



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

May/June 2009

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.

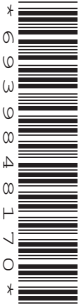
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

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 **11** printed pages and **5** blank pages.



- 2 **Either** (a) 'The portrayal of children and childhood is central to the reader's understanding of the novel.'

How far do you agree with this statement?

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, considering the extent to which its themes and narrative methods are characteristic of the novel as a whole.

My mind was made up. I was in search of a harmonious existence and everything that disturbed that harmony was to be rigorously excluded, even my college work. One whole night I sat up in the loneliness of my house thinking it over, and before the night was out my mind was made up. I could not go on with that work; nor did I need the one hundred rupees they gave me. At first I had thought of sending in my resignation by letter to Brown, and making an end of it. I would avoid all the personal contacts, persuasions, and all the possible sentimentalities inevitable in the act of snapping familiar roots. I would send in a letter which would be a classic in its own way, and which would singe the fingers of whoever touched it. In it I was going to attack a whole century of false education. I was going to explain why I could no longer stuff Shakespeare and Elizabethan metre and Romantic poetry for the hundredth time into young minds and feed them on the dead mutton of literary analysis and theories and histories, while what they needed was lessons in the fullest use of the mind. This education had reduced us to a nation of morons; we were strangers to our own culture and camp followers of another culture, feeding on leavings and garbage. 5

After coffee I sat down at my table with several sheets of large paper before me. I began 'Dear Mr Brown: This is my letter of resignation. You will doubtless want to know the reasons. Here they are. . . .' I didn't like this. It was too breezy. I scored it out and began again. I filled three sheets, and reading it over, felt ashamed of myself. It was too theatrical and pompous for my taste. I was entangled too much in theories and platitudes and holding forth to all whom it might concern. It was like a rabid attack on all English writers, which was hardly my purpose. 'What fool could be insensible to Shakespeare's sonnets or the *Ode to the West Wind* or "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever"?' I reflected. 'But what about examinations and critical notes? Didn't these largely take the place of literature? What about our own roots?' I thought over it deeply and felt very puzzled. I added: 'I am up against the system, the whole method and approach of a system of education which makes us morons, cultural morons, but efficient clerks for all your business and administrative offices. You must not think that I am opposed to my particular studies of authors. . . .' The repetition of ideas uttered a hundred times before. It looked like a rehash of an article entitled 'Problems of Higher Education', which appeared again and again in a weekend educational supplement – the yarn some 'educationist' was spinning out for ten rupees a column. 10 15

'This is not what I want to say,' I muttered to myself and tore up the letter and stuffed it into the wastepaper basket. 'There is something far deeper that I wish to say.' 20 25

I took out a small sheet of paper and wrote: 'Dear Sir, I beg to tender my resignation for personal reasons. I request you to relieve me immediately. . . .' I put it in an envelope. 30 35 40

LES MURRAY: from *Selected Poems*

- 3 **Either** (a) Making close reference to **three** poems from this selection, discuss Murray's treatment of development and change.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of 'A Retrospect of Humidity', commenting on the methods Murray uses to create mood and tone.

A Retrospect of Humidity

All the air conditioners now slacken
 their hummed carrier wave. Once again
 we've served our three months with remissions
 in the steam and dry iron of this seaboard.
 In jellied glare, through the nettle-rash season 5
 we've watched the sky's fermenting laundry
 portend downpours. Some came, and steamed away,
 and we were clutched back into the rancid
 saline midnights of orifice weather,
 to damp grittiness and wiping off the air. 10

Metaphors slump irritably together in
 the muggy weeks. Shark and jellyfish shallows
 become suburbs where you breathe a fat towel;
 babies burst like tomatoes with discomfort 15
 in the cotton-wrapped pointing street markets;
 the Lycra-bulging surf drips from non-swimmers
 miles from shore, and somehow includes soil.
 Skins, touching, soak each other. Skin touching
 any surface wets that and itself
 in a kind of mutual digestion. 20
 Throbbing heads grow lianas of nonsense.

