

---

## LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

**9748/01**

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.

---

### 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.

---

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



**2**  
**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 nature.

**A** **THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US**

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;—  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon; 5  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn; 10  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea<sup>1</sup>,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus<sup>2</sup> rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton<sup>3</sup> blow his wreathèd horn.

William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

**B** **REPORT TO WORDSWORTH**

You should be here, Nature has need of you.  
She has been laid waste. Smothered by the smog,  
the flowers are mute, and the birds are few  
in a sky slowing like a dying clock.  
All hopes of Proteus rising from the sea 5  
have sunk; he is entombed in the waste  
we dump. Triton's notes struggle to be free,  
his famous horns are choked, his eyes are dazed,  
and Neptune<sup>4</sup> lies helpless as a beached whale,  
while insatiate man moves in for the kill. 10  
Poetry and piety have begun to fail,  
as Nature's mighty heart is lying still.  
O see the wound widening in the sky,  
God is labouring to utter his last cry.

Boey Kim Cheng (b.1965)

---

<sup>1</sup> Lea: an open area of grassland

<sup>2</sup> Proteus: a sea-god in Greek mythology.

<sup>3</sup> Triton: a sea-god in Greek mythology usually shown using a sea-shell as a horn.

<sup>4</sup> Neptune: the Roman god of the sea.

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

A 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,  
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,  
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood; 15  
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

W. H. Auden (1907-1973)

B DO NOT STAND AT MY GRAVE AND WEEP

Do not stand at my grave and weep  
I am not there. I do not sleep.  
I am a thousand winds that blow.  
I am the diamond glints on snow.  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain. 5  
I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush  
I am the swift uplifting rush  
Of quiet birds in circled flight. 10  
I am the soft stars that shine at night.  
Do not stand at my grave and cry;  
I am not there. I did not die.

Mary Elizabeth Frye (1905 –2004)

## 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? Why, Mr Stevens, why, why, why do you always have to *pretend*?' 40

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.' 45

'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. 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. 50

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 5, scene 3)



---

## LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

**9748/02**

Paper 2 Victorian Literature (1830–1899)

**24 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.

---

### 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.

---

This document consists of **6** printed pages.





## Section A

Answer one question in this section.

1

- Either** (a) The following poem is a 16 line sonnet variation from *Modern Love* (1862) by George Meredith, a collection of sonnets about the failure of his marriage. Write a critical appreciation of it, relating its concerns to key features of the period.

By this he knew she wept with waking eyes:  
 That, at his hand's light quiver by her head,  
 The strange low sobs that shook their common bed  
 Were called into her with a sharp surprise,  
 And strangled mute, like little gaping snakes, 5  
 Dreadfully venomous to him. She lay  
 Stone-still, and the long darkness flowed away  
 With muffled pulses. Then, as midnight makes  
 Her giant heart of Memory and Tears  
 Drink the pale drug of silence, and so beat 10  
 Sleep's heavy measure, they from head to feet  
 Were moveless, looking through their dead black years,  
 By vain regret scrawled over the blank wall.  
 Like sculptured effigies<sup>1</sup> they might be seen  
 Upon their marriage-tomb, the sword between; 15  
 Each wishing for the sword that severs all.

---

<sup>1</sup> Statues of the deceased depicted lying on their tomb.

- Or (b) The following passage is from *Caste* (1867) by T.W. Robertson. Esther Eccles, a ballet dancer who comes from a poor family, has married the wealthy Captain George D'Alroy, whose mother is the aristocratic Marquise<sup>1</sup> de St. Maur.

In this passage, Esther and her baby have returned to live with her drunken father, Mr Eccles, and her sister Polly, after Esther was told that George had been killed in battle in India. Esther is planning to return to her work on stage to support herself and her child. Sam is Polly's fiancé.

Write a critical appreciation of the passage, linking its concerns to key features of the period.

	<i>Eccles enters, breathless; Esther rises; Polly runs to window.</i>	
Eccles	It's the Marquissy in her coach. Now be civil to her, and she may do something for us; I see the coach as I was coming from the Rainbow <sup>2</sup> . [Polly places chairs in order.] [Eccles at door] This way my lady; up them steps; they're rather awkward for anybody like you, but them as is poor and lowly must do as best they can with steps and circumstances.	5
	<i>Esther and Polly, Left at end of table. Enter Marquise, Door Right. She surveys the place with aggressive astonishment – Esther drops the costume into bandbox, and Polly puts the lid on it.</i>	10
Marquise	[Half aside, going down, right] What a hole, and for my grandson to breathe such an atmosphere, and to be contaminated by such associations. [To Eccles, who is a little upstage, Right Centre] Which is the young woman who married my son?	
Esther	I am Mrs D'Alroy, widow of George D'Alroy. Who are you?	15
Marquise	I am his mother, the Marquise de St. Maur.	
Esther	[With a grand air] Be seated, I beg.	
Marquise	[Rejecting a chair offered servilely by Eccles, and looking round] The chairs are all dirty. [Sam enters with an easy chair on his head, which he puts down, Left, not seeing the Marquise, who instantly sits down in it, concealing it completely.]	20
Sam	[Astonished, Left Corner] It's the Marquissy. [Looking at her] These here aristocrats are fine women though. Plenty of 'em [Describing circle] Quality and quantity.	
Polly	[Left of table end] Sam, you'd better come back. [Eccles nudges him and bustles him towards Door]	25
Sam	[Going towards door, aside] She's here. What's coming, I wonder! [Exit Sam; Eccles shuts Door on him]	
Eccles	[Coming down Right Centre, rubbing his hands] If we'd a-know'd your ladyship had bin a-coming we'd a had the place cleaned up a bit. [With hands on chair back; Esther snatches chair from him; he gets round to Right behind the Marquise]	30
Marquise	[To Esther] You remember me, do you not?	
Esther	Perfectly, though I only saw you once. [Seating herself with dignity, Left Centre] May I ask what has procured me the honour of this visit?	35
Marquise	I was informed that you were in want and I came here to offer you my assistance.	
Esther	I thank you for your offer, and the delicate consideration for my feelings with which it is made. I need no assistance.	
Marquise	A letter I received last night informed me that you did.	40
Esther	May I ask if the letter came from Captain Hawtree?	
Marquise	No, from this person, your father, I think.	
Esther	[To Eccles] How dare you interfere in my affairs?	

<sup>1</sup> An aristocratic title, below the rank of Duchess. Marchioness is an alternative version of this title.

<sup>2</sup> A pub.

Eccles	My love, I did it with the best of intentions.	
Marquise	Then you will not accept assistance from me?	45
Esther	No.	
Polly	<i>[Aside to Esther, holding her hand]</i> Bless you, my darling.	
Marquise	But you have a child – a son – my grandson. <i>[with emotion]</i>	
Esther	Master D’Alroy wants for nothing.	
Polly	<i>[Aside]</i> And never shall!	50
Marquise	I came here to propose that my grandson should go back with me.	
Esther	<i>[Rising defiantly]</i> What, part with my boy? I’d sooner die!	
Marquise	You can see him when you wish – as for money – I	
Esther	Not for ten thousand million worlds – not for ten thousand million marchionesses.	55
Eccles	Better do what the good lady asks you, my dear. She’s advising you for your good and for the child’s likewise.	
Marquise	Surely you cannot intend to bring up my son’s son in a place like this? <i>[Esther goes up, Centre]</i>	
Eccles	It is a poor place, and we are poor people, sure enough. We ought not to fly in the face of our pastors and masters – our pastresses and mistresses.	60
Polly	<i>[Aside]</i> Oh, hold your tongue, do. <i>[Goes up to cradle]</i>	
Esther	<i>[Before cradle]</i> Master George D’Alroy will remain with his mother. The offer to take him from her is an insult to his dead father and to him.	65
Eccles	He don’t seem to feel it, stuck up little beast.	
Marquise	But you have no money. How can you rear him? How can you educate him? How can you live?	
Esther	<i>[Tearing dress from bandbox]</i> Turn Columbine <sup>1</sup> ! Go on the stage again and dance!	70
Marquise	You are insolent. You forget that I am a lady.	
Esther	You forget that I am a mother. <i>[Replaces dress in bandbox]</i> Do you dare to offer to buy my child, his breathing image, his living memory, with money? <i>[Crosses to Door Right, and throws it open]</i> Go! <i>[Picture]</i> <sup>2</sup>	
Eccles	<i>[To Marquise, who has risen]</i> Very sorry, my lady, as you should be tret in this way, which was not my wishes.	75
Marquise	Silence! <i>[Eccles retreats Right, putting back chair; Marquise goes up to Door Right]</i> Mrs D’Alroy, if anything could have increased my sorrow for the wretched marriage my poor son was decoyed into, it would be your conduct this day to his poor mother. <i>[Exit, Door Right]</i>	80

<sup>1</sup> A character in a type of theatrical entertainment.

<sup>2</sup> A moment in which the characters pause on stage to create a silent stage picture to create a particular atmosphere that is significant for the dramatic action.

**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.**

**2**

- Either (a)** Compare the ways in which **two** Victorian writers you have studied explore faith or belief.
- Or (b)** By comparing the work of **two** writers of the period that you have studied, discuss their presentation of courage and vulnerability.

### 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.**

#### **CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations***

**3**

**Either (a)** 'The setting that Dickens chooses [...] represents too much to be accidental.'

With this comment in mind, discuss Dickens use of setting in *Great Expectations*.

**Or (b)** 'Crime exists as a powerful psychological force throughout Dickens' *Great Expectations*'.

With this comment in mind, discuss the presentation of crime and punishment in *Great Expectations*.

#### **GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner***

**4**

**Either (a)** To what extent would you agree that the novel presents a criticism of blind faith?

**Or (b)** Discuss the significance of parent-child relationships in *Silas Marner*.

#### **CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre***

**5**

**Either (a)** 'Her mind contains nothing but hunger, rebellion, and rage.'

To what extent would you agree with this assessment of Jane?

**Or (b)** In what ways, and with what effects, is the position of the outsider explored in *Jane Eyre*?

#### **G.B. SHAW: *Mrs Warren's Profession***

**6**

**Either (a)** 'Shaw generally is highly aware of settings and their relationship to the behaviour of the particular society which inhabits them.'

With this comment in mind, discuss the dramatic significance of setting in *Mrs Warren's Profession*.

**Or (b)** How far would you agree that the play dramatically exposes the 'thoughtless, passive and hypocritical elements of worldly existence'?



**ANDERSON JUNIOR COLLEGE**  
**JC2 Preliminary Examination 2017**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**  
**Higher 2**  
**Paper 1 Reading Literature**

**9748/01**  
**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 text (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your name, class and subject tutor's 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 all your work securely together.  
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

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

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

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

*\*Please delete accordingly.*

This document consists of **8** printed pages including this cover page.

[Turn over]

---

**BLANK PAGE**

## Section A

1

- Either (a)** Write a critical comparison on the following poems, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's presentation of self.

**A I Know My Soul**

I plucked my soul out of its secret place,  
 And held it to the mirror of my eye,  
 To see it like a star against the sky,  
 A twitching body quivering in space,  
 A spark of passion shining on my face. 5  
 And I explored it to determine why  
 This awful key to my infinity  
 Conspires to rob me of sweet joy and grace.  
 And if the sign may not be fully read,  
 If I can comprehend but not control, 10  
 I need not gloom my days with futile dread,  
 Because I see a part and not the whole.  
 Contemplating the strange, I'm comforted  
 By this narcotic thought: I know my soul.

Claude McKay (1889-1948 )

**B Love After Love**

The time will come  
 when, with elation  
 you will greet yourself arriving  
 at your own door, in your own mirror  
 and each will smile at the other's welcome, 5  
  
 and say, sit here. Eat.  
 You will love again the stranger who was your self.  
 Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart  
 to itself, to the stranger who has loved you  
  
 all your life, whom you ignored 10  
 for another, who knows you by heart.  
 Take down the love letters from the bookshelf,  
  
 the photographs, the desperate notes,  
 peel your own image from the mirror.  
 Sit. Feast on your life. 15

Derek Walcott (1930 - 2017)



- Or (b) Write a critical comparison on the following poems, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of landscape.

**A High Desert**

Out here, there is another way to be.  
 There is a rising brightness in the rock,  
 a singing in the silence of the tree.  
 Something is always moving, running free,  
 as quick and still as quail move in a flock. 5  
 The hills out here know a hard way to be.  
 I have to listen for it patiently:  
 a drumming canter slowing to a walk,  
 a flutter in the silence of a tree.  
 The owl's call from the rimrock<sup>1</sup> changes key.  
 What door will open to the flicker's<sup>2</sup> knock? 10  
 Out here there is another way to be,  
 described by the high circles of a hawk  
 above what hides in silence in the tree.  
 The cottonwoods<sup>3</sup> in their simplicity  
 talk softly on, as hidden waters talk,  
 an almost silent singing in the tree  
 that says, here is another way to be. 15

Ursula K. Le Guin (1926 – 1995)

<sup>1</sup> sheer rock wall at the upper edge of a plateau or canyon or geological uplift

<sup>2</sup> woodpeckers

<sup>3</sup> flowering shrub or tree in the mallow family

**B Treeless Landscape**

Except in grooves of streams, armpits of hills,  
 Here's a bald, bare land, weathered half away.  
 It pokes its bony blades clean through its skin  
 And chucks the light up from grey knucklebones,  
 Tattering the eye, that's teased with flowers and stones. 5  
  
 Something to do with time has all to do  
 With shape and size. The million shapes of time,  
 Its millions of appearances are the true  
 Mountain and moor and tingling water drop  
 That runs and hangs and shakes time towards a stop. 10  
  
 Prowling like cats on levels of the air  
 These buzzards mew, or pounce: one vole the less,  
 One alteration more in time, or space.  
 But nothing's happened, all is in control  
 Unless you are the buzzard<sup>4</sup> or the vole<sup>5</sup>. 15  
  
 Yet, all the same, it's weathered half away.  
 Time's no procrastinator. The land thrusts  
 A rotting elbow up. It makes a place  
 By sinking into it, and buzzards fly  
 To be a buzzard and create a sky. 20

Norman MacCaig (1910 – 1996)

<sup>4</sup> bird of prey

<sup>5</sup> small rodent

## 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?

"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.

(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 -

*Ann.* 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**



**ANDERSON JUNIOR COLLEGE**  
**JC2 Preliminary Examination 2017**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/03**

**Higher 2**

**11 September 2017**

**Paper 3 The Individual and Society in Literature**

**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 text (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

---

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

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

Draw a right hand margin on every piece of writing 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.

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.

Indicate your choice of question clearly in the answer script.

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

You are to submit your written work only.

**Name :** \_\_\_\_\_

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

Indicate your choice of question		
<b>Section A</b>	<i>Write your question no. here</i>	<b>/25</b>
<b>Section B</b>	<i>Write your question no. here</i>	<b>/25</b>
<b>Section C</b>	<i>Write your question no. here</i>	<b>/25</b>
	<b>Total:</b>	<b>/75</b>

**BLANK PAGE**

## Section A

Answer one question in this section.

1

- Either**     **(a)**     Comment on the following poem, *Translations* by Adrienne Rich, paying particular attention to the way it addresses the relation between the individual and society.

***Translations***

You show me the poems of some woman  
my age, or younger  
translated from your language

Certain words occur: enemy, oven, sorrow  
enough to let me know  
she's a woman of my time

5

Obsessed

with Love, our subject:  
we've trained it like ivy to our walls  
baked it like bread in our ovens  
worn it like lead on our ankles  
watched it through binoculars as if  
it were a helicopter  
bringing food to our famine  
or the satellite  
of a hostile power

10

I begin to see that woman  
doing things: stirring rice  
ironing a skirt  
typing a manuscript till dawn

20

trying to make a call  
from a phonebooth

The phone rings endlessly  
in a man's bedroom  
she hears him telling someone else  
*Never mind. She'll get tired.*  
hears him telling her story to her sister  
who becomes her enemy  
and will in her own way  
light her own way to sorrow

25

30

ignorant of the fact this way of grief  
is shared, unnecessary  
and political

#

#

#



**Or (b)** The extract below is from E.M. Forster's *A Passage to India* (1924). A British woman, Miss Adela Quested, visits her fiancé, Ronny Heselop, in India, an empire under British control. While on a trip to the Marabar Caves, Adela, overcome by the enclosed space, thinks she is alone with a native, Dr. Aziz, and accuses him of sexually assaulting her.

Write a critical appreciation of the extract, relating it to the theme of the individual in society in literature.

He found, as he expected, that the poor girl was crying. And, as always, an Indian close outside the window, a mali in this case, picking up sounds. Much upset, he sat silent for a moment, thinking over his mother and her senile intrusions. He wished he had never asked her to visit India, or become under any obligation to her.

"Well, my dear girl, this isn't much of a home-coming," he said at last. "I had no idea she had this up her sleeve." 5

Adela had stopped crying. An extraordinary expression was on her face, half relief, half horror. She repeated, "Aziz, Aziz." They all avoided mentioning that name. It had become synonymous with the power of evil. He was "the prisoner," "the person in question," "the defence," and the sound of it now rang out like the first note of a new symphony. 10

"Aziz . . . have I made a mistake?"

"You're over-tired," he cried, not much surprised.

"Ronny, he's innocent; I made an awful mistake."

"Well, sit down anyhow." 15

He looked round the room, but only two sparrows were chasing one another. She obeyed and took hold of his hand. He stroked it and she smiled, and gasped as if she had risen to the surface of the water, then touched her ear. "My echo's better." "That's good. You'll be perfectly well in a few days, but you must save yourself up for the trial. Das is a very good fellow, we shall all be with you."

"But Ronny, dear Ronny, perhaps there oughtn't to be any trial." 20

"I don't quite know what you're saying, and I don't think you do."

"If Dr. Aziz never did it he ought to be let out."

A shiver like impending death passed over Ronny. He said hurriedly, "He was let out--until the Mohurram riot, when he had to be put in again." To divert her, he told her the story, which was held to be amusing. Nureddin had stolen the Nawab Bahadur's car and driven Aziz into a ditch in the dark. Both of them had fallen out, and Nureddin had cut his face open. Their wailing had been drowned by the cries of the faithful, and it was quite a time before they were rescued by the police. Nureddin was taken to the Minto Hospital, Aziz restored to prison, with an additional charge against him of disturbing the public peace. 25 30

"Half a minute," he remarked when the anecdote was over, and went to the telephone to ask Callendar to look in as soon as he found it convenient, because she hadn't borne the journey well. When he returned, she was in a nervous crisis, but it took

a different form--she clung to him, and sobbed, "Help me to do what I ought. Aziz is good. You heard your mother say so." 35

"Heard what?"

"He's good; I've been so wrong to accuse him."

"Mother never said so."

"Didn't she?" she asked, quite reasonable, open to every suggestion anyway.

"She never mentioned that name once." 40

"But, Ronny, I heard her."

"Pure illusion. You can't be quite well, can you, to make up a thing like that."

"I suppose I can't. How amazing of me!"

"I was listening to all she said, as far as it could be listened to; she gets very incoherent." 45

"When her voice dropped she said it--towards the end, when she talked above love--love--I couldn't follow, but just then she said: ' Doctor Aziz never did it.'"

"Those words?"

"The idea more than the words."

"Never, never, my dear girl. Complete illusion. His name was not mentioned by anyone. Look here--you are confusing this with Fielding's letter." 50

"That's it, that's it," she cried, greatly relieved. " I knew I'd heard his name somewhere. I am so grateful to you for clearing this up--it's the sort of mistake that worries me, and proves I'm neurotic."

"So you won't go saying he's innocent again, will you? for every servant I've got is a spy." He went to the window. The mali had gone, or rather had turned into two small children-- impossible they should know English, but he sent them packing. 55

"They all hate us," he explained. "It'll be all right after the verdict, for I will say this for them, they do accept the accomplished fact; but at present they're pouring out money like water to catch us tripping, and a remark like yours is the very thing they look out for. It would enable them to say it was a put-up job on the part of us officials. You see what I mean." 60

#

#

#

**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.**

**2**

- Either**
- (a)** Compare the ways in which two texts that you have studied present personal growth.
  
  - (b)** In what ways, and with what effects, do writers use confrontations and arguments as a tool to explore the relationship between an individual and society? You should compare two of your texts.

## 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.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *The Scarlet Letter*

3

- Either**      **(a)**      “Resentment is like taking poison and waiting for the other person to die.”
- Explore this statement in light of your reading of *The Scarlet Letter*’s treatment of vengeance.
- (b)**      Explore Hawthorne’s presentation of forgiveness in *The Scarlet Letter*, and what it contributes to the theme of the individual and society in the novel.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

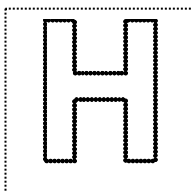
9

- Either**      **(a)**      How, and with what effects, does Williams present privacy (or lack thereof) in the play in order to show tensions between the individual and society?
- (b)**      In what ways, and with what effects, does Williams use the unsettling and the strange in his exploration of the relationship between an individual and society?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

10

- Either**      **(a)**      “Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters’ minds  
By what you see them act.”
- Discuss Shakespeare’s dramatic presentation of trust and gullibility as a means of showing an individual’s relationship to other people and society.
- (b)**      Discuss some of the dramatic methods Shakespeare uses to convey Cassio’s negotiation of his place as an individual in the larger Venetian society.



**DUNMAN HIGH SCHOOL**  
**General Certificate of Education Advanced Level**  
**Higher 2**

**YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION**

CANDIDATE  
NAME

--

CLASS

6	C		
---	---	--	--

INDEX  
NUMBER

0	0		
---	---	--	--

---

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/01**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**15 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.

---

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your class, 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.

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.

## SECTION A

Answer ONE question in this section.

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 presentation of children.

A

## AUTOMATIC DOORS

When I see some kids springing the gallery doors  
I lament the great revolvers. As we enter  
a new era of doors, I can remember  
the thrill involved, the stately, dumb inertia

at first, before they'd give, a slow surrender 5  
to four heaving kids, storing our power,  
a glass and darkwood turbine, now whatever  
effort we put in, the doors would answer

as they gathered speed, until only a shoulder  
nudge was needed (and though no passengers 10  
were carried, now and then I'd grab the bar  
and dangle in my quadrant). We spin for hours

and so it seems: we were time travellers  
fast-forwarding ourselves into the future  
before we were thrown out, into an era 15  
of never even having to lift a finger.

Paul Farley (1965 – )

B

## PORTRIAT OF A CHILD

Unconscious of amused and tolerant eyes,  
He sits among his scattered dreams, and plays.  
True to no one thing long; running for praise  
With something less than half begun. He tries 5  
To build his blocks against the furthest skies.  
They fall; his soldiers stumble; bet he stays  
And plans and struts and laughs at fresh dismay --  
Too confident and busy to be wise.

His toys are towns and temples: his commands  
Bring forth vast armies trembling at his nod. 10  
He shapes and shatters with impartial hands...  
And, in his crude and tireless play, I see  
The savage, the creator, and the god --  
All that man was and all he hopes to be.

Louis Untermeyer (1885 – 1977)

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

A

## STORM ON THE ISLAND

We are prepared: we build our houses squat,  
 Sink walls in rock and roof them with good slate.  
 The wizened earth had never troubled us  
 With hay, so as you can see, there are no stacks  
 Or stooks that can be lost. Nor are there trees 5  
 Which might prove company when it blows full  
 Blast: you know what I mean - leaves and branches  
 Can raise a chorus in a gale  
 So that you can listen to the thing you fear  
 Forgetting that it pummels your house too. 10  
 But there are no trees, no natural shelter.  
 You might think that the sea is company,  
 Exploding comfortably down on the cliffs  
 But no: when it begins, the flung spray hits  
 The very windows, spits like a tame cat 15  
 Turned savage. We just sit tight while wind dives  
 And strafes invisibly. Space is a salvo.  
 We are bombarded by the empty air.  
 Strange, it is a huge nothing that we fear.

Seamus Heaney (1939 – 2013)

B

## PATROLLING BARNEGAT

Wild, wild the storm, and the sea high running,  
 Steady the roar of the gale, with incessant undertone muttering,  
 Shouts of demoniac laughter fitfully piercing and pealing,  
 Waves, air, midnight, their savagest trinity lashing,  
 Out in the shadows there milk-white combs careering, 5  
 On beachy slush and sand spirits of snow fierce slanting,  
 Where through the murk the easterly death-wind breasting,  
 Through cutting swirl and spray watchful and firm advancing,  
 (That in the distance! is that a wreck? is the red signal flaring?)  
  
 Slush and sand of the beach tireless till daylight wending, 10  
 Steadily, slowly, through hoarse roar never remitting,  
 Along the midnight edge by those milk-white combs careering,  
 A group of dim, weird forms, struggling, the night confronting,  
 That savage trinity warily watching.

Walt Whitman (1819 – 1892)

## 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 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 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. 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 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?

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



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  
His dirty stirrup riveted through their noses 20  
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  
Under his blest planet and wore his livery. 25  
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*

Question 1a © Paul Farley; *Automatic Doors*, in *Tramp in Flames*; Picador; 2006

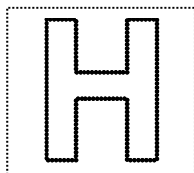
Question 1a © Louis Untermeyer; *Portrait of a Child*, in *Selected Poems and Parodies of Louis Untermeyer*; Harcourt, Brace; 1935

Question 1b © Seamus Heaney; *Storm on the Island*, in *Death of a Naturalist*; Faber & Faber; 2006

Question 1b © Walt Whitman; *Patrolling Barnegat*, in *Leaves of Green*; Self-published; 1855

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.



**DUNMAN HIGH SCHOOL**  
**General Certificate of Education Advanced Level**  
**Higher 2**

**YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION**

CANDIDATE  
NAME

--

CLASS

6	C		
---	---	--	--

INDEX  
NUMBER

0	0		
---	---	--	--

---

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/03**

Paper 3 The Individual and Society in Literature

**19 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.

---

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your class, 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.

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.

## Section A

Answer ONE question in this section.

1.

**Either [a]** The short story, Kwashiorkor<sup>1</sup>, written by Can Themba (1924 – 1968), is set in South Africa. The narrator goes on house visits with his sister Eileen and encounters the harsh realities in life.

Write a critical analysis of the passage, relating its theme and style to the topic of the individual and society in literature.

So we went to that house in 3rd Avenue, off Selbourne Road. A deep gully ran in front of the house but the uneven street did not allow it to function effectively as a drain, and puddles of murky, noisome water collected waste-matter stood pooled in it, still, thick, appalling, like foul soup that makes you nauseous – as if some malevolent devil bade you gulp it down. On the other side the rotting carcass of a long-dead dog was sending malodorous miasmata<sup>2</sup> from its surface to befoul the air. And on either side of the street, moated by these stinking gullies, lived people. 5

Eileen jumped smartly over the trench and I followed. We walked into the fenceless yard, round to the back of the house, and she knocked. After a moment a wrinkled old lady opened the door. The plough-shares of the years had wobbled across her face; but then again, you thought it could not have been the years alone that had ravaged her so; something else... 10

'Oh, come in, nurse.' They called everybody 'nurse' who came to their hovels to promise assuagement of their misery.

Although it was bright day outside, you had to get used to the dark inside, and then when your eyes, by slow degrees, adjusted themselves, things seemed to come at you. A big sideboard tilted into view first. Then a huge stove with one grey arm reached into the ceiling hole obscenely, and near it a double-bed, perched on four large polish tins filled with sand. The bed was sunken in the middle like a crude canoe, and the blankets on it were yellow with age and threadbare with wear. In the middle of the top blanket was a great hole from some past misadventure, and through the hole glowered a crimson eye, the red disc of a piece-patched quilt-like thing. 15

I stumbled into a wooden table in the centre, and in my retreat hit a kitchen-dresser. Dark brown cockroaches scrambled for cover. 20

'Don't be so clumsy,' Eileen hissed, and in the same syntax, as it were, to the old lady, 'Mother Mabiletsa, it's so dark in here. You really must open that window.'

