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General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/62

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

May/June 2013

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 **13** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



FLEUR ADCOCK: *Poems 1960–2000*

- 1 **Either** (a) With reference to **three** poems from your selection, discuss Adcock's treatment of a sense of place.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Adcock's poetic methods and effects, write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing how far it is characteristic of her work.

Tadpoles
(for Oliver)

Their little black thread legs, their threads of arms,
 their mini-miniature shoulders, elbows, knees –
 this piquant angularity, delicious
 after that rippling smoothness, after nothing
 but a flow of curves and roundnesses in water; 5
 and their little hands, the size of their hands, the fingers
 like hair-stubble, and their clumps-of-eyelashes feet ...

Taddies, accept me as your grandmother,
 a hugely gloating grand-maternal frog,
 almost as entranced by other people's 10
 tadpoles as I once was by my own,
 that year when Oliver was still a tadpole
 in Elizabeth's womb, and I a grandmother
 only prospectively, and at long distance.

All this glory from globes of slithery glup! 15
 Well, slithery glup was all right, with its cloudy
 compacted spheres, its polka dots of blackness.
 Then dots evolved into commas; the commas hatched.
 When they were nothing but animated match-heads
 with tails, a flickering flock of magnified 20
 spermatazoa, they were already my darlings.

And Oliver lay lodged in his dreamy sphere,
 a pink tadpole, a promise of limbs and language,
 while my avatars of infancy grew up 25
 into ribbon-tailed blackcurrants, fluttery-smooth,
 and then into soaked brown raisins, a little venous,
 with touches of transparency at the sides
 where limbs minutely hinted at themselves.

It is the transformation that enchants. 30
 As a mother reads her child's form in the womb,
 imaging eyes and fingers, radar-sensing
 a thumb in a blind mouth, so tadpole-watchers
 can stare at the cunning shapes beneath the skin
 and await the tiny, magnificent effloration.
 It is a lesson for a grandmother. 35

My tadpoles grew to frogs in their generation;
they may have been the grandparents of these
about-to-be frogs. And Oliver's a boy,
hopping and bouncing in his bright green tracksuit,
my true darling; but too far away now
for me to call him across the world and say
'Oliver, look at what's happening to the tadpoles!'

40

W. H. AUDEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) With detailed reference to **three** poems in your selection, discuss the effects created by Auden's use of landscape.
- Or** (b) Write a detailed appreciation of the following poem showing how far it is characteristic of Auden's methods and concerns.

Musée des Beaux Arts

About suffering they were never wrong,
 The Old Masters: how well they understood
 Its human position; how it takes place
 While someone else is eating or opening a window or just
 walking dully along; 5

How, when the aged are reverently, passionately waiting
 For the miraculous birth, there always must be
 Children who did not specially want it to happen, skating
 On a pond at the edge of the wood:
 They never forgot 10

That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course
 Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot
 Where the dogs go on with their doggy
 life and the torturer's horse
 Scratches its innocent behind on a tree. 15

In Brueghel's *Icarus*, for instance: how everything turns away
 Quite leisurely from the disaster; the ploughman may
 Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,
 But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone
 As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green
 Water; and the expensive delicate ship that must have seen
 Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,
 Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on. 20

Turn to Page 6 for Question 3

JANET FRAME: *Towards Another Summer*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss the contribution made to the novel by Frame's presentation of Grace's childhood memories.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and sentence structure, write a detailed appreciation of the following passage showing in what ways it is characteristic of Frame's methods and concerns.

Philip came in.
—So you liked our Handel Concerto?

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—I was saying nothing. I've nothing to say. I'm sorry I cried. It's absurd. 50
Forgive me.

Chapter 23

BRIAN FRIEL: *Translations*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Friel makes ideas about culture and colonialism dramatic.
- Or** (b) Discuss how the dialogue and action shape an audience's response in the following passage, commenting on its significance to the play as a whole.

Owen: Have you any idea where you're going?

Manus: Mayo, maybe. I remember Mother saying she had cousins somewhere away out in the Erris Peninsula. *(He picks up his bag.)* Tell father I took only the Virgil and the Caesar and the Aeschylus because they're mine anyway – I bought them with the money I got for that pet lamb I reared – do you remember that pet lamb? And tell him that Nora Dan never returned the dictionary and that she still owes him two-and-six for last quarter's reading – he always forgets those things. 5

Owen: Yes.

Manus: And his good shirt's ironed and hanging up in the press and his clean socks are in the butter-box under the bed. 10

Owen: All right. 15

Manus: And tell him I'll write.

Owen: If Maire asks where you've gone ... ?

