

CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/06

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

May/June 2003

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

This document consists of **16** printed pages.



MARGARET ATWOOD: *Cat's Eye*

- 1 **Either** (a) Consider the role and significance of the narrator's brother, Stephen, in the novel.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the following passage, relating it to the methods and concerns of the novel as a whole.

The lights on the top of the bridge are gone. I make my way in the dark, up the hill, sleet rustling around me, hauling myself up by branches and tree trunks, my shoes slipping on the packed icy snow. Nothing hurts, not even my feet, not even my hands. It's like flying. The small wind moves with me, a warm touch against my face.

I know who it is that I've seen. It's the Virgin Mary, there can be no doubt. Even when I was praying I wasn't sure she was real, but now I know she is. Who else could walk on air like that, who else would have a glowing heart? True, there was no blue dress, no crown; her dress looked black. But it was dark. Maybe the crown was there and I couldn't see it. Anyway she could have different clothes, different dresses. None of that matters, because she came to get me. She didn't want me freezing in the snow. She is still with me, invisible, wrapping me in warmth and painlessness, she has heard me after all.

I am up on the main path now; the lights from the houses are nearer, above me, on either side of me. I can hardly keep my eyes open. I'm not even walking straight. But my feet keep on moving, one in front of the other.

Up ahead is the street. As I reach it I see my mother, walking very fast. Her coat isn't done up, she has no scarf on her head, her overshoes flap, half fastened. When she sees me she begins to run. I stop still, watching her running figure with the coat flying out on either side and the unwieldy overshoes, as if she's just some other person I'm watching, someone in a race. She comes up to me under a streetlamp and I see her eyes, large and gleaming with wet, and her hair dusted with sleet. She has no mittens on. She throws her arms around me, and as she does this the Virgin Mary is suddenly gone. Pain and cold shoot back into me. I start to shiver violently.

"I fell in," I say. "I was getting my hat." My voice sounds thick, the words mumbled. Something is wrong with my tongue.

My mother does not say *Where have you been* or *Why are you so late*. She says, "Where are your overshoes?" They are down in the ravine, covering over with snow. I have forgotten them, and my hat as well.

"It fell over the bridge," I say. I need to get this lie over with as soon as possible. Telling the truth about Cordelia is still unthinkable for me.

My mother takes off her coat and wraps it around me. Her mouth is tight, her face is frightened and angry at the same time. It's the look she used to have when we would cut ourselves, a long time ago, up north. She puts her arm under my armpit and hurries me along. My feet hurt at every step. I wonder if I will be punished for going down into the ravine.

When we reach the house my mother peels off my soggy half-frozen clothes and puts me into a lukewarm bath. She looks carefully at my fingers and toes, my nose, my ear-lobes. "Where were Grace and Cordelia?" she asks me. "Did they see you fall in?"

"No," I say. "They weren't there."

I can tell she's thinking about phoning their mothers no matter what I do, but I am too tired to care. "A lady helped me," I say.

"What lady?" says my mother, but I know better than to tell her. If I say who it really was I won't be believed. "Just a lady," I say.

My mother says I'm lucky I don't have severe frostbite. I know about frostbite: your fingers and toes fall off, as punishment for drink. She feeds me a cup of milky tea and puts me into bed with a hot-water bottle and flannelette sheets, and spreads two extra blankets on top. I am still shivering. My father has come home and I hear them talking in low, anxious voices out in the hallway. Then my father comes in and puts his hand on my forehead, and fades to a shadow.

50

Chapter 36

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *An Artist of the Floating World*

2 **Either** (a) Consider the significance of the title *An Artist of the Floating World* in relation to your own understanding of the novel.

Or (b) Discuss the effects of the following passage, relating it to the methods and concerns of the novel as a whole.

'It was foolish of me to have worried. I'm glad the paintings are safe.'

He did not speak for some time so that I again thought he had not heard me. But then he said: 'I was a little surprised by what I saw. You seem to be exploring curious avenues.'

