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General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/63

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

May/June 2010

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 **12** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



MARGARET ATWOOD: *Cat's Eye***1 Either (a)** 'There is never only one of anyone.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Atwood presents Elaine as having different personas.

Or (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, analysing the effects of the writing and commenting on its significance to the novel as a whole.

We walk home from school together, four now instead of three. There's a little shop on a side street halfway home where we stop and spend our allowances on penny gumballs, red licorice whips, orange popsicles, sharing everything out equally. There are horse chestnuts in the gutters, wet-looking and glossy; we fill the pockets of our cardigans with them, uncertain what to use them for. The boys of our school and the Catholic boys from Our Lady of Perpetual Help throw them at one another, but we would not do that. They could put out your eye. 5

The dirt path going down to the wooden footbridge is dry, dusty; the leaves of the trees which hang over it are dull green and worn out from the summer. Along the edge of the path is a thicket of weeds: goldenrod, ragweed, asters, burdocks, deadly nightshade, its berries red as valentine candies. Cordelia says that if you want to poison someone this would be a good way. The nightshade smells of earth, damp, loamy, pungent, and of cat piss. Cats prowl around in there, we see them every day, crouching, squatting, scratching up the dirt, staring out at us with their yellow eyes as if we're something they're hunting. 10 15

There are empty liquor bottles tossed into this thicket, and pieces of Kleenex. One day we find a safe. Cordelia knows it's called a safe, Perdie told her that once, when she was little and mistook one for a balloon. She knows it's a thing men use, the kind of men we're supposed to watch out for, though she doesn't know why it's called that. We pick it up on the end of a stick and examine it: whitish, limp, rubbery, like something inside a fish. Carol says "Ew." We carry it furtively back up the hill and shove it through a grating in the pavement; it floats down there on the surface of the dark water, pallid and drowned-looking. Even finding such a thing is dirty; even concealing it. 20

The wooden bridge is more askew, rottener than I remember. There are more places where the boards have fallen away. As a rule we walk down the middle, but today Cordelia goes right to the railing and leans on it, looking over. One by one and gingerly we follow. The stream below is shallow at this time of year; we can see the junk people have dumped into it, the worn-out tires, the broken bottles and rusty pieces of metal. 25 30

Cordelia says that because the stream flows right out of the cemetery it's made of dissolved dead people. She says that if you drink it or step into it or even get too close to it, the dead people will come out of the stream, all covered with mist, and take you with them. She says the only reason this hasn't happened to us is that we're on the bridge and the bridge is wooden. Bridges are safe, over dead-people streams like this one. 35

Carol gets frightened, or acts frightened. Grace says Cordelia is being silly. "Try it and see," says Cordelia. "Go on down there. I dare you." But we don't.

Chapter 14

CARYL CHURCHILL: *Top Girls*

- 2 **Either** (a) How does the structure of the play contribute to its dramatic effects and the audience's understanding of Churchill's concerns?
- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effectiveness of the following passage, exploring how the dialogue shapes the audience response to the characters, their relationship and the issues raised.

