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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/62**

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

**May/June 2011**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**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.



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





- 1 **Either** (a) With close reference to **two or more** poems from this selection, discuss some ways in which Adcock makes use of the past.
- Or** (b) Write a detailed appreciation of 'Weathering', showing how it is characteristic of Adcock's poetic methods and concerns.

*Weathering*

Literally thin-skinned, I suppose, my face  
catches the wind off the snow-line and flushes  
with a flush that will never wholly settle. Well:  
that was a metropolitan vanity,  
wanting to look young for ever, to pass. 5

I was never a Pre-Raphaelite beauty,  
nor anything but pretty enough to satisfy  
men who need to be seen with passable women.  
But now that I am in love with a place  
which doesn't care how I look, or if I'm happy, 10

happy is how I look, and that's all.  
My hair will turn grey in any case,  
my nails chip and flake, my waist thicken,  
and the years work all their usual changes.  
If my face is to be weather-beaten as well 15

that's little enough lost, a fair bargain  
for a year among lakes and fells, when simply  
to look out of my window at the high pass  
makes me indifferent to mirrors and to what  
my soul may wear over its new complexion. 20

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

- 2 **Either** (a) With close reference to **two or more** poems from this selection, explore the ways in which Eliot's poetry creates strikingly dramatic situations.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract, focusing in detail on Eliot's poetic methods.

II

The morning comes to consciousness  
 Of faint stale smells of beer  
 From the sawdust-trampled street  
 With all its muddy feet that press  
 To early coffee-stands. 5  
 With the other masquerades  
 That time resumes,  
 One thinks of all the hands  
 That are raising dingy shades  
 In a thousand furnished rooms. 10

III

You tossed a blanket from the bed,  
 You lay upon your back, and waited;  
 You dozed, and watched the night revealing  
 The thousand sordid images  
 Of which your soul was constituted; 15  
 They flickered against the ceiling.  
 And when all the world came back  
 And the light crept up between the shutters  
 And you heard the sparrows in the gutters,  
 You had such a vision of the street 20  
 As the street hardly understands;  
 Sitting along the bed's edge, where  
 You curled the papers from your hair,  
 Or clasped the yellow soles of feet  
 In the palms of both soiled hands. 25

## IV

His soul stretched tight across the skies  
That fade behind a city block,  
Or trampled by insistent feet  
At four and five and six o'clock;  
And short square fingers stuffing pipes, 30  
And evening newspapers, and eyes  
Assured of certain certainties,  
The conscience of a blackened street  
Impatient to assume the world.  
I am moved by fancies that are curled 35  
Around these images, and cling:  
The notion of some infinitely gentle  
Infinitely suffering thing.

Wipe your hand across your mouth, and laugh;  
The worlds revolve like ancient women 40  
Gathering fuel in vacant lots.

*Preludes*

3 **Either** (a) 'In my own country ... Where I come from.'

Explore the significance of place in *Towards Another Summer*.

## Or (b) Comment in detail on the effects of the writing in the following passage, focusing in particular on the ways in which Frame's narrative methods shape the situation.

They reached the library. Anne changed Sarah's book while Sarah watched, dismayed, as the seaside book where the animals had been picnicking on the sands, eating tomato sandwiches, ice cream and bananas, disappeared over the desk, and when the new book was found for her she looked suspiciously at it.

– Where's my animal book? Where's the picnic at the seaside? Mummy, Mummy, Sarah began to cry in despair. 5

Noel began to cry in sympathy.

Anne explained that the animals had been in a library book, to be shared with other children, and now Sarah had a new book with different animals and people in it. 10

– But will they be at home when we get home? They were at home today.

Noel began to wail.

– It's the cold, Philip said, playing the role of the embarrassed husband. – We'll hurry to the market. It'll be warm there.

The market was warm with bodies, steam, sweat, smells. The little group straggled along the rows of stalls. They passed a stall hung with flashy jewellery and knick-knacks where a young man and woman were standing, staring at a chocolate-box picture. 15

– Ooh, cooed the woman, isn't it lovely?

– It's twenty-eight bob, the man said, and drew her away. 20

– Did you hear that? Philip said to Grace.

She laughed. – Yes.

– Beautiful jewellery, Philip said laughing.

– Wonderful, Grace agreed, with a brazen air of – I like flashy things, you know, I appreciate this market! 25

They stopped at a stall displaying household furnishings and dress materials.

– I wonder, Anne said, in a meditative voice, – if they have any sheeting.

Clearly, she said this on the sudden wave of a domestic dream. Philip said quickly in a tone of mild disapproval, 30

– Not now, surely, love!

Anne looked slightly ashamed, but persisted. – I thought I might get some sheeting while we're here.

