
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/62

Paper 6 1900 to the Present

October/November 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 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 **14** printed pages, **2** blank pages and **1** insert.

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Americanah*

- 1 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Adichie explore the experience of being an immigrant in *Americanah*?
- 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.

"Hey!" Shan said, when Blaine and Ifemelu arrived, exchanging hugs.
 "Is Grace coming?" she asked Blaine.
 "Yes. She's taking the later train."
 "Great. I haven't seen her in ages." Shan lowered her voice and said to Ifemelu,
 "I heard Grace steals her students' research." 5
 "What?"
 "Grace. I heard she steals her students' research. Did you know that?"
 "No," Ifemelu said. She found it strange, Shan telling her this about Blaine's friend,
 and yet it made her feel special, admitted into Shan's intimate cave of gossip. Then,
 suddenly ashamed that she had not been strong enough in her defence of Grace, 10
 whom she liked, she said, "I don't think that's true at all."
 But Shan's attention was already elsewhere.
 "I want you to meet the sexiest man in New York, Omar," Shan said, introducing
 Ifemelu to a man as tall as a basketball player, whose hairline was too perfectly
 shaped, a sharp curve sweeping his forehead, sharp angles dipping near his ears. 15
 When Ifemelu reached out to shake his hand, he bowed slightly, hand on his chest,
 and smiled.
 "Omar doesn't touch women to whom he is not related," Shan said. "Which is very
 sexy, no?" And she tilted her head to look up suggestively at Omar.
 "This is the beautiful and utterly original Maribelle, and her girl-friend Joan, who 20
 is just as beautiful. They make me feel bad!" Shan said, while Maribelle and Joan
 giggled, smallish white women in dark-framed oversize glasses. They both wore
 short dresses, one in red polka-dot, the other lace-fringed, with the slightly faded,
 slightly ill-fitting look of vintage-shop finds. It was, in some ways, costume. They
 ticked the boxes of a certain kind of enlightened, educated middle-classness, the 25
 love of dresses that were more interesting than pretty, the love of the eclectic, the
 love of what they were supposed to love. Ifemelu imagined them when they travelled:
 they would collect unusual things and fill their homes with them, unpolished evidence
 of their polish.
 "Here's Bill!" Shan said, hugging the muscular dark man in a fedora. "Bill is a 30
 writer but unlike the rest of us, he has oodles of money." Shan was almost cooing.
 "Bill has this great idea for a travel book called *Traveling While Black*."
 "I'd love to hear about it," Ashanti said.
 "By the way, Ashanti, girl, I adore your hair," Shan said.
 "Thank you!" Ashanti said. She was a vision in cowries: they rattled from her 35
 wrists, were strung through her curled dreadlocks, and looped around her neck.
 She said "motherland" and "Yoruba religion" often, glancing at Ifemelu as though for
 confirmation, and it was a parody of Africa that Ifemelu felt uncomfortable about and
 then felt bad for feeling so uncomfortable.
 "You finally have a book cover you like?" Ashanti asked Shan. 40
 "'Like' is a strong word," Shan said. "So, everyone, this book is a memoir, right? It's
 about tons of stuff, growing up in this all-white town, being the only black kid in my
 prep school, my mom's passing, all that stuff. My editor reads the manuscript and
 says, 'I understand that race is important here but we have to make sure the book
 transcends race, so that it's not just about race.' And I'm thinking, But why do I have 45
 to transcend race? You know, like race is a brew best served mild, tempered with
 other liquids, otherwise white folk can't swallow it."

“That’s funny,” Blaine said.

“He kept flagging the dialogue in the manuscript and writing on the margins: ‘Do people actually say this?’ And I’m thinking, Hey, how many black people do you know? I mean know as equals, as friends. I don’t mean the receptionist in the office and maybe the one black couple whose kid goes to your kid’s school and you say hi to. I mean really know know. None. So how are you telling me how black people talk?” 50

“Not his fault. There aren’t enough middle-class black folks to go around,” Bill said. 55
 “Lots of liberal white folks are looking for black friends. It’s almost as hard as finding an egg donor who is a tall blonde eighteen-year-old at Harvard.”

They all laughed.

