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## LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

**8811/01**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**14 August 2017**

**3 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of papers in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

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### READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your Centre number, index number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.

Begin each essay on a fresh sheet of paper.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, tie each essay separately.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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This document consists of **7** printed pages.



## Section A

1

**Either (a)** Write a critical appreciation of the poem, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to the poet's presentation of nature.

## PIANO

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;  
 Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see  
 A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the  
 tingling strings  
 And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who  
 smiles as she sings. 5

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song  
 Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong  
 To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter  
 outside 10  
 And hymns in the cosy parlour, the tinkling piano  
 our guide.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour  
 With the great black piano appassionato. The  
 glamour 15  
 Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast  
 Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a  
 child for the past.

D. H. Lawrence (1885-1930)

- Or (b) Write a critical comparison of the following poem, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to the poet's presentation of death.

### FUNERAL BLUES

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,  
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,  
Silence the pianos and with a muffled drum  
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead 5  
Scribbling on the sky the message 'He is Dead'.  
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,  
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West, 10  
My working week and my Sunday rest,  
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;  
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out every one, 15  
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,  
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;  
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

W. H. Auden (1907-1973)

## Section B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

**Either (a)** 'Stevens Senior's life is as empty as Stevens' is.'

How far do you agree with this comment on the novel?

**Or (b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting on the presentation of the conflict between professional and private spheres here and elsewhere in the novel.

'I was just thinking earlier, Miss Kenton. It's rather funny to remember now, but you know, only this time a year ago, you were still insisting you were going to resign. It rather amused me to think of it.' I gave a laugh, but behind me Miss Kenton remained silent. When I finally turned to look at her, she was gazing through the glass at the great expanse of fog outside. 5

'You probably have no idea, Mr Stevens," she said eventually, 'how seriously I really thought of leaving this house. I felt so strongly about what happened. Had I been anyone worthy of any respect at all, I dare say I would have left Darlington Hall long ago.' She paused for a while, and I turned my gaze back out to the poplar trees down in the distance. Then she continued in a tired voice: 'It was cowardice, Mr Stevens. Simple cowardice. Where could I have gone? I have no family. Only my aunt. I love her dearly, but I can't live with her for a day without feeling my whole life is wasting away. I did tell myself, of course, I would soon find some new situation. But I was so frightened, Mr Stevens. Whenever I thought of leaving, I just saw myself going out there and finding nobody who knew or cared about me. There, that's all my high principles amount to. I feel so ashamed of myself. But I just couldn't leave, Mr Stevens. I just couldn't bring myself to leave.' 10 15

Miss Kenton paused again and seemed to be deep in thought. I thus thought it opportune to relate at this point, as precisely as possible, what had taken place earlier between myself and Lord Darlington. I proceeded to do so and concluded by saying: 20

'What's done can hardly be undone. But it is at least a great comfort to hear his lordship declare so unequivocally that it was all a terrible misunderstanding. I just thought you'd like to know, Miss Kenton, since I recall you were as distressed by the episode as I was.' 25

'I'm sorry, Mr Stevens,' Miss Kenton said behind me in an entirely new voice, as though she had just been jolted from a dream, 'I don't understand you.' Then as I turned to her, she went on: 'As I recall, you thought it was only right and proper that Ruth and Sarah be sent packing. You were positively cheerful about it.' 30

'Now really, Miss Kenton, that is quite incorrect and unfair. The whole matter caused me great concern, great concern indeed. It is hardly the sort of thing I like to see happen in this house.'

'Then why, Mr Stevens, did you not tell me so at the time?' 35

I gave a laugh, but for a moment was rather at a loss for an answer. Before I could formulate one, Miss Kenton put down her sewing and said:

'Do you realize, Mr Stevens, how much it would have meant to me if you had thought to share your feelings last year? You knew how upset I was when

my girls were dismissed. Do you realize how much it would have helped me? 40  
Why, Mr Stevens, why, why, why do you always have to *pretend*?

I gave another laugh at the ridiculous turn the conversation had suddenly taken. 'Really, Miss Kenton,' I said, 'I'm not sure I know what you mean. Pretend? Why, really..'

'I suffered so much over Ruth and Sarah leaving us. And I suffered all the 45  
more because I believed I was alone.'

'Really, Miss Kenton ... ' I picked up the tray on which I had gathered together the used crockery. 'Naturally, one disapproved of the dismissals. One would have thought that quite self-evident.'

She did not say anything, and as I was leaving I glanced back towards her. 50  
She was again gazing out at the view, but it had by this point grown so dark inside the summerhouse, all I could see of her was her profile outlined against a pale and empty background. I excused myself and proceeded to make my exit.

Day Three – Evening  
Moscombe, near Tavistock, Devon

## Section C

JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi*

3

**Either (a)** 'The play begins by introducing an ideal of leadership, but fails to present any credible model.'

How far would you agree with this assertion about the dramatic presentation of power in the play?

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of fate, here and elsewhere in the play.

[Enter ANTONIO and DELIO]

Delio	Yond's the Cardinal's window. This fortification Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey, And to yond side o'th'river lies a wall, Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion Gives the best echo that you ever heard, So hollow and so dismal and withal So plain in the distinction of our words That many have supposed it is a spirit That answers.	5
Antonio	I do love these ancient ruins. We never tread upon them but we set Our foot upon some reverend history, And questionless, here in this open court Which now lies naked to the injuries Of stormy weather, some men lie interred Loved the church so well, and gave so largely to't, They thought it should have canopied their bones Till doomsday; but all things have their end: Churches and cities, which have diseases like men, Must have like death that we have.	10 15
Echo	<i>Like death that we have.</i>	
Delio	Now the echo hath caught you.	
Antonio	It groaned, methought, and gave A very deadly accent.	20
Echo	<i>Deadly accent.</i>	
Delio	I told you 'twas a pretty one: you may make it A huntsman, or a falconer, a musician, Or a thing of sorrow.	
Echo	<i>A thing of sorrow.</i>	
Antonio	Ay sure, that suits it best.	
Echo	<i>That suits it best.</i>	25
Antonio	'Tis very like my wife's voice.	
Echo	<i>Ay, wife's voice.</i>	
Delio	Come: let's walk farther from't. I would not have you go to th'Cardinal tonight: Do not.	
Echo	<i>Do not.</i>	
Delio	Wisdom doth not more moderate wasting sorrow Than time: take time for't, be mindful of thy safety.	30
Echo	<i>Be mindful of thy safety.</i>	
Antonio	Necessity compels me. Make scrutiny throughout the passes Of your own life; you'll find it impossible	

	To fly your fate.	
Echo	<i>O fly your fate.</i>	35
Delio	Hark: the dead stones seem to have pity on you And give you good counsel.	
Antonio	Echo, I will not talk with thee, For thou art a dead thing.	
Echo	<i>Thou art a dead thing.</i>	
Antonio	My Duchess is asleep now, And her little ones, I hope sweetly: oh heaven Shall I never see her more?	40
Echo	<i>Never see her more.</i>	
Antonio	I marked not one repetition of the echo But that: and on the sudden a clear light Presented me a face folded in sorrow.	45
Delio	Your fancy, merely.	
Antonio	Come, I'll be out of this ague; For to live thus is not indeed to live: It is a mockery and abuse of life. I will not henceforth save myself by halves, Lose all, or nothing.	
Delio	Your own virtue save you! I'll fetch your eldest son and second you: It may be that the sight of his own blood Spread in so sweet a figure, may beget The more compassion.	50
Antonio	How ever, fare you well. Though in our miseries Fortune have a part, Yet in our noble suff'rings she hath none. Contempt of pain – that we may call our own.	55

*Exeunt*

Act 4 Scene 5



**ANDERSON JUNIOR COLLEGE  
JC2 Preliminary Examination 2017**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH  
Higher 1  
Paper 1 Reading Literature**

**8811/01  
13 September 2017  
3 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Paper  
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Answer **three** questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.  
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.  
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

**NAME :** \_\_\_\_\_

**PDG :** \_\_\_\_\_

**SUBJECT TUTOR:** \_\_\_\_\_

<b>Question No.</b>	<b>Marks</b>
Question *1a / 1b	
Question *2a / 2b	
Question *3a / 3b	

*\*Please delete accordingly.*

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## Section A

1

**Either (a)** Write a critical appreciation on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

**The City Planners**

Cruising these residential Sunday  
streets in dry August sunlight:  
what offends us is  
the sanities:  
the houses in pedantic rows, the planted  
sanitary trees, assert 5  
levelness of surface like a rebuke  
to the dent in our car door.

No shouting here, or  
shatter of glass; nothing more abrupt  
than the rational whine of a power mower 10  
cutting a straight swath in the discouraged grass.

But though the driveways neatly  
sidestep hysteria  
by being even, the roofs all display 15  
the same slant of avoidance to the hot sky,  
certain things:  
the smell of spilled oil a faint  
sickness lingering in the garages,  
a splash of paint on brick surprising as a bruise,  
a plastic hose poised in a vicious  
coil; even the too-fixed stare of the wide windows 20

give momentary access to  
the landscape behind or under  
the future cracks in the plaster

when the houses, capsized, will slide  
obliquely into the clay seas, gradual as glaciers 25  
that right now nobody notices.

That is where the City Planners  
with the insane faces of political conspirators  
are scattered over unsurveyed  
territories, concealed from each other, 30  
each in his own private blizzard;

guessing directions, they sketch  
transitory lines rigid as wooden borders  
on a wall in the white vanishing air

tracing the panic of suburb 35  
order in a bland madness of snows

Margaret Atwood (published 1965)

- Or (b) Write a critical appreciation on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by language, style and form.

### The Sun Got All Over Everything

Over the boys and girls by the pool,  
 over the bougainvillea, which got so hot  
 my palms stayed warm for minutes after.  
 It made a mess of a day  
 that was supposed to be the worst 5  
 and lured me outside so I forgot her death entirely.  
 And also the polar bears scrambling  
 on the ice chips. And also that there was no water  
 in the Golden State<sup>1</sup>. The pool was full  
 and the sun poured across the women's bodies 10  
 so you had to shade your eyes. Or I did. I had to  
 put my hand up to see what they were saying.  
 I know it's no excuse. And I had made a plan  
 to cry all day

and into the evening. I marked in my book, 15  
 which seems like something I'd make up in a poem  
 except this time I actually did it.  
 I wrote: *Grieve*. Because we're all so busy  
 aren't we? And so broke. I needed to make  
 an appointment with my anguish, so I could 20  
 take my mind off buying groceries  
 that I really couldn't afford. Anyway.  
 I didn't mean to go outside except there  
 the sky was, just ridiculously blue,  
 taunting me with pigment that I felt 25  
 the need to name. And from somewhere  
 close by a voice I couldn't see because the sun  
 was like a yolk cracked over it said,

*What are you drinking?* And I said,  
*I'm grieving. I'm very busy remembering.* 30  
*I made an appointment because last year*  
*I forgot and then felt awful.* The sun opened  
 its mouth and made a gong of the canyons.  
 It poured across the girls and slicked across  
 their Dior lenses. I put my tongue on it 35  
 exactly when I should have been tearing  
 at my clothes and lighting candles.  
 I got on top and let it find the tightness  
 in my back and open where my wings would  
 be. Somewhere my mother was dying 40  
 and someone was skinning a giraffe.  
 And I let it go. I just let it go.

Gabrielle Calvocoressi (published 2017)

<sup>1</sup> California

## Section B

EDITH WHARTON: *The Age of Innocence*

2

Either (a) 'Fear defines the Old New York society.' Discuss.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary of the following passage, relating it to Wharton's use of imagery and symbolism to illuminate larger concerns, here and elsewhere in the novel.

The next day he persuaded May to escape for a walk in the Park after luncheon. As was the custom in old-fashioned Episcopalian New York, she usually accompanied her parents to church on Sunday afternoons; but Mrs. Welland condoned her truancy, having that very morning won her over to the necessity of a long engagement, with time to prepare a hand-embroidered trousseau containing the proper number of dozens. 5

The day was delectable. The bare vaulting of trees along the Mall was ceiled with lapis lazuli, and arched above snow that shone like splintered crystals. It was the weather to call out May's radiance, and she burned like a young maple in the frost. Archer was proud of the glances turned on her, and the simple joy of possession cleared away his underlying perplexities. 10

"It's so delicious—waking every morning to smell lilies-of-the-valley in one's room!" she said

"Yesterday they came late. I hadn't time in the morning—"

"But your remembering each day to send them makes me love them so much more than if you'd given a standing order, and they came every morning on the minute, like one's music-teacher—as I know Gertrude Lefferts's did, for instance, when she and Lawrence were engaged." 15

"Ah—they would!" laughed Archer, amused at her keenness. He looked sideways at her fruit-like cheek and felt rich and secure enough to add: "When I sent your lilies yesterday afternoon I saw some rather gorgeous yellow roses and packed them off to Madame Olenska. Was that right?" 20

"How dear of you! Anything of that kind delights her. It's odd she didn't mention it: she lunched with us today, and spoke of Mr. Beaufort's having sent her wonderful orchids, and cousin Henry van der Luyden a whole hamper of carnations from Skuytercliff. She seems so surprised to receive flowers. Don't people send them in Europe? She thinks it such a pretty custom." 25

"Oh, well, no wonder mine were overshadowed by Beaufort's," said Archer irritably. Then he remembered that he had not put a card with the roses, and was vexed at having spoken of them. He wanted to say: "I called on your cousin yesterday," but hesitated. If Madame Olenska had not spoken of his visit it might seem awkward that he should. Yet not to do so gave the affair an air of mystery that he disliked. To shake off the question he began to talk of their own plans, their future, and Mrs. Welland's insistence on a long engagement. 30

"If you call it long! Isabel Chivers and Reggie were engaged for two years: Grace and Thorley for nearly a year and a half. Why aren't we very well off as we are?" 35

It was the traditional maidenly interrogation, and he felt ashamed of himself for finding it singularly childish. No doubt she simply echoed what was said for her; but she was nearing her twenty-second birthday, and he wondered at what age "nice" women began to speak for themselves. 40

"Never, if we won't let them, I suppose," he mused, and recalled his mad

outburst to Mr. Sillerton Jackson: "Women ought to be as free as we are—"

It would presently be his task to take the bandage from this young woman's eyes, and bid her look forth on the world. But how many generations of the women who had gone to her making had descended bandaged to the family vault? He shivered a little, remembering some of the new ideas in his scientific books, and the much-cited instance of the Kentucky cave-fish, which had ceased to develop eyes because they had no use for them. What if, when he had bidden May Welland to open hers, they could only look out blankly at blankness? 45

"We might be much better off. We might be altogether together—we might travel." 50

Her face lit up. "That would be lovely," she owned: she would love to travel. But her mother would not understand their wanting to do things so differently. 55

"As if the mere 'differently' didn't account for it!" the wooer insisted.

"Newland! You're so original!" she exulted.

His heart sank, for he saw that he was saying all the things that young men in the same situation were expected to say, and that she was making the answers that instinct and tradition taught her to make—even to the point of calling him original. 60

(Book 1, Chapter 10)

## Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

**Either (a)** “a perfect suburban life with a seething underbelly”

In what ways, and with what effect, does Miller present the tragic world in *All My Sons*?

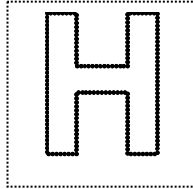
**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to Miller’s presentation of the dramatic roles of women, here and elsewhere in the play.

- Mother.* I know, darling, I know. (**Ann enters from the house. They say nothing, waiting for her to speak**)
- Ann.* Why do you stay up? I'll tell you when he comes.
- Keller.* (*rises, goes to her*) You didn't eat supper, did you? (*to Mother*) Why don't you make her something? 5
- Mother.* Sure, I'll...
- Ann.* Never mind, Kate, I'm all right. (*They are unable to speak to each other*) There's something I want to tell you. (*She starts, then halts*) I'm not going to do anything about it.
- Mother.* She's a good girl! (*To Keller*) You see? She's a ... 10
- Ann.* I'll do nothing about Joe, but you're going to do something for me. (*Directly to Mother*) You made Chris feel guilty with me. I'd like you to tell him that Larry is dead and that you know it. You understand me? I'm not going out of here alone. There's no life for me that way. I want you to set him free. And then I promise you, everything will end, and we'll go away, and that's all. 15
- Keller.* You'll do that. You'll tell him.
- Ann.* I know what I'm asking, Kate. You had two sons. But you've only got one now.
- Keller.* You'll tell him.
- Ann.* And you've got to say it to him so he knows you mean it.
- Mother.* My dear, if the boy was dead, it wouldn't depend on my words to make Chris 20 know it... The night he gets into your bed, his heart will dry up. Because he knows and you know. To his dying day he'll wait for his brother! No, my dear, no such thing. You're going in the morning, and you're going alone. That's your life, that's your lonely life. (*she goes to porch, and starts in*)
- Ann.* Larry is dead, Kate. 25
- Mother.* (*she stops*) Don't speak to me.
- Ann.* I said he's dead. I know! He crashed off the coast of China November twenty fifth! His engine didn't fail him. But he died. I know...
- Mother.* How did he die? You're lying to me. If you know, how did he die?
- Ann.* I loved him. You know I loved him. Would I have looked at anyone else if I wasn't 30 sure? That's enough for you.
- Mother.* (*moving on her*) What's enough for me? What're you talking about? (*She grasps Ann's wrists*)
- Ann.* You're hurting my wrists.
- Mother.* What are you talking about! (*Pause. She stares at Ann a moment, then turns and goes to Keller*) 35
- Ann.* Joe, go in the house.
- Keller.* Why should I...
- Ann.* Please go.

- Keller.* Lemme know when he comes. (**Keller goes into house**) 40
- Mother.* (as she sees **Ann** taking a letter from her pocket) What's that?
- Ann.* Sit down. (**Mother moves left to chair, but does not sit**) First you've got to understand. When I came, I didn't have any idea that Joe... I had nothing against him or you. I came to get married. I hoped... So I didn't bring this to hurt you. I thought I'd show it to you only if there was no other way to settle Larry in your mind. 45
- Mother.* Larry? (*snatches letter from **Ann's** hand*)
- Ann.* He wrote to me just before he - (**Mother opens and begins to read letter**) I'm not trying to hurt you, Kate. You're making me do this, now remember you're - Remember. I've been so lonely, Kate... I can't leave here alone again. (*a long low moan comes from **Mother's** throat as she reads*) You made me show it to you. You wouldn't believe me. I told you a hundred times, why wouldn't you believe me! 50
- Mother.* Oh, my God.....
- Ann.* (*with pity and fear*) Kate, please, please... 55
- Mother.* My God, my God...
- Ann.* Kate, dear, I'm so sorry... I'm so sorry.

(Act 3)

**END OF PAPER**



**DUNMAN HIGH SCHOOL**  
**General Certificate of Education Advanced Level**  
**Higher 1**

**YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION**

CANDIDATE  
NAME

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CLASS

6	C		
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INDEX  
NUMBER

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**8811/01**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**15 September 2017**

**3 hours**

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## SECTION A

Answer ONE question in this section.

1

- Either** (a) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's form, style and language.

## THE BULL MOOSE

Down from the purple mist of trees on the mountain,  
lurching through forests of white spruce and cedar,  
stumbling through tamarack swamps,  
came the bull moose  
to be stopped at last by a pole-fenced pasture. 5

Too tired to turn or, perhaps, aware  
there was no place left to go, he stood with the cattle.  
They, scenting the musk of death, seeing his great head  
like the ritual mask of a blood god, moved to the other end  
of the field, and waited. 10

The neighbours heard of it, and by afternoon  
cars lined the road. The children teased him  
with alder switches and he gazed at them  
like an old, tolerant collie. The woman asked  
if he could have escaped from a Fair. 15

The oldest man in the parish remembered seeing  
a gelded moose yoked with an ox for plowing.  
The young men snickered and tried to pour beer  
down his throat, while their girl friends took their pictures.

And the bull moose let them stroke his tick-ravaged flanks, 20  
let them pry open his jaws with bottles, let a giggling girl  
plant a little purple cap  
of thistles on his head.

When the wardens came, everyone agreed it was a shame  
to shoot anything so shaggy and cuddlesome. 25  
He looked like the kind of pet  
women put to bed with their sons.

So they held their fire. But just as the sun dropped in the river  
the bull moose gathered his strength  
like a scaffolded king, straightened and lifted his horns 30  
so that even the wardens backed away as they raised their rifles.

When he roared, people ran to their cars. All the young men  
leaned on their automobile horns as he toppled.

Alden Nowlan (1933 – 1983)

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's form, style and language.

FOOTBALL AFTER SCHOOL

You'll be one of them in a few years,  
 warpaint slicked over your face –  
 your common language jeers,  
 dribbling the sun about the place  
 with the premature swagger 5  
 of manhood, butting it with your head;  
 your school tie a stiff striped dagger.

Yes, soon you'll be picking scabs  
 of kisses off your skin as each kick  
 makes you dwarf a tree, and stab 10  
 a flower; the unset homework  
 between margins of this makeshift pitch  
 teaching you more than a textbook  
 how to survive any monster's switch.

Yet as I look at your porcelain skin, 15  
 their granite jowls, I wonder if you'll ever  
 know how to dodge bruises on your shins  
 from studded boots, be clever  
 enough to tackle fouls with something  
 more than inkstained fists and feet. Perhaps 20  
 you'll be too vulnerable for living –

not hooligan enough to trample  
 into the sod your shadow that grows  
 twice as fast as yourself, to sample  
 punches below the belt from one you know 25  
 without flinching. I can't prevent  
 crossbones on your knees  
 turn bullies into cement –

or confiscate the sun  
 they'll puncture and put out. 30  
 In their robust world I'm no Amazon.  
 I can only scream inside without a shout  
 for you not to inherit my fragility:  
 never to love too much or be aged  
 as I was by youth's anxiety. 35

Patricia McCarthy (1944 – )

## SECTION B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

**Either (a)** 'For a novel on gentlemanly behaviour, there is actually very little of it displayed.'

How far would you agree with this comment on the novel?

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Stevens's sense of purpose and resolve, here and elsewhere in the novel.

I suppose I should add a few words here concerning the matter of the actual volume around which this small episode revolved. The book was, true enough, what might be described as a 'sentimental romance' - one of a number kept in the library, and also in several of the guest bedrooms, for the entertainment of lady visitors. There was a simple reason for my having taken 5  
to perusing such works; it was an extremely efficient way to maintain and develop one's command of the English language. It is my view - I do not know if you will agree - that in so far as our generation is concerned, there has been too much stress placed on the professional desirability of good accent and command of language; that is to say, these elements have been stressed 10  
sometimes at the cost of more important professional qualities. For all that, it has never been my position that good accent and command of language are not attractive attributes, and I always considered it my duty to develop them as best I could. One straightforward means of going about this is simply to read a few pages of a well-written book during odd spare moments one may have. 15  
This had been my own policy for some years, and I often tended to choose the sort of volume Miss Kenton had found me reading that evening simply because such works tend to be written in good English, with plenty of elegant dialogue of much practical value to me. A weightier book - a scholarly study, say - while it might have been more generally improving would have tended to be couched 20  
in terms likely to be of more limited use in the course of one's normal intercourse with ladies and gentlemen.

I rarely had the time or the desire to read any of these romances cover to cover, but so far as I could tell, their plots were invariably absurd - indeed, sentimental - and I would not have wasted one moment on them were it not for these aforementioned benefits. Having said that, however, I do not mind confessing today - and I see nothing to be ashamed of in this - that I did at times gain a sort of incidental enjoyment from these stories. I did not perhaps acknowledge this to myself at the time, but as I say, what shame is there in it? Why should one not enjoy in a light-hearted sort of way stories of ladies and gentlemen who fall in love and express their feelings for each other, often in the most elegant phrases? 25  
30

But when I say this, I do not mean to imply the stance I took over the matter of the book that evening was somehow unwarranted. For you must understand, there was an important principle at issue. The fact was, I had been 'off duty' at that moment Miss Kenton had come marching into my pantry. And of course, any butler who regards his vocation with pride, any butler who 35

aspires at all to a 'dignity in keeping with his position', as the Hayes Society once put it, should never allow himself to be 'off duty' in the presence of others. It really was immaterial whether it was Miss Kenton or a complete stranger who had walked in at that moment. A butler of any quality must be seen to *inhabit* his role, utterly and fully; he cannot be seen casting it aside one moment simply to don it again the next as though it were nothing more than a pantomime costume. There is one situation and one situation only in which a butler who cares about his dignity may feel free to unburden himself of his role; that is to say, when he is entirely alone. You will appreciate then that in the event of Miss Kenton bursting in at a time when I had presumed, not unreasonably, that I was to be alone, it came to be a crucial matter of principle, a matter indeed of dignity, that I did not appear in anything less than my full and proper role.

However, it had not been my intention to analyse here the various facets of this small episode from years ago. The main point about it was that it alerted me to the fact that things between Miss Kenton and myself had reached - no doubt after a gradual process of many months - an inappropriate footing. The fact that she could behave as she had done that evening was rather alarming, and after I had seen her out of my pantry, and had had a chance to gather my thoughts a little, I recall resolving to set about re-establishing our professional relationship on a more proper basis.

Day Three – Evening  
Moscombe, Near Tavistock, Devon

## SECTION C

JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi*

3

**Either (a)** 'It is the presence of the women in the play which exposes the baser nature of the male characters.'

How far would you agree with this comment on the play?

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the depiction of the Malfi court, here and elsewhere in the play.

*Duchess:* I would know what are your opinions  
Of this Antonio.

*2 Officer:* He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping.  
I thought your grace would find him a Jew.

*3 Officer:* I would you had been his officer, for your own sake. 5

*4 Officer:* You would have had more money.

*1 Officer:* He stopped his ears with black wool and, to  
Those came to him for money, said he was thick of  
hearing.

*2 Officer:* Some said he was an hermaphrodite, for he could not 10  
abide a woman.

*4 Officer:* How scurvy proud he would look when the treasury was  
full! Well, let him go.

*1 Officer:* Yes, and the chippings of the butterfly fly after him to  
scour his gold chain! 15

*Duchess:* Leave us.  
[*Exeunt Officers.*]  
What do you think of these?

*Bosola:* That these are rogues that in's prosperity,  
But to have waited on his fortune, could have wished 20  
His dirty stirrup riveted through their noses  
And followed after's mule, like a bear in a ring;  
Would have prostituted their daughters to his lust,  
Made their first-born intelligencers,  
Thought none happy but such as were born 25  
Under his blest planet and wore his livery.  
And do these lice drop off now?  
Well, never look to have the like again.  
He hath left a sort of flattering rogues behind him;  
Their doom must follow. Princes pay flatterers  
In their own money: flatterers dissemble their vices, 30  
And they dissemble their lies. That's justice.  
Alas, poor gentleman!

*Duchess:* Poor? He hath amply filled his coffers!

*Bosola:* Sure, he was too honest! Pluto, the god of riches,  
When he's sent by Jupiter to any man, 35  
He goes limping to signify that wealth  
That comes on God's name comes slowly. But when he's  
sent  
On the devil's errand he rides post and comes in by  
scuttles. 40  
Let me show you what a most unvalued jewel  
You have in a wanton humour thrown away,

To bless the man shall find him:  
 He was an excellent courtier, and most faithful;  
 A soldier that thought it as beastly to know his own value 45  
 Too little as devilish to acknowledge it too much.  
 Both his virtue and form deserved a far better fortune;  
 His discourse rather delighted to judge itself  
 Than show itself:  
 His breast was filled with all perfection, 50  
 And yet it seemed a private whispering-room,  
 It made so little noise of 't.  
*Duchess:* But he was basely descended.  
*Bosola:* Will you make yourself a mercenary herald,  
 Rather to examine men's pedigrees than virtues? 55  
 You shall want him.  
 For know, an honest statesman to a prince  
 Is like a cedar planted by a spring:  
 The spring bathes the tree's root, the grateful tree  
 Rewards it with his shadow: You have not done so. 60  
 I would sooner swim to the Bermoothes on two  
 politicians' rotten bladders, tied together with an  
 intelligencer's heart-string than depend on so changeable  
 a prince's favour. – Fare thee well, Antonio! Since the  
 malice of the world would needs down with thee, it 65  
 cannot be said yet that any ill happened unto thee,  
 considering thy fall was accompanied with virtue.