I had not known there was a window there, but Eileen swept a piece of blanket aside and in flushed the light of day. 25

'How are you, Mother Mabiletsa? How are the legs today? Sit down please and tell me how is the baby?'

Mother Mabiletsa groaned into a chair, and I took a bench by the side of the table. Eileen stood a moment holding the woman in scrutiny. When the old woman did not reply, Eileen lifted her bag and put it on the table. 30

'Look, I've brought little Sekgametse some skimmed milk. It's very good for babies, you know.'

I turned to look at the old lady and it seemed to me she was past caring about Grace or Damnation. She was just enveloped in a dreadful murk or weariness.

She pressed down on arthritic knees, rose painfully and limped into another room. I could hear her moving about, heaving with effort though she sounded alone. Then she came in with a bundle in her arms which she put down on the great bed beside Eileen. 35

'Come and look,' Eileen whispered to me as she unfurled the bundle.

There sat a little monkey on the bed. It was a two to three years' old child. The child did not cry or fidget, but bore an unutterably miserable expression on its face, in its whole bearing. It was as if she was the grandmother writ small; pathetically, wretchedly she looked out upon the world. 40

'Is it in pain?' I asked in an anxious whisper.

'No, just wasting away.'

'But she looks quite fat.'

To be sure, she did. But it was a ghastly kind of fatness, the fatness of the 'hidden hunger' I was to know. The belly was distended and sagged towards the bed, the legs looked bent convexly 45

and there were light-brown patches on them, and on the chest and back. The complexion of the kid was unnaturally light here and there so that the creature looked piebald. The normally curly hair had a rusty tint and had lost much of its whorl. Much of it had fallen out, leaving islets of skull surfacing.

The child looked aside towards me, and the silent reproach, the quiet, listless abject despair flowed from the large eyes wave upon wave. Not a peep, not a murmur. The child made no sound of complaint except the struggling breathing. 50

But those haunted eyes of despair. Despair? I brooded. To despair, you should have had knowledge before. You should have gone through the tart sensations of experience, have felt the first flush of knowledge, the first stabs of hope, have encountered reality and toyed with the shifting, tantalizing promises that shadow-play across life's tapestries, have stretched out, first tentative arms, then wildly grasping hands, and have discovered the disappointment of the evanescence of all things that come from the voids to tickle men's fancies, sharpen men's appetites and rouse their futile aspirations, only to vanish back into the voids. Ultimately you should have looked into the face of death and known the paralyzing power of fear. 55 60

What of all this, could this little monkey know? And, yet, there it all was in those tragic eyes.

<sup>1</sup>kwashiorkor: Disease afflicting children who suffer from malnutrition.

<sup>2</sup>miasmata: Noxious vapours from decomposing organic matter.

- Or [b] The extract below was taken from Lorraine Hansberry's play *A Raisin in the Sun* [1959]. The play deals with the experiences of a black family as they live in poverty in a dilapidated two-bedroom apartment which they share with another family on Chicago's south side.

Write a critical appreciation of the extract, discussing ways in which it explores the theme of the individual and society in literature.

- Walter: [*Not listening at all or even looking at her*] This morning, I was lookin' in the mirror and thinking about it ... I'm thirty-five years old; I been married eleven years and I got a boy who sleeps in the living room [*Very, very quietly*] and all I got to give him is stories about how rich white people live . . .
- Ruth: Eat your eggs, Walter. 5
- Walter: [*Slams the table and jumps up*] DAMN MY EGGS DAMN ALL THE EGGS THAT EVER WAS!
- Ruth: Then go to work.
- Walter: [*Looking up at her*] See I'm trying to talk to you 'bout myself [*Shaking his head with the repetition*] and all you can say is eat them eggs and go to work. 10
- Ruth: [*Wearily*] Honey, you never say nothing new. I listen to you every day, every night and every morning, and you never say nothing new. [*Shrugging*] So you would rather be Mr. Arnold than be his chauffeur. So I would rather be living in Buckingham Palace.
- Walter: That is just what is wrong with the colored woman in this world . . . Don't understand about building their men up and making 'em feel like they somebody. Like they can do something. 15
- Ruth: [*Drily, but to hurt*] There are colored men who do things.
- Walter: No thanks to the colored woman.
- Ruth: Well, being a colored woman, I guess I can't help myself none. [*She rises and gets the ironing board and sets it up and attacks a huge pile of rough-dried clothes, sprinkling them in preparation for the ironing and then rolling them into tight fat balls.*] 20
- Walter: [*Mumbling*] We one group of men tied to a race of women with small minds!
- [*His sister BENEATHA enters. She is about twenty, as slim and intense as her brother. She is not as pretty as her sister-in-law, but her lean, almost intellectual face has a handsomeness of its own. She wears a bright-red flannel nightie, and her thick hair stands wildly about her head. Her speech is a mixture of many things; it is different from the rest of the family's insofar as education has permeated her sense of English and perhaps the Midwest rather than the South has finally at last won out in her inflection; but not altogether, because over all of it is a soft slurring and transformed use of vowels which is the decided influence of the Southside. She passes through the room without looking at either RUTH or WALTER and goes to the outside door and looks, a little blindly, out to the bathroom. She sees that it has been lost to the Johnsons. She closes the door with a sleepy vengeance and crosses to the table and sits down a little defeated.*] 25 30 35
- Beneatha: I am going to start timing those people.
- Walter: You should get up earlier.
- Beneatha: [*Her face in her hands. She is still fighting the urge to go back to bed*] Really would you suggest dawn? Where's the paper? 40
- Walter: [*Pushing the paper across the table to her as he studies her almost clinically, as though he has never seen her before*] You a horrible-looking chick at this hour.
- Beneatha: [*Drily*] Good morning, everybody.
- Walter: [*Senselessly*] How is school coming?
- Beneatha: [*In the same spirit*] Lovely. Lovely. And you know, biology is the greatest. [*Looking up at him*] I dissected something that looked just like you yesterday. 45
- Walter: I just wondered if you've made up your mind and everything.



Beneatha: [*Gaining in sharpness and impatience*] And what did I answer yesterday morning and the day before that?

Ruth: [*From the ironing board, like someone disinterested and old*] Don't be so nasty, Bennie. 50

Beneatha: [*Still to her brother*] And the day before that and the day before that!

Walter: [*Defensively*] I'm interested in you. Something wrong with that? Ain't many girls who decide

WALTER and BENEATHA [*In unison*] 55

Be & Wal: "to be a doctor."

[*Silence*]

Walter: Have we figured out yet just exactly how much medical school is going to cost?

Ruth: Walter Lee, why don't you leave that girl alone and get out of here to work?

Beneatha: [*Exits to the bathroom and bangs on the door*] Come on out of there, please! 60

[*She comes back into the room*]

Walter: [*Looking at his sister intently*] You know the check is coming tomorrow.

Beneatha: [*Turning on him with a sharpness all her own*] That money belongs to Mama, Walter, and it's for her to decide how she wants to use it. I don't care if she wants to buy a house or a rocket ship or just nail it up somewhere and look at it. It's hers. 65

Not ours – hers.

Walter: [*Bitterly*] Now ain't that fine! You just got your mother's interest at heart, ain't you, girl? You such a nice girl but if Mama got that money she can always take a few thousand and help you through school too – can't she?

Beneatha: I have never asked anyone around here to do anything for me! 70

Walter: No! And the line between asking and just accepting when the time comes is big and wide ain't it!

Beneatha: [*With fury*] What do you want from me, Brother that I quit school or just drop dead, which!

Walter: I don't want nothing but for you to stop acting holy 'round here. Me and Ruth done made some sacrifices for you – why can't you do something for the family? 75

Ruth: Walter, don't be dragging me in it.

Walter: You are in it! Don't you get up and go work in somebody's kitchen for the last three years to help put clothes on her back?

Ruth: Oh, Walter that's not fair . . . 80

Walter: It ain't that nobody expects you to get on your knees and say thank you, Brother; thank you, Ruth; thank you, Mama and thank you, Travis, for wearing the same pair of shoes for two semesters –

Beneatha: [*Dropping to her knees*] Well – I do – all right? – thank everybody! And forgive me for ever wanting to be anything at all! [*Pursuing him on her knees across the floor*] FORGIVE ME, FORGIVE ME, FORGIVE ME! 85

**Section B**

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

**2.**

**Either [a]** “The true measure of any society can be found in how it treats its most vulnerable members.”

Critically comment on this statement, drawing comparisons from any **two** texts you have studied.

**Or [b]** “In society, we learn that we are all of us alone.”

With reference to any **two** texts you have studied, compare and contrast the ways in which this statement is presented.

.

## Section C

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

MAXINE HONG KINGSTON: *The Woman Warrior*

3

Either [a] "It translated well." [*Song for a Barbarian Reed Pipe*]

In the light of the quote, discuss how and through what means, Kingston presents the complications of translation.

Or [b] Critically examine the treatment of Kingston's identity crisis and relate it to the study of the individual and society.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

4

Either [a] Discuss the dramatic significance of setting in the world of the play.

Or [b] 'All the characters are guilty.'

Discuss the ways in which Williams presents the characters in the play, relating your answers to the topic of the individual and society.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

5

Either [a] 'Every individual in *Othello* participates in a multiplicity of social identities.' Discuss.

Or [b] 'There are no heroes in *Othello*.'

How far do you agree with this view of the play in relation to ideas about the individual and society?

---

*Copyright Acknowledgement:*

Question 1a            © Can Themba; *The Will to Die*, Heinemann Educational Books, 1972.  
Question 1b            © Lorraine Hansberry; *A Raisin in the Sun*, Methuen Drama, 2001.



**HWA CHONG INSTITUTION**  
**JC 2 PRELIMINARY PAPER**  
**Higher 2**

**CANDIDATE  
NAME**

--

**CT GROUP**

--

**CENTRE  
NUMBER**

--	--	--	--

**INDEX  
NUMBER**

--	--	--	--

---

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**9748/01**

**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 comparison of the following poems. Pay close attention to the ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of love.

**A** POEM I WROTE SITTING ACROSS THE TABLE FROM YOU

if I had two nickels to rub together  
I would rub them together

like a kid rubs sticks together  
until friction made combustion

and they burned 5  
a hole in my pocket

into which I would put my hand  
and then my arm

and eventually my whole self— 10  
I would fold myself

into the hole in my pocket and disappear  
into the pocket of myself, or at least my pants

but before I did  
like some ancient star

I'd grab your hand 15

Kevin Varrone (1970—)

**B** THE LETTER

Little cramped words scrawling all over the paper  
Like draggled fly's legs,  
What can you tell of the flaring moon  
Through the oak leaves? 5  
Or of my uncertain window and the bare floor

Spattered with moonlight?  
Your silly quirks and twists have nothing in them  
Of blossoming hawthorns,  
And this paper is dull, crisp, smooth, virgin of loveliness 10  
Beneath my hand.

I am tired, Beloved, of chafing my heart against  
The want of you;  
Of squeezing it into little inkdrops,  
And posting it. 15  
And I scald alone, here, under the fire  
Of the great moon.

Amy Lowell (1874 – 1925)

- Or (b) Write a critical comparison of the following poems. Pay close attention to the ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of war.

A THE VETERAN

We came upon him sitting in the sun—  
 Blinded by war, and left. And past the fence  
 Wandered young soldiers from the Hand & Flower,  
 Asking advice of his experience.

And he said this and that, and told them tales;  
 And all the nightmares of each empty head  
 Blew into air. Then, hearing us beside—  
 "Poor kids, how do they know what it's like?" he said.

And we stood there, and watched him as he sat  
 Turning his sockets where they went away;  
 Until it came to one of us to ask  
 "And you're—how old?"

"Nineteen the third of May."

Margaret I. Postgate (1893–1980)

B VETERANS OF THE SEVENTIES

His army jacket bore the white rectangle  
 of one who has torn off his name. He sat mute  
 at the round table where the trip-wire veterans  
 ate breakfast. They were foxhole buddies  
 who went stateside without leaving the war.  
 They had the look of men who held their breath  
 and now their tongues. What is to say  
 beyond that said by the fathers who bent lower  
 and lower as the war went on, spines curving  
 toward the ground on which sons sat sandbagged  
 with ammo belts enough to make fine lace  
 of enemy flesh and blood. Now these who survived,  
 who got back in cargo planes emptied at the front,  
 lived hiddenly in the woods behind fence wires  
 strung through tin cans. Better an alarm  
 than the constant nightmare of something moving  
 on its belly to make your skin crawl  
 with the sensory memory of foxhole living.

Marvin Bell (1937–)

## 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." 30 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

Chapter 20

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.*] 25

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**

**BLANK PAGE**





**HWA CHONG INSTITUTION**  
**JC 2 Preliminary Examination**  
**Higher 2**

**CANDIDATE  
NAME**

---

---

**CT GROUP**

---

---

**CENTRE  
NUMBER**

---

---

**INDEX  
NUMBER**

---

---

---

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

Paper 3 The Individual and Society in Literature

**9748/03**

**11 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 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 question separately.**

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

**Section A**  
**Answer one question in this section**

**Either**

- 1 (a) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract adapted from the poem by George Carlin (published in 2004), paying particular attention to the ways in which it examines the relationship between the individual and society.

*Ode To The Modern Man*

I'm a modern man,	1
A man for the millennium,	
Digital and smoke free.	
A diversified multicultural postmodern deconstructionist,	
Politically anatomically and ecologically incorrect.	5
I've been uplinked and downloaded.	
I've been inputted and outsourced.	
I know the upside of downsizing.	
I know the downside of upgrading.	
I'm a high tech lowlife.	10
A cutting edge state-of-the-art bicoastal multi-lasker,	
And I can give you a gigabyte in a nanosecond.	
I'm new wave but I'm old school,	
And my inner child is outward bound.	
I'm a hot wired heat seeking warm hearted cool customer,	15
Voice activated and biodegradable.	
I interface from a database,	
And my database is in cyberspace,	
So I'm interactive,	
I'm hyperactive,	20
And from time-to-time,	
I'm radioactive.	
Behind the eight ball,	
Ahead of the curve,	
Riding the wave,	25
Dodging a bullet,	
Pushing the envelope.	
I'm on point,	
On task,	
On message,	30
And off drugs.	
I got no need for coke and speed,	
I got no urge to binge and purge.	
I'm in the moment,	
On the edge,	35
Over the top,	
But under the radar.	
I wear power ties,	
I tell power lies,	
I take power naps,	40
I run victory laps.	
A raging workaholic.	
A working ragaholic.	

Out of rehab, And in denial. I read junk mail, I eat junk food, I buy junk bonds, I watch trash sports. I'm gender specific, Capital intensive, User friendly, And lactose intolerant.	45
I bought a microwave at a mini mall. I bought a mini van in a mega store. I eat fast food in the slow lane. I'm toll free, Bite sized, Ready to wear, And I come in all sizes.	50
A fully equipped, Factory authorized, Hospital tested, Clinically proven, Scientifically formulated medical miracle. I've been pre-washed, Pre-cooked, Pre-heated, Pre-screened, Pre-approved, Pre-packaged, Post-dated, Freeze-dried, Double-wrapped, Vacuum-packed, And I have an unlimited broadband capacity.	55
I'm a rude dude, But I'm the real deal.	60
	65
	70
	75

Or (b) The extract below is adapted from the novel *To The Lighthouse* (1927) by Virginia Woolf.

The novel centres on the Ramsays and their visits to the Isle of Skye in Scotland between 1910 and 1920. In the first section of the novel, "The Window", Mrs. Ramsay assures her son James that they should be able to visit the lighthouse on the next day. Mr. Ramsay, who voices his certainty that the weather will not be clear, denies this prediction.

Write a critical analysis of the extract, relating its themes and style to the topic of the individual and society.

"Yes, of course, if it's fine tomorrow," said Mrs. Ramsay. "But you'll have to be up with the lark," she added. 1

To her son these words conveyed an extraordinary joy, as if it were settled, the expedition were bound to take place, and the wonder to which he had looked forward, for years and years it seemed, was, after a night's darkness and a day's sail, within touch. Since he belonged, even at the age of six, to that great clan which cannot keep this feeling separate from that, but must let future prospects, with their joys and sorrows, cloud what is actually at hand, since to such people even in earliest childhood any turn in the wheel of sensation has the power to crystallise and transfix the moment upon which its gloom or radiance rests, James Ramsay, sitting on the floor cutting out pictures from the illustrated catalogue of the Army and Navy stores, endowed the picture of a refrigerator, as his mother spoke, with heavenly bliss. It was fringed with joy. The wheelbarrow, the lawnmower, the sound of poplar trees, leaves whitening before rain, rooks cawing, brooms knocking, dresses rustling — all these were so coloured and distinguished in his mind that he had already his private code, his secret language, though he appeared the image of stark and uncompromising severity, with his high forehead and his fierce blue eyes, impeccably candid and pure, frowning slightly at the sight of human frailty, so that his mother, watching him guide his scissors neatly round the refrigerator, imagined him all red and ermine on the Bench or directing a stern and momentous enterprise in some crisis of public affairs. 5 10 15

"But," said his father, stopping in front of the drawing-room window, "it won't be fine." 20  
Had there been an axe handy, a poker, or any weapon that would have gashed a hole in his father's breast and killed him, there and then, James would have seized it. Such were the extremes of emotion that Mr. Ramsay excited in his children's breasts by his mere presence; standing, as now, lean as a knife, narrow as the blade of one, grinning sarcastically, not only with the pleasure of disillusioning his son and casting ridicule upon his wife, who was ten thousand times better in every way than he was (James thought), but also with some secret conceit at his own accuracy of judgement. What he said was true. It was always true. He was incapable of untruth; never tampered with a fact; never altered a disagreeable word to suit the pleasure or convenience of any mortal being, least of all of his own children, who, sprung from his loins, should be aware from childhood that life is difficult; facts uncompromising; and the passage to that fabled land where our brightest hopes are extinguished, our frail barks founder in darkness (here Mr. Ramsay would straighten his back and narrow his little blue eyes upon the horizon), one that needs, above all, courage, truth, and the power to endure. 25 30

"But it may be fine—I expect it will be fine," said Mrs. Ramsay, making some little twist of the reddish brown stocking she was knitting, impatiently. If she finished it tonight, if they did go to the Lighthouse after all, it was to be given to the Lighthouse keeper for his little boy, who was threatened with a tuberculous hip; together with a pile of old magazines, and some tobacco, indeed, whatever she could find lying about, not really wanted, but only littering the room, to give those poor fellows, who must be bored to death sitting all day with nothing to do but polish the lamp and trim the wick and rake about on their scrap of garden, something to amuse them. For how would you like to be shut up for a whole month at a time, and possibly more in stormy weather, upon a rock the size of a tennis lawn? she would ask; and to have no letters or newspapers, and to see nobody; if you were married, not to see your wife, not to know how your children were — if they were ill, if they had fallen down and broken their legs 35 40

or arms; to see the same dreary waves breaking week after week, and then a dreadful storm coming, and the windows covered with spray, and birds dashed against the lamp, and the whole place rocking, and not be able to put your nose out of doors for fear of being swept into the sea? How would you like that? she asked, addressing herself particularly to her daughters. So she added, rather differently, one must take them whatever comforts one can. 45

**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.**

2

**Either** (a) Compare the ways in which **two** of the texts you have studied present how characters deal with loss in their respective social worlds.

**Or** (b) "In such a world, uniqueness is uselessness and uniformity is bliss, because social stability is everything".

With this comment in mind, compare the ways in which **two** of the texts you have studied present the relationship between the 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.**

#### **NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *The Scarlet Letter***

3

- Either (a)** Comment critically on how *The Scarlet Letter* explores the concept of government and its impact on both the individual and society.
- Or (b)** In what ways, and with what effects, does the novel explore New England's society attitudes to 'the outcast woman'?

#### **F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby***

4

- Either (a)** 'A man is known by the company he keeps.'
- Discuss Fitzgerald's presentation of the individual's relationship with society in light of this comment.
- Or (b)** How, in your view, does Fitzgerald use the motif of dreams to explore the relationship between the individual and society?

#### **MAXINE HONG KINGSTON: *The Woman Warrior***

5

- Either (a)** Discuss the significance of Moon Orchid's experiences in the city in relation to ideas about the individual and society.
- Or (b)** In relation to ideas about the individual and society, explore Kingston's presentation of the narrator's relationship with her mother in *The Woman Warrior*.

**PHILIP LARKIN: *Selected Poems***

6

- Either** (a) In relation to the theme of the individual and society, discuss Larkin's presentation of himself as an outsider in your selection. You should refer to at least two poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) What use does Larkin make use of social events in order to explore the link between the individual and society? You should refer to at least two poems from your selection.

**MARGARET ATWOOD: *The Journals of Susanna Moodie***

7

- Either** (a) 'The poems explore the feelings of an individual joining a well-established, hostile society.'
- Discuss *The Journals of Susanna Moodie* in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) Explore Atwood's presentation of the experience of deaths and their effects on the individual's relationship with society in *The Journals of Susanna Moodie*. You should refer to at least two poems from your selection.

**BOEY KIM CHENG: *Another Place***

8

- Either** (a) How, and with effects, does Boey Kim Cheng present poverty in his exploration of the relationship between an individual and society?
- Or** (b) How, and with what effects, do Boey Kim Cheng's poems explore his evolving feelings about the individual and society?

**TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire***

9

- Either** (a) Discuss how, and with what effects, William's presentation of the past life of his characters shows tension in their relationships with society?
- Or** (b) 'Blanche's tragedy is that she is a victim of society and its expectations.' Discuss.



**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello***

10

- Either** (a) Discuss the dramatic significance of violence in the play and how it contributes to the topic of the individual and society in literature.
- Or** (b) How, and with what effects, does Shakespeare use irony to explore the relationship between an individual and society in *Othello*?

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

11

- Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Soyinka present cultural misunderstandings in the play?
- Or** (b) In what ways, and with what effects, does Soyinka use Olunde's situation to dramatise the relationship between the individual and society?

END



**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>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>
--	---

<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>
---	--

<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>
--	---

<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>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>
---	---

## 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>
--	--



<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>
--	---

### 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>THE VETERAN</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>
--	--

<p>And we stood there, and watched him as he sat Turning his sockets where they went away; Until it came to one of us to ask “And you’re—how old?” “Nineteen the third of May.”</p> <p>Margaret I. Postgate (1893–1980)</p>	<p>reader out of the comfort of telling ‘tales’. The imagery of war itself is fairly light aside from the ‘blinded’ and ‘blew into the air’. This is the centerpiece image of the poem. The structure is built around this revelation.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>▢ The youth of the soldier contrasts to the experiences he has gone through. This alludes to the age of many soldiers in WWI.</li> <li>▢ Postgate leaves the reader with a chilling reminder of the young lives affected by WWI. This is heightened by the indent of the line, physically highlighting this tragedy.</li> </ul>
<p>VETERANS OF THE SEVENTIES</p> <p>His army jacket bore the white rectangle of one who has torn off his name. He sat <b>mute</b></p> <p>at the round table where the <b>trip-wire veterans</b> ate breakfast. They were foxhole <b>buddies</b></p> <p>who went <b>stateside without leaving the war.</b></p> <p>They had the look of men who held their <b>breath</b> and now their <b>tongues</b>. What is to say</p> <p>beyond that said by the <b>fathers</b> who bent lower and lower as the war went on, <b>spines curving</b> toward the <b>ground</b> on which sons sat <b>sandbagged</b></p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>▢ The seventies in the title, coupled with the reference to America suggests the Vietnamese-American war.</li> <li>▢ The subject of the opening lines, ‘he’, is unnamed, his name tag has also been torn off his uniform, and he has no voice. Loss of identity, dehumanizing consequences of war.</li> <li>▢ Soldiers become identified by the activities they conduct in war; dealing with trip-wires, being ‘foxhole buddies’. These are their new identities.</li> <li>▢ They have returned home but the war still haunts them.</li> <li>▢ The experience is unspeakable. Sensory imagery.</li> <li>▢ Grotesque image of spines curving. Humans get closer and closer to the ground. Perhaps speaks to our psychological wellbeing as well as the physical action of hiding from the enemy. Our behaviour has become baser in war?</li> <li>▢ Fathers and sons are brought in here – the relationship making the experience more personal and affecting than the ‘he’ earlier.</li> </ul>

<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>
--	---

### **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 America 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**

**"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."**

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.

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.**

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.**

The sense of inflexible plans comes through here.

**Language** related to time and place, relayed without elaboration or emotion.

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

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

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.

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 **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?

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.

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.

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.**

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**.

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**?

The image of 'appearing' is almost ethereal. And her **centrality** on the stage indicates her significance to this household. Characters are drawn 'toward' her, indicating her dominance.

**Staging.** Her **tone** is curt and her **speech** direct, instructional. Chris helps her retrieve the potatoes, signifying his deference to her.

**Stage directions.**

Keller's **dialogue** is steeped in monetary terminology.

**Metaphor.** The subtext is not about food.

Keller is 'again' in 'last place', **metaphorically**, connoting Mother's consistent dominance in the house. Again, Keller's **language** is related to finance, while Mother continues to do domestic work. Chris changes the subject. Indicating his aversion to **conflict**. Mother's 'preoccupied' demeanour hints at the **subtext** of emotional burden on her regarding her lost son and Joe's crime.

She gives her thank[s] to a supernatural entity, **characterising** her faith in the intangible. Mother's insecurities manifest **physically** in pain.

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.

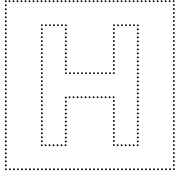
Mother cannot address the presumed death directly in her speech. Her **dialogue** is **ambiguous**.

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

Prepared by Benjamin Hathaway, August 2017.



## **INNOVA JUNIOR COLLEGE**

JC2 Preliminary Examinations 2017

in preparation for General Certificate of Education Advanced Level  
Higher 2

---

### **LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/01**

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.

---

#### **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.**

---

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



Innova Junior College

**[Turn over]**

## Section A

Answer one question from this section.

1

- Either (a)** Critically compare and contrast the following poems, *In an Artist's Studio* by Christina Rossetti (1830-1894) and *Rembrandt's Late Self-Portraits* by Elizabeth Jennings (1926-2001), paying close attention to the poets' presentation of art in their respective works.

**A In an Artist's Studio**

One face looks out from all his canvases,  
 One selfsame figure sits or walks or leans:  
 We found her hidden just behind those screens,  
 That mirror gave back all her loveliness.  
 A queen in opal or in ruby dress, 5  
 A nameless girl in freshest summer-greens,  
 A saint, an angel -- every canvas means  
 The same one meaning, neither more nor less.  
 He feeds upon her face by day and night,  
 And she with true kind eyes looks back on him, 10  
 Fair as the moon and joyful as the light:  
 Not wan with waiting, not with sorrow dim;  
 Not as she is, but was when hope shone bright;  
 Not as she is, but as she fills his dream.

