



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

www.PapaCambridge.com

---

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/62**

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 **12** printed pages.



MARGARET ATWOOD: *Cat's Eye*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'Elaine is a product of her time.' By what means and with what effects does she create a sense of period in the novel?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering the ways in which Atwood presents the character of Cordelia.

'Look at the orange marmalade,' I say in a bored voice. 'What did the moron say when he saw the three holes in the ground?'

'What?' says Cordelia, who has trouble remembering jokes even when she's heard them.

'Well, well, well,' I say.

5

'Ha, ha,' says Cordelia. Part of this ritual is mild derision, of other people's jokes.

Cordelia doodles on the table, using our spilled water. 'Remember those holes I used to dig?' she says.

'What holes?' I say. I don't remember any holes.

10

'Those holes in my backyard. Boy, did I want a hole out there. I started one, but the ground was too hard, it was full of rocks. So I dug another one. I used to work away at it after school, day after day. I got blisters on my hands from the shovel.' She smiles a pensive, reminiscent smile.

'What did you want it for?' I ask.

15

'I wanted to put a chair in it and sit down there. By myself.'

I laugh. 'What for?'

'I don't know. I guess I wanted some place that was all mine, where nobody could bug me. When I was little, I used to sit on a chair in the front hall. I used to think that if I kept very still and out of the way and didn't say anything, I would be safe.'

20

'Safe from what?' I say.

'Just safe,' she says. 'When I was really little, I guess I used to get into trouble a lot, with Daddy. When he would lose his temper. You never knew when he was going to do it. 'Wipe that smirk off your face,' he would say. I used to stand up to him.' She squashes out her cigarette, which has been smouldering in the ashtray. 'You know, I hated moving to that house. I hated the kids at Queen Mary's, and those boring things like skipping. I didn't really have any good friends there, except for you.'

25

Cordelia's face dissolves, re-forms: I can see her nine-year-old face taking shape beneath it. This happens in an eyeblink. It's as if I've been standing outside in the dark and a shade has snapped up, over a lighted window, revealing the life that's been going on inside in all its clarity and detail. There is that glimpse, during which I can see. And then not.

30

A wave of blood goes up to my head, my stomach shrinks together, as if something dangerous has just missed hitting me. It's as if I've been caught stealing, or telling a lie; or as if I've heard other people talking about me, saying bad things about me, behind my back. There's the same flush of shame, of guilt and terror, and of cold disgust with myself. But I don't know where these feelings have come from, what I've done.

35

I don't want to know. Whatever it is, it's nothing I need or want. I want to be here, in Tuesday, in May, sitting in the red-topped booth at Sunnysides, watching Cordelia as she delicately slurps the last of her milkshake up through the straws. She's noticed nothing.

40

'I've got one,' I say. 'Why did the unwashed chicken cross the road twice?'

'Why?' says Cordelia.

45

'Because it was a dirty double-crosser,' I say.

Cordelia rolls her eyes, like Perdie. 'Very funny,' she says.

- 2 **Either** (a) How does Churchill develop the subject of women and work in her presentation of the interviewers and interviewees in Act 2?
- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effectiveness of the following passage, exploring how the dialogue shapes the audience's response to the characters, their relationship and the issues raised.

JOYCE: I don't know how you could leave your own child.

MARLENE: You were quick enough to take her.

JOYCE: What does that mean?

MARLENE: You were quick enough to take her.

JOYCE: Or what? Have her put in a home? Have some stranger / take her 5  
would you rather?

MARLENE: You couldn't have one so you took mine.

JOYCE: I didn't know that then.

MARLENE: Like hell, / married three years.

JOYCE: I didn't know that. Plenty of people / take that long. 10

MARLENE: Well it turned out lucky for you, didn't it?

JOYCE: Turned out all right for you by the look of you. You'd be getting a few  
less thousand a year.

MARLENE: Not necessarily.

JOYCE: You'd be stuck here / like you said. 15

MARLENE: I could have taken her with me.