Act 3, Scene 2

**END OF PAPER**

*Copyright Acknowledgements*

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Question 2 © Kazuo Ishiguro; *The Remains of the Day*; Vintage International Edition; 1993.

Question 3 © John Webster; *The Duchess of Malfi*. Cambridge University Press; 2012.



CANDIDATE NAME

CT GROUP

CENTRE NUMBER

INDEX NUMBER

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## LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**8811/01**

**30 August 2017**

**3 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

---

### READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name and class on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

DO **NOT** WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

Answer **three** questions, **one** from each of Sections A, B and C.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten your work securely together.

**Submit your answer to each section separately.**

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



## Section A

1

**Either (a)** Write a critical commentary on the following poem, paying close attention to the ways in your response is shaped by the poet's language, style and form.

I TRY TO EXPLAIN TO MY CHILDREN A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE WHICH SAYS THAT  
ACCORDING TO A COMPUTER A NUCLEAR WAR IS LIKELY TO OCCUR IN THE NEXT  
TWENTY YEARS\*

Death (I say) used to have  
Two faces—one good, one bad.  
The good death didn't like to do it,  
Kill people, dogs, insects, flowers,  
But had to do it. It was his duty 5  
He would rather have been playing cards.  
Without him the earth would get too crowded,  
The soil would become tired, feuds would  
Overtake love. That was what death  
Believed—and when we thought about it 10  
We agreed.

The bad death was a bully.  
He would kill angels if he could.  
He settled for children, poets,  
All flesh increased by spirit. 15  
He bragged and made bets and said  
Disparaging things about the human race.  
People made his job easy, he said.  
They were, full of a confusion that  
Soon became hatred. He would shake 20  
His head in wonder, but he understood.  
The nations of the world offered him  
Their love.

The new death doesn't  
Have a face. He will kill us but 25  
In the meantime he wants to kill life too  
He is calm, devoted, gradual.  
He is crazy. The other two deaths  
Do not like him, the way he wears  
A tie as if death were an office, 30  
The way he wants to be efficient.  
Fate and fortune bore him. He has  
Reasons. There cannot be enough death,  
He says. You will put us out of business  
The other two say, but he doesn't listen. 35  
Things seem the same, my children, but  
They aren't.

Baron Wormser (1948—)

\*You can refer to the poem as "I Try" in your essay.

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, paying close attention to the ways in your response is shaped by the poet's language, style and form.

SUNSET II

Sunset, now that we're finally in it  
is not what we thought.

Did you expect this violet black  
soft edge to outer space, fragile as blown ash  
and shuddering like oil, or the reddish  
orange that flows into

5

your lungs and through your fingers?  
The waves smooth mouthpink light  
over your eyes, fold after fold.

This is the sun you breathe in,  
pale blue. Did you  
expect it to be this warm?

10

One more goodbye,  
sentimental as they all are.

The far west recedes from us  
like a mauve postcard of itself  
and dissolves into the sea.

15

Now there's a moon,  
an irony. We walk  
north towards no home,  
joined at the hand.

20

I'll love you forever,  
I can't stop time.

This is you on my skin somewhere  
in the form of sand.

25

Margaret Atwood (1939–)

## Section B

EDITH WHARTON: *The Age of Innocence*

2

- Either (a)** Critically examine the significance of Newland Archer being a “dilettante” in *The Age of Innocence*.
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Wharton’s presentation of travel here and elsewhere in the novel.

"It's all very well for you, Newland; you *know* them. But I shall feel so shy among a lot of people I've never met. And what shall I wear?"

Newland leaned back in his chair and smiled at her. She looked handsomer and more Diana-like than ever. The moist English air seemed to have deepened the bloom of her cheeks and softened the slight hardness of her virginal features; or else it was simply the inner glow of happiness, shining through like a light under ice. 5

"Wear, dearest? I thought a trunkful of things had come from Paris last week."

"Yes, of course. I meant to say that I shan't know *which* to wear." She pouted a little. "I've never dined out in London; and I don't want to be ridiculous."

He tried to enter into her perplexity. "But don't Englishwomen dress just like everybody else in the evening?" 10

"Newland! How can you ask such funny questions? When they go to the theatre in old ball-dresses and bare heads."

"Well, perhaps they wear new ball-dresses at home; but at any rate Mrs. Carfry and Miss Harle won't. They'll wear caps like my mother's—and shawls; very soft shawls." 15

"Yes; but how will the other women be dressed?" "Not as well as you, dear," he rejoined, wondering what had suddenly developed in her Janey's morbid interest in clothes.

She pushed back her chair with a sigh. "That's dear of you, Newland; but it doesn't help me much." 20

He had an inspiration. "Why not wear your wedding- dress? That can't be wrong, can it?"

"Oh, dearest! If I only had it here! But it's gone to Paris to be made over for next winter, and Worth hasn't sent it back."

"Oh, well—" said Archer, getting up. "Look here—the fog's lifting. If we made a dash for the National Gallery we might manage to catch a glimpse of the pictures." 25

The Newland Archers were on their way home, after a three months' wedding-tour which May, in writing to her girl friends, vaguely summarised as "blissful."

They had not gone to the Italian Lakes: on reflection, Archer had not been able to picture his wife in that particular setting. Her own inclination (after a month with the Paris dressmakers) was for mountaineering in July and swimming in August. This plan they punctually fulfilled, spending July at Interlaken and Grindelwald, and August at a little place called Etretat, on the Normandy coast, which some one had recommended as quaint and quiet. Once or twice, in the mountains, Archer had pointed southward and said: "There's Italy"; and May, her feet in a gentian-bed, had smiled cheerfully, and replied: "It would be lovely to go there next winter, if only you didn't have to be in New York." 35

But in reality travelling interested her even less than he had expected. She regarded it (once her clothes were ordered) as merely an enlarged opportunity for walking,

riding, swimming, and trying her hand at the fascinating new game of lawn tennis; and when they finally got back to London (where they were to spend a fortnight while he ordered *his* clothes) she no longer concealed the eagerness with which she looked forward to sailing. 40

In London nothing interested her but the theatres and the shops; and she found the theatres less exciting than the Paris *cafés chantants* where, under the blossoming horse-chestnuts of the Champs Elysées, she had had the novel experience of looking down from the restaurant terrace on an audience of "cocottes," and having her husband interpret to her as much of the songs as he thought suitable for bridal ears. 45

GRAHAM SWIFT: *Waterland*

3

- Either (a)** Consider the ways in which the characteristics of the landscape of *Waterland* contribute its central concerns and ideas.
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the ways and means by which the significance of 'reality' is highlighted both here and elsewhere in the novel.

BUT THERE'S another theory of reality, quite different from that which found its way into my fraught after-school meeting with Lewis. Reality's not strange, not unexpected. Reality doesn't reside in the sudden hallucination of events. Reality is uneventfulness, vacancy, flatness. Reality is that nothing happens. How many of the events of history have occurred, ask yourselves, for this and for that reason, but for no other reason, fundamentally, than the desire to make things happen? I present to you History, the fabrication, the diversion, the reality-obscuring drama. History, and its near relative, Histrionics...

5

And did I not bid you remember that for each protagonist who once stepped on to the stage of so-called historical events, there were thousands, millions, who never entered the theatre – who never knew that the show was running – who got on with the donkey-work of coping with reality?

10

True, true. But it doesn't stop there. Because each one of those numberless non-participants was doubtless concerned with raising in the flatness of his own unsung existence his own personal stage, his own props and scenery – for there are very few of us who can be, for any length of time, merely realistic. So there's no escaping it: even if we miss the grand repertoire of history, we yet imitate it in miniature and endorse, in miniature, its longing for presence, for feature, for purpose, for content.

15

And there's no saying what consequences we won't risk, what reactions to our actions, what repercussions, what brick towers built to be knocked down, what chasings of our own tails, what chaos we won't assent to in order to assure ourselves that, none the less, things are happening. And there's no saying what heady potions we won't concoct, what meanings, myths, manias we won't imbibe in order to convince ourselves that reality is not an empty vessel.

20

25

Once upon a time the future Mrs Crick – who was then called Metcalf – as a result of certain events which took place while she was still, like some of you, a schoolgirl, decided to withdraw from the world and devote herself to a life of solitude, atonement and (which was only making a virtue of necessity) celibacy. Not even she has ever said how far God came into this lonely vigil. But three and a half years later she emerged from these self-imposed cloisters to marry a prospective history teacher (an old and once intimate acquaintance), Tom Crick. She put aside her sackcloth and sanctity and revealed in their stead what this now ex-history teacher (who is no longer sure what's real and what isn't) would have called then a capacity for realism. For she never spoke again, at least not for many years, of that temporary communing with On High.

30

35

But it must have been always there, lurking, latent, ripening like some dormant, forgotten seed. Because in the year 1979, a woman of fifty-two, she suddenly began looking again for Salvation. She began this love-affair, this liaison – much to the perplexity of her husband (from whom she could not keep it a secret) – with God. And it was when this liaison reached a critical – in the usual run of liaisons not unfamiliar, but in this case quite incredible – pitch, that your astounded and

40

forsaken history teacher, prompted as he was by the challenging remarks of a student called Price, ceased to teach history and started to offer you, instead, these fantastic but-true, these believe-it-or-not-but-it-happened Tales of the Fens. 45

Children, women are equipped with a miniature model of reality: an empty but fillable vessel. A vessel in which much can be made to happen, and to issue in consequence. In which dramas can be brewed, things can be hatched out of nothing. And it was Tom Crick, history-teacher-to-be, who, during the middle years of the Second World War, not knowing what repercussions, what reactions, and not without rivals (though none of them was God), was responsible for filling the then avid and receptive vessel of Mary Metcalf, later Mrs Crick. 50

But on the afternoon of July the twenty-sixth, 1943, he was about to know what repercussions.

55

Chapter 6

## Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

4

**Either (a)** "I was afraid maybe..." (Act 2) How far do you agree that Arthur Miller presents fear as the catalyst for tragedy in *All My Sons*?

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Miller's presentation of women and domesticity here and elsewhere in the play.

[MOTHER *appears on porch. She is in her early fifties, a woman of uncontrolled inspirations and an overwhelming capacity for love.*]

MOTHER: Joe?

CHRIS: [*going toward porch*] Hello, Mom.

MOTHER: [*indicating house behind her. To KELLER*] Did you take a bag from under the sink? 5

KELLER: Yeah, I put it in the pail.

MOTHER: Well, get it out of the pail. That's my potatoes. [*CHRIS bursts out laughing. Goes up into alley.*]

KELLER: [*laughing*] I thought it was garbage. 10

MOTHER: Will you do me a favor, Joe? Don't be helpful.

KELLER: I can afford another bag of potatoes.

MOTHER: Minnie scoured that pail in boiling water last night. It's cleaner than your teeth.

KELLER: And I don't understand why, after I worked forty years and I got a maid, why I have to take out the garbage. 15

MOTHER: If you would make up your mind that every back in the kitchen isn't full of garbage you wouldn't be throwing out my vegetables. Last time it was the onions. [*CHRIS comes on, hands her bag.*]

KELLER: I don't like garbage in the house. 20

MOTHER: Then don't eat. [*She goes into the kitchen with bag*]

CHRIS: That settles you for today.

KELLER: Yeah, I'm in last place again. I don't know, once upon a time I used to think that when I got money again I would have a maid and my wife would take it easy. Now I got money, and I got a maid, and my wife is workin' for the maid. [*He sits in one of the chairs MOTHER comes out on last line. She carries a pot of string beans.*]

MOTHER: It's her day off, what are you crabbing about?

CHRIS: [*to MOTHER*] Isn't Annie finished eating?

MOTHER: [*looking around preoccupiedly at yard*] She'll be right out. [*Moves*] That wind did some job on this place. [*Of the tree*] So much for that, thank God. 30

KELLER: [*indicating chair beside him*] Sit down, take it easy.

MOTHER: [*pressing her hand to top of her head*] I've got such a funny pain on the top of my head.

CHRIS: Can I get you an aspirin? 35

MOTHER: [*picks a few petals off ground, stands there smelling them in her hand, then sprinkles them over plants.*] No more roses. It's so funny... everything decides to happen at the same time. This month is his birthday, his tree

blows down, Annie comes. Everything that happened seems to be coming back. I was just down the cellar, and what do I stumble over? His baseball glove. I haven't seen it in a century. 40

CHRIS: Don't you think Annie looks well?

MOTHER: Fine. There's no question about it. She's a beauty... I still don't know what brought her here. Not that I'm not glad to see her, but...

CHRIS: I just thought we'd all like to see each other again. [MOTHER *just looks at him, nodding ever so slightly, almost as though admitting something*] And I wanted to see her myself. 45

MOTHER: [*as her nods halt, to KELLER*] The only think is I think her nose got longer. But I'll always love that girl. She's one that didn't jump into bed with somebody else as soon as it happened with her fella. 50

KELLER: [*as though that were impossible for Annie*] Oh, what're you...

MOTHER: Never mind. Most of them didn't wait till the telegrams were opened. I'm just glad she came, so you can see I'm not completely out of my mind. [*Sits, and rapidly breaks string beans in the pot*]

Act 1



**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night***

5

**Either (a)** The trio of articulate women who dominate *Twelfth Night* transform the conventional Elizabethan ideal of a woman into an elusive fantasy that is freely exploited for their own ends.'

In the light of this quotation, examine the presentation of gender in *Twelfth Night*.

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following extract, paying particular attention to the presentation of Feste here and elsewhere in the play.

<i>Viola:</i>	Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?	
<i>Feste:</i>	No, sir, I live by the church.	
<i>Viola:</i>	Art thou a churchman?	
<i>Feste:</i>	No such matter, sir. I do live by the church for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.	5
<i>Viola:</i>	So thou mayst say the king lies by a beggar if a beggar dwell near him, or the church stands by thy tabor if thy tabor stand by the church.	
<i>Feste:</i>	You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a chev'rel glove to a good wit, how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward.	10
<i>Viola:</i>	Nay, that's certain. They that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.	
<i>Feste:</i>	I would, therefore my sister had had no name, sir.	
<i>Viola:</i>	Why, man?	15
<i>Feste:</i>	Why sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.	
<i>Viola:</i>	Thy reason, man?	
<i>Feste:</i>	Troth sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them.	20
<i>Viola:</i>	I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.	
<i>Feste:</i>	Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.	25
<i>Viola:</i>	Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?	
<i>Feste:</i>	No indeed sir, the Lady Olivia has no folly, she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings—the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.	30
<i>Viola:</i>	I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.	
<i>Feste:</i>	Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.	
<i>Viola:</i>	Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, ( <i>giving money</i> ) there's expenses for thee.	35
<i>Feste:</i>	Now Jove in his next commodity of hair send thee a beard.	
<i>Viola:</i>	By my troth I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on <i>my</i> chin. Is thy lady within?	
<i>Feste:</i>	Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?	40

*Viola:* Yes, being kept together and put to use.

*Feste:* I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

*Viola:* (*Giving money*) I understand you, sir, 'tis well begged.

*Feste:* The matter I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come. Who you are and what you would are out of my welkin—I might say 'element', but the word is over-worn. 45

*Exit*

*Viola:* This fellow is wise enough to play the fool, 50  
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.

He must observe their mood on whom he jests,

The quality of persons, and the time,

And like the haggard, check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice 55

As full of labour as a wise man's art,

For folly that he wisely shows is fit,

But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Act 3, Scene 1

**END**

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**Marking Notes | J2 2017 | Prelims | H1&H2 | Paper 1 | Sections A—C**

**A note on the notes**

If at any point during this document I discuss a concept, an interpretation or a use a word that you do not fully comprehend then please make sure that you take measures to find out what I mean.

**Section A**

As I have been intimating to you during Term 3, if you look at the themes of the A Level Papers over the past 10 years, love and “loss” of some kind are often covered. (You could class the consequences of war as a form of loss.) Hence, I wanted to expose you to these themes, having already tried to stretch you with some of the more contemporary themes during J2 (mental health, migration, etc.). You should, therefore, be well-rounded in your thinking processes regarding a range of themes and contexts.

I have included both H1 and H2 notes for the poems here because even though you will not have been examined on both, you may like to read the poems in your own time and then check my comments for the type of things you can say about them. It will be extra practise for your appreciation skills.

**H1**

<p>I TRY TO EXPLAIN TO MY CHILDREN A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE WHICH SAYS THAT ACCORDING TO A COMPUTER A NUCLEAR WAR IS LIKELY TO OCCUR IN THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS - Baron Wormser (1948—)</p> <p>Death (<b>I say</b>) used to have Two faces—one good, one bad. The good death didn't like to do it, Kill people, <b>dogs, insects, flowers,</b> But had to do it. It was his duty</p> <p>He would rather have been <b>playing cards</b>. Without him the earth would get too crowded, The soil would become <b>tired, feuds</b> would Overtake <b>love</b>. That was what death <b>Believed</b>—and when we thought about it</p> <p>We <b>agreed</b>.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The bad death was a <b>bully</b>. He would <b>kill angels if he could</b>. He settled for children, poets, All flesh increased by spirit.</p> <p>He bragged and <b>made bets</b> and said Disparaging things about the human race. People made his job easy, he said.</p> <p>They were, <b>full of a confusion</b> that Soon became <b>hatred</b>. He would shake His head in wonder, but he understood. The nations of the world offered him</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>□ Title: matter-of-fact tone, newspaper article connotes facts/information, computer and nuclear connote scientific development. The latter two elements also point to a contemporary setting.</li> <li>□ Tone of title is undercut by the personal nature of the poem with the father creating a fable or parable about death as he tries to relate a news story to his children.</li> <li>□ Simplicity of times past. Good and bad. Dichotomous relationship.</li> <li>□ First person perspective. Parentheses allow the reader to understand the father is cognizant of the metaphor he is creating for the children. He <b>says</b> this. He doesn't <b>believe/think</b> it?</li> <li>□ Death personified. Playful. A reluctant participant in maintaining balance in the world.</li> <li>□ Internal half-rhyme with believed and agreed, emphasizing the positivity of these two words compared to the actions of death.</li> <li>□ Paradox – death believing in love.</li> <li>□ Compassion.</li> <li>□ Collective pronoun – father and children.</li> <li>□ Register is calm, conversational, and language is simple – the father is speaking to children.</li> <li>□ A conceit is created in order for the children to relate to the reality of nuclear war.</li> <li>□ Playground language for his children to relate to an adult subject matter.</li> <li>□ Why can't he? A set of rules ascribed to imaginary creatures.</li> <li>□ Tone of making bets different to the tone of playing cards earlier, though similar pastimes.</li> <li>□ Fall of man alluded to.</li> <li>□ Hatred contrasted to love in previous phase of poem.</li> </ul>
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<p>Their love.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">The new death doesn't Have a face. He will kill us but In the meantime he wants to <b>kill life</b> too He is <b>calm, devoted, gradual</b>. He is <b>crazy</b>. The other two deaths Do not like him, the way he wears</p> <p>A tie as if death were an <b>office</b>, The way he wants to be <b>efficient</b>. <b>Fate</b> and <b>fortune</b> bore him. He has <b>Reasons. There cannot be enough death</b>, He says. You will put us out of business</p> <p>The other two say, but he doesn't listen. <b>Things seem the same, my children, but They aren't.</b></p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>□ New death – like the contemporary computer and nuclear energy. Loss of a face – loss of personality.</li> <li>□ Language is first calculated... then evokes madness. This death is fickle and thus incomprehensible.</li> <li>□ This seems to contrast – fate and fortune do not seem congruent with reason. This itself reflects the contradictory nature of postmodernism, the technological age and the contemporary world.</li> <li>□ Callous. Emotionless. Formal.</li> <li>□ Change is inevitable? Ambiguous line to close. Things seem the same as the “death” parable? Or things in general seem the same but they’re changing?</li> <li>□ Poem in three phases. Delineated by the indented lines as each new death appears. Old versus new. The poem laments the technological age – understood through the title – by contrasting the simplicity of the past with the nihilism of the present.</li> </ul>
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<p>SUNSET II</p> <p>Sunset, now that we're finally in it is not what we thought.</p> <p>Did you expect this violet black</p> <p>soft edge to outer space, fragile as blown <b>ash</b> and <b>shuddering</b> like oil, or the <b>reddish</b></p> <p>orange that flows into your lungs and through your fingers?</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>□ Atwood uses the image and process of a sunset to explore the experience of a relationship ending with strong use of natural and sensory imagery.</li> <li>□ Who are the 'we'?</li> <li>□ Expectation of a sunset is beauty? Is this an ending?</li> <li>□ The black, space, ash imagery may suggest so. The language is decaying here.</li> <li>□ Yet colour returns in the rest of the stanza, and the language becomes more comforting; smooth, warm.</li> <li>□ Repetition of 'sh'. Replicates the effect of breathing? Waves? Later invoked.</li> <li>□ Jarring simile – would one expect oil to shudder?</li> <li>□ Imagery. Synesthesia as the visual sunset turn tangible and flows into the addressee.</li> <li>□ Repetition of fold – the verb form would suggest becoming smaller, while the noun connotes layers building - again the contrast between the beauty of a sunset and the melancholy of an ending.</li> </ul>
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<p>The waves smooth mouthpink light over your eyes, fold after fold. This is the sun you breathe in, pale blue. Did you expect it to be this warm?</p> <p>One more goodbye, sentimental as they all are. The far west recedes from us like a mauve postcard of itself and dissolves into the sea.</p> <p>Now there's a moon,</p> <p>an irony. We walk north towards no home, joined at the <b>hand</b>.</p> <p>I'll love you forever, I can't stop time.</p> <p>This is you on my skin somewhere in the form of <b>sand</b>.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Margaret Atwood (1939–)</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>□ Neologism – mouthpink, an inventive piece of diction to connect the body to nature again.</li> <li>□ Breathing sun rather than air.</li> <li>□ Repeated questions in the first stanza. The lover uncertain.</li>   <li>□ Sunset a metaphor for the end of something?</li> <li>□ Cyclical; the sunset repeats itself. A sense of ubiquity in the image.</li>   <li>□ Intriguing use of indefinite article for the moon. Is there more than one?</li>   <li>□ What is the irony?</li> <li>□ Contrast between no home and joined on the next line. They are together but have no home. Perhaps the irony is this, rather than the moon.</li> <li>□ Atwood expands the scope of the poem to the universal. Time now joins the natural cycle or day and night, speaking to humankind's inability to affect this. The speaker lacks agency here.</li>   <li>□ The image of the lover as sand seems to relate to the 'sh' sound of blown ash and nature flowing into the addressee earlier.</li> <li>□ The lovers seem to return to, or be absorbed by nature as the 'hand', through rhyme, turns to 'sand'.</li>   <li>□ Stanzas are irregular, lacking a structured metre or any rhyme scheme, though sound devices are used to create connections between the lovers' experiences. Ironically, they do generally get smaller as the poem goes on, though the ideas become vast as the lovers connect to the natural world for eternity.</li> </ul>
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**H2**

**Option A**

Notable comparisons:

- Both speakers are *writing* about their love; conceit used by the poets
- Both poets use *celestial* imagery – stars and moon
- Both speakers experience a form of *pain* through love
- Both poets use the idea of *burning* in love
- First poem seems to end in *union*, whereas the second poem ends *unrequited*

<p>POEM I WROTE SITTING ACROSS THE TABLE FROM YOU</p> <p>if I had two nickels to rub <b>together</b> I would rub them <b>together</b></p> <p>Like a kid rubs sticks <b>together</b> until <b>friction</b> made <b>combustion</b></p> <p>and they <b>burned</b> a hole in my <b>pocket</b></p> <p>into which I would put <b>my hand</b> and then my arm</p> <p>and eventually my whole <b>self</b>— I would fold <b>myself</b></p> <p>into the hole in my <b>pocket</b> and disappear into the <b>pocket</b> of <b>myself</b>, or at least my pants</p> <p>but before I did like some <b>ancient star</b></p> <p>I'd grab <b>your hand</b></p> <p>Kevin Varrone (1970–)</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>□ Poem is based on a conceit of writing a poem. Self-reflexive. First person perspective. Addressee a lover.</li> <li>□ Nickels – suggests American context.</li> <li>□ Repetition of 'together' in the first three lines – the speaker is desperate for connection.</li> <li>□ Rub together – action mirrors a relationship, action of lovers.</li> <li>□ Speaker is feeling like a child – the effect of love.</li> <li>□ Scientific language – contrasts to the simplicity of previous line.</li> <li>□ Enjambment, reveals the burning to be in an unexpected place.</li> <li>□ Repetition of 'myself' and 'pocket'. Self in contrast to 'together' from earlier in the poem, as the speaker seems to become self-obsessed, before finally revealing he's taking his lover with him.</li> <li>□ Stanza structure – two lines each apart from the final, single line. Ironic, as the idea in the last line is about the communion of two people, yet the line is single. Or perhaps that makes sense, as they join as one. The two-line stanzas previously have mostly been about the speaker's actions on his own.</li> <li>□ Alludes to the death of a star. Image of a star, from time past, a vast idea, contrasts to folding in on oneself.</li> <li>□ Wants to be with his lover in death, forever. Forceful language of 'grab' reinforces the insistence of 'together' repeated three times earlier.</li> </ul>
<p>THE LETTER</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>□ Again, the love poem is based on the conceit of writing the lover a letter. Both speakers seem to go through some anguish, or suggest they</li> </ul>



<p>Little <b>cramped words scrawling</b> all over the paper</p> <p><b>Like draggled fly's legs,</b></p> <p>What can you tell of the <b>flaring moon</b> Through the <b>oak leaves</b>?</p> <p>Or of my <b>uncertain window</b> and the <b>bare floor</b> <b>Spattered</b> with moonlight? Your silly <b>quirks</b> and <b>twists</b> have nothing in them</p> <p>Of <b>blossoming hawthorns</b></p> <p>And this paper is <b>dull, crisp, smooth, virgin</b> of <b>loveliness</b></p> <p>Beneath my <b>hand</b>.</p> <p>I am tired, Beloved, of <b>chafing</b> my <b>heart</b> against The <b>want</b> of <b>you</b>; Of <b>squeezing</b> it into <b>little inkdrops</b>, And <b>posting</b> it.</p> <p>And I <b>scald</b> alone, here, under the <b>fire</b> Of the <b>great moon</b>.</p>	<p>have to perform difficult tasks in order to communicate their love.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>□ The words are given life, moving. Though belittled by the speaker herself – are her words enough?</li> <li>□ Simile – the image is somewhat grotesque, ironically for a love poem.</li> <li>□ Multiple questions asked.</li> <li>□ Interesting image of an uncertain window. Personified.</li> <li>□ Bare floor spattered – an image that reflects the paper of the letter spattered with ink? This idea is resolved at the end of the poem as the moon comes to reflect the passion of the lover, and thus the passion in the letter.</li> <li>□ Nature imagery – the moon is barely illuminating the situation for the speaker, though.</li> <li>□ There seems to be a messiness about love – scrawling, draggled, spattered. The language is unruly.</li> <li>□ Again, the nature imagery includes a contrast. There is the potential of pain and danger as well as beauty in a hawthorn.</li> <li>□ Crisp and smooth seem at odds. Sexual metaphor in that the paper – a virgin of loveliness – will have to be physically altered in order to express love... much like the communion of a relationship.</li> <li>□ The hand is an image across both poems. Used to write the poems.</li> <li>□ Metaphor of squeezing one's heart into ink to write the letter. The letter is "heartfelt", and comes at the expense of painful actions such as chafing and squeezing.</li> <li>□ Burning is an image across both poems. Fire an unusual metaphor for the moon – often described in blues, pales, light. All these contrasts in the imagery contribute to the</li> </ul>
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<p style="text-align: right;">Amy Lowell (1874 – 1925)</p>	<p>tortured lover’s feelings. Both speakers are burnt by love.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>▫ Moon used again, like the star in the previous poem, to expand the profundity of the love to a universal level.</li> <li>▫ The language evokes nature, pain, a tactile sense of ruination and sexual desire simultaneously.</li> <li>▫ Structure, in two stanzas, the lineation is alternately long and short, seems to reflect the conflicted mindset of the speaker. One moment she seems articulate and expressive; the next moment resigned and curtails her thoughts.</li> </ul>
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**Option B**

**Notable Comparisons**

1. Contexts are different – first world war versus a contemporary American war (presumably Vietnam)
2. Both poems focus on the experience of a veteran returned home (again, England in the first, America in the second)
3. The notions of emptiness and nightmares, loss and fear, are common.

