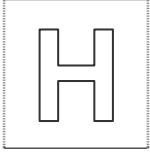


2018

H2 Literature in English

1.	ACJC	
2.	AJC	
3.	CJC	
4.	DHS	
5.	EJC	
6.	HCI	
7.	IJC	
8.	JJC	
9.	MI	
10.	MJC	
11.	NJC	
12.	NYJC	
13.	PJC	
14.	RI	
15.	RVHS	
16.	SAJC	
17.	SRJC	
18.	TJC	
19.	VJC	



LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

Aug 2018

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

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Begin each essay on a fresh sheet of paper.

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **8** printed pages.

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Section A

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

A A NARROW FELLOW IN THE GRASS

A narrow Fellow in the Grass
Occasionally rides -
You may have met him? Did you not
His notice instant is -

The Grass divides as with a Comb, 5
A spotted Shaft is seen,
And then it closes at your Feet
And opens further on -

He likes a Boggy Acre -
A Floor too cool for Corn - 10
But when a Boy and Barefoot
I more than once at Noon

Have passed I thought a Whip Lash
Unbraiding in the Sun
When stooping to secure it 15
It wrinkled And was gone -

Several of Nature's People
I know, and they know me
I feel for them a transport
Of Cordiality 20

But never met this Fellow
Attended or alone
Without a tighter Breathing
And Zero at the Bone. 25

by Emily Dickinson (1830 – 1886)

B TO THE SNAKE

Green Snake, when I hung you round my neck
 and stroked your cold, pulsing throat
 as you hissed to me, glinting
 arrowy gold scales, and I felt
 the weight of you on my shoulders, 5
 and the whispering silver of your dryness
 sounded close at my ears –

Green Snake—I swore to my companions that certainly
 you were harmless! But truly
 I had no certainty, and no hope, only desiring 10
 to hold you, for that joy,
 which left
 a long wake of pleasure, as the leaves moved
 and you faded into the pattern
 of grass and shadows, and I returned 15
 smiling and haunted, to a dark morning.

By Denise Levertov (1923 – 1997)

- 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 alienation.

A CITY

Right now, a dog tied up in the street is barking
 With the grief of being left,
 A dog bereft.
 Right now, a car is parking.

The dog emits 5
 Petals of a barking flower and barking flakes of snow
 That float upward from the street below
 To where another victim sits:

Who listens to the whole city
 And the dog honking like a car alarm, 10
 And doesn't mean the dog any harm,
 And doesn't feel any pity.

by Friederick Siedel (b. 1936)

B URBAN JUNGLE

These grim, grey blocks like fingers
 stretched unto the heavens,
 Casting shadows meters long.
 Like grand trees that grow together,
 filling the sky with their branches and leaves. 5

We like ants puny beneath,
 scurrying about at your feet.
 And when you fall, we run in fear,
 digging up pieces we hold so dear.

These leaves we hold and raise up high, 10
 make me constantly question why
 we need to see the sky before we breathe;
 why we are so bound by man-made laws
 that we sigh without cause, without pause?

By Ervin Ha

Section B

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

- 2 Either (a) 'All the major characters are victims of the society in which the novel is set.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of *The Great Gatsby*?

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary of the following passage, paying particular attention to the ways in which it is a fitting conclusion to the concerns of the novel.

"Tom," I inquired, "what did you say to Wilson that afternoon?" He stared at me without a word, and I knew I had guessed right about those missing hours. I started to turn away, but he took a step after me and grabbed my arm.

"I told him the truth," he said. "He came to the door while we were getting ready to leave, and when I sent down word that we weren't in he tried to force his way upstairs. He was crazy enough to kill me if I hadn't told him who owned the car. His hand was on a revolver in his pocket every minute he was in the house –" He broke off defiantly. "What if I did tell him? That fellow had it coming to him. He threw dust into your eyes just like he did in Daisy's, but he was a tough one. He ran over Myrtle like you'd run over a dog and never even stopped his car." 5 10

There was nothing I could say, except the one unutterable fact that it wasn't true.

"And if you think I didn't have my share of suffering – look here, when I went to give up that flat and saw that damn box of dog biscuits sitting there on the sideboard, I sat down and cried like a baby. By God it was awful –" 15

I couldn't forgive him or like him, but I saw that what he had done was, to him, entirely justified. It was all very careless and confused. They were careless people, Tom and Daisy – they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness, or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made... 20

I shook hands with him; it seemed silly not to, for I felt suddenly as though I were talking to a child. Then he went into the jewelry store to buy a pearl necklace – or perhaps only a pair of cuff buttons – rid of my provincial squeamishness forever. 25

Gatsby's house was still empty when I left – the grass on his lawn had grown as long as mine. One of the taxi drivers in the village never took a fare past the entrance gate without stopping for a minute and pointing inside; perhaps it was he who drove Daisy and Gatsby over to East Egg the night of the accident, and perhaps he had made a story about it all his own. I didn't want to hear it and I avoided him when I got off the train. 30

I spent my Saturday nights in New York because those gleaming, dazzling parties of his were with me so vividly that I could still hear the music and the laughter, faint and incessant, from his garden, and the cars going up and down his drive. One night I did hear a material car there, and saw its lights stop at his front steps. But I didn't investigate. Probably it was some final guest who had been away at the ends of the earth and didn't know that the party was over. 35

On the last night, with my trunk packed and my car sold to the grocer, I went over and looked at that huge incoherent failure of a house once more. On the white steps an obscene word, scrawled by some boy with a piece of brick, stood out clearly in the moonlight, and I erased it, drawing my shoe raspily along the stone. Then I wandered down to the beach and sprawled out on the sand. 40

Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes – a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder. 45 50

And as I sat there brooding the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night. 55

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter – tomorrow we will run faster, stretch our arms farther... And one fine morning – 60

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

(Chapter 9)

Section C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

- 3 Either (a) 'Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook!'

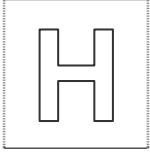
With this quote in mind, discuss the presentation of knowledge of self and others in the play.

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

ISABELLA:	There spake my brother, there my father's grave Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die: Thou art too noble to conserve a life In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy Whose settled visage and deliberate word Nips youth i'th'head and follies doth enew As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil: His filth within being cast, he would appear A pond as deep as hell.	5
CLAUDIO:	The prenzie Angelo?	10
ISABELLA:	Oh 'tis the cunning livery of hell The damned'st body to invest and cover In prenzie guards. Dost thou think, Claudio, If I would yield him my virginity Thou might'st be freed!	15
CLAUDIO:	Oh, heavens, it cannot be!	
ISABELLA:	Yes, he would give't thee; from this rank offence So to offend him still. This night's the time That I should do what I abhor to name, Or else thou diest tomorrow.	20
CLAUDIO:	Thou shalt not do't.	
ISABELLA:	Oh, were it but my life I'd throw it down for your deliverance As frankly as a pin.	
CLAUDIO:	Thanks, dear Isabel.	25
ISABELLA:	Be ready, Claudio, for your death tomorrow.	
CLAUDIO:	Yes. Has he affections in him, That thus can make him bite the law by th'nose When he would force it? Sure it is no sin, Or of the deadly seven it is the least.	30
ISABELLA:	Which is the least?	
CLAUDIO:	If it were damnable, he, being so wise, Why would he for the momentary trick Be perdurably fined? Oh Isabel!	
ISABELLA:	What says my brother?	35
CLAUDIO:	Death is a fearful thing.	
ISABELLA:	And shamèd life a hateful.	

CLAUDIO:	Ay, but to die and go we know not where, To lie in cold obstruction and to rot, This sensible warm motion to become A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit To bathe in fiery floods or to reside In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice, To be imprisoned in the viewless winds And blown with restless violence round about The pendent world, or to be worse than worst Of those that lawless and incertain thought Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible. The weariest and most loathèd worldly life That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment Can lay on nature, is a paradise To what we fear of death.	40
ISABELLA:	Alas, alas.	
CLAUDIO:	Sweet sister, let me live. What sin you do to save a brother's life, Nature dispenses with the deed so far That it becomes a virtue.	55
ISABELLA:	Oh, you beast! Oh faithless coward, oh dishonest wretch! Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice? Is't not a kind of incest to take life From thine own sister's shame? What should I think? Heaven shield my mother played my father fair, For such a warpèd slip of wilderness Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance, Die, perish. Might but my bending down Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed. I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death, No word to save thee.	60
CLAUDIO:	Nay hear me, Isabel.	70
ISABELLA:	Oh, fie, fie, fie! Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade. Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd, 'Tis best that thou diest quickly.	
CLAUDIO:	Oh hear me, Isabella.	75

(Act 3, Scene 1)



LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/02

Paper 2 The English Renaissance (1509 – 1660)

Aug 2018

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

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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 question from Section A, one question from Section B and one question from Section 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.



1 Either (a) The following extract is from Act 1, Scene 1 of *The White Devil* by John Webster and printed in 1612. (Count Lodovico has been banished from Rome. His friends Gasparo and Antonelli are consoling him.) Write a critical appreciation of the extract, relating its concerns to key features of the period.

¹ Democritus: A classical Greek philosopher and scientist, who theorized about the existence of atoms, rejecting the idea that the gods directly controlled the universe, and asserting that it was controlled by the interaction of atoms.

² 'Quite: Requite, to give an appropriate return for their actions.

³ Mummia: A medieval medicine made from ground up Egyptian mummies, which by the Renaissance was known to be ineffective.

⁴ Phoenix: The mythic phoenix was supposedly the rarest of all birds.

GASPARO	Worse than these, You have acted certain murders here in Rome, Bloody and full of horror.	40
LODOVICO	'Las, they were flea-bitings: Why took they not my head then?	
GASPARO	O, my lord, The law doth sometimes mediate, thinks it good Not ever to steep violent sins in blood; This gentle penance may both end your crimes, And in th'example better these bad times.	45
LODOVICO	So; but I wonder then some great men scape This banishment; there's Paulo Giordano Orsini, The Duke of Bracciano, now lives in Rome, And by close panderism seeks to prostitute The honour of Vittoria Corombona: Vittoria, she that might have got my pardon For one kiss to the duke.	50 55
ANTONELLI	Have a full man within you. We see that trees bear no such pleasant fruit There where they grew first, as where they are new set. Perfumes the more they are chafed, ⁵ the more they render Their pleasing scents, and so affliction Expresseth virtue fully, whether true, Or else adulterate.	60
LODOVICO	Leave your painted comforts. I'll make Italian cut-works in their guts If ever I return.	65
GASPARO	O sir.	
LODOVICO	I am patient. I have seen some ready to be executed Give pleasant looks, and money, and grown familiar With the knave hangman; so do I – I thank them, And would account them nobly merciful Would they dispatch me quickly.	70
ANTONELLI	Fare you well; We shall find time, I doubt not, to repeal Your banishment.	75
LODOVICO	<i>A sennet sounds</i> ⁶ I am ever bound to you. This is the world's alms (pray make use of it): Great men sell sheep, thus to be cut in pieces, When first they have shorn them bare and sold their fleeces.	80
	<i>Exeunt</i>	

⁵ chafed: Rubbed.

⁶ Sennet: Trumpet.

- Or (b) The following poem was written by John Suckling (1609 – 1642). It is presented as a dialogue between Suckling himself and his friend the poet Thomas Carew. (The two men are discussing Lady Carlisle, a member of Charles I's royal court renowned for her wit, beauty, political influence, and patronage of artists). Write a critical appreciation of the poem, relating its concerns to key features of the period.

UPON MY LADY CARLISLE'S WALKING IN HAMPTON COURT⁷ GARDEN

DIALOGUE

T.C. J.S.

Thom.

Didst thou not find the place inspired,
And flowers, as if they had desired
No other sun, start from their beds,
And for a sight steal out their heads?
Heardst thou not music when she talked? 5
And didst not find that as she walked
She threw rare perfumes all about,
Such as bean-blossoms⁸ newly out,
Or chafèd spices give?—

J.S.

I must confess those perfumes, Tom, 10
I did not smell; nor found that from
Her passing by ought sprung up new.
The flowers had all their birth from you;
For I passed o'er the self-same walk
And did not find one single stalk 15
Of anything that was to bring
This unknown after-after-spring.

Thom.

Dull and insensible, couldst see
A thing so near a deity
Move up and down, and feel no change? 20

⁷ Hampton Court: An English royal palace

⁸ Bean blossoms: The flowers of broad bean plants have a strong sweet fragrance.

J.S.

None, and so great, were alike strange;
 I had my thoughts, but not your way. 25
 All are not born, sir, to the bay⁹.
 Alas! Tom, I am flesh and blood,
 And was consulting how I could
 In spite of masks and hoods descry
 The parts denied unto the eye. 30
 I was undoing all she wore,
 And had she walked but one turn more,
 Eve in her first state had not been
 More naked or more plainly seen.

Thom.

'Twas well for thee she left the place; 35
 There is great danger in that face.
 But hadst thou viewed her leg and thigh,
 And upon that discovery
 Searched after parts that are more dear
 (As fancy seldom stops so near),
 No time or age had ever seen
 So lost a thing as thou hadst been.

⁹ Bay: Bay leaves, a classical symbol of artistic accomplishment.

Section B

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

- 2** **Either** **(a)** Compare or contrast the ways in which any **two** writers in this period present arguments and attempted persuasions.
- Or** **(b)** Compare or contrast the ways in which any **two** writers in this period make use of allusion in their work.

Section C

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

ANDREW MARVELL: Selected Poems

- 3 **Either** (a) Making detailed reference to **at least two poems**, discuss the ways in which Marvell presents femininity.
- (b) ‘Simple feelings, profoundly expressed.’
 Making detailed reference to **at least two poems**, consider how far you agree with this comment on the content and style of Marvell’s poetry.
- Or

CHRITOPHER MARLOWE: *Doctor Faustus (A-Text)*

- 4 **Either** (a) ‘The comic scenes in *Dr Faustus* are vital to our understanding of the play’s themes.’
 Discuss.
- (b) ‘Marlowe’s staging creates suspense in the play.’
 To what extent do you agree with this statement?
- Or

THOMAS MIDDLETON: *Women Beware Women*

- 5 **Either** (a) ‘Middleton’s skillful employment of staging conveys the corruption of Florentine society.’
 Discuss.
- (b) ‘The failure of parental figures in their duties is the main factor contributing to the characters’ immoral actions.’
 To what extent do you agree with this statement?
- Or

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

- 6 **Either** (a) ‘Throughout the play, Prospero refers to his magic as ‘art’, developing a sustained parallel between theatre and magic.’
 Discuss the significance of metatheatricality in *The Tempest*.
- (b) Discuss the role and significance of Ariel in *The Tempest*.
- Or



ANDERSON JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 Preliminary Examination 2018

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH
Higher 2
Paper 1 Reading Literature

9509/01
10 September 2018
3 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

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READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

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Section A

1

- Either (a)** Write a critical appreciation on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of longing for love.

A Song: to Celia

Come, my Celia, let us prove, While we can, the sports of love; Time will not be ours forever; He at length our good will sever. Spend not then his gifts in vain.	5
Suns that set may rise again; But if once we lose this light, 'Tis with us perpetual night. Why should we defer our joys? Fame and rumor are but toys.	10
Cannot we delude the eyes Of a few poor household spies, Or his easier ears beguile, So removed by our wile? 'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal;	15
But the sweet thefts to reveal, To be taken, to be seen, These have crimes accounted been.	

Ben Jonson (1572-1637)

B Message

Pick up the phone before it is too late
 And dial my number. There's no time to spare
 Love is already turning into hate
 And very soon I'll start to look elsewhere.

Good, old-fashioned men like you are rare 5
 You want to get to know me at a rate
 That's guaranteed to drive me to despair.
 Pick up the phone before it is too late.

Well, wouldn't it be nice to consummate 10
 Our friendship while we've still got teeth and hair?
 Just bear in mind that you are forty-eight
 And dial my number. There's no time to spare.

Another kamikaze love affair?
 No chance. This time I'll have to learn to wait
 But one more day is more than I can bear 15
 Love is already turning into hate.

Of course, my friends say I exaggerate
 And dramatize a lot. That may be fair
 But it is no fun being in this state
 And very soon I'll start to look elsewhere. 20

I know you like me but I wouldn't dare
 Ring you again. Instead I'll concentrate
 On sending thought-waves through the London air
 And, if they reach you, please don't hesitate 25
 Pick up the phone.

Wendy Cope (b. 1945)

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's presentation of the immigrant experience.

A Made of Gold

“The villagers were told that if they put their hands on the walls of Tekka market, money will flow out.”

The Straits Times, August 23 1998

This too, is an image of ourselves:

walls that bleed money.
Dusty streets lined with gold.
Wave after wave, a babel sea
of dreamers on our shores. They build
our towers like cliffs, strong
against the sky. They build our homes
and our temples. In return
we lead them to our gods. Some are blessed.
Others learn to stretch a day's pay
for weeks, to be looked oddly upon
without flinching, to eat
with cracked hands.

First they take all my money.
They they take me to JB in lorry
later go Singapore in tour bus. 15
I hide in luggage hole with five others.
I scared. They push us in like that.
Now I know they crooks but too late.

*I cannot go back they kill me I owe so much. 20
I cannot pay back enough. Agent take my passport
then dump me on streets of Tekka. I wash
dustbin I scrub dump I sleep sometimes I eat.*

*This all I got after working a
year. If only someone told
me the walls of Tekka
not made of gold.* 25

Alvin Pang (b.1972)

B The United States Welcomes You

Why and by whose power were you sent?
 What do you see that you may wish to steal?
 Why all this dancing? Why do your dark bodies
 Drink up the light? What are you demanding
 That we feel? Have you stolen something? Then 5
 What is that leaping in your chest? What is
 The nature of your mission? Do you seek
 To offer a confession? Have you anything to do
 With others brought by us to harm? Then
 Why are you afraid? And why do you invade 10
 Our night, hands raised, eyes wide, and mute
 As ghosts? Is there something you wish to confess?
 Is this some enigmatic type of test? What if we
 Fail? How and to whom do we address our appeal?

Tracy K. Smith (b. 1972)

Section B

F. Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby*

2

- Either** (a) 'Gatsby's power to dream lifts him above the meaningless pleasure-seeking of New York society.' How far do you agree with this statement?
- Or** (b) Write a critical commentary of the following passage, relating it to Gatsby's wish to recover the past, here and elsewhere in the novel.

The dilatory limousine came rolling up the drive.

"Good night, Nick," said Daisy.

Her glance left me and sought the lighted top of the steps, where "*Three O'clock in the Morning*", a neat, sad little waltz of that year, was drifting out the open door. After all, in the very casualness of Gatsby's party there were romantic possibilities totally absent from her world. What was it up there in the song that seemed to be calling her back inside? What would happen now in the dim, incalculable hours? Perhaps some unbelievable guest would arrive, a person infinitely rare and to be marvelled at, some authentically radiant young girl who with one fresh glance at Gatsby, one moment of magical encounter, would blot out those five years of unwavering devotion. 5 10

I stayed late that night, Gatsby asked me to wait until he was free, and I lingered in the garden until the inevitable swimming party had run up, chilled and exalted, from the black beach, until the lights were extinguished in the guest-rooms overhead. When he came down the steps at last the tanned skin was drawn unusually tight on his face, and his eyes were bright and tired. 15

"She didn't like it," he said immediately.

"Of course she did."

"She didn't like it," he insisted. "She didn't have a good time."

He was silent, and I guessed at his unutterable depression. 20

"I feel far away from her," he said. "It's hard to make her understand."

"You mean about the dance?"

"The dance?" He dismissed all the dances he had given with a snap of his fingers. "Old sport, the dance is unimportant." 25

He wanted nothing less of Daisy than that she should go to Tom and say: "I never loved you." After she had obliterated four years with that sentence they could decide upon the more practical measures to be taken. One of them was that, after she was free, they were to go back to Louisville and be married from her house — just as if it were five years ago. 30

"And she doesn't understand," he said. "She used to be able to understand. We'd sit for hours —"

He broke off and began to walk up and down a desolate path of fruit rinds and discarded favors and crushed flowers.

"I wouldn't ask too much of her," I ventured. "You can't repeat the past."

"Can't repeat the past?" he cried incredulously. "Why of course you can!" 35

He looked around him wildly, as if the past were lurking here in the shadow of his house, just out of reach of his hand.

"I'm going to fix everything just the way it was before," he said, nodding determinedly. "She'll see."

He talked a lot about the past, and I gathered that he wanted to recover something, some idea of himself perhaps, that had gone into loving Daisy. His life 40

had been confused and disordered since then, but if he could once return to a certain starting place and go over it all slowly, he could find out what that thing was. . . .

. . . One autumn night, five years before, they had been walking down the street when the leaves were falling, and they came to a place where there were no trees and the sidewalk was white with moonlight. They stopped here and turned toward each other. Now it was a cool night with that mysterious excitement in it which comes at the two changes of the year. The quiet lights in the houses were humming out into the darkness and there was a stir and bustle among the stars. Out of the corner of his eye Gatsby saw that the blocks of the sidewalks really formed a ladder and mounted to a secret place above the trees — he could climb to it, if he climbed alone, and once there he could suck on the pap of life, gulp down the incomparable milk of wonder.

His heart beat faster and faster as Daisy's white face came up to his own. He knew that when he kissed this girl, and forever wed his unutterable visions to her perishable breath, his mind would never romp again like the mind of God. So he waited, listening for a moment longer to the tuning-fork that had been struck upon a star. Then he kissed her. At his lips' touch she blossomed for him like a flower and the incarnation was complete.

Through all he said, even through his appalling sentimentality, I was reminded of something — an elusive rhythm, a fragment of lost words, that I had heard somewhere a long time ago. For a moment a phrase tried to take shape in my mouth and my lips parted like a dumb man's, as though there was more struggling upon them than a wisp of startled air. But they made no sound, and what I had almost remembered was uncommunicable forever.

(Chapter 6)

Section C

ARTHER MILLER: *Playing For Time*

3

Either
(a)

"...there is life or death in this place. There's no room for anything else whatever."

Comment on the ways in which this view is examined in the course of the play.

Or (b)

Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to how Miller presents hope and despair, here and elsewhere in the play.

- Katrina.* (with a sneer). Now you do her laundry...the contessa?
FANIA takes the bra and stockings to PAULETTE's bunk and hangs them there to dry. PAULETTE is lying awake, but weak, on the bunk.
- Fania.* I washed your things, Paulette.
- Paulette.* Thank you. 5
FANIA climbs into her own bunk and lies there, open-eyed. Some of the other women are asleep, some awake. LOTTE's head appears at the edge of her bunk. FANIA turns to her.
- Lotte.* May I slide in with you for a moment?
- Fania.* Come. 10
She slides over to make room. LOTTE lies down beside her.
- Lotte.* I'm troubled...whether Paulette should have warned the other patients about what's going to happen. What good would it do them to know the audience is going to the gas?
- Fania.* (shakes her head and shrugging). I have no answers anymore, Lotte. I'm living 15
 from one minute to the next. My heart beats, so I'm alive, but I'm filling up with dust.
- Voices.* Shut up, will you? Trying to sleep! Ssh!
- Fania.* Better go to sleep.
- Lotte.* (with a certain urgency). I just wanted to ask you...about Helene. 20
Her eyes meet FANIA's. FANIA is surprised, curious. LOTTE is innocently fascinated, openly in love but totally unaware of it.
- Lotte.* What do you know about her? I see you talking together sometimes.
- Fania.* Helene? Well...she's a militant Communist...sort of engaged to be married; the 25
 kind that has everything planned in life. Why?
- Lotte.* I don't know! She just seems so different from the others... so full of courage. I love how she always stands up for herself to the SS.
- Fania.* (after a slight pause, knowing now that she is cementing an affair). That's what she says about you.
- Lotte.* (surprised, excited). She's spoken about me? 30
- Fania.* Quite often. She especially admires *your* courage. (A slight pause.) And your beauty.
LOTTE looks across the aisle and sees HELENE, who is asleep.
- Lotte.* She's so beautiful, don't you think? I love her face.
- Fania.* It would be quicker if you told me what you don't like about her. 35
- Lotte.* (shyly laughing). I don't understand what is happening to me, Fania. Just knowing that she's nearby, that she'll be there tomorrow when I awake...I think of her all day. I just adore everything she says and does.

<i>Fania.</i>	No. you love her, Lotte.	
<i>Lotte.</i>	You mean...	40
<i>Fania.</i>	Why not? She is lovely.	
<i>Lotte.</i>	(<i>staring at HELENE</i>). I feel...I don't know what it is.	
<i>Fania.</i>	(<i>laughing softly, shaking her head</i>). Oh, the human race!	
<i>Lotte.</i>	Are you laughing at me?	
<i>Fania.</i>	After all you've seen and been through here, you're worried by a thing like that?	45
<i>Lotte.</i>	How stupid I am. I never thought of it as...	
<i>Fania.</i>	Better you can still feel at all. It's a blessing.	
<i>Lotte.</i>	Do you ever have such...feelings?	
<i>Fania.</i>	(<i>shaking her head</i>). I have nothing. Nothing at all, anymore. Go now, sleep.	
	<i>LOTTE starts to slide out of the bunk, then turns back and looks gratefully at FANIA. She reaches out her hand and grasps FANIA's arm, a touch of affection.</i>	50
<i>Fania.</i>	What a proper young lady you must have been!	
	<i>LOTTE smiles, moved, then shyly grins as if confessing this. She moves away then pauses as she starts to pass HELENE. HELENE opens her eyes and she and LOTTE stare at each other in silence. They really look inward, astonished at themselves. LOTTE extends her hand and HELENE touches it. FANIA lies back and closes her eyes. There is the drone of bombers in the distance. FANIA slowly opens her eyes, turns on her back, and listens. LOTTE, HELENE, PAULETTE, LIESLE, ETALINA and the others look upward, listening and trying to figure out the nationality of the planes. The POLISH BLOCKAWAS do the same. FANIA gets out of her bunk and goes as though to a window to look out into the 'street'. The bombers continue to drone. FANIA turns from the window and momentarily faces the apprehensive, questioning stares of the others. As FANIA moves toward her bunk, VARYA reaches out and grasps her wrist.</i>	55
<i>Varya.</i>	(<i>pointing upward</i>). American? English?	60
	<i>FANIA shrugs. VARYA releases her.</i>	
<i>Varya.</i>	Too late for you, anyway.	
	<i>FANIA's face is totally expressionless, yet in this impacted look is torment that another human could do this.</i>	
<i>Fania.</i>	Maybe it is too late for the whole human race, Varya.	70

(Act 2)

END OF PAPER



ANDERSON JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 Preliminary Examination 2018

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH
Higher 2
Paper 1 Reading Literature

9748/01
10 September 2018
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.

Attach the Cover Sheet to your answers

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **9** printed pages.

[Turn over]

Section A

1

- Either (a)** Write a critical appreciation on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of longing for love.

A Song: to Celia

Come, my Celia, let us prove, While we can, the sports of love; Time will not be ours forever; He at length our good will sever. Spend not then his gifts in vain.	5
Suns that set may rise again; But if once we lose this light, 'Tis with us perpetual night. Why should we defer our joys? Fame and rumor are but toys.	10
Cannot we delude the eyes Of a few poor household spies, Or his easier ears beguile, So removed by our wile? 'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal;	15
But the sweet thefts to reveal, To be taken, to be seen, These have crimes accounted been.	

Ben Jonson (1572-1637)

B Message

Pick up the phone before it is too late
 And dial my number. There's no time to spare
 Love is already turning into hate
 And very soon I'll start to look elsewhere.

Good, old-fashioned men like you are rare 5
 You want to get to know me at a rate
 That's guaranteed to drive me to despair.
 Pick up the phone before it is too late.

Well, wouldn't it be nice to consummate 10
 Our friendship while we've still got teeth and hair?
 Just bear in mind that you are forty-eight
 And dial my number. There's no time to spare.

Another kamikaze love affair?
 No chance. This time I'll have to learn to wait
 But one more day is more than I can bear 15
 Love is already turning into hate.

Of course, my friends say I exaggerate
 And dramatize a lot. That may be fair
 But it is no fun being in this state
 And very soon I'll start to look elsewhere. 20

I know you like me but I wouldn't dare
 Ring you again. Instead I'll concentrate
 On sending thought-waves through the London air
 And, if they reach you, please don't hesitate 25
 Pick up the phone.

Wendy Cope (b. 1945)

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's presentation of the immigrant experience.

A Made of Gold

“The villagers were told that if they put their hands on the walls of Tekka market, money will flow out.”

The Straits Times, August 23 1998

This too, is an image of ourselves:

walls that bleed money.
Dusty streets lined with gold.
Wave after wave, a babel sea
of dreamers on our shores. They build
our towers like cliffs, strong
against the sky. They build our homes
and our temples. In return
we lead them to our gods. Some are blessed.
Others learn to stretch a day's pay
for weeks, to be looked oddly upon
without flinching, to eat
with cracked hands.

First they take all my money.
They they take me to JB in lorry
later go Singapore in tour bus. 15
I hide in luggage hole with five others.
I scared. They push us in like that.
Now I know they crooks but too late.

*I cannot go back they kill me I owe so much. 20
I cannot pay back enough. Agent take my passport
then dump me on streets of Tekka. I wash
dustbin I scrub dump I sleep sometimes I eat.*

*This all I got after working a
year. If only someone told
me the walls of Tekka
not made of gold.* 25

Alvin Pang (b.1972)

B The United States Welcomes You

Why and by whose power were you sent?
What do you see that you may wish to steal?
Why all this dancing? Why do your dark bodies
Drink up the light? What are you demanding
That we feel? Have you stolen something? Then 5
What is that leaping in your chest? What is
The nature of your mission? Do you seek
To offer a confession? Have you anything to do
With others brought by us to harm? Then
Why are you afraid? And why do you invade 10
Our night, hands raised, eyes wide, and mute
As ghosts? Is there something you wish to confess?
Is this some enigmatic type of test? What if we
Fail? How and to whom do we address our appeal?

Tracy K. Smith (b. 1972)

Section B

EDITH WHARTON: *The Age of Innocence*

2

Either (a) '...everyone needs the security that only a structured society can offer.'

In the light of this comment, discuss Wharton's presentation of family and society in *The Age of Innocence*.

Or

(b) Write a critical commentary of the following passage, relating it to Wharton's presentation of the Wellands and their values, here and elsewhere in the novel.

Mr. Welland, in particular, had the privilege of attracting her notice. Of her sons-in-law he was the one she had most consistently ignored; and all his wife's efforts to represent him as a man of forceful character and marked intellectual bility (if he had only "chosen") had been met with a derisive chuckle. But his eminence as a valetudinarian now made him an object of engrossing interest, and Mrs. Mingott issued an imperial summons to him to come and compare diets as soon as his temperature permitted; for old Catherine was now the first to recognise that one could not be too careful about temperatures.

5

Twenty-four hours after Madame Olenska's summons a telegram announced that she would arrive from Washington on the evening of the following day. At the Wellands', where the Newland Archers chanced to be lunching, the question as to who should meet her at Jersey City was immediately raised; and the material difficulties amid which the Welland household struggled as if it had been a frontier outpost lent animation to the debate. It was agreed that Mrs. Welland could not possibly go to Jersey City because she was to accompany her husband to old Catherine's that afternoon, and the brougham could not be spared, since, if Mr. Welland were "upset" by seeing his mother-in-law for the first time after her attack, he might have to be taken home at a moment's notice. The Welland sons would of course be "down-town," Mr. Lovell Mingott would be just hurrying back from his shooting, and the Mingott carriage engaged in meeting him; and one could not ask May, at the close of a winter afternoon, to go alone across the ferry to Jersey City, even in her own carriage. Nevertheless, it might appear inhospitable—and contrary to old Catherine's express wishes—if Madame Olenska were allowed to arrive without any of the family being at the station to receive her. It was just like Ellen, Mrs. Welland's tired voice implied, to place the family in such a dilemma. "It's always one thing after another," the poor lady grieved, in one of her rare revolts against fate; "the only thing that makes me think Mamma must be less well than Dr. Bencomb will admit is this morbid desire to have Ellen come at once, however inconvenient it is to meet her."

10

15

20

25

The words had been thoughtless, as the utterances of impatience often are; and Mr. Welland was upon them with a pounce.

"Augusta," he said, turning pale and laying down his fork, "have you any other reason for thinking that Bencomb is less to be relied on than he was? Have you noticed that he has been less conscientious than usual in following up my case or your mother's?"

30

It was Mrs. Welland's turn to grow pale as the endless consequences of her blunder unrolled themselves before her; but she managed to laugh, and take a second helping of scalloped oysters, before she said, struggling back into her old armor of cheerfulness: "My dear, how could you imagine such a thing? I only meant that, after the decided stand Mamma took about its being Ellen's duty to go back to her husband, it seems strange that she should be seized with this sudden whim to see her, when there are half a dozen other grandchildren that she might have asked for. But we must never forget that Mamma, in spite of her wonderful vitality, is a very old woman."

35

Mr. Welland's brow remained clouded, and it was evident that his perturbed imagination had fastened at once on this last remark. "Yes: your mother's a very old woman; and for all we know Bencomb may not be as successful with very old people. As you say, my dear, it's always one thing after another; and in another ten or fifteen years I suppose I shall have the pleasing duty of looking about for a new doctor. It's always better to make such a change before it's absolutely necessary." And having arrived at this Spartan decision Mr. Welland firmly took up his fork. 40 45

"But all the while," Mrs. Welland began again, as she rose from the luncheon-table, and led the way into the wilderness of purple satin and malachite known as the back drawing room, "I don't see how Ellen's to be got here tomorrow evening; and I do like to have things settled for at least twenty-four hours ahead." 50

Archer turned from the fascinated contemplation of a small painting representing two Cardinals carousing, in an octagonal ebony frame set with medallions of onyx.

"Shall I fetch her?" he proposed. "I can easily get away from the office in time to meet the brougham at the ferry, if May will send it there." His heart was beating excitedly as he spoke. 55

Mrs. Welland heaved a sigh of gratitude, and May, who had moved away to the window, turned to shed on him a beam of approval. "So you see, Mamma, everything *will* be settled twenty-four hours in advance," she said, stooping over to kiss her mother's troubled forehead.

(Book 2, Chapter 28)

Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

Either (a) "I ignore what I gotta ignore."

In what ways, and with what effects, does Miller present ignorance 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 2018

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH
Higher 2

9509/03

Paper 3 The Mind and Self in Literature

13 September 2018
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 the last four digits of your **I/C and PDG** 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.

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.

I/C (last four digits) : _____

PDG : _____

*Please indicate your choice by circling the correct question number

Question No.	Mark
Section A: Question *1a / 1b	
Section B: Question *2a / 2b	
Section C: Question *8a / 8b 9a / 9b 10a / 10b	

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Section A

Answer one question in this section.

1

Either (a) The poem which follows (published in 1986) was written by John Wieners.

Write a critical appreciation of the poem, considering the ways in which the poet uses form, structure and language to present the sense of self.

The Acts of Youth

And with great fear I inhabit the middle of the night
What wrecks of the mind await me, what drugs
to dull the senses, what little I have left,
what more can be taken away?

The fear of travelling, of the future without hope
or buoy. I must get away from this place and see
that there is no fear without me: that it is within
unless it be some sudden act or calamity

5

to land me in the hospital, a total wreck, without
memory again; or worse still, behind bars. If
I could just get out of the country. Some place
where one can eat the lotus¹ in peace.

10

For in this country it is terror, poverty awaits; or
am I a marked man, my life to be a lesson
or experience to those young who would trod
the same path, without God

15

unless he be one of justice, to wreak vengeance
on the acts committed while young under un-
due influence or circumstance. Oh I have
always seen my life as drama, patterned

20

after those who met with disaster or doom.
Is my mind being taken away me.
I have been over the abyss before. What
is that ringing in my ears that tells me

all is nigh, is naught but the roaring of the winter wind.
Woe to those homeless who are out on this night.
Woe to those crimes committed from which we
can walk away unharmed.

