



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

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

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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 **16** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



CARYL CHURCHILL: *Top Girls*

3 Either (a) Caryl Churchill has said, 'Playwrights don't give answers. They ask questions.' What questions do you think Churchill is asking in this play, and how effectively has she found dramatic ways of presenting them?

Or (b) Discuss the dramatic effects of the following passage from Act 1, showing how the play's methods and concerns are raised here.

MARLENE: Griselda! / There you are. Do you want to eat?
 GRISELDA: I'm sorry I'm so late. No, no, don't bother.
 MARLENE: Of course it's no bother. / Have you eaten?
 GRISELDA: No really, I'm not hungry.
 MARLENE: Well have some pudding. 5
 GRISELDA: I never eat pudding.
 MARLENE: Griselda, I hope you're not anorexic. We're having pudding, I am, and getting nice and fat.
 GRISELDA: Oh if everyone is. I don't mind.
 MARLENE: Now who do you know? This is Joan who was Pope in the ninth century, 10
 and Isabella Bird, the Victorian traveller, and Lady Nijo from Japan, Emperor's concubine and Buddhist nun, thirteenth century, nearer your own time, and Gret who was painted by Brueghel. Griselda's in Boccaccio and Petrarch and Chaucer because of her extraordinary marriage. I'd like profiteroles because they're disgusting. 15
 JOAN: Zabaglione, please.
 ISABELLA: Apple pie / and cream.
 NIJO: What's this?
 MARLENE: Zabaglione, it's Italian, it's what Joan's having, / it's delicious.
 NIJO: A Roman Catholic / dessert? Yes please. 20
 MARLENE: Gret?
 GRET: Cake.
 GRISELDA: Just cheese and biscuits, thank you.
 MARLENE: Yes, Griselda's life is like a fairy-story, except it starts with marrying the prince. 25
 GRISELDA: He's only a marquis, Marlene.
 MARLENE: Well everyone for miles around is his liege and he's absolute lord of life and death and you were the poor but beautiful peasant girl and he whisked you off. / Near enough a prince.
 NIJO: How old were you? 30
 GRISELDA: Fifteen.
 NIJO: I was brought up in court circles and it was still a shock. Had you ever seen him before?
 GRISELDA: I'd seen him riding by, we all had. And he'd seen me in the fields with the sheep.* 35
 ISABELLA: I would have been well suited to minding sheep.
 NIJO: And Mr Nugent riding by.

- ISABELLA: Of course not, Nijo, I mean a healthy life in the open air.
- JOAN: *He just rode up while you were minding the sheep and asked you to marry him? 40
- GRISELDA: No, no, it was on the wedding day. I was waiting outside the door to see the procession. Everyone wanted him to get married so there'd be an heir to look after us when he died, / and at last he announced a day for the wedding but
- MARLENE: I don't think Walter wanted to get married. It is Walter? Yes. 45
- GRISELDA: nobody knew who the bride was, we thought it must be a foreign princess, we were longing to see her. Then the carriage stopped outside our cottage and we couldn't see the bride anywhere. And he came and spoke to my father.
- NIJO: And your father told you to serve the Prince. 50
- GRISELDA: My father could hardly speak. The Marquis said it wasn't an order, I could say no, but if I said yes I must always obey him in everything.
- MARLENE: That's when you should have suspected.
- GRISELDA: But of course a wife must obey her husband. / And of course I must obey the Marquis.* 55
- ISABELLA: I swore to obey dear John, of course, but it didn't seem to arise. Naturally I wouldn't have wanted to go abroad while I was married.
- MARLENE: *Then why bother to mention it at all? He'd got a thing about it, that's why.
- GRISELDA: I'd rather obey the Marquis than a boy from the village. 60
- MARLENE: Yes, that's a point.
- JOAN: I never obeyed anyone. They all obeyed me.

Act 1

LES MURRAY: *Selected Poems*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Some poets map a whole territory through their work. They give voice to a landscape and its inhabitants.'
- How far, and in what ways, do you think Les Murray is this kind of poet? You should refer closely to at least **three** poems from this selection.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering ways in which Murray explores relations between human and natural worlds.

The Forest Hit by Modern Use

The forest, hit by modern use,
stands graced with damage.

Angled plaques

tilt everywhere, with graphic needle crowns
and trinket saps fixed round their year; 5
vines spiderweb, flowering, over smashed
intricacies; long rides appear.

Dense growths that were always underbrush
expand in the light, beside bulldozers'
imprinted machine-gun belts of spoor. 10

Now the sun's in, through breaks and jags,
culled slopes are jammed with replacement: green
and whipstick saplings, every one out
to shade the rest to death.

Scabbed chain 15

feeds leaf-mould its taut rain-cold solution;
bared creeks wash gold; kingfishers hover.

