

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/63

Paper 6 1900 to the Present

October/November 2018

2 hours

No Additional Materials are required.



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.

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Americanah*

- 1 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Adichie present the relationship between Ifemelu and Obinze in *Americanah*?
- Or (b) Paying close attention to the language and tone, analyse the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Adichie's methods and concerns.

"There's a huge black voter turnout in Virginia, so it's looking good," Ifemelu said.

"Virginia is unlikely," Nathan said.

"He doesn't need Virginia," Grace said, and then she screamed. "Oh my God, Pennsylvania!"

A graphic had flashed on the television screen, a photo of Barack Obama. He had won the states of Pennsylvania and Ohio.

"I don't see how McCain can do this now," Nathan said.

Paula was sitting next to Ifemelu a short while later when the flash of graphics appeared on the screen: Barack Obama had won the state of Virginia.

"Oh my God," Paula said. Her hand trembling at her mouth. Blaine was sitting straight and still, staring at the television, and then came the deep voice of Keith Olbermann, whom Ifemelu had watched so obsessively on MSNBC in the past months, the voice of a searing, sparkling liberal rage; now that voice was saying "Barack Obama is projected to be the next president of the United States of America."

Blaine was crying, holding Araminta, who was crying, and then holding Ifemelu, squeezing her too tight, and Pee was hugging Michael and Grace was hugging Nathan and Paula was hugging Araminta and Ifemelu was hugging Grace and the living room became an altar of disbelieving joy.

Her phone beeped with a text from Dike.

I can't believe it. My president is black like me. She read the text a few times, her eyes filling with tears.

On television, Barack Obama and Michelle Obama and their two young daughters were walking onto a stage. They were carried by the wind, bathed in incandescent light, victorious and smiling.

Young and old, rich and poor, Democrat and Republican, black, white, Hispanic, Asian, Native American, gay, straight, disabled and not disabled, Americans have sent a message to the world that we have never been just a collection of red states and blue states. We have been and always will be the United States of America.

Barack Obama's voice rose and fell, his face solemn, and around him the large and resplendent crowd of the hopeful. Ifemelu watched, mesmerized. And there was, at that moment, nothing that was more beautiful to her than America.

Understanding America for the Non-American Black: Thoughts on the Special White Friend

One great gift for the Zipped-Up Negro is The White Friend Who Gets It. Sadly, this is not as common as one would wish, but some are lucky to have that white friend who you don't need to explain shit to. By all means, put this friend to work. Such friends not only get it, but also have great bullshit-detectors and so they totally understand that they can say stuff that you can't. So there is, in much of America, a stealthy little notion lying in the hearts of many: that white people earned their place at jobs and school while black people got in because they were black. But in fact, since the beginning of America, white people have been getting jobs because they are white. Many whites with the same qualifications but Negro skin would not have the jobs they have. But don't ever say this publicly. Let your white friend say it. If you make the mistake of saying this, you will be accused of

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a curiosity called “playing the race card.” Nobody quite knows what this means.

When my father was in school in my NAB country, many American Blacks could not vote or go to good schools. The reason? Their skin color. Skin color alone was the problem. Today, many Americans say that skin color cannot be part of the solution. Otherwise it is referred to as a curiosity called “reverse racism.”
Have your white friend point out how the American Black deal is kind of like you’ve been unjustly imprisoned for many years, then all of a sudden you’re set free, but you get no bus fare. And, by the way, you and the guy who imprisoned you are now automatically equal. If the “slavery was so long ago” thing comes up, have your white friend say that lots of white folks are still inheriting money that their families made a hundred years ago. So if that legacy lives, why not the legacy of slavery? And have your white friend say how funny it is, that American pollsters ask white and black people if racism is over. White people in general say it is over and black people in general say it is not. Funny indeed. More suggestions for what you should have your white friend say? Please post away. And here’s to all the white friends who get it.

