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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/63

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

October/November 2013

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 **13** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



- 1 **Either** (a) With reference to **three** poems from your selection, discuss Adcock's presentation of family relationships.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Adcock's poetic methods and effects, show how far the following poem is characteristic of her work.

The Pangolin

There have been all those tigers, of course,
 and a leopard, and a six-legged giraffe,
 and a young deer that ran up to my window
 before it was killed, and once a blue horse,
 and somewhere an impression of massive dogs. 5
 Why do I dream of such large, hot-blooded beasts
 covered with sweating fur and full of passions
 when there could be dry lizards and cool frogs,
 or slow, modest creatures, as a rest
 from all those panting, people-sized animals? 10
 Hedgehogs or perhaps tortoises would do,
 but I think the pangolin would suit me best:
 a vegetable animal, who goes
 disguised as an artichoke or asparagus-tip
 in a green coat of close-fitting leaves, 15
 with his flat shovel-tail and his pencil-nose:
 the scaly anteater. Yes, he would fit
 more aptly into a dream than into his cage
 in the Small Mammal House; so I invite him
 to be dreamt about, if he would care for it. 20

W. H. AUDEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'All I have is a voice/To undo the folded lie.'

With detailed reference to **three** poems, show how Auden uses his 'voice' to speak out on world affairs.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, write a detailed appreciation of the following poem showing how far it is characteristic of Auden's poetic methods and concerns.

The More Loving One

Looking up at the stars, I know quite well

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Though this might take me a little time.

JANET FRAME: *Towards Another Summer*

- 3 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Frame present Grace's imaginary
- Or** (b) Comment in detail on the effects of the writing in the following passage, showing how far it is characteristic of Frame's narrative methods and concerns.

Grace prepared her speech.

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through storm and clear skies to another summer. Hear me!

Chapter 20

BRIAN FRIEL: *Translations*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Hugh is the real hero of *Translations* because he understands the situation role in it.'

Consider Friel's presentation of Hugh in the light of this statement.

- Or** (b) Write a detailed analysis of the dramatic methods and effects in the following passage, showing how far it develops the concerns of the play.

LANCEY *enters* – now the commanding officer.

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Lancey: I'll remember you, Mr Doalty. [*to OWEN*] You carry a big responsibility in all this. [*He goes off.*]

Act 3

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance of Leo's belief in magic and rituals in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment in detail on the effects of the writing in the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the novel.

'Isn't it rather dull for you, Marian,' I said, 'to be living here alone? Wouldn't you be happier in London?'

'Alone?' she said. 'Alone, what do you mean? But people come in shoals. I almost have to turn them from the door, I'm quite a place of pilgrimage, I can tell you! Everybody knows about me, you see, they know what I've been through, and naturally they want to see me – just as you did.'

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'I'm very glad I have,' I said, 'and I'm glad to have met your nice young grandson, Edward.'

'Sh,' she said. 'You mustn't call him that, he likes to be called Hugh, though Edward is a family name, of course.'

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I remembered the two Edwards in the transept.

'Well,' I said, 'it must be a comfort to you to have him near you.'

At that her face fell, and the mask she had been wearing since I came showed signs of cracking.

'He is,' then she corrected herself – 'he would be. But do you know, though we are the only two members of the family left, he doesn't come to see me very much?'

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'Oh surely – ' I protested.

'No, he doesn't. Masses of people come but he does not – I mean not regularly – not regularly like I used to see old Nannie Robson, when she was old. Does he remind you of anyone?' she asked me suddenly.

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'Well yes, he does,' I said, surprised at being asked. 'His grandfather.'

'That's it, that's it, he does. And of course he knows – he knows what he's been told, what his parents told him, for he's never spoken of it to me. And what other people may have told him – a village is a hive of gossip. And I think he has a grudge against me – you know why. The only person in the world who has! His own grandmother! And they tell me – *he* has never told me – that he wants to marry a girl – a nice girl, a Winlove cousin, a distant cousin, but still a Winlove – but he won't ask her because ... because this is still weighing on him. He feels – or so they tell me – that he's under some sort of spell or curse, and that he'd hand it on. He's just plain *silly*! But no doubt he's heard some rumour, totally false of course, that worries him. Now this is where you come in.'