There is still great height: all through the hills
spared hierarchs toughen to the wind
around the punk hearts that got them spared 20
and scatter seed down the logging roads.

Grease-fungi, scrolls, clenched pipes of bark:
the forest will now be kept like this
for a long time. There are rooms in it
and, paradox for mystery, birds 25
too tiny, now that we see them, for
their amplitude and carrying flash of song.

On a plinth, the sea-eagle eats by lengths
their enemy, a coil-whipping dry land fish
and voids white size to make room for it. 30

Turn to page 10 for Question 5.

- 5 **Either** (a) How far would you agree that the central concern of the novel is the conflict between traditional and modern values?
- Or** (b) The following passage is taken from the novel's final chapter. Discuss the effects of the writing here, considering the significance of the passage in your reading of the novel.

The hum of humanity around was increasing. His awareness of his surroundings was gradually lessening in a sort of inverse proportion. He was not aware of it, but the world was beginning to press around. The pen of the wandering journalist had done the trick. Its repercussions were far and wide. The railways were the first to feel the pressure. They had to run special trains for the crowds that were going to Malgudi. People traveled on footboards and on the roofs of coaches. The little Malgudi Station was choked with passengers. Outside the station buses stood, the conductors crying, "Special for Mangala leaving. Hurry up. Hurry up." People rushed up from the station into the buses and almost sat on top of one another. Gaffur's taxi drove up and down a dozen times a day. And the crowd congregated around the river at Mangala. People sat in groups along its sand bank, down its stones and steps, all the way up the opposite bank, wherever they could squeeze themselves in. 5 10

Never had this part of the country seen such a crowd. Shops sprang up overnight, as if by magic, on bamboo poles roofed with thatch, displaying colored soda bottles and bunches of bananas and coconut toffees. The Tea Propaganda Board opened a big tea stall, and its posters, green tea plantations along the slopes of blue mountains, were pasted all around the temple wall. (People drank too much coffee and too little tea in these parts.) It had put up a tea bar and served free tea in porcelain cups all day. The public swarmed around it like flies, and the flies swarmed on all the cups and sugar bowls. The presence of the fly brought in the Health Department, which feared an outbreak of some epidemic in that crowded place without water. The khaki-clad health inspectors sprayed every inch of space with DDT and, with needle in hand, coaxed people to inoculate themselves against cholera, malaria, and what not. A few youngsters just for fun bared their biceps, while a big crowd stood about and watched. There was a blank space on the rear wall of the temple where they cleaned up the ground and made a space for people to sit around and watch a film show when it grew dark. They attracted people to it by playing popular hits on the gramophone with its loudspeakers mounted on the withering treetops. Men, women, and children crowded in to watch the film shows, which were all about mosquitoes, malaria, plague, and tuberculosis, and BCG vaccination. When a huge close-up of a mosquito was shown as the cause of malaria, a peasant was overhead saying, "Such huge mosquitoes! No wonder the people get malaria in those countries. Our own mosquitoes are so tiny that they are harmless," which depressed the lecturer on malaria so much that he remained silent for ten minutes. When he had done with health, he showed a few Government of India films about dams, river valleys, and various projects, with ministers delivering speeches. Far off, outside the periphery, a man had opened a gambling booth with a dart board on a pole, and he had also erected a crude merry-go-round, which whined all day. Pedlars of various kinds were also threading in and out, selling balloons, reed whistles, and sweets. 15 20 25 30 35

A large crowd always stood around and watched the saint with profound awe. They touched the water at his feet and sprinkled it over their heads. They stood indefinitely around, until the master of ceremonies, Velan, begged them to move. "Please go away. The Swami must have fresh air. If you have had your *darshan*, move on and let others have theirs. Don't be selfish." And then the people moved on and enjoyed themselves in various ways. 40 45

When the Swami went in to lie on his mat in the hall, they came in again to look at him and stood about until Velan once again told them to keep moving. A few were specially privileged to sit on the edge of the mat very close to the great man. One of them was the schoolmaster, who took charge of all the telegrams and letters that were pouring in from all over the country wishing the Swami success. The post office at Mangala normally had a visiting postman who came once a week, and when a telegram came it was received at Aruna, a slightly bigger village seven miles down the river course, and was kept there until someone could be found going to Mangala. But now the little telegraph office had no rest – day and night messages poured in, just addressed, “Swamiji,” that was all. They were piling up every hour and had to be sent down by special messengers. In addition to the arriving telegrams, there were many going out. The place was swarming with press reporters, who were rushing their hour-to-hour stories to their papers all over the world. They were an aggressive lot and the little telegraph master was scared of them. They banged on his window and cried, “Urgent!” They held out packets and packed-up films and photographs, and ordered him to dispatch them at once. They cried, “Urgent, urgent! If this packet does not reach my office today ...” and they threatened terrifying prospects and said all sorts of frightening things.