**B Rembrandt's Late Self-Portraits**

You are confronted with yourself. Each year  
 The pouches fill, the skin is uglier.  
 You give it all unflinchingly. You stare  
 Into yourself, beyond. Your brush's care  
 Runs with self-knowledge. Here 5

Is a humility at one with craft.  
 There is no arrogance. Pride is apart  
 From this self-scrutiny. You make light drift  
 The way you want. Your face is bruised and hurt  
 But there is still love left. 10

Love of the art and others. To the last  
 Experiment went on. You stared beyond  
 Your age, the times. You also plucked the past  
 And tempered it. Self-portraits understand,  
 And old age can divest, 15

With truthful changes, us of fear of death.  
 Look, a new anguish. There, the bloated nose,  
 The sadness and the joy. To paint's to breathe,  
 And all the darkneses are dared. You chose  
 What each must reckon with. 20

- Or (b)** Critically compare and contrast the following poems, *The Lack of You* by Lawrence Sail (published in 1995) and *Tides* by Hugo Williams (published 2002), paying close attention to the poets' treatment of relationships in their respective works.

**A The Lack of You**

Level as any water, constant as clock-time,  
 The lack of you has occupied the house.  
 It is an unspent force, a static that fills  
 The space behind each closed and open door  
 With the same context. Now, all air contains 5  
 The closest memory and the most distant hope  
 Equally, cancelling neither, and still is empty.

And emptiest of all, the bed in which  
 We lay last night below the shield of the window,  
 Where past and future always round to become 10  
 Only what touch can tell – the curve of a nail,  
 The small of your back, the swell of smoothest skin  
 That falls away: where nothing now but moonlight  
 Drifts on the buoyant pillow, and time is endless.

**B Tides**

The evening advances, then withdraws again  
 Leaving our cups and books like islands on the floor.  
 We are drifting you and I,  
 As far from one another as the young heroes  
 Of these two novels we have just laid down. 5  
 For that is happiness: to wander alone  
 Surrounded by the same moon, whose tides remind  
 us of ourselves,  
 Our distances, and what we leave behind.  
 The lamp left on, the curtains letting in the light. 10  
 These things were promises. No doubt we will come  
 back to them.

## 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. 55

**Keller:** Yeah, what I don't like.

**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.

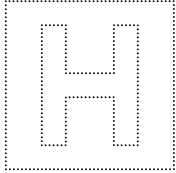
**Mother:** Joe, you are doing the same thing again; all your life whenever there's trouble you yell at me and you think that settles it. 75

**Keller:** Then what do I do? Tell me, talk to me, what do I do?

**ACT 3**

**End of Paper**





## **INNOVA JUNIOR COLLEGE**

JC2 Preliminary Examinations 2017

in preparation for General Certificate of Education Advanced Level  
Higher 2

---

### **LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/03**

Paper 3: The Individual and Society in Literature

**12 September 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.

---

#### **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.**

---

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



Innova Junior College

**[Turn over]**

## Section A

Answer one question from this section.

1

**Either (a)** The following extract is taken from *In a Strange Room* (published 2010) a novel by Damon Galgut. Write a critical appreciation of the extract, discussing ways in which it explores the topic of the individual and society in literature.

A few years later he is wandering in Zimbabwe. No particular reason or intention has brought him here. He decides on impulse one morning to leave, he buys a ticket in the afternoon, he gets on a bus that night. He has it in mind to travel around for two weeks and then go back.

What is he looking for, he himself doesn't know. At this remove, his thoughts are lost to me now, and yet I can explain him better than my present self, he is buried under my skin. His life is unweighted and centreless, so that he feels he could blow away at any time. He still has not made a home for himself. All his few belongings are in storage again and he has spent months in that old state of his, wandering around from one spare room to another. It has begun to feel as if he's never lived in any other way, nor will he ever settle down. Something in him has changed, he can't seem to connect properly with the world. He feels this not as a failure of the world but as a massive failing in himself, he would like to change it but doesn't know how. In his clearest moments he thinks that he has lost the ability to love, people or places or things, most of all the person and place and thing that he is. Without love nothing has value, nothing can be made to matter very much.

In this state travel isn't celebration but a kind of mourning, a way of dissipating yourself. He moves from one place to another, not driven by curiosity but by the bored anguish of staying still. He spends a few days in Harare, then goes down to Bulawayo. He does the obligatory things required of visitors, he goes to the Matopos and sees the grave of Cecil John Rhodes<sup>1</sup>, but he can't produce the necessary awe or ideological disdain, he would rather be somewhere else. If I was with somebody, he thinks, with somebody I loved, then I could love the place and even the grave too, I would be happy to be here.

He takes the overnight train to Victoria Falls. He lies in his bunk, hearing the breathing of strangers stacked above and below him, and through the window sees villages and sidings flow in out of the dark, the outlines of people and cattle and leaves stamped out in silhouette against the lonely light, then flowing backward again, out of sight into the past. Why is he happiest in moments like these, the watcher hiding in the dark. He doesn't want the sun to rise or this particular journey to end.

In the morning they come to the end of the line. He gets out with his single back and walks to the campsite. Even early in the day the air is heavy and humid, green leaves burn with a brilliant glow. There are other travelers all around, most are younger than himself. He pitches his tent in the middle of the camp and goes down to look at the falls.

It is incredible to see the volume and power of so much water endlessly dropping into the abyss, but part of him is elsewhere, somewhere higher up and to the right, looking down at an angle not only on the falls but on himself there, among the crowds. This part of him, the part that watches, has been here for a while now, and it never quite goes away, over the next few days it looks at him keeping busy, strolling through the streets from one curio-shop to another, going for long walks in the surrounding bush, it observes with amazement when he goes white-water rafting on the river, it sees him lying in the open next to his tent to keep cool at night, staring up into the shattered windscreen of the sky. And though he seems content, though he talks to people and smiles, the part that watches isn't fooled, it knows he wants to move on.

On the third or fourth day he goes for a swim at one of the hotel pools. Afterwards he sits at a table near the bar to have a drink and his attention is slowly drawn to a group of young people nearby. They all have their rucksacks with them, they are about to depart. They're a strange mixture, a bit uneasy with each other, a plump Englishman with his girlfriend, a blond Danish man, two younger dark girls who sit close together, not speaking. He recognizes a burly Irish woman who went rafting with him two days ago, and goes over

to speak to her. Where are you all off to.

Malawi. We're going through Zambia. Maybe she sees something in my face, because 50  
after a moment she asks, do you want to come along.

He sits thinking for a few moments, then says, I'll be right back.

He runs madly from the hotel to the campsite and takes down his tent. When he gets 55  
back he sits among his new companions, panting, feeling edgy with doubt. Soon afterwards the man they're waiting for, an Australian called Richard, arrives, and they all stir themselves to leave. He has gathered already that these people don't know each other well, they have banded together by chance to make this journey safely. Hence the unease. He doesn't mind, in fact the general mood suits him, he doesn't feel a pressure to fit in. With the others he loads his bag onto the back of an open van and climbs up. They have 60  
paid somebody to drive them to the other side of the border.

It's getting dark when they arrive at the station. They are late and the queue for tickets is long, they can only get third-class seats, sitting amongst a crowd in an open carriage in which all the lights are broken. Almost before they can find a place the train lurches and starts to move.

There is a moment when any real journey begins. Sometimes it happens as you leave 65  
your house, sometimes it's a long way from home.

*Cecil John Rhodes (1853-1902): British businessman, mining magnate and politician in South Africa who served as Prime Minister of the Cape Colony from 1890 to 1896. Rhodes was an ardent believer in British imperialism, and founded the southern African territory of Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe and Zambia) with his British South Africa Company.*

- OR (b)** The following extract is taken from *'Night, Mother* by Marsha Norman, which depicts the exchange between Jessie and her mother (Mama) when Jessie reveals her intention to commit suicide. The exchange takes place in Mama's house, where Jessie has been staying ever since her divorce.

Comment critically on the playwright's presentation of the mother and daughter, relating it to the theme of the individual and society.

MAMA: How can I let you go?

JESSIE: You can because you have to. It's what you've always done.

MAMA: You are my child!

JESSIE: I am what became of your child. (*MAMA cannot answer*) I found an old baby picture of me. And it was somebody else, not me. It was somebody pink and fat who never heard of sick or lonely, somebody who cried and got fed, and reached up and got held and kicked but didn't hurt anybody, and slept whenever she wanted to, just by closing her eyes. Somebody who mainly just laid there and laughed at the colours waving around over her head and chewed on a polka-dot whale and woke up knowing some new trick nearly every day, and rolled over and drooled on the sheet and felt your hand pulling my quilt back up over me. That's who I started out and this is who is left. (*There is no self-pity here*) That's what this is about. It's somebody I lost, all right, it's my own self. Who I never was. Or who I tried to be and never got there. Somebody I waited for who never came. And never will. So, see, it doesn't much matter what else happens in the world or in this house, even. I'm what was worth waiting for and I didn't make it. Me... who might have made a difference to me... I'm not going to show up, so there's no reason to stay, except to keep you company, and that's ... not reason enough because I'm not ... very good company. (*Pause*) Am I. 5 10 15 20

MAMA (*Knowing she must tell the truth*): No. And neither am I.

JESSIE: I had this strange little thought, well, maybe it's not so strange. Anyway, after Christmas, after I decided to do this, I would wonder, sometimes, what might keep me here, what might be worth staying for, and you know what it was? It was maybe if there was something I really liked, like maybe if I really liked rice pudding or cornflakes for breakfast or something, that might be enough. 25

MAMA: Rice pudding is good.

JESSIE: Not to me.

MAMA: And you're not afraid?

JESSIE: Afraid of what? 30

MAMA: I'm afraid of it, for me, I mean. When my time comes. I know it's coming, but ...

JESSIE: You don't know when. Like in a scary movie.

MAMA: Yeah, sneaking up on me like some killer on the loose, hiding out in the back yard just waiting for me to have my hands full someday and how am I supposed to protect myself anyhow when I don't know how he sounds coming up behind me like that or if it will hurt or take very long or what I don't get done before it happens. 35

JESSIE: You've got plenty of time left.

MAMA: I forget what for, right now. 40

JESSIE: For whatever happens, I don't know. For the rest of your life. For Agnes burning down one more house or Dawson losing his hair or ...

MAMA (*Quickly*): Jessie. I can't just sit here and say O.K.;, kill yourself if you want to.

JESSIE: Sure you can. You just did. Say it again.

MAMA (*Really startled*): Jessie! (*Quiet horror*) How dare you! (*Furious*) How dare you! 45

You think you can just leave whenever you want, like you're watching television here? No you can't Jessie. You make me feel like a fool for being alive, child, and you are so wrong! I like it here, and I will stay here until they make me go, until they drag me screaming and I mean screeching into my

grave, and you're real smart to get away before then, because, I mean, 50  
honey, you've never heard noise like that in your life. (*JESSIE turns away*)  
Who am I talking to? You're gone already, aren't you? I'm looking right  
through you! I can't stop you because you're already gone!

### Section B

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

**2**

**Either (a)** 'The strong are allowed to thrive while the weak are sacrificed.'

In light of the statement above, discuss the ways in which **two** texts present society's treatment of individuals.

**Or (b)** 'Freedom has too high a price.'

Making close reference to any **two** texts you have studied, compare the ways in which their writers present individuals' quest for autonomy.

### Section C

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

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

**3**

**Either (a)** How, and with what effects on an audience, does Soyinka present displacement and alienation in the play in relation to ideas about the individual and society?.

**OR (b)** 'Simon Pilkings' meddling merely deepens the tragedy.'

How far do you agree with this comment in relation to *Death and the King's Horseman*?

**END OF PAPER**



# JURONG JUNIOR COLLEGE

## JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2017

CANDIDATE NAME		CLASS	
----------------	--	-------	--

### General Certificate of Education

#### LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

H2 9748/1

#### 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.

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

## SECTION 1

- 1) Write a critical comparison of both poems, paying close attention to ways in which form, style and language contribute to each poet's portrayal of old age.

A

**WARNING**

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple  
 With a red hat which doesn't go, and doesn't suit me.  
 And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer gloves  
 And satin sandals, and say we've no money for butter.  
 I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm tired  
 And gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells  
 And run my stick along the public railings  
 And make up for the sobriety of my youth.  
 I shall go out in my slippers in the rain  
 And pick flowers in other people's gardens  
 And learn to spit.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat  
 And eat three pounds of sausages at a go  
 Or only bread and pickle for a week  
 And hoard pens and pencils and beer mats and things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry  
 And pay our rent and not swear in the street  
 And set a good example for the children.  
 We must have friends to dinner and read the papers.

But maybe I ought to practice a little now?  
 So people who know me are not too shocked and surprised  
 When suddenly I am old, and start to wear purple.

Jenny Joseph (1932 - )

B

**WHEN YOU ARE OLD**

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,  
 And nodding by the fire, take down this book,  
 And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
 Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,  
 And loved your beauty with love false or true,  
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
 And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,  
 Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled  
 And paced upon the mountains overhead  
 And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

William Butler Yeats (1865 – 1939)



## 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



# JURONG JUNIOR COLLEGE JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMS 2017

CANDIDATE NAME		CLASS	
----------------	--	-------	--

## General Certificate of Education

### LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

H2 9748/03

#### Paper 3 Individual and Society

12 Sept 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 papers in the texts (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 ALL 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 the questions in this paper carry equal marks.

### EXAMINER'S USE

Section A	/ 25	Comments:
Section B	/ 25	
Total	/ 50	

## SECTION A

Answer one question in this section

1

**Either (a)** The following extract is from *An Enemy of the People* by Henrik Ibsen written in 1882. The town in which the play is set has built a huge bathing complex that is crucial to the town's economy. Dr. Stockmann has just discovered that the baths' drainage system is seriously contaminated. He alerts several members of the community. His brother, who is also the town's mayor, tells him that he must retract his statements, for the necessary repairs would be too expensive; additionally, the mayor is not convinced by Dr. Stockmann's findings. Write a critical appreciation of the extract, relating it to the topic of Individual and Society.

**Peter Stockmann:** Yes, Thomas, you are an extremely cantankerous man to work with—I know that to my cost. You disregard everything that you ought to have consideration for. You seem completely to forget that it is me you have to thank for your appointment here as medical officer to the Baths.

5

**Dr. Stockmann:** I was entitled to it as a matter of course!--I and nobody else! I was the first person to see that the town could be made into a flourishing watering-place, and I was the only one who saw it at that time. I had to fight single-handed in support of the idea for many years; and I wrote and wrote—

10

**Peter Stockmann:** Undoubtedly. But things were not ripe for the scheme then--though, of course, you could not judge of that in your out-of-the-way corner up north. But as soon as the opportune moment came I--and the others--took the matter into our hands

15

**Dr. Stockmann:** Yes, and made this mess of all my beautiful plan. It is pretty obvious now what clever fellows you were!

**Peter Stockmann:** To my mind the whole thing only seems to mean that you are seeking another outlet for your combativeness. You want to pick a quarrel with your superiors--an old habit of yours. You cannot put up with any authority over you. You look askance at anyone who occupies a superior official position; you regard him as a personal enemy, and then any stick is good enough to beat him with. But now I have called your attention to the fact that the town's interests are at stake--and, incidentally, my own too. And therefore, I must tell you, Thomas, that you will find me inexorable with regard to what I am about to require you to do.

20

25

**Dr. Stockmann:** And what is that?

**Peter Stockmann:** As you have been so indiscreet as to speak of this delicate matter to outsiders, despite the fact that you ought to have treated it as entirely official and confidential, it is obviously impossible to hush it up now. All sorts of rumours will get about directly, and everybody who has a grudge against us will take care to embellish these rumours. So it will be necessary for you to refute them publicly.

30

35

**Dr. Stockmann:** !! How? I don't understand.

**Peter Stockmann:** What we shall expect is that, after making further

investigations, you will come to the conclusion that the matter is not by any means as dangerous or as critical as you imagined in the first instance. 40

**Dr. Stockmann:** Oho!--so that is what you expect!

**Peter Stockmann:** And, what is more, we shall expect you to make public profession of your confidence in the Committee and in their readiness to consider fully and conscientiously what steps may be necessary to remedy any possible defects. 45

**Dr. Stockmann:** But you will never be able to do that by patching and tinkering at it--never! Take my word for it, Peter; I mean what I say, as deliberately and emphatically as possible. 50

**Peter Stockmann:** As an officer under the Committee, you have no right to any individual opinion. 55

**Dr. Stockmann** (*amazed*): No right?

**Peter Stockmann:** In your official capacity, no. As a private person, it is quite another matter. But as a subordinate member of the staff of the Baths, you have no right to express any opinion which runs contrary to that of your superiors. 60

**Dr. Stockmann:** This is too much! I, a doctor, a man of science, have no right to--!

**Peter Stockmann:** The matter in hand is not simply a scientific one. It is a complicated matter, and has its economic as well as its technical side. 65

**Dr. Stockmann:** I don't care what it is! I intend to be free to express my opinion on any subject under the sun. 70

**Peter Stockmann:** As you please--but not on any subject concerning the Baths. That we forbid.

**Dr, Stockmann** (*shouting*): You forbid--! You! A pack of— 75

**Peter Stockmann:** I forbid it--I, your chief; and if I forbid it, you have to obey.

**Dr. Stockmann** (*controlling himself*): Peter--if you were not my brother--

Or (b)

Write a critical commentary on the following poem by W S Mervin, paying attention to ways in which it examines relationships between the individual and society.

### Unknown Bird

Out of the dry days  
through the dusty leaves  
far across the valley  
those few notes never  
heard here before

5

one fluted phrase  
floating over its  
wandering secret  
all at once wells up  
somewhere else

10

and is gone before it  
goes on fallen into  
its own echo leaving  
a hollow through the air  
that is dry as before

15

where is it from  
hardly anyone  
seems to have noticed it  
so far but who now  
would have been listening

20

it is not native here  
that may be the one  
thing we are sure of  
it came from somewhere  
else perhaps alone

25

so keeps on calling for  
no one who is here  
hoping to be heard  
by another of its own  
unlikely origin

30

trying once more the same few  
notes that began the song  
of an oriole last heard  
years ago in another  
existence there

35

it goes again tell  
no one it is here  
foreign as we are  
who are filling the days  
with a sound of our own



### 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.**

**2**

**Either a)** Man is a social animal; he depends on acceptance for his survival.  
How true is this statement of two texts that you have studied?

**Or b)** Compare the ways in which two texts you have studied present courage (or lack of it) and what it demonstrates about the individual and society.

--- o0o ---

### 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.**

Philip Larkin: *Collected Poems*

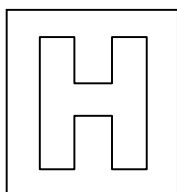
**3**

**Either (a)** In what ways, and with what effects does Larkin present pessimism in his poems. You should refer to at least two poems from your selection.

**Or (b)** 'Birth, death, funerals, love, community and marriage are all degraded at Larkin's hands.' To what extent do you agree with this comment? You should refer to at least two poems from your selection.

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

Class	Adm No



---

## 2017 Preliminary Examination II Pre-University 3

**Literature in English  
Higher 2**

**9748/01**

Paper 1: Reading Literature

**11th Sept 2017**

**3 hours**

Additional Materials: Foolscap 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, 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, fasten all your work 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.

---

**This question paper consists of 9 printed pages.**

**[Turn over**

## 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 death.

A

## LITTLE FATHER

I buried my father  
in the sky.<sup>1</sup>  
Since then, the birds  
clean and comb him every morning  
and pull the blanket up to his chin  
every night. 5

I buried my father underground.  
Since then, my ladders  
only climb down,  
and all the earth has become a house 10  
whose rooms are the hours, whose doors  
stand open at evening, receiving  
guest after guest.  
Sometimes I see past them  
to the tables spread for a wedding feast. 15

I buried my father in my heart.  
Now he grows in me, my strange son,  
my little root who won't drink milk,  
little pale foot sunk in unheard-of night,  
little clock spring newly wet 20  
in the fire, little grape, parent to the future  
wine, a son the fruit of his own son,  
little father I ransom with my life.

Li-Young Lee (born 1957)

---

<sup>1</sup> *in the sky*: sky burial is a Buddhist funeral practice that involves leaving the corpse on a mountaintop, either to decompose naturally or for scavenging birds to eat

B

DIRGE<sup>1</sup> WITHOUT MUSIC

I am not resigned to the shutting away of loving hearts in the hard ground.  
 So it is, and so it will be, for so it has been, time out of mind:  
 Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely. Crowned  
 With lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not resigned.

Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you. 5  
 Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust.  
 A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew,  
 A formula, a phrase remains,—but the best is lost.

The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the laughter, the love,—  
 They are gone. They are gone to feed the roses. Elegant and curled 10  
 Is the blossom. Fragrant is the blossom. I know. But I do not approve.  
 More precious was the light in your eyes than all the roses in the world.

Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave  
 Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;  
 Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave. 15  
 I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned.

Edna St Vincent Millay (born 1892)

[Turn over

---

<sup>1</sup> *Dirge*: a funeral song or lament that expresses mourning or grief

- Or (b)** 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 soldier.

**A THE SOLDIER**

If I should die, think only this of me:  
     That there's some corner of a foreign field  
 That is for ever England. There shall be  
     In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;  
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware, 5  
     Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;  
 A body of England's, breathing English air,  
     Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
     A pulse in the eternal mind, no less 10  
     Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;  
 Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;  
     And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,  
     In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Rupert Brooke (born 1887)

B

## ODE TO A DRONE

Hell-raiser, razor-feathered  
 riser, windhover<sup>1</sup> over  
 Peshawar,<sup>2</sup>

power's  
 joystick-blithe  
 thousand-mile scythe, 5

proxy executioner's  
 proxy axe  
 pinged by a proxy server,

winged victory, 10  
 pilot cipher  
 unburdened by aught

but fuel and bombs,  
 fool of God, savage  
 idiot savant 15

sucking your benumbed  
 trigger-finger  
 gamer's thumb

Amit Majmudar (born 1979)

[Turn over

---

<sup>1</sup> windhover: another name for the common kestrel, a bird of prey known for its ability to hover mid-air while seeking its prey

<sup>2</sup> Peshawar: a city in Pakistan

## Section B

EDITH WHARTON: *The Age of Innocence*

2

- Either (a)** Discuss how Wharton makes use of architecture in the novel.
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the significance of the relationship between Newland Archer and May Welland, here and elsewhere in the novel.

May Welland rose also; as they faced each other she seemed to grow in womanly stature and dignity. Both were silent for a moment, as if dismayed by the unforeseen trend of their words: then she said in a low voice: "If that is it—is there some one else?"

"Some one else—between you and me?" He echoed her words slowly, as though they were only half-intelligible and he wanted time to repeat the question to himself. She seemed to catch the uncertainty of his voice, for she went on in a deepening tone: "Let us talk frankly, Newland. Sometimes I've felt a difference in you; especially since our engagement has been announced." 5 10

"Dear—what madness!" he recovered himself to exclaim.

She met his protest with a faint smile. "If it is, it won't hurt us to talk about it." She paused, and added, lifting her head with one of her noble movements: "Or even if it's true: why shouldn't we speak of it? You might so easily have made a mistake." 15

He lowered his head, staring at the black leaf-pattern on the sunny path at their feet. "Mistakes are always easy to make; but if I had made one of the kind you suggest, is it likely that I should be imploring you to hasten our marriage?"

She looked downward too, disturbing the pattern with the point of her sunshade while she struggled for expression. "Yes," she said at length. "You might want—once for all—to settle the question: it's one way." 20

Her quiet lucidity startled him, but did not mislead him into thinking her insensible. Under her hat-brim he saw the pallor of her profile, and a slight tremor of the nostril above her resolutely steadied lips. 25

"Well—?" he questioned, sitting down on the bench, and looking up at her with a frown that he tried to make playful.

She dropped back into her seat and went on: "You mustn't think that a girl knows as little as her parents imagine. One hears and one notices—one has one's feelings and ideas. And of course, long before you told me that you cared for me, I'd known that there was some one else you were interested in; every one was talking about it two years ago at Newport. And once I saw you sitting together on the verandah at a dance—and when she came back into the house her face was sad, and I felt sorry for her; I remembered it afterward, when we were engaged." 30 35

Her voice had sunk almost to a whisper, and she sat clasping and unclasping her hands about the handle of her sunshade. The young man laid his upon them with a gentle pressure; his heart dilated with an inexpressible relief.

"My dear child—was *that* it? If you only knew the truth!" 40

She raised her head quickly. "Then there is a truth I don't know?"

He kept his hand over hers. "I meant, the truth about the old story you speak of."

"But that's what I want to know, Newland—what I ought to know. I couldn't have my happiness made out of a wrong—an unfairness—to somebody else. And I want to believe that it would be the same with you. What sort of a life could we build on such foundations?" 45

Her face had taken on a look of such tragic courage that he felt like bowing himself down at her feet. "I've wanted to say this for a long time," she went on. "I've wanted to tell you that, when two people really love each other, I understand that there may be situations which make it right that they should—should go against public opinion. And if you feel yourself in any way pledged... pledged to the person we've spoken of... and if there is any way... any way in which you can fulfil your pledge... even by her getting a divorce... Newland, don't give her up because of me!" 50 55

His surprise at discovering that her fears had fastened upon an episode so remote and so completely of the past as his love-affair with Mrs. Thorley Rushworth gave way to wonder at the generosity of her view. There was something superhuman in an attitude so recklessly unorthodox, and if other problems had not pressed on him he would have been lost in wonder at the prodigy of the Wellands' daughter urging him to marry his former mistress. But he was still dizzy with the glimpse of the precipice they had skirted, and full of a new awe at the mystery of young-girlhood. 60

Chapter 16

[Turn over



## Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

**Either (a)** 'I mean just try to see it human, see it human.' (Act 1)

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

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

*Chris:* It's all mixed up with so many other things... You remember, overseas, I was in command of a company?

*Ann:* Yeah, sure.

*Chris:* Well, I lost them.

*Ann:* How many?

5

*Chris:* Just about all.

*Ann:* Oh, gee!

*Chris:* It takes a little time to toss that off. Because they weren't just men. For instance one time it'd been raining several days and this kid came to me, and gave me his last pair of dry socks. Put them in my pocket. That's only a little thing... but... that's the kind of guys I had. They didn't die; they killed themselves for each other. I mean that exactly; a little more selfish and they'd've been here today. And I got an idea – watching them go down. Everything was being destroyed, see, but it seemed to me that one new thing was made. A kind of... responsibility. Man for man. You understand me? – To show that, to bring that on to the earth again like some kind of a monument and everyone would feel it standing there, behind him, and it would make a difference to him. [Pause] And then I came home and it was incredible. I... there was no meaning in it here; the whole thing to them was a kind of a – bus accident. I went to work with Dad and that rat-race again. I felt... what you said... ashamed somehow. Because nobody was changed at all. It seemed to make suckers out of a lot of guys. I felt wrong to be alive, to open the bank-book, to drive the new car, to see the new refrigerator. I mean you can take those things out of a war, but when you drive that car you've got to know that it came out of the love a man can for a man, you've got to be a little better because of that. Otherwise what you have is really loot, and there's blood on it. I didn't want to take any of it. And I guess that included you.

10

15

20

25

30

*Ann:* And you still feel that way?

*Chris:* I want you now, Annie.

*Ann:* Because you mustn't feel that way any more. Because you have a right to whatever you have. Everything, Chris, understand that? To me, too... And the money, there's nothing wrong in your money. Your father put hundreds of planes in the air, you should be proud. A man should be paid for that...

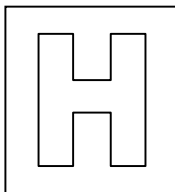
35

*Chris:* Oh Annie, Annie... I'm going to make a fortune for you!  
*Keller:* [*offstage*]: Hello... Yes. Sure. 40  
*Ann:* [*laughing softly*]: What'll I do with a fortune...? [*They kiss. KELLER enters from house.*]  
*Keller:* [*thumbing towards house*]: Hey, Ann, your brother... [*They step apart shyly. KELLER comes down, and wryly...*] What is this, Labour Day? 45  
*Chris:* [*waving him away, knowing the kidding will be endless*]: All right, all right...  
*Ann:* You shouldn't burst out like that.  
*Keller:* Well, nobody told me it was Labour Day. [*Looks around*] Where's the hot dogs? 50  
*Chris:* [*loving it*]: All right. You've said it once.  
*Keller:* Well, as long as I know it's Labour Day from now on, I'll wear a bell around my neck.  
*Ann:* [*affectionately*]: He's so subtle!  
*Chris:* George Bernard Shaw as an elephant.

