



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/62

Paper 6 1900 to the Present

October/November 2020

2 hours



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions, each on a different set text.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.
- You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **16** pages. Blank pages are indicated.

T S ELIOT: *Four Quartets*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'Eliot suggests that we are all essentially alone in life.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of *Four Quartets*?

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Eliot's poetic methods and concerns in *Four Quartets*.

At the still point of the turning world.

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Only through time time is conquered.

from *Burnt Norton*

Turn over for Question 2.

ATHOL FUGARD: *Township Plays*

- 2** **Either** **(a)** Compare and contrast Fugard's use of role-playing in *Sizwe Bansi is Dead* and *The Island*.
- Or** **(b)** Paying close attention to language, action and tone, analyse the dramatic effects in the following extract, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Fugard's methods and concerns in *Township Plays*.

Queeney: You're asking me for something I've been trying to hide away from myself.

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I heard something that sounded like the old Queeny.

Nongogo, Act 2, Scene 2

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *Never Let Me Go*

- 3 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Ishiguro present different attitudes to clones and cloning in the novel?
- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider Ishiguro's presentation of Tommy here and elsewhere in the novel.

'Look at him,' someone behind me said.

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I
suppose the truth was, by that stage, each of us was secretly wishing a guardian
would come from the house and take him away.

BARBARA KINGSOLVER: *The Poisonwood Bible*

- 4 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Kingsolver present different missionaries in the novel?
- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider Kingsolver's presentation of Adah here and elsewhere in the novel.

We all are, I suppose. Trying to invent our version of the story. All human odes are essentially one. 'My life: what I stole from history, and how I live with it.'

Personally I have stolen an arm and a leg. I am still Adah but you would hardly know me now, without my slant. I walk without any noticeable limp. Oddly enough, it has taken me years to accept my new position. I find I no longer have *Ada*, the mystery of coming and going. Along with my split-body drag I lost my ability to read in the old way. When I open a book, the words sort themselves into narrow-minded single file on the page; the mirror-image poems erase themselves half-formed in my mind. I miss those poems. Sometimes at night, in secret, I still limp purposefully around my apartment, like Mr Hyde, trying to recover my old ways of seeing and thinking. Like Jekyll I crave that particular darkness curled up within me. Sometimes it almost comes. The books on the shelf rise up in solid lines of singing color, the world drops out, and its hidden shapes snap forward to meet my eyes. But it never lasts. By morning light, the books are all hunched together again with their spines turned out, fossilized, inanimate.

No one else misses *Ada*. Not even Mother. She seems thoroughly pleased to see the crumpled bird she delivered finally straighten up and fly right.

'But I liked how I was,' I tell her.

'Oh, Adah. I loved you too. I never thought /ess of you, but I wanted better for you.'

Don't we have a cheerful, simple morality here in Western Civilization: expect perfection, and revile the missed mark! Adah the Poor Thing, hemipleigious egregious besiege us. Recently it has been decided, grudgingly, that dark skin or lameness may not be entirely one's *fault*, but one still ought to show the good manners to act ashamed. When Jesus cured those crippled beggars, didn't they always get up and dance off stage, jabbing their canes sideways and wagging their top hats? Hooray, all better now, hooray!

If you are whole, you will argue: Why wouldn't they rejoice? Don't the poor miserable buggers all want to be like me?

Not necessarily, no. The arrogance of the able-bodied is staggering. Yes, maybe we'd like to be able to get places quickly, and carry things in both hands, but only because we have to keep up with the rest of you, or get The Verse. We would rather be just like *us*, and have that be all right.

How can I explain that my two unmatched halves used to add up to more than one whole? In Congo I was one-half *benduka* the crooked walker, and one-half *bënduka*, the sleek bird that dipped in and out of the banks with a crazy ungrace that took your breath. We both had our good points. Here there is no good name for my gift, so it died without a proper ceremony. I am now the good Dr Price, seeing straight. Conceding to be in my right mind.

And how can I invent my version of the story, without my crooked vision? How is it right to slip free of an old skin and walk away from the scene of the crime? We came, we saw, we took away and we left behind, we must be allowed our anguish and our regrets. Mother keeps wanting to wash herself clean, but she clings to her clay and her dust. Mother is still *ruthless*. She claims I am her youngest now but she still is clutching her baby. She will put down that burden, I believe, on the day she hears forgiveness from Ruth May herself.

