



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

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/61**

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

**October/November 2010**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**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.



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This document consists of **13** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



MARGARET ATWOOD: *Cat's Eye*

- 1 **Either** (a) Elaine says that Stephen puts all his best marbles into a jar and buries it 'but he doesn't say why, or where the jars are buried'.

In the light of the quotation, discuss the role and significance of Stephen in the novel.

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, exploring the effectiveness of Atwood's narrative techniques in depicting the women's meeting.

What is wrong with us the way we are is men.

Many things are said about men. Two of these women have been raped, for instance. One has been beaten up. Others have been discriminated against at work, passed over or ignored; or their art has been ridiculed, dismissed as too feminine. Others have begun to compare their salaries with those of men, and have found them to be less. 5

I have no doubt that all of these things are true. Rapists exist, and those who molest children and strangle girls. They exist in the shadows, like the sinister men who lurk in ravines, not one of whom I have ever seen. They are violent, wage wars, commit murders. They do less work and make more money. They shove the housework off on women. 10

They are insensitive and refuse to confront their own emotions. They are easily fooled, and wish to be: for instance, with a few gasps and wheezes they can be conned into thinking they are sexual supermen. There are giggles of recognition over this. I begin to wonder if I've been faking orgasm without knowing it. 15

But I am on shaky ground, in this testifying against men, because I live with one. Women like me, with a husband, a child, have been referred to with some scorn as "nukes," for *nuclear family*. *Pronatalist* is suddenly a bad word. There are some other nukes in this group, but they are not in the majority and say nothing in their own defence. It seems to be worthier to be a woman with a child but no man. That way you've paid your dues. If you stay with the man, whatever problems you are having are your own fault. 20

None of this is actually said.

These meetings are supposed to make me feel more powerful, and in some ways they do. Rage can move mountains. In addition, they amaze me: it's shocking, and exciting, to hear such things emerging from the mouths of women. I begin to think that women I have thought were stupid, or wimps, may simply have been hiding things, as I was. 25

But these meetings also make me nervous, and I don't understand why. I don't say much, I am awkward and uncertain, because whatever I do say might be the wrong thing. I have not suffered enough, I haven't paid my dues, I have no right to speak. I feel as if I'm standing outside a closed door while decisions are being made, disapproving judgments are being pronounced, inside, about me. At the same time I want to please. 30

Sisterhood is a difficult concept for me, I tell myself, because I never had a sister. Brotherhood is not. 35

Chapter 61

2 **Either** (a) 'In *The English Teacher* Narayan evokes a colourful and detailed sense of place.'

What do you think are the effects of Narayan's presentation of different areas of Malgudi?

**Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting on its effectiveness as the ending to the novel.

I was walking down our lone street late at night, enveloped in the fragrance of the jasmine and rose garland, slung on my arm. 'For whom am I carrying this jasmine home?' I asked myself. Susila would treasure a garland for two whole days, cutting up and sticking masses of it in her hair morning and evening. 'Carrying a garland to a lonely house – a dreadful job,' I told myself. 5

I fumbled with the key in the dark, opened the door and switched on the light. I hung up the garland on a nail and kicked up the roll of bedding. The fragrance permeated the whole house. I sprinkled a little water on the flowers to keep them fresh, put out the light and lay down to sleep.

The garland hung by the nail right over my head. The few drops of water which I sprinkled on the flowers seemed to have quickened in them a new life. Their essences came forth into the dark night as I lay in bed, bringing a new vigour with them. The atmosphere became surcharged with strange spiritual forces. Their delicate aroma filled every particle of the air, and as I let my mind float in the ecstasy, gradually perceptions and senses deepened. Oblivion crept over me like a cloud. The past, present and the future welded into one. 10 15

I had been thinking of the day's activities and meetings and associations. But they seemed to have no place now. I checked my mind. Bits of memory came floating – a gesture of Brown's, the toy house in the dentist's front room, Rangappa with a garland, and the ring of many speeches and voices – all this was gently overwhelmed and swept aside, till one's mind became clean and bare and a mere chamber of fragrance. It was a superb, noble intoxication. And I had no choice but to let my mind and memories drown in it. I softly called, 'Susila! Susila, my wife...' with all my being. It sounded as if it were a hypnotic melody. 'My wife... my wife, my wife. ...' My mind trembled with this rhythm, I forgot myself and my own existence. I fell into a drowse, whispering, 'My wife, wife.' How long? How could I say? When I opened my eyes again she was sitting on my bed looking at me with an extraordinary smile in her eyes. 20 25

'Susila! Susila!' I cried. 'You here!' 'Yes, I'm here, have always been here.' I sat up leaning on my pillow. 'Why do you disturb yourself?' she asked.

