



UNIVERSITY OF 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 2008

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 your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions.

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **12** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



MARGARET ATWOOD: *Cat's Eye*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'You don't look back along time but down through it, like water.' Discuss the significance of memories in *Cat's Eye*.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering the importance of the world of the artist here and elsewhere in the novel.

Right behind me a woman's voice says, "Well, they certainly are *different*." It's the quintessential Toronto middle-class-matron putdown, the ultimate disapproval. It's what they say about slums. It would not look good over the sofa, is what she means. I turn and look at her: a well-cut silver-grey suit, pearls, a suave scarf, expensive suede shoes. She's convinced of her own legitimacy, her right to pronounce: I and my kind are here on sufferance. 5

"Elaine, I'd like you to meet my mother," says Jody. The idea of this woman being Jody's mother is breathtaking. "Mum, Elaine did the flower painting. The one you like?"

She means *Deadly Nightshade*. "Oh yes," says Jody's mother, smiling warmly. 10
 "You girls are all so gifted. I did like that one, the colours are lovely. But what are all those eyes doing in it?"

This is so much what my own mother would say that I am swept with longing. I want my mother to be here. She would dislike most of this, the cut-up mannequins especially; she wouldn't understand it at all. But she would smile, and dredge up something nice to say. Very recently I would have derided such talents. Now I have need of them. 15

I get myself another cup of wine and a Ritz cracker with some cheese on it, and peer through the crowd for Jon, for anyone. What I see, over the heads, is Mrs Smeath.

Mrs Smeath is watching me. She lies on the sofa with her turban-like Sunday hat on, the afghan wrapped around her. I have named this one *Torontodalisque: Homage to Ingres*, because of the pose, and the rubber plant like a fan behind her. She sits in front of a mirror with half of her face peeling off, like the villain in a horror comic I once read; this one is called *Leprosy*. She stands in front of her sink, her wicked paring knife in one hand, a half-peeled potato in the other. This one is called 25
 AN•EYE•FOR•AN•EYE.

Next to this is *White Gift*, which is in four panels. In the first one, Mrs Smeath is wrapped up in white tissue paper like a can of Spam or a mummy, with just her head sticking out, her face wearing its closed half-smile. In the next three she's progressively unwrapped: in her print dress and bib apron, in her back-of-the-catalogue Eaton's flesh-coloured foundation garment – although I don't expect she possessed one – and finally in her saggy-legged cotton underpants, her one large breast sectioned to show her heart. Her heart is the heart of a dying turtle: reptilian, dark red, diseased. Across the bottom of this panel is stencilled: THE•KINGDOM•OF•GOD 30
 •IS•WITHIN•YOU. 35

It's still a mystery to me, why I hate her so much.

CARYL CHURCHILL: *Top Girls*

3 Either (a) '*Top Girls* is less concerned with the celebration of successful women than with questioning the kind of success that is shown.' How far do you agree with this comment?

Or (b) Discuss the effects of the following passage, considering how the relationship between Marlene and Angie is presented.

Main office. Marlene and Angie.

Angie arrives.

ANGIE:	Hello.	
MARLENE:	Have you an appointment?	
ANGIE:	It's me. I've come.	5
MARLENE:	What? It's not Angie?	
ANGIE:	It was hard to find this place. I got lost.	
MARLENE:	How did you get past the receptionist? The girl on the desk, didn't she try to stop you?	
ANGIE:	What desk?	10
MARLENE:	Never mind.	
ANGIE:	I just walked in. I was looking for you.	
MARLENE:	Well you found me.	
ANGIE:	Yes.	
MARLENE:	So where's your mum? Are you up in town for the day?	15
ANGIE:	Not really.	
MARLENE:	Sit down. Do you feel all right?	
ANGIE:	Yes thank you.	
MARLENE:	So where's Joyce?	
ANGIE:	She's at home.	20
MARLENE:	Did you come up on a school trip then?	
ANGIE:	I've left school.	
MARLENE:	Did you come up with a friend?	
ANGIE:	No. There's just me.	
MARLENE:	You came up by yourself, that's fun. What have you been doing? Shopping? Tower of London?	25
ANGIE:	No, I just come here. I come to you.	
MARLENE:	That's very nice of you to think of paying your aunty a visit. There's not many nieces make that the first port of call. Would you like a cup of coffee?	30
ANGIE:	No thank you.	
MARLENE:	Tea, orange?	
ANGIE:	No thank you.	
MARLENE:	Do you feel all right?	
ANGIE:	Yes thank you.	35
MARLENE:	Are you tired from the journey?	
ANGIE:	Yes, I'm tired from the journey.	
MARLENE:	You sit there for a bit then. How's Joyce?	
ANGIE:	She's all right.	
MARLENE:	Same as ever.	40
ANGIE:	Oh yes.	
MARLENE:	Unfortunately you've picked a day when I'm rather busy, if there's ever a day when I'm not, or I'd take you out to lunch and we'd go to Madame Tussaud's. We could go shopping. What time do you have to be back? Have you got a day return?	45
ANGIE:	No.	
MARLENE:	So what train are you going back on?	