Adah Price, Book 5: Exodus

DEREK WALCOTT: *Selected Poetry*

- 5 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Walcott reflect on relationships with friends and family in his poetry? In your answer you should refer in detail to **three** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Walcott's poetic methods and concerns in your selection.

Mass Man

Through a great lion's head clouded by mange

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someone must write your poems.

Turn over for Question 6.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *The Glass Menagerie*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'Amanda admits that she is "bewildered by life", but this description applies to all the characters in the play.'

How far and in what ways would you agree with this comment on Williams's presentation of his characters?

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, action and tone, analyse the dramatic effects in the following extract, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Williams's methods and concerns in the play.

[TOM enters, dressed as a merchant sailor, and strolls across to the fire escape. There he stops and lights a cigarette. He addresses the audience.]

Tom: Yes, I have tricks in my pocket, I have things up my sleeve.

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Amanda [*lightly*]: Temperament like a Metropolitan star!

Scene 1

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *Mrs Dalloway*

- 7 Either (a) 'A superficial society lady.'
'A woman of passion.'

Discuss some of the ways Woolf shapes a reader's response to Clarissa Dalloway in the light of these views.

- Or (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider how far it is characteristic of Woolf's narrative methods and concerns in the novel.

Lucrezia Warren Smith, sitting by her husband's side on a seat in Regent's Park in the Broad Walk, looked up.

'Look, look, Septimus!' she cried. For Dr Holmes had told her to make her husband (who had nothing whatever seriously the matter with him but was a little out of sorts) take an interest in things outside himself. 5

So, thought Septimus, looking up, they are signalling to me. Not indeed in actual words; that is, he could not read the language yet; but it was plain enough, this beauty, this exquisite beauty, and tears filled his eyes as he looked at the smoke words languishing and melting in the sky and bestowing upon him in their inexhaustible charity and laughing goodness one shape after another of unimagined beauty and signalling their intention to provide him, for nothing, for ever, for looking merely, with beauty, more beauty! Tears ran down his cheeks. 10

It was toffee; they were advertising toffee, a nursemaid told Rezia. Together they began to spell t ... o ... f ...

'K ... R ...' said the nursemaid, and Septimus heard her say 'Kay Arr' close to his ear, deeply, softly, like a mellow organ, but with a roughness in her voice like a grasshopper's, which rasped his spine deliciously and sent running up into his brain waves of sound which, concussing, broke. A marvellous discovery indeed – that the human voice in certain atmospheric conditions (for one must be scientific, above all scientific) can quicken trees into life! Happily Rezia put her hand with a tremendous weight on his knee so that he was weighted down, transfixed, or the excitement of the elm trees rising and falling, rising and falling with all their leaves alight and the colour thinning and thickening from blue to the green of a hollow wave, like plumes on horses' heads, feathers on ladies', so proudly they rose and fell, so superbly, would have sent him mad. But he would not go mad. He would shut his eyes; he would see no more. 15

But they beckoned; leaves were alive; trees were alive. And the leaves being connected by millions of fibres with his own body, there on the seat, fanned it up and down; when the branch stretched he, too, made that statement. The sparrows fluttering, rising, and falling in jagged fountains were part of the pattern; the white and blue, barred with black branches. Sounds made harmonies with premeditation; the spaces between them were as significant as the sounds. A child cried. Rightly far away a horn sounded. All taken together meant the birth of a new religion – 20

'Septimus!' said Rezia. He started violently. People must notice.

'I am going to walk to the fountain and back,' she said. 25

For she could stand it no longer. Dr Holmes might say there was nothing the matter. Far rather would she that he were dead! She could not sit beside him when he stared so and did not see her and made everything terrible; sky and tree, children playing, dragging carts, blowing whistles, falling down; all were terrible. And he would not kill himself; and she could tell no one. 'Septimus has been working too hard' – that was all she could say, to her own mother. To love makes one solitary, she thought. She could tell nobody, not even Septimus now, and looking back, she saw him sitting in his shabby overcoat alone, on the seat, hunched up, staring. And it was cowardly for a man to say he would kill himself, but Septimus had fought; 40

he was brave; he was not Septimus now. She put on her lace collar. She put on her new hat and he never noticed; and he was happy without her. Nothing could make her happy without him! Nothing! He was selfish. So men are. For he was not ill. Dr Holmes said there was nothing the matter with him. She spread her hand before her. Look! Her wedding ring slipped – she had grown so thin. It was she who suffered – but she had nobody to tell.

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