

CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH
PAPER 6 20th Century Writing

9695/6

MAY/JUNE SESSION 2002

2 hours

Additional materials:
Answer paper

TIME 2 hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer paper/answer booklet.

Answer **two** questions.

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

If you use more than one sheet of paper, fasten the sheets together.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

This question paper consists of 15 printed pages and 1 blank page.



MARGARET ATWOOD: *Cat's Eye*

1 **Either** (a) 'But I am not free, of Cordelia.'

Discuss the portrayal and significance of Cordelia in *Cat's Eye*.

Or (b) Comment on the effects achieved in the following passage. How far do you think that the writing here reflects concerns and methods characteristic of *Cat's Eye* as a whole?

The other students in Art and Archaeology are all girls but one, just as the professors are all men but one. The student who is not a girl and the professor who is not a man are considered strange; the first has an unfortunate skin condition, the second a nervous stammer. None of the girl students wants to be an artist; instead they want to be teachers of art in high schools, or, in one case, a curator in a gallery. Or else they are vague about their wants, which means they intend to get married before any of these other things becomes necessary. 5

What they wear is cashmere twin sets, camel's-hair coats, good tweed skirts, pearl button earrings. They wear tidy medium-heel pumps and tailored blouses, or jumpers, or little weskits with matching skirts and buttons. I wear these things too, I try to blend in. Between classes I drink cups of coffee with them and eat doughnuts, sitting in various common rooms and butteries and coffee shops. They discuss clothes, or talk about the boys they are going out with, licking the doughnut sugar off their fingers. Two of them are already pinned. Their eyes during these conversations look dewy, blurred, pulpy, easily hurt, like the eyes of blind baby kittens; but also sly and speculative, and filled with greed and deceit. 10 15

I feel ill at ease with them, as if I am here under false pretences. Mr. Hrbik and the tactility of the body do not fit into Art and Archaeology; my botched attempts at drawing naked women would be seen as a waste of time. Art has been accomplished, elsewhere. All that remains to be done with it is the memory-work. The entire Life Drawing class would be viewed as pretentious, and also ludicrous. 20

But it is my lifeline, my real life. Increasingly I begin to eliminate whatever does not fit in with it, paring myself down. To the first class I made the mistake of wearing a plaid jumper and a white blouse with a Peter Pan collar, but I learn quickly. I switch to what the boys wear, and the other girl: black turtle-necks and jeans. This clothing is not a disguise, like other clothing, but an allegiance, and in time I work up the courage to wear these things even in the daytime, to Art and Archaeology; all except the jeans, which nobody wears. Instead I wear black skirts. I grow out my high school bangs and pin my hair back off my face, hoping to look austere. The girls at university, in their cashmere and pearls, make jokes about arty beatniks and talk to me less. 25 30

The two older women in Life Drawing notice my transformation as well. "So who died?" they ask me. Their names are Babs and Marjorie, and they are professionals. They both do portraits, Babs of children, Marjorie of dog owners and their dogs; they are doing Life Drawing as a refresher course, they say. They themselves do not wear black turtlenecks, but smocks, like pregnant women. 35

SAMUEL BECKETT: *Waiting for Godot*

2 Either (a) 'VLADIMIR: How time flies when one has fun!'

How far, and in what ways, do you think the experience of *Waiting for Godot* could be described as 'fun'?

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

- Vladimir:* Let us not waste our time in idle discourse!
(Pause. Vehemently.) Let us do something, while we have the chance! It is not every day that we are needed. Not indeed that we personally are needed. Others would meet the case equally well, if not better. To all mankind they were addressed, those cries for help still ringing in our ears! 5
 But at this place, at this moment of time, all mankind is us, whether we like it or not. Let us make the most of it, before it is too late! Let us represent worthily for once the foul brood to which a cruel fate consigned us! What do you say? *(Estragon says nothing.)* It is true that when with folded arms we weigh the pros and cons we are no less a credit to our species. The tiger bounds to the help of his congeners without the least reflection, or else he slinks away into the depths of the thickets. But that is not the question. What are we doing here, *that* is the question. And we are blessed in this, that we happen to know the answer. Yes, in this immense confusion one thing alone is clear. We are waiting for Godot to come— 10 15
- Estragon:* Ah!
Pozzo: Help!
Vladimir: Or for night to fall. *(Pause.)* We have kept our appointment, and that's an end to that. We are not saints, but we have kept our appointment. How many people can boast as much? 20
- Estragon:* Billions.
Vladimir: You think so?
Estragon: I don't know.
Vladimir: You may be right. 25
Pozzo: Help!
Vladimir: All I know is that the hours are long, under these conditions, and constrain us to beguile them with proceedings which – how shall I say – which may at first sight seem reasonable, until they become a habit. You may say it is to prevent our reason from foundering. No doubt. But has it not long been straying in the night without end of the abyssal depths? That's what I sometimes wonder. You follow my reasoning? 30
- Estragon:* *(aphoristic for once).* We all are born mad. Some remain so.
Pozzo: Help! I'll pay you!
Estragon: How much? 35
Pozzo: One hundred francs!
Estragon: It's not enough.
Vladimir: I wouldn't go so far as that.
Estragon: You think it's enough?
Vladimir: No, I mean so far as to assert that I was weak in the head when I came into the world. But that is not the question. 40
Pozzo: Two hundred!