25

So I turn on the light
 And smoke rings rise in the air. 30
 Do not think of the future; there is none.
 But the formula all great art is made of.

Pain and suffering. Give me the strength
 to bear it, to enter those places where the
 great animals are caged. And we can live 35
 at peace by their side. A bride to the burden

that no god imposes but knows we have the means
 to sustain its force unto the end of our days.
 For that is what we are made for; for that
 we are created. Until the dark hours are done. 40

And we rise again in the dawn.
 Infinite particles of the divine sun, now
 worshipped in the pitches of the night.

¹lotus: flower given to Odysseus and his men when they landed on the Land of The Lotus Eaters. Those who ate the flower lost their desire to leave the island and go home.

Or (b) The following passage is an extract from *The Poisonwood Bible*, a novel by Barbara Kingsolver published in 1998.

Write a critical appreciation of the passage, commenting on ways in which the author uses form, structure and language to present Rachel's sense of self.

Do I ever think about the life I missed in the good old U.S.A.?

Practically every day, would be my answer. Oh, goodness, the parties, the cars, the music - the whole carefree American way of life. I've missed being a part of something you could really believe in. When we finally got TV here, for a long while they ran Dick Clark¹ and the *American Bandstand*² every afternoon at four o'clock. I'd lock up the bar, make myself a double Singapore Sling, settle down with a paper fan and practically swoon with grief. I know how to do those hairstyles. I really could have been something in America. 5

Then why not go back? Well, now it's too late, of course. I have responsibilities. First there was one husband and then another to tie me down, and then the Equatorial, which isn't just a hotel, it's like running a whole little country, where everybody wants to run off with a piece for themselves the minute you turn your back. The very idea of my things being scattered over hill and down dale through the jungle, my expensive French pressure cooker all charred to tarnation boiling manioc³ over some stinky fire, and my nice chrome countertops ending up as the roof of somebody's shack? No thank you! I can't bear the thought. You make something, seems like, and spend the rest of your days toiling so it won't go all unraveled. One thing leads to another, then you're mired in. 10 15

Years ago, when things first started going sour with Axelroot, that was probably when I should have gone home. I didn't have anything invested in Africa yet but a little old apartment boudoir decorated to the best of my abilities in blush pink. Right then I could have tried to talk him into moving back to Texas; where he supposedly had some kind of ties, according to his passport, which turned out to be almost entirely false. Better yet, I could have gone by myself. Hell's bells! I could have sashayed out the door without so much as a howdy-do, since technically speaking we were only married in the Biblical sense. Even back then I knew some gentlemen in high places that could have helped me scrounge up the plane fare, and then before you could say Jack Robinson Crusoe I'd have been back in Bethlehem⁴, sharing a shack with Mother and Adah⁵ with my tail between my legs. Oh, sure, I'd have to hear them say I told you so about Axelroot. But I have swallowed my pride before, that's for sure. I've done it so many times I am practically lined with my mistakes on the inside like a bad-wallpapered bathroom. 20 25 30

I had my bags packed more than once. But when push came to shove I was always afraid. Of what? Well, it's hard to explain. Scared I wouldn't be able to fit back in is the long and short of it. I was only nineteen or twenty at that time. My high school friends would still have been whining over boyfriends and fighting for carhop jobs at the A&W. Their idea of a dog-eat-dog world was Beauty School. And now here comes Rachel with stained hair and one dead sister and a whole darn marriage behind her already, not to mention hell and high water. Not to mention the Congo. My long tramp through the mud left me tuckered out and just too worldly-wise to go along with the teen scene. 35 40

'What was it like over there?' I could just hear them asking. What would I say?
 'Well, the ants nearly ate us alive. Everybody we knew kept turning up dead of one disease and another. The babies all got diarrhea and plumb dried up. When we got hungry we'd go shoot animals and strip off their hides.'

45

¹*Dick Clark: a TV presenter who hosted various game shows*

²*American Bandstand: a show that introduced rock and roll music to viewers*

³*manioc: a cassava root made into flour that is used for bread, cakes and cookies*

⁴*Bethlehem: a town in Georgia, USA*

⁵*Rachel's sister*

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) With reference to **two** texts you have studied, compare the ways in which the writers use the individuals' personal desires to explore the relationship between the mind and self.

Or (b) With reference to **two** texts you have studied, consider how the authors use conflicting points of view to present different aspects of the mind and self.

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.**

PAT BARKER: *Regeneration*

8

- Either** **(a)** Discuss the role of and significance of Rivers in relation to issues about the mind and self.
- Or** **(b)** “Duty is the essence of manhood.”
- Discuss Barker’s presentation of masculinity in the novel in the light of this comment.

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *Woman in Mind*

9

- Either** **(a)** Consider the ways in which Ayckbourn uses dramatic effects to show the individual’s disturbed mental state.
- Or** **(b)** Explore the play’s treatment of the ways family relations affect an individual’s sense of self.

EDWARD ALBEE: *Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

10

- Either** **(a)** “A good husband makes a good wife.”
- Discuss the ways in which the play dramatises the effects of relationships in defining an individual’s sense of self in the light of this comment.
- Or** **(b)** Discuss Albee’s presentation of self-deception in the play.



Catholic Junior College

JC2 Preliminary Examinations

Higher 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/01

Paper 1: Reading Literature

17 Aug 2018

3 hours

Additional Materials: Set Texts

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 question number on all the work you hand in.
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.
Write your answer to each question on a fresh sheet of paper.
Do not use paper clips, highlighters, glue, or correction fluid on your work.

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

At the end of the examination, fasten each of your answers **separately**.
Please attach the **cover sheet** to Section A.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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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 portrayal of the imagination.

A A MATCH WITH THE MOON

WEARY already, weary miles to-night
 I walked for bed: and so, to get some ease,
 I dogged the flying moon with similes.
 And like a wisp she doubled on my sight
 In ponds; and caught in tree-tops like a kite; 5
 And in a globe of film all liquorish
 Swam full-faced like a silly silver fish;—
 Last like a bubble shot the welkin's¹ height
 Where my road turned, and got behind me, and sent
 My wizened shadow craning round at me, 10
 And jeered, "So, step the measure,—one two three!"
 And if I faced on her, looked innocent.
 But just at parting, halfway down a dell²,
 She kissed me for good-night. So you'll not tell.

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

B THE MOON

Thy beauty haunts me heart and soul,
 Oh, thou fair Moon, so close and bright;
 Thy beauty makes me like the child
 That cries aloud to own thy light:
 The little child that lifts each arm 5
 To press thee to her bosom warm.

Though there are birds that sing this night
 With thy white beams across their throats,
 Let my deep silence speak for me
 More than for them their sweetest notes: 10
 Who worships thee till music fails,
 Is greater than thy nightingales.

W.H. Davies (1871-1940)

¹welkin: the sky or heaven.

²dell: a small valley, usually among trees.

- 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 travel.

A VACATION

I love the hour before takeoff,
 that stretch of no time, no home
 but the gray vinyl seats linked like
 unfolding paper dolls. Soon we shall
 be summoned to the gate, soon enough 5
 there'll be the clumsy procedure of row numbers
 and perforated stubs—but for now
 I can look at these ragtag nuclear families
 with their cooing and bickering
 or the heeled bachelorette trying 10
 to ignore a baby's wail and the baby's
 exhausted mother waiting to be called up early
 while the athlete, one monstrous hand
 asleep on his duffel bag, listens,
 perched like a seal trained for the plunge. 15
 Even the lone executive
 who has wandered this far into summer
 with his lasered itinerary, briefcase
 knocking his knees—even he
 has worked for the pleasure of bearing 20
 no more than a scrap of himself
 into this hall. He'll dine out, she'll sleep late,
 they'll let the sun burn them happy all morning
 —a little hope, a little whimsy
 before the loudspeaker blurts 25
 and we leap up to become
 Flight 828, now boarding at Gate 17.

Rita Dove (b. 1952)

yesterday you were at k.l.¹, the day before you
 were somewhere else; now, you are here
 trying out our telephone-lines and the air-
 conditioning system, saying that our system is
 more adequate than that in new york where you 5
 come from. but you are so tired of running and we,
 not having run, drove you to the seaside restaurant
 feted you on the specialty of chili-crabs and fried
 noodles to which you said: it's so unlike the
 spaghetti i had in italy. 10

you brought, from a friend, an l.p.². for us to share
 with regards. you exclaimed in chinatown that it
 was all so intriguing while we, not wanting to
 be perfunctory, left you to your intrigue. then 15
 at the airport, with its mural, its coffee, we
 waited while talking and talking, for you to comment
 on the fine building, the mural assembling the sea-
 front or, even, the air-conditioning.

but you were fumbling your bag for your sweater

Arthur Yap (1943-2006)

¹k.l: *Kuala Lumpur, the capital city of Malaysia.*

²l.p: *refers to Long Play—in this case a vinyl record.*

Section B

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

2

Either (a) 'The title *The Great Gatsby* is misleading.'

How far would you agree with this view of the novel?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the significance of narrative perspective here and elsewhere in the novel.

After two years I remember the rest of that day, and that night and the next day, only as an endless drill of police and photographers and newspaper men in and out of Gatsby's front door. A rope stretched across the main gate and a policeman by it kept out the curious, but little boys soon discovered that they could enter through my yard and there were always a few of them clustered open-mouthed about the pool. Someone with a positive manner, perhaps a detective, used the expression "mad man" as he bent over Wilson's body that afternoon, and the adventitious¹ authority of his voice set the key for the newspaper reports next morning.

5

Most of those reports were a nightmare— grotesque, circumstantial, eager and untrue. When Michaelis's testimony at the inquest brought to light Wilson's suspicions of his wife I thought the whole tale would shortly be served up in racy pasquinade²— but Catherine, who might have said anything, didn't say a word. She showed a surprising amount of character about it too—looked at the coroner with determined eyes under that corrected brow of hers and swore that her sister had never seen Gatsby, that her sister was completely happy with her husband, that her sister had been into no mischief whatever. She convinced herself of it and cried into her handkerchief as if the very suggestion was more than she could endure. So Wilson was reduced to a man "deranged by grief" in order that the case might remain in its simplest form. And it rested there.

10

But all this part of it seemed remote and unessential. I found myself on Gatsby's side, and alone. From the moment I telephoned news of the catastrophe to West Egg village, every surmise about him, and every practical question, was referred to me. At first I was surprised and confused; then, as he lay in his house and didn't move or breathe or speak hour upon hour it grew upon me that I was responsible, because no one else was interested—interested, I mean, with that intense personal interest to which every one has some vague right at the end.

15

20

I called up Daisy half an hour after we found him, called her instinctively and without hesitation. But she and Tom had gone away early that afternoon, and taken baggage with them.

'Left no address?'

25

'No.'

'Say when they'd be back?'

'No.'

'Any idea where they are? How I could reach them?'

'I don't know. Can't say.'

30

35

I wanted to get somebody for him. I wanted to go into the room where he lay and reassure him: 'I'll get somebody for you, Gatsby. Don't worry. Just trust me and I'll get somebody for you—'

Meyer Wolfshiem's name wasn't in the phone book. The butler gave me his office address on Broadway and I called Information, but by the time I had the number it was long after five and no one answered the phone.

40

'Will you ring again?'

'I've rung them three times.'

'It's very important.'

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'Sorry. I'm afraid no one's there.'

45

I went back to the drawing room and thought for an instant that they were chance visitors, all these official people who suddenly filled it. But as they drew back the sheet and looked at Gatsby with unmoved eyes, his protest continued in my brain.

'Look here, old sport, you've got to get somebody for me. You've got to try hard. I can't go through this alone.'

50

Chapter 9

¹*Adventitious: happening as a result of an external factor or chance rather than design or inherent nature.*

²*Pasquinade: a satire or lampoon, originally one displayed or delivered in a public place.*

Section C

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *Saint Joan*

3

Either (a) 'There are no villains in the piece' (George Bernard Shaw).

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

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the tension created by conflicting perspectives.

The Archbishop: The voice of God on earth is the voice of the Church Militant; and all the voices that come to you are the echoes of your own wilfulness.

Joan: It is not true.

The Archbishop: *[flushing angrily]* You tell the Archbishop in his cathedral that he lies; and yet you say you are not proud and disobedient. 5

Joan: I never said you lied. It was you that as good as said my voices lied. When have they ever lied? If you will not believe in them: even if they are only the echoes of my own commonsense, are they not always right? and are not your earthly counsels always wrong?

The Archbishop: *[indignantly]* It is waste of time admonishing you. 10

Charles: It always comes back to the same thing. She is right; and everyone else is wrong.

The Archbishop: Take this as your last warning. If you perish through setting your private judgment above the instructions of your spiritual directors, the Church disowns you, and leaves you to whatever fate your presumption may bring upon you. The Bastard has told you that if you persist in setting up your military conceit above the counsels of your commanders— 15

Dunois: *[interposing]* To put it quite exactly, if you attempt to relieve the garrison in Compiègne without the same superiority in numbers you had at Orleans— 20

The Archbishop: The army will disown you, and will not rescue you. And His Majesty the King has told you that the throne has not the means of ransoming you.

Charles: Not a penny.

The Archbishop: You stand alone: absolutely alone, trusting to your own conceit, your own ignorance, your own headstrong presumption, your own impiety in hiding all these sins under the cloak of a trust in God. When you pass through these doors into the sunlight, the crowd will cheer you. They will bring you their little children and their invalids to heal: they will kiss your hands and feet, and do what they can, poor simple souls, to turn your head, and madden you with the self-confidence that is leading you to your destruction. But you will be none the less alone: they cannot save you. We and we only can stand between you and the stake at which our enemies have burnt that wretched woman in Paris. 25 30

Joan: *[her eyes skyward]* I have better friends and better counsel than yours.

<i>The Archbishop:</i>	I see that I am speaking in vain to a hardened heart. You reject our protection, and are determined to turn us all against you. In future, then, fend for yourself; and if you fail, God have mercy on your soul.	35
<i>Dunois:</i>	That is the truth, Joan. Heed it.	
<i>Joan:</i>	Where would you all have been now if I had heeded that sort of truth? There is no help, no counsel, in any of you. Yes: I am alone on earth: I have always been alone. My father told my brothers to drown me if I would not stay to mind his sheep while France was bleeding to death: France might perish if only our lambs were safe. I thought France would have friends at the court of the king of France; and I find only wolves fighting for pieces of her poor torn body. I thought God would have friends everywhere, because He is the friend of everyone; and in my innocence I believed that you who now cast me out would be like strong towers to keep harm from me. But I am wiser now; and nobody is any the worse for being wiser. Do not think you can frighten me by telling me that I am alone. France is alone; and God is alone; and what is my loneliness before the loneliness of my country and my God? I see now that the loneliness of God is His strength: what would He be if He listened to your jealous little counsels? Well, my loneliness shall be my strength too; it is better to be alone with God; His friendship will not fail me, nor His counsel, nor His love. In His strength I will dare, and dare, and dare, until I die. I will go out now to the common people, and let the love in their eyes comfort me for the hate in yours. You will all be glad to see me burnt; but if I go through the fire I shall go through it to their hearts for ever and ever. And so, God be with me!	40 45 50 55
	<i>She goes from them. They stare after her in glum silence for a moment. Then GILLES DE RAIS twirls his beard.</i>	60
<i>Bluebeard:</i>	You know, the woman is quite impossible. I don't dislike her, really; but what are you to do with such a character?	
<i>Dunois:</i>	As God is my judge, if she fell into the Loire I would jump in in full armor to fish her out. But if she plays the fool at Compiègne, and gets caught, I must leave her to her doom.	65
<i>La Hire:</i>	Then you had better chain me up; for I could follow her to hell when the spirit rises in her like that.	
<i>The Archbishop:</i>	She disturbs my judgment too: there is a dangerous power in her outbursts. But the pit is open at her feet; and for good or evil we cannot turn her from it.	70
<i>Charles:</i>	If only she would keep quiet, or go home! <i>They follow her dispiritedly.</i>	

Scene V

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Catholic Junior College
JC2 Preliminary Examinations
Higher 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/03

Paper 3: The Mind and Self in Literature

24 Aug 2018

3 hours

Additional Materials: Set Texts

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 question number on all the work you hand in.
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.
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Answer **three** questions: one from Section A, one from Section B, and one from Section C.
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At the end of the examination, fasten each of your answers **separately**.
Please attach the **cover sheet** to Section A.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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Section A

1

Either (a) The following extract is taken from the play, *Mosquitoes* (2017), by Lucy Kirkwood.

The scene begins as Jenny, 41 years old, lies asleep whilst her mother, Karen, once a famous scientist and now getting on in years, speaks. Karen speaks as well of her other daughter, Alice, also a scientist. The 'Higgs Boson' is commonly referred to as the God particle by contemporary scientists—given that it is believed to be a key puzzle piece in the scientific explanation for the origin of the universe.

In *Mosquitoes*, the Higgs Boson particle has been transformed into a stage character, known simply as The Boson. He appears in every scene change, but is visible only to Karen.

Write a critical appreciation of the passage, commenting on the ways in which it explores the topic of the mind and self in Literature.

... very low light. JENNY and KAREN in sleeping bags. KAREN sitting upright. In a dream state but she is talking to THE BOSON who sits in the chair she occupied in the previous scene. We can see his outline but he is only a dark figure.

KAREN: and because you know *everyone* always thinks they're living at a time
of great chaos and there was peace once upon a time if only they could get
back to it but chaos came before us, we came from chaos and that's what
we go back to, being burnt, or worms eating our, until every single atom in
our body is separate from every single other atom and because that's what
death really is, when the gravity that held you together finally goes for good 5 10

THE BOSON *crosses his legs.*

exactly, for example I had three babies, the first one came out in the
lavatory when it was five weeks old while I was cooking my first Christmas
dinner as a married woman, I hadn't even known so I flushed it, I flushed
him or her away and went on with the bread sauce or whatever, funny 15
you'd think it would take years to get over something like that but it didn't
really and then after Alice was born for nine days I went mad. This wasn't
unpleasant at first, I had a great feeling of enlightenment, I gave away
nearly four hundred pounds to various charities and had intense
conversations with a picture of Clint Eastwood about the major issues of 20
the day and I could read minds, hm yes I could, and Alice was a mushroom
I was tending with milk and flannels. On the eighth day they discovered the
infection and took me back to hospital, only I thought they were wheeling
me to that crematorium because I was dead and so was Alice and that was,
that's the only time I ever felt close to 25

chaos, yes

JENNY *wakes. Sits up, rubs her eyes. Gets up and goes out, scratching her arse.*

a sort of inescapable terror because effect did not follow cause and,
because all this about infusing the milk for bread sauce, I don't think it 30
matters and then the antibiotics started to work and in three days / I was
right again

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JENNY *returns with a glass of water. Gets back into bed.*

JENNY: Mum, shut up. Mum, you're talking in your sleep, lie down.

THE BOSON *exits. He is not visible to JENNY.*

35

KAREN: There was a man here.

JENNY: You wish. Lie down.

KAREN *lies down.*

KAREN: I do wish actually. I do wish. I've always preferred the company of men. They put me in a house full of silly bitches, I wish I was dead. She won't live to an old age you know. 40

JENNY: Who?

KAREN: Jenny. She won't live.

JENNY: Mum it's me. I'm Jenny. Don't—

KAREN: Don't tell me don't. I saw it in her, even as a baby. She was all fat and no gristle. I hope I'm wrong. I hope I go first. It's a hideous thing, to outlive your child. 45

Pause.

JENNY: I think that's. I think you're wrong.

KAREN: Well, you're a hopeful creature. Hold me.

50

KAREN *puts her head on JENNY's lap. JENNY cradles her.*

KAREN *drifts into deep sleep.*

JENNY *sits in the silence. There is nothing else.*

JENNY *sobs silently. Her body convulses violently but she doesn't make any noise.*

55

- Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract from the novel, *Engleby* (2007), by Sebastian Faulks, exploring the ways in which it reflects issues of the mind and self in Literature.

At this point in the plot the central character, Mike Engleby, formerly an undergraduate student of Oxford university, reluctantly meets up with his sister, Jules, in a London pub.

Julie wanted avocado with prawns, so I ordered it too and she looked happy.

'Do you remember Dad?' she said.

'Of course.'

'Do you miss him?'

5

'It's been so long.'

'I do,' she said, pushing a piece of buttered brown bread between her lips. She wouldn't have wine; I had to order a Coke for her. Coke with shellfish. God.

'Do you remember him?' I said. 'You were only – what – four when he died.'

10

'No, not really. Tell me about him, Mike.'

I poured some wine for myself. 'Dad was . . . I don't know, Jules, how do you ever know what it's like to be another person?'

'Oh, please, Mike. Do try.'

'I think Dad was someone who lived like an animal.'

15

'That's not very nice.'

'I mean, I don't think he could ever lift his eyes from the ground. Like a badger. Do you think a badger knows there's a sky? Do you think a mouse has seen the moon? Does a dog even know that it's a dog?'

Jules laughed, a little nervously. 'You are funny, Mike.'

20

'We all operate on different levels of awareness. Half the time I don't know what I'm doing.'

I could feel her looking at me.

'I don't think Dad ever reached a level much above a dog's. He'd been beaten and he beat. He was beaten by his life as a slum child, as a young man in the navy, then a worker in a factory. He was caught and he could never look up. He could never lift his eyes. He had no freedom of action. He didn't really miss anything because he never knew it was there.'

25

'What do you mean, "he beat"?''

'Did he ever hit you?'

30

'No.'

'He beat me. Not that often, I suppose. The funny thing is, I can hardly remember it now. The first time was when he was angry. He hit me in the face with his hand open, like this. Then he hit me with a walking stick, like a schoolmaster.'

35

'Why was he always angry with you?'

'He wasn't. It became a habit. But I can hardly remember what it felt like. It's like everything that happens to you. It doesn't feel real.'

Julie didn't say anything for a long time as she worked through her steak, well done.

40

Then eventually she said, 'I miss him, Mike. Now it's too late. I remember how he used to ruffle my hair and that. That's about all I remember really. And at the time I just thought . . . I just thought that's what life's like. Everyone has a dad. Then he wasn't there any more, and I felt like all my life had been just a dream. Then I'd woken up. But maybe I'll wake up again. Do you know what I mean, Mike? It's like I could be in a dream now. Still.'

45

'I know,' I said. 'I do know what you mean. It's what I meant with Dad. That he probably never woke up at all.'

I didn't want to talk about him any more. I said, 'Do you ever feel you've

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lived before?' 50

'Like reincarnation?'

Julie liked to give ideas a name familiar to her, and get them into boxes small enough to handle easily.

I smiled at her.

'Go on,' she said. 55

'It's my greatest fear,' I said.

'Why?'

'It's too bleak,' I said. 'I'll tell you another day. Have some sweet. Take another look at the menu.'

'Go on, Mike, tell me.' 60

I looked at her. 'Well . . . I see a child in the back of a car . . . A face behind glass . . . And it might be me again . . . All that I know now, I'd need to learn again . . . And I look at the child's parents and wonder if they're kind . . . I saw a mother slap her child in the supermarket, hit him round the head and scream at him . . . And that's the only world he knows . . . He's in a nest of boxes he 65 can never, ever climb out of . . .'

I was rambling a bit. 'And, Jules, I feel it's my fault. When I used to see the old men in the institution and the lights come on in the grey corridor . . . I feel I'm trapped in some loop . . . Some loop of time . . . I can't face coming back and being one of them next time. Or that child.' 70

I don't think she understood what I was trying to say, and anyway it was difficult to put into words.

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) In what ways, and with what effects, do any **two** texts present strong, self-willed characters?
- Or** (b) Compare the ways in which ambiguity is used as a technique in any **two** texts to present complexity of minds.

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.**

JAMES JOYCE: *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

6

- Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Joyce portray Stephen's early experiences as shaping his mind and self?
- Or** (b) 'Try as he might, he cannot escape the influence of the church.'
- In the light of this statement, consider Joyce's presentation of Stephen Dedalus.

EDWARD ALBEE: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

10

- Either** (a) 'You see everything but the goddamn mind' (Act Three).
- How and in what ways does Albee explore relationships in the light of this comment?
- Or** (b) Consider the ways in which Albee presents the instability of the mind, and its effects on the self.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

11

- Either** (a) 'O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears' (Act 3 Scene 4)
- Consider the ways in which Shakespeare presents the effects of words on the minds of characters.
- Or** (b) Consider the view that the mind of Hamlet is ultimately unknowable and unfathomable.

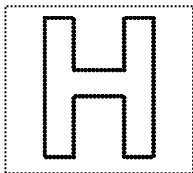
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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

10 September 2018

3 hours

Additional materials: Answer Paper

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

At the end of the examination, hand in each section separately.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

SECTION A

- 1 Either (a) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, paying particular attention to ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's presentation of relationships with children.

A

THE TOYS

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
 And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
 Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
 I struck him, and dismiss'd
 With hard words and unkiss'd, 5
 His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
 Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
 I visited his bed,
 But found him slumbering deep, 10
 With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
 From his late sobbing wet.
 And I, with moan,
 Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
 For, on a table drawn beside his head,
 He had put, within his reach, 15
 A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
 A piece of glass abraded by the beach
 And six or seven shells,
 A bottle with bluebells
 And two French copper coins, ranged there with 20
 careful art,
 To comfort his sad heart.
 So when that night I pray'd
 To God, I wept, and said:
 Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath, 25
 Not vexing Thee in death,
 And Thou rememberest of what toys
 We made our joys,
 How weakly understood
 Thy great commanded good, 30
 Then, fatherly not less
 Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
 Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
 "I will be sorry for their childishness."

Coventry Patmore (1823 - 1896)

B LITTLE BOY CRYING

Your mouth contorting in brief spite and hurt,
 your laughter metamorphosed into howls,
 your frame so recently relaxed now tight
 with three-year-old frustration, your bright eyes
 swimming tears, splashing your bare feet, 5
 you stand there angling for a moment's hint
 of guilt or sorrow for the quick slap struck.

The ogre towers above you, that grim giant,
 empty of feeling, a colossal cruel,
 soon victim of the tale's conclusion, dead 10
 at last. You hate him, you imagine
 chopping clean the tree he's scrambling down
 or plotting deeper pits to trap him in.

You cannot understand, not yet,
 the hurt your easy tears can scald him with, 15
 nor guess the wavering hidden behind that mask.
 This fierce man longs to lift you, curb your sadness
 with piggy-back or bull-fight, anything,
 but dare not ruin the lessons you should learn.

You must not make a plaything of the rain. 20

Mervyn Morris (b.1937 -)

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

A **SEX WITHOUT LOVE**

How do they do it, the ones who make love
 without love? Beautiful as dancers,
 gliding over each other like ice-skaters
 over the ice, fingers hooked
 inside each other's bodies, faces 5
 red as steak, wine, wet as the
 children at birth whose mothers are going to
 give them away. How do they come to the
 come to the come to the God come to the
 still waters, and not love 10
 the one who came there with them, light
 rising slowly as steam off their joined
 skin? These are the true religious,
 the purists, the pros, the ones who will not
 accept a false Messiah, love the 15
 priest instead of the God. They do not
 mistake the lover for their own pleasure,
 they are like great runners: they know they are alone
 with the road surface, the cold, the wind,
 the fit of their shoes, their over-all cardio- 20
 vascular health--just factors, like the partner
 in the bed, and not the truth, which is the
 single body alone in the universe
 against its own best time.

Sharon Olds (b. 1942 -)

B HOTEL

In the cupboard, bare hangers are skeletons
 for future selves; a complimentary bathrobe
 waits like a new and better, even purer, skin;
 fresh pillows are the unformed bodies
 of lovers yet to be born; bedroom slippers 5
 become footwear for shuffling up
 an airy flight of stairs free of this life.
 Open the fridge, lean past the overpriced
 chocolate and the smugly settled soft drinks
 and tune in to voices from the god-realm, 10
 where beings reminisce, not unfondly, about
 past desires and mistaken attachments.
 On the bed, our bodies stay unentwined
 in rest because love is in a different room
 in a faraway country; but beneath us, 15
 cowering children press ears to the floor,
 absorbing the footfalls of fathers retreating,
 heads lowered in shame or shaking with disgust;
 these trembling versions of us reach
 for each other now, smaller hands taking hold. 20
 In reality, the air-con sighs as discreetly
 as possible; behind translucent curtains, night
 slowly lifts; nobody expects the morning
 to be spectacular; although my eyes are
 reluctant to close, still hungry for the ever-new; 25
 while another stranger beside me sleeps and sleeps.

Cyril Wong (b. 1977 -)

SECTION B

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

- 2 **Either** (a) “The novel does not celebrate progress, only stagnation.” Discuss.
- (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, showing how Fitzgerald presents tension here and elsewhere in the novel.
- Or**

“Remember Biloxi,” Jordan warned her. “Where’d you know him, Tom?”

“Biloxi?” He concentrated with an effort. “I didn’t know him. He was a friend of Daisy’s.”

“He was not,” she denied. “I’d never seen him before. He came down in the private car.” 5

“Well, he said he knew you. He said he was raised in Louisville. Asa Bird brought him around at the last minute and asked if we had room for him.”

Jordan smiled. 10

“He was probably bumming his way home. He told me he was president of your class at Yale.”

Tom and I looked at each other blankly.

“Biloxi?”

“First place, we didn’t have any president ——” 15

Gatsby’s foot beat a short, restless tattoo and Tom eyed him suddenly.

“By the way, Mr. Gatsby, I understand you’re an Oxford man.”

“Not exactly.”

“Oh, yes, I understand you went to Oxford.” 20

“Yes — I went there.”

A pause. Then Tom’s voice, incredulous and insulting: “You must have gone there about the time Biloxi went to New Haven.”

Another pause. A waiter knocked and came in with crushed mint and ice but, the silence was unbroken by his “thank you” and the soft closing of the door. This tremendous detail was to be cleared up at last. 25

“I told you I went there,” said Gatsby.

“I heard you, but I’d like to know when.”

“It was in nineteen-nineteen, I only stayed five months. That’s why I can’t really call myself an Oxford man.” 30

Tom glanced around to see if we mirrored his disbelief. But we were all looking at Gatsby.

“It was an opportunity they gave to some of the officers after the Armistice,” he continued. “We could go to any of the universities in England or France.” 35

I wanted to get up and slap him on the back. I had one of those renewals of complete faith in him that I’d experienced before.

Daisy rose, smiling faintly, and went to the table.

“Open the whiskey, Tom,” she ordered, “and I’ll make you a mint julep. Then you won’t seem so stupid to yourself. . . . Look at the mint!” 40

“Wait a minute,” snapped Tom, “I want to ask Mr. Gatsby one more question.”

“Go on,” Gatsby said politely.

“What kind of a row are you trying to cause in my house anyhow?”

They were out in the open at last and Gatsby was content. 45

“He isn’t causing a row.” Daisy looked desperately from one to the

other. "You're causing a row. Please have a little self-control."

"Self-control!" Repeated Tom incredulously. "I suppose the latest thing is to sit back and let Mr. Nobody from Nowhere make love to your wife. Well, if that's the idea you can count me out. . . . Nowadays people begin by sneering at family life and family institutions, and next they'll throw everything overboard and have intermarriage between black and white." 50

Flushed with his impassioned gibberish, he saw himself standing alone on the last barrier of civilization.

"We're all white here," murmured Jordan. 55

"I know I'm not very popular. I don't give big parties. I suppose you've got to make your house into a pigsty in order to have any friends — in the modern world."

Angry as I was, as we all were, I was tempted to laugh whenever he opened his mouth. The transition from libertine to prig was so complete. 60

"I've got something to tell *you*, old sport ——" began Gatsby. But Daisy guessed at his intention.

"Please don't!" she interrupted helplessly. "Please let's all go home. Why don't we all go home?"

"That's a good idea." I got up. "Come on, Tom. Nobody wants a drink." 65

"I want to know what Mr. Gatsby has to tell me."

"Your wife doesn't love you," said Gatsby. "She's never loved you. She loves me."

"You must be crazy!" exclaimed Tom automatically. 70

Gatsby sprang to his feet, vivid with excitement.

"She never loved you, do you hear?" he cried. "She only married you because I was poor and she was tired of waiting for me. It was a terrible mistake, but in her heart she never loved any one except me!"

At this point Jordan and I tried to go, but Tom and Gatsby insisted with competitive firmness that we remain — as though neither of them had anything to conceal and it would be a privilege to partake vicariously of their emotions. 75

"Sit down, Daisy," Tom's voice groped unsuccessfully for the paternal note. "What's been going on? I want to hear all about it." 80

"I told you what's been going on," said Gatsby. "Going on for five years — and you didn't know."

Tom turned to Daisy sharply.

"You've been seeing this fellow for five years?"

"Not seeing," said Gatsby. "No, we couldn't meet. But both of us loved each other all that time, old sport, and you didn't know. I used to laugh sometimes." — but there was no laughter in his eyes —— to think that you didn't know." 85

"Oh — that's all." Tom tapped his thick fingers together like a clergyman and leaned back in his chair. 90

"You're crazy!" he exploded. "I can't speak about what happened five years ago, because I didn't know Daisy then — and I'll be damned if I see how you got within a mile of her unless you brought the groceries to the back door. But all the rest of that's a God damned lie. Daisy loved me when she married me and she loves me now." 95

"No," said Gatsby, shaking his head.

(Chapter 7)

SECTION C

ARTHUR MILLER: *Playing for Time*

- 3 Either (a) "For all of Miller's use of sound and music, it is the silence which is the most deafening." Comment.

- Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract, showing how Miller depicts the experience of being human here and elsewhere in the play.

ALMA: *[from the podium, calmly, sternly, summoning them with the tapping of the baton.]* From the beginning! We have a great deal to do before Sunday!

FANIA: *[unable to hold back the news any longer.]* Madame?

ALMA *is surprised by this unaccustomed interruption.* 5

FANIA: May I talk to you for a moment? It's important. *[She walks out of the hearing of the orchestra and ALMA meets her.]* There is a very strong rumour that Allied troops have landed in France.

Conflicted, ALMA stiffens. Excitement floods her face, but it is impossible to tell if this is from joy or fear of having been made privy to forbidden news. 10

ALMA: Are you mad, passing on such things?

Her eyes meet FANIA's for an instant. She breaks off contact, returns to the podium, lifts her baton, and starts Beethoven's Fifth. There is the sudden sound of sirens as all the lights go out. The sirens die out and bombers take over. The players sit in the dark. Waiting, their eyes turned upwards towards the sound. As the sound rises to a crescendo, ALMA exits into her room. As she is closing the door, she catches FANIA's eye. FANIA rises and approaches the door. The bombers are fading as ALMA sits in the darkness of her room. 15

ALMA: I will be leaving you after the Sunday concert, Fania. 20

FANIA *alerts, surprised.*

ALMA: They are sending me on a tour to play for the troops. I wanted you to be the first to hear the news. *[There is excitement and pride in ALMA's expression.]* I am going to be released, Fania! Can you imagine it? I'll play what I like and as I like. They said ... *[She is elated now, filling herself.]* ... they said a musician of my calibre ought not to be wasted here! What's the matter? I thought you would be happy for me. 25

FANIA: Well, I am, of course. But you'll be entertaining men who are fighting to keep us enslaved, won't you? 30

ALMA: But that is not the point! I ... *[She has an instant's difficulty.]* ... I will play for the *soldiers*, Fania.

FANIA: *[changing to a hopeless subject.]* And what about us? We're going to continue, aren't we?

