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

October/November 2004

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 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 **11** printed pages and **1** blank page.

JEAN RHYS: *Wide Sargasso Sea*

1 Either (a) Discuss the significance of the Coulibri estate in *Wide Sargasso Sea*.

Or (b) In what ways does the following passage prepare the reader for the development Antoinette's relationship with her husband?

The windows of the huts were shut, the doors opened into silence and dimness. Then three little boys came to stare at us. The smallest wore nothing but a religious medal round his neck and the brim of a large fisherman's hat. When I smiled at him, he began to cry. A woman called from one of the huts and he ran away, still howling.

The other two followed slowly, looking back several times.

As if this was a signal a second woman appeared at her door, then a third.

'It's Caro,' Antoinette said. 'I'm sure it's Caro. Caroline,' she called, waving, and the woman waved back. A gaudy old creature in a brightly flowered dress, a striped head handkerchief and gold ear-rings.

'You'll get soaked, Antoinette,' I said.

'No, the rain is stopping.' She held up the skirt of her riding habit and ran across the street. I watched her critically. She wore a tricorne hat which became her. At least it shadowed her eyes which are too large and can be disconcerting. She never blinks at all it seems to me. Long, sad dark alien eyes. Creole of pure English descent she may be, but they are not English or European either. And when did I begin to notice all this about my wife Antoinette? After we left Spanish Town I suppose. Or did I notice it before and refuse to admit what I saw? Not that I had much time to notice anything. I was married a month after I arrived in Jamaica and for nearly three weeks of that time I was in bed with fever.

The two women stood in the doorway of the hut gesticulating, talking not English but the debased French patois they use in this island. The rain began to drip down the back of my neck adding to my feeling of discomfort and melancholy.

I thought about the letter which should have been written to England a week ago. Dear Father. . .

'Caroline asks if you will shelter in her house.'

This was Antoinette. She spoke hesitatingly as if she expected me to refuse, so it was easy to do so.

'But you are getting wet,' she said.

'I don't mind that.' I smiled at Caroline and shook my head.

'She will be very disappointed,' said my wife, crossed the street again and went into the dark hut.

Amélie, who had been sitting with her back to us, turned round. Her expression was so full of delighted malice, so intelligent, above all so intimate that I felt ashamed and looked away.

Part Two

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *An Artist of the Floating World*

2 **Either** **(a)** Discuss the role and significance of Mori-san in the novel.

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

But then it would not be accurate to suggest I only socialized with the best of my pupils. Indeed, the first time I ever stepped into Mrs Kawakami's, I believe I did so because I wished to spend the evening talking something over with Shintaro. Today, when I try to recall that evening, I find my memory of it merging with the sounds and images from all those other evenings; the lanterns hung above doorways, the laughter of people congregated outside the Migi-Hidari, the smell of deep-fried food, a bar hostess persuading someone to return to his wife – and echoing from every direction, the clicking of numerous wooden sandals on the concrete. I remember it being a warm summer's night, and not finding Shintaro in his usual haunts, I wandered around those tiny bars for some time. For all the competition there must have existed between those establishments, a neighbourly spirit reigned, and it was quite natural that on asking after Shintaro at one such bar that night, I should be advised by the hostess without a trace of resentment, to try for him at the 'new place'.

No doubt, Mrs Kawakami could point out numerous changes – her little 'improvements' – that she has made over the years. But my impression is that her little place looked much the same that first night as it does today. On entering, one tends to be struck by the contrast between the bar counter, lit up by warm, low-hung lights, and the rest of the room, which is in shadow. Most of her customers prefer to sit up at the bar within that pool of light, and this gives a cosy, intimate feel to the place. I remember looking around me with approval that first night, and today, for all the changes which have transformed the world around it, Mrs Kawakami's remains as pleasing as ever.

But little else has remained unchanged. Coming out of Mrs Kawakami's now, you could stand at her doorway and believe you have just been drinking at some outpost of civilization. All around, there is nothing but a desert of demolished rubble. Only the backs of several buildings far in the distance will remind you that you are not so far from the city centre. 'War damage,' Mrs Kawakami calls it. But I remember walking around the district shortly after the surrender and many of those buildings were still standing. The Migi-Hidari was still there, the windows all blown out, part of the roof fallen in. And I remember wondering to myself as I walked past those shattered buildings, if they would ever again come back to life. Then I came by one morning and the bulldozers had pulled down everything.

October 1948

ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

3 **Either** **(a)** How far and in what ways do you think Jennings's poems reflect the vie detached and critical observer? Refer to at least **two** poems in your answer.

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

One Flesh

Lying apart now, each in a separate bed,
He with a book, keeping the light on late,
She like a girl dreaming of childhood,
All men elsewhere – it is as if they wait
Some new event: the book he holds unread,
Her eyes fixed on the shadows overhead.