Act 1

End of Paper

**BLANK PAGE**



---

## 2017 Preliminary Examination II Pre-University 3

### Literature in English Higher 2

9748/03

Paper 3 The Individual and Society in Literature

13 Sept 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.

---

#### READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name, admission number 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 paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **all** the 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, fasten the answers to Section A, B and C **together**.  
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

---

**This question paper consists of 6 printed pages.**

**[Turn Over**

## Section A

Answer one question in this section.

1

**Either (a)** Write a critical appreciation of the following poem (1993) by Lynn Moreland paying particular attention to ways in which it relates to the topic of the individual and society.

### Catch-22<sup>1</sup>Dilemma

You supervisors dance on the rim of this machine certain of your power, your values clear and calm in your purpose	5
I trainee am tumbled and tossed caught in the spin jerked about by the hierarchy's agitation my vision clouded by products that whiten and soften the dark edge of reality	10
And you and I know that the spinning always stops when you open the lid to check.	15
	20

---

<sup>1</sup> *Catch-22: A paradoxical situation from which an individual cannot escape due to contradictory rules that the individual is subject to, a situation in which there is no good solution or resolution possible – it is practically lose-lose for the individual.*

**Or (b)** The following extract is from the closing scene of *The Zoo Story* (1959) by Edward Albee (1928-2016). The protagonist, businessman Peter, attempts to defend his regular park bench from a random stranger, Jerry, who approached him earlier and struck up a conversation.

Write a critical appreciation of the extract, relating it to the theme of the individual and society.

Peter: [*quivering*] I've come here for years; I have hours of great pleasure, great satisfaction, right here. And that's important to a man. I'm a responsible person, and I'm a GROWN-UP. This is my bench and you have no right to take it away from me.

Jerry: Fight for it, then. Defend yourself; defend your bench. 5

Peter: You've *pushed* me to it. Get up and fight.

Jerry: Like a man?

Peter: [*still angry*] Yes, like a man, if you insist on mocking me even further.

Jerry: I'll have to give you credit for one thing: you *are* a vegetable, and a slightly near-sighted one, I think...

Peter: THAT'S ENOUGH... 10

Jerry: ...but, you know, as they say on TV all the time – you know – and I mean this, Peter, you have a certain dignity; it surprises me...

Peter: STOP!

Jerry: [*rises lazily*] Very well, Peter, we'll battle for the bench, but we're not evenly matched. [*He takes out and clicks an ugly-looking knife.*] 15

Peter: [*suddenly awakening to the reality of the situation*] You are mad! You're stark raving mad! YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME!  
[*But before Peter has time to think what to do, JERRY tosses the knife at Peter's feet.*]

Jerry: There you go. Pick it up. You have the knife and we'll be even more 20 evenly matched.

Peter: [*horrified*] No!  
[*JERRY rushes over to Peter, grabs him by the collar; PETER rises; their faces almost touch.*]

Jerry: Now you pick up that knife and you fight with me. You fight for your self- 25 respect; you fight for that god-damned bench.

Peter: [*struggling*] No! Let...let go of me! He...Help!

Jerry: [*slaps Peter on each 'fight'*] You fight, you miserable bastard; fight for that bench; fight for your parakeets; fight for your cats; fight for your two daughters; fight for your wife; fight for your manhood; you pathetic little 30 vegetable. [*Spits in Peter's face*] You couldn't even get your wife with a male child.

Peter: [*breaks away, enraged*] It's a matter of genetics, not manhood, you...you monster. [*He darts down, picks up the knife and backs off a little; breathing heavily.*] I'll give you one last chance; get out of here and leave 35 me alone! [*He holds the knife with a firm arm, but far in front of him, not to attack, but to defend.*]

Jerry: [*sighs heavily*] So be it!  
[*With a rush he charges Peter and impales himself on the knife. Tableau: For just a moment, complete silence, Jerry impaled on the knife at the end of Peter's still firm arm. Then PETER screams, pulls away, leaving the knife in Jerry. JERRY is motionless, on point. Then he, too, screams, and it must be the sound of an infuriated and fatally wounded animal. With the* 40

[Turn Over

- knife in him, he stumbles back to the bench that Peter had vacated. He crumbles there, sitting, facing Peter, his eyes wide in agony, his mouth open.]* 45
- Peter: *[whispering]* Oh my god, oh my God, oh my God...
- [PETER repeats these words many times, very rapidly. JERRY is dying; but now his expression seems to change. His features relax, and while his voice varies, sometimes wrenched with pain, for the most part he seems removed from his dying. He smiles.]* 50
- Jerry: Thank you, Peter. I mean that, now; thank you very much.
- [PETER's mouth drops open. He cannot move; he is transfixed.]*
- Oh, Peter, I was so afraid I'd drive you away. *[He laughs as best he can.]*
- You don't know how afraid I was you'd go away and leave me. And now I'll tell you what happened at the zoo. I think...I think this is what happened at the zoo...I think. I think while I was at the zoo I decided that I would walk north...northerly, rather...until I found you...or somebody...and I decided that I would talk to you...I would tell you things...and things I would tell you would...Well; here we are. You see? Here we are. But ...I don't know ...could I have planned all this? No...no, I couldn't have. But I think I did. And now I've told you what you wanted to know, haven't I? And now you know all about what happened at the zoo. And now you'll know what you'll see in your TV, and the face I told you about...you remember...the face I told you about...my face, the face you see right now. Peter...Peter?...Peter...thank you. I came unto you *[He laughs, so faintly.]* and you have comforted me. Dear Peter. 55 60 65
- Peter: *[almost fainting]* Oh my God!
- Jerry: You'd better go now. Somebody might come by, and you don't want to be here when anyone comes. 70
- Peter: *[does not move, but begins to weep]* Oh my God, oh my God.
- Jerry: *[most faintly, now; he is very near death]* You won't be coming back here anymore, Peter; you've been dispossessed. You've lost your bench, but you've defended your honour. And Peter, I'll tell you something now; you're not really a vegetable; it's all right, you're an animal. You're an animal, too. But you'd better hurry now, Peter. Hurry, you'd better go...see? *[JERRY takes a handkerchief and with great effort and pain wipes the knife handle clean of fingerprints.]* Hurry away, Peter. 75
- [PETER begins to stagger away.]*
- Wait...wait, Peter. Take your book...book. Right here...beside me...on your bench...my bench, rather. Come...take your book. 80
- [PETER starts for the book, but retreats.]*
- Hurry...Peter.
- [PETER rushes to the bench, grabs the book, retreats.]*
- Very good, Peter...very good. Now...hurry away. 85
- [PETER hesitates for a moment, then flees, stage-left.]*
- Hurry away... *[His eyes are closed now.]* Hurry away, your parakeets are making the dinner...the cats...are setting the table...
- Peter: *[off-stage, a pitiful howl]* OH MY GOD!
- Jerry: *[his eyes still closed, he shakes his head and speaks; a combination of scornful mimicry and supplication]* Oh...my...God. *[He is dead.]* 90

**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.**

**2**

**Either (a)** Compare the ways in which **two** of the texts you have read present tension in the relationship between the individual and society.

**Or (b)** Compare the ways in which two texts you have studied present how individuals respond to social injustice.

**[Turn Over**



### 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.**

#### **NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *The Scarlet Letter***

**3**

- Either**    **(a)**    Discuss the significance of minor characters in *The Scarlet Letter*, and how they contribute to the theme of the individual and society.
- Or**        **(b)**    In what ways, and with what effects, is narrative method used to show the theme of the individual and society in *The Scarlet Letter*?

#### **WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello***

**4**

- Either**    **(a)**    'Jealousy renders us all unrecognisable.'
- Discuss the presentation of jealousy in *Othello*, and how it affects the relationship between the individual and society.
- Or**        **(b)**    In what ways, and with what effects, does Shakespeare present tragedy, in relation to the individual and society in *Othello*?

#### **TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire***

**5**

- Either**    **(a)**    'In the end, we all just want to feel like we belong.'
- Discuss the desire for 'belonging', in relation to the theme of the individual and society, in *A Streetcar named Desire*.
- Or**        **(b)**    In what ways, and with what effects, does Williams' portrayal of a selfish society contribute the theme of the individual and society in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

**END OF PAPER**





MERIDIAN JUNIOR COLLEGE  
JC2 Preliminary Examination  
Higher 2

---

**H2 LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/03**

Paper 3 The Individual and Society In Literature

19 Sep 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.

---

**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.

---

This document consists of 7 printed pages.

<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>
		<b>1 ( )</b>	<b>25</b>
		<b>2 ( )</b>	<b>25</b>
<b><i>Registration No.</i></b>	<b><i>Class</i></b>	<b>3 ( )</b>	<b>25</b>
		<b>TOTAL:</b>	<b>75</b>

## Section A

Answer one question in this section.

1

**Either (a)** The passage below is from the novel *Heartland* (1999) by Darren Shiau.

Write a critical analysis of the passage, relating its theme and style to the topic of the individual and society.

Sham was the only one among his friends who lived in the east. The heartlanders of the east in Marine Parade and Bedok always prided themselves in having a unique character. They called it the cooler side of the island. Though mocked at whenever they proclaimed their individuality, the truth was that there was a difference to the ubiquitous heartlands which no one could deny.

5

The southern estates, like Queenstown and Tanglin Halt, had a dour austerity that came with age. Quiet and peaceful, most were results of the first phase of high-rise developments after the HDB took over from the SIT in the sixties. They were no populated with old, conservative residents. Facelifts like the kaleidoscopic rainbow hues dripping down blocks at Outram Park were artificial lines of gaiety, not unlike the clap-along merriment young volunteers try to induce in the residents of the old folks' homes. The northern estates of Woodlands and Yishun, by comparison, were awkward with age. With brand-new libraries, community centres and playgrounds, and occupied by childless newlyweds and young upgraders, they resembled new uniforms, immaculate and smart, but with collars too stiff from too few washes.

10

15

The heart of the heartlands had to be the big, landlocked, densely populated regions of Ang Mo Kio and Tao Payoh, where, through its arteries of bus interchanges and hawker centres, the crowds flowed and interacted incessantly. Moving. Buying. Eating. Talking. In the lorongs and the avenues, deceptively similar to outsiders, the river of life meandered, branched, converged, eroding the façade to a worn but radiant sheen.

20

Yet, the east had a character all its own. The network of estate roads was eased by the smooth balm of the ECP, the kampong calmness sealed in by slow-paced, low-rise Katong and Geylang. The east had a relaxed air. But most importantly, it was near the sea – the salt in the air and the seafood eateries, like the unfailing pull of the tide, were an unconscious comfort to a nation of islanders.

25

Sham decided he would buy fish for Audrey. Then all he needed was a nice glass bowl to put them in.

He passed a small girl, her tiny legs straddling a joyride. The faded swan, beak chipped with greyness, was bobbling mechanically to The More We Get Together. One hand gripped the iron handle and the other clutched a twenty-cent coin – three more minutes of bliss. She gave Sham a smile so genuine he could only smile back. Her mother was gossiping inside the hair salon behind. Joint tenant with an Indian barber, with its rotating and spiraling blue-and-red-bar, the salon tried to distinguish itself with a French name and, some years later, a London-trained sign.

30

The fish shop gurgled with lighted tanks. Sham always enjoyed looking at the tacky but charming plastic contraptions on display: divers, mermaids, castles and even shipwrecks! He liked the humour of the underwater kingdoms. The colourful guppies, angel fish and tilapia were busy darting about their tiny realms. At the end of the shop were the expensive lone arowana and flocks of koi, their aimless swimming made serious by their price. Sham remembered his childhood days wading through the monsoon drains, feet caked with silt, scooping for fish in the murky waters with used jam jars. Floods meant nothing to little boys lost in their little worlds of discovery. When the tide was low, they would gather under the bridge and compare their fish all afternoon.

35

40

Sham chose a dozen angel fish and a packet of fish food from a tray next to the tadpole box. As the owner was returning his change, Sham noticed Horlicks bottles lining a shelf separated by pieces of cardboard. Fighting fish. Sham had always wanted to own one as a

45

child. He moved nearer to peer into the dark water. The fish was still, unmoving, yet seething with energy. Like an ancient silat warrior outside his ring, at peace, but ready to fight for its life at its owner's fancy.

Then, Sham saw his face again.

50

It was like a glistening image of a phantom at once in front and behind the fish, stretched outwards by the curve of the jar.

- Or (b) The extract below is from the play *The Entertainer* (1957) by John Osborne. Archie Rice is a music hall performer, a performing tradition dying out in England. He performs on stage before leaving with his wife, Phoebe.

Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the theme of the individual and society in literature.

**ARCHIE:** Life's funny though, isn't it? It is – life's funny. It's like sucking a sweet with the wrapper on. Oh, well, we're all the in fertilizer business now, I suppose. Well, I'd rather have a glass of beer any day – I would. You don't believe me, but I would. You think I'm gone, don't you? Go on, say it, you think I'm gone. You think I'm gone, don't you? Well, I am. What's the matter, you feeling cold up there? Before I do go, ladies and gentlemen, I should like to tell you a little story, a little story. This story is about a man, just a little, ordinary man, like you and me, and one day he work up and found himself in paradise. Well, he looks up, you see, and he sees a feller standing next to him. It turns out that this feller is a saint or something. Anyway, he's on the welcoming committee. And the feller says to him – the Saint – says to him: 'Well,' he says, 'you're now in Paradise.' 'Am I?' he says. 'You are,' says the Saint. 'What's more, you have earned yourself eternal happiness.' 'Have I?' he says. 'You most certainly have,' says the Saint. 'Oh, you're well away,' he says. 'Can't you hear the joyful multitudes? Why, everyone is singing, everyone is joyful. What do you say, my son?' So the little man took a look around him at all the multitudes of the earth, spread out against the universe. So he says to the Saint: 'Well, can I get up where you're standing, and take a proper look?' So the Saint says: 'Of course you can, my son' and makes way for him. And the little man stood up where the Saint was and gazed up at the sight around him. At all the Hosts of Heaven, and all the rest of it. 'All the wonder and the joy of eternity is round about you,' said the Saint. 'You mean, this is all eternity and I'm in Paradise?' 'This is so, my son. Well, what have you to say?' So the little man looks around again for a bit, and the Saint says: 'Well, my son?' 'Well,' he says, 'I've often wondered what I'd say if this ever happened to me. I couldn't think somehow.' And the Saint smiled at him kindly and says again: 'And what do you say, my son?' 'Only one thing I can say,' says the little man. And he said it! Well, the Saint looked as if he had been struck across the face by some great hand. The Hosts stopped singing and all the Angels hid their faces, and for a tiny splash in eternity there was no sound at all in Paradise. The Saint couldn't speak for a while, and then he threw his arms round the little man, and kissed him. And he said: 'I love you, my son. With all my soul, I shall love you always. I have been waiting to hear that word ever since I came here.' He's there with his little hook, I can see him. Oh, well, I have a go, don't I? I 'ave a go.

*(The cloth goes up, revealing a dark bare stage. The music starts up softly, and ARCHIE RICE stands on the stage in a little round world of light, and swaggers gently into his song:)*

Why should I care  
Why should I let it touch me,  
Why shouldn't I sit down and cry  
To let it pass over me?

*(He begins to falter a little)*

Why should –  
Why should I let it get me –  
What's the use of despair?

*(He stops and stares ahead of him. The music goes on, then he picks up.)*

If they see that you're blue  
They'll look down on you.

*(He stares up, then goes on.)*

So why should I bother to care?

50

*(PHOEBE appears L. holding raincoat and hat.)*

Why should I care.

Why should I let it touch me,

Why shouldn't I? –

*(He stops, the music goes on, as he walks over to PHOEBE, who helps him on with his coat, and gives him his hat. He hesitates, comes back down to the floats.)* 55

You've been a good audience. Very good. A very good audience. Let me know where you're working tomorrow night – and I'll come see YOU.

*(He walks upstage with PHOEBE. The spotlight is hitting the apron, where ARCHIE had been standing. The orchestra goes on playing: 'Why should I care'; suddenly, the little world of light snaps out, the stage is bare and dark. ARCHIE RICE has gone. There is only the music. Curtain.)* 60

65

**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.**

**2**

- Either**      **(a)**    Compare how two authors you have studied present social forces shaping individual identity.
- Or**            **(b)**    Compare how two texts you have studied present individuals' experience of loss in 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.**

**NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *The Scarlet Letter*****3**

- Either**      **(a)**    In what ways, and with what effects, does Hawthorne explore the importance of reputation to individuals in the novel?
- Or**            **(b)**    How does the portrayal of Chillingworth's role in his community contribute to the theme of the individual and society in the novel?

**F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*****4**

- Either**      **(a)**    In what ways, and with what effects, does Fitzgerald present violence in the novel?
- Or**            **(b)**    Discuss how *The Great Gatsby* explores misrepresentation in relation to the theme of the individual and society.

**TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*****5**

- Either**      **(a)**    In what ways, and with what effects, does Williams explore relationships between women in a society dominated by men?
- Or**            **(b)**    How far, and in what ways, does the final scene present a fitting conclusion to themes of the individual and society explored in the play?



MERIDIAN JUNIOR COLLEGE  
JC2 Preliminary Examination  
Higher 2

---

**H2 LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/01**

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.

---

**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.

---

This document consists of 9 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>
		<b>1 (   )</b>	<b>25</b>
		<b>2 (   )</b>	<b>25</b>
<b><i>Registration No.</i></b>	<b><i>Class</i></b>	<b>3 (   )</b>	<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 comparison of the following poems paying close attention to ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of journeying.**

A

Uphill

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?  
 Yes, to the very end.  
 Will the day's journey take the whole long day?  
 From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?  
 A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.  
 May not the darkness hide it from my face?  
 You cannot miss that inn.

5

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
 Those who have gone before.  
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?  
 They will not keep you standing at that door.

10

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?  
 Of labour you shall find the sum.  
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek?  
 Yea, beds for all who come.

15

Christina Rossetti (1830 - 1894)

B

## Landlock

Rain came rarely to the white wood valley.  
 In between times, he did what he could,  
 cut rhubarb and gooseberries, brought flowers  
 from the hill: camel-thorn in winter, rest-harrow  
 in summer, rock-rose, barberry, mimosa. 5  
 He ground wormwood to settle her fever.  
 When the trouble was done he would take back the farm,  
 plant olive and cedar, build her a home.  
 But she thought mostly of the sea -  
 the uncommissioned sea - 10  
 wild at her, salt strong -  
 not the starving river, brackish and torn -  
 a river is never enough.  
 One of her wishes was to find her own path,  
 but the lowlands were locked down, the plains undone; 15  
 so they climbed, and climbed as one.  
 And when she could not walk he carried her  
 and when he could not carry her she walked.  
 Such as this the days went by, till his strength too was sapped.  
 He laid his back against the longer rock 20  
 and set her head that gently in his lap.  
 Sleep overtook them on the slope.  
 He woke to take the sunlight in his eyes  
 and could not see at first the greater distance,  
 the strange blue, stain blue light in the distance, 25  
 that seemed every bit to move, impossible, surely,  
 a thin drawn band of sea, somewhere meeting sky.  
 He raised her head that she might see it done.  
 But where she was she had already gone.

Matthew Hollis (1971 - )

OR

- (b) **Write a critical comparison of the following poems paying close attention to ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of guilt.**

A

## Dead Horse in Field

In the last, far field, half-buried  
 In barberry bushes red-fruited, the thoroughbred  
 Lies dead, left foreleg shattered below knee,  
 A .30-30 in heart. In distance,  
 I now see gorged crows rise ragged in wind. The day 5  
 After death I had gone for farewell, and the eyes  
 Were already gone—that  
 The beneficent work of crows. Eyes gone,  
 The two-year-old could, of course, more readily see  
 Down the track of pure and eternal darkness. 10

A week later I couldn't get close. The sweet stink  
 Had begun. That damned wagon mudhole  
 Hidden by leaves as we galloped—I found it.  
 Spat on it. As a child would. Next day  
 The buzzards. How beautiful in air!—carving 15  
 The slow, concentric, downward pattern of vortex, wing-glint  
 On wing-glint. From the house,  
 Now with glasses, I see  
 The squabble and pushing, the waggle of wattle-red heads.

At evening I watch the buzzards, the crows, 20  
 Arise. They swing black in nature's flow and perfection,  
 High in sad carmine of sunset. Forgiveness  
 Is not indicated. It is superfluous. They are  
 What they are.

How long before I go back to see 25  
 That intricate piece of  
 Modern sculpture, white now,  
 Assuming in stasis  
 New beauty! Then,  
 A year later, I'll see 30  
 The green twine of vine, each leaf  
 Heart-shaped, soft as velvet, beginning  
 Its benediction.

It thinks it is God.  
 Can you think of some ground on which that may be gainsaid? 35

Robert Penn Warren (1905 - 1989)

B

## Traveling through the Dark

Traveling through the dark I found a deer  
 dead on the edge of the Wilson River road.  
 It is usually best to roll them into the canyon:  
 that road is narrow; to swerve might make more dead.

By glow of the tail-light I stumbled back of the car 5  
 and stood by the heap, a doe, a recent killing;  
 she had stiffened already, almost cold.  
 I dragged her off; she was large in the belly.

My fingers touching her side brought me the reason—  
 her side was warm; her fawn lay there waiting, 10  
 alive, still, never to be born.  
 Beside that mountain road I hesitated.

The car aimed ahead its lowered parking lights;  
 under the hood purred the steady engine.  
 I stood in the glare of the warm exhaust turning red; 15  
 around our group I could hear the wilderness listen.

I thought hard for us all—my only swerving—,  
 then pushed her over the edge into the river.

William E. Stafford (1914 - 1993)

## 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, 20  
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:  
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  
 From another one?  
 By his cockle hat and staff,  
 And his sandal shoon.

25

**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**

**BLANK PAGE**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/01**

**Paper 1 Reading Literature**

**29 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 pages in texts (eg. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.**

---

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your registration 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 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.

## 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 sleep.

## A Nature

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,  
 Leads by the hand her little child to bed,  
 Half willing, half reluctant to be led,  
 And leave his broken playthings on the floor,  
 Still gazing at them through the open door, 5  
 Nor wholly reassured and comforted  
 By promises of others in their stead,  
 Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;  
 So Nature deals with us, and takes away  
 Our playthings one by one, and by the hand 10  
 Leads us to rest so gently, that we go  
 Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,  
 Being too full of sleep to understand  
 How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

## B In Midnight Sleep

In midnight sleep, of many a face of anguish,  
 Of the look at first of the mortally wounded – of that  
     indescribable look;  
 Of the dead on their backs, with arms extended wide,  
 I dream, I dream, I dream.  
 Of scenes of nature, fields and mountains; 5  
 Of skies, so beauteous after a storm – and at night the  
     moon so unearthly bright,  
 Shining sweetly, shining down, where we dig the trenches  
     and gather the heaps,  
 I dream, I dream, I dream.  
 Long, long have they pass'd – faces and trenches and  
     fields;  
 Where through the carnage I moved with a callous  
     composure – or away from the fallen, 10  
 Onward I sped at the time – But now of their forms at night,  
 I dream, I dream, I dream.

Walt Whitman (1819 – 1892)

**Or (b)** 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 passing of time.

A To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying;  
And this same flower that smiles today  
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun, 5  
The higher he's a-getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first, 10  
When youth and blood are warmer;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time, 15  
And while ye may, go marry;  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may forever tarry.

Robert Herrick (1591 – 1674)

B Leisure

Leisure, thou goddess of a bygone age,  
When hours were long and days sufficed to hold  
Wide-eyed delights and pleasures uncontrolled  
By shortening moments, when no gaunt presage 5  
Of undone duties, modern heritage,  
Haunted our happy minds; must thou withhold  
Thy presence from this over-busy world,  
And bearing silence with thee disengage  
Our twined fortunes? Deeps of unhewn woods  
Alone can cherish thee, alone possess 10  
Thy quiet, teeming vigor. This our crime:  
Not to have worshipped, marred by alien moods  
That sole condition of all loveliness,  
The dreaming lapse of slow, unmeasured time.

Amy Lowell (1874 – 1925)

## Section B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

**Either (a)** 'Stevens' journey in *The Remains of the Day* is ultimately one of failure.'

Comment.

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

For a little while after that, I recall, Miss Kenton went on talking more generally about her husband, who is to retire soon, a little early on account of poor health, and of her daughter, who is now married and expecting a child in the autumn. In fact, Miss Kenton gave me her daughter's address in Dorset, and I must say, I was rather flattered to see how keen she was that I call in on my return journey. Although I explained that it was unlikely I would pass through that part of Dorset, Miss Kenton continued to press me, saying: 'Catherine's heard all about you, Mr Stevens. She'd be so thrilled to meet you.'

For my own part, I tried to describe to her as best I could the Darlington Hall of today. I attempted to convey to her what a genial employer Mr Farraday is; and I described the changes to the house itself, the alterations and the dust-sheetings, as well as the present staffing arrangements. Miss Kenton, I thought, became visibly happier when I talked about the house and soon we were recollecting together various old memories, frequently laughing over them.

Only once do I recall our touching upon Lord Darlington. We had been enjoying some recollection or other concerning the young Mr Cardinal, so that I was then obliged to go on to inform Miss Kenton of the gentleman's being killed in Belgium during the war. And I had gone on to say: 'Of course, his lordship was very fond of Mr Cardinal and took it very badly.'

I did not wish to spoil the pleasant atmosphere with unhappy talk, so tried to leave the topic again almost immediately. But as I had feared, Miss Kenton had read of the unsuccessful libel action, and inevitably, took the opportunity to probe me a little. As I recall, I rather resisted being drawn in, though in the end I did say to her:

'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. 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.'

'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 way his lordship deserves to be remembered.'

As I say, that was the only time we mentioned Lord Darlington. 45  
 Predominantly, we 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 50  
 could hardly believe two whole hours had elapsed when Miss Kenton looked up at the clock on the mantelshelf and said she would have to be returning home. On establishing that she would have to walk in the rain to a 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 55  
 reception desk, we stepped outside together.

Day Six - Evening  
 Weymouth



## Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

**Either (a)** 'Truth is a destructive force best kept hidden.' How far do you agree with this comment?

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following extract, relating it to Miller's presentation of self-preservation, here and elsewhere in the play.