'I am making a place for you,' I said, edging away a little. I looked her up and down and said: 'How well you look!' Her complexion had a golden glow, her eyes sparkled with a new light, her saree shimmered with blue interwoven with 'light' as she had termed it. ... 'How beautiful!' I said looking at it. 'Yes, I always wear this when I come to you. I know you like it very much,' she said. I gazed on her face. There was an overwhelming fragrance of jasmine surrounding her. 'Still jasmine-scented!' I commented. 30 35

'Oh wait,' I said and got up. I picked up the garland from the nail and returned to bed. I held it to her 'For you as ever. I somehow feared you wouldn't take it. ...' She received it with a smile, cut off a piece of it and stuck it in a curve on the back of her head. She turned her head and asked: 'Is this all right?' 40

'Wonderful,' I said, smelling it.

A cock crew. The first purple of the dawn came through our window, and faintly touched the walls of our room. 'Dawn!' she whispered and rose to her feet.

We stood at the window, gazing on a slender, red streak over the eastern rim of the earth. A cool breeze lapped our faces. The boundaries of our personalities suddenly dissolved. It was a moment of rare, immutable joy – a moment for which one feels grateful to Life and Death. 45

LES MURRAY: from *Selected Poems*

- 3 **Either** (a) With reference to **three** poems from this selection, discuss Murray's treatment of Australia's involvement in military conflict.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, paying particular attention to Murray's depiction of the relationship between man and nature.

*The Grassfire Stanzas*

August, and black centres expand on the afternoon paddock.  
 Dilating on a match in widening margins, they lift  
 a splintering murmur; they fume out of used-up grass  
 that's been walked, since summer, into infinite swirled licks.

The man imposing spring here swats with his branch, controlling it: 5  
 only small things may come to a head, in this settlement pattern.

Fretted with small flame, the aspiring islands leave  
 odd plumes behind. Smuts shower up every thermal  
 to float down long stairs. Aggregate smoke attracts a kestrel.

Eruption of darkness from far down under roots 10  
 is the aspect of these cores, on the undulating farmland;  
 dense black is withered into web, inside a low singing;  
 it is dried and loosened, on the surface; it is made weak.

The green feed that shelters beneath its taller death yearly 15  
 is unharmed, under now loaf soot. Arriving hawks teeter  
 and plunge continually, working over the hopping outskirts.

The blackenings are balanced, on a gradient of dryness  
 in the almost-still air, between dying thinly away  
 and stripping the whole countryside. Joining, they never gain  
 more than they lose. They spread away from their high moments. 20

The man carries smoke wrapped in bark, and keeps applying it  
 starting new circles. He is burning the passive ocean  
 around his ark of buildings and his lifeboat water;

it wasn't this man, but it was a man, sing the agile 25  
 exclamatory birds, who taught them this rapt hunting  
 (strike! in the updrafts, snap! of hardwood pods).  
 Humans found the fire here. It is inherent. They learn,  
 wave after wave of them, how to touch the country.

Sterilizing reed distaffs, the fire edges on to a dam; 30  
 it circuits across a cow-track; new surf starts riding outward  
 and a nippy kestrel feeds from its foot, over cooling mergers.

It's the sun that is touched, and dies in expansion, mincing,  
 making the round dance, foretelling its future, driving  
 the frantic lives outwards. The sun that answers the bark tip  
 is discharged in many little songs, to forestall a symphony. 35

Cattle come, with stilted bounding calves. They look across the ripple lines of heat, and shake their armed heads at them; at random, then, they step over. Grazing smudged black country they become the beasts of Tartarus. Wavering, moving out over dung-smouldering ground still covered with its uncovering.

40

CARYL CHURCHILL: *Top Girls*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which the methods and concerns of Act One contribute to the play as a whole.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, discuss the dramatic effects in Churchill's presentation of the relationship between Marlene and Joyce in the following passage.

JOYCE: You've caught me on the hop with the place in a mess. / If you'd let me know you was coming I'd have got

MARLENE: That doesn't matter.

JOYCE: something in to eat. We had our dinner dinnertime. We're just going to have a cup of tea. You could have an egg. 5

MARLENE: No, I'm not hungry. Tea's fine.

JOYCE: I don't expect you take sugar.

MARLENE: Why not?

JOYCE: You take care of yourself.

MARLENE: How do you mean you didn't know I was coming? 10

JOYCE: You could have written. I know we're not on the phone but we're not completely in the dark ages, / we do have a postman.

