

Paper Reference(s) 9EL0/01
Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

English Language and Literature
Advanced
PAPER 1: Voices in Speech and Writing

Thursday 25 May 2023 – Afternoon

Time: 2 hours 30 minutes

Sources Booklet

**DO NOT RETURN THIS BOOKLET WITH THE
QUESTION PAPER.**

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SECTION A: Voices in 20th and 21st Century Texts

TEXT A

This is an extract from a written record of a TED Talk delivered in Kalgenfurt, Austria in 2019. The speaker is Peter Sage, a motivational speaker, entrepreneur and author. The talk was subsequently published on the TED Talk website and on YouTube.

STOP WAITING FOR LIFE TO HAPPEN | Peter Sage | TEDxKlagenfurt

(continued on the next page)

Text A continued.

At 2:00 pm on January the 20th 2017 I was walking down the stairs of the High Court in London wearing handcuffs on my way to one of the most violent prisons in England.

A week before I was running a successful company with over 50 staff helping thousands of people and a week later I was down to virtually no staff and faced with losing everything I had, including my home.

And so began the most incredible adventure.

I was reminded of a quote by Tony Robbins. He said something profound. He said the strongest force in the human personality is the need to remain consistent with how you define yourself. In other words, your identity.

I had a choice walking down the stairs, as to which identity I wanted to adopt. I could either adopt the identity of a prisoner complaining about the courtroom shenanigans or I could choose something more empowering, someone who was going on a mission as a secret agent of change.

(continued on the next page)

Text A continued.

Let me set the scene for you. Pentonville is a 200-year-old Victorian prison that's never really been modernised. It was built to house over 900 inmates. When I got there, there were over 1,300 including murderers, terrorists, drug lords and armed robbers to name a few. Violence is epidemic, drugs are to order and many of the cells have their own pets in the form of cockroaches and rats.

Let's just say that if it was a hotel, it wouldn't do very well on TripAdvisor.

How do you handle that environment in Pentonville?

Positive thinking just isn't enough.

Luckily, I had a decent toolset I want to share with you here today. Not that you need to go to prison to test these. Yeah, leave that for the idiots like me!

One of the first tools I was using is often underrated and it's the power of acceptance. Most people don't get to acceptance.

You can't go back and change anything. The milk may be spilt but that's not gonna put it back in the bottle. By unhooking the energy of resistance and coming to terms with where you are you can then free up that energy to channel into whatever the next best move is.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Text A continued.

One of the other things was the difference between liberty and freedom. You see all they really did was restrict my liberty. Freedom is a state of mind and nobody can take that away from you. As Gandhi said, nobody can do anything to you emotionally without your permission. Nobody can take your dignity, you can only give it away.

I wrote a short story called 'Mud or Stars' taken after the old adage that two men sat behind prison bars, one saw mud the other saw stars. It was really teaching people that your environment never defines you, it simply gives you the opportunity to define yourself.

Every single one of us faces adversity. The strongest trees don't grow in the best soil, they grow in the strongest winds. So, if you want to become the best version of yourself, start praying for some strong winds.

And don't complain when they show up. Try to shift your focus by asking better questions by looking at what you can learn or who you can become rather than looking at what you could lose. If we can focus ourselves on being able to see the positive no matter what. To tear the wrapping paper off and search for the gift in the adversity then we all have the ability to live a life that's an example rather than a warning.

Thank you.

TEXT B

This is an extract from **DE PROFUNDIS**, a letter written by Irish poet and playwright Oscar Wilde, during his imprisonment in Reading Gaol from 1895 to 1897. It was first published in 1905, five years after Wilde's death in 1900.

I want to get to the point when I shall be able to say quite simply, and without affectation that the two great turning-points in my life were when my father sent me to Oxford, and when society sent me to prison. I will not say that prison is the best thing that could have happened to me: for that phrase would savour of too great bitterness towards myself. I would sooner say, or hear it said of me, that I was so typical a child of my age, that in my perversity, and for that perversity's sake, I turned the good things of my life to evil, and the evil things of my life to good.

