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General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/61

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

October/November 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 **15** printed pages and **5** blank pages.



MARGARET ATWOOD: *Cat's Eye*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss the ways in which Atwood presents relationships between parents and children in *Cat's Eye*.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, considering the ways in which Atwood portrays Elaine and her concerns.

Andrea checks out my powder-blue jogging suit. She herself is wearing black, approved, glossy black, not early sixties holdover as mine would be. She has red hair out of a spray can and no apologies, cut into a cap like an acorn. She's upsettingly young; to me she doesn't look more than a teenager, though I know she must be in her twenties. Probably she thinks I'm a weird middle-aged frump, sort of like her high school teacher. Probably she's out to get me. Probably she'll succeed. 5

We sit across from each other at Charna's desk and Andrea sets down her camera and fiddles with her tape-recorder. Andrea writes for a newspaper. "This is for the Living section," she says. I know what that means, it used to be the Women's Pages. It's funny that they now call it Living, as if only women are alive and the other things, such as the Sports, are for the dead. 10

"Living, eh?" I say. "I'm the mother of two. I bake cookies." All true. Andrea gives me a dirty look and flicks on her machine.

"How do you handle fame?" she says.

"This isn't fame," I say. "Fame is Elizabeth Taylor's cleavage. This stuff is just a media pimple." 15

She grins at that. "Well, could you maybe say something about your generation of artists – your generation of woman artists – and their aspirations and goals?"

"Painters, you mean," I say. "What generation is that?"

"The seventies, I suppose," she says. "That's when the women's – that's when you started getting attention." 20

"The seventies isn't my generation," I say.

She smiles. "Well," she says, "what is?"

"The forties."

"The forties?" This is archaeology as far as she's concerned. "But you couldn't have been . . ." 25

"That was when I grew up," I say.

"Oh right," she says. "You mean it was *formative*. Can you talk about the ways, how it reflects in your work?"

"The colours," I say. "A lot of my colours are forties colours." I'm softening up. At least she doesn't say *like* and *you know* all the time. "The war. There are people who remember the war and people who don't. There's a cut-off point, there's a difference." 30

"You mean the Viet Nam War?" she says.

"No," I say coldly. "The Second World War." She looks a bit scared, as if I've just resurrected from the dead, and incompletely at that. She didn't know I was *that* old. "So," she says. "What is the difference?" 35

"We have long attention spans," I say. "We eat everything on our plates. We save string. We make do."

She looks puzzled. That's all I want to say about the forties. I'm beginning to sweat. I feel as if I'm at the dentist, mouth gracelessly open while some stranger with a light and mirror gazes down my throat at something I can't see. 40

Brightly and neatly she veers away from the war and back towards women, which was where she wanted to be in the first place. Is it harder for a woman, was I discriminated against, undervalued? What about having children? I give unhelpful replies: all painters feel undervalued. You can do it while they're at school. My husband's been terrific, he gives me a lot of support, some of which has been financial. I don't say which husband. 45

- “So you don’t feel it’s sort of demeaning to be propped up by a man?” she says.
- “Women prop up men all the time,” I say. “What’s wrong with a little reverse propping?” 50
- What I have to say is not altogether what she wants to hear. She’d prefer stories of outrage, although she’d be unlikely to tell them about herself, she’s too young. Still, people my age are supposed to have stories of outrage; at least insult, at least putdown. Male art teachers pinching your bum, calling you *baby*, asking you why there are no great female painters, that sort of thing. She would like me to be furious, and quaint. 55
- “Did you have any female mentors?” she asks.
- “Female what?”
- “Like, teachers, or other woman painters you admired.” 60
- “Shouldn’t that be mentresses?” I say nastily. “There weren’t any. My teacher was a man.”

Chapter 16

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss Narayan's presentation of the relationship between the schoolmaster and Krishnan and the significance of this relationship in the novel as a whole.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage, looking in detail at Narayan's concerns and narrative techniques.