<p><b>THE VETERAN</b></p> <p>We came upon him sitting in the sun— Blinded by war, and left. And past the fence</p> <p>Wandered young soldiers from the Hand &amp; Flower, Asking advice of his experience.</p> <p>And he said this and that, and told them tales; And all the nightmares of each empty head</p> <p>Blew into air. Then, hearing us beside— “Poor kids, how do they know what it’s like?” he said.</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>▫ This poem is set in England during the first world war. The setting is seemingly outside a pub, a casual and tranquil scenario undercut by the horrific experience.</li> <li>▫ Who are the ‘we’ in this poem? A group young soldiers with the potential of going to war as the ‘he’ has done. The fact that ‘he’ is not named lends itself to the idea of dehumanisation in war, just as his ‘blind[ness]’; he is losing parts of his identity.</li> <li>▫ Likely the name of an English pub.</li> <li>▫ Experience becomes a jarring idea when we discover the soldier’s age later.</li> <li>▫ The idea of folklore, oral tradition invoked.</li> <li>▫ The enjambment here is stark. Head / blew. The empty head seems to connote a lack of ability to think – perhaps due to war fatigue – until we reach the next line which informs of a more visceral and bloody version of an ‘empty head’. We do already have the nightmares established, but the realisation of violence on the new line with ‘blew into the air’ jolts the</li> </ul>
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<p>with <b>ammo belts</b> enough to make <b>fine lace</b> of <b>enemy flesh</b> and <b>blood</b>. Now these who <b>survived</b>,</p> <p>who got back in cargo planes <b>emptied</b> at the front,</p> <p>lived <b>hiddenly</b> in the woods behind fence wires strung through tin cans. Better an alarm</p> <p>than the constant <b>nightmare</b> of something moving</p> <p>on its <b>belly</b> to make your <b>skin crawl</b></p> <p>with the sensory memory of foxhole <b>living</b>.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Marvin Bell (1937–)</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>▫ Juxtaposed image of the delicacy and beauty of lace, with the violent and visceral flesh and blood.</li> <li>▫ Sense of loss in the term ‘emptied’ – repeated language from the first poem too.</li> <li>▫ Beautiful adverb neologism – hiddenly. Perhaps no words previously existed to describe their new lives accurately. They seem to imitate their experiences in the war in their post-war lives; the experience never leaves them: in the woods, fence wires, tin cans. All language that could be applied to the SE Asian guerrilla combat they have experienced.</li> <li>▫ Nightmare appears as it does in the first poem. The spectre of the war seems more harrowing than the ‘alarm’ of a tangible threat.</li> <li>▫ Duality in this metaphor. As the unknown aggressor crawls it simultaneously makes your skin crawl.</li> <li>▫ The pronoun has become ‘your’ which now implicates the reader in the terrifying experience, as opposed to just the third person veterans, and the father and sons from earlier in the poem.</li> <li>▫ Ironic to end the poem with the notion of living, when the entire poem has created the sense of trauma, fear and loss.</li> </ul>
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**Section B**

**2. (a) Critically examine the significance of Newland Archer being a “dilettante” in *The Age of Innocence*.**

**dilettante**

*noun*

a person who cultivates an area of interest, such as the arts, without real commitment or knowledge.

*synonyms*

dabbler, potterer, tinkerer, trifler, dallier;

*archaic*

a person with an amateur interest in the arts.

You must be able to engage directly with what the term means, especially in the context of Newland’s character, and then link it to some kind of significance. *Why* is it important that he is a dilettante? *How* does it affect the narrative? What is Wharton therefore saying about *him*, or by extension *men*, or by extension *society* at this time?

The premise for this question regarding Newland is that he feigns interest, and/or he doesn’t see things through to the end, and/or that he has pretensions without substance. How is this demonstrated in the novel? And what does that mean for the narrative?

**Possible (not exhaustive) paragraph ideas:**

1. Newland’s dilettantism is used by Wharton to reveal the superficiality of society.
2. By crafting Newland as a dilettante, Wharton unveils the performative nature of this society, being more concerned with artifice than reality.
3. Wharton presents Newland as a dilettante to indicate that the unflinching regulations of Old New York restrict individuals from pursuing their interests.
4. The significance of Newland’s dilettantism is that, through this characterisation, Wharton makes clear to the readers from the novel’s exposition that her protagonist will never leave May, evoking greater poignancy in so doing.
5. Wharton’s presentation of Newland as a dilettante is one way in which the reader can observe her attitude towards the men of this society as feckless and irresponsible.
6. Newland’s role as a dilettante is significant in that Wharton employs him to criticise the arbitrary distinctions this society places on different demographics, namely; [and here you could use America v Europe or a class divide].

**Text References (not exhaustive):**

**Opening of the novel:**

*“He had dawdled over his cigar because he was **at heart** a dilettante, and thinking over a pleasure to come often gave him a subtler satisfaction than its realisation.”*

**Close of the novel:**

*“[H]e would **always** be by nature a contemplative and a dilettante; but he had had high things to contemplate, great things to delight in...”*

By remembering these two quotes, you should immediately note that this is part of Newland's character that endures throughout. The biggest example of this is his inability to approach Ellen at the end of the novel, despite his ostensible "freedom".

**Performances:**

Use the opera passage and the "The Shaughraun" passage. Both of these relate to Newland's artificial existence. He watches rather than partakes, and the metaphors on the stage also relate to his life, reinforcing the idea of his dilettantism. "He loves me, he loves me not" in the performance of Faust at the beginning of the novel is a metaphor – it tells us about Newland's fickle treatment of women.

Newland's behaviour at the opera and public functions – arriving late, being dressed in certain ways – also links to the ideas of "Taste" and "Form", which explicate that this society itself is dilettante in nature. They maintain the pretense of being interested in artistic performances, but the real function of these is not the appreciation of artistic endeavour, yet an opportunity to present themselves well in public, as well as judge others for potentially not presenting themselves well. Therefore, Newland as a dilettante is a manifestation of society, for Wharton, which allows readers to understand her critique on this societal characteristic.

**The shore (and other occasions of Newland and Ellen interacting):**

The fact that Newland, for once, is given license by the family to approach Ellen yet chooses not to is again indicative of his dilettante nature. The action and imagery in this passage again feed into the idea that he will never act upon his feelings for Ellen. To make a broader point, you may want to link this to the idea that society does not allow for individuality or the pursuit of one's interests. Thus you can make it a contextual point about Wharton's comment on the strictures of society, rather than simply a stylistic point about the relationship that is destined to remain unfulfilled.

**Newland's foils:**

Using Winsett and/or M. Rivière, people who perhaps lead lives of letters to a more authentic degree than Newland, can help to highlight Newland's character and elucidate Wharton's comment on the community of which Newland is a part. When interacting with these two men, Newland is seen at once admiring their intellect and pursuits of higher thought, while at the same time being unable to respect them fully. Readers can thus understand that there is a discrepancy between Old New York and other communities within the city, as well as between Old New York (or maybe American) and Europeans (or foreignness in general).

**The motif of "halfness"**

You could use those moments, as discussed in class, when Newland is described to be halfway towards or away from something/someone. This recurrent image reveals his indecisiveness; torn between two women and two worlds. You could link this to the fickleness or hypocrisy of society; being caught between the old and new worlds, using many traditions and artefacts from the old world whilst simultaneously trying to distance themselves and making derisive comments about Europeans and their culture. Or perhaps you can link this to society being on the precipice of change, with the transition to the last chapter helping to delineate that this has happened. Though he never concretises his relationship with Ellen, he does develop in other ways.

**2. (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Wharton's presentation of travel here and elsewhere in the novel.**

**Please do not forget to analyse the passage.** It is specifically chosen for the question and requires close analysis, with reference to literary presentation – how meaning is created through style, language and form. Please see below for analysis of the passage.

Again, you are simply looking for three strains that you can analyse and extrapolate across the novel. The wisest links for you to make will also be about travel, considering this is what the question is asking you about. Some people were making links about characteristics or other themes – this is not a direct response to the question. You should be making points about how Wharton uses travel to make wider comments on the characters and society. Indeed, this should not just be a character study. The question is not about Newland and May, specifically. It is about the presentation of travel and uses a passage that happens to feature Newland and May.

Many students seem to take an entirely dim view of May in this passage. Remember that we are reading through the lens of Newland's experience (but do not make the mistake to say that he is the narrator – he is not the narrator) so the language and perspective is coloured by his opinions. Think about the ironies in the passage concerning what Newland perceives May to lack interest in and what May's actions actually show. What is Newland doing all the while, too? The passage is all about Newland's assessment of May, rather than what Newland himself engages in (reminiscent of the dilettante question, perhaps?). You know that by the end of the text May proves not to be a complete wallflower, so you may want to consider how the motif of travel helps to reveal this aspect of Newland's misunderstanding.

**Possible (not exhaustive) paragraph ideas:**

1. Wharton uses the motif of travel to illustrate the *insular* nature of New York's upper class.
2. Wharton employs travel to comment on the *xenophobic* attitude of this community towards outsiders.
3. Travel is a prominent feature of the novel, through which Wharton presents the *vacuity* of relationships in *The Age of Innocence*.
4. Having established the characters' discomfort when travelling outside of American, Wharton comments on the *parochial attitude* of these New Yorkers towards their *European* contemporaries.
5. Wharton crafts the Newland Archer's wedding tour to reveal Newland's *lack of understanding* of his new wife, May, thus foreshadowing his disorientation in Book II.
6. Travel is presented by Wharton as *ritualistic*; simply another type of *performance* carried out by Old New York society, rather than a genuine engagement with their surroundings.
7. Wharton employs travel in the novel as a motif through which the reader can observe the *characteristics* and deep-seated *traditions* of *families* from Old New York society.
8. Travel is a means through which Wharton can elucidate the nature of Newland as more interested in *artifice* rather than *reality*.

**Links**

*I am not going to do close analysis of all of these quotes for you – you can appreciate this language for yourself, please. But these are the links that should be cropping up in your mind if you're asked about travel. Think about how you would link these to the passage, given the topic sentences that you could have created from the passage analysis.*

“Mingotts and Mansons and all their clan, who cared about eating and clothes and money, and the Archer-Newland-van-der-Luyden tribe, who were devoted to travel, horticulture and the best fiction, and looked down on the grosser forms of pleasure.” *This indicates the importance of family heritage in the novel, and it's linked to travel. You will want to appreciate the tone evoked by the images of a 'clan' and a tribe'.*

“Mrs. and Miss Archer were both great lovers of scenery. It was what they principally sought and admired on their occasional travels abroad; considering architecture and painting as subjects for men, and chiefly for learned persons who read Ruskin.” *Again, Archer's interest in travel has been passed down by the family tradition.*

“As her mother had been a Rushworth, and her last unhappy marriage had linked her to one of the crazy Chiverses, New York looked indulgently on her eccentricities; but when she returned with her little orphaned niece, whose parents had been popular in spite of their regrettable taste for travel, people thought it a pity that the pretty child should be in such hands.” *This gives insight into how a character's travel preferences can have bearings on their personality, according to society members.*

“Newland Archer prided himself on his knowledge of Italian art. His boyhood had been saturated with Ruskin, and he had read all the latest books: John Addington Symonds, Vernon Lee's "Euphorion," the essays of P. G. Hamerton, and a wonderful new volume called "The Renaissance" by Walter Pater. He talked easily of Botticelli, and spoke of Fra Angelico with a faint condescension. But these pictures bewildered him, for they were like nothing that he was accustomed to look at (and therefore able to see) when he travelled in Italy; and perhaps, also, his powers of observation were impaired by the oddness of finding himself in this strange empty house, where apparently no one expected him.” *This gives you context about Newland's interest in Italy and art.*

“Archer would have liked to travel, to put off the housing question; but, though the Wellands approved of an extended European honeymoon (perhaps even a winter in Egypt), they were firm as to the need of a house for the returning couple.” *Perhaps this is the link you need to discuss the comment that May makes in the passage that Newland has to be in New York. This is to do with duty and convention.*

“What if, when he had bidden May Welland to open hers, they could only look out blankly at blankness?”

"We might be much better off. We might be altogether together--we might travel."

Her face lit up. "That would be lovely," she owned: she would love to travel. But her mother would not understand their wanting to do things so differently.

"As if the mere 'differently' didn't account for it!" the wooer insisted.

"Newland! You're so original!" she exulted.

His heart sank, for he saw that he was saying all the things that young men in the same situation were expected to say, and that she was making the answers that instinct and tradition taught her to make--even to the point of calling him original.

"Original! We're all as like each other as those dolls cut out of the same folded paper. We're like patterns stencilled on a wall. Can't you and I strike out for ourselves, May?"

He had stopped and faced her in the excitement of their discussion, and her eyes rested on him with a bright unclouded admiration.

"Mercy--shall we elope?" she laughed. "If you would--"

"You DO love me, Newland! I'm so happy." "But then--why not be happier?"



"We can't behave like people in novels, though, can we?"

"Why not--why not--why not?"

*This is clearly an important passage. It helps establish the characters' differing attitudes towards travel.*

"In obedience to a long-established habit, the Wellands had left the previous week for St. Augustine, where, out of regard for the supposed susceptibility of Mr. Welland's bronchial tubes, they always spent the latter part of the winter. Mr. Welland was a mild and silent man, with no opinions but with many habits. With these habits none might interfere; and one of them demanded that his wife and daughter should always go with him on his annual journey to the south. To preserve an unbroken domesticity was essential to his peace of mind; he would not have known where his hair-brushes were, or how to provide stamps for his letters, if Mrs. Welland had not been there to tell him.

As all the members of the family adored each other, and as Mr. Welland was the central object of their idolatry, it never occurred to his wife and May to let him go to St. Augustine alone; and his sons, who were both in the law, and could not leave New York during the winter, always joined him for Easter and travelled back with him." *Travel serves a practical role for the Wellands – to avoid sickness. Not for exploration etc. Travel as family duty.*

"It made Archer shiver to think that it might be spreading over him too. He had, to be sure, other tastes and interests; he spent his vacations in European travel, cultivated the "clever people" May spoke of, and generally tried to "keep up," as he had somewhat wistfully put it to Madame Olenska. But once he was married, what would become of this narrow margin of life in which his real experiences were lived?" *Newland considers travel as the portion of his life that is "real", and is concerned that this reality will disappear in marriage.*

"Such qualities were scarcely of the kind to enliven foreign travel, though they made her so easy and pleasant a companion; but he saw at once how they would fall into place in their proper setting. He had no fear of being oppressed by them, for his artistic and intellectual life would go on, as it always had, outside the domestic circle; and within it there would be nothing small and stifling--coming back to his wife would never be like entering a stuffy room after a tramp in the open." *Newland considers May's character. Again, this is Newland's assessment of May.*

"Archer too would have preferred to escape their friends' hospitality: in conformity with the family tradition he had always travelled as a sight-seer and looker-on, affecting a haughty unconsciousness of the presence of his fellow-beings." *This relates to the idea of watching, artifice, not engaging.*

"It was not May's fault, poor dear. If, now and then, during their travels, they had fallen slightly out of step, harmony had been restored by their return to the conditions she was used to." *May's discomfort outside of ONY.*

"No one in the Mingott set could understand why Amy Sillerton had submitted so tamely to the eccentricities of a husband who filled the house with long-haired men and short-haired women, and, when he travelled, took her to explore tombs in Yucatan instead of going to Paris or Italy." *Travel is one lens through which the reader can understand which members of the society are considered odd or eccentric. This is about Emerson and Amy Sillerton.*

"The young man stood looking about him with the dazed air of the foreigner flung upon the harsh mercies of American travel; then he advanced toward Archer, lifted his hat, and said in English:

"Surely, Monsieur, we met in London?" *The division between America and Europe is highlighted, with M. Rivière as disoriented in American as Newland had been in Europe.*

"In that train he intended to join her, and travel with her to Washington, or as much farther as she was willing to go. His own fancy inclined to Japan. At any rate she would understand at once that, wherever she went, he was going. He meant to leave a note for May that should cut off any other alternative." *Travel promises, but does not deliver, freedom to Newland.*

"There was no reason why he should not seize it, except the profound one that he had lost the habit of travel. May had disliked to move except for valid reasons, such as taking the children to the sea or in the mountains: she could imagine no other motive for leaving the house in Thirty-ninth Street or their comfortable quarters at the Wellands' in Newport. After Dallas had taken his degree she had thought it her duty to travel for six months; and the whole family had made the old-fashioned tour through England, Switzerland and Italy. Their time being limited (no one knew why) they had omitted France." *Travel linked to duty and convention. Newland, 26 years on, has come round to May's way of thinking. This provides a contrast to the passage and Newland's thoughts about May at the beginning of their relationship.*

"Since her death, nearly two years before, there had been no reason for his continuing in the same routine. His children had urged him to travel: Mary Chivers had felt sure it would do him good to go abroad and "see the galleries." The very mysteriousness of such a cure made her the more confident of its efficacy. But Archer had found himself held fast by habit, by memories, by a sudden startled shrinking from new things." *Again, Newland comes to see travel as non-essential, he is more aligned with his wife now, rather than his children, ironically, since he had their view previously.*

### **Close Reading of the Passage**

**Bold text = meaningful**

**Red = very meaningful (check the online version if you're looking at a print version)**

"It's all very well for you, Newland; you **know** them. But I shall feel so **shy among a lot of people I've never met**. And what shall I wear?"

Newland **leaned back** in his chair and **smiled** at her. She

looked **handsomer** and more **Diana-like** than ever. The **moist** English air seemed to have **deepened** the **bloom** of her **cheeks** and **softened** the **slight hardness** of her **virginal features**; or else it was simply the inner **glow** of **happiness**, shining through like a **light** under **ice**.

*Italicisation* of 'know', comes across as a juvenile emphasis, reinforced by her 'shy[ness]' amongst strangers. Newland moves away from May.

The *juxtaposition* of May's *characteristics* remind the reader of Newland's inability to recognise her strength, despite the physical manifestations of this. When you quote the 'diana' *metaphor*, make sure you explain it. Many of you quote it and assume the examiner knows about the discussions you've had with me in class – the examiner doesn't know what you did in class! Demonstrate that you understand the *metaphor*.

"Wear, dearest? **I thought** a trunkful of things had come from Paris last week."

'Thought' *connotes* uncertainty, lack of awareness.

"Yes, of course. I meant to say that I shan't know **which** to wear." She **pouted** a little. "I've never dined out in London; and I don't want to be **ridiculous**."

Pouting – childish.

**Irony** – she IS being ridiculous. Wharton's comment.

He **tried** to enter into her perplexity. "But **don't** Englishwomen dress just like everybody else in the evening?"

Again, Newland [tries] and asks a **question** – he too is tentative and unsure in the foreign environment. **Ironic** considering his condemnation of his wife's ignorance.

"Newland! How can you ask such **funny questions**? When **they** go to the theatre in **old** ball-dresses and **bare** heads."

May's **tone** is condescending, dismissive here.

"Well, perhaps they wear new ball-dresses at home; but at any rate Mrs. Carfry and Miss Harle won't. They'll wear caps like my mother's—and shawls; very soft shawls."

"Yes; but how will the other women be dressed?" "Not as well as you, dear," he rejoined, **wondering** what had suddenly developed

'Wondering' – unsure, disoriented. Travel is not panning out how Newland envisaged. It introduces problems in their relationship.

in her **Janey's morbid** interest in clothes.

'Morbid' **connotes** a gloomy, deathly interest in this subject. It is not an enjoyable hobby, it becomes grim.

She **pushed back her chair with a sigh**. "That's dear of you, Newland; but it **doesn't help** me much."

Now May moves away from Newland. She sighs and informs Newland that he isn't helpful – May takes the upper hand in the relationship.

He had an inspiration. "Why not wear your wedding- dress? That can't be wrong, can it?"

More **questions** – more lack of knowledge in a foreign environment.

"Oh, dearest! If I only had it here! But it's gone to Paris to be made over for next winter, and Worth hasn't sent it back."

"Oh, well—" said Archer, getting up. "Look here—the **fog's lifting**. If we made a dash for the National Gallery we might manage

This is an **image!** Perhaps even a **metaphor**. Fog is lifting! Things are becoming clearer for Newland, which for him means the ability to look at art. It is interesting that looking at artifice offers clarity for Newland where the conventions of fashion etc. do not. Note that this is a **statement** rather than a question.

to catch a glimpse of the **pictures**."

Artifice – Newland would rather look at pictures than reality. **Motif**.

They are now married – May has lost her identity.

The **Newland Archers** were on their way home, after a **three months'** wedding-tour which May, in writing to her girl friends, **vaguely summarised as**

Such a long holiday can only be 'vaguely' described. The details are not appreciated or of interest. This is a **stylistic** choice by Wharton and it also indicates Newland's interest (or lack of interest in May) since we see through his experiences.

**Inverted commas** – suggests that this may not really be blissful. **Irony, tone.**

**"blissful."**

They had not gone to the Italian Lakes: on reflection, **Archer had not been able to picture his wife in that particular setting.**

Picture his wife – again he imagines a scenario, rather than making it a reality. Think: why would May not enjoy the Italian lakes if she can enjoy the Swiss mountains? This is **NEWLAND'S VIEW.**

Her own inclination (after a month with the Paris dressmakers) was for mountaineering in July and swimming in August. This plan they **punctually fulfilled**, spending **July** at Interlaken and Grindelwald, and **August** at a little place called Etretat, on the Normandy coast, which some one had recommended as quaint and quiet. Once or twice, in the mountains,

The sense of inflexible plans comes through here. **Language** related to time and place, relayed without elaboration or emotion.

**Archer had pointed southward** and said: "There's Italy"; and May, her feet in a **gentian-bed**, had smiled cheerfully, and replied: "It would be lovely to go

May is standing in flowers – gentians – perhaps indicating that she is rooted and also reinforcing the **image** of her delicacy. Flowers are **symbols.**

there next winter, if only you didn't **have to be in New York.**"

It seems non-negotiable that Newland must be in New York. This is **theme** of the rigidity of society and/or family duty.

But in reality travelling interested her even less than he had expected. She regarded it (once her clothes were ordered) as merely an enlarged opportunity for walking, riding, swimming, and trying her hand at the **fascinating new game of lawn tennis**; and when they finally got back to London (where they

This comment is infused with **Newland's view.** Try not to take it completely at face value. Indeed, May tries the "fascinating new" sport of tennis. Whether you think this is Wharton being sarcastic or Newland being unaware of his wife's capabilities, there is something to say about it.

were to spend a fortnight while he ordered *his* clothes) she no longer concealed the eagerness with which she looked forward to sailing.

Newland also spends two weeks ordering his clothes – **italicised** for emphasis and irony. He acts in the same way as May, despite patronising her.

In London nothing interested her but the **theatres and the shops**; and she found the theatres less exciting than the Paris *cafés chantants* where, under the **blossoming horse-chestnuts** of the

Champs Elysées, she had had the **novel** experience of **looking down** from the restaurant terrace on an **audience** of "cocottes," and

having her **husband interpret** to her as much of the songs as he thought **suitable for bridal ears**.

Indeed, May is now interested in theatres and shops, to add to the sports and outdoor activities. What else is she supposed to be interested in? You can argue that Newland lacks the awareness of his wife's diverse range of interests, all the while showing little interest in anything himself. This is the **narrative perspective**.

The notion of performance, watching, artifice, and condescension comes through again here. This is a **motif** in the novel.

Newland's role as proprietor, possessor of May, controlling her knowledge... but we know this doesn't play out like this in the end, so add your contextual knowledge of the novel! This relates to the **theme** of gender politics.

## Chapter 20

**Section C**

**4. (a) "I was afraid maybe..." (Act 2) How far do you agree that Arthur Miller presents fear as the catalyst for tragedy in *All My Sons*?**

As advised throughout Term 3 when we were revising, it is easier to agree with this type of question. It is quicker in a practical sense under timed conditions, and it will make sure you stay on topic. Make no mistake, the examiner does want you to talk about fear – which is why s/he uses the term “fear” in the question. They will not put themes/concepts etc. in the question if they do not exist in the text. What they are doing is challenging you to demonstrate that you can argue that it’s all about fear – which it is possible to do, quite easily. Thus, if you disagree with the question you are making your task immediately more difficult because you’re going to be tempted to talk about anything else aside from fear! Before you know it, you’ve written an off-topic essay. That is not to say it is impossible to disagree, or provide some caveats and counterarguments; it is possible if you are very careful. A couple of people managed to provide some dissent to the question without losing the thread of the question terminology. You’ll see examples later. However, the best strategy is to focus on the key terms of the question – **fear** contributing to **tragedy** – and analyse the literary features to show how this effect is created in various ways. Here’s how...

How do you demonstrate that fear is a catalyst for tragedy? Well, you need to figure out what characters’ fears are first and then how they behave as a result of their fears. The characteristics and behaviour you will select will be those which contribute to various tragedies. You will also need to be clear about what the tragedies are. (Many people just write “the tragedy”. There is more than one tragedy in *All My Sons*. Don’t talk about *THE* tragedy implicitly.)

**The characters’ fears:**

Joe – is afraid of losing his family, his business and/or money (or perhaps paraphrased as a fear of emasculation).

Mother – is afraid losing her family.

Ann – is afraid of being alone.

Chris – is afraid of losing his father.

Sue – is afraid of losing her husband and of losing her material comfort.

Once you boil it down to this, it should be very easy to see how fear creates tragedy. What do the characters do because they are afraid of these things?

**The characterisation and actions:**

Joe – prioritises his business at all costs, thus commits a crime, and then covers up a crime.

Mother – insists that Larry is alive, which involves complicity in Joe’s crime, believing in the supernatural, and engaging in domineering behaviour at the expense of relations with her other son, Chris, and his prospective wife, Ann.

Ann – pursues a relationship with Chris intently, to the extent of breaking Mother’s heart with the letter.

Chris – refuses to believe his father may have been guilty even though he “suspected”.

Sue – treats her husband poorly, and with jealousy, restricting him from following his dreams and forcing him to earn dishonest money.

Considering these actions, I’m sure you can now figure out which of the tragedies below are effected as a cause of these fears...

**The tragedies:**

The death of 21 pilots

The suicide of Larry  
The unjust incarceration of Steve  
The unsuccessful adulthood of George  
The suicide of Joe  
The sorrow of Mother  
The loss of honesty, love and a socially responsible society – especially related to Jim, Chris and George  
(Is this list of tragedies enough to convince you that the play is tragic?)

Of course, you don't need to cover all of these aspects. Three paragraphs will suffice. I would probably pick: the fear of losing financial stability, the fear of losing one's family and the fear of being alone as the easiest route to completing the essay. That allows you to cover Mother and Joe, who are the causes of the most violent tragedies, and then cover Ann and/or Sue to cover the loneliness/insecurity aspect (it could be linked to gender roles at that point).

Please note that these are fundamental ideas that relate to humankind – I'm sure many of you have the same fears today. That is why the play is so affecting, and partly why it can be considered realist. Appreciate the humanity of the text. You may consider that Miller is empathizing with some of these fears and therefore not entirely condemning the individuals for their actions, but instead criticizing society for creating the conditions in which these fears can manifest. This is also why the influence of Greek tragedy becomes relevant. Joe is not evil; he is a tragic hero who has a fatal flaw that causes his inevitable demise. Be sensitive to the literary presentation and context.

