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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

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Paper 6 1900 to the Present

May/June 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) 'Obinze is more than just the love-interest.'

Discuss the role and significance of Obinze in *Americanah* in the light of this comment.

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.

Blogs were new, unfamiliar to her. But telling Wambui what happened was not satisfying enough; she longed for other listeners, and she longed to hear the stories of others. How many other people chose silence? How many other people had become black in America? How many had felt as though their world was wrapped in gauze? She broke up with Curt a few weeks after that, and she signed on to WordPress, and her blog was born. She would later change the name, but at first she called it *Raceteenth or Curious Observations by a Non-American Black on the Subject of Blackness in America*. Her first post was a better-punctuated version of the e-mail she had sent to Wambui. She referred to Curt as "The Hot White Ex". A few hours later, she checked her blog stats. Nine people had read it. Panicked, she took down the post. The next day, she put it up again, modified and edited, ending with words she still so easily remembered. She recited those words now, at the dinner table of the French and American couple, while the Haitian poet stared, arms folded.

The simplest solution to the problem of race in America? Romantic love. Not friendship. Not the kind of safe, shallow love where the objective is that both people remain comfortable. But real deep romantic love, the kind that twists you and wrings you out and makes you breathe through the nostrils of your beloved. And because that real deep romantic love is so rare, and because American society is set up to make it even rarer between American Black and American White, the problem of race in America will never be solved.

"Oh! What a wonderful story!" the French host said, her palm placed dramatically on her chest, looking around the table, as though to seek a response. But everyone else remained silent, their eyes averted and unsure.

A Michelle Obama Shout-Out Plus Hair as Race Metaphor

White Girlfriend and I are Michelle Obama groupies. So the other day I say to her—I wonder if Michelle Obama has a weave, her hair looks fuller today, and all that heat every day must damage it. And she says—you mean her hair doesn't grow like that? So is it me or is that the perfect metaphor for race in America right there? Hair. Ever notice makeover shows on TV, how the black woman has natural hair (coarse, coily, kinky, or curly) in the ugly "before" picture, and in the pretty "after" picture, somebody's taken a hot piece of metal and singed her hair straight? Some black women, AB and NAB, would rather run naked in the street than come out in public with their natural hair. Because, you see, it's not professional, sophisticated, whatever, it's just not damn normal. (Please, commenters, don't tell me it's the same as a white woman who doesn't color her hair.) When you DO have natural Negro hair, people think you "did" something to your hair. Actually, the folk

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with the Afros and dreads are the ones who haven't "done" anything to their hair. You should be asking Beyoncé what she's done. (We all love Bey but how about she show us, just once, what her hair looks like when it grows from her scalp?) I have natural kinky hair. Worn in cornrows, Afros, braids. No, it's not political. No, I am not an artist or poet or singer. Not an earth mother either. I just don't want relaxers in my hair—there are enough sources of cancer in my life as it is. (By the way, can we ban Afro wigs at Halloween? Afro is not costume, for God's sake.) Imagine if Michelle Obama got tired of all the heat and decided to go natural and appeared on TV with lots of woolly hair, or tight spirally curls. (There is no knowing what her texture will be. It is not unusual for a black woman to have three different textures on her head.) She would totally rock but poor Obama would certainly lose the independent vote, even the undecided Democrat vote.

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Chapter 31

ARAVIND ADIGA: *The White Tiger*

- 2 Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Adiga present relationships between employers and servants and the experience of being a servant?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Adiga's methods and concerns.

I should talk a little more about this chandelier.

Why not? I've got no family any more. All I've got is chandeliers.

I have a chandelier here, above my head in my office, and then I have two in my apartment in Raj Mahal Villas Phase Two. One in the drawing room, and a small one in the toilet too. It must be the only toilet in Bangalore with a chandelier!

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I saw all these chandeliers one day, tied to the branch of a big banyan tree near Lalbagh Gardens; a boy from a village was selling them, and I bought all of them on the spot. I paid some fellow with a bullock cart to bring them home and we went riding through Bangalore, me and this fellow and four chandeliers, on a limousine powered by bulls!

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It makes me happy to see a chandelier. Why not, I'm a free man, let me buy all the chandeliers I want. For one thing, they keep the lizards away from this room. It's the truth, sir. Lizards don't like the light, so as soon as they see a chandelier, they stay away.

I don't understand why other people don't buy chandeliers all the time, and put them up everywhere. Free people don't know the value of freedom, that's the problem.

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Sometimes, in my apartment, I turn on both chandeliers, and then I lie down amid all that light, and I just start laughing. A man in hiding, and yet he's surrounded by chandeliers!

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There – I'm revealing the secret to a successful escape. The police searched for me in darkness: but I hid myself in light.

In Bangalore!