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'I?'

'Yes, Leo, you. You know the facts, you know what *really* happened. And besides me, only you know. You know that Ted and I were lovers: well, we were. But we weren't ordinary lovers, not lovers in the vulgar sense, not in the way people make love today. Our love was a beautiful thing, wasn't it? I mean, we gave up everything for each other. We didn't have a thought except for each other. All those house-parties – people being paired off like animals at stud – it wasn't like that with us. We were made for each other. Do you remember what that summer was like? – how much more beautiful than any since? Well, what was the most beautiful thing in it? Wasn't it us, and our feeling for each other? Didn't you realize it, when you took our letters for us? Didn't you feel that all the rest – the house, the people coming and going – just didn't count? And wouldn't you feel proud to be descended from our union? the child of so much happiness and beauty?'

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What could I say but yes?

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'I'm glad you see it so,' she said, 'for you were our instrument – we couldn't have carried on without you. "Carried on" – that sounds a funny phrase – but you know what I mean. You came out of the blue to make us happy. And we made you happy,

didn't we? You were only a little boy, and yet we trusted you with our great treasure. You might never have known what it was, have gone through life without knowing. And yet Edward – ' she stopped.

'But you can tell him, Leo, tell him everything, just as it was. Tell him that it was nothing to be ashamed of, and that I'm nothing to be ashamed of, his old grandmother whom people come miles to see! There was nothing mean or sordid in it, was there? and nothing that could possibly hurt anyone. We did have sorrows, bitter sorrows, Hugh dying, Marcus and Denys killed, my son Hugh killed, and his wife – though she was no great loss. But they weren't our fault – they were the fault of this hideous century we live in, which has denatured humanity and planted death and hate where love and living were. Tell him this, Leo, make him see it and feel it, it will be the best day's work you ever did. Remember how you loved taking our messages, bringing us together and making us happy – well, this is another errand of love, and the last time I shall ever ask you to be our postman.

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Epilogue

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the roles and significance of the twins in the structure of the novel.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what way it is characteristic of Roy's narrative methods and concerns.

SORROW, HOWEVER, was still two weeks away on that blue cross-stitch afternoon, as Margaret Kochamma lay jet-lagged and still asleep. Chacko, on his way to see Comrade K. N. M. Pillai, drifted past the bedroom window like an anxious, stealthy whale intending to peep in to see whether his wife (*Ex-wife, Chacko!*) and daughter were awake and needed anything. At the last minute his courage failed him and he floated fatly by without looking in. Sophie Mol (A wake, A live, A lert) saw him go.

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She sat up on her bed and looked out at the rubber trees. The sun had moved across the sky and cast a deep house-shadow across the plantation, darkening the already dark-leaved trees. Beyond the shadow, the light was flat and gentle. There was a diagonal slash across the mottled bark of each tree through which milky rubber seeped like white blood from a wound, and dripped into the waiting half of a coconut shell that had been tied to the tree.

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Sophie Mol got out of bed and rummaged through her sleeping mother's purse. She found what she was looking for – the keys to the large, locked suitcase on the floor, with its airline stickers and baggage tags. She opened it and rooted through the contents with all the delicacy of a dog digging up a flowerbed. She upset stacks of lingerie, ironed skirts and blouses, shampoos, creams, chocolate, Sellotape, umbrellas, soap (and other bottled London smells), quinine, aspirin, broad spectrum antibiotics. 'Take everything,' her colleagues had advised Margaret Kochamma in concerned voices. 'You never know.' Which was their way of saying to a colleague travelling to the Heart of Darkness that:

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(a) Anything Can Happen To Anyone.

So

(b) It's Best to be Prepared.

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Sophie Mol eventually found what she had been looking for.