“Press. Urgent!” “Press. Urgent!” They went on shouting till they reduced the man to a nervous wreck. He had promised his children that he would take them to see the Swamiji. The children cried, “They are also showing an Ali Baba film, a friend told me.” But the man was given no time to fulfill his promise to his children. When the press men gave him respite, the keys rattled with incoming messages. He had spent a fairly peaceful life until then, and the present strain tore at his nerves. He sent off an SOS to all his official superiors whenever he found breathing space: “Handling two hundred messages today. Want relief.”

Chapter 11

JEAN RHYSS: *Wide Sargasso Sea*

- 6 **Either** (a) How far would you agree that 'Rhys's presentation of Antoinette's unnamed husband is not entirely unsympathetic'?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering the significance of this moment in your reading of the novel as a whole.

After a long time I heard her say as if she were talking to herself, 'I have said all I want to say. I have tried to make you understand. But nothing has changed.' She laughed.

'Don't laugh like that, Bertha.'

'My name is not Bertha; why do you call me Bertha?' 5

'Because it is a name I'm particularly fond of. I think of you as Bertha.'

'It doesn't matter,' she said.

I said, 'When you went off this morning where did you go?'

'I went to see Christophine,' she said. 'I will tell you anything you wish to know, but in a few words because words are no use, I know that now.' 10

'Why did you go to see her?'

'I went to ask her to do something for me.'

'And did she do it?'

'Yes.' Another long pause.

'You wanted to ask her advice, was that it?' 15

She did not answer.

'What did she say?'

'She said that I ought to go away – to leave you.'

'Oh did she?' I said, surprised.

'Yes, that was her advice.' 20

'I want to do the best for both of us,' I said. 'So much of what you tell me is strange, different from what I was led to expect. Don't you feel that perhaps Christophine is right? That if you went away from this place or I went away – exactly as you wish of course – for a time, it might be the wisest thing to do?' Then I said sharply, 'Bertha, are you asleep, are you ill, why don't you answer me?' I got up, went over to her chair and took her cold hands in mine. 'We've been sitting here long enough, it is very late.' 25

'You go,' she said. 'I wish to stay here in the dark ... where I belong,' she added.

'Oh nonsense,' I said. I put my arms round her to help her up, I kissed her, but she drew away. 30

'Your mouth is colder than my hands,' she said. I tried to laugh. In the bedroom, I closed the shutters. 'Sleep now, we will talk things over tomorrow.'

'Yes,' she said, 'of course, but will you come in and say goodnight to me?'

'Certainly I will, my dear Bertha.'

'Not Bertha tonight,' she said. 35

'Of course, on this of all nights, you must be Bertha.'

'As you wish,' she said.

As I stepped into her room I noticed the white powder strewn on the floor. That was the first thing I asked her – about the powder. I asked what it was. She said it was to keep cockroaches away.

40

‘Haven’t you noticed that there are no cockroaches in this house and no centipedes. If you knew how horrible these things can be.’ She had lit all the candles and the room was full of shadows. There were six on the dressing-table and three on the table near her bed. The light changed her. I had never seen her look so gay or so beautiful. She poured wine into two glasses and handed me one but I swear it was before I drank that I longed to bury my face in her hair as I used to do. I said, ‘We are letting ghosts trouble us. Why shouldn’t we be happy?’ She said ‘Christophine knows about ghosts too, but that is not what she calls them.’ She need not have done what she did to me. I will always swear that, she need not have done it. When she handed me the glass she was smiling. I remember saying in a voice that was not like my own that it was too light. I remember putting out the candles on the table near the bed and that is all I remember. All I will remember of the night.

45

50

Chapter 2

DEREK WALCOTT: *Selected Poetry*

- 7 **Either** (a) Walcott wrote, about his dual (Afro-Caribbean/European) heritage:

‘I who am poisoned with the blood of both
Where shall I turn, divided to the vein?’

How far and in what ways do you think this ‘division’ is a significant element in Walcott’s poetry? In your answer you should refer closely to at least **three** poems.

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering Walcott’s exploration of personal and historical memory.

Veranda

(for Ronald Bryden)

Grey apparitions at veranda ends
like smoke, divisible, but one
your age is ashes, its coherence gone,

Planters whose tears were marketable gum, whose voices
scratch the twilight like dried fronds 5
edged with reflection,

Colonels, hard as the commonwealth’s greenheart,
middlemen, usurers whose art
kept an empire in the red,

Upholders of Victoria’s china seas 10
lapping embossed around a drinking mug,
bully-boy roarers of the Empire club,

To the tarantara of the bugler, the sunset furled
round the last post,
the ‘flamingo colours’ of a fading world, 15

A ghost steps from you, my grandfather’s ghost!
Uprooted from some rainy English shire,
you sought your Roman

End in suicide by fire.
Your mixed son gathered your charred, blackened bones, 20
in a child’s coffin.