What is said, however, by myself or by others, matters little. The important thing, the thing that lies before me, the thing that I have to do, if the brief remainder of my days is not to be maimed, marred, and incomplete, is to absorb into my nature all that has been done to me, to make it part of me, to accept it without complaint, fear, or reluctance. The supreme vice is shallowness. Whatever is realised is right.

(continued on the next page)

Text B continued.

When first I was put into prison some people advised me to try and forget who I was. It was ruinous advice. It is only by realising what I am that I have found comfort of any kind. Now I am advised by others to try on my release to forget that I have ever been in prison at all. I know that would be equally fatal. It would mean that I would always be haunted by an intolerable sense of disgrace, and that those things that are meant for me as much as for anybody else – the beauty of the sun and moon, the pageant of the seasons, the music of daybreak and the silence of great nights, the rain falling through the leaves, or the dew creeping over the grass and making it silver – would all be tainted for me and lose their healing power, and their power of communicating joy.

To regret one's own experiences is to arrest one's own development. To deny one's own experiences is to put a lie into the lips of one's own life. It is no less than a denial of the soul.

SECTION B

Drama texts

ALL MY SONS, Arthur Miller

KELLER [with overriding affection and self-confidence now. He grips **CHRIS** by the back of the neck, and with laughter between his determined jaws]: Look, Chris, I'll go to work on Mother for you. We'll get her so drunk tonight we'll all get married! [Steps away, with a wide gesture of his arm] There's gonna be a wedding, kid, like there never was seen! Champagne, tuxedos . . . !

[He breaks off as **ANN**'s voice comes out loud from the house where she is still talking on phone.]

ANN: Simply because when you get excited you don't control yourself. . . . [**MOTHER** comes out of house.] Well, what did he tell you for God's sake? [Pause] All right, come then. [Pause] Yes, they'll all be here. Nobody's running away from you. And try to get hold of yourself, will you? [Pause] All right, all right. Goodbye. [There is a brief pause as **ANN** hangs up receiver, then comes out of kitchen.]

(continued on the next page)

All My Sons continued.

CHRIS: Something happen?

KELLER: He's coming here?

ANN: On the seven o'clock. He's in Columbus. [To MOTHER] I told him it would be all right.

KELLER: Sure, fine! Your father took sick?

**ANN [mystified]: No, George didn't say he was sick. I . . .
[Shaking it off] I don't know, I suppose it's something
stupid, you know my brother . . . [She comes to
CHRIS.] Let's go for a drive, or something . . .**

CHRIS: Sure. Give me the keys, Dad.

MOTHER: Drive through the park. It's beautiful now.

CHRIS: Come on, Ann. [To them] Be back right away.

**ANN [as she and CHRIS exit up driveway]: See you.
[MOTHER comes down toward KELLER, her eyes fixed
on him.]**

**KELLER: Take your time. [To MOTHER] What does
George want?**

(continued on the next page)

All My Sons continued.

MOTHER: He's been in Columbus since this morning with Steve. He's gotta see Annie right away, he says.

KELLER: What for?

MOTHER: I don't know. [She speaks with warning.] He's a lawyer now, Joe. George is a lawyer. All these years he never even sent a postcard to Steve. Since he got back from the war, not a postcard.

KELLER: So what?

MOTHER [her tension breaking out]: Suddenly he takes an airplane from New York to see him. An airplane!

KELLER: Well? So?

MOTHER [trembling]: Why?

KELLER: I don't read minds. Do you?

MOTHER: Why, Joe? What has Steve suddenly got to tell him that he takes an airplane to see him?

KELLER: What do I care what Steve's got to tell him?

MOTHER: You're sure, Joe?

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

All My Sons continued.

KELLER [frightened, but angry]: Yes, I'm sure.

**MOTHER [she sits stiffly in a chair]: Be smart now, Joe.
The boy is coming. Be smart.**

**KELLER [desperately]: Once and for all, did you hear what
I said? I said I'm sure!**

**MOTHER [she nods weakly]: All right, Joe. [He straightens
up.] Just. . . be smart**

**[KELLER, in hopeless fury, looks at her, turns around, goes
up to porch and into house, slamming screen door
violently behind him. MOTHER sits in chair downstage,
stiffly, staring, seeing.]**

From Act One: pp 38–40

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, Tennessee Williams

STELLA: I don't know if I did the right thing.

