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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

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Paper 6 1900 to the Present

October/November 2017

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 present Ifemelu as a character on a journey of self-discovery?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider ways in which it is characteristic of Adichie's narrative methods and concerns.

It surprised her how quickly, during reunions with old friends, the subject of marriage came up, a waspish tone in the voices of the unmarried, a smugness in those of the married. Ifemelu wanted to talk about the past, about the teachers they had mocked and the boys they had liked, but marriage was always the preferred topic—whose husband was a dog, who was on a desperate prowl, posting too many dressed-up pictures of herself on Facebook, whose man had disappointed her after four years and left her to marry a small girl he could control. (When Ifemelu told Ranyinudo that she had run into an old classmate, Vivian, at the bank, Ranyinudo's first question was "Is she married?") And so she used Blaine as armour. If they knew of Blaine, then the married friends would not tell her "Don't worry, your own will come, just pray about it," and the unmarried friends would not assume that she was a member of the self-pity party of the single. There was, also, a strained nostalgia in those reunions, some in Ranyinudo's flat, some in hers, some in restaurants, because she struggled to find, in these adult women, some remnants from her past that were often no longer there. 5 10 15

Tochi was unrecognizable now, so fat that even her nose had changed shape, her double chin hanging below her face like a bread roll. She came to Ifemelu's flat with her baby in one hand, her BlackBerry in the other and a house help trailing behind, holding a canvas bag full of bottles and bibs. "Madam America" was Tochi's greeting, and then she spoke, for the rest of her visit, in defensive spurts, as though she had come determined to battle Ifemelu's Americanness. 20

"I buy only British clothes for my baby because American ones fade after one wash," she said. "My husband wanted us to move to America but I refused, because the education system is so bad. An international agency rated it the lowest in the developed countries, you know." 25

Tochi had always been perceptive and thoughtful; it was Tochi who had intervened with calm reason whenever Ifemelu and Ranyinudo argued in secondary school. In Tochi's changed persona, in her need to defend against imagined slights, Ifemelu saw a great personal unhappiness. And so she appeased Tochi, putting America down, talking only about the things she, too, disliked about America, exaggerating her non-American accent, until the conversation became an enervating charade. Finally Tochi's baby vomited, a yellowish liquid that the house help hastily wiped, and Tochi said, "We should go, baby wants to sleep." Ifemelu, relieved, watched her leave. People changed, sometimes they changed too much. 30

Priye had not changed so much as hardened, her personality coated in chrome. She arrived at Ranyinudo's flat with a pile of newspapers, full of photographs of the big wedding she had just planned. Ifemelu imagined how people would talk about Priye. She is doing well, they would say, she is really doing well. 35

"My phone has not stopped ringing since last week!" Priye said triumphantly, pushing back the auburn straight weave that fell across one eye; each time she raised a hand to push back the hair, which invariably fell back again across her eye since it had been sewn in to do so, Ifemelu was distracted by the brittle pink colour of her nails. Priye had the sure, slightly sinister manner of someone who could get other people to do what she wanted. And she glittered—her yellow-gold earrings, the metal studs on her designer bag, the sparkly bronze lipstick. 40 45

3

“It was a very successful wedding: we had seven governors in attendance, seven!” she said.

“And none of them knew the couple, I’m sure,” Ifemelu said drily.

Priye gestured, a shrug, an upward flick of her palm, to show how irrelevant that was.

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“Since when has the success of weddings been measured by how many governors attend?” Ifemelu asked.

“It shows you’re connected. It shows prestige. Do you know how powerful governors in this country are? Executive power is not a small thing,” Priye said.

“Me, I want as many governors as possible to come to my own wedding o. It shows levels, serious levels,” Ranyinudo said. She was studying the photographs, turning the newspaper pages slowly. “Priye, you heard Mosope is getting married in two weeks?”

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“Yes. She approached me, but their budget was too small for me. That girl never understood the first rule of life in this Lagos. You do not marry the man you love. You marry the man who can best maintain you.”

