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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/61**

Paper 6 1900 to the Present

**May/June 2017**

**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.

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This document consists of **15** printed pages, **1** blank page and **1** insert.

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Americanah*

- 1 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Adichie present ideas about power and equality in relationships in *Americanah*?
- Or** (b) With close attention to detail, analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider ways in which it is characteristic of Adichie's methods and concerns.

The Nigeropolitan Club meeting: a small cluster of people drinking champagne in paper cups, at the poolside of a home in Osborne Estate, chic people, all dripping with savoir faire, each nursing a self-styled quiriness—a ginger-coloured Afro, a T-shirt with a graphic of Thomas Sankara, oversize handmade earrings that hung like pieces of modern art. Their voices burred with foreign accents. *You can't find a decent smoothie in this city! Oh my God, were you at that conference? What this country needs is an active civil society.* Ifemelu knew some of them. She chatted with Bisola and Yagazie, both of whom had natural hair, worn in a twist-out, a halo of spirals framing their faces. They talked about hair salons here, where the hairdressers struggled and fumbled to comb natural hair, as though it were an alien eruption, as though their own hair was not the same way before it was defeated by chemicals. 5

"The salon girls are always like, 'Aunty, you don't want to relax your hair?' It's ridiculous that Africans don't value our natural hair in Africa," Yagazie said.

"I know," Ifemelu said, and she caught the righteousness in her voice, in all their voices. They were the sanctified, the returnees, back home with an extra gleaming layer. Ikenna joined them, a lawyer who had lived outside Philadelphia and whom she had met at a Blogging While Brown convention. And Fred joined them too. He had introduced himself to Ifemelu earlier, a pudgy, well-groomed man. "I lived in Boston until last year," he said, in a falsely low-key way, because "Boston" was code for Harvard (otherwise he would say MIT or Tufts or anywhere else), just as another woman said, "I was in New Haven," in that coy manner that pretended not to be coy, which meant that she had been at Yale. Other people joined them, all encircled by a familiarity, because they could reach so easily for the same references. Soon they were laughing and listing the things they missed about America. 10

"Low-fat soya milk, NPR, fast Internet," Ifemelu said.

"Good customer service, good customer service, good customer service," Bisola said. "Folks here behave as if they are doing you a favour by serving you. The high-end places are okay, not great, but the regular restaurants? Forget it. The other day I asked a waiter if I could get boiled yam with a different sauce than was on the menu and he just looked at me and said no. Hilarious." 15

"But the American customer service can be so annoying. Someone hovering around and bothering you all the time. *Are you still working on that?* Since when did eating become work?" Yagazie said.

"I miss a decent vegetarian place," Doris said, and then talked about her new house help who could not make a simple sandwich, about how she had ordered a vegetarian spring roll at a restaurant in Victoria Island, bit in and tasted chicken, and the waiter, when summoned, just smiled and said, "Maybe they put chicken today." There was laughter. Fred said a good vegetarian place would open soon, now that there was so much new investment in the country; somebody would figure out that there was a vegetarian market to cater to. 20

"A vegetarian restaurant? Impossible. There are only four vegetarians in this country, including Doris," Bisola said.

"You're not vegetarian, are you?" Fred asked Ifemelu. He just wanted to talk to her. She had looked up from time to time to find his eyes on her. 25

"No," she said.

“Oh, there’s this new place that opened on Akin Adesola,” Bisola said. “The brunch is really good. They have the kinds of things we can eat. We should go next Sunday.”

*They have the kinds of things we can eat.* An unease crept up on Ifemelu.

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Chapter 48

ARAVIND ADIGA: *The White Tiger*

- 2 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Adiga present Balram as an entrepreneur?
- Or** (b) With close attention to detail, analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider how far it is characteristic of Adiga's methods and concerns.

Now, Mr Premier, every day thousands of foreigners fly into my country for enlightenment. They go to the Himalayas, or to Benaras, or to Bodh Gaya. They get into weird poses of yoga, smoke hashish, shag a *sadhu* or two, and think they're getting enlightened.

Ha!

5

If it is enlightenment you have come to India for, you people, forget the Ganga – forget the ashrams – go straight to the National Zoo in the heart of New Delhi.

Dharam and I saw the golden-beaked storks sitting on palm trees in the middle of an artificial lake. They swooped down over the green water of the lake, and showed us traces of pink on their wings. In the background, you could see the broken walls of the Old Fort.

10

Iqbal, that great poet, was so right. The moment you recognize what is beautiful in this world, you stop being a slave. To hell with the Naxals and their guns shipped from China. If you taught every poor boy how to paint, that would be the end of the rich in India.

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I made sure Dharam appreciated the gorgeous rise and fall of the fort's outline – the way its loopholes filled up with blue sky – the way the old stones glittered in the light.

We walked for half an hour, from cage to cage. The lion and the lioness were apart from each other and not talking, like a true city couple. The hippo was lying in a giant pond full of mud; Dharam wanted to do what others were doing – throw a stone at the hippo to stir it up – but I told him that would be a cruel thing. Hippos lie in mud and do nothing – that's their nature.