ANGIE: I came on the bus.
MARLENE: So what bus are you going back on? Are you staying the night?
ANGIE: Yes. 50
MARLENE: Who are you staying with? Do you want me to put you up for the night, is that it?
ANGIE: Yes please.
MARLENE: I haven't got a spare bed.
ANGIE: I can sleep on the floor. 55
MARLENE: You can sleep on the sofa.
ANGIE: Yes please.
MARLENE: I do think Joyce might have phoned me. It's like her.
ANGIE: This is where you work is it?
MARLENE: It's where I have been working the last two years but I'm going to 60
move into another office.
ANGIE: It's lovely.
MARLENE: My new office is nicer than this. There's just the one big desk in it for me.
ANGIE: Can I see it? 65
MARLENE: Not now, no, there's someone else in it now. But he's leaving at the end of next week and I'm going to do his job.
ANGIE: Is that good?
MARLENE: Yes, it's very good.

Act 2, Scene 3

T. S. ELIOT: *Prufrock and Other Observations*, *The Waste Land*, and *The Hollow Men*

- 4 **Either** (a) With detailed reference to **three** poems from this selection, discuss the descriptive qualities found in Eliot's writing.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the extract below, considering its qualities and effectiveness as an opening to *The Waste Land*.

The Burial of the Dead

April is the cruellest month, breeding
 Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
 Memory and desire, stirring
 Dull roots with spring rain. 5
 Winter kept us warm, covering
 Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
 A little life with dried tubers.
 Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee
 With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,
 And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten, 10
 And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
 Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.
 And when we were children, staying at the arch-duke's,
 My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,
 And I was frightened. He said, Marie, 15
 Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.
 In the mountains, there you feel free.
 I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

LES MURRAY: from *Selected Poems*

- 5 **Either** (a) With detailed reference to **three** poems, consider the ways in which Murray explores the significance of history in *Selected Poems*.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing how far you think it represents methods and concerns typical of Murray's poetry.

The Gum Forest

After the last gapped wire on a post,
homecoming for me, to enter the gum forest.

This old slow battlefield: parings of armour,
cracked collars, elbows, scattered on the ground.

New trees step out of old: lemon and ochre
splitting out of grey everywhere, in the gum forest. 5

In there for miles, shade track and ironbark slope,
depth casually beginning all around, at a little distance.

Sky sifting, and always a hint of smoke in the light;
you can never reach the heart of the gum forest. 10

In here is like a great yacht harbour, charmed to leaves,
innumerable tackle, poles wrapped in spattered sail,
or an unknown army in reserve for centuries.

Flooded-gums on creek ground, each tall because of each.
Now a blackbutt in bloom is showering with bees
but warm blood sleeps in the middle of the day. 15
The witching hour is noon in the gum forest.

Foliage builds like a layering splash: ground water
drily upheld in edge-on, wax-rolled, gall-puckered
leaves upon leaves. The shoal life of parrots up there. 20

Stone footings, trunk-shattered. Non-human lights. Enormous
abandoned machines. The mysteries of the gum forest.

Delight to me, though, at the water-smuggling creeks,
health to me, too, under banksia candles and combs.

A wind is up, rubbing limbs above the bullock roads;
mountains are waves in the ocean of the gum forest. 25

I go my way, looking back sometimes, looking round me;
singed oils clear my mind, and the pouring sound high up.

Why have I denied the passions of my time? To see
lightning strike upward out of the gum forest. 30

- 6 **Either** (a) 'Both Raju and Rosie achieve fame in their own spheres.' In what ways and with what effects does Narayan present their public lives?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering the role played by Velan both here and elsewhere in the novel.

Velan was bursting with news of a miracle. He stood before Raju with folded hands, and said, "Sir, things have turned out well."