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Chapter 40

- 2 Either** (a) By what means, and with what effects, does Adiga present family relationships in the novel?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, analyse the following passage, considering how Adiga shapes a reader's response to Balram here, and elsewhere in the novel.

I closed the door of the apartment. I walked to the lift, pressed the button, and waited. It was a heavy bag, and I had to shift it about in my palm.

The lift had reached the fourth floor.

I turned and looked at the view from the balcony of the thirteenth floor – the lights were shining from Gurgaon's malls, even in broad daylight. A new mall had opened in the past week. Another one was under construction. The city was growing.

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The lift was coming up fast. It was about to reach the eleventh floor.

I turned and ran.

Kicking the door of the fire escape open, hurrying down two flights of dark stairs, I clicked the red bag open.

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All at once, the entire stairwell filled up with dazzling light – the kind that only money can give out.

Twenty-five minutes later, when Mr Ashok came down, punching the buttons on his mobile phone, he found the red bag waiting for him on his seat. I held up a shining silver disc as he closed the door.

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'Shall I play Sting for you, sir?'

As we drove, I tried hard not to look at the red bag – it was torture for me, just like when Pinky Madam used to sit in short skirts.

At a red light, I looked at the rearview mirror. I saw my thick moustache and my jaw. I touched the mirror. The angle of the image changed. Now I saw long beautiful eyebrows curving on either side of powerful, furrowed brow muscles; black eyes were shining below those tensed muscles. The eyes of a cat watching its prey.

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Go on, just look at the red bag, Balram – that's not stealing, is it?

I shook my head.

And even if you were to steal it, Balram, it wouldn't be stealing.

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How so? I looked at the creature in the mirror.

See – Mr Ashok is giving money to all these politicians in Delhi so that they will excuse him from the tax he has to pay. And who owns that tax, in the end? Who but the ordinary people of this country – you!

'What is it, Balram? Did you say something?'

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I tapped the mirror. My moustache rose into view again, and the eyes disappeared, and it was only my own face staring at me now.

'This fellow in front of me is driving rashly, sir. I was just grumbling.'

'Keep your cool, Balram. You're a good driver, don't let the bad ones get to you.'

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The city knew my secret. One morning, the President's House was covered in smog and blotted out from the road; it seemed as though there were no government in Delhi that day. And the dense pollution that was hiding the prime minister and all his ministers and bureaucrats said to me:

They won't see a thing you do. I'll make sure of that.

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I drove past the red wall of Parliament House. A guard with a gun was watching me from a lookout post on the red wall – he put his gun down the moment he saw me.

Why would I stop you? I'd do the same, if I could.

At night a woman walked with a Cellophane bag; my headlights shone into the bag and turned the Cellophane transparent. I saw four large dark fruits inside

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the bag – and each dark fruit said, *You've already done it. In your heart you've already taken it.* Then the headlights passed; the Cellophane turned opaque; the four dark fruits vanished.

Even the road – the smooth, polished road of Delhi that is the finest in all of 50 India – knew my secret.

The Sixth Night

ELEANOR CATTON: *The Rehearsal*

3 Either (a) Discuss Catton's presentation and use of Saladin and Victoria's affair 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 effects.

The saxophone teacher smoothes the newspaper and looks again at the article. The paper is old now, and there have been others, subsidiary stories that recap this first account, stories about holding inquiries and questioning witnesses and deciding who to blame, but this paper remains, folded into eighths, limp and greying with the hangdog look of old news. The headline reads *Girl's Death 'Terrible Waste'*, and the article is short. Bridget is unnamed, which is fitting, the saxophone teacher thinks, given just how forgettable Bridget was. The unnamed girl was cycling home from work, the saxophone teacher reads over and over, and she was hit by a red sedan as she made a right turn out of the video store car park. The car drove on.

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The saxophone teacher thinks, She would have been at the concert with the three of us that night, if only I'd liked her enough to invite her. The thought nibbles at her for a moment, just as a possibility, like a new shirt that she may or may not try on. Finally she shrugs and snuffs it out. Outside in the courtyard she can dimly hear a group of students from the drama school, chanting and stamping their feet. She pushes the newspaper away and moves to the window to look.