Manus: He'll need only half the amount of milk now, won't he? Even less than half – he usually takes his tea black. *(Pause.)* And when he comes in at night – you'll hear him; he makes a lot of noise – I usually come down and give him a hand up. Those stairs are dangerous without a banister. Maybe before you leave you'd get Big Ned Frank to put up some sort of a handrail. *(Pause.)* And if you can bake, he's very fond of soda bread. 20

Owen: I can give you money. I'm wealthy. Do you know what they pay me? Two shillings a day for this – this – this – *Manus rejects the offer by holding out his hand.* 25

Goodbye, Manus. 30

Manus and Owen shake hands.

Then Manus picks up his bag briskly and goes towards the door. He stops a few paces beyond Sarah, turns, comes back to her. He addresses her as he did in Act One but now without warmth or concern for her. 35

Manus: What is your name? *(Pause.)* Come on. What is your name?

Sarah: My name is Sarah.

Manus: Just Sarah? Sarah what? *(Pause.)* Well?

Sarah: Sarah Johnny Sally. 40

Manus: And where do you live? Come on.

Sarah: I live in Bun na hAbhann. *(She is now crying quietly.)*

Manus: Very good, Sarah Johnny Sally. There's nothing to stop you now – nothing in the wide world. (*Pause. He looks down at her.*) It's all right – it's all right – you did no harm – you did no harm at all. (*He stoops over her and kisses the top of her head – as if in absolution. Then briskly to the door and off.*) 45

Owen: Good luck, Manus!

Sarah (quietly): I'm sorry ... I'm sorry ... I'm so sorry, Manus ... 50

Act 3

- 5 **Either** (a) 'The "Epilogue" shows that the characters carry their own versions of the past with them.'

Discuss the significance and impact of Leo's final meeting with Marian in the light of this statement.

- Or** (b) Comment in detail on the effects of the writing in the following passage, showing in what ways it is characteristic of Hartley's presentation of Leo in the novel.

The thermometer stood at eighty-four: that was satisfactory but I was confident it could do better.

Not a drop of rain had fallen since I came to Brandham Hall. I was in love with the heat, I felt for it what the convert feels for his new religion. I was in league with it, and half believed that for my sake it might perform a miracle. 5

Only a year ago I had devoutly echoed my mother's plaintive cry: 'I don't think this heat can last *much* longer, do you?' Now the sick self that had set so much store by the temperate was inconceivable to me.

And without my being aware of it, the climate of my emotions had undergone a change. I was no longer satisfied with the small change of experience which had hitherto contented me. I wanted to deal in larger sums. I wanted to enjoy continuously the afflatus of spirit that I had when I was talking to Lord Trimingham and he admitted to being a Viscount. To be in tune with all that Brandham Hall meant, I must increase my stature, I must act on a grander scale. 10

Perhaps all these desires had been dormant in me for years, and the Zodiac had been their latest manifestation. But the difference was this. In those days, I had known where I stood: I had never confused the reality of my private school life with the dreams with which I beguiled my imagination. That they were unattainable was almost their point. I was a schoolboy, assiduously but unambitiously subscribing to the realities of a schoolboy's life. The schoolboy's standards were my standards: in my daily life I did not look beyond them. Then came the diary and the persecution; and the success of my appeal for supernatural aid slightly shook my very earthbound sense of reality. Like other dabblers in the Black Arts, I was willing to believe I had been taken in. But I was not *sure*; and now, superimposed on the grandeur of the Maudsleys, was the glory of the Triminghams militant here in earth: and the two together had upset the balance of my realistic-idealistic system. Without knowing it, I was crossing the rainbow bridge from reality to dream. 15

I now felt that I belonged to the Zodiac, not to Southdown Hill School; and that my emotions and my behaviour must illustrate this change. My dream had become my reality: my old life was a discarded husk. 20

And the heat was a medium which made this change of outlook possible. As a liberating power with its own laws it was outside my experience. In the heat, the commonest objects changed their nature. Walls, trees, the very ground one trod on, instead of being cool were warm to the touch: and the sense of touch is the most transfiguring of all the senses. Many things to eat and drink, which one had enjoyed because they were hot, one now shunned for the same reason. Unless restrained by ice, the butter melted. Besides altering or intensifying all smells the heat had a smell of its own – a garden smell, I called it to myself, compounded of the scents of many flowers, and odours loosed from the earth, but with something peculiar to itself which defied analysis. Sounds were fewer and seemed to come from far away, as if Nature grudged the effort. In the heat the senses, the mind, the heart, the body, all told a different tale. One felt another person, one was another person. 25 30 35 40

ARUNDHATI ROY: *The God of Small Things*

- 6 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Roy shape a reader's response to Velutha?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Roy's narrative methods and concerns.

