

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 2003

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.

MARGARET ATWOOD: *Cat's Eye*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'She never says *What will people think* in the way other mothers do, supposed to do. She doesn't give a hoot.'

Consider the nature and importance of the relationship between the narrator Elaine and her mother in *Cat's Eye*.

- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the following passage, relating it to the methods and concerns of the novel as a whole.

I walk the next blocks, turn the corner, expecting to see the familiar dingy oblong of the school, in weathered red brick the colour of dried liver. The cindered schoolyard, the tall thin windows with orange paper pumpkins and black cats stuck onto them for Hallowe'en, the graven lettering over the doors, BOYS and GIRLS, like the inscriptions on mausoleums of the late nineteenth century. 5

But the school has disappeared. In its place a new school has risen instantly, like a mirage: light-coloured, block-shaped, glossy and modern.

I feel hit, in the pit of the stomach. The old school has been erased, wiped from space. It's as if it was never there at all. I lean against a telephone pole, bewildered, as if something has been cut out of my brain. Suddenly I'm bone tired. I would like to go to sleep. 10

After a while I approach the new school, go towards it through the gate, walk slowly around it. BOYS and GIRLS have been abolished, that much is clear; though there's still a chain-link fence. The schoolyard is dotted with swings, with climbing-bars and slides, in bright primary colours; a few children have come back early from lunch and are clambering about. 15

It's all so clean-cut, so open. Surely behind those glassy, candid doors there are no more long wooden pointers, no black rubber strap, no hard wooden desks in rows; no King and Queen in their stiff regalia, no inkwells; no sniggering about underpants; no bitter, whiskery old women. No cruel secrets. Everything like that is gone. 20

I come around the back corner, and there is the eroded hill, with its few sparse trees. That much is still the same, then.

No one's up there.

I climb up the wooden steps, stand where I used to stand. Where I am still standing, never having been away. The voices of the children from the playground below could be any children's voices, from any time, the light under the trees thickens, turns malevolent. Ill will surrounds me. It's hard to breathe. I feel as if I'm pushing against something, a pressure on me, like opening the door against a snowstorm. 25 30

Get me out of this, Cordelia. I'm locked in.

I don't want to be nine years old forever.

The air is soft, autumnal, the sun shines. I am standing still. And yet I walk head down, into the unmoving wind.

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *An Artist of the Floating World*

- 2 **Either** (a) In the section 'November 1949', Setsuko tells her father 'Father was a painter. He must stop believing he has done some great wrong.'

How far does your own reading of the novel lead you to agree with Setsuko's view of her father?

- Or** (b) The following passage concludes the novel. Discuss its effectiveness, relating it to the methods and concerns of *An Artist of the Floating World* as a whole.

Yesterday morning, after standing on the Bridge of Hesitation for some moments thinking about Matsuda, I walked on to where our pleasure district used to be. The area has now been rebuilt and has become quite unrecognizable. The narrow little street that once ran through the centre of the district, crowded with people and the cloth banners of the various establishments, has now been replaced by a wide concrete road along which heavy trucks come and go all day. Where Mrs Kawakami's stood, there is now a glass-fronted office building, four storeys high. Neighbouring it are more such large buildings, and during the day, one can see office workers, delivery men, messengers, all moving busily in and out of them. There are no bars now until one reaches Furukawa, but here and there, one may recognize a piece of fencing or else a tree, left over from the old days, looking oddly incongruous in its new setting. 5

Where the Migi-Hidari once stood is now a front yard for a group of offices set back from the road. Some of the senior employees leave their cars in this yard, but it is for the most part a clear space of tarmac with a few young trees planted at various points. At the front of this yard, facing the road, there is a bench of the sort one may find in a park. For whose benefit it has been placed there, I do not know, for I have never seen any of these busy people ever stopping to relax on it. But it is my fancy that the bench occupies a spot very close to where our old table in the Migi-Hidari would have been situated, and I have taken at times to sitting on it. It may well not be a public bench, but then it is close to the pavement, and no one has ever objected to my sitting there. Yesterday morning, with the sun shining pleasantly, I sat down on it again and remained there for a while, observing the activity around me. 10 15

It must have been approaching the lunch hour by then, for across the road I could see groups of employees in their bright white shirtsleeves emerging from the glass-fronted building where Mrs Kawakami's used to be. And as I watched, I was struck by how full of optimism and enthusiasm these young people were. At one point, two young men leaving the building stopped to talk with a third who was on his way in. They stood on the doorsteps of that glass-fronted building, laughing together in the sunshine. One young man, whose face I could see most clearly, was laughing in a particularly cheerful manner, with something of the open innocence of a child. Then with a quick gesture, the three colleagues parted and went their ways. 20 25

