Cambridge International AS & A Level

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International Advanced Subsidiary and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/63**

Paper 6 1900 to the Present **October/November 2016**

2 hours

No Additional Materials are required.

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READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions.
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **14** printed pages, **2** blank pages and **1** insert.

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CAMBRIDGE International Examinations

[Turn over

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Americanah*

1 Either (a) By what means and with what effects does Adichie explore issues of race in the USA?

Or (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Adichie's methods and concerns.

As soon as they arrived at Chief's party, Kosi led the way around the room, hugging men and women she barely knew, calling the older ones "ma" and "sir" with exaggerated respect, basking in the attention her face drew but flattening her personality so that her beauty did not threaten. She praised a woman's hair, another's dress, a man's tie. She said "We thank God" often. When one woman asked her, in an accusing tone, "What cream do you use on your face? How can one person have this kind of perfect skin?" Kosi laughed graciously and promised to send the woman a text message with details of her skin-care routine.

Obinze had always been struck by how important it was to her to be a wholesomely agreeable person, to have no sharp angles sticking out. On Sundays, she would invite his relatives for pounded yam and onugbu soup and then watch over to make sure everyone was suitably overfed. *Uncle, you must eat o! There is more meat in the kitchen! Let me bring you another Guinness!* The first time he took her to his mother's house in Nsukka, just before they got married, she leaped up to help with serving the food, and when his mother made to clean up afterwards, she got up, offended, and said, "Mummy, how can I be here and you will be cleaning?" She ended every sentence she spoke to his uncles with "sir". She put ribbons in the hair of his cousins' daughters. There was something immodest about her modesty: it announced itself.

Now she was curtsying and greeting Mrs Akin-Cole, a famously old woman from a famously old family, who had the supercilious expression, eyebrows always raised, of a person used to receiving homage; Obinze often imagined her belching champagne bubbles.

"How is your child? Has she started school?" Mrs Akin-Cole asked. "You must send her to the French school. They are very good, very rigorous. Of course they teach in French but it can only be good for the child to learn another civilized language, since she already learns English at home."

"Okay, ma. I'll look at the French school," Kosi said.

"The French school is not bad, but I prefer Sidcot Hall. They teach the complete British curriculum," said another woman, whose name Obinze had forgotten. He knew she had made a lot of money during General Abacha's government. She had been a pimp, as the story went, providing young girls for the army officers who, in turn, gave her inflated supply contracts. Now, in her tight sequined dress that outlined the swell of her lower belly, she had become a certain kind of middle-aged Lagos woman, dried up by disappointments, blighted by bitterness, the sprinkle of pimples on her forehead smothered in heavy foundation.

"Oh, yes, Sidcot Hall," Kosi said. "It's already on top of my list because I know they teach the British curriculum."

Obinze would ordinarily not have said anything at all, just watched and listened, but today, for some reason, he said, "Didn't we all go to primary schools that taught the Nigerian curriculum?"

The women looked at him; their puzzled expressions implied that he could not possibly be serious. And in some ways, he was not. Of course he, too, wanted the best for his daughter. Sometimes, like now, he felt like an intruder in his new circle, of people who believed that the latest schools, the latest curriculums, would ensure the wholeness of their children. He did not share their certainties. He spent too much time mourning what could have been and questioning what should be.

When he was younger, he had admired people with moneyed childhoods and foreign accents, but he had come to sense an unvoiced yearning in them, a sad search for something they could never find. He did not want a well-educated child enmeshed in insecurities. Buchi would not go to the French school, of that he was sure.

Chapter 2

ARAVIND ADIGA: *The White Tiger*

2 Either (a) 'Man or demon?'

By what means and with what effects does Adiga shape a reader's response to Balram?

Or (b) Analyse the language and tone in the following extract and discuss its significance for the novel as a whole.

Mr Jiabao.

Sir.

When you get here, you'll be told we Indians invented everything from the Internet to hard-boiled eggs to spaceships before the British stole it all from us.

Nonsense. The greatest thing to come out of this country in the ten thousand years of its history is the Rooster Coop.

Go to Old Delhi, behind the Jama Masjid, and look at the way they keep chickens there in the market. Hundreds of pale hens and brightly coloured roosters, stuffed tightly into wire-mesh cages, packed as tightly as worms in a belly, pecking each other and shitting on each other, jostling just for breathing space; the whole cage giving off a horrible stench – the stench of terrified, feathered flesh. On the wooden desk above this coop sits a grinning young butcher, showing off the flesh and organs of a recently chopped-up chicken, still oleaginous with a coating of dark blood. The roosters in the coop smell the blood from above. They see the organs of their brothers lying around them. They know they're next. Yet they do not rebel. They do not try to get out of the coop.

The very same thing is done with human beings in this country.