– Another day, Philip said, embarrassed at the sudden absorption in domestic matters.

Rejoicing, apart, Grace felt as complete and shimmering as a mermaid. She felt sorry for Anne. She guessed that Anne might not have another chance during the week to buy the 'sheeting', that children, house and home (and *Ulysses*) would be taking all her time; when her father returned from Edinburgh and the extra meals began again, there would be no time at all to saunter into Winchley to buy a length of sheeting. 40

Anne's eyes were clouded with what could only be described as domestic concern: instinctive concern, like the look in the eye of a bird when it sees a stick or length of straw that could be used for its nest.

With conscious good humour Philip gently drew Anne away from the stall, the household furnishings and steered them all from the warm market into the freezing air. Even in the half-hour they had been in the market, the sky had darkened; people were hurrying; the streets were busier.

– Time to go home. But first I'll show Grace the viaduct.

– Yes, Anne said loyally, – You must see the viaduct.

Grace burned with guilt; she saw Anne casting backward glances at the market and the vanished sheeting. 50

– Today's the kind of day to see it, Philip said.

– I think, Anne said boldly, her eyes glowing with warmth as she looked at Philip, – I'll buy some Parmesan while you show Grace the viaduct.

– All right, love. 55

BRIAN FRIEL: *Translations*

- 4 **Either** (a) '*Translations* is primarily a play about language.'

Consider this statement in the light of your experience of the play.

- Or** (b) By close reference to action and dialogue, show how Friel presents relationships in the following passage.

MAIRE: We heard stories that you own ten big shops in Dublin – is it true?

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*(He goes out.)*

*Act 1*





- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss Narayan's presentation of different attitudes towards death in the novel.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the narrative methods in the following passage, show how Narayan introduces the concerns of the novel as a whole.

After dinner my friends in the neighbouring rooms in the hostel dropped in as usual for light talk. They were my colleagues. One was Rangappa who taught the boys philosophy, and the other Gopal of the mathematics section. Gopal was sharp as a knife-edge where mathematical matters were concerned, but, poor fellow, he was very dumb and stupid in other matters. As a matter of fact he paid little attention to anything else. We liked him because he was a genius, and in a vague manner we understood that he was doing brilliant things in mathematics. Some day he hoped to contribute a paper on his subject which was going to revolutionize human thought and conceptions. But God knew what it was all about. All that I cared for in him was that he was an agreeable friend, who never contradicted and who patiently listened for hours, though without showing any sign of understanding. 5

Tonight the talk was all about English spelling and the conference we had with Brown. I was incensed as usual, much to the amazement of Rangappa. 'But my dear fellow, what do you think they pay you for unless it is for dotting the i's and crossing the t's?' Gopal, who had been listening without putting in a word of his own, suddenly became active. 'I don't follow you,' he said. 10

'I said the English department existed solely for dotting the i's and crossing the t's.' 'Oh!' he said, opening wide his eyes. 'I never thought so. Why should you do it?' His precise literal brain refused to move where it had no concrete facts or figures to grip. Symbols, if they entered his brain at all, entered only as mathematical symbols. 15

Rangappa answered: 'Look here, Gopal. You have come across the expression "Raining cats and dogs"?' 20

'Yes.'

'Have you actually seen cats and dogs falling down from the sky?' 25

'No, no. Why?'

Rangappa would have worried him a little longer, but the college clock struck ten and I said: 'Friends, I must bid you good night.' 'Good night,' Gopal repeated mechanically and rose to go. Not so the ever-questioning philosopher. 'What has come over you?' he asked, without moving. 30

'I want to cultivate new habits. ...'

'What's wrong with the present ones?' he asked and I blinked for an answer. It was a long story and could not stand narration. Rangappa did not even stir from his seat; the other stood ready to depart and waited patiently. 'Answer me,' Rangappa persisted. 35

'I want to be up very early tomorrow,' I said.

'What time?'

'Some time before five.'

'What for?'

'I want to see the sunrise, and get some exercise before I start work.' 40

'Very good; wake me up too, I shall also go with you – ' said Rangappa rising. I saw them off at the door. I had an alarm clock on which I could sometimes depend for giving the alarm at the set time. I had bought it years before at a junk store in Madras. It had a reddening face, and had been oiled and repaired a score of times. It showed the correct time but was eccentric with regard to its alarm arrangement. It let out a shattering amount of noise, and it sometimes went off by itself and butted into a conversation, or sometimes when I had locked the room and gone out, it started off and went on ringing till exhaustion overcame it. There was no way of stopping it, by pressing a button or a lever. I don't know if it had ever had such an arrangement. At first I did not know about its trouble, so that I suffered a great shock and did not know how to silence it, short of dashing it down. But one day I learnt by some sort of instinctive experiment that if I placed a heavy book like Taine's *History of English Literature* on its crest, it stopped shrieking.