Of course, he may well not have used that precise phrase, 'exploring curious avenues'. For it occurs to me that expression was one I myself tended to use frequently in later years and it may well be that I am remembering my own words to Kuroda on that later occasion in that same pavilion. But then again, I believe Mori-san did at times refer to 'exploring avenues'; in fact, this is probably another example of my inheriting a characteristic from my former teacher. In any case, I recall I did not respond other than to give a self-conscious laugh and reach for another lantern. Then I heard him saying:

'It's no bad thing that a young artist experiment a little. Amongst other things, he is able to get some of his more superficial interests out of his system that way. Then he can return to more serious work with more commitment than ever.' Then, after a pause, he muttered as though to himself: 'No, it's no bad thing to experiment. It's all part of being young. It's no bad thing at all.'

'Sensei,' I said, 'I feel strongly that my recent work is the finest I have yet done.'

'It's no bad thing, no bad thing at all. But then again, one shouldn't spend too much time with such experiments. One can become like someone who travels too much. Best return to serious work before too long.'

I waited to see if he would say anything more. After a few moments, I said: 'I was no doubt foolish to worry so much for the safety of those paintings. But you see, Sensei, I am more proud of them than anything else I have done. All the same, I should have guessed there would be some such simple explanation.'

Mori-san remained silent. When I glanced at him past the lantern I was lighting, it was difficult to tell whether he was pondering my words or thinking about something else altogether. There was a strange mixture of light in the pavilion as the sky continued to set and I lit more and more lanterns. But Mori-san's figure remained in silhouette, leaning against a post, his back to me.

'Incidentally, Ono,' he said, eventually, 'I was told there were one or two other paintings you've completed recently that were not with those I have now.'

'Quite possibly, there are one or two I did not store with the others.'

'Ah. And no doubt these are the very paintings you are most fond of.'

I did not reply to this. Then Mori-san went on:

'Perhaps when we return, Ono, you will bring me these other paintings. I would be most interested to see them.'

I thought for a moment, then said: 'I would, of course, be most grateful for Sensei's opinions of them. However, I am not at all certain as to where I left them.'

'But you will endeavour to find them, I trust.'

'I will, Sensei. In the meantime, I will perhaps relieve Sensei of the other paintings to which he was so kind as to give his attention. No doubt they are cluttering up his quarters, so I shall remove them as soon as we return.'

'No need to bother with those paintings, Ono. It will be sufficient if you find the remaining ones and bring them to me.'

'I regret, Sensei, that I will not be able to find the remaining paintings.'

'I see, Ono.' He gave a tired sigh, and I could see him once again gazing up at the sky. 'So you do not think you will be able to bring me those paintings of yours.'

'No, Sensei. I fear not.'

'I see. Of course, you have considered your future in the event of your leaving my patronage.' 50

'It had been my hope that Sensei would understand my position and continue to support me in pursuing my career.'

November, 1949

ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

3 **Either (a)** 'Pain is particular'.

Discuss the treatment of human suffering in Jennings's verse, with reference to **three** poems.

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing how far it seems to you to be characteristic of Jennings's methods and concerns.

In Praise of Creation

That one bird, one star,
The one flash of the tiger's eye
Purely assert what they are,
Without ceremony testify.

Testify to order, to rule— 5
How the birds mate at one time only,
How the sky is, for a certain time, full
Of birds, the moon sometimes cut thinly.

And the tiger trapped in the cage of his skin, 10
Watchful over creation, rests
For the blood to pound, the drums to begin,
Till the tigress' shadow casts

A darkness over him, a passion, a scent,
The world goes turning, turning, the season 15
Sieves earth to its one sure element
And the blood beats beyond reason.

Then quiet, and birds folding their wings,
The new moon waiting for years to be stared at here,
The season sinks to satisfied things – 20
Man with his mind ajar.

HAROLD PINTER: *The Caretaker*

- 4 **Either** (a) In Act Three, Mick says to Davies 'What a strange man you are. Aren't you? You're really strange. Ever since you came into this house there's been nothing but trouble.'

Discuss the role and significance of Davies, the tramp, in *The Caretaker*.

- Or** (b) Consider the dramatic effectiveness of the following passage which concludes Act One, showing how far you find its methods and concerns characteristic of the play as a whole.

