



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/63

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) In what ways is Eliot's choice of the title *Four Quartets* significant to your reading and appreciation of the poems?
- 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*.

So here I am, in the middle way, having had twenty years –

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In my end is my beginning.

from *East Coker*

Turn over for Question 2.

ATHOL FUGARD: *Township Plays*

- 2 **Either** (a) Compare and contrast the ways Fugard presents power in *Township Plays*. In your answer you should refer in detail to at least **two** plays from your selection.
- 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*.

Winston: You can laugh as much as you like, my friend, but just let's get one thing straight, I'm *not* doing Antigone.

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to do ... listen at the end!

That's all we want them

The Island, Scene 2

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *Never Let Me Go*

- 3** **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Ishiguro present different attitudes to organ donations in the novel?
- Or** **(b)** Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider how far it is characteristic of Ishiguro's narrative methods and concerns in the novel.

When Chrissie and Rodney started discussing whether we should go round to Martin's flat, I finally said, maybe a bit coldly:
'What exactly is he doing here?'

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At last the penny seemed to drop, and Tommy shut up.

Chapter 13

BARBARA KINGSOLVER: *The Poisonwood Bible*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance and effects created by Kingsolver's use of multiple narrators in the novel.
- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider how far it is characteristic of Kingsolver's narrative methods and concerns in the novel.

Then all of a sudden the fire hit the pan.

Anatole leaned forward and announced, 'Our chief, Tata Ndu, is concerned about the moral decline of his village.'

Father said, 'Indeed he should be, because so few villagers are going to church.' 5

'No, Reverend. Because so *many* villagers are going to church.'

Well, that stupefied us all for a special moment in time. But Father leaned forward, fixing to rise to the challenge. Whenever he sees an argument coming, man oh man, does he get jazzed up.

'Brother Anatole, I fail to see how the church can mean anything but joy, for the few here who choose Christi-an-ity over *ignorance* and *darkness*!' 10

Anatole sighed. 'I understand your difficulty, Reverend. Tata Ndu has asked me to explain this. His concern is with the important gods and ancestors of this village, who have always been honored in certain sacred ways. Tata Ndu worries that the people who go to your church are neglecting their duties.' 15

'Neglecting their duties to false idolatry, you mean to say.'

Anatole sighed again. 'This may be difficult for you to understand. The people of your congregation are mostly what we call in Kikongo the *lenzuka*. People who have shamed themselves or had very bad luck or something like that. Tata Boanda, for example. He has had terrible luck with his wives. The first one can't get any proper children, and the second one has a baby now who keeps dying before birth and coming back into her womb, over and over. No one can help this family anymore. The Boandas were very careful to worship their personal gods at home, making the proper sacrifices of food and doing everything in order. But still their gods have abandoned them for some reason. This is what they feel. Their luck could not get any more bad, you see? So they are interested to try making sacrifices to your Jesus.' 20

Father looked like he was choking on a bone. I thought: Is there a doctor in the house? But Anatole went right on merrily ahead, apparently unaware he was fixing to kill my father of a heart attack. 25

'Tata Ndu is happy for you to draw the bad-luck people away,' he said. 'So the village's spirit protectors will not notice them so much. But he worries you are trying to lure too many of the others into following corrupt ways. He fears a disaster will come if we anger the gods.'

'*Corrupt*, did you say,' Father stated, rather than asked, after locating where the cat had put his tongue. 30

'Yes, Reverend Price.'

'Corrupt ways. Tata Ndu feels that bringing the Christian word to these people is leading them to corrupt ways.' 35

'That is the best way I can think of to translate the message. Actually he said you are leading our villagers down into a hole, where they may fail to see the proper sun and become trapped like bugs on a rotten carcass.'

Well, that did it! Father was going to keel plumb over. Call the ambulance. And yet, here was Anatole looking back at Father with his eyebrows raised very high, like 'Do you understand plain English?' Not to mention my younger sisters, who were staring at Anatole like he was the Ripley's Believe It or Not Two-Headed Calf. 40

'Tata Ndu asked you to relay all that, did he?' 45

'Yes, he did.'

'And do you agree that I am leading your fellow villagers to partake of the meat of a rotten *corpse*?' 50

Anatole paused. You could see him trying out different words in his head. Finally he said, 'Reverend Price, do I not stand beside you in your church every Sunday, translating the words of the Bible and your sermons?'

My Father did not exactly say yes or no to that, though of course it was true. But that's Father, to a tee. He won't usually answer a question straight. He always acts like there's a trap somewhere and he's not about to get caught in it. 55

Rachel: Book 2, The Revelation

DEREK WALCOTT: *Selected Poetry*

- 5 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Walcott explore different kinds of love in his poems? In your answer you should refer in detail to **three** poems.
- 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.