Now, among the many uses of a chandelier, this most unsung and unloved object, is that, when you forget something, all you have to do is stare at the glass pieces shining in the ceiling long enough, and within five minutes you'll remember exactly what it is you were trying to remember.

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See, I'd forgotten where we left off the story last night, so I had to go on about chandeliers for a while, keeping you busy, but now I remember where we were.

Delhi – we had got to Delhi last night when I stopped the narrative.

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The capital of our glorious nation. The seat of Parliament, of the president, of all ministers and prime ministers. The pride of our civic planning. The showcase of the republic.

That's what *they* call it.

Let a driver tell you the truth. And the truth is that Delhi is a crazy city.

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See, the rich people live in big housing colonies like Defence Colony or Greater Kailash or Vasant Kunj, and inside their colonies the houses have numbers and letters, but this numbering and lettering system follows no known system of logic. For instance, in the English alphabet, A is next to B, which everyone knows, even people like me who don't know English. But in a colony, one house is called A231, and then the next is F378. So one time Pinky Madam wanted me to take her to Greater Kailash E231, I tracked down the houses to E200, and just when I thought we were almost there, E Block vanished completely. The next house was S something.

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Pinky Madam began yelling. 'I told you not to bring this yokel from the village!'

And then another thing. Every road in Delhi has a name, like Aurangzeb Road, or Humayun Road, or Archbishop Makarios Road. And no one, masters or servants, knows the name of the road. You ask someone, 'Where's Nikolai Copernicus Marg?'

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And he could be a man who lived on Nikolai Copernicus Marg his whole life, and he'll open his mouth and say, '*Hahn?*'

Or he'll say, 'Straight ahead, then turn left,' even though he has no idea.

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And all the roads look the same, all of them go around and around grassy circles in which men are sleeping or eating or playing cards, and then four roads shoot off from that grassy circle, and then you go down one road, and you hit another grassy circle where men are sleeping or playing cards, and then four more roads go off from it. So you just keep getting lost, and lost, and lost in Delhi.

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Thousands of people live on the sides of the road in Delhi. They have come from the Darkness too.

The Fourth Night

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

- 3 **Either** (a) 'Friendship in Fugard's plays is always complex and challenging.'

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

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

Mr M [grudging admiration]: Oh, Thami ... you learn your lessons so well!

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Mr M [*his control finally snaps, he explodes with anger and bitterness*]: Yes, I will! I will ask you all the questions I like.

My Children! My Africa! Act 2, Scene 1

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LIZ LOCHHEAD: *A Choosing*

- 4 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Lochhead explore choices in life? 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, considering ways in which it is characteristic of Lochhead's poetry.

My Rival's House

is peopled with many surfaces.
 Ormolu and gilt, slipper satin,
 lush velvet couches,
 cushions so stiff you can't sink in.
 Tables polished clear enough to see distortions in. 5

We take our shoes off at her door,
 shuffle stocking-soled, tiptoe – the parquet floor
 is beautiful and its surface must
 be protected. Dust-
 cover, drawn shade, 10
 won't let the surface colour fade.

Silver sugar-tongs and silver salver,
 my rival serves us tea.
 She glosses over him and me.
 I am all edges, a surface, a shell 15
 and yet my rival thinks she means me well.
 But what squirms beneath her surface I can tell.
 Soon, my rival
 capped tooth, polished nail
 will fight, fight foul for her survival. 20
 Deferential, daughterly, I sip
 and thank her nicely for each bitter cup.

And I have much to thank her for.
 This son she bore –
 first blood to her – 25
 never, never can escape scot free
 the sour potluck of family.
 And oh how close
 this family that furnishes my rival's place.

Lady of the house. 30
 Queen bee.
 She is far more unconscious,
 far more dangerous than me.
 Listen, I was always my own worst enemy.
 She has taken even this from me. 35

She dishes up her dreams for breakfast.
 Dinner, and her salt tears pepper our soup.
 She won't
 give up.

Turn to page 10 for Question 5

KATHERINE MANSFIELD: *Selected Stories*

- 5 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Mansfield present the inner life of her characters? You should refer in detail to at least **two** stories from your selection.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following extract from *At the Bay* and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Mansfield's narrative methods and concerns.