And buried them himself on a strange coast.
Sire,
why do I raise you up? Because

Your house has voices, your burnt house, 25
shrills with unguessed, lovely inheritors,
your genealogical roof tree, fallen, survives,
like seasoned timber through green, little lives.

I ripen towards your twilight, sir, that dream
where I am singed in that sea-crossing, steam 30
towards that vaporous world, whose souls,

like pressured trees brought diamonds out of coals.
The sparks pitched from your burning house are stars.
I am the man my father loved and was.

Whatever love you suffered makes amends 35
within them, father.
I climb the stair

And stretch a darkening hand to greet those friends
who share with you the last inheritance
of earth, our shrine and pardoner, 40

grey, ghostly loungers at veranda ends.

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *Mrs Dalloway*

- 8 **Either** (a) 'A novel about the importance of love – or the lack of it.'
How far and in what ways do you think this is an appropriate description of *Mrs Dalloway*?
- Or** (b) Discuss the writing in the following passage, considering the effects of Woolf's use of multiple points of view.

Everything had come to a standstill. The throb of the motor engines sounded like a pulse irregularly drumming through an entire body. The sun became extraordinarily hot because the motor car had stopped outside Mulberry's shop window; old ladies on the tops of omnibuses spread their black parasols; here a green, here a red parasol opened with a little pop. Mrs Dalloway, coming to the window with her arms full of sweet peas, looked out with her little pink face pursed in inquiry. Everyone looked at the motor car. Septimus looked. Boys on bicycles sprang off. Traffic accumulated. And there the motor car stood, with drawn blinds, and upon them a curious pattern like a tree, Septimus thought, and this gradual drawing together of everything to one centre before his eyes, as if some horror had come almost to the surface and was about to burst into flames, terrified him. The world wavered and quivered and threatened to burst into flames. It is I who am blocking the way, he thought. Was he not being looked at and pointed at; was he not weighted there, rooted to the pavement, for a purpose? But for what purpose?

'Let us go on, Septimus,' said his wife, a little woman, with large eyes in a sorrowful pointed face; an Italian girl.

But Lucrezia herself could not help looking at the motor car and the tree pattern on the blinds. Was it the Queen in there – the Queen going shopping?

The chauffeur, who had been opening something, turning something, shutting something, got on to the box.

'Come on,' said Lucrezia.

But her husband, for they had been married four, five years now, jumped, started, and said, 'All right!' angrily, as if she had interrupted him.

People must notice; people must see. People, she thought, looking at the crowd staring at the motor car; the English people, with their children and their horses and their clothes, which she admired in a way; but they were 'people' now, because Septimus had said, 'I will kill myself'; an awful thing to say. Suppose they had heard him? She looked at the crowd. Help, help! she wanted to cry out to butchers' boys and women. Help! Only last autumn she and Septimus had stood on the Embankment wrapped in the same cloak and, Septimus reading a paper instead of talking, she had snatched it from him and laughed in the old man's face who saw them! But failure one conceals. She must take him away into some park.

'Now we will cross,' she said.

She had a right to his arm, though it was without feeling. He would give her, who was so simple, so impulsive, only twenty-four, without friends in England, who had left Italy for his sake, a piece of bone.

The motor car with its blinds drawn and an air of inscrutable reserve proceeded towards Piccadilly, still gazed at, still ruffling the faces on both sides of the street with the same dark breath of veneration whether for Queen, Prince, or Prime Minister nobody knew. The face itself had been seen only once by three people for a few seconds. Even the sex was now in dispute. But there could be no doubt that

greatness was seated within; greatness was passing, hidden, down Bond Street, removed only by a hand's-breadth from ordinary people who might now, for the first time and last, be within speaking distance of the majesty of England, of the enduring symbol of the state which will be known to curious antiquaries, sifting the ruins of time, when London is a grass-grown path and all those hurrying along the pavement this Wednesday morning are but bones with a few wedding rings mixed up in their dust and the gold stoppings of innumerable decayed teeth. The face in the motor car will then be known. 45

It is probably the Queen, thought Mrs Dalloway, coming out of Mulberry's with her flowers: the Queen. And for a second she wore a look of extreme dignity standing by the flower shop in the sunlight while the car passed at a foot's pace, with its blinds drawn. The Queen going to some hospital; the Queen opening some bazaar, thought Clarissa. 50

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