DAVIES *stands still. He waits a few seconds, then goes to the door, opens it, looks out, closes it, stands with his back to it, turns swiftly, opens it, looks out, comes back, closes the door, finds the keys in his pocket, tries one, tries the other, locks the door. He looks about the room. He then goes quickly to ASTON's bed, bends, brings out the pair of shoes and examines them.*

5

Not a bad pair of shoes. Bit pointed.

He puts them back under the bed. He examines the area by ASTON's bed, picks up a vase and looks into it, then picks up a box and shakes it.

Screws!

He sees paint buckets at the top of the bed, goes to them, and examines them.

10

Paint. What's he going to paint?

He puts the bucket down, comes to the centre of the room, looks up at bucket, and grimaces.

I'll have to find out about that.

He crosses right, and picks up a blow-lamp.

15

He's got some stuff in here.

He picks up the Buddha and looks at it.

Full of stuff. Look at all this.

His eye falls on the piles of papers.

What's he got all those papers for? Damn pile of papers.

20

He goes to a pile and touches it. The pile wobbles. He steadies it.

Hold it, hold it!

He holds the pile and pushes the papers back into place.

The door opens.

MICK *comes in, puts the key in his pocket, and closes the door silently. He stands at the door and watches DAVIES.*

25

What's he got all these papers for?

DAVIES *climbs over the rolled carpet to the blue case.*

Had a sheet and pillow ready in here.

He opens the case.

30

Nothing.

He shuts the case.

Still, I had a sleep though. I don't make no noises.

He looks at the window.

What's this?

35

He picks up another case and tries to open it. MICK moves upstage, silently.

Locked.

He puts it down and moves downstage.

Must be something in it.

He picks up a sideboard drawer, rummages in the contents, then puts it down. 40

MICK slides across the room.

DAVIES half turns, MICK seizes his arm and forces it up his back. DAVIES screams.

Uuuuuuuhhh! Uuuuuuuhhh! What! What! What! Uuuuuuuhhh!

MICK swiftly forces him to the floor, with DAVIES struggling, grimacing, whimpering and staring. 45

MICK holds his arm, puts his other hand to his lips, then puts his hand to DAVIES' lips. DAVIES quietens. MICK lets him go. DAVIES writhes. MICK holds out a warning finger. He then squats down to regard DAVIES. He regards him, then stands looking down on him. DAVIES massages his arm, watching MICK. MICK turns slowly to look at the room. He goes to DAVIES' bed and uncovers it. He turns, goes to the clothes horse and picks up DAVIES' trousers. DAVIES starts to rise. MICK presses him down with his foot and stands over him. Finally he removes his foot. He examines the trousers and throws them back. DAVIES remains on the floor, crouched. MICK slowly goes to the chair, sits, and watches DAVIES, expressionless. 50
55

Silence.

MICK What's the game?

Curtain.

WOLE SOYINKA: *The Trials of Brother Jero* and *Jero's Metamorphosis*

- 5 **Either** (a) Soyinka himself talks of his drama as 'sensitising the political and social conscience ... of the people'.

Discuss the two plays in the light of this description.

- Or** (b) Consider the dramatic effectiveness of the following passage, showing how far you find its methods and concerns characteristic of the play as a whole.