I picked up the clock and sat on my bed looking at it. I believe I almost addressed it: 'Much depends upon you.' I set it at four-thirty and lay down.

HAROLD PINTER: *The Homecoming*

- 6 **Either** (a) Consider Pinter's dramatic use of violence, both physical and verbal, *Homecoming*.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, exploring the ways in which Pinter shapes an audience's response to the relationships.

MAX: Where's the whore? Still in bed? She'll make us all animals.

LENNY: The girl's a tease.

MAX: What?

LENNY: She's had Joey on a string. 5

MAX: What do you mean?

TEDDY: He had her up there for two hours and he didn't go the whole hog.  
*Pause.*

MAX: My Joey? She did that to my boy? 10  
*Pause.*  
To my youngest son? Tch, tch, tch, tch. How you feeling, son?  
Are you all right?

JOEY: Sure I'm all right.

MAX: (to TEDDY) Does she do that to you, too?

TEDDY: No. 15

LENNY: He gets the gravy.

MAX: You think so?

JOEY: No he don't.  
*Pause.*

SAM: He's her lawful husband. She's his lawful wife. 20

JOEY: No he don't! He don't get no gravy! I'm telling you. I'm telling all of you. I'll kill the next man who says he gets the gravy.

MAX: Joey ... what are you getting so excited about? (to LENNY.) It's because he's frustrated. You see what happens?

JOEY: Who is? 25

MAX: Joey. No one's saying you're wrong. In fact everyone's saying you're right.  
*Pause.*  
MAX turns to the others.  
You know something? Perhaps it's not a bad idea to have a woman in the house. Perhaps it's a good thing. Who knows? Maybe we should keep her. 30  
*Pause.*  
Maybe we'll ask her if she wants to stay.  
*Pause.* 35

TEDDY: I'm afraid not, Dad. She's not well, and we've got to get home to the children.

MAX: Not well? I told you, I'm used to looking after people who are not so well. Don't worry about that. Perhaps we'll keep her here. 40  
*Pause.*

SAM: Don't be silly.

MAX: What's silly?

SAM: You're talking rubbish.

MAX: Me?

SAM: She's got three children. 45

MAX: She can have more! Here. If she's so keen.

TEDDY: She doesn't want any more.

MAX: What do you know about what she wants, eh Ted?

- TEDDY: (*smiling*) The best thing for her is to come home with me, Dad.  
 Really. We're married, you know.
- MAX *walks about the room, clicks his fingers.*
- MAX: We'd have to pay her, of course. You realize that? We can't leave her walking about without any pocket money. She'll have to have a little allowance.
- JOEY: Of course we'll pay her. She's got to have some money in her pocket. 55
- MAX: That's what I'm saying. You can't expect a woman to walk about without a few bob to spend on a pair of stockings.  
*Pause.*
- LENNY: Where's the money going to come from? 60
- MAX: Well, how much is she worth? What we talking about, three figures?
- LENNY: I asked you where the money's going to come from. It'll be an extra mouth to feed. It'll be an extra body to clothe. You realize that? 65
- JOEY: I'll buy her clothes.
- LENNY: What with?
- JOEY: I'll put in a certain amount out of my wages.
- MAX: That's it. We'll pass the hat round. We'll make a donation. We're all grown-up people, we've got a sense of responsibility. We'll all put a little in the hat. It's democratic. 70
- LENNY: It'll come to a few quid, Dad.  
*Pause.*

Act 2

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

- 7 **Either** (a) Explore the role and significance of the Praise-Singer in *Death and the King's Horseman*.
- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effects of the following passage, showing how Soyinka shapes the audience's response.

