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

October/November 2005

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 on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions.
At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

EDWARD ALBEE : *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

1 Either (a) How far would you agree with the description of the play as a 'domestic trage

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, showing how effective yo find it as a dramatic climax at this point in the play.

MARTHA: You know what's happened, George? You want to know what's *really happened*? (*Snaps her fingers.*) It's snapped, finally. Not me ... *it*. The whole arrangement. You can go along ... forever, and everything's ... manageable. You make all sorts of excuses to yourself ... *you* know ... this is life ... the hell with it ... maybe tomorrow he'll be dead ... maybe tomorrow *you'll* be dead ... all sorts of excuses. But then, one day, one night, something happens ... and SNAP! It breaks. And you just don't give a damn any more. I've tried with you, baby ... really, I've tried.

GEORGE: Come off it, Martha.

MARTHA: I've tried ... I've really tried.

GEORGE (*with some awe*): You're a monster ... you *are*.

MARTHA: I'm loud, and I'm vulgar, and I wear the pants in this house because somebody's got to, but I am *not* a monster. I am *not*.

GEORGE: You're a spoiled, self-indulgent, wilful, dirty-minded, liquor-ridden ...

MARTHA: SNAP! It went snap. Look, I'm not going to try to get through to you any more ... I'm not going to try. There was a second back there, maybe, there was a second, just a second, when I could have gotten through to you, when maybe we could have cut through all this crap. But that's past, and now I'm not going to try.

GEORGE: Once a month, Martha! I've gotten used to it ... once a month and we get misunderstood Martha, the good-hearted girl underneath the barnacles, the little Miss that the touch of kindness'd bring to bloom again. And I've believed it more times than I want to remember, because I don't want to think I'm that much of a sucker. I don't believe you ... I just don't believe you. There is no moment ... there is no moment any more when we could ... come together.

MARTHA (*armed again*): Well, maybe you're right, baby. You can't come together with nothing, and you're nothing! SNAP! It went snap tonight at Daddy's party. (*Dripping contempt, but there is fury and loss under it.*) I sat there at Daddy's party, and I watched you ... I watched you sitting there, and I watched the younger men around you, the men who were going to go somewhere. And I sat there and I watched you, and *you* weren't *there*! And it snapped! It finally snapped. And I'm going to howl it out, and I'm not going to give a damn what I do, and I'm going to make the damned biggest explosion you ever heard.

GEORGE (*very pointedly*): You try it and I'll beat you at your own game.

MARTHA (*hopefully*): Is that a threat, George? Hunh?

GEORGE: That's a threat, Martha.

MARTHA (*fake-spits at him*): You're going to get it, baby.

GEORGE: Be careful, Martha ... I'll rip you to pieces.

MARTHA: You aren't man enough ... you haven't got the guts.

GEORGE: Total war?

MARTHA: Total.

(*Silence. They both seem relieved ... elated.* NICK *re-enters.*)

ELIZABETH JENNINGS : *Poems*

2 **Either** **(a)** With close reference to at least **three** poems, discuss ways in which Je explores the experience of suffering.

Or **(b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering Jennings's exploration of the experience of love. How far and in what ways do you think this poem is characteristic of Jennings's work that you have read?

Love Poem

There is a shyness that we have
Only with those whom we most love.
Something it has to do also
With how we cannot bring to mind
A face whose every line we know.
O love is kind, O love is kind.

That there should still remain the first
Sweetness, also the later thirst –
This is why pain must play some part
In all true feelings that we find
And every shaking of the heart.
O love is kind, O love is kind.

And it is right that we should want
Discretion, secrecy, no hint
Of what we share. Love which cries out,
And wants the world to understand,
Is love that holds itself in doubt.
For love is quiet, and love is kind.

R. K. NARAYAN : *The Guide*

3 Either (a) '*The Guide* begins as a comic look at the life of a rogue, but evolves into some quite different.'

How far would you agree with this description of the novel?

Or (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, showing how far and in what ways you think its methods and concerns are characteristic of the novel as a whole.