MARLENE: I don't see why you couldn't take my money.
 JOYCE: I do, so don't bother about it.
 MARLENE: Only got to ask.
 JOYCE: So what about you? Good job?
 MARLENE: Good for a laugh. / Got back from the US of A a bit 5
 JOYCE: Good for more than a laugh I should think.
 MARLENE: wiped out and slotted into this speedy employment agency and still there.
 JOYCE: You can always find yourself work then.
 MARLENE: That's right. 10
 JOYCE: And men?
 MARLENE: Oh there's always men.
 JOYCE: No one special?
 MARLENE: There's fellas who like to be seen with a high-flying lady. Shows they've got something really good in their pants. But they can't take the day to day. They're waiting for me to turn into the little woman. Or maybe I'm just horrible of course. 15
 JOYCE: Who needs them?
 MARLENE: Who needs them? Well I do. But I need adventures more. So on on into the sunset. I think the eighties are going to be stupendous. 20
 JOYCE: Who for?
 MARLENE: For me. / I think I'm going up up up.
 JOYCE: Oh for you. Yes, I'm sure they will.
 MARLENE: And for the country, come to that. Get the economy back on its feet and whoosh. She's a tough lady, Maggie. I'd give her a job. / She just needs to hang in there. This country 25
 JOYCE: You voted for them, did you?
 MARLENE: needs to stop whining. / Monetarism is not stupid.
 JOYCE: Drink your tea and shut up, pet.
 MARLENE: It takes time, determination. No more slop. / And 30
 JOYCE: Well I think they're filthy bastards.
 MARLENE: who's got to drive it on? First woman prime minister. Terrifico. Aces. Right on. / You must admit. Certainly gets my vote.
 JOYCE: What good's first woman if it's her? I suppose you'd have liked Hitler if he was a woman. Ms Hitler. Got a lot done, Hitlerina. / Great adventures. 35
 MARLENE: Bosses still walking on the workers' faces? Still Dadda's little parrot? Haven't you learned to think for yourself? I believe in the individual. Look at me.
 JOYCE: I am looking at you. 40
 MARLENE: Come on, Joyce, we're not going to quarrel over politics.
 JOYCE: We are though.
 MARLENE: Forget I mentioned it. Not a word about the slimy unions will cross my lips.

Act Three

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

- 3 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Eliot present people in 'The Waste Land'?
- Or** (b) Write a detailed critical appreciation of the following passage from 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock', considering the ways in which Eliot achieves its effects and its significance to the poem as a whole.

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?'
Time to turn back and descend the stair, 5
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?

And I have known the arms already, known them all—
Arms that are braceleted and white and bare
[But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!] 30
Is it perfume from a dress
That makes me so digress?
Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.
And should I then presume?
And how should I begin? 35

LES MURRAY: from *Selected Poems*

- 4 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Murray's poetry explore a sense of Australian national identity? Refer in detail to **at least two** poems.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of 'The Future', considering how far you think its methods and concerns are characteristic of Murray's poetry.

The Future

There is nothing about it. Much science fiction is set there
 but is not about it. Prophecy is not about it.
 It sways no yarrow stalks. And crystal is a mirror.
 Even the man we nailed on a tree for a lookout
 said little about it; he told us evil would come. 5
 We see, by convention, a small living distance into it
 but even that's a projection. And all our projections
 fail to curve where it curves.

It is the black hole
 out of which no radiation escapes to us. 10
 The commonplace and magnificent roads of our lives
 go on some way through cityscape and landscape
 or steeply sloping, or scree, into that sheer fall
 where everything will be that we have ever sent there,
 compacted, spinning – except perhaps us, to see it. 15
 It is said we see the start.

But, from here, there's a blindness.
 The side-heaped chasm that will swallow all our present
 blinds us to the normal sun that may be imagined
 shining calmly away on the far side of it, for others 20
 in their ordinary day. A day to which all our portraits,
 ideals, revolutions, denim and deshabelle
 are quaintly heartrending. To see those people is impossible,
 to greet them, mawkish. Nonetheless, I begin:
 "When I was alive –" 25

and I am turned around
 to find myself looking at a cheerful picnic party,
 the women decently legless, in muslin and gloves,
 the men in beards and weskits, with the long
 cheroots and duck trousers of the better sort, 30
 relaxing on a stone verandah. Ceylon, or Sydney.
 And as I look, I know they are utterly gone,
 each one on his day, with pillow, small bottles, mist,
 with all the futures they dreamed or dealt in, going
 down to that engulfment everything approaches; 35
 with the man on the tree, they have vanished into the Future.

R. K. NARAYAN: *The English Teacher*

- 5 **Either** (a) By what means does Narayan explore the idea of 'an eternal India, ever healing, ever renewed' in *The English Teacher*?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering Narayan's narrative methods and the presentation of his characters.