MARLENE: But you asked me to come.

JOYCE: How did I ask you to come?

MARLENE: Angie said when she phoned up. 15

JOYCE: Angie phoned up, did she?

MARLENE: Was it just Angie's idea?

JOYCE: What did she say?

MARLENE: She said you wanted me to come and see you. / It was a couple of weeks ago. How was I to know that's a 20

JOYCE: Ha.

MARLENE: ridiculous idea? My diary's always full a couple of weeks ahead so we fixed it for this weekend. I was meant to get here earlier but I was held up. She gave me messages from you.

JOYCE: Didn't you wonder why I didn't phone you myself? 25

MARLENE: She said you didn't like using the phone. You're shy on the phone and can't use it. I don't know what you're like, do I.

JOYCE: Are there people who can't use the phone?

MARLENE: I expect so.

JOYCE: I haven't met any. 30

MARLENE: Why should I think she was lying?

JOYCE: Because she's like what she's like.

MARLENE: How do I know / what she's like?

JOYCE: It's not my fault you don't know what she's like. You never come and see her. 35

MARLENE: Well I have now / and you don't seem over the moon.

JOYCE: Good.

Well I'd have got a cake if she'd told me.

*Pause.*

MARLENE: I did wonder why you wanted to see me. 40

JOYCE: I didn't want to see you.

MARLENE: Yes, I know. Shall I go?

JOYCE: I don't mind seeing you.

MARLENE: Great, I feel really welcome.

JOYCE: You can come and see Angie any time you like, I'm not stopping you. / 45

You know where we are. You're the

MARLENE: Ta ever so.

JOYCE: one went away, not me. I'm right here where I was. And will be a few years yet I shouldn't wonder.

MARLENE: All right. All right. 50  
JOYCE *gives* MARLENE *a cup of tea.*

JOYCE: Tea.

MARLENE: Sugar?  
JOYCE *passes* MARLENE *the sugar.* 55  
It's very quiet down here.

JOYCE: I expect you'd notice it.

MARLENE: The air smells different too.

JOYCE: That's the scent.

MARLENE: No, I mean walking down the lane.

JOYCE: What sort of air you get in London then? 60

Act 3

HAROLD PINTER: *The Homecoming*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'Teddy's departure could be viewed as either humiliation or escape.'  
In the light of this statement, what is your view of Pinter's presentation of Teddy?
- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effects of the following passage, considering how it contributes to our understanding of the relationships in the play.

MAX: I've never had a whore under this roof before. Ever since your mother died. My word of honour. (To JOEY.)

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TEDDY: Come on, Dad. I'm ready for the cuddle.  
MAX begins to chuckle, gurgling.  
He turns to the family and addresses them.

MAX: He still loves his father!

Curtain

Act 1



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

6 **Either** (a) 'Eliot creates extraordinary effects from ordinary situations.'

With detailed reference to at least **two** poems from this selection, discuss how far you agree with this observation.

**Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract from 'Rhapsody on a Windy Night', considering how far it is characteristic of Eliot's poetry in this selection.

Half-past three,  
The lamp sputtered,

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The bed is open; the tooth-brush hangs on the wall,  
Put your shoes at the door, sleep, prepare for life.'

The last twist of the knife.

**Turn to page 12 for Question 7.**

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

7 **Either** (a) 'Soyinka places the concepts of honour and duty at the centre of the play.'

Discuss ways in which Soyinka dramatises honour and duty in the play.

**Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effects of the following passage commenting on the roles played by Jane and Simon Pilkings both here and elsewhere in the play.