There is no need to overcomplicate the question with a discussion of semantics about "catalysts" versus "root causes" or phrases like "fear leads to another layer of guilt and then it is guilt which is the real catalyst for tragedy." It's not a Christopher Nolan movie. Keep it simple. What are people afraid of? Poverty, loneliness, death. When people are afraid, they do things they wouldn't do otherwise. Tragedy ensues. Easy.

**Quotes:**

You shouldn't need me to do this for you, but here are some fundamental quotes about fear, just in case you didn't believe me that it's a prominent theme of the play. You now need to think through these and figure out to which paragraphs they could link.

Sue, Jim's wife, enters. She is rounding forty, an overweight woman who **fears** it.

Chris: He's welcome here. You've got nothing to **fear** from George.

Mother (a little **fearfully**) I mean if you told him that you want to pay for what you did.

Ann: (with pity and **fear**) Kate, please, please...

If I could have gone in that day I'd a told him... Junk 'em Steve, we can afford it. But alone he was **afraid**. But I know he meant no harm. He believed they'd hold up a hundred percent. That's a mistake, but it ain't murder.

Chris: Nobody's **afraid** of him here. Cut that out!

He speaks quietly, as though **afraid** to find himself screaming. An instant's hesitation and Chris steps up to him, hand extended, smiling.

George: Why, **afraid** you'll forget him?

Ann: (**afraid**) Of course I know.

George: (surging back at him) I'm not through now! (Back to Ann) Dad was **afraid**. He wanted Joe there if he was going to do it. But Joe can't come down... He's sick. Sick! He suddenly gets the flu! Suddenly! But he promised to take responsibility.

I'll settle it. Do you want to settle it, or are you **afraid** to?

George: Let me go up and talk to your father. In ten minutes you'll have the answer. Or are you **afraid** of the answer?

Chris: I'm not **afraid** of the answer. I know the answer. But my mother isn't well and I don't want a fight here now.

Keller: (**afraid** of him, his deadly insistence) What's the matter with you? What the hell is the matter with you?

Keller: I was **afraid** maybe...

Chris: You were **afraid** maybe! God in heaven, what kind of a man are you? Kids were hanging in the air by those heads. You knew that!

Keller: For you, a business for you!

Jim: Don't be **afraid**, Kate, I know. I've always known.

Mother: How?

Jim: It occurred to me a long time ago.

Mother: I don't know. I'm beginning to think we don't really know him. They say in the war he was such a killer. Here he was always **afraid** of mice. I don't know him. I don't know what he'll do.

Keller: Goddam, If Larry was alive he wouldn't act like this.

Chris: I don't want you to **worry** about it.

Chris: (noncommittally) Don't **worry** about Annie.

Chris: Absolutely, don't **worry** about it.

Sue: I'll give her one of everything. (on porch) Don't **worry** about Kate...

Mother: I'm waiting for Chris. Don't **worry** about me, Jim, I'm perfectly all right.

Ann: Can't **scare** me.



**4. (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Miller's presentation of women and domesticity here and elsewhere in the play.**

When answering the question you must deal with both women and domesticity. In the passage, what is it about Mother (the only woman in this passage) that is related to domesticity? And what does this mean for the play? How are women in the domestic setting used by Miller to create meaning?

You also need to make links to elsewhere in the play and other women so that you can prove that Miller's points are about *women* and so that your essay is not about *Mother*. Sue, Ann and Lydia all provide useful examples related to domesticity that would have helped you.

Sue – takes herbs from the Keller's garden during her first appearance, grounding her in domesticity. She persistently discusses money, highlighting her concern to safeguard the household. She has previously – before the play's action – forced her husband to compromise on his dream, extinguishing the star of his honesty, in order to pursue a stable family life with material comfort. She has the power to make Jim retreat to the domestic space, even when she's not on stage.

Ann – she wants to be a wife. She does not have a role in the traditional household currently. She buys her clothes instead of making them. She is not seen engaging in domestic work. What she does do is place Mother's cooking items under her seat – relegating the importance of domestic work, and indicating a dominance over Mother, which will play into the letter later on. Crucially, Ann's power comes from outside the domestic setting, and it is this external truth that overrides the narratives of the Keller household (Miller's point on societal responsibility). You could make a generational link here.

Lydia – she is the archetypal (perhaps stereotypical if you want to criticise Miller?) domestic woman. She is married with children. She makes her own clothes. She has material goods, which she cannot operate. You could make a point here about those affected or less affected by the war. She is in Ann's generation but her circumstances are different. She seems content with her lot. She, like Sue, has the ability to command her husband to retreat to the domestic space, without being present on stage.

**Possible (not exhaustive) paragraph ideas:**

1. By establishing domestic space as a female domain, Miller attempts to authentic the mise-en-scène of post-war American life.
2. Miller presents women to dominate the domestic space in order to enforce their own narrative on their families.
3. Miller presents a disparity between the women of different generations and the way in which they treat the notion of domesticity.
4. Miller uses the notion of past traumas to create a dichotomy between women in the play, specifically leading to conflicting motivations between Mother and Ann.
5. The safeguarding of domestic space by women in the play is an action employed by Miller to elucidate the pervasive fear of loss in the post-war community. (You see how the two questions can help each other if you're thinking lucidly.)
6. Miller creates a realist domestic setting in which women are seen to take control.
7. Having established such middle class domestic comfort, such a setting serves to dramatise and add poignancy to the tragedy that ensues when audiences observe that the women cannot restrict the family narrative to domestic concerns.

**Close Reading of the Passage**

**Bold text = meaningful**

**Red = very meaningful (check the online version if you're looking at a print version)**

	[MOTHER <b>appears on porch</b> . She is in her early <b>fifties</b> , a woman of <b>uncontrolled inspirations</b> and an <b>overwhelming</b> capacity for love.]	The image of 'appearing' is almost ethereal. And her <b>centrality</b> on the stage indicates her significance to this household. Characters are drawn 'toward' her, indicating her dominance.
MOTHER:	Joe?	<b>Staging</b> . Her <b>tone</b> is curt and her <b>speech</b> direct, instructional.
CHRIS:	[ <b>going toward porch</b> ] Hello, Mom.	Chris helps her retrieve the potatoes, signifying his deference to her.
MOTHER:	[ <i>indicating house behind her</i> . To KELLER] Did you <b>take</b> a bag from under the sink?	<b>Stage directions</b> .
KELLER:	Yeah, I put it in the pail.	
MOTHER:	<b>Well, get it out of the pail. That's my potatoes.</b> [CHRIS <i>bursts out laughing</i> . Goes up into alley.]	Keller's <b>dialogue</b> is steeped in monetary terminology.
KELLER:	[ <i>laughing</i> ] I thought it was garbage.	
MOTHER:	<b>Will you do me a favor, Joe? Don't be helpful.</b>	
KELLER:	I can <b>afford</b> another bag of potatoes.	
MOTHER:	Minnie scoured that pail in boiling water last night. It's cleaner than your teeth.	
KELLER:	And I don't understand why, after <b>I worked forty years</b> and I got a maid, why I have to take out the garbage.	
MOTHER:	If you would make up your mind that every back in the kitchen isn't full of garbage you wouldn't be throwing out my vegetables. <b>Last time it was the onions.</b> [CHRIS comes on, <b>hands her bag</b> .]	
KELLER:	<b>I don't like garbage in the house.</b>	<b>Metaphor</b> . The subtext is not about food.
MOTHER:	Then <b>don't eat</b> . [ <i>She goes into the kitchen with bag</i> ]	
CHRIS:	<b>That settles you for today.</b>	
KELLER:	Yeah, I'm in <b>last place again</b> . I don't know, once upon a time I used to think that when I got <b>money</b> again I would have a <b>maid</b> and <b>my wife</b> would take it easy. Now I got money, and I got a <b>maid</b> , and my <b>wife</b> is <b>workin'</b> for the maid. [ <i>He sits in one of the chairs</i> MOTHER comes out on last line. <b>She carries a pot of string beans</b> .]	Keller is 'again' in 'last place', <b>metaphorically</b> , connoting Mother's consistent dominance in the house. Again, Keller's <b>language</b> is related to finance, while Mother continues to do domestic work.
MOTHER:	It's her day off, what are you crabbing about?	Chris changes the subject. Indicating his aversion to <b>conflict</b> . Mother's 'preoccupied' demeanour hints at the <b>subtext</b> of emotional burden on her regarding her lost son and Joe's crime.
CHRIS:	[to MOTHER] Isn't Annie finished eating?	
MOTHER:	[ <i>looking around</i> <b>preoccupiedly</b> at yard] She'll be right out. [ <i>Moves</i> ] That wind did some job on this place. [ <i>Of the tree</i> ] So much for that, <b>thank God</b> .	She gives her thank[s] to a supernatural entity, <b>characterising</b> her faith in the intangible. Mother's insecurities manifest <b>physically</b> in pain.
KELLER:	[ <i>indicating chair beside him</i> ] Sit down, take it easy.	
MOTHER:	[ <i>pressing her hand to top of her head</i> ] I've got such a <b>funny pain</b> on the top of my head.	
CHRIS:	Can I get you an <b>aspirin</b> ?	

MOTHER: [*picks a few petals off ground, stands there smelling them in her hand, then sprinkles them over plants.*] No more roses. It's so funny... **everything decides to happen at the same time. This month is his birthday, his tree blows down, Annie comes. Everything that happened seems to be coming back. I was just down the cellar, and what do I stumble over? His baseball glove. I haven't seen it in a century.**

CHRIS: Don't you think Annie looks well?

MOTHER: Fine. There's no question about it. **She's a beauty...** I still don't know what brought her here. Not that I'm not glad to see her, but...

CHRIS: I just thought we'd all like to see each other again. [*MOTHER just looks at him, nodding ever so slightly, almost as though admitting something*] And I wanted to see her myself.

MOTHER: [*as her nods halt, to KELLER*] The only think is I think her **nose got longer.** But I'll always love that girl. She's one **that didn't jump into bed with somebody else as soon as it happened with her fella.**

KELLER: [*as though that were impossible for Annie*] Oh, what're you...

MOTHER: Never mind. Most of them didn't wait till the **telegrams** were opened. I'm just glad she came, so you can see I'm

**not completely out of my mind. [Sits, and rapidly breaks string beans in the pot]**

This is the crux of the passage. Mother's **action** is striking, as if scattering ashes, or mourning, and she talks for a long time uninterrupted about domesticity. **Language** is passive at times.. She is nostalgic and creating **symbolism** in simple domestic events. To ignore this part of the passage would be weird. Don't be weird.

Mother, as well as being 'preoccupied', 'admit[s]' something here – there is a **subtext** beneath the conversation. The domestic **conflict** between the characters hints at something much deeper.

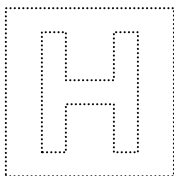
Mother's judgement about Ann changes once Chris confirms his interest.

Mother cannot address the presumed death directly in her speech. Her **dialogue** is **ambiguous.**

Mother **interrupts** Keller, again indicating her control of domestic subjects. Ironic, considering her 'uncontrolled' emotional character. **Stage directions.**

Her 'rapid' **movements** suggest anxiety.

Act 1



## **INNOVA JUNIOR COLLEGE**

JC2 Preliminary Examinations 2017

in preparation for General Certificate of Education Advanced Level  
Higher 1

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### **LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**8811/01**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**28 August 2017**

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

**3 hours**

Set texts may be taken into the examination room.

They may bear underlining or highlighting.

Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

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#### **READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your name and class on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer 3 questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.

At the end of the examination, fasten each essay separately.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

**You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.**

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This document consists of **6** printed pages and **0** blank pages.



## Section A

Answer one question from this section.

1

- Either (a)** The following poem by Jackie Kay (1961--) depicts the experience of a female migrant worker in contemporary England. Write a critical response considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

**Gasterbeiter<sup>1</sup>**

When she moved to the new country the trees were tall strangers, the light was the colour of metal and the air was diesel (although her words for these were different)	5
Till she learned the new tongue and spoke it like a faltering step wanting to please, <i>thank you</i> , nervous, crossing the road, eyes full of apologies, <i>excuse me please</i> , walking, quick, quick, to work	10
a sharp needle, the long swathes of material, long enough to wrap twice around the dead; a close family. The noise of the machine jabbering As the same cloth came back to her for Another stitch, the end of the story.	15
In a narrow house with her small children, she finished a fairytale she liked so well, poverty, teaching herself new words; Hansel, Gretel. At night her dreams were huge uninvited guests, folding white wraps for small children.	20
In one bed they all slept, rolled tight, a bandage on an open wound, <i>gaster<sup>2</sup>, bite her</i> ; sleep is always light when stars are the shapes of swastikas and the limbs of hate move clockwise. Late, late tonight she will hear	25
a soft terrifying sound, something will fall through the furious mouth. She will gather her children in her arms and jump as the house goes up, swearing behind her, where the grandmother, mother, daughter, <i>Tochter<sup>3</sup></i> , will be ghosts in another room.	30 35

<sup>1</sup> *Gasterbeiter*: Guest worker (German). A reference also to the migrant workers' programme during the 1950s to early 1970s to help rebuild post-war Germany.

<sup>2</sup> *Gaster*: derivative from the word "Gast", which means "guest" in German.

<sup>3</sup> *Tochter*: daughter (German).

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem by Hart Crane (1899-1932), considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

**My Grandmother's Love Letters**

There are no stars tonight  
 But those of memory.  
 Yet how much room for memory there is  
 In the loose girdle of soft rain. 5

There is even room enough  
 For the letters of my mother's mother,  
 Elizabeth,  
 That have been pressed so long  
 Into a corner of the roof 10  
 That they are brown and soft,  
 And liable to melt as snow.

Over the greatness of such space  
 Steps must be gentle.  
 It is all hung by an invisible white hair. 15  
 It trembles as birch limbs webbing the air.

And I ask myself:

"Are your fingers long enough to play  
 Old keys that are but echoes: 20  
 Is the silence strong enough  
 To carry back the music to its source  
 And back to you again  
 As though to her?"

Yet I would lead my grandmother by the hand 25  
 Through much of what she would not understand;  
 And so I stumble. And the rain continues on the roof  
 With such a sound of gently pitying laughter.

## Section B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

**Either (a)** ‘Ishiguro’s male characters have an extraordinary capacity to lie to themselves.’

To what extent is this your view of the male characters in *The Remains of the Day*?

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following extract, paying particular attention to the presentation of Miss Kenton’s moral convictions, here and elsewhere in the novel.

‘I was thinking earlier, Miss Kenton. It’s rather funny to remember now, but you know, only this time a year ago, you were still insisting you were going to resign. It rather amused me to think of it.’ I gave a laugh, but behind me Miss Kenton remained silent. When I finally turned to look at her, she was gazing through the glass at the great expanse of fog outside.

‘You probably have no idea, Mr Stevens,’ she said eventually, ‘how seriously I really thought of leaving this house. I felt so strongly about what happened. Had I been anyone worthy of any respect at all, I dare say I would have left Darlington Hall long ago.’ She paused for a while, and I turned my gaze back out to the poplar trees down in the distance. Then she continued in a tired voice: ‘It was cowardice, Mr Stevens. Simple cowardice. Where could I have gone? I have no family. Only my aunt. I love her dearly, but I can’t live with her for a day without feeling my whole life is wasting away. I did tell myself, of course, I would soon find myself some new situation. But I was so frightened, Mr Stevens. Whenever I thought of leaving, I just saw myself going out there and finding nobody who knew or cared about me. There’s that’s all my high principles amount to. I feel so ashamed of myself. But I just couldn’t leave, Mr Stevens, I just couldn’t bring myself to leave.’

Miss Kenton paused again and seemed to be deep in thought. I thus thought it opportune to relate at this point, as precisely as possible, what had taken place earlier between myself and Lord Darlington. I proceeded to do so and concluded by saying:

‘What’s done can hardly be undone. But it is a least a great comfort to hear his lordship declare so unequivocally that it was all a terrible misunderstanding. I just thought you’d like to know, Miss Kenton, since I recall you were as distressed by the episode as I was.’

‘I’m sorry, Mr Stevens,’ Miss Kenton said behind me in an entirely new voice, as though she had been jolted from a dream, ‘I don’t understand you.’ Then as I turned to her, she went on: ‘As I recall, you thought it was only right and proper that Ruth and Sarah be sent packing. You were positively cheerful about it.’

‘Now really, Miss Kenton, that is quite incorrect and unfair. The whole matter caused me great concern, great concern indeed. It is hardly the sort of thing I like to see happen in this house.’

‘Then why, Mr Stevens, did you not tell me so at the time?’

I gave a laugh, but for a moment was rather at a loss for an answer. Before I could formulate one, Miss Kenton put down her sewing and said:

‘Do you realize, Mr Stevens, how much it would have meant to me if you had thought to share your feelings last year? You knew how upset I was when my girls were dismissed. Do you realize how much it would have helped me? Why, Mr Stevens, why, why, why do you always have to *pretend*?’

I gave another laugh at the ridiculous turn the conversation had suddenly taken. ‘Really, Miss Kenton,’ I said, ‘I’m not sure I know what you mean. Pretend? Why, really . . .’

‘I suffered so much over Ruth and Sarah leaving us. And I suffered all the more because I believed I was alone.’

## Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

**Either (a)** In what ways, and with what effects does Arthur Miller present the human struggle between idealism and pragmatism in *All My Sons*.

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to Miller's portrayal of self-knowledge here and elsewhere in the play.

*Two o' clock the following morning, **Mother** is discovered on the rise, rocking ceaselessly in a chair, staring at her thoughts. It is an intense, slight sort of rocking. A light shows from upstairs bedroom, lower floor windows being dark. The moon is strong and casts its bluish light.*

*Presently **Jim**, dressed in jacket and hat, appears, and seeing her, goes up beside her.*

**Jim:** Any news?

**Mother:** No news.

**Jim:** (*gently*) You can't sit up all night, dear, why don't you go to bed?

**Mother:** I am waiting for Chris. Don't worry about me, Jim, I'm perfectly alright.

**Jim:** But it's almost two o' clock. 5

**Mother:** I can't sleep. (*Slight pause.*) You had an emergency?

**Jim:** (*tiredly*) Somebody had a headache and thought he was dying. (*Slight pause.*) Half of my patients are quite mad. Nobody realizes how many people are walking around loose, and they're cracked as coconuts. Money. Money – money – money – money. You say it long enough it doesn't mean anything. (*She smiles, makes a silent laugh.*) Oh, how I'd love to be around when that happens! 10

**Mother:** (*shaking her head*) You're so childish, Jim! Sometimes you are.

**Jim:** (*looks at her a moment*) Kate. (*Pause.*) What happened?

**Mother:** I told you. He had an argument with Joe. Then he got in the car and drove away. 15

**Jim:** What kind of an argument?

**Mother:** An argument, Joe . . . He was crying like a child, before.

**Jim:** They argued about Ann?

**Mother:** (*after slight hesitation*) No, not Ann. Imagine? (*Indicates lighted window above.*) She hasn't come out of that room since he left. All night in that room. 20

**Jim:** (*looks at the window, then at her*) What'd Joe do, tell him?

**Mother:** (*stops rocking*) Tell him what?

**Jim:** Don't be afraid, Kate. I know. I've always known.

**Mother:** How? 25

**Jim:** It occurred to me a long time ago.

**Mother:** I always had the feeling that in the back of his head, Chris . . . almost knew. I didn't think it would be such a shock.

**Jim:** (*gets up*) Chris would never know how to live with a thing like that. It takes a certain talent — for lying. You have it, and I do. But not him. 30

**Mother:** What do you mean . . . He's not coming back?

**Jim:** Oh no, he'll come back. We all come back, Kate. These private little revolutions always die. The compromise is always made. In a peculiar way, Frank is right – every man does have a star. The star of one's honesty. And you spend your life groping for it, but once it's out it never lights again. I don't think he went very far. He probably just wanted to be alone to watch his star go out. 35



- Mother:** Just as long as he comes back.
- Jim:** I wish he wouldn't, Kate. One year I simply took off, went to New Orleans; for two months I lived on bananas and milk, and studied a certain disease. It was beautiful. And then she came, and she cried. And I went back home with her. And now I live in the usual darkness; I can't find myself; it's even hard sometimes to remember the kind of man I wanted to be. I'm a good husband; Chris is a good son – he'll come back. 40
- Keller comes out on porch in dressing gown and slippers. He goes upstage – to alley. Jim goes to him.*
- Jim:** I have a feeling he's in the park. I'll look around for him. Put her to bed, Joe; this is no good for what she's got. (*Jim exits up driveway.*) 45
- Keller:** (*coming down*) What does he want here?
- Mother:** His friend is not at home.
- Keller:** (*comes down to her. His voice is husky*) I don't like him mixing in so much.
- Mother:** It's too late, Joe. He knows. 50
- Keller:** (*apprehensively*) How does he know?
- Mother:** He guessed a long time ago.
- Keller:** I don't like that.
- Mother:** (*laughs dangerously, quietly into the line*) What you don't like.
- Keller:** Yeah, what I don't like. 55
- Mother:** You can't bull yourself through this one, Joe, you better be smart now. This thing – this thing is not over yet.
- Keller:** (*indicating lighted window above*) And what is she doing up there? She don't come out of the room.
- Mother:** I don't know, what is she doing? Sit down, stop being mad. You want to live? You better figure out your life. 60
- Keller:** She don't know, does she?
- Mother:** She saw Chris storming out of here. It's one and one – she knows how to add.
- Keller:** Maybe I ought to talk to her?
- Mother:** Don't ask me, Joe. 65
- Keller:** (*almost an outburst*) Then who do I ask? But I don't think she'll do anything about it.
- Mother:** You're asking me again.
- Keller:** I'm askin' you. What am I, a stranger? I thought I had a family here. What happened to my family? 70
- Mother:** You've got a family. I'm simply telling you that I have no strength to think any more.
- Keller:** You have no strength. The minute there's trouble you have no strength.
- Mother:** Joe, you are doing the same thing again; all your life whenever there's trouble you yell at me and you think that settles it. 75
- Keller:** Then what do I do? Tell me, talk to me, what do I do?

ACT 3

End of Paper



# JURONG JUNIOR COLLEGE JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2017

CANDIDATE NAME		CLASS	
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## General Certificate of Education

### LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

H1 8811/1

#### Paper 1 Reading Literature

28 August 2017

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

3 hours

Set text may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of papers in the text (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

### READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name, civics class on all the work you hand in.  
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.  
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

### ANSWER BOTH QUESTIONS

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

Answer one question from each section.

At the end of the examination, fasten your responses and hand in Section 1, 2, 3 and the question paper together.

All the questions in this paper carry equal marks.

<b>Section 1</b>	<b>/25</b>	<b><u>Examiner's Remarks:</u></b>
<b>Section 2</b>	<b>/25</b>	
<b>Section 3</b>	<b>/25</b>	
<b>Total</b>	<b>/75</b>	

**SECTION 1**

- 1) Write a critical commentary of the poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's form, style and language.

**Invictus**

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.

William Ernest Henley (1849 – 1903)

## SECTION 2

John Webster: *The Duchess of Malfi*

Answer **one** of the following questions.

2a) “The tragedy of a virtuous woman who achieves heroism through her death.” To what extent is this comment applicable to the play, *The Duchess of Malfi*?

2b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, relating it to the portrayal of The Duchess, here and elsewhere in the play.

**DUCHESS.** Farewell, Cariola.

In my last will I have not much to give:

A many hungry guests have fed upon me;

Thine will be a poor reversion.

**CARIOLA.** I will die with her.

**DUCHESS.** I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy

Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl

Say her prayers ere she sleep.

[Cariola is forced out by the Executioners.]

Now what you please:

What death?

**BOSOLA.** Strangling; here are your executioners.

**DUCHESS.** I forgive them:

The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' th' lungs,

Would do as much as they do.

**BOSOLA.** Doth not death fright you?

**DUCHESS.** Who would be afraid on 't,

Knowing to meet such excellent company

In th' other world?

**BOSOLA.** Yet, methinks,

The manner of your death should much afflict you:

This cord should terrify you.

**DUCHESS.** Not a whit:

What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut

With diamonds? or to be smothered

With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?  
 I know death hath ten thousand several doors  
 For men to take their exits; and 'tis found  
 They go on such strange geometrical hinges,  
 You may open them both ways: any way, for heaven-sake,  
 So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers  
 That I perceive death, now I am well awake,  
 Best gift is they can give or I can take.  
 I would fain put off my last woman's-fault,  
 I'd not be tedious to you.

**FIRST EXECUTIONER.** We are ready.

**DUCHESS.** Dispose my breath how please you; but my body  
 Bestow upon my women, will you?

**FIRST EXECUTIONER.** Yes.

**DUCHESS.** Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength  
 Must pull down heaven upon me:--  
 Yet stay; heaven-gates are not so highly arch'd  
 As princes' palaces; they that enter there  
 Must go upon their knees [Kneels].--Come, violent death,  
 Serve for mandragora to make me sleep!--  
 Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,  
 They then may feed in quiet.  
 [They strangle her.]

Act IV, Scene I

## SECTION 3

Kazuo Ishiguro: *The Remains of the Day*

Answer **one** of the following questions.

- 3a) "The real story here is that of a man destroyed by the ideas upon which he has built his life." How applicable is this statement to the rest of the novel, *The Remains of the Day*?
- 3b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, relating it to the presentation of dignity, here and elsewhere in the novel.

That's right, sir,' Mr Harry Smith said, 'You could tell just watching him he was no gentleman. All right, he had a fine house and good suits, but somehow you just knew. And so it proved in good time.'

There was a murmur of agreement, and for a moment all present seemed to be considering whether or not it would be proper to divulge to me the tale concerning this local personage. Then Mr Taylor broke the silence by saying: That's true what Harry says. You can tell a true gentleman from a false one that's just dressed in finery. Take yourself, sir. It's not just the cut of your clothes, nor is it even the fine way you've got of speaking. There's something else that marks you out as a gentleman. Hard to put your finger on it, but it's plain for all to see that's got eyes.'

This brought more sounds of agreement around the table.

'Dr Carlisle's got it too,' Mr Taylor said. 'He's got it. He's a true gent, that one.'

Mr Morgan, who had said little since his arrival, bent forward and said to me:

'What do you suppose it is, sir? Maybe one that's got it can say better what it is. Here we are all talking about who's got it and who hasn't, and we're none the wiser about what we're talking about. Perhaps you could enlighten us a bit, sir.'

A silence fell around the table and I could sense all the faces turn to me. I gave a small cough and said:

'It is hardly for me to pronounce upon qualities I may or may not possess.

However, as far as this particular question is concerned, one would suspect that the quality being referred to might be most usefully termed "dignity".'

I saw little point in attempting to explain this statement further. Indeed, I had merely given voice to the thoughts running through my mind while listening to the preceding talk and it is doubtful I would have said such a thing had the situation not suddenly demanded it of me. My response, however, seemed to cause much satisfaction.

There's a lot of truth in what you say there, sir,' Mr Andrews said, nodding, and a number of other voices echoed this.

'That Mr Lindsay could certainly have done with a little more dignity,' Mrs Taylor said. 'The trouble with his sort is they mistake acting high and mighty for dignity.'

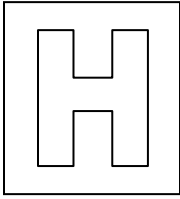
'Mind you,' put in Mr Harry Smith, 'with all respect for what you say, sir, it ought to be said. Dignity isn't just something gentlemen have. Dignity's something every man and woman in this country can strive for and get. 'You'll excuse me, sir, but like I said before, we don't stand on ceremony here when it comes to expressing opinions. And that's my opinion for what it's worth. Dignity's not just something for gentlemen.'

Day Three – Evening  
Moscombe, near Tavistock, Devon

Class Adm No

Candidate Name: \_\_\_\_\_

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## 2017 Preliminary Examination 2 Pre-University 2

**Literature in English  
Higher 1**

**8811/01**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

14 September 2017

3 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

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### READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name, class and index number on all the work you hand in.  
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.  
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.  
At the end of the examination, please fasten all sections securely together.  
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.  
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

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This question paper consists of 7 printed pages.