We came before a row of very small houses – each with a very narrow suffocating veranda, and a front garden, half a dozen monotonously alike.

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'Sometime my mother must come and stay with us,' she said. 'She has always blamed us for living in a rented house. She will be very happy, I am sure.'

Chapter 3

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HAROLD PINTER: *The Homecoming*

- 6 **Either** (a) Pinter said 'Ruth is the closest to a free woman that I've ever written – a free and independent mind.'

Explore the presentation of Ruth in the light of this statement.

- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effects in the following passage, exploring how the dialogue shapes the audience response to the characters, their relationships and the issues raised.

LENNY: Well, I want to ask you something. Do you detect a certain logical incoherence in the central affirmations of Christian theism?

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And there's lots of insects there.

Silence.

She is still.

Act 2

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

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss the contribution of comedy to Soyinka's presentation of character and ideas within the play.
- Or** (b) Explore the dramatic methods and effects in the following passage, considering in particular the presentation of character and relationships.

ELESIN: [ELESIN *turns to his new wife, gazes on her for some moments.*]
My young bride, did you hear the ghostly one? You sit and sob in your silent heart but say nothing to all this. First I blamed the white man, then I blamed my gods for deserting me. Now I feel I want to blame you for the mystery of the sapping of my will. But blame is a strange peace offering for a man to bring a world he has deeply wronged, and to its innocent dwellers. Oh little mother, I have taken countless women in my life but you were more than a desire of the flesh. I needed you as the abyss across which my body must be drawn, I filled it with earth and dropped my seed in it at the moment of preparedness for my crossing. You were the final gift of the living to their emissary to the land of the ancestors, and perhaps your warmth and youth brought new insights of this world to me and turned my feet leaden on this side of the abyss. For I confess to you, daughter, my weakness came not merely from the abomination of the white man who came violently into my fading presence, there was also a weight of longing on my earth-held limbs. I would have shaken it off, already my foot had begun to lift but then, the white ghost entered and all was defiled. 5

[*Approaching voices of PILKINGS and his wife.*]
JANE: Oh Simon, you will let her in won't you? 20
PILKINGS: I really wish you'd stop interfering.
[*They come into view. JANE is in a dressing-gown. PILKINGS is holding a note to which he refers from time to time.*]

JANE: Good gracious, I didn't initiate this. I was sleeping quietly, or trying to anyway, when the servant brought it. It's not my fault if one can't sleep undisturbed even in the Residency. 25

PILKINGS: He'd have done the same thing if we were sleeping at home so don't sidetrack the issue. He knows he can get round you or he wouldn't send you the petition in the first place.

JANE: Be fair Simon. After all he was thinking of your own interests. He is grateful you know, you seem to forget that. He feels he owes you something. 30

PILKINGS: I just wish they'd leave this man alone tonight, that's all.
JANE: Trust him Simon. He's pledged his word it will all go peacefully.
PILKINGS: Yes, and that's the other thing. I don't like being threatened. 35
JANE: Threatened? [*Takes the note.*] I didn't spot any threat.
PILKINGS: It's there. Veiled, but it's there. The only way to prevent serious rioting tomorrow—what a cheek!

JANE: I don't think he's threatening you Simon.
PILKINGS: He's picked up the idiom alright. Wouldn't surprise me if he's been mixing with commies or anarchists over there. The phrasing sounds too good to be true. Damn! If only the Prince hadn't picked this time for his visit. 40

JANE: Well, even so Simon, what have you got to lose? You don't want a riot on your hands, not with the Prince here. 45