20

Let animals live like animals; let humans live like humans. That's my whole philosophy in a sentence.

25

I told Dharam it was time to leave, but he made faces and pleaded. 'Five minutes, Uncle.'

'All right, five minutes.'

We came to an enclosure with tall bamboo bars, and there – seen in the interstices of the bars, as it paced back and forth in a straight line – was a tiger.

30

Not *any* kind of tiger.

The creature that gets born only once every generation in the jungle.

I watched him walk behind the bamboo bars. Black stripes and sunlit white fur flashed through the slits in the dark bamboo; it was like watching the slowed-down reels of an old black-and-white film. He was walking in the same line, again and again – from one end of the bamboo bars to the other, then turning around and repeating it over, at exactly the same pace, like a thing under a spell.

35

He was hypnotizing himself by walking like this – that was the only way he could tolerate this cage.

Then the thing behind the bamboo bars stopped moving. It turned its face to my face. The tiger's eyes met my eyes, like my master's eyes have met mine so often in the mirror of the car.

40

All at once, the tiger vanished.

A tingling went from the base of my spine into my groin. My knees began to shake; I felt light. Someone near me shrieked. 'His eyes are rolling! He's going to faint!' I tried to shout back at her, 'It's *not* true: I'm *not* fainting!' I tried to show them all I was fine, but my feet were slipping. The ground beneath me was shaking. Something was digging its way towards me: and then claws tore out of mud and dug

45

into my flesh and pulled me down into the dark earth.

My last thought, before everything went dark, was that *now* I understood those pinches and raptures – *now* I understood why lovers come to the zoo. 50

That evening, Dharam and I sat on the floor in my room, and I spread a blue letter before him. I put a pen in his hands.

'I'm going to see how good a letter-writer you are, Dharam. I want you to write to Granny and tell her what happened today at the zoo.' 55

The Sixth Night

ELEANOR CATTON: *The Rehearsal*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss the role and significance of the saxophone teacher in the novel.
- Or** (b) With close attention to language and tone, analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider how it shapes a reader's response to Stanley here and elsewhere in the novel.

The day after the Theatre of Cruelty lesson Stanley ran into the victim of the exercise on the main staircase. The boy was walking quickly with his head down, taking the stairs two at a time. His hair was cropped close to his skull now, to even up the patch on the crown that the masked boy had snipped. The shorter cut didn't quite suit him. He looked a little frightened, his ears and forehead protruding too obviously from under the shrunken cap of hair. He was wearing a new shirt. 5

'Hey,' Stanley said, reaching out a hand to stall him.

The boy turned guilty eyes up at him and nodded a shy hello.

'I just wanted to say that I went and complained,' Stanley said. His voice sounded huge in the stairwell, spiralling up and up to the floors above and ringing clear and hollow in the vertical shaft like the pealing of a bell. 'About what happened. I went to the Head of Movement and complained.' 10

'Thanks,' the boy said quietly. 'But it's all right now. It was just a dumb thing.' He made as if to continue downstairs, but Stanley stopped him, moving closer and cornering him so he was trapped flat, pinioned against the banister with nowhere to go. 15

'I'm going to talk to the Head of Acting as well,' Stanley said. 'I can't believe that nobody else is doing anything about this. It's disgusting. What they did to you was disgusting. And nobody cared.'

The boy looked at Stanley inscrutably for a moment. He reached back with both hands for the banister, and stood there with his arms behind him, tugging gently on the handrail. Then he said, 'I was a plant.' 20

'What?' Stanley said.

'I was a plant. The main guy—Nick, the guy in the mask—he asked me and arranged it all beforehand. I knew they were going to pick me, and I knew what was going to happen, mostly. I knew about the water, and he said they might slap me around a bit. I thought it would be funny. Just for a laugh.' 25

Stanley was frowning. 'But you bolted.'

'I didn't know they were going to go that far,' the boy said. 'My shirt and everything. Cutting my hair. He only told me about the water-trough. I thought it would be okay. I thought I'd help them out or whatever. I said yes.' 30

'Is there always a plant?' Stanley said. 'Every year?'

'I guess,' the boy said. He jerked his gaze away, past Stanley's shoulder and down the stairs. 'They'd never get away with it otherwise.'

'They shouldn't get away with it.' 35

'Yeah,' the boy said, and shrugged. 'It was just an exercise. It was only to make a point.'

'But *why*?' Stanley said. He spoke with more aggression than he intended. He felt the same dawning feeling of helplessness that he had felt in the Head of Movement's office. In his confusion he was scowling at the boy, and now the boy scowled back. 40

'I was just helping them out. They needed someone for their project. It's no big deal.'

'What about your shirt?' Stanley said. 'Your shirt was a big deal.'

The boy gripped the banister tighter. He was flushing. He clenched his jaw, and his shorn golden cap of hair moved angrily backward on his scalp. 45

'Hey look, I appreciate your concern, all right,' he said, 'but I'm not like a little

bandwagon, you know, or some sort of a just cause that you can fight for. It was my fault, I should have asked them what they were planning on doing. It's no big deal. You didn't have to complain.'

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'They *hurt* you!' Stanley shouted.