“I wrote this scene about something that happened in grad school, about a Gambian woman I knew. She loved to eat baking chocolate. She always had a pack of baking chocolate in her bag. Anyway, she lived in London and she was in love with this white English guy and he was leaving his wife for her. So we were at a bar and she was telling a few of us about it, me and this other girl, and this guy Peter. Short guy from Wisconsin. And you know what Peter said to her? He said, ‘His wife must feel worse knowing you’re black.’ He said it like it was pretty obvious. Not that the wife would feel bad about another woman, period, but that she would feel bad because the woman was black. So I put it in the book and my editor wants to change it because he says it’s not *subtle*.” 60
 65

Chapter 37

2 **Either** (a) 'All I wanted was the chance to be a man – and for that, one murder was enough.'

Discuss some of the ways Adiga shapes a reader's response to Balram as a murderer in the light of this quotation.

Or (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following extract and consider in what ways it is characteristic of the novel's methods and concerns.

I sniffed the bottle. Whisky. Almost all of it gone. I put it to my lips and emptied the dregs.

'Sir,' I said, but he did not wake up. I gave him a push. I slapped him on the face. He licked his lips, sucked his teeth. He was waking up, but I slapped him a second time anyway. 5

(A time-honoured servants' tradition. Slapping the master when he's asleep. Like jumping on pillows when masters are not around. Or urinating into their plants. Or beating or kicking their pet dogs. Innocent servants' pleasures.)

I dragged him into his bedroom, pulled the blanket over him, turned the lights off, and went down. There was going to be no driving tonight, so I headed off to the 'Action' English Liquor Shop. My nose was still full of Mr Ashok's whisky. 10

The same thing happened the next night too.

The third night he was drunk, but awake.

'Drive me,' he said. 'Anywhere you want. To the malls. To the hotels. Anywhere.'

Around and around the shiny malls and hotels of Gurgaon I drove him, and he sat slouched in the backseat – not even talking on the phone, for once. 15

When the master's life is in chaos, so is the servant's. I thought, *Maybe he's sick of Delhi now. Will he go back to Dhanbad? What happens to me then? My belly churned.* I thought I would crap right there, on my seat, on the gearbox.

'Stop the car,' he said. 20

He opened the door of the car, put his hand on his stomach, bent down, and threw up on the ground. I wiped his mouth with my hand and helped him sit down by the side of the road. The traffic roared past us. I patted his back.

'You're drinking too much, sir.'

'Why do men drink, Balram?' 25

'I don't know, sir.'

'Of course, in your caste you don't ... Let me tell you, Balram. Men drink because they are sick of life. I thought caste and religion didn't matter any longer in today's world. My father said, "No, don't marry her, she's of another ..." I ...'

Mr Ashok turned his head to the side, and I rubbed his back, thinking he might throw up again, but the spasm passed. 30

'Sometimes I wonder, Balram. I wonder what's the point of living. I really wonder ...'

The point of living? My heart pounded. *The point of your living is that if you die, who's going to pay me three and a half thousand rupees a month?*

'You must believe in God, sir. You must go on. My granny says that if you believe in God, then good things will happen.' 35

'That's true, it's true. We must believe,' he sobbed.

'Once there was a man who stopped believing in God, and you know what happened?' 40

'What?'

'His buffalo died at once.'

'I see.' He laughed. 'I see.'

'Yes, sir, it really happened. The next day he said, "God, I'm sorry, I believe in You," and guess what happened?' 45

'His buffalo came back to life?'

'Exactly!'

He laughed again. I told him another story, and this made him laugh some more.

Has there ever been a master–servant relationship like this one? He was so powerless, so lost, my heart just had to melt. Whatever anger I had against him for trying to pin Pinky Madam's hit-and-run killing on me passed away that evening. That was *her* fault. Mr Ashok had nothing to do with it. I forgave him entirely.

50

The Fifth Night

ATHOL FUGARD: *The Road to Mecca* and *My Children! My Africa!*3 **Either** (a) 'Both Mr M and Helen are characters whose visions are considered dangerous.'

In the light of this comment, compare and contrast Fugard's presentation of these characters and their roles in **both** of the plays.

Or (b) Analyse the language and tone in the following extract from *My Children! My Africa!* and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Fugard's dramatic methods and concerns.

