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Cambridge International AS & A Level

**Cambridge International Examinations**
Cambridge International Advanced Subsidiary and Advanced Level

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH** **9695/61**

Paper 6 1900 to the Present **May/June 2018**

**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 **12** printed pages, **4** blank pages and **1** Insert.

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CAMBRIDGE International Examinations

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CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Americanah*

**1 Either (a)** Discuss some of the ways in which blog writing contributes to Adichie's presentation of Ifemelu in the novel.

**Or (b)** Paying close attention to language and tone, analyse the following passage, considering in what ways Adichie shapes our response to Obinze here, and elsewhere, in the novel.

Obinze had always imagined that Charlie Bombay was a wife beater. There was no reason for him to; he knew nothing of Charlie Bombay's personal life, had never even seen his wife. Still, every time he saw Charlie Bombay, he imagined him beating his wife with a thick leather belt. He seemed full of violence, this swaggering, powerful man, this godfather who had paid for his state governor's campaign and now had a monopoly on almost every business in that state.

"Don't mind The Zed, he thinks we don't know that he owns half the land in Lekki," Eze said.

Obinze produced an obligatory chuckle. He brought out his phone and quickly sent Ifemelu a text: *Please talk to me.*

"We haven't met, I'm Dapo," the man sitting on the other side of Okwudiba said, reaching across to shake Obinze's hand enthusiastically, as though Obinze had just sprung into existence. Obinze enclosed his hand in a half-hearted shake. Charlie Bombay had mentioned his wealth, and suddenly he was interesting to Dapo.

"Are you into oil too?" Dapo asked.

"No," Obinze said shortly. He had heard snatches of Dapo's conversation earlier, his work in oil consulting, his children in London. Dapo was probably one of those who installed their wife and children in England and then came back to Nigeria to chase money.

"I was just saying that the Nigerians who keep complaining about the oil companies don't understand that this economy will collapse without them," Dapo said.

"You must be very confused if you think the oil companies are doing us a favour," Obinze said. Okwudiba gave him an astonished look; the coldness of his tone was out of character. "The Nigerian government basically finances the oil industry with cash calls, and the big oils are planning to withdraw from onshore operations anyway. They want to leave that to the Chinese and focus on offshore operations only. It's like a parallel economy; they keep offshore, only invest in high-tech equipment, pump up oil from thousands of kilometres deep. No local crew. Oil workers flown in from Houston and Scotland. So, no, they are not doing us a favour."

"Yes!" Mekkus said. "And they are all common riff-raff. All those underwater plumbers and deep-sea divers and people who know how to repair maintenance robots underwater. Common riff-raff, all of them. You see them in the British Airways lounge. They have been on the rig for one month with no alcohol and by the time they get to the airport they are already stinking drunk and they make fools of themselves on the flight. My cousin used to be a flight attendant and she said that it got to a point that the airlines had to make these men sign agreements about drinking, otherwise they wouldn't let them fly."

"But The Zed doesn't fly British Airways, so he wouldn't know," Ahmed said. He had once laughed at Obinze's refusal to fly British Airways, because it was, after all, what the big boys flew.

"When I was a regular man in economy, British Airways treated me like shit from a bad diarrhoea," Obinze said.

The men laughed. Obinze was hoping his phone would vibrate, and chafing under his hope. He got up.

"I need to find the toilet."

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"It's just straight down," Mekkus said.

Okwudiba followed him out.

"I'm going home," Obinze said. "Let me find Kosi and Buchi."

"The Zed, *o gini*? What is it? Is it just tiredness?"

They were standing by the curving staircase, hemmed by an ornate balustrade.

"You know Ifemelu is back," Obinze said, and just saying her name warmed him.

"I know." Okwudiba meant that he knew more.

"It's serious. I want to marry her."

"Ahn-ahn, have you become a Muslim without telling us?"

"Okwu, I'm not joking. I should never have married Kosi. I knew it even then."

Okwudiba took a deep breath and exhaled, as though to brush aside the alcohol. "Look, The Zed, many of us didn't marry the woman we truly loved. We married the woman that was around when we were ready to marry. So forget this thing. You can keep seeing her, but no need for this kind of white-people behaviour. If your wife has a child for somebody else or if you beat her, that is a reason for divorce. But to get up and say you have no problem with your wife but you are leaving for another woman? *Haba*. We don't behave like that, please."