JOYCE: You didn't want to take her with you. It's no good coming back now,  
Marlene, / and saying –

MARLENE: I know a managing director who's got two children, she breast feeds  
in the board room, she pays a hundred pounds a week on domestic 20  
help alone and she can afford that because she's an extremely high-  
powered lady earning a great deal of money.

JOYCE: So what's that got to do with you at the age of seventeen?

MARLENE: Just because you were married and had somewhere to live –

JOYCE: You could have lived at home. / Or live with me 25

MARLENE: Don't be stupid.

JOYCE: and Frank. / You said you weren't keeping it. You

MARLENE: You never suggested.

JOYCE: shouldn't have had it / if you wasn't going to keep it.

MARLENE: Here we go. 30

JOYCE: You was the most stupid, / for someone so clever you was the most  
stupid, get yourself pregnant, not go to the doctor, not tell.

MARLENE: You wanted it, you said you were glad, I remember the day, you said  
I'm glad you never got rid of it, I'll look after it, you said that down by  
the river. So what are you saying, sunshine, you don't want her? 35

JOYCE: Course I'm not saying that.

MARLENE: Because I'll take her, / wake her up and pack now.

JOYCE: You wouldn't know how to begin to look after her.

MARLENE: Don't you want her?

JOYCE: Course I do, she's my child. 40

MARLENE: Then what are you going on about / why did I have her?

JOYCE: You said I got her off you / when you didn't –

MARLENE: I said you were lucky / the way it –

JOYCE: Have a child now if you want one. You're not old.

MARLENE: I might do. 45

JOYCE: Good.

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

- 3 **Either** (a) With detailed reference to *The Waste Land* OR at least **two** other poems, the effectiveness of Eliot's creation and use of landscape.
- Or** (b) Write a detailed critical appreciation of the following passage from *The Waste Land* considering the way it achieves its effects and its significance to the poem as a whole.

When Lil's husband got demobbed, I said –  
 I didn't mince my words, I said to her myself,  
 HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME  
 Now Albert's coming back, make yourself a bit smart.  
 He'll want to know what you done with that money he gave you 5  
 To get yourself some teeth. He did, I was there.  
 You have them all out, Lil, and get a nice set,  
 He said, I swear, I can't bear to look at you.  
 And no more can't I, I said, and think of poor Albert,  
 He's been in the army four years, he wants a good time, 10  
 And if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.  
 Oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.  
 Then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.  
 HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME  
 If you don't like it you can get on with it, I said. 15  
 Others can pick and choose if you can't.  
 But if Albert makes off, it won't be for lack of telling.  
 You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look so antique.  
 (And her only thirty-one.)  
 I can't help it, she said, pulling a long face, 20  
 It's them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.  
 (She's had five already, and nearly died of young George.)  
 The chemist said it would be all right, but I've never been the same.  
 You *are* a proper fool, I said.  
 Well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said, 25  
 What you get married for if you don't want children?  
 HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME  
 Well, that Sunday Albert was home, they had a hot gammon,  
 And they asked me in to dinner, to get the beauty of it hot –  
 HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME 30  
 HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME  
 Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.  
 Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.  
 Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

The Burial of the Dead  
 The Wasteland

LES MURRAY: from *Selected Poems*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Murray creates a wider significance out of specific local detail.' To what extent does your view of Murray's poetry? You should refer to **three** poems in detail.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, discussing how far you think its methods and concerns are characteristic of Murray's poetry.

*Letters to the Winner*

After the war, and just after marriage and fatherhood  
ended in divorce, our neighbour won the special lottery,  
an amount then equal to fifteen years of a manager's  
salary at the bank, or fifty years' earnings by  
a marginal farmer fermenting his clothes in the black  
marinade of sweat, up in his mill-logging paddocks. 5

The district, used to one mailbag, now received two  
every mailday. The fat one was for our neighbour.  
After a dip or two, he let these bags accumulate  
around the plank walls of the kitchen, over the chairs, 10  
till on a rainy day, he fed the tail-switching calves,  
let the bullocks out of the yard, and, pausing at the door  
to wash his hands, came inside to read the letters.

