



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

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/61**

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

**May/June 2013**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**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.

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This document consists of **10** printed pages and **2** blank pages.





FLEUR ADCOCK: *Poems 1960–2000*

- 1 **Either** (a) Paying close attention to Adcock's poetic methods and effects, discuss some of the ways she presents her experience of New Zealand. You should refer to **three** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Adcock's poetic methods and effects, write a detailed appreciation of the following poem showing how far it is characteristic of her work.

*Last Song*

Goodbye, sweet symmetry. Goodbye, sweet world  
of mirror-images and matching halves,  
where animals have usually four legs  
and people nearly always two;  
where birds and bats and butterflies and bees 5  
have balanced wings, and even flies  
can fly straight if they try. Goodbye  
to one-a-side for eyes and ears and arms  
and breasts and balls and shoulder-blades  
and hands; goodbye to the straight line 10  
drawn down the central spine,  
making us double in a world  
where oddness is acceptable only  
under the sea, for the lop-sided lobster,  
the wonky oyster, the creepily rotated 15  
flatfish with both eyes over one gill;  
goodbye to the sweet certitudes of our  
mammalian order, where to be  
born with one eye or three thumbs  
points to not being human. It will come. 20

In the next world, when this one's gone skew-whiff,  
we shall be algae or lichen, things  
we've hardly even needed to pronounce.  
If the flounder still exists it will be king.

W. H. AUDEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Paying close attention to Auden's poetic methods and effects, discuss how he makes use of descriptions of nature. You should make detailed reference to **three** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Auden's poetic methods and effects, write a detailed appreciation of the following poem showing how far it is characteristic of his work.

## III

Earth, receive an honoured guest;  
 William Yeats is laid to rest:  
 Let the Irish vessel lie  
 Emptied of its poetry.

Time that is intolerant 5  
 Of the brave and innocent,  
 And indifferent in a week  
 To a beautiful physique,

Worships language and forgives 10  
 Everyone by whom it lives;  
 Pardons cowardice, conceit,  
 Lays its honours at their feet.

Time that with this strange excuse 15  
 Pardoned Kipling and his views,  
 And will pardon Paul Claudel,  
 Pardons him for writing well.

In the nightmare of the dark 20  
 All the dogs of Europe bark,  
 And the living nations wait,  
 Each sequestered in its hate;

Intellectual disgrace  
 Stares from every human face,  
 And the seas of pity lie  
 Locked and frozen in each eye.

Follow, poet, follow right 25  
 To the bottom of the night,  
 With your unconstraining voice  
 Still persuade us to rejoice;

With the farming of a verse 30  
 Make a vineyard of the curse,  
 Sing of human unsuccess  
 In a rapture of distress;

In the deserts of the heart 35  
 Let the healing fountain start,  
 In the prison of his days  
 Teach the free man how to praise.

In Memory of W. B. Yeats

JANET FRAME: *Towards Another Summer*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss Frame's presentation of children and their significance in *Towards Another Summer*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and sentence structure, write an appreciation of the following passage showing how far it is characteristic of Frame's presentation of Grace.

—There. There's the Winchley Viaduct.  
Grace looked at the viaduct. What could she say about it?

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path.

I'm a migratory bird, Philip. Shall I speak it aloud? Shall I tell Anne, Sarah, Noel?

45

Chapter 15

BRIAN FRIEL: *Translations*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'It is Friel's exploration of the emotions of the characters rather than historical facts that generate dramatic impact.'

With close reference to the text, discuss how far you agree.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the language and action in the following passage showing how far it is characteristic of Friel's dramatic methods and concerns.

*Hugh:* [He removes his hat and coat and hands them and his stick to Manus, as if to a footman.]

Apologies for my late arrival: we were celebrating the baptism of Nellie Ruadh's baby.

*Bridget:* (innocently) What name did she put on it, Master? 5

*Hugh:* Was it Eamon? Yes, it was Eamon.

*Bridget:* Eamon Donal from Tor! Cripes!

*Hugh:* And after the *caerimonia nominationis* – Maire?

*Maire:* The ritual of naming.

*Hugh:* Indeed – we then had a few libations to mark the occasion. Altogether very pleasant. The derivation of the word 'baptise'? – where are my Greek scholars? Doalty? 10

*Doalty:* Would it be – ah – ah –

*Hugh:* Too slow. James? 15

*Jimmy:* 'Baptizein' – to dip or immerse.

*Hugh:* Indeed – and our friend Pliny Minor speaks of the 'baptisterium' – the cold bath.

