



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/62**

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 **10** printed pages and **6** blank pages.



FLEUR ADCOCK: *Collected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Adcock present the idea of home? You should make detailed reference to **three** poems.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing how far it is characteristic of Adcock's methods and concerns.

*A Way Out*

The other option's to become a bird.  
That's kindly done, to guess from how they sing,  
decently independent of the word  
as we are not; and how they use the air  
to sail as we might soaring on a swing 5  
higher and higher; but the rope's not there,

it's free fall upward, out into the sky;  
or if the arc veer downward, then it's planned:  
a bird can loiter, skimming just as high  
as lets him supervise the hazel copse, 10  
the turnip field, the orchard, and then land  
on just the twig he's chosen. Down he drops

to feed, if so it be: a pretty killer,  
a keen-eyed stomach weighted like a dart.  
He feels no pity for the caterpillar, 15  
that moistly munching hoop of innocent green.  
It is such tender lapses twist the heart.  
A bird's heart is a tight little red bean,

untwistable. His beak is made of bone,  
his feet apparently of stainless wire; 20  
his coat's impermeable; his nest's his own.  
The clogging multiplicity of things  
amongst which other creatures, battling, tire  
can be evaded by a pair of wings.

The point is, most of it occurs below, 25  
earthed at the levels of the grovelling wood  
and gritty buildings. Up's the way to go.  
If it's escapist, if it's like a dream  
the dream's prolonged until it ends for good.  
I see no disadvantage in the scheme. 30

W.H. AUDEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Auden focus on the impact of a particular moment? You should make detailed reference to **three** poems from this selection.
- Or** (b) Focusing on Auden's poetic methods and effects, write a critical appreciation of the following poem.

*The Unknown Citizen**To JS/07/M/378**This Marble Monument is Erected by the State*

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JANET FRAME: *Towards Another Summer*

3 **Either** (a) 'Nothing was simple, known, safe, believed, identified.'

By what means and with what effects does Frame present insecurity in the novel?

**Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, showing in what ways it is characteristic of Frame's methods and concerns.

She had almost reached the street when a woman emerged from one of the terraced houses facing the park. Her dress was patched in black and white, outlined sharply against the grey day. To Grace's astonishment the woman suddenly flapped her arms then opening her mouth she screeched three times and then was silent. Then she began screeching again. Grace stared at her black and white patched dress, listened to the screeching, and thought, —She's a magpie, she's not a woman, she's a bird. As she watched the woman more closely she saw the final change taking place in her – she had surprised her in private metamorphosis – she saw the arms mould themselves to wings, the black and white patched dress change to feathers about her body, her nose extend sharply to form a beak. There was no need for her voice to change. She began screeching once more; she was calling someone, her children. She flapped her wings belligerently as Grace passed her, she turned her bright fierce eyes towards her, then she dropped one wing limply at her side and fluttering the other as if clearing an obstacle from the air, she resumed her screeching. 5 10

No, it's not the call of the magpie, Grace considered. Perhaps she is a marsh bird; a plover, peewit; why should I see her here, now? Does she know that I too have changed to a bird? That it is time for me to fly towards another summer? 15

—See anything interesting on your walk?

—I was walking in the park when I saw a woman changed to a bird –

Why should she not speak the truth at least once in her life? The need to tell Philip and Anne, to stand in the big untidy kitchen and say, aloud, I saw a woman change to a bird, was so desperate that Grace did not know how she would be able to prevent herself from telling. She knew there would be embarrassing consequences. Hasty Reassurances. The subject switched to one more harmless. Her limited social experience made her feel certain of the response to her news; she did not question the accuracy of her forecast, although she knew she was being unfair to Philip and Anne. Perhaps for the first time in her life she was among people whose imagination was not housed in a small dark room with no windows, whose understanding and sympathy were liberal, adventurous. 20 25

Why not tell them, why not explain? she said to herself. I don't wish to inhabit the human world under false pretences. I'm relieved to have discovered my identity after being so confused about it for so many years. Why should people be afraid if I confide in them? Yet people will always be afraid and jealous of those who finally establish their identity; it leads them to consider their own, to seclude it, cosset it, for fear it may be borrowed or interfered with, and when they are in the act of protecting it they suffer the shock of realising that their identity is nothing, it is something they dreamed and never knew; and then begins the painstaking search – what shall they choose – beast? another human being? insect? bird? 30 35

If I confide that I have become a bird, others may want to change in the same way; or the shock may be so great that even Philip and Anne, who have qualities of mind to deal with unexpected situations, may not be able to adapt themselves in time, to accept the truth of my identity. The strain of constant adaptation to so many fearful events and discoveries is already too much to bear with sanity; one has to keep pretending to slip successfully into the new mould; a time will come when the tailored and camouflaged mind breaks beneath the burden; the stick insect in our brains no longer cares to resemble a twig on the same habitual human tree in the mere hope that it may survive extinction. 40 45



TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 4

BRIAN FRIEL: *Translations*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance of renaming in the play, and with reference to particular scenes, show how Friel uses the idea to create a variety of dramatic effects.
- Or** (b) Comment on the language and action in the following scene, to show how Friel shapes an audience's response to the characters.

*Maire:* Shhh.

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*Music to crescendo.*

*Act 2, Scene 2*

ARUNDHATI ROY: *The God of Small Things*

- 5 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Roy present a child's view of the world?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, paying close attention to the way Roy presents character and suggests the wider concerns of the novel.

It was his smile that reminded Ammu of Velutha as a little boy.

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Ammu walked up to the verandah, back into the Play. Shaking.

