



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

**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 **12** printed pages and **4** blank pages.





FLEUR ADCOCK: *Poems 1960–2000*

- 1 **Either** (a) ‘The creation of a sense of a specific time and place is central to Adcock’s poetic method and effects.’

Discuss **three** of her poems in the light of this statement.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Adcock’s poetic methods and their effects, write a detailed appreciation of the following poem showing how far it is characteristic of her work.

*Instead of an Interview*

The hills, I told them; and water, and the clear air  
(not yielding to more journalistic probings);  
and a river or two, I could say, and certain bays  
and ah, those various and incredible hills ...

And all my family still in the one city 5  
within walking distances of each other  
through streets I could follow blind. My school was gone  
and half my Thorndon smashed for the motorway  
but every corner revealed familiar settings  
for the dreams I’d not bothered to remember – 10  
ingrained; ingrown; incestuous: like the country.

And another city offering me a lover 15  
and quite enough friends to be going on with;  
bookshops; galleries; gardens; fish in the sea;  
lemons and passionfruit growing free as the bush.  
Then the bush itself; and the wild grand south;  
and wooden houses in occasional special towns.

And not a town or a city I could live in. 20  
Home, as I explained to a weeping niece,  
home is London; and England, Ireland, Europe.  
I have come home with a suitcase full of stones –  
of shells and pebbles, pottery, pieces of bark:  
here they lie around the floor of my study  
as I telephone a cable ‘Safely home’

and moments later, thinking of my dears, 25  
wish the over-resonant word cancelled:  
‘Arrived safely’ would have been clear enough,  
neutral, kinder. But another loaded word  
creeps up now to interrogate me.  
By going back to look, after thirteen years, 30  
have I made myself for the first time an exile?

W. H. AUDEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) With detailed reference to **three** poems, show by what means and with what effects Auden creates a sense of place.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Auden's poetic methods and their effects show how far the following poem is characteristic of his work.

*Refugee Blues*

Say this city has ten million souls,  
Some are living in mansions, some are living in holes:  
Yet there's no place for us, my dear, yet there's no place for us.

Once we had a country and we thought it fair,  
Look in the atlas and you'll find it there: 5  
We cannot go there now, my dear, we cannot go there now.

In the village churchyard there grows an old yew,  
Every spring it blossoms anew:  
Old passports can't do that, my dear, old passports can't do that.

The consul banged the table and said, 10  
"If you've got no passport you're officially dead":  
But we are still alive, my dear, but we are still alive.

Went to a committee; they offered me a chair;  
Asked me politely to return next year:  
But where shall we go to-day, my dear, but where shall we go to-day? 15

Came to a public meeting; the speaker got up and said;  
"If we let them in, they will steal our daily bread":  
He was talking of you and me, my dear, he was talking of you and me.

Thought I heard the thunder rumbling in the sky;  
It was Hitler over Europe, saying, "They must die": 20  
O we were in his mind, my dear, O we were in his mind.

Saw a poodle in a jacket fastened with a pin,  
Saw a door opened and a cat let in:  
But they weren't German Jews, my dear, but they weren't German Jews.

Went down the harbour and stood upon the quay, 25  
Saw the fish swimming as if they were free:  
Only ten feet away, my dear, only ten feet away.

Walked through a wood, saw the birds in the trees;  
They had no politicians and sang at their ease:  
They weren't the human race, my dear, they weren't the human race. 30

Dreamed I saw a building with a thousand floors,  
A thousand windows and a thousand doors:  
Not one of them was ours, my dear, not one of them was ours.

Stood on a great plain in the falling snow;  
Ten thousand soldiers marched to and fro:  
Looking for you and me, my dear, looking for you and me.

JANET FRAME: *Towards Another Summer*

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare and contrast Frame's presentation of married relationships, discussing their significance to the novel.
- 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.

The room, Grace decided, would be a perfect place to write in, although not because of the view, for in writing the studied landscape is not the Holly Road back

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likes Spaghetti Bolognese; My brother has never been able to eat egg, for years he has never eaten egg), the golf course and trees through the window. She felt cold.

40

Chapter 21.