Jero: Prayers this evening, as usual. Late afternoon.
Chume (*shouting after*): Prayers late afternoon as always. Brother Jeroboam says God keep you till then. Are you all right, Brother Jero?
Jero: Who would have thought that she would dare lift her hand against a prophet of God! 5
Chume: Women are a plague, brother.
Jero: I had a premonition this morning that women would be my downfall today. But I thought of it only in the spiritual sense.
Chume: Now you see how it is, Brother Jero.
Jero: From the moment I looked out of my window this morning I have been tormented one way or another by the Daughters of Discord. 10
Chume (*eagerly*): That is how it is with me, Brother. Every day. Every morning and night. Only this morning she made me take her to the house of some poor man whom she says owes her money. She loaded enough on my bicycle to lay a siege for a week, and all the thanks I got was abuse. 15
Jero: Indeed, it must be a trial, Brother Chume ... and it requires great ...
He becomes suddenly suspicious.
 Brother Chume, did you say that your wife went to make camp only this morning at the house of a ... of someone who owes her money?
Chume: Yes, I took her there myself. 20
Jero: Er ... indeed, indeed. (*Coughs.*) Is ... your wife a trader?
Chume: Yes, petty trading, you know. Wool, silk, cloth and all that stuff.
Jero: Indeed. Quite an enterprising woman. (*Hems.*) Er ... where was the house of this man ... I mean, this man who owes her money?
Chume: Not very far from here. Ajete settlement, a mile or so from here. I did not even know the place existed until today. 25
Jero (*to himself*): So that is your wife ...
Chume: Did you speak, Prophet?
Jero: No, no. I was only thinking how little women have changed since Eve, since Delilah, since Jezebel. But we must be strong of heart. I have my own cross too, Brother Chume. This morning alone I have been thrice in conflict with the daughters of discord. First there was ... no, never mind that. There is another who crosses my path every day. Goes to swim just over there and then waits for me to be in the midst of my meditation before she swings her hips across here, flaunting her near nakedness 30 before my eyes ...
Chume (*to himself with deep feeling*): I'd willingly change crosses with you.
Jero: What, Brother Chume?
Chume: I was only praying.
Jero: Ah. That is the only way. But er ... I wonder really what the will of God would be in this matter. After all, Christ himself was not averse to using the whip when occasion demanded it. 40
Chume (*eagerly*): No, he did not hesitate.
Jero: In that case, since, Brother Chume, your wife seems such a wicked, wilful sinner, I think ... 45

Chume: Yes, Holy One ... ?
Jero: You must take her home tonight ...
Chume: Yes ...
Jero: And beat her.
Chume (*kneeling, clasps JERO's hand in his*): Prophet! 50
Jero: Remember, it must be done in your own house. Never show the discord within your family to the world. Take her home and beat her.
CHUME leaps up and gets his bike.
Jero: And Brother Chume ...
Chume: Yes, Prophet ... 55
Jero: The Son of God appeared to me again this morning, robed just as he was when he named you my successor. And he placed his burning sword on my shoulder and called me his knight. He gave me a new title ... but you must tell it to no one – yet.
Chume: I swear, Brother Jero. 60
Jero: (*staring into space*): He named me the Immaculate Jero, Articulate Hero of Christ's Crusade. (*Pauses, then, with a regal dismissal*–) You may go, Brother Chume.
Chume: God keep you, Brother Jero – the Immaculate.
Jero: God keep you, brother. (*He sadly fingers the velvet cape.*) 65
Lights fade.

Scene Three

TOM STOPPARD: *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*

6 **Either** (a) Discuss Stoppard's presentation of the relationship between Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, explaining its importance to the effect of the play as a whole.

Or (b) Consider the dramatic effectiveness of the following passage, showing how far you find its methods and concerns characteristic of the play as a whole.

Ros: Let me get it straight. Your father was king. You were his only son. Your father dies. You are of age. Your uncle becomes king.

Guil: Yes.

Ros: Unorthodox.

Guil: Undid me. 5

Ros: Undeniable. Where were you?

Guil: In Germany.

Ros: Usurpation, then.

Guil: He slipped in.

Ros: Which reminds me. 10

Guil: Well, it would.

Ros: I don't want to be personal.

Guil: It's common knowledge.

Ros: Your mother's marriage.

Guil: He slipped in. 15

Beat.

Ros (*lugubriously*): His body was still warm.

Guil: So was hers.

Ros: Extraordinary.

Guil: Indecent. 20

Ros: Hasty.

Guil: Suspicious.

Ros: It makes you think.

Guil: Don't think I haven't thought of it.

Ros: And with her husband's brother. 25

Guil: They were close.

Ros: She went to him –

Guil: – Too close –

Ros: – for comfort.

Guil: It looks bad. 30

Ros: It adds up.

Guil: Incest to adultery.

Ros: Would you go so far?

Guil: Never.