Kosi and Buchi were standing at the bottom of the stairs. Buchi was crying. "She fell," Kosi said. "She said Daddy must carry her."

Obinze began to descend the stairs. "Buch-Buch! What happened?" Before he got to her, she already had her arms outstretched, waiting for him.

Chapter 54

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ARAVIND ADIGA: *The White Tiger*

**2 Either (a)** In what ways and with what effects does Adiga present political concerns in the novel?

**Or (b)** Paying close attention to language and tone, analyse the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Adiga's methods and concerns.

The Mongoose opened the door. There was no smile on his face this time – not a hint of what he had planned for me.

'You took your time coming. Father is here. He wants to have a word with you.'

My heart raced. The Stork was here! *He* would save me! He wasn't useless, like his two sons. He was an old-fashioned master. He knew he had to protect his servants.

He was on the sofa, with his pale legs stretched out. As soon as he saw me his face broke open in a big smile, and I thought, *He's smiling because he's saved me!* But the old landlord wasn't thinking of me at all. Oh, no, he was thinking of things far more important than my life. He pointed to those two important things.

'Aah, Balram, my feet really need a good massage. It was a long trip by train.'

My hand shook as it turned on the hot-water tap in the bathroom. The water hit the bottom of the bucket and splashed all over my legs, and when I looked down I saw that they were almost rattling. A trickle of urine was running down them.

A minute later, a big smile on my face, I came to where the Stork was sitting and placed the bucket of hot water near him.

'Put your feet in, sir.'

'Oh,' he said, and closed his eyes; his lips parted and he began to make little moans, sir, and the sound of those moans drove me to press his feet harder and harder; my body began rocking as I did so and my head knocked the sides of his knees.

The Mongoose and Mr Ashok were sitting in front of a TV screen, playing a computer game together.

The door to the bedroom opened, and Pinky Madam came out. She had no makeup on, and her face was a mess – black skin under her eyes, lines on her forehead. The moment she saw me, she got excited.

'Have you people told the driver?'

The Stork said nothing. Mr Ashok and the Mongoose kept playing the game. 'Has no one told *him*? What a fucking joke! He's the one who was going to go to jail!'

Mr Ashok said, 'I suppose we should tell him.' He looked at his brother, who kept his eyes on the TV screen.

The Mongoose said, 'Fine.'

Mr Ashok turned to me.

'We have a contact in the police – he's told us that no one has reported seeing the accident. So your help won't be needed, Balram.'

I felt such tremendous relief that I moved my hands abruptly, and the bucket of warm water spilled over, and then I scrambled to put the bucket upright. The Stork opened his eyes, smacked me on the head with his hand, and then closed his eyes.

Pinky Madam watched; her face changed. She ran into her room and slammed the door. (Who would have thought, Mr Jiabao, that of this whole family, this lady with the short skirts would be the one with a conscience?)

The Stork watched her go into her room and said, 'She's gone crazy, that woman. Wanting to find the family of the child and give them compensation – craziness. As if we were all murderers here.' He looked sternly at Mr Ashok. 'You need to control that wife of yours better, son. The way we do it in the village.'

Then he gave me a light tap on the head and said, 'The water's gone cold.'

The Fifth Night

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ELEANOR CATTON: *The Rehearsal*

**3 Either (a)** Discuss Catton's presentation of the role and character of Julia in the novel.

**Or (b)** Paying close attention to language and tone, analyse the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Catton's methods and concerns.

The first few weeks of the year seemed to pass in a flurry. Initially the first-year batch appeared tentative and apologetic and bashful with each other, but in fact each student was carefully carving out a place within the context of the group: those who variously wanted to be thought of as comic or tragic or eccentric or profound began to mark out their territory, fashioning little shorthand epithets for themselves and staking claim to a particular personality type so that none of the others would have a chance. One of the girls might drape herself over her classmates as they walked from Movement down the hall to Voice and say, 'God I love you guys! I love you all!', just to secure her place as someone who was indubitably *sweet*. With that place occupied, the others scurried to make known their social or musical or intellectual talents, each defining a little space for themselves that no one else would be able to touch. The other students all said, 'Esther is so *funny*!' and 'Michael is so *bad*!', and just like that each won the double security of becoming both a person and a type.