I smiled to myself as I watched these young office workers from my bench. Of course, at times, when I remember those brightly-lit bars and all those people gathered beneath the lamps, laughing a little more boisterously perhaps than those young men yesterday, but with much the same good-heartedness, I feel a certain nostalgia for the past and the district as it used to be. But to see how our city has been rebuilt, how things have recovered so rapidly over these years, fills me with genuine gladness. Our nation, it seems, whatever mistakes it may have made in the past, has now another chance to make a better go of things. One can only wish these young people well. 30 35 40

'June 1950'

ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'Your vows enfold you. I must make my own.'

Discuss the treatment of religious doubt and belief in Jennings's verse, with reference to **two** poems.

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing how far it seems to you to be characteristic of Jennings's methods and concerns.

A Game of Chess

The quiet moves, the gently shaded room:
It is like childhood once again when I
Sat with a tray of toys and you would come
To take my temperature and make me lie
Under the clothes and sleep. Now peacefully 5

We sit above the intellectual game.
Pure mathematics seems to rule the board
Emotionless. And yet I feel the same
As when I sat and played without a word
Inventing kingdoms where great feelings stirred. 10

Is it that knight and king and small squat castle
Store up emotion, bring it under rule,
So that the problems now with which we wrestle
Seem simply of the mind? Do feelings cool
Beneath the order of an abstract school? 15

Never entirely, since the whole thing brings
Me back to childhood when I was distressed:
You seem the same who put away my things
At night, my toys and tools of childish lust.
My king is caught now in a world of trust. 20

- 4 **Either** (a) 'The effectiveness of the play lies in its blending of comedy with horror.'

Show how far you agree, and how important you find this mixing of moods is to the overall effect of the play.

- Or** (b) The following passage comes from the monologue which ends the Second Act of *The Caretaker*. Consider its dramatic effectiveness, showing how far you find its methods and concerns characteristic of the play as a whole.

... And he showed me a pile of papers and he said that I'd got something, some complaint. He said ... he just said that, you see. You've got ... this thing. That's your complaint. And we've decided, he said, that in your interests there's only one course we can take. He said ... but I can't ... exactly remember ... how he put it ... he said, we're going to do something to your brain. He said ... if we don't, you'll be in here for the rest of your life, but if we do, you stand a chance. You can go out, he said, and live like the others. What do you want to do to my brain, I said to him. But he just repeated what he'd said. Well, I wasn't a fool. I knew I was a minor. I knew he couldn't do anything to me without getting permission. I knew he had to get permission from my mother. So I wrote to her and told her what they were trying to do. But she signed their form, you see, giving them permission. I know that because he showed me her signature when I brought it up. Well, that night I tried to escape, that night. I spent five hours sawing at one of the bars on the window in this ward. Right throughout the dark. They used to shine a torch over the beds every half hour. So I timed it just right. And then it was nearly done, and a man had a ... he had a fit, right next to me. And they caught me, anyway. About a week later they started to come round and do this thing to the brain. We were all supposed to have it done, in this ward. And they came round and did it one at a time. One a night. I was one of the last. And I could see quite clearly what they did to the others. They used to come round with these ... I don't know what they were ... they looked like big pincers, with wires on, the wires were attached to a little machine. It was electric. They used to hold the man down, and this chief ... the chief doctor, used to fit the pincers, something like earphones, he used to fit them on either side of the man's skull. There was a man holding the machine, you see, and he'd ... turn it on, and the chief would just press these pincers on either side of the skull and keep them there. Then he'd take them off. They'd cover the man up ... and they wouldn't touch him again until later on. Some used to put up a fight, but most of them didn't. They just lay there. Well, they were coming round to me, and the night they came I got up and stood against the wall. They told me to get on the bed, and I knew they had to get me on the bed because if they did it while I was standing up they might break my spine. So I stood up and then one or two of them came for me, well, I was younger then, I was much stronger than I am now, I was quite strong then, I laid one of them out and I had another one round the throat, and then suddenly this chief had these pincers on my skull and I knew he wasn't supposed to do it while I was standing up, that's why I ... anyway, he did it. So I did get out. I got out of the place ... but I couldn't walk very well. I don't think my spine was damaged. That was perfectly all right. The trouble was ... my thoughts ... had become very slow ... I couldn't think at all ... I couldn't ... get ... my thoughts ... together ... uuuhh ... I could ... never quite get it ... together. The trouble was, I couldn't hear what people were saying. I couldn't look to the right or the left, I had to look straight in front of me, because if I turned my head round ... I couldn't keep ... upright. And I had these headaches. I used to sit in my room. That was when I lived with my mother. And my brother. He was younger than me. And I laid everything out in order, in my room, all the things I knew were mine, but I didn't die.

