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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/63

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

May/June 2012

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 **11** printed pages and **1** blank page.



- 1 **Either** (a) 'Adcock's poems about personal relationships are characterised by their lack of sentimentality.'
- With detailed reference to **three** poems, discuss Adcock's poetic methods in the light of this statement.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, discussing how far you think it is characteristic of Adcock's methods and concerns.

The Three-toed Sloth

The three-toed sloth is the slowest creature we know
 for its size. It spends its life hanging upside-down
 from a branch, its baby nestling on its breast.
 It never cleans itself, but lets fungus grow
 on its fur. The grin it wears, like an idiot clown, 5
 proclaims the joys of a life which is one long rest.

The three-toed sloth is content. It doesn't care.
 It moves imperceptibly, like the laziest snail
 you ever saw blown up to the size of a sheep.
 Disguised as a grey-green bough it dangles there 10
 in the steamy Amazon jungle. That long-drawn wail
 is its slow-motion sneeze. Then it falls asleep.

One cannot but envy such torpor. Its top speed,
 when rushing to save its young, is a dramatic
 fourteen feet per minute, in a race with fate. 15
 The puzzle is this, though: how did nature breed
 a race so determinedly unenergetic?
 What passion ever inspired a sloth to mate?

- 2 **Either** (a) In what ways and by what means does Auden explore some of the concerns of his time? You should refer in detail to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing how far it seems to you to be characteristic of Auden's methods and concerns.

Fairground

Thumping old tunes give a voice to its whereabouts
long before one can see the dazzling archway
of coloured lights, beyond which household proverbs
cease to be valid,

a ground sacred to the god of vertigo
and his cult of disarray: here jeopardy,
panic, shock, are dispensed in measured doses
by fool-proof engines.

5

As passive objects, packed tightly together
on Roller-Coaster or Ferris-Wheel, mortals
taste in their solid flesh the volitional
joys of a seraph.

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Soon the Roundabout ends the clumsy conflict
of Right and Left: the riding mob melts into
one spinning sphere, the perfect shape performing
the perfect motion.

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Mopped and mowed at, as their train worms through a tunnel,
by ancestral spooks, caressed by clammy cobwebs,
grinning initiates emerge into daylight
as tribal heroes.

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Fun for Youth who knows his libertine spirit
is not a copy of Father's, but has yet to
learn that the tissues which lend it stamina,
like Mum's, are bourgeois.

Those with their wander-years behind them, who are rather
relieved that all routes of escape are spied on,
all hours of amusement counted, requiring
caution, agenda,

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keep away: – to be found in coigns where, sitting
in silent synods, they play chess or cribbage,
games that call for patience, foresight, manoeuvre,
like war, like marriage.

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3 **Either** (a) 'When she came to this country her body had stopped growing.'

By what means does Frame present Grace's experience of being in exile?

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, discussing ways in which the concerns of the novel are developed here.

It surprised Grace to remember that she had not thought of an Industrial School as a school, and that it had been the word *Industrial* which used to frighten her; it gave the image of a vast hall (some connection, Grace used to think, with the song Isy sang and which her mother said was a terrible song

'And when I die
don't bury me at all,
Just pickle my bones
in Alco Hall')

5

a place filled with whirling black skeletons (like a sculptor's 'mobiles') of which *dust* was the flesh, and that being sent to the *Industrial School* you were caged inside a skeleton and forced to revolve with it in a fury of black dust until eventually your body became indistinguishable from the skeleton, and if people visited the Hall (mother, father, aunts, uncles from up north or down south) they wouldn't even realise you were imprisoned there; they wouldn't be able to see you, and if you had any voice and tried to speak to them they would never hear you.

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Grace had not associated the word 'school' with a place of learning because experience had taught her to be suspicious of the meaning of words. Hadn't she sung God Save our Gracious Tin, then discovered that the 'tin' was not a kerosene tin but an old man with medals and a beard? Hadn't she been forbidden to go near the magazine at the drill-hall, and then had found her mother reading a book which she described carelessly as 'The Railway Magazine'? After such experiences Grace knew that you had to take great care with words. Her mother had convinced her of this too. She talked of whales.

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—A family of whales, kiddies, is called a *school*.

—A *school*? That's silly.

—Yes, a *school* of whales.

—A *school* of *wales*?

—Pronounce your words properly, their father had put in, for he was particular about pronunciation.

—It is *whales*.

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So, preferring the unexpected meaning, for she could not bear to be taken by surprise, Grace had never revised her belief that an *Industrial School* was a group or family of black dusty skeletons revolving in a vast hall. Without question it would have been a terrible place to send Isy.

Grace remembered her fear when she used to lie in bed at night tucked up with her sleeping sisters and suddenly imagine that Isy would be seized and carried away. They would grab her arm and she would yell, as she so often did in play,— You're pulling my arm out of its socket! (Saying 'out of its socket' was usually enough to make anyone stop pulling because it brought the awe-inspiring image of your standing there holding an arm and not knowing how to return it to its socket, and with parents around and punishment in view that was an embarrassing position to be in.) Grace knew, however, that when 'they' came to take Isy to the Industrial School they would not be deterred by anything or anyone, they would keep pulling, and Isy, with her arm in or out of its socket, would be imprisoned and slowly ground into black dust.

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BRIAN FRIEL: *Translations*

- 4 **Either** (a) With reference to specific episodes, discuss the presentation and significance of the English characters in *Translations*.
- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effectiveness of the following passage, exploring how Friel shapes an audience's response to the characters.