<i>Ann:</i>	There's something I want to tell you. <i>[She starts, then halts.]</i>	
	I'm not going to do anything about it. ...	
<i>Mother:</i>	She's a good girl! <i>[To Keller]</i> You see? She's a ...	
<i>Ann:</i>	I'll do nothing about Joe, but you're going to do something for me. <i>[Directly to Mother]</i> You made Chris feel guilty with me. Whether you wanted to or not, you've crippled him in front of 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.	5
<i>Keller:</i>	You'll do that. You'll tell him.	
<i>Ann:</i>	I know what I'm asking, Kate. You had two sons. But you've only got one now.	
<i>Keller:</i>	You'll tell him ...	15
<i>Ann:</i>	And you've got to say it to him so he knows you mean it.	
<i>Mother:</i>	My dear, if the boy was dead, it wouldn't depend on my words to make Chris 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. <i>[She goes to porch, and starts in.]</i>	20
<i>Ann:</i>	Larry is dead, Kate.	
<i>Mother:</i>	<i>[She stops]</i> Don't speak to me.	25
<i>Ann:</i>	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 ...	
<i>Mother:</i>	How did he die? You're lying to me. If you know, how did he die?	30
<i>Ann:</i>	I loved him. You know I loved him. Would I have looked at anyone else if I wasn't sure? That's enough for you.	
<i>Mother:</i>	<i>[Moving on her]</i> What's enough for me? What're you talking about? <i>[She grasps Ann's wrists.]</i>	
<i>Ann:</i>	You're hurting my wrists.	35
<i>Mother:</i>	What are you talking about! <i>[Pause. She stares at Ann a moment, then turns and goes to Keller]</i>	
<i>Ann:</i>	Joe, go in the house ...	
<i>Keller:</i>	Why should I ...	
<i>Ann:</i>	Please go.	40
<i>Keller:</i>	Lemme know when he comes. <i>[Keller goes into house.]</i>	
<i>Mother:</i>	<i>[She sees Ann taking a letter from her pocket]</i> What's that? Sit down ... <i>[Mother moves L. to chair, but does not sit.]</i> First	

*Ann:* 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  
*Larry? [Snatches letter from Ann's hand.]*  
*Mother:* He wrote it to me just before he – *[Mother opens and begins*  
*Ann:* *to read letter.]* I'm not trying to hurt you, Kate. You're making 50  
 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! 55  
 Oh, my God ...  
*Mother:* *[With pity and fear]* Kate, please, please ...  
*Ann:* My God, my God ...  
*Mother:* Kate, dear, I'm so sorry ... I'm so sorry.  
*Ann:* 60

Act 3

---

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/03**

Paper 3 The Individual and Society in Literature

**23 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 pages in texts (eg. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

---

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your registration 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 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.

## Section A

Answer one question in this section.

1

**Either (a)** The extract below is from the play *Don Juan in Soho* (2007) by Patrick Marber, which is set in contemporary London and follows Don Juan, the infamous and amoral hedonist, on his final debauchery and adventure.  
Write a critical appreciation of the extract, relating it to the theme of the individual and society in literature.

DJ I want to go *home*. I – I want to visit Mum's grave. I need to talk to her. I can't bear it that she died knowing how dissolute I was. I can't make her proud. But I will make *you* proud, Dad. I swear it. And you, Stan, I'll make it all up to you.

Louis You *do* make me proud. I *am* proud. Come here!

*DJ falls into his father's arms, sobbing his heart out.* 5

Do you hear me? I'm proud of you. This took guts. My God, you've got guts.

*Stan joins the weeping little huddle. It becomes a three-way man hug.*

Stan Well done, well done!

Louis Look, I'm supposed to be at this bloody function but sod it, let's all have dinner!

DJ No, thank you, I need to see Elvira, as soon as I can. And apologise to her 10  
brothers too. But perhaps we could have breakfast tomorrow?

Louis Yes. Oh, yes! *Breakfast.*

*They continue to hug a little longer.*

DJ Thank you so much for seeing me. For being here.

Louis (*overwhelmed*) My pleasure. Goodnight, son. Goodnight Stan. Bloody well 15  
done!

*He exits. Stan gazes at DJ.*

Stan Good on you, dear friend.

*DJ smiles. He was knotting the handkerchief at each corner throughout his 'apology' and now places it on his head as if it were a hat.* 20

NOOOOOHHHHH!

DJ I have been strangely fuckless for more than twelve hours! Onwards now, to So-ho!

*The scene changes. DJ and Stan are now on the street outside Louis's club. DJ starts looking for a taxi.* 25

Taxi!

Stan But WHY?!

DJ Cos Daddy's got the dough! If he cuts me off I'd have to get a *job* – like every other miserable drudge on this planet! You really bought that crap about Mummy's grave? I thought I was pushing it there? 30

Stan I was MOVED!

DJ Well don't be moved by me. *Ever.*

Stan (*mournfully*) Why did I believe?

DJ Because you wanted to! (*Shadow boxes a bit, bobbing, weaving.*) I feel *frisky*, getting it up for all that bullshit sincerity has given me the horn. 35

Stan What about the statue? It pronounced your *death*!

DJ A stunt – smoke and mirrors – 'weird shit'. I'm far too alive to die, I just needed some sleep. Tonight, I shall seduce the moon, the stars and everything that moves beneath the trembling sky. So-ho!

Stan I CAN'T BEAR IT! 40

DJ Oh, it won't be like this for *ever*. Another twenty or thirty years and we'll retire to the country – promise. A yokel a day shall suffice in my dotage.

Stan What about 'good old Stan', who 'knows me better than anyone on earth'?  
Was that bit true? You made me feel so *needed*!

DJ Well, you are, you're my accomplice. 45

Stan Is that *all*?

DJ I'm fond of you, what more d'you want?

Stan (*passionately*) I want to be loved! I thought you *loved* me. I thought I was *special*. 50

*Pause.*

DJ Are you coming or what?

Stan No.

*Stan looks away, brooding, deeply disappointed.*

DJ (*gently, at first*) I won't pretend to love you when I don't. The honesty is a compliment. You're the only person I don't lie to. We live in an age of apology, 55  
don't confuse it with authenticity. At least my lies are honest – at least I know *when* I'm lying and *why*. Would you prefer me to be a hypocrite? It's easily done and terribly vogue – look around you; hypocrisy is both vice *and* virtue – it doesn't even shock us. The bankers rob banks, the police are criminals, governments don't govern and peace-preaching rulers wage war. It's 60  
*everywhere*! Holy writ perverted to murder, billionaire tax dodgers, pension fund plunderers, racists posing as patriots, judges with no judgement, priests who prey (with an 'e'). Global poverty, insane famine, a planet burning itself to hell – and the most powerful man upon it? A charlatan, a fake tan, an orang-utan! And the people? Corrupted, broken-hearted, clinging to whatever floats a 65  
boat in this ocean of injustice: every second sucker with a story to sell – memoirs, confessions, outpourings – a deluge of diaries for a world of professional weepers. Family histories – ooh, my ancestry – here's a gif of my first little poo. ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME. You're a chef – cook – SHUT UP! You're a gardener – garden – SHUT UP! You're an actor – (*He harrumphs.*) We pimp our precious lives to the infernal gnashing babble – Follow me! Friend me! Like me! But don't ever *know* me. Every tedious twot in Christendom vomiting opinion – LEAVE ME ALONE! BE QUIET! A million years ago – some hairy bastard daubed a horse on the wall of his cave, he saw it, he drew it – well done! Flash forward: 'Hello, welcome to my vlog. 75  
Today I bought a plum.' You *cunt*! You silly dozy twit, you've forgotten HOW TO LIVE! Whatever happened to privacy? To grace and decorum? *Elegance*? To life as we knew it? Hmm? Oh, dear sweet Stan, Darwin got it *wrong*; man didn't evolve, he just got nicer tools. From a lump of charcoal to the iPhone – whoosh – *history*. (*Softly, intensely.*) Where's the *poetry*, hmm? Where's the 80  
*soul*?

Stan I take your point, but you're not human.

DJ On the contrary, I am 'uberly' human. This is *homo sapiens* in his natural animal state, existing only in the present moment: TO HUNT.

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem (published in 1978) by Maya Angelou, relating it to the theme of the individual and society in literature.

### Still I Rise

You may write me down in history With your bitter, twisted lies, You may trod me in the very dirt But still, like dust, I'll rise.	
Does my sassiness upset you? Why are you beset with gloom? 'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells Pumping in my living room.	5
Just like moons and like suns, With the certainty of tides, Just like hopes springing high, Still I'll rise.	10
Did you want to see me broken? Bowed head and lowered eyes? Shoulders falling down like teardrops, Weakened by my soulful cries?	15
Does my haughtiness offend you? Don't you take it awful hard 'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines Diggin' in my own backyard.	20
You may shoot me with your words, You may cut me with your eyes, You may kill me with your hatefulness, But still, like air, I'll rise.	
Does my sexiness upset you? Does it come as a surprise That I dance like I've got diamonds At the meeting of my thighs?	25
Out of the huts of history's shame I rise Up from a past that's rooted in pain I rise I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide, Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.	30
Leaving behind nights of terror and fear I rise Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear I rise Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave, I am the dream and the hope of the slave.	35
I rise I rise I rise.	40

## 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.**

**2**

- Either (a)** Compare the ways in which **two** of the texts you have read present social expectation and its effects on individuals.
- Or (b)** With reference to any **two** texts you have studied, discuss the ways in which the writers present escape as a response to 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.

### NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *The Scarlet Letter*

3

- Either (a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Hawthorne explore the roles of women and their relationship with society in *The Scarlet Letter*?
- Or (b)** Discuss the significance of the narrator and the narrative voice in *The Scarlet Letter* in relation to ideas about the individual and society.

### PHILIP LARKIN: *Selected Poems*

4

- Either (a)** “A sense of resignation pervades Larkin’s poetry.”  
How does the mood in Larkin’s poetry reflect the tension between the individual and society? You should refer to at least **two** poems from your selection.
- Or (b)** “...how we live measures our own nature” (‘Mr Bleaney’)  
Discuss the extent to which an individual’s identity is affected by society in Larkin’s poetry. You should refer to at least **two** poems from your selection.

### TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

5

- Either (a)** Consider Williams’s use of dramatic irony to depict the relationship between individuals and society in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.
- Or (b)** “I have always depended on the kindness of strangers.” (Scene 11)  
With reference to the quotation, discuss Williams’s exploration of kindness in relation to the theme of individual and society.





**NANYANG JUNIOR COLLEGE  
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION  
2017**

---

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/01**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**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.

---

**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 comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of numbers.

### A THE ONE GIRL AT THE BOYS PARTY

When I take my girl to the swimming party  
I set her down among the boys. They tower and  
bristle, she stands there smooth and sleek,  
her math scores unfolding in the air around her.  
They will strip to their suits, her body hard and 5  
indivisible as a prime number,  
they'll plunge into the deep end, she'll subtract  
her height from ten feet, divide it into  
hundreds of gallons of water, the numbers  
bouncing in her mind like molecules of chlorine 10  
in the bright blue pool. When they climb out,  
her ponytail will hang its pencil lead  
down her back, her narrow silk suit  
with hamburgers and french fries printed on it  
will glisten in the brilliant air, and they will' 15  
see her sweet face, solemn and  
sealed, a factor of one, and she will  
see their eyes, two each,  
their legs, two each, and the curves of their sexes,  
one each, and in her head she'll be doing her 20  
wild multiplying, as the drops  
sparkle and fall to the power of a thousand from her body.

Sharon Olds (published 2004)

### B NUMBER SONG

I've multiplied, I'm 2.  
He was part of me  
he came out of me,  
he took a part of me  
He took me apart. 5  
I'm 2, he's my art,  
no, he's separate.  
He art one. I'm not  
done & I'm still one.  
I sing of my son. I've 10  
multiplied. My heart's  
in 2, half to him & half  
to you,  
who are also a part  
of him, & you & he 15  
& I make trio of  
kind congruity.

Anne Waldman (born 1945)

Or (b) 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 love.

A                      THOSE WINTER SUNDAYS

Sundays too my father got up early  
and put his clothes on in the blueblack cold,  
then with cracked hands that ached  
from labor in the weekday weather made  
banked fires blaze. No one ever thanked him.                      5

I'd wake and hear the cold splintering, breaking.  
When the rooms were warm, he'd call,  
and slowly I would rise and dress,  
fearing the chronic angers of that house,

Speaking indifferently to him,                      10  
who had driven out the cold  
and polished my good shoes as well.  
What did I know, what did I know  
of love's austere and lonely offices?

Robert Hayden (1913-1980)

B                      LOVE IS NOT ALL

Love is not all: it is not meat nor drink  
Nor slumber nor a roof against the rain;  
Nor yet a floating spar to men that sink  
And rise and sink and rise and sink again;  
Love can not fill the thickened lung with breath,                      5  
Nor clean the blood, nor set the fractured bone;  
Yet many a man is making friends with death  
Even as I speak, for lack of love alone.

It well may be that in a difficult hour,  
Pinned down by pain and moaning for release,                      10  
Or nagged by want past resolution's power,  
I might be driven to sell your love for peace,  
Or trade the memory of this night for food.  
It may well be. I do not think I would.

Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892 – 1950)

## 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 both 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,  
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  
   From another one?    25

By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoön.

**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 dugged 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, ladies. Good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night, 70

Act 4, Scene 5

END OF PAPER



**NANYANG JUNIOR COLLEGE  
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION  
2017**

---

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/03**

Paper 3 The Individual and Society in Literature

**Thursday, 20th Sep 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.

---

**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

Answer one question in this section.

1

Either

- (a) The following extract is from the play *My mother said I never should* (1988) by Charlotte Keatley. The scene takes place in 1951. Margaret, a 20 year-old girl living in Manchester, is looking forward to her new life in London and marriage with Ken. She converses with her mother, Doris, while they are keeping the laundry. Jack is Margaret's father and Doris's husband.

Write a critical appreciation of the extract, paying particular attention to the ways in which it explores the theme of individual and society.

- Margaret:* I can't wait to live in London! [*No reply.*] Ken says he can get a job there. He's frightfully clever.  
*They balloon the sheet up into the air.*
- Margaret:* I'm in love, Mother.  
*Distant rumble of thunder. Doris looks up at the sky.* 5
- Doris:* It's not going to hold. [*Pause.*]  
*They pull diagonals to stretch the sheet.*
- Margaret:* And I'm going to learn to type! Ken says it will be helpful if we need a second income. [*As they shake the sheet.*] Typing's far more useful than all those stupid school certificates. I'll get a *proper* job. 10
- Doris:* What do you call running a home? [*Looks up at the sky.*] I knew we were in for a storm.
- Margaret:* I'm not wasting my life.
- Doris:* [*angry*] Thank you Margaret! [*They fold the sheet lengthwise.*] Pull! [*Margaret pulls so hard that Doris lets go and they jerk back from each other.*] 15
- Doris:* There's no need to snatch it out of my hands! There see, now you've spoiled it all.
- Margaret:* Well you can pick it up again, can't you [*Pause. Doris picks it up, they resume folding.*] I'm not going to have a family, babies and all that. Ken and I have decided. 20
- Doris:* [*distant rumble of thunder*] It will break, soon.  
*They fold the sheet lengthwise.*
- Doris:* And what makes you so sure you can keep Mother Nature at bay?  
*They close in chest to chest and Margaret gives her corners to Doris, who folds the sheet in half and half again..* 25
- Margaret:* [*grandly*] There's THINGS you can get... I've heard about them.
- Doris:* I'm not talking about that. [*Cradles folded sheet.*] I'm talking about the *desire...* for little arms reaching up and clinging round your neck. [*She buries her face in the sheet, then holds it out to Margaret to do likewise.*] Smell: lavender. From the beds, there. Mother Nature is very hard to fight. It's not just a question of rubber things or what have you. 30
- Margaret:* 'Little arms clinging'...There, see, that's what I don't want. That's the difference between our generations. Mother.
- Doris:* Well, I'm glad to know you've worked it out, Margaret. Can you sort out Father's socks, please? 35
- Margaret:* [*picking the socks off the grass and pairing them*] You want a nice snapshot for the family album don't you? Proof, to show the neighbours. Well I'm going to be different! Women did so much during the war: there's nothing to stop us now.
- Doris:* Ha! 40

*Margaret:* You think I'm being selfish, don't you?  
*Doris:* I felt a few drops, then. *[Pause]* What makes you think I wanted children?  
*Margaret:* Mother!  
*Doris:* I had a job once. I know it was only teaching, but... *[Pause. To stop herself.]* there's an odd maroon one over there, on the grass. *[Pause. Warning* 45  
*Margaret.]* Of course, Father has absolutely no idea. One would never... tell him. *[Pause.]* There wasn't any choice, then; so I don't know whether it was my need – to love him, if you know what I mean... or his desire – for a son. *[Long pause. Doris bends and picks up a sock.]* Horrible colours he likes. Not my choice, maroon... Not my choice at all... *[Pause]* 50  
*Margaret:* The garden is always so lovely, Mother. May I take a cutting, off one of your geraniums, to London with me?  
*Doris:* Oh Margaret... why does it have to be London? *[Sound of raucous car horn, which repeats.]* Oh I do wish people wouldn't do that! Brings down the tone of the neighbourhood!  
*Margaret:* It's Ken! He's bought an Austin Healey- it's got a folding roof – you must come 55  
and see! I said to honk and I'd move Father's car into the garage so Ken can back into the drive – I'll have a lot of cases to load into the boot.  
*Doris:* That nice Graham next door. All those trips he took you on, to the ornamental gardens at Bellevue.  
*Margaret:* Yes, Mother. Well, I'm *not* going to be a Manchester dentist's wife. 60  
*Doris:* I must say, Jack asked my mother before there was any talk of weddings.

Or

- (b) The following extract is taken from *You Alone Are Dancing* (first published in 1990) by Brenda Flanagan. This story is set in Santabella, a fictitious Caribbean Island and traces the challenges facing a young couple named Beatrice and Sonny. Sonny has received a prestigious scholarship to study in the U.S. but has withheld this information from Beatrice.

Write a critical commentary on the extract, relating it to the theme of the individual and society in literature.

The neighbours would watch them walk down the hill and they would shake their heads and tell each other, 'Dat girl will get big belly soon. Mark my words. Why she have to hang out wid boys so?'

Beatrice knew what they were saying. She knew too, why she liked Sonny's company. Sonny shared her dreams, he wanted to go away, to explore the world, to make something of himself. When he spoke about these things, he put lyrics to the melodies she held in her heart, the ones she couldn't bring herself to say even to him because she knew, deep down, that young women did not dream such dreams. Why was she different from the young women on the hill, she often wondered. Why couldn't she settle for being a seamstress, or for planting garden besides a husband? Years later she would think that maybe she had been foolish to dream a life beyond Rosehill, beyond Santabella. Maybe she would have been happier, safer within the limited boundaries that life had set for her. But on those nights that she and Sonny walked and talked, she had no such doubts. In Sonny's words her dreams came alive, and the verse of the poem she had read somewhere came back to her:

*The woods are lovely, dark and deep  
And I have promises to keep  
And miles to go before I sleep.*

She could not recall the poet's name, but she held onto the words for dear life, just as she held onto Sonny's words. But the time came when Sonny's talk had changed, when he'd lost hope in a future that would take him beyond Santabella's boundaries.

'Is Moko<sup>1</sup>, ' he told her. 'How I could leave him? He depending on me to take care of him. I thinking about staying with Mister Maxwell in the pharmacy.'

Beatrice wanted to scream at him; she wanted to demand that he not give up because if he did, what would she have?

'Moko wouldn't stand in your way,' she told him.

'But who going to look after him? I not ungrateful, girl.'

'But that's not what you want, Sonny.'

'We always talking 'bout what I want,' he said. 'What you want to do with your life? What you going to do after you sit exams?'

She wanted to tell him then: she wanted to tell him about the poems and stories she wrote in copybooks that she hid in a box under her bed because whoever heard about a Santabella girl being a writer?

'Girl, you gone Toco<sup>2</sup>, or what?' Sonny laughed. 'I ask you a question. How come you never want to tell me what you want to do? Tante<sup>3</sup> spending all this money on education for you; I know she wants you to become a nurse.'

'I hate hospitals,' she laughed. 'And I can't stand the sight of blood.'

'So what use you going to put your education to?'

She hesitated. 'If I tell you, you have to promise not to laugh at me,' she said.

Sonny put his index fingers together to make a cross and kissed it. 'If I lie, meh mother die,' he swore and Beatrice, still not quite believing him, said quietly, 'I want to be a...a...wr....a reporter.'

Sonny watched her seriously. 'For newspapers?'

She nodded. 'Sort of.'

Sonny got up and walked away from her. She watched him, angry with herself for telling him, wondering if he was laughing, but when he came back to sit beside her on the bridge, he was serious. 45

'Uh.....hummm,' he added. 'So that's why you always writing in those copybooks. What you reporting on so much, girl?' And then she heard the laughter in his question and it made her angry. 50

'I never laugh at you Sonny! I listen to you all these years. You ever hear me laugh? 50

'Is not laugh I laughing, girl,' he tried to apologise. 'Is just that reporters have to be all over the place, night and day. How you going to have children.'

'You have my life plan out for me, Sonny? You have me married and settle down on this hill?' 55

'Sometimes I feel as if I don't know you, Beatrice,' he said, shaking his head. 'All these years I talking to you, and I still feel as if I don't know you. You so quiet...'

'I not quiet, Sonny,' she said. 'You just never have time to listen to anybody but yourself. You think you is the only one with big dreams?' And she got up and walked away from him. 60

In the house, smoke curled up into the celotex<sup>4</sup> and the mosquitos had stopped singing. Beatrice went back inside and sprinkled water on the smoking bush. Then she set the bucket on the back steps and went to turn down Reme's bed. She wondered if Sonny had gotten a ride. If he had, he should be nearing Rosehill and Moko. He hadn't even told his own father. So why should she have expected him to tell her? Reme<sup>5</sup> had always said she was stupid, too trusting. She tried to banish her mother's voice from her head. No. Sonny deserved to win. He did win, and she was happy for him. She was glad, though, that she hadn't told him that she had applied for the scholarship too. 65

---

<sup>1</sup> Moko – Sonny's father

<sup>2</sup> Toco- In Creole (Caribbean Language), means "child"

<sup>3</sup> Tante – in Creole, respectable address of elders (female); refers to Beatrice's mother

<sup>4</sup> Celotex – installation panels to keep mosquitoes out

<sup>5</sup> Reme – Beatrice's mother

## 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.**

**2**

**Either (a)** 'Society both nurtures and destabilises the individual.'  
With this comment in mind, compare the ways in which two texts  
you have studied present society's influence upon the individual.

**Or (b)** Compare the ways in which two of the texts you have studied  
depict individuals as alienated from their social environment.

## 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 the significance of silence in *The Woman Warrior* and how it relates to Kingston's wider depiction of the individual and society in the novel.

**Or (b)** Examine Kingston's treatment of the tension between individuals and their communities in *The Woman Warrior*.

### BOEY KIM CHENG: *Clear Brightness*

4

**Either (a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Boey Kim Cheng use memories in his exploration of the relationship between the individual and society? You should refer to at least two poems from your selection.

**Or (b)** How, and with what effects, do Boey Kim Cheng's poems explore the individual's sense of loss amidst a changing society? You should refer to at least two poems from your selection.

### TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

5

**Either (a)** How far, and in what ways, does the society of Williams's play render women vulnerable and disempowered?

**Or (b)** Discuss how Williams presents self-delusion in the play, and what it demonstrates about the individual's relationship with society.

END OF PAPER

**RAFFLES INSTITUTION**  
**2017 YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION**

**HIGHER 2**

---

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/01**

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.

---

**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.

## 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 parting.

**A LOVE, WE MUST PART NOW**

Love, we must part now: do not let it be  
 Calamitous and bitter. In the past  
 There has been too much moonlight and self-pity:  
 Let us have done with it: for now at last  
 Never has sun more boldly paced the sky, 5  
 Never were hearts more eager to be free,  
 To kick down worlds, lash forests; you and I  
 No longer hold them; we are husks, that see  
 The grain going forward to a different use.

There is regret. Always, there is regret. 10  
 But it is better that our lives unloose,  
 As two tall ships, wind-mastered, wet with light,  
 Break from an estuary with their courses set,  
 And waving part, and waving drop from sight.

Philip Larkin (1922 - 1985)

**B LOVE ME NO MORE, NOW LET THE GOD DEPART  
 (Sonnet XXXIX)**

Love me no more, now let the god depart,  
 If love be grown so bitter to your tongue!  
 Here is my hand; I bid you from my heart  
 Fare well, fare very well, be always young.  
 As for myself, mine was a deeper drouth: 5  
 I drank and thirsted still; but I surmise  
 My kisses now are sand against your mouth,  
 Teeth in your palm and pennies on your eyes.  
 Speak but one cruel word, to shame my tears;  
 Go, but in going, stiffen up my back 10  
 To meet the yelping of the mustering years —  
 Dim, trotting shapes that seldom will attack  
 Two with a light who match their steps and sing:  
 To one alone and lost, another thing.

Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892 - 1950)



Or (b) 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 tensions in a relationship.

A

## QUICKDRAW

I wear the two, the mobile and the landline phones,  
like guns, slung from the pockets on my hips. I'm all  
alone. You ring, quickdraw, your voice a pellet  
in my ear, and hear me groan.

You've wounded me.  
Next time, you speak after the tone. I twirl the phone,  
then squeeze the trigger of my tongue, wide of the mark.  
You choose your spot, then blast me

5

through the heart.  
And this is love, high noon, calamity, hard liquor  
in the old Last Chance saloon. I show the mobile  
to the sheriff; in my boot, another one's

10

concealed. You text them both at once. I reel.  
Down on my knees, I fumble for the phone,  
read the silver bullets of your kiss. Take this ...  
and this ... and this ... and this ... and this ...

15

Carol Ann Duffy (1955 - )

B

## THE MANHUNT

After the first phase,  
after passionate nights and intimate days,  
only then would he let me trace  
the frozen river which ran through his face,  
only then would he let me explore  
the blown hinge of his lower jaw,  
and handle and hold  
the damaged, porcelain collar-bone,  
and mind and attend the fractured rudder of shoulder-blade,  
and finger and thumb the parachute silk of his punctured lung.  
Only then could I bind the struts  
and climb the rungs of his broken ribs,  
and feel the hurt  
of his grazed heart.  
Skirting along,  
only then could I picture the scan,  
the fetus of metal beneath his chest  
where the bullet had finally come to rest.  
Then I widened the search,  
traced the scarring back to its source  
to a sweating, unexploded mine  
buried deep in his mind,  
around which every nerve in his body had tightened and closed.  
Then, and only then, did I come close.

5

10

15

20

Simon Armitage (1963 - )

Turn over

## Section B

IAN MCEWAN: *ATONEMENT*

2

- Either (a)** “Now that I’ve broken away, I’m beginning to understand the snobbery that lay behind their stupidity. My mother never forgave you your first.”

Consider the presentation of social class and its influence on the events of *Atonement*.