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Chapter 46

ARAVIND ADIGA: *The White Tiger*

- 2 **Either** (a) By what means, and with what effects, does Adiga use symbolism to shape a reader's response to Balram in '*The White Tiger*'?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider how far it is characteristic of Adiga's narrative methods and concerns.

The dreams of the rich, and the dreams of the poor – they never overlap, do they?

See, the poor dream all their lives of getting enough to eat and looking like the rich. And what do the rich dream of?

Losing weight and looking like the poor.

Every evening, the compound around Buckingham Towers B Block becomes an exercise ground. Plump, paunchy men and even plumper, paunchier women, with big circles of sweat below their arms, are doing their evening 'walking'.

See, with all these late-night parties, all that drinking and munching, the rich tend to get fat in Delhi. So they walk to lose weight.

Now, where should a human being walk? In the outdoors – by a river, inside a park, around a forest.

However, displaying their usual genius for town planning, the rich of Delhi had built this part of Gurgaon with no parks, lawns, or playgrounds – it was just buildings, shopping malls, hotels, and more buildings. There was a pavement outside, but that was for the poor to live on. So if you wanted to do some 'walking', it had to be done around the concrete compound of your own building.

Now, while they walked around the apartment block, the fatsoes made their thin servants – most of them drivers – stand at various spots on that circle with bottles of mineral water and fresh towels in their hands. Each time they completed a circuit around the building, they stopped next to their man, grabbed the bottle – gulp – grabbed the towel – wipe, wipe – then it was off on round two.

Vitiligo-Lips was standing in one corner of the compound, with his bottle and his master's sweaty towel. Every few minutes, he turned to me with a twinkle in his eyes – his boss, the steel man, who was bald until two weeks ago, now sported a head of thick black hair – an expensive toupee job he had gone all the way to England for. This toupee was the main subject of discussion in the monkey-circle these days – the other drivers had offered Vitiligo-Lips ten rupees to resort to the old tricks of braking unexpectedly, or taking the car full speed over a pothole, to knock off his master's toupee at least once.

The secrets of their masters were spilled and dissected every evening by the monkey-circle – though if any of them made the divorce a topic of discussion, he knew he would have to deal with me. On Mr Ashok's privacy I allowed no one to infringe.

I was standing just a few feet from Vitiligo-Lips, with my master's bottle of mineral water in my hand and his sweat-stained towel on my shoulder.

Mr Ashok was about to complete his circle – I could smell his sweat coming towards me. This was round number three for him. He took the bottle, drained it, wiped his face with his towel, and draped it back on my shoulder.

'I'm done, Balram. Bring the towel and bottle up, okay?'

'Yes, sir,' I said, and watched him go into the apartment block. He took a walk once or twice a week, but it clearly wasn't enough to counter his nights of debauchery – I saw a big, wet paunch pressing against his white T-shirt. How repulsive he was, these days.

The Sixth Night

Turn to page 6 for Question 3

ELEANOR CATTON: *The Rehearsal***3 Either (a)** ‘Every one of Isolde’s choices is only a rephrased question of “What am I?”’

Discuss Catton’s presentation of Isolde in the light of this quotation from the novel.

Or (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider how far it is characteristic of Catton’s narrative methods and concerns.

‘This is a question-and-answer session,’ the Head of Acting said, smoothing the page in front of him calmly with the flat of his hand. He was sitting at a desk to one side, his legs crossed at the knee, one bare white foot rotating slowly to relax the ankle joint. ‘We are going to start asking questions of you, addressing you directly as if you really are your father. I want you to stay in character for the next half hour. If you don’t know the real answer to any questions asked of you, then make them up. Don’t worry if you have to lie, just don’t break character.’

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Stanley nodded again. He looked down for a moment, drew a breath, and then looked up again with his father’s wry twitching smile. He spread out his hands and said, ‘Hit me,’ and all at once he was guiltless and unapologetic and mischievous.

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‘How well do you know your son Stanley?’ the Head of Acting asked first.

Stanley raised his eyebrows and smiled. ‘He’s a good kid. We swap dirty jokes, that’s our thing. We get along fine.’

‘What kind of dirty jokes?’