*Doalty:* Master.

*Hugh:* Doalty? 20

*Doalty:* I suppose you could talk then about baptising a sheep at sheep-dipping, could you?

*Laughter. Comments.*

*Hugh:* Indeed – the precedent is there – the day you were appropriately named Doalty – seven nines? 25

*Doalty:* What's that, Master?

*Hugh:* Seven times nine?

*Doalty:* Seven nines – seven nines – seven times nine – seven times nine are – Cripes, it's on the tip of my tongue, Master – I knew it for sure this morning – funny that's the only one that foxes me – 30

*Bridget:* (prompt) Sixty-three.

*Doalty:* What's wrong with me: sure seven nines are fifty-three, Master.

*Hugh:* Sophocles from Colonus would agree with Doalty Dan Doalty from Tulach Alainn: 'To know nothing is the sweetest life.' Where's Sean Beag? 35

*Manus:* He's at the salmon.

*Hugh:* And Nora Dan?

*Maire:* She says she's not coming back any more. 40

*Hugh:* Ah. Nora Dan can now write her name – Nora Dan's education is complete. And the Donnelly twins?

*Brief pause. Then:*

- Bridget:* They're probably at the turf. (*She goes to Hugh.*) There's the one-and-eight I owe you for last quarter's arithmetic and there's my one-and-six for this quarter's writing. 45
- Hugh:* *Gratias tibi ago.* (*He sits at his table.*)  
Before we commence our *studia* I have three items of information to impart to you – (*to Manus*) a bowl of tea, strong tea, black – 50  
*Manus leaves.*  
Item A: on my perambulations today – Bridget? Too slow. Maire?
- Maire:* *Perambulare* – to walk about.
- Hugh:* Indeed – I encountered Captain Lancey of the Royal Engineers who is engaged in the ordnance survey of this area. He tells me that in the past few days two of his horses have strayed and some of his equipment seems to be mislaid. I expressed my regret and suggested he address you himself on these matters. He then explained that he does not speak Irish. Latin? I asked. None. Greek? Not a syllable. He speaks – on his own admission – only English; and to his credit he seemed suitably *verecund* – James? 55 60
- James:* *Verecundus* – humble. 65
- Hugh:* Indeed – he voiced some surprise that we did not speak his language. I explained that a few of us did, on occasion – outside the parish of course – and then usually for the purposes of commerce, a use to which his tongue seemed particularly suited – (*shouts*) and a slice of soda bread – and I went on to propose that our own culture and the classical tongues made a happier conjugation – Doalty? 70
- Doalty:* *Conjugo* – I join together.  
*Doalty is so pleased with himself that he prods and winks at Bridget.* 75
- Hugh:* Indeed – English, I suggested, couldn't really express us. And again to his credit he acquiesced to my logic. Acquiesced – Maire?  
*Maire turns away impatiently. Hugh is unaware of the gesture.* 80  
Too slow. Bridget?
- Bridget:* *Acquiesco.*
- Hugh:* *Procede.*
- Bridget:* *Acquiesco, acquiescere, acquievi, acquietum.* 85
- Hugh:* Indeed – and Item B . . .
- Maire:* Master.
- Hugh:* Yes?  
*Maire gets to her feet uneasily but determinedly. Pause.*  
Well, girl? 90
- Maire:* We should all be learning to speak English. That's what my mother says. That's what I say. That's what Dan O'Connell said last month in Ennis. He said the sooner we all learn to speak English the better.

Act 1

- 5 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Hartley present the past in the novel?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, showing in what ways it is characteristic of Hartley's methods and concerns.

But if in the realm of experience I was fairly tough, in the realm of the imagination I was not. Marian inhabited that realm, she was indeed its chiefest ornament, the Virgin of the Zodiac; she was as real to my contemplation as she was to my experience – more real. Until I came to Brandham Hall the world of my imagination had been peopled by fictitious beings who behaved as I wanted them to behave; at Brandham Hall it was inhabited by real people who had the freedom of both worlds; in the flesh they could give my imagination what it needed and in my solitary musings I endowed them with certain magical qualities but did not otherwise idealize them. I did not need to. Marian was many things to me besides Maid Marian of the greenwood. She was a fairy princess who had taken a fancy to a little boy, clothed him, petted him, turned him from a laughing stock into an accepted member of her society, from an ugly duckling into a swan. With one wave of her wand she had transformed him, at the cricket concert, from the youngest and most insignificant person present to a spell-binder who had held them all in thrall. The transfigured Leo of the last twenty-four hours was her creation; and she had created him, I felt, because she loved him. 5

