
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/62

Paper 6 1900 to the Present

May/June 2016

2 hours

No Additional Materials are required.

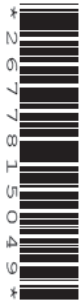
READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instruction 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.

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Americanah*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Adichie uses the character of Obinze to present her concerns in the novel.
- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following extract and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Adichie's methods and concerns.

"I know some people my dad did business with, they might be able to help," Curt said. And, not long afterwards, he told her she had an interview at an office in downtown Baltimore, for a position in public relations. "All you need to do is ace the interview and it's yours," he said. "So I know folks in this other bigger place, but the good thing about this one is they'll get you a work visa *and* start your green card process." 5

"What? How did you do it?"

He shrugged. "Made some calls."

"Curt. Really. I don't know how to thank you."

"I have some ideas," he said, boyishly pleased. 10

It was good news, and yet a soberness wrapped itself around her. Wambui was working three jobs under the table to raise the five thousand dollars she would need to pay an African American man for a green-card marriage, Mwombeki was desperately trying to find a company that would hire him on his temporary visa, and here she was, a pink balloon, weightless, floating to the top, propelled by things outside of herself. She felt, in the midst of her gratitude, a small resentment: that Curt could, with a few calls, rearrange the world, have things slide into the spaces that he wanted them to. 15

When she told Ruth about the interview in Baltimore, Ruth said, "My only advice? Lose the braids and straighten your hair. Nobody says this kind of stuff but it matters. We want you to get that job." 20

Aunty Uju had said something similar in the past, and she had laughed then. Now, she knew enough not to laugh. "Thank you," she said to Ruth.

Since she came to America, she had always braided her hair with long extensions, always alarmed at how much it cost. She wore each style for three months, even four months, until her scalp itched unbearably and the braids sprouted fuzzily from a bed of new growth. And so it was a new adventure, relaxing her hair. She removed her braids, careful to leave her scalp unscratched, to leave undisturbed the dirt that would protect it. Relaxers had grown in their range, boxes and boxes in the "ethnic hair" section of the drugstore, faces of smiling black women with impossibly straight and shiny hair, beside words like "botanical" and "aloe" that promised gentleness. She bought one in a green carton. In her bathroom, she carefully smeared the protective gel around her hairline before she began to slather the creamy relaxer on her hair, section by section, her fingers in plastic gloves. The smell reminded her of chemistry lab in secondary school, and so she forced open the bathroom window, which was often jammed. She timed the process carefully, washing off the relaxer in exactly twenty minutes, but her hair remained kinky, its denseness unchanged. The relaxer did not take. That was the word—"take"—that the hairdresser in West Philadelphia used. "Girl, you need a professional," the hairdresser said as she reapplied another relaxer. "People think they're saving money by doing it at home but they're really not." 25 30 35 40

Ifemelu felt only a slight burning, at first, but as the hairdresser rinsed out the relaxer, Ifemelu's head bent backwards against a plastic sink, needles of stinging pain shot up from different parts of her scalp, down to different parts of her body, back up to her head. 45

"Just a little burn," the hairdresser said. "But look how pretty it is. Wow, girl, you've got the white-girl swing!"

Her hair was hanging down rather than standing up, straight and sleek, parted at the side and curving to a slight bob at her chin. The verve was gone. She did not recognize herself. She left the salon almost mournfully; while the hairdresser had flat-ironed the ends, the smell of burning, of something organic dying which should not have died, had made her feel a sense of loss. Curt looked uncertain when he saw her.

“Do you like it, babe?” he asked.

Chapter 19

ARAVIND ADIGA: *The White Tiger*

- 2 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Adiga present issues of social class in the novel?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering its significance to the novel as a whole.

For the Desk of:

**His Excellency Wen Jiabao,
The Premier's Office,
Beijing,
Capital of the Freedom-Loving Nation of China**

5

From the Desk of:

**'The White Tiger'
A Thinking Man
And an entrepreneur
Living in the world's centre of technology and outsourcing
Electronics City Phase 1 (just off Hosur Main Road),
Bangalore, India.**

10

Mr Premier,

Sir.