ALMA: I intend to suggest that you replace me as conductor. 35

FANIA: *[nodding her consent.]* Well... *[she moves to leave.]* ... I hope ... it ends soon for all of us. *[She turns to grasp the doorknob.]*

ALMA: Why are you trying to spoil my happiness?

FANIA *turns to her, trying to plumb her.*

FANIA: Why do you need my approval? If it makes you happy, then enjoy 40 your happiness.

ALMA: Not all Germans are Nazis, Fania! You are nothing but a racist if you think so!

FANIA: Alma ... you are free, you are free... what more do you want? I agree, it is an extraordinary honour. The only Jew to play a violin for the German Army! My head will explode... 45

FANIA *turns to leave just as FRAU SCHMIDT enters.*

ALMA: Why... Frau Schmidt ... come in ... please.
The lights suddenly go on. All glance up, noting this wordlessly.

FRAU: I wanted to extend my congratulations. I have just heard the great news. 50

ALMA: [*ravished.*] Oh, thank you, thank you, Frau Schmidt. This is very moving to me, especially coming from you.

FRAU: Yes, but I have never known how to hide my feelings. I would like you to join me for dinner tonight ... a farewell in your honour? 55

ALMA: I... I am overwhelmed, Frau Schmidt. Of course.

FRAU: In a few minutes, then ... in my quarters.

ALMA: Oh, I'll be there... Thank you, thank you.

FRAU SCHMIDT *exits. Eyes glistening with joy, ALMA turns to FANIA.*

ALMA: Now... now you see! That woman, I can tell you, has tried everything to be transferred ... She is desperate to get out of here, and yet she has the goodness to come and wish me well on my departure. 60

FANIA: [*stunned.*] Well, I certainly never would have expected that of her. But who knows what's in the human heart?

ALMA: You judge people, Fania. You are terribly harsh. [*She spruces herself up for the dinner, brushing her skirt and straightening her blouse.*] 65

FANIA: And Mandel saved that child. Maybe they figure they're losing the war, so...

ALMA: [*at the height of her hopes for herself.*] Why must everything have a worm in it? Why can't you accept the little hope there is in life? [*She puts on her coat.*] 70

FANIA: I'm all mixed up. Schmidt wanting to get out is really unbelievable, Alma. She's gotten rich running the black market. She's robbed every woman who's landed here... every deal in the place has her hand in it... 75

ALMA: [*extending her hand.*] If I don't have another chance to say this, Fania, thank you for your help.

FANIA: [*taking ALMA's hand.*] You are totally wrong about practically everything, Alma... but I must say you probably saved us all. And I thank you from my heart. 80

ALMA: You can thank my refusal to despair, Fania.

FANIA: Yes... I suppose that's true, isn't it.

ALMA: I mustn't be late ... goodbye!

FANIA: Goodbye! 85

ALMA *hurries out as the lights fade.*

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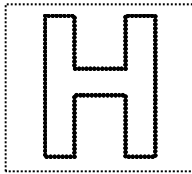
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DUNMAN HIGH SCHOOL
General Certificate of Education Advanced Level
Higher 2
YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/03

Paper 3 The Mind and Self in Literature

14 September 2018

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 following passage is an extract from the play *Painting Churches* by Tina Howe that was performed in 1983.

Write a critical appreciation of the passage, commenting on ways in which the author uses form, structure and language to present the concerns of the mind and self.

Mags reveals a portrait that she painted of her parents as they prepare to move out of their current residence.

[Suddenly it's very quiet as FANNY and GARDNER stand back to look at the painting. More and more beside herself, MAGS keeps leaping around the room wrapping her arms around herself, making little whimpering sounds.]

MAGS: Please don't... no ... don't... oh please! ... Come on, don't look... Oh, God, don't... please... 5

[An eternity passes as FANNY and GARDNER gaze at their portrait.]

GARDNER: Well...

FANNY: Well...

[More silence.]

FANNY: I think it's perfectly dreadful GARDNER: Awfully clever, awfully clever! 10

FANNY: What on earth did you do to my face...?

GARDNER: I particularly like Mum!

FANNY: Since when do I have purple skin?!

MAGS: I told you it was nothing, just a silly- 15

GARDNER: She looks like a million dollars!

FANNY: AND WILL YOU LOOK AT MY HAIR... IT'S BRIGHT ORANGE!

GARDNER: *[Views the painting from another angle]* It's really very good!

FANNY: *[Pointing]* That doesn't look anything like me!

GARDNER: First-rate! 20

FANNY: Since when do I have purple skin and bright orange hair?

MAGS: *[Trying to snatch the painting off the easel]* Listen, you don't have to worry about my feelings really... I-

GARDNER: *[Blocking her way]* NOT SO FAST

FANNY: And look at how I'm sitting! I've never sat like that in my life! 25

GARDNER: *[Moving closer to the paintings]* Yes, yes, it's awfully clever...

FANNY: I HAVE NO FEET!

GARDNER: The whole thing is quite remarkable!

FANNY: And what happened to my legs, pray tell?... They just vanish below the knees!... At least my dress is presentable. I've always loved that dress. 30

GARDNER: It sparkles somehow...

FANNY: *[To Gardner]* Don't you think it's becoming?

GARDNER: Yes, very becoming, awfully becoming...

FANNY: *[Examining it at a closer range]* Yes, she got the dress very well, how it shows off what's left of my figure... My smile is nice too. 35

GARDNER: Good and wide...

FANNY: I love how the corners of my mouth turn up...

GARDNER: It's very clever...

FANNY: They're almost quivering...

GARDNER: Good lighting effects! 40

FANNY: Actually, I look quite... young, don't you think?

GARDNER: *[To Mags]* You're awfully good with these highlights.

FANNY: *[Looking at it from different angles]* And you look darling...!

GARDNER: Well, I don't know about that...

FANNY: No, you look absolutely darling. Good enough to eat. 45

MAGS: *[In a whisper]* They like it... They like it!

[A silence as Fanny and Gardner keep gazing at their portrait]

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FANNY: You know what it is? The wispy brush stroke makes us look like a couple in a French impressionist painting.

GARDNER: Yes, I see what you mean... 50

FANNY: A Manet or Renoir...

GARDNER: It's very evocative.

FANNY: There's something about the light...
[They back up to survey the picture from a distance.]

FANNY: You know those Renoir café scenes...? 55

GARDNER: She doesn't lay on the paint with a trowel; it's just touches here and there...

MAGS: They *like* it...!

FANNY: You know the one with the couple dancing?... Not that we're dancing. There's just something similar in the mood... a kind of gaiety, almost... The man has his back to you and he's swinging the woman around... OH GAR, YOU'VE SEEN IT A MILLION TIMES! IT'S HANGING IN THE MUSEUM OF THE FINE ARTS!... They're dancing like this... 60

[Fanny goes up to Gardner and puts an arms on his shoulders.]

MAGS: They like it... They like it! 65

FANNY: She's got on this wonderful flowered dress with ruffles at the neck and he's holding her like this... That's right... and she's got the most rhapsodic expression on her face...

[Getting into the spirit of it, Gardner takes Fanny in his arms and slowly begins to dance around the room.] 70

GARDNER: Oh, yes... I know the one you mean... They're in a sort of haze... and isn't there a little band playing off to one side... ?

FANNY: Yes, that's it!
[Kitty's horn honks outside. Mags is the only one who hears it.]

MAGS: There's Kitty! *[She's torn and keeps looking towards the door, but finally gives in to their stolen moment.]* 75

- Or (b) The poem which follows (published in 1939) was written by W.H. Auden.

Write a critical appreciation of the poem, considering ways in which the poet uses form, structure and language to present the themes of the mind and self in literature

The Unknown Citizen

(To JS/07 M 378

This Marble Monument

Is Erected by the State)

He was found by the Bureau of Statistics to be	
One against whom there was no official complaint,	5
And all the reports on his conduct agree	
That, in the modern sense of an old-fashioned word, he was a saint,	
For in everything he did he served the Greater Community.	
Except for the War till the day he retired	
He worked in a factory and never got fired,	10
But satisfied his employers, Fudge Motors Inc.	
Yet he wasn't a scab or odd in his views,	
For his Union reports that he paid his dues,	
(Our report on his Union shows it was sound)	
And our Social Psychology workers found	15
That he was popular with his mates and liked a drink.	
The Press are convinced that he bought a paper every day	
And that his reactions to advertisements were normal in every way.	
Policies taken out in his name prove that he was fully insured,	
And his Health-card shows he was once in hospital but left it cured.	20
Both Producers Research and High-Grade Living declare	
He was fully sensible to the advantages of the Instalment Plan	
And had everything necessary to the Modern Man,	
A gramophone, a radio, a car and a frigidaire.	
Our researchers into Public Opinion are content	25
That he held the proper opinions for the time of year;	
When there was peace, he was for peace: when there was war, he went.	
He was married and added five children to the population,	
Which our Eugenist says was the right number for a parent of his generation.	
And our teachers report that he never interfered with their education.	30
Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd:	
Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have heard.	

Section B

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

- 2** **Either** **(a)** “Writing in this topic area is largely preoccupied with the process of degeneration”
- Discuss the validity of this statement by comparing any **two** texts that you have studied.
- Or** **(b)** Compare the ways in which any two texts that you have studied deal with the tension between self-expression and social conventions.

Section C

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

SYLVIA PLATH: *Ariel*

- 3 **Either** (a) To what extent is Plath's world governed by anger and disillusionment? You should make detailed reference to **at least two** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) 'I am terrified by this dark thing/ That sleeps in me'
- Discuss the presentation of womanhood in *Ariel*. In your answer you should refer in detail to **at least two** poems.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

- 4 **Either** (a) "At the heart of poetry lies emotion"
- Discuss Jennings's use of the poetic form to present the mind and self. You should make detailed reference to **at least two** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Consider ways in which Jennings's poetry exhibits restraint and control. You should make detailed reference to **at least two** poems in your answer.

PAT BARKER: *Regeneration*

- 5 **Either** (a) Consider the effectiveness of Barker's use of dreams in presenting the characters' mental states.
- Or** (b) How far do you agree that Billy Prior is a central figure in *Regeneration*?

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EUNOIA JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 Preliminary Examination 2018
General Certificate of Education Advanced Level
Higher 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 1 Reading Literature

9509/01

12 September 2018

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, civics group and question number on all the work you hand in.

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

Write your answer to each question on a fresh sheet of 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 hope.

A

Sleeping In The Forest

I thought the earth
 remembered me, she
 took me back so tenderly, arranging
 her dark skirts, her pockets
 full of lichens and seeds. I slept 5
 as never before, a stone
 on the river bed, nothing
 between me and the white fire of the stars
 but my thoughts, and they floated
 light as moths among the branches 10
 of the perfect trees. All night
 I heard the small kingdoms breathing
 around me, the insects, and the birds
 who do their work in the darkness. All night
 I rose and fell, as if in water, grappling 15
 with a luminous doom. By morning
 I had vanished at least a dozen times
 into something better.

Mary Oliver (born 1935)

B

Homecoming

On that day the tide will turn
 and softly bring its crested head
 to rest on the cheek of shore.

The jambu tree will shed
 moist leaves, returning to earth 5
 its debt of tears.

Every cloud will move
 into its chosen place. Even the sun
 will understand their boldness.

For so long I have listened to the call 10
 of mountains in their loneliness,
 the river's thirst to follow ocean.

I know the years trapped in you
 like so many birds, their wings
 the very flutter of your heart. 15

At that hour, I will uncage
 your body's sadness with my own,
 and make the sound locks make
 springing open.

Alvin Pang (born 1972)
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- 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 solitude.

A

Danse Russe

If I when my wife is sleeping
 and the baby and Kathleen
 are sleeping
 and the sun is a flame-white disc
 in silken mists 5
 above shining trees,—
 if I in my north room
 dance naked, grotesquely
 before my mirror
 waving my shirt round my head 10
 and singing softly to myself:
 "I am lonely, lonely.
 I was born to be lonely,
 I am best so!"
 If I admire my arms, my face, 15
 my shoulders, flanks, buttocks
 against the yellow drawn shades,—

 Who shall say I am not
 the happy genius of my household?

William Carlos Williams (1883–1963)

B

Sonnet 29

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
 I all alone beweep my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, 5
 Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts my self almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee, and then my state, 10
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
 For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

Section B

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

2

Either (a) 'Marriage is the solution to every problem in *Pride and Prejudice*.'

To what extent do you agree with this comment on the novel?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Austen's presentation of character values here and elsewhere in the novel.

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

'You are too hasty, Sir,' she cried. 'You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without farther loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honour of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them.'

5

'I am not now to learn,' replied Mr. Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, 'that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favour; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am therefore by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long.'

10

'Upon my word, Sir,' cried Elizabeth, 'your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time. I am perfectly serious in my refusal. — You could not make *me* happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who could make *you* so. — Nay, were your friend Lady Catherine to know me, I am persuaded she would find me in every respect ill qualified for the situation.'

15

'Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so,' said Mr. Collins very gravely—'but I cannot imagine that her ladyship would at all disapprove of you. And you may be certain that when I have the honour of seeing her again I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty, economy, and other amiable qualifications.'

20

'Indeed, Mr. Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. You must give me leave to judge for myself, and pay me the compliment of believing what I say. I wish you very happy and very rich, and by refusing your hand, do all in my power to prevent your being otherwise. In making me the offer, you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family, and may take possession of Longbourn estate whenever it falls, without any self reproach. This matter may be considered, therefore, as finally settled.' And rising as she thus spoke, she would have quitted the room, had not Mr. Collins thus addressed her,

25

'When I do myself the honour of speaking to you next on this subject I shall hope to receive a more favourable answer than you have now given me; though I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first application, and perhaps you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character.'

30

'Really, Mr. Collins,' cried Elizabeth with some warmth, 'you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one.'

40

'You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses is merely words of course. My reasons for believing it are briefly these: — It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My

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situation in life, my connections with the family of De Bourgh, and my relationship to your own, are circumstances highly in my favour; and you should take it into farther consideration that in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you. Your portion is unhappily so small that it will in all likelihood undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must therefore conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall chuse to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females.' 45 50

'I do assure you, Sir, that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again and again for the honour you have done me in your proposals, but to accept them is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer? Do not consider me now as an elegant female intending to plague you, but as a rational creature speaking the truth from her heart.' 55

(Chapter 19)

Section C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

3

Either (a) 'Desire is the main driving force of the play.'

How far would you agree with this statement?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the audience's impression of the Duke here and elsewhere in the play.

<i>Isabella</i>	[<i>Within</i>] Peace, hoa, be here!	
<i>Duke</i>	The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know If yet her brother's pardon be come hither; But I will keep her ignorant of her good, To make her heavenly comforts of despair When it is least expected.	5
	[<i>Enter ISABELLA</i>]	
<i>Isabella</i>	Ho, by your leave!	
<i>Duke</i>	Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.	
<i>Isabella</i>	The better, given to me by so holy a man. Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?	10
<i>Duke</i>	He hath released him, Isabel, – from the world. His head is off, and sent to Angelo.	
<i>Isabella</i>	Nay, but it is not so!	
<i>Duke</i>	It is no other. Show your wisdom, daughter, In your close patience.	15
<i>Isabella</i>	O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!	
<i>Duke</i>	You shall not be admitted to his sight.	
<i>Isabella</i>	Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel! Injurious world! most damned Angelo!	20
<i>Duke</i>	This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot. Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven. Mark what I say, which you shall find By every syllable a faithful verity. The Duke comes home tomorrow; – nay, dry your eyes – One of our covent, and his confessor Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried Notice to Escalus and Angelo, Who do prepare to meet him at the gates There to give up their power. If you can pace your wisdom In that good path that I would wish it go, And you shall have your bosom on this wretch, Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart, And general honour.	25 30
<i>Isabella</i>	I am directed by you.	35
<i>Duke</i>	This letter then to Friar Peter give; 'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return. Say, by this token I desire his company At Mariana's house tonight. Her cause and yours I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo Accuse him home and home. For my poor self, I am combined by a sacred vow, And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter.	40

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Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course. – Who's here?

45

(Act 4 Scene 3)

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2018 H2 Preliminary Exam Paper 1

Section A

1 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 hope.

Both poems present the idea of hope through the metaphor of a return to nature, which reinvigorates or comforts.

- Oliver's personification of the earth portrays it as a motherly, nurturing and comforting figure. Similarly, Pang's poem also utilises the idea of a homecoming, as evident from the title as well as the repeated natural imagery of elements coming back to a specified location.
- This return is presented as being transcendental in different ways, where Oliver portrays the sublimation of the self as a peaceful and comforting experience, whereas Pang presents it as a process of emancipation.
- The speaker's sleep is presented by Oliver as an uplifting experience, where the speaker is able to rise above or go beyond the boundaries of the human body. Pang brings out a similar idea by presenting the emancipation of the addressee (possibly the reader) by the end of the poem, thereby showing a movement or transition into a more hopeful situation as well.

1b. 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 solitude.

- Both poems present different states of solitude, where Williams uses peaceful imagery to depict a moment of solitude stolen from a family in repose, while Shakespeare presents a scenario of enforced solitude.
- Shakespeare's speaker bemoans his solitary state, whereas Williams' speaker, solitude is presented as a moment of vigour and joy.
- Williams' speaker seems to take his vitality from these moments of solitude, and Shakespeare's speaker is similarly able to effect a transcendental change in attitude, even if only by chance.

Section B *Pride and Prejudice*

2a. "Marriage is the solution to every problem in *Pride and Prejudice*." How far do you agree with this comment on the novel?

Should identify the absolutism of the statement. Recognise the inherent irony of Austen's message that marriage was should not be the sole objective in life, versus the actual outcome of the novel and the way marriage is consistently used as a vehicle for resolution.

Austen presents marriage as a necessary solution to the economic and moral problems that women face.

- Charlotte's marriage: Austen presents her decision in a sympathetic light despite highlighting the cold-hearted rationality behind her attitude to marriage.
- Lydia's marriage is also presented as the best possible outcome given her lack of inhibitions and social propriety.

While marriages are depicted as necessary solutions, they are not to be seen as the primary object and panacea for social ills or individual tribulations.

- This can be seen from Austen's frequent use of satire on attitudes that overly venerated or commodify marriage, e.g. Mrs Bennet.

- Students may also bring in Mr and Mrs Bennet's poor marriage as proof of how Austen argues against marriage being an end in itself.

And yet despite this message, it is ironic that Austen chooses to grant her heroines in the novel the two best (financially and socially beneficial) marriages in the community.

- Students may draw reference from the chapters at the end of the novel that describe the sisters' wealth and comfort, especially relative to Lydia and Wickham's wretched circumstances.

2b. Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Austen's presentation of character values here and elsewhere in the novel.

Defined as what each character is presented to value. Should be able to identify the conflict between Elizabeth and Collins's values, while proficient students would be able to conclude that Austen uses this confrontation to promote honest, unaffected speech and behaviour.

The values that are conventionally attributed to females, depicted as by Collins the desire to appear elegant by pretended coyness, are mocked and derided by Austen.

- Collins' persistent references to the typical and expected behaviour of women to a proposal presents the social conventions surrounding feminine behaviour.
- These expectations are presented to be ridiculous through the portrayal of Collins' adamant references to these standards of behaviour even in the face of outright rejections.
- In addition, Collins's diction creates a sense of the rigidity and impracticality of these standards that are forced upon women.
- By allowing Collins a monologue that details his reasoning, Austen also demonstrates how his expectations are formed by the socio-economic constraints upon women, thereby not just drawing attention to the superficiality of these values ascribed to women, but also creating sympathy for them.
- Students could bring in Charlotte Lucas's marriage as Austen's accession to the necessity for women under challenging circumstances to bow to these expectations.
- The preferment of affectations and conventional feminine behaviour over honest communication is presented to be comical, and is heavily satirised by Austen.
- In contrast, the frankness/rationality valued by Elizabeth is presented as being more respectable and sensible.

Section C *Measure for Measure*

3a. "**Desire** is the main driving force of the play." How far would you agree with this statement?

- To define the different types of desire in the play (sexual desire, desire for power, personal desire) and identify how it drives the action of the play.
- The major action or events in the play is sparked by the central problem of societal immersion in illicit desire, shown in the presentation of Vienna steeped in moral debauchery. The audience is led to see this situation as the cause of the Duke's decision to step down and pass the reins of power to Angelo.
- The issue of human desire is further embodied in the characterisation of Angelo, and certainly drives the key conflicts in the play.
- Angelo at the start of the play is clearly a figure of repressed desire – his stringent attitude towards the law, his unnatural coldness and seeming imperviousness to desire is frequently referred to or suggested to be a front.

Angelo succumbs to his lustful desires and this drives the action of the play as the characters' behaviour and decisions are all made in response to Angelo's threats to Isabella.

- The Duke's re-entrance and manipulation of events from Act 3 Scene 1 onwards could also be read as a response to Angelo's uncontrolled abuse of power to satisfy his desire.

3b. Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the audience's impression of the Duke here and elsewhere in the play.

Duke is mysterious / operating by some unseen plan to address the injustice done to Isabella. The audience is shown how the Duke, in intentionally keeping information from Isabella, is manipulating her responses and reactions. The presentation leads the audience to question and doubt the authenticity and morality of his actions.

The Duke's diction ascribes virtues such as wisdom and righteousness to Isabella upon her obedience to him, while hyperbolic assertions such as in the line "by every syllable a faithful verity" suggests his own trustworthiness. This can either be seen to be powerfully manipulative. This reading of the Duke is sustained throughout the play.

The association of the Duke to divine imagery or references to his holy nature are troubling, given his use of deception. His similar use/misuse of his disguise to lay claim to spiritual authority can be seen in other parts of the play (Act 3 Scene 1, Act 2 Scene 3, Act 5 Scene 1).

However, the portrayal of Isabella's pain and torment upon being falsely informed of Claudio's death also reinforces the unsettling perception of the Duke. This suggests that the Duke's actions have deplorable consequences upon the people of Vienna, and can be backed up either by bringing in his appointment of Angelo, or his final judgments in Act 5 Scene 1.



EUNOIA JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 Preliminary Examination 2018
General Certificate of Education Advanced Level
Higher 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 3 The Mind and Self in Literature

9509/03

18 September 2018

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, civics group and question number on all the work you hand in.

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

Write your answer to each question on a fresh sheet of paper.

Do not use staples, paper clips, 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 **6** printed pages.

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Section A

Answer one question from this section.

1

- Either (a)** Write a critical appreciation of 'Warning' (published 1961) by Jenny Joseph, relating it to the concerns of the mind and self.

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 5
 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 10
 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. 15

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? 20
 So people who know me are not too shocked and surprised
 When suddenly I am old, and start to wear purple.

- Or (b) The following extract is from *The Namesake* (published 2003) by Jhumpa Lahiri. It follows the life of Gogol Ganguli, who lives in America and is of Bengali parentage, as he explores his identity.

Write a critical appreciation of the following extract, considering the ways in which it presents aspects of the mind and self.

Gogol does not date anyone in high school. He suffers quiet crushes, which he admits to no one, on this girl or that girl with whom he is already friends. He does not attend dances or parties. He and his group of friends, Colin and Jason and Marc, prefer to listen to records together, to Dylan and Clapton and The Who, and read Nietzsche in their spare time. His parents do not find it strange that their son doesn't date, does not rent a tuxedo for his junior prom. They have never been on a date in their lives and therefore they see no reason to encourage Gogol, certainly not at his age. Instead they urge him to join the math team and maintain his A average. His father presses him to pursue engineering, perhaps at MIT¹. Assured by his grades and his apparent indifference to girls, his parents don't suspect Gogol of being, in his own fumbling way, an American teenager. They don't suspect him, for instance, of smoking pot, which he does from time to time when he and his friends get together to listen to records at one another's homes. They don't suspect him, when he goes to spend a night at a friend's house, of driving to a neighbourhood town to see *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, or into Boston to see the bands in Kenmore Square. 5 10 15

One Saturday, soon before he is scheduled to take the SAT, his family drives to Connecticut for the weekend, leaving Gogol at home alone overnight for the first time in his life. It never crosses his parents' minds that instead of taking timed practice tests in his room, Gogol will drive with Colin and Jason and Marc to a party. They are invited by Colin's older brother, who is a freshman at the university where Gogol's father teaches. He dresses for the party as he normally does, in Levi's and boat shoes and a checkered flannel shirt. 'If anyone asks, my brother said to say we're freshmen at Amherst,' Colin advises them in the car. 20 25

The party occupies an entire hallway, the doors of the individual rooms all open. They enter the first room they can manage to, crowded, dark, hot. No one notices as Gogol and his three friends make their way across the room to the keg. For a while, they stand in a circle, holding their plastic cups of beer, shouting over the music in order to be heard. But then Colin sees his brother in the hallway, and Jason needs to find a bathroom, and Marc needs another beer already. Gogol drifts into the hallway as well. Everyone seems to know everyone else, embroiled in conversations that are impossible to join. Music playing from the different rooms mingles unpleasantly in Gogol's ears. He feels too unwelcome in this ripped jeans and T-shirt crowd, feels his hair was too recently washed and is too neatly combed. And yet it doesn't seem to matter, no one seems to care. At the end of the hallway, he climbs a set of stairs. He is about to turn back down the staircase when one of the doors opens and a girl emerges, a pretty, slender girl wearing a buttoned-up polka-dotted thrift store dress and scuffed Doc Martens. 30 35 40

'Sorry,' Gogol says. 'Am I not supposed to be up here?'

'Well, it's technically a girls' floor,' the girl says. 'But that's never stopped a guy before.' She studies him thoughtfully, as no other girl has looked at him. 'You don't go here, do you?' 45

'No,' he says, his heart pounding. And then he remembers his surreptitious identity for the evening: 'I'm a freshman at Amherst.'

'That's cool,' the girl says, walking towards him, 'I'm Kim.'

'Nice to meet you.' He extends his hand, and Kim shakes it, a bit longer than necessary. 50

'Come on,' she says. 'I can show you around.' They walk together down the staircase. She leads him to a room where she gets herself a beer and he pours himself another. They work their way to a common area where there is a television, a Coke machine, a shabby sofa, and an assortment of chairs. They sit on the sofa, slouching, a considerable space between them. Kim 55 notices a stray pack of cigarettes on the coffee table and lights one.

'Well?' she says, turning to look at him, somewhat suspiciously this time.

'What?'

'Aren't you going to introduce yourself to me?'

'Oh,' he says. 'Yeah.' But he doesn't want to tell Kim his name. He doesn't 60 want to endure her reaction, to watch her lovely blue eyes go wide. He wishes there were another name he could use, just this once, to get him through the evening. It wouldn't be so terrible. He's lied to her already, about being at Amherst. He could introduce himself as Colin or Jason or Marc, as anybody at all, and their conversation could continue, and she would never know or care. 65

¹*MIT*: Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Section B

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

2

- Either (a)** With reference to **two** texts that you have studied, compare the presentation of conflict in relation to the mind and self.
- Or (b)** Compare the ways in which **two** texts that you have studied show the effects of repressed desires on the mind.

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.

SYLVIA PLATH: *Ariel*

3

- Either** (a) Consider the presentation of suffering in Plath's exploration of the mind and self. You should make detailed reference to at least **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) How important is the idea of fragmentation in Plath's presentation of the mind and self in this collection? You should refer to at least **two** poems in your answer.

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *Woman in Mind*

4

- Either** (a) Consider the ways in which Ayckbourn uses dramatic devices to present different mental states.
- Or** (b) Examine the play's presentation of loss to explore its influence on the mind.

EDWARD ALBEE: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

5

- Either** (a) 'Disappointments define the expectations in the play.'
Discuss your view of the play in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) Examine Albee's presentation of narratives in the play to explore aspects of the mind and self.

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2018 H2 Preliminary Exam Paper 3

Section A

1a. Write a critical appreciation of 'Warning' (published 1961) by Jenny Joseph, relating it to the concerns of the mind and self.

- The poem presents a humorous view of old age. The speaker projects a future self and imagines how she will behave when she is old.
- The central idea is the challenge against conformity and the assertion of her personal preferences in her behaviour regardless of the disapproval of the wider community. There is an attitude/tone of humorous irony.
- The speaker acknowledges a conflict, a tension between personal desires and the expectations of society on what properly responsible adult behaviour is.
- This is further emphasised by the declarative statements of her planned rejection of behaviour that signify conformity to societal norms/ expectations of responsible, dignified adult behaviour for the elderly.
- The feeling of enjoyment is highlighted in the idea of indulging in non-conformist behaviour and purchases which are perceived as irresponsible by conventional wisdom.
- The address to the reader invites participation and collusion.
- The final and last stanzas suggest a mischievous, youthful anticipation of liberating herself from conformity.
- It also suggests the longing felt by the speaker to liberate herself from the restraints on behaviour. The lack of a rhyme scheme and the run-on lines reflect this longing.

1b. The following extract is from *The Namesake* (published 2003) by Jhumpa Lahiri. It follows the life of Gogol Ganguli, who lives in America and is of Bengali parentage, as he explores his identity.

Write a critical appreciation of the following extract, considering the ways in which it presents aspects of the mind and self.

- The passage examines the way cultural and individual identities are shaped by the experiences of Gogol. It also examines how the character seeks to discover his identity by exploring different social selves to adapt to the wider community.
- Developing a sense of identification and belonging are important themes from the presentation of the character, heightened by the third person point of view that allows an omniscient insight into his feelings.
- This is suggested from the pressure Gogol feels to fit in and conform to the appearances and activities of the youth culture at the party, and his reluctance to reveal his name to the girl he meets at the party.
- The distant relationship with his parents is suggested to be based on their erroneous belief in what Gogol is like. The extent to how he feels the pressure to keep his thoughts and feelings hidden is suggested in his act of suppressing his "secret crushes".

- The shift to direct speech between Kim and Gogol highlight the difference in the informal interaction between genders customary in mainstream American culture, and the more conservative Bengali customs which Gogol ignores.
- The tone, suggested by the omniscient narrator, is objective though sympathetic to Gogol.

Section B

2a. With reference to **two** texts that you have studied, compare the presentation of conflict in relation to the mind and self.

- To recognise that conflict comes about as the result of resistance or tension between the social pressure exerted by the environment or family on the self, and the individual's desire.
- This will be related to the pressure or expectation to conform to social roles, expectations and identities. The feminine identity and the tension depicted in the experience of the characters or persona should be discussed.
- The persistence of the conflict suggests the unresolved discontent, the lack of fulfilment or the dissatisfaction of the mind.
- The inner tensions are disturbing and create an increasingly sense of futility as the conflicts are depicted as difficult or impossible to resolve.
- If comparing the two plays, then the effects above need to be presented in dramatic terms with an awareness of the genre.
- If comparing a play and the collection of poems, then the awareness of how the different genres present conflict needs to be clear.

2b. Compare the ways in which **two** texts that you have studied show the effects of repressed desires on the mind.

- Recognition that repressed desires arise from conformity to the expectations of the social pressures from the environment.
- It evokes feelings of confinement, discontentment and disempowerment, with the corresponding dramatic presentation or literary presentation in the poems.
- Intensifies a powerful longing for escape.
- Sense of the self as confined or oppressed. The mind creates rationale and alternate realities to assuage this feeling.
- Use of the imagination to reconstruct the self or identity.
- It affects their perception of their external environment and relationships, and leads to a deterioration in the social relationships.

Section C

Sylvia Plath: *Ariel*

3a. Consider the presentation of suffering in Plath's exploration of the mind and self. You should make detailed reference to at least **two** poems from your selection.

- To identify suffering in Plath's poems as afflicting the mental state and/or the body. Suffering, pain, distress, and anguish as negative consequences on the mental state.
- To recognise that the persona views the environment as oppressive, tyrannical, monstrous or grotesque, confining and a powerful influence.
- The sense of confinement, conflict and tension are conveyed by her bleak tone.
- The sense of suffering on the self involves the erosion of the self, a lack of power and choices.
- Her perception of the imbalanced power relationship between herself and her environment, the lack of personal choice and the sources of the social expectations and pressures are conveyed through her use of imagery.

3b. How important is the idea of fragmentation in Plath's presentation of the mind and self in this collection? You should refer to at least **two** poems in your answer.

- The presentation of fragmentation suggests an erosion of the self or mind.
- This draws attention to the pressure on the mental state from the interaction with the environment, leading to the desire to escape from the influences that cause the erosion or fragmentation.
- Draws attention to suggestions of the destruction of the body as a way to liberate herself from the old selves confined by societal expectations.
- The mind could seek to alienate or separate itself from the body which is subjected to the oppressive influences of the environment.

Analysis of the poetic methods to be evident.

Alan Ayckbourn: *Woman in Mind*

4a. Consider the ways in which Ayckbourn uses dramatic devices to present different mental states.

- To recognise the effect and contribution that the dramatic devices have on:
- Developing a deeper understanding of the characters' sense of self and feelings.
- Draws attention to Susan's lack of self-awareness of the changes in her deteriorating mental state Eg. her increasing inability to distinguish between her fantasy and reality.
- Draws attention to the mind's attempt to avoid certain actions (expectations of her) as a response to anxiety and reluctance Eg. to avoid facing Rick over lunch.
- Draws attention to the fragility of her mind and feelings.

4b. Examine the play's presentation of loss to explore its influence on the mind.

- Loss defined as the erosion of the sense of social purpose and social identities which affects the sense of self. This in turn affects the mental well-being, self-esteem, and perception of the self.
- It is also seen in the loss of a sense of self-worth and contentment in purpose, an increasing lack of meaning, hence contributing to the restlessness and dissatisfaction felt by the mind.
- It examines the nature of changes in the external environment on the character's mental state.

Edward Albee: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*

5a. 'Disappointments define the expectations in the play.'

Discuss your view of the play in the light of this comment.

The quotation needs to be unpacked and applied to an evaluation of the play.

- To define disappointments as the negative feelings which arise with unmet or unfulfilled aspirations, desires and hopes. These are applied both to the self as well as to other characters.
- The perception and attitudes in the mind arising from the sense of disappointment significantly influences the way which the character responds to the environment in the interactions with the other characters.
- It drives the dramatic action and conflict in the plot development.
- It contributes to the mind-set, the perception in Martha's mind of George's failures, influencing her feelings of resentment and interaction with him.
- Disappointments motivate the mind to cope with these via imaginative means. The creation of the son-myth as an answer to childlessness.

5b. Examine Albee's presentation of narratives in the play to explore aspects of the mind and self.

- To recognise that narratives are constructed in the play.
- It draws attention to the mind's construction and presentation of truths, as well as to the illusionary and even false nature of the memories and realities that are projected.
- Narratives are a way to gain power over the truth or reality projected. It empowers the character. Eg. The spouses' transgressions, lack, and failures, or presentation of the self.
- The combative nature of the games dramatized through the narratives.



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JC 2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION
Higher 2

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NUMBER**

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**INDEX
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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 1 Reading Literature

9509/01

30 August 2018

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.
DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

Answer **three** questions: one question from Section A, one question from Section B, and one question from Section 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, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of divorce.

A *From Divorce*

While you sat certainly
On your bed, on your sofa,
By your work table, I
Fetched you food, etcetera,
To wait upon your, oh who knows?
Love. Each day strung on errands;
Each night, on hands and knees, so
Insistent on duty.

5

Some of your gifts I keep:
A dress for a birthday,
A cloth cat I sleep
With, a pretty purse.
Your battered ring I wear
And again put away.

10

by Shirley Geok-lin Lim (1944 -)

B *Divorcing*

One garland
of flowers, leaves, thorns
was twined round our two necks
Drawn tight, it would choke us,
yet we loved its scratchy grace,
our fragrant yoke.

5

We were Siamese twins.
Our blood's not sure
if it can circulate,
now we are cut apart.
Something in each of us is waiting
to see if we can survive
severed.