- JANE: Oh Amusa, what is there to be scared of in the costume? You saw it confiscated last month from those *egungun* men who were creating trouble in town. You helped arrest the cult leaders yourself – if the juju didn't harm you at the time how could it possibly harm you now? And merely by looking at it? 5
- AMUSA: (*without looking down*) Madam, I arrest the ringleaders who make trouble but me I no touch *egungun*. That *egungun* inself, I no touch. And I no abuse 'am. I arrest ringleader but I treat *egungun* with respect.
- PILKINGS: It's hopeless. We'll merely end up missing the best part of the ball. When they get this way there is nothing you can do. It's simply hammering against a brick wall. Write your report or whatever it is on that pad Amusa and take yourself out of here. Come on Jane. We only upset his delicate sensibilities by remaining here. 10
- AMUSA *waits for them to leave, then writes in the notebook, somewhat laboriously. Drumming from the direction of the town wells up. AMUSA listens, makes a movement as if he wants to recall PILKINGS but changes his mind. Completes his note and goes. A few moments later PILKINGS emerges, picks up the pad and reads.* 15
- PILKINGS: Jane!
- JANE: (*from the bedroom*) Coming darling. Nearly ready. 20
- PILKINGS: Never mind being ready, just listen to this.
- JANE: What is it?
- PILKINGS: Amusa's report. Listen. 'I have to report that it come to my information that one prominent chief, namely, the Elesin Oba, is to commit death tonight as a result of native custom. Because this is criminal offence I await further instruction at charge office. Sergeant Amusa.' 25
- JANE *comes out onto the verandah while he is reading.*
- JANE: Did I hear you say commit death?
- PILKINGS: Obviously he means murder.
- JANE: You mean a ritual murder? 30
- PILKINGS: Must be. You think you've stamped it all out but it's always lurking under the surface somewhere.
- JANE: Oh. Does it mean we are not getting to the ball at all?
- PILKINGS: No-o. I'll have the man arrested. Everyone remotely involved. In any case there may be nothing to it. Just rumours. 35
- JANE: Really? I thought you found Amusa's rumours generally reliable.
- PILKINGS: That's true enough. But who knows what may have been giving him the scare lately. Look at his conduct tonight.
- JANE: (*laughing*) You have to admit he had his own peculiar logic. (*Deepens her voice.*) How can man talk against death to person in uniform of death? (*Laughs.*) Anyway, you can't go into the police station dressed like that. 40
- PILKINGS: I'll send Joseph with instructions. Damn it, what a confounded nuisance!
- JANE: But don't you think you should talk first to the man, Simon? 45
- PILKINGS: Do you want to go to the ball or not?

- JANE: Darling, why are you getting rattled? I was only trying to be intelligent. It seems hardly fair just to lock up a man – and a chief at that – simply on the evidence ... what is the legal word again? – uncorroborated word of a sergeant. 50
- PILKINGS: Well, that's easily decided. Joseph!
- JOSEPH: (*from within*) Yes master.
- PILKINGS: You're quite right of course, I am getting rattled. Probably the effect of those bloody drums. Do you hear how they go on and on?
- JANE: I wondered when you'd notice. Do you suppose it has something to do with this affair? 55
- PILKINGS: Who knows? They always find an excuse for making a noise ... (*Thoughtfully.*) Even so ...
- JANE: Yes Simon?
- PILKINGS: It's different Jane. I don't think I've heard this particular – sound – before. Something unsettling about it. 60
- JANE: I thought all bush drumming sounded the same.
- PILKINGS: Don't tease me now Jane. This may be serious.

Scene 2

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *To the Lighthouse*

- 8 **Either** (a) Mr Ramsay thinks that ‘His own little light would shine, not very brightly, for a year or two, and would then be merged in some bigger light, and that in a bigger still.’

Discuss the symbolism of light in the novel.

- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, paying particular attention to ways in which Woolf depicts the relationship between Mr and Mrs Ramsay.

But what had happened?

Someone had blundered.

Starting from her musing she gave meaning to words which she had held meaningless in her mind for a long stretch of time. ‘Someone had blundered’ – Fixing her short-sighted eyes upon her husband, who was now bearing down upon her, she gazed steadily until his closeness revealed to her (the jingle mated itself in her head) that something had happened, someone had blundered. But she could not for the life of her think what. 5

He shivered; he quivered. All his vanity, all his satisfaction in his own splendour, riding fell as a thunderbolt, fierce as a hawk at the head of his men through the valley of death, had been shattered, destroyed. Stormed at by shot and shell, boldly we rode and well, flashed through the valley of death, volleyed and thundered – straight into Lily Briscoe and William Bankes. He quivered; he shivered. 10

Not for the world would she have spoken to him, realising, from the familiar signs, his eyes averted, and some curious gathering together of his person, as if he wrapped himself about and needed privacy in which to regain his equilibrium, that he was outraged and anguished. She stroked James’s head; she transferred to him what she felt for her husband, and, as she watched him chalk yellow the white dress shirt of a gentleman in the Army and Navy Stores catalogue, thought what a delight it would be to her should he turn out a great artist; and why should he not? He had a splendid forehead. Then, looking up, as her husband passed her once more, she was relieved to find that the ruin was veiled; domesticity triumphed; custom crooned its soothing rhythm, so that when stopping deliberately, as his turn came round again, at the window he bent quizzically and whimsically to tickle James’s bare calf with a sprig of something, she twitted him for having dispatched ‘that poor young man’, Charles Tansley. Tansley had had to go in and write his dissertation, he said. 15 20 25

The Window, Chapter 6



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