‘Oh, we try and shock each other, back and forth. It’s just a game we play.’ Stanley smiled again and looked at the Head of Acting coolly, as if he could see right through him, as if all of the Head of Acting’s wants and fears and hopes and faults were laid bare to him. The Head of Acting looked impassively back.

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‘Tell me one of the jokes that you’ve told your son,’ he said.

‘What’s the best thing about sleeping with a minor?’

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‘I don’t know,’ said the Head of Acting politely.

‘Getting paid eight dollars an hour for babysitting.’

There is a smothered giggle from one of the students on the floor. Stanley turned to flash him a smile. ‘Good, eh?’ he said, twisting both wrists around to shake out his cuffs the way his father often did. ‘But it’s getting harder and harder to come up with anything original. I have my secretary look them up for me. Best job she’s ever had, she reckons.’

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There was another ripple of laughter from the floor. Stanley grinned and drew himself up a little higher, placing both hands on his stomach and stroking the fabric of his shirt downward again and again. He contrived to make the movement look almost absent-minded.

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‘Tell me one of the jokes that Stanley has told you,’ the Head of Acting said.

Stanley paused and thought for a moment. ‘Can’t recall, sorry,’ he said at last.

‘Would you say you have a good relationship with Stanley?’

‘We don’t see each other that often,’ Stanley said, ‘but he’s a good kid. Good sense of humour. A bit sensitive maybe, but that isn’t going to hold him back. We get along fine.’

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‘What’s your son good at?’

‘Stanley?’ Stanley said, buying time the way his father would buy time. ‘He’s pretty well liked everywhere he goes, I think. He did well to get into drama school. Is he a good actor? I don’t know. You could probably tell me that.’

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‘So what would you say he was good at?’

‘The arts,’ Stanley said doubtfully, thinking hard. ‘He’s a romantic. He got that from me. He sure as hell didn’t get it from Roger.’

‘Is Roger his stepfather?’

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‘Yes.’

‘What’s he like?’

‘Mild,’ said Stanley. ‘Laughs even if he doesn’t think it’s funny. Runs out of things to say and then looks frightened, tries to escape. Sure he’s a nice man though. I wouldn’t marry him. But he’s a nice man.’

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‘Is he a good father to your son?’

‘He’s a good stepfather to my son.’

‘All right,’ the Head of Acting said, turning to include the rest of the group huddled at Stanley’s feet. ‘Let’s open up the floor. Any of you can start asking Stanley’s father questions. Anything you like.’

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Chapter 10

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

- 4 **Either** (a) By what means, and with what effects, does Fugard present women in **both** of these plays?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone in the following extract, discuss the ways Fugard shapes an audience's response to the characters, here and elsewhere in *My Children! My Africa!*

Thami: There was a meeting last night. Somebody stood up and denounced you as an informer.
 [Pause. Thami waits. MR M says nothing.]
 He said you gave names to the police.
 [MR M says nothing.] 5
 Everybody is talking about it this morning. You are in big danger.

Mr M: Why are you telling me all this?

Thami: So that you can save yourself. There's a plan to march to the school and burn it down. If they find you here ...
 [Pause.] 10

Mr M: Go on. [violently] If they find me here *what?*

Thami: They will kill you.

Mr M: 'They will kill me.' That's better. Remember what I taught you ... if you've got a problem, put it into words so that you can look at it, handle it, and ultimately solve it. They will kill me! You are right. That is very serious. So then ... what must I do? Must I run away and hide somewhere? 15

Thami: No, they will find you. You must join the boycott.

Mr M: I'm listening.

Thami: Let me go back and tell them that we have had a long talk and that you have realized you were wrong and have decided to join us. Let me say that you will sign the declaration and that you won't have anything to do with the school until all demands have been met. 20

Mr M: And they will agree to that? Accept me as one of them even though it is believed that I am an informer?

Thami: I will tell them you are innocent. That I confronted you with the charge and that you denied it and that I believe you. 25

Mr M: I see. [studying THAMI intently] You don't believe that I am an informer.

Thami: No.

Mr M: Won't you be taking a chance in defending me like that? Mightn't they end up suspecting you? 30

Thami: They'll believe me. I'll make them believe me.