The thing is, I should have been dead. I should have died. Anyway, I feel much better now. But I don't talk to people now. I steer clear of places like that café. I never go into them now. I don't talk to anyone ... like that. I've often thought of going back and trying to find the man who did that to me. But I want to do something first. I want to build that shed out in the garden.

Curtain

Act Two

WOLE SOYINKA: *The Trials of Brother Jero* and *Jero's Metamorphosis*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'In spite of the differences between them, the plays have strong un- similarities of approach and effect.'

How far do you agree?

- Or** (b) Consider the dramatic effects of the following passage from *Jero's Metamorphosis*, showing in what ways it is characteristic of the play as a whole.

Rebecca: Give up the plan, said the Lord, give up the plan. What avails all the wealth of the world, if your soul is lost. What avails your cars and houses if you'll burn in hell. Save this sinner, Lord save his soul. Burn out the greed of his heart, burn out the greed.

The Chief Executive makes for the door but Ananaias, with a roar of 'Hallelujah' steps out and blocks it. The Chief Executive flings himself back into the room, bang into the arms of Rebecca who with a shout of 'Hallelujah' holds him in an unbreakable embrace. His bowler hat is knocked off and he soon parts company with his umbrella. The Clerk retreats to the corner of the room on seeing Ananaias, while the Policewoman who tries to squeeze past Ananaias is herself swept up with one arm and held there by Ananaias. 5
10

Ananaias: And this sinner, lord, and this sinner!

Rebecca: Hallelujah!

Ananaias: From her labour of sin, oh Lord, from her labour of sin. 15

Rebecca: Hallelujah!

Ananaias: Policework is evil, oh lord, policework is evil.

Rebecca: Halle-Halle-Hallelujah. (*And continues the chorus.*)

Ananaias: Save this sinner, Lord, save this sinner. Protect her from bribery, oh Lord! Protect her from corruption! Protect her from iniquities known and unknown, from practices unmentionable in thy hearing. Protect her from greed for promotion, from hunger for stripes, from chasing after citations with actions over and beyond the call of duty. Save her from harassing the innocent and molesting the tempted, from prying into the affairs of men and nosing out their innocent practices. Take out the beam in thine own eye, said the Lord. 20
25

Rebecca: Hallelujah!

Ananaias: Take out the beam in thine own eye!

Rebecca: Hallelujah!

Ananaias: Take out the beam in thine own eye, for who shall cast the first stone sayeth the Lord! Let him that hath no sin cast the first stone! Let him that hath no sin make the first arrest! Vengeance is mine saith the Lord, I shall recompense. Vengeance is mine, take not the law into your own hands! Verily I say unto you it is easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for a police man or woman to enter the kingdom of heaven. We pray you bring them into the kingdom of heaven Lord. Bring them into the kingdom of heaven Lord. Bring them into the kingdom of heaven Lord. Bring them into the kingdom of heaven. Save them from this hatred of their fellow men, from this hatred of poor weak vessels who merely seek a modest living. Oh bring them into the kingdom of heaven Lord. Right up to the kingdom of heaven Lord. Right into the kingdom of heaven ... 30
35
40

Rebecca's ecstasy has reached such proportions that she is

trembling from head to foot. Suddenly she flings out her arms, knocking off the glasses of the Executive Officer.

Rebecca: Into the kingdom of heaven Lord, into the kingdom of heaven ...

Executive Officer seizes his freedom on the instant, dives through the window headfirst. The Clerk is about to help him pick up his fallen bowler and umbrella but changes his mind as Ananias steps forward. He follows his master through the window. Ananias in making for the fallen trophy lets go the Policewoman who makes for safety through the door. Rebecca is completely oblivious to all the goings-on, only gyrating and repeating 'into the kingdom of heaven ...' Ananias picks up the umbrella and bowler, looks in the cupboard and pockets a piece of bread he finds there, sniffs the bottle and downs the contents. Finding nothing else that can be lifted, he shrugs and starts to leave. Stops, takes another look at the yet ecstatic Rebecca, goes over to a corner of the room and lifts up a bucket of water, throws it on Sister Rebecca. She is stopped cold and shudders. Exit Ananias, taking the bucket with him.

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55

60

Scene One

TOM STOPPARD: *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*6 **Either** (a) 'PLAYERS: Tragedians, at your command.'

Discuss the role and significance of the Players in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*.