10

by Denise Levertov (1923-1997)

[Turn over

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

A (extract from) *War Poem*

What do I do? I think I brought the war with me
unknowingly, perhaps on my skin, plumes
of it in my hair, under my nails. It sits with me,
watches my favourite TV shows, 5
sighs in the pauses of telephone calls,
sleeps between me and my partner in bed,
stands behind me in the shower – lathers my back,
presses the pill into my night time tongue,
at the bathroom sink uses its blue hand to
touch my cheek. 10

Even the dentist jumped back from the wormhole
of my mouth, I suspect it was probably the war
he saw. What do I do? I want to make love but my hair
smells of war and running and running.

by Warsan Shire (born 1988)

B *Far Be It*

Far, far, far
be it from me
this war;

far be it from me
to sieve the news 5
for poetry.

But the boy who bled
from his stumps of arms
and wasn't dead

held the shape of the crucifix 10
they hung around my neck
when I was a kid.

Brought to my knees, I genuflect*,
shaking with rage and shame
at the TV set. 15

by Carol Ann Duffy (born 1955)

*genuflect: lower one's body briefly by bending one knee to the
ground, typically in worship or as a sign of respect.

[Turn over

Section B

GRAHAM SWIFT: *Waterland*

- 2 **Either** (a) Consider the ways in which the characteristics of the landscape of *Waterland* contribute its central concerns and ideas.
- (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.
- Or

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...

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?

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.

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.

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.

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 forsaken history teacher, prompted as he was by the challenging remarks of a student called Price,

[Turn over]

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.

(Chapter 6)

[Turn over

F SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

3 Either (a) “Daisy exists more powerfully as a dream than as substance.” How far do you agree with this comment on Fitzgerald’s presentation of Daisy in the novel?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Nick’s understanding of himself and others, here and elsewhere in the novel.

When I came back from the East last autumn I felt that I wanted the world to be in uniform and at a sort of moral attention forever; I wanted no more riotous excursions with privileged glimpses into the human heart. Only Gatsby, the man who gives his name to this book, was exempt from my reaction - Gatsby who represented everything for which I have an unaffected scorn. If personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures, then there was something gorgeous about him, some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life, as if he were related to one of those intricate machines that register earthquakes ten thousand miles away. This responsiveness had nothing to do with that flabby impressionability which is dignified under the name of the ‘creative temperament’ - it was an extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness such as I have never found in any other person and which it is not likely I shall ever find again. No - Gatsby turned out all right at the end; it is what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrows and shortwinded elations of men. 5 10

My family have been prominent, well-to-do people in this middle-western city for three generations. The Carraways are something of a clan and we have a tradition that we’re descended from the Dukes of Buccleuch, but the actual founder of my line was my grandfather’s brother who came here in fifty-one, sent a substitute to the Civil War and started the wholesale hardware business that my father carries on today. 15 20

I never saw this great-uncle but I’m supposed to look like him - with special reference to the rather hard-boiled painting that hangs in father’s office. I graduated from New Haven in 1915, just a quarter of a century after my father, and a little later I participated in that delayed Teutonic migration known as the Great War. I enjoyed the counter-raid so thoroughly that I came back restless. Instead of being the warm centre of the world the Middle-West now seemed like the ragged edge of the universe - so I decided to go East and learn the bond business. Everybody I knew was in the bond business so I supposed it could support one more single man. All my aunts and uncles talked it over as if they were choosing a prep school for me and finally said, ‘Why - ye-es’ with very grave, hesitant faces. Father agreed to finance me for a year and after various delays I came east, permanently, I thought, in the spring of twenty-two. 25 30

The practical thing was to find rooms in the city, but it was a warm season, and I had just left a country of wide lawns and friendly trees, so when a young man at the office suggested that we take a house together in a commuting town it sounded like a great idea. He found the house, a weather-beaten cardboard bungalow at eighty a month, but at the last minute the firm ordered him to Washington and I went out to the country alone. I had a dog - at least I had him for a few days until he ran away - and an old Dodge and a Finnish woman who made my bed and cooked breakfast and muttered Finnish wisdom to herself over the electric stove. 35 40

It was lonely for a day or so until one morning some man, more recently arrived than I, stopped me on the road.

‘How do you get to West Egg village?’ he asked helplessly.

I told him. And as I walked on I was lonely no longer. I was a guide, a pathfinder,

[Turn over

an original settler. He had casually conferred on me the freedom of the neighbourhood. 45

And so with the sunshine and the great bursts of leaves growing on the trees - just as things grow in fast movies, I had that familiar conviction that life was beginning over again with the summer.

There was so much to read, for one thing and so much fine health to be pulled down out of the young breath-giving air. I bought a dozen volumes on banking and credit and investment securities and they stood on my shelf in red and gold like new money from the mint, promising to unfold the shining secrets that only Midas and Morgan and Maecenas knew. And I had the high intention of reading many other books besides. I was rather literary in college - one year I wrote a series of very solemn and obvious editorials for the 'Yale News' - and now I was going to bring back all such things into my life and become again that most limited of all specialists, the 'well-rounded man.' This isn't just an epigram - life is much more successfully looked at from a single window, after all. 50 55

(Chapter 1)

[Turn over

Section C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

- 4 **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.

Viola: Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Feste: No, sir, I live by the church.

Viola: Art thou a churchman?

Feste: 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

Viola: 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.

Feste: 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

Viola: Nay, that's certain. They that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Feste: I would, therefore my sister had had no name, sir.

Viola: Why, man? 15

Feste: 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.

Viola: Thy reason, man?

Feste: Troth sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them. 20

Viola: I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.

Feste: 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

Viola: Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

[Turn over

- Feste:* 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
- Viola:* I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.
- Feste:* 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.
- Viola:* Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, (*giving money*) there's expenses for thee. 35
- Feste:* Now Jove in his next commodity of hair send thee a beard.
- Viola:* By my troth I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on *my* chin. Is thy lady within?
- Feste:* 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. 45
- 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.
- Exit* 50
- Viola:* This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
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 55
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
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)

[Turn over

ARTHUR MILLER: *Playing for Time*

- 5 **Either** (a) The play has been described to capture an “extreme expression of a flawed human nature.” Discuss *Playing for Time* in light of this comment.
- Or** (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the relationship between art and reality, here and elsewhere in the play.

All turn suddenly towards MANDEL as she enters wearing a great black cape, looking ravaged and desolate. She goes to a chair and sits, then unhooks her cape. In one hand is a child's sailor hat, which she holds tenderly on her lap. She seems in a state of near shock, yet there is an air of self-willed determination, despite her staring eyes. OLGA looks to FANIA for what to do. Others glance at her and she comes forward and stands before MANDEL, who comes out of her remoteness to look at her. 5

MANDEL: The duet from *Madame Butterfly*. You and ... the other one.

FANIA *turns to the others.*

ETALINA (*hurrying into the dormitory, calling*): Marianne? Come out here! 10

MANDEL *stands and walks to a window, then looks out. ETALINA takes up her violin to accompany. MARIANNE, half asleep, enters from the dormitory and goes to FANIA. They wait for MANDEL to turn from the window and order them to begin, but she doesn't. FANIA walks across the room to MANDEL. Her eyes travel down to the hat in MANDEL's hand.* 15

FANIA: We are ready to begin, Frau Lagerführerin.

MANDEL *continues to stare, seeming not to have heard.*
FANIA *waits a moment, then speaks.*

FANIA: Is something the matter with the little boy?

MANDEL (*glancing at FANIA, an air of dissociation coming over her face*). It has always been the same...the greatness of a people depends on the sacrifices they are willing to make. 20

FANIA's expression of curiosity collapses. She now knows.

MANDEL: I gave him...back. (*She straightens with an invoked pride before FANIA and stiffens. She still struggles with the ancient instinct within her.*) Come now, play for me. (*She goes to her seat and sits.*) 25

FANIA, *nearly insensible, joins MARIANNE, who greets her with a raised eyebrow, to keep their hostility intact. ETALINA's violin starts off with the duet from Act Two of Madame Butterfly.*

MARIANNE (*as Suzuki*): It's daylight, Cho-Cho-San. 30

[Turn over

FANIA mimes picking up an infant and cradling it in her arms.

FANIA (*as Butterfly*): He'll come. He'll come. I know he'll come.

MARIANNE (*as Suzuki*): I pray you go and rest, for you are weary. And I will call you when he arrives.

FANIA (*as Butterfly, to the baby in her arms*): Sweet, thou are sleeping, cradled on my heart. 35

MANDEL is stunned by the music and lyrics but, through her sentimental tears, her fanatic stupidity is emerging.

FANIA: Safe in God's keeping, while I must weep apart. Around thy head the moonbeams dart... (*she rocks the baby.*) Sleep, my beloved. 40

MARIANNE (*as Suzuki*): Poor Madame Butterfly!

MANDEL, fighting for control, stares up at FANIA. FANIA takes on a challenging, protesting tone.

FANIA (*as Butterfly*): Sweet, thou are sleeping, cradled on my heart. Safe in God's keeping, while I must weep apart. 45

There is the sound of bombers coming in fast and sirens. MANDEL comes out of her fog and stands. The girls rush to the windows to look up. The lights go out and the bombers now sound as if they are overhead. There are explosions nearby and screaming confusion in the darkness. MANDEL can just be seen rushing out into the night, a determined look on her face. Bombs crash as a light comes up on FANIA, alone downstage, staring off. 50

(Act 2)

END

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 3 The Mind and Self in Literature

9509/03

14 September 2018

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.
DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

Answer **three** questions: one question from Section A, one question from Section B, and one question from Section 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

- 1 Either (a) The following passage is an extract from *Martha Quest*, a novel by Doris Lessing published in 1952. Write a critical appreciation of the passage, commenting on ways in which the author uses form, structure and language to present Martha's view of her world in relation to the mind and self.

For there was no doubt that the root of all dissatisfaction was that she deserved something life had not offered her. The daydream locked not only her mind, but her limbs; soon she was cramped and stiff, and she had to get up and move about the room, till the blood flowed back, and she went to the door to receive the flood of now soft and hotly welcoming sunlight. It was as if the night had never been; for the light was heavy and rich and yellow, the sky was as thick with rain clouds as it had been yesterday, there was still the oppressive atmosphere of coming storm. There was the ringing of hard boots on tarmac, and the soft padding of bare feet. She stood quite still while past her moved a file of men. First, two policemen in the boots, their crisp khaki tunics belted tight, their buttons shining, their little hats cocked at an angle. Then perhaps twenty black men and women, in various clothing, barefooted and shabby. Then, following these, two more policemen. The prisoners were handcuffed together, and it was these hands that caught Martha's attention: two working hands, clasped together by broad and gleaming steel, held carefully at waist level, steady against the natural movement of swinging arms – the tender dark flesh cautious against the bite of the metal. These people were being taken to the magistrate for being caught at night after curfew, or forgetting to carry one of the passes which was obligatory, or – but there were a dozen reasons, each as flimsy, Now, Martha had seen this sight so often that she was not dulled to it so much as patiently angry. She marched, in imagination, down the street, one of the file, feeling the oppression of a police state as if it were heavy on her; and at the same time was conscious of the same moral exhaustion which had settled on her earlier.

She was thinking. It's all so dreadful, not because it exists, merely, but it exists now. She was thinking – for, since she had been formed by literature, she could think in no other way – that all this had been described in Dickens, Tolstoy, Hugo, Dostoevsky, and a dozen others. All that noble and terrific indignation had done nothing, achieved nothing, the shout of anger from the nineteenth century might as well have been silent – for here came the file of prisoners, handcuffed two by two, and on their faces was that same immemorial look of patient, sardonic understanding. The faces of the policemen, however, were the faces of those doing what they were paid to do.

And what now? demanded the sarcastic voice inside Martha; and it answered itself, Go out and join the Prisoners' Aid Society. Here she sank into self-derisive impotence, and, leaving the door, returned to her room. A clock was chiming hurriedly from the back veranda. Seven o'clock, time to dress for the office. But first she lifted the books from the floor, and looked through them as if she were looking for a kind of deliverance. An advertisement in the *New Statesman* and *Nation* had brought her certain poets, and she hastily opened some volumes and glanced through them.

Now the leaves are falling fast,
Nurse's flowers will not last,
Nurses to the graves are gone,
And the prams go rolling on ...

She read it with deepening anger, for mentally she was still marching with that file of prisoners.

Did it once issue from the carver's hand healthy? demanded the black print silently; and Martha passionately averred that it had, it had – and turned the page quickly.

[Turn over

There is no consolation, no none 45
In the curving beauty of that line
Traced in our graphs through history where the oppressor
Starves and deprives the poor

This poem she read through several times; and she watched herself sliding into the gulf
of rich and pleasurable melancholy where she was dangerously at home, while a 50
sarcastic and self-destructive voice inside her remarked, Well, well, and did you see
that?

The clock struck one, a clear dissolving note, and she thought, I must be quick, and
snatched up another volume. Not the twilight of the gods, she read, but a precise dawn 55
of sallow and grey brick, and the newsboys crying war ...

The word 'war' separated itself, and she thought of her father, and with irritation. He
would like a war, too, she thought angrily; and she took her things and went to the
bathroom. They say there's going to be a war because they want one, she thought
confusedly; for since it was necessary to resist her parents, it was necessary to resist 60
this voice too.

[Turn over

- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following poem by Australian writer Judith Wright (born 1915), considering ways in which the poet uses form, structure and language to present her sense of self.

Smalltown Dance

Two women find the square-root of a sheet. That is an ancient dance: arms wide: together: again: two forward steps: hands meet your partner's once or twice. That white expanse	5
reduces to a neat compression fitting in the smallest space a sheet can pack in on a cupboard shelf.	
High scented walls there were of flapping white when I was small, myself.	10
I walked between them, playing Out of Sight. Simpler than arms, they wrapped and comforted – clean corridors of hiding, roofed with blue – saying, Your sins too are made Monday-new; and see, ahead	15
that glimpse of unobstructed waiting green. Run, run before you're seen.	
But women know the scale of possibility, the limit of opportunity, the fence,	20
how little chance there is of getting out. The sheets that tug sometimes struggle from the peg, don't travel far. Might symbolize something. Knowing where the danger lies	25
you have to keep things orderly. The household budget will not stretch to more.	
And they can demonstrate it in a dance. First pull those wallowing white dreamers down, spread arms: then close them. Fold	30
those beckoning roads to some impossible world, put them away and close the cupboard door.	

[Turn over

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 the effects of place on the mind.
- Or (b)** With reference to **two** texts you have studied, consider how the authors use language to show a struggle with identity.

[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.

SYLVIA PLATH: *Ariel*

3

- Either (a)** With detailed reference to at least **two** poems, explore some of the ways in which Plath presents the relationship between mind and self in *Ariel*.
- Or (b)** Discuss Plath's presentation of the individual's struggle to define herself in a hostile society. You should make detailed reference to **at least two** poems in your answer.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS: Selected Poems

4

- Either (a)** Explore ways in which Jennings's poems use simple language and images to present complex states of mind.
- Or (b)** "Jennings's poetry celebrates the mind's triumph over chaos."
- How far would you agree? You should make detailed reference to **at least two poems** in your answer.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: *The Prelude, Book One and Book Two* (1805 version)

5

- Either (a)** Discuss the ways in which travel and journeys are used to present the development of the self in *The Prelude, Book One and Book Two*.
- Or (b)** "*The Prelude, Book One and Book Two* present a boy developing a sense of himself as a special role in life"
- Consider Wordsworth's presentation of his young self in the light of this comment.

[Turn over

JAMES JOYCE: *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

6

Either (a) 'The reader is led to identify entirely with Stephen.'

How far is this your experience of the novel?

Or (b) Discuss Joyce's presentation of masculinity in the novel.

J.M. COETZEE: *Age of Iron*

7

Either (a) 'The novel explores the ways in which Coetzee presents a mind in the grip of a moral dilemma.'

Discuss your view of the novel in the light of this statement.

Or (b) Consider the effectiveness of the novel's use of letters in presenting the characters' mental states.

PAT BARKER: *Regeneration*

8

Either (a) Discuss Barker's presentation in *Regeneration* of the effects of different kinds of treatment for disturbed minds.

Or (b) Explore the ways in which Barker shows a brave soldier's mind affected by the reality of war.

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *Woman in Mind*

9

Either (a) Consider the ways in which Ayckbourn uses setting to show a mind in tension.

Or (b) Explore the play's treatment of the ways in which memory affects an individual's identity.

[Turn over

EDWARD ALBEE: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

10

Either (a) Discuss the ways in which Albee dramatizes a desperate state of mind in the play.

Or (b) 'George and Martha are shown to play roles to avoid confronting their real selves.'
How far do you agree?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

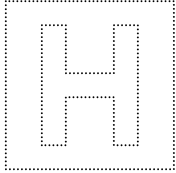
11

Either (a) Consider how the last Act of the play might change an audience's view of Hamlet's mental state.

Or (b) Discuss the ways in which the play dramatizes the effects of death on characters' minds.

END

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INNOVA JUNIOR COLLEGE

JC2 Preliminary Examinations 2018

in preparation for General Certificate of Education Advanced Level
Higher 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

24 August 2018

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 **8** printed pages and **0** blank pages.



Innova Junior College

[Turn over]

Section A

Answer one question from this section.

1

- Either (a)** Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which the writers' language, form and style present the human condition.

A

Essential Beauty

In frames as large as rooms that face all ways
 And block the ends of streets with giant loaves,
 Screen graves with custard, cover slums with praise
 Of motor-oil and cuts of salmon, shine
 Perpetually these sharply-pictured groves 5
 Of how life should be. High above the gutter
 A silver knife sinks into golden butter,
 A glass of milk stands in a meadow, and
 Well-balanced families, in fine
 Midsummer weather, owe their smiles, their cars, 10
 Even their youth, to that small cube each hand
 Stretches towards. These, and the deep armchairs
 Aligned to cups at bedtime, radiant bars
 (Gas or electric), quarter-profile cats
 By slippers on warm mats, 15
 Reflect none of the rained-on streets and squares

They dominate outdoors. Rather, they rise
 Serenely to proclaim pure crust, pure foam,
 Pure coldness to our live imperfect eyes
 That stare beyond this world, where nothing's made 20
 As new or washed quite clean, seeking the home
 All such inhabit. There, dark rafted pubs
 Are filled with white-clothed ones from tennis-clubs,
 And the boy puking his heart out in the Gents
 Just missed them, as the pensioner paid 25
 A halfpenny more for Granny Graveclothes' Tea
 To taste old age, and dying smokers sense
 Walking towards them through some dappled park
 As if on water that unfocused she
 No match lit up, nor drag ever brought near, 30
 Who now stands newly clear,
 Smiling, and recognising, and going dark.

Philip Larkin (1922-1985)

B

House of Cards

after Philip Larkin's "Essential Beauty"

People sure smile a lot in advertisements, especially those with little girls running away from immaculate lawns and impossible founts into the camera, their arms like open gates.	
Even the panda and macaws titter in what could well be Eden bordered by apartments, flashing plenty of teeth.	5
Her parents and grandparents – it is easy to assume familial relations in these pictures – stand further back, all smiles and well-represented in pairs like cards on the table after dessert, a full house	10
everyone knows doesn't quite pay out but chooses to believe anyway because that's how artists imagine social mobility per square metre looks like.	
Behind the perfect family, looming out of proportion, sits the perfect home behind an apartment window	15
on furniture still under plastic, appliances still unpaid for in boxes. Train tracks and prestigious schools converge towards airbrushed clouds, promising brighter futures played close to the chest beyond the sunset. Little girls with winning smiles continue to run till dreamers slam	20
right into their gated arms, mistaking fences for home.	

Loh Guan Liang (1984)

- Or (b) Critically compare and contrast the following poems, *Common and Particular* by David Constantine (1944-) and *Sonnet* by Aaron Lee (published 2007) paying close attention to the poets' treatment of grief and loss.

A Common and Particular

I like these men and women who have to do with death,
Formal, gentle people whose job it is,
They mind their looks, they use words carefully.

I liked that woman in the sunny room
One after the other receiving such as me 5
Every working day. She asks the things she must

And thanks me for the answers. Then I don't mind
Entering your particulars in little boxes,
I like the feeling she has seen it all before,

There is a form, there is a way. But also 10
That no one come to speak up for a shade
Is like the last, I see she knows that too.

I'm glad there is a form to put your details in,
Your dates, the cause. Glad as I am of men 15
Who'll make a trestle of their strong embrace

And in a slot between two other slots
Do what they have to every working day:
Carry another weight for someone else.

It is common. You are particular.

B Sonnet

**i.m. Robin Lim—June 29, 2002, New York.*

A woman gazes at a picture of her son.
She is remembering the sound of his voice
the last time they spoke, how the ordinary words
traversed an ocean and a sea, his unspoken 5
tenderness rippling in the distance between them.
She studies, through the window, cones scattered
from a tree she does not know the name of,
their broken geometry of love and loss.

The tree does not belong in this tropic heat;
each tiny brush of leaf shaped by its longing 10
for a temperate sun. She turns back to his picture
while we orbit lightly around her, an immovable
centre of grief. Outside, the hush of water gathering
in its pool, and the sound of a dove in the morning.

**i.m.: in memoriam*

Section B

F. Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby*

2

Either (a) “Nick is as much a romantic dreamer as Gatsby.”

How far do you agree?

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

There was music from my neighbor's house through the summer nights. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars. At high tide in the afternoon I watched his guests diving from the tower of his raft or taking the sun on the hot sand of his beach while his two motor-boats slit the waters of the Sound, drawing aquaplanes over cataracts of foam. On week-ends his Rolls-Royce became an omnibus, bearing parties to and from the city, between nine in the morning and long past midnight, while his station wagon scampered like a brisk yellow bug to meet all trains. And on Mondays eight servants including an extra gardener toiled all day with mops and scrubbing-brushes and hammers and garden-shears, repairing the ravages of the night before. 5 10

Every Friday five crates of oranges and lemons arrived from a fruiterer in New York--every Monday these same oranges and lemons left his back door in a pyramid of pulpless halves. There was a machine in the kitchen which could extract the juice of two hundred oranges in half an hour, if a little button was pressed two hundred times by a butler's thumb.

At least once a fortnight a corps of caterers came down with several hundred feet of canvas and enough colored lights to make a Christmas tree of Gatsby's enormous garden. On buffet tables, garnished with glistening hors-d'oeuvre, spiced baked hams crowded against salads of harlequin designs and pastry pigs and turkeys bewitched to a dark gold. In the main hall a bar with a real brass rail was set up, and stocked with gins and liquors and with cordials so long forgotten that most of his female guests were too young to know one from another. 15 20

By seven o'clock the orchestra has arrived--no thin five-piece affair but a whole pitful of oboes and trombones and saxophones and viols and cornets and piccolos and low and high drums. The last swimmers have come in from the beach now and are dressing upstairs; the cars from New York are parked five deep in the drive, and already the halls and salons and verandas are gaudy with primary colors and hair shorn in strange new ways and shawls beyond the dreams of Castile. The bar is in full swing and floating rounds of cocktails permeate the garden outside until the air is alive with chatter and laughter and casual innuendo and introductions forgotten on the spot and enthusiastic meetings between women who never knew each other's names. 25

The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music and the opera of voices pitches a key higher. Laughter is easier, minute by minute, spilled with prodigality, tipped out at a cheerful word. The groups change more swiftly, swell with new arrivals, dissolve and form in the same breath--already there are wanderers, confident girls who weave here and there among the stouter and more stable, become for a sharp, joyous moment the center of a group and then excited with triumph glide on through the sea-change of faces and voices and color under the constantly changing light. 30 35

Suddenly one of these gypsies in trembling opal, seizes a cocktail out of the air, dumps it down for courage and moving her hands like Frisco dances out alone on the canvas platform. A momentary hush; the orchestra leader varies his key in a longingly faltering note. 40

there is a burst of chatter as the erroneous news goes around that she is Gilda Gray's understudy from the "Follies." The party has begun.

I believe that on the first night I went to Gatsby's house I was one of the few guests who had actually been invited. People were not invited--they went there. They got into automobiles which bore them out to Long Island and somehow they ended up at Gatsby's door. Once there they were introduced by somebody who knew Gatsby and after that they conducted themselves according to the rules of behavior associated with amusement parks. Sometimes they came and went without having met Gatsby at all, came for the party with a simplicity of heart that was its own ticket of admission. 45

I had been actually invited. A chauffeur in a uniform of robin's egg blue crossed my lawn early that Saturday morning with a surprisingly formal note from his employer--the honor would be entirely Gatsby's, it said, if I would attend his "little party" that night. He had seen me several times and had intended to call on me long before but a peculiar combination of circumstances had prevented it--signed Jay Gatsby in a majestic hand. 50

(Chapter 3)

Section C
ARTHUR MILLER: *Playing for Time*

- 3 (a)** "...we know a little something about the human race that we didn't know before. And it's not good news."

Discuss the significance of Fania's insights in relation to the concerns of the play.

- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary of the following extract paying particular attention to the presentation of the moral dilemma characters face here and elsewhere in the play.

VARYA (*pointing upward*). America? English?

FANIA *shrugs*. VARYA *releases her*.

VARYA. Too late for you, anyway.

FANIA'S *face is totally expressionless, yet in this impacted look is torment that another human could do this.*

5

FANIA. Maybe it is too late for the whole human race, Varya.

The bunk area goes dark as FANIA walks past towards the piano area, which lights up. After a moment, FANIA appears, under a single bulb, alone in the dayroom. Pencil in hand, she writes in her notebook, the sheets of orchestration on her table beside her. She looks off, unable to concentrate, as ELZVIETA appears and sits beside her.

10

ELZVIETA. So it's going to end after all.

FANIA *gives her an uncomprehending glance, closes the book, and puts it in her pocket.*

ELZVIETA. Everyone tries to tell you their troubles, don't they?

FANIA. I don't know why. I can't help anyone.

15

ELZVIETA. You are someone to trust, Fania...maybe it's that you have no ideology. You're satisfied just to be a person. One senses so much feeling in you.

FANIA. I was that way, yes...but the truth is, Elzvieta, I could drive a nail through my hand, it would hardly matter. I am dying by inches. I know it very well. I've seen too much. (*She tired wipes her eyes.*) Too much and too much and too much... I'm finding it harder to eat anything.

20

ELZVIETA. I'm one of the most successful actresses in Poland.

FANIA *looks at her, waiting for the question.* ELZVIETA, *in contrast to FANIA, has long beautiful hair.*

ELZVIETA. My father was a count. I was brought up in a castle. I have a husband, Marok, and my son, who is nine years old. (*A slight pause*) I don't know what will happen to us, Fania....you and I....before the end....

25

FANIA (*with a touch of irony*). Are you saying goodbye to me?

ELZVIETA (*with difficulty*). I only want one Jewish woman to understand...I lie here wondering if it will be worse to survive than not to. For me, I mean. When I first came

here, I was sure the Pope, the Christian leaders, did not know; but when they found out, they would send planes to bomb out the fires here, the rail tracks that bring them everyday. But the trains keep coming, and fires continue burning. Do you understand it?

FANIA. Maybe other things are more important to bomb. What are we anyway but a lot of women who can menstruate anymore....and some scarecrow men? 35

ELZVIETA. Oh, Fania....try to forgive me!

FANIA. You! Why? What did you ever do to me? You were in the Resistance, you tried to fight against this. Why should you feel such guilt? It's the other ones who are destroying us....and they feel innocent! It's all a joke, don't you see? It's all meaningless, and I'm afraid you'll never change that, Elzvieta! 40

ELZVIETA *gets up, rejected, full of tears.*

FANIA. I almost pity a person like you more than us. You will survive, and everyone around you will be innocent, from one end of Europe to the other. Who will you ever be able to talk to?

There are sounds of a train halting, shouts, and debarkation noises. ELZVIETA turns her eyes toward the 'window'. Riven by the sound, she sinks in her knees at a chair and, crossing herself, prays against her despair. FANIA studies her for a moment, then goes back to work on her orchestration, forcing herself to refuse this consolation, this false hope and sentiment. She inscribes notes. Something fails in her and she puts down the pencil. 45

FANIA. My memory is falling apart... I can't even remember if we got our ration last night... Did we? 50

TCHAIKOWSKA appears. She is drinking from a bowl. She walks to the exit door of the dayroom, opens it, and throws out the remainder of the milk in the bowl, wiping the bowl with a rag. ELZVIETA, still on her knees, watches TCHAIKOWSKA returning to the dormitory and tries to speak calmly. 55

ELZVIETA. You throw away milk, Tchaikowska?

TCHAIKOWSKA. It was mine.

ELZVIETA. Even so...

TCHAIKOWSKA. Well, it was. Our farm is ten kilometers from here. They bring it to me, my sisters. 60

ELZVIETA. But even so...to throw it away, when...

TCHAIKOWSKA. *(looking slightly perplexed)* You saying it's not my milk?

ELZVIETA. Never mind.

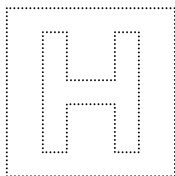
TCHAIKOWSKA. *(tapping her head)*. You read too many books, makes you crazy. *(She exits.)* 65

ELZVIETA *swallows in her hunger and, as FANIA watches her, she bends her head and more fervently, silently prays.*

(ACT 2)

End of Paper

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INNOVA JUNIOR COLLEGE

JC2 Preliminary Examinations 2018

in preparation for General Certificate of Education Advanced Level
Higher 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/03

Paper 3: The Mind and Self in Literature

10 September 2018

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 **5** printed pages and **1** blank page.



Innova Junior College

[Turn over]

Section A

Answer one question from this section.

- 1 a)** Write a critical commentary of the following poem by Cyril Wong (published in 2005), considering in detail ways in which it explores the theme of the mind and self.

The Difficulty

The mind leaks from my face as tears.
 I am not crying because you left
 But because you are no longer enough
 In the past, a door within me swung open
 And since then it has refused to close. 5
 Loneliness is a cold wind passing through me

an hour after you promised to call me.
 It is as if my irises were made from tears
 the way they wobble in my head. I close
 My eyes tightly to keep them still. Left 10
 alone to step out from the airport into the open
 air, the extent of your absence is enough

to make me forget how it is not enough
 to know you will never stop loving me.
 Even if you knew my secret you would open 15
 those arms to hold me, ready tears
 springing to your eyes. I would be left
 speechless, humbled, and moved to close

my hands over your hair, pull you close
 to me, as if it were everything and enough: 20
 this brief amnesia, the capricious mind left
 waiting beyond its periphery. "Kiss me",
 I whispered before you could see my tears,
 And you did, bravely so, out in the open,

inviting looks from other people. "Open 25
 your birthday present only when you're close
 to tears from missing me," I said, tears
 creeping into my own voice. Enough
 is enough, another voice inside me
 scolds, just as a couple appears on the left 30

of me in the taxi queue. Having left
 the airport too, they now kiss in the open
 with only an audience of one-that's me-
 to steal a side glance at their love, so close
 that I can almost touch them. Enough 35
 of not being understood completely, of tears

and feeling sorry for myself. Enough.
 A cab draws up close to me like the future.
 With no tears left. I open its doors and go.

- b** The following extract is from the novel *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (published in 1886) by Robert Louis Stevenson. In the novel, Dr. Jekyll, with the help of a special potion, transforms into a sinister figure named Mr. Hyde. Dr. Lanyon, a former colleague of Dr. Jekyll, is horrified by the transformation.

Write a critical commentary on the extract, considering in detail ways in which it explores the theme of mind and self.

It was a fine, clear, January day, wet under foot where the frost had melted, but cloudless overhead; and the Regent's Park was full of winter chirrupings and sweet with spring odours. I sat in the sun on a bench; the animal within me licking the chops of memory; the spiritual side a little drowsed, promising subsequent penitence, but not yet moved to begin. After all, I reflected, I was like my 5 neighbours; and then I smiled, comparing myself with other men, comparing my active good-will with the lazy cruelty of their neglect. And at the very moment of that vainglorious thought, a qualm came over me, a horrid nausea and the most deadly shuddering. These passed away, and left me faint; and then as in its turn faintness subsided, I began to be aware of a change in the temper of my 10 thoughts, a greater boldness, a contempt of danger, a solution of the bonds of obligation. I looked down; my clothes hung formlessly on my shrunken limbs; the hand that lay on my knee was corded and hairy. I was once more Edward Hyde. A moment before I had been safe of all men's respect, wealthy, beloved -- the cloth laying for me in the dining-room at home; and now I was the common quarry 15 of mankind, hunted, houseless, a known murderer, thrall to the gallows.

My reason wavered, but it did not fail me utterly. I have more than once observed that in my second character, my faculties seemed sharpened to a point and my spirits more tensely elastic; thus it came about that, where Jekyll perhaps might have succumbed, Hyde rose to the importance of the moment. My drugs 20 were in one of the presses of my cabinet; how was I to reach them? That was the problem that (crushing my temples in my hands) I set myself to solve. The laboratory door I had closed. If I sought to enter by the house, my own servants would consign me to the gallows. I saw I must employ another hand, and thought of Lanyon. How was he to be reached? How persuaded? Supposing that I 25 escaped capture in the streets, how was I to make my way into his presence? And how should I, an unknown and displeasing visitor, prevail on the famous physician to rifle the study of his colleague, Dr. Jekyll? Then I remembered that of my original character, one part remained to me: I could write my own hand; and once I had conceived that kindling spark, the way that I must follow became 30 lighted up from end to end.

Thereupon, I arranged my clothes as best I could, and summoning a passing hansom¹, drove to an hotel in Portland Street, the name of which I chanced to remember. At my appearance (which was indeed comical enough, however tragic 35 a fate these garments covered) the driver could not conceal his mirth. I gnashed my teeth upon him with a gust of devilish fury; and the smile withered from his face -- happily for him -- yet more happily for myself, for in another instant I had certainly dragged him from his perch. Hyde in danger of his life was a creature new to me; shaken with inordinate anger, strung to the pitch of murder, lusting to inflict pain. Yet the creature was astute; mastered his fury with a great effort of the 40 will; composed his two important letters, one to Lanyon and one to Poole; and that he might receive actual evidence of their being posted, sent them out with directions that they should be registered. Thenceforward, he sat all day over the fire in the private room, gnawing his nails; there he dined, sitting alone with his fears, the waiter visibly quailing before his eye; and thence, when the night was 45 fully come, he set forth in the corner of a closed cab, and was driven to and fro about the streets of the city. He, I say -- I cannot say, I. That child of Hell had nothing human; nothing lived in him but fear and hatred. And when at last,

¹ Hansom is a kind of horse-drawn carriage.

thinking the driver had begun to grow suspicious, he discharged the cab and ventured on foot, attired in his misfitting clothes, an object marked out for observation, into the midst of the nocturnal passengers, these two base passions 50 raged within him like a tempest. He walked fast, hunted by his fears, chattering to himself, skulking through the less frequented thoroughfares, counting the minutes that still divided him from midnight.

When I came to myself at Lanyon's, the horror of my old friend perhaps affected 55 me somewhat: I do not know; it was at least but a drop in the sea to the abhorrence with which I looked back upon these hours. A change had come over me. It was no longer the fear of the gallows, it was the horror of being Hyde that racked me.

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) “One thing you can't hide - is when you're crippled inside.”

Compare the ways in which **two** texts you have studied present how emotions shape the mind and self.

Or (b) Compare the ways in which **two** texts you have studied use the journey motif to present different aspects of the mind and self.

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.**

Sylvia Plath: *Ariel*

3

Either (a) “Death is seen...as a purification, a peace, and in some ways a triumph.”

In light of the quote, discuss the ways in which Sylvia Plath's poetry presents death. Make detailed reference to **at least two** poems in your answer.

Or (b) “Everything in these poems is personal, confessional, felt but the manner of feeling is controlled hallucination.”

In the light of the quote, discuss Sylvia Plath's presentation of the self in her poetry. Make detailed reference to **at least two** poems in your answer.