Parades, Parades

There's the wide desert, but no one marches

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I said nothing.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *The Glass Menagerie*

- 6 **Either** (a) Williams says in the play that the family are 'set apart from reality'.
Discuss Williams's presentation of the family in the light of this description.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, action and tone, analyse the following extract, considering ways in which Williams shapes an audience's response to the characters, here and elsewhere in the play.

Amanda: Now just look at your mother!

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Fuss, fuss – silliness! – over a gentleman caller!
[*The door swings shut. LAURA is left alone.*]
[*Legend on screen: 'Terror!'*]

Scene 6

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *Mrs Dalloway*

- 7 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Woolf present different attitudes to love in the novel?
- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider Woolf's presentation of Mrs Dalloway, here and elsewhere in the novel.

What would he think, she wondered, when he came back?

That she had grown older? Would he say that, or would she see him thinking when he came back, that she had grown older? It was true. Since her illness she had turned almost white.

Laying her brooch on the table, she had a sudden spasm, as if, while she mused, the icy claws had had the chance to fix in her. She was not old yet. She had just broken into her fifty-second year. Months and months of it were still untouched. June, July, August! Each still remained almost whole, and, as if to catch the falling drop, Clarissa (crossing to the dressing-table) plunged into the very heart of the moment, transfixed it, there – the moment of this June morning on which was the pressure of all the other mornings, seeing the glass, the dressing-table, and all the bottles afresh, collecting the whole of her at one point (as she looked into the glass), seeing the delicate pink face of the woman who was that very night to give a party; of Clarissa Dalloway; of herself.

How many million times she had seen her face, and always with the same imperceptible contraction! She pursed her lips when she looked in the glass. It was to give her face point. That was her self – pointed; dartlike; definite. That was her self when some effort, some call on her to be her self, drew the parts together, she alone knew how different, how incompatible and composed so for the world only into one centre, one diamond, one woman who sat in her drawing-room and made a meeting-point, a radiancy no doubt in some dull lives, a refuge for the lonely to come to, perhaps; she had helped young people, who were grateful to her; had tried to be the same always, never showing a sign of all the other sides of her – faults, jealousies, vanities, suspicions, like this of Lady Bruton not asking her to lunch; which, she thought (combing her hair finally), is utterly base! Now, where was her dress?

Her evening dresses hung in the cupboard. Clarissa, plunging her hand into the softness, gently detached the green dress and carried it to the window. She had torn it. Someone had trod on the skirt. She had felt it give at the Embassy party at the top among the folds. By artificial light the green shone, but lost its colour now in the sun. She would mend it. Her maids had too much to do. She would wear it tonight. She would take her silks, her scissors, her – what was it? – her thimble, of course, down into the drawing-room, for she must also write, and see that things generally were more or less in order.

Strange, she thought, pausing on the landing, and assembling that diamond shape, that single person, strange how a mistress knows the very moment, the very temper of her house! Faint sounds rose in spirals up the well of the stairs; the swish of a mop; tapping; knocking; a loudness when the front door opened; a voice repeating a message in the basement; the chink of silver on a tray; clean silver for the party. All was for the party.

(And Lucy, coming into the drawing-room with her tray held out, put the giant candlesticks on the mantelpiece, the silver casket in the middle, turned the crystal dolphin towards the clock. They would come; they would stand; they would talk in the mincing tones which she could imitate, ladies and gentlemen. Of all, her mistress was loveliest – mistress of silver, of linen, of china, for the sun, the silver, doors off their hinges, Rumpelmayer's men, gave her a sense, as she laid the paper-knife on the inlaid table, of something achieved. Behold! Behold! she said, speaking to

her old friends in the baker's shop, where she had first seen service at Caterham, prying into the glass. She was Lady Angela, attending Princess Mary, when in came Mrs Dalloway.)

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'Oh, Lucy,' she said, 'the silver does look nice!'

'And how,' she said, turning the crystal dolphin to stand straight, 'how did you enjoy the play last night?' 'Oh, they had to go before the end!' she said. 'They had to be back at ten!' she said. 'So they don't know what happened,' she said. 'That does seem hard luck,' she said (for her servants stayed later, if they asked her). 'That does seem rather a shame,' she said, taking the old bald-looking cushion in the middle of the sofa and putting it in Lucy's arms, and giving her a little push, and crying:

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'Take it away! Give it to Mrs Walker with my compliments! Take it away!' she cried.

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And Lucy stopped at the drawing-room door, holding the cushion, and said, very shyly, turning a little pink, 'Couldn't she help to mend that dress?'

But, said Mrs Dalloway, she had enough on her hands already, quite enough of her own to do without that.

'But, thank you, Lucy, oh, thank you,' said Mrs Dalloway, and thank you, thank you, she went on saying (sitting down on the sofa with her dress over her knees, her scissors, her silks), thank you, thank you, she went on saying in gratitude to her servants generally for helping her to be like this, to be what she wanted, gentle, generous-hearted.

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