Did they expect him to starve for fifteen days and stand in knee-deep water eight hours? He sat up. He regretted having given them the idea. It had sounded picturesque. But if he had known that it would be applied to him, he might probably have given a different formula: that all villages should combine to help him eat *bonda* for fifteen days without a break. Up to them to see that the supply was kept up. And then the saintly man would stand in the river for two minutes a day, and it should bring down the rain sooner or later. His mother used to say, "If there is one good man anywhere, the rains would descend for his sake and benefit the whole world," quoting from a Tamil poem. It occurred to him that the best course for him would be to run away from the whole thing. He could walk across, catch a bus somewhere, and be off to the city, where they would not bother too much about him – just another bearded *sadhu* about, that was all. Velan and the rest would look for him and conclude that he had vanished to the Himalayas. But how to do it? How far could he go? Anyone might spot him within half an hour. It was not a practical solution. They might drag him back to the spot and punish him for fooling them. It was not even this fear; he was perhaps ready to take the risk, if there was half a chance of getting away ... But he felt moved by the recollection of the big crowd of women and children touching his feet. He felt moved by the thought of their gratitude. He lit a fire and cooked his food, bathed in the river (at a spot where he had to scoop the sand and wait five minutes for the spring to fill his vessel), and gulped down a meal before anyone should arrive even accidentally. He kept a reserve of food, concealed in an inner sanctum, for a second meal at night. He thought suddenly that if they would at least leave him alone at night, he could make some arrangement and survive the ordeal. The ordeal then would be only standing knee-deep in water (if they could find it), muttering the litany for eight hours. (This he could suitably modify in actual practice.) It might give him cramps, but he'd have to bear it for a few days, and then he believed the rains would descend in their natural course sooner or later. He would not like to cheat them altogether about the fast if he could help it.

When Velan arrived at night, he took him into his confidence. He said, "Velan, you have been a friend to me. You must listen to me now. What makes you think that I can bring the rain?"

"That boy told us so. Did you not tell him so?"

Raju hesitated without giving a direct reply. Perhaps even at this point he might have rectified the whole thing with a frank statement. Raju hesitated for a moment. By habit, his nature avoided the direct and bald truth even now. He replied dodgingly, "It's not that that I am asking. I want to know what has made you think so about me."

Velan blinked helplessly. He did not quite understand what the great man was implying. He felt that it must mean something very noble, of course, but he was unable to answer the question. He said, "What else should we do?"

"Come nearer. Sit down and listen to me. You may sleep here. I'm prepared to f
for the sake of your people and do anything if I can help this country – but it is to be
done only by a saint. I am no saint." Velan uttered many sounds of protest. Raju felt
really sorry to be shattering his faith; but it was the only way in which he could hope
to escape the ordeal. It was a cool night. Raju asked Velan to go up with him to the
river step. He took his seat on it, and Velan sat on a step below. Raju moved down
to his side. "You have to listen to me, and so don't go so far away, Velan. I must
speak into your ears. You must pay attention to what I am going to say. I am not a
saint, Velan, I'm just an ordinary human being like anyone else. Listen to my story.
You will know it yourself." The river trickling away in minute driblets made no noise.
The dry leaves of the peepul tree rustled. Somewhere a jackal howled. And Raju's
voice filled the night. Velan listened to him without uttering a word of surprise or
interjection, in all humility. Only he looked a little more serious than usual, and there
were lines of care on his face.

Chapter 6

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JEAN RHYS : *Wide Sargasso Sea*

5 **Either** **(a)** Discuss ways in which the world of nature is significant in this novel.

Or **(b)** Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, showing how far and in what ways you think its methods and concerns are characteristic of the novel as a whole.

I opened my eyes, everybody was looking up and pointing at Coco on the *glacis* railings with his feathers alight. He made an effort to fly down but his clipped wings failed him and he fell screeching. He was all on fire.

I began to cry. 'Don't look,' said Aunt Cora. 'Don't look.' She stooped and put her arms round me and I hid my face, but I could feel that they were not so near. I heard someone say something about bad luck and remembered that it was very unlucky to kill a parrot, or even to see a parrot die. They began to go then, quickly, silently, and those that were left drew aside and watched us as we trailed across the grass. They were not laughing any more.

'Get to the carriage, get to the carriage,' said Mr Mason. 'Hurry!' He went first, holding my mother's arm, then Christophine carrying Pierre, and Aunt Cora was last, still with my hand in hers. None of us looked back.

Mannie had stopped the horses at the bend of the cobblestone road and as we got closer we heard him shout, 'What all you are, eh? Brute beasts?' He was speaking to a group of men and a few women who were standing round the carriage. A coloured man with a machete in his hand was holding the bridle. I did not see Sass or the other two horses. 'Get in,' said Mr Mason. 'Take no notice of him, get in.' The man with the machete said no. We would go to police and tell a lot of damn lies. A woman said to let us go. All this an accident and they had plenty witness. 'Myra she witness for us.'