'My aunt, Baby,' Chacko said.
Sophie Mol was puzzled. She regarded Baby Kochamma with a beady-eyed interest.

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Lay. Ter. 45
Like a deep-sounding bell in a mossy well. Shivery, and furred. Like moth's feet.
The Play had gone bad. Like pickle in the monsoon.

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

- 7 **Either** (a) 'Jero is a trickster in *The Trials* but more of a serious politician in *Jero's Metamorphosis*.'

Discuss the presentation of Jero, considering ways in which you think Soyinka develops him into a more serious character in the second play.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language and action in the following scene, discuss in what ways it is characteristic of Soyinka's dramatic methods and effects.

As Scene II, i.e. in front of the Prophet's home. Later that day. Chume is just wiping off the last crumbs of yams on his plate. Amope watches him.

Amope: You can't say I don't try. Hounded out of house by debtors, I still manage to make you a meal. 5

Chume [*sucking his fingers, sets down his plate.*]: It was a good meal too.

Amope: I do my share as I've always done. I cooked you your meal. But when I ask you to bring me some clean water, you forget. 10

Chume: I did not forget.

Amope: You keep saying that. Where is it then? Or perhaps the bottles fell off your bicycle on the way and got broken.

Chume: That's a child's lie, Amope. You are talking to a man.

Amope: A fine man you are then, when you can't remember a simple thing like a bottle of clean water. 15

Chume: I remembered. I just did not bring it. So that is that. And now pack up your things because we're going home.

[*Amope stares at him unbelieving.*]

Chume: Pack up your things; you heard what I said. 20

Amope [*scrutinizing*]: I thought you were a bit early to get back. You haven't been to work at all. You've been drinking all day.

Chume: You may think what suits you. You know I never touch any liquor. 25

Amope: You needn't say it as if it was a virtue. You don't drink only because you cannot afford to. That is all the reason there is.

Chume: Hurry. I have certain work to do when I get home and I don't want you delaying me. 30

Amope: Go then. I am not budging from here till I get my money.
[*Chume leaps up, begins to throw her things into the bag. Brother Jero enters, hides, and observes them.*]

Amope [*quietly*]: I hope you have ropes to tie me on the bicycle, because I don't intend to leave this place unless I am carried out. One pound eight shillings is no child's play. And it is my money not yours. 35

[*Chume has finished packing the bag and is now tying it on to the carrier.*]

- Amope:* A messenger's pay isn't that much you know — just in case you've forgotten you're not drawing a minister's pay. So you better think again if you think I am letting my hard-earned money stay in the hands of that good-for-nothing. Just think, only this morning while I sat here, a Sanitary Inspector came along. He looked me all over and he made some notes in his book. Then he said, I suppose, woman, you realize that this place is marked down for slum clearance. This to me, as if I lived here. But you sit down and let your wife be exposed to such insults. And the Sanitary Inspector had a motor-cycle too, which is one better than a bicycle. 40
- Chume:* You'd better be ready soon. 45
- Amope:* A Sanitary Inspector is a better job anyway. You can make something of yourself one way or another. They all do. A little here and a little there, call it bribery if you like, but see where *you've* got even though you don't drink or smoke or take bribes. He's got a motor-bike ... anyway, who would want to offer cola to a Chief Messenger? 50
- Chume:* Shut your big mouth! 60
- Amope* [*aghast*]: What did you say?
- Chume:* I said shut your big mouth.
- Amope:* To me?
- Chume:* Shut your big mouth before I shut it for you. [*Ties the mat round the cross-bar.*] And you'd better start to watch your step from now on. My period of abstinence is over. My cross has been lifted off my shoulders by the Prophet. 65
- Amope* [*genuinely distressed.*]: He's mad.
- Chume* [*viciously tying up the mat.*]: My period of trial is over. [*Practically strangling the mat.*] If you so much as open your mouth now ... [*Gives a further twist to the string.*] 70
- Amope:* God help me. He's gone mad.
- Chume* [*imperiously.*]: Get on the bike.
- Amope* [*backing away.*]: I'm not coming with you. 75
- Chume:* I said get on the bike!
- Amope:* Not with you. I'll find my own way home.
[*Chume advances on her. Amope screams for help. Brother Jero crosses himself. Chume catches her by the arm but she escapes, runs to the side of the house and beats on the door.*] 80
- Amope:* Help! Open the door for God's sake. Let me in. Let me in ...
[*Brother Jero grimaces.*]
Is anyone in? Let me in for God's sake! Let me in or God will punish you! 85
- Jero* [*sticking his fingers in his ears.*]: Blasphemy!

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