On the following Friday, I was pacing the little Malgudi railway station in great agitation. I had never known such suspense before. She was certain to arrive with a lot of luggage, and the little child. How was all this to be transferred from the train to the platform? and the child must not be hurt. I made a mental note, 'Must shout as soon as the train stops: "Be careful with the baby".' This seemed to my fevered imagination the all-important thing to say on arrival, as otherwise I fancied the child's head was sure to be banged against the doorway. . . . And how many infants were damaged and destroyed by careless mothers in the process of coming out of trains! Why couldn't they make these railway carriages of safer dimensions? It ought to be done in the interests of baby welfare in India. 'Mind the baby and the door.' And then the luggage! Susila was sure to bring with her a huge amount of luggage. She required four trunks for her sarees alone! Women never understood the importance of travelling light. Why should they? As long as there were men to bear all the anxieties and bother and see them through their travails! It would teach them a lesson to be left to shift for themselves. Then they would know the value of economy in these matters. I wrung my hands in despair. How was she going to get out with the child and all that luggage! The train stopped for just seven minutes. I would help her down first and then throw the things out, and if there were any boxes left over they would have to be lost with the train, that was all. No one could help it. I turned to the gnarled blue-uniformed man behind me. He was known as Number Five and I had known him for several years now. Whatever had to be done on the railway platform was done with his help. I had offered him three times his usual wages to help me today. I turned to him and asked: 'Can you manage even if there is too much luggage?' 5

'Yes, master, no difficulty. The train stops for seven minutes.' He seemed to have a grand notion of seven minutes; a miserable flash it seemed to me. 'We unload whole waggons within that time.' 10

'I will tell the pointsman to stop it at the outer signal, if necessary,' he added. It was a very strength-giving statement to me. I felt relieved. But I think I lost my head once again. I believe, in this needless anxiety, I became slightly demented. Otherwise I would not have rushed at the stationmaster the moment I set eyes on him. I saw him come out of his room and move down the platform to gaze on a far off signal post. I ran behind him, panting: 'Good morning stationmaster!' He bestowed an official smile and moved off to the end of the platform and looked up. I felt I had a lot of doubts to clear on railway matters and asked inanely: 'Looking at the signals?' 15

'Yes,' he replied, and took his eyes down, and turned to go back to his room. I asked: 'Can't they arrange to stop this train a little longer here?' 'What for? Isn't there enough trouble as it is?' I laughed sympathetically and said: 'I said so because it may not be possible for passengers to unload all their trunks.' 20

'I should like to see a passenger who carries luggage that will take more than six minutes. I have been here thirty years.' 25

I said: 'My wife is arriving today with the infant. I thought she would require a lot of time in order to get down carefully. And then she is bound to have numerous boxes. These women, you know,' I said laughing artificially, seeking his indulgence. He was a good man and laughed with me. 'Well, sometimes it has happened that the train was held up for the convenience of a second-class passenger. Are your people travelling second?' 'I can't say,' I said. I knew well she wouldn't travel second, although I implored her in every letter to do so. She wrote rather diplomatically: 'Yes, 30

don't be anxious, I and the baby will travel down quite safely.' I even wrote to my father-in-law, but that gentleman preserved a discreet silence on the matter. I knew by temperament he disliked the extravagance of travelling second, although he could afford it and in other ways had proved himself no miser. I felt furious at the thought of him and told the stationmaster. 'Some people are born niggards . . . would put up with any trouble rather than . . .' But before I could finish my sentence a bell rang inside the station office and the stationmaster ran in, leaving me to face my travail and anguish alone. I turned and saw my porter standing away from me, borrowing a piece of tobacco from someone. 'Here, Number Five, don't get lost.' A small crowd was gathering unobtrusively on the platform. I feared he might get lost at the critical moment. A bell sounded. People moved about. We heard the distant puffing and whistling. The engine appeared around the bend.

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Chapter 2

LES MURRAY: from *Selected Poems*

- 3 **Either** (a) With close reference to **three** poems, discuss how Murray creates portraits of individual people in this collection.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem. How characteristic of Murray's writing in your selection are the features you notice here?

The Broad Bean Sermon

Beanstalks, in any breeze, are a slack church parade
without belief, saying *trespass against us* in unison,
recruits in mint Air Force dacron, with unbuttoned leaves.

Upright with water like men, square in stem-section
they grow to great lengths, drink rain, keel over all ways, 5
kink down and grow up afresh, with proffered new greenstuff.

Above the cat-and-mouse floor of a thin bean forest
snails hang rapt in their food, ants hurry through several dimensions:
spiders tense and sag like little black flags in their cordage.