<i>Thami:</i>	I don't know where to begin.	
<i>Isabel:</i>	The deep end. Take my advice, go to the deep end and just jump right in. That's how I learnt to swim.	
<i>Thami:</i>	No. I want to speak carefully because I don't want you to get the wrong ideas about what's happening and what I'm going to say. It's not like it's your fault, that it's because of anything you said or did ... you know what I mean?	5
<i>Isabel:</i>	You don't want me to take personally whatever it is you are finding so hard to tell me.	
<i>Thami:</i>	That's right. It's not about you and me personally. I've had a good time with you, Isabel.	10
<i>Isabel:</i>	And I've had an important one with you.	
<i>Thami:</i>	If it was just you and me, there wouldn't be a problem.	
<i>Isabel:</i>	We've got a problem have we?	
<i>Thami:</i>	I have.	15
<i>Isabel</i>	[<i>losing patience</i>]: Oh, for God's sake, Thami. Stop trying to spare my feelings and just say it. If you are trying to tell me that I've been wasting my breath for a lot longer than just this afternoon ... just go ahead and say it! I'm not a child. I can take it. Because that is what you are trying to tell me isn't it? That it's all off.	20
<i>Thami:</i>	Yes.	
<i>Isabel:</i>	The great literary quiz team is no more. You are pulling out of the competition.	
<i>Thami:</i>	Yes.	
<i>Isabel:</i>	You shouldn't have made it so hard for yourself, Thami. It doesn't come as all that big a surprise. I've had a feeling that something was going to go wrong somewhere. Been a strange time these past few weeks, hasn't it? At home, at school, in the shop ... everywhere! Things I've been seeing and doing my whole life just don't feel right any more. Like my Saturday chats with Samuel – I told you about him, remember, he delivers for my dad – well you should have heard the last one. It was excruciating. It felt so false, and forced, and when I listened to what I was saying and how I was saying it ... oh my God! Sounded as if I thought I was talking to a ten-year-old. Halfway through our misery my dad barged in and told me not to waste Samuel's time because he had work to do, which of course led to a flaming row between me and my dad. ... Am I changing, Thami? My dad says I am.	25 30 35
<i>Thami:</i>	In what way?	

- Isabel:* Forget it. The only thing I *do* know at this moment is that I don't very much like the way anything feels right now, starting with myself. So have you told Mr M yet? 40
- Thami:* No.
- Isabel:* Good luck. I don't envy you that little conversation. If I'm finding the news a bit hard to digest, I don't know what he is going to do with it. I've just got to accept it. I doubt very much if he will. 45
- Thami:* He's got no choice, Isabel. I've decided and that's the end of it.
- Isabel:* So do you think we can at least talk about it? Help me to understand? Because to be absolutely honest with you, Thami, I don't think I do. You're not the only one with a problem. What Mr M had to say about the team and the whole idea made a hell of a lot of sense to me. You owe it to me, Thami. A lot more than just my spare time is involved. 50
- Thami:* Talk about what? Don't you know what is going on?
- Isabel:* Don't be stupid, Thami! Of course I do! You'd have to be pretty dumb not to know that the dreaded 'unrest' has finally reached us as well.
- Thami:* We don't call it that. Our word for it is '*Isiqalo*' – the beginning. 55
- Isabel:* All right then, 'the beginning'. I don't care what it's called. All I'm asking you to do is explain to me how the two of us learning some poetry, cramming in potted bios ... interferes with all of that.

My Children! My Africa! Act 2, Scene 1

LIZ LOCHHEAD: *A Choosing*

- 4 **Either** (a) ‘Lochhead explores personal feelings rather than social issues.’

Discuss how far you would agree with this comment by considering the poet’s methods and their effects in **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.

Visit, Sonnet

Apprehensive, the poem goes to prison.
 Is photographed, has its bag searched, a form to fill,
 Checks in money, mobile, rheumatism pills,
 Has to declare itself and state its reason.
 Brute clang of steel doors, bars, barbed wire, fear 5
 Of what they did or didn’t do – and that’s none
 Of the poem’s business. Time that must be *done*,
 Not lived, *tholed*, scratched off on walls. A love poem? Here?

We could just stey in oor cells, mind. This is oor choice.
 Among the din of D Hall, eight men in jail uniform able 10
 To sit down and face nothing-but-the-poem around this table.
 Gey tremulous to start, it soon will find its voice
 And in all innocence, all ears, these men will bless
 This grateful love poem with their openness.