'Yeah, and came and found me afterwards,' the boy said loudly. 'After they'd taken off their masks and it was all over, and we talked and everything, and we sorted everything out. It's not your problem. You weren't there.'

Stanley looked at the boy for a second and then stepped aside to let him through.

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Chapter 8

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

- 4 **Either** (a) Compare and contrast Fugard's presentation of the characters and roles of Mr M. and Marius in **both** of the plays.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, analyse the dramatic effects in the following extract from *My Children! My Africa!* and consider how Fugard shapes an audience's response to the characters here and elsewhere in the play.

*Thami:* Let's change the subject, Isabel.

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If we can't be open and honest with each other and say what is in our hearts, we've got no right to use it. [*She leaves.*]

*My Children! My Africa!* Act 1, Scene 5

LIZ LOCHHEAD: *Selected Poems*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the creation and use of voices in Lochhead's poetry. In your answer 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 ways in which it is characteristic of Lochhead's methods and concerns.

*Ira and George*  
(for Michael Marra)

'First the phonecall'  
as the man said – and he sure said a mouthful –  
to that 'which comes first, words or music?' question.  
Who knows? Except: for every good one  
there are ten in the trash, songs you slaved over 5  
that just won't sing, in which no lover ever  
will hear some wisecrack twist itself to tell  
his unique heartbreak (so sore, so personal) so well  
he can't stop humming it. The simplest three-chord melody  
might have legs 10

once it's got the lyric, not tunesmith's ham-and-eggs.  
Each catchphrase, colloquialism, each cliché  
each snatch of overheard-on-the-subway or street can say  
so much, so much when rhymed right, when phrased just-so to fit  
its own tune that was born for it. 15

A Manhattan night in twenty-nine or thirty.  
It's late, you're reading Herrick. Just back from a party,  
your brother calls out 'Hey let's work!' You watch him shuck  
his jacket, loose his black-tie and grab your book.  
'Gather ye rosebuds' he says, and slams it shut. He's right. 20  
Hard against the deadline and at night –  
shoes off, moon up (just daring you), piano open –  
that's when you two can make it happen.  
*The tune that smells like an onion?* Play it very  
slow, then *the one that sounds like the Staten Island Ferry* 25  
till you hear the words – brother, they're already there  
under the siren and the train and the cab horn blare  
of his jazz of endless possibilities that will only fit  
its own fine-tuned lyric that is born for it.

**Turn to page 12 for Question 6.**

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'Miller presents characters struggling to understand and accept who they are.'

Discuss Miller's presentation of characters in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, analyse the dramatic effects in the following extract and consider its significance for the play as a whole.

*Linda:* He's dying, Biff.

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*Happy:* You don't raise a guy to a responsible job who whistles in the elevator!

Act 1

W.B. YEATS: *Selected Poems*

- 7 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Yeats express his feelings about Ireland? You should refer to at least **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following poem and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Yeats's poetic methods and concerns.

*Lapis Lazuli*  
(For Harry Clifton)

I have heard that hysterical women say  
They are sick of the palette and fiddle-bow,  
Of poets that are always gay,  
For everybody knows or else should know  
That if nothing drastic is done 5  
Aeroplane and Zeppelin will come out,  
Pitch like King Billy bomb-balls in  
Until the town lie beaten flat.

All perform their tragic play,  
There struts Hamlet, there is Lear, 10  
That's Ophelia, that Cordelia;  
Yet they, should the last scene be there,  
The great stage curtain about to drop,  
If worthy their prominent part in the play,  
Do not break up their lines to weep. 15  
They know that Hamlet and Lear are gay;  
Gaiety transfiguring all that dread.  
All men have aimed at, found and lost;  
Black out; Heaven blazing into the head:  
Tragedy wrought to its uttermost. 20  
Though Hamlet rambles and Lear rages,  
And all the drop-scenes drop at once  
Upon a hundred thousand stages,  
It cannot grow by an inch or an ounce.

On their own feet they came, or on shipboard, 25  
Camel-back, horse-back, ass-back, mule-back,  
Old civilizations put to the sword.  
Then they and their wisdom went to rack:  
No handiwork of Callimachus,  
Who handled marble as if it were bronze, 30  
Made draperies that seemed to rise  
When sea-wind swept the corner, stands;  
His long lamp-chimney shaped like the stem  
Of a slender palm, stood but a day;  
All things fall and are built again, 35  
And those that build them again are gay.

Two Chinamen, behind them a third,  
Are carved in lapis lazuli,  
Over them flies a long-legged bird,  
A symbol of longevity; 40  
The third, doubtless a serving-man,  
Carries a musical instrument.

Every discolouration of the stone,  
Every accidental crack or dent,  
Seems a water-course or an avalanche, 45  
Or lofty slope where it still snows  
Though doubtless plum or cherry-branch  
Sweetens the little half-way house

Those Chinamen climb towards, and I  
Delight to imagine them seated there; 50  
There, on the mountain and the sky,  
On all the tragic scene they stare.

One asks for mournful melodies;  
Accomplished fingers begin to play.  
Their eyes mid many wrinkles, their eyes, 55  
Their ancient, glittering eyes, are gay.

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