EUNICE: What else could you do?

STELLA: I couldn't believe her story and go on living with Stanley.

EUNICE: Don't ever believe it. Life has got to go on. No matter what happens, you've got to keep going.

[The bathroom door opens a little.]

BLANCHE [looking out]: Is the coast clear?

STELLA: Yes, Blanche. [To EUNICE.] Tell her how well she's looking.

BLANCHE: Please close the curtains before I come out.

STELLA: They're closed.

STANLEY: – How many for you.

PABLO: Two. –

(continued on the next page)

A Streetcar Named Desire continued.

STEVE: – Three.

[BLANCHE appears in the amber light of the door. She has a tragic radiance in her red satin robe following the sculptural lines of her body. The ‘Varsouviana’ rises audibly as BLANCHE enters the bedroom.]

BLANCHE [with faintly hysterical vivacity]:
I have just washed my hair.

STELLA: Did you?

BLANCHE: I’m not sure I got the soap out.

EUNICE: Such fine hair!

BLANCHE [accepting the compliment]: It’s a problem.
Didn’t I get a call?

STELLA: Who from, Blanche?

BLANCHE: Shep Huntleigh ...

STELLA: Why, not yet, honey!

(continued on the next page)

A Streetcar Named Desire continued.

BLANCHE: How strange! I –

[At the sound of BLANCHE'S voice MITCH'S arm supporting his cards has sagged and his gaze is dissolved into space. STANLEY slaps him on the shoulder.]

STANLEY: Hey, Mitch, come to!

[The sound of this new voice shocks BLANCHE. She makes a shocked gesture, forming his name with her lips. STELLA nods and looks quickly away. BLANCHE stands quite still for some moments – the silver-backed mirror in her hand and a look of sorrowful perplexity as though all human experience shows on her face. BLANCHE finally speaks with sudden hysteria.]

BLANCHE: What's going on here?

[She turns from STELLA to EUNICE and back to STELLA. Her rising voice penetrates the concentration of the game. MITCH ducks his head lower but STANLEY shoves back his chair as if about to rise. STEVE places a restraining hand on his arm.]

(continued on the next page)

A Streetcar Named Desire continued.

BLANCHE [continuing]: What's happened here? I want an explanation of what's happened here.

STELLA [agonizingly]: Hush! Hush!

EUNICE: Hush! Hush! Honey.

STELLA: Please, Blanche.

BLANCHE: Why are you looking at me like that? Is something wrong with me?

EUNICE: You look wonderful, Blanche. Don't she look wonderful?

STELLA: Yes.

EUNICE: I understand you are going on a trip.

STELLA: Yes, Blanche **is**. She's going on vacation.

EUNICE: I'm green with envy.

BLANCHE: Help me, help me get dressed!

STELLA [handing her dress]: Is this what you –

(continued on the next page)

A Streetcar Named Desire continued.

BLANCHE: Yes, it will do! I'm anxious to get out of here –
this place is a trap!

EUNICE: What a pretty blue jacket.

STELLA: It's lilac coloured.

BLANCHE: You're both mistaken. It's Della Robbia blue.
The blue of the robe in the old Madonna pictures. Are
these grapes washed?

From Scene Eleven: pp 99–101

ELMINA'S KITCHEN, Kwame Kwei-Armah

[BAYGEE changes to an old-time kinky reggae rhythm.

CLIFTON instantly recognises it, stands on the stool and starts to sing at the top of his voice.]

CLIFTON: (sings)

**Soldering ah wha de young gal want, soldering.
Welding ah what de young gal want, welding.**

DELI: Jesus!

ASHLEY: (nervously checks his mobile) Gwan, Grandad.

DELI: Clifton, will you stop you noise? [He stops momentarily.]

**CLIFTON: What de arse do this, boy?
[Kisses his teeth.]**

ANASTASIA: Maybe you should call your dad and Baygee a taxi!

[CLIFTON is offended by ANASTASIA's comment.]

CLIFTON: What you trying to say, I is drunk?

(continued on the next page)

Elmina's Kitchen continued.

DELI: Finish up you drinks, Clifton, home time.

CLIFTON: Answer me this! Can a drunk man extemporise?