Turn to page 10 for Question 5

KATHERINE MANSFIELD: *Selected Stories*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss how, and with what effects, Mansfield presents characters who rebel. You should refer to at least **two** stories in your answer.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following extract from *The Garden Party* and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Mansfield's narrative methods and concerns.

Laura was terribly nervous. Tossing the velvet ribbon over her shoulder, she said to a woman standing by, 'Is this Mrs Scott's house?' and the woman, smiling queerly, said, 'It is, my lass.'

Oh, to be away from this! She actually said, 'Help me, God,' as she walked up the tiny path and knocked. To be away from those staring eyes, or to be covered up in anything, one of those women's shawls even. I'll just leave the basket and go, she decided. I shan't even wait for it to be emptied. 5

Then the door opened. A little woman in black showed in the gloom.

Laura said, 'Are you Mrs Scott?' But to her horror the woman answered, 'Walk in, please, miss,' and she was shut in the passage. 10

'No,' said Laura, 'I don't want to come in. I only want to leave this basket. Mother sent—'

The little woman in the gloomy passage seemed not to have heard her. 'Step this way, please, miss,' she said in an oily voice, and Laura followed her.

She found herself in a wretched little low kitchen, lighted by a smoky lamp. There was a woman sitting before the fire. 15

'Em,' said the little creature who had let her in. 'Em! It's a young lady.' She turned to Laura. She said meaningly, 'I'm 'er sister, miss. You'll excuse 'er, won't you?'

'Oh, but of course!' said Laura. 'Please, please don't disturb her. I—I only want to leave—' 20

But at that moment the woman at the fire turned round. Her face, puffed up, red, with swollen eyes and swollen lips, looked terrible. She seemed as though she couldn't understand why Laura was there. What did it mean? Why was this stranger standing in the kitchen with a basket? What was it all about? And the poor face puckered up again. 25

'All right, my dear,' said the other. 'I'll think the young lady.'

And again she began, 'You'll excuse her, miss, I'm sure,' and her face, swollen too, tried an oily smile.

Laura only wanted to get out, to get away. She was back in the passage. The door opened. She walked straight through into the bedroom where the dead man was lying. 30

'You'd like a look at 'im, wouldn't you?' said Em's sister, and she brushed past Laura over to the bed. 'Don't be afraid, my lass,'—and now her voice sounded fond and sly, and fondly she drew down the sheet— 'e looks a picture. There's nothing to show. Come along, my dear.' 35

Laura came.

There lay a young man, fast asleep—sleeping so soundly, so deeply, that he was far, far away from them both. Oh, so remote, so peaceful. He was dreaming. Never wake him up again. His head was sunk in the pillow, his eyes were closed; they were blind under the closed eyelids. He was given up to his dream. What did garden parties and baskets and lace frocks matter to him? He was far from all those things. He was wonderful, beautiful. While they were laughing and while the band was playing, this marvel had come to the lane. Happy ... happy ... All is well, said that sleeping face. This is just as it should be. I am content. 40

But all the same you had to cry, and she couldn't go out of the room without saying something to him. Laura gave a loud childish sob. 45

‘Forgive my hat,’ she said.
 And this time she didn’t wait for Em’s sister. She found her way out of the door,
 down the path, past all those dark people. At the corner of the lane she met Laurie.
 He stepped out of the shadow. ‘Is that you, Laura?’ 50
 ‘Yes.’
 ‘Mother was getting anxious. Was it all right?’
 ‘Yes, quite. Oh, Laurie!’ She took his arm, she pressed up against him.
 ‘I say, you’re not crying, are you?’ asked her brother.
 Laura shook her head. She was. 55
 Laurie put his arm round her shoulder. ‘Don’t cry,’ he said in his warm, loving
 voice. ‘Was it awful?’
 ‘No,’ sobbed Laura. ‘It was simply marvellous. But, Laurie—’ She stopped, she
 looked at her brother. ‘Isn’t life,’ she stammered, ‘isn’t life—’ But what life was she
 couldn’t explain. No matter. He quite understood. 60
 ‘*Isn’t* it, darling?’ said Laurie.

The Garden Party

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

6 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Miller present Willy's varying states of mind in the play?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, write an analysis of the following extract and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Miller's dramatic methods and concerns in the play.