"I'm so happy – how?"

"My sister came before our family gathering and admitted her follies. She has agreed ..." He went on to explain. The girl had all of a sudden appeared before the assembled family that morning. She faced everyone straight and said, "I have behaved foolishly all these days. I will do what my brother and the other elders at home tell me to do. They know what is best for us." 5

"I could hardly believe my ears," explained Velan. "I pinched myself to see whether I was dreaming or awake. This girl's affair had cast a gloom on our home. If you left out our partition suit and all the complications arising from it, we had no worry to equal this. You see, we are fond of the girl, and it pained us to watch her sulk in a dark room, without minding her appearance or dress or caring for food. We did our best to make her cheerful and then had to leave her alone. We had all been very miserable on account of her, and so we were surprised this morning when she came before us with her hair oiled and braided, with flowers in it. Looking bright, she said, 'I have been a bother to you all these days. Forgive me, all of you. I shall do whatever my elders order me to do.' Naturally, after we got over the surprise, we asked, 'Are you prepared to marry your cousin?' She did not answer at once, but stood with bowed head. My wife took her aside and asked whether we might send word to the other family, and she agreed. We have sent the happy message around, and there will soon be a marriage in our house. I have money, jewelry, and everything ready. I will call the pipers and drummers tomorrow morning and get through it all quickly. I have consulted the astrologer already, and he says that this is an auspicious time. I do not want to delay even for a second the happy event." 10 15 20 25

"For fear that she may change her mind once again?" Raju asked. He knew why Velan was rushing it through at this pace. It was easy to guess why. But the remark threw the other into a fit of admiration, and he asked, "How did you know what I had in mind, sir?"

Raju remained silent. He could not open his lips without provoking admiration. This was a dangerous state of affairs. He was in a mood to debunk himself a little. He told Velan sharply, "There is nothing extraordinary in my guess," and promptly came the reply, "Not for you to say that, sir. Things may look easy enough for a giant, but ordinary poor mortals like us can never know what goes on in other people's minds." 30 35

To divert his attention, Raju simply asked, "Have you any idea of the views of the bridegroom? Is he ready for you? What does he think of her refusal?"

"After the girl came round, I sent our priest to discuss it with him, and he has come back to say that the boy is willing. He prefers not to think of what is gone. What is gone is gone." 40

"True, true," Raju said, having nothing else to say and not wishing to utter anything that might seem too brilliant. He was beginning to dread his own smartness nowadays. He was afraid to open his lips. A vow of silence was indicated, but there was greater danger in silence.

Turn to page 12 for Question 7.

HAROLD PINTER: *The Homecoming*

7 **Either** (a) 'The men in the play view women as objects who only exist to be exploited.' How far do you agree that this is how Pinter presents the men in *The Homecoming*?

Or (b) Discuss the dramatic effectiveness of the following passage, considering the ways in which Pinter presents the relationship between Ruth and Teddy.

TEDDY: Why don't you go to bed? I'll find some sheets. I feel ... wide awake, isn't it odd? I think I'll stay up for a bit. Are you tired?

RUTH: No.

TEDDY: Go to bed. I'll show you the room.

RUTH: No, I don't want to. 5

TEDDY: You'll be perfectly all right up there without me. Really you will. I mean, I won't be long. Look, it's just up there. It's the first door on the landing. The bathroom's right next door. You ... need some rest, you know.

Pause.

I just want to ... walk about for a few minutes. Do you mind? 10

RUTH: Of course I don't.

TEDDY: Well ... Shall I show you the room?

RUTH: No, I'm happy at the moment.

TEDDY: You don't have to go to bed. I'm not saying you have to. I mean, you can stay up with me. Perhaps I'll make a cup of tea or something. The only thing is we don't want to make too much noise, we don't want to wake anyone up. 15

RUTH: I'm not making any noise.

TEDDY: I know you're not.

He goes to her. 20

[*Gently.*] Look, it's all right, really. I'm here. I mean ... I'm with you. There's no need to be nervous. Are you nervous?

RUTH: No.

TEDDY: There's no need to be.

Pause. 25

They're very warm people, really. Very warm. They're my family. They're not ogres.

Pause.

Well, perhaps we should go to bed. After all, we have to be up early, see Dad. Wouldn't be quite right if he found us in bed, I think. [*He chuckles.*] 30

Have to be up before six, come down, say hullo.

Pause.