**Turn to Page 8 for Question 4**

BRIAN FRIEL: *Translations*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Comedy in this play has a serious purpose: to humanise the characters.'

Discuss Friel's presentation of character in the light of this statement.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the choice of language and tone, discuss the following passage, considering its dramatic effectiveness as the ending of the play.

*As Owen exits:*

- Hugh:* Take care, Owen. To remember everything is a form of madness. [*He looks around the room, carefully, as if he were about to leave it for ever. Then he looks at Jimmy, asleep again.*] The road to Sligo. A spring morning. 1798. Going into battle. Do you remember, James? Two young gallants with pikes across their shoulders and the *Aeneid* in their pockets. Everything seemed to find definition that spring – a congruence, a miraculous matching of hope and past and present and possibility. Striding across the fresh, green land. The rhythms of perception heightened. The whole enterprise of consciousness accelerated. We were gods that morning, James; and I had recently married my goddess, Caitlin Dubh Nic Reactainn, may she rest in peace. And to leave her and my infant son in his cradle – that was heroic, too. By God, sir, we were magnificent. We marched as far as – where was it? – Glenties! All of twenty-three miles in one day. And it was there, in Phelan's pub, that we got homesick for Athens, just like Ulysses. The *desiderium nostrorum* – the need for our own. Our *pietas*, James, was for older, quieter things. And that was the longest twenty-three miles back I ever made. [*Toasts Jimmy.*] My friend, confusion is not an ignoble condition. 5
- Maire enters.*
- Maire:* I'm back again. I set out for somewhere but I couldn't remember where. So I came back here. 10
- Hugh:* Yes, I will teach you English, Maire Chatach. 15
- Maire:* Will you, Master? I must learn it. I need to learn it. 20
- Hugh:* Indeed you may well be my only pupil. [*He goes towards the steps and begins to ascend.*] 25
- Maire:* When can we start?
- Hugh:* Not today. Tomorrow, perhaps. After the funeral. We'll begin tomorrow. [*Ascending.*] But don't expect too much. I will provide you with the available words and the available grammar. But will that help you to interpret between privacies? I have no idea. But it's all we have. I have no idea at all. [*He is now at the top.*] 30
- Maire:* Master, what does the English word 'always' mean? 35
- Hugh:* *Semper – per omnia saecula.* The Greeks called it 'aei'. It's not a word I'd start with. It's a silly word, girl. [*He sits.*] 40



- Jimmy is awake. He gets to his feet.*  
*Maire sees the Name-Book, picks it up, and sits with it on her knee.* 45
- Maire:* When he comes back, this is where he'll come to. He told me this is where he was happiest.  
*Jimmy sits beside Maire.*
- Jimmy:* Do you know the Greek word *endogamein*? It means to marry within the tribe. And the word *exogamein* means to marry outside the tribe. And you don't cross those borders casually – both sides get very angry. Now, the problem is this: Is Athene sufficiently mortal or am I sufficiently godlike for the marriage to be acceptable to her people and to my people? You think about that. 50  
 55
- Hugh:* *Urbs antiqua fuit* – there was an ancient city which, 'tis said, Juno loved above all the lands. And it was the goddess's aim and cherished hope that here should be the capital of all nations – should the fates perchance allow that. Yet in truth she discovered that a race was springing from Trojan blood to overthrow some day these Tyrian towers – a people *late regem belloque superbum* – kings of broad realms and proud in war who would come forth for Lybia's downfall – such was – such was the course – such was the course ordained – ordained by fate ... What the hell's wrong with me? Sure I know it backways, I'll begin again. *Urbs antiqua fuit* – there was an ancient city which, 'tis said, Juno loved above all the lands. 60  
 65  
 70
- Begin to bring down the lights.*  
 And it was the goddess's aim and cherished hope that here should be the capital of all nations – should the fates perchance allow that. Yet in truth she discovered that a race was springing from Trojan blood to overthrow some day these Tyrian towers – a people kings of broad realms and proud in war who would come forth for Lybia's downfall ... 75
- Black.*

Act 3

- 5 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Hartley reveal Leo's memories?
- 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 methods and concerns.