Stanley wasn't sure what marked him out as a person. He hung back at the beginning of the year and let the other boys claim the roles of the leader and the player and the clown, watching with a kind of uncertain awe as they worked to recruit admirers and an audience. He guessed he wanted to be thought of as sensitive and thoughtful, but he didn't pursue the branding actively enough and soon those positions were taken. He found himself thoroughly eclipsed by several of the more ambitiously moody boys, boys who were studied in the way they tossed their hair off their forehead, thin boys with paperback copies of Nietzsche nosing out of their satchels, boys wearing self-conscious forlorn looks, permanently anxious and always slightly underfed. Whenever these boys began to speak, the class would peel back respectfully to listen.

Stanley found himself quietly shepherded into the middling drift of the unremarkable students in the class. Like the rest of them he nursed a small hope that one day he would come into his own and surpass them all, but the hope was half-buried, and in his lessons Stanley rarely bloomed.

'We'll make something of you yet,' the Head of Improvisation said to Stanley one morning, reaching over and tapping his chest with her finger. 'There's something in there,' she said, 'that one of these days is going to just *ripen*, overnight. You'll see.'

She walked away and left Stanley with the hot echo of her touch on his sternum and a feeling of joyful arrival that stayed with him for the days and weeks following. He applied himself more vigorously to his technique, spurred on by this germ of confidence that swelled his chest to bursting. He began to believe in his own ripening, waiting for it with a pious kind of expectation like a cleric awaiting a response to prayer. He became more patient with his own failures, safe and confident in the knowledge that one day soon he would surely succeed.

'It's a strange thing,' the Head of Improvisation said later in the staffroom, pausing to count stitches with the pearly edge of her fingernail and tug the woollen square out flat to check her progress. 'It's a strange thing, how we caress their egos like we do. I see how much it affects them, lights them up, and I feel so responsible, even guilty, like I am handing a loaded pistol to a child.'

'All actors are perverted by their profession,' the Head of Acting replied, shaking out his newspaper and folding it crisply along the existing seam. 'We inflate their egos to make up for everything about them that gets trampled and broken. You're not damaging them, Glenda. You're just softening the blow.'

Chapter 6

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

**4** **Either** **(a)** 'In both plays, characters have to come to terms with what they learn about themselves and how they feel about others.'

In the light of this comment, discuss some of the ways Fugard presents Elsa and Isobel in **both** of the plays.

**Or** **(b)** Paying close attention to language and tone, analyse the following extract, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Fugard's methods and concerns in the plays.

[*Mr M alone. He talks directly to the audience*.]

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That is why I am a teacher.

*My Children! My Africa!* Act 1, Scene 4

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ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

**5** **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Miller present the relationship between Willy and Linda?

**Or** **(b)** Paying close attention to language and tone, analyse the following extract, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Miller's methods and concerns.

[*Light rises on the kitchen.*

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He's

liked, but he's not – well liked.

Act 1

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DEREK WALCOTT: *Selected Poetry*

**6** **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Walcott present himself as a poet? In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from your selection.

**Or** **(b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Walcott's poetic methods and concerns.

*Oddjob, a Bull Terrier*

You prepare for one sorrow,

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it is blest, it is blest.

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W. B. YEATS: *Selected Poems*

**7** **Either** **(a)** With reference to **two** poems from your selection, discuss some of the ways Yeats makes use of myth and legend.

**Or** **(b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Yeats's poetic methods and concerns.

*The Wild Swans at Coole*

The trees are in their autumn beauty,
The woodland paths are dry,
Under the October twilight the water
Mirrors a still sky;
Upon the brimming water among the stones
Are nine-and-fifty swans.

The nineteenth autumn has come upon me
Since I first made my count;
I saw, before I had well finished,
All suddenly mount
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings
Upon their clamorous wings.

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,
And now my heart is sore.
All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,
The first time on this shore,
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,
Trod with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,
They paddle in the cold
Companionable streams or climb the air;
Their hearts have not grown old;
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,
Attend upon them still.

But now they drift on the still water,
Mysterious, beautiful;
Among what rushes will they build,
By what lake's edge or pool
Delight men's eyes when I awake some day
To find they have flown away?

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