**[Turn over**



## Section A

1

- Either (a)** Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail, ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

## FOREIGN

Imagine living in a strange, dark city for twenty years.  
 There are some dismal dwellings on the east side  
 and one of them is yours. On the landing, you hear  
 your foreign accent echo down the stairs. You think  
 in a language of your own and talk in theirs. 5

Then you are writing home. The voice in your head  
 recites the letter in a local dialect; behind that  
 is the sound of your mother singing to you,  
 all that time ago, and now you do not know  
 why your eyes are watering and what's the word for this. 10

You use the public transport. Work. Sleep. Imagine one night  
 you saw a name for yourself sprayed in red  
 against a brick wall. A hate name. Red like blood.  
 It is snowing on the streets, under the neon lights,  
 as if this place were coming to bits before your eyes. 15

And in the delicatessen, from time to time, the coins  
 in your palm will not translate. Inarticulate,  
 because this is not home, you point at fruit. Imagine  
 that one of you says *Me not know what these people mean.*  
*It like they only go to bed and dream.* Imagine that. 20

Carol Ann Duffy (1955 - )

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail, ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

LEAVING THE GARDEN

Time to remember again  
 the last look my father gave the garden,  
 standing at the gate to take it all  
 and all he knew of it in  
 before being slowly eased into the car 5  
 for the hospital. Early March  
 daffodils are in raving bloom,  
 the untrimmed privet bush glistens,  
 and some hardy roses keep  
 nodding their heads at him as he goes. 10  
 He'll notice the dark finger-shapes  
 of a dozen slugs slithering  
 over grass, but says nothing,  
 letting it all fall behind him  
 like an early draft, a face 15  
 he loved but can't quite remember,  
 the way a swimmer lets the swell  
 take his body with it -- a detail  
 in that mighty rise and fall --  
 feeling its hugeness, its contained 20  
 violence and curious peace. So,  
 letting go his hold on where  
 things had to happen, my forsaking father  
 turns himself away  
 from this hedged-in small space 25  
 of hearty brightness that begins  
 to weather all over again  
 what the days do, coming and going.

Eamon Grennan (1941 - )

## Section B

### EDITH WHARTON: *The Age of Innocence*

2

**Either (a)** “Readers see characters and situations from Newland’s perspective and perceive the world through his experience.”

How far do you agree that Newland’s perspective is a complete one?

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following extract, paying special attention to the portrayal of Mrs Manson Mingott, here and elsewhere in the novel.

The old woman sat in a vast throne-like arm-chair near her bed. Beside her was a mahogany stand bearing a cast bronze lamp with an engraved globe, over which a green paper shade had been balanced. There was not a book or a newspaper in reach, nor any evidence of feminine employment: conversation had always been Mrs. Mingott's sole pursuit, and she would have scorned to feign an interest in fancywork. 5

Archer saw no trace of the slight distortion left by her stroke. She merely looked paler, with darker shadows in the folds and recesses of her obesity; and, in the fluted mob-cap tied by a starched bow between her first two chins, and the muslin kerchief crossed over her billowing purple dressing-gown, she seemed like some shrewd and kindly ancestress of her own who might have yielded too freely to the pleasures of the table. 10

She held out one of the little hands that nestled in a hollow of her huge lap like pet animals, and called to the maid: "Don't let in any one else. If my daughters call, say I'm asleep." 15

The maid disappeared, and the old lady turned to her grandson.

"My dear, am I perfectly hideous?" she asked gaily, launching out one hand in search of the folds of muslin on her inaccessible bosom. "My daughters tell me it doesn't matter at my age—as if hideousness didn't matter all the more the harder it gets to conceal!" 20

"My dear, you're handsomer than ever!" Archer rejoined in the same tone; and she threw back her head and laughed.

"Ah, but not as handsome as Ellen!" she jerked out, twinkling at him maliciously; and before he could answer she added: "Was she so awfully handsome the day you drove her up from the ferry?" 25

He laughed, and she continued: "Was it because you told her so that she had to put you out on the way? In my youth young men didn't desert pretty women unless they were made to!" She gave another chuckle, and interrupted it to say almost querulously: "It's a pity she didn't marry you; I always told her so. It would have spared me all this worry. But who ever thought of sparing their grandmother worry?" 30

Archer wondered if her illness had blurred her faculties; but suddenly she broke out: "Well, it's settled, anyhow: she's going to stay with me, whatever the rest of the family say! She hadn't been here five minutes before I'd have gone down on my knees to keep her—if only, for the last twenty years, I'd been able to see where the floor was!" 35

Archer listened in silence, and she went on: "They'd talked me over, as no doubt you know: persuaded me, Lovell, and Letterblair, and Augusta Welland, and

all the rest of them, that I must hold out and cut off her allowance, till she was made to see that it was her duty to go back to Olenski. They thought they'd convinced me when the secretary, or whatever he was, came out with the last proposals: handsome proposals I confess they were. After all, marriage is marriage, and money's money—both useful things in their way ... and I didn't know what to answer—" She broke off and drew a long breath, as if speaking had become an effort. "But the minute I laid eyes on her, I said: 'You sweet bird, you! Shut you up in that cage again? Never!' And now it's settled that she's to stay here and nurse her Granny as long as there's a Granny to nurse. It's not a gay prospect, but she doesn't mind; and of course I've told Letterblair that she's to be given her proper allowance."

The young man heard her with veins aglow; but in his confusion of mind he hardly knew whether her news brought joy or pain. He had so definitely decided on the course he meant to pursue that for the moment he could not readjust his thoughts. But gradually there stole over him the delicious sense of difficulties deferred and opportunities miraculously provided. If Ellen had consented to come and live with her grandmother it must surely be because she had recognised the impossibility of giving him up. This was her answer to his final appeal of the other day: if she would not take the extreme step he had urged, she had at last yielded to half-measures. He sank back into the thought with the involuntary relief of a man who has been ready to risk everything, and suddenly tastes the dangerous sweetness of security.

Chapter 30

## Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

Either (a) In what ways and to what effects, has the past been explored in the play?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, paying particular attention the portrayal of women, here and elsewhere in the play.

Chris:	Look. [ <i>He holds out his hand and makes it shake.</i> ] Let me know when George gets here. [ <i>He goes into the house. Ann moves aimlessly, and then is drawn toward tree stump. She goes to it, hesitantly touches broken top in the hush of her thoughts. Offstage Lydia calls, "Johnny! Come get your supper!" Sue enters, and halts, seeing Ann.</i> ]	5
Sue:	Is my husband...?	
Ann:	[ <i>turns, startled</i> ] Oh!	
Sue:	I'm terribly sorry.	
Ann:	It's all right, I ... I'm just a little silly about the dark.	
Sue:	[ <i>looks about</i> ] It's getting dark.	10
Ann:	Are you looking for your husband?	
Sue:	As usual. [ <i>Laughs tiredly</i> ] He spends so much time here, they'll be charging him rent.	
Ann:	Nobody was dressed so he drove over to the depot to pick up my brother.	15
Sue:	Oh, your brother's in?	
Ann:	Yeah, they ought to be here any minute now. Will you have a cold drink?	
Sue:	I will, thanks. [ <i>Ann goes to table and pours.</i> ] My husband. Too hot to drive me to the beach. Men are like little boys... for the neighbors they'll always cut the grass.	20
Ann:	People like to do things for the Kellers. Been that way since I can remember.	
Sue:	It's amazing. I guess your brother's coming to give you away, heh?	
Ann:	[ <i>giving her drink</i> ] I don't know. I suppose.	25
Sue:	You must be all nerved up.	
Ann:	It's always a problem getting yourself married, isn't it?	
Sue:	That depends on your shape, of course. I don't see why you should have had a problem.	
Ann:	I've had chances—	30
Sue:	I'll bet. It's romantic... It's very unusual to me, marrying the brother of your sweetheart.	
Ann:	I don't know. I think it's mostly that whenever I need somebody to tell me the truth I've always thought of Chris. When he tells you something you know it's so. He relaxes me.	35
Sue:	And he's got money. That's important, you know.	
Ann:	It wouldn't matter to me.	
Sue:	You'd be surprised. It makes all the difference. I married an interne. On my salary. And that was bad, because as soon as a woman supports a man he owes her something. You can never owe somebody without resenting them. [ <i>Ann laughs.</i> ] That's true, you know.	40

*Ann:* Underneath, I think the doctor is very devoted.  
*Sue:* Oh, certainly. But it's bad when a man always sees the bars in front of him. Jim thinks he's in jail all the time.

*Ann:* Oh... 45  
*Sue:* That's why I've been intending to ask you a small favor, Ann... It's something very important to me.

*Ann:* Certainly, if I can do it.  
*Sue:* You can. When you take up housekeeping, try to find a place away from here. 50

*Ann:* Are you fooling?  
*Sue:* I'm very serious. My husband is unhappy with Chris around.  
*Ann:* How is that?  
*Sue:* Jim's a successful doctor. But he's got an idea he'd like to do medical research. Discover things. You see? 55

*Ann:* Well, isn't that good?  
*Sue:* Research pays twenty-five dollars a week minus laundering the hair shirt. You've got to give up your life to go into it.

Act 2

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MERIDIAN JUNIOR COLLEGE  
JC2 Preliminary Examination  
Higher 1

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**H1 LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**8811/01**

Paper 1: Reading Literature

13 September 2017

**3 Hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting.

Any kind of folding or flagging of papers in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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This document consists of 8 printed pages and 1 blank page.

<b><i>Candidates must fill in this section</i></b>		<b><i>Examiner's Use only</i></b>	
<b><i>Name</i></b>		<b><i>Question No.</i></b>	<b><i>Total Score</i></b>
		1 ( )	<b>25</b>
		2 ( )	<b>25</b>
<b><i>Registration No.</i></b>	<b><i>Class</i></b>	3 ( )	<b>25</b>
		<b>TOTAL:</b>	<b>75</b>



## SECTION A

## UNSEEN POETRY

Answer one question in this section

1

- EITHER (a) Write a critical commentary on the following poem paying close attention to the ways in which your response is shaped by the poet's language, style and form.**

The Armadillo  
for Robert Lowell

This is the time of year  
when almost every night  
the frail, illegal fire balloons appear.  
Climbing the mountain height,

rising toward a saint  
still honored in these parts,  
the paper chambers flush and fill with light  
that comes and goes, like hearts.

5

Once up against the sky it's hard  
to tell them from the stars—  
planets, that is—the tinted ones:  
Venus going down, or Mars,

10

or the pale green one. With a wind,  
they flare and falter, wobble and toss;  
but if it's still they steer between  
the kite sticks of the Southern Cross,

15

receding, dwindling, solemnly  
and steadily forsaking us,  
or, in the downdraft from a peak,  
suddenly turning dangerous.

20

Last night another big one fell.  
It splattered like an egg of fire  
against the cliff behind the house.  
The flame ran down. We saw the pair

of owls who nest there flying up  
and up, their whirling black-and-white  
stained bright pink underneath, until  
they shrieked up out of sight.

25

The ancient owls' nest must have burned.  
Hastily, all alone, 30  
a glistening armadillo left the scene,  
rose-flecked, head down, tail down,

and then a baby rabbit jumped out,  
*short*-eared, to our surprise.  
So soft!—a handful of intangible ash 35  
with fixed, ignited eyes.

*Too pretty, dreamlike mimicry!*  
*O falling fire and piercing cry*  
*and panic, and a weak mailed fist*  
*clenched ignorant against the sky!* 40

Elizabeth Bishop (1911 - 1979)

OR

- (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem paying close attention to the ways in which your response is shaped by the poet's language, style and form.

Memoirs of a Mad Cook

There's no point kidding myself any longer,  
 I just can't get the knack of it ; I suspect  
 there's a secret society which meets  
 in dark cafeterias to pass on the art  
 from one member to another. 5

Besides,  
 It's so *personal* preparing food for someone's  
 insides, what can I possibly *know*  
 about someone's insides, how can I presume  
 to invade your blood? 10

I'll try, God knows I'll try  
 but if anyone watches me I'll *scream*  
 because maybe I'm handling a tomato wrong,  
 how can I *know* if I'm handling a tomato wrong?

*something is eating away at me* 15  
*with splendid teeth*

Wistfully I stand in my difficult kitchen  
 and imagine the fantastic salads and soufflés  
 that will never be.  
 Everyone seems to grow thin with me 20  
 and their eyes grow black as hunters' eyes  
 and search my face for sustenance.  
 All my friends are dying of hunger,  
 there is some basic dish I cannot offer,  
 and you my love are almost as lean 25  
 as the splendid wolf I must keep always  
 at my door.

Gwendolyn McEwan (1941 - 1987)

[Turn over

## Section B

EDITH WHARTON: *The Age of Innocence*

2

- EITHER (a)** 'Countess Olenska is the disturbing element in this otherwise happy state of things.' To what extent is this an accurate portrayal of circumstances in the novel?
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of the Beauforts here and elsewhere in the novel.

It invariably happened in the same way.

Mrs. Julius Beaufort, on the night of her annual ball, never failed to appear at the Opera; indeed, she always gave her ball on an Opera night in order to emphasise her complete superiority to household cares, and her possession of a staff of servants competent to organise every detail of the entertainment in her absence.

5

The Beauforts' house was one of the few in New York that possessed a ball-room (it antedated even Mrs. Manson Mingott's and the Headly Chiverses'); and at a time when it was beginning to be thought "provincial" to put a "crash" over the drawing-room floor and move the furniture upstairs, the possession of a ball-room that was used for no other purpose, and left for three-hundred-and-sixty-four days of the year to shuttered darkness, with its gilt chairs stacked in a corner and its chandelier in a bag; this undoubted superiority was felt to compensate for whatever was regrettable in the Beaufort past.

10

Mrs. Archer, who was fond of coining her social philosophy into axioms, had once said: "We all have our pet common people—" and though the phrase was a daring one, its truth was secretly admitted in many an exclusive bosom. But the Beauforts were not exactly common; some people said they were even worse. Mrs. Beaufort belonged indeed to one of America's most honoured families; she had been the lovely Regina Dallas (of the South Carolina branch), a penniless beauty introduced to New York society by her cousin, the imprudent Medora Manson, who was always doing the wrong thing from the right motive. When one was related to the Mansons and the Rushworths one had a "droit de cite" (as Mr. Sillerton Jackson, who had frequented the Tuileries, called it) in New York society; but did one not forfeit it in marrying Julius Beaufort?

15

20

The question was: who was Beaufort? He passed for an Englishman, was agreeable, handsome, ill-tempered, hospitable and witty. He had come to America with letters of recommendation from old Mrs. Manson Mingott's English son-in-law, the banker, and had speedily made himself an important position in the world of affairs; but his habits were dissipated, his tongue was bitter, his antecedents were mysterious; and when Medora Manson announced her cousin's engagement to him it was felt to be one more act of folly in poor Medora's long record of imprudences.

25

30

But folly is as often justified of her children as wisdom, and two years after young Mrs. Beaufort's marriage it was admitted that she had the most distinguished house in New York. No one knew exactly how the miracle was accomplished. She was indolent, passive, the caustic even called her dull; but dressed like an idol, hung with pearls, growing younger and blonder and more beautiful each year, she throned in Mr. Beaufort's heavy brown-stone palace, and drew all the world there without lifting her jewelled little finger. The knowing people said it was Beaufort himself who trained the servants, taught the chef new dishes, told the gardeners what hot-house flowers to grow for the dinner-table and the drawing-rooms, selected the guests, brewed the after-dinner punch and dictated the little notes his wife wrote to her friends. If he did, these domestic activities were privately performed, and he presented to the world the appearance of a careless and hospitable millionaire strolling into his own drawing-room with the detachment of an invited guest, and saying: "My wife's gloxinias are a marvel, aren't they? I believe she gets them out from Kew."

### Chapter 3

## Section C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

3

**EITHER (a)** Discuss the significance of disguise in *Hamlet*.

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage relating it to the dramatic presentation of madness here and elsewhere in the play.

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

I will not speak with her.

**Gentleman**

She is importunate, indeed distract:  
Her mood will needs be pitied.

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

What would she have?

**Gentleman**

She speaks much of her father; says she hears 5

There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;

Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,

That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to collection; they aim at it, 10

And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;

Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures

yield them,

Indeed would make one think there might be thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily. 15

**HORATIO**

'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

Let her come in. *[Exit Gentleman]*

*Enter Ophelia*

*[aside]* To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,

Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss: 20

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,

It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

**OPHELIA**

Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

How now, Ophelia!

**OPHELIA***Sings*

How should I your true love know 25  
 From another one?  
 By his cockle hat and staff,  
 And his sandal shoon.

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

**OPHELIA**

Say you? nay, pray you, mark. 30

*Sings*

He is dead and gone, lady,  
 He is dead and gone;  
 At his head a grass-green turf,  
 At his heels a stone.

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

Nay, but, Ophelia,-- 35

**OPHELIA**

Pray you, mark.

*Sings***Act 4 Scene 5****End of Paper**

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**NANYANG JUNIOR COLLEGE  
PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION  
2017**

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**8811/01**

**Wednesday, 13 September 2017**

**3 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your CT and name on all the work you hand in.  
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.  
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.  
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

Please begin each question on a fresh sheet of paper.  
At the end of the examination, fasten your work according to sections.  
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

## SECTION A

1

**Either (a)** Write a critical commentary on the following poem, paying close attention to ways in which your response is shaped by the poet's language, style and form.

### Cold Knap Lake<sup>1</sup>

We once watched a crowd  
pull a drowned child from the lake.  
Blue lipped and dressed in water's long green silk  
she lay for dead.

Then kneeling on the earth, 5  
a heroine, her red head bowed,  
her wartime cotton frock soaked,  
my mother gave a stranger's child her breath.  
The crowd stood silent,  
drawn by the dread of it. 10

The child breathed, bleating  
and rosy in my mother's hands.  
My father took her home to a poor house  
and watched her thrashed for almost drowning.

Was I there? 15  
Or is that troubled surface something else  
shadowy under the dipped fingers of willows  
where satiny mud blooms in cloudiness  
after the treading, heavy webs of swans  
as their wings beat and whistle on the air? 20

All lost things lie under closing water  
in that lake with the poor man's daughter.

Gillian Clarke (1937- Present)

<sup>1</sup> Knap Lake - Large artificial lake, located in a park, Barry, South Wales, United Kingdom

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following poem, paying close attention to ways in which your response is shaped by the poet's language, style and form.

**somewhere i have never travelled, gladly beyond**

somewhere i have never travelled,gladly beyond  
any experience,your eyes have their silence:  
in your most frail gesture are things which enclose me,  
or which i cannot touch because they are too near

your slightest look easily will unclothe me 5  
though i have closed myself as fingers,  
you open always petal by petal myself as Spring opens  
(touching skilfully,mysteriously)her first rose

or if your wish be to close me,i and 10  
my life will shut very beautifully,suddenly,  
as when the heart of this flower imagines  
the snow carefully everywhere descending;

nothing which we are to perceive in this world equals  
the power of your intense fragility:whose texture  
compels me with the colour of its countries, 15  
rendering death and forever with each breathing

(i do not know what it is about you that closes  
and opens;only something in me understands  
the voice of your eyes is deeper than all roses)  
nobody,not even the rain,has such small hands 20

e.e. cummings (1894-1962)

SECTION B

JANE AUSTEN: *Mansfield Park*

2

**Either (a)** "Neither woman is perfect; each needs to learn something from the other." (Pam Perkins)

How far would you agree with this comment about Mary Crawford and Fanny Price?

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of rivalry, here and elsewhere in the novel.

Happy Julia! Unhappy Maria! The former was on the barouche-box in a moment, the latter took her seat within, in gloom and mortification; and the carriage drove off amid the good wishes of the two remaining ladies, and the barking of Pug in his mistress's arms.

Their road was through a pleasant country; and Fanny, whose rides had never been extensive, was soon beyond her knowledge, and was very happy in observing all that was new, and admiring all that was pretty. She was not often invited to join in the conversation of the others, nor did she desire it. Her own thoughts and reflections were habitually her best companions; and, in observing the appearance of the country, the bearings of the roads, the difference of soil, the state of the harvest, the cottages, the cattle, the children, she found entertainment that could only have been heightened by having Edmund to speak to of what she felt. That was the only point of resemblance between her and the lady who sat by her: in everything but a value for Edmund, Miss Crawford was very unlike her. She had none of Fanny's delicacy of taste, of mind, of feeling; she saw Nature, inanimate Nature, with little observation; her attention was all for men and women, her talents for the light and lively. In looking back after Edmund, however, when there was any stretch of road behind them, or when he gained on them in ascending a considerable hill, they were united, and a "there he is" broke at the same moment from them both, more than once.

For the first seven miles Miss Bertram had very little real comfort: her prospect always ended in Mr. Crawford and her sister sitting side by side, full of conversation and merriment; and to see only his expressive profile as he turned with a smile to Julia, or to catch the laugh of the other, was a perpetual source of irritation, which her own sense of propriety could but just smooth over. When Julia looked back, it was with a countenance of delight, and whenever she spoke to them, it was in the highest spirits: "her view of the country was charming, she wished they could all see it," etc.; but her only offer of exchange was addressed to Miss Crawford, as they gained the summit of a long hill, and was not more inviting than this: "Here is a fine burst of country. I wish you had my seat, but I dare say you will not take it, let me press you ever so much;" and Miss Crawford could hardly answer before they were moving again at a good pace.

When they came within the influence of Sotherton associations, it was better for Miss Bertram, who might be said to have two strings to her bow. She had Rushworth feelings, and Crawford feelings, and in the vicinity of Sotherton the former had considerable effect. Mr. Rushworth's consequence was hers. She could not tell Miss Crawford that "those woods belonged to Sotherton," she could not carelessly observe that "she believed that it was

now all Mr. Rushworth's property on each side of the road," without elation of heart; and it was a pleasure to increase with their approach to the capital freehold mansion, and ancient manorial residence of the family, with all its rights of court-leet and court-baron.

"Now we shall have no more rough road, Miss Crawford; our difficulties are over. The rest of the way is such as it ought to be. Mr. Rushworth has made it since he succeeded to the estate. Here begins the village. Those cottages are really a disgrace. The church spire is reckoned remarkably handsome. I am glad the church is not so close to the great house as often happens in old places. The annoyance of the bells must be terrible. There is the parsonage: a tidy-looking house, and I understand the clergyman and his wife are very decent people. Those are almshouses, built by some of the family. To the right is the steward's house; he is a very respectable man. Now we are coming to the lodge-gates; but we have nearly a mile through the park still. It is not ugly, you see, at this end; there is some fine timber, but the situation of the house is dreadful. We go down hill to it for half a mile, and it is a pity, for it would not be an ill-looking place if it had a better approach."

Miss Crawford was not slow to admire; she pretty well guessed Miss Bertram's feelings, and made it a point of honour to promote her enjoyment to the utmost. Mrs. Norris was all delight and volubility; and even Fanny had something to say in admiration, and might be heard with complacency. Her eye was eagerly taking in everything within her reach; and after being at some pains to get a view of the house, and observing that "it was a sort of building which she could not look at but with respect," she added, "Now, where is the avenue? The house fronts the east, I perceive. The avenue, therefore, must be at the back of it. Mr. Rushworth talked of the west front."

"Yes, it is exactly behind the house; begins at a little distance, and ascends for half a mile to the extremity of the grounds. You may see something of it here—something of the more distant trees. It is oak entirely."

Miss Bertram could now speak with decided information of what she had known nothing about when Mr. Rushworth had asked her opinion; and her spirits were in as happy a flutter as vanity and pride could furnish, when they drove up to the spacious stone steps before the principal entrance.

Chapter 8

## Section C

### WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

3

Either (a) “There are no heroes in this play, only villains.”

How far do you agree with this comment on *Hamlet*?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the portrayal of Ophelia, here and elsewhere in the play.

GERTRUDE I will not speak with her.  
HORATIO She is importunate,  
Indeed distract. Her mood will needs be pitied.  
GERTRUDE What would she have?  
HORATIO She speaks much of her father, says she hears 5  
There's tricks i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,  
Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt  
That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing;  
Yet the unshapèd use of it doth move  
The hearers to collection. They aim at it, 10  
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,  
Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,  
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,  
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.  
GERTRUDE 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew 15  
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.  
Let her come in.

*[Horatio moves to the rear of the stage to admit Ophelia]*

(*Aside*) To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss.  
So full of artless jealousy is guilt, 20  
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

*Enter Ophelia playing on a lute, and her hair down, singing*

OPHELIA Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?  
GERTRUDE How now, Ophelia?  
OPHELIA (*sings*) How should I your true love know 25  
From another one?  
By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoon.  
GERTRUDE Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?  
OPHELIA Say you? Nay, pray you, mark.  
(*She sings*)  
He is dead and gone, lady, 30  
He is dead and gone,  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone.  
*She sighs*  
GERTRUDE Nay, but, Ophelia—

**OPHELIA** Pray you, mark. 35  
*(She sings)*  
 White his shroud as the mountain snow—

*Enter Claudius*

**GERTRUDE** Alas, look here, my lord.  
**OPHELIA** *(sings)*

Larded with sweet flowers,  
 Which bewept to the grave did not go  
 With true-love showers. 40

**CLAUDIUS** How do you, pretty lady?  
**OPHELIA** Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's  
 daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not  
 what we may be. God be at your table!

**CLAUDIUS** Conceit upon her father. 45  
**OPHELIA** Pray you let's have no words of this. But when  
 they ask you what it means, say you this:  
*(She sings)*

'Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,  
 All in the morning betime,  
 And I a maid at your window, 50  
 To be your Valentine.'  
 Then up he rose, and donned his clothes,  
 And duffed the chamber-door;  
 Let in the maid, that out a maid  
 Never departed more. 55

**CLAUDIUS** Pretty Ophelia—  
**OPHELIA** Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.  
*(She sings)*

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,  
 Alack, and fie for shame!  
 Young men will do't, if they come to't, 60  
 By Cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she 'Before you tumbled me,  
 You promised me to wed.'  
 'So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,  
 An thou hadst not come to my bed.' 65

**CLAUDIUS** How long hath she been thus?  
**OPHELIA** I hope all will be well. We must be patient. But I  
 cannot choose but weep to think they should lay him i'th'  
 cold ground. My brother shall know of it. And so I thank  
 you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, 70  
 ladies. Good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

Act 4, Scene 5

**END OF PAPER**



PIONEER JUNIOR COLLEGE  
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**8811/01**

**Higher 1**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

12 September 2017

Only the set texts *The Duchess of Malfi* and *The Age of Innocence* may be taken into the examination room.

It may bear underlining or highlighting.

Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in the text (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

Additional materials: Writing Paper

**3 Hours**

**Candidate's Name:** \_\_\_\_\_ **CT Group:** \_\_\_\_\_

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your statutory name and CT group at the top of every sheet of answer paper used.

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

Answer three questions, one from each of Sections A, B & C.

Begin each section on a fresh sheet of paper.

At the end of the examination, fasten all answer scripts securely together.

Submit question paper separately.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

This question paper consists of **7** printed pages.



**SECTION A**  
**READING POETRY**

1

**Either (a)**

Write a critical commentary on the following poem, paying close attention to ways in which your response is shaped by the poet's language, style and form.

ELEGY FOR THE GIANT TORTOISES

Let others pray for the passenger pigeon  
the dodo, the whooping crane, the eskimo:  
everyone must specialize

I will confine myself to a meditation  
upon the giant tortoises 5  
withering finally on a remote island.

I concentrate in subway stations,  
in parks, I can't quite see them,  
they move to the peripheries of my eyes

but on the last day they will be there; 10  
already the event  
like a wave travelling shapes vision:

on the road where I stand they will materialize  
plodding past me in a straggling line 15  
awkward without water

their small heads pondering  
from side to side, their useless armour  
sadder than tanks and history,

in their closed gaze ocean and sunlight paralysed 20  
lumbering up the steps, under the archways  
toward the square glass altars

where the brittle gods are kept,  
the relics of what we have destroyed,  
our holy and obsolete symbols.