Shaken out in a vast mound on the kitchen table  
they slid down, slithered to his fingers. *I have 7 children* 15  
*I am under the doctor if you could see your way clear*  
*equal Partners in the Venture God would bless you lovey*  
*assured of our best service for a mere fifteen pounds down*  
*remember you're only lucky I knew you from the paper straightaway.*

Baksheesh, hissed the pages as he flattened them, baksheesh! 20  
*mate if your interested in a fellow diggers problems*  
*old mate a friend in need – the Great Golden Letter*  
having come, now he was being punished for it.  
*You sound like a lovely big boy we could have such times*  
*her's my photoe Doll I'm wearing my birthday swimsuit* 25  
*with the right man I would share this infallible system.*

When he lifted the stove's iron lid and started feeding in  
the pages he'd read, they clutched and streamed up the corrugated  
black chimney shaft. And yet he went on reading,  
holding each page by its points, feeling an obligation 30  
to read each crude rehearsed lie, each come-on, flat truth, extremity:  
*We might visit you the wise investor a loan a bush man like you*

*remember we met on Roma Street for your delight and mine*  
*a lick of the sultana – the white moraine kept slipping*  
its messages to him *you will be accursed* he husked them like cobs 35  
*Mr Nouveau Jack old man my legs are all paralysed up.*  
Black smuts swirled weightless in the room *some good kind person*  
like the nausea of a novice free-falling in a deep mine's cage  
*now I have lost his pension* and formed a sticky nimbus round him

but he read on, fascinated by a further human range  
not even war had taught him, nor literature glossed for him  
since he never read literature. Merely the great reject pile  
which high style is there to snub and filter, for readers.  
That his one day's reading had a strong taste of what he and war  
had made of his marriage is likely; he was not without sympathy,

45

but his leap had hit a wire through which the human is policed.  
His head throbbed as if busting with a soundless shout  
of immemorial sobbed invective *God-forsaken, God-forsakin*  
as he stopped reading, and sat blackened in his riches.

- 5 **Either** (a) 'The character of Krishnan is defined by his relationships with his family.' Explore the presentation of Krishnan's character in the light of this statement.
- Or** (b) Explore the effects of the writing in the following passage, commenting in particular on Narayan's narrative technique and concerns.

The casuarina looked more enchanting than ever. Purple lotus bloomed on the pond surface. Gentle ripples splashed against the bank. The murmur of the casuarina provided the music for the great occasion. We took our seats on the pyol of the little shrine. My friend shut his eyes and prayed: 'Great souls, here we are. You have vouchsafed to us a vision for peace and understanding. Here we are ready to serve in the cause of illumination.' He sat with his eyes shut, and as the dusk gathered around us, utter silence reigned. I too sat, not knowing what we waited for. The casuarina murmured and hushed, the ripples splashed on the shore. A bright star appeared in the sky. I almost held my breath as I waited. There was such a peace in the air that I felt that even if nothing happened this was a rich experience – a glimpse of eternal peace. We sat in silence, not speaking a word to each other. I felt we could spend the rest of our life sitting there thus. He poised his pencil over the pad and waited. Suddenly the pencil began to move. Letters appeared on the paper. The pencil quivered as if with life. It moved at a terrific speed across the paper; it looked as though my friend could not hold it in check. It scratched the paper and tore the lines up into shreds and came through. The scratching it made drowned all other sounds. It seemed to be possessed of tremendous power. My friend said with a smile: 'I think my wrist will be dislocated at this rate, unless I have my wits about me ...' Sheet after sheet was covered thus with scribbling, hardly clear or legible – not a word of it could be deciphered. It looked like the work of a very young child with paper and pencil. By the light of a lantern he tried to make it out and burst into a laugh: 'This writing does me no credit. If I leave it behind, it will be a headache for future epigraphists!' He looked at it again and again and laughed very happily. 'I remember that for writing precisely this sort of thing, my teacher broke my knuckles once.'

He put it away. After a few minutes' interval he took his pencil to the paper again. His hand wrote: 'We are here, trying to express ourselves. Sorry if you find our force too much for you. It is because you are not accustomed to this pressure. Please steady yourself and slow down. You will have better results ...'

