



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

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/63

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

October/November 2010

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) Discuss the ways in which Atwood presents the reader with shifting v. Cordelia.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, considering the effectiveness of Atwood's narrative and descriptive techniques.

I've learned the way things are done here. I climb the stairs past the rubber plant, not touching it, and go into the Smeaths' bathroom and count off four squares of toilet paper and wash my hands afterwards with the gritty black Smeath soap. I no longer have to be admonished, I bow my head automatically when Grace says, "For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful, Amen." 5

"Pork and beans the musical fruit, the more you eat, the more you toot," says Mr. Smeath, grinning round the table. Mrs. Smeath and Aunt Mildred do not think this is funny. The little girls regard him solemnly. They both have glasses and white freckled skin and Sunday bows on the ends of their brown wiry braids, like Grace. 10

"Lloyd," says Mrs. Smeath. 10

"Come on, it's harmless," Mr. Smeath says. He looks me in the eye. "Elaine thinks it's funny. Don't you, Elaine?"

I am trapped. What can I say? If I say no, it could be rudeness. If I say yes, I have sided with him, against Mrs. Smeath and Aunt Mildred and all three of the Smeath girls, including Grace. I feel myself turn hot, then cold. Mr. Smeath is grinning at me, a conspirator's grin. 15

"I don't know," I say. The real answer is no, because I don't in fact know what this joke means. But I can't abandon Mr. Smeath, not entirely. He is a squat, balding, flabby man, but still a man. He does not judge me. 20

Grace repeats this incident to Cordelia, next morning, in the school bus, her voice a near whisper. "She said she didn't know." 20

"What sort of an answer was that?" Cordelia asks me sharply. "Either you think it's funny or you don't. Why did you say 'I don't know'?"

I tell the truth. "I don't know what it means."

"You don't know what *what* means?" 25

"Musical fruit," I say. "The more you toot." I am now deeply embarrassed, because I don't know. Not knowing is the worst thing I could have done.

Cordelia gives a hoot of contemptuous laughter. "You don't know what *that* means?" she says. "What a stupe! It means *fart*. Beans make you fart. Everyone knows that." 30

I am doubly mortified, because I didn't know, and because Mr. Smeath said *fart* at the Sunday dinner table and enlisted me on his side, and I did not say no. It isn't the word itself that makes me ashamed. I'm used to it, my brother and his friends say it all the time, when there are no adults listening. It's the word at the Smeath dinner table, stronghold of righteousness. 35

But inwardly I do not recant. My loyalty to Mr. Smeath is similar to my loyalty to my brother: both are on the side of ox eyeballs, toe-jam under the microscope, the outrageous, the subversive. Outrageous to whom, subversive of what? Of Grace and Mrs. Smeath, of tidy paper ladies pasted into scrapbooks. Cordelia ought to be on this side too. Sometimes she is, sometimes she isn't. It's hard to tell. 40

CARYL CHURCHILL: *Top Girls*

- 2 **Either** (a) Explore the extent to which you think that the title, *Top Girls*, is appropriate for the play.
- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effect of the following passage, considering how it contributes to the concerns of the play as a whole.

Main office.
 ANGIE *sitting as before.*
 WIN *comes in.*

WIN: Who's sitting in my chair?
 ANGIE: What? Sorry. 5

WIN: Who's been eating my porridge?
 ANGIE: What?

WIN: It's all right, I saw Marlene. Angie isn't it? I'm Win. And I'm not going out for lunch because I'm knackered. I'm going to set me down here and have a yoghurt. Do you like yoghurt? 10

ANGIE: No.
 WIN: That's good because I've only got one. Are you hungry?
 ANGIE: No.
 WIN: There's a cafe on the corner.
 ANGIE: No thank you. Do you work here? 15

WIN: How did you guess?
 ANGIE: Because you look as if you might work here and you're sitting at the desk. Have you always worked here?
 WIN: No I was headhunted. That means I was working for another outfit like this and this lot came and offered me more money. I broke my contract, there was a hell of a stink. There's not many top ladies about. Your aunty's a smashing bird. 20