Neither you nor I can speak English, but there are some things that can be said only in English. 15

My ex-employer the late Mr Ashok's ex-wife, Pinky Madam, taught me one of these things; and at 11:32 p.m. today, which was about ten minutes ago, when the lady on All India Radio announced, 'Premier Jiabao is coming to Bangalore next week', I said that thing at once. 20

In fact, each time when great men like you visit our country I say it. Not that I have anything against great men. In my way, sir, I consider myself one of your kind. But whenever I see our prime minister and his distinguished sidekicks drive to the airport in black cars and get out and do *namastes* before you in front of a TV camera and tell you about how moral and saintly India is, I have to say that thing in English. 25

Now, you *are* visiting us this week, Your Excellency, aren't you? All India Radio is usually reliable in these matters.

That was a joke, sir.

Ha!

That's why I want to ask you directly if you really are coming to Bangalore. Because if you are, I have something important to tell you. See, the lady on the radio said, 'Mr Jiabao is on a mission: he wants to know the truth about Bangalore.' 30

My blood froze. If anyone knows the truth about Bangalore, it's *me*.

Next, the lady announcer said, 'Mr Jiabao wants to meet some Indian entrepreneurs and hear the story of their success from their own lips.' 35

She explained a little. Apparently, sir, you Chinese are far ahead of us in every respect, except that you don't have entrepreneurs. And our nation, though it has no drinking water, electricity, sewage system, public transportation, sense of hygiene, discipline, courtesy, or punctuality, *does* have entrepreneurs. Thousands and thousands of them. Especially in the field of technology. And these entrepreneurs – 40

we entrepreneurs – have set up all these outsourcing companies that virtually run America now.

You hope to learn how to make a few Chinese entrepreneurs, that's why you're visiting. That made me feel good. But then it hit me that in keeping with international protocol, the prime minister and foreign minister of my country will meet you at the airport with garlands, small take-home sandalwood statues of Gandhi, and a booklet full of information about India's past, present, and future. 45

That's when I *had* to say that thing in English, sir. Out loud.

That was at 11:37 p.m. Five minutes ago.

I don't just swear and curse. I'm a man of action and change. I decided right there and then to start dictating a letter to you. 50

The First Night

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

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss how Fugard uses friendship in **both** of the plays, to explore character and create dramatic effects.
- Or** (b) Analyse 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.

Helen: In the centre of Mecca there is a temple, Marius, and in the centre of the temple is a vast room with hundreds of mirrors on the walls and hanging lamps, and that is where the Wise Men of the East study the celestial geometry of light and colour.

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[He leaves. A silence follows his departure. ELSA eventually makes a move to start blowing out the candles.]

The Road to Mecca, Act 2

LIZ LOCHHEAD: *A Choosing*

- 4 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Lochhead present moments when she understands something new? You should refer to **three** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following poem and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Lochhead's poetic methods and concerns.

For my Grandmother Knitting

There is no need they say
 but the needles still move
 their rhythms in the working of your hands
 as easily
 as if your hands 5
 were once again those sure and skilful hands
 of the fisher-girl.

You are old now
 and your grasp of things is not so good
 but master of your moments then 10
 deft and swift
 you slit the still-ticking quick silver fish.
 Hard work it was too
 of necessity.

But now they say there is no need 15
 as the needles move
 in the working of your hands
 once the hands of the bride
 with the hand-span waist
 once the hands of the miner's wife 20
 who scrubbed his back
 in a tin bath by the coal fire
 once the hands of the mother
 of six who made do and mended
 scraped and slaved slapped sometimes 25
 when necessary.

But now they say there is no need
 the kids they say grandma
 have too much already
 more than they can wear 30
 too many scarves and cardigans –
 gran you do too much
 there's no necessity ...

At your window you wave
them goodbye Sunday. 35
With your painful hands
big on shrunken wrists.
Swollen-jointed. Red. Arthritic. Old.
But the needles still move
their rhythms in the working of your hands 40
easily
as if your hands remembered
of their own accord the pattern
as if your hands had forgotten
how to stop. 45

KATHERINE MANSFIELD: *Selected Stories*

- 5 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Mansfield present isolation? You should refer in detail to **two** stories from your selection.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage from *Prelude* and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Mansfield's narrative methods and concerns.

Lovely, lovely hair. And such a mass of it. It had the colour of fresh fallen leaves, brown and red with a glint of yellow. When she did it in a long plait she felt it on her backbone like a long snake. She loved to feel the weight of it dragging her head back, and she loved to feel it loose, covering her bare arms. 'Yes, my dear, there is no doubt about it, you really are a lovely little thing.'