'Shut your mouth,' the man said. 'You mash centipede, mash it, leave one little piece and it grow again ... What you think police believe, eh? You, or the white nigger?'

Mr Mason stared at him. He seemed not frightened, but too astounded to speak. Mannie took up the carriage whip but one of the blacker men wrenched it out of his hand, snapped it over his knee and threw it away. 'Run away, black Englishman, like the boy run. Hide in the bushes. It's better for you.' It was Aunt Cora who stepped forward and said, 'The little boy is very badly hurt. He will die if we cannot get help for him.'

The man said, 'So black and white, they burn the same, eh?'

'They do,' she said. 'Here and hereafter, as you will find out. Very shortly.'

He let the bridle go and thrust his face close to hers. He'd throw her on the fire, he said, if she put bad luck on him. Old white jumby, he called her. But she did not move an inch, she looked straight into his eyes and threatened him with eternal fire in a calm voice. 'And never a drop of sangoree to cool your burning tongue,' she said. He cursed her again but he backed away. 'Now get in,' said Mr Mason. 'You, Christophine, get in with the child.' Christophine got in. 'Now you,' he said to my mother. But she had turned and was looking back at the house and when he put his hand on her arm, she screamed.

One woman said she only come to see what happen. Another woman began to cry. The man with the cutlass said, 'You cry for her – when she ever cry for you? Tell me that.'

But now I turned too. The house was burning, the yellow-red sky was like sunset and I knew that I would never see Coulibri again. Nothing would be left, the golden ferns and the silver ferns, the orchids, the ginger lilies and the roses, the

rocking-chairs and the blue sofa, the jasmine and the honeysuckle, and the picture of the Miller's Daughter. When they had finished, there would be nothing left but blackened walls and the mounting stone. That was always left. That could not be stolen or burned.

Then, not so far off, I saw Tia and her mother and I ran to her, for she was all that was left of my life as it had been. We had eaten the same food, slept side by side, bathed in the same river. As I ran, I thought, I will live with Tia and I will be like her. Not to leave Coulibri. Not to go. Not. When I was close I saw the jagged stone in her hand but I did not see her throw it. I did not feel it either, only something wet, running down my face. I looked at her and I saw her face crumple up as she began to cry. We stared at each other, blood on my face, tears on hers. It was as if I saw myself. Like in a looking-glass.

TOM STOPPARD : *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*

6 **Either** **(a)** 'More effective as philosophical debate than as a dramatic play.'

How far would you agree with this view of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are D*

Or **(b)** Discuss the dramatic effects of the following passage, showing how far and in what ways the play's characteristic methods and concerns are evident here.

ROSENCRANTZ (*cutting his fingernails*): Another curious scientific phenomenon is the fact that the fingernails grow after death, as does the beard.
GUILDENSTERN: What?
ROSENCRANTZ (*loud*): Beard!
GUILDENSTERN: But you're not dead.
ROSENCRANTZ (*irritated*): I didn't say they *started* to grow after death! (*Pause, calmer.*) The fingernails also grow before birth, though *not* the beard.
GUILDENSTERN: *What?*
ROSENCRANTZ (*shouts*): Beard! What's the matter with you? (*Reflectively.*) The toenails, on the other hand, never grow at all.
GUILDENSTERN (*bemused*): The toenails on the other hand never grow at all?
ROSENCRANTZ: Do they? It's a funny thing – I cut my fingernails all the time, and every time I think to cut them, they need cutting. Now, for instance. And yet, I never, to the best of my knowledge, cut my toenails. They ought to be curled under my feet by now, but it doesn't happen. I never think about them. Perhaps I cut them absent-mindedly, when I'm thinking of something else.
GUILDENSTERN (*tensed up by this rambling*): Do you remember the first thing that happened today?
ROSENCRANTZ (*promptly*): I woke up, I suppose. (*Triggered.*) Oh – I've got it now – that man, a foreigner, he woke us up —
GUILDENSTERN: A messenger. (*He relaxes, sits.*)
ROSENCRANTZ: That's it – pale sky before dawn, a man standing on his saddle to bang on the shutters – shouts – What's all the row about?! Clear off! – But then he called our names. You remember that – this man woke us up.
GUILDENSTERN: Yes.
ROSENCRANTZ: We were sent for.
GUILDENSTERN: Yes.
ROSENCRANTZ: That's why we're here. (*He looks round, seems doubtful, then the explanation.*) Travelling.
GUILDENSTERN: Yes.
ROSENCRANTZ (*dramatically*): It was urgent – a matter of extreme urgency, a royal summons, his very words: official business and no questions asked – lights in the stable-yard, saddle up and off headlong and hotfoot across the land, our guides outstripped in breakneck pursuit of our duty! Fearful lest we come too late!! (*Small pause.*)
GUILDENSTERN: Too late for what?
ROSENCRANTZ: How do I know? We haven't got there yet.
GUILDENSTERN: Then what are we doing here, I ask myself.
ROSENCRANTZ: You might well ask.
GUILDENSTERN: We better get on.
ROSENCRANTZ: You might well think.