ANGIE: Yes I know.
 WIN: Fan are you? Fan of your aunty's?
 ANGIE: Do you think I could work here? 25

WIN: Not at the moment.
 ANGIE: How do I start?
 WIN: What can you do?
 ANGIE: I don't know. Nothing.
 WIN: Type? 30

ANGIE: Not very well. The letters jump up when I do capitals. I was going to do a CSE in commerce but I didn't.
 WIN: What have you got?
 ANGIE: What? 35

WIN: CSE's, O's.
 ANGIE: Nothing, none of that. Did you do all that?
 WIN: Oh yes, all that, and a science degree funnily enough. I started out doing medical research but there's no money in it. I thought I'd go abroad. Did you know they sell Coca-Cola in Russia and Pepsi-cola in China? You don't have to be qualified as much as you might think. 40

Men are awful bullshitters, they like to make out jobs are harder than they are. Any job I ever did I started doing it better than the rest of the crowd and they didn't like it. So I'd get unpopular and I'd have a drink to cheer myself up. I lived with a fella and supported him for four years, he couldn't get work. After that I went to California. I like the sunshine. Americans know how to live. This country's too slow. Then I went to Mexico, still in sales, but it's no country for a single lady. I came home, went back here for a bit, thought I was five different people, got 45

over that all right, the psychiatrist said I was perfectly sane and highly intelligent. Got married in a moment of weakness and he's inside now, he's been inside four years, and I've not been to see him too much this last year. I like this better than sales, I'm not really that aggressive. I started thinking sales was a good job if you want to meet people, but you're meeting people that don't want to meet you. It's no good if you like being liked. Here your clients want to meet you because you're the one doing them some good. They hope.

55

Act 2, Scene 3

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

- 3 **Either** (a) With detailed reference to at least **two** poems from this selection, explore Eliot's use of fragments from others' poetry and their effects.
- Or** (b) Write a close critical appreciation of the extract from 'What the Thunder Said', considering Eliot's poetic techniques here and in the poem as a whole.

Ganga was sunken, and the limp leaves
Waited for rain, while the black clouds

Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.
Shantih shantih shantih

LES MURRAY: from *Selected Poems*

- 4 **Either** (a) With close reference to at least **two** poems, explore Murray's presentation of spirituality in this selection.
- Or** (b) Write a close critical appreciation of the following poem, showing how far you think it is characteristic of Murray's poems in this selection.

The Burning Truck

It began at dawn with fighter planes:
 they came in off the sea and didn't rise,
 they leaped the sandbar one and one and one
 coming so fast the crockery they shook down
 off my kitchen shelves was spinning in the air
 when they were gone. 5

They came in off the sea and drew a wave
 of lagging cannon-shells across our roofs.
 Windows spat glass, a truck took sudden fire,
 out leaped the driver, but the truck ran on, 10
 growing enormous, shambling by our street-doors,
 coming and coming....

By every right in town, by every average
 we knew of in the world, it had to stop,
 fetched up against a building, fall to rubble 15
 from pure force of burning, for its whole
 body and substance were consumed with heat
 but it would not stop.

And all of us who knew our place and prayers
 clutched our verandah-rails and window-sills, 20
 begging that truck between our teeth to halt,
 keep going, vanish, strike ... but set us free.
 And then we saw the wild boys of the street
 go running after it.

And as they followed, cheering, on it crept, 25
 windshield melting now, canopy-frame a cage
 torn by gorillas of flame, and it kept on
 over the tramlines, past the church, on past
 the last lit windows, and then out of the world
 with its disciples. 30

- 5 **Either** (a) What does Narayan's presentation of the theme of education contribute to the novel?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, considering the extent to which its narrative and descriptive methods are characteristic of the novel as a whole.