END OF PAPER



JURONG JUNIOR COLLEGE

JC 2 Preliminary Examination 2018

CANDIDATE NAME		CLASS	
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General Certificate of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

H2 9509/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

28 August 2018

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, and 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 **three** questions: one question from Section A, one question from Section B, and one question from Section 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 three questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **8** printed pages.

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 portrayal of the value of life.

A

INTERLUDE III

Writing, I crushed an insect with my nail
 And thought nothing at all. A bit of wing
 Caught my eye then, A gossamer so frail

And exquisite, I saw in it a thing
 That scorned the grossness of the thing I wrote. 5
 It hung upon my finger like a sting.

A leg I noticed next, fine a mote,
 "And on this frail eyelash he walked," I said,
 "And climbed and walked like any mountain-goat."

And in the mood I sought the little head, 10
 But it was lost; then in my heart a fear
 Cried out, "A life — why beautiful, why dead!"

It was a mite that held itself most dear,
 So small I could have drowned it with a tear.

Karl Shapiro (1913 – 2000)

B

A DEATH TO US

A tiny fly fell down on my page
 Shivered, lay down, and died on my page.

I threw his body onto the floor
 That had laid its frail life next to mine.

His death then became an intrusion on 5
 My action; he claimed himself as my victim.

His speck of body accused me there
 Without an action, of his small brown death.

And I think now as I barely perceive him 10
 That his purpose became in dying, a demand

For a murderer of his casual body.
 So I must give his life a meaning

So I must carry his death about me
 Like a large fly, like a large frail purpose.

Jon Silkin (1923 – 1987)

- 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 death.

A

REMEMBER

Remember me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land;
 When you can no more hold me by the hand,
 Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
 Remember me when no more day by day 5
 You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
 Only remember me; you understand
 It will be late to counsel then or pray.
 Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve: 10
 For if the darkness and corruption leave
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
 Better by far you should forget and smile
 Than that you should remember and be sad.

Christina Rossetti (1830 – 1894)

B

LAST INSTRUCTIONS

And when I die,
 when this old spirit
 spurs into God's
 unseen air don't shed
 one tear, 5
 sisters and brothers instead
 rejoice with song and prayer;
 paint landscapes of heaven
 for the eyes of our children
 please don't grieve 10
 my departure, friends
 for we shall meet again
 in time...

I'll be watching and waiting
 your time... 15
 And hand you real freedom

to wrap around your shoulders
 like a magic, marvelous cloak

so, when I cross that river,
 don't get dressed in dark 20
 colors or collapse before
 useless coffins or cry

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when you could be wishing
 me well
 please don't waste words 25
 on endless oratory
 and kill several others
 with boredom or dolor
 when the sun is still shinning golden

just believe that our 30
 span of time is ultimately
 god's piece of time and say
 that this time

he was a poet and
 this time he was black 35
 and next time there's just no
 telling how he may come
 back.....
 Garth Tate (1950-1990)

Garth Tate (1950 – 1990)

SECTION B

MARY SHELLEY: *Frankenstein*

2

Either (a) *Frankenstein* complicates the idea of what it means to be human. How far do you agree with this comment on the novel?

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

My life, as it passed thus, was indeed hateful to me, and it was during sleep alone that I could taste joy. O blessed sleep! Often, when most miserable, I sank to repose, and my dreams lulled me even to rapture. The spirits that guarded me had provided these moments, or rather hours, of happiness that I might retain strength to fulfil my pilgrimage. Deprived of this respite, I should have sunk under my hardships. 5
During the day I was sustained and inspirited by the hope of night, for in sleep I saw my friends, my wife, and my beloved country; again I saw the benevolent countenance of my father, heard the silver tones of my Elizabeth's voice, and beheld Clerval enjoying health and youth. Often, when wearied by a toilsome march, I persuaded myself that I was dreaming until night should come and that I should then enjoy reality in the arms of my dearest friends. What agonising fondness did I feel for them! How did I cling to their dear forms, as sometimes they haunted even my waking hours, and persuade myself that they still lived! At such moments vengeance, that burned within me, died in my heart, and I pursued my path towards the destruction of the dæmon more as a task enjoined by heaven, as the mechanical impulse of some power of which I was 10
unconscious, than as the ardent desire of my soul. 15

What his feelings were whom I pursued I cannot know. Sometimes, indeed, he left marks in writing on the barks of the trees or cut in stone that guided me and instigated my fury. "My reign is not yet over"—these words were legible in one of these inscriptions—"you live, and my power is complete. Follow me; I seek the everlasting 20
ices of the north, where you will feel the misery of cold and frost, to which I am impassive. You will find near this place, if you follow not too tardily, a dead hare; eat and be refreshed. Come on, my enemy; we have yet to wrestle for our lives, but many hard and miserable hours must you endure until that period shall arrive."

Scoffing devil! Again do I vow vengeance; again do I devote thee, miserable 25
fiend, to torture and death. Never will I give up my search until he or I perish; and then with what ecstasy shall I join my Elizabeth and my departed friends, who even now prepare for me the reward of my tedious toil and horrible pilgrimage!

As I still pursued my journey to the northward, the snows thickened and the cold increased in a degree almost too severe to support. The peasants were shut up in their hovels, and only a few of the most hardy ventured forth to seize the animals whom 30
starvation had forced from their hiding-places to seek for prey. The rivers were covered with ice, and no fish could be procured; and thus I was cut off from my chief article of maintenance.

The triumph of my enemy increased with the difficulty of my labours. One 35
inscription that he left was in these words: "Prepare! Your toils only begin; wrap yourself in furs and provide food, for we shall soon enter upon a journey where your sufferings will satisfy my everlasting hatred."

My courage and perseverance were invigorated by these scoffing words; I resolved not to fail in my purpose, and calling on Heaven to support me, I continued with unabated fervour to traverse immense deserts, until the ocean appeared at a distance 40
and formed the utmost boundary of the horizon. Oh! How unlike it was to the blue seasons of the south! Covered with ice, it was only to be distinguished from land by its

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superior wildness and ruggedness. The Greeks wept for joy when they beheld the Mediterranean from the hills of Asia, and hailed with rapture the boundary of their toils. 45
 I did not weep, but I knelt down and with a full heart thanked my guiding spirit for conducting me in safety to the place where I hoped, notwithstanding my adversary's gibe, to meet and grapple with him.

Some weeks before this period I had procured a sledge and dogs and thus traversed the snows with inconceivable speed. I know not whether the fiend possessed 50
 the same advantages, but I found that, as before I had daily lost ground in the pursuit, I now gained on him, so much so that when I first saw the ocean he was but one day's journey in advance, and I hoped to intercept him before he should reach the beach. With new courage, therefore, I pressed on, and in two days arrived at a wretched hamlet on the seashore. I inquired of the inhabitants concerning the fiend and gained accurate 55
 information. A gigantic monster, they said, had arrived the night before, armed with a gun and many pistols, putting to flight the inhabitants of a solitary cottage through fear of his terrific appearance. He had carried off their store of winter food, and placing it in a sledge, to draw which he had seized on a numerous drove of trained dogs, he had harnessed them, and the same night, to the joy of the horror-struck villagers, had 60
 pursued his journey across the sea in a direction that led to no land; and they conjectured that he must speedily be destroyed by the breaking of the ice or frozen by the eternal frosts.

(Vol 3 Chapter 7)

SECTION C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

3

Either (a) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of disguise in the play.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, relating it to Shakespeare's presentation of death, here and elsewhere in the play.

Duke:	So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?	
Claudio:	The miserable have no other medicine But only hope:	
	I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.	
Duke:	Be absolute for death; either death or life	5
	Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life.	
	If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing	
	That none but fools would keep. A breath thou art,	
	Servile to all the skyey influences,	
	That dost this habitation where thou keep'st	10
	Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art Death's fool;	
	For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun	
	And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;	
	For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st	
	Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou 'rt by no means valiant;	15
	For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork	
	Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,	
	And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st	
	Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;	
	For thou exists on many a thousand grains	20
	That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;	
	For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,	
	And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;	
	For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,	
	After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;	25
	For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows	
	Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,	
	And Death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;	
	For thine own bowels which do call thee sire,	
	The mere effusion of thy proper loins,	30
	Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,	
	For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,	
	But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,	
	Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth	
	Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms	35
	Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,	
	Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,	
	To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this	
	That bears the name of life? Yet in this life	
	Lie hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we fear,	40
	That makes these odds all even.	

Claudio: I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life. Let it come on.

Act 3 Scene 1

End of Paper



JURONG JUNIOR COLLEGE

JC 2 Preliminary Examination 2018

CANDIDATE NAME		CLASS	
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General Certificate of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

H2 9509/03

Paper 3 The Mind and Self in Literature

11 September 2018

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, and 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 **three** questions: one question from Section A, one question from Section B, and one question from Section 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 three questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

SECTION A

Answer ONE question in this section.

1

- Either (a) Write a critical commentary on the following extract from *Everything That Rises Must Converge* by Flannery O'Connor, showing how it relates to the topic of the Mind and Self.

Her doctor had told Julian's mother that she must lose twenty pounds on account of her blood pressure, so on Wednesday nights Julian had to take her downtown on the bus for a reducing class at the Y. The reducing class was redesigned for working girls over fifty, who weighed from 165 to 200 pounds. His mother was one of the slimmer ones, but she said ladies did not tell their age or weight. She would not ride the buses by herself at night since they had been integrated¹, and because the reducing class was one of her few pleasures, necessary for her health, and *free*, she said Julian could at least put himself out to take her, considering all she did for him. Julian did not like to consider all she did for him, but every Wednesday night he braced himself and took her. 5

She was almost ready to do, standing before the hall mirror, putting on her hat, while he, his hands behind him, appeared pinned to the door frame, waiting like Saint Sebastian² for the arrows to begin piercing him. The hat was new and had cost her seven dollars and a half. She kept saying, "Maybe I shouldn't have paid that for it. No, I shouldn't have. I'll take it off and return it tomorrow. I shouldn't have bought it." 10

Julian raised his eyes to heaven. "Yes, you should have bought it," he said. "Put it on and let's go." It was a hideous hat. A purple velvet flap came down on one side of it and stood up on the other; the rest of it was green and looked like a cushion with the stuffing out. He decided it was less comical than jaunty and pathetic. Everything that gave her pleasure was small and depressed him. 15

She lifted the hat one more time and set it down slowly on top of her head. Two wings of gray hair protruded on either side of her florid face, but her eyes, sky-blue, were as innocent and untouched by experience as they must have been when she was ten. Were it not that she was a widow who had struggled fiercely to feed and clothe and put him through school and who was supporting him still, "until he got on his feet," she might have been a little girl that he had to take to town. "It's all right, it's all right," he said. "Let's go." He opened the door himself and started down the walk to get her going. The sky was a dying violet and the houses stood out darkly against it, bulbous liver-colored monstrosities of a uniform ugliness though no two were alike. Since this had been a fashionable neighborhood forty years ago, his mother persisted in thinking they did well to have an apartment in it. Each house had a narrow collar of dirt around it in which sat, usually, a grubby child. Julian walked with his hands in his pockets, his head down and thrust forward and his eyes glazed with the determination to make himself completely numb during the time he would be sacrificed to her pleasure. 20

The door closed and he turned to find the dumpy figure, surmounted by the atrocious hat, coming toward him. "Well," she said, "you only live once and paying a little more for it, I at least won't meet myself coming and going." 25

"Someday I'll start making money," Julian said gloomily – he knew he never would – "and you can have one of those jokes whenever you take the fit." But first they would move. He visualized a place where the nearest neighbors would be three miles away on either side. 30

"I think you're doing fine," she said, drawing on her gloves. "You've only been out of school a year. Rome wasn't built in a day." 40

Julian thought he could have stood his lot better if she had been selfish, if she had been an old hag who drank and screamed at him. He walked along, saturated in depression, as if in the midst of his martyrdom he had lost his faith. Catching sight of his 45

long, hopeless, irritated face, she stopped suddenly with a grief-stricken look, and pulled back on his arm. "Wait on me," she said. "I'm going back to the house and take this thing off and tomorrow I'm going to return it. I was out of my head. I can pay the gas bill with that seven-fifty."

He caught her arm in a vicious grip. "You are not going to take it back," he said. "I like it." 50

"Well," she said, "I don't think I ought..."

"Shut up and enjoy it," he muttered, more depressed than ever.

"With the world in the mess it's in," she said, "it's a wonder we can enjoy anything. I tell you, the bottom rail is on the top." 55

Julian sighed.

"Of course," she said, "if you know who you are, you can go anywhere." She said this every time he took her to the reducing class. "Most of them in it are not our kind of people," she said, "but I can be gracious to anybody. I know who I am."

"They don't give a damn for your graciousness," Julian said savagely. "Knowing who you are is good for one generation only. You haven't the foggiest idea where you stand now or who you are." 60

She stopped and allowed her eyes to flash at him. "I most certainly do know who I am," she said, "and if you don't know who you are, I'm ashamed of you."

"Oh hell," Julian said. 65

"Your great-grandfather was a former governor of this state," she said. "Your grandfather was a prosperous land-owner Your grandmother was a Godhigh."

"Will you look around you," he said tensely, "and see where you are now?" and he swept his arm jerkily out to indicate the neighborhood, which the growing darkness at least made less dingy. 70

"You remain what you are," she said. "Your great-grandfather had a plantation and two hundred slaves."

"There are no more slaves," he said irritably.

"They were better off when they were," she said. He groaned to see that she was off on that topic. She rolled onto it every few days like a train on an open track. He knew every stop, every junction, every swamp along the way, and knew the exact point at which her conclusion would toll majestically into the station: "It's ridiculous. It's simply not realistic. They should rise, yes, but on their own side of the fence." 75

¹ integration: Process of ending systematic racial segregation.

² Saint Sebastian: An early Christian saint and martyr, commonly depicted in art and literature tied to a post or tree and shot with arrows.

- Or (b) The following extract is from the play *The Good and Faithful Servant* (1964) by Joe Orton. Buchanan has worked for fifty years and is about to retire. Mrs Vealfoy, a company representative, is checking that Buchanan has not taken anything belonging to the company.

Critically comment on the extract, showing how the passage relates to the topic of the Mind and Self.

Mrs Vealfoy's office.

(Mrs Vealfoy is sitting at her desk. She looks up, smiles.)

Mrs Vealfoy: Do come in.

(Buchanan enters. Mrs Vealfoy indicates a seat in front of the desk.)

Mrs Vealfoy: May we be completely informal and call you "George"? 5

Buchanan: By all means.

Mrs Vealfoy: Good, good. (Laughs.) My name is Mrs Vealfoy. I expect you know that, don't you?

Buchanan: I've seen you at functions organized by the firm. You're usually in the distance. I've never been close before. 10

Mrs Vealfoy: That's right. I remember you well. (Laughs.) I have to ask you one or two questions. (She passes a printed form across the desk.)

Fill that in, George.

(Buchanan begins to fill in the form.) 15

Mrs Vealfoy: Are you excited?

Buchanan: Yes.

Mrs Vealfoy: That's good, isn't it? (Laughs.) Your overalls, boots, gloves and any other equipment or clothing belonging to the firm must be given up by three-thirty. Ask your foreman or head of department for details. 20

(Buchanan hands back the form. Mrs Vealfoy initials it and puts it into a wire tray.)

Mrs Vealfoy: Have you your clock card with you?

(Buchanan hands her his clock card. She initials it and puts it into the tray.) 25

Mrs Vealfoy: Are you a member of the union? Are your dues paid?

Buchanan: In full.

Mrs Vealfoy: You leave the firm with no unpaid debts, no arrears of credit?

Buchanan: Yes.

Mrs Vealfoy: Have you in your possession any object belonging to the firm? Any machine parts, tools, plans of the premises? I'm sure you realize we can't be too careful. 30

Buchanan: I've nothing you'd want.

Mrs Vealfoy: You're not free to divulge any information about the firm, the administration of the firm, or the firm's products. We could take proceedings, you see. (Pause.) You lost a limb in the service of the firm? (She consults a file on her desk.) You conceal your disabilities well. 35

Buchanan: I had therapy treatment in the medical wing of the firm's Benevolent Home. 40

Mrs Vealfoy: And the pension paid to you by the firm for the loss of your arm plus the cash was legally binding. We are in no way responsible for your other limbs. If they deteriorate in any way the firm cannot be held responsible. You understand this?

Buchanan: Yes. 45

(Mrs Vealfoy hands him his National Insurance card.)

- Mrs Vealfoy: Your 'cards', George.
(They both laugh.)
- Mrs Vealfoy: I think that's everything. Did we take your photograph? 50
- Buchanan: Yes. *(Pause.)* Something was said about taking another – as I was leaving the firm. But I don't want any fuss made.
- Mrs Vealfoy: We have no intention of taking any more photographs. So you won't be bothered.
- Buchanan: *(With a laugh.)* It's no bother to me.
- Mrs Vealfoy: It's no bother for you, I'm sure. *(Laughs.)* But we mustn't put upon you. 55
- (She takes her hat from the hat stand and puts it on.)*
- Buchanan: *(Pause.)* You aren't putting upon me. Whatever gave you the idea? Let them take as many photos as they like.
- Mrs Vealfoy: *(At the mirror.)* You hold the record for long service? Is that correct? 60
- Buchanan: Quite correct. I'm hoping my grandson will come here. To carry on the tradition.
- (Mrs Vealfoy turns from the mirror. She goes to the desk. She consults the file. She stares at Buchanan sharply.)* 65
- Mrs Vealfoy: Pay attention to me! What grandson? You've no descendants living. I have the information from our records.
- Buchanan: I've just learned of a descendent of whom I had no knowledge.
- Mrs Vealfoy: Who told you?
- Buchanan: A woman I met in the corridor. 70
- Mrs Vealfoy: Had she any right to inform you of an addition to your family?
- Buchanan: She was the boy's grandmother.
- Mrs Vealfoy: Your wife is dead! Have you been feeding false information into our computers?
- Buchanan: The woman wasn't my wife. I was young and foolish. It happened a long time ago. 75
- Mrs Vealfoy: I shall inform your section manager. He must straighten this out with Records.
- Buchanan: It's a personal matter. My personal life is involved.
- Mrs Vealfoy: Should your private life be involved, we shall be the first to inform you of that fact. 80
- (She opens the door.)*
- Mrs Vealfoy: Let my secretary have your grandson's address. I'll send him some of our literature.

SECTION B

Answer **ONE** question in this section, using **two** texts that you have studied.

2

- Either** (a) Compare the ways in which **two** texts you have studied show the importance of generational differences to the development of ideas about Mind and Self.
- Or** (b) Compare the ways in which **two** writers you have studied portray pain and distress as contributing to an understanding of the Mind and Self.

SECTION C

Answer **ONE** question in this section, using **one** text you have studied.

Sylvia Plath: *Ariel*

3

- Either** (a) How far and in what ways does Plath demonstrate a sense of the successful self in *Ariel*. You should make detailed reference to **at least two** poems.
- Or** (b) “Plath’s poetry has much to tell us of the relationship between mind and body.” How do you respond to this claim? Make detailed reference **to at least two poems**.

James Joyce: *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

4

- Either** (a) How are Stephen’s ideas about Irish culture and identity related to his own sense of self?
- Or** (b) ‘The book moves effortlessly between the realms of the psychological and intellectual on the one hand and recognisable physicality on the other.’ Discuss this claim.

Edward Albee: *Who’s afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

5

- Either** (a) What can the characters be said to have learned about themselves and each other in the course of this arduous exchange?
- Or** (b) What contribution does cruelty make to the examination of Mind and Self in the play?

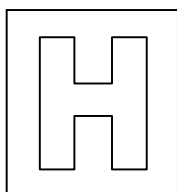
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Candidate Name: _____

Class	Adm No



2018 Preliminary Exams Pre-University 3

**Literature in English
Higher 2**

9748/01

Paper 1: Reading Literature

13 September 2018

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, 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, 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 and **1** blank page.

[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 loneliness.

A

DEAR ONE ABSENT THIS LONG WHILE

It has been so wet stones glaze in moss;
everything blooms coldly.

I expect you. I thought one night it was you
at the base of the drive, you at the foot of the stairs,

you in a shiver of light, but each time
leaves in wind revealed themselves, 5

the retreating shadow of a fox, daybreak.
We expect you, cat and I, bluebirds and I, the stove.

In May we dreamed of wreaths burning on bonfires
over which young men and women leapt. 10

June efforts quietly.
I've planted vegetables along each garden wall

so even if spring continues to disappoint
we can say at least the lettuce loved the rain.

I have new gloves and a new hoe. 15
I practice eulogies. He was a hawk

with white feathered legs. She had the quiet ribs
of a salamander crossing the old pony post road.

Yours is the name the leaves chatter
at the edge of the unrabbited woods. 20

Lisa Olstein (born 1972)

B

THE BREATHER

Just as in the horror movies
when someone discovers that the phone calls
are coming from inside the house

so too, I realized
that our tender overlapping
has been taking place only inside me. 5

All that sweetness, the love and desire—
it's just been me dialing myself
then following the ringing to another room

to find no one on the line, 10
well, sometimes a little breathing
but more often than not, nothing.

To think that all this time—
which would include the boat rides,
the airport embraces, and all the drinks— 15

it's been only me and the two telephones,
the one on the wall in the kitchen
and the extension in the darkened guest room upstairs.

Billy Collins (born 1941)

[Turn over

- 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 writing.

A

THE THOUGHT FOX

I imagine this midnight moment's forest:
 Something else is alive
 Beside the clock's loneliness
 And this blank page where my fingers move.

Through the window I see no star: 5
 Something more near
 though deeper within darkness
 Is entering the loneliness:

Cold, delicately as the dark snow
 A fox's nose touches twig, leaf; 10
 Two eyes serve a movement, that now
 And again now, and now, and now

Sets neat prints into the snow
 Between trees, and warily a lame
 Shadow lags by stump and in hollow 15
 Of a body that is bold to come

Across clearings, an eye,
 A widening deepening greenness,
 Brilliantly, concentratedly,
 Coming about its own business 20

Till, with a sudden sharp hot stink of fox,
 It enters the dark hole of the head.
 The window is starless still; the clock ticks,
 The page is printed.

Ted Hughes (born 1930)

B

THE WRITTEN DEER

Why does this written doe bound through these written woods?
—Wisława Szymborska

My handwriting is all over these woods.
No, my handwriting is these woods,

each tree a half-print, half-cursive scrawl,
each loop a limb. My house is somewhere
here, & I have scribbled myself inside it.

5

What is home but a book we write, then
read again & again, each time dog-earing

different pages. In the morning I wake
in time to pencil the sun high. How
fragile it is, the world—I almost wrote

10

the word but caught myself. Either one
could be erased. In these written woods,

branches smudge around me whenever
I take a deep breath. Still, written fawns
lie in the written sunlight that dapples

15

their backs. What is home but a passage
I'm writing & underlining every time I read it.

Maggie Smith (born 1977)

[Turn over

Section B

EDITH WHARTON: *The Age of Innocence*

2

- Either (a)** In what ways, and with what effects, is the clash between duty and desire explored in the novel?
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Newland Archer's views towards women, here and elsewhere in the novel.

The papers he had retired to read did not tell him much in fact; but they plunged him into an atmosphere in which he choked and spluttered. They consisted mainly of an exchange of letters between Count Olenski's solicitors and a French legal firm to whom the Countess had applied for the settlement of her financial situation. There was also a short letter from the Count to his wife: after reading it, Newland Archer rose, jammed the papers back into their envelope, and reentered Mr. Letterblair's office. 5

"Here are the letters, sir. If you wish, I'll see Madame Olenska," he said in a constrained voice.

"Thank you—thank you, Mr. Archer. Come and dine with me tonight if you're free, and we'll go into the matter afterward: in case you wish to call on our client tomorrow." 10

Newland Archer walked straight home again that afternoon. It was a winter evening of transparent clearness, with an innocent young moon above the house-tops; and he wanted to fill his soul's lungs with the pure radiance, and not exchange a word with any one till he and Mr. Letterblair were closeted together after dinner. It was impossible to decide otherwise than he had done: he must see Madame Olenska himself rather than let her secrets be bared to other eyes. A great wave of compassion had swept away his indifference and impatience: she stood before him as an exposed and pitiful figure, to be saved at all costs from farther wounding herself in her mad plunges against fate. 15 20

He remembered what she had told him of Mrs. Welland's request to be spared whatever was "unpleasant" in her history, and winced at the thought that it was perhaps this attitude of mind which kept the New York air so pure. "Are we only Pharisees after all?" he wondered, puzzled by the effort to reconcile his instinctive disgust at human vileness with his equally instinctive pity for human frailty. 25

For the first time he perceived how elementary his own principles had always been. He passed for a young man who had not been afraid of risks, and he knew that his secret love-affair with poor silly Mrs. Thorley Rushworth had not been too secret to invest him with a becoming air of adventure. But Mrs. Rushworth was "that kind of woman"; foolish, vain, clandestine by nature, and far more attracted by the secrecy and peril of the affair than by such charms and qualities as he possessed. When the fact dawned on him it nearly broke his heart, but now it seemed the redeeming feature of the case. The affair, in short, had been of the kind that most of the young men of his age had been through, and emerged from with calm consciences and an undisturbed belief in the abysmal distinction between the women one loved and respected and those one enjoyed—and pitied. In 30 35 40

this view they were sedulously abetted by their mothers, aunts and other elderly female relatives, who all shared Mrs. Archer's belief that when "such things happened" it was undoubtedly foolish of the man, but somehow always criminal of the woman. All the elderly ladies whom Archer knew regarded any woman who loved imprudently as necessarily unscrupulous and designing, and mere simple-minded man as powerless in her clutches. The only thing to do was to persuade him, as early as possible, to marry a nice girl, and then trust to her to look after him. 45

In the complicated old European communities, Archer began to guess, love-problems might be less simple and less easily classified. Rich and idle and ornamental societies must produce many more such situations; and there might even be one in which a woman naturally sensitive and aloof would yet, from the force of circumstances, from sheer defencelessness and loneliness, be drawn into a tie inexcusable by conventional standards. 50

On reaching home he wrote a line to the Countess Olenska, asking at what hour of the next day she could receive him, and despatched it by a messenger-boy, who returned presently with a word to the effect that she was going to Skuytercliff the next morning to stay over Sunday with the van der Luydens, but that he would find her alone that evening after dinner. The note was written on a rather untidy half-sheet, without date or address, but her hand was firm and free. He was amused at the idea of her week-ending in the stately solitude of Skuytercliff, but immediately afterward felt that there, of all places, she would most feel the chill of minds rigorously averted from the "unpleasant." 55 60

Chapter 11

[Turn over

Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

- Either (a)** “The characters construct fictions to rationalise their way of life.” Discuss the play in the light of this comment.
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the dramatic presentation of tension, here and elsewhere in the play.

Ann: [to MOTHER. Takes pan of beans off stool, puts them on floor under chair and sits] Don't let them bulldoze you. Ask me anything you like. What do you want to know, Kate? Come on, let's gossip.

Mother: [to CHRIS and KELLER] She's the only one is got any sense. 5
[To ANN] Your mother... she's not getting a divorce, heh?

Ann: No, she's calmed down about it now. I think when he gets out they'll probably live together. In New York, of course.

Mother: That's fine. Because your father is still... I mean he's a decent man after all is said and done. 10

Ann: I don't care. She can take him back if she likes.

Mother: And you? You... [Shakes her head negatively] ... go out much? [Slight pause.]

Ann: [delicately] You mean am I still waiting for him?

Mother: Well, no, I don't expect you to wait for him but... 15

Ann: [kindly] But that's what you mean, isn't it?

Mother: ... Well... yes.

Ann: Well, I'm not, Kate.

Mother: [faintly] You're not?

Ann: Isn't it ridiculous? You don't really imagine he's...? 20

Mother: I know, dear, but don't say it's ridiculous, because the papers were full of it; I don't know about New York, but there was half a page about a man missing even longer than Larry, and he turned up from Burma.

Chris: [coming to ANN] He couldn't have wanted to come home very 25
badly, Mom.

Mother: Don't be so smart.

Chris: You can have helluva time in Burma.

Ann: [rises and swings around in back of CHRIS] So I've heard.

Chris: Mother, I'll bet you money that you're the only woman in the 30
country who after three years is still...

Mother: You sure?

Ann: Yes, I am.

Mother: Well, if you're sure then you're sure. [She turns her head away an instant] They don't say it in the radio but I'm sure that in the 35
dark at night they're still waiting for their sons.

Chris: Mother, you're absolutely –

Mother: [waving him off] Don't be so damned smart! Now stop it! [Slight pause] There are just a few things you *don't* know. All of you.

And I'll tell you one of them, Annie. Deep, deep in your heart 40
you've always been waiting for him.

Ann: [*resolutely*]: No, Kate.

Mother: [*with increasing demand*]: But deep in your heart, Annie!

Chris: She ought to know, shouldn't she?

Mother: Don't let them tell you what to think. Listen to your heart. Only 45
your heart.

Ann: Why does your heart tell you he's alive?

Mother: Because he has to be.

Ann: But why, Kate?

Mother: [*going to her*]: Because certain things have to be, and certain 50
things can never be. Like the sun has to rise, it has to be.
That's why there's God. Otherwise anything could happen. But
there's God, so certain things can never happen. I would know,
Annie – just like I knew the day he [*indicates CHRIS*] went into
that terrible battle. Did he write me? Was it in the papers? No, 55
but that morning I couldn't raise my head off the pillow. Ask
Joe. Suddenly, I knew! I knew! And he was nearly killed that
day, Ann, you *know* I'm right!

Ann: [*she stands there in silence, then turns trembling, going 60*
upstage]: No, Kate.

Mother: I have to have some tea. [*FRANK appears from L. carrying*
ladder.]

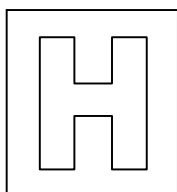
Act 1

End of Paper

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Candidate Name: _____

Class	Adm No



2018 Preliminary Exams Pre-University 3

**Literature in English
Higher 2**

9748/03

Paper 3: The Individual and Society in Literature

10 September 2018

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, 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, glue or correction fluid.

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

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

[Turn over

1

Still I Rise

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.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear 35

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. 40

I rise

I rise

I rise

[Turn over

- Or (b) The following scene is taken from the play *Educating Rita* (1985), by Willy Russell. Rita, in her twenties, has signed up for a part-time degree course. This is her second meeting with Frank, her tutor who also teaches Literature in the University.

Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to the topic of the individual and society in literature.

Rita: [sniffing] you've not been drinking, have y'?

Frank: No.

Rita: Is that because of me, because of what I said last week?

Frank: [laughing] My God. You think you've reformed me?

Rita: [going to the window] I don't wanna reform y'. Y' can do what y' like. 5

[Quickly] I love that lawn down there. When it's summer do they sit on it?

Frank: [going to the window] Who?

Rita: [going back to the desk] The ones who came here all the time. The proper students.

Frank: Yes. First glimmer of sun and they're all out there. 10

Rita: Readin' an' studyin'?

Frank: Reading and studying? What do you think they are, human? Proper students don't read and study.

Rita: Y' what?

Frank: A joke, a joke. Yes. They read and study, sometimes. [Pause. RITA dumps 15

her bag on the chair and then goes and hangs her coat on the door.]

Rita: It looks the way I was a kid I always wanted to go to a boardin' school.

Frank: God forbid it; why?

Rita: [going to her chair at the desk] I always thought they sounded great, schools like that, y'know with a tuck-shop an' a matron an' prep. An' a pair of kids 20

called Jones minor an' Jones major. I told me mother once. [She opens her bag and takes out the copy of *Howard's End*, ring bound file, note-pad, ruler and pencil-case, placing them methodically on the desk in front of her.] She said I was off me cake.

Frank: [with an exaggerated look at her] What in the name of God is being off one's 25

cake?

Rita: Soft. Y'know, mental.

Frank: Aha. I must remember that. The next student to ask me if Isabel Archer was guilty of protestant masochism shall be told that one is obviously very off one's cake! 30

Rita: Don't be soft. You can't say that.

Frank: Why ever not?

Rita: You can't. if you do, it's slummin' it. Comin' from you it's sound dead affected, wouldn't it?

Frank: Dead affected? 35

Rita: You say that to your proper students they'll think you're off your – y'know...

Frank: Cake, yes. Erm – Rita, why didn't you ever become what you call a proper student?

Rita: What? After goin' to the school I went to?

Frank: Was it bad? 40

Rita: [starts sharpening the pencils one by one into perfect spikes, leaving the shavings on the desk.]

Nah. Just normal, y'know; borin', ripped-up books, broken glass everywhere, knives an' fights. An' that was just in the staffroom. Nah, they tried their best,

I suppose, always tellin' us we stood more of a chance if we studied. But studyin' was just for the wimps, wasn't it? See, if I'd started takin' school seriously I would have had to become different from me mates, an' that's not allowed. 45

Frank: By whom?

Rita: By your mates, by your family, by everyone. So y'never admit that school could be anythin' other than useless. 50

[FRANK passes her the ashtray but she ignores it and continues sharpening the pencils on to the table.]

Frank: But you – erm – you managed to resist another new dress?

Rita: Can't y'tell? Look at the state of this; I haven't had a new dress in twelve months. An' I'm not gonna get one either, not till – till I pass me first exam. Then I'll get a proper dress, the sort of dress you'd only see on an educated woman, on the sort of woman who knows the difference between Jane Austen an' Tracy Austin.* 55

[She finishes sharpening the last pencil, and arranges it in line with the others. She gathers the pencil shavings into her hand and chucks them in the waste-bin.] 60

Let's start.

[Turn over

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 women and their relationships with society.
- Or (b)** Compare the ways in which **two** of the texts you have read present the individual's response to guilt within 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) Discuss the significance of nature in *The Scarlet Letter*, and how it contributes to the theme of the individual and society.

Or (b) 'To conform is sheer cowardice.'

How far is this true of the portrayal of the individual and society in *The Scarlet Letter*?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

4

Either (a) Discuss how Shakespeare presents individuals' response to social injustice.

Or (b) In what ways, and with what effects, is dramatic irony used to develop the theme of the individual and society in *Othello*?

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

5

Either (a) 'I don't want reality! I want magic!'

Discuss the presentation of delusion, 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 the Elysian Fields society contribute to the theme of the individual and society in *A Streetcar Named Desire*?

End of Paper

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H2 LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

12 Sep 2018

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 Section 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.

Candidates must fill in this section		Examiner's Use only	
Name		Question No.	Total Score
		1 ()	25
		2 ()	25
		3 ()	25
		TOTAL:	75

SECTION A

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 presentation of the landscape.

A

What It Means To Be Landless

When I look out the window I can only see cloud	1
and the top of other people's roofs. Gardens	
are out of reach, even the smallest blade of grass.	
In stormy weather rain dashes right past me	
on the way to somewhere thirsty.	5
It means shade. It means the herbs and spices	
I try to cultivate wilt under fluorescent lighting	
and air conditioning. It means safety. It means	
clean hands. It means I taste old tin,	
sodium benzoate, vacuum sealed meats	10
when the market is closed. I can have	
whatever I want as long as it's something on offer.	
I can give you an address that in fifty years	
will not even be memories of a lost childhood.	
When I travel, I look for floodplains and unscalable	15
mountains, for the small scruffed kittens	
scratching at litter and soil and fresh greens	
we eat later not knowing where they came from.	
It means I will be burned, not buried. It means I am	
the son of no soil. It means I have no fear of	20
droughts and bandits, of hard work, and children	
at play have earth brushed away from their knees	
in case it makes them sick. It means enough,	
and nothing and smiling, every morning as I rise,	
the puzzled smile of the long sleep.	25

Alvin Pang (1972 -)

B

Reverie in Open Air

I acknowledge my status as a stranger:	1
Inappropriate clothes, odd habits	
Out of sync with wasp and wren.	
I admit I don't know how	
To sit still or move without purpose.	5
I prefer books to moonlight, statuary to trees.	
But this lawn has been leveled for looking,	
So I kick off my sandals and walk its cool green.	
Who claims we're mere muscle and fluids?	
My feet are the primitives here.	10
As for the rest—ah, the air now	
Is a tonic of absence, bearing nothing	
But news of a breeze.	