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

Impatient to be out, he skipped up the stairs three at a time. Back in his bedroom he finished dressing hurriedly, whistling tunelessly as he stooped to grease and comb his hair before the mirror inside his wardrobe. He had no ear for music at all, and found it impossible to tell if one note was higher or lower than another. Now he was committed to the evening, he felt excited and, strangely, free. It couldn’t be worse than it already was. Methodically, and with pleasure in his own efficiency, as though preparing for some hazardous journey or military exploit, he accomplished the familiar little chores - located his keys, found a ten-shilling note inside his wallet, brushed his teeth, smelled his breath against a cupped hand, from the desk snatched up his letter and folded it into an envelope, loaded his cigarette case and checked his lighter. One last time, he braced himself in front of the mirror. He bared his gums, and turned to present his profile and looked across his shoulder at his image. Finally, he patted his pockets, then loped down the stairs, three at a time again, called a farewell to his mother, and stepped out onto the narrow brick path which led between the flower beds to a gate in the picket fence. 5 10 15

In the years to come he would often think back to this time, when he walked along the footpath that made a shortcut through a corner of the oak woods and joined the main drive where it curved toward the lake and the house. He was not late, and yet he found it difficult to slow his pace. Many immediate and other less proximal pleasures mingled in the richness of these minutes: the fading, reddish dusk, the warm, still air saturated with the scents of dried grasses and baked earth, his limbs loosened by the day’s work in the gardens, his skin smooth from his bath, the feel of his shirt and of this, his only suit. The anticipation and dread he felt at seeing her was also a kind of sensual pleasure, and surrounding it, like an embrace, was a general elation - it might hurt, it was horribly inconvenient, no good might come of it, but he had found out for himself what it was to be in love, and it thrilled him. Other tributaries swelled his happiness; he still derived satisfaction from the thought of his first - the best in his year he was told. And now there was confirmation from Jack Tallis of his continuing support. A fresh adventure ahead, not an exile at all, he was suddenly certain. It was right and good that he should study medicine. He could not have explained his optimism - he was happy and therefore bound to succeed. 20 25 30

One word contained everything he felt, and explained why he was to dwell on this moment later. Freedom. In his life as in his limbs. Long ago, before he had even heard of grammar schools, he was entered for an exam that led him to one. Cambridge, much as he enjoyed it, was the choice of his ambitious headmaster. Even his subject was effectively chosen for him by a charismatic teacher. Now, finally, with the exercise of will, his adult life had begun. There was a story he was plotting with himself as the hero, and already its opening had caused a little shock among his friends. Landscape gardening was no more than a bohemian fantasy, as well as a lame ambition - so he had analysed it with the help of Freud - to replace or surpass his absent father. 35 40

Schoolmastering - in fifteen years' time, Head of English, Mr. R. Turner, MA Cantab - was not in the story either, nor was teaching at a university. Despite his first, the study of English literature seemed in retrospect an absorbing parlour game, and reading books and having opinions about them, the desirable adjunct to a civilised existence. But it was not the core, whatever Dr Leavis said in his lectures. It was not the necessary priesthood, nor the most vital pursuit of an inquiring mind, nor the first and last defence against a barbarian horde, any more than the study of painting or music, history or science. At various talks in his final year Robbie had heard a psychoanalyst, a Communist trade union official and a physicist each declare for his own field as passionately, as convincingly, as Leavis had for his own. Such claims were probably made for medicine, but for Robbie the matter was simpler and more personal: his practical nature and his frustrated scientific aspirations would find an outlet, he would have skills far more elaborate than the ones he had acquired in practical criticism, and above all he would have made his own decision. He would take lodgings in a strange town - and begin.

45

50

55

Chapter 8

**[Turn over**

EDITH WHARTON: *THE AGE OF INNOCENCE*

3

- Either (a)** 'He wondered if she did not begin to see what a powerful engine it was, and how nearly it had crushed her.'

In the light of this quotation, consider the significance of social sanction in Old New York.

- 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 tempting to seize this last chance of being alone with his boy. 5 10

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. 15 20 25

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. 30

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.... 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.' 45

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. 50

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. 55

Chapter 34

[Turn over

## Section C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *HAMLET*

4

- Either (a)** “*Hamlet’s* world is pre-eminently in the interrogative mood. It reverberates with questions...it is a world of riddles.” Discuss.
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the portrayal of Claudius and Hamlet’s relationship at this point in the play.

*King:* Now Hamlet, where’s Polonius?  
*Hamlet:* At supper.  
*King:* At supper? Where?  
*Hamlet:* Not where he eats, but where ‘a is eaten; a certain convocation of politic worms are e’en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet; we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots; your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table - that’s the end. 5

*King:* Alas, alas!  
*Hamlet:* A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm. 10

*King:* What dost thou mean by this?  
*Hamlet:* Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

*King:* Where is Polonius? 15  
*Hamlet:* In heaven. Send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him i’ th’ other place yourself. But if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

*King:* Go seek him there. [To some ATTENDANTS 20  
*Hamlet:* ‘A will stay till you come.

[Exeunt ATTENDANTS

*King:* Hamlet, this deed, for thine special safety –  
 Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve  
 For that which thou hast done – must send thee hence 25  
 With fiery quickness. Therefore prepare thyself.  
 The bark is ready, and the wind at help,  
 Th’ associates tend, and every thing is bent  
 For England.

*Hamlet:* For England. 30  
*King:* Ay Hamlet.  
*Hamlet:* Good.  
*King:* So it is if thou knew’st our purposes.  
*Hamlet:* I see a cherub that sees them. But come, for England. Farewell dear mother. 35

*King:* Thy loving father, Hamlet.  
*Hamlet:* My mother – father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England.

[Exit

*King:* Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed aboard, 40  
 Delay it not; I'll have him hence tonight.  
 Away, for every thing is sealed and done  
 That else leans on th' affair; pray you make haste.

[*Exeunt ROSECRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN*]

And England, if my love thou hold'st aught – 45  
 As my great power thereof may give thee sense,  
 Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red  
 After the Danish sword, and thy free awe  
 Pays homage to us – thou mayst not coldly set  
 Our sovereign process, which imports at full, 50  
 By letters congruing to that effect,  
 The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England,  
 For like the hectic in my blood he rages,  
 And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,  
 Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

[*Exit*]

Act 4, Scene 3

[Turn over]

ARTHUR MILLER: *ALL MY SONS*

5

**Either (a)** 'The play evokes despair but is nevertheless grounded in hope.'

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 arising from the desire 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 25  
 he can understand the -  
**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:** You hear her say it, he's never been sick!

**MOTHER:** He misunderstood me, Chris! (*CHRIS looks at her, struck*)

**GEORGE** (*To Ann*): He simply told your father to kill pilots, and covered himself in bed! 60

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

**MOTHER:** I packed your bag, darling.

**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! 65

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

Act Two



**RAFFLES INSTITUTION**  
**2017 YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAM**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/02**

Paper 2 Victorian Literature (1830–1899)

**Monday 18 September 2017**  
**1330 - 1630**  
**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 index number, CT group 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 tie your answer sheets to each section securely.

Hand in your answers separately.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

---

This document consists of **6** printed pages.

## Section A

Answer one question in this section.

1

**Either (a)** The following passage is from the novel *Paved with Gold* (1858) by Augustus Mayhew.

Write a critical appreciation of it, relating its concerns to key features of the period.

The history of one day at the pauper school was so like that of another, that to describe the daily routine was to record the events of the last four years that Phil passed at the place. The changes in the week days were hardly known to the boys by the names they bore, but rather by the alteration they brought in the diet; for what are ordinarily called Tuesday and Thursday were spoken of at the Industrial School as "meat-pudding days," whilst Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday were "suet-pudding<sup>1</sup> days," and Saturday "soup day," instead of being styled after the usual nomenclature of the almanac. 5

To those under eleven years of age the school itself presented little or no variety, whilst to those above that age it afforded the relief of working in the shops or on the farm every alternate day in the week. 10

With these slight exceptions, the life of the pauper seminary was as much a matter of drill, order, and regularity, as if the establishment had been some infantry rather than infantine barracks.

Every morning at six the bell in the court-yard rang with the same clatter as for a departing steam-boat, and instantly all the dormitories, which a few seconds before had been almost as quiet as hospital wards, were alive and bustling as a ship's company in a sudden squall. 15

The dormitories themselves were long, bare, but clean wards, with a row of iron bedsteads ranged down either side of them, whilst in one corner was a compartment partitioned off as a separate berth for the pupil teacher. The only things that broke the monotony of the white walls were the large placards of Bible texts placed over the doors, some impressing the precept, "SPEAK NOT EVIL ONE OF ANOTHER," and others bearing the words, "SET A WATCH, O LORD, BEFORE MY MOUTH, KEEP THE DOOR OF MY LIPS." 20

A minute or two after the bell ceased ringing the lads were up and partly dressed, with their bedclothes turned back, and ready waiting for the order of the pupil teacher to "face their beds." Then came the command, "Kneel down," and in an instant all was silent again, with the youths bent in prayer at the foot of the iron bedsteads, and inwardly breathing their supplications to Heaven. 25

At such times even the most callous might have been touched by the solemn sight of the wretched fatherless creatures appealing to their spiritual Father for care and protection throughout the day.

The next minute the boys had taken their jackets from under their pillows, and, drawn up in file before the dormitory door, were awaiting the signal of "forward" to pass from the room and get their shoes from the nest of pigeon-holes in the lobby outside. 30

Then came the calling over names, and the washing in the lavatories at the side of the playground; and this done, the whistle of the drill-master was heard, and the boys were drawn up in rank and file for inspection. 40

<sup>1</sup> suet-pudding – a boiled or steamed pudding made with suet (beef or mutton fat) and flour, sometimes flavoured with raisins or spices.

All was now ready for breakfast and family prayer, but long before the meal the boys and girls who helped in the kitchen had been busy ranging along the tall, narrow benches that served for tables, and made the dining-hall look like a huge writing academy, the seven hundred cans of milk-and-water, and the seven hundred thick lumps of bread and butter, that formed the provision for the morning's repast. And when the large hall, big as an assembly-room, was filled for morning prayers with every soul in the place, except the youngest of the infants – officers and servants, as well as boys and girls – the eye was enabled to comprehend the extent of the bounty feeding such a host of mouths that must otherwise have gone without a crust. Nor could the visitor help contrasting the clean and tidy look of the destitute little throng with the filth and raggedness of other poor children, who are thought to be better off in the world than those who are driven to the parish for support.

When, in answer to the three taps on the table, the entire multitude stood up to say "grace," the clatter of their sudden rising was like the shooting of a load of stones, and as they remained with their eyes shut, half-intoning the supplication for a blessing on their food, they seemed like a legion of blind mendicants,<sup>2</sup> all uttering the same petition for charity.

---

<sup>2</sup> mendicants – beggars, tramps

- Or (b) The following poem, 'Morality' (1852), is by Matthew Arnold. Write a critical appreciation of the poem, relating its concerns to key features of the period.

### Morality

We cannot kindle when we will The fire which in the heart resides; The spirit bloweth and is still, In mystery our soul abides. But tasks in hours of insight will'd Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.	5
With aching hands and bleeding feet We dig and heap, lay stone on stone; We bear the burden and the heat Of the long day, and wish 'twere done. Not till the hours of light return, All we have built do we discern.	10
Then, when the clouds are off the soul, When thou dost bask in Nature's eye, Ask, how <i>she</i> view'd thy self-control, Thy struggling, task'd morality— Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air, Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.	15
And she, whose censure thou dost dread, Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek, See, on her face a glow is spread, A strong emotion on her cheek! "Ah, child!" she cries, "that strife divine, Whence was it, for it is not mine?"	20
"There is no effort on <i>my</i> brow— I do not strive, I do not weep; I rush with the swift spheres and glow In joy, and when I will, I sleep. Yet that severe, that earnest air, I saw, I felt it once—but where?"	25 30
"I knew not yet the gauge of time, Nor wore the manacles of space; I felt it in some other clime, I saw it in some other place. 'Twas when the heavenly house I trod, And lay upon the breast of God."	35

**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.**

**2**

- Either (a)** Compare the ways in which **two** Victorian writers you have studied explore the significance of limits and boundaries.
- Or (b)** By comparing the work of **two** writers of the period that you have studied, discuss their presentation of change and constancy.

## 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.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

3

Either (a) “And all as we’ve got to do is to do the right thing as far as we know ...”

Comment on the presentation of duty in *Silas Marner*.

Or (b) Discuss the importance of human connections in *Silas Marner*.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

4

Either (a) “*Jane Eyre* is the story of an orphan in search of a family and a home”.

In light of this comment, discuss the presentation of the character Jane Eyre in the novel.

Or (b) “He seemed puzzled to decide what I was ...”

Comment on the exploration and examination of identity in *Jane Eyre*.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *Mrs Warren’s Profession*

5

Either (a) How far do you agree that, “in *Mrs Warren’s Profession*, Shaw reveals that the lack of money is the root of all evil”?

Or (b) “Mrs Warren is not a whit a worse woman than the reputable daughter who cannot endure her.”

Comment on the presentation of reputation and respectability in *Mrs Warren’s Profession*.

OSCAR WILDE: *Lady Windermere’s Fan*

6

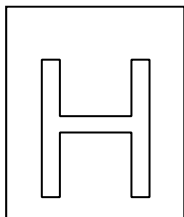
Either (a) “*Lady Windermere’s Fan* is a comedy of errors.”

Using this statement as a starting point, discuss Wilde’s use of humour in *Lady Windermere’s Fan*.

Or (b) ‘By the end of the play, Lady Windermere and her ideals have been exposed as absurd and inconsequential.

Discuss the validity of this statement in relation to Wilde’s characterisation of Lady Windermere.





General Certificate of Education Advanced Level  
YEAR 6  
PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION II  
HIGHER 2

---

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/01**

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.

---

**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 comparison of the following poems paying particular attention to the poets' treatment of the experience of the artist, the tone and imagery.

A.

## DECOMPOSITION

I have a picture I took in Bombay  
of a beggar asleep on the pavement:  
grey-haired, wearing shorts and a dirty shirt,  
his shadow thrown aside like a blanket.

His arms and legs could be cracks in the stone,  
routes for the ants' journeys, the flies' descents,  
Brain-washed by the sun into exhaustion,  
he lies veined into stone, a fossil man.

5

Behind him there is a crowd passingly  
bemused by a pavement trickster and quite  
indifferent to this very common sight  
of an old man asleep on the pavement.

10

I thought it then a good composition  
and glibly called it "The Man in the Street,"  
remarking how typical it was of  
India that the man in the street lived there.

15

His head in the posture of one weeping  
into a pillow chides me now for my  
presumption at attempting to compose  
art of his hunger and solitude.

20

Zulfikar Ghose (born 1935)

B.

## THE CHILD DANCING

there's no way I'm going to write about  
the child dancing in the Warsaw ghetto<sup>1</sup>  
in his body of rags

there were only two corpses  
on the pavement that day  
and the child I will not write about  
had a face as pale and trusting  
as the moon

5

[cont'd]

---

<sup>1</sup> In WWII where Polish Jews were confined before transfer to death camps

(so did  
 the boy with a green belly full of dirt 10  
 lying by the roadside  
 in a novel of Kazantzakis<sup>2</sup>  
 and the small girl T.E. Lawrence<sup>3</sup> wrote about  
 who they found after the Turkish massacre  
 with one shoulder chopped off, crying: 15  
 'don't hurt me, Baba!')

I don't feel like slandering them with poetry.

the child who danced in the Warsaw ghetto  
 to some music no one else could hear  
 had moon-eyes, no 20  
 green horror and no fear  
 but something worse

a simple desire to please  
 the people who stayed  
 to watch him shuffle back and forth, 25  
 his feet wrapped in the newspapers  
 of another ordinary day

Gwendolyn MacEwen (1941–1987)

---

<sup>2</sup> A famous author

<sup>3</sup> A famous author and historical figure

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

A.

### THE VIEW

The view is fine from fifty,  
Experienced climbers say;  
So, overweight and shifty,  
I turn to face the way  
That led me to this day.

5

Instead of fields and snowcaps  
And flowered lanes that twist,  
The track breaks at my toe-caps  
And drops away in mist.  
The view does not exist.

10

Where has it gone, the lifetime?  
Search me. What's left is drear.  
Unchilded and unwifed, I'm  
Able to view that clear:  
So final. And so near

15

Philip Larkin (1922–1985)

B.

### RECOGNITION

Things get away from one.  
I've let myself go, I know.  
Children? I've had three  
and don't even know them.

I strain to remember a time  
when my body felt lighter.  
Years. My face is swollen  
with regrets. I put powder on,

5

but it flakes off. I love him,  
through habit, but the proof  
has evaporated. He gets upset,  
I tried to do all the essentials

10

on one trip. Foolish, yes,  
but I was weepy all morning.  
Quiche. A blonde boy swung me up  
in his arms and promised the earth.

15

You see, this came back to me  
as I stood on the scales.  
I wept. Shallots. In the window,  
creamy ladies held a pose

20

**[cont'd]**

which left me clogged and old.  
The waste. I'd forgotten my purse,  
fumbled; the shop girl gaped at me,  
compassionless. Claret. I blushed.

Cheese. Kleenex. It did happen.  
I lay in my slip on wet grass,  
laughing. Years. I had to rush out,  
blind in a hot flush, and bumped

25

into an anxious, dowdy matron  
who touched the cold mirror  
and stared at me. Stared.  
and said I'm sorrysorrysorry.

30

Carol Ann Duffy (born 1955)

## 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 him, 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

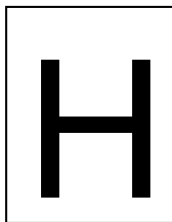
Did you see what happened to Larry's tree?

Act 2



**BLANK PAGE**

**BLANK PAGE**



RIVER VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL  
ADVANCED LEVEL  
YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION II  
HIGHER 2 9748/02

---

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/2**

20 SEPTEMBER 2017

Drama Studio

3 hours

08.00 – 11.00

**Paper 2 Victorian Literature (1830 – 1899)**

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. Only underlining, highlighting or the use of vertical lines in the margins is permitted. Nothing else should be written in the texts. Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is also not permitted.

---

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your name, index no. and class 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** section.

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**  
**Answer one question from this section**

1

**Either (a)** Read the following poem by Mary Elizabeth Coleridge [1861-1907] and consider in detail how it presents a woman of the time's inner world, relating it, if appropriate to any other of your readings from the era.

*The Other Side of a Mirror*

I sat before my glass one day,  
 And conjured up a vision bare,  
 Unlike the aspects glad and gay,  
 That erst<sup>1</sup> were found reflected there -  
 The vision of a woman, wild  
 With more than womanly despair. 5

Her hair stood back on either side  
 A face bereft of loveliness.  
 It had no envy now to hide  
 What once no man on earth could guess. 10  
 It formed the thorny aureole<sup>2</sup>  
 Of hard, unsanctified distress.

Her lips were open - not a sound  
 Came though the parted lines of red,  
 Whate'er it was, the hideous wound 15  
 In silence and secret bled.  
 No sigh relieved her speechless woe,  
 She had no voice to speak her dread.

And in her lurid eyes there shone  
 The dying flame of life's desire, 20  
 Made mad because its hope was gone,  
 And kindled at the leaping fire  
 Of jealousy and fierce revenge,  
 And strength that could not change nor tire.

Shade of a shadow in the glass, 25  
 O set the crystal surface free!  
 Pass - as the fairer visions pass -  
 Nor ever more return, to be  
 The ghost of a distracted hour,  
 That heard me whisper: - 'I am she!' 30

**Turn over**

---

<sup>1</sup> First

<sup>2</sup> A halo shape

**Or (b)** The following passage is taken from Anthony Trollope's satire of clerical life, *Barchester Towers*. Comment on the portrayal of Mrs. Proudie, the new bishop's wife, her relationship with her world and any possible narrative effects.

It is not my intention to breathe a word against the character of Mrs. Proudie, but still I cannot think that with all her virtues she adds much to her husband's happiness. The truth is that in matters domestic she rules supreme over her titular lord, and rules with a rod of iron. Nor is this all. Things domestic Dr. Proudie might have abandoned to her, if not voluntarily, yet willingly. But Mrs. Proudie is not satisfied with such home dominion, and stretches her power over all his movements, and will not even abstain from things spiritual. In fact, the bishop is hen-pecked.

The archdeacon's<sup>3</sup> wife, in her happy home at Plumstead, knows how to assume the full privileges of her rank and express her own mind in becoming tone and place. But Mrs. Grantly's sway, if sway she has, is easy and beneficent. She never shames her husband; before the world she is a pattern of obedience; her voice is never loud, nor her looks sharp: doubtless she values power, and has not unsuccessfully striven to acquire it; but she knows what should be the limits of a woman's rule. 10

Not so Mrs. Proudie. This lady is habitually authoritative to all, but to her poor husband she is despotic<sup>4</sup>. Successful as has been his career in the eyes of the world, it would seem that in the eyes of his wife he is never right. All hope of defending himself has long passed from him; indeed he rarely even attempts self-justification, and is aware that submission produces the nearest approach to peace which his own house can ever attain.

The state of vassalage<sup>5</sup> in which our bishop has been kept by his wife has not tended to exalt his character in the eyes of his daughters, who assume in addressing their father too much of that authority which is not properly belonging, at any rate, to them. They are, on the whole, fine engaging young ladies. They are tall and robust like their mother, whose high cheek-bones, and--we may say auburn hair they all inherit. Considering their connexion with the church, they entertain but few prejudices against the pleasures of the world, and have certainly not distressed their parents, as too many English girls have lately done, by any enthusiastic wish to devote themselves to the seclusion of a Protestant<sup>6</sup> nunnery. 20

One other marked peculiarity in the character of the bishop's wife must be mentioned. Though not averse to the society and manners of the world, she is in her own way a religious woman, and the form in which this tendency shows itself in her is by a strict observance of Sabbatarian<sup>7</sup> rule. Dissipation<sup>8</sup> and low dresses during the week are, under her control, atoned for by three services, an evening sermon read by herself, and a perfect abstinence from any cheering employment on the Sunday. Unfortunately for those under her roof to whom the dissipation and low dresses are not extended, her servants namely and her husband, the compensating strictness of the Sabbath includes all. Woe betide the recreant<sup>9</sup> housemaid who is found to have been listening to the honey of a sweetheart in the Regent's park instead of the soul- 30

<sup>3</sup> An archdeacon is lower in the church hierarchy than a bishop

<sup>4</sup> As a tyrant

<sup>5</sup> Being a subordinate

<sup>6</sup> Of the Anglican Church in this case.

<sup>7</sup> The rule of keeping Sunday [the Sabbath holy day] a day for prayer and meditation not enjoyment.

<sup>8</sup> pleasure

<sup>9</sup> Taking her recreation

stirring evening discourse of Mr. Slope. Not only is she sent adrift, but she is so sent with a character which leaves her little hope of a decent place. Woe betide the six-foot hero who escorts Mrs. Proudie to her pew in red plush breeches if he slips away to the neighbouring beer-shop instead of falling into the back seat appropriated to his use. Mrs. Proudie has the eyes of Argus for such offenders. Occasional drunkenness in the week may be overlooked, for six feet on low wages are hardly to be procured if the morals are always kept at a high pitch, but not even for grandeur or economy will Mrs. Proudie forgive a desecration of the Sabbath. 40

## 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.**

**2**

**Either (a)** Compare the ways in which **two** Victorian writers you have studied explore strong influences and their consequences.

**Or (b)** By comparing the work of **two** writers of the period that you have studied, discuss their presentation of the precious or the valuable.

## SECTION C

Answer one question from this section, using one text that you have studied.

3 GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

**Either (a)** Discuss the importance of Chance or Providence to the life and in the life of Godfrey.

**Or (b)** “From a less than ideal beginning, Eppie goes on to live an ideal life.” How helpful is this statement with regard to an understanding of her contribution to the meaning of the novel?

4 CHARLOTTE BRONTE: *Jane Eyre*

**Either (a)** In *Jane Eyre*, Jane finds herself continually in conflict with dominant males. What are some of the sources of this conflict and how does Jane resolve it?

**Or (b)** Consider the uses to which Bronte puts symbols in the telling of the story of Jane’s journey towards happiness.

5 G B SHAW: *Mrs. Warren’s Profession*

**Either (a)** “The strongest link in the play is that between money and necessity”. How helpful is this statement to your understanding of the main thrusts of the play?

**Or (b)** What roles have been served throughout by Frank, the Rev. Garner, Praed and Crofts?

**BLANK PAGE**



# **ST ANDREW'S JUNIOR COLLEGE**

## **PRELIMINARY EXAMINATIONS**

---

### **LITERATURE IN ENGLISH** **Higher 2**

**9748/01**

Paper 1    Reading Literature

**12<sup>th</sup> Sep 2017**  
**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.

---

### **READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

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

Indent your paragraphs and 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 Section A, Section B and Section C respectively. Indicate the questions you attempt.

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

You are also to submit your question paper.

You are advised to manage your time well.

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

This question paper consists of 7 printed pages.

## SECTION A: POETRY

### Either

1 (a) Write a critical comparison of the following poems “He Was” by Richard Wilbur (b. 1921) and “The Last Mystery” by Jon Stallworthy (1935 – 2014) paying particular attention to poets’ use of language, style and form in their presentation of individuals once known.

(A)

a brown old man with a green thumb:  
I can remember the scream on stones of his hoe,  
The chug, choke, and high madrigal\* wheeze  
Of spray-cart bumping below  
The sputter leaves of the apple trees, 5  
But he was all but dumb

Who filled some quarter of the day with sound  
All of my childhood long. For all I heard  
Of all his labours, I can now recall  
Never a single word 10  
Until he went in the dead of fall  
To the drowsy underground,

Having planted a young orchard with so great care  
In that last year that none were lost, and May  
Aroused them all, the leaves saying the land’s 15  
Praise for the living clay,  
And the found voice of his buried hands  
Rose in the sparrow air.

(B)

He knew that coastline – no man better –  
Knew all its rocks and currents, like the veins  
And knuckles on the brown back of his hand;  
The leap-frog rollers and tall tons that batter  
Boat-rib and man-rib into grains 5  
Of indistinguishable sand:  
He had known them all since he could stand.

A shanty\* was his earliest lullaby,  
The beach his back-yard, flotsam all his toys.  
He was admitted to the mystery 10  
Of tides; the wind’s writing on the sky;  
Could out-sail, out-dive, out-swim boys  
Older by half; was known to save  
Many from the sabre-toothed, man-eating wave.  
Knowing so well the temper of the coast, 15

And all subaqueous hazards of the sea,  
What voice, thought, impulse lugged him from his ale  
(When every flag was fighting with a mast  
And waves kicked bollards off the quay),  
To match his Lilliputian\* sail  
Against the wrestling muscles of the gale?

20

Only the lemming\* knows: his friends knew only  
Boat-rib and man-rib littered the long shore  
Many tides after. I declare he fell  
Like a pearl-dazzled diver through the sea  
To that last mystery on its floor;  
Whose is the heart-beat under the swell,  
The hand that turns the whirlpool and the shell?

25

\* madrigal is a vocal music composition of the Renaissance

\* Shanty is a traditional song sung by sailors.

\* Lilliputian refers to Lilliput which is a land of very small people in Gulliver's Travels.

\* Lemmings are rodents which are reputed to rush each year into the sea and drown

Or

(b) Write a critical comparison of the following poems "Still Life" by Elizabeth Daryush (1887 – 1977) and "The Aged Lover Discourses in the Flat Style" by JV Cunningham (1911 – 1985) paying particular attention to how language, style and form create meaning.

(A)

Through the open French window the warm sun  
Lights up the polished breakfast-table, laid  
Round a bowl of crimson roses, for one -  
A service of Worcester porcelain, arrayed  
Near it a melon, peaches, figs, small hot  
Rolls in a napkin, fairy rack of toast,  
Butter in ice, high silver coffee-pot,  
And, heaped on a salver, the morning's post.

5

She comes over the lawn, the young heiress,  
From her early walk in her garden-wood,  
Feeling that life's a table set to bless  
Her delicate desires with all that's good.

10

That even the unopened future lies  
Like a love-letter, full of sweet surprise

(B)

There are, perhaps, whom passion gives a grace,  
Who fuse and part as dancers on the stage,  
But that is not for me, not at my age,  
Not with bony shoulders and fat face.  
Yet in my clumsiness I found a place  
And use for passion with it I ignore  
My gaucheries and yours, and feel no more  
The awkwardness of the absurd embrace.

5

It is a pact men make, and seal in flesh,  
To be so busy with their own desires  
Their loves may be busy with their own,  
And not in union. Though the two enmesh  
Like gears in motion, each with each conspires  
To be at once together and alone.

10

## SECTION B

### Jane Austen: Mansfield Park

**Either**

**2 (a)** "...the spirit is not free...it is conditioned, that is limited by circumstance." Discuss the novel in light of this.