Margaret Atwood (1939- )

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, paying close attention to ways in which your response is shaped by the poet's language, style and form.

CRUCIFIXION OF THE SKYSCRAPER

Men took the skyscraper  
 And nailed it to the rock. Each nerve and vein  
 Were searched by iron hammers. Hour on hour,  
 The bolts were riveted tighter. Steel and stone  
 Did what they could to quench the fiery core 5  
 That blaze within. Till when the work was done,  
 Solid as sepulchre<sup>1</sup>, square-rooted to the rock,  
 The skyscraper, a well polished tomb of hope,  
 Guarded by busy throngs of acolytes<sup>2</sup>,  
 Shouldered aside the sun. Within its walls 10  
 Men laid a little gold.  
 But yet not dead  
 However long battered by furious life,  
 However buried under tons of frozen weight  
 That structure was. At night when crowds no more 15  
 Jostled its angles, but the weary streets  
 Of a worn planet stared out at the stars;  
 Its towering strength grown ghostly, pure, remote,  
 Lone on the velvety night in flights of gold  
 The tower rose. The skyscraper dripped light. 20

John Gould Fletcher (1886-1950)

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<sup>1</sup> Sepulchre: A stone structure where someone is buried.

<sup>2</sup> Acolyte: Anyone who follows or helps another person, or someone who helps a priest in some religious ceremonies.

## Section B

EDITH WHARTON: *The Age of Innocence*

2

**Either (a)** Discuss the significance of social organisation in *The Age of Innocence*.

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying attention to significance of propriety here and elsewhere in the novel.

The subject which had called forth Mr. Sillerton Jackson's favourite allusion had been brought up (Archer fancied not without intention) by their hostess. The Beaufort failure, or rather the Beaufort attitude since the failure, was still a fruitful theme for the drawing-room moralist; and after it had been thoroughly examined and condemned Mrs. van der Luyden had turned her scrupulous eyes on May Archer. 5

"Is it possible, dear, that what I hear is true? I was told your Grandmother Mingott's carriage was seen standing at Mrs. Beaufort's door." It was noticeable that she no longer called the offending lady by her Christian name. 10

May's colour rose, and Mrs. Archer put in hastily: "If it was, I'm convinced it was there without Mrs. Mingott's knowledge."

"Ah, you think--?" Mrs. van der Luyden paused, sighed, and glanced at her husband.

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"I hope, dear Sillerton," said Mrs. Archer, "you are not suggesting that we should adopt such standards?"

"I never suggest," returned Mr. Jackson imperturbably. "But Madame Olenska's foreign bringing-up may make her less particular--" 30

"Ah," the two elder ladies sighed.

"Still, to have kept her grandmother's carriage at a defaulter's door!" Mr. van der Luyden protested; and Archer guessed that he was remembering, and resenting, the hampers of carnations he had sent to the little house in Twenty-third Street. 35

"Of course I've always said that she looks at things quite differently," Mrs. Archer summed up.

A flush rose to May's forehead. She looked across the table at her husband, and said precipitately: "I'm sure Ellen meant it kindly." 40

"Imprudent people are often kind," said Mrs. Archer, as if the fact were scarcely an extenuation; and Mrs. van der Luyden murmured: "If only she had consulted someone-"

"Ah, that she never did!" Mrs. Archer rejoined.

At this point Mr. van der Luyden glanced at his wife, who bent her head slightly in the direction of Mrs. Archer; and the glimmering trains of the three ladies swept out of the door while the gentlemen settled down to their cigars. Mr. van der Luyden supplied short ones on Opera nights; but they were so good that they made his guests deplore his inexorable punctuality. 50

Book 2 Chapter 32

## Section C

JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi*

3

**Either (a)** 'The play offers no solution to the problem of how to survive in a ruthless world.'

To what extent do you agree with this comment?

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following extract, relating it to Webster's use of setting here and elsewhere in the play.

[Enter] TWO PILGRIMS to the *Shrine of Our Lady of Loretto*

FIRST PILGRIM	I have not seen a goodlier shrine than this, Yet I have visited many.	
SECOND PILGRIM	The Cardinal of Aragon Is this day to resign his cardinal's hat. His sister duchess likewise is arrived To pay her vow of pilgrimage. I expect A noble ceremony.	5
FIRST PILGRIM	No question.--They come.	
	<i>Here the ceremony of the CARDINAL's instalment in the habit of a soldier performed in delivering his cross, hat, robes and ring at the shrine, and investing him with sword, helmet, shield and spurs. Then ANTONIO, the DUCHESS and their Children, having presented themselves at the shrine, are, (by a form of banishment in dumb-show expressed towards them by the Cardinal and the state of Ancona), banished. During all which ceremony, this ditty is sung to very solemn music by diverse churchmen, and then exuent.</i>	10
	Arms and honours deck thy story, To thy fame's eternal glory! Adverse fortune ever fly thee; No disastrous fate come nigh thee!	20
	I alone will sing thy praises, Whom to honour virtue raises, And thy study, that divine is, Bent to martial discipline is, Lay aside all those robes lie by thee; Crown thy arts with arms, they 'll beautify thee.	25
	O worthy of worthiest name, adorn'd in this manner, Lead bravely thy forces on under war's warlike banner! O, mayst thou prove fortunate in all martial courses! Guide thou still by skill in arts and forces! Victory attend thee nigh, whilst fame sings loud thy powers; Triumphant conquest crown thy head, and blessings pour down showers!	30

FIRST PILGRIM	Here's a strange turn of state! Who would have thought So great a lady would have matched herself Unto so mean a person? Yet the Cardinal Bears himself much too cruel.	35
SECOND PILGRIM	They are banished.	
FIRST PILGRIM	But I would ask what power hath this state Of Ancona to determine of a free prince?	40
SECOND PILGRIM	They are a free state, sir, and her brother showed How that the Pope, forehearing of her looseness, Hath seized into th' protection of the church The dukedom, which she held as dowager.	45
FIRST PILGRIM	But by what justice?	
SECOND PILGRIM	Sure, I think by none – Only her brother's instigation	
FIRST PILGRIM	What was it with such violence he took Off from her finger?	50
SECOND PILGRIM	'Twas her wedding ring, Which he vowed shortly he would sacrifice To his revenge.	
FIRST PILGRIM	Alas, Antonio! If that a man be thrust into a well, No matter who sets hand to't, his own weight Will bring him sooner to th' bottom. Come, let's hence. Fortune makes this conclusion general: 'All things do help th'unhappy man to fall.'	55
	<i>[Exeunt]</i>	60

Act 3 Scene 4

**END OF PAPER**

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PIONEER JUNIOR COLLEGE  
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/01**

**Higher 2**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

12 September 2017

Only the set texts *The Duchess of Malfi* and *The Age of Innocence* may be taken into the examination room.

It may bear underlining or highlighting.

Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in the text (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

Additional materials: Writing Paper

**3 Hours**

**Candidate's Name:** \_\_\_\_\_ **CT Group:** \_\_\_\_\_

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your statutory name and CT group at the top of every sheet of answer paper used.

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

Answer three questions, one from each of Sections A, B & C.

Begin each section on a fresh sheet of paper.

At the end of the examination, fasten all answer scripts securely together.

Submit question paper separately.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

This question paper consists of **7** printed pages.



## Section A

1

- Either (a)** Write a critical comparison on the following poems, *One Flesh* (1966) by Elizabeth Jennings and *They Married* (1993) by Robin Thurston. Consider in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's presentation of relationships.

A

## ONE FLESH

Lying apart now, each in a separate bed,  
 He with a book, keeping the light on late,  
 She like a girl dreaming of childhood,  
 All men elsewhere - it is as if they wait  
 Some new event: the book he holds unread, 5  
 Her eyes fixed on the shadows overhead.

Tossed up like flotsam from a former passion,  
 How cool they lie. They hardly ever touch,  
 Or if they do, it is like a confession  
 Of having little feeling - or too much. 10  
 Chastity faces them, a destination  
 For which their whole lives were a preparation.

Strangely apart, yet strangely close together,  
 Silence between them like a thread to hold  
 And not wind in. And time itself's a feather 15  
 Touching them gently. Do they know they're old,  
 These two who are my father and my mother  
 Whose fire from which I came, has now grown cold?

B

## THEY MARRIED

They married, it seemed the thing to do,  
 She hung with child, perplexed,  
 Drifted in vague shallows, catching  
 The waft of his uncertain breath, fleeting  
 And streaking pell-mell between shadows 5  
 On the wet, wet night of her parent's astonishment  
 (Amazed at how life had overtaken them)  
 And he, stumble-footed and poor,  
 Caught buses to the office where he clerked,  
 Saw vicars at lunchtime, was appalled 10  
 At his own grimy fingernails,  
 Shrank from the goodwill of the office girls  
 Sent urgent and private telegrams  
 Inquiring about the honeymoon cabins.

So they married: at least that's what it seemed. 15

- Or (b) Write a critical comparison on the following poems, *A Winter's Tale* (1923) by D.H. Lawrence and *To Winter* (1934) by Claude McKay. Consider in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of winter.

A A WINTER'S TALE

Yesterday the fields were only grey with scattered snow,  
And now the longest grass-leaves hardly emerge;  
Yet her deep footsteps mark the snow, and go  
On towards the pines at the hills' white verge.

I cannot see her, since the mist's white scarf 5  
Obscures the dark wood and the dull orange sky;  
But she's waiting, I know, impatient and cold, half  
Sobs struggling into her frosty sigh.

Why does she come so promptly, when she must know 10  
That she's only the nearer to the inevitable farewell;  
The hill is steep, on the snow my steps are slow –  
Why does she come, when she knows what I have to tell?

B TO WINTER

Stay, season of calm love and soulful snows!  
There is a subtle sweetness in the sun,  
The ripples on the stream's breast gaily run,  
The wind more boisterously by me blows,  
And each succeeding day now longer grows. 5

The birds a gladder music have begun,  
The squirrel, full of mischief and of fun,  
From maples' topmost branch the brown twig throws.  
I read these pregnant signs, know what they mean:  
I know that thou art making ready to go. 10  
Oh stay! I fled a land where fields are green  
Always, and palms wave gently to and fro,  
And winds are balmy, blue brooks ever sheen,  
To ease my heart of its impassioned woe.

## Section B

EDITH WHARTON: *The Age of Innocence*

2

**Either (a)** Discuss the significance of social organisation in *The Age of Innocence*.

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying attention to significance of propriety here and elsewhere in the novel.

The subject which had called forth Mr. Sillerton Jackson's favourite allusion had been brought up (Archer fancied not without intention) by their hostess. The Beaufort failure, or rather the Beaufort attitude since the failure, was still a fruitful theme for the drawing-room moralist; and after it had been thoroughly examined and condemned Mrs. van der Luyden had turned her scrupulous eyes on May Archer. 5

"Is it possible, dear, that what I hear is true? I was told your Grandmother Mingott's carriage was seen standing at Mrs. Beaufort's door." It was noticeable that she no longer called the offending lady by her Christian name. 10

May's colour rose, and Mrs. Archer put in hastily: "If it was, I'm convinced it was there without Mrs. Mingott's knowledge."

"Ah, you think--?" Mrs. van der Luyden paused, sighed, and glanced at her husband.

"I'm afraid," Mr. van der Luyden said, "that Madame Olenska's kind heart may have led her into the imprudence of calling on Mrs. Beaufort." 15

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"I never suggest," returned Mr. Jackson imperturbably. "But Madame Olenska's foreign bringing-up may make her less particular--" 30

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"Still, to have kept her grandmother's carriage at a defaulter's door!" Mr. van der Luyden protested; and Archer guessed that he was remembering, and resenting, the hampers of carnations he had sent to the little house in Twenty-third Street. 35

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Book 2 Chapter 32

## Section C

JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi*

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**Either (a)** 'The play offers no solution to the problem of how to survive in a ruthless world.'

To what extent do you agree with this comment?

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	<i>[Exeunt]</i>	60

Act 3 Scene 4

**END OF PAPER**

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PIONEER JUNIOR COLLEGE  
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/03**

**Higher 2**

**3 Hours**

Paper 3 The Individual and Society in Literature

19 Sep 2017

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in the texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

Additional materials: Writing Paper

**Candidate's Name:** \_\_\_\_\_ **CT Group:** \_\_\_\_\_

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Answer three questions, one from each of Sections A, B & C. Begin each section on a fresh page. At the end of the examination, fasten all answer scripts securely together. Submit question paper separately. All questions in this paper carry equal marks. You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

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## Section A

Answer one question in this section.

1

**Either (a)** The following extract is taken from *Purple Hibiscus* (2003) by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie. In the novel, Kambili and her brother Jaja live in a wealthy household. Their father, Eugene, who is a violent figure, subjects his wife, Beatrice, and their two children to beatings and psychological cruelty.

Write a critical appreciation of the extract, relating it more generally to your understanding of the topic studied.

"Ke kwanu?" I asked, although I did not need to ask how he was doing. I had only to look at him. His seventeen-year-old face had grown lines; they zigzagged across his forehead, and inside each line a dark tension had crawled in. I reached out and clasped his hand shortly before we went into the dining room. Papa and Mama were already seated, and Papa was washing his hands in the bowl of water Sisi held before him. He waited until Jaja and I sat down opposite him, and started the grace. For twenty minutes he asked God to bless the food. Afterward, he intoned the Blessed Virgin in several different titles while we responded, "Pray for us." His favorite title was Our Lady, Shield of the Nigerian People. He had made it up himself. If only people would use it every day, he told us, Nigeria would not totter like a Big Man with the spindly legs of a child. 5 10

Lunch was fufu and onugbu soup. The fufu was smooth and fluffy. Sisi made it well; she pounded the yam energetically, adding drops of water into the mortar, her cheeks contracting with the thump-thump-thump of the pestle. The soup was thick with chunks of boiled beef and dried fish and dark green onugbu leaves. We ate silently. I molded my fufu into small balls with my fingers, dipped it in the soup, making sure to scoop up fish chunks, and then brought it to my mouth. I was certain the soup was good, but I did not taste it, could not taste it. My tongue felt like paper. 15

"Pass the salt, please," Papa said.

We all reached for the salt at the same time. Jaja and I touched the crystal shaker, my finger brushed his gently, then he let go. I passed it to Papa. The silence stretched out even longer. 20

"They brought the cashew juice this afternoon. It tastes good. I am sure it will sell," Mama finally said.

"Ask that girl to bring it," Papa said.

Mama pressed the ringer that dangled above the table on a transparent wire from the ceiling, and Sisi appeared. 25

"Yes, Madam?"

"Bring two bottles of the drink they brought from the factory."

"Yes, Madam."

I wished Sisi had said "What bottles, Madam?" or "Where are they, Madam?" Just something to keep her and Mama talking, to veil the nervous movements of Jaja molding his fufu. Sisi was back shortly and placed the bottles next to Papa. They had the same faded-looking labels as 30

every other thing Papa's factories made--the wafers and cream biscuits and bottled juice and banana chips. Papa poured the yellow juice for everyone. I reached out quickly for my glass and took a sip. It tasted watery. I wanted to seem eager; maybe if I talked about how good it tasted, Papa might forget that he had not yet punished Jaja.

35

"It's very good, Papa," I said.

Papa swirled it around his bulging cheeks. "Yes, yes."

"It tastes like fresh cashew," Mama said.

Say something, please, I wanted to say to Jaja. He was supposed to say something now, to contribute, to compliment Papa's new product. We always did, each time an employee from one of his factories brought a product sample for us.

40

"Just like white wine," Mama added. She was nervous, I could tell--not just because a fresh cashew tasted nothing like white wine but also because her voice was lower than usual. "White wine," Mama said again, closing her eyes to better savor the taste. "Fruity white wine."

"Yes," I said. A ball of fufu slipped from my fingers and into the soup.

45

Papa was staring pointedly at Jaja. "Jaja, have you not shared a drink with us, gbo? Have you no words in your mouth?" he asked, entirely in Igbo. A bad sign. He hardly spoke Igbo, and although Jaja and I spoke it with Mama at home, he did not like us to speak it in public. We had to sound civilized in public, he told us; we had to speak English. Papa's sister, Auntie Ifeoma, said once that Papa was too much of a colonial product. She had said this about Papa in a mild, forgiving way, as if it were not Papa's fault, as one would talk about a person who was shouting gibberish from a severe case of malaria.

50

"Have you nothing to say, gbo, Jaja?" Papa asked again.

"Mba, there are no words in my mouth," Jaja replied.

"What?" There was a shadow clouding Papa's eyes, a shadow that had been in Jaja's eyes. Fear. It had left Jaja's eyes and entered Papa's.

55

"I have nothing to say," Jaja said.

- Or (b) The following extract is taken from *Soma* (2010) by Jonathan Bishop. In it, a writer undergoes a therapy session in the Doctor's office which is seen to have multiple diplomas on a wall which has its paint chipping off.

THE DOCTOR: You're in denial, my friend.

THE PATIENT: Of what?

THE DOCTOR: Your mental illness. But we can—

THE PATIENT: (*interrupts*) No. You are in denial. You ignore the flaws of humanity, man. You're the disorder! You cultivate inhumanity with this baseless 5  
bullshit.

THE DOCTOR: (*scribbling, noting*) We're getting testy. We need to calm down. Have you ever practiced proper relaxation methodology?

THE PATIENT: Stop it.

THE DOCTOR: Stop what? I'm merely postulating. 10

THE PATIENT: Stop saying 'we'. You and I are not one in the same.

THE DOCTOR: I'm only attempting to make you feel comfortable.

THE PATIENT: Make me feel uneasy. Make me feel disquiet. But do not make me comfortable.

THE DOCTOR: Uh-huh. 15

THE PATIENT: Look, man—we're all different. Each individual can't be typed into a group. All minds—souls, even—are different. But we all have something in common: we're human. And it's beautiful.

THE DOCTOR: (*condescending*) You're out of touch. Delusions are what you're experiencing. You are not describing real life. 20

THE PATIENT: And what is real life according to you, sir?

THE DOCTOR: Well, one must have stability. A career. Family. One must be peaceful.

THE PATIENT: Someone might not want those things. Listen man, I've been trying to make it as a poet for years now. I've got no money. No family. Just on 25  
my own. Sometimes living out of my car. Do you think I care?

THE DOCTOR: Your carelessness and general apathy is only furthering your diagnosis.

THE PATIENT: Look man, I'd rather die than be stuck behind some stupid 30  
wooden desk for the rest of my life.

*The Doctor says nothing; he folds his legs and clasps his hands. Sighs.*

THE PATIENT: What? Why'd you do that?

THE DOCTOR: Sigh?

THE PATIENT: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: *(wryly)* We're more alike than you think. Only— 35

THE PATIENT: What?

THE DOCTOR: Well, you're worse than I'd originally imagined. You're impulsive, depressed. You reject societal norms in favor of some contrived false reality. You're not happy. You should be happy.

THE PATIENT: And why should I? I'd rather have setback than success. We 40  
need that.

THE DOCTOR: And that's why you need medication. *(sighs)* Look, I'm not supposed to do this—I'm supposed to fill out the prescription for you and all—but your situation appears dire. Here. *(He reaches into a drawer, pulls out a pill bottle.)* Take these. They're mine. A shock, I know. But with the way our world is, 45  
we could all use a little of these. They're better off with you. You're in rough shape. *(He hands THE PATIENT the bottle.)*

THE PATIENT: Know what I have to say to that? Screw your damned pills! You know, all of you have no appreciation for thinking. Creativity! Beauty! It's all lost to you! Ever since my ex-girlfriend read my old poem. It's shame that it's become 50  
criminal to be human. *(He throws the pills at the wall, spilling them everywhere. He returns to his seat.)*

Silence.

The Doctor sneers.

THE DOCTOR: No reason to be anxious. We only wish to help you. 55

*(Blackout.)*

**Section B**

**Answer one question in this section, using two texts that you have studied.  
The texts used in this section cannot be used in Section C.**

- 2a) Compare the ways in which **two** of the texts you have read present individuals as defenders of their community.
- 2b) Explore how **two** of the writers you have studied present the experiences of the outcast as a means of evoking the relationship between an individual and society.

## Section C

Answer one question in this section, using one text that you have studied.  
The text used in this section cannot be used in Section B.

MAXINE HONG KINGSTON: *The Woman Warrior*

3

**Either (a)** Explore Kingston's presentation on the transmission of culture in relation to the topic studied.

**Or (b)** "I cut it so that you would not be tongue-tied." (A Song for a Barbarian Reed Pipe)

How, and with what effects, does Kingston present the tension between speech and silence to explore the relationship between individual and society?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

4

**Either (a)** 'True service involves a kind of self-surrender.'

How far does Shakespeare's play bear out this view in relation to the individual and society?

**Or (b)** Discuss Shakespeare's presentation on the preoccupation with appearances in relation to ideas about the individual and society.

WOLE SOYINKA: *Death and the King's Horseman*

5

**Either (a)** 'Tragedy is a community event.'

To what extent is this an accurate portrayal of the play in the light of the topic studied?

**Or (b)** Discuss the dramatic significance of the transition between worlds in relation to the theme of individual and society.

**END OF PAPER**

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# RAFFLES INSTITUTION

## 2017 YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

### HIGHER 1

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#### LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8811/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

Tuesday 12 September 2017

3 hours  
1330 – 1630

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of papers in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

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#### READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name and CT group on all the work you hand in.  
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.  
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.  
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination tie your answer sheets to each section securely.  
Hand in your answers separately.  
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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This document consists of 7 printed pages and 1 blank page.

[Turn over



## Section A

1  
Either (a)

## In a Garden

When the gardener has gone this garden  
Looks wistful and seems waiting an event.  
It is so spruce, a metaphor of Eden  
And even more so since the gardener went,

5

Quietly godlike, but of course, he had  
Not made me promise anything and I  
Had no one tempting me to make the bad  
Choice. Yet I still felt lost and wonder why.

Even the beech tree from next door which shares  
Its shadow with me, seemed a kind of threat.  
Everything was too neat, and someone cares

10

In the wrong way. I need not have stood long  
Mocked by the smell of a mown lawn, and yet  
I did. Sickness for Eden was so strong

14

Elizabeth Jennings (1926-2001)

1  
Or (b)

A Ritual To Read To Each Other

If you don't know the kind of person I am  
and I don't know the kind of person you are  
a pattern that others made may prevail in the world  
and following the wrong god home we may miss our star.

For there is many a small betrayal in the mind, 5  
a shrug that lets the fragile sequence break  
sending with shouts the horrible errors of childhood  
storming out to play through the broken dyke.

And as elephants parade holding each elephant's tail,  
but if one wanders the circus won't find the park, 10  
I call it cruel and maybe the root of all cruelty  
to know what occurs but not recognize the fact.

And so I appeal to a voice, to something shadowy,  
a remote important region in all who talk:  
though we could fool each other, we should consider- 15  
lest the parade of our mutual life get lost in the dark.

For it is important that awake people be awake,  
or a breaking line may discourage them back to sleep;  
the signals we give – yes or no, or maybe-  
should be clear: the darkness around us is deep. 20

William Stafford (1914 – 1993)

[Turn over

## Section B

EDITH WHARTON: *THE AGE OF INNOCENCE*

2

**Either (a)** ‘Society offers protection – but only to its own.’

Consider the significance of social approval in the novel.

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of change and continuity here and elsewhere in the novel.

Chicago rang off, and Archer rose and began to pace up and down the room.

It would be their last time together in this kind of way: the boy was right. They would have lots of other ‘times’ after Dallas’s marriage, his father was sure; for the two were born comrades, and Fanny Beaufort, whatever one might think of her, did not seem likely to interfere with their intimacy. On the contrary, from what he had seen of her, he thought she would be naturally included in it. Still, change was change, and differences were differences, and as much as he felt himself drawn toward his future daughter-in-law, it was as tempting to seize this last chance of being alone with his boy. 5

There was no reason why he should not seize it, except the profound one that he had lost the habit of travel. May had disliked to move except for valid reasons, such as taking the children to the sea or in the mountains; she could imagine no other motive for leaving the house in Thirty-ninth Street or their comfortable quarters at the Wellands’ in Newport. After Dallas had taken his degree she had thought it her duty to travel for six months; and the whole family had made the old-fashioned tour through England, Switzerland and Italy. Their time being limited (no one knew why) they had omitted France. Archer remembered Dallas’s wrath at being asked to contemplate Mont Blanc instead of Rheims and Chartres. But Mary and Bill wanted mountain-climbing, and had already yawned their way in Dallas’s wake through the English cathedrals; and May, always fair to her children, had insisted on holding the balance evenly between their athletic and artistic proclivities. She had indeed proposed that her husband should go to Paris for a fortnight, and join then on the Italian Lakes after they had ‘done’ Switzerland; but Archer had declined. ‘We’ll stick together,’ he said; and May’s face had brightened at his setting such a good example to Dallas. 10

Since her death nearly two years before, there had been no reason for his continuing in the same routine. His children had urged him to travel: Mary Chivers had felt sure it would do him good to go abroad and ‘see the galleries.’ The very mysteriousness of such a cure made her the more confident of its efficacy. But Archer had found himself held fast by habit, by memories, by a sudden shrinking from new things. 15

Now, as he reviewed his past, he saw into what a deep rut he had sunk. The worst of doing one’s duty was that it apparently unfitted one for doing anything else. At least, that was the view that the men of his generation had taken. The trenchant divisions between right and wrong, honest and dishonest, respectable and the reverse, had left so little scope for the unforeseen. There are moments when a man’s imagination, so easily subdued to what it lives in, suddenly rises above its daily level, and surveys the long windings of destiny. Archer hung there and wondered.... 20

25

30

35

40

What was left of the little world that he had grown up in, and whose standards had bent and bound him? He remembered a sneering prophecy of poor Lawrence Lefferts's, uttered years ago in that very room: 'If things go on at this rate, our children will be marrying Beaufort's bastards.'

It was just what Archer's eldest son, the pride of his life, was doing; and nobody wondered or reproved. Even the boy's Aunt Janey, who still looked so exactly as she used to in her elderly youth, had taken her mother's emeralds and seed-pearls out of their pink cotton-wool, and carried them with her own twitching hands to the future bride; and Fanny Beaufort, instead of looking disappointed at not receiving a 'set' from a Paris jeweler, had exclaimed at their old-fashioned beauty, and declared that when she wore them she should feel like an Isabey miniature.

Fanny Beaufort, who had appeared in New York at eighteen, after the death of her parents, had won its heart much as Madame Olenska had won it thirty years earlier; only instead of being distrustful and afraid of her, society took her joyfully for granted. She was pretty, amusing and accomplished: what more did any one want? Nobody was narrow minded enough to rake up against her the half-forgotten facts of her father's past and her own origin.

Chapter 34

## Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *ALL MY SONS*

3

**Either (a)** 'The play evokes despair but is nevertheless grounded in hope.'  
Discuss/ How far do you agree?

'The play raises more questions than it has answers for.'  
HFDYA/ Discuss this statement in the light of your reading of the play.

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, highlighting in particular the tensions which arise from the need for control.