Watch the roads in the evenings in Delhi; sooner or later you will see a man on a cycle-rickshaw, pedalling down the road, with a giant bed, or a table, tied to the cart that is attached to his cycle. Every day furniture is delivered to people's homes by this man – the delivery-man. A bed costs five thousand rupees, maybe six thousand. Add the chairs, and a coffee table, and it's ten or fifteen thousand. A man comes on a cycle-cart, bringing you this bed, table, and chairs, a poor man who may make five hundred rupees a month. He unloads all this furniture for you, and you give him the money in cash – a fat wad of cash the size of a brick. He puts it into his pocket, or into his shirt, or into his underwear, and cycles back to his boss and hands it over without touching a single rupee of it! A year's salary, two years' salary, in his hands, and he never takes a rupee of it.

Every day, on the roads of Delhi, some chauffeur is driving an empty car with a black suitcase sitting on the backseat. Inside that suitcase is a million, two million rupees; more money than that chauffeur will see in his lifetime. If he took the money he could go to America, Australia, anywhere, and start a new life. He could go inside the five-star hotels he has dreamed about all his life and only seen from the outside. He could take his family to Goa, to England. Yet he takes that black suitcase where his master wants. He puts it down where he is meant to, and never touches a rupee. Why?

Because Indians are the world's most honest people, like the prime minister's booklet will inform you?

No. It's because 99.9 per cent of us are caught in the Rooster Coop just like those poor guys in the poultry market.

The Rooster Coop doesn't always work with minuscule sums of money. Don't test your chauffeur with a rupee coin or two – he may well steal that much. But leave a million dollars in front of a servant and he won't touch a penny. Try it: leave a black bag with a million dollars in a Mumbai taxi. The taxi driver will call the police

and return the money by the day's end. I guarantee it. (Whether the police will give it to you or not is another story, sir!) Masters trust their servants with diamonds in this country! It's true. Every evening on the train out of Surat, where they run the world's biggest diamond-cutting and polishing business, the servants of diamond merchants are carrying suitcases full of cut diamonds that they have to give to someone in Mumbai. Why doesn't that servant take the suitcase full of diamonds? He's no Gandhi, he's human, he's you and me. But he's in the Rooster Coop. The trustworthiness of servants is the basis of the entire Indian economy.

The Great Indian Rooster Coop. Do you have something like it in China too? I doubt it, Mr Jiabao. Or you wouldn't need the Communist Party to shoot people and a secret police to raid their houses at night and put them in jail like I've heard you have over there. Here in India we have no dictatorship. No secret police.

That's because we have the coop.

The Fifth Night

ATHOL FUGARD: *The Road to Mecca* and *My Children! My Africa!*

3 **Either** **(a)** Compare and contrast the presentation and roles of Elsa and Isabel as outsiders in **both** of the plays.

Or **(b)** Write a detailed analysis of the language and tone in the following extract from *The Road to Mecca* and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Fugard's dramatic methods and concerns.

Marius: You call that … that nightmare out there an expression of freedom?

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Your life, your beautiful, light-filled, glittering life.

The Road to Mecca, Act 2

LIZ LOCHHEAD: *A Choosing*

4 Either (a) By what means and with what effects does Lochhead explore her interest in female identity? You should refer in detail to **three** poems from your selection.

Or (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing in what ways it is characteristic of the poems in your selection.

Poets Need Not

Poets need not be garlanded;
the poet's head
should be innocent of the leaves of the sweet bay tree,
twisted. All honour goes to poetry.

And poets need no laurels. Why be lauded
for the love of trying to nail the disembodied
image with that one plain word to make it palpable,
for listening in to silence for the rhythm capable
of carrying the thought that's not thought yet?
The pursuit's its own reward. So you have to let
the poem come to voice by footering
late in the dark at home, by muttering
syllables of scribbled lines – or what might
be lines, eventually, if you can get it right.

And this, perhaps, in public? The daytime train,
the biro, the back of an envelope, and again
the fun of the wild goose chase
that goes beyond all this fuss.

Inspiration? Bell rings, penny drops,
the light-bulb goes on and tops
the not-good-enough idea that went before?
No, that's not how it goes. You write, you score
it out, you write it in again the same
but somehow with a different stress. This is a game
you very seldom win
and most of your efforts end up in the bin.

There's one hunched and gloomy heron
haunts that nearby stretch of River Kelvin
and it wouldn't if there were no fish.
If it never in all that greyness passing caught a flash,
a gleam of something, made that quick stab.
That's how a poem is after a long nothingness, you grab
at that anything and this is food to you.
It comes through, as leaves do.

All praise to poetry, the way it has
of attaching itself to a familiar phrase
in a new way, insisting it be heard and seen.
Poets need no laurels, surely?
Their poems, when they can make them happen – even rarely –
crown them with green.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD: *Selected Stories*

5 Either (a) With detailed reference to **two** stories, discuss by what means and with what effects Mansfield presents issues of social class.