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

He had expected a very different son-in-law; and beginning to feel grave on Maria's account, tried to understand *her* feelings. Little observation there was necessary to tell him that indifference was the most favourable state they could be in. Her behaviour to Mr. Rushworth was careless and cold. She could not, did not like him. Sir Thomas resolved to speak seriously to her. Advantageous as would be the alliance, and long standing and public as was the engagement, her happiness must not be sacrificed to it. Mr. Rushworth had, perhaps, been accepted on too short an acquaintance, and, on knowing him better, she was repenting.

With solemn kindness Sir Thomas addressed her: told her his fears, inquired into her wishes, entreated her to be open and sincere, and assured her that every inconvenience should be braved, and the connexion entirely given up, if she felt herself unhappy in the prospect of it. He would act for her and release her. Maria had a moment's struggle as she listened, and only a moment's: when her father ceased, she was able to give her answer immediately, decidedly, and with no apparent agitation. She thanked him for his great attention, his paternal kindness, but he was quite mistaken in supposing she had the smallest desire of breaking through her engagement, or was sensible of any change of opinion or inclination since her forming it. She had the highest esteem for Mr. Rushworth's character and disposition, and could not have a doubt of her happiness with him.

Sir Thomas was satisfied; too glad to be satisfied, perhaps, to urge the matter quite so far as his judgment might have dictated to others. It was an alliance which he could not have relinquished without pain; and thus he reasoned. Mr. Rushworth was young enough to improve. Mr. Rushworth must and would improve in good society; and if Maria could now speak so securely of her happiness with him, speaking certainly without the prejudice, the blindness of love, she ought to be believed. Her feelings, probably, were not acute; he had never supposed them to be so; but her comforts might not be less on that account; and if she could dispense with seeing her husband a leading, shining character, there would certainly be everything else in her favour. A well-disposed young woman, who did not marry for love, was in general but the more attached to her own family; and the nearness of Sotherton to Mansfield must naturally hold out the greatest temptation, and would, in all probability, be a continual supply of the most amiable and innocent enjoyments. Such and such-like were the reasonings of Sir Thomas, happy to escape the embarrassing evils of a rupture, the wonder, the reflections, the reproach that must attend it; happy to secure a marriage which would bring him such an addition of respectability and influence, and very happy to think anything of his daughter's disposition that was most favourable for the purpose.

**SECTION C**  
**John Webster: DUCHESS OF MALFI**

**Either:**

3(a) How far would you agree that stylistically Webster is clearly “declaring the cosmic anarchy in which man lives”?

**Or**

3(b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, paying particular attention to the insights offered into concerns of the play as a whole.

CARDINAL.

We are to part from you; and your own discretion  
Must now be your director.

FERDINAND.                      You are a widow.  
You know already what man is, and therefore

Let not youth, high promotion, eloquence -  
CARDINAL.

No, nor anything without the addition “honour”  
Sway your high blood.

FERDINAND.                      Marry? They are most luxurious  
Will wed twice.

CARDINAL. O, fie!

FERDINAND.                      Their livers are more spotted  
Than Laban's sheep.

DUCHESS.                      Diamonds are of most value,  
They say, that have passed through most jewellers'  
hands.

FERDINAND. Whores by that rule are precious.

DUCHESS.                      Will you hear me?  
I'll never marry.

CARDINAL.                      So most widows say,  
But commonly that motion lasts no longer  
Than the turning of an hour-glass; the funeral sermon  
And it end both together.

FERDINAND. Now hear me -

You live in a rank pasture, here i' th' court.  
There is a kind of honey-dew that's deadly;  
'Twill poison your fame. Look to't. Be not cunning,  
For they whose faces do belie their hearts  
Are witches ere they arrive at twenty years -  
Ay, and give the devil suck.

DUCHESS. This is terrible good counsel.

FERDINAND. Hypocrisy is woven of a fine small thread,  
Subtler than Vulcan's engine; yet, believe 't,  
Your darkest actions - nay, your privatest thoughts,  
Will come to light.

CARDINAL. You may flatter yourself,  
And take your own choice - privately be married  
Under the eaves of night -

FERDINAND. Think't the best voyage  
That e'er you made, like the irregular crab,  
Which, though't goes backward, thinks that it goes  
right

Because it goes its own way. But observe,  
Such weddings may more properly be said  
To be executed than celebrated.

CARDINAL. The marriage night  
Is the entrance into some prison.

FERDINAND. And those joys,  
Those lustful pleasures, are like heavy sleeps  
Which do fore-run man's mischief.

CARDINAL. Fare you well.  
Wisdom begins at the end: remember it.

[Exit.]

DUCHESS.

I think this speech between you both was studied,  
It came so roundly off.

FERDINAND. You are my sister;  
This was my father's poniard. Do you see?

[Shows her a poniard]

I'd be loath to see't look rusty, 'cause 'twas his.  
I would have you give o'er these chargeable revels;  
A visor and a mask are whispering rooms  
That were never built for goodness. Fare ye well.  
And women like that part which, like the lamrey  
Hath ne'er a bone in't.

DUCHESS Fie, sir!

FERDINAND Nay,

I mean that tongue. Variety of courtship –  
What cannot a neat knave with a smooth tale  
Make a woman believe? Farewell, lusty widow.

[Exit.]

DUCHESS. Shall this move me? If all my royal kindred  
Lay in my way unto this marriage,

I'd make them my low footsteps. And even now,  
Even in this hate, as men in some great battles,  
By apprehending danger, have achieved  
Almost impossible actions - I have heard soldiers  
say so –

So I, through frights and threatenings will assay  
This dangerous venture. Let old wives report  
I winked and chose a husband. Cariola,  
To thy known secrecy I have given up  
More than my life - my fame.

--- End of Paper ---

# ST ANDREW'S JUNIOR COLLEGE JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATIONS



---

## Literature in English

9748/03

Higher 2  
Paper 3      Individual and Society

15 Sep 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.

---

### INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

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

Indent your paragraphs and write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper. The use of liquid paper or white out is not allowed.

Answer **three** questions, **one** from Section A, Section B and Section C respectively. Indicate the questions you attempt.

The books used for comparison in Section B **are not to be used** for Section C.

Start each question on a fresh sheet of paper. Submit your answers to each question separately.

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

Each question in this paper carries equal marks. You are advised to manage your time well.

---

**This question paper consists of 7 printed pages and 1 blank page**



## Section A

### Answer one question in this section.

1. **Either (a)** The following extract is taken from Lorraine Hansberry's play, "A Raisin in the Sun" (1959). Ruth and Walter are married; and Walter is trying to convince Ruth to help him with funding for a business plan.

Write a critical appreciation of the extract, relating it to the theme of the individual in society in literature.

RUTH Walter—

WALTER Mama would listen to you. You know she listen to you more than she do me and Bennie. She think more of you. All you have to do is just sit down with her when you drinking your coffee one morning and talking 'bout things like you do and—*(He sits down beside her and demonstrates graphically what he thinks her methods and tone should be)*—you just sip your coffee, see, and say easy like that you been thinking 'bout that deal Walter Lee is so interested in, 'bout the store and all, and sip some more coffee, like what you saying ain't really that important to you— And the next thing you know, she be listening good and asking you questions and when I come home—I can tell her the details. This ain't no fly-bynight proposition, baby. I mean we figured it out, me and Willy and Bobo. 5 10

RUTH *(With a frown)* Bobo?

WALTER Yeah. You see, this little liquor store we got in mind cost seventy-five thousand and we figured the initial investment on the place be 'bout thirty thousand, see. That be ten thousand each. Course, there's a couple of hundred you got to pay so's you don't spend your life just waiting for them clowns to let your license get approved — 15

RUTH You mean graft? 20

WALTER *(Frowning impatiently)* Don't call it that. See there, that just goes to show you what women understand about the world. Baby, don't nothing happen for you in this world 'less you pay somebody off!

RUTH Walter, leave me alone! *(She raises her head and stares at him vigorously—then says, more quietly)* Eat your eggs, they gonna be cold. 25

WALTER *(Straightening up from her and looking off)* That's it. There you are. Man say to his woman: I got me a dream. His woman say: Eat your eggs. *(Sadly, but gaining in power)* Man say: I got to take hold of this here world, baby! And a woman will say: Eat your eggs and go to work. *(Passionately now)* Man say: I got to change my life, I'm choking to death, baby! And his woman say—*(In utter anguish as he brings his fists down on his thighs)* —Your eggs is getting cold! 30

RUTH *(Softly)* Walter, that ain't none of our money.

WALTER *(Not listening at all or even looking at her)* This morning, I was lookin' in 35

the mirror and thinking about it ... I'm thirty-five years old; I been married eleven years and I got a boy who sleeps in the living room—*(Very, very quietly)*—and all I got to give him is stories about how rich white people live ...

RUTH Eat your eggs, Walter. 40

WALTER *(Slams the table and jumps up)*—DAMN MY EGGS—DAMN ALL THE EGGS THAT EVER WAS!

RUTH Then go to work.

WALTER *(Looking up at her)* See—I'm trying to talk to you 'bout myself—*(Shaking his head with the repetition)*— and all you can say is eat them eggs and go to work. 45

RUTH *(Wearily)* Honey, you never say nothing new. I listen to you every day, every night and every morning, and you never say nothing new. *(Shrugging)* So you would rather be Mr. Arnold than be his chauffeur. So—I would rather be living in Buckingham Palace. 50

WALTER That is just what is wrong with the colored woman in this world ... Don't understand about building their men up and making 'em feel like they somebody. Like they can do something.

RUTH *(Drily, but to hurt)* There are colored men who do things.

WALTER No thanks to the colored woman. 55

**Or (b)** The extract below is from Viet Thanh Nguyen's *The Sympathizer* (2015). The narrator is a Vietnamese man who has been imprisoned for his political beliefs.

Write a critical appreciation of the extract, relating it to the theme of the individual in society in literature.

If allowed to stay together, I told my aunt, we could have incorporated ourselves into a respectably sized, self-sufficient colony, a pimple on the buttocks on the American body politic, with readymade politicians, police officers, and soldiers, with our own bankers, salesmen, and engineers, with doctors, lawyers, and accountants, with cooks, cleaners, and maids, with factory owners, mechanics and clerks, with thieves, prostitutes, and murderers, with writers, priests, nuns, and monks, with Buddhist, Catholics, and the Cao Dai, with people from the north, the centre, and the south, with the talented, the mediocre, and the stupid, with patriots, traitors, and neutralists, with the honest, the corrupt, and the indifferent, sufficiently collective to elect our own representative to the Congress and have a voice in our own America, a Little Saigon as delightful, delirious and dysfunctional as the original, which was exactly why we were not allowed to stay together but were instead dispersed by bureaucratic fiat to all the longitudes and latitudes of our new world. Wherever we found ourselves, we found each other, small clans gathering in basements, in churches, in backyards on the weekends, at beaches where we brought out own food and drink in grocery bags rather than buying from the more expensive concessions. We did our best to conjure up the culinary staples of our culture, but since we were dependent on Chinese markets our food had an unacceptably Chinese tinge, another blow in the gauntlet of our humiliation that left us with the sweet-and-sour taste of unreliable memories, just correct enough to evoke the past, just wrong enough to remind us that the past, just wrong enough to remind us that the past was forever gone, missing along with the proper variety, subtlety, and complexity of our universal solvent, fish sauce. Oh, fish sauce! How we missed it, dear Aunt, how nothing tasted right without it, how we longed for the grand cru of Phu Quoc Island and its vats brimming with the finest vintage of pressed anchovies! This pungent liquid of condiment of the darkest sepia hue was much denigrated by foreigners for its supposedly horrendous reek, lending new meaning to the phrase "there's something fishy around here," for we were the fishy ones. We used fish sauce the way Transylvanian villages wore cloves of garlic to ward off vampires, in our case to establish a perimeter with those Westerners who could never understand that what was truly fishy was the nauseating stench of cheese. What was fermented fish compared to curdled milk?

But out of deference to our hosts we kept our feelings to ourselves, sitting close to one another on prickly sofas and scratchy carpets, our knees touching under crowded kitchen tables on which sat crenelated ashtrays measuring time's passage with the accumulation of ashes, chewing on dried squid and the cud of remembrance until our jaws ached, trading stories heard second- and thirdhand about our scattered countrymen. This was the way we learned of the clan turned into slave labour by a farmer in Modesto, and the naïve girl who flew to Spokane to marry her GI sweetheart and was sold to a brothel, and the widower with nine children who went out into a Minnesotan winter and lay down in the snow on his back with mouth open until he was buried and frozen, and the ex-Ranger who bought a gun and dispatched his wife and two children before killing himself in Cleveland, and the regretful

refugees on Guam who petitioned to go back to our homeland, never to be heard from again, and the spoiled girl seduced by heroin who disappeared into the Baltimore streets, and the politician's wife demoted to bedpans in a nursing home who one day snapped, attacked her husband with a kitchen knife, then was committed to a mental ward, and the quarter of teenagers who arrived without families and fell in together in Queens, robbing two liquor and killing a clerk before being imprisoned for twenty years in life. 50

**Section B**

**Answer one question in this section**

**2**

**Either (a)** In what ways, and with what effects, do the writers use pride as a means to explore the topic of the Individual and Society? You should compare two of your texts.

**Or (b)** Explore how individuals remain hopeful in hardship. You should compare two of your texts.

## Section C

Answer one question in this section

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

3

**Either (a)** How, and with what effects, does Shakespeare dramatise Roderigo to explore the relationship between the Individual and Society?

**Or (b)** “It is a great price for a small vice.” (Act 4, Scene 3)  
In what ways, and with what effects, does Shakespeare present the relationship between price and vice in the play to examine the topic of the Individual and Society?

MAXINE HONG KINGSTON: *The Woman Warrior*

4

**Either (a)** Explore Kingston’s presentation of food to examine the issue of assimilation in the book.

**Or (b)** “Roundness builds the community but destroys the individuals”  
In light of the quote, how, and with what effects, does Kingston present roundness to explore the relationship between the Individual and Society?

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

5

**Either (a)** How, and with what effects, does Williams use colour to explore the relationship between the Individual and Society?

**Or (b)** “Stella’s conscience is hardly present because of Stanley’s moral compass.”  
How far do you agree with the statement?

**BLANK PAGE**



**SERANGOON JUNIOR COLLEGE  
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2017**

**ENGLISH LITERATURE**

**HIGHER 2                      9748/01  
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.

---

**This question paper consists of 9 printed pages and 1 blank page. [Turn over]**



**Section A**  
**Answer one question in this section**

1

- Either**      **(a)** Compare and contrast the following poems, *Warming Her Pearls* by Carol Ann Duffy and *Touch Me* by Stanley Kunitz, considering how desire is shaped by the poets' language, style and form.

**A**

**Warming Her Pearls**

Next to my own skin, her pearls. My mistress  
 bids me wear them, warm them, until evening  
 when I'll brush her hair. At six, I place them  
 round her cool, white throat. All day I think of her,

resting in the Yellow Room, contemplating silk  
 or taffeta<sup>1</sup>, which gown tonight? She fans herself  
 whilst I work willingly, my slow heat entering  
 each pearl. Slack on my neck, her rope.

5

She's beautiful. I dream about her  
 in my attic bed; picture her dancing  
 with tall men, puzzled by my faint, persistent scent  
 beneath her French perfume, her milky stones.

10

I dust her shoulders with a rabbit's foot,  
 watch the soft blush seep through her skin  
 like an indolent sigh. In her looking-glass  
 my red lips part as though I want to speak.

15

Full moon. Her carriage brings her home. I see  
 her every movement in my head.... Undressing,  
 taking off her jewels, her slim hand reaching  
 for the case, slipping naked into bed, the way

20

she always does.... And I lie here awake,  
 knowing the pearls are cooling even now  
 in the room where my mistress sleeps. All night  
 I feel their absence and I burn.

Carol Ann Duffy

---

<sup>1</sup> Taffeta - a fine lustrous silk or similar synthetic fabric with a crisp texture

## B

## Touch Me

*Summer is late, my heart.*  
 Words plucked out of the air  
 some forty years ago  
 when I was wild with love  
 and torn almost in two 5  
 scatter like leaves this night  
 of whistling wind and rain.  
 It is my heart that's late,  
 it is my song that's flown.  
 Outdoors all afternoon 10  
 under a gunmetal sky  
 staking my garden down,  
 I kneeled to the crickets trilling  
 underfoot as if about  
 to burst from their crusty shells; 15  
 and like a child again  
 marveled to hear so clear  
 and brave a music pour  
 from such a small machine.  
 What makes the engine go? 20  
 Desire, desire, desire.  
 The longing for the dance  
 stirs in the buried life.  
 One season only,  
 and it's done. 25  
 So let the battered old willow  
 thrash against the windowpanes  
 and the house timbers creak.  
 Darling, do you remember  
 the man you married? Touch me, 30  
 remind me who I am.

Stanley Kunitz

- Or (b) Write a critical response to the following poems, *The Planners* by Boey Kim Cheng and *Orange Grove Road* by Felix Fojas, paying close attention to the poets' use of language, style and form.

A The Planners

They plan. They build. All spaces are gridded, filled with permutations of possibilities. The buildings are in alignment with the roads which meet at desired points linked by bridges all hang in the grace of mathematics. They build and will not stop. Even the sea draws back and the skies surrender.	5
They erase the flaws, the blemishes of the past, knock off useless blocks with dental dexterity. All gaps are plugged with gleaming gold.	10
The country wears perfect rows of shining teeth. Anaesthesia, amnesia, hypnosis. They have the means. They have it all so it will not hurt, so history is new again.	15
The piling will not stop. The drilling goes right through the fossils of last century	20
But my heart would not bleed poetry. Not a single drop to stain the blueprint of our past's tomorrow.	25

Boey Kim Cheng

## B

## Orange Grove Road

The very air in this place  
 Is charged with disinfectant  
 And is certified germ-free  
 Because in this city  
 Of gleaming skyscrapers 5  
 Cleanliness is an obsession.  
 Even the brown leaves,

As soon as they fall on this road,  
 Are systematically swept away  
 By a legion of street-sweepers. 10  
 Here it is frustrating not to find  
 A single fugitive cigarette-butt  
 Hiding in the bush.  
 And how can a litterbug survive

When the fine is fifty Singaporean 15  
 Dollars! Those two fat ladies  
 Jogging there are no exception  
 Who greet me with their pearly  
 Antiseptic smiles.  
 Personally I think 20  
 Dirty cities have more character.

As a silent protest, I will  
 Not wash for a whole week.  
 Afterwards, I'm sure,  
 A policeman wearing a spotless 25  
 Blue uniform will politely  
 Arrest me  
 For not keeping the city clean.

Felix Fojas

**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:

“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:

“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?”

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.

“I’m very sorry, sir,” I said, “but I am unable to be of assistance on this matter.”

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?”

“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?”

"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 organize a war campaign."

50

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 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:

55

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. Please accept my apologies."

65

"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.

	<i>Exeunt all but CARDINAL.</i>	
CARDINAL	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!	5
	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.	10
	<i>Exit CARDINAL, enter BOSOLA.</i>	
BOSOLA	Ha? 'Twas the Cardinal's voice: I heard him name Bosola, and my death.-- Listen, I hear one's footing.	
	<i>Enter FERDINAND.</i>	
FERDINAND	Strangling is a very quiet death.	
BOSOLA	<i>[Aside]</i> Nay then, I see I must stand upon my guard.	
FERDINAND	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.	15
	<i>Exit</i>	
BOSOLA	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.'	20
	<i>Withdraws. Enter SERVANT and ANTONIO.</i>	
SERVANT	Here stay, sir, and be confident, I pray. I'll fetch you a dark lantern.	
	<i>Exit.</i>	
ANTONIO	Could I take him at his prayers, There were hope of pardon.	25
BOSOLA	Fall right my sword: I'll not give thee so much leisure as to pray. <i>BOSOLA wounds ANTONIO.</i>	
ANTONIO	O, I am gone! Thou hast ended a long suit In a minute.	
BOSOLA	What art thou?	30
ANTONIO	A most wretched thing, That only have thy benefit in death, To appear myself.	
	<i>Enter SERVANT with a lantern.</i>	
SERVANT	Where are you, sir?	
ANTONIO	Very near my home.-- Bosola?	35
SERVANT	O, misfortune!	

BOSOLA	(To SERVANT) Smother thy pity, thou art dead else.--Antonio? The man I would have saved 'bove mine own life! We are merely the stars' tennis balls, struck and banded Which way please them. Oh good Antonio, I'll whisper one thing in thy dying ear, Shall make thy heart break quickly: thy fair duchess And two sweet children --	40
ANTONIO	Their very names Kindle a little life in me.	45
BOSOLA	-- Are murdered!	
ANTONIO	Some men have wished to die At the hearing of sad tidings. I am glad That I shall do't in sadness. I would not now Wish my wounds balmed nor healed, for I have no use To put my life to: in all our quest of greatness, Like wanton boys whose pastime is their care, We follow after bubbles blown in the air. Pleasure of life, what is't? Only the good hours Of an ague; merely a preparative to rest, To endure vexation. I do not ask The process of my death: only commend me To Delio.	50       55
BOSOLA	Break heart.	
ANTONIO	And let my son fly the courts of princes. ( <i>Dies</i> )	60
BOSOLA	Thou seem'st to have loved Antonio?	
SERVANT	I brought him hither, To have reconciled him to the Cardinal.	
BOSOLA	I do not ask thee that. Take him up, if thou tender thy own life, And bear him where the lady Julia Was wont to lodge. Oh, my fate moves swift. I have this Cardinal in the forge already, Now I'll bring him to th' hammer. O direful misprision, I will not imitate things glorious, No more than base; I'll be mine own example. (To SERVANT) On, on, and look thou represent, for silence, The thing thou bear'st. <i>Exeunt.</i>	65       70

## Act 5 Scene 4

**END OF PAPER**





**SERANGOON JUNIOR COLLEGE  
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2017**

**ENGLISH LITERATURE**

**HIGHER 2                      9748/03**  
**PAPER 3:                      The Individual and Society**

**FRIDAY    15 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.

---

**This question paper consists of 7 printed pages and 1 blank page. [Turn over]**

**Section A**  
**Answer one question in this section**

1

**Either**

- (a)** The poem which follows (published in 1977) was written by Singaporean poet, Edwin Thumboo.

Write a critical appreciation of the poem, considering ways in which the poet uses form, language and structure to present the theme of the individual and society.

**The Way Ahead**

We were to speak, to chat,  
 Involve our several minds on how  
 To frame a City.  
 We were asked, judiciously, to talk of beauty  
 In a town, how the town would change, 5  
 Turn supple, rugged, yet acceptable.

There were the four of us,  
 A Professor, much travelled and artistic,  
 A Senior Civil Servant who knew the way ahead,  
 The Town Planner and I; I? 10  
 The average man, the man-in-the-street,  
 Feeling nervous, struggling to free  
 Practicalities from dreams,  
 Leaving a small remainder hopefully sensible.

The Professor favoured China-town, not surprisingly. 15  
 His thinking was crowded, bred by city living.  
 The teeming interchange of word and gesture,  
 The odour of ordinary lives,  
 Intimacies overdone or underdone,  
 Privacy come to grief, private grief made public, 20  
 Were seen as energies of a proper order,  
 As breaking the loneliness of man.  
 It had the right perspective, he said,  
 In the middle of tourist China-town.  
 The flats were fine, but parcelled out too neatly. 25

The Town Planner took a different view.  
 Intricacies of change were based on principles;  
 A flat in the sun was to be had by everyone,  
 A spaciousness, part of the better deal,  
 Politics, economics, the re-deployment of custom, 30  
 Clan and tribe. Impulses of a national kind  
 Gave common rights. There has been talk of heritage.  
 There should be change, a reaching for the sky,  
 Brightening the City's eye, clearing the patches  
 From the shoulders of her hills, 35  
 For regiments of flats.

What could I say? Or think?

A city is the people's heart, Beautiful, ugly, depending on the way it beats. A City smiles the way its people smile. When you spit, that is the city too.	40
A City is for people, for living, For walking between shadows of tall buildings That leave some room, for living. And though we rush to work, appointments, To many other ends, there must be time to pause, Loosen the grip of each working day, To make amends, to hear the inner self And keep our spirits solvent.	45
A City should be the reception we give ourselves, What we prepare for our posterity.	50

The City is what we make it,  
You and I. We are the City.  
For better or for worse.

Edwin Thumboo

- Or (b) The following extract is taken from the novel, *The Old Wives' Tale* (1908), written by Arnold Bennett. It deals with the lives of two very different sisters, Constance and Sophia Baines. Here, Constance's husband, Samuel, has recently passed away and she is dealing with the aftermath of her loss.

Write a critical commentary on the passage, relating your discussion to the theme of the individual and society.

This was the first Monday after Samuel's funeral. Existence in the house had been resumed on the plane which would henceforth be the normal plane. Constance had put on for tea a dress of black silk with a jet brooch of her mother's. Her hands, just meticulously washed, had that feeling of being dirty which comes from roughening of the epidermis caused by a day spent in fingering stuffs. She had been 'going through' Samuel's things, and her own, and ranging all anew. It was astonishing how little the man had collected, of 'things,' in the course of over half a century. All his clothes were contained in two long drawers and a short one. He had the least possible quantity of haberdashery<sup>1</sup> and linen, for he invariably took from the shop such articles as he required, when he required them, and he would never preserve what was done with. He possessed no jewellery save a set of gold studs, a scarf-ring, and a wedding-ring; the wedding-ring was buried with him. Once, when Constance had offered him her father's gold watch and chain, he had politely refused it, saying that he preferred his own--a silver watch (with a black cord) which kept excellent time; he had said later that she might save the gold watch and chain for Cyril when he was twenty-one. Beyond these trifles and a half-empty box of cigars and a pair of spectacles, he left nothing personal to himself. Some men leave behind them a litter which takes months to sift and distribute. But Samuel had not the mania for owning. Constance put his clothes in a box to be given away gradually (all except an overcoat and handkerchiefs which might do for Cyril); she locked up the watch and its black cord, the spectacles and the scarf-ring; she gave the gold studs to Cyril; she climbed on a chair and hid the cigar-box on the top of her wardrobe; and scarce a trace of Samuel remained!

By his own wish the funeral had been as simple and private as possible. One or two distant relations, whom Constance scarcely knew and who would probably not visit her again until she too was dead, came--and went. And lo! the affair was over. The simple celerity<sup>2</sup> of the funeral would have satisfied even Samuel, whose tremendous self-esteem hid itself so effectually behind such externals that nobody had ever fully perceived it. Not even Constance quite knew Samuel's secret opinion of Samuel. Constance was aware that he had a ridiculous side, that his greatest lack had been a lack of spectacular dignity. Even in the coffin, where nevertheless most people are finally effective, he had not been imposing--with his finicky little grey beard persistently sticking up.

The vision of him in his coffin--there in the churchyard, just at the end of King Street!--with the lid screwed down on that unimportant beard, recurred frequently in the mind of the widow, as something untrue and misleading. She had to say to herself: 'Yes, he is really there! And that is

<sup>1</sup> Haberdashery - men's clothing

<sup>2</sup> Celerity - speed

why I have this particular feeling in my heart." She saw him as an object pathetic and wistful, not majestic. And yet she genuinely thought that there could not exist another husband quite so honest, quite so just, quite so reliable, quite so good, as Samuel had been. What a conscience he had! 45 How he would try, and try, to be fair with her! Twenty years she could remember, of ceaseless, constant endeavour on his part to behave rightly to her! She could recall many an occasion when he had obviously checked himself, striving against his tendency to cold abruptness and to sullenness, in order to give her the respect due to a wife. What loyalty was his! How 50 she could depend on him! How much better he was than herself (she thought with modesty)!

