



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

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/63**

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

**October/November 2012**

**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 **11** printed pages and **5** blank pages.



FLEUR ADCOCK: *Collected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'Adcock sees the animal world in terms of the human world.'

With close reference to **three** poems, discuss this view, paying particular attention to Adcock's poetic methods and effects.

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing how characteristic it is of Adcock's methods and concerns.

*Water*

I met an ancestor in the lane.  
She couldn't stop: she was carrying water.  
It slopped and bounced from the stoup against her;  
the side of her skirt was dark with the stain,  
oozing chillingly down to her shoe. 5  
I stepped aside as she trudged past me,  
frowning with effort, shivering slightly  
(an icy drop splashed my foot too).  
The dress that brushed against me was rough.  
She didn't smell the way I smell: 10  
I tasted the grease and smoke in her hair.  
Water that's carried is never enough.  
She'd a long haul back from the well.

No, I didn't see her. But she was there.

W.H. AUDEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) With close reference to **three** poems, show by what means and with what effects Auden presents the theme of love.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing the ways its methods are characteristic of the poems in your selection.

“O where are you going?” said reader to rider,

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As he left them there, as he left them there.

from *The Orators*

JANET FRAME: *Towards Another Summer*

3 **Either** (a) '... and nobody, by conversation, could ever reach Grace's mind.'

With reference to some specific incidents. discuss Frame's presentation of Grace's social limitations.

**Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying attention to the narrative methods and effects.

It seemed that, like the 'magazine', the swamp was a forbidden place. There were so many places and things forbidden and to be feared – the flood, the war, the magazine, the swamp, bulls, rats in the wall, drunk men, swaggers, the strap, uncles and aunts who threatened, 'We'll put you in a sack and throw you in the sea.' 'The gypsies will steal you.' Also, there were our own little knotted handkerchiefs which held our treasured collection of childhood beliefs and superstitions – mixtures of truth and fantasy, of words misheard or misunderstood, of half-solved perplexities, of desperate questions given desperate answers rather than be left with no answer at all ... my eye was hurt ... the doctor made it better, the doctor and the pixies whom I called the 'pitties'. Who were the 'pitties'? Why did my mother smile when I talked of them? Why did she keep asking me, as if she didn't know, —Who made your eye better? and when I answered, preferring the stranger explanation, —The 'pitties', why did she look so pleased and sly? 5

I could not speak properly; words were confused. One of my favourite toys was a kerosene tin with a piece of rope tied to it, which I pulled along the lawn under the walnut tree and over to the fence for the beasties to share my pleasure in it. There was a song which I sang about my tin, but why did everyone laugh when I sang it? 15

'God save our gracious tin,  
God save our noble tin,  
God save the tin.' 20

Words were so mysterious, full of pleasure and fear. Mosgiel. Mosgiel. Up Central. Taieri. Waihola. Ao-Tea-Roa. Lottie. Lottie. That was my mother's name, yet we never called her Lottie, it was only aunts and uncles who were allowed to use her name.

My aunt, who had her goitre out (goitre, goitre), stood at the door, in the passage, and called, 25

—Oh Lottie, one moment, Lottie.

Or she said to my father,

—What does Lottie think? Does Lottie like living in Outram?

Sometimes when visitors came the word would come strangely from my father's lips and with a feeling of shock I would try to believe that he had said it. 30

—As I was saying to Lottie only this afternoon ...

The word was strange and frightening; it gave my mother a new distinction which seemed to separate her from us, which implied that she did not belong to us at all. It made me curious about her and jealous of her; her name was a way of saying *No* to us – but weren't we her babies, hadn't I been her special baby until Dorry was born? And when the next one was born wouldn't it be her special baby too? A terrible panic overwhelmed me when I heard her name; I saw her moving farther and farther away; I knew it was true, she didn't belong to us at all and we didn't belong to her, and I was myself, only myself and nobody else. 35

Sometimes I repeated her name softly. Lottie. Once I called her name aloud and she became angry and my father said, 40

—Don't be rude to your mother. Lottie and George. Lottie-and-George. They were my mother and father. No one but us called them Mum and Dad.

I played by myself, near the fence, while the beastie stood looking at me. As beasties do, it was weeping, a tear running down the thin dark track upon its cheek. 45  
I spoke to it.

—Lottie, I said. —How you do you like living in Outram?