'Are you vanquished, Colston, are you vanquished?' No, I was not; I had come through with flying colours. I was the hero of the hour, and though my vogue did not last long at that high level, I never quite lost it. I became a recognized authority on two subjects dear to the hearts of most boys at that time: black magic and code-making, and I was frequently consulted on both these subjects. I even made a little out of it, charging threepence a time for my advice, which I gave only after certain necromantic formalities had been gone through, passwords exchanged, and so on. I also invented a language and had the delirious pleasure, for a few days, of hearing it used round me. It consisted, if I remember, in making the syllable 'ski' alternately the prefix and suffix of each word in a sentence, thus: 'Skihave youski skidone yourski skiprep?' It was considered very funny so I got a reputation as a wag as well. And also as a master of language. I was no longer made fun of if I used long words, on the contrary they were expected of me; the diary became a quarry for synonyms of the most ambitious kind. It was then that I began to cherish a dream of becoming a writer – perhaps the greatest writer of the greatest century, the twentieth. I had no idea what I wanted to write about: but I composed sentences that I thought would look well and sound well in print: that my writing should achieve the status of print was my ambition, and I thought of a writer as someone whose work fulfilled print's requirements.

One question was often put to me, but I never answered it: What exactly was the meaning of the curses that had literally brought about the downfall of Jenkins and Strode? How did I translate them? I didn't, of course, myself know what they meant. I could easily have produced a translation but I felt for several reasons it would be wiser not to. Kept secret, they would still minister to my prestige; revealed, and used by irresponsible people, who knew what harm they might do? They might even be turned against me. Meanwhile a good deal of private curse-making went on: strips of paper covered with cabalistic signs were passed from hand to hand. But though their authors sometimes claimed to have obtained results, nothing happened to challenge the supremacy of mine.

'Are you vanquished, Colston, are you vanquished?' No, I was not; I had won, and my victory, though its methods were unorthodox, had fulfilled the chief requirement of our code: I had won it by myself, or at any rate without calling in the help of any human agency. There had been no sneaking. Also, I had kept within the traditional terms of schoolboy experience; so fantastic in some ways, so matter of fact in others. The curses were not really a shot in the dark, though their outcome had been so sensational. They were aimed at the superstitiousness that I instinctively knew my schoolfellows possessed. I had been a realist, I had somehow sized up the situation and solved it with the means at my command, and I enjoyed a realist's reward. If I looked on Southdown Hill School as being in some way an adjunct of the twentieth century, or as being intimately related to the Zodiac – a hierarchy of glorious, perfected beings slowly ascending into the ether – what a cropper I should have come.

Prologue

ARUNDHATI ROY: *The God of Small Things*

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare and contrast the roles and characterisation of Chacko and Velutha in the novel.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering how far it is characteristic of Roy's narrative methods and concerns.

On the days that the radio played Ammu's songs, everyone was a little wary of her. They sensed somehow that she lived in the penumbral shadows between two

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they found an egg – hot from a hen. But most of all, she grudged them the comfort they drew from each other. She expected from them some token unhappiness. At the very least.

35

Chapter 2

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

- 7 **Either** (a) By what means and with what dramatic effects does Soyinka expose corruption in the plays?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language, tone and action in the following passage, discuss in what ways it is characteristic of Soyinka's methods and concerns.

*The front space of Brother Jero's headquarters. Loud chatter among a most bizarre collection of prophets. Sister Rebecca emerges from the house carrying the portrait from the office and hangs it against the outer wall. The desk and chair have already been moved out of the office for the meeting. Rebecca takes a chair to a most unbending individual who stares straight ahead and keeps his arms folded. He is the only one who seems to abstain from the free-flowing drinks, the effect of which is already apparent on one or two.* 5

*Shadrach:* No, Sister, we refuse to sit down. We refuse to sit down. We have been slighted and we make known our protest. We have been treated with less courtesy than becomes the leader of a denomination twenty thousand strong. Brother Jero, at whose behest we have presented ourselves here at great inconvenience, is not himself here to welcome us. We protest his discourtesy. 10

*Caleb:* Hear hear. [*Hiccups.*] Hardly the conduct of a gentleman prophet.