ANASTASIA: I don't know, Clifton?

CLIFTON: (concentrating hard) Well, think about it. See!
You can't answer because, the answer would be contri,
contradictory to your current thesis.

[ANASTASIA laughs.]

CLIFTON: Baygee! Prepare me a rhythm.

DELI: Oh man!

[BAYGEE starts to play an old-time calypso rhythm.]

CLIFTON: You ready? You ready? Young boy, give me a
subject quick while the rhythm hot! Quick!

[ANASTASIA pours herself a drink.]

ASHLEY: Um, um football! Football!

(continued on the next page)

Elmina's Kitchen continued.

CLIFTON: Here we go. They use to call me culture master.
Be prepared to get teach. (Sings.)

History is a funny thing,
History is a funny thing,
Listen to me, people,
Cos is about football me ah sing.
Clive Best the greatest,
Baller West Ham ever had,
But from the stands they'd shout each game,
Go home you black bastard.

DELI: Oh here we go!

CLIFTON: (sings)

Oh England, what a wonderful land,
In England what you must understand,
Is whatever you do, wherever you rise,
Please realise, you could never disguise.
You's a black man in a cold cold land.

DELI: That isn't about football! It's you on your high
horse again.

(continued on the next page)

Elmina's Kitchen continued.

CLIFTON: (vexed) Did you hear the word football?

DELI: Yeah . . .

**CLIFTON: (turning to ASHLEY) . . . Did you hear the name
of a footballer?**

ASHLEY: Yes.

CLIFTON: Den it was about football, wasn't it?!

ASHLEY: Grandad, you give me jokes, boy!

**DELI: I'm going to put the rubbish outside and I'm calling
you a taxi, Clifton.**

From Act Two, Scene One: pp 52–54

EQUUS, Peter Shaffer

[He steps out of the square and walks round the upstage end of it, storming at the audience.]

I'll heal the rash on his body. I'll erase the welts cut into his mind by flying manes. When that's done, I'll set him on a nice mini-scooter and send him pattering off into the Normal world where animals are treated properly: made extinct, or put into servitude, or tethered all their lives in dim light, just to feed it! I'll give him the good Normal world where we're tethered beside them – blinking our nights away in a non-stop drench of cathode-ray over our shrivelling heads!

I'll take away his Field of Ha Ha, and give him Normal places for his ecstasy – multi-lane highways driven through the guts of cities, extinguishing Place altogether, even the idea of Place! He'll trot on his metal pony tamely through the concrete evening – and one thing I promise you: he will never touch hide again! With any luck his private parts will come to feel as plastic to him as the products of the factory to which he will almost certainly be sent. Who knows? He may even come to find sex funny. Smirky funny. Bit of grunt funny. Trampled and furtive and entirely in control. Hopefully, he'll feel nothing at his fork but Approved Flesh.

(continued on the next page)

Equus continued.

I doubt, however, with much passion! . . .

Passion, you see, can be destroyed by a doctor. It cannot be created.

[He addresses ALAN directly, in farewell.]

You won't gallop any more, Alan. Horses will be quite safe. You'll save your pennies every week, till you can change that scooter in for a car, and put the odd fifty p on the gee-gees, quite forgetting that they were ever anything more to you than bearers of little profits and little losses. You will, however, be without pain. More or less completely without pain.

[Pause.]

[He speaks directly to the theatre, standing by the motionless body of ALAN STRANG, under the blanket.]

And now for me it never stops: that voice of Equus out of the cave – 'Why Me? . . . Why Me? . . . Account for Me!' . . . All right – I surrender! I say it! . . . In an ultimate sense I can not know what I do in this place – yet I do ultimate things. Essentially I cannot know what I do – yet I do essential things. Irreversible, terminal things. I stand in the dark with a pick in my hand, striking at heads!

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Equus continued.

[He moves away from ALAN, back to the downstage bench, and finally sits.]

**I need – more desperately than my children need me
– a way of seeing in the dark. What way is this? . . .**

**What dark is this? . . . I cannot call it ordained of God:
I can't get that far. I will however pay it so much homage.
There is now, in my mouth, this sharp chain. And it never
comes out.**

[A long pause.]

[DYSART sits staring.]