Going out to pick beans with the sun high as fence-tops, you find 10
plenty, and fetch them. An hour or a cloud later
you find shirtfulls more. At every hour of daylight

appear more that you missed: ripe, knobbly ones, fleshy-sided,
thin-straight, thin-crescent, frown-shaped, bird-shouldered, boat-keeled ones,
beans knuckled and single-bulged, minute green dolphins at suck, 15

beans upright like lecturing, outstretched like blessing fingers
in the incident light, and more still, oblique to your notice
that the noon glare or cloud-light or afternoon slants will uncover

till you ask yourself Could I have overlooked so many, or
do they form in an hour? unfolding into reality 20
like templates for subtly broad grins, like unique caught expressions,

like edible meanings, each sealed around with a string
and affixed to its moment, an unceasing colloquial assembly,
the portly, the stiff, and those lolling in pointed green slippers. . . .

Wondering who'll take the spare bagfulls, you grin with happiness 25
– it is your health – you vow to pick them all
even the last few, weeks off yet, misshapen as toes.

Turn to page 8 for Question 4.

CARYL CHURCHILL: *Top Girls*

4 **Either** (a) Consider the ways in which Churchill presents women's attitudes to men in *Top Girls*.

Or (b) Discuss the dramatic effectiveness of the following passage, considering, in particular, the significance of Shona and Nell.

NELL: I was selling for six years, I can sell anything, I've sold in three continents, and I'm jolly as they come but I'm not very nice.

SHONA: I'm not very nice.

NELL: What sort of time do you have on the road with the other reps? Get on all right? Handle the chat? 5

SHONA: I get on. Keep myself to myself.

NELL: Fairly much of a loner are you?

SHONA: Sometimes.

NELL: So what field are you interested in?

SHONA: Computers. 10

NELL: That's a top field as you know and you'll be up against some very slick fellas there, there's some very pretty boys in computers, it's an American-style field.

SHONA: That's why I want to do it.

NELL: Video systems appeal? That's a high-flying situation. 15

SHONA: Video systems appeal OK.

NELL: Because Prestel have half a dozen vacancies I'm looking to fill at the moment. We're talking in the area of ten to fifteen thousand here and upwards.

SHONA: Sounds OK. 20

NELL: I've half a mind to go for it myself. But it's good money here if you've got the top clients. Could you fancy it do you think?

SHONA: Work here?

NELL: I'm not in a position to offer, there's nothing officially going just now, but we're always on the lookout. There's not that many of us. We could keep in touch. 25

SHONA: I like driving.

NELL: So the Prestel appeals?

SHONA: Yeh.

NELL: What about ties? 30

SHONA: No ties.

NELL: So relocation wouldn't be a problem.

SHONA: No problem.

NELL: So just fill me in a bit more could you about what you've been doing.

SHONA: What I've been doing. It's all down there. 35

NELL: The bare facts are down here but I've got to present you to an employer.

SHONA: I'm twenty-nine years old.

NELL: So it says here.

SHONA: We look young. Youngness runs in the family in our family.

NELL: So just describe your present job for me. 40

SHONA: My present job at present. I have a car. I have a Porsche. I go up the M1 a lot. Burn up the M1 a lot. Straight up the M1 in the fast lane to where the clients are, Staffordshire, Yorkshire, I do a lot in Yorkshire. I'm selling electric things. Like dishwashers, washing machines, stainless steel tubs are a feature and the reliability of the programme. After sales service, we offer a very good after sales service, spare parts, plenty of spare parts. And fridges, I sell a lot of fridges specially in the summer. 45

People want to buy fridges in the summer because of the heat melting
the butter and you get fed up standing the milk in a basin of cold water 50
with a cloth over, stands to reason people don't want to do that in this day
and age. So I sell a lot of them. Big ones with big freezers. Big freezers.
And I stay in hotels at night when I'm away from home. On my expense
account. I stay in various hotels. They know me, the ones I go to. I check
in, have a bath, have a shower. Then I go down to the bar, have a gin 55
and tonic, have a chat. Then I go into the dining room and have dinner. I
usually have fillet steak and mushrooms, I like mushrooms. I like smoked
salmon very much. I like having a salad on the side. Green salad. I don't
like tomatoes.

Act 2, Scene 3

HAROLD PINTER: *The Homecoming*

- 5 **Either** (a) Consider ways in which *The Homecoming* is an appropriate title for the play.
- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effectiveness of the following passage, considering the ways in which Pinter presents the relationship between Max and Sam.