- Vladimir:* We wait. We are bored (*He throws up his hand.*) No, don't protest, we are bored to death, there's no denying it. Good. A diversion comes along and what do we do? We let it go to waste. Come, let's get to work! (*He advances towards the heap, stops in his stride.*) In an instant all will vanish and we'll be alone once more, in the midst of nothingness!
He broods. 45
- Pozzo:* Two hundred!
- Vladimir:* We're coming! 50
He tries to pull Pozzo to his feet, fails, tries again, stumbles, falls, tries to get up, fails.

T. S. ELIOT: *Selected Poems*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'A fascination with the sordid features of the modern world permeates Eliot's writing.'

How far does your reading of the poetry support this view?

- Or** (b) Look in detail at the following passage from Part V of *The Waste Land*, showing how far it reflects Eliot's methods and concerns in the poem as a whole.

V. What the Thunder said

After the torchlight red on sweaty faces
 After the frosty silence in the gardens
 After the agony in stony places
 The shouting and the crying
 Prison and palace and reverberation 5
 Of thunder of spring over distant mountains
 He who was living is now dead
 We who were living are now dying
 With a little patience

Here is no water but only rock 10
 Rock and no water and the sandy road
 The road winding above among the mountains
 Which are mountains of rock without water
 If there were water we should stop and drink
 Amongst the rock one cannot stop or think 15
 Sweat is dry and feet are in the sand
 If there were only water amongst the rock
 Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit
 Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit
 There is not even silence in the mountains 20
 But dry sterile thunder without rain
 There is not even solitude in the mountains
 But red sullen faces sneer and snarl
 From doors of mudcracked houses

If there were water 25

And no rock
 If there were rock
 And also water
 And water
 A spring 30
 A pool among the rock
 If there were the sound of water only
 Not the cicada
 And dry grass singing
 But sound of water over a rock 35
 Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees
 Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop
 But there is no water

Who is the third who walks always beside you?
 When I count, there are only you and I together 40
 But when I look ahead up the white road
 There is always another one walking beside you
 Gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded
 I do not know whether a man or a woman
 —But who is that on the other side of you? 45

What is that sound high in the air
 Murmur of maternal lamentation
 Who are those hooded hordes swarming
 Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth
 Ringed by the flat horizon only 50
 What is the city over the mountains
 Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air
 Falling towers
 Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
 Vienna London 55
 Unreal

A woman drew her long black hair out tight
 And fiddled whisper music on those strings
 And bats with baby faces in the violet light
 Whistled, and beat their wings 60
 And crawled head downward down a blackened wall
 And upside down in air were towers
 Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours
 And voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted
 wells. 65

E. M. FORSTER: *A Passage to India*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'The central concern of the book is the friendship between Fielding and Dr Aziz.'

Explore the implications of this statement, in relation to your own view of *A Passage to India*.

- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of Forster's depiction of relations between races in the following passage, showing how far it reflects concerns of the novel as a whole.

The College itself had been slapped down by the Public Works department, but its grounds included an ancient garden and a garden-house, and here he lived for much of the year. He was dressing after a bath when Dr Aziz was announced. Lifting up his voice, he shouted from the bedroom, 'Please make yourself at home.' The remark was unpremeditated, like most of his actions; it was what he felt inclined to say. 5

To Aziz it had a very definite meaning. 'May I really, Mr Fielding? It's very good of you,' he called back; 'I like unconventional behaviour so extremely.' His spirits flared up, he glanced round the living-room. Some luxury in it, but no order – nothing to intimidate poor Indians. It was also a very beautiful room, opening into the garden through three high arches of wood. 'The fact is I have long wanted to meet you,' he continued. 'I have heard so much about your warm heart from the Nawab Bahadur. But where is one to meet in a wretched hole like Chandrapore?' He came close up to the door. 'When I was greener here, I'll tell you what: I used to wish you to fall ill so that we could meet that way.' They laughed, and encouraged by his success he began to improvise. 'I said to myself, "How does Mr Fielding look this morning? Perhaps pale. And the Civil Surgeon is pale too, he will not be able to attend upon him when the shivering commences." I should have been sent for instead. Then we would have had jolly talks, for you are a celebrated student of Persian poetry.' 10

'You know me by sight, then.' 20

'Of course, of course. You know me?'