It's our annual visit to the latitudes
 of rice, kerosene and resignation,
 an averted, temporary visit
 unrelated, for most, to the attitudes 25
 of festive northbound jets gaining height –
 closer, for some few, to the memory
 of ulcers scraped with a tin spoon
 or sweated faces bowing before dry
 where the flesh is worn inside out, 30
 all the hunger-organs clutched in rank nylon,
 by those for whom exhaustion is spirit:

an intrusive, heart-narrowing season
 at this far southern foot of the monsoon.
 As the kleenex flower, the hibiscus 35
 drops its browning wads, we forget
 annually, as one forgets a sickness.
 The stifling days will never come again,
 not now that we've seen the first sweater
 tugged down on the beauties of division 40
 and inside the rain's millions, a risen
 loaf of cat on a cool night verandah.

CARYL CHURCHILL: *Top Girls*

4 **Either** (a) Churchill describes Marlene as 'commendably independent'.

What is your view of the presentation of Marlene in the light of this description?

Or (b) Discuss the presentation of Angie in the following passage, considering her importance both here and in the play as a whole.

JOYCE: Don't you have friends your own age?
 KIT: Yes.
 JOYCE: Well then.
 KIT: I'm old for my age.
 JOYCE: And Angie's simple is she? She's not simple. 5
 KIT: I love Angie.
 JOYCE: She's clever in her own way.
 KIT: You can't stop me.
 JOYCE: I don't want to.
 KIT: You can't, so. 10
 JOYCE: Don't be cheeky, Kitty. She's always kind to little children.
 KIT: She's coming so you better leave me alone.
Angie comes out. She has changed into an old best dress, slightly small for her.
 JOYCE: What you put that on for? Have you done your room? You can't clean your room in that. 15
 ANGIE: I looked in the cupboard and it was there.
 JOYCE: Of course it was there, it's meant to be there. Is that why it was a surprise, finding something in the right place? I should think she's surprised, wouldn't you Kit, to find something in her room in the right place. 20
 ANGIE: I decided to wear it.
 JOYCE: Not today, why? To clean your room? You're not going to the pictures till you've done your room. You can put your dress on after if you like.
Angie picks up a brick.
 Have you done your room? You're not getting out of it, you know. 25
 KIT: Angie, let's go.
 JOYCE: She's not going till she's done her room.
 KIT: It's starting to rain.
 JOYCE: Come on, come on then. Hurry and do your room, Angie, and then you can go to the cinema with Kit. Oh it's wet, come on. We'll look up the time in the paper. Does your mother know, Kit, it's going to be a late night for you, isn't it? Hurry up, Angie. You'll spoil your dress. You make me sick. 30
Joyce and Kit run in.
Angie stays where she is. Sound of rain.
Kit comes out of the house and shouts.
 KIT: Angie. Angie, come on, you'll get wet. 35
Kit comes back to Angie.
 ANGIE: I put on this dress to kill my mother.
 KIT: I suppose you thought you'd do it with a brick. 40
 ANGIE: You can kill people with a brick.
 KIT: Well you didn't, so.

Act 2, Scene 2

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Turn to page 8 for Question 5.

HAROLD PINTER: *The Homecoming*

- 5 **Either** (a) How does Pinter dramatise the struggle for power in *The Homecoming*? You should refer to particular episodes in your answer.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage, considering how it contributes to the dramatic effectiveness of *The Homecoming*.

Afternoon.

Max, Teddy, Lenny and Sam are about the stage, lighting cigars.

Joey comes in from U.L. with a coffee tray, followed by Ruth. He puts the tray down. Ruth hands coffee to all the men. She sits with her cup. Max smiles at her.

5

RUTH: That was a very good lunch.

MAX: I'm glad you liked it. [*To the others.*] Did you hear that? [*To Ruth.*] Well, I put my heart and soul into it, I can tell you. [*He sips.*] And this is a lovely cup of coffee.

RUTH: I'm glad.

10

Pause.

MAX: I've got the feeling you're a first-rate cook.

RUTH: I'm not bad.

MAX: No, I've got the feeling you're a number one cook. Am I right, Teddy?

TEDDY: Yes, she's a very good cook.

15

Pause.