5

At the words her bosom lifted; she took a long breath of delight, half closing her eyes.

But even as she looked the smile faded from her lips and eyes. Oh God, there she was, back again, playing the same old game. False—false as ever. False as when she'd written to Nan Pym. False even when she was alone with herself,

10

What had that creature in the glass to do with her, and why was she staring? She dropped down to one side of her bed and buried her face in her arms.

'Oh,' she cried, 'I am so miserable—so frightfully miserable. I know that I'm silly and spiteful and vain; I'm always acting a part. I'm never my real self for a moment.' And plainly, plainly, she saw her false self running up and down the stairs, laughing a special trilling laugh if they had visitors, standing under the lamp if a man came to dinner, so that he should see the light on her hair, pouting and pretending to be a little girl when she was asked to play the guitar. Why? She even kept it up for Stanley's benefit. Only last night when he was reading the paper her false self had stood beside him and leaned against his shoulder on purpose. Hadn't she put her hand over his, pointing out something so that he should see how white her hand was beside his brown one.

15

How despicable! Despicable! Her heart was cold with rage. 'It's marvellous how you keep it up,' said she to the false self. But then it was only because she was so miserable—so miserable. If she had been happy and leading her own life, her false life would cease to be. She saw the real Beryl—a shadow ... a shadow. Faint and unsubstantial she shone. What was there of her except the radiance? And for what tiny moments she was really she. Beryl could almost remember every one of them. At those times she had felt: 'Life is rich and mysterious and good, and I am rich and mysterious and good, too.' Shall I ever be that Beryl for ever? Shall I? How can I? And was there ever a time when I did not have a false self? ... But just as she had got that far she heard the sound of little steps running along the passage; the door handle rattled. Kezia came in.

20

25

'Aunt Beryl, mother says will you please come down? Father is home with a man and lunch is ready.'

35

Botheration! How she had crumpled her skirt, kneeling in that idiotic way.

'Very well, Kezia.' She went over to the dressing table and powdered her nose.

Kezia crossed too, and unscrewed a little pot of cream and sniffed it. Under her arm she carried a very dirty calico cat.

40

When Aunt Beryl ran out of the room she sat the cat up on the dressing table and stuck the top of the cream jar over its ear.

'Now look at yourself,' said she sternly.

The calico cat was so overcome by the sight that it toppled over backwards and bumped and bumped on to the floor. And the top of the cream jar flew through the air and rolled like a penny in a round on the linoleum—and did not break.

45

But for Kezia it had broken the moment it flew through the air, and she picked it up, hot all over, and put it back on the dressing table.
Then she tip-toed away, far too quickly and airily ...

50

Prelude, Section 12

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss Miller's dramatic presentation of success and ideas about success in *Death of a Salesman*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language and tone, analyse the following extract and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Miller's dramatic methods and concerns in the play.

Linda [With a threat, but only a threat, of tears]: He's the dearest man in the world to me, and I won't have anyone making him feel unwanted and low and blue.

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[He starts for the stairs.]

Act 1

W.B. YEATS: *Selected Poems*

- 7 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Yeats present different kinds of love? You should refer to **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Yeats's poetic methods and concerns.

Sailing to Byzantium

I

That is no country for old men. The young
 In one another's arms, birds in the trees
 – Those dying generations – at their song,
 The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,
 Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long
 Whatever is begotten, born, and dies.
 Caught in that sensual music all neglect
 Monuments of unageing intellect.

5

II

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
 A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
 Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing
 For every tatter in its mortal dress,
 Nor is there singing school but studying
 Monuments of its own magnificence;
 And therefore I have sailed the seas and come
 To the holy city of Byzantium.

10

15

III

O sages standing in God's holy fire
 As in the gold mosaic of a wall,
 Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,
 And be the singing-masters of my soul.
 Consume my heart away; sick with desire
 And fastened to a dying animal
 It knows not what it is; and gather me
 Into the artifice of eternity.

20

IV

Once out of nature I shall never take
 My bodily form from any natural thing,
 But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
 Of hammered gold and gold enamelling
 To keep a drowsy Emperor awake;
 Or set upon a golden bough to sing
 To lords and ladies of Byzantium
 Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

25

30

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