MAIRE *enters. She is bareheaded and wet from the rain;*
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Doalty: *They'll be after him like bloody beagles. Bloody, bloody fool, limping along the coast. They'll overtake him before night for Christ's sake. Act 3*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of Margaret and Sophie Mol and their contribution concerns of the novel.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering its significance to the novel as a whole.

Baby Kochamma's fear lay rolled up on the car floor like a damp, clammy cheroot. This was just the beginning of it. The fear that over the years would grow to consume her. That would make her lock her doors and windows. That would give her two hairlines and both her mouths. Hers, too, was an ancient, age-old fear. The fear of being dispossessed.

5

She tried to count the green beads on her rosary, but couldn't concentrate. An open hand slammed against the car window.

A balled fist banged down on the burning skyblue bonnet. It sprang open. The Plymouth looked like an angular blue animal in a zoo asking to be fed.

A bun.

10

A banana.

Another balled fist slammed down on it, and the bonnet closed. Chacko rolled down his window and called out to the man who had done it.

'Thanks, *keto!*' he said. '*Valarey* thanks!'

'Don't be so ingratiating, comrade,' Ammu said. 'It was an accident. He didn't really mean to help. How could he *possibly* know that in this old car there beats a truly Marxist heart?'

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'Ammu,' Chacko said, his voice steady and deliberately casual, 'is it at all possible for you to prevent your washed-up cynicism from completely colouring everything?'

Silence filled the car like a saturated sponge. *Washed-up* cut like a knife through a soft thing. The sun shone with a shuddering sigh. This was the trouble with families. Like invidious doctors, they knew just where it hurt.

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Just then Rahel saw Velutha. Vellya Paapen's son, Velutha. Her most beloved friend Velutha. Velutha marching with a red flag. In a white shirt and mundu with angry veins in his neck. He never usually wore a shirt.

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Rahel rolled down her window in a flash.

'Velutha! Velutha!' she called to him.

He froze for a moment, and listened with his flag. What he heard was a familiar voice in a most unfamiliar circumstance. Rahel, standing on the car seat, had grown out of the Plymouth window like the loose, flailing horn of a car-shaped herbivore. With a fountain in a Love-in-Tokyo and yellow-rimmed red plastic sunglasses.

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'Velutha! *Ividay!* Velutha!' And she too had veins in her neck.

He stepped sideways and disappeared deftly into the angriness around him.

Inside the car Ammu whirled around, and her eyes were angry. She slapped at Rahel's calves, which were the only part of her left in the car to slap. Calves and brown feet in Bata sandals.

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'Behave yourself!' Ammu said.

Baby Kochamma pulled Rahel down, and she landed on the seat with a surprised thump. She thought there'd been a misunderstanding.

'It was Velutha!' she explained with a smile. 'And he had a flag!'

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The flag had seemed to her a most impressive piece of equipment. The right thing for a friend to have.

'You're a stupid silly little girl!' Ammu said.

Her sudden, fierce anger pinned Rahel against the car seat. Rahel was puzzled. Why was Ammu so angry? About what?

45

'But it was him!' Rahel said.

'Shut up!' Ammu said.

Rahel saw that Ammu had a film of perspiration on her forehead and upper lip, and that her eyes had become hard, like marbles. Like Pappachi's in the Vienna studio photograph. (How Pappachi's Moth whispered in his children's veins!)

Baby Kochamma rolled up Rahel's window.

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

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the role and significance of Chume, making close reference to specific episodes in the plays.
- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effectiveness of the following passage, showing how far it is characteristic of Soyinka's concerns and techniques.

Chume: [He stops suddenly. His eyes slowly distend.]

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BLACKOUT *The Trials of Brother Jero*, Scene 5

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *To the Lighthouse*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of the children and their significance in the novel.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, considering the ways in which Woolf presents William Bankes's view of the Ramsays.

The Ramsays were not rich, and it was a wonder how they managed to contrive it all. Eight children! To feed eight children on philosophy! Here was another of them, Jasper this time, strolling past, to have a shot at a bird, he said, nonchalantly, swinging Lily's hand like a pump-handle as he passed, which caused Mr. Bankes to say, bitterly, how *she* was a favourite. There was education now to be considered (true, Mrs. Ramsay had something of her own perhaps) let alone the daily wear and tear of shoes and stockings which those 'great fellows', all well grown, angular, ruthless youngsters, must require. As for being sure which was which, or in what order they came, that was beyond him. He called them privately after the Kings and Queens of England; Cam the Wicked, James the Ruthless, Andrew the Just, Prue the Fair – for Prue would have beauty, he thought, how could she help it? – and Andrew brains. While he walked up the drive and Lily Briscoe said yes and no and capped his comments (for she was in love with them all, in love with this world) he weighed Ramsay's case, commiserated him, envied him, as if he had seen him divest himself of all those glories of isolation and austerity which crowned him in youth to cumber himself definitely with fluttering wings and clucking domesticities. They gave him something – William Bankes acknowledged that; it would have been pleasant if Cam had stuck a flower in his coat or clambered over his shoulder, as over her father's, to look at a picture of Vesuvius in eruption; but they had also, his old friends could not but feel, destroyed something. What would a stranger think now? What did this Lily Briscoe think? Could one help noticing that habits grew on him? eccentricities, weaknesses perhaps? It was astonishing that a man of his intellect could stoop so low as he did – but that was too harsh a phrase – could depend so much as he did upon people's praise.

Chapter 4

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