MAX: Well, it's a long time since the whole family was together, eh? If only your mother was alive. Eh, what do you say, Sam? What would Jessie say if she was alive? Sitting here with her three sons. Three fine grown-up lads. And a lovely daughter-in-law. The only shame is her grandchildren aren't here. She'd have petted them and cooed over them, wouldn't she, Sam? She'd have fussed over them and played with them, told them stories, tickled them – I tell you she'd have been hysterical. [*To Ruth.*] Mind you, she taught those boys everything they know. She taught them all the morality they know. I'm telling you. Every single bit of the moral code they live by – was taught to them by their mother. And she had a heart to go with it. What a heart. Eh, Sam? Listen, what's the use of beating round the bush? That woman was the backbone to this family. I mean, I was busy working twenty-four hours a day in the shop, I was going all over the country to find meat, I was making my way in the world, but I left a woman at home with a will of iron, a heart of gold and a mind. Right, Sam?

20

25

30

Pause.

What a mind.

Pause.

35

Mind you, I was a generous man to her. I never left her short of a few bob. I remember one year I entered into negotiations with a top-class group of butchers with continental connections. I was going into association with them. I remember the night I came home, I kept quiet. First of all I gave Lenny a bath, then Teddy a bath, then Joey a bath. What fun we used to have in the bath, eh, boys? Then I came downstairs and I made Jessie put her feet up on a pouffe – what happened to that pouffe, I haven't seen it for years – she put her feet up on the pouffe and I said to her, Jessie, I think our ship is going to come home, I'm going to treat you to a couple of items, I'm going to buy you a dress in pale corded blue silk, heavily encrusted in pearls, and for casual wear, a pair of pantaloons in lilac flowered taffeta. Then I gave her a drop of cherry brandy. I remember the boys came down, in their pyjamas, all their hair shining, their faces

40

45

pink, it was before they started shaving, and they knelt down at our feet, Jessie's and mine. I tell you, it was like Christmas. 50

Pause.

RUTH: What happened to the group of butchers?

MAX: The group? They turned out to be a bunch of criminals like everyone else.

Pause.

55

This is a lousy cigar.

He stubs it out.

He turns to Sam.

What time you going to work?

SAM: Soon.

60

Act 2

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

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the effectiveness of Eliot's presentation of futility and insignificance in this selection.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract, considering how far it is characteristic of *The Waste Land*.

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

Turn to page 12 for Question 7.

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

7 **Either** (a) 'Elesin is both powerful and corrupt.'

Discuss Soyinka's presentation of Elesin in the light of this statement.

Or (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting on Soyinka's presentation of the women here and in the play as a whole.

- AMUSA: Iyaloja, make you tell dese women make den no insult me again. If I hear dat kin' insult once more . . .
- GIRL: [*pushing her way through*] You will do what?
- GIRL: He's out of his mind. It's our mothers you're talking to, do you know that? Not to any illiterate villager you can bully and terrorise. How dare you intrude here anyway? 5
- GIRL: What a cheek, what impertinence!
- GIRL: You've treated them too gently. Now let them see what it is to tamper with the mothers of this market.
- GIRL: Your betters dare not enter the market when the women say no! 10
- GIRL: Haven't you learnt that yet, you jester in khaki and starch?
- IYALOJA: Daughters . . .
- GIRL: No no Iyaloja, leave us to deal with him. He no longer knows his mother, we'll teach him.
With a sudden movement they snatch the batons of the two constables. They begin to hem them in. 15
- GIRL: What next? We have your batons? What next? What are you going to do?
With equally swift movements they knock off their hats.
- GIRL: Move if you dare. We have your hats, what will you do about it? Didn't the white man teach you to take off your hats before women? 20
- IYALOJA: It's a wedding night. It's a night of joy for us. Peace . . .
- GIRL: Not for him. Who asked him here?
- GIRL: Does he dare go to the Residency without an invitation?
- GIRL: Not even where the servants eat the left-overs. 25
- GIRL: [*in turn. In an 'English' accent*] Well well it's Mister Amusa. Were you invited? [*Play-acting to one another. The older Women encourage them with their titters.*]
– Your invitation card please?
– Who are you? Have we been introduced? 30
– And who did you say you were?
– Sorry, I didn't quite catch your name.
– May I take your hat?
– If you insist. May I take yours? [*Exchanging the policemen's hats.*]
– How very kind of you. 35
– Not at all. Won't you sit down?
– After you.
– Oh no.
– I insist.
– You're most gracious. 40
– And how do you find the place?
– The natives are all right.
– Friendly?
– Tractable.
– Not a teeny-weeny bit restless? 45
– Well, a teeny-weeny bit restless.
– One might even say, difficult?