'It seems to me just as imbecile, just as infernal, to have to go to the office on Monday,' said Jonathan, 'as it always has done and always will do. To spend all the best years of one's life sitting on a stool from nine to five, scratching in somebody's ledger! It's a queer use to make of one's ... one and only life, isn't it? Or do I fondly dream?' He rolled over on the grass and looked up at Linda. 'Tell me, what is the difference between my life and that of an ordinary prisoner. The only difference I can see is that I put myself in jail and nobody's ever going to let me out. That's a more intolerable situation than the other. For if I'd been—pushed in, against my will—kicking, even—once the door was locked, or at any rate in five years or so, I might have accepted the fact and begun to take an interest in the flight of flies or counting the warder's steps along the passage with particular attention to variations of tread and so on. But as it is, I'm like an insect that's flown into a room of its own accord. I dash against the walls, dash against the windows, flop against the ceiling, do everything on God's earth, in fact, except fly out again. And all the while I'm thinking, like that moth, or that butterfly, or whatever it is, "The shortness of life! The shortness of life!" I've only one night or one day, and there's this vast dangerous garden, waiting out there, undiscovered, unexplored.'

'But, if you feel like that, why—' began Linda quickly.

'Ah!' cried Jonathan. And that 'Ah!' was somehow almost exultant. 'There you have me. Why? Why indeed? There's the maddening, mysterious question. Why don't I fly out again? There's the window or the door or whatever it was I came in by. It's not hopelessly shut—is it? Why don't I find it and be off? Answer me that, little sister.' But he gave her no time to answer.

'I'm exactly like that insect again. For some reason'—Jonathan paused between the words—'it's not allowed, it's forbidden, it's against the insect law, to stop banging and flopping and crawling up the pane even for an instant. Why don't I leave the office? Why don't I seriously consider, this moment, for instance, what it is that prevents me leaving? It's not as though I'm tremendously tied. I've two boys to provide for, but, after all, they're boys. I could cut off to sea, or get a job up-country, or—' Suddenly he smiled at Linda and said in a changed voice, as if he were confiding a secret, 'Weak ... weak. No stamina. No anchor. No guiding principle, let us call it.' But then the dark velvety voice rolled out:

Would ye hear the story
How it unfolds itself ...

and they were silent.

The sun had set. In the western sky there were great masses of crushed-up rose-coloured clouds. Broad beams of light shone through the clouds and beyond them as if they would cover the whole sky. Overhead the blue faded; it turned a pale gold, and the bush outlined against it gleamed dark and brilliant like metal. Sometimes when those beams of light show in the sky they are very awful. They remind you that up there sits Jehovah, the jealous God, the Almighty, Whose eye is upon you, ever watchful, never weary. You remember that at His coming the whole earth will shake into one ruined graveyard; the cold, bright angels will drive you this way and that, and there will be no time to explain what could be explained so simply. ... But to-night it seemed to Linda there was something infinitely joyful and

loving in those silver beams. And now no sound came from the sea. It breathed softly as if it would draw that tender, joyful beauty into its own bosom.

‘It’s all wrong, it’s all wrong,’ came the shadowy voice of Jonathan. ‘It’s not the scene, it’s not the setting for ... three stools, three desks, three inkpots and a wire blind.’

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Linda knew that he would never change, but she said, ‘Is it too late, even now?’

‘I’m old—I’m old,’ intoned Jonathan. He bent towards her, he passed his hand over his head. ‘Look!’ His black hair was speckled all over with silver, like the breast plumage of a black fowl.

Linda was surprised. She had no idea that he was grey. And yet, as he stood up beside her and sighed and stretched, she saw him, for the first time, not resolute, not gallant, not careless, but touched already with age. He looked very tall on the darkening grass, and the thought crossed her mind, ‘He is like a weed.’

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Jonathan stooped again and kissed her fingers.

At the Bay, Section 10

12ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

- 6** **Either** **(a)** Discuss the dramatic presentation and significance of competition and sport in *Death of a Salesman*.
- Or** **(b)** Write a detailed analysis of the dramatic methods and their effects in the following extract and consider its significance for the play as a whole.

Willy: I'm fat. I'm very – foolish to look at, Linda.

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[LINDA *puts the stockings in her pocket.*]

Act 1

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W.B. YEATS: *Selected Poems*

- 7 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Yeats present romantic love? 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.

September 1913

What need you, being come to sense,
 But fumble in a greasy till
 And add the halfpence to the pence
 And prayer to shivering prayer, until
 You have dried the marrow from the bone? 5
 For men were born to pray and save:
 Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
 It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Yet they were of a different kind,
 The names that stilled your childish play, 10
 They have gone about the world like wind,
 But little time had they to pray
 For whom the hangman's rope was spun,
 And what, God help us, could they save?
 Romantic Ireland's dead and gone, 15
 It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Was it for this the wild geese spread
 The grey wing upon every tide;
 For this that all that blood was shed,
 For this Edward Fitzgerald died, 20
 And Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone,
 All that delirium of the brave?
 Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
 It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Yet could we turn the years again, 25
 And call those exiles as they were
 In all their loneliness and pain,
 You'd cry, 'Some woman's yellow hair
 Has maddened every mother's son':
 They weighed so lightly what they gave. 30
 But let them be, they're dead and gone,
 They're with O'Leary in the grave.

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