Ros: To sum up: your father, whom you love, dies, you are his heir, you come back to find that hardly was the corpse cold before his young brother popped on to his throne and into his sheets, thereby offending both legal and natural practice. Now why exactly are you behaving in this extraordinary manner? 35

Guil: I can't imagine! (*Pause.*) But all that is well known, common property. Yet he sent for us. And we did come. 40

Ros (*alert, ear cocked*): I say! I heard music –

Guil: We're here.

Ros: – Like a band – I thought I heard a band.

Guil: Rosencrantz ...

Ros (*absently, still listening*): What? 45

Pause, short.

Guil (gently wry): Guildenstern ...
Ros (irritated by the repetition): What?
Guil: Don't you discriminate at all?
Ros (turning dumbly): Wha'? 50
Pause.
Guil: Go and see if he's there.
Ros: Who?
Guil: There.
Ros goes to an upstage wing, looks, returns, formally making his report. 55
Ros: Yes.
Guil: What is he doing?
Ros repeats movement.
Ros: Talking.
Guil: To himself? 60
Ros starts to move. Guil cuts in impatiently.
Is he alone?
Ros: No.
Guil: Then he's not talking to himself, is he?
Ros: Not by himself ... Coming this way, I think. (swiftly) Should we go? 65
Guil: Why? We're marked now.
Hamlet enters, backwards, talking, followed by Polonius, upstage. Ros and Guil occupy the two downstage corners looking upstage.

Act I

DEREK WALCOTT: *Selected Poetry*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss the ways in which Walcott explores the relationships between past and present in his verse, with detailed reference to at least **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing how far it seems to you to be characteristic of Walcott's methods and concerns.

The Wind in the Dooryard
(for Eric Roach)

I didn't want this poem to come
from the torn mouth,
I didn't want this poem to come
from his salt body,

but I will tell you what he celebrated: 5

He writes of the wall with spilling coralita
from the rim of the rich garden,
and the clean dirt yard
clean as the parlour table
with a yellow tree 10
an ackee, an almond
a pomegranate
in the clear vase of sunlight,

sometimes he put his finger
on the pulse of the wind, 15
when he heard the sea in the cedars.
he went swimming to Africa,
but he felt tired;
he chose that way
to reach his ancestors. 20

No, I did not want to write this,
but, doesn't the sunrise
force itself through the curtain
of the trembling eyelids?
When the cows are statues in the misting field 25
that sweats out the dew,
and the horse lifts its iron head
and the jaws of the sugar mules
ruminate and grind like the factory?

I did not want to hear it again, 30
the echo of broken windmills,
the mutter of the wild yams creeping
over the broken palings,
the noise of the moss
stitching the stone barracoons, 35

but the rain breaks
 on the foreheads of the wild yams,
 the dooryard opens the voice
 of his rusty theme,
 and the first quick drops of the drizzle 40
 the libations to Shango
 dry fast as sweat on the forehead
 and our tears also.

The peasant reeks sweetly of bush,
 he smells the same as his donkey – 45
 they smell of the high, high country
 of clouds and stunted pine –
 the man wipes his hand
 that is large as a yam
 and as crusty with dirt 50
 across the tobacco-stained
 paling stumps of his torn mouth,
 he rinses with the mountain dew,
 and he spits out pity.

I did not want it to come, 55
 but sometimes, under the armpit
 of the hot sky over the country
 the wind smells of salt
 and a certain breeze lifts
 the sprigs of the coralita 60
 as if, like us,
 lifting our heads, at our happiest,
 it too smells the freshness of life.

EVELYN WAUGH: *Decline and Fall*

- 8 **Either** (a) According to Dr. Fagan, 'I have been in the scholastic profession long enough to know that nobody enters it unless he has some very good reason which he is anxious to conceal.'

In the light of this statement, consider the representation and significance of school and university life in the novel.

- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the following passage, relating it to the methods and concerns of the novel as a whole.

Ten minutes later he came back on to the terrace, wearing silk pyjamas and a tattered old canvas dressing-gown.

'Can you lend me a nail file?' he asked.

'There's one on my dressing table.'

