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General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/06

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

October/November 2008

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.



CARYL CHURCHILL: *Top Girls*

3 **Either** (a) Discuss Churchill's dramatic presentation of the relationship between mothers and children in *Top Girls*.

Or (b) Discuss the effectiveness of the following passage, considering the methods Churchill uses to create dramatic effects.

The waitress starts to bring the main course.

- MARLENE: And nobody noticed anything?
- JOAN: They noticed I was a very clever boy. / And when I
- MARLENE: I couldn't have kept pretending for so long.
- JOAN: shared a bed with my friend, that was ordinary – two poor students in 5
a lodging house. I think I forgot I was pretending.
- ISABELLA: Rocky Mountain Jim, Mr Nugent, showed me no disrespect. He found
it interesting, I think, that I could make scones and also lasso cattle.
Indeed he declared his love for me, which was most distressing.
- NIJO: What did he say? / We always sent poems first. 10
- MARLENE: What did you say?
- ISABELLA: I urged him to give up whisky, / but he said it was too late.
- MARLENE: Oh Isabella.
- ISABELLA: He had lived alone in the mountains for many years.
- MARLENE: But did you –? 15
- The waitress goes.*
- ISABELLA: Mr Nugent was a man that any woman might love but none could
marry. I came back to England.
- NIJO: Did you write him a poem when you left? / Snow on the
- MARLENE: Did you never see him again? 20
- ISABELLA: No, never.
- NIJO: mountains. My sleeves are wet with tears. In England no tears, no
snow.
- ISABELLA: Well, I say never. One morning very early in Switzerland, it was a year
later, I had a vision of him as I last saw him / in his trapper's clothes 25
with his hair round his face,
- NIJO: A ghost!
- ISABELLA: and that was the day, / I learnt later, he died with a
- NIJO: Ah!
- ISABELLA: bullet in his brain. / He just bowed to me and vanished. 30
- MARLENE: Oh Isabella.
- NIJO: When your lover dies – One of my lovers died. / The priest Ariake.
- JOAN: My friend died. Have we all got dead lovers?
- MARLENE: Not me, sorry.
- NIJO: [to Isabella] I wasn't a nun, I was still at court, but he was a priest, and 35
when he came to me he dedicated his whole life to hell. / He knew
that when he died he would fall into one of the three lower realms.
And he died, he did die.
- JOAN: [to Marlene] I'd quarrelled with him over the teachings of John the
Scot, who held that our ignorance of God is the same as his ignorance 40
of himself. He only knows what he creates because he creates
everything he knows but he himself is above being – do you follow?
- MARLENE: No, but go on.
- NIJO: I couldn't bear to think / in what shape would he be reborn.*
- JOAN: St Augustine maintained that the Neo-Platonic Ideas are indivisible 45
from God, but I agreed with John that the created
- ISABELLA: *Buddhism is really most uncomfortable.
- JOAN: world is essences derived from Ideas which derived from God. As

LES MURRAY: from *Selected Poems*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'Murray's writing is characterised by detailed observation of both rural and urban landscapes.' Referring closely to **three** poems, discuss the effects of this detailed observation.
- 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.

The Fishermen at South Head

They have walked out as far as they can go on the prow of the continent,
on the undercut white sandstone, the bowsprits of the towering headland.

They project their long light canes
or raise them up to check and string, like quiet archers.
Between casts they hold them couched, 5
a finger on the line, two fingers on a cigarette, the reel cocked.

They watch the junction of smooth blue with far matt-shining blue,
the join where clouds enter,
or they watch the wind-shape of their nylon
bend like a sail's outline 10
south towards, a mile away, the city's floating gruel
of gull-blown effluent.

Sometimes they glance north, at the people on that calf-coloured edge
lower than theirs, where the suicides come by taxi
and stretchers are winched up 15
later, under raining lights
but mostly their eyes stay level with the land-and-ocean glitter.

Where they stand, atop the centuries
of strata, they don't look down much
but feel through their tackle the talus-eddying 20
and tidal detail of that huge simple pulse
in the rock and in their bones.

Through their horizontal poles they divine the creatures of ocean:
a touch, a dip, and a busy winding death gets started;
hands will turn for minutes, rapidly, 25
before, still opening its pitiful doors, the victim
dawns above the rim, and is hoisted in a flash above the suburbs
– or before the rod flips, to stand
trailing sworn-at gossamer.

On that highest dreadnought scarp, where the terra cotta 30
waves of bungalows stop, suspended at sky,
the hunters stand apart.
They encourage one another, at a distance, not by talk

but by being there, by unhooking now and then 35
a twist of silver for the creel, by a vaguely mutual
zodiac of cars TV windcheaters.
Braced, casual normality. Anything unshared,
a harlequin mask, a painted wand flourished at the sun
would anger them. It is serious to be with humans.

- 6 **Either** (a) ‘Dead and decaying things seemed to unloosen his tongue and fire his imagination, rather than things that lived and moved and swung their limbs.’ In the light of this observation, discuss the role and significance of Marco in the novel.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering what is suggested about Raju’s attitude to life both here and in the novel as a whole.