At the next meeting, the moment my friend was ready with the pencil, she asked: 'Do you know what a wonderful perfume I have put on! I wish you could smell it.... On second thoughts I had better not mention it because you will want to smell it and feel disappointed. Perhaps it may look like selfishness for me to be so happy here when there you are so sorrow-filled and unhappy.... It would hardly be right if I produced that impression. If I succeed in making you feel that I am quite happy over here and that you must not be sorry for me, I will be satisfied. Your sorrow hurts us. I hope our joy and happiness will please and soothe you....'

'Undoubtedly,' I replied. 'But what makes you mention the perfume?' I asked.

'Just to enable you to have the most complete idea of our state of existence, that is all. Moreover, did you not speculate somewhat on those lines a few days ago?'

'How do you spend your time usually?' I asked.

'Time in your sense does not exist for us,' she replied. 'Our life is one of thought and experience. Thought is something which has solidity and power, and as in all existence ours is also a life of aspiration, striving, and joy. A considerable portion of our state is taken up in meditation, and our greatest ecstasy is in feeling the Divine Light flooding us.... We've ample leisure. We are not constrained to spend it in any particular manner. We have no need for exercise as we have no physical bodies. Music is ever with us here, and it transports us to higher planes.... Things here are far more intense than on earth; that means our efforts are far more efficient than yours. If by good fortune we are able to establish a contact with our dear ones who are receptive to our influence, then you say that that person is inspired. And a song or melody can establish a link between our minds, for instance, how sad that you should have neglected your veena. If you could take it up once again our minds could more easily join. Why don't you try it?'

It was years since I had put it away. I had a gift for it when I was young. 'I don't know scientific music. I have been after all a self-taught amateur....'

'Do not worry what anyone will think of your veena. For me it will be the most welcome music. I promise that you will feel my presence as you have never felt it yet. It will surely make your heart easier.'

HAROLD PINTER: *The Homecoming*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the dramatic effects of Pinter's use of fantasy in *The Homecoming*.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage, considering its effectiveness as the opening of the play.

Evening.

LENNY *is sitting on the sofa with a newspaper, a pencil in his hand.*

He wears a dark suit. He makes occasional marks on the back page.

MAX *comes in, from the direction of the kitchen.*

LENNY: *You know what, you're getting demented.*

Act 1

WOLE SOYINKA: *Death and the King's Horseman*

- 7 **Either** (a) In different ways the play satirises both British and Yoruban societies. How far do you agree with this statement?
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting in particular on the role of Amusa here and elsewhere in the play.

A swelling, agitated hum of women's voices rises immediately in the background. The lights come on and we see the frontage of a converted cloth stall in the market. The floor leading up to the entrance is covered in rich velvets and woven cloth. The WOMEN come on stage, borne backwards by the determined progress of Sergeant AMUSA and his two constables who already have their batons out and use them as a pressure against the WOMEN. At the edge of the cloth-covered floor, however, the WOMEN take a determined stand and block all further progress of the men. They begin to tease them mercilessly.

5

AMUSA: I am tell you women for last time to commot my road. I am here on official business. 10

WOMAN: Official business you white man's eunuch? Official business is taking place where you want to go and it's a business you wouldn't understand.

WOMAN [*makes a quick tug at the constable's baton*]: That doesn't fool anyone you know. It's the one you carry under your government knickers that counts. [*She bends low as if to peep under the baggy shorts. The embarrassed constable quickly puts his knees together. The WOMEN roar.*] 15

WOMAN: You mean there is nothing there at all? 20

WOMAN: Oh there was something. You know that handbell which the white man uses to summon his servants ...?

AMUSA [*he manages to preserve some dignity throughout*]: I hope you women know that interfering with officer in execution of his duty is criminal offence. 25

WOMAN: Interfere? He says we're interfering with him. You foolish man we're telling you there's nothing to interfere with.

AMUSA: I am order you now to clear the road.

WOMAN: What road? The one your father built?

WOMAN: You are a policeman not so? Then you know what they call trespassing in court. Or – [*Pointing to the cloth-lined steps.*] – do you think that kind of road is built for every kind of feet. 30

WOMAN: Go back and tell the white man who sent you to come himself.

AMUSA: If I go I will come back with reinforcement. And we will all return carrying weapons. 35

WOMAN: Oh, now I understand. Before they can put on those knickers the white man first cuts off their weapons.