*Rebecca:* Brother Shadrach, I assure you he was held up by matters which concern this very affair you have come to discuss. 15

*Isaac:* He is very long about it then.

*Shadrach:* Much much too long, Sister Rebecca. To make us wait is an act of indignity thrust upon us.

*Ananias:* Oh sit down, you fatuous old hypocrite. 20

*Shadrach* [*turn to go.*]: We take our leave.

*Caleb:* Hear hear. [*Hiccup.*] Let's all stage a dignified walk-out. Nobody walks out these days. Not since the parliamentarians vanished.

*Isaac:* Good old days those. Good for the profession.

*Caleb:* Come on, old Shad, give us a walk-out. [*With much difficulty on the word.*] An ecclesiastically dignified walk-out. 25

*Rebecca:* Brother Shadrach, please ...

*Shadrach:* No, we take our leave. For the third time tonight we have been insulted by a common riff-raff of the calling. We take our leave.

*Caleb:* Hear hear. The honourable member for ... 30

*Rebecca:* Pay no attention Brother. I apologize on their behalf. Forgive us all for being remiss.

*Shadrach:* I forgive you, Sister. [*Sits down.*]

*Ananias* [*leans over the back of his chair.*]: You will burst, Shadrach, you will burst like the frog in the swamp. 35

*Caleb:* Like the frog in the adage, Brother. [*Hiccup.*] Frog in the adage.

*Shadrach* [*without losing his poise, whips his hand round and seizes that of Ananias by the wrist and brings it round front. The hand is seen to contain a purse.*]: Mine, I believe, Ananias?

*Ananias:* It dropped on the ground. Is that the thanks I get for helping you pick it up? 40

- Shadrach*: I accuse no one, Ananaias. [*Returning wallet into the recesses of his robes.*] We are all met, I hope, in a spirit of brotherhood. The lesson reads, I am my brother's keeper Ananaias, not, I am my brother's pursekeeper. 45
- Ananaias* [*turns away.*]: Lay not your treasures upon earth says the good book. Verily verily I say unto you, it is easier for a camel and so on and so forth.
- Caleb* [*raising his mug.*]: Sister Rebecca, my spirits are low.
- Rebecca* [*rushing to fill it.*]: Forgive me, Brother Caleb.
- Caleb*: Upliftment is in order, God bless you. 50
- Isaac*: So where is this Jeroboam fellow? When is he coming to tell us why he has made us forsake our stations to wait on his lordship?
- Rebecca*: In a moment, Brother Matthew. [*Going to fill his mug.*]
- Isaac*: I am not Brother Matthew ...
- Rebecca*: I beg your pardon, Brother. 55
- Caleb*: A clear case of mistaken identity, Sister Rebecca.
- Isaac*: I am not Brother Matthew, sister, and I beg you to note that fact.
- Matthew* [*nettled.*]: May one ask just what you have against being Brother Matthew?
- Isaac*: I know all about Brother Matthew, and that should be enough answer for anyone with a sense of shame. 60
- Rebecca*: Forgive my unfortunate error. Don't start a quarrel on that account.
- Isaac*: And to think he has the nerve to show his face here. Some people are utterly without shame.
- Caleb*: Hear hear.
- Matthew*: And others are poor imitation Pharisees. 65
- Caleb*: Hear hear.
- Isaac*: Better an imitation Pharisee than a sex maniac.
- Matthew*: I take exception to that!
- Isaac*: Very good. Take exception.
- Matthew*: Dare repeat that and see if it doesn't land you in court for slander. Go on, we are all listening. I have witnesses. Come on I dare you. 70
- Isaac*: I don't have to. We all know the truth. You may have been acquitted but we know the truth.
- Matthew*: Coward!
- Isaac*: Fornicator. 75
- Matthew*: Drunkard, con-man. Forger.
- Caleb*: Three to one. Foul play.
- Rebecca* [*getting between them as they head for a clash.*]: Brothers, in the name of our common calling I beg of you ...
- [*Jero and Chume enter. Rebecca sighs with relief.*] 80
- Oh, Brother Jero, you are truly an answer to prayers.

Jero's Metamorphosis, Scene 3.





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