Tossed up like flotsam from a former passion,
How cool they lie. They hardly ever touch,
Or if they do it is like a confession
Of having little feeling – or too much.
Chastity faces them, a destination
For which their whole lives were a preparation.

Strangely apart, yet strangely close together.
Silence between them like a thread to hold
And not wind in. And time itself's a feather
Touching them gently. Do they know they're old,
These two who are my father and my mother
Whose fire from which I came, has now grown cold?

HAROLD PINTER: *The Caretaker*

4 **Either** **(a)** Discuss the importance of the play's setting.

Or **(b)** Discuss the following passage in detail, showing how far it illustrates cent techniques and concerns of the play.

Mick: You're stinking the place out. You're an old robber, there's no getting away from it. You're an old skate. You don't belong in a nice place like this. You're an old barbarian. Honest. You got no business wandering about in an unfurnished flat. I could charge seven quid a week for this if I wanted to. Get a taker tomorrow. Three hundred and fifty a year exclusive. No argument. I mean, if that sort of money's in your range don't be afraid to say so. Here you are. Furniture and fittings, I'll take four hundred or the nearest offer. Rateable value ninety quid for the annum. You can reckon water, heating and lighting at close on fifty. That'll cost you eight hundred and ninety if you're all that keen. Say the word and I'll have my solicitors draft you out a contract. Otherwise I've got the van outside, I can run you to the police station in five minutes, have you in for trespassing, loitering with intent, daylight robbery, filching, thieving and stinking the place out. What do you say? Unless you're really keen on a straightforward purchase. Of course, I'll get my brother to decorate it up for you first. I've got a brother who's a number one decorator. He'll decorate it up for you. If you want more space, there's four more rooms along the landing ready to go. Bathroom, living-room, bedroom and nursery. You can have this as your study. This brother I mentioned, he's just about to start on the other rooms. Yes, just about to start. So what do you say? Eight hundred odd for this room or three thousand down for the whole upper storey. On the other hand, if you prefer to approach it in the long-term way I know an insurance firm in West Ham'll be pleased to handle the deal for you. No strings attached, open and above board, untarnished record; twenty per cent interest, fifty per cent deposit; down payments, back payments, family allowances, bonus schemes, remission of term for good behaviour, six months lease, yearly examination of the relevant archives, tea laid on, disposal of shares, benefit extension, compensation on cessation, comprehensive indemnity against Riot, Civil Commotion, Labour Disturbances, Storm, Tempest, Thunderbolt, Larceny or Cattle all subject to a daily check and double check. Of course we'd need a signed declaration from your personal medical attendant as assurance that you possess the requisite fitness to carry the can, won't we? Who do you bank with?

Act Two

EDWARD ALBEE: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

5 **Either** **(a)** Discuss the presentation of the two marriages in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Wo*

Or **(b)** Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting in particular on the significan of games here and in the play as a whole.

George [*claps his hands together, once, loud*]*:* I've got it! I'll tell you what game we'll play. We're done with Humiliate the Host…this round, anyway…we're done with that…and we don't want to play Hump the Hostess, yet…not yet…so I know what we'll play…We'll play a round of Get the Guests. How about that? How about a little game of Get the Guests?

Martha [*turning away, a little disgusted*]*:* Jesus, George.

George: Book dropper? Child mentioner!

Honey: I don't like these games.

Nick: Yeah…I think maybe we've had enough of games, now.…

George: Oh, no…oh, no…we haven't. We've had only one game.…Now we're going to have another. You can't fly on one game.

Nick: I think maybe…

George [*with great authority*]*:* SILENCE! [*It is respected*.] Now, how are we going to play Get the Guests?

Martha: For God's sake, George.…

George: You be quiet!

[MARTHA *shrugs*.]

I wonder.…I wonder. [*Puzzles…then…*] O.K.! Well…Martha in her indiscreet way…well, not really indiscreet, because Martha is a naïve, at heart…anyway, Martha told you all about my first novel. True or false? Hunh? I mean, true or false that there ever was such a thing. HA! But, Martha told you about it…my first novel, my memory book…which I'd sort of preferred she hadn't, but hell, that's blood under the bridge. BUT! what she didn't do…what Martha didn't tell you about is she didn't tell us all about my *second* novel.

[MARTHA *looks at him with puzzled curiosity.*]

No you didn't know about that, did you, Martha? About my second novel, true or false. True or false?

Martha [*sincerely*]*:* No.

George: No.