Or (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage from *The Wind Blows* and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Mansfield's narrative methods and concerns.

The wind, the wind. It's frightening to be here in her room by herself. The bed, the mirror, the white jug and basin gleam like the sky outside. It's the bed that is frightening. There it lies, sound asleep. … Does Mother imagine for one moment that she is going to darn all those stockings knotted up on the quilt like a coil of snakes? She's not. No, Mother. I do not see why I should. … The wind—the wind! There's a funny smell of soot blowing down the chimney. Hasn't anyone written poems to the wind? … 'I bring fresh flowers to the leaves and showers.' … What nonsense.

'Is that you, Bogey?'

'Come for a walk round the esplanade, Matilda. I can't stand this any longer.'

'Right-o. I'll put on my ulster. Isn't it an awful day!' Bogey's ulster is just like hers. Hooking the collar she looks at herself in the glass. Her face is white, they have the same excited eyes and hot lips. Ah, they know those two in the glass. Good-bye, dears; we shall be back soon.

'This is better, isn't it?'

'Hook on,' says Bogey.

They cannot walk fast enough. Their heads bent, their legs just touching, they stride like one eager person through the town, down the asphalt zigzag where the fennel grows wild and on to the esplanade. It is dusky—just getting dusky. The wind is so strong that they have to fight their way through it, rocking like two old drunkards. All the poor little pahutukawas on the esplanade are bent to the ground.

'Come on! Come on! Let's get near.'

Over by the breakwater the sea is very high. They pull off their hats and her hair blows across her mouth, tasting of salt. The sea is so high that the waves do not break at all; they thump against the rough stone wall and suck up the weedy, dripping steps. A fine spray skims from the water right across the esplanade. They are covered with drops; the inside of her mouth tastes wet and cold.

Bogey's voice is breaking. When he speaks he rushes up and down the scale. It's funny—it makes you laugh—and yet it just suits the day. The wind carries their voices—away fly the sentences like the narrow ribbons.

'Quicker! Quicker!'

It is getting very dark. In the harbour the coal hulks show two lights—one high on a mast, and one from the stern.

'Look, Bogey. Look over there.'

A big black steamer with a long loop of smoke streaming, with the portholes lighted, with lights everywhere, is putting out to sea. The wind does not stop her; she cuts through the waves, making for the open gate between the pointed rocks that leads to. … It's the light that makes her look so awfully beautiful and mysterious. … *They* are on board leaning over the rail arm in arm.

'… Who are they?'

'… Brother and sister.'

'Look, Bogey, there's the town. Doesn't it look small? There's the post office clock chiming for the last time. There's the esplanade where we walked that windy day. Do you remember? I cried at my music lesson that day—how many years ago! Good-bye, little island, good-bye. …'

Now the dark stretches a wing over the tumbling water. They can't see those two any more. Good-bye, good-bye. Don't forget. … But the ship is gone, now.

The wind—the wind.

The Wind Blows

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

6 Either (a) Discuss the dramatic presentation and significance of Willy's relationships with his sons in *Death of a Salesman*.

Or (b) Paying attention to the language and tone, write an analysis of the following extract and consider how it is characteristic of Miller's dramatic methods and concerns in the play.

Biff: Who ever said I was a salesman with Oliver?

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Biff [*to* HAPPY]: I can't talk to him!

Act 2

W.B. YEATS: *Selected Poems*

7 **Either** **(a)** By what means and with what effects does Yeats present loss of hope in his poetry? You should refer in detail to at least **two** poems from your selection.

Or **(b)** Paying attention to language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following poem and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Yeats's poetic methods and concerns.

The Fisherman

Although I can see him still,
The freckled man who goes
To a grey place on a hill
In grey Connemara clothes
At dawn to cast his flies,
It's long since I began
To call up to the eyes
This wise and simple man.
All day I'd looked in the face
What I had hoped 'twould be
To write for my own race
And the reality;
The living men that I hate,
The dead man that I loved,
The craven man in his seat,
The insolent unreproved,
And no knave brought to book
Who has won a drunken cheer,
The witty man and his joke
Aimed at the commonest ear,
The clever man who cries
The catch-cries of the clown,
The beating down of the wise
And great Art beaten down.

Maybe a twelvemonth since
Suddenly I began,
In scorn of this audience,
Imagining a man,
And his sun-freckled face,
And grey Connemara cloth,
Climbing up to a place
Where stone is dark under froth,
And the down-turn of his wrist
When the flies drop in the stream;
A man who does not exist,
A man who is but a dream;
And cried, 'Before I am old
I shall have written him one
Poem maybe as cold
And passionate as the dawn.'

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