Chapter 8



TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6



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

- 6 **Either** (a) 'The comedy in the plays is visual, verbal, and used to expose human weakness.'  
With reference to particular scenes, discuss the plays in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effects of the writing in the following extract, considering the ways Soyinka shapes an audience's response to the characters and concerns of the play.

*Executive:* Is this the woman?

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*Rebecca:* ... Oh sir, you must let Brother Jero talk to you about the evil in your plans.

Jero's Metamorphosis, Scene 1

- Rebecca:* Do not distress yourself for that poor sinner. I pray for the salvation of his soul every day. 40
- Executive:* And we are praying for you to come to your senses. And for a start just hand me the file you had with you. And be thankful I am not having you charged for keeping an official file after office hours. 40
- Clerk:* And a confidential file don't forget that, sir. Very confidential.
- Executive:* Quite right. The file, young lady. We will overlook the offence since you weren't really in possession of your senses. 50
- Rebecca:* I was never more clearly within my senses as now.
- Executive:* You call this a sensible action? You, an intelligent young girl, a fully trained Confidential Secretary ...
- Clerk:* Eighty words per minute, sir, one hundred and twenty shorthand ...
- Executive:* Did I ask you to supply me statistics? 55
- Clerk:* Beg pardon, sir. Just saying what a waste it is.
- Executive:* Of course it's a bloody waste. Eighty words per minute and a hundred and twenty shorthand. You had enough will-power to resist the revolting advances of a lecherous Chief Eviction Officer on the rampage, you are trusted sufficiently to be assigned an official duty which is most essential to our national economy and what happens – you permit yourself to be bamboozled by a fake prophet, a transparent charlatan ... 60
- Rebecca [pitying.]:* It is the devil which speaks in you sir, it's the devil which makes you call Prophet Jeroboam all those bad names. 65
- Executive:* He deserves more than a bad name. He deserves a bad end and he will come to it yet.
- Rebecca:* Fight the devil in you, sir, let us help you fight and conquer him.
- Executive:* Can't you see Jeroboam is the devil, damn you? All the prophets on this beach are devils. ... 70
- Rebecca:* The devil is in you, sir, I can see him.
- Executive:* They have to be evicted. They stand in the way of progress. They clutter up the beach and prevent decent men from coming here and paying to enjoy themselves. They are holding up a big tourist business. You know yourself how the land value has doubled since we started public executions on this beach. 75
- Rebecca:* Shameless sinners who acquire wealth from the misfortunes of others? Will you make money off sin and iniquity?

- 7 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Woolf portray the Ramsays' marriage?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, to show how its narrative methods and concerns are characteristic of the novel as a whole.

She seemed to have shrivelled slightly, he thought. She looked a little skimpy, wispy; but not unattractive. He liked her. There had been some talk of her marrying William Bankes once, but nothing had come of it. His wife had been fond of her. He had been a little out of temper too at breakfast. And then, and then – this was one of those moments when an enormous need urged him, without being conscious what it was, to approach any woman, to force them, he did not care how, his need was so great, to give him what he wanted: sympathy. 5

Was anybody looking after her? he said. Had she everything she wanted?

'Oh, thanks, everything,' said Lily Briscoe nervously. No; she could not do it. She ought to have floated off instantly upon some wave of sympathetic expansion: the pressure on her was tremendous. But she remained stuck. There was an awful pause. They both looked at the sea. Why, thought Mr Ramsay, should she look at the sea when I am here? She hoped it would be calm enough for them to land at the Lighthouse, she said. The Lighthouse! The Lighthouse! What's that got to do with it? he thought impatiently. Instantly, with the force of some primeval gust (for really he could not restrain himself any longer), there issued from him such a groan that any other woman in the whole world would have done something, said something – all except myself, thought Lily, girding at herself bitterly, who am not a woman, but a peevish, ill-tempered, dried-up old maid presumably. 10 15

Mr Ramsay sighed to the full. He waited. Was she not going to say anything? Did she not see what he wanted from her? Then he said he had a particular reason for wanting to go to the Lighthouse. His wife used to send the men things. There was a poor boy with a tuberculous hip, the lightkeeper's son. He sighed profoundly. He sighed significantly. All Lily wished was that this enormous flood of grief, this insatiable hunger for sympathy, this demand that she should surrender herself up to him entirely, and even so he had sorrows enough to keep her supplied for ever, should leave her, should be diverted (she kept looking at the house, hoping for an interruption) before it swept her down in its flow. 20 25

'Such expeditions,' said Mr Ramsay, scraping the ground with his toe, 'are very painful.' Still Lily said nothing. (She is a stock, she is a stone, he said to himself.) 'They are very exhausting,' he said, looking, with a sickly look that nauseated her (he was acting, she felt, this great man was dramatising himself), at his beautiful hands. It was horrible, it was indecent. Would they never come, she asked, for she could not sustain this enormous weight of sorrow, support these heavy draperies of grief (he had assumed a pose of extreme decrepitude; he even tottered a little as he stood there) a moment longer. 30 35

Still she could say nothing; the whole horizon seemed swept bare of objects to talk about; could only feel, amazedly, as Mr Ramsay stood there, how his gaze seemed to fall dolefully over the sunny grass and discolour it, and cast over the rubicund, drowsy, entirely contented figure of Mr Carmichael, reading a French novel on a deckchair, a veil of crape, as if such an existence, flaunting its prosperity in a world of woe, were enough to provoke the most dismal thoughts of all. Look at him, he seemed to be saying; look at me; and indeed, all the time he was feeling, Think of me, think of me. 40

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