(Act 1. Lenny goes out...nice companion to be with)

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

- 6 **Either** (a) 'Eliot's poetry shows how human consciousness may search for meaning but is constantly frustrated.'

How far do you agree with this statement?

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following lines from *Prufrock*, considering how characteristic it is of Eliot's poetry in this selection.

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, 'Do I dare?' and, 'Do I dare?' 5
Time to turn back and descend the stair,
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair –
(They will say: 'How his hair is growing thin!')
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin –
(They will say: 'But how his arms and legs are thin!') 10
Do I dare
Disturb the universe?
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all – 15
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
I know the voices dying with a dying fall
Beneath the music from a farther room.
So how should I presume? 20

And I have known the eyes already, known them all –
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,
Then how should I begin 25
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?
And how should I presume?

Turn to page 14 for Question 7.

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

- 7 **Either** (a) '*Death and the King's Horseman* is centred around the misunderstanding of cultural values.'

How far do you agree with this statement?

- Or (b) Discuss the dramatic presentation of Olunde in this passage, considering his significance in the play as a whole.

- OLUNDE: I don't say that. I found your people quite admirable in many ways, their conduct and courage in this war for instance.
- JANE: Ah yes, the war. Here of course it is all rather remote. From time to time we have a black-out drill just to remind us that there is a war on. And the rare convoy passes through on its way somewhere or on manoeuvres. Mind you there is the occasional bit of excitement like that ship that was blown up in the harbour. 5
- OLUNDE: Here? Do you mean through enemy action?
- JANE: Oh no, the war hasn't come that close. The captain did it himself. I don't quite understand it really. Simon tried to explain. The ship had to be blown up because it had become dangerous to other ships, even to the city itself. Hundreds of the coastal population would have died. 10
- OLUNDE: Maybe it was loaded with ammunition and had caught fire. Or some of those lethal gases they've been experimenting on.
- JANE: Something like that. The captain blew himself up with it. Deliberately. Simon said someone had to remain on board to light the fuse. 15
- OLUNDE: It must have been a very short fuse.
- JANE: (*shrugs*) I don't know much about it. Only that there was no other way to save lives. No time to devise anything else. The captain took the decision and carried it out. 20
- OLUNDE: Yes ... I quite believe it. I met men like that in England.
- JANE: Oh just look at me! Fancy welcoming you back with such morbid news. Stale too. It was at least six months ago.
- OLUNDE: I don't find it morbid at all. I find it rather inspiring. It is an affirmative commentary on life. 25
- JANE: What is?
- OLUNDE: That captain's self-sacrifice.
- JANE: Nonsense. Life should never be thrown deliberately away.
- OLUNDE: And the innocent people around the harbour?
- JANE: Oh, how does one know? The whole thing was probably exaggerated anyway. 30
- OLUNDE: That was a risk the captain couldn't take. But please Mrs Pilkings, do you think you could find your husband for me? I have to talk to him.
- JANE: Simon? (*As she recollects for the first time the full significance of Olunde's presence.*) Simon is ... there is a little problem in town. He was sent for. But ... when did you arrive? Does Simon know you're here? 35
- OLUNDE: (*suddenly earnest*) I need your help Mrs Pilkings. I've always found you somewhat more understanding than your husband. Please find him for me and when you do, you must help me talk to him. 40
- JANE: I'm afraid I don't quite ... follow you. Have you seen my husband already?
- OLUNDE: I went to your house. Your houseboy told me you were here. (*He smiles.*) He even told me how I would recognise you and Mr Pilkings.
- JANE: Then you must know what my husband is trying to do for you. 45
- OLUNDE: For me?

- JANE: For you. For your people. And to think he didn't even know you were coming back! But how do you happen to be here? Only this evening we were talking about you. We thought you were still four thousand miles away. 50
- OLUNDE: I was sent a cable.
- JANE: A cable? Who did? Simon? The business of your father didn't begin till tonight.
- OLUNDE: A relation sent it weeks ago, and it said nothing about my father. All it said was, Our King is dead. But I knew I had to return home at once so as to bury my father. I understood that. 55
- JANE: Well, thank God you don't have to go through that agony. Simon is going to stop it.
- OLUNDE: That's why I want to see him. He's wasting his time. And since he has been so helpful to me I don't want him to incur the enmity of our people. Especially over nothing. 60
- JANE: (*sits down open-mouthed*) You . . . you Olunde!
- OLUNDE: Mrs Pilkings, I came home to bury my father. As soon as I heard the news I booked my passage home. In fact we were fortunate. We travelled in the same convoy as your Prince, so we had excellent protection. 65
- JANE: But you don't think your father is also entitled to whatever protection is available to him?
- OLUNDE: How can I make you understand? He *has* protection. No one can undertake what he does tonight without the deepest protection the mind can conceive. What can you offer him in place of his peace of mind, in place of the honour and veneration of his own people? What would you think of your Prince if he refused to accept the risk of losing his life on this voyage? This . . . showing-the-flag tour of colonial possessions. 70
75