My worries were increasing. The boy at the shop was becoming more clamorous. My sales were poor, as the railways were admitting more peddlers on the platforms. My cash receipts were going down and my credit sales alone flourished. The wholesale merchants who supplied me with goods stopped credit to me. The boy’s method of account-keeping was so chaotic that I did not know whether I was moving forward or backward. He produced cash from the counter in a haphazard manner, and there were immense gaps on the shelves all over the shop. The boy was probably pocketing money and eating off the stuff. With my credit at the wholesalers’ gone, the public complained that nothing one wanted was ever available. Suddenly the railways gave me notice to quit. I pleaded with the old stationmaster and porter, but they could do nothing; the order had come from high up. The shop was given to a new contractor. 5

I could not contemplate the prospect of being cut off from the railways. I grew desperate and angry. I shed tears at seeing a new man in the place where I and my father had sat. I slapped the boy on the cheek and he cried, and his father, the porter, came down on me and said, “This is what he gets for helping you! I’d always told the boy – He was not your paid servant, anyway.” 10

“Payment for him? He has swallowed all the cash, credit, and every consumable article in the shop. Fattened himself on it! He must pay me for all his gluttony, which has ruined my business.” 15

“It’s not he who has ruined you, but the *saithan* inside, which makes you talk like this.” He meant Rosie, I’m sure; she was peeping out of the doorway of our house. My mother watched from the *pyol* in great pain. It was a most unedifying spectacle. 20

I did not like the porter’s reference, and so said something violent and tried to attack him. The stationmaster appeared on the scene and said, “If you create a disturbance here, I’ll have to prohibit your entry.” 25

The new shopman watched the scene with detachment. A whiskered fellow – I did not like his leering look. I turned on him fiercely, leaving the porter, and cried, “Well, you’ll also face the same situation, remember, some day. Don’t be too sure.” 30

He twirled his whiskers and said, “How can everyone hope for the same luck as yours?” He winked mischievously, at which I completely lost my temper and flew at him. He repelled me with a back-stroke of his left hand as if swatting a fly, and I fell back, and knocked against my mother – who had come running onto the platform, a thing she had never done in her life. Luckily, I didn’t knock her down. 35

She clung to my arm and screamed, “Come away. Are you coming or not?” And the porter, the whiskered man, and everyone swore, “You are saved today, because of that venerable old lady.” She dragged me back to the house; a few batches of paper, a register, and one or two odd personal belongings which I had kept in the shop were under my arm; with these I entered my house, and I knew my railway association was now definitely ended. It made my heart heavy. I felt so gloomy that I did not turn to see Rosie standing aside, staring at me. I flung myself in a corner of the hall and shut my eyes. 40

Turn to page 12 for Question 7.

HAROLD PINTER: *The Homecoming*

7 **Either** (a) 'The dividing line between memory and illusion is often blurred in *The Homecoming*.' What are the effects of this 'blurring' in the play?

Or (b) Discuss the dramatic effectiveness of the following passage as the conclusion to *The Homecoming*.

SAM: *Sam comes forward.*
[*in one breath.*] MacGregor had Jessie in the back of my cab as I drove them along.
He croaks and collapses.
He lies still. 5
They look at him.

MAX: What's he done? Dropped dead?
LENNY: Yes.
MAX: A corpse? A corpse on my floor? Get him out of here! Clear him out of here!
Joey bends over Sam. 10

JOEY: He's not dead.
LENNY: He probably was dead, for about thirty seconds.
MAX: He's not even dead!
Lenny looks down at Sam.

LENNY: Yes, there's still some breath there. 15
MAX: [*pointing at Sam.*] You know what that man had?
LENNY: Has.
MAX: Has! A diseased imagination.
Pause.

RUTH: Yes, it sounds a very attractive idea. 20
MAX: Do you want to shake on it now, or do you want to leave it till later?
RUTH: Oh, we'll leave it till later.
Teddy stands.
He looks down at Sam.

TEDDY: I was going to ask him to drive me to London Airport. 25
He goes to the cases, picks one up.
Well, I'll leave your case, Ruth. I'll just go up the road to the Underground.

MAX: Listen, if you go the other way, first left, first right, you remember, you might find a cab passing there.

TEDDY: Yes, I might do that. 30
MAX: Or you can take the tube to Piccadilly Circus, won't take you ten minutes, and pick up a cab from there out to the Airport.

TEDDY: Yes, I'll probably do that.
MAX: Mind you, they'll charge you double fare. They'll charge you for the return trip. It's over the six-mile limit. 35

TEDDY: Yes. Well, bye-bye, Dad. Look after yourself.
They shake hands.

MAX: Thanks, son. Listen. I want to tell you something. It's been wonderful to see you.
Pause. 40

TEDDY: It's been wonderful to see you.
MAX: Do your boys know about me? Eh? Would they like to see a photo, do you think, of their grandfather?