Presents for her cousins. Triangular towers of Toblerone chocolate (soft and slanting in the heat). Socks with separate multi-coloured toes. And two ballpoint pens – the top halves filled with water in which a cut-out collage of a London streetscape was suspended. Buckingham Palace and Big Ben. Shops and people. A red double-decker bus propelled by an air-bubble floated up and down the silent street. There was something sinister about the absence of noise on the busy ballpoint street.

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Sophie Mol put the presents into her go-go bag, and went forth into the world. To drive a hard bargain. To negotiate a friendship.

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A friendship that, unfortunately, would be left dangling. Incomplete. Flailing in the air with no foothold. A friendship that never circled around into a story, which is why, far more quickly than ever should have happened, Sophie Mol became a Memory, while The Loss of Sophie Mol grew robust and alive. Like a fruit in season. Every season.

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Turn to Page 12 for Question 7

- 7 **Either** (a) 'The female characters are only present in the plays for comic effect.'

To what extent do you agree with this view?

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language and tone, analyse the following passage to show how characteristic it is of Soyinka's dramatic methods and effects.

The stage is completely dark. A spotlight reveals the Prophet, a heavily but neatly bearded man; his hair is thick and high, but well-combed, unlike that of most prophets. Suave is the word for him. He carries a canvas pouch and a divine rod. He speaks directly and with his accustomed loftiness to the audience.

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Jeroboam: I am a Prophet. A prophet by birth and by inclination. You have probably seen many of us on the streets, many with their own churches, many inland, many on the coast, many leading processions, many looking for processions to lead, many curing the deaf, many raising the dead. In fact, there are eggs and there are eggs. Same thing with prophets. I was born a Prophet. I think my parents found that I was born with rather thick and long hair. It was said to come right down to my eyes and down to my neck. For them, this was a certain sign that I was born a natural prophet.

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And I grew to love the trade. It used to be a very respectable one in those days and competition was dignified. But in the last few years, the beach has become fashionable, and the struggle for land has turned the profession into a thing of ridicule. Some prophets I could name gained their present beaches by getting women penitents to shake their bosoms in spiritual ecstasy. This prejudiced the councillors who came to divide the beach among us.

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Yes, it did come to the point where it became necessary for the Town Council to come to the beach and settle the Prophets' territorial warfare once and for all. My Master, the same one who brought me up in prophetic ways staked his claim and won a grant of land. ... I helped him, with a campaign led by six dancing girls from the French territory, all dressed as Jehovah's Witnesses. What my old Master did not realize was that I was really helping myself.

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Mind you, the beach is hardly worth having these days. The worshippers have dwindled to a mere trickle and we really have to fight for every new convert. They all prefer High Life to the rhythm of celestial hymns. And television too is keeping our wealthier patrons at home. They used to come in the evening when they would not easily be

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recognized. Now they stay at home and watch television. However, my whole purpose in coming here is to show you one rather eventful day in my life, a day when I thought for a moment that the curse of my old Master was about to be fulfilled. It shook me quite a bit, but ... the Lord protects his own ...

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[Enter OLD PROPHET shaking his fist.]

Old Prophet: Ungrateful wretch! Is this how you repay the long years of training I have given you? To drive me, your old Tutor, off my piece of land ... telling me I have lived beyond my time. Ha! May you be rewarded in the same manner. May the Wheel come right round and find you just as helpless as you make me now. ...

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[He continues to mouth curses, but inaudibly.]

Jeroboam [ignoring him.]: He didn't move me one bit. The old dodderer had been foolish enough to imagine that when I organized the campaign to acquire his land in competition with [ticking them off on his fingers] – The Brotherhood of Jehu, the Cherubims and Seraphims, the Sisters of Judgement Day, the Heavenly Cowboys, not to mention the Jehovah's Witnesses whom the French girls impersonated – well, he must have been pretty conceited to think that I did it all for him.

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Old Prophet: Ingrate! Monster! I curse you with the curse of the Daughters of Discord. May they be your downfall. May the Daughters of Eve bring ruin down on your head!

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[OLD PROPHET goes off, shaking his fist.]

The Trials of Brother Jero, Scene 1

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