JANE:	But surely, in a war of this nature, for the morale of the nation you must expect ...	
OLUNDE:	That a disaster beyond human reckoning be spoken of as a triumph? No. I mean, is there no mourning in the home of the bereaved that such blasphemy is permitted?	5
JANE:	[ <i>after a moment's pause</i> ] Perhaps I can understand you now. The time we picked for you was not really one for seeing us at our best.	
OLUNDE:	Don't think it was just the war. Before that even started I had plenty of time to study your people. I saw nothing, finally, that gave you the right to pass judgement on other peoples and their ways. Nothing at all.	10
JANE:	[ <i>hesitantly</i> ] Was it the ... colour thing? I know there is some discrimination.	
OLUNDE:	Don't make it so simple, Mrs Pilkings. You make it sound as if when I left, I took nothing at all with me.	15
JANE:	Yes ... and to tell the truth, only this evening, Simon and I agreed that we never really knew what you left with.	
OLUNDE:	Neither did I. But I found out over there. I am grateful to your country for that. And I will never give it up.	20
JANE:	Olunde please ... promise me something. Whatever you do, don't throw away what you have started to do. You want to be a doctor. My husband and I believe you will make an excellent one, sympathetic and competent. Don't let anything make you throw away your training.	25
OLUNDE:	[ <i>genuinely surprised</i> ] Of course not. What a strange idea. I intend to return and complete my training. Once the burial of my father is over.	
JANE:	Oh, please ... !	
OLUNDE:	Listen! Come outside. You can't hear anything against that music.	30
JANE:	What is it?	
OLUNDE:	The drums. Can you hear the changes? Listen. [ <i>The drums come over, still distant but more distinct. There is a change of rhythm, it rises to a crescendo and then, suddenly, it is cut off. After a silence, a new beat begins, slow and resonant.</i> ]	35
JANE:	There, it's all over.	
JANE:	You mean he's ...	
OLUNDE:	Yes, Mrs Pilkings, my father is dead. His will-power has always been enormous; I know he is dead.	40
JANE:	[ <i>screams</i> ] How can you be so callous! So unfeeling! You announce your father's own death like a surgeon looking down on some strange ... stranger's body! You're just a savage like all the rest.	
AIDE-DE-CAMP:	[ <i>rushing out</i> ] Mrs Pilkings. Mrs Pilkings. [ <i>She breaks down, sobbing.</i> ] Are you all right, Mrs Pilkings?	45

OLUNDE: She'll be all right. [*Turns to go.*]  
 AIDE-DE-CAMP: Who are you? And who the hell asked your opinion?  
 OLUNDE: You're quite right, nobody. [*Going.*]  
 AIDE-DE-CAMP: What the hell! Did you hear me ask you who you were?  
 OLUNDE: I have business to attend to.  
 AIDE-DE-CAMP: I'll give you business in a moment you impudent nigger.  
 Answer my question!  
 OLUNDE: I have a funeral to arrange. Excuse me. [*Going.*]

Scene 4

**Turn over for Question 8**

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VIRGINIA WOOLF: *To the Lighthouse*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss Woolf's presentation of work and ideas about work in the novel.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing how far it is characteristic of Woolf's narrative methods and concerns.

What does it mean then, what can it all mean? Lily Briscoe asked herself, wondering whether, since she had been left alone, it behoved her to go to the kitchen to fetch another cup of coffee or wait here. What does it mean? – a catchword that was, caught up from some book, fitting her thought loosely, for she could not, this first morning with the Ramsays, contract her feelings, could only make a phrase resound to cover the blankness of her mind until these vapours had shrunk. For really, what did she feel, come back after all these years and Mrs. Ramsay dead? Nothing, nothing – nothing that she could express at all. 5

She had come late last night when it was all mysterious, dark. Now she was awake, at her old place at the breakfast table, but alone. It was very early too, not yet eight. There was this expedition – they were going to the Lighthouse, Mr. Ramsay, Cam, and James. They should have gone already – they had to catch the tide or something. And Cam was not ready and James was not ready and Nancy had forgotten to order the sandwiches and Mr. Ramsay had lost his temper and banged out of the room. 10 15

'What's the use of going now?' he had stormed.

Nancy had vanished. There he was, marching up and down the terrace in a rage. One seemed to hear doors slamming and voices calling all over the house. Now Nancy burst in, and asked, looking round the room, in a queer half dazed, half desperate way, 'What does one send to the Lighthouse?' as if she were forcing herself to do what she despaired of ever being able to do. 20

What does one send to the Lighthouse indeed! At any other time Lily could have suggested reasonably tea, tobacco, newspapers. But this morning everything seemed so extraordinarily queer that a question like Nancy's – What does one send to the Lighthouse? – opened doors in one's mind that went banging and swinging to and fro and made one keep asking, in a stupefied gape, What does one send? What does one do? Why is one sitting here after all? 25

Sitting alone (for Nancy went out again) among the clean cups at the long table she felt cut off from other people, and able only to go on watching, asking, wondering. The house, the place, the morning, all seemed strangers to her. She had no attachment here, she felt, no relations with it, anything might happen, and whatever did happen, a step outside, a voice calling ('It's not in the cupboard; it's on the landing,' some one cried), was a question, as if the link that usually bound things together had been cut, and they floated up here, down there, off, anyhow. How aimless it was, how chaotic, how unreal it was, she thought, looking at her empty coffee cup. Mrs. Ramsay dead; Andrew killed, Prue dead too – repeat it as she might, it roused no feeling in her. And we all get together in a house like this on a morning like this, she said, looking out of the window – it was a beautiful still day. 30 35