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Cambridge International AS & A Level

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International Advanced Subsidiary and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/62**

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 **13** printed pages, **3** blank pages and **1** insert.

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CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Americanah*

1 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Adichie present life in Nigeria in the novel?

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

Women with hair as short as hers had a name for it: TWA, Teeny Weeny Afro. She learned, from women who posted long instructions, to avoid shampoos with silicones, to use a leave-in conditioner on wet hair, to sleep in a satin scarf. She ordered products from women who made them in their kitchens and shipped them with clear instructions: BEST TO REFRIGERATE IMMEDIATELY, DOES NOT CONTAIN PRESERVATIVES. Curt would open the fridge, hold up a container labelled "hair butter" and ask, "Okay to spread this on my toast?" Curt thrummed with fascination about it all. He read posts on HappilyKinkyNappy.com. "I think it's great!" he said. "It's like this *movement* of black women."

One day, at the farmers' market, as she stood hand in hand with Curt in front of a tray of apples, a black man walked past and muttered, "You ever wonder why he likes you looking all jungle like that?" She stopped, unsure for a moment whether she had imagined those words, and then she looked back at the man. He walked with too much rhythm in his step, which suggested to her a certain fickleness of character. A man not worth paying any attention to. Yet his words bothered her, prised open the door for new doubts.

"Did you hear what that guy said?" she asked Curt.

"No, what did he say?"

She shook her head. "Nothing."

She felt dispirited and, while Curt watched a game that evening, she drove to the beauty supply store and ran her fingers through small bundles of silky straight weaves. Then she remembered a post by Jamilah1977—*I love the sistas who love their straight weaves, but I'm never putting horse hair on my head again*—and she left the store, eager to get back and log on and post on the boards about it. She wrote: *Jamilah's words made me remember that there is nothing more beautiful than what God gave me.* Others wrote responses, posting thumbs-up signs, telling her how much they liked the photo she had put up. She had never talked about God so much. Posting on the website was like giving testimony in church; the echoing roar of approval revived her.

On an unremarkable day in early spring—the day was not bronzed with special light, nothing of any significance happened, and it was perhaps merely that time, as it often does, had transfigured her doubts—she looked in the mirror, sank her fingers into her hair, dense and spongy and glorious, and could not imagine it any other way. That simply, she fell in love with her hair.

Why Dark-Skinned Black Women—
Both American and Non-American—Love Barack Obama

Many American blacks proudly say they have some "Indian." Which means Thank God We Are Not Full-Blooded Negroes. Which means they are not too dark. (To clarify, when white people say dark they mean Greek or Italian but when black people say dark they mean Grace Jones.) American black men like their black women to have some exotic quota, like half-Chinese or splash of Cherokee. They like their women light. But beware what American blacks consider "light." Some of these "light" people, in countries of Non-American Blacks, would simply be called white. (Oh, and dark American black men resent light men, for having it too easy with the ladies.)

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Now, my fellow Non-American Blacks, don't get smug. Because this bullshit also exists in our Caribbean and African countries. Not as bad as with American blacks, you say? Maybe. But there nonetheless. By the way, what is it with Ethiopians thinking they are not that black? And Small Islanders eager to say their ancestry is "mixed"? But we must not digress. So light skin is valued in the community of American blacks. But everyone pretends this is no longer so. They say the days of the paper-bag test (look this up) are gone and let's move forward. But today most of the American blacks who are successful as entertainers and as public figures, are light. Especially women. Many successful American black men have white wives. Those who deign to have black wives have light (otherwise known as high yellow) wives. And this is the reason dark women love Barack Obama. He broke the mold! He married one of their own. He knows what the world doesn't seem to know: that dark black women totally rock.

Chapter 20

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ARAVIND ADIGA: *The White Tiger*

2 Either (a) Discuss Adiga's presentation of the relationship between Balram and Mr Ashok.

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

There was a fierce jam on the road to Gurgaon. Every five minutes the traffic would tremble – we'd move a foot – hope would rise – then the red lights would flash on the cars ahead of me, and we'd be stuck again. Everyone honked. Every now and then, the various horns, each with its own pitch, blended into one continuous wail that sounded like a calf taken from its mother. Fumes filled the air. Wisps of blue exhaust glowed in front of every headlight; the exhaust grew so fat and thick it could not rise or escape, but spread horizontally, sluggish and glossy, making a kind of fog around us. Matches were continually being struck – the drivers of autorickshaws lit cigarettes, adding tobacco pollution to petrol pollution.

A man driving a buffalo cart had stopped in front of us; a pile of empty car engine oil cans fifteen feet high had been tied by rope to his cart. His poor water buffalo! To carry all that load – while sucking in this air!

The autorickshaw driver next to me began to cough violently – he turned to the side and spat, three times in a row. Some of the spit flecked the side of the Honda City. I glared – I raised my fist. He cringed, and *namasted* me in apology.

'It's like we're in a concert of spitting!' Mr Ashok said, looking at the autorickshaw driver.

Well, if you were out there breathing that acid air, you'd be spitting like him too, I thought.

The cars moved again – we gained three feet – then the red lights flashed and everything stopped again.

'In Beijing apparently they've got a dozen ring roads. Here we have *one.* No wonder we keep getting jams. Nothing is *planned.* How will we ever catch up with the Chinese?'

(By the way, Mr Jiabao – a *dozen* ring roads? Wow.)