Mr M: You can't be sure. Mobs don't listen to reason, Thami. Hasn't your revolution already taught you that? Why take a chance like that to save a collaborator? Why do you want to do all this for me?

Thami [avoiding MR M's eyes]: I'm not doing it for you. I'm doing it for the struggle. Our cause will suffer if we falsely accuse and hurt innocent people. 35

Mr M: I see. My 'execution' would be an embarrassment to the cause. I apologize, Thami. For a moment I allowed myself to think that you were doing it because we were ... who we are ... the 'all-knowing Mr M and his brilliant

9

protégé Thami'! I was so proud of us when Isabel called us that. Well, young Comrade, you have got nothing to worry about. Let them come and do whatever it is they want to. Your cause won't be embarrassed, because you see, they won't be 'hurting' an innocent man. [*He makes his confession simply and truthfully.*] That's right, Thami. I am guilty. I did go to the police.

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My Children! My Africa! Act 2, Scene 3

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LIZ LOCHHEAD: *Selected Poems*

- 5 **Either** (a) By what means, and with what effects, does Lochhead present romantic relationships in her poetry? In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Paying attention to language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following poem and consider how far it is characteristic of Lochhead's poetic methods and concerns.

Notes on the Inadequacy of a Sketch

at Millport Cathedral, March 1970

Fields strung out so, piece-
meal on a crude felt-tip line,
in real life revealed ribs
where the plough had skinned them alive.
My scrawl took the edge off the dyke. 5
Sure. But omitted to mark how
it held together, the gravity
of the situation (it being
a huddle of rough stone forms in a cold climate)
how it was set to hump across hills, or at what 10
intervals over which stones exactly
snails had scribbled silver.
I jotted down how fence
squared up to dyke (but nothing of
the wool tufts caught on random barbs) 15
how it bordered on that
ridiculous scrap of grass
(but failed to record its precise
and peculiarly Scottish green).
I made a sheer facade 20
of the cruciform cathedral, stated
only that the rectory garden
slanted towards an empty greenhouse
on the graveyard's edge.
For gravestones, I set mere slabs right- 25
angling to a surface I took at face value.
(I did not explain how at my feet
sprawled a rickle of rabbit bones
ribcage and spine in splinters,
skull intact.) I probed no roots. 30
I did not trace either gravestones'
legends or their moss (it let me read
between the lines the stones' survivals).
I selected what seemed to be essentials.
Here, where wind and rain 35
made a scapegoat of a scarecrow, my pen
took it for an easy symbol. But it's plain
setting down in black and white
wasn't enough, nor underlining
certain subtleties. This sketch became 40
a simile at best. It's no metaphor.

11

It says *under prevailing conditions*
smoke from a damp bonfire was
equal in tonal value to the sea.
So what?

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Today on the empty
summer's sand the March rain needled no one.
(My sketch mentions no rain
neither how wet it was nor how straight
it fell nor that seagulls tried to call a halt
to it.) From my quick calligraphy of trees
no real loud rooks catcall the sea's
cold summersault.

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12

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

- 6 Either (a)** 'Linda is heroic because she sees and understands the truth about Willy'.

In the light of this comment, discuss Miller's presentation of Linda in the play.

- Or (b)** Paying close attention to language, tone and action, analyse the dramatic effects in the following extract and consider how Miller shapes an audience's response to the characters here and elsewhere in the play.

Willy: I tell ya, Howard.

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Forty dollars, Howard.

Act 2

14

W.B. YEATS: *Selected Poems*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss Yeats's presentation of conflicted feelings in his poetry. In your answer, you should refer 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.

No Second Troy

Why should I blame her that she filled my days
With misery, or that she would of late
Have taught to ignorant men most violent ways,
Or hurled the little streets upon the great,
Had they but courage equal to desire? 5
What could have made her peaceful with a mind
That nobleness made simple as a fire,
With beauty like a tightened bow, a kind
That is not natural in an age like this,
Being high and solitary and most stern? 10
Why, what could she have done, being what she is?
Was there another Troy for her to burn?

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