



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/62

Paper 6 1900 to the Present

February/March 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) Discuss how and with what effects Eliot makes use of natural imagery in *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*.

I said to my soul, be still, and let the dark come upon you

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Of death and birth.

from *East Coker*

Turn over for Question 2.

ATHOL FUGARD: *Township Plays*

- 2** **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what dramatic effects does Fugard present defiance? In your answer you should refer in detail to at least **two** of the plays from your selection.
- Or** **(b)** Paying close attention to language, action and tone, analyse the dramatic effects in the following extract and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Fugard's methods and concerns in *Township Plays*.

Sam: Now take me and my shop.

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But they're not getting any wiser.

Nongogo, Act 1

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *Never Let Me Go*

- 3 **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Ishiguro make the title 'Never Let Me Go' significant?
- Or** **(b)** Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, and consider how far it is characteristic of Ishiguro's methods and concerns in the novel.

Tommy had been told of a student who'd gone to sleep with a cut on the elbow just like his and woken up to find his whole upper arm and hand skeletally exposed, the skin flopping about next to him 'like one of those long gloves in *My Fair Lady*'.

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This time round it wasn't awkward or embarrassing any more; just sombre and serious.

Chapter 7

BARBARA KINGSOLVER: *The Poisonwood Bible*

4 Either (a) 'Rachel's is the voice of ordinary, normal humanity.'

In the light of this comment, discuss the role and characterisation of Rachel in the novel.

Or (b) Discuss 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.

One particular day haunts me. I was trying to keep track of my girls but could see only Leah. I recall she was in the pale blue dress with the sash that tied behind her back. All the girls but Rachel generally ran ragged, so this must have been – for our family – a Sunday, a coincidence of our big day and the villagers'. Leah had a basket in her arms, carrying for me some burden that held her back from her preferred place at the head of the pack. The others had moved out of sight. I knew Nathan would be impatient for our return, so I beckoned to Leah. She had to cross over a row of produce to get to me. Without a thought, as the twin whose legs never failed her, she shifted the basket to her left hip and took a giant step over a pyramid of oranges. I stretched out my hand to her. Right there as she reached for it, though, she got stuck somehow, mid-straddle over the oranges, unable to bring the other foot over. *Phhhffff!* The woman squatting beside the oranges leaped up hissing, slicing her hands like scissors blades at the two of us, scorching me with eyes so hot the angry chocolate irises seemed to be melting into the white. A row of men on a bench looked up from their bowls of new beer and stared at us with the same clouded eyes, all motioning for me to move my child: *stupid ghost! non-person!* straddling a woman's market-day wealth. I can't stop being embarrassed by the memory of myself and Leah there with her genitals – bare, for all anyone knew – suspended over a woman's oranges. A foreign mother and child assuming themselves in charge, suddenly slapped down to nothing by what they all saw us to be.

Until that moment I'd thought I could have it both ways: to be one of them, and also my husband's wife. What conceit! I was his instrument, his animal. Nothing more. How we wives and mothers do perish at the hands of our own righteousness. I was just one more of those women who clamp their mouths shut and wave the flag as their nation rolls off to conquer another in war. Guilty or innocent, they have everything to lose. They *are* what there is to lose. A wife is the earth itself, changing hands, bearing scars.

We would all have to escape Africa by a different route. Some of us are in the ground now and some are above it, but we're all women, made of the same scarred earth. I study my grown daughters now, for signs they are resting in some kind of peace. How did they manage? When I remain hounded by judgment? The eyes in the trees open onto my dreams. In daylight they watch my crooked hands while I scratch the soil in my little damp garden. What do you want from me? When I raise up my crazy old eyes and talk to myself, what do you want me to tell you?

Oh, little beast, little favorite. Can't you see I died as well?

Sometimes I pray to remember, other times I pray to forget. It makes no difference. How can I ever walk free in the world, after the clap of those hands in the marketplace that were plainly trying to send me away? I had warnings. How can I bear the scent of what catches up to me?

Orleanna Price. Book 2: The Revelation

Turn over for Question 5.

DEREK WALCOTT: *Selected Poems*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'Walcott's poetry is characterised by a sense of isolation.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this comment? You should refer in detail to **three** poems from your selection.

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Walcott's poetic methods and concerns in your selection.

Homecoming: Anse La Raye
(for Garth St Omer)

Whatever else we learned

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swayed in his lifted hand.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *The Glass Menagerie*

- 6** **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Williams present 'gentleman callers' as being significant in the play?
- Or** **(b)** Paying close attention to language, action and tone, analyse the dramatic effects in the following extract and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Williams's dramatic methods and concerns in the play.

[Legend on the screen: 'Annunciation.']

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I wish for that
whenever there's a moon, and when there isn't a moon, I wish for
it, too.

Scene 5

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *Mrs Dalloway*

- 7 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Woolf present Mrs Dalloway's memories in the novel?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, analyse the following passage and consider how far it is characteristic of Woolf's methods and concerns in the novel.

Septimus Warren Smith, aged about thirty, pale-faced, beak-nosed, wearing brown shoes and a shabby overcoat, with hazel eyes which had that look of apprehension in them which makes complete strangers apprehensive too. The world has raised its whip; where will it descend?

Everything had come to a standstill. The throb of the motor engines sounded like a pulse irregularly drumming through an entire body. The sun became extraordinarily hot because the motor car had stopped outside Mulberry's shop window; old ladies on the tops of omnibuses spread their black parasols; here a green, here a red parasol opened with a little pop. Mrs Dalloway, coming to the window with her arms full of sweet peas, looked out with her little pink face pursed in enquiry. Everyone looked at the motor car. Septimus looked. Boys on bicycles sprang off. Traffic accumulated. And there the motor car stood, with drawn blinds, and upon them a curious pattern like a tree, Septimus thought, and this gradual drawing together of everything to one centre before his eyes, as if some horror had come almost to the surface and was about to burst into flames, terrified him. The world wavered and quivered and threatened to burst into flames. It is I who am blocking the way, he thought. Was he not being looked at and pointed at; was he not weighted there, rooted to the pavement, for a purpose? But for what purpose?

'Let us go on, Septimus,' said his wife, a little woman, with large eyes in a sallow pointed face; an Italian girl.

But Lucrezia herself could not help looking at the motor car and the tree pattern on the blinds. Was it the Queen in there – the Queen going shopping?

The chauffeur, who had been opening something, turning something, shutting something, got on to the box.

'Come on,' said Lucrezia.

But her husband, for they had been married four, five years now, jumped, started, and said, 'All right!' angrily, as if she had interrupted him.

People must notice; people must see. People, she thought, looking at the crowd staring at the motor car; the English people, with their children and their horses and their clothes, which she admired in a way; but they were 'people' now, because Septimus had said, 'I will kill myself'; an awful thing to say. Suppose they had heard him? She looked at the crowd. Help, help! she wanted to cry out to butchers' boys and women. Help! Only last autumn she and Septimus had stood on the Embankment wrapped in the same cloak and, Septimus reading a paper instead of talking, she had snatched it from him and laughed in the old man's face who saw them! But failure one conceals. She must take him away into some park.

'Now we will cross,' she said.

She had a right to his arm, though it was without feeling. He would give her, who was so simple, so impulsive, only twenty-four, without friends in England, who had left Italy for his sake, a piece of bone.

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