GUILDENSTERN: We better get on.

ROSENCRANTZ (*actively*): Right! (*Pause.*) On where?

GUILDENSTERN: Forward.

ROSENCRANTZ (*forward to footlights*): Ah. (*Hesitates.*) Which way do we —— (*He turns round.*) Which way did we ——?

GUILDENSTERN: Practically starting from scratch ... An awakening, a man standing on his saddle to bang on the shutters, our names shouted in a certain dawn, a message, a summons ... A new record for heads and tails. We have not been ... picked out ... simply to be abandoned ... set loose to find our own way ... We are entitled to some direction ... I would have thought.

ROSENCRANTZ (*alert, listening*): I say —— ! I say ——

GUILDENSTERN: Yes?

ROSENCRANTZ: I can hear – I thought I heard – music.

(GUILDENSTERN *raises himself.*)

GUILDENSTERN: Yes?

ROSENCRANTZ: Like a band. (*He looks around, laughs embarrassedly, expiating himself.*) It sounded like – a band. Drums.

GUILDENSTERN: Yes.

ROSENCRANTZ (*relaxes*): It couldn't have been real.

GUILDENSTERN: "The colours red, blue and green are real. The colour yellow is a mystical experience shared by everybody" – demolish.

ROSENCRANTZ (*at edge of stage*): It must have been thunder. Like drums ...

(*By the end of the next speech, the band is faintly audible.*)

GUILDENSTERN: A man breaking his journey between one place and another at a third place of no name, character, population or significance, sees a unicorn cross his path and disappear. That in itself is startling, but there are precedents for mystical encounters of various kinds, or to be less extreme, a choice of persuasions to put it down to fancy; until – "My God," says a second man, "I must be dreaming, I thought I saw a unicorn." At which point, a dimension is added that makes the experience as alarming as it will ever be. A third witness, you understand, adds no further dimension but only spreads it thinner, and a fourth thinner still, and the more witnesses there are the thinner it gets and the more reasonable it becomes until it is as thin as reality, the name we give to the common experience ... "Look, look!" recites the crowd. "A horse with an arrow in its forehead! It must have been mistaken for a deer."

ROSENCRANTZ (*eagerly*): I knew all along it was a band.

GUILDENSTERN (*tiredly*): He knew all along it was a band.

ROSENCRANTZ: Here they come!

GUILDENSTERN (*at the last moment before they enter – wistfully*): I'm sorry it wasn't a unicorn. It would have been nice to have unicorns.

(*The* TRAGEDIANS *are six in number, including a small* BOY (ALFRED). *Two pull and push a cart piled with props and belongings. There is also a* DRUMMER, *a* HORN-PLAYER *and a* FLAUTIST. *The* SPOKESMAN ("*the* PLAYER") *has no instrument. He brings up the rear and is the first to notice them.*)

PLAYER: Halt!

(*The* GROUP *turns and halts.*)

(*Joyously.*) An audience!

DEREK WALCOTT : *Selected Poetry*

7 **Either** **(a)** What views of the experience of colonialism have you found in Walcott's w
how are these views presented in at least **three** poems?

Or **(b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing how effective you find
Walcott's symbolic representation of the landscape.

The Almond Trees

There's nothing here
this early;
cold sand
cold churning ocean, the Atlantic,
no visible history,

except this stand
of twisted, coppery, sea-almond trees
their shining postures surely
bent as metal, and one

foam-haired, salt-grizzled fisherman,
his mongrel growling, whirling on the stick
he pitches him; its spinning rays
'no visible history'
until their lengthened shapes amaze the sun.

By noon,
this further shore of Africa is strewn
with the forked limbs of girls toasting their flesh
in scarves, sunglasses, Pompeian bikinis,

brown daphnes, laurels, they'll all have
like their originals, their sacred grove,
this frieze
of twisted, coppery, sea-almond trees.

The fierce acetylene air
has singed
their writhing trunks with rust, the same
hues as a foundered, peeling barge.
It'll sear a pale skin copper with its flame.