Rita Dove (1952 -)

Or (b) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, paying close attention to ways in which language, style and form contribute to each narrator's relationship with his mother.

Turtle Soup

You go home one evening tired from work, and your mother boils you turtle soup. Twelve hours hunched over the hearth (who knows what else is in that cauldron.)	1
You say, "Ma, you've poached the symbol of long life; that turtle lived four thousand years, swam the Wei ¹ , up the Yellow ² , over the Yangtze ³ . Witnessed the Bronze Age, the High Tang ⁴ , grazed on splendid sericulture ⁵ ." (So, she boils the life out of him.)	5 10
"All our ancestors have been fools. Remember Uncle Wu who rode ten thousand miles to kill a famous Manchu ⁶ and ended up with his head on a pole? Eat, child, its liver will make you strong."	15
"Sometimes you're the life, sometimes the sacrifice." Her sobbing is inconsolable. So, you spread the gentle napkin over your lap in decorous Pasadena ⁷ .	
Baby, some high priestess got it wrong. The golden decal on the green underbelly says "Made in Hong Kong."	20
Is there nothing left but the shell and humanity's strange inscriptions, the songs, the rites, the oracles?	25

Marilyn Chin (1955 -)

¹ The Wei is a major river in China, and very important in the development of early Chinese civilization.

² The Yellow river is the second-longest river in Asia, and its basin is the birthplace of Chinese civilization.

³ The Yangtze is the longest river in Asia, and its basin is home to nearly one-third of China's population.

⁴ The Tang dynasty (618 – 907 AD) is renowned as China's Golden Age.

⁵ Silk farming and production.

⁶ An ethnic minority which conquered China to create the Qing dynasty in 1636 AD.

⁷ A city in Los Angeles County, California, the United States.

B

Corned Beef and Cabbage

I can see her in the kitchen,	1
Cooking up, for the hundredth time,	
A little something from her	
Limited Midwestern repertoire.	
Cigarette going in the ashtray,	5
The red wine pulsing in its glass,	
A warning light meaning	
Everything was simmering	
Just below the steel lid	
Of her smile, as she boiled	10
The beef into submission,	
Chopped her way	
Through the vegetable kingdom	
With the broken-handled knife	
I use tonight, feeling her	15
Anger rising from the dark	
Chambers of the head	
Of cabbage I slice through,	
Missing her, wanting	
To chew things over	20
With my mother again.	

George Bilgere (1951 -)

[Turn over]Need a home tutor? Visit smiletutor.sg

Section B

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

Answer one question in this section.

2

Either (a) 'The tragedy of *The Great Gatsby* is that nobody gets what they deserve.'

To what extent do you agree with this statement?

Or

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

There was nothing I could say, except the one unutterable fact that it wasn't true.

"And if you think I didn't have my share of suffering--look here, when I went to give up that flat and saw that damn box of dog biscuits sitting there on the sideboard I sat down and cried like a baby. By God it was awful----"

5

I couldn't forgive him or like him but I saw that what he had done was, to him, entirely justified. It was all very careless and confused. They were careless people, Tom and Daisy--they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made. . . .

10

I shook hands with him; it seemed silly not to, for I felt suddenly as though I were talking to a child. Then he went into the jewelry store to buy a pearl necklace--or perhaps only a pair of cuff buttons--rid of my provincial squeamishness forever.

Gatsby's house was still empty when I left--the grass on his lawn had grown as long as mine. One of the taxi drivers in the village never took a fare past the entrance gate without stopping for a minute and pointing inside; perhaps it was he who drove Daisy and Gatsby over to East Egg the night of the accident and perhaps he had made a story about it all his own. I didn't want to hear it and I avoided him when I got off the train.

15

20

I spent my Saturday nights in New York because those gleaming, dazzling parties of his were with me so vividly that I could still hear the music and the laughter faint and incessant from his garden and the cars going up and down his drive. One night I did hear a material car there and saw its lights stop at his front steps. But I didn't investigate. Probably it was some final guest who had been away at the ends of the earth and didn't know that the party was over.

25

On the last night, with my trunk packed and my car sold to the grocer, I went

over and looked at that huge incoherent failure of a house once more. On the white steps an obscene word, scrawled by some boy with a piece of brick, stood out clearly in the moonlight and I erased it, drawing my shoe raspily along the stone. Then I wandered down to the beach and sprawled out on the sand. 30

Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes--a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder. 35 40

And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night. 45

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter--tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther. . . . And one fine morning---- 50

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

Chapter 8

SECTION C

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *Saint Joan*

Answer one question in this section.

3

Either (a) "Set free, child, after such wickedness as yours! What are you dreaming of?"
Discuss the role and importance of freedom in *Saint Joan*.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, examining the portrayal of conscience, here and elsewhere in the play.

THE CHAPLAIN. I did not know what I was doing. I am a hotheaded fool; and I shall be damned to all eternity for it. 1

WARWICK. Nonsense! Very distressing, no doubt; but it was not your doing.

THE CHAPLAIN *[lamentably]* I let them do it. If I had known, I would have torn her from their hands. You don't know: you havnt seen: it is so easy to talk when you dont know. You madden yourself with words: you damn yourself because it feels grand to throw oil on the flaming hell of your own temper. But when it is brought home to you; when you see the thing you have done; when it is blinding your eyes, stifling your nostrils, tearing your heart, then--then--*[Falling on his knees]* O God, take away this sight from me! O Christ, deliver me from this fire that is consuming me! She cried to Thee in the midst of it: Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! She is in Thy bosom; and I am in hell for evermore. 5 10 15

WARWICK. *[summarily hauling him to his feet]* Come come, man! you must pull yourself together. We shall have the whole town talking of this. *[He throws him not too gently into a chair at the table]* If you have not the nerve to see these things, why do you not do as I do, and stay away? 20

THE CHAPLAIN *[bewildered and submissive]* She asked for a cross. A soldier gave her two sticks tied together. Thank God he was an Englishman! I might have done it; but I did not: I am a coward, a mad dog, a fool. But he was an Englishman too.

WARWICK. The fool! they will burn him too if the priests get hold of him. 25

THE CHAPLAIN *[shaken with a convulsion]* Some of the people laughed at her. They would have laughed at Christ. They were French people, my lord: I know they were French.

WARWICK. Hush! someone is coming. Control yourself.

Ladvenu comes back through the courtyard to Warwick's right hand, carrying a bishop's cross which he has taken from a church. He is very grave and composed. 30

WARWICK. I am informed that it is all over, Brother Martin.

LADVENU. *[enigmatically]* We do not know, my lord. It may have only just begun. 35

WARWICK. What does that mean, exactly?

LADVENU. I took this cross from the church for her that she might see it to the last: she had only two sticks that she put into her bosom. When the fire crept round us, and she saw that if I held the cross before her I should be burnt myself, she warned me to get down and save myself. My lord: a girl who could think of another's danger in such a moment was not inspired by the devil. When I had to snatch the cross from her sight, she looked up to heaven. And I do not believe that the heavens were empty. I firmly believe that her Savior appeared to her then in His tenderest glory. She called to Him and died. This is not the end for her, but the beginning. 40 45

WARWICK. I am afraid it will have a bad effect on the people.

LADVENU. It had, my lord, on some of them. I heard laughter. Forgive me for saying that I hope and believe it was English laughter. 50

THE CHAPLAIN *[rising frantically]* No: it was not. There was only one Englishman there that disgraced his country; and that was the mad dog, de Stogumber. *[He rushes wildly out, shrieking]* Let them torture him. Let them burn him. I will go pray among her ashes. I am no better than Judas: I will hang myself. 55

WARWICK. Quick, Brother Martin: follow him: he will do himself some mischief. After him, quick.

Ladvenu hurries out, Warwick urging him. The Executioner comes in by the door behind the judges' chairs; and Warwick, returning, finds himself face to face with him. 60

WARWICK. Well, fellow: who are you?

THE EXECUTIONER *[with dignity]* I am not addressed as fellow, my lord. I am the Master Executioner of Rouen: it is a highly skilled mystery. I am come to tell your lordship that your orders have been obeyed. 65

(Scene 6)

- End of Paper -

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H2 LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/03

Paper 3 Reading Literature

18 Sep 2018

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 Section 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 **5** printed pages.

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

SECTION A

Answer one question in this section.

1

Either (a) Write The following is an extract from “Chick”, collected in Ministry of Moral Panic by Amanda Lee Koe, published in 2013.

Write a critical appreciation of the extract, commenting on the ways in which the author uses form, structure and language to present issues of mind and self.

You once held a fluffy yellow chick in the ball of your hand when you were nine, cupping your palm around it gingerly. This was on an excursion to the zoo, and the tram had alighted at the farm animals section. It stank of goat shit and hay, and there were potbellied black pigs in a pen that you could have stared at all afternoon, disgusted by and enamoured of their sorry anatomy.

5

Forty of you held forty yellow chicks in hand, and you were the only one who had the urge to squeeze, you couldn't say why. You loved animals and you were a good kid. The chick's head stuck out over one end of your closed fist, and you felt its wings beat against the insides of your palm as you closed in on its small, warm body.

10

You only wanted to see how far you could go, like the time you ended up stapling your finger. Also the time you pushed a pearl into your left nostril. The thrilling error in the moment, the twin flecks of blood, the momentary impediment to respiration. Except you didn't understand then the difference between doing the things to yourself, and doing things to other things or people, and now there was a dead chick in your hand.

15

Everyone agreed it was an accident, because you cried. You didn't start crying right away, you were answering their questions stoically. You didn't cry not because you didn't feel bad – you went home and you threw up – but because crying seemed so juvenile and hypocritical; you'd just performed a very costly experiment at the expense of a living thing. But then you saw that your impassive demeanour was arousing suspicion in the teachers questioning you, and all you had to do was cry to be let off, and so you did, because what else was there to do? What good would it be to capitulate to petty, facetious chiding when your internal landscape was burning? In that moment as your tears began to fall, blurring the small, fizzy, yellow corpse on the table behind the zookeeper, you saw yourself perfectly.

20

25

Just one more thing on this. As they let you off, as the teachers began offering consolatory, maternal embraces and scented tissue, you saw the zookeeper drop off the chick's limp form into an organic waste bin. When everyone went for a toilet break later, you snuck back into this shed. The zookeeper wasn't in, and you reached into the bun, which was full of peat. The chick's body was still warm, and you had a dead chick in your pocket for the next four hours. You moved with a delicate fastidiousness, in the manner of someone who'd been very recently circumcised. When you got home, you buried it under a frangipani tree three doors down from your bungalow with the long driveway, in front of someone else's house. Every day, until you moved away, you placed a frangipani bloom by the stone marker you'd wedged deeply into the ground.

30

35

Or (b) The following is an extract from Equus, a play by Peter Shaffer, published in 1973. Alan Stang, a young boy, was arrested for stabbing out the eyes of several horses at a local stables. Dr Dysart is his attending psychiatrist. Equus is the name of another horse that Alan worships.

Write a critical appreciation of the extract, commenting on the ways in which the author uses form, structure and language to present issues of mind and self.

Darkness.

Lights come slowly up on ALAN kneeling in the night at the hooves of NUGGET. Slowly, he gets up, climbing lovingly up the body of the horse until he can stand and kiss it.

DYSART sits on the downstage bench where he began Act 1.

5

DYSART: With one particular horse, called Nugget, he embraces. He showed me how he stands with it afterwards in the night, one hand on its chest, one on its neck, like a frozen tango dancer, inhaling its cold sweet breath. "Have you noticed," he said, "about horses: how they'll stand one hoof on its end, like those girls in the ballet?"

10

(ALAN leads NUGGET out of the square. DYSART rises. The horse walks away up to the tunnel and disappears. The boy comes downstage and sits on the bench DYSART had vacated. DYSART crosses downstage and moves slowly up round the circle, until he reaches the central entrance to the square.)

15

Now he's gone off to rest, leaving me alone with Equus. I can hear the creature's voice. It's calling me out of the black cave of the Psyche. I shove in my dim little torch, and there he stands – waiting for me. He raises his matted head. He opens his great square teeth, and says – (*Mocking*) "Why? ... Why Me? ... Why – ultimately – Me? ... Totally, infallibly, inevitably account for Me? ... Poor Doctor Dysart!"

20

(He enters the square.)

Of course I 've stared at such images before. Or been stared at by them, whichever way you look at it. And weirdly often now with me the feeling is that *they* are staring at *us* – That in some quite palpable way they precede us. Meaningless, but unsettling ... In either case, this one is the most alarming yet. It asks questions I've avoided all my professional life. (*Pause*) A child is born into a world of phenomena all equal in their power to enslave. It sniffs – it sucks – it strokes its eyes over the whole uncountable range. Suddenly one strikes. Why? Moments snap together like magnets, forging a chain of shackles. Why? I can trace them. I can even, with time, pull them apart again. But why at the start they were ever magnetized at all – just those particular moments of experience and no others – I don't know. *And nor does anyone else.* Yet, *if* I don't know – if I can never know that – then what am I doing here? I don't mean clinically doing or socially doing – I mean fundamentally! These questions, these Whys, are fundamental – yet they have no place in a consulting room. So then, do I? ... This is the feeling more and more with me – No Place. Displacement "Account for me," says staring Equus. "First account for Me! ..." I fancy this is more than menopause.

25

30

35

(Act 2)

Section B

Answer one question in this section, using two texts you have studied.

The texts you use in this section cannot be used in Section C.

- 2 Either (a) Compare the ways in which two texts you have studied present individuals responding to threats to the mind and self.
- Or (b) With reference to two texts you have studied, consider how the authors use setting to explore issues relating to the mind and self.

SECTION C

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

SYLVIA PLATH: *Ariel*

- 3 Either (a) Critically consider Plath's use of different personae and poetic voices to present struggles in the mind.
- Or (b) In what ways and with what effects does Plath use the motif of journeys to explore issues of mind and self in *Ariel*?

J.M. COETZEE: *Age of Iron*

4. Either (a) "Mr Vercueil is the central thread that runs through and binds the entire novel." In the light of this comment, critically consider the significance of Vercueil in *Age of Iron*.
- Or (b) Discuss how Coetzee explores issues of the mind and self through the presentation of Mrs Curren's "letter from elsewhere" (Chapter 3).

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *Woman in Mind*

5. Either (a) Critically consider the significance of Bill in the play.
- Or (b) "*Woman in Mind* is all about escape." How far do you agree with the above statement?

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

29 August 2018

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 staples, paper clips, 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 trains.

A

Morning Train

Why do you not look at each other's
 Faces? Is the scenery that arresting,
 One housing estate giving birth
 To yet another copy?
 Or the advertisements, read and re-read, 5
 As if behind a slogan's promise lay
 Hidden promise? Answer me:
 Is that consciousness rising in you,
 Dissolving your fatigue like a plastic sheet
 Warping in heat, or is that simply 10
 Sleep, draining away from you
 Down to your soles, to the invisible tracks
 Where the dew is dying? Where electricity
 Is what pushes you to the borders
 Of your own loneliness, against 15
 The vulgar loneliness of crowds

by Alfian Sa'at (b. 1977)

B

Travel

The railroad track is miles away,
 And the day is loud with voices speaking,
 Yet there isn't a train goes by all day
 But I hear its whistle shrieking.
 All night there isn't a train goes by, 5
 Though the night is still for sleep and dreaming,
 But I see its cinders red on the sky,
 And hear its engine steaming.
 My heart is warm with the friends I make,
 And better friends I'll not be knowing; 10
 Yet there isn't a train I wouldn't take,
 No matter where it's going.

by 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 childhood.

A

Pirate Story

Three of us afloat in the meadow by the swing,
 Three of us aboard in the basket on the lea.
 Winds are in the air, they are blowing in the spring,
 And waves are on the meadow like the waves there are at sea.

Where shall we adventure, to-day that we're afloat, 5
 Wary of the weather and steering by a star?
 Shall it be to Africa, a-steering of the boat,
 To Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar?

Hi! but here's a squadron a-rowing on the sea—
 Cattle on the meadow a-charging with a roar! 10
 Quick, and we'll escape them, they're as mad as they can be,
 The wicket is the harbour and the garden is the shore.

by Robert Louis Stevenson (1850 – 1894)

B

The Railway Children

When we climbed the slopes of the cutting
 We were eye-level with the white cups
 Of the telegraph poles and the sizzling wires.

Like lovely freehand they curved for miles
 East and miles west beyond us, sagging 5
 Under their burden of swallows.

We were small and thought we knew nothing
 Worth knowing. We thought words travelled the wires
 In the shiny pouches of raindrops,

Each one seeded full with the light 10
 Of the sky, the gleam of the lines, and ourselves
 So infinitesimally scaled

We could stream through the eye of a needle.

by Seamus Heaney (1939 – 2013)

Section B

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

2

Either (a) 'Austen affirms rather than alters the social order.'

How far do you agree with this view of the novel?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of Elizabeth and Darcy's relationship here and elsewhere in the novel.

"I say no more than the truth, and everybody will say that knows him," replied the other. Elizabeth thought this was going pretty far; and she listened with increasing astonishment as the housekeeper added, "I have never known a cross word from him in my life, and I have known him ever since he was four years old."

5

This was praise, of all others most extraordinary, most opposite to her ideas. That he was not a good-tempered man had been her firmest opinion. Her keenest attention was awakened; she longed to hear more, and was grateful to her uncle for saying,

"There are very few people of whom so much can be said. You are lucky in having such a master."

10

"Yes, Sir, I know I am. If I were to go through the world, I could not meet with a better. But I have always observed, that they who are good-natured when children, are good-natured when they grow up; and he was always the sweetest-tempered, most generous-hearted boy in the world."

15

Elizabeth almost stared at her — "Can this be Mr. Darcy!" thought she.

"His father was an excellent man," said Mrs. Gardiner.

"Yes, Ma'am, that he was indeed; and his son will be just like him—just as affable to the poor."

Elizabeth listened, wondered, doubted, and was impatient for more. Mrs. Reynolds could interest her on no other point. She related the subjects of the pictures, the dimensions of the rooms, and the price of the furniture, in vain. Mr. Gardiner, highly amused by the kind of family prejudice to which he attributed her excessive commendation of her master, soon led again to the subject; and she dwelt with energy on his many merits as they proceeded together up the great staircase.

20

25

"He is the best landlord, and the best master," said she, "that ever lived; not like the wild young men nowadays, who think of nothing but themselves. There is not one of his tenants or servants but will give him a good name. Some people call him proud; but I am sure I never saw anything of it. To my fancy, it is only because he does not rattle away like other young men."

30

"In what an amiable light does this place him!" thought Elizabeth.

"This fine account of him," whispered her aunt as they walked, "is not quite consistent with his behaviour to our poor friend."

35

"Perhaps we might be deceived."

"That is not very likely; our authority was too good."

On reaching the spacious lobby above they were shown into a very pretty sitting-room, lately fitted up with greater elegance and lightness than the apartments below; and were informed that it was but just done to give pleasure to Miss Darcy, who had taken a liking to the room when last at Pemberley. 40

"He is certainly a good brother," said Elizabeth, as she walked towards one of the windows.

Mrs. Reynolds anticipated Miss Darcy's delight, when she should enter the room. "And this is always the way with him," she added. "— Whatever can give his sister any pleasure is sure to be done in a moment. There is nothing he would not do for her." 45

The picture-gallery, and two or three of the principal bedrooms, were all that remained to be shown. In the former were many good paintings; but Elizabeth knew nothing of the art; and from such as had been already visible below, she had willingly turned to look at some drawings of Miss Darcy's, in crayons, whose subjects were usually more interesting, and also more intelligible. 50

In the gallery there were many family portraits, but they could have little to fix the attention of a stranger. Elizabeth walked in quest of the only face whose features would be known to her. At last it arrested her — and she beheld a striking resemblance to Mr. Darcy, with such a smile over the face, as she remembered to have sometimes seen, when he looked at her. She stood several minutes before the picture, in earnest contemplation, and returned to it again before they quitted the gallery. Mrs. Reynolds informed them that it had been taken in his father's lifetime. 60

There was certainly at this moment, in Elizabeth's mind, a more gentle sensation towards the original than she had ever felt at the height of their acquaintance. The commendation bestowed on him by Mrs. Reynolds was of no trifling nature. What praise is more valuable than the praise of an intelligent servant? As a brother, a landlord, a master, she considered how many people's happiness were in his guardianship! — How much of pleasure or pain was it in his power to bestow! — How much of good or evil must be done by him! Every idea that had been brought forward by the housekeeper was favourable to his character, and as she stood before the canvas on which he was represented, and fixed his eyes upon herself, she thought of his regard with a deeper sentiment of gratitude than it had ever raised before; she remembered its warmth, and softened its impropriety of expression. 70 75

(Chapter 43)

Section C

William Shakespeare: *Measure for Measure*

3

Either (a) 'The denouement of *Measure for Measure* is complicated and unsavoury.'

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

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying attention to the presentation of rulership here and elsewhere in the play.

ESCALUS:	What news abroad i' th' world?	
DUKE:	None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurst. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke?	5
ESCALUS:	One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.	10
DUKE:	What pleasure was he given to?	
ESCALUS:	Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which professed to make him rejoice. A gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous, and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.	15
DUKE:	He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice. Yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.	20
ESCALUS:	You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty, but my brother-justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.	25
DUKE:	If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well: wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.	30
ESCALUS:	I am going to visit the prisoner; fare you well.	
DUKE:	Peace be with you.	35
	[<i>Exeunt ESCALUS and PROVOST</i>]	

He who the sword of heaven will bear 40
 Should be as holy as severe:
 Pattern in himself to know,
 Grace to stand, and virtue, go:
 More nor less to others paying
 Than by self-offences weighing. 45
 Shame to him whose cruel striking
 Kills for faults of his own liking!
 Twice treble shame on Angelo,
 To weed my vice, and let his grow!
 O, what may man within him hide, 50
 Though angel on the outward side!
 How may likeness made in crimes,
 Making practise on the times,
 To draw with idle spiders' strings
 Most ponderous and substantial things! 55
 Craft against vice I must apply.
 With Angelo to-night shall lie
 His old betrothed, but despised:
 So disguise shall, by th' disguised,
 Pay with falsehood false exacting, 60
 And perform an old contracting.
[Exit]

(Act 3, Scene 2)

End of Paper

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/03

Paper 3 The Mind and Self in Literature

24 August 2018

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 novel *The Bluest Eye* (1970) by Toni Morrison, which is told from the perspective of an African-American girl named Claudia MacTeer. Write a critical appreciation of the extract, focusing on the presentation of Claudia's sense of self.

Our house is old, cold, and green. At night a kerosene lamp lights one large room. The others are braced in darkness, peopled by roaches and mice. Adults do not talk to us – they give us directions. They issue orders without providing information. When we trip and fall down they glance at us; if we cut or bruise ourselves, they ask us are we crazy. When we catch colds, they shake their heads in disgust at our lack of consideration. How, they ask us, do you expect anybody to get anything done if you are all sick? We cannot answer them. Our illness is treated with contempt, foul Black Draught, and castor oil that blunts our minds. 5

When, on a day after a trip to collect coal, I cough once, loudly, through bronchial tubes already packed tight with phlegm, my mother frowns. "Great Jesus. Get on in that bed. How many times do I have to tell you to wear something on your head? You must be the biggest fool in this town. Frieda? Get some rags and stuff that window." 10

Frieda restuffs the window. I trudge off to bed, full of guilt and self-pity. I lie down in my underwear, the metal in my black garters hurts my legs, but I do not take them off, for it is too cold to lie stockingless. It takes a long time for my body to heat its place in the bed. Once I have generated a silhouette of warmth, I dare not move, for there is a cold place one-half inch in any direction. No one speaks to me or asks how I feel. In an hour or two my mother comes. Her hands are large and rough, and when she rubs the Vicks salve on my chest, I am rigid with pain. She takes two fingers' full of it at a time and massages my chest until I am faint. Just when I think I will tip over into a scream, she scoops out a little of the salve on her forefinger and puts it in my mouth, telling me to swallow. A hot flannel is wrapped about my neck and chest. I am covered up with a heavy quilt and ordered to sweat, which I do – promptly. 25

Later I throw up, and my mother says, "What did you puke on the bed clothes for? Don't you have enough sense to hold your head out the bed? Now, look what you did. You think I got time for nothing but washing up your puke?"

The puke swaddles down the pillow onto the sheet – green-grey, with flecks of orange. It moves like the insides of an uncooked egg. Stubbornly clinging to its own mass, refusing to break up and be removed. How, I wonder, can it be so neat and nasty at the same time? 30

My mother's voice drones on. She is not talking to me. She is talking to the puke, but she is calling it by my name: Claudia. She wipes it up as best as she can and puts a scratchy towel over the large wet place. I lie down again. The rags have fallen from the window crack, and the air is cold. I dare not call her back and am reluctant to leave my warmth. My mother's anger humiliates me; her words chafe my cheeks, and I am crying. I do not know that she is not angry at me, but at my sickness. I believe she despises my weakness for letting the sickness "take hold." By and by I will not get sick; I will refuse to. But for now I am crying. I know I am making more snot, but I can't stop. 40

My sister comes in. Her eyes are full of sorrow. She sings to me: "When the deep purple falls over sleepy garden walls, someone thinks of me..." I doze, thinking

of plums, walls, and “someone.”

But was it really like that? As painful as I remember? Only mildly. Or rather, it 45
was a productive and fructifying pain. Love, thick and dark as Alaga syrup, eased up
into that cracked window. I could smell it – taste it – sweet, musty, with an edge of
wintergreen in its base – everywhere in that house. It stuck, along with my tongue, to
the frosted windowpanes. It coated my chest, along with the salve, and when the
flannel came undone in my sleep, the clear, sharp curves of air outlined its presence 50
on my throat. And in the night, when my coughing was dry and tough, feet padded
into the room, hands repinned the flannel, readjusted the quilt, and rested a moment
on my forehead. So when I think of autumn, I think of somebody with hands who
does not want me to die.

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem (published in 1998) by Ted Hughes, paying attention to the presentation of the mind.

You Hated Spain

Spain frightened you.	
Spain.	
Where I felt at home.	
The blood-raw light,	
The oiled anchovy faces, the African	5
Black edges to everything, frightened you.	
Your schooling had somehow neglected Spain.	
The wrought-iron grille, death and the Arab drum.	
You did not know the language, your soul was empty	
Of the signs, and the welding light	10
Made your blood shrivel.	
Bosch held out a spidery hand and you took it	
Timidly, a bobby-sox American.	
You saw right down to the Goya funeral grin	
And recognized it, and recoiled	15
As your poems winced into chill, as your panic	
Clutched back towards college America.	
So we sat as tourists at the bullfight	
Watching bewildered bulls awkwardly butchered,	
Seeing the grey-faced matador, at the barrier	20
Just below us, straightening his bent sword	
And vomiting with fear. And the horn	
That hid itself inside the blowfly belly	
Of the toppled picador punctured	
What was waiting for you. Spain	25
Was the land of your dreams: the dust-red cadaver	
You dared not wake with, the puckering amputations	
No literature course had glamorized.	
The juju land behind your African lips.	
Spain was what you tried to wake up from	30
And could not. I see you, in moonlight,	
Walking the empty wharf at Alicante	
Like a soul waiting for the ferry,	
A new soul, still not understanding,	
Thinking it is still your honeymoon	35
In the happy world, with your whole life waiting,	
Happy, and all your poems still to be found.	

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 self-expression.
- Or (b)** With reference to any **two** texts you have studied, discuss the ways in which the writers present the significance of decline on the mind and self.

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.

SYLVIA PLATH: *Ariel*

3

- Either (a)** “Despite the pervasive bleakness, Plath ultimately presents a sense of bitter triumph in her poems.”
To what extent is this reflective of the mind presented in Plath’s poems? You should refer to at least **two** poems in your answer.
- Or (b)** In what ways, and to what effects, does Plath employ the use of nature to represent a sense of self? You should refer to at least **two** poems in your answer.

J. M. COETZEE: *Age of Iron*

4

- Either (a)** Discuss Mrs Curren’s use of stories and allusions in *Age of Iron* to present her state of mind.
- Or (b)** Discuss the presentation of motherhood in *Age of Iron*, in relation to the concerns of the mind and self.

EDWARD ALBEE: *Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

5

- Either (a)** “Dashed hopes, and good intentions.” (George, Act 1, p16)
To what extent is this quote representative of the sense of self of the characters in the play?
- Or (b)** “In *Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, the characters spend their evening playing games.”
Discuss in relation to the concerns of the mind and self.



**NANYANG JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION
2018**

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 1 Reading Literature

9509/01

Tuesday, 11 September 2018

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 housework.

A HOUSEKEEPING

We mourn the broken things, chair legs
wrenched from their seats, chipped plates,
the threadbare clothes. We work the magic
of glue, drive the nails, mend the holes. 5
We save what we can, melt small pieces
of soap, gather fallen pecans, keep neck bones
for soup. Beating rugs against the house,
we watch dust, lit like stars, spreading
across the yard. Late afternoon, we draw 10
the blinds to cool the rooms, drive the bugs
out. My mother irons, singing, lost in reverie.
I mark the pages of a mail-order catalog,
listen for passing cars. All day we watch
for the mail, some news from a distant place.

Natasha Trethewey (born 1966)

B GRAND-PA'S WHIM

While for me gapes the greedy grave
It don't make sense
That I should have a crazy crave
To paint our fence. 5
Yet that is what I aim to do,
Though dim my sight:
Jest paint them aged pickets blue,
Or green or white.
Jest squat serenely in the sun
Wi' brush an' paint, 10
An' gay them pickets one by one,
--A chore! It ain't.
The job is joy. Although I'm slow
I save expense:
So folks, let me before I go, 15
Smart that ol' fence.
Them pickets with my hands I made,
When young and spry;
I coloured them a gleeful shade
To glad the eye. 20
So now as chirpy as a boy,
'Ere I go hence,
Once more let me jest bright to joy
Our picket fence.

Robert William Service (1874-1958)

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 rural life.

A RENOVIATION

I want to feel pure the wind
 Glazed by dark narrating shadows
 Among casuarinas tempered by sea-salt.

I want to see brown the hawk
 Unrelenting beautiful death-dealing
 Break open the unsuspecting sky. 5

I want to hear forked the tongue
 From an uncoiling body tracking
 Lusty crickets in the loam.

I want to touch blue the haze 10
 Dimming Karimon¹, over-reach
 Unknotted slopes to possible mysteries.

I want to taste sharp the petai
 Straight from the curling pod
 To hold the village in my mouth. 15

I want these five beginnings.

Edwin Thumboo (born 1933)

B HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf 5
 Round the elm-tree bole² are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows! 10
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture 15
 The first fine careless rapture!
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower³
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower! 20

Robert Browning (1812 – 1889)

¹ *Karimon*: Karimun is an Indonesian island in close proximity to Singapore.

² *bole*: the trunk of a tree

³ *dower*: portion

Section B

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

2

Either (a) ‘*Pride and Prejudice* is not so much about an individual but rather more about a community.’

How far do you agree with this comment?

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

When Jane and Elizabeth were alone, the former, who had been cautious in her praise of Mr. Bingley before, expressed to her sister just how very much she admired him.

“He is just what a young man ought to be,” said she, “sensible, good-humoured, lively; and I never saw such happy manners!—so much ease, with such perfect good breeding!” 5

“He is also handsome,” replied Elizabeth, “which a young man ought likewise to be, if he possibly can. His character is thereby complete.”

“I was very much flattered by his asking me to dance a second time. I did not expect such a compliment.” 10

“Did not you? I did for you. But that is one great difference between us. Compliments always take you by surprise, and me never. What could be more natural than his asking you again? He could not help seeing that you were about five times as pretty as every other woman in the room. No thanks to his gallantry for that. Well, he certainly is very agreeable, and I give you leave to like him. You have liked many a stupider person.” 15

“Dear Lizzy!”

“Oh! you are a great deal too apt, you know, to like people in general. You never see a fault in anybody. All the world are good and agreeable in your eyes. I never heard you speak ill of a human being in your life.” 20

“I would not wish to be hasty in censuring anyone; but I always speak what I think.”

“I know you do; and it is that which makes the wonder. With your good sense, to be so honestly blind to the follies and nonsense of others! Affectation of candour is common enough—one meets with it everywhere. But to be candid without ostentation or design—to take the good of everybody’s character and make it still better, and say nothing of the bad—belongs to you alone. And so you like this man’s sisters, too, do you? Their manners are not equal to his.” 25

“Certainly not—at first. But they are very pleasing women when you converse with them. Miss Bingley is to live with her brother, and keep his house; and I am much mistaken if we shall not find a very charming neighbour in her.” 30

Elizabeth listened in silence, but was not convinced; their behaviour at the assembly had not been calculated to please in general; and with more quickness of observation and less pliancy of temper than her sister, and with a judgement too unassailed by any attention to herself, she was very little disposed to approve them. They were in fact very fine ladies; not deficient in good humour when they were pleased, nor in the power of making themselves agreeable when they chose it, but proud and conceited. 35
They were rather handsome, had been educated in one of the first private 40

seminaries in town, had a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, were in the habit of spending more than they ought, and of associating with people of rank, and were therefore in every respect entitled to think well of themselves, and meanly of others. They were of a respectable family in the north of England; a circumstance more deeply impressed on their memories than that their brother's fortune and their own had been acquired by trade. 45

Mr. Bingley inherited property to the amount of nearly a hundred thousand pounds from his father, who had intended to purchase an estate, but did not live to do it. Mr. Bingley intended it likewise, and sometimes made choice of his county; but as he was now provided with a good house and the liberty of a manor, it was doubtful to many of those who best knew the easiness of his temper, whether he might not spend the remainder of his days at Netherfield, and leave the next generation to purchase. 50

His sisters were anxious for his having an estate of his own; but, though he was now only established as a tenant, Miss Bingley was by no means unwilling to preside at his table—nor was Mrs. Hurst, who had married a man of more fashion than fortune, less disposed to consider his house as her home when it suited her. Mr. Bingley had not been of age two years, when he was tempted by an accidental recommendation to look at Netherfield House. He did look at it, and into it for half-an-hour—was pleased with the situation and the principal rooms, satisfied with what the owner said in its praise, and took it immediately. 55 60

Between him and Darcy there was a very steady friendship, in spite of great opposition of character. Bingley was endeared to Darcy by the easiness, openness, and ductility of his temper, though no disposition could offer a greater contrast to his own, and though with his own he never appeared dissatisfied. On the strength of Darcy's regard, Bingley had the firmest reliance, and of his judgement the highest opinion. In understanding, Darcy was the superior. Bingley was by no means deficient, but Darcy was clever. He was at the same time haughty, reserved, and fastidious, and his manners, though well-bred, were not inviting. In that respect his friend had greatly the advantage. Bingley was sure of being liked wherever he appeared, Darcy was continually giving offense. 65 70

Chapter 4

Section C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

3

Either (a) 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon and never think of it. (Act 2, Scene 1)

To what extent do the above lines reveal Angelo's central flaw?