- Indeed one might be tempted to say, difficult.
- But you do manage to cope?
- Yes indeed I do. I have a rather faithful ox called Amusa. 50
- He’s loyal?
- Absolutely.
- Lay down his life for you what?
- Without a moment’s thought.
- Had one like that once. Trust him with my life. 55
- Mostly of course they are liars.
- Never known a native to tell the truth.
- Does it get rather close around here?
- It’s mild for this time of the year.
- But the rains may still come. 60
- They are late this year aren’t they?
- They are keeping African time.
- Ha ha ha ha.
- Ha ha ha ha.
- The humidity is what gets me. 65
- It used to be whisky.
- Ha ha ha ha.
- Ha ha ha ha.
- What’s your handicap old chap?
- Is there racing by golly? 70
- Splendid golf course, you’ll like it.
- I’m beginning to like it already.
- And a European club, exclusive.
- You’ve kept the flag flying.
- We do our best for the old country. 75
- It’s a pleasure to serve.
- Another whisky old chap?
- You are indeed too too kind.
- Not at all sir. Where is that boy? [*With a sudden bellow.*] Sergeant!
- AMUSA: [*snaps to attention*] Yessir! 80
- The Women collapse with laughter.*

Scene 3

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *Mrs Dalloway*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss the ways in which Woolf explores the impact of the war in *Mrs Dalloway*.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, considering Woolf's narrative techniques here.

A magnificent figure he cut too, pausing for a moment (as the sound of the half-hour died away) to look critically, magisterially, at socks and shoes; impeccable, substantial, as if he beheld the world from a certain eminence, and dressed to match; but realized the obligations which size, wealth, health entail, and observed punctiliously, even when not absolutely necessary, little courtesies, old-fashioned ceremonies, which gave a quality to his manner, something to imitate, something to remember him by, for he would never lunch, for example, with Lady Bruton, whom he had known these twenty years, without bringing her in his outstretched hand a bunch of carnations, and asking Miss Brush, Lady Bruton's secretary, after her brother in South Africa, which, for some reason, Miss Brush, deficient though she was in every attribute of female charm, so much resented that she said 'Thank you, he's doing very well in South Africa,' when, for half-a-dozen years, he had been doing badly in Portsmouth. 5

Lady Bruton herself preferred Richard Dalloway, who arrived at the same moment. Indeed they met on the doorstep. 10

Lady Bruton preferred Richard Dalloway of course. He was made of much finer material. But she wouldn't let them run down her poor dear Hugh. She could never forget his kindness – he had been really remarkably kind – she forgot precisely upon what occasion. But he had been – remarkably kind. Anyhow, the difference between one man and another does not amount to much. She had never seen the sense of cutting people up, as Clarissa Dalloway did – cutting them up and sticking them together again; not at any rate when one was sixty-two. She took Hugh's carnations with her angular grim smile. There was nobody else coming, she said. She had got them there on false pretences, to help her out of a difficulty – 15

'But let us eat first,' she said. 20

And so there began a soundless and exquisite passing to and fro through swing doors of aproned, white-capped maids, handmaidens not of necessity, but adepts in a mystery or grand deception practised by hostesses in Mayfair from one-thirty to two, when, with a wave of the hand, the traffic ceases, and there rises instead this profound illusion in the first place about the food – how it is not paid for; and then that the table spreads itself voluntarily with glass and silver, little mats, saucers of red fruit; films of brown cream mask turbot; in casseroles severed chickens swim; coloured, undomestic, the fire burns; and with the wine and the coffee (not paid for) rise jocund visions before musing eyes; gently speculative eyes; eyes to whom life appears musical, mysterious; eyes now kindled to observe genially the beauty of the red carnations which Lady Bruton (whose movements were always angular) had laid beside her plate, so that Hugh Whitbread, feeling at peace with the entire universe and at the same time completely sure of his standing, said, resting his fork: 25

'Wouldn't they look charming against your lace?' 30

Miss Brush resented this familiarity intensely. She thought him an underbred fellow. She made Lady Bruton laugh. 35

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