Dim streetlights were glowing down onto the pavement on either side of the traffic; and in that orange-hued half-light, I could see multitudes of small, thin, grimy people squatting, waiting for a bus to take them somewhere, or with nowhere to go and about to unfurl a mattress and sleep right there. These poor bastards had come from the Darkness to Delhi to find some light – but they were still in the darkness. Hundreds of them, there seemed to be, on either side of the traffic, and their life was entirely unaffected by the jam. Were they even aware that there was a jam? We were like two separate cities – inside and outside the dark egg. I knew I was in the right city. But my father, if he were alive, would be sitting on that pavement, cooking some rice gruel for dinner, and getting ready to lie down and sleep under a streetlamp, and I couldn't stop thinking of that and recognizing his features in some beggar out there. So I was in some way out of the car too, even while I was driving it.

After an hour of thrashing through the traffic, we got home at last to Buckingham B Block. But the torture wasn't over.

As he was getting out of the car, the Mongoose tapped his pockets, looked confused for a moment, and said, 'I've lost a rupee.'

He snapped his fingers at me.

'Get down on your knees. Look for it on the floor of the car.'

I got down on my knees. I sniffed in between the mats like a dog, all in search of that one rupee.

'What do you mean, it's not there? Don't think you can steal from us just because you're in the city. I want that rupee.'

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'We've just paid half a million rupees in a bribe, Mukesh, and now we're screwing this man over for a single rupee. Let's go up and have a scotch.'

'That's how you corrupt servants. It starts with one rupee. Don't bring your American ways here.'

Where that rupee coin went remains a mystery to me to this day, Mr Premier. Finally, I took a rupee coin out of my shirt pocket, dropped it on the floor of the car, picked it up, and gave it to the Mongoose.

'Here it is, sir. Forgive me for taking so long to find it!'

There was a childish delight on his dark master's face. He put the rupee coin in his hand and sucked his teeth, as if it were the best thing that had happened to him all day.

The Fourth Night

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ELEANOR CATTON: *The Rehearsal*

3 Either (a) Discuss some of the effects of Catton's presentation of the teachers 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.

'Let's improvise it,' one of the first-year boys suggested. 'Let's start with what we had last week and see where that goes. I really liked what was happening with the two characters together, both of them saying things that the other doesn't really hear, like neither of them is fully present for the other.'

'We'll just start rolling,' one of the girls said. 'First Mr Saladin and then the girl, rotating like that. Anyone can get up at any time. Anyone can play either of them, doesn't matter who. We'll just try and keep the scene moving and see what happens.'

'We'll get a real dialogue going.'

'That's right.'

There was a brief pause as everyone digested the formula and swiftly began to prepare what they would later say. Then one of the boys got to his feet. He transformed into a different person as he stood up, a man rising like a phoenix out of the pallid ashy figure that had been the boy. Once he was standing, hands on hips and his jaw thrust back and his bare feet apart and solid on the floor, nobody doubted who he had become.

The man said, 'When the girls spoke of it, they said *all the way*, as if the process was a passage, a voyage, some sort of ritual first crossing of a dimly charted sea. Victoria said those words to me—*all the way*. She asked a question. She asked, Do you want to go all the way with me? as if her departure were already scheduled, her moorings already cast, and I could simply choose to board and join her, to sail away with her and disappear. *All the way*, she said. Every inch of it. Every inch of that wind-blown ocean-salted bucking rolling passage. Every inch.'

He sat down. There was the briefest of pauses again, and then Stanley stood up. He stood with his weight on one leg like a girl, one arm crossed over his chest and holding his hip, the other gesticulating with a crooked elbow and a flat palm.

'He took a long time to answer the question,' Stanley said. 'At first he gave this little shout of a laugh and gathered me up into him and kissed my crown. Sometimes when he kissed me he'd make this keening sound in the back of his throat, like a puppy almost, some kind of ghostly underwater voicing of some deep-felt feeling, right inside. Once he burrowed his head into the pilled blue wool of my armpit and moaned out loud and he said, I just feel so blessed, Victoria. I feel so incredibly, incredibly blessed. We were sitting there on the cream leather sofa in his living room and I said, Do you want to go all the way with me? and he said, Oh, you precious, precious little girl. Not yet. Not just yet. Let's just enjoy the innocence for a moment, before it dissolves and we can never have it back again. Let's just take this moment to enjoy how much is still to come.'

Stanley sat down. All around him the students were stern and glassy. They had only half-listened to his performance, all of them preoccupied already with the inward rehearsal of what they would say when they got up in front of the rest, and how they would contrive to make the words seem spontaneous and unrehearsed and pure.

Chapter 10

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Turn to page 8 for Question 4.

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

4 **Either** **(a)** 'There are no villains in these plays; all the characters seem to be listening to the promptings of their hearts and trying to do the right thing.'

In the light of this observation, discuss some of the ways Fugard presents Marius and Mr M in **both** of the plays.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to language and tone, analyse the following extract, considering how Fugard shapes an audience's response to characters here, and elsewhere, in the play.

Elsa: So when the Dominee comes around, you're going to put on a brave front.

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If you still don't know what I'm talking about,
blow out the candles !

The Road to Mecca, Act 1

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ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

5 **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Miller present Willy as a salesman in the play?

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.

Linda: You going to talk to Howard today?

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[LINDA *hides the stocking in her hand as she follows* WILLY *across the forestage in front of the house.*]

Act 2

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DEREK WALCOTT: *Selected Poetry*

6 **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Walcott explore the role of a poet in his poems? You should refer in detail 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.

Sea Canes

Half my friends are dead.

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I with faults and all, not nobler, just there.

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W. B. YEATS: *Selected Poems*

7 **Either** **(a)** With reference to **two** poems from your selection, discuss how Yeats makes use of symbols and symbolism in his poetry.

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

An Irish Airman Foresees His Death

I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the clouds above;
Those that I fight I do not hate,
Those that I guard I do not love;
My country is Kiltartan Cross,
My countrymen Kiltartan's poor,
No likely end could bring them loss
Or leave them happier than before.
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds,
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds;
I balanced all, brought all to mind,
The years to come seemed waste of breath,
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death.

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