**KELLER:** Say, I ain't got time to get sick.  
**MOTHER:** He hasn't been laid up in fifteen years.  
**KELLER:** Except my flu during the war.  
**MOTHER:** Huhh?  
**KELLER:** My flu, when I was sick during...the war. 5  
**MOTHER:** Well, sure... (*To George.*) I mean except for that flu.  
*(George stands perfectly still.)* Well. It slipped my mind.  
 Don't look at me that way. He wanted to go to the shop but  
 he couldn't lift himself off the bed. I thought he had  
 pneumonia.  
**GEORGE:** Why did you say he's never-? 10  
**KELLER:** I know how you feel, kid. I'll never forgive myself. If I  
 could've gone in that day I'd never allow Dad to touch those  
 heads.  
**GEORGE:** She said you've never been sick.  
**MOTHER:** I said he was sick, George.  
**GEORGE** (*going to Ann*): Ann, didn't you hear her say-? 15  
**MOTHER:** Do you remember every time you were sick?  
**GEORGE:** I'd remember pneumonia. Especially if I got it just the day  
 my partner was going to patch up cylinder heads...What  
 happened that day, Joe?  
*FRANK enters briskly from driveway, holding Larry's horoscope  
 in his hand. He comes to Kate.*  
**FRANK:** Kate! Kate! 20  
**MOTHER:** Frank, did you see George?  
**FRANK** (*extending his hand*): Lydia told me, I'm glad to...you'll  
 have to pardon me. (*Pulling Mother over*) I've got  
 something amazing for you, Kate, I finished Larry's  
 horoscope.  
**MOTHER:** You'd be interested in this, George. It's wonderful the way  
 he can understand the - 25  
**CHRIS** (*entering from house*): George, the girl's on the phone -  
**MOTHER** (*desperately*): He finished Larry's horoscope!  
**CHRIS:** Frank, can't you pick a better time than this?  
**FRANK:** The greatest men who ever lived believed in the stars! 30  
**CHRIS:** Stop filling her head with that junk!  
**FRANK:** Is it junk to feel that there's a greater power than  
 ourselves? I've studied the stars of his life! I won't argue

with you, I'm telling you. Somewhere in this world your brother is alive!

**MOTHER** (*instantly to Chris*): Why isn't it possible? 35

**CHRIS**: Because it's insane.

**FRANK**: Just a minute now. I'll tell you something and you can do as you please. Just let me say it. He was supposed to have died on November twenty-fifth. But November twenty-fifth was his favourable day. 40

**CHRIS**: Mother!

**MOTHER**: Listen to him!

**FRANK**: It was a day everything good was shining on him, the kind of day he should've married on. You can laugh at a lot of it. I can understand you laughing. But the odds are a million to one that a man won't die on his favourable day. That's known, that's known, Chris! 45

**MOTHER**: Why isn't it possible, Why isn't it possible, Chris!

**GEORGE** (*To Ann*): Don't you understand what she's saying? She just told you to go. What are you waiting for now? 50

**CHRIS**: Nobody can tell her to go. (*A car horn is heard.*)

**MOTHER** (*To Frank*): Thank you, darling, for your trouble. Will you tell him to wait, Frank?

**FRANK** (*As he goes*): Sure thing/

**MOTHER** (*Calling out*): They'll be right out, driver! 55

**CHRIS**: She is not leaving, Mother.

**GEORGE** (*To Ann*): He simply told your father to kill pilots, and covered himself in bed!

**CHRIS**: You'd better answer him, Annie. Answer him.

**MOTHER**: I packed your bag, Darling. 60

**CHRIS**: What?

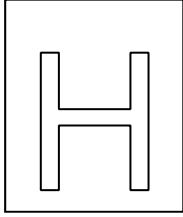
**MOTHER**: I packed your bag. All you've got to do is close it.

**ANN**: I am not closing anything. He asked me here and I am staying till he tells me to go. (*To George.*) Till Chris tells me!

**CHRIS**: That's all! Now get out of here, George! 65

Act Two

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General Certificate of Education Advanced Level  
YEAR 6  
PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION II  
HIGHER 1

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**8811/01**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**11 SEPTEMBER 2017**  
**Band Room**  
**2.00pm to 5.00pm**  
**3 hours**

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of papers in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper-clips) is not permitted.

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your name and class and group on all the work you hand in.  
Write in dark blue or black on both sides of the paper.  
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.  
Start each answer on a fresh piece of paper.  
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.  
All questions carry equal marks.



## Section A

1

**Either (a)** Write a critical commentary on the following poem, paying close attention to ways in which your response is shaped by the poet's language, style and form.

## FOR WHAT BINDS US

There are names for what binds us:  
 strong forces, weak forces.  
 Look around, you can see them:  
 the skin that forms in a half-empty cup,  
 nails rusting into the places they join, 5  
 joints dovetailed on their own weight.  
 The way things stay so solidly  
 wherever they've been set down—  
 and gravity, scientists say, is weak.

And see how the flesh grows back 10  
 across a wound, with a great vehemence,  
 more strong  
 than the simple, untested surface before.  
 There's a name for it on horses,  
 when it comes back darker and raised: proud flesh, 15

as all flesh,  
 is proud of its wounds, wears them  
 as honors given out after battle,  
 small triumphs pinned to the chest—

And when two people have loved each other 20  
 see how it is like a  
 scar between their bodies,  
 stronger, darker, and proud;  
 how the black cord makes of them a single fabric  
 that nothing can tear or mend. 25

Jane Hirshfield (born 1953)

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, paying close attention to ways in which your response is shaped by the poet's language, style and form.

IN A DARK TIME

In a dark time, the eye begins to see,  
 I meet my shadow in the deepening shade;  
 I hear my echo in the echoing wood—  
 A lord of nature weeping to a tree.  
 I live between the heron and the wren, 5  
 Beasts of the hill and serpents of the den.

What's madness but nobility of soul  
 At odds with circumstance? The day's on fire!  
 I know the purity of pure despair,  
 My shadow pinned against a sweating wall. 10  
 That place among the rocks—is it a cave,  
 Or winding path? The edge is what I have.

A steady storm of correspondences!  
 A night flowing with birds, a ragged moon,  
 And in broad day the midnight come again! 15  
 A man goes far to find out what he is—  
 Death of the self in a long, tearless night,  
 All natural shapes blazing unnatural light.

Dark, dark my light, and darker my desire.  
 My soul, like some heat-maddened summer fly, 20  
 Keeps buzzing at the sill. Which I is I?  
 A fallen man, I climb out of my fear.  
 The mind enters itself, and God the mind,  
 And one is One, free in the tearing wind.

Theodore Roethke (born 1908–1963)

## Section B

EDITH WHARTON: *The Age of Innocence*

2

- Either (a)** How helpful to your understanding of the novel as a whole is its title, 'The Age of Innocence'?
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of alienation, here and elsewhere in the novel.

"I went to see Granny, and just as I was going away Ellen came in from a walk; so I stayed and had a long talk with her. It was ages since we'd had a real talk... " She had dropped into her usual armchair, facing his, and was running her fingers through her rumpled hair. He fancied she expected him to speak.

"A really good talk," she went on, smiling with what seemed to Archer an unnatural vividness. "She was so dear--just like the old Ellen. I'm afraid I haven't been fair to her lately. I've sometimes thought--" 5

Archer stood up and leaned against the mantelpiece, out of the radius of the lamp.

"Yes, you've thought--?" he echoed as she paused. 10

"Well, perhaps I haven't judged her fairly. She's so different--at least on the surface. She takes up such odd people--she seems to like to make herself conspicuous. I suppose it's the life she's led in that fast European society; no doubt we seem dreadfully dull to her. But I don't want to judge her unfairly."

She paused again, a little breathless with the unwonted length of her speech, and sat with her lips slightly parted and a deep blush on her cheeks. 15

Archer, as he looked at her, was reminded of the glow which had suffused her face in the Mission Garden at St. Augustine. He became aware of the same obscure effort in her, the same reaching out toward something beyond the usual range of her vision. 20

"She hates Ellen," he thought, "and she's trying to overcome the feeling, and to get me to help her to overcome it."

The thought moved him, and for a moment he was on the point of breaking the silence between them, and throwing himself on her mercy.

"You understand, don't you," she went on, "why the family have sometimes been annoyed? We all did what we could for her at first; but she never seemed to understand. And now this idea of going to see Mrs. Beaufort, of going there in Granny's carriage! I'm afraid she's quite alienated the van der Luydens..." 25

"Ah," said Archer with an impatient laugh. The open door had closed between them again. 30

"It's time to dress; we're dining out, aren't we?" he asked, moving from the fire.

She rose also, but lingered near the hearth. As he walked past her she moved forward impulsively, as though to detain him: their eyes met, and he saw that hers were of the same swimming blue as when he had left her to drive to Jersey City. 35

She flung her arms about his neck and pressed her cheek to his.

"You haven't kissed me today," she said in a whisper; and he felt her tremble in his arms.

## Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

**Either (a)** 'Being practical comes at a high price.'

How far would you agree with this comment on the play?

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, considering the cross-currents of thought and feeling between Mother and George, here and elsewhere in the play.

*Mother:* Georgie, Georgie.  
*George:* [*he has always liked her*] Hello, Kate.  
*Mother:* [*cups his face in her hands*] They made an old man out of you. [*touches his hair*] Look, you're gray.  
*George:* [*her pity, open and unabashed, reaches into him, and he smiles sadly*] I know, I – 5  
*Mother:* I told you when you went away, don't try for medals.  
*George:* [*laughs tiredly*] I didn't try, Kate. They made it very easy for me.  
*Mother:* [*actually angry*] Go on. You're all alike. [*To ANN*] Look at him, why did you say he's fine? He looks like a ghost. 10  
*George:* [*relishing her solicitude*] I feel all right.  
*Mother:* I'm sick to look at you. What's the matter with your mother, why don't she feed you?  
*Ann:* He just hasn't any appetite?  
*Mother:* If he ate in my house he'd have an appetite. [*To ANN*] I pity your husband. 15  
 [*To GEORGE*] Sit down. I'll make you a sandwich.  
*George:* [*sits with an embarrassed laugh*] I'm really not hungry.  
*Mother:* Honest to God, it breaks my heart to see what happened to all the children. How we worked and planned for you, and you end up no better than us. 20  
*George:* [*with deep feeling for her*] You ... haven't changed at all, you know that, Kate?  
*Mother:* None of us changed, Georgie. We all love you. Joe was just talking about the day you were born and the water got shut off. People were carrying basins from a block away. – a stranger would have thought the whole neighborhood was on fire. [*They laugh. She sees the juice. To ANN*] Why didn't you give him some juice? 25  
*Ann:* [*defensively*] I offered it to him.  
*Mother:* [*scoffingly*] You offered it to him! [*Thrusting glass into GEORGE'S hand*] Give it to him! [*To GEORGE, who is laughing*] And now you're going to sit here and drink some juice. ...and look like something! 30  
*George:* [*sitting*] I feel hungry already.  
*Chris:* [*proudly*] She could turn Mahatma Gandhi into a heavyweight!  
*Mother:* [*to CHRIS, with great energy*] Listen, to hell with the restaurant! I got a ham in the icebox, and frozen strawberries, and avocados, and - 35  
*Ann:* Swell, I'll help you!  
*George:* The train leaves at eight-thirty, Ann.  
*Mother:* [*to ANN*] You're leaving?  
*Chris:* No, Mother, she's not –

*Ann:* [breaking through it, going to GEORGE] You hardly got here; give yourself a chance to get acquainted again. 40

*Chris:* Sure, you don't even know us any more.

*Mother:* Well, Chris, if they can't stay, don't –

*Chris:* No, it's not just a question of George, Mother, he planned on –

*George:* [gets up politely, nicely, for KATE'S sake] Now wait a minute, Chris... 45

*Chris:* [smiling and full of command cutting him off] If you want to go, I'll drive you to the station now, but if you're staying, no arguments while you're here.

*Mother:* [at last confessing the tension] Why should he argue? [She goes to him. With desperation and compassion, stroking his hair.] How could we have an argument, Georgie? We all got hit by the same lightning, how can you – 50  
Did you see what happened to Larry's tree?

Act 2

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**SERANGOON JUNIOR COLLEGE  
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2017**

**ENGLISH LITERATURE**

**HIGHER 1                      8811/01  
PAPER 1:                      READING LITERATURE**

**TUESDAY    12 SEPTEMBER 2017            3 HOURS**

**TIME:                      0800 – 1100**

Additional materials: Answer paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of papers in texts (e.g. the use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Write your name, civics group on every answer sheet.

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

You may use a soft pencil for any diagrams or graphs.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

Answer **three** questions.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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**This question paper consists of 8 printed pages and 0 blank pages. [Turn over]**



**Section A**  
**Answer one question in this section**

1

- Either** (a) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by language, style and form.

The Fence

Then one day the gray rags vanish  
 and the sweet wind rattles her sash.  
 Her secrets bloom hot. I'm wild for everything.  
 My body is a golden armor around my unborn child's body,  
 and I'll die happy, here on the ground. 5  
 I bend to the mixture of dirt, chopped hay,  
 grindings of coffee from our dark winter breakfasts.  
 I spoon the rich substance around the acid-loving shrubs.  
 I tear down last year's drunken vines,  
 pull the black rug off the bed of asparagus 10  
 and lie there, knowing by June I'll push the baby out  
 as easily as seed wings fold back from the cotyledon.  
 I see the first leaf already, the veined tongue  
 rigid between the thighs of the runner beans.  
 I know how the shoot will complicate itself 15  
 as roots fill the trench.  
 Here is the link fence, the stem doubling toward it  
 and something I've never witnessed.  
 One moment the young plant trembles on its stalk.  
 The next, it has already gripped the wire. 20  
 Now it will continue to climb, dragging rude blossoms  
 to the other side  
 until in summer fruit like green scimitars,  
 the frieze<sup>1</sup> of vines, and then the small body  
 spread before me in need 25  
 drinking light from the shifting wall of my body,  
 and the fingers, tiny stems wavering to mine,  
 flexing for the ascent.

Louise Erdrich

---

<sup>1</sup> Frieze - a broad horizontal band of sculpted or painted decoration, especially on a wall near the ceiling

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, paying attention to the poet's use of language and style in conveying a sense of community.

The Jaguar

The apes yawn and adore their fleas in the sun.  
 The parrots shriek as if they were on fire, or strut  
 Like cheap tarts to attract the stroller with the nut.  
 Fatigued with indolence, tiger and lion

Lie still as the sun. The boa-constrictor's coil 5  
 Is a fossil. Cage after cage seems empty, or  
 Stinks of sleepers from the breathing straw.  
 It might be painted on a nursery wall.

But who runs like the rest past these arrives  
 At a cage where the crowd stands, stares, mesmerized, 10  
 As a child at a dream, at a jaguar hurrying enraged  
 Through prison darkness after the drills of his eyes

On a short fierce fuse. Not in boredom—  
 The eye satisfied to be blind in fire,  
 By the bang of blood in the brain deaf the ear— 15  
 He spins from the bars, but there's no cage to him

More than to the visionary his cell:  
 His stride is wildernesses of freedom:  
 The world rolls under the long thrust of his heel.  
 Over the cage floor the horizons come. 20

Ted Hughes

**Section B: *The Remains of the Day***  
**Answer one question in this section**

2

Either

- (a) “Miss Kenton is the sole character in the novel who is perceptive enough to see through Stevens’ masquerade.”

In the light of this statement, comment on the role of Miss Kenton in the novel.

Or

- (b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, paying special attention to Ishiguro’s presentation of social class, here and elsewhere in the novel.

As I recall, I was rung for late one night – it was past midnight – to the drawing room where his lordship had been entertaining three gentlemen since dinner. I had, naturally, been called to the drawing room several times already that night to replenish refreshments, and had observed on these occasions the gentlemen deep in conversation over weighty issues. When I entered the drawing room on this last occasion, however, all the gentlemen stopped talking and looked at me. Then his lordship said: 5

“Step this way a moment, will you, Stevens? Mr Spencer here wishes a word with you.”

The gentleman in question went on gazing at me for a moment without changing the somewhat languid posture he had adopted in his armchair. Then he said: 10

“My good man, I have a question for you. We need your help on a certain matter we’ve been debating. Tell me, do you suppose the debt situation regarding America is a significant factor in the present low levels of trade? Or do you suppose this is a red herring and that the abandonment of the gold standard is at the root of the matter?” 15

I was naturally a little surprised by this, but then quickly saw the situation for what it was; that is to say, it was clearly expected that I be baffled by the question. Indeed, in the moment or so that it took me to perceive this and compose a suitable response, I may even have given the outward impression of struggling with the question, for I saw the gentlemen in the room exchange mirthful smiles. 20

“I’m very sorry, sir,” I said, “but I am unable to be of assistance on this matter.” 25

I was by this point well on top of the situation, but the gentlemen went on laughing covertly. Then Mr Spencer said:

“Then perhaps you will help us on another matter. Would you say that the currency problem in Europe would be made better or worse if there were to be an arms agreement between the French and the Bolsheviks?” 30

“I’m very sorry, sir, but I am unable to be of assistance on this matter.”

“Oh dear,” said Mr Spencer. “So you can’t help us here either.”

There was even more suppressed laughter before his lordship said: “Very well, Stevens. That will be all.”

“Please, Darlington, I have one more question to put to our good man here,” Mr Spencer said. “I very much wanted his help on the question presently vexing many of us, and which we all realize is crucial to how we should shape our foreign policy. My good fellow, please come to our assistance. What was M. Laval really intending, by his recent speech on the situation in North Africa? Are you also of the view that it was simply a ruse to scupper the nationalist fringe of his own domestic party?” 40

"I'm sorry, sir, but I am unable to assist in this matter."

"You see, gentlemen," Mr Spencer said, turning to the others, "our man is unable to assist us in these matters."

This brought fresh laughter, now barely suppressed. 45

"And yet," Mr Spencer went on, "we still persist with the notion that this nation's decisions be left in the hands of our good man here and to the few million others like him. Is it any wonder, saddled as we are with our present parliamentary system, that we are unable to find any solution to our many difficulties? Why, you may as well ask a committee of the mothers' union to 50  
organize a war campaign."

There was open, hearty laughter at this remark, during which his lordship muttered: "Thank you, Stevens," thus enabling me to take my leave.

While of course this was a slightly uncomfortable situation, it was hardly the most difficult, or even an especially unusual one to encounter in the 55  
course of one's duties, and you will no doubt agree that any decent professional should expect to take such events in his stride. I had, then, all but forgotten the episode by the following morning, when Lord Darlington came into the billiard room while I was up on a step-ladder dusting portraits, and said: 60

"Look here, Stevens, it was dreadful. The ordeal we put you through last night."

I paused in what I was doing and said: "Not at all, sir. I was only too happy to be of service."

"It was quite dreadful. We'd all had rather too good a dinner, I fancy. 65  
Please accept my apologies."

"Thank you, sir. But I am happy to assure you I was not unduly inconvenienced."

(Day Three, Evening)

**Section C: *The Duchess of Malfi***  
**Answer one question in this section**

3

**Either (a)** 'A march towards decline with no hope of regeneration.' Is this an apt evaluation of the play?

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating your discussion to how despair is presented here and elsewhere in the play.

CARDINAL	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Exeunt all but CARDINAL.</i></p> <p>The reason why I would not suffer these          About my brother, is because at midnight          I may with better privacy convey          Julia's body to her own lodging.          Oh, my conscience!</p>	5
	<p>I would pray now, but the devil takes away my heart          For having any confidence in prayer.          About this hour I appointed Bosola          To fetch the body: when he hath served my turn,          He dies.</p>	10
	<i>Exit CARDINAL, enter BOSOLA.</i>	
BOSOLA	<p>Ha? 'Twas the Cardinal's voice: I heard him name Bosola, and          my death.-- Listen, I hear one's footing.  <i>Enter FERDINAND.</i></p>	
FERDINAND	<p>Strangling is a very quiet death.</p>	
BOSOLA	<p><i>[Aside]</i> Nay then, I see I must stand upon my guard.</p>	
FERDINAND	<p>What say to that? Whisper, softly: do you agree to't?          So, it must be done i'th' dark – the Cardinal          Would not for a thousand pounds the doctor should see it.  <i>Exit</i></p>	15
BOSOLA	<p>My death is plotted. Here's the consequence of murder.          'We value not desert, nor Christian breath,          When we know black deeds must be cured with death.'</p>	20
	<i>Withdraws. Enter SERVANT and ANTONIO.</i>	
SERVANT	<p>Here stay, sir, and be confident, I pray.          I'll fetch you a dark lantern.  <i>Exit.</i></p>	
ANTONIO	<p>Could I take him at his prayers,          There were hope of pardon.</p>	25
BOSOLA	<p>Fall right my sword:          I'll not give thee so much leisure as to pray.  <i>BOSOLA wounds ANTONIO.</i></p>	
ANTONIO	<p>O, I am gone! Thou hast ended a long suit          In a minute.</p>	
BOSOLA	<p>What art thou?</p>	30
ANTONIO	<p>A most wretched thing,          That only have thy benefit in death,          To appear myself.  <i>Enter SERVANT with a lantern.</i></p>	
SERVANT	<p>Where are you, sir?</p>	
ANTONIO	<p>Very near my home.-- Bosola?</p>	35
SERVANT	<p>O, misfortune!</p>	



**TEMASEK JUNIOR COLLEGE  
PRELIMINARY EXAMINATIONS  
2017**

**Higher 1 Literature**

**8811**

**Paper 1      Reading Literature**

**Time            3 hours**

**INSTRUCTIONS TO ALL CANDIDATES**

Answer **three** questions; one from each of the sections.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

You are advised to spend an hour on each question.

Begin each question on a fresh sheet of paper.

Submit your answer to each question separately.

---

**This paper consists of 7 printed pages**

## SECTION A

1.

**Either (a)** Write a critical commentary of the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, imagery and form.

### A Last Marriage

The children gone, grown into other arms,  
Man of her heart and bed gone underground,  
Powder and chunks of ash in a shamefast urn,  
Her mother long since buried in a blue gown,  
Friends vanishing downward from the highway crash, 5  
Slow hospital dooms, or a bullet in the head,  
She came at last alone into her overgrown  
Shapeless and forlorn garden. Death was there  
Too, but tangible. She hacked and dragged away  
Horrors of deadwood, webbed and sagging foliage, 10  
Self-strangling roots, vines, suckers, arboreal  
Deformities in viperish coils. Sweat, anger, pity  
Poured from her. And her flesh was jabbed by thorns,  
Hair jerked by twigs, eyes stung by mould and tears.  
But day by day in the afterbath she recovered stillness. 15  
Day by day the disreputable garden regained  
Its green tenderness. They wooed one another. The living  
Responses issued from clean beds of earth.  
It was a new marriage, reclusive, active, wordless.  
Early each morning even in rain she walked 20  
The reviving ground where one day she would knock and enter.  
She took its green tribute into her arms and rooms.  
Through autumn the pruned wood gave her ceremonial  
Fires, where she saw lost faces radiant with love.  
Beyond the window, birds passed and the leaves with them. 25  
Now was a season to sit still with time to know,  
Drawing each breath like a fine crystal of snow.

Virginia Hamilton Adair (1913-2004)



**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary of the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

### **Emigrants**

Will know where they are by the absence  
of trees, of people — the absence  
even of anything to do. All  
luggage is in transit; nothing at all  
to do but watch from the empty house 5

through the empty window. The sky  
is underlit, and under the sky  
a lake, pewter, reflecting; a road.  
Yellow buses turn at the end of the road,  
if it is an end. Reeds block the view: 10

this bus is wheel-deep in them; it swims  
along the lake's edge and a swan swims  
towards it. They pass. And here, at last,  
are two people, waiting for the last  
bus out, or just standing, as people must 15

stand here often, leaning on the wind,  
deep in reeds, and speechless in the wind  
as if lake and sky were foreign words  
to them as well: standing without words  
but without need of them, being at home. 20

Jane Griffiths (1970- )

## SECTION B

### EDITH WHARTON: *The Age of Innocence*

2.

**Either (a)** Consider Wharton's presentation of the unfamiliar in *The Age of Innocence*.

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the portrayal of evolution, here and elsewhere in the novel.

"Men like you—" how Archer had glowed at the phrase! How eagerly he had risen up at the call! It was an echo of Ned Winsett's old appeal to roll his sleeves up and get down into the muck; but spoken by a man who set the example of the gesture, and whose summons to follow him was irresistible. 5

Archer, as he looked back, was not sure that men like himself *were* what his country needed, at least in the active service to which Theodore Roosevelt had pointed; in fact, there was reason to think it did not, for after a year in the State Assembly he had not been re-elected, and had dropped back thankfully into obscure if useful municipal work, and from that again to the writing of occasional articles in one of the reforming weeklies that were trying to shake the country out of its apathy. It was little enough to look back on; but when he remembered to what the young men of his generation and his set had looked forward—the narrow groove of money-making, sport and society to which their vision had been limited—even his small contribution to the new state of things seemed to count, as each brick counts in a well-built wall. He had done little in public life; he would always be by nature a contemplative and a dilettante; but he had had high things to contemplate, great things to delight in; and one great man's friendship to be his strength and pride. 10 15 20

He had been, in short, what people were beginning to call "a good citizen." In New York, for many years past, every new movement, philanthropic, municipal or artistic, had taken account of his opinion and wanted his name. People said: "Ask Archer" when there was a question of starting the first school for crippled children, reorganising the Museum of Art, founding the Grolier Club, inaugurating the new Library, or getting up a new society of chamber music. His days were full, and they were filled decently. He supposed it was all a man ought to ask. 25

Something he knew he had missed: the flower of life. But he thought of it now as a thing so unattainable and improbable that to have repined would have been like despairing because one had not drawn the first prize in a lottery. There were a hundred million tickets in *his* lottery, and there was only one prize; the chances had been too decidedly against him. When he thought of Ellen Olenska it was abstractly, serenely, as one might think of some imaginary beloved in a book or a picture: she had 30 35

become the composite vision of all that he had missed. That vision, faint and tenuous as it was, had kept him from thinking of other women. He had been what was called a faithful husband; and when May had suddenly died—carried off by the infectious pneumonia through which she had nursed their youngest child—he had honestly mourned her. Their long years together had shown him that it did not so much matter if marriage was a dull duty, as long as it kept the dignity of a duty: lapsing from that, it became a mere battle of ugly appetites. Looking about him, he honoured his own past, and mourned for it. After all, there was good in the old ways. 40

His eyes, making the round of the room—done over by Dallas with English mezzotints, Chippendale cabinets, bits of chosen blue-and-white and pleasantly shaded electric lamps—came back to the old Eastlake writing-table that he had never been willing to banish, and to his first photograph of May, which still kept its place beside his inkstand. 45

There she was, tall, round-bosomed and willowy, in her starched muslin and flapping Leghorn, as he had seen her under the orange-trees in the Mission garden. And as he had seen her that day, so she had remained; never quite at the same height, yet never far below it: generous, faithful, unwearied; but so lacking in imagination, so incapable of growth, that the world of her youth had fallen into pieces and rebuilt itself without her ever being conscious of the change. This hard bright blindness had kept her immediate horizon apparently unaltered. Her incapacity to recognise change made her children conceal their views from her as Archer concealed his; there had been, from the first, a joint pretence of sameness, a kind of innocent family hypocrisy, in which father and children had unconsciously collaborated. And she had died thinking the world a good place, full of loving and harmonious households like her own, and resigned to leave it because she was convinced that, whatever happened, Newland would continue to inculcate in Dallas the same principles and prejudices which had shaped his parents' lives, and that Dallas in turn (when Newland followed her) would transmit the sacred trust to little Bill. And of Mary she was sure as of her own self. So, having snatched little Bill from the grave, and given her life in the effort, she went contentedly to her place in the Archer vault in St. Mark's, where Mrs. Archer already lay safe from the terrifying "trend" which her daughter-in-law had never even become aware of. 50 55 60 65 70

(Chapter 34)

## SECTION C

### JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi*

3.

**Either (a)** 'The weakest arm is strong enough that strikes  
With the sword of justice.' (Act V Scene II)

Examine the presentation of justice in *The Duchess of Malfi* in light of your understanding of the above quote.

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following extract, commenting on the presentation of greatness, here and elsewhere in the play.