[*He starts quietly but as he goes on his tone becomes harsher, his voice louder.*]

Well, it's an allegory, really – probably – but it can be read as straight, cosy prose…and it's all about a nice young couple who come out of the middle-west. It's a bucolic you see. AND, this nice young couple comes out of the middle-west, and he's blond and about thirty, and he's a scientist, a teacher, a scientist…and his mouse is a wifey little type who gargles brandy all the time…and…

Nick: Just a minute here.…

George: …and they got to know each other when they was only teensie little types, and they used to get under the vanity table and poke around, and…

Nick: I said JUST A MINUTE!

George: This is my game! You played yours… you people. This is my game!

TOM STOPPARD: *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*

6 **Either** **(a)** It has been said that inactivity, enforced by waiting, is at the centre of the play. In what ways does Stoppard maintain the interest of the audience in the situation in which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern find themselves?

Or **(b)** Discuss the dramatic effects achieved in the following passage in relation to your own view of the play's methods and concerns.

Guildenstern: Nothing – we're delivering Hamlet –
Rosencrantz: Who's he?
Guildenstern: (*Irritated*) You've heard of *him* –
Rosencrantz: Oh, I've heard of him all right and I want nothing to do with it.
Guildenstern: But –
Rosencrantz: You march in here without so much as a by your leave and expect me to take every lunatic you try to pass off with a lot of unsubstantiated –
Guildenstern: We've got a letter –
(ROSENCRANTZ *snatches it and tears it open*.)
Rosencrantz: (*Efficiently*) I see…I see…well, this seems to support your story such as it is – it is an exact command from the King of Denmark, for several different reasons, importing Denmark's health and England's too, that on the reading of this letter, without delay, I should have Hamlet's head cut off –!
(GUILDENSTERN *snatches the letter.* ROSENCRANTZ, *doubletaking, snatches it back,* GUILDENSTERN *snatches it half back. They read it together, and separate.*
Pause.
They are well downstage looking front.)
Rosencrantz: The sun's going down. It will be dark soon.
Guildenstern: Do you think so?
Rosencrantz: I was just making conversation. (*Pause*.) We're his *friends*.
Guildenstern: How do you know?
Rosencrantz: From our young days brought up with him.
Guildenstern: You've only got their word for it.
Rosencrantz: But that's what we depend on.
Guildenstern: Well, yes, and then again no. (*Airily*) Let us keep things in proportion. Assume, if you like, that they're going to kill him. Well, he is a man, he is mortal, death comes to us all, etcetera, and consequently he would have died anyway, sooner or later. Or to look at it from the social point of view – he's just one man among many, the loss would be well within reason and convenience. And then again, what is so terrible about death? As Socrates so philosophically put it, since we don't know what death is, it is illogical to fear it. It might be…very nice. Certainly it is a release from the burden of life, and, for the godly, a haven and a reward. Or to look at it another way – we are little men, and we don't know the ins and outs of the matter, there are wheels within wheels, etcetera – it would be presumptuous of us to interfere with the designs of fate or even of kings. All in all, I think we'd be well advised to leave well alone. Tie up the letter – there – neatly – like that – They won't notice the broken seal, assuming you were in character.
Rosencrantz: But what's the point?
Guildenstern: Don't apply logic.
Rosencrantz: He's done nothing to us.
Guildenstern: Or justice.
Rosencrantz: It's awful.

Guildenstern: But it could have been worse. I was beginning to think it was. (*And relief comes out in a laugh. Behind them* HAMLET *appears from behind the umbrella. The light has been going. Slightly.* HAMLET *is going to the lantern.*)

Rosencrantz: The position as I see it, then. We, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, from our young days brought up with him, awakened by a man standing on his saddle, are summoned, and arrive, and are instructed to glean what afflicts him and draw him on to pleasures, such as a play, which unfortunately, as it turns out, is abandoned in some confusion owing to certain nuances outside our appreciation – which, among other causes, results in, among other effects, a high, not to say, homicidal, excitement in Hamlet, whom we, in consequence, are escorting, for his own good, to England. Good. We're on top of it now.

(HAMLET *blows out the lantern. The stage goes pitch black. The black resolves itself to moonlight, by which* HAMLET *approaches the sleeping* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN*. He extracts the letter and takes it behind his umbrella; the light of his lantern shines through the fabric,* HAMLET *emerges again with a letter, and replaces it, and retires, blowing out his lantern.*)

DEREK WALCOTT: *Selected Poetry*

7 **Either** **(a)** Explain what you think Walcott's view is of the role of the poet. Refer to **two** of the poems in your answer.

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 in his poetry.

Landfall, Grenada
(for Robert Head, Mariner)

Where you are rigidly anchored,
the groundswell of blue foothills, the blown canes
surging to cumuli cannot be heard;
like the slow, seamless ocean,
one motion folds the grass where you were lowered,
and the tiered sea
whose grandeurs you detested
climbs out of sound.