And now, again like an enchantress, she had taken it all away and I was back where I had started from – no, much lower. She had taken it away, not so much by her anger and harsh words – those, on the plane of experience, I knew how to make allowances for – as by the complete withdrawal of her favour. As the distance increased between us my alarm diminished but my heart grew heavier. 10

For I saw – it was relentlessly borne in upon me – that everything she had done for me had been done with an ulterior motive. She hadn't been fond of me at all. She had pretended to be fond of me so that she could inveigle me into taking messages between her and Ted Burgess. It was all a put-up job. 15

As this realization sank into me I stopped running and began to cry. I had not been so long at school that I had lost the power of crying; I cried a good deal and felt calmer for it. A sense of my whereabouts returned to me: I noticed for the first time where I was – on the causeway leading to the sluice. 20

On the platform of the sluice I paused, out of habit. No one was at work; I had forgotten it was Sunday. I should have to go on to the farm. At once I was seized with an almost invincible reluctance: I'll go no further, I thought, I'll creep back to the house and lock myself in my bedroom and perhaps they will leave some food outside the door and I shan't have to see anyone. I looked down at the water. It had sunk much lower. The surface of the pool was still blue, but many more boulders than before showed ghostly, corpse-like, at the bottom. And on the other side, the shallow side, the change was greater. Before, it had been untidy, now it was a scene of mad disorder: a tangled mass of water-weeds, all high and dry, and, sticking out from them, mounds of yellow gravel, like bald patches on a head. The clusters of round, thin, grey-green rushes, whose tufted tops had made me think of an army of spearmen with pennons, were now much taller than a man; and for a yard or more above the water-line they were coated with a grey deposit – mud. But many had fallen over, let down by their native element, back-broken under their own weight; they lay pointing this way and that, all discipline gone. The army of spearmen had been routed. Their companions in arms, the grass-green reeds that tapered to a point like swords, had escaped the blight and kept their colour; but they too were bent and broken. 30

As I stood watching, trying to remember what the river looked like before this happened to it, and in my agitation lifting first one foot and then the other, like a restive horse, I heard the letter crackle and knew I must go on. 35



ARUNDHATI ROY: *The God of Small Things*

6 **Either** (a) 'Velutha is the only shining light in the novel.'

Considering the presentation and role of Velutha in the novel, how far do you agree with this view?

**Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language and sentence structure in the following passage, discuss in what ways it is characteristic of Roy's narrative methods and effects.

Estha put his head in his lap.  
'What's the matter?' Ammu said. 'If you're sulking again, I'm taking you straight home. Sit up please. And watch.'

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No? No.  
'Then wash your face,' Ammu said. 'Water always helps. Wash your face and let's go and have a fizzy lemondrink.'

45

Chapter 4

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

7 **Either** (a) 'Both plays are more comic than political.'

How far do you agree?

**Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language and tone in the following passage, discuss in what ways it is characteristic of Soyinka's methods and concerns.

*Rebecca:* The Lord speaks in me. I am the mouthpiece of his will. Give up this plan and let the prophets continue the blessed task of turning men back to the path of goodness and decency. . . .

*Executive:* Shut her up. For God's sake shut her up.

5

*Rebecca [sudden joy]:* Praise the Lord! A change has begun in you already. When you first came in you called on hell and you damned your fellow man. Now you call out in God's name. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Come to me, said the Lord. Call my name and I shall answer. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Call his name and he shall heed you. Come to me, said the Lord, come to me. Come to me, said the Lord, come to me. Come to me, said the Lord, come to me. Call my name, and I shall heed you. Turn from sin and I shall feed you. Turn from filth and I shall cleanse you. Turn from filth and I shall cleanse you. [*She approaches the Executive Officer with outstretched arms as if to embrace him. He retreats round the room but she follows him. She gets progressively 'inspired'.*]

10

15

20

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.

25

[*The Chief Executive makes the door but Ananias 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 Ananias, while the policewoman who tries to squeeze past Ananias is herself swept up with one arm and held there by Ananias.*]

30

35

*Ananias:* And this sinner, Lord, and this sinner!

*Rebecca:* Hallelujah!

*Ananias:* From her labour of sin, oh Lord, from her labour of sin.

40

*Rebecca:* Hallelujah!

*Ananias:* Policework is evil, oh Lord, policework is evil.

*Rebecca:* Halle-Halle-Hallelujah. [*And continues the chorus.*]

*Ananias:* Save this sinner, Lord, save this sinner. Protect her



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