Happy [grabbing BIFF, shouts]: Wait a minute! I got an idea. I got a feasible idea. Come here, Biff, let's talk this over now, let's talk some sense here. When I was down in Florida last time, I thought of a great idea to sell sporting goods. It just came back to me. You and I, Biff – we have a line, the Loman Line. We train a couple of weeks, and put on a couple of exhibitions, see? 5

Willy: That's an idea!

Happy: Wait! We form two basketball teams, see? Two water-polo teams. We play each other. It's a million dollars' worth of publicity. Two brothers, see? The Loman Brothers. Displays in the Royal Palms – all the hotels. And banners over the ring and the basketball court: 'Loman Brothers'. Baby, we could sell sporting goods! 10

Willy: That is a one-million-dollar idea!

Linda: Marvellous!

Biff: I'm in great shape as far as that's concerned. 15

Happy: And the beauty of it is, Biff, it wouldn't be like a business. We'd be out playin' ball again ...

Biff [enthused]: Yeah, that's ...

Willy: Million-dollar ...

Happy: And you wouldn't get fed up with it, Biff. It'd be the family again. There'd be the old honour, and comradeship, and if you wanted to go off for a swim or somethin' – well you'd do it! Without some smart cooky gettin' up ahead of you! 20

Willy: Lick the world! You guys together could absolutely lick the civilized world. 25

Biff: I'll see Oliver tomorrow. Hap, if we could work that out ...

Linda: Maybe things are beginning to –

Willy [wildly enthused, to LINDA]: Stop interrupting! [To BIFF] But don't wear sport jacket and slacks when you see Oliver.

Biff: No, I'll – 30

Willy: A business suit, and talk as little as possible, and don't crack any jokes.

Biff: He did like me. Always liked me.

Linda: He loved you!

Willy [to LINDA]: Will you stop! [To BIFF] Walk in very serious. You are not applying for a boy's job. Money is to pass. Be quiet, fine, and serious. Everybody likes a kidder, but nobody lends him money. 35

Happy: I'll try to get some myself, Biff. I'm sure I can.

Willy: I see great things for you kids, I think your troubles are over. But remember, start big and you'll end big. Ask for fifteen. How much you gonna ask for? 40

- Biff:* Gee, I don't know –
- Willy:* And don't say 'Gee'. 'Gee' is a boy's word. A man walking in for fifteen thousand dollars does not say 'Gee'!
- Biff:* Ten, I think, would be top though.
- Willy:* Don't be so modest. You always started too low. Walk in with a big laugh. Don't look worried. Start off with a couple of your good stories to lighten things up. It's not what you say, it's how you say it – because personality always wins the day. 45
- Linda:* Oliver always thought the highest of him –
- Willy:* Will you let me talk? 50
- Biff:* Don't yell at her, Pop, will ya?
- Willy* [*angrily*]: I was talking, wasn't I?
- Biff:* I don't like you yelling at her all the time, and I'm tellin' you, that's all.
- Willy:* What're you, takin' over this house?
- Linda:* Willy – 55
- Willy* [*turning on her*]: Don't take his side all the time, goddammit!
- Biff* [*furiously*]: Stop yelling at her!
- Willy* [*suddenly pulling on his cheek, beaten down, guilt ridden*]: Give my best to Bill Oliver – he may remember me. [*He exits through the living-room doorway.*] 60

Act 1

W.B. YEATS: *Selected Poems*

- 7 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Yeats present change in his poetry? You should refer in detail to at least **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.

Long-Legged Fly

That civilization may not sink,
 Its great battle lost,
 Quiet the dog, tether the pony
 To a distant post;
 Our master Caesar is in the tent 5
 Where the maps are spread,
 His eyes fixed upon nothing,
 A hand under his head.

Like a long-legged fly upon the stream
His mind moves upon silence. 10

That the topleless towers be burnt
 And men recall that face,
 Move most gently if move you must
 In this lonely place.
 She thinks, part woman, three parts a child, 15
 That nobody looks; her feet
 Practise a tinker shuffle
 Picked up on a street.

Like a long-legged fly upon the stream
Her mind moves upon silence. 20

That girls at puberty may find
 The first Adam in their thought,
 Shut the door of the Pope's chapel,
 Keep those children out.
 There on that scaffolding reclines 25
 Michael Angelo.

With no more sound than the mice make
 His hand moves to and fro.
Like a long-legged fly upon the stream
His mind moves upon silence. 30

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