TEDDY: I know they would.
Max brings out his wallet. 45

MAX: I've got one on me. I've got one here. Just a minute. Here you are. Will they like that one?

TEDDY: [*taking it.*] They'll be thrilled.
He turns to Lenny.
Good-bye, Lenny. 50

	<i>They shake hands.</i>	
LENNY:	Ta-ta, Ted. Good to see you. Have a good trip.	
TEDDY:	Bye-bye, Joey. <i>Joey does not move.</i>	
JOEY:	Ta-ta. <i>Teddy goes to the front door.</i>	55
RUTH:	Eddie. <i>Teddy turns.</i> <i>Pause.</i> Don't become a stranger. <i>Teddy goes, shuts the front door.</i> <i>Silence.</i> <i>The three men stand.</i> <i>Ruth sits relaxed on her chair.</i> <i>Sam lies still.</i>	60
	<i>Joey walks slowly across the room.</i> <i>He kneels at her chair.</i> <i>She touches his head, lightly.</i> <i>He puts his head in her lap.</i> <i>Max begins to move above them, backwards and forwards.</i> <i>Lenny stands still.</i> <i>Max turns to Lenny.</i>	65
MAX:	I'm too old, I suppose. She thinks I'm an old man. <i>Pause.</i> I'm not such an old man. <i>Pause.</i> [to Ruth] You think I'm too old for you? <i>Pause.</i> Listen. You think you're just going to get that big slag all the time? You think you're just going to have him ... you're going to just have him all the time? You're going to have to work! You'll have to take them on, you understand? <i>Pause.</i> Does she realize that? <i>Pause.</i> Lenny, do you think she understands ... <i>He begins to stammer.</i> What ... what ... what ... we're getting at? What ... we've got in mind? Do you think she's got it clear? <i>Pause.</i> I don't think she's got it clear. <i>Pause.</i> You understand what I mean? Listen, I've got a funny idea she'll do the dirty on us, you want to bet? She'll use us, she'll make use of us, I can tell you! I can smell it! You want to bet? <i>Pause.</i> She won't ... be adaptable! <i>He begins to groan, clutches his stick, falls on to his knees by the side of her chair. His body sags. The groaning stops. His body straightens. He looks at her, still kneeling.</i> I'm not an old man. <i>Pause.</i> Do you hear me? <i>He raises his face to her.</i> Kiss me. <i>She continues to touch Joey's head, lightly.</i> <i>Lenny stands, watching.</i> <i>Curtain.</i>	70
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Act 2

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *Mrs Dalloway*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of Mrs Dalloway's memories in the novel as a whole.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage and how it relates to the novel as a whole.

Elizabeth rather wondered whether Miss Kilman could be hungry. It was her way of eating, eating with intensity, then looking, again and again, at a plate of sugared cakes on the table next to them; then, when a lady and a child sat down and the child took the cake, could Miss Kilman really mind it? Yes, Miss Kilman did mind it. She had wanted that cake – the pink one. The pleasure of eating was almost the only pure pleasure left her, and then to be baffled even in that! 5

When people are happy they have a reserve, she had told Elizabeth, upon which to draw, whereas she was like a wheel without a tyre (she was fond of such metaphors), jolted by every pebble – so she would say, staying on after the lesson, standing by the fire-place with her bag of books, her 'satchel', she called it, on a Tuesday morning, after the lesson was over. And she talked too about the war. After all, there were people who did not think the English invariably right. There were books. There were meetings. There were other points of view. Would Elizabeth like to come with her to listen to So-and-so? (a most extraordinary-looking old man). Then Miss Kilman took her to some church in Kensington and they had tea with a clergyman. She had lent her books. Law, medicine, politics, all professions are open to women of your generation, said Miss Kilman. But for herself, her career was absolutely ruined, and was it her fault? Good gracious, said Elizabeth, no. 10 15

And her mother would come calling to say that a hamper had come from Bourton and would Miss Kilman like some flowers? To Miss Kilman she was always very, very nice, but Miss Kilman squashed the flowers all in a bunch, and hadn't any small talk, and what interested Miss Kilman bored her mother, and Miss Kilman and she were terrible together; and Miss Kilman swelled and looked very plain, but Miss Kilman was frightfully clever. Elizabeth had never thought about the poor. They lived with everything they wanted, – her mother had breakfast in bed every day; Lucy carried it up; and she liked old women because they were Duchesses, and being descended from some Lord. But Miss Kilman said (one of those Tuesday mornings when the lesson was over), 'My grandfather kept an oil and colour shop in Kensington.' Miss Kilman was quite different from any one she knew; she made one feel so small. 20 25 30

Miss Kilman took another cup of tea. Elizabeth, with her oriental bearing, her inscrutable mystery, sat perfectly upright; no, she did not want anything more. She looked for her gloves – her white gloves. They were under the table. Ah, but she must not go! Miss Kilman could not let her go! this youth, that was so beautiful! this girl, whom she genuinely loved! Her large hand opened and shut on the table. 35

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