'I have the feeling of a crow flying in a storm,' my friend muttered to me ... 'But I ... I suppose I must control myself. I am fat enough ...'

He gripped the pencil as in a vice and steadied himself. 'No, no,' his hand wrote, 'You must relax, you must not set your teeth and get down to it so resolutely.' His hand wrote: 'Relax, slow down, control yourself, even if you feel like rushing off.'

'Rather a difficult combination of things. This relaxed control; till this moment I never imagined such a combination existed,' he muttered. He put away the pencil for a minute, stretched his arm, cracked his fingers and picked up the pencil again and turned over a clean sheet of paper. He said: 'Great souls, I'm ready.' Scrawled-up sheets of paper lay on one side. 'This is better. Go on slowly. Check yourself whenever you feel like running on fast. You will get good results.' His hand steadied, his handwriting improved. The blank sheet was filling up. Letters and words danced their way into existence.

HAROLD PINTER: *The Homecoming*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'Although the play is savage, it is comic too – often at the same time.' With reference to specific episodes, discuss *The Homecoming* in the light of this statement.
- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effectiveness of the following passage, considering the ways in which Pinter presents the relationship between Lenny and Max.

(Act 1. MAX: What's going on here...LENNY sits still)

Content has been removed for copyright reasons.





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

- 7 **Either** (a) Explore the ways in which Soyinka presents the play's tragedy as both personal and communal.
- Or** (b) Write a detailed analysis of the following passage, considering the methods Soyinka uses to create a variety of dramatic effects.

PRAISE-SINGER: There is only one home to the life of a river-mussel; there is only one home to the life of a tortoise; there is only one shell to the soul of man; there is only one world to the spirit of our race. If that world leaves its course and smashes on boulders of the great void, whose world will give us shelter? 5

ELESIN: It did not in the time of my forebears, it shall not in mine.

PRAISE-SINGER: The cockerel must not be seen without his feathers.

ELESIN: Nor will the Not-I bird be much longer without his nest.

PRAISE-SINGER [*stopped in his lyric stride*]: The Not-I bird, Elesin? 10

ELESIN: I said, the Not-I bird.

PRAISE-SINGER: All respect to our elders but, is there really such a bird?

ELESIN: What! Could it be that he failed to knock on your door?

PRAISE-SINGER [*smiling*]: Elesin's riddles are not merely the nut in the kernel that breaks human teeth; he also buries the kernel in hot embers and dares a man's fingers to draw it out. 15

ELESIN: I am sure he called on you, Olohun-iyó. Did you hide in the loft and push out the servant to tell him you were out?  
 [ELESIN *executes a brief, half-taunting dance. The DRUMMER moves in and draws a rhythm out of his steps. ELESIN dances towards the market-place as he chants the story of the Not-I bird, his voice changing dexterously to mimic his characters. He performs like a born raconteur, infecting his retinue with his humour and energy. More WOMEN arrive during his recital, including IYALOJA.*] 20

Death came calling. 25

Who does not know his rasp of reeds?  
 A twilight whisper in the leaves before  
 The great araba falls? Did you hear it?  
 Not I! swears the farmer. He snaps  
 His fingers round his head, abandons 30  
 A hard-worn harvest and begins  
 A rapid dialogue with his legs.

'Not I,' shouts the fearless hunter, 'but –  
 It's getting dark, and this night-lamp  
 Has leaked out all its oil. I think 35  
 It's best to go home and resume my hunt  
 Another day.' But now he pauses, suddenly  
 Lets out a wail: 'Oh foolish mouth, calling  
 Down a curse on your own head! Your lamp  
 Has leaked out all its oil, has it?' 40  
 Forwards or backwards now he dare not move.  
 To search for leaves and make *etutu*  
 On that spot? Or race home to the safety  
 Of his hearth? Ten market-days have passed  
 My friends, and still he's rooted there 45  
 Rigid as the plinth of Orayan.

Opened wide enough to take a ha'penny *robo*  
When she wailed: 'Not I.' All dressed she was  
To call upon my friend the Chief Tax Officer.  
But now she sends her go-between instead:  
'Tel him I'm ill: my period has come suddenly  
But not – I hope – my time.'

