to the family and addresses them.

MAX: He still loves his father!

Curtain
Act 1

www.theallpapers.com

WOLE SOYINKA: *Death and the King's Horseman*

7 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways in which Soyinka presents leaders and ideas about leadership in the play.

Or **(b)** Explore the ways the dramatic effects and methods in the following passage convey the concerns of the play.

The Women enter, intoning the dirge 'Ale le le' and swaying from side to side. On their shoulders is borne a longish object roughly like a cylindrical bolt, covered in cloth. They set it down on the spot where Iyaloja had stood earlier, and form a semi-circle round it. The Praise-Singer and drummer stand on the inside of the semi-circle but the drum is not used at all. The drummer intones under the Praise-Singer's invocations.

PILKINGS: (*as they enter*) What is *that*?
IYALOJA: The burden you have made white one, but we bring it in peace.
PILKINGS: I said *what* is it?
ELESIN: White man, you must let me out. I have a duty to perform.
PILKINGS: I most certainly will not.
ELESIN: There lies the courier of my King. Let me out so I can perform what is demanded of me.
PILKINGS: You'll do what you need to do from inside there or not at all. I've gone as far as I intend to with this business.
ELESIN: The worshipper who lights a candle in your church to bear a message to his god bows his head and speaks in a whisper to the flame. Have I not seen it ghostly one? His voice does not ring out to the world. Mine are no words for anyone's ears. They are not words even for the bearers of this load. They are words I must speak secretly, even as my father whispered them in my ears and I in the ears of my first-born. I cannot shout them to the wind and the open night-sky.
JANE: Simon …
PILKINGS: Don't interfere. Please!
IYALOJA: They have slain the favourite horse of the King and slain his dog. They have borne them from pulse to pulse centre of the land receiving prayers for their King. But the rider has chosen to stay behind. Is it too much to ask that he speak his heart to heart of the waiting courier? (PILKINGS *turns his back on her.*) So be it, Elesin Oba, you see how even the mere leavings are denied you. (*She gestures to the* PRAISE-SINGER.)

www.theallpapers.com

PRAISE-SINGER: Elesin Oba! I call you by that name only this last time. Remember when I said, if you cannot come, tell my horse. (*Pause*.) What? I cannot hear you? I said, if you cannot come, whisper in the ears of my horse. Is your tongue severed from the roots? Elesin? I can hear no response. I said, if there are boulders you cannot climb, mount my horse's back, this spotless black stallion, he'll bring you over them. (*Pauses*.) Elesin Oba, once you had a tongue that darted like a drummer's stick. I said, if you get lost my dog will track a path to me. My memory fails me but I think you replied: My feet have found the path, Alafin.

The dirge rises and falls.

I said at the last, if evil hands hold you back, just tell my horse there is weight on the hem of your smock. I dare not wait too long.

The dirge rises and falls.

There lies the swiftest ever messenger of a king, so set me free with the errand of your heart. There lie the head and heart of the favourite of the gods, whisper in his ears. Oh my companion, if you had followed when you should, we would not say that the horse preceded its rider. If you had followed when it was time, we would not say the dog has raced beyond and left his master behind. If you had raised your will to cut the thread of life at the summons of the drums, we would not say your mere shadow fell across the gateway and took its owner's place at the banquet. But the hunter, laden with slain buffalo, stayed to root in the cricket's hole with his toes. What now is left? If there is a dearth of bats, the pigeon must serve us for the offering. Speak the words over your shadow which must now serve in your place.

ELESIN: I cannot approach. Take off the cloth. I shall speak my message from heart to heart of silence.

IYALOJA: (*moves forward and removes the covering*) Your courier Elesin, cast your eyes on the favoured companion of the King.

Rolled up in the mat, his head and feet showing at either end, is the body of OLUNDE.

There lies the honour of your household and of our race. Because he could not bear to let honour fly out of doors, he stopped it with his life. The son has proved the father, Elesin, and there is nothing left in your mouth to gnash but infant gums.

Scene 5

www.theallpapers.com

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *To the Lighthouse*

8 **Either** **(a)** Explore the role and significance of the character of Charles Tansley in the novel as a whole.

Or **(b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing how its narrative methods and concerns are characteristic of the novel as a whole.

But what after all is one night? A short space, especially when the darkness dims so soon, and so soon a bird sings, a cock crows, or a faint green quickens, like a turning leaf, in the hollow of the wave. Night, however, succeeds to night. The winter holds a pack of them in store and deals them equally, evenly, with indefatigable fingers. They lengthen; they darken. Some of them hold aloft clear planets, plates of brightness. The autumn trees, ravaged as they are, take on the flash of tattered flags kindling in the gloom of cool cathedral caves where gold letters on marble pages describe death in battle and how bones bleach and burn far away in Indian sands. The autumn trees gleam in the yellow moonlight, in the light of harvest moons, the light which mellows the energy of labour, and smooths the stubble, and brings the wave lapping blue to the shore.

It seemed now as if, touched by human penitence and all its toil, divine goodness had parted the curtain and displayed behind it, single, distinct, the hare erect; the wave falling; the boat rocking, which, did we deserve them, should be ours always. But alas, divine goodness, twitching the cord, draws the curtain; it does not please him; he covers his treasures in a drench of hail, and so breaks them, so confuses them that it seems impossible that their calm should ever return or that we should ever compose from their fragments a perfect whole or read in the littered pieces the clear words of truth. For our penitence deserves a glimpse only; our toil respite only.

The nights now are full of wind and destruction; the trees plunge and bend and their leaves fly helter skelter until the lawn is plastered with them and they lie packed in gutters and choke rain pipes and scatter damp paths. Also the sea tosses itself and breaks itself, and should any sleeper fancying that he might find on the beach an answer to his doubts, a sharer of his solitude, throw off his bedclothes and go down by himself to walk on the sand, no image with semblance of serving and divine promptitude comes readily to hand bringing the night to order and making the world reflect the compass of the soul. The hand dwindles in his hand; the voice bellows in his ear. Almost it would appear that it is useless in such confusion to ask the night those questions as to what, and why, and wherefore, which tempt the sleeper from his bed to seek an answer.

[Mr. Ramsay stumbling along a passage stretched his arms out one dark morning, but, Mrs. Ramsay having died rather suddenly the night before, he stretched his arms out. They remained empty.]

Part 2, Chapter 3

Copyright Acknowledgements:

Question 1b © Fleur Adcock; 'Regression'; *Poems 1960-2000*; Bloodaxe Books Ltd; 2000.
Question 2b © T S Eliot; *Selected Poems*; Methuen Ltd; Faber & Faber Ltd; 1954.
Question 3b © Janet Frame; *Towards Another Summer*; Virago Press; 2008.
Question 4b © Brian Friel; *Translations*; Faber & Faber; 1981.
Question 5b © R K Narayan; *The English Teacher*; published by Vintage, reprinted by permission of the Random House Group Ltd; 2001.
Question 6b © Harold Pinter; *The Homecoming*; Faber & Faber Ltd; 1965.
Question 7b © Wole Soyinka; *Death and the King's Horseman*; A & C Black; 1998.
Question 8b © Virginia Woolf; *To the Lighthouse*; Penguin Books Ltd; 1992. Reproduced by permission of The Society of Authors as the Literary Representaive of the Estate of Virginia Woolf.

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (UCLES) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

University of Cambridge International Examinations is part of the Cambridge Assessment Group. Cambridge Assessment is the brand name of University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate (UCLES), which is itself a department of the University of Cambridge.

www.theallpapers.com