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

<i>Lucio:</i>	Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you. Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	Woe me, for what?	
<i>Lucio:</i>	For that which, if myself might be his judge, He should receive his punishment in thanks: He hath got his friend with child.	5
<i>Isabella:</i>	Sir, make me not your story.	
<i>Lucio:</i>	'Tis true. I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest, Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins so. I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted, By your renouncement an immortal spirit, And to be talked with in sincerity, As with a saint.	10 15
<i>Isabella:</i>	You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.	
<i>Lucio:</i>	Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus: Your brother and his lover have embraced. As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time That from the seedness the bare fallow brings To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb Expreseth his full tilth and husbandry.	20 25
<i>Isabella:</i>	Someone with child by him? My cousin Juliet?	
<i>Lucio:</i>	Is she your cousin?	
<i>Isabella:</i>	Adoptedly, as schoolmaids change their names By vain though apt affection.	25
<i>Lucio:</i>	She it is.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	O let him marry her!	
<i>Lucio:</i>	This is the point. The Duke is very strangely gone from hence; Bore many gentlemen, myself being one, In hand, and hope of action; but we do learn, By those that know the very nerves of state, His givings-out were of an infinite distance From his true-meant design. Upon his place And with full line of his authority Governs Lord Angelo, a man whose blood Is very snow-broth, one who never feels The wanton stings and motions of the sense, But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge	30 35 40

	With profits of the mind, study and fast. He, to give fear to use and liberty, Which have for long run by the hideous law As mice by lions, hath picked out an act Under whose heavy sense your brother's life Falls into forfeit; he arrests him on it, And follows close the rigour of the statute To make him an example. All hope is gone, Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer To soften Angelo. And that's my pith of business 'Twixt you and your poor brother.	45 50
<i>Isabella:</i>	Doth he so Seek his life?	
<i>Lucio:</i>	Has censured him already, And as I hear the provost hath a warrant For's execution.	55
<i>Isabella:</i>	Alas, what poor ability's in me To do him good?	
<i>Lucio:</i>	Assay the power you have.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	My power, alas, I doubt.	60
<i>Lucio:</i>	Our doubts are traitors And make us lose the good we oft might win By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo, And let him learn to know, when maidens sue Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel All their petitions are as freely theirs As they themselves would owe them.	65
<i>Isabella:</i>	I'll see what I can do.	

Act 1, Scene 4

END OF PAPER



**NANYANG JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION
2018**

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/03

Paper 3 The Mind and Self in Literature

Tuesday, 18 September 2018

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 passage is from *The Invention of Solitude* (1979) by Paul Auster. Write a critical appreciation of it, paying particular attention to the ways in which it explores ideas about the mind and self.

The narrator has discovered his recently deceased father's photographs.

Most of these pictures did not tell me anything new, but they helped to fill in gaps, confirm impressions, offer proof where none had existed before. A series of snapshots of him as a bachelor, for example, probably taken over a number of years, gives a precise account of certain aspects of his personality that had been submerged during the years of his marriage, a side of him I did not begin to see until after his divorce: my father as prankster, as man about town, as good time Charlie. In picture after picture he is standing with women, usually two or three, all of them affecting comical poses, their arms perhaps around each other, or two of them sitting on his lap, or else a theatrical kiss for the benefit of no one but the person taking the picture. In the background: a mountain, a tennis court, perhaps a swimming pool or a log cabin. These were the pictures brought back from weekend jaunts to various Catskill¹ resorts in the company of his bachelor friends: play tennis, have a good time with the girls. He carried on in this way until he was thirty-four.

It was a life that suited him, and I can see why he went back to it after his marriage broke up. For a man who finds life tolerable only by staying on the surface of himself, it is natural to be satisfied with offering no more than this surface to others. There are few demands to be met, and no commitment is required. Marriage, on the other hand, closes the door. Your existence is confined to a narrow space in which you are constantly obliged to look into yourself, to examine your own depths. When the door is open there is never any problem: you can always escape. You can avoid unwanted confrontations, either with yourself or with another, simply by walking away.

My father's capacity for evasion was almost limitless. Because the domain of the other was unreal to him, his incursions into that domain were made with a part of himself he considered to be equally unreal, another self he had trained as an actor to represent him in the empty comedy of the world-at-large. This surrogate self was essentially a tease, a hyperactive child, a fabricator of tall tales. It could not take anything seriously.

Because nothing mattered, he gave himself the freedom to do anything he wanted (sneaking into tennis clubs, pretending to be a restaurant critic in order to get a free meal), and the charm he exercised to make his conquests was precisely what made these conquests meaningless. With the vanity of a woman he hid the truth about his age, made up stories about his business dealings, talked about himself only obliquely – in the third person, as if talking about an acquaintance of his ('There's a friend of mine who has this problem; what do you think he should do about it?...'). Whenever a situation became too tight for him, whenever he felt pushed to the verge of having to reveal himself, he would wriggle out of it by telling a lie. Eventually, the lie came automatically and was indulged in for its own sake. The principle was to say as little as possible. If people never learned the truth, then they couldn't turn around and use it against him later. The lie was a way of buying protection. What people saw when he appeared before them, then, was not really him, but a person had invented, an artificial creature he could manipulate in order to manipulate others. He himself

¹ A mountain range in New York state

remained invisible, a puppeteer working the strings of his alter-ego from a dark, solitary place behind the curtain.

For the last ten or twelve years of his life he had one steady lady friend, and this was the woman who went out with him in public, who played the role of official companion. Every now and then there was some vague talk of marriage (at her insistence), and everyone assumed that this was the only woman he had anything to do with. After his death, however, other women began to step forward. This one had loved him, that one had worshipped him, another one was going to marry him. The principal girl friend was shocked to learn about these other women: my father had never breathed a word about them to her. Each one had been fed a different line, and each one thought she had possessed him entirely. As it turned out, none of them knew the slightest thing about him. He had managed to elude them all.

- Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of Matthew Arnold's *Self-Dependence* (1851), paying particular attention to the ways in which the poet explores ideas pertaining to the mind and self.

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send: 5
"Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew; 10
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer: 15
"Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy. 20

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful 25
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear: 30
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he,
Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

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) With reference to two texts you have studied, consider how the authors explore the mind's capacity for growth and transformation.

Or (b) Compare the ways in which two texts you have studied explore the vulnerability of the self.

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.

SYLVIA PLATH: *Ariel*

3

Either (a) Discuss Plath's use of structure and poetic voice to highlight ideas pertaining to the mind and self.

Or (b) 'Out of the ash/I rise with my red hair/And I eat men like air.' (Lady Lazarus)

With detailed reference to at least two poems, discuss Plath's presentation of the relationship between self-destruction and self-renewal.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Collected Poems*

4

Either (a) 'Jennings's poetry demonstrates the mind's search for order and stability.'

How far do you agree with the above statement? You should make detailed reference to at least two poems in your answer.

Or (b) Explore Jennings's presentation of mental and emotional suffering in her poems. You should make detailed reference to at least two poems in your answer.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

5

Either (a)

Or (b)

END OF PAPER



PIONEER JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/01

Higher 2

Paper 1 Reading Literature

11 Sept 2018

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

Additional materials: Writing Paper

3 Hours

Candidate's Name: _____ **CT Group:** _____

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your statutory name and CT group at the top of every sheet of answer paper used.
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

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

Begin each section on a fresh sheet of paper.

Secure Sections A and C together.

Section B to be collected separately.

Submit answer scripts and question paper separately.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

This question paper consists of 10 printed pages.

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B

MOTHER DOESN'T GET IT

I don't know why I don't know love.

I don't know why my sister sleeps with white men and likes it.

I don't know why I don't like sex.

I don't know why I turned into my mother no matter how hard I resisted.

5

I don't know why my son does not look at me in the eye anymore.

I don't know why my daughter used to bring home other girls dressed as boys.

I don't know why my daughter likes men now and the men are never Chinese.

10

I don't know why I believe in God even though He does little to make me happy.

I don't know why I can say such things and still believe I will go to heaven.

I don't know why I keep waking up in the middle of the night after dreaming of lying at the bottom of a pool.

15

I don't know why even as there is no light in such dreams I can feel I am not alone and that something is waiting to hold me down to drown.

I don't know why my husband loves to mop the floor to a meaningless shine.

20

I don't know why the self is a shadow I keep trying to pin down to point in one direction.

I don't know why this home is where my heart is no longer.

I don't know why my body shrinks with age but my loneliness never does.

25

I don't know why my children watch me with their father's hollowed eyes.

I don't know why I keep telling my son I will kill myself if he refuses to marry.

I don't know why I never kill myself.

30

I don't know why it is precisely those moments when I am almost sure I am happy that doubt pours up inside me like a cloud of mosquitoes through the grate of a roadside drain I saw in India and could not stop staring.

I don't know why I can almost forget my pain when I am at my busiest 35
and most distracted.

I don't know why I still believe the dream of the happy life will surely fit
itself back inside my body tighter like a screw tomorrow.

I don't know why the pain comes back.

(Cyril Wong, 1977-)

- Or (b)** Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to how each poet portrays societal perception of women.

A

THE MUNICH MANNEQUINS

Perfection is terrible, it cannot have children.
Cold as snow breath, it tamps the womb

Where the yew trees blow like hydras,
The tree of life and the tree of life

Unloosing their moons, month after month, to no purpose. 5
The blood flood is the flood of love,

The absolute sacrifice.
It means: no more idols but me,

Me and you. 10
So, in their sulfur loveliness, in their smiles

These mannequins lean tonight
In Munich, morgue between Paris and Rome,

Naked and bald in their furs,
Orange lollies on silver sticks,

Intolerable, without mind. 15
The snow drops its pieces of darkness,

Nobody's about. In the hotels
Hands will be opening doors and setting

Down shoes for a polish of carbon 20
Into which broad toes will go tomorrow.

O the domesticity of these windows,
The baby lace, the green-leaved confectionery,

The thick Germans slumbering in their bottomless Stolz.
And the black phones on hooks

Glittering 25
Glittering and digesting

Voicelessness. The snow has no voice.

(Sylvia Plath, 1932-1963)

B

A WOMAN'S PLACE

in our society man is better placed & a woman's place is being misplaced	
in the first place man is always brought into play & a woman can be used for play, or display	5
quite often, in the office man plays upon & woman gets played against or played on	10
when man achieves man gets played up and woman gets played down however, woman plays along	15
when a 'playman' jokes he can make a woman feel out of place, she walks away, leaves her place	20
in our society when man & woman are face to face woman must always keep a straight face else she might get defaced	
when a man looks into a woman's face she must face up to the man & face down for man cannot lose face	25
if a woman looks into a man's face man will return a gaze put her in her place & make her feel out of place	30
in our society no place for woman is better placed than being misplaced!	35

(Lim Hsin Hsin, 1993-)

Section B

MARY SHELLEY: *Frankenstein*

2

Either (a) “Beware; for I am fearless, and therefore powerful.”

How far does this hold true in the novel?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying attention to Shelley’s presentation of torment here and elsewhere in the novel.

Nothing is more painful to the human mind than, after the feelings have been worked up by a quick succession of events, the dead calmness of inaction and certainty which follows and deprives the soul both of hope and fear. Justine died, she rested, and I was alive. The blood flowed freely in my veins, but a weight of despair and remorse pressed on my heart which nothing could remove. Sleep fled 5 from my eyes; I wandered like an evil spirit, for I had committed deeds of mischief beyond description horrible, and more, much more (I persuaded myself) was yet behind. Yet my heart overflowed with kindness and the love of virtue. I had begun life with benevolent intentions and thirsted for the moment when I should put them in practice and make myself useful to my fellow beings. Now all was blasted; 10 instead of that serenity of conscience which allowed me to look back upon the past with self-satisfaction, and from thence to gather promise of new hopes, I was seized by remorse and the sense of guilt, which hurried me away to a hell of intense tortures such as no language can describe.

This state of mind preyed upon my health, which had perhaps never entirely 15 recovered from the first shock it had sustained. I shunned the face of man; all sound of joy or complacency was torture to me; solitude was my only consolation—deep, dark, deathlike solitude.

My father observed with pain the alteration perceptible in my disposition and habits and endeavoured by arguments deduced from the feelings of his serene 20 conscience and guiltless life to inspire me with fortitude and awaken in me the courage to dispel the dark cloud which brooded over me. “Do you think, Victor,” said he, “that I do not suffer also? No one could love a child more than I loved your brother”—tears came into his eyes as he spoke—“but is it not a duty to the survivors that we should refrain from augmenting their unhappiness by an 25 appearance of immoderate grief? It is also a duty owed to yourself, for excessive sorrow prevents improvement or enjoyment, or even the discharge of daily usefulness, without which no man is fit for society.”

This advice, although good, was totally inapplicable to my case; I should have been the first to hide my grief and console my friends if remorse had not mingled 30 its bitterness, and terror its alarm, with my other sensations. Now I could only answer my father with a look of despair and endeavour to hide myself from his view.

About this time we retired to our house at Belrive. This change was particularly agreeable to me. The shutting of the gates regularly at ten o’clock and the 35 impossibility of remaining on the lake after that hour had rendered our residence within the walls of Geneva very irksome to me. I was now free. Often, after the rest of the family had retired for the night, I took the boat and passed many hours

upon the water. Sometimes, with my sails set, I was carried by the wind; and sometimes, after rowing into the middle of the lake, I left the boat to pursue its own course and gave way to my own miserable reflections. I was often tempted, when all was at peace around me, and I the only unquiet thing that wandered restless in a scene so beautiful and heavenly—if I except some bat, or the frogs, whose harsh and interrupted croaking was heard only when I approached the shore—often, I say, I was tempted to plunge into the silent lake, that the waters might close over me and my calamities for ever. But I was restrained, when I thought of the heroic and suffering Elizabeth, whom I tenderly loved, and whose existence was bound up in mine. I thought also of my father and surviving brother; should I by my base desertion leave them exposed and unprotected to the malice of the fiend whom I had let loose among them?

At these moments I wept bitterly and wished that peace would revisit my mind only that I might afford them consolation and happiness. But that could not be. Remorse extinguished every hope. I had been the author of unalterable evils, and I lived in daily fear lest the monster whom I had created should perpetrate some new wickedness. I had an obscure feeling that all was not over and that he would still commit some signal crime, which by its enormity should almost efface the recollection of the past. There was always scope for fear so long as anything I loved remained behind. My abhorrence of this fiend cannot be conceived. When I thought of him I gnashed my teeth, my eyes became inflamed, and I ardently wished to extinguish that life which I had so thoughtlessly bestowed. When I reflected on his crimes and malice, my hatred and revenge burst all bounds of moderation. I would have made a pilgrimage to the highest peak of the Andes, could I, when there, have precipitated him to their base. I wished to see him again, that I might wreak the utmost extent of abhorrence on his head and avenge the deaths of William and Justine.

Book 1, Chapter IX

Section C

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *Saint Joan*

3

Either (a) “The truth sticks in our throats with all the sauces it is served with: it will never go down until we take it without any sauce at all.”

How far is this true of Shaw’s intentions in the play?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, examining Shaw’s use of titles here and elsewhere in the play.

- THE CHAPLAIN The matter, my lord, is that we English have been defeated.
- THE NOBLEMAN That happens, you know. It is only in history books and ballads that the enemy is always defeated.
- THE CHAPLAIN But we are being defeated over and over again. First, Orleans--
- THE NOBLEMAN *[poohpoohing]* Oh, Orleans! 5
- THE CHAPLAIN I know what you are going to say, my lord: that was a clear case of witchcraft and sorcery. But we are still being defeated. Jargeau, Meung, Beaugency, just like Orleans. And now we have been butchered at Patay, and Sir John Talbot taken prisoner. *[He throws down his pen, almost in tears]* I feel it, my lord: I feel it very deeply. I cannot bear to see my countrymen defeated by a parcel of foreigners. 10
- THE NOBLEMAN Oh! you are an Englishman, are you?
- THE CHAPLAIN Certainly not, my lord: I am a gentleman. Still, like your lordship, I was born in England; and it makes a difference.
- THE NOBLEMAN You are attached to the soil, eh? 15
- THE CHAPLAIN It pleases your lordship to be satirical at my expense: your greatness privileges you to be so with impunity. But your lordship knows very well that I am not attached to the soil in a vulgar manner, like a serf. Still, I have a feeling about it; *[with growing agitation]* and I am not ashamed of it; and *[rising wildly]* by God, if this goes on any longer I will fling my cassock to the devil, and take arms myself, and strangle the accursed witch with my own hands. 20
- THE NOBLEMAN *[laughing at him goodnaturedly]* So you shall, chaplain: so you shall, if we can do nothing better. But not yet, not quite yet. *[The Chaplain resumes his seat very sulkily.]* 25
- THE NOBLEMAN *[airily]* I should not care very much about the witch--you see, I have made my pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and the Heavenly Powers, for their own credit, can hardly allow me to be worsted by a village sorceress--but the Bastard of Orleans is a harder nut to crack; and as he has been to the Holy Land too, honors are easy between us as far as that goes. 30

- THE CHAPLAIN He is only a Frenchman, my lord.
- THE NOBLEMAN A Frenchman! Where did you pick up that expression? Are these Burgundians and Bretons and Picards and Gascons beginning to call themselves Frenchmen, just as our fellows are beginning to call themselves Englishmen? They actually talk of France and England as their countries. Theirs, if you please! What is to become of me and you if that way of thinking comes into fashion? 35
- THE CHAPLAIN Why, my lord? Can it hurt us?
- THE NOBLEMAN Men cannot serve two masters. If this can't of serving their country once takes hold of them, goodbye to the authority of their feudal lords, and goodbye to the authority of the Church. That is, goodbye to you and me. 40
- THE CHAPLAIN I hope I am a faithful servant of the Church; and there are only six cousins between me and the barony of Stogumber, which was created by the Conqueror. But is that any reason why I should stand by and see Englishmen beaten by a French bastard and a witch from Lousy Champagne? 45
- THE NOBLEMAN Easy, man, easy: we shall burn the witch and beat the bastard all in good time. Indeed I am waiting at present for the Bishop of Beauvais, to arrange the burning with him. He has been turned out of his diocese by her faction. 50
- THE CHAPLAIN You have first to catch her, my lord.
- THE NOBLEMAN Or buy her. I will offer a king's ransom.
- THE CHAPLAIN A king's ransom! For that slut! 55
- THE NOBLEMAN One has to leave a margin. Some of Charles's people will sell her to the Burgundians; the Burgundians will sell her to us; and there will probably be three or four middlemen who will expect their little commissions.
- THE CHAPLAIN Monstrous. It is all those scoundrels of Jews: they get in every time money changes hands. I would not leave a Jew alive in Christendom if I had my way. 60
- THE NOBLEMAN Why not? The Jews generally give value. They make you pay; but they deliver the goods. In my experience the men who want something for nothing are invariably Christians. 65

Scene IV

END OF PAPER



PIONEER JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/03

Higher 2

Paper 3 The Mind and Self in Literature

18 Sept 2018

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

Additional materials: Writing Paper

3 Hours

Candidate's Name: _____ **CT Group:** _____

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your statutory name and CT group at the top of every sheet of answer paper used.
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

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

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

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Section A

Answer one question in this section.

1

- Either** (a) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem by Maya Angelou (1928-2014) considering ways in which the poetess uses form, structure and language to present her sense of self.

Still I Rise

You may write me down in history 1
 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? 5
 Why are you beset with gloom?
 'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
 Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns, 10
 With the certainty of tides,
 Just like hopes springing high,
 Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken? 15
 Bowed head and lowered eyes?
 Shoulders falling down like teardrops.
 Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?
 Don't you take it awful hard
 'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines 20
 Diggin' in my own back yard.

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? 25
 Does it come as a surprise
 That I dance like I've got diamonds
 At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame 30
 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.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear	35
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.	40
I rise	
I rise	
I rise.	

- Or (b) The following passage is from Maya Angelou's 'Heart of a Woman' (1928-2014). Write a critical appreciation of the extract, commenting on ways in which the writer uses form, structure and language to present a woman's sense of self.

Mrs. Oliver Tambo, the wife of the head of the African National Congress, invited me to lunch. The house in Maida Vale was neat and bright, but the sensation of impermanence in the large rooms was so strong that even the cut flowers might have been rented. She welcomed me and the other guests cordially but with only a part of her attention. I didn't know then that all wives of freedom fighters lived their lives on the edge of screaming desperation. 5

As we sat down at the table, the telephone rang constantly, interrupting the conversation we were trying to establish. Mrs. Tambo would lower one side of her head and listen and most often allow the rings to wear themselves to silence. A few times she got up, and I could hear the one-sided sound of a telephone conversation. 10

Lunch was slow-cooked beef and a stiff corn-meal porridge called mealy. She told me that she had gone to the trouble of preparing South African traditional food so that I would not be shocked when I met it again. I didn't tell her that in the United States we ate the same thing and called it baked short ribs and corn-meal mush. 15

A startlingly beautiful woman spoke to me. Her skin was blue. black and smooth as glass. She had brushed her hair severely, and it lay in tiny ripples back from a clean, shining forehead. Her long eyes were lifted above high cheekbones and her lips formed themselves in a large black bow. When she smiled, displaying white even upper teeth but bare lower gums, I knew she was from Kenya. I had read that the women of that country's Luo tribe have their bottom four teeth extracted to enhance their beauty. She was bright and tough, describing Europe's evil presence in Africa. 20

Mrs. Okalala from Uganda, a squat tugboat of a woman, said she found it ironic, if not downright stupid, to hold a meeting where people discussed how to get colonialism's foot off the neck of Africa in the capital of colonialism. It reminded her of an African saying: Only a fool asks a leopard to look after a lamb. 25

Two Somali women wrapped in flowing pink robes smiled and ate daintily. They spoke no English and had attended the lunch for form's sake. Occasionally they whispered to each other in their own language and smiled. Ruth Thompson, a West Indian journalist, led the conversation, as soon as lunch was finished. 30

"What are we here for? Why are African women sitting eating, trying to act cute while African men are discussing serious questions and African children are starving? Have we come to London just to convenience our husbands? Have we been brought here only as portable pussy?" 35

I was the only person shocked by the language, so I kept my reaction private. 40

The Luo woman laughed. "Sister, you have asked, completely, my question. We, in Kenya, are women, not just wombs. We have shown during Mau Mau that we have ideas as well as babies."

Mrs. Okalala agreed and added, "At home we fight. Some women have died in the struggle." 45

A tall wiry lawyer from Sierra Leone stood. "In all of Africa, women have suffered." She picked at the cloth of her dress, caught it and dragged it above her knees. "I have been jailed and beaten. Look, my sisters. Because I would not tell the whereabouts of my friends, they also shot me." She wore a garter

belt and the white elastic straps on her left leg evenly divided a deep-gouged scar as slick and black as wet pavement. "Because I fought against imperialism." 50

We gathered around her, clucking sympathy, gingerly touching the tight skin.

"They shot me and said my fighting days were over, but if I am paralyzed and can only lift my eyelids, I will stare the white oppressors out of Africa." 55

Section B

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

- 2** **Either (a)** “One is not born gendered. One becomes engendered”.

Making close reference to any **two** texts you have studied, compare the ways in which their writers establish notions of gender in relation to aspects of the mind and self.

- Or (b)** “Transgressing boundaries is the new norm.”

With reference to any **two** texts you have studied, discuss how the writers present transgressions as the only means to owning one’s self.

Section C

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

SYLVIA PLATH : *Ariel*

- 3 **Either** (a) Virginia Woolf might have seen much of *Ariel* as “deformed” by a tendency “to preach, to proclaim an injury, to pay off a score, to make the world a witness of some hardship or grievance.”

Is this a fair judgement of Plath’s attempts to claim her sense of self?

- Or** (b) With close reference to at least 3 poems from Sylvia Plath’s *Ariel*, how far would you agree that *Ariel* is “not just about despair and desperation, but also about courage?

PAT BARKER : *Regeneration*

4. **Either** (a) “A dispiriting way to bring girls up,...In her world, men loved women as the fox loved the hare. And women loved men as a tapeworm loves the gut...” – Sarah Lumb.

Examine how the similes above encapsulate gender roles in the novel.

- Or** (b) “... And the Great Adventure—the real life equivalent of all the adventure stories they'd have devoured as boys—consisted of crouching in a dugout, waiting to be killed.”

To what extent is Barker effective in de-romanticizing notions of the “Great Adventure”?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

5. **Either** (a) “Belike this show imports the argument of the play.” Ophelia (Act 3, Scene 2)

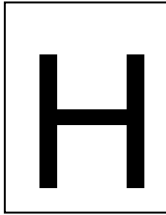
Discuss how the *Dumb Show* is indeed the central “argument of the play” that delves into the characters’ minds.

- Or** (b) “Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage...for he was likely ...to have proved most royal.” Fortinbras (Act 5, Sc 2)

To what extent has Hamlet proven to be the ‘most royal’ self?

END OF PAPER

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RIVER VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL
ADVANCED LEVEL
YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATIONS
HIGHER 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/1

10 September

3 hours

Paper 1 Reading Literature

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 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.

This document consists of **8** printed pages.

[Turn over

SECTION A
Answer one question from 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 portrayal of parenthood.

Invention

My six-year-old mechanic, you are up half the night
inventing a pipe made from jars, a ski-ing car
for flat icy roads and a timer-catapult
involving a palm tree, candles and rope.
You could barely stand when I once found you, 5
having loosened the bars from the cot
and stepped out so simply you shocked yourself.
Today I am tearful, infatuated with bad ideas,
the same song, over and over. You take charge,
up-end chairs, pull cushions under the table, 10
lay in chewing-gum and juice
rip newspaper into snow on the roof.

Lavinia Greenlaw (1962 -)

Promise

I try not to cast too much shade.
Sin would be
to use the excuse
of her growth in my womb,
to imagine her as a limb of myself. 5
She is her own tree,
late-winter's indomitable shoot.
She takes cupfuls of sun.

I stand well clear
as the branches stretch 10
like flutes playing allegros.
Not for anything
would I poison her
with an act of possession,
conceal her from the woodsman 15
whose task is to make room for all.

Mary O'Donnell (1954 -)

Or

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

House of Cards

People smile so much in advertisements these days,
Especially those with little girls running away
From impossible lawns and immaculate founts*
Their arms open like gates. Dreamers slam
Right into them, mistaking fences for home 5
Or Eden moated by apartments and gyms.
Her parents and grandparents—it is easy to assume
Familial relations here—stand further back,
Well-represented in pairs like cards on the table.

Behind the airbrushed family, looming out of proportion, 10
A promise sits on furniture under wraps, appliances
unpaid in boxes. Train tracks and prestigious schools
filter into glowing clouds, a promising new day
played close to the chest beyond sunset.
We watch the little girls run to a full house 15
That does not pay out, but one we cash in
All the same, because that is how we imagine
Social mobility per square metre looks like.

Jerrold Yam (1991 -)

**founts: synonym for font; also can mean source of information*

London

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow.
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man, 5
In every Infants cry of fear,
In every voice: in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweepers cry 10
Every blackning Church appalls,
And the hapless Soldiers sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlots curse
Blasts the new-born Infants tear 15
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse

William Blake (1727 – 1827)

SECTION B
Answer one question from this section.

Mary Shelley: *Frankenstein*

2

- Either** a) 'The novel gives shape to the fear of the Creature as both monstrous agent of destruction and piteous victim of parental abandonment.'
- Discuss Shelley's treatment of parenthood in the light of the statement above.
- Or** b) By a close examination of the passage below, discuss how and to what extent Shelley provides a sympathetic voice for the Creature here, and elsewhere in the novel.

"Your repentance," I said, "is now superfluous. If you had listened to the voice of conscience and heeded the stings of remorse before you had urged your diabolical vengeance to this extremity, Frankenstein would yet have lived."

"And do you dream?" said the dæmon. "Do you think that I was then dead to agony and remorse? He," he continued, pointing to the corpse, "he suffered not in the consummation of the deed. Oh! Not the ten-thousandth portion of the anguish that was mine during the lingering detail of its execution. A frightful selfishness hurried me on, while my heart was poisoned with remorse. Think you that the groans of Clerval were music to my ears? My heart was fashioned to be susceptible of love and sympathy, and when wrenched by misery to vice and hatred, it did not endure the violence of the change without torture such as you cannot even imagine." 5 10

"After the murder of Clerval I returned to Switzerland, heart-broken and overcome. I pitied Frankenstein; my pity amounted to horror; I abhorred myself. But when I discovered that he, the author at once of my existence and of its unspeakable torments, dared to hope for happiness, that while he accumulated wretchedness and despair upon me he sought his own enjoyment in feelings and passions from the indulgence of which I was for ever barred, then impotent envy and bitter indignation filled me with an insatiable thirst for vengeance. I recollected my threat and resolved that it should be accomplished. I knew that I was preparing for myself a deadly torture, but I was the slave, not the master, of an impulse which I detested yet could not disobey. Yet when she died! Nay, then I was not miserable. I had cast off all feeling, subdued all anguish, to riot in the excess of my despair. Evil thenceforth became my good. Urged thus far, I had no choice but to adapt my nature to an element which I had willingly chosen. The completion of my demoniacal design became an insatiable passion. And now it is ended; there is my last victim!" 15 20 25

I was at first touched by the expressions of his misery; yet, when I called to mind what Frankenstein had said of his powers of eloquence and persuasion, and when I again cast my eyes on the lifeless form of my friend, indignation was rekindled within me. "Wretch!" I said. "It is well that you come here to whine over the desolation that you have made. You throw a torch into a pile of buildings, and when they are 30

consumed, you sit among the ruins and lament the fall. Hypocritical fiend! If he whom you mourn still lived, still would he be the object, again would he become the prey, of your accursed vengeance. It is not pity that you feel; you lament only because the victim of your malignity is withdrawn from your power.”

“Oh, it is not thus—not thus,” interrupted the being. “Yet such must be the impression 35
conveyed to you by what appears to be the purport of my actions. Yet I seek not a fellow feeling in my misery. No sympathy may I ever find. When I first sought it, it was the love of virtue, the feelings of happiness and affection with which my whole being overflowed, that I wished to be participated. But now that virtue has become to me a shadow, and that happiness and affection are turned into bitter and loathing 40
despair, in what should I seek for sympathy? I am content to suffer alone while my sufferings shall endure; when I die, I am well satisfied that abhorrence and opprobrium should load my memory. Once my fancy was soothed with dreams of virtue, of fame, and of enjoyment. Once I falsely hoped to meet with beings who, pardoning my outward form, would love me for the excellent qualities which I was 45
capable of unfolding. I was nourished with high thoughts of honour and devotion. But now crime has degraded me beneath the meanest animal. No guilt, no mischief, no malignity, no misery, can be found comparable to mine. When I run over the frightful catalogue of my sins, I cannot believe that I am the same creature whose thoughts were once filled with sublime and transcendent visions of the beauty and the majesty 50
of goodness. But it is even so; the fallen angel becomes a malignant devil. Yet even that enemy of God and man had friends and associates in his desolation; I am alone.

“You, who call Frankenstein your friend, seem to have a knowledge of my crimes and his misfortunes. But in the detail which he gave you of them he could not sum up the hours and months of misery which I endured wasting in impotent passions. For 55
while I destroyed his hopes, I did not satisfy my own desires. They were for ever ardent and craving; still I desired love and fellowship, and I was still spurned. Was there no injustice in this? Am I to be thought the only criminal, when all humankind sinned against me? Why do you not hate Felix, who drove his friend from his door with contumely? Why do you not execrate the rustic who sought to destroy the 60
saviour of his child? Nay, these are virtuous and immaculate beings! I, the miserable and the abandoned, am an abortion, to be spurned at, and kicked, and trampled on. Even now my blood boils at the recollection of this injustice.

Volume Three Chapter VII

SECTION C
Answer one question from this section.

Arthur Miller: *Playing for Time*

3

Either a) “Music is the holiest activity of mankind.”

How true is this view of music in the play?

Or b) Critically examine the following extract, paying particular attention to the dramatic presentation of traumatic events here and elsewhere in the play.

She takes up her accordion and launches into a foot-stomper polka, full of ‘ha-ha, hee-hee’. The orchestra looks at her, appalled. Some start to giggle. The BLOCKAWAS, led by TCHAIKOWSKA and loving it, begin to polka with one another and clap their hands. A BLOCKAWA rushes in, pointing outside.

BLOCKAWA [yelling]: Come outside! They’re going to hang them! 5

TCHAIKOWSKA: Who?

BLOCKAWA: Those two that escaped! [To the orchestra, with a wave.]
Everybody’s supposed to watch! Come on!

The BLOCKAWAS rushes out. TCHAIKOWSKA and the other POLISH KAPOs follow. The orchestra is hushed and move solemnly to a point, then look offstage. 10

PAULETTE: Oh! It’s Mala and Edek!

All stare in horror. FANIA breaks from them, comes to a point downstage, and addresses the audience.

FANIA. [quietly, simply, painting a picture]: They’d been so horribly beaten they could hardly stand. But Mala refused the executioner’s help 15
and stayed on her feet under the noose. The whole camp, thousands of people, were made to watch. And suddenly, as the two of them were dropped and swung from the ropes, someone in the crowd removed his cap. Then another did, and slowly a sea of shaven heads was bared. The SS clubbed at them, ordered them 20
to cover up, but very few obeyed and they gave up clubbing, there were so many. Edek I’d never seen, but Mala was so beautiful...Alma’d been right, she was a miracle. They hung there in the rain all afternoon. Even in the dark they let them hang 25
there... to show their contempt for us all... for life, I suppose.

There is a blackout.

The lights come up on the orchestra practising in a desultory way, breaking off in mid-note to talk quietly together. FANIA is seated at her table, playing with a pencil,

staring at nothing. Her face is deeply depressed, deadened. MARIANNE enters, turns to wave to someone offstage, then continues past HÉLÈNE, who is seated with her instrument. 30

HÉLÈNE: With the executioner?

MARIANNE halts. All around the room, the expressions are angrily contemptuous, disgusted.

HÉLÈNE: He killed Mala and Edek, did you know?
MARIANNE: Well, if he didn't somebody else would've, you can be sure of that. 35
[*She starts to cross, halts, and turns to the others*] I mean to say, dearies, whose side do you think *you're* on? Because if anybody's not sure you're on the side of the executioners, you ought to go out and ask any prisoner in this camp, and they'll be happy to tell you! [*To HÉLÈNE.*] So you can stick your comments 40
you know exactly where, *HÉLÈNE*. Any further questions?

She looks defiantly, smiles, then exits, removing her coat. The truth of her remarks shows in the players' eyes. They avoid one another's eyes as they resume practising.

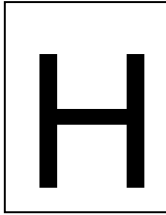
ESTHER [*going to FANIA*]: You shouldn't let her get away with that. I'd answer, but nobody listens to what I say... 45
FANIA: But she's right, Esther... what answer is there?
ESTHER: I am *not* on their side. I am only keeping myself for Jerusalem.
FANIA: Good.

This uninflected, sterilized comment leaves ESTHER unsatisfied.

ESTHER: What do you mean by that, Fania? 50
FANIA: That it's good if you can keep yourself so apart from all this ... so clean.
ESTHER [*in a sense asking*]: But we're not responsible for this.
FANIA. Of course not, nothing here is our fault. [*She finally agrees, as it were, to go into it.*] All I mean is that we may be innocent, but we 55
have changed. I mean we know a little something about the human race that we didn't know before. And it's not good news.

ACT TWO

END OF PAPER



RIVER VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL
ADVANCED LEVEL
YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATIONS 2
HIGHER 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/3

19 September
3 hours

The Mind and Self in Literature

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.

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

[Turn over

SECTION A
Answer one question from this section.

1 Either

- (a) The following passage is an extract from *The Importance of Being Earnest*, a play by Oscar Wilde published in 1898.

Write a critical appreciation of the passage below, commenting on ways in which the playwright dramatises issues of the self.