The sand's white-hot ash underheel,
but their aged limbs have got their brazen sheen
from fire. Their bodies fiercely shine!
They're cured,
they endure their furnace.

Aged trees and oiled limbs share a common colour!

Welded in one flame,
huddling naked, stripped of their name,
for Greek or Roman tags, they were lashed
raw by wind, washed
out with salt and fire-dried,
bitterly nourished where their branches died,

their leaves' broad dialect a coarse,
enduring sound
they shared together.

Not as some running hamadryad's cries
rooted, broke slowly into leaf
her nipples peaking to smooth, wooden boles

Their grief
howls seaward through charred, ravaged holes.

One sunburnt body now acknowledges
that past and its own metamorphosis
as, moving from the sun, she kneels to spread
her wrap within the bent arms of this grove
that grieves in silence, like parental love.

EVELYN WAUGH : *Decline and Fall*

8 **Either** **(a)** 'You may have discerned in me a certain prejudice against the lowe
Dr Fagan tells Paul. 'It is quite true. I *do* feel deeply on the subject. Yo
I married one of them.'

How far and in what ways do you think class relationships are significant in this
novel?

Or **(b)** Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, showing how far and in what ways you think methods and concerns characteristic of the novel as a whole are evident here.

'That's your little mob in there,' said Grimes; 'you let them out at eleven.'
'But what am I to teach them?' said Paul in a sudden panic.
'Oh, I shouldn't try to *teach* them anything, not just yet, anyway. Just keep them quiet.'
'Now that's a thing I've never learned to do,' sighed Mr Prendergast.
Paul watched him amble into his classroom at the end of the passage, where a burst of applause greeted his arrival. Dumb with terror, he went into his own classroom.
Ten boys sat before him, their hands folded, their eyes bright with expectation.
'Good morning, sir,' said the one nearest him.
'Good morning,' said Paul.
'Good morning, sir,' said the next.
'Good morning,' said Paul.
'Good morning, sir,' said the next.
'Oh, shut up,' said Paul.
At this the boy took out a handkerchief and began to cry quietly.
'Oh, sir,' came a chorus of reproach, 'you've hurt his feelings. He's very sensitive; it's his Welsh blood, you know: it makes people very emotional. Say "Good morning" to him, sir, or he won't be happy all day. After all, it is a good morning, isn't it, sir?'
'Silence!' shouted Paul above the uproar, and for a few moments things were quieter.
'Please, sir,' said a small voice – Paul turned and saw a grave-looking youth holding up his hand – 'please, sir, perhaps he's been smoking cigars and doesn't feel well.'
'Silence!' said Paul again.
The ten boys stopped talking and sat perfectly still, staring at him. He felt himself getting hot and red under their scrutiny.
'I suppose the first thing I ought to do is to get your names clear. What is your name?' he asked, turning to the first boy.
'Tangent, sir.'
'And yours?'
'Tangent, sir,' said the next boy. Paul's heart sank.
'But you can't both be called Tangent.'
'No, sir, *I'm* Tangent. He's just trying to be funny.'
'I like that. *Me* trying to be funny! Please, sir, I'm Tangent, sir; really I am.'
'If it comes to that,' said Clutterbuck from the back of the room, 'there is only one Tangent here, and that is me. Anyone else can jolly well go to blazes.'
Paul felt desperate.
'Well, is there anyone who isn't Tangent?'
Four or five voices instantly arose.

'I'm not, sir; I'm not Tangent. I wouldn't be called Tangent, not on the end of a bargepole.'

In a few seconds the room had become divided into two parties: those who were Tangent and those who were not. Blows were already being exchanged, when the door opened and Grimes came in. There was a slight hush.

'I thought you might want this,' he said, handing Paul a walking stick. 'And if you take my advice, you'll set them something to do.'

He went out; and Paul, firmly grasping the walking stick, faced his form.

'Listen,' he said. 'I don't care a damn what any of you are called, but if there's another word from anyone I shall keep you all in this afternoon.'

'You can't keep me in,' said Clutterbuck; 'I'm going for a walk with Captain Grimes.'

'Then I shall very nearly kill you with this stick. Meanwhile you will all write an essay on "Self-indulgence". There will be a prize of half a crown for the longest essay, irrespective of any possible merit.'

From then onwards all was silence until break. Paul, still holding the stick, gazed despondently out of the window. Now and then there rose from below the shrill voices of the servants scolding each other in Welsh. By the time the bell rang Clutterbuck had covered sixteen pages, and was awarded the half-crown.

Part 1 Chapter 5

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