[Blackout]

From Act Two, Scene Thirty-Five: pp 92–94

THE HISTORY BOYS, Alan Bennett

HEADMASTER: These Oxbridge boys. Your historians.
Any special plans?

MRS LINTOTT: Their A Levels are very good.

HEADMASTER: Their A Levels are **very** good. And that
is thanks to you, Dorothy. We've never had so many.
Remarkable! But what now – in teaching terms?

MRS LINTOTT: More of the same?

HEADMASTER: Oh. Do you think so?

MRS LINTOTT: It's what we've done before.

HEADMASTER: Quite. Without much success. No one
last year. None the year before. When did we last have
anyone in history at Oxford and Cambridge?

MRS LINTOTT: I tend not to distinguish.

HEADMASTER: Between Oxford and Cambridge?

MRS LINTOTT: Between centres of higher learning. Last
year two at Bristol, one at York. The year before . . .

(continued on the next page)

The History Boys continued.

HEADMASTER: Yes, yes. I know that, Dorothy. But I am thinking league tables. Open scholarships. Reports to the Governors. I want them to do themselves justice. I want them to do you justice. Factually tip-top as your boys always are, something more is required.

MRS LINTOTT: More?

HEADMASTER: Different.

I would call it grooming did not that have overtones of the monkey house.

‘Presentation’ might be the word.

MRS LINTOTT: They know their stuff. Plainly stated and properly organised facts need no presentation, surely?

HEADMASTER: Oh, Dorothy. I think they do.

‘The facts: serving suggestion.’

MRS LINTOTT: A sprig of parsley, you mean? Or an umbrella in the cocktail? Are dons so naïve?

(continued on the next page)

The History Boys continued.

HEADMASTER: Naïve, Dorothy? Or human?

I am thinking of the boys. Clever, yes, remarkably so.

**Well taught, indubitably.
But a little . . . ordinaire?**

**Think charm. Think polish.
Think Renaissance Man.**

MRS LINTOTT: Yes, Headmaster.

HEADMASTER: Hector.

[THE HEADMASTER leaves as HECTOR comes in.]

HECTOR: Headmaster.

MRS LINTOTT: Didn't you try for Cambridge?

(continued on the next page)

The History Boys continued.

HECTOR: Oxford.

I was brought up in the West Riding. I wanted somewhere new. That is to say old. So long as it was old I didn't mind where I went.

MRS LINTOTT: Durham was good in that respect.

HECTOR: Sheffield wasn't.

Cloisters, ancient libraries . . . I was confusing learning with the smell of cold stone. If I had gone to Oxford I'd probably never have worked out the difference.

MRS LINTOTT: Durham was very good for history, it's where I had my first pizza. Other things, too, of course, but it's the pizza that stands out.

And fog, would you believe, one morning inside the cathedral. I loved it.

I wish some of them were trying to go there.

HECTOR No chance.

(continued on the next page)

The History Boys continued.

MRS LINTOTT: No. Our fearless leader has made up his mind.

And they are bright, brighter than last year's. But that's not enough apparently.

HECTOR: It never was, even in my day.

MRS LINTOTT: Poor sods.

From Act One: pp 8–10

TOP GIRLS, Caryl Churchill

JOYCE: How's school then?

KIT: All right.

JOYCE: What are you now? Third year?

KIT: Second year.

JOYCE: Your mum says you're good at English.

[Silence.]

Maybe Angie should've stayed on.

KIT: She didn't like it.

JOYCE: I didn't like it. And look at me. If your face fits at school it's going to fit other places too. It wouldn't make no difference to Angie. She's not going to get a job when jobs are hard to get. I'd be sorry for anyone in charge of her. She'd better get married. I don't know who'd have her, mind. She's one of those girls might never leave home. What do you want to be when you grow up, Kit?

KIT: Physicist.

(continued on the next page)

Top Girls continued.

JOYCE: What?

KIT: Nuclear physicist.

JOYCE: Whatever for?

KIT: I could, I'm clever.

JOYCE: I know you're clever, pet.

[Silence.]

I'll make a cup of tea.

[Silence.]

Looks like it's going to rain.

[Silence.]

Don't you have friends your own age?