DUCHESS	My laurel is all withered.	
CARIOLA	Look, madam, what a troop of armed men Make toward us. <i>[Enter BOSOLA with a guard with vizards]</i>	
DUCHESS	Oh they are very welcome: When Fortune's wheel is over-charged with princes The weight makes it move swift. I would have my ruin Be sudden. [To BOSOLA] I am your adventure, am I not?	5
BOSOLA	You are. You must see your husband no more.	
DUCHESS	What devil art thou that counterfeits heaven's thunder?	
BOSOLA	Is that terrible? I would have you tell me Whether is that note worse that frights the silly birds Out of the corn, or that which doth allure them To the nets? You have harkened to the last too much.	10
DUCHESS	O misery: like to a rusty o'er-charged cannon, Shall I never fly in pieces? Come: to what prison?	15
BOSOLA	To none.	
DUCHESS	Whither then?	
BOSOLA	To your palace.	
DUCHESS	I have heard that Charon's boat serves to convey All o'er the dismal lake, but brings none back again.	20
BOSOLA	Your brothers mean you safety and pity.	
DUCHESS	Pity? With such a pity men preserve alive Pheasants and quails, when they are not fat enough To be eaten.	25
BOSOLA	These are your children?	
DUCHESS	Yes.	
BOSOLA	Can they prattle?	
DUCHESS	No: But I intend, since they were born accursed,	30

BOSOLA Curses shall be their first language.  
 Fie, madam.  
 Forget this base, low fellow.  
 DUCHESS Were I a man  
 I'd beat that counterfeit face into thy other. 35  
 BOSOLA One of no birth.  
 DUCHESS Say that he was born mean:  
 Man is most happy when 's own actions  
 Be arguments and examples of his virtue.  
 BOSOLA A barren, beggarly virtue. 40  
 DUCHESS I prithee who is greatest, can you tell?  
 Sad tales befit my woe: I'll tell you one.  
 A salmon as she swam unto the sea  
 Met with a dog-fish who encounters her  
 With this rough language: 'Why art thou so bold 45  
 To mix thyself with our high state of floods,  
 Being no eminent courtier, but one  
 That for the calmest and fresh time o'th'year  
 Dost live in shallow rivers, rank'st thyself  
 With silly smelts and shrimps? And darest thou 50  
 Pass by our dog-ship without reverence?'  
 'Oh', quoth the salmon, 'sister, be at peace:  
 Thank Jupiter we both have passed the net,  
 Our value never can be truly known  
 Till in the fisher's basket we be shown. 55  
 I'th'market then my price may be the higher  
 Even when I am nearest to the cook, and fire'.  
 So to great men the moral may be stretched:  
 'Men oft are valued high, when th'are most wretched'.  
 But come, whither you please: I am armed 'gainst misery, 60  
 Bent to all sways of the oppressor's will:  
 'There's no deep valley, but near some great hill.'

[Exeunt]

(Act III Scene V)

**END OF PAPER**



**VICTORIA JUNIOR COLLEGE**  
**JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2017**  
**HIGHER 1**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**8811/01**

**Paper 1**

**3 hours**

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Additional Materials: Answer Paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting.

Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in text (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your class and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten the essays separately and label them accurately.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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This document consists of **8** printed pages

[Turn over

## Section A

1

- Either (a)** Write a critical commentary of the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

*In Praise of Their Divorce*

And when I heard about the divorce of my friends,  
I couldn't help but be proud of them,

that man and that woman setting off in different directions,  
like pilgrims<sup>1</sup> in a proverb

- him to buy his very own toaster oven, 5  
her seeking a prescription for sleeping pills.

Let us keep in mind the hidden forces  
which had struggled underground for years

to push their way to the surface - and that finally did,  
cracking the crust, moving the plates of earth apart, 10

releasing the pent-up energy required  
for them to rent their own apartments,

for her to join the softball league for single mothers  
for him to read *George the Giraffe* over his speakerphone

at bedtime to the six-year-old. 15

The bible says, *Be fruitful and multiply*

but is it not also fruitful to subtract and to divide?  
Because if marriage is a kind of womb,

divorce is the being born again;  
alimony<sup>2</sup> is the placenta one of them will eat; 20

loneliness is the name of the wet-nurse;  
regret is the elementary school;

endurance is the graduation.  
So do not say that they are splattered like dropped lasagna

or dead in the head-on collision of clichés 25  
or nailed on the cross of their competing narratives.

---

<sup>1</sup> Pilgrim: A person who journeys to a sacred place for religious reasons

<sup>2</sup> Alimony: One spouse's provision for the other after divorce

What is taken apart is not utterly demolished.  
It is like a great mysterious egg in Kansas<sup>3</sup>

that has cracked and hatched two big bewildered birds.  
It is two spaceships coming out of retirement,

30

flying away from their dead world,  
the burning booster rocket of divorce  
falling off behind them,

the bystanders pointing at the sky and saying, *Look*.

Tony Hoagland (b. 1953)

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<sup>3</sup> Kansas: State in the U.S.



- Or (b) Write a critical commentary of the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

*Verses from My Room*

When you come looking for me I'll be gone.  
Time is laid waste where waiting has been done.  
Though you might find forever and to spare  
And bring it to me, I will not be there.

I heard you call me once, so calm and clear, 5  
As children call each other by their names.  
Adults avoid such touching, telling games  
And only say what everyone may hear.

Listening is lonely only in the dark;  
People and business and the day obscure 10  
Persistent shadows, if they cannot cure  
Creases where thought and word have left their mark.

Flatten your nose against the window-pane.  
Knock at the door, then open it with care.  
You'll find a book left open on a chair, 15  
Thrown on the bed my coat still wet with rain,

Some shoes piled in the corner, and a pen,  
Dropped from a pocket, lying on the floor.  
Maybe a photo in an open drawer  
Will catch your eye, and make you smile, and then 20

Perhaps you'll speak, although it is absurd  
To ask a question of such emptiness,  
You'll make your invitation and address  
A place as pointless as a voiceless word.

When you come looking I'll be far away. 25  
Will you be puzzled? What, I wonder, say  
In your bewilderment? Will you know why  
I went and didn't wait to say goodbye?

Susanna Tomalin (1958-1980)

## Section B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

**Either (a)** 'The novel is equally concerned with the past and the future.'How far would you agree with this comment on *The Remains of the Day*?**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of dishonesty, here and elsewhere in the novel.

It was at a certain stage during this tour of the premises – I was crossing the hall under the impression that the party had gone out to explore the grounds – when I saw that Mrs Wakefield had remained behind and was closely examining the stone arch that frames the doorway into the dining room. As I went past, muttering a quiet 'excuse me, madam,' she turned and said:

'Oh, Stevens, perhaps you're the one to tell me. This arch here *looks* seventeenth century, but isn't it the case that it was built quite recently? Perhaps during Lord Darlington's time?' 5

'It is possible, madam.'

'It's very beautiful. But it is probably a kind of mock period piece done only a few years ago. Isn't that right?'

'I'm not sure, madam, but that is certainly possible.' 10

Then, lowering her voice, Mrs Wakefield had said: 'But tell me, Stevens, what was this Lord Darlington like? Presumably you must have worked for him.'

'I didn't, madam, no.'

'Oh, I thought you did. I wonder why I thought that.'

Mrs Wakefield turned back to the arch and putting her hand to it, said: 'So we don't know for certain then. Still, it looks to me like it's mock. Very skilful, but mock.' 15

It is possible I might have quickly forgotten this exchange; however, following the Wakefields' departure, I took in afternoon tea to Mr Farraday in the drawing room and noticed he was in a rather preoccupied mood. After an initial silence, he said:

'You know, Stevens, Mrs Wakefield wasn't as impressed with this house as I believe she ought to have been.' 20

'Is that so, sir?'

'In fact, she seemed to think I was exaggerating the pedigree of this place. That I was making it up about all these features going back centuries.'

'Indeed, sir?' 25

'She kept asserting everything was "mock" this and "mock" that. She even thought you were "mock", Stevens.'

'Indeed, sir?'

'Indeed, Stevens. I'd told her you were the real thing. A real old English butler. That you'd been in this house for over thirty years, serving a real English lord. But Mrs Wakefield contradicted me on this point. In fact, she contradicted me with great confidence.' 30

'Is that so, sir?'

'Mrs Wakefield, Stevens, was convinced you never worked here until I hired you. In fact, she seemed to be under the impression she'd had that from your own lips. Made me look pretty much a fool, as you can imagine.' 35

'It's most regrettable, sir.'

'I mean to say, Stevens, this *is* a genuine grand old English house, isn't it? That's what I paid for. And you're a genuine old-fashioned English butler, not just some waiter pretending to be one. You're the real thing, aren't you? That's what I wanted, isn't that what I have?'

- 'I venture to say you do, sir.' 40
- 'Then can you explain to me what Mrs Wakefield is saying? It's a big mystery to me.'
- 'It is possible I may well have given the lady a slightly misleading picture concerning my career, sir. I do apologize if this caused embarrassment.'
- 'I'll say it caused embarrassment. Those people have now got me down for a braggart and a liar. Anyway, what do you mean, you may have given her a "slightly misleading picture"?' 45
- 'I'm very sorry, sir. I had no idea I might cause you such embarrassment.'
- 'But dammit, Stevens, why did you tell her such a tale?'
- I considered the situation for a moment, then said: 'I'm very sorry, sir. But it is to do with the ways of this country.'
- 'What are you talking about, man?' 50
- 'I mean to say, sir, that it is not customary in England for an employee to discuss his past employers.'
- 'OK, Stevens, so you don't wish to divulge past confidences. But does that extend to you actually denying having worked for anyone other than me?'
- 'It does seem a little extreme when you put it that way, sir. But it has often been considered 55  
desirable for employees to give such an impression. If I may put it this way, sir, it is a little akin to the custom as regards marriages. If a divorced lady were present in the company of her second husband, it is often thought desirable not to allude to the original marriage at all. There is a similar custom as regards our profession, sir.'
- 'Well, I only wish I'd known about your custom before, Stevens,' my employer said, leaning 60  
back in his chair. 'It certainly made me look like a chump.'

Day Two -- Afternoon  
Mortimer's Pond, Dorset

## Section C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

3

**Either (a)** 'By the end, justice has been served.'How far would you agree with this comment on *Hamlet*?**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to how characters respond to fortune, here and elsewhere in the play.*Enter Horatio**Horatio:* Here sweet lord, at your service.*Hamlet:* Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man  
As e'er my conversation coped withal.*Horatio:* O my dear lord –

<i>Hamlet:</i>	Nay, do not think I flatter, For what advancement may I hope from thee That no revenue hast but thy good spirits To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered? No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp, And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear? Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice, And could of men distinguish, her election Hath sealed thee for herself, for thou hast been As one in suffering all that suffers nothing, A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those Whose blood and judgment are so well co-meddled, That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger To sound what stop she please. Give me that man That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him In my heart's core, ay in my heart of heart, As I do thee – something too much of this – There is a play tonight before the King; One scene of it comes near the circumstance Which I have told thee of my father's death. I prithee when thou seest that act afoot, Even with the very comment of thy soul Observe mine uncle. If his occulted guilt Do not itself unkennel in one speech, It is a damned ghost that we have seen, And my imaginations are as foul As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note, For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, And after we will both our judgments join In censure of his seeming.	5 10 15 20 25 30 35
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*Horatio:* Well my lord;  
If 'a steal aught the whilst this play is playing,  
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

*Hamlet:* They are coming to the play; I must be idle.  
Get you a place.

Act 3, Scene 2

**END OF PAPER**



## SECTION A

1

**Either (a)** Write a critical commentary on the following poem by paying particular attention to ways in which your response is shaped by the poet's language, style and form.

**Piano and Drums**

When at break of day at a riverside  
 I hear the jungle drums telegraphing  
 the mystic rhythm, urgent, raw  
 like bleeding flesh, speaking of  
 primal youth and the beginning 5  
 I see the panther ready to pounce  
 the leopard snarling about to leap  
 and the hunters crouch with spears poised;

And my blood ripples, turns torrent,  
 topples the years and at once I'm 10  
 in my mother's laps a suckling;  
 at once I'm walking simple  
 paths with no innovations,  
 rugged, fashioned with the naked  
 warmth of hurrying feet and groping hearts 15  
 in green leaves and wild flowers pulsing.

Then I hear a wailing piano  
 solo speaking of complex ways in  
 tear-furrowed concerto;  
 of far away lands 20  
 and new horizons with  
 coaxing diminuendo, counterpoint,  
 crescendo. But lost in the labyrinth  
 of its complexities, it ends in the middle  
 of a phrase at a daggerpoint. 25

And I lost in the morning mist  
 of an age at a riverside keep  
 wandering in the mystic rhythm  
 of jungle drums and the concerto.

Gabriel Okara (born 1921)

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following poem by paying particular attention to ways in which your response is shaped by the poet's language, style and form.

**Night Journey**

Now as the train bears west, Its rhythm rocks the earth, And from my Pullman berth I stare into the night While others take their rest.	5
Bridges of iron lace, A suddenness of trees, A lap of mountain mist All cross my line of sight, Then a bleak wasted place, And a lake below my knees.	10
Full on my neck I feel The straining at a curve; My muscles move with steel, I wake in every nerve.	15
I watch a beacon swing From dark to blazing bright; We thunder through ravines And gullies washed with light. Beyond the mountain pass Mist deepens on the pane;	20
We rush into a rain That rattles double glass. Wheels shake the roadbed stone, The pistons jerk and shove, I stay up half the night To see the land I love.	25

Theodore Roethke (1908 – 1963)



## SECTION B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

**Either a)** "The novel reveals a turbulence as immense as it is slow."

How does the novel portray time and change in view of the above statement?

**Or b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of truth and confession, here and elsewhere in the novel.

'The fact is, Mrs Benn, throughout the war, some truly terrible things had been said about his lordship – and by *that* newspaper in particular. He bore it all while the country remained in peril, but once the war was over, and the insinuations simply continued, well, his lordship saw no reason to go on suffering in silence. It's easy enough to see now, perhaps, all the dangers of going to court just at that time, what with the climate as it was. 5  
But there you are. His lordship sincerely believed he would get justice. Instead, of course, the newspaper simply increased its circulation. And his lordship's good name was destroyed for ever. Really, Mrs Benn, afterwards, well, his lordship was virtually an invalid. And the house became so quiet. I would take him tea in the drawing room and, well... It really was most tragic to see.'

10

'I'm very sorry, Mr Stevens. I had no idea things had been so bad.'

'Oh yes, Mrs Benn. But enough of this. I know you remember Darlington Hall in the days when there were great gatherings, when it was filled with distinguished visitors. Now that's the say his lordship deserves to be remembered.'

As I say, that was the only time we mentioned Lord Darlington. Predominantly, we 15  
concerned ourselves with very happy memories, and those two hours we spent together in the tea lounge were, I would say, extremely pleasant ones. I seem to remember various other guests coming in while we were talking, sitting down for a few moments and leaving again, but they did not distract us in any way at all. Indeed, one could hardly believe two whole hours had elapsed when Miss Kenton looked up at the clock on the mantelshelf and 20  
said she would have to be returning home. On establishing that she would have to walk in the rain to the bus stop a little way out of the village, I insisted on running her there in the Ford, and so it was that after obtaining an umbrella from the reception desk, we stepped outside together.

Large puddles had formed on the ground around where I had left the Ford, obliging 25  
me to assist Miss Kenton a little to allow her to reach the passenger door. Soon, however, we were motoring down the village high street, and then the shops had gone and we found ourselves in open country, Miss Kenton, who had been sitting quietly watching the passing view, turned to me at this point, saying:

'What are you smiling to yourself about like that, Mr Stevens?'

30

'Oh... You must excuse me, Mrs Benn, but I was just recalling certain things you wrote in your letter. I was a little worried when I read them, but I see now I had little reason to be.'

'Oh? What things in particular do you mean, Mr Stevens?'

'Oh, nothing in particular, Mrs Benn.'

35

'Oh, Mr Stevens, you really must tell me.'

'Well, for instance, Mrs Benn,' I said with a laugh, 'at one point in your letter, you write – now let me see – “the rest of my life stretches out like an emptiness before me”. Some words to that effect.'

'Really, Mr Stevens,' she said, also laughing a little. 'I couldn't have written any such thing.'

'Oh, I assure you you did, Mrs Benn. I recall it very clearly.'

'Oh dear. Well, perhaps there are some days when I feel like that. But they pass quickly enough. Let me assure you, Mr Stevens, my life does *not* stretch out emptily before me. For one thing, we are looking forward to the grandchild. The first of a few perhaps.'

45

'Yes, indeed. That will be splendid for you.'

We drove on quietly for a few further moments. Then Miss Kenton said:

'And what about you, Mr Stevens? What does the future hold for you back at Darlington Hall?'

'Well, whatever awaits me, Mrs Benn, I know I'm not awaited by emptiness. If only I were. But oh no, there's work, work and more work.'

50

We both laughed at this. Then Miss Kenton pointed out a bus shelter visible further up the road. As we approached it, she said:

'Will you wait with me, Mr Stevens? The bus will only be a few minutes.'

The rain was still falling steadily as we got out of the car and hurried towards the shelter. This latter – a stone construct complete with a tiled roof – looked very sturdy, as indeed it needed to be, standing as it did in a highly exposed position against a background of empty fields. Inside, the paint was peeling everywhere, but the place was clean enough. Miss Kenton seated herself on the bench provided, while I remained on my feet where I could command a view of the approaching bus. On the other side of the road, all I could see were more farm fields; a line of telegraph poles led my eye over them into the far distance.

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After we had been waiting in silence for a few minutes, I finally brought myself to say:

'Excuse me, Mrs Benn. But the fact is we may not meet again for a long time. I wonder if you would perhaps permit me to ask you something if a rather personal order. It is something that has been troubling me for some time.'

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## SECTION C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

**Either a)** Discuss the presentation and dramatic significance of marriage in Miller's *All My Sons*.

**Or b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the portrayal of persuasion and manipulation, here and elsewhere in the play.

MOTHER *enters on porch. She is dressed almost formally; her hair is fixed. They are all turned toward her. On seeing GEORGE she raises both hands, comes down toward him.*

Mother George, Georgie.

George *[he has always liked her]* Hello, Kate. 5

Mother *[cups his face in her hands]* They made an old man out of you. *[Touches his hair.]* Look, you're gray.

George *[her pity, open and unabashed, reaches into him, and he smiles sadly]* I know, I -

Mother I told you when you went away, don't try for medals. 10

George *[laughs, tiredly]* I didn't try, Kate. They made it very easy for me.

Mother *[actually angry]* Go on. You're all alike. *[To ANN]* Look at him, why did you say he's fine? He looks like a ghost.

George *[relishing her solicitude]* I feel all right.

Mother I'm sick to look at you. What's the matter with your mother, why don't she feed you? 15

Ann He just hasn't any appetite.

Mother If he ate in my house he'd have an appetite. *[to ANN.]* I pity your husband! *[To GEORGE.]* Sit down. I'll make you a sandwich.

George *[sits with an embarrassed laugh]* I'm really not hungry. 20

Mother Honest to God, it breaks my heart to see what happened to all the children. How we worked and planned for you, and you end up no better than us.

George *[with deep feeling for her]* You ... you haven't changed at all, you know that, Kate?

Mother None of us changed, Georgie. We all love you. Joe was just talking about the day you were born and the water got shut off. People were carrying basins from a block away - a stranger would have thought the whole neighborhood was on fire! *[They laugh. She sees the juice. To ANN]* Why didn't you give him some juice? 25

Ann *[defensively]* I offered it to him. 30

*Mother* [*scoffingly*] You offered it to him! [*Thrusting glass into GEORGE'S hand*] Give it to him! [*To GEORGE, who is laughing*] And now you're going to sit here and drink some juice ... and look like something!

*George* [*sitting*] Kate, I feel hungry already.

*Chris* [*proudly*] She could turn Mahatma Gandhi into a heavyweight! 35

*Mother* [*to CHRIS, with great energy*] Listen, to hell with the restaurant! I got a ham in the icebox, and frozen strawberries, and avocados, and -

*Ann* Swell, I'll help you!

*George* The train leaves at eight-thirty, Ann.

*Mother* [*to ANN*] You're leaving? 40

*Chris* No, Mother, she's not -

*Ann* [*breaking through it, going to GEORGE*] You hardly got here; give yourself a chance to get acquainted again.

*Chris* Sure, you don't even know us anymore.

*Mother* Well, Chris, if they can't stay, I don't - 45

*Chris* No, it's just a question of George, Mother, he planned on -

*George* [*gets up politely, nicely, for KATE's sake*] Now wait a minute, Chris...

*Chris* [*smiling and full of command, cutting him off*] If you want to go, I'll drive you to the station now, but if you're staying, no arguments while you're here.

*Mother* [*at last confessing the tension*] Why should he argue? [*She goes to him. With desperation and compassion, stroking his hair*] Georgie and us have no argument. How could we have an argument, Georgie? We all got hit by the same lightning, how can you...? Did you see what happened to Larry's tree, Georgie? [*She has taken his arm, and unwillingly he moves across the stage with her.*] Imagine? While I was dreaming of him in the middle of the night, the wind came along and - 50  
55  
LYDIA enters on porch. As soon as she sees him:

*Lydia* Hey, Georgie! Georgie! Georgie! Georgie! Georgie! [*She comes down to him eagerly. She has a flowered hat in her hand, which KATE takes from her as she goes to GEORGE*] 60

*George* [*as they shake hands eagerly, warmly*] Hello, Laughy. What'd you do, grow?

(Act Two)

End of Paper

**YISHUN JUNIOR COLLEGE  
2017 JC2 ENGLISH LITERATURE  
PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/01**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**Thursday 24 August 2017  
0800 – 1100h  
3 hours**

Additional materials: Answer paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room.

They may bear underlining or highlighting.

Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.



**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your name and CTG on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions, one from each section.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, hand in your answer to each question **separately**.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **7** printed pages and 1 blank page.

## SECTION A

1

**Either (a)** Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of the relationship between an artist and his or her art.

**(A) Minstrel Man**

Because my mouth  
Is wide with laughter  
And my throat  
Is deep with song,  
You did not think  
I suffer after  
I've held my pain  
So long. 5

Because my mouth  
Is wide with laughter  
You do not hear  
My inner cry:  
Because my feet  
Are gay with dancing,  
You do not know  
I die. 10 15

Langston Hughes (1902 – 1967)

**(B) Report from the Field**

Sublimation, a new version of piety,  
Hovers the paint and gets her going.  
Everything drifts, a barely heard sigh is the

Sound of wind in the next room blowing  
Dust from anxiety. A favourite receptacle  
Holds her breath and occasional sewing. 5

Only the artist will be held responsible  
For something so far unsaid but true,  
For having the crust to let the hysterical

Earnest of genuine feeling show through,  
And watching herself in the glassy eyeing  
Of *Art as seen through a hole in her shoe*. 10

Painter and poet, sometimes said to be lying,  
Agonizingly know it is more like dying.

Dorothea Tanning (1910 – 2012)

**Or (b)** Write a critical comparison of the following poems, paying close attention to ways in which form, style and language contribute to each poet's depiction of a sleepless night.

**(A) A Sleepless Night**

April, and the last of the plum blossoms  
scatters on the black grass  
before dawn. The sycamore, the lime,  
the struck pine inhale  
the first pale hints of sky. 5

An iron day,

I think, yet it will come  
dazzling, the light  
rise from the belly of leaves and pour  
burning from the cups 10  
of poppies.

The mockingbird squawks  
from his perch, fidgets,  
and settles back. The snail, awake  
for good, trembles from his shell 15  
and sets sail for China. My hand dances  
in the memory of a million vanished stars.

A man has every place to lay his head.

Philip Levine (1928 – 2015)

**(B) A Sleepless Night**

Within the hollow silence of the night  
I lay awake and listened. I could hear  
Planet with punctual planet chiming clear,  
And unto star star cadencing aright.<sup>1</sup> 5  
Nor these alone: cloistered from deafening sight,  
All things that are, made music to my ear:  
Hushed woods, dumb caves, and many a soundless mere,  
With Arctic mains in rigid sleep locked tight.  
But ever with this chant from shore and sea, 10  
From singing constellation, humming thought,  
And life through time's stops blowing variously,  
A melancholy undertone was wrought;  
And from its boundless prison-house I caught  
The awful wail of lone Eternity.

Alfred Austin (1835 – 1913)

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<sup>1</sup> Properly

## SECTION B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

**Either a)** "The novel reveals a turbulence as immense as it is slow."

How does the novel portray time and change in view of the above statement?

**Or b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of truth and confession, here and elsewhere in the novel.

'The fact is, Mrs Benn, throughout the war, some truly terrible things had been said about his lordship – and by *that* newspaper in particular. He bore it all while the country remained in peril, but once the war was over, and the insinuations simply continued, well, his lordship saw no reason to go on suffering in silence. It's easy enough to see now, perhaps, all the dangers of going to court just at that time, what with the climate as it was. 5  
But there you are. His lordship sincerely believed he would get justice. Instead, of course, the newspaper simply increased its circulation. And his lordship's good name was destroyed for ever. Really, Mrs Benn, afterwards, well, his lordship was virtually an invalid. And the house became so quiet. I would take him tea in the drawing room and, well... It really was most tragic to see.'

10

'I'm very sorry, Mr Stevens. I had no idea things had been so bad.'

'Oh yes, Mrs Benn. But enough of this. I know you remember Darlington Hall in the days when there were great gatherings, when it was filled with distinguished visitors. Now that's the say his lordship deserves to be remembered.'

As I say, that was the only time we mentioned Lord Darlington. Predominantly, we 15  
concerned ourselves with very happy memories, and those two hours we spent together in the tea lounge were, I would say, extremely pleasant ones. I seem to remember various other guests coming in while we were talking, sitting down for a few moments and leaving again, but they did not distract us in any way at all. Indeed, one could hardly believe two whole hours had elapsed when Miss Kenton looked up at the clock on the mantelshelf and 20  
said she would have to be returning home. On establishing that she would have to walk in the rain to the bus stop a little way out of the village, I insisted on running her there in the Ford, and so it was that after obtaining an umbrella from the reception desk, we stepped outside together.

Large puddles had formed on the ground around where I had left the Ford, obliging 25  
me to assist Miss Kenton a little to allow her to reach the passenger door. Soon, however, we were motoring down the village high street, and then the shops had gone and we found ourselves in open country, Miss Kenton, who had been sitting quietly watching the passing view, turned to me at this point, saying:

'What are you smiling to yourself about like that, Mr Stevens?'

30



'Oh... You must excuse me, Mrs Benn, but I was just recalling certain things you wrote in your letter. I was a little worried when I read them, but I see now I had little reason to be.'

'Oh? What things in particular do you mean, Mr Stevens?' 35

'Oh, nothing in particular, Mrs Benn.'

'Oh, Mr Stevens, you really must tell me.'

'Well, for instance, Mrs Benn,' I said with a laugh, 'at one point in your letter, you write – now let me see – “the rest of my life stretches out like an emptiness before me”. Some words to that effect.' 40

'Really, Mr Stevens,' she said, also laughing a little. 'I couldn't have written any such thing.'

'Oh, I assure you you did, Mrs Benn. I recall it very clearly.'

'Oh dear. Well, perhaps there are some days when I feel like that. But they pass quickly enough. Let me assure you, Mr Stevens, my life does *not* stretch out emptily before me. For one thing, we are looking forward to the grandchild. The first of a few perhaps.' 45

'Yes, indeed. That will be splendid for you.'

We drove on quietly for a few further moments. Then Miss Kenton said:

'And what about you, Mr Stevens? What does the future hold for you back at Darlington Hall?' 50

'Well, whatever awaits me, Mrs Benn, I know I'm not awaited by emptiness. If only I were. But oh no, there's work, work and more work.'

We both laughed at this. Then Miss Kenton pointed out a bus shelter visible further up the road. As we approached it, she said:

'Will you wait with me, Mr Stevens? The bus will only be a few minutes.' 55

The rain was still falling steadily as we got out of the car and hurried towards the shelter. This latter – a stone construct complete with a tiled roof – looked very sturdy, as indeed it needed to be, standing as it did in a highly exposed position against a background of empty fields. Inside, the paint was peeling everywhere, but the place was clean enough. Miss Kenton seated herself on the bench provided, while I remained on my feet where I could command a view of the approaching bus. On the other side of the road, all I could see were more farm fields; a line of telegraph poles led my eye over them into the far distance. 60

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(Act Two)

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