Scene 4

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *Mrs Dalloway*

- 8 **Either** (a) How does Woolf convey the isolation and loneliness of the central character in her novel?
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, considering in particular Woolf's presentation of madness, here and in the novel as a whole.

When the damned fool came again, Septimus refused to see him. Did he indeed? said Dr Holmes, smiling agreeably. Really he had to give that charming little lady, Mrs Smith, a friendly push before he could get past her into her husband's bedroom.

'So you're in a funk,' he said agreeably, sitting down by his patient's side. He had actually talked of killing himself to his wife, quite a girl, a foreigner, wasn't she? Didn't that give her a very odd idea of English husbands? Didn't one owe perhaps a duty to one's wife? Wouldn't it be better to do something instead of lying in bed? For he had had forty years' experience behind him; and Septimus could take Dr Holmes's word for it – there was nothing whatever the matter with him. And next time Dr Holmes came he hoped to find Smith out of bed and not making that charming little lady his wife anxious about him. 5 10

Human nature, in short, was on him – the repulsive brute, with the blood-red nostrils. Holmes was on him. Dr Holmes came quite regularly every day. Once you stumble, Septimus wrote on the back of a postcard, human nature is on you. Holmes is on you. Their only chance was to escape, without letting Holmes know; to Italy – anywhere, anywhere, away from Dr Holmes. 15

But Rezia could not understand him. Dr Holmes was such a kind man. He was so interested in Septimus. He only wanted to help them, he said. He had four little children and he had asked her to tea, she told Septimus.

So he was deserted. The whole world was clamouring: Kill yourself, kill yourself, for our sakes. But why should he kill himself for their sakes? Food was pleasant; the sun hot; and this killing oneself, how does one set about it, with a table knife, uglily, with floods of blood, – by sucking a gas-pipe? He was too weak; he could scarcely raise his hand. Besides, now that he was quite alone, condemned, deserted, as those who are about to die are alone, there was a luxury in it, an isolation full of sublimity; a freedom which the attached can never know. Holmes had won of course; the brute with the red nostrils had won. But even Holmes himself could not touch this last relic straying on the edge of the world, this outcast, who gazed back at the inhabited regions, who lay, like a drowned sailor, on the shore of the world. 20 25

It was at that moment (Rezia had gone shopping) that the great revelation took place. A voice spoke from behind the screen. Evans was speaking. The dead were with him. 30

'Evans, Evans!' he cried.

Mr Smith was talking aloud to himself, Agnes the servant girl cried to Mrs Filmer in the kitchen. 'Evans, Evans!' he had said as she brought in the tray. She jumped, she did. She scuttled downstairs. 35

And Rezia came in, with her flowers, and walked across the room, and put the roses in a vase, upon which the sun struck directly, and went laughing, leaping round the room.

She had had to buy the roses, Rezia said, from a poor man in the street. But they were almost dead already, she said, arranging the roses. 40

So there was a man outside; Evans presumably; and the roses, which Rezia said were half dead, had been picked by him in the fields of Greece. Communication is health; communication is happiness. Communication, he muttered.

'What are you saying, Septimus?' Rezia asked, wild with terror, for he was talking to himself. 45

She sent Agnes running for Dr Holmes. Her husband, she said, was mad. He scarcely knew her.

'You brute! You brute!' cried Septimus, seeing human nature, that is Dr Holmes, enter the room. 50

'Now what's all this about,' said Dr Holmes in the most amiable way in the world. 'Talking nonsense to frighten your wife?' But he would give him something to make him sleep. And if they were rich people, said Dr Holmes, looking ironically round the room, by all means let them go to Harley Street; if they had no confidence in him, said Dr Holmes, looking not quite so kind. 55

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