'I know you very well by name.'

'I have been here such a short time, and always in the bazaar. No wonder you have never seen me, and I wonder you know my name. I say, Mr Fielding?'

'Yes?' 25

'Guess what I look like before you come out. That will be a kind of game.'

'You're five feet nine inches high,' said Fielding, surmising this much through the ground glass of the bedroom door.

'Jolly good. What next? Have I not a venerable white beard?'

'Blast!' 30

'Anything wrong?'

'I've stamped on my last collar-stud.'

'Take mine, take mine.'

'Have you a spare one?'

'Yes, yes, one minute.' 35

'Not if you're wearing it yourself.'

'No, no, one in my pocket.' Stepping aside, so that his outline might vanish, he wrenched off his collar, and pulled out of his shirt the back stud, a gold stud, which was part of a set that his brother-in-law had brought him from Europe. 'Here it is,' he cried. 40

'Come in with it if you don't mind the unconventionality.'

'One minute again.' Replacing his collar, he prayed that it would not spring up at the back during tea. Fielding's bearer, who was helping him to dress, opened the door for him.

‘Many thanks.’ They shook hands, smiling. He began to look round, as he would have with any old friend. Fielding was not surprised at the rapidity of their intimacy. With so emotional a people it was apt to come at once or never, and he and Aziz, having heard only good of each other, could afford to dispense with preliminaries. 45

‘But I always thought that Englishmen kept their rooms so tidy. It seems that this is not so. I need not be so ashamed.’ He sat down gaily on the bed; then, forgetting himself entirely, drew up his legs and folded them under him. ‘Everything ranged coldly on shelves was what I thought. — I say, Mr Fielding, is the stud going to go in?’ 50

‘I hae ma doots.’

‘What’s that last sentence, please? Will you teach me some new words and so improve my English?’ 55

Fielding doubted whether ‘everything ranged coldly on shelves’ could be improved. He was often struck by the liveliness with which the younger generation handled a foreign tongue. They altered the idiom, but they could say whatever they wanted to say quickly; there were none of the babuisms ascribed to them up at the Club. But then the Club moved slowly; it still declared that few Mohammedans and no Hindus would eat at an Englishman’s table, and that all Indian ladies were in impenetrable purdah. Individually it knew better; as a club it declined to change. 60

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *An Artist of the Floating World*

5 **Either** (a) 'The narrator of *An Artist of the Floating World* is a man who deceives himself.'

How far does your reading of the novel lead you to agree with this view?

Or (b) Consider how far and in what ways the following passage exemplifies Ishiguro's concerns and narrative technique in *An Artist of the Floating World*.

On three or four evenings a week I still find myself taking that path down to the river and the little wooden bridge still known to some who lived here before the war as 'the Bridge of Hesitation'. We called it that because until not so long ago, crossing it would have taken you into our pleasure district, and conscience-troubled men – so it was said – were to be seen hovering there, caught between seeking an evening's 5 entertainment and returning home to their wives. But if sometimes I am to be seen up on that bridge, leaning thoughtfully against the rail, it is not that I am hesitating. It is simply that I enjoy standing there as the sun sets, surveying my surroundings and the changes taking place around me.

Clusters of new houses have appeared towards the foot of the hill down which I 10 have just come. And further along the riverbank, where a year ago there was only grass and mud, a city corporation is building apartment blocks for future employees. But these are still far from completion, and when the sun is low over the river, one might even mistake them for the bombed ruins still to be found in certain parts of this city. 15

But then such ruins become more and more scarce each week; indeed, one would probably have to go as far north as the Wakamiya district, or else to that badly struck area between Honcho and Kasugamachi to encounter them now in any number. But only a year ago, I am sure bombed ruins were still a commonplace sight all over this city. For instance, that area across from the Bridge of Hesitation – 20 that area where our pleasure district had been – was this time last year still a desert of rubble. But now, work progresses there steadily every day. Outside Mrs Kawakami's where once throngs of pleasure-seekers had squeezed past one another, a wide concrete road is being built, and along both sides of it, the foundations for rows of large office buildings. 25

I suppose by the time Mrs Kawakami informed me one evening not so long ago of the corporation's offer to buy her out for a generous sum, I had long since accepted she would sooner or later have to close up and move.