Or (b) Discuss the dramatic effects of the following passage, in relation to your own view of the play's methods and concerns.

Guildenstern: What are you feeling?
Rosencrantz: A leg. Yes, it feels like my leg.
Guildenstern: How does it feel?
Rosencrantz: Dead.
Guildenstern: Dead? 5
Rosencrantz: [*panic*] I can't feel a thing!
Guildenstern: Give it a pinch! [*Immediately he yelps.*]
Rosencrantz: Sorry.
Guildenstern: Well, that's cleared that up.

Longer pause: the sound builds a little and identifies itself – the sea. Ship timbers, wind in the rigging, and then shouts of sailors calling obscure but inescapably nautical instructions from all directions, far and near: A short list: 10

Hard a larboard!
 Let go the stays! 15
 Reef down me hearties!
 Is that you, cox'n?
 Hel-llo! Is that you?
 Hard a port!
 Easy as she goes! 20
 Keep her steady on the lee!
 Haul away, lads!
 [*Snatches of sea shanty maybe.*]
 Fly the jib!
 Tops'l up, me maties! 25

When the point has been well made and more so.

Rosencrantz: We're on a boat. [*Pause.*] Dark, isn't it?
Guildenstern: Not for night.
Rosencrantz: No, not for *night*.
Guildenstern: Dark for day. 30
 [*Pause.*]
Rosencrantz: Oh yes, it's dark for *day*.
Guildenstern: We must have gone north, of course.
Rosencrantz: Off course?
Guildenstern: Land of the midnight sun, that is. 35
Rosencrantz: Of course.

Some sailor sounds.
A lantern is lit upstage – in fact by Hamlet.
The stage lightens disproportionately.
Enough to see: 40

*Ros and Guil sitting downstage.
Vague shapes of rigging, etc., behind.*

- I think it's getting light.
- Guildenstern:* Not for night.
- Rosencrantz:* This far north. 45
- Guildenstern:* Unless we're off course.
- Rosencrantz:* [*small pause*] Of course.
- A better light – Lantern? Moon? ... Light.
Revealing, among other things, three large man-sized casks on
deck, upended, with lids. Spaced but in line. Behind and above – a
gaudy striped umbrella, on a pole stuck into the deck, tilted so that
we do not see behind it – one of those huge six-foot diameter jobs.
Still dim upstage.
Ros and Guil still facing front.*
- Rosencrantz:* Yes, it's lighter than it was. It'll be night soon. This far north. 55
[*Dolefully*] I suppose we'll have to go to sleep. [*He yawns and
stretches.*]
- Guildenstern:* Tired?
- Rosencrantz:* No ... I don't think I'd take to it. Sleep all night, can't see a thing all
day ... Those eskimos must have a quiet life. 60
- Guildenstern:* Where?
- Rosencrantz:* What?
- Guildenstern:* I thought you – [*Relapses.*] I've lost all capacity for disbelief. I'm
not sure that I could even rise to a little gentle scepticism. 65
[*Pause.*]
- Rosencrantz:* Well, shall we stretch our legs?
- Guildenstern:* I don't feel like stretching my legs.
- Rosencrantz:* I'll stretch them for you, if you like.
- Guildenstern:* No.
- Rosencrantz:* We could stretch each other's. That way we wouldn't have to go 70
anywhere.
- Guildenstern:* [*pause*] No, somebody might come in.
- Rosencrantz:* In where?
- Guildenstern:* Out here.
- Rosencrantz:* In out here? 75
- Guildenstern:* On deck.

Ros considers the floor: slaps it.

- Rosencrantz:* Nice bit of planking, that.

Act Three

DEREK WALCOTT: *Selected Poetry*

- 7 **Either** (a) Consider Walcott's treatment of the Caribbean landscape in his verse, with reference to at least **three** poems.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing how far it seems to you to be characteristic of Walcott's methods and concerns.

Nearing Forty
(for John Figueroa)

The irregular combination of fanciful invention may delight awhile by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest. But the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth ...

Samuel Johnson

Insomniac since four, hearing this narrow, rigidly-metred, early-rising rain recounting, as its coolness numbs the marrow, that I am nearing forty, nearer the weak vision thickening to a frosted pane,	5
nearer the day when I may judge my work by the bleak modesty of middle-age as a false dawn, fireless and average, which would be just, because your life bled for the household truth, the style past metaphor	10
that finds its parallel however wretched in simple, shining lines, in pages stretched plain as a bleaching bedsheet under a gutter- ing rainspout, glad for the sputter of occasional insight; you who foresaw	15
ambition as a searing meteor will fumble a damp match, and smiling, settle for the dry wheezing of a dented kettle, for vision narrower than a louvre's gap, then watching your leaves thin, recall how deep	20
prodigious cynicism plants its seed, gauges our seasons by this year's end rain which, as greenhorns at school, we'd call conventional for convectional;	25
or you will rise and set your lines to work with sadder joy but steadier elation, until the night when you can really sleep, measuring how imagination ebbs, conventional as any water-clerk	30
who weighs the force of lightly-falling rain, which, as the new moon moves it, does its work, even when it seems to weep.	