RUTH: I think I'll have a breath of air.

TEDDY: Air? 35

Pause.

What do you mean?

RUTH: [*standing*] Just a stroll.

TEDDY: At this time of night? But we've ... only just got here. We've got to go to bed.

RUTH: I just feel like some air. 40

TEDDY: But I'm going to bed.

RUTH: That's all right.

TEDDY: But what am I going to do?

Pause.

The last thing I want is a breath of air. Why do you want a breath of air? 45

RUTH: I just do.

TEDDY: But it's late.

RUTH: I won't go far. I'll come back.

Pause.
 TEDDY: I'll wait up for you. 50
 RUTH: Why?
 TEDDY: I'm not going to bed without you.
 RUTH: Can I have the key?
He gives it to her.
 Why don't you go to bed? 55
He puts his arms on her shoulders and kisses her.
They look at each other, briefly. She smiles.
 I won't be long.
She goes out of the front door.
Teddy goes to the window, peers out after her, half turns from the window, 60
stands, suddenly chews his knuckles.

Act 1

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss the ways in which Woolf presents the city of London in *Mrs Dalloway*.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage, considering the significance of Peter Walsh both here and in the novel as a whole.

He was not old, or set, or dried in the least. As for caring what they said of him – the Dalloways, the Whitbreads, and their set, he cared not a straw – not a straw (though it was true he would have, some time or other, to see whether Richard couldn't help him to some job). Striding, staring, he glared at the statue of the Duke of Cambridge. He had been sent down from Oxford – true. He had been a Socialist, in some sense a failure – true. Still the future of civilization lies, he thought, in the hands of young men like that; of young men such as he was, thirty years ago; with their love of abstract principles; getting books sent out to them all the way from London to a peak in the Himalayas; reading science; reading philosophy. The future lies in the hands of young men like that, he thought. 5 10

A patter like the patter of leaves in a wood came from behind, and with it a rustling, regular thudding sound, which as it overtook him drummed his thoughts, strict in step, up Whitehall, without his doing. Boys in uniform, carrying guns, marched with their eyes ahead of them, marched, their arms stiff, and on their faces an expression like the letters of a legend written round the base of a statue praising duty, gratitude, fidelity, love of England. 15

It is, thought Peter Walsh, beginning to keep step with them, a very fine training. But they did not look robust. They were weedy for the most part, boys of sixteen, who might, to-morrow, stand behind bowls of rice, cakes of soap on counters. Now they wore on them unmixed with sensual pleasure or daily preoccupations the solemnity of the wreath which they had fetched from Finsbury Pavement to the empty tomb. They had taken their vow. The traffic respected it; vans were stopped. 20

I can't keep up with them, Peter Walsh thought, as they marched up Whitehall, and sure enough, on they marched, past him, past every one, in their steady way, as if one will worked legs and arms uniformly, and life, with its varieties, its irreticences, had been laid under a pavement of monuments and wreaths and drugged into a stiff yet staring corpse by discipline. One had to respect it; one might laugh; but one had to respect it, he thought. There they go, thought Peter Walsh, pausing at the edge of the pavement; and all the exalted statues, Nelson, Gordon, Havelock, the black, the spectacular images of great soldiers stood looking ahead of them, as if they too had made the same renunciation (Peter Walsh felt he, too, had made it the great renunciation), trampled under the same temptations, and achieved at length a marble stare. But the stare Peter Walsh did not want for himself in the least; though he could respect it in others. He could respect it in boys. They don't know the troubles of the flesh yet, he thought, as the marching boys disappeared in the direction of the Strand – all that I've been through, he thought, crossing the road, and standing under Gordon's statue, Gordon whom as a boy he had worshipped; Gordon standing lonely with one leg raised and his arms crossed, – poor Gordon, he thought. 25 30 35

And just because nobody yet knew he was in London, except Clarissa, and the earth, after the voyage, still seemed an island to him, the strangeness of standing alone, alive, unknown, at half-past eleven in Trafalgar Square overcame him. What is it? Where am I? And why, after all, does one do it? he thought, the divorce seeming all moonshine. And down his mind went flat as a marsh, and three great emotions bowled over him; understanding; a vast philanthropy; and finally, as if the result of the others, an irrepressible, exquisite delight; as if inside his brain by another hand strings were pulled, shutters moved, and he, having nothing to do with it, yet stood at the opening of endless avenues, down which if he chose he might wander. He had not felt so young for years. 40 45

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