Its moods held no mythology
for you, it was a working-place
of tonnage and ruled stars;
you chose your landfall with a mariner's
casual certainty,
calm as that race
into whose heart you harboured;
your death was a log's entry,
your suffering held the strenuous
reticence of those
whose rites are never public,
hating to impose, to offend.
Deep friend, teach me to learn
such ease, such landfall going,
such mocking tolerance of those
neat, gravestone elegies
that rhyme our end.

EVELYN WAUGH: *Decline and Fall*

8 Either (a) 'A vicious world in which innocence is never rewarded.'

How far would you agree with this view of the novel?

Or (b) The following passage ends *Decline and Fall*. How far and in what ways do you consider it to be an effective conclusion to the novel?

Outside there was a confused roaring and breaking of glass.

'The Bollinger seem to be enjoying themselves,' said Paul. 'Whose rooms are they in this time?'

'Pastmaster's, I think. That young man seems to be going a bit fast for his age.'

'Well, I hope he enjoys it,' said Paul. 'Good night.'

'Good night, Paul,' said Stubbs.

Paul put the chocolate biscuits back in the cupboard, refilled his pipe, and settled down in his chair.

Presently he heard footsteps and a knock at his door.

'Come in,' he said, looking round.

Peter Pastmaster came into the room. He was dressed in the bottle-green and white evening coat of the Bollinger Club. His face was flushed and his dark hair slightly disordered.

'May I come in?'

'Yes, do.'

'Have you got a drink?'

'You seem to have had a good many already.'

'I've had the Boller in my rooms. Noisy lot. Oh, hell! I must have a drink.'

'There's some whisky in the cupboard. You're drinking rather a lot these days, aren't you, Peter?'

Peter said nothing, but helped himself to some whisky and soda.

'Feeling a bit ill,' he said. Then, after a pause, 'Paul, why have you been cutting me all this time?'

'I don't know. I didn't think there was much to be gained by our knowing each other.'

'Not angry about anything?'

'No, why should I be?'

'Oh, I don't know.' Peter turned his glass in his hand, staring at it intently. 'I've been rather angry with you, you know.'

'Why?'

'Oh, I don't know – about Margot and the man Maltravers and everything.'

'I don't think I was much to blame.'

'No, I suppose not, only you were part of it all.'

'How's Margot?'

'She's all right – *Margot Metroland*. D'you mind if I take another drink?'

'I suppose not.'

'Viscountess Metroland,' said Peter. 'What a name. What a man! Still, she's got Alastair all the time. Metroland doesn't mind. He's got what he wanted. I don't see much of them really. What do you do all the time, Paul?'

'I'm going to be ordained soon.'

'Wish I didn't feel so damned ill. What were we saying? Oh yes, about Metroland. You know, Paul, I think it was a mistake you ever got mixed up with us; don't you? We're different somehow. Don't quite know how. Don't think that's rude, do you, Paul?'

'No, I know exactly what you mean. You're dynamic, and I'm static.'

'Is that it? Expect you're right. Funny thing you used to teach me once; d'you

remember? Llanabba – Latin sentences, *Quominus* and *Quin*, and the org
d'you remember?'

'Yes, I remember,' said Paul.

'Funny how things happen. You used to teach me the organ; d'you remember?'

'Yes, I remember,' said Paul.

'And then Margot Metroland wanted to marry you; d'you remember?'

'Yes,' said Paul.

'And then you went to prison, and Alastair – that's Margot Metroland's young man – and Metroland – that's her husband – got you out; d'you remember?' *55*

'Yes,' said Paul, 'I remember.'

'And here we are talking to one another like this, up here, after all that! Funny, isn't it?'

'Yes, it is rather.'

'Paul, do you remember a thing you said once at the Ritz – Alastair was there – that's Margot Metroland's young man, you know – d'you remember? I was rather tight then too. You said, "Fortune, a much-maligned lady". D'you remember that?' *60*

'Yes,' said Paul, 'I remember.'

'Good old Paul! I knew you would. Let's drink to that now; shall we? How did it go? Damn, I've forgotten it. Never mind. I wish I didn't feel so ill.' *65*

'You drink too much, Peter.'

'Oh, damn, what else is there to do? You going to be a clergyman, Paul?'

'Yes.'

'Damned funny that. You know you ought never to have got mixed up with me and Metroland. May I have another drink?' *70*

'Time you went to bed, Peter, don't you think?'

'Yes, I suppose it is. Didn't mind my coming in, did you? After all, you used to teach me the organ; d'you remember? Thanks for the whisky!'

So Peter went out, and Paul settled down again in his chair. So the ascetic Ebionites used to turn towards Jerusalem when they prayed. Paul made a note of it. *75* Quite right to suppress them. Then he turned out the light and went into his bedroom to sleep.

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