Then very boldly I called out, —Lottie-and-George, Lottie-and-George!

Chapter 8

BRIAN FRIEL: *Translations*

- 4 **Either** (a) What, for you, is the significance of the hedge-school in the play?
- Or** (b) Comment on the language and action in the following scene, to show how Friel shapes an audience's response to the characters and concerns of the play.

Owen: What is happening?

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As they roll about their lines overlap.

Act 2, Scene 1

ARUNDHATI ROY: *The God of Small Things*

- 5 **Either** (a) What, for you, is the significance of the title of the novel? You should refer closely to the text in your answer.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, paying close attention to the ways in which Roy develops the novel's concerns.

The church refused to bury Ammu.

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To your feet or hair. Or heart.

Chapter 7

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**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6**



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

- 6 **Either** (a) 'We recognise Jero; we judge him but we don't dislike him.'

Discuss the presentation of Jero in both plays, in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Comment on the language and action in the following scene, to show how Soyinka shapes an audience's response to the characters here.

*Penitent:* Efie, efie, efie, efie, enh, enh, enh, enh ...

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*Jero:* I had a premonition this morning that women would be my downfall today.  
But I thought of it only in the spiritual sense.

The Trials of Brother Jero, Scene 3

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *To the Lighthouse*

7 **Either** (a) Lily asks: 'How does one judge people?'

By what means and with what effects does Woolf explore this issue?

**Or** (b) Paying close attention to the narrative methods, discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage.

Suddenly Mr Ramsay raised his head as he passed and looked straight at her, with his distraught wild gaze which was yet so penetrating, as if he saw you, for one second, for the first time, for ever; and she pretended to drink out of her empty coffee cup so as to escape him – to escape his demand on her, to put aside a moment longer that imperious need. And he shook his head at her, and strode on ('Alone' she heard him say, 'Perished' she heard him say) and like everything else this strange morning the words became symbols, wrote themselves all over the grey-green walls. If only she could put them together, she felt, write them out in some sentence, then she would have got at the truth of things. Old Mr Carmichael came padding softly in, fetched his coffee, took his cup and made off to sit in the sun. The extraordinary unreality was frightening; but it was also exciting. Going to the Lighthouse. But what does one send to the Lighthouse? Perished. Alone. The grey-green light on the wall opposite. The empty places. Such were some of the parts, but how bring them together? she asked. As if any interruption would break the frail shape she was building on the table she turned her back to the window lest Mr Ramsay should see her. She must escape somehow, be alone somewhere. Suddenly she remembered. When she had sat there last ten years ago there had been a little sprig or leaf pattern on the tablecloth, which she had looked at in a moment of revelation. There had been a problem about a foreground of a picture. Move the tree to the middle, she had said. She had never finished that picture. It had been knocking about in her mind all these years. She would paint that picture now. Where were her paints, she wondered? Her paints, yes. She had left them in the hall last night. She would start at once. She got up quickly, before Mr Ramsay turned.

She fetched herself a chair. She pitched her easel with her precise old maidish movements on the edge of the lawn, not too close to Mr Carmichael, but close enough for his protection. Yes, it must have been precisely here that she had stood ten years ago. There was the wall; the hedge; the tree. The question was of some relation between those masses. She had borne it in her mind all these years. It seemed as if the solution had come to her: she knew now what she wanted to do.

But with Mr Ramsay bearing down on her, she could do nothing. Every time he approached – he was walking up and down the terrace – ruin approached, chaos approached. She could not paint. She stooped, she turned; she took up this rag; she squeezed that tube. But all she did was to ward him off a moment. He made it impossible for her to do anything. For if she gave him the least chance, if he saw her disengaged a moment, looking his way a moment, he would be on her, saying, as he had said last night: 'You find us much changed.' Last night he had got up and stopped before her, and said that. Dumb and staring though they had all sat, the six children whom they used to call after the kings and queens of England – the Red, the Fair, the Wicked, the Ruthless – she felt how they raged under it. Kind old Mrs Beckwith said something sensible. But it was a house full of unrelated passions – she had felt that all the evening. And on top of this chaos Mr Ramsay got up, pressed her hand, and said: 'You will find us much changed,' and none of them had moved or had spoken; but had sat there as if they were forced to let him say it. Only James (certainly the Sullen) scowled at the lamp, and Cam screwed her handkerchief round her finger.

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