'I don't know what I should do,' she had said to me. 'It would be terrible to leave here after all this time. I was awake thinking about it all last night. But then again, 30 Sensei, when I thought about it, I said to myself, well, now with Shintaro-san gone, Sensei's the only dependable customer I have left. I really don't know what I should do.'

I am indeed her only real customer these days; Shintaro has not shown his face at Mrs Kawakami's since that small episode last winter – lacking the courage, no 35 doubt, to face me. This was, I suppose, unfortunate for Mrs Kawakami, who had had nothing to do with the affair.

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

7 **Either (a)** 'Beneath the vigorously comic drama lies a serious purpose.'

Show how far your reading of the plays leads you to agree with this view.

Or (b) Consider the dramatic effectiveness of the following conclusion to *Jero's Metamorphosis*, showing in what ways it brings the action to a close.

Executive: Don't preach at me, humbug.

Jero: On the contrary we will preach at you. Every Tuesday at twelve o'clock the Church of Apostolic Salvation Army will preach outside your office. The subject of our sermons shall be, the evils of corruption – of the soul. We intend to restrict ourselves to spiritual matters. We will not contradict the secular image. 5

The CLERK bursts out laughing. The EXECUTIVE eyes him balefully and the laughter dries on his face.

Executive: You report to me in my office first thing tomorrow morning. You and the Eviction Officer. (*Storms out.*) 10

Ananias (as the CHIEF CLERK hesitates): Hey you, follow your master.

Clerk: Er ... Brother ... I mean ... er – General, you wouldn't ... I mean ... by any chance ... what I mean to say is ... even a Lance-Corporal would do me.

Rebecca: Glory be! (*Rushes forward to embrace him.*) I think there is a uniform just his size, my General. 15

Jero: As you wish Colonel, Lance-Corporal it is then.

Ananias: What next, my General?

Jero: No time like the present. We march this moment and show the flag. Brother Chume, kneel for your second christening. Or third. I'm beginning to lose count. (*CHUME kneels. JERO anoints his head.*) Go down, Brother Chume, rise Brigadier Joshua! 20

Severally (amidst embraces): God bless you, Joshua. God bless Brigadier Joshua.

Chume (overwhelmed): Oh Brother – sorry General – Jero. I am so unworthy ... 25

Jero: Nonsense, Chume, you are the very ornament of your rank. Stand to action Brigade. Brigadier Joshua will lead, blowing the trumpet. Sergeant Ananias!

Ananias: My General?

Jero: When Joshua blows the trumpet, it will be your duty to make the miracle happen. The walls shall come tumbling down or you will have some explaining to do. 30

Ananias: Leave it to me, my General.

Jero: Just lean on the rotting walls Ananias and the Lord will do the rest. By dawn the entire beach must be cleansed of all pestilential separatist shacks which infest the holy atmosphere of the united apostolate of the Lord. Beginning naturally with Apostate Shadrach's unholy den. The fire and the sword, Ananias, the fire and the sword. Light up the night of evil with the flames of holiness! Consecrate the grounds for the Bar Beach Spectacular! 35

Ananias: Apostolic Army of the Lord, Atten...tion! Forward, Banner of the Lord! (*REBECCA takes up position.*) Forward, Trumpet of the Lord! (*CHUME positions himself.*) Sound the Trumpet! By the left, Quick ... Swing against Corrup...tion! 40

CHUME *blasts the first bar of 'Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho' in strict tempo, then swings elated into a brisk indigenous rhythm to which the Army march-dance out into the night. JERO, with maximum condescension acknowledges the salute of the army. As the last man disappears, he takes a last look at the framed photo, takes it down and places it face towards the wall, takes from a drawer in the table an even larger photo of himself in his present uniform and mounts it on the wall. He then seats himself at the table and pulls towards him a file or two, as if to start work. Looks up suddenly and on his face is the amiable-charlatan grin.*

Jero: After all, it is the fashion these days to be a desk General.

Blackout.

THE END

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

- 8** **Either (a)** To what extent are women represented as victims in *A Streetcar Named Desire*?
- Or (b)** In what ways does the following passage, from the start of the play (scene one) prepare the audience for what is to come?

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