- PILKINGS: [*going up to ELESIN*] Let's see what he has to say. Chief Elesin, there is yet another person who wants to see you. As she is not a next-of-kin I don't really feel obliged to let her in. But your son sent a note with her, so it's up to you.
- ELESIN: I know who that must be. So she found out your hiding-place. Well, it was not difficult. My stench of shame is so strong, it requires no hunter's dog to follow it. 50
- PILKINGS: If you don't want to see her, just say so and I'll send her packing.
- ELESIN: Why should I not want to see her? Let her come. I have no more holes in my rag of shame. All is laid bare. 55
- PILKINGS: I'll bring her in. [*Goes off.*]
- JANE: [*hesitates, then goes to ELESIN*] Please, try and understand. Everything my husband did was for the best.
- ELESIN: [*he gives her a long strange stare, as if he is trying to understand who she is*] You are the wife of the District Officer? 60
- JANE: Yes. My name, is Jane.
- ELESIN: That is my wife sitting down there. You notice how still and silent she sits? My business is with your husband.

Scene 5

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *To the Lighthouse*

- 8 **Either** (a) Explore the ways in which Woolf presents the relationship between James and his father, considering its significance to the novel as a whole.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, paying particular attention to Woolf's narrative technique.

'We went back to look for Minta's brooch,' he said, sitting down by her. 'We' – that was enough. She knew from the effort, the rise in his voice to surmount a difficult word that it was the first time he had said 'we'. 'We' did this, 'we' did that. They'll say that all their lives, she thought, and an exquisite scent of olives and oil and juice rose from the great brown dish as Marthe, with a little flourish, took the cover off. The cook had spent three days over that dish. And she must take great care, Mrs Ramsay thought, diving into the soft mass, to choose a specially tender piece for William Bankes. And she peered into the dish, with its shiny walls and its confusion of savoury brown and yellow meats, and its bay leaves and its wine, and thought, This will celebrate the occasion – a curious sense rising in her, at once freakish and tender, of celebrating a festival, as if two emotions were called up in her, one profound – for what could be more serious than the love of man for woman, what more commanding, more impressive, bearing in its bosom the seeds of death; at the same time these lovers, these people entering into illusion glittering eyed, must be danced round with mockery, decorated with garlands.

'It is a triumph,' said Mr Bankes, laying his knife down for a moment. He had eaten attentively. It was rich; it was tender. It was perfectly cooked. How did she manage these things in the depths of the country? he asked her. She was a wonderful woman. All his love, all his reverence had returned; and she knew it.

'It is a French recipe of my grandmother's,' said Mrs Ramsay, speaking with a ring of great pleasure in her voice. Of course it was French. What passes for cookery in England is an abomination (they agreed). It is putting cabbages in water. It is roasting meat till it is like leather. It is cutting off the delicious skins of vegetables. 'In which,' said Mr Bankes, 'all the virtue of the vegetable is contained.' And the waste, said Mrs Ramsay. A whole French family could live on what an English cook throws away. Spurred on by her sense that William's affection had come back to her, and that everything was all right again, and that her suspense was over, and that now she was free both to triumph and to mock, she laughed, she gesticulated, till Lily thought, How childlike, how absurd she was, sitting up there with all her beauty opened again in her, talking about the skins of vegetables. There was something frightening about her. She was irresistible. Always she got her own way in the end, Lily thought. Now she had brought this off – Paul and Minta, one might suppose, were engaged. Mr Bankes was dining here. She put a spell on them all, by wishing, so simply, so directly, and Lily contrasted that abundance with her own poverty of spirit, and supposed that it was partly that belief (for her face was all lit up – without looking young, she looked radiant) in this strange, this terrifying thing, which made Paul Rayley, the centre of it, all of a tremor, yet abstract, absorbed, silent. Mrs Ramsay, Lily felt, as she talked about the skins of vegetables, exalted that, worshipped that; held her hands over it to warm them, to protect it, and yet, having brought it all about, somehow laughed, led her victims, Lily felt, to the altar. It came over her too now – the emotion, the vibration of love. How inconspicuous she felt herself by Paul's side! He, glowing, burning; she, aloof, satirical; he, bound for adventure; she, moored to the shore; he, launched, incautious; she solitary, left out – and, ready to implore a share, if it were disaster, in his disaster, she said shyly:

'When did Minta lose her brooch?'

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