His death was an amputation for her. But she faced it with calmness. She was not bowed with sorrow. She did not nurse the idea that her life was at an end; on the contrary, she obstinately put it away from her, dwelling on 55 Cyril<sup>3</sup>. She did not indulge in the enervating voluptuousness of grief. She had begun in the first hours of bereavement by picturing herself as one marked out for the blows of fate. She had lost her father and her mother, and now her husband. Her career seemed to be punctuated by interments. But after a while her gentle commonsense came to insist that most human 60 beings lose their parents, and that every marriage must end in either a widower or a widow, and that all careers are punctuated by interments. Had she not had nearly twenty-one years of happy married life? (Twenty-one years--rolled up! The sudden thought of their naive ignorance of life, hers and his, when they were first married, brought tears into her eyes. 65 How wise and experienced she was now!) And had she not Cyril? Compared to many women, she was indeed very fortunate.

---

<sup>3</sup> Cyril – Constance's son

**Section B**

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

**2**

**Either**      **(a)**    Comment on the ways in which two texts you have read present the individual's relationship with society as ironic.

**Or**            **(b)**    "I think, therefore I am."

Comment on the ways in which characters in two texts you have studied define themselves in relation to their social environments.

**Section C**  
**Answer one question in this section.**

MAXINE HONG KINGSTON: *THE WOMAN WARRIOR*

**3**

- Either**      **(a)** “Every step towards selfhood requires sacrifice.” In light of this quote, comment on the notion of sacrifice in *The Woman Warrior*.
- Or**            **(b)** How is the individual’s interaction with society defined by tradition and culture?

PHILIP LARKIN: From *Collected Poems*

**4**

- Either**      **(a)** Comment on the treatment of the relationship between the private and the public in Larkin’s poetry, relating your discussion to topic of the individual and society.
- Or**            **(b)** ‘Larkin’s writing is steeped in nihilism.’
- Is this an apt evaluation of Larkin’s poetry?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

**5**

- Either**      **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Shakespeare use dichotomy to explore the relationship between the individual and society?
- Or**            **(b)** “Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus.” (Iago, Act 1 Scene 3)
- Comment on the extent to which Iago’s philosophy dominates the world of the play.

**END OF PAPER**

**TEMASEK JUNIOR COLLEGE  
PRELIMINARY EXAMINATIONS  
2017**

**Higher 2 Literature**

**9748/01**

**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 8 printed pages**



## SECTION A

1.

**Either (a)** Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which imagery, language and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of the relationship between parent and child.

**A**

### Fingers in the Door

Careless for an instant I closed my child's fingers in the jamb. She held her breath, contorted the whole of her being, foetus-wise, against the burning fact of the pain. And for a moment I wished myself dispersed in a hundred thousand pieces among the dead bright stars.	5
The child's cry broke, she clung to me, and it crowded in to me how she and I were light-years from any mutual help or comfort. For her I cast seed into her mother's womb; cells grew and launched itself as a being:	10
Nothing restores her to my being, or ours, even to the mother who within her carried and quickened, bore, and sobbed at her separation, despite all my envy, nothing can restore.	15
She, I, mother, sister, dwell dispersed among dead bright stars: We are there in our hundred thousand pieces!	

David Holbrook

**B**

### First Thanksgiving

When she comes back, from college, I will see the skin of her upper arms, cool, matte, glossy. She will hug me, my old soupy chest against her breasts, I will smell her hair! She will sleep in this apartment,	5
her sleep like an untamed, good object, like a soul in a body. She came into my life the second great arrival, after him, fresh from the other world—which lay, from within him, within me. Those nights, I fed her to sleep,	10
week after week, the moon rising, and setting, and waxing—whirling, over the months, in a slow blur, around our planet. Now she doesn't need love like that, she has had it. She will walk in glowing, we will talk, and then, when she's fast asleep, I'll exult	15

to have her in that room again,  
behind that door! As a child, I caught  
bees, by the wings, and held them, some seconds,  
looked into their wild faces,  
listened to them sing, then tossed them back  
into the air—I remember the moment the  
arc of my toss swerved, and they entered  
the corrected curve of their departure.

20

Sharon Olds

**Or b)** 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 new year.

**A** **To the New Year**

With what stillness at last you appear in the valley your first sunlight reaching down to touch the tips of a few high leaves that do not stir	5
as though they had not noticed and did not know you at all then the voice of a dove calls from far away in itself to the hush of the morning	10
so this is the sound of you here and now whether or not anyone hears it this is where we have come with our age our knowledge such as it is and our hopes such as they are invisible before us untouched and still possible	15

W. S. Merwin

**B** **Snowfall**

Particulate as ash, new year's first snow falls upon peaked roofs, car hoods, undulant hills, in imitation of motion that moves the way	
static cascades down screens when the cable zaps out, persistent & granular with a flicker of legibility that dissipates before it can be	5
interpolated into any succession of imagery. One hour stretches sixty minutes into a field of white flurry: hexagonal lattices of water	
molecules that accumulate in drifts too soon strewn with sand, hewn into browning mounds by plow blade, left to turn to slush.	10

Ravi Shankar

## 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.

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.

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.

(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 CARIOLA	My laurel is all withered. 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 DUCHESS BOSOLA	You are. You must see your husband no more. What devil art thou that counterfeit heaven's thunder? 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 DUCHESS BOSOLA DUCHESS	To none. Whither then? To your palace.	
DUCHESS BOSOLA DUCHESS	I have heard that Charon's boat serves to convey All o'er the dismal lake, but brings none back again. Your brothers mean you safety and pity. Pity?	20
BOSOLA DUCHESS BOSOLA DUCHESS	With such a pity men preserve alive Pheasants and quails, when they are not fat enough To be eaten. These are your children? Yes. Can they prattle?	25
DUCHESS	No: But I intend, since they were born accursed,	30

	Curses shall be their first language.	
BOSOLA		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 2**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/01**

**Paper 1**

**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 text (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

---

**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.

---

This document consists of **8** printed pages

[Turn over



## 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 place.

A *Adlestrop*

Yes, I remember Adlestrop -  
The name, because one afternoon  
Of heat the express-train drew up there  
Unwontedly<sup>1</sup>. It was late June.

The steam hissed. Someone cleared his throat. 5  
No one left and no one came  
On the bare platform. What I saw  
Was Adlestrop - only the name

And willows, willow-herb, and grass,  
And meadowsweet, and haycocks<sup>2</sup> dry, 10  
No whit<sup>3</sup> less still and lonely fair  
Than the high cloudlets in the sky.

And for that minute a blackbird sang  
Close by, and round him, mistier,  
Farther and farther, all the birds 15  
Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire<sup>4</sup>.

Edward Thomas (1878-1917)

---

<sup>1</sup> Unwonted: Unaccustomed.

<sup>2</sup> Haycock: A conical heap of hay in a field.

<sup>3</sup> Whit: A very small part or amount.

<sup>4</sup> Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire: Counties in England.

B     *The Village*

Scarcely a street, too few houses  
 To merit the title; just a way between  
 The one tavern and the one shop  
 That leads nowhere and fails at the top  
 Of the short hill, eaten away                   5  
 By long erosion of the green tide  
 Of grass creeping perpetually nearer  
 This last outpost of time past.

So little happens; the black dog  
 Cracking his fleas in the hot sun                   10  
 Is history. Yet the girl who crosses  
 From door to door moves to a scale  
 Beyond the bland day's two dimensions.

Stay, then, village, for round you spins  
 On a slow axis a world as vast                   15  
 And meaningful as any poised  
 By great Plato's<sup>5</sup> solitary mind.

R. S. Thomas (1913-2000)

---

<sup>5</sup> Plato: Philosopher, famously known for theorising the abstract Ideal.

- Or (b) 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 work.

A *Loving Working*

*"We clean to give space for Art."  
Micaela Miranda, Freedom Theatre, Palestine*

Work was a shining refuge when wind sank its tooth  
into my mind. Everything we love is going away,  
drifting – but you could sweep this stretch of floor,  
this patio or porch, gather white stones in a bucket,  
rake the patch for future planting, mop the counter 5  
with a rag. Lovely wet grey rag, squeeze it hard  
it does so much. Clear the yard of blowing bits of plastic.  
The glory in the doing. The breath of the doing.  
Sometimes the simplest move kept fear from 10  
fragmenting into no energy at all, or sorrow from  
multiplying, or sorrow from being the only person  
living in the house.

Naomi Shihab Nye (b. 1952)

B *Find Work*

*I tie my Hat — I crease my Shawl —  
Life's little duties do — precisely  
As the very least  
Were infinite — to me —  
Emily Dickinson, #443*

My mother's mother, widowed very young  
of her first love, and of that love's first fruit,  
moved through her father's farm, her country tongue  
and country heart anaesthetized and mute  
with labor. So her kind was taught to do — 5  
"Find work," she would reply to every grief —  
and her one dictum, whether false or true,  
told heavy with her passionate belief.  
Widowed again, with children, in her prime,  
she spoke so little it was hard to bear 10  
so much composure, such a truce with time  
spent in the lifelong practice of despair.  
But I recall her floors, scrubbed white as bone,  
her dishes, and how painfully they shone.

Rhina Espaillat (b. 1932)

## 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	5
	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?	10
	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,	15
	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	20
	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.	25
	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,	30
	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.	35

*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**



**VICTORIA JUNIOR COLLEGE**

**JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2017**

**HIGHER 2**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/03**

**Paper 3**

**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 text (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

---

**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.

---

This document consists of **7** printed pages

[Turn over



## Section A

## Answer one question in this section

1

**Either (a)** The following extract is taken from Ernest Hemingway's short story, *In Another Country* (1927). Write a critical appreciation of the passage, relating it to your reading on the theme of the individual and society in literature.

There were three boys who came each day who were about the same age I was. They were all three from Milan, and one of them was to be a lawyer, and one was to be a painter, and one had intended to be a soldier, and after we were finished with the machines, sometimes we walked back together to the Café Cova, which was next door to the Scala<sup>1</sup>. We walked the short way through the communist quarter because we were four together. The people 5 hated us because we were officers, and from a wine-shop some one would call out, "A basso gli ufficiali!"<sup>2</sup> as we passed. Another boy who walked with us sometimes and made us five wore a black silk handkerchief across his face because he had no nose then and his face was to be rebuilt. He had gone out to the front from the military academy and been wounded 10 within an hour after he had gone into the front line for the first time. They rebuilt his face, but he came from a very old family and they could never get the nose exactly right. He went to South America and worked in a bank. But this was a long time ago, and then we did not any of us know how it was going to be afterward. We only knew then that there was always the war, but that we were not going to it any more.

We all had the same medals, except the boy with the black silk bandage across his face, 15 and he had not been at the front long enough to get any medals. The tall boy with a very pale face who was to be a lawyer had been a lieutenant of Arditi<sup>3</sup> and had three medals of the sort we each had only one of. He had lived a very long time with death and was a little detached. We were all a little detached, and there was nothing that held us together except that we met every afternoon at the hospital. Although, as we walked to the Cova through the tough part of 20 town, walking in the dark, with light and singing coming out of the wine-shops, and sometimes having to walk into the street when the men and women would crowd together on the sidewalk so that we would have had to jostle them to get by, we felt held together by there being something that had happened that they, the people who disliked us, did not understand. 25

We ourselves all understood the Cova, where it was rich and warm and not too brightly lighted, and noisy and smoky at certain hours, and there were always girls at the tables and the illustrated papers on a rack on the wall. The girls at the Cova were very patriotic, and I found that the most patriotic people in Italy were the café girls – and I believe they are still 30 patriotic.

The boys at first were very polite about my medals and asked me what I had done to get them. I showed them the papers, which were written in very beautiful language and full of *fratellanza* and *abnegazione*<sup>4</sup>, but which really said, with the adjectives removed, that I had been given the medals because I was an American. After that their manner changed a little toward me, although I was their friend against outsiders. I was a friend, but I was never really 35

<sup>1</sup> The Scala: An opera house in Milan, Italy

<sup>2</sup> "A basso gli ufficiali!": "Down with the officers!" in Italian

<sup>3</sup> Arditi: Elite assault troops in the Italian army

<sup>4</sup> *fratellanza* and *abnegazione*: Brotherhood and sacrifice in Italian

one of them after they had read the citations, because it had been different with them and they had done very different things to get their medals. I had been wounded, it was true; but we all knew that being wounded, after all, was really an accident. I was never ashamed of the ribbons, though, and sometimes, after the cocktail hour, I would imagine myself having done all the things they had done to get their medals; but walking home at night through the empty streets with the cold wind and all the shops closed, trying to keep near the street lights, I knew that I would never have done such things, and I was very much afraid to die, and often lay in bed at night by myself, afraid to die and wondering how I would be when I went back to the front again. 40

The three with the medals were like hunting-hawks; and I was not a hawk, although I might seem a hawk to those who had never hunted; they, the three, knew better and so we drifted apart. But I stayed good friends with the boy who had been wounded his first day at the front, because he would never know now how he would have turned out; so he could never be accepted either, and I liked him because I thought perhaps he would not have turned out to be a hawk either. 45 50

- Or (b) The following extract is taken from George S. Kaufman's play, *The Still Alarm* (1930). Write a critical appreciation of the passage, relating it to your reading on the theme of the individual and society in literature.

VITAL NOTE: *It is important that the entire play should be acted calmly and politely, in the manner of an English drawing-room comedy. No actor ever raises his voice; every line must be read as though it were an invitation to a cup of tea. If this direction is disregarded, the play has no point at all. The Scene is a hotel bedroom.*

**BOB.** Come! Come in!

**BELLBOY** (*enters R.*). Mr. Barclay?

**BOB.** Well?

**BELLBOY.** I've a message from the clerk, sir. For Mr. Barclay personally.

**BOB** (*crosses to boy*). I'm Mr Barclay. What is the message? 5

**BELLBOY.** The hotel is on fire, sir.

**BOB.** What's that?

**BELLBOY.** The hotel is on fire.

**ED.** This hotel?

**BELLBOY.** Yes, sir. 10

**BOB.** Well -- is it bad?

**BELLBOY.** It looks pretty bad, sir.

**ED.** You mean it's going to burn down?

**BELLBOY.** We think so -- yes, sir.

**BOB** (*a low whistle of surprise*). Well! We'd better leave. 15

**BELLBOY.** Yes, sir.

**BOB.** Going to burn down, huh?

**BELLBOY.** Yes, sir. If you'll step to the window you'll see.

(**BOB** goes to R. window.)

**BOB.** Yes, that is pretty bad. H'm (*To ED*). I say, you really ought to see this --- 20

**ED** (*crosses up to R. window -- peering out*). It's reached the floor right underneath.

**BELLBOY.** Yes, sir. The lower part of the hotel is about gone, sir.

**BOB** (*still looking out -- looks up*). Still all right up above, though. (*Turns to boy*). Have they notified the Fire Department?

**BELLBOY.** I wouldn't know, sir. I'm only the bellboy. 25

**BOB.** Well, that's the thing to do, obviously -- (*Nods head to each one as if the previous line was a bright idea*) -- notify the Fire Department. Just call them up, give them the name of the hotel --

**ED.** Wait a minute. I can do better than that for you. (*To the boy*). Ring through to the Chief, and tell him that Ed Jamison told you to telephone him. (*To BOB*). We went to school together, you know. 30

**BOB.** That's fine. (*To the boy*). Now, get that right. Tell the Chief that Mr. Jamison said to ring him.

**ED.** Ed Jamison.

**BOB.** Yes, Ed Jamison. 35

**BELLBOY.** Yes, sir. (*Turns to go.*)

**BOB.** Oh! Boy! (*Pulls out handful of change; picks out a coin*). Here you are.

**BELLBOY.** Thank you, sir. (*Exit BELLBOY. ED sits R. of table, lights cigarette and throws match downstage, then steps on it. There is a moment's pause.*)

**BOB.** Well! (*Crosses and looks out L. window*). Say, we'll have to get out of here pretty soon. 40

**ED** (*going to window*). How is it -- no better?

**BOB.** Worse, if anything. It'll be up here in a few moments.

**ED.** What floor is this?

**BOB.** Eleventh. 45

**ED.** Eleven. We couldn't jump, then.

**BOB.** Oh, no. You never could jump. (*Comes away from window to dresser*). Well, I've got to get my things together. (*Pulls out suitcase*)

**ED** (*smoothing out the plans*). Who made these for you?

**BOB.** A fellow here – Rawlins. (*Turns a shirt in his hands*). I ought to call one of the other hotels for a room. 50

**ED.** Oh, you can get in.

**BOB.** They're pretty crowded. (*Feels something on the sole of his foot; inspects it*). Say, the floor's getting hot.

**ED.** I know it. It's getting stuffy in the room, too. Phew! (*He looks around, then goes to the phone*). Hello. – Ice water in eleven-eighteen. (*Crosses to R. of table*) 55

**BOB** (*at bed*). That's the stuff. (*Packs*). You know, if I move to another hotel I'll never get my mail. Everybody thinks I'm stopping here.

**ED.** (*studying the plans*). Say, this isn't bad.

**BOB** (*eagerly*). Do you like it? (*Remembers his plight*). Suppose I go to another hotel and there's a fire there, too! 60

**ED.** You've got to take some chance.

**BOB.** I know, but here I'm sure. (*Phone rings*). Oh, answer that, will you, Ed? (*To dresser and back*.)

**ED** (*crosses to phone*). Sure. (*At phone*). Hello – Oh, that's good. Fine. What? – Oh! 65

Well, wait a minute. (*To BOB*). The firemen are downstairs and some of them want to come up to this room.

**BOB.** Tell them, of course.

**ED** (*at phone*). All right. Come right up. (*Hangs up, crosses and sits R. of table*). Now we'll get some action. 70

**BOB** (*looks out of window L.*). Say, there's an awful crowd of people on the street.

**ED** (*absently, as he pores over the plans*). Maybe there's been some kind of accident.

**BOB** (*peering out, suitcase in hand*). No. More likely they heard about the fire. (*A knock at the door R.*) Come in.

**BELLBOY** (*enters*). I beg pardon, Mr. Barclay, the firemen have arrived. 75

**BOB.** Show them in. (*Crosses to R. The door opens. In the doorway appear two FIREMEN in full regalia. The FIRST FIREMAN carries a hose and rubber coat; the SECOND has a violin case, R.C.*)

**FIRST FIREMAN** (*enters R. Very apologetically*). Mr. Barclay.

**BOB.** I'm Mr. Barclay. 80

**FIRST FIREMAN.** We're the firemen, Mr. Barclay. (*They remove their hats.*)

**BOB.** How de do?

**ED.** How de do?

**BOB.** A great pleasure, I assure you. Really must apologize for the condition of this room, but — 85

**FIRST FIREMAN.** Oh, that's all right. I know how it is at home.

**BOB.** May I present a friend of mine, Mr. Ed Jamison —

**FIRST FIREMAN.** How are you?

**ED.** How are you, boys? (**SECOND FIREMAN** *nods*). I know your Chief.

**FIRST FIREMAN.** Oh, is that so? He knows the Chief – dear old Chiefie. (**SECOND FIREMAN** *giggles*.) 90

**BOB** (*embarrassed*). Well, I guess you boys want to get to work, don't you?

**FIRST FIREMAN.** Well, if you don't mind. We would like to spray around a little bit.

**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.**

**2**

- Either (a)** Compare the ways in which two texts you have studied present the power of individuals to resist social forces.
- Or (b)** Explore how two of the writers you have studied present the significance of the past for an individual in society.

## Section C

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

BOEY KIM CHENG: *Clear Brightness*

**3**

- Either (a)** How and with what effect does Boey's poetry present an individual's search for reconciliation? You should refer to at least two poems from your selection.
- Or (b)** Discuss Boey's presentation of home as a means of exploring the relationship between an individual and society. You should refer to at least two poems from your selection.

F SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

**4**

- Either (a)** Explore Fitzgerald's presentation of Jay Gatsby's vision in relation to the theme of the individual and society.
- Or (b)** Discuss Fitzgerald's presentation of moral indifference in *The Great Gatsby*.

PHILIP LARKIN: *Collected Poems*

**5**

- Either (a)** Explore Larkin's use of humour as a means of exploring the relationship between an individual and society. You should refer to at least two poems from your selection.
- Or (b)** "And saw it all again in different terms" ('The Whitsun Weddings')  
Discuss the presentation of a change in perspective in relation to ideas about the individual and society. You should refer to at least two poems from your selection.

**End of Paper**

# YISHUN JUNIOR COLLEGE 2017 JC2 ENGLISH LITERATURE PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH  
HIGHER 2**

**9748/03**

Paper 3 The Individual and Society in Literature

**Monday 11 September 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 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, hand in each of your three answers **separately**.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **6** printed pages.

## SECTION A

Answer one question in this section.

1

**Either (a)** The following is an extract from the play *Master Harold and the Boys* by white South African playwright Athol Fugard (born 1932).

The setting of the play is 1950 and the action takes place in The St. George's Park Tea Room in Port Elizabeth, South Africa. Willie and Sam are black waiters in their mid-forties. Hally is the seventeen year old son of their white restaurant employers. Hally's father is an alcoholic and a cripple.

Write a critical appreciation of the extract, relating it more generally to your reading on the theme of the individual and society in literature.

- Sam [Almost shouting.] Stop now!
- Hally [Suddenly appalled by how far he has gone.] Why?
- Sam Hally? It's your father you're talking about.
- Hally So?
- Sam Do you know what you've been saying? [HALLY can't answer. He is rigid with shame. SAM speaks to him sternly.] No, Hally, you mustn't do it. Take back those words and ask for forgiveness! It's a terrible sin for a son to mock his father with jokes like that. You'll be punished if you carry on. Your father is your father, even if he is a . . . cripple man. 5
- Willie Yes, Master Hally. Is true what Sam say. 10
- Sam I understand how you are feeling, Hally, but even so . . .
- Hally No, you don't!
- Sam I think I do.
- Hally And I'm telling you you don't. Nobody does. [Speaking carefully as his shame turns to rage at SAM.] It's your turn to be careful, Sam. Very careful! You're treading on dangerous ground. Leave me and my father alone. 15
- Sam I'm not the one who's been saying things about him.
- Hally What goes on between me and my Dad is none of your business.
- Sam Then don't tell me about it. If that's all you've got to say about him, I don't want to hear. [For a moment HALLY is at a loss for a response.] 20
- Hally Just get on with your bloody work and shut up.
- Sam Swearing at me won't help you.
- Hally Yes, it does! Mind your own fucking business and shut up!
- Sam Okay. If that's the way you want it, I'll stop trying. [He turns away. This infuriates HALLY even more.] 25
- Hally Good. Because what you've been trying to do is meddle in something you know nothing about. All that concerns you here, Sam, is to try and do what you get paid for - keep the place clean and serve the customers. In plain words, just get on with your job. My mother is right. She's always warning me about allowing you to get too familiar. Well, this time you've gone too far. It's going to stop right now. [No response from SAM.] You're only a servant in 30



here, and don't forget it. [*Still no response. HALLY is trying hard to get one.*]  
 And as far as my father is concerned, all you need to remember is that he is  
 your boss.

Sam [*Needles at last.*] No, he isn't. I get paid by your mother. 35

Hally Don't argue with me, Sam!

Sam Then don't say he's my boss.

Hally He's a white man and that's good enough for you.

Sam I'll try to forget you said that.

Hally Don't! Because you won't be doing me a favor if you do. I'm telling you to 40  
 remember it.

[*A pause. SAM pulls himself together and makes one last effort.*]

Sam Hally, Hally . . . ! Come on now. Let's stop before it's too late. You're right. We  
 are on dangerous ground! If we're not careful, somebody is going to get hurt.

Hally It won't be me. 45

Sam Don't be so sure.

Hally I don't know what you're talking about, Sam.

Sam Yes, you do.

Hally [*Furious.*] Jesus, I wish you would stop trying to tell me what I do and what I  
 don't know. 50

[*SAM gives up. He turns to WILLIE.*]

Sam Let's finish up.

Hally Don't turn your back on me! I haven't finished talking. [*He grabs SAM by the  
 arm and tries to make him turn around. SAM reacts with a flash of anger.*]

Sam Don't do that, Hally! [*Facing the boy.*] All right, I'm listening. Well? What do 55  
 you want to say to me?

Hally [*Pause as HALLY looks for something to say.*] To begin with, why don't you  
 start calling me Master Harold, like Willie.

Sam Do you mean that?

Hally Why the hell do you think I said it? 60

Sam And if I don't . . .

Hally You might just lose your job.

Sam [*Quietly and very carefully.*] If you make me say it once, I'll never call you  
 anything else again.

Hally So? [*The boy confronts the man.*] Is that meant to be a threat? 65

Sam Just telling you what will happen if you make me do that. You must decide  
 what it means to you.

Hally Well, I have. It's good news. Because that is exactly what Master Harold wants  
 from now on. Think of it as a little lesson in respect, Sam, that's long overdue,  
 and I hope you remember it as well as you do your geography. I can tell you 70  
 now that somebody who will be glad to hear I've finally given it to you will be  
 my Dad. Yes! He agrees with my Mom. He's always going on about it as well.  
 "You must teach the boys to show you more respect, my son."

- Or (b) Write a critical appreciation on the poem below by Stephen Spender (1909-1995), relating it to the theme of the individual and society in literature.

**The Marginal Field**

On the chalk cliff edge struggles the final field  
 Of barley smutted with tares and marbled  
 With veins of rusted poppy as though the plough had bled.  
 The sun is drowned in bird-wailing mist  
 The sea and sky meet outside distinction 5  
 The landscape glares and stares – white poverty  
 Of gaslight diffused through frosted glass.

This field was the farmer's extremest thought  
 And its flinty heart became his heart  
 When he drove below the return it yields 10  
 The wage of the labourer sheeted in sweat.  
 Here the price and the cost cross on a chart  
 At a point fixed on the margin of profit  
 Which opens out into the golden fields

Waving their grasses and virile beards 15  
 On the laps of the dripping valleys and flushing  
 Their pulsing ears against negative skies.  
 Their roots clutch into the flesh of the soil,  
 As they fall to the scythe they whisper of excess  
 Heaped high above the flat wavering scale 20  
 Near the sea, beyond the wind-scarred hill

Where loss is exactly equaled by gain  
 And the roots and the sinews wrestle with stone  
 On the margin of what can just be done  
 To eat back from the land the man the land eats. 25  
 Starved outpost of wealth and final soldier,  
 Your stretched-out bones are the frontier of power  
 With your mouth wide open to drink in lead.

**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.**

**2**

**Either a)** "The truth shall set you free."

Compare the ways in which **two** texts you have studied present the pursuit of truth, and what it demonstrates about the individual in society.

**Or     b)** Compare the ways in which the **two** writers you have studied examine the notion of loyalty, and how it relates to the theme of the 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.**

Philip Larkin: *Collected Poems*

**3**

- Either (a)** 'From your unsatisfactory age  
To my unsatisfactory prime.' (Reference Back)

Explore Larkin's poetic presentation of the individual's quest for satisfaction in their relationship with society. You should refer to at least **two** poems.

- Or (b)** Discuss how the voices in Larkin's poems can be perceived as subverting social norms, and what this contributes to a wider picture of the individual in society. You should refer to at least **two** poems.

Tennessee Williams: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

**4**

- Either (a)** "[*A Streetcar Named Desire*] is a play of naked desperation."

Examine the validity of the above quote and what it demonstrates about the individual in society.

- Or (b)** Discuss the cost of survival in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and its relation to the individual and society.

William Shakespeare: *Othello*

**5**

- Either (a)** "The final moments of the play suggest that the women rise up against a brutal world of misogyny."

With reference to the above quote, discuss the presentation of women in *Othello*, and what it reflects about the individual's relationship with society.

- Or (b)** Discuss the portrayal of secrets and lies in *Othello* and what it demonstrates about the individual and society.

**End of Paper**