KIT: Yes.

JOYCE: Well then.

KIT: I'm old for my age.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Top Girls continued.

JOYCE: And Angie's simple is she? She's not simple.

KIT: I love Angie.

JOYCE: She's clever in her own way.

KIT: You can't stop me.

JOYCE: I don't want to.

KIT: You can't, so.

JOYCE: Don't be cheeky, Kitty. She's always kind to little children.

KIT: She's coming so you better leave me alone.

[ANGIE comes out. She has changed into an old best dress, slightly small for her.]

JOYCE: What you put that on for? Have you done your room? You can't clean your room in that.

ANGIE: I looked in the cupboard and it was there.

(continued on the next page)

Top Girls continued.

JOYCE: Of course it was there, it's meant to be there.
Is that why it was a surprise, finding something
in the right place? I should think she's surprised,
wouldn't you Kit, to find something in her room in the
right place.

ANGIE: I decided to wear it.

JOYCE: Not today, why? To clean your room? You're not
going to the pictures till you've done your room. You
can put your dress on after if you like.

[ANGIE: picks up a brick.]

From Act Two: pp 43–45

TRANSLATIONS, Brian Friel

BRIDGET: Mother of God, does he mean it, Owen?

OWEN: Yes, he does.

BRIDGET: We'll have to hide the beasts somewhere – our
Seamus'll know where. Maybe at the back of
Lis na nGradh – or in the caves at the far end of
the Tra Bhan. Come on, Doalty! Come on! Don't be
standing about there!

[DOALTY does not move. BRIDGET runs to the door and
stops suddenly. She sniffs the air. Panic.]

The sweet smell! Smell it! It's the sweetest smell!
Jesus, it's the potato blight!

DOALTY: It's the army tents burning, Bridget.

BRIDGET: Is it? Are you sure? Is that what it is? God,
I thought we were destroyed altogether. Come on!
Come on!

[She runs off. OWEN goes to SARAH who is preparing
to leave.]

(continued on the next page)

Translations continued.

OWEN: How are you? Are you all right?

[SARAH: nods]: Yes.

Don't worry. It will come back to you again.

[SARAH shakes her head.]

It will. You're upset now. He frightened you. That's all's wrong.

[Again SARAH shakes her head, slowly, emphatically, and smiles at OWEN. Then she leaves.]

[OWEN busies himself gathering his belongings. DOALTY leaves the window and goes to him.]

DOALTY: He'll do it, too.

OWEN: Unless Yolland's found.

DOALTY: Hah!

OWEN: Then he'll certainly do it.

(continued on the next page)

Translations continued.

DOALTY: When my grandfather was a boy they did the same thing. (simply, altogether without irony) And after all the trouble you went to, mapping the place and thinking up new names for it.

[OWEN busies himself.]

[Pause.]

(almost dreamily.) I've damned little to defend but he'll not put me out without a fight. And there'll be others who think the same as me.

OWEN: That's a matter for you.

DOALTY: If we'd all stick together. If we knew how to defend ourselves.

OWEN: Against a trained army.

DOALTY: The Donnelly twins know how.

OWEN: If they could be found.

DOALTY: If they could be found. (He goes to the door.)
Give me a shout after you've finished with Lancey.
I might know something then. (He leaves.)

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Translations continued.

[Owen picks up the Name-Book. He looks at it momentarily, then puts it on top of the pile he is carrying. It falls to the floor. He stoops to pick it up – hesitates – leaves]

From Act Three: pp 82–84

SOURCE INFORMATION:

SECTION A

TEXT A: taken from <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l4svF7J6MWg>

TEXT B: taken from **DE PROFUNDIS** by Oscar Wilde (1905)

SECTION B: extracts from prescribed editions

All My Sons: Arthur Miller, Penguin Classics, 2000

A Streetcar Named Desire: Tennessee Williams, Penguin Classics, 2009

Elmina's Kitchen: Kwame Kwei-Armah, Methuen Drama, 2003

Equus: Peter Shaffer, Longman, 1993

The History Boys: Alan Bennett, Faber & Faber, 2004

Top Girls: Caryl Churchill, Methuen Drama, 2008

Translations: Brian Friel, Faber & Faber, 1981