'Thank you.' But he did not go. Instead he walked to the parapet and leant out, looking across the sea. 'It's a good thing for you to be a clergyman,' he said at last. 'People get ideas about a thing they call life. It sets them all wrong. I think it's poets that are responsible chiefly. Shall I tell you about life?' 5

'Yes, do,' said Paul politely.

'Well, it's like the big wheel at Luna Park. Have you seen the big wheel?' 10

'No, I'm afraid not.'

'You pay five francs and go into a room with tiers of seats all around, and in the centre the floor is made of a great disc of polished wood that revolves quickly. At first you sit down and watch the others. They are all trying to sit in the wheel, and they keep getting flung off, and that makes them laugh, and you laugh too. It's great fun.' 15

'I don't think that sounds very much like life,' said Paul rather sadly.

'Oh, but it is, though. You see, the nearer you can get to the hub of the wheel the slower it is moving and the easier it is to stay on. There's generally someone in the centre who stands up and sometimes does a sort of dance. Often he's paid by the management, though, or, at any rate, he's allowed in free. Of course at the very centre there's a point completely at rest, if one could only find it. I'm not sure I am not very near that point myself. Of course the professional men get in the way. Lots of people just enjoy scrambling on and being whisked off and scrambling on again. How they all shriek and giggle! Then there are others, like Margot, who sit as far out as they can and hold on for dear life and enjoy that. But the whole point about the wheel is that you needn't get on it at all, if you don't want to. People get hold of ideas about life, and that makes them think they've got to join in the game, even if they don't enjoy it. It doesn't suit everyone.' 20

'People don't see that when they say "life" they mean two different things. They can mean simply existence, with its physiological implications of growth and organic change. They can't escape that – even by death, but because that's inevitable they think the other idea of life is too – the scrambling and excitement and bumps and the effort to get to the middle. And when we do get to the middle, it's just as if we never started. It's so odd.' 25

'Now you're a person who was clearly meant to stay in the seats and sit still and if you get bored watch the others. Somehow you got on to the wheel, and you got thrown off again at once with a hard bump. It's all right for Margot, who can cling on, and for me, at the centre, but you're static. Instead of this absurd division into sexes they ought to class people as static and dynamic. There's a real distinction there, though I can't tell you how it comes. I think we're probably two quite different species spiritually.' 30

'I used that idea of the wheel in a cinema film once. I think it rather sounds like it, don't you? What was it I came back for?' 35

'A nail file.' 40

'Oh, yes, of course. I know of no more utterly boring and futile occupation than generalizing about life. Did you take in what I was saying?' 45

'Yes, I think so.'

'I think I shall have my meals alone in future. Will you tell the servants? It makes me feel quite ill to talk so much. Good night.'

'Good night,' said Paul. 50

Part Three

Copyright Acknowledgements

- Question 1 Margaret Atwood. *Cat's Eye*. Virago 1990.
- Question 2 Kazuo Ishiguro. *An Artist of the Floating World*. © Reproduced by permission of Faber and Faber.
- Question 3 Elizabeth Jennings. 'In Praise of Creation': *Selected Poems*. © Reproduced by permission of David Higham Associates.
- Question 4 Harold Pinter. *The Caretaker*. © Theatre Promotions Ltd. Reproduced by permission of Faber and Faber.
- Question 5 **Copyright © Wole Soyinka 1993. Reproduced by permission of the author c/o Rogers, Coleridge & Whiter Ltd., 20 Powis Mews, London W11 1 JN.**
- Question 6 Tom Stoppard. *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*. © Reproduced by permission of Faber and Faber.
- Question 7 'The Wind in the Dooryard' from *SEA GRAPES* by Derek Walcott published by Jonathon Cape. Used by permission of the Random House Group Limited.
- Question 8 **Extract from *Decline and Fall* by Evelyn Waugh (Copyright © Evelyn Waugh 1928) by permission of PFD on behalf of the Evelyn Waugh Trust.**

Cambridge International Examinations has made every effort to trace copyright holders, but if we have inadvertently overlooked any we will be pleased to make the necessary arrangements at the first opportunity.