- 8 **Either** (a) 'Grimes, Paul at last realised, was one of the immortals.'

Consider the portrayal and significance of Captain Grimes in *Decline and Fall*.

- Or** (b) The following passage opens the novel. Discuss the effects of the writing, showing how you think it prepares the audience for what is to come.

Mr Sniggs, the Junior Dean, and Mr Postlethwaite, the Domestic Bursar, sat alone in Mr Sniggs's room overlooking the garden quad at Scone College. From the rooms of Sir Alastair Digby-Vaine-Trumpington, two staircases away, came a confused roaring and breaking of glass. They alone of the senior members of Scone were at home that evening, for it was the night of the annual dinner of the Bollinger Club. The others were all scattered over Boar's Hill and North Oxford at gay, contentious little parties, or at other senior common rooms, or at the meetings of learned societies, for the annual Bollinger dinner is a difficult time for those in authority. 5

It is not accurate to call this an annual event, because quite often the club is suspended for some years after each meeting. There is tradition behind the Bollinger; it numbers reigning kings among its past members. At the last dinner, three years ago, a fox had been brought in in a cage and stoned to death with champagne bottles. What an evening that had been! This was the first meeting since then, and from all over Europe old members had rallied for the occasion. For two days they had been pouring into Oxford: epileptic royalty from their villas of exile; uncouth peers from crumbling country seats; smooth young men of uncertain tastes from embassies and legations; illiterate lairds from wet granite hovels in the Highlands; ambitious young barristers and Conservative candidates torn from the London season and the indelicate advances of debutantes; all that was most sonorous of name and title was there for the beano. 10 15 20

'The fines!' said Mr Sniggs, gently rubbing his pipe along the side of his nose. 'Oh, my! the fines there'll be after this evening!'

There is some very particular port in the senior common room cellars that is only brought up when the College fines have reached £50.

'We shall have a week of it at least,' said Mr Postlethwaite, 'a week of Founder's port.' 25

A shriller note could now be heard rising from Sir Alastair's rooms; any who have heard that sound will shrink at the recollection of it; it is the sound of the English county families baying for broken glass. Soon they would all be tumbling out into the quad, crimson and roaring in their bottle-green evening coats, for the real romp of the evening. 30

'Don't you think it might be wiser if we turned out the light?' said Mr Sniggs.

In darkness the two dons crept to the window. The quad below was a kaleidoscope of dimly discernible faces.

'There must be fifty of them at least,' said Mr Postlethwaite. 'If only they were all members of the College! Fifty of them at ten pounds each. Oh my!' 35

'It'll be more if they attack the Chapel,' said Mr Sniggs. 'Oh, please God, make them attack the Chapel.'

'It reminds me of the communist rising in Budapest when I was on the debt commission.' 40

'I know,' said Mr Postlethwaite. Mr Sniggs's Hungarian reminiscences were well known in Scone College.

'I wonder who the unpopular undergraduates are this term. They always attack their rooms. I hope they have been wise enough to go out for the evening.'

'I think Partridge will be one; he possesses a painting by Matisse or some such name.' 45

'And I'm told he has black sheets in his bed.'

'And Sanders went to dinner with Ramsay MacDonald once.'

'And Rending can afford to hunt, but collects china instead.'

'And smokes cigars in the garden after breakfast.'

'Austen has a grand piano.'

'They'll enjoy smashing that.'

'There'll be a heavy bill for tonight; just you see! But I confess I should feel easier if the Dean or the Master were in. They can't see us from here, can they?'

It was a lovely evening. They broke up Mr Austen's grand piano, and stamped Lord Rending's cigars into his carpet, and smashed his china, and tore up Mr Partridge's sheets, and threw the Matisse into his lavatory; Mr Sanders had nothing to break except his windows, but they found the manuscript at which he had been working for the Newdigate Prize Poem, and had great fun with that. Sir Alastair Digby-Vaine-Trumpington felt quite ill with excitement, and was supported to bed by Lumsden of Strathdrummond. It was half-past eleven. Soon the evening would come to an end. But there was still a treat to come.

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