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Near the trunk of the ginkgo tree, six students have formed a human pyramid on a thin square of foam matting, while in front of them a larger group pace back and forth. They are like a seething flock of dark crows in the uniform black of the Institute, their feet bare and bloodless against the paving. From where the saxophone teacher is standing, the pyramid looks a little like a card castle, wobbling slightly but standing firm, growing outward and upward as more and more actors withdraw from the foreground drama and add their bodies to the tier.

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The saxophone teacher watches the black flurry in the foreground for a long while. Looking back to the solid pyramid of bodies at the base of the ginkgo tree, she is startled to see that she is being watched. One of the boys in the front row, kneeling on the asphalt with his arms extended stiffly to either side, is looking up at her. His head is flung back, and the open collar of his shirt shows the length of his white throat. The saxophone teacher's first impulse is to step away from the window, but she stays, and she thinks she sees the boy smile up at her. She looks away.

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The rehearsal is coming to a close. One of the girls at the front rears up suddenly and calls out, in a rich clear voice that fills the courtyard, 'I imagine things when I watch people.'

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And as she says it, as the marvellous peal of her voice breaks off and the stamping and drumming comes to a swift and terrible halt and the courtyard fills with silence like a sudden rush of water, as she says it, the card castle behind her begins to fall. It tumbles down in a stately and choreographed cascade, a slow-motion melt. The figures of the actors tumble off to land on light heels and knees on the foam matting, scuttling off and leaping away until the pyramid has disappeared utterly, thawed out to a nothing-puddle of black stillness, all of the actors unmoving and silent where they have come to rest.

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The girl at the front is the only figure standing now. She spreads her arms and says, 'I imagine—'

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There is the tiniest of pauses, the girl outstretched and full of curtailed breath that swells her ribs to bursting. Then it is as if a spell is broken, as if an invisible curtain has come down and an invisible blackout has blanked the stage, and all

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the fallen figures begin to move. They jump to their feet and dust themselves down and break into conversation, and the saxophone teacher hears 'That fall was heaps better that time, you came in right on the beat' and 'We can still get that tighter, 50 guys' and 'From the top'.

Chapter 9

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

4 Either (a) In what ways and with what effects does Fugard present social and political ideas in both of these plays?

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

Thami [near the end of his patience]: Be careful, Isabel.

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Thami: You must stop asking these questions, Isabel.

My Children! My Africa!, Act 2, Scene 4

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

5 Either (a) Discuss Miller's presentation of the character and significance of Charley in *Death of a Salesman*.

Or (b) Paying close attention to language and action, analyse the following extract, considering in what ways Miller presents Biff and Willy's relationship here, and elsewhere in the play.

Biff: You know why I had no address for three months?

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Willy: Oh, Biff! [Staring wildly] He cried! Cried to me.

Act 2

- 6 Either (a) With reference to **three** poems, discuss how Walcott presents feelings of being caught between the past and the present.
- Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering ways in which it is characteristic of Walcott's poetic methods and concerns.

Adam's Song

The adulteress stoned to death,

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you weep within me, as the rain weeps.'

- 7 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Yeats present himself as a poet? You should refer to **two** poems from your selection in your answer.
- 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 Cold Heaven

Suddenly I saw the cold and rook-delighting heaven
That seemed as though ice burned and was but the more ice,
And thereupon imagination and heart were driven
So wild that every casual thought of that and this
Vanished, and left but memories, that should be out of season 5
With the hot blood of youth, of love crossed long ago;
And I took all the blame out of all sense and reason,
Until I cried and trembled and rocked to and fro,
Riddled with light. Ah! when the ghost begins to quicken,
Confusion of the death-bed over, is it sent 10
Out naked on the roads, as the books say, and stricken
By the injustice of the skies for punishment?

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