Scene 1

- 8 **Either** (a) 'Septimus can be seen as a kind of double to Clarissa.' Consider the representation of Septimus in the light of this statement.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage in detail, considering how the narrative technique is used to present the characters and their feelings.

'Mrs Dalloway will see me,' said the elderly man in the hall. 'Oh yes, she will see me,' he repeated, putting Lucy aside very benevolently, and running upstairs ever so quickly. 'Yes, yes, yes,' he muttered as he ran upstairs. 'She will see me. After five years in India, Clarissa will see me.'

'Who can – what can?' asked Mrs Dalloway (thinking it was outrageous to be interrupted at eleven o'clock on the morning of the day she was giving a party), hearing a step on the stairs. She heard a hand upon the door. She made to hide her dress, like a virgin protecting chastity, respecting privacy. Now the brass knob slipped. Now the door opened, and in came – for a single second she could not remember what he was called! so surprised she was to see him, so glad, so shy, so utterly taken aback to have Peter Walsh come to her unexpectedly in the morning! (She had not read his letter.)

'And how are you?' said Peter Walsh, positively trembling; taking both her hands; kissing both her hands. She's grown older, he thought, sitting down. I shan't tell her anything about it, he thought, for she's grown older. She's looking at me, he thought, a sudden embarrassment coming over him, though he had kissed her hands. Putting his hand into his pocket, he took out a large pocket-knife and half opened the blade.

Exactly the same, thought Clarissa; the same queer look; the same check suit; a little out of the straight his face is, a little thinner, dryer, perhaps, but he looks awfully well, and just the same.

'How heavenly it is to see you again!' she exclaimed. He had his knife out. That's so like him, she thought.

He had only reached town last night, he said; would have to go down into the country at once; and how was everything, how was everybody – Richard? Elizabeth?

'And what's all this?' he said, tilting his penknife towards her green dress.

He's very well dressed, thought Clarissa; yet he always criticises *me*.

Here she is mending her dress; mending her dress as usual, he thought; here she's been sitting all the time I've been in India; mending her dress; playing about; going to parties; running to the House and back and all that, he thought, growing more and more irritated, more and more agitated, for there's nothing in the world so bad for some women as marriage, he thought; and politics; and having a Conservative husband, like the admirable Richard. So it is, so it is, he thought, shutting his knife with a snap.

'Richard's very well. Richard's at a Committee,' said Clarissa.

And she opened her scissors, and said, did he mind her just finishing what she was doing to her dress, for they had a party that night?

'Which I shan't ask you to,' she said. 'My dear Peter!' she said.

But it was delicious to hear her say that – my dear Peter! Indeed, it was all so delicious – the silver, the chairs; all so delicious!

---

Copyright Acknowledgements:

- Question 1 © Margaret Atwood; *Cat's Eye*; Bloomsbury Publishing; Copyright (c) O.W. Toad Ltd. 1988 reproduced with permission of Curtis Brown Group Ltd, London.
- Question 2 © Caryl Churchill; *Top Girls*; A C Black/Methuen Drama; 1991.
- Question 3 © T S Eliot; *Prufrock and Other Observations, The Waste Land and The Hollow Men*; Faber & Faber; 1940.
- Question 4 © Les Murray; *Selected Poems*; Carcanet Press Ltd; 1986.
- Question 5 © R K Narayan; *The English Teacher*; Vintage Books; 2001; Reprinted by permission of The Random House Group Ltd.
- Question 6 © Harold Pinter; *The Homecoming*; Methuen Publishing Ltd/Faber & Faber; 1978.
- Question 7 © Wole Soyinka; *Death and the King's Horseman*; Methuen Drama/A C Black; 2006.
- Question 8 © Virginia Woolf; *Mrs Dalloway*; The Society of Authors.

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (UCLES) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

University of Cambridge International Examinations is part of the Cambridge Assessment Group. Cambridge Assessment is the brand name of University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate (UCLES), which is itself a department of the University of Cambridge.