WOMAN: What a cheek! You mean you come here to show power to women and you don't even have a weapon.

AMUSA [*shouting above the laughter*]: For the last time I warn you women to clear the road. 40

WOMAN: To where?

AMUSA: To that hut. I know he dey dere.

WOMAN: Who?

AMUSA: The chief who call himself Elesin Oba. 45

WOMAN: You ignorant man. It is not he who calls himself Elesin Oba, it is the blood that says it. As it called out to his father before him and will tell his son after him. And that is in spite of everything your white man can do.

WOMAN: Is it not the same ocean that washes this land and the white man's land? Tell your white man he can hide our son away as long as he likes. When the time comes for him, the same ocean will bring him back. 50

AMUSA: The government say dat kin' ting must stop.

Scene 3

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *To the Lighthouse*

- 8 **Either** (a) 'Time Passes' is the title of the middle section of the novel. By what means and what effect does Woolf explore the theme of time in the novel?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in particular the ways in which it relates to the key concerns of the novel.

This ray passed level with Mr Bankes's ray straight to Mrs Ramsay sitting reading there with James at her knee. But now while she still looked, Mr Bankes had done. He had put on his spectacles. He had stepped back. He had raised his hand. He had slightly narrowed his clear blue eyes, when Lily, rousing herself, saw what he was at, and winced like a dog who sees a hand raised to strike it. She would have snatched her picture off the easel, but she said to herself, One must. She braced herself to stand the awful trial of someone looking at her picture. One must, she said, one must. And if it must be seen, Mr Bankes was less alarming than another. But that any other eyes should see the residue of her thirty-three years, the deposit of each day's living, mixed with something more secret than she had ever spoken or shown in the course of all those days was an agony. At the same time it was immensely exciting. 5

Nothing could be cooler and quieter. Taking out a penknife, Mr Bankes tapped the canvas with the bone handle. What did she wish to indicate by the triangular purple shape, 'just there?' he asked. 10

It was Mrs Ramsay reading to James, she said. She knew his objection—that no one could tell it for a human shape. But she had made no attempt at likeness, she said. For what reason had she introduced them then? he asked. Why indeed?—except that if there, in that corner, it was bright, here, in this, she felt the need of darkness. Simple, obvious, common-place, as it was, Mr Bankes was interested. Mother and child then—objects of universal veneration, and in this case the mother was famous for her beauty—might be reduced, he pondered, to a purple shadow without irreverence. 15

But the picture was not of them, she said. Or, not in his sense. There were other senses, too, in which one might reverence them. By a shadow here and a light there, for instance. Her tribute took that form, if, as she vaguely supposed, a picture must be a tribute. A mother and child might be reduced to a shadow without irreverence. A light here required a shadow there. He considered. He was interested. He took it scientifically in complete good faith. The truth was that all his prejudices were on the other side, he explained. The largest picture in his drawing-room, which painters had praised, and valued at a higher price than he had given for it, was of the cherry trees in blossom on the banks of the Kennet. He had spent his honeymoon on the banks of the Kennet, he said. Lily must come and see that picture, he said. But now – he turned, with his glasses raised to the scientific examination of her canvas. The question being one of the relations of masses, of light and shadows, which, to be honest, he had never considered before, he would like to have it explained – what then did she wish to make of it? And he indicated the scene before them. She looked. She could not show him what she wished to make of it, could not see it even herself, without a brush in her hand. She took up once more her old painting position with the dim eyes and the absent-minded manner, subduing all her impressions as a woman to something much more general; becoming once more under the power of that vision which she had seen clearly once and must now grope for among hedges and houses and mothers and children – her picture. It was a question, she remembered, how to connect this mass on the right hand with that on the left. She might do it by bringing the line of the branch across so; or break the vacancy in the foreground by an object (James perhaps) so. But the danger was that by doing that the unity of the whole might be broken. She stopped; she did not want to bore him; she took the canvas lightly off the easel. 20 25 30 35 40 45

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