- Algernon: Oh! it is absurd to have a hard and fast rule about what one should read and what one shouldn't. More than half of modern culture depends on what one shouldn't read.
- Jack: I am quite aware of the fact, and I don't propose to discuss modern culture. It isn't the sort of thing one should talk of in private. I simply want my cigarette case back. 5
- Algernon: Yes; but this isn't your cigarette case. This cigarette case is a present from some one of the name of Cecily, and you said you didn't know any one of that name.
- Jack: Well, if you want to know, Cecily happens to be my aunt. 10
- Algernon: Your aunt!
- Jack: Yes. Charming old lady she is, too. Lives at Tunbridge Wells. Just give it back to me, Algy.
- Algernon: [*Retreating to back of sofa.*] But why does she call herself little Cecily if she is your aunt and lives at Tunbridge Wells? [*Reading.*] 'From little Cecily with her fondest love.' 15
- Jack: [*Moving to sofa and kneeling upon it.*] My dear fellow, what on earth is there in that? Some aunts are tall, some aunts are not tall. That is a matter that surely an aunt may be allowed to decide for herself. You seem to think that every aunt should be exactly like your aunt! That is absurd! For Heaven's sake give me back my cigarette case. [*Follows Algernon round the room.*] 20
- Algernon: Yes. But why does your aunt call you her uncle? 'From little Cecily, with her fondest love to her dear Uncle Jack.' There is no objection, I admit, to an aunt being a small aunt, but why an aunt, no matter what her size may be, should call her own nephew her uncle, I can't quite make out. Besides, your name isn't Jack at all; it is Ernest. 25
- Jack: It isn't Ernest; it's Jack.
- Algernon: You have always told me it was Ernest. I have introduced you to every one as Ernest. You answer to the name of Ernest. You look as if your name was Ernest. You are the most earnest-looking person I ever saw in my life. It is perfectly absurd your saying that your name isn't Ernest. It's on your cards. Here is one of them. [*Taking it from case.*] 'Mr. Ernest Worthing, B. 4, The Albany.' I'll keep this as a proof that your name is Ernest if ever you attempt to deny it to me, or to Gwendolen, or to any one else. [*Puts the card in his pocket.*] 30 35
- Jack: Well, my name is Ernest in town and Jack in the country, and the cigarette case was given to me in the country.
- Algernon: Yes, but that does not account for the fact that your small Aunt Cecily, who lives at Tunbridge Wells, calls you her dear uncle. Come, old boy, you had 40

much better have the thing out at once.

Jack: My dear Algy, you talk exactly as if you were a dentist. It is very vulgar to talk like a dentist when one isn't a dentist. It produces a false impression.

Algernon: Well, that is exactly what dentists always do. Now, go on! Tell me the whole thing. I may mention that I have always suspected you of being a confirmed and secret Bunburyist; and I am quite sure of it now. 45

Jack: Bunburyist? What on earth do you mean by a Bunburyist?

Algernon: I'll reveal to you the meaning of that incomparable expression as soon as you are kind enough to inform me why you are Ernest in town and Jack in the country. 50

Jack: Well, produce my cigarette case first.

Algernon: Here it is. [*Hands cigarette case.*] Now produce your explanation, and pray make it improbable. [*Sits on sofa.*]

Jack: My dear fellow, there is nothing improbable about my explanation at all. In fact it's perfectly ordinary. Old Mr. Thomas Cardew, who adopted me when I was a little boy, made me in his will guardian to his grand-daughter, Miss Cecily Cardew. Cecily, who addresses me as her uncle from motives of respect that you could not possibly appreciate, lives at my place in the country under the charge of her admirable governess, Miss Prism. 55

Algernon: Where is that place in the country, by the way?

Jack: That is nothing to you, dear boy. You are not going to be invited . . . I may tell you candidly that the place is not in Shropshire. 60

Algernon: I suspected that, my dear fellow! I have Bunburied all over Shropshire on two separate occasions. Now, go on. Why are you Ernest in town and Jack in the country? 65

Jack: My dear Algy, I don't know whether you will be able to understand my real motives. You are hardly serious enough. When one is placed in the position of guardian, one has to adopt a very high moral tone on all subjects. It's one's duty to do so. And as a high moral tone can hardly be said to conduce very much to either one's health or one's happiness, in order to get up to town I have always pretended to have a younger brother of the name of Ernest, who lives in the Albany, and gets into the most dreadful scrapes. That, my dear Algy, is the whole truth pure and simple. 70

Algernon: The truth is rarely pure and never simple. Modern life would be very tedious if it were either, and modern literature a complete impossibility! 75

Or

- (b) The following passage is taken from *To the Lighthouse*, a novel by Virginia Woolf published in 1927.

Write a critical appreciation of the passage below, considering ways in which the author uses form, language, and structure, to present the relationship between the artistic process and the self.

She had taken the wrong brush in her agitation at Mr. Ramsay's presence, and her easel, rammed into the earth so nervously, was at the wrong angle. And now that she had put that right, and in so doing had subdued the impertinences and irrelevances that plucked her attention and made her remember how she was such and such a person, had such and such relations to people, she took her hand and raised her brush. For a moment it stayed trembling in a painful but exciting ecstasy in the air. Where to begin?--that was the question at what point to make the first mark? One line placed on the canvas committed her to innumerable risks, to frequent and irrevocable decisions. All that in idea seemed simple became in practice immediately complex; as the waves shape themselves symmetrically from the cliff top, but to the swimmer among them are divided by steep gulfs, and foaming crests. Still the risk must be run; the mark made. 5 10

With a curious physical sensation, as if she were urged forward and at the same time must hold herself back, she made her first quick decisive stroke. The brush descended. It flickered brown over the white canvas; it left a running mark. A second time she did it--a third time. And so pausing and so flickering, she attained a dancing rhythmical movement, as if the pauses were one part of the rhythm and the strokes another, and all were related; and so, lightly and swiftly pausing, striking, she scored her canvas with brown running nervous lines which had no sooner settled there than they enclosed (she felt it looming out at her) a space. Down in the hollow of one wave she saw the next wave towering higher and higher above her. For what could be more formidable than that space? Here she was again, she thought, stepping back to look at it, drawn out of gossip, out of living, out of community with people into the presence of this formidable ancient enemy of hers--this other thing, this truth, this reality, which suddenly laid hands on her, emerged stark at the back of appearances and commanded her attention. She was half unwilling, half reluctant. Why always be drawn out and haled away? Why not left in peace, to talk to Mr. Carmichael on the lawn? It was an exacting form of intercourse anyhow. Other worshipful objects were content with worship; men, women, God, all let one kneel prostrate; but this form, were it only the shape of a white lamp-shade looming on a wicker table, roused one to perpetual combat, challenged one to a fight in which one was bound to be worsted. Always (it was in her nature, or in her sex, she did not know which) before she exchanged the fluidity of life for the concentration of painting she had a few moments of nakedness when she seemed like an unborn soul, a soul reft of body, hesitating on some windy pinnacle and exposed without protection to all the blasts of doubt. Why then did she do it? She looked at the canvas, lightly scored with running lines. It would be hung in the servants' bedrooms. It would be rolled up and stuffed under a sofa. What was the good of doing it then, and she heard some voice saying she couldn't paint, saying she couldn't create, as if she were caught up in one of those habitual currents in which after a certain time experience forms in the mind, so that one repeats words without being aware any longer who originally spoke them. 15 20 25 30 35

Can't paint, can't write, she murmured monotonously, anxiously considering what her plan of attack should be. For the mass loomed before her; it protruded; she felt it 40

pressing on her eyeballs. Then, as if some juice necessary for the lubrication of her faculties were spontaneously squirted, she began precariously dipping among the blues and umbers, moving her brush hither and thither, but it was now heavier and went slower, as if it had fallen in with some rhythm which was dictated to her (she kept looking at the hedge, at the canvas) by what she rhythm was strong enough to bear her along with it on its current. Certainly she was losing consciousness of outer things. And as she lost consciousness of outer things, and her name and her personality and her appearance, and whether Mr. Carmichael was there or not, her mind kept throwing up from its depths, scenes, and names, and sayings, and memories and ideas, like a fountain spurting over that glaring, hideously difficult white space, while she modelled it with greens and blues.

SECTION B

**Answer one question from 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 show how dilemmas affect the mind and self.

Or (b) With reference to **two** texts you have studied, consider how the authors explore intense feelings of loss.

SECTION C

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

Elizabeth Jennings: Selected Poems

3

Either (a) 'The hospital world is depicted as both a compulsory world of escape and exile.'

Discuss the presentation of hospitals in Jennings's poems.

Or (b) 'Vulnerability is often related to the threatened loss of the individual's control over language and consequently over the ability to construct meaning.'

Discuss the ways in which Jennings's poems present this.

Pat Barker: *Regeneration*

4

Either (a) Explore the ways Barker deals with recovery in the novel.

Or (b) 'All the characters in the novel live in the shadow of World War 1 and its aftermath.'

Discuss Barker's purpose and techniques in the light of the above quote.

William Shakespeare: *Hamlet*

5

Either (a) Discuss the ways in which the play dramatises the effects of grief on characters' morality.

Or (b) Consider the ways in which performance is used as a motif to present the mind and self in *Hamlet*.

END OF PAPER

ST ANDREW'S JUNIOR COLLEGE

JC2 Preliminary Examination

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/01

Higher 2

Paper 1 Reading Literature

Wed, 12 Sep 2018

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 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.

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

At the end of the examination, submit each section separately.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This question paper consists of 8 printed pages.

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Section A

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

A *The Song of Wandering Aengus*

I went out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor	
I went to blow the fire a-flame,	10
But something rustled on the floor,	
And someone called me by my name:	
It had become a glimmering girl	
With apple blossom in her hair	
Who called me by my name and ran	15
And faded through the brightening air.	

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done,
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

by William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

B *Notes from a Diary*

The day writes itself on paper
as the hours unravel into the distance.
How do I explain to you
where I am going?
Straight unknowable road,
the randomness of the occasional tree,
the clear, cryptic air and horizon—
these will teach you again what is freedom.
And always the crossroads: beginnings
or endings, you could never tell,
these signposts unlearning
what you always thought they knew.
I have no diary. All that needs to be said
disappears like ink, as simply
as the sun will set today.

This is the loss I live for.

by Aaron Lee (b.1972)

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

A *Children's Song*

We live in our own world,
A world that is too small
For you to stoop and enter
Even on hands and knees,
The adult subterfuge. 5
And though you probe and pry
With analytic eye,
And eavesdrop all our talk
With an amused look,
You cannot find the centre 10
Where we dance, where we play,
Where life is still asleep
Under the closed flower,
Under the smooth shell
Of eggs in the cupped nest 15
That mock the faded blue
Of your remoter heaven.

by R.S. Thomas (1913-2000)

B *The Children*

The children are hiding among the raspberry canes.
They look big to one another, the garden small.
Already in their mouths this soft fruit
That lasts so briefly in the supermarket
Tastes like the past. The gritty wall, 5
Behind the veil of leaves, is hollow.
There are yellow wasps inside it. The children know.
They know the wall is hard, although it hums.
They know a lot and will not forget it soon.

When did we forget? But we were never 10
Children, never found where they were hiding
And hid with them, never followed
The wasp down into its nest
With a fingertip that still tingles.
We lie in bed at night, thinking about 15
The future, always the future, always forgetting
That it will be the past, hard and hollow,
Veiled and humming, soon enough.

by Mark Jarman (b.1952)

Section B

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

- 2 Either (a) "Darcy is confident with everyone but Elizabeth." How far do you agree with this statement?
- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of consideration for others, here and elsewhere in the novel.

"MY DEAR HARRIET,

"You will laugh when you know where I am gone, and I cannot help laughing myself at your surprise to-morrow morning, as soon as I am missed. I am going to Gretna Green, and if you cannot guess with who, I shall think you a simpleton, for there is but one man in the world I love, and he is an angel. I should never be happy without him, so think it no harm to be off. You need not send them word at Longbourn of my going, if you do not like it, for it will make the surprise the greater, when I write to them and sign my name 'Lydia Wickham.' What a good joke it will be! I can hardly write for laughing. Pray make my excuses to Pratt for not keeping my engagement, and dancing with him to-night. Tell him I hope he will excuse me when he knows all; and tell him I will dance with him at the next ball we meet, with great pleasure. I shall send for my clothes when I get to Longbourn; but I wish you would tell Sally to mend a great slit in my worked muslin gown before they are packed up. Good-bye. Give my love to Colonel Forster. I hope you will drink to our good journey.

"Your affectionate friend,

"LYDIA BENNET."

"Oh! thoughtless, thoughtless Lydia!" cried Elizabeth when she had finished it. "What a letter is this, to be written at such a moment! But at least it shows that *she* was serious on the subject of their journey. Whatever he might afterwards persuade her to, it was not on her side a *scheme* of infamy. My poor father! how he must have felt it!"

"I never saw anyone so shocked. He could not speak a word for full ten minutes. My mother was taken ill immediately, and the whole house in such confusion!"

"Oh! Jane," cried Elizabeth, "was there a servant belonging to it who did not know the whole story before the end of the day?"

"I do not know. I hope there was. But to be guarded at such a time is very difficult. My mother was in hysterics, and though I endeavoured to give her every assistance in my power, I am afraid I did not do so much as I might have done! But the horror of what might possibly happen almost took from me my faculties."

"Your attendance upon her has been too much for you. You do not look well. Oh that I had been with you, you have had

every care and anxiety upon yourself alone." 45

"Mary and Kitty have been very kind, and would have shared in every fatigue, I am sure; but I did not think it right for either of them. Kitty is slight and delicate; and Mary studies so much, that her hours of repose should not be broken in on. My aunt Phillips came to Longbourn on Tuesday, after my father went away; and was so good as to stay till Thursday with me. She was of great use and comfort to us all. And Lady Lucas has been very kind; she walked here on Wednesday morning to condole with us, and offered her services, or any of her daughters, if they should be of use to us." 50 55

"She had better have stayed at home," cried Elizabeth; "perhaps she *meant* well, but, under such a misfortune as this, one cannot see too little of one's neighbours. Assistance is impossible; condolence insufferable. Let them triumph over us at a distance, and be satisfied." 60

Section C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

- 3 Either (a)** 'Humanity helplessly prone to evil and error.' How far do you agree with this response to the play?
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of beliefs, here and elsewhere in the play.

DUKE VINCENTIO

I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

LUCIO

O, sir, you are deceived.

DUKE VINCENTIO

'Tis not possible.

LUCIO

Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

5

DUKE VINCENTIO

You do him wrong, surely.

LUCIO

Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

10

DUKE VINCENTIO

What, I prithee, might be the cause?

LUCIO

No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

15

DUKE VINCENTIO

Wise! why, no question but he was.

LUCIO

A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Either this is the envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier.

20

Therefore you speak unskillfully: or if your knowledge be more it is much darkened in your malice.

25

LUCIO

Sir, I know him, and I love him.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

30

LUCIO

Come, sir, I know what I know.

DUKE VINCENTIO

I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

35

LUCIO

Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the Duke.

DUKE VINCENTIO

He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

40

LUCIO

I fear you not.

DUKE VINCENTIO

O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But indeed I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

LUCIO

I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

45

DUKE VINCENTIO

Why should he die, sir?

LUCIO

Why? For filling a bottle with a tundish. I would the Duke we talk of were returned again: the ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned!

50

Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing.

55

Farewell, good friar: I prithee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell.

60

Exit

DUKE VINCENTIO

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

65

(Act 3 Scene 2)

ST ANDREW'S JUNIOR COLLEGE JC 2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATIONS



Literature in English

9509/03

Higher 2
Paper 3 The Mind and Self in Literature

10th Sept 2018
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 correction fluid or correction tape 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 allowed** to be used in 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

Either (a) The following extract is taken from Beth Henley's play *Crimes of The Heart* (1981). Chick is talking about her social standing with her cousin Lenny, whose youngest sister is involved in a crime.

Write a critical appreciation of the excerpt, discussing ways in which dramatic devices and style are used to explore its themes and the topic of the Mind and Self in Literature.

Chick: Well, did you see today's paper? (*Lenny nods.*) It's just too awful! It's just way too awful! How I'm gonna continue holding my head up high in this community. I do not know. Did you remember to pick up those pantyhose for me?

Lenny: They are in the sack. 5

Chick: Well, thank goodness, at least I'm not gonna have to go into town wearing holes in my stockings. (*Chick gets the package, tears it open and proceeds to take off one pair of stockings and put on another, throughout the following scene. There should be something slightly grotesque about this woman changing her stockings in the kitchen.*) 10

Lenny: Did Uncle Watson call?

Chick: Yes, Daddy has called me twice already. He said Babe's ready to come home. We've got to get right over and pick her up before they change their simple mind.

Lenny: (*Hesitantly.*) Oh, I know, of course, it's just – 15

Chick: What?

Lenny: Well, I was hoping Meg would call.

Chick: Meg?

Lenny: Yes, I sent her a telegram: about Babe, and –

Chick: A telegram?! Couldn't you just phone her up? 20

Lenny: Well, no, 'cause her phone's... out of order.

Chick: Out of order?

Lenny: Disconnected. I don't know what.

Chick: Well, that sounds like Meg. My, these are snug. Are you sure you bought my right size? 25

Lenny: (*Looking at the box.*) Size petite.

Chick: Well, they're skimping on the nylon material. (*Struggling to pull up the stockings.*) That's all there is to it. Skimping on the nylon. (*She finishes on one leg and starts on the other.*) Now, just what all did you say this "telegram" to Meg? **30**

Lenny: I don't recall exactly. I, well, I just told her to come on home.

Chick: To come on home! Why, Leona Josephine, have you lost your only brain, or what?

Lenny: (*Nervously, as she begins to pick up the mess of dirty stockings and plastic wrappings.*) But Babe wants Meg home. She asked me to call her. **35**

Chick: I'm not talking about what Babe wants.

Lenny: Well, what then?

Chick: Listen, Lenora, I think it's pretty accurate to assume that after this morning's paper, Babe's gonna be incurring some mighty negative publicity around this town. And Meg's appearance isn't gonna help out a bit. **40**

Lenny: What's wrong with Meg?

Chick: She's had a loose reputation in high school.

Lenny: (*Weakly.*) She was popular.

Chick: She was known all over the Copiah County as cheap Christmas trash, and that was the least of it. There was that whole sordid affair with Doc Porter, leaving him a cripple. **45**

Lenny: A cripple – he's got a limp. Just, kind of, barely a limp.

Chick: Well, his mother was going to keep *me* out of the Ladies Social League because of it. **50**

Lenny: What?

Chick: That's right. I never told you, but I had to go plead with that mean, old woman and convince her that I was just as appalled and upset with what Meg had done as she was, and that I was only a first cousin anyway and I could hardly be blamed for all the skeletons in the Magrath's closet. It was humiliating. I tell you, she even brought up your mother's death. And that poor cat. **55**

Lenny: Oh! Oh! Oh, please Chick! I'm sorry. But you're in the Ladies' League now.

Chick: Yes, that's true, I am. But frankly, if Mrs Porter hadn't developed that tumour in her bladder, I wouldn't be in the club today, much less a committee head. (*As she brushes her hair*) Anyway, you be a sweet potato and wait right here for Meg to call, so you can convince her not to **60**

come back home. It would make things a whole lot easier on everybody.

- Or (b) The following excerpt, taken from *Solar Bones* by Mike McCormack (2016), depicts Marcus Conway's recount of his childhood.

Write a critical appreciation of the excerpt, discussing ways in which narrative devices and style are used to explore its themes and the topic of the Mind and Self in Literature.

till those fevered days of Mairead's illness I had never seen my own news habit as anything other than that – a habit passed down from my father – but which now in the circumstances of Mairead's illness, it came with a sharpened sense of involvement in some broader process beyond myself which initially baffled me because while I might have some abstract recognition of myself as a citizen – a fully documented member of a democracy with a complete voting record in all elections since I had come of age – I never had any intimate sense of history's immediate forces affecting my day-to-day life, not even, I have to admit, during those work meetings where large public facilities and budgets were being decided upon, meetings in which I would sit with politicians and developers to argue this or that point or amendment or development while all the time knowing that the odds were stacked against me as an engineer and that in all likelihood I was going to lose an engineering decision to some political consideration, a verdict which would see some public facility shifted from its optimum site towards some other part of the county where it would best benefit the politician across the table who'd take pride of place at a ribbon-cutting ceremony and the attendant photo op, not even then did I have a full sense of myself as an engaged citizen within a political horizon, so heedless of it that, if the point were pressed to me, I would have been startled or even embarrassed by the notion which

began to weigh on me during those days when my wife lay sweating through two changes of sheets and pyjamas a day, her ordeal showing me that history and politics were now personal, no longer blithe abstractions or pallid concepts but physically present in the flesh and blood figure of Mairead whose plight inspired me to render the whole circumstance down to a manageable formula –

history was personal and politics was person or

to put it another way

history and politics were now a severe intestinal disorder, spliced into the figure of my wife who sweated along the pale length of her body with the stylised, beatific glow of an allegorical figure in an altarpiece while

day by day, listening to the news bulletins, I developed a twitchy impatience towards those other global issues which commanded the main headlines as it became obvious that only when these grand themes had been treated and analysed would the news bulletins turn their attention to environmental health hazard out west, a ragged postscript tagged onto the bottom of these bigger stories where it would be given a cursory review or status update, and this wait grated on my patience as I interpreted it as a sure sign that the story was failing to gain any proper hold in the nation's consciousness even as the crisis worsened and the city's hospital beds continued to fill up, the number of registered cases tipping three hundred in the middle of the week so that

I began to feel this insult keenly, anger simmering within me as I craned forward in my chair to listen to the Western correspondent – an old man with a goatee who looked more like a professor of Classics than someone reporting on an environmental health issue – give the latest update with its gradual escalation and rising numbers, his account moving from these broad strokes to the logistical and engineering options being explored by the municipal authorities and

throughout all these accounts plus the attendant commentaries I found myself trying to hear something which fully recognised the reality of what it really meant to be someone like Mairead who was taking the brunt of it, all its sickness and wasting, but there was no such acknowledgement in those droning voices as councillors and engineers, one after another, came before mic and camera to speak in defensive assurances which leant heavily on the repetition of preprogrammed mantras that were carefully calibrated to contain nothing to which the speaker might be held accountable

Section B

Answer one question in this section

2

Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, do the writers use visual imagery as a means to present the topic of Mind and Self in Literature? You should compare two of your texts.

Or (b) Explore how two of the writers you have studied use escaping the unknown to explore the topic of Mind and Self in Literature.

Section C

Answer one question in this section

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

3

Either (a) How, and with what effects, does Shakespeare use nobility to explore the topic of Mind and Self in Literature?

Or (b) In what ways, and with what effects, does Shakespeare explore the relationship between Mind and Self through the presentation of ambition?

J.M. COETZEE: *Age of Iron*

4

Either (a) How, and with what effects, does Coetzee use symbolism to explore the topic of Mind and Self in Literature?

Or (b) “Care: the true root of charity.”
In light of this statement, discuss the significance of charity in the novel, and how it contributes to the topic of Mind and Self.

EDWARD ALBEE: *Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf*

5

Either (a) How, and with what effects, does Albee use space to explore the topic of Mind and Self in Literature?

Or (b) How, and with what effects, does Albee use social conventions to explore the topic of Mind and Self in Literature?



**SERANGOON JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 PRELIMINAR EXAMINATION 2018**

ENGLISH LITERATURE

**HIGHER 2 9509/01
PAPER 1: READING LITERATURE**

TUESDAY 11 SEPTEMBER 2018 3 HOURS

TIME: 1300 – 1600

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 8 printed pages and 0 blank pages. [Turn over]

Section A
Answer one question in this section

1

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

A

Landing

What death may be: a slow, close to weightless tilt, like a burgeoning foetus turning slightly in the womb. The engine starts a low growl like a stomach, the aircraft hungry to land, to devour the space between its falling body and the ground, followed by the slow lick of its wheels against the runway's belly: pressing down, then skating forward, only to decelerate, a sensual slow-mo, and the plane makes a sound like the hugest sigh of relief.	5 10
The seatbelt sign blinks off for the final time. We rise up from our seats like souls from bodies, leaving bulky hand luggage in the overhead compartments, then begin a tense line down the aisle, awkwardly smiling at each other, remaining few minutes alive with all kinds of ambivalences, or simply relief at having arrived, at long last, in that no-time zone of a country without a name except the ones we give it; weeping, laughing, both at once.	15 20

Cyril Wong (1977-)

B

Arrival

Morning, a glass door, flashes
 Gold names off the new city,
 Whose white shelves and domes travel
 The slow sky all day.

I land to stay here;
 And the windows flock open
 And the curtains fly out like doves
 And a past dries in the wind.

5

Now let me lie down, under
 A wide-branched indifference,
 Shovel faces like pennies
 Down the back of the mind,
 Find voices coined to

10

An argot of motor-horns,
 And let the cluttered-up houses
 Keep their thick lives to themselves.

15

For this ignorance of me
 Seems a kind of innocence.
 Fast enough I shall wound it:
 Let me breathe till then

20

Its milk-aired Eden,
 Till my own life impound it –
 Slow-falling; grey-veil-hung; a theft,
 A style of dying only.

Philip Larkin (1922-1985)

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poems, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to the relationship between the speaker and their country.

A

I Hear America Singing

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
 Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe
 and strong,
 The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam, 5
 The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off
 work,
 The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the
 deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,
 The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing
 as he stands, 10
 The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the
 morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,
 The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at
 work, or of the girl sewing or washing,
 Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else, 15
 The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young
 fellows, robust, friendly,
 Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

B

Motherland

Language is impossible
in a country like this. Even
the dictionary laughs when I look up
'England', 'Motherland', 'Home'.

It insists on falling open instead 5
three times out of the nine I try it
at the word Distance. Degree
of remoteness, interval of space.

Distance: the word is ingrained like pain.
So much for England and so much 10
for my future to walk into the horizon
carrying distance in a broken suitcase.

The dictionary is the only one
who talks to me now. Says, laughing,
'Come back HOME!' but takes me 15
further and further away into the cold stars.

I am blue, bluer than water
I am nothing, while all I do
is waste syllables this way.

England. It hurts my lips to shape 20
the word. This country makes me say
too many things I can't say. Home
of me, myself, my motherland.

Jo Shapcott (1953 -)

Section B: *Pride and Prejudice*

Answer one question in this section.

2

Either

- (a)** “Without experience, no reason; without impressions, no experience.”

In the light of this statement, comment on the importance of experience and reason in *Pride and Prejudice*.

Or

- (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following extract, paying particular attention to the presentation of Elizabeth Bennet’s state of mind and its significance at this point in the novel.

As for Elizabeth her thoughts were at Pemberley this evening more than the last, and the evening, though as it passed it seemed long, was not long enough to determine her feelings towards *one* in that mansion; and she lay awake two whole hours, endeavouring to make them out. She certainly did not hate him. No, hatred had vanished long ago, and she had almost as long been ashamed of ever feeling a dislike against him, that could be so 5
called. The respect created by the conviction of his valuable qualities, though at first unwillingly admitted, had for some time ceased to be repugnant to her feelings; and it was now heightened into somewhat of a friendlier nature, by the testimony so highly in his favour, and bringing forward his disposition in so amiable a light, which yesterday had produced. 10
But above all, above respect and esteem, there was a motive within her of good will which could not be overlooked. It was gratitude.—Gratitude, not merely for having once loved her, but for loving her still well enough, to forgive all the petulance and acrimony of her manner in rejecting him, and all the unjust accusations accompanying her rejection. He who, she had 15
been persuaded, would avoid her as his greatest enemy, seemed, on this accidental meeting, most eager to preserve the acquaintance, and without any indelicate display of regard, or any peculiarity of manner, where their two selves only were concerned, was soliciting the good opinion of her friends, and bent on making her known to his sister. Such a change in a 20
man of so much pride, excited not only astonishment but gratitude – for to love, ardent love, it must be attributed; and as such its impression on her was of a sort to be encouraged, as by no means unpleasing, though it could be exactly defined. She respected, she esteemed, she was grateful to him, she felt a real interest in his welfare; and she only wanted to know how far 25
she wished that welfare to depend upon herself, and how far it would be for the happiness of both that she should employ the power, which her fancy told her she still possessed, of bringing on the renewal of his addresses.

(Volume 3, Chapter 2)

Section C: Measure for Measure
Answer one question in this section.

3

- Either (a) Comment on the presentation of appearance versus reality in the play, *Measure for Measure*.
- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, relating it to the presentation of human nature.

ANGELO	We are all frail.	
ISABELLA	Else let my brother die, If not a feodary, but only he Owe and succeed thy weakness.	
ANGELO	Nay, women are frail too.	
ISABELLA	Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves, Which are as easy broke as they make forms. Women? - Help heaven! Men their creation mar In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail; For we are soft as our complexions are, And credulous to false prints.	5
ANGELO	I think it well; And from this testimony of your own sex - Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger Than faults may shake our frames - let me be bold; I do arrest your words. Be that you are, That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none. If you be one - as you are well expressed By all external warrants - show it now, By putting on the destined livery.	10
ISABELLA	I have no tongue but one; gentle my lord, Let me entreat you speak the former language.	15
ANGELO	Plainly conceive, I love you.	
ISABELLA	My brother did love Juliet, And you tell me that he shall die for't.	
ANGELO	He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.	20
ISABELLA	I know your virtue hath a licence in't, Which seems a little fouler than it is, To pluck on others.	25
ANGELO	Believe me, on mine honour, My words express my purpose.	30
ISABELLA	Ha? Little honour, to be much believed, And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming! I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for't. Sign me a present pardon for my brother, Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world aloud What man thou art.	35
ANGELO	Who will believe thee, Isabel? My unsoiled name, th'austereness of my life, My vouch against you, and my place i'th'state, Will so your accusation overweigh, That you shall stifle in your own report	40

And smell of calumny. I have begun,
 And now I give my sensual race the rein:
 Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
 Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes, 45
 That banish what they sue for. Redeem thy brother
 By yielding up thy body to my will;
 Or else he must not only die the death,
 But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
 To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me tomorrow, 50
 Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
 I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
 Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[Exit

ISABELLA To whom should I complain? Did I tell this, 60
 Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
 That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
 Either of condemnation or approof;
 Bidding the law make curtesy to their will:
 Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite, 65
 To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
 Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour.
 That, had he twenty heads to tender down
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up, 70
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhorred pollution.
 Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
 More than our brother is our chastity.
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request, 75
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [Exit

(Act 2 Scene 4)

END OF PAPER



**SERANGOON JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2018**

ENGLISH LITERATURE

HIGHER 2 9509/03

PAPER 3: The Mind and Self in Literature

TUESDAY 17 September 2018

3 HOURS

TIME: 1300 – 1600

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 pages. [Turn over]

Section A
Answer one question in this section

1

Either **(a)** The poem which follows (published in 1983) was written by Cathy Song.

Write a crucial appreciation of the poem, considering ways in which the poet uses form, structure and language to present the self.

The Youngest Daughter

<p>The sky has been dark for many years. My skin has become as damp and pale as rice paper and feels the way mother's used to before the drying sun parched it out there in the fields.</p>	5
<p>Lately, when I touch my eyelids, my hands react as if I had just touched something hot enough to burn. My skin, aspirin colored, tingles with migraine. Mother has been massaging the left side of my face especially in the evenings when the pain flares up.</p>	10 15
<p>This morning her breathing was graveled, her voice gruff with affection when I wheeled her into the bath. She was in a good humor, making jokes about her great breasts, floating in the milky water like two walruses, flaccid and whiskered around the nipples. I scrubbed them with a sour taste in my mouth, thinking: six children and an old man have sucked from these brown nipples.</p>	20 25
<p>I was almost tender when I came to the blue bruises that freckle her body, places where she has been injecting insulin for thirty years. I soaped her slowly, she sighed deeply, her eyes closed. It seems it has always been like this: the two of us in this sunless room, the splashing of the bathwater.</p>	30 35

In the afternoons	40
when she has rested,	
she prepares our ritual of tea and rice,	
garnished with a shred of gingered fish,	
a slice of pickled turnip,	
a token for my white body.	45
We eat in the familiar silence.	
She knows I am not to be trusted,	
even now planning my escape.	
As I toast to her health	
with the tea she has poured,	50
a thousand cranes curtain the window,	
fly up in a sudden breeze.	

- Or (b) The following passage is an extract from *Before She Met Me* (1982) written by Julian Barnes. Graham is a married college lecturer who falls in love with another woman, and considers an extra-marital affair.

Write a critical appreciation of the extract, relating it to the presentation of Graham's mind and self.

Looking back, Graham could see with urgent clarity how beached his life had been at that time. Unless, of course, urgent clarity was always a deceptive function of looking back. He had been thirty-eight then: fifteen years married; ten years in the same job; halfway through an elastic mortgage. Halfway through life as well, he supposed; and he could feel the downward slope already.

5

Not that Barbara would have seen it like this. And not that he could have expressed it to her like this either. Perhaps that was part of the trouble.

He was still fond of Barbara at the time; though he hadn't really loved her, hadn't felt anything like pride, or even interest, in their relationship, for at least five years. He was fond of their daughter Alice; though somewhat to his surprise, she had never excited any very deep emotions in him. He was glad when she did well at school, but doubted if this gladness was really distinguishable from relief that she wasn't doing badly: how could you tell? He was negatively fond of his job too; though a bit less fond each year, as the students he processed became callower, more guiltlessly lazy and more politely unreachable than ever.

10

15

Throughout the fifteen years of his marriage, he'd never been unfaithful to Barbara: because he thought it was wrong, but also, he supposed, because he'd never really been tempted (when gusset-flashing girl students crossed their legs at him, he responded by giving them the more difficult essay options; they passed on the news that he was a cold fish). In the same way, he'd never thought of shifting his job, and doubted if he could find one elsewhere which he could do as easily. He read a great deal, he gardened, he did the crossword; he protected his property. At thirty-eight, it felt a bit like being retired already.

20

But when he met Ann - not that first moment at Repton Gardens, but later, after he'd conned himself into asking her out - he began to feel as if some long-broken line of communication to a self of twenty years ago had suddenly been restored. He felt once more capable of folly and idealism. He also felt as if his body had begun to exist again. By this he didn't just mean that he was seriously enjoying sex (though of course he did mean this too), but that he had stopped picturing himself as merely a brain lodged within a container. For at least ten years he had found a diminishing use for his body; the location of all pleasure and emotion, which had once seemed to extend right to the edge of his skin, had retreated to the small space in the middle of his head. Everything he valued went on between his ears. Of course, he looked after his body, but with the same sort of muted, impassive interest he showed towards his car. Both objects had to be fuelled and washed at varying intervals; both went wrong occasionally, but could usually be repaired,

25

30

35

893-8013: how had he found the nerve to make that call? He knew how: by fooling himself. He'd sat at his desk one morning with a list of phone calls and had slipped 'her' number into the middle of them. Halfway through rancorous haggling about timetables and resigned expressions of interest from editors of learned journals he found himself confronted by 'her' ringing tone. He hadn't asked anyone (any

40

woman, that was) out to lunch (well, a non-professional lunch) for years. It had never seemed... relevant. But all he had to do was identify himself, check that she remembered him, and ask away. She accepted; what's more, she said yes to the first day he suggested. He'd like that; it had given him the confidence to leave his wedding ring on for the lunch. He had, for a moment, considered removing it.

45

Section B

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

2

Either **(a)** With reference to any two texts you have studied, compare how they deal with gender identity and its impact on the self.

Or **(b)** With reference to any two texts you have studied, compare how they present relationships and their influence on the self.

Section C

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

The text you use cannot be used in Section B.

SYLVIA PLATH: *Ariel*

3

Either

- (a)** Comment on the depiction of desire in *Ariel*, relating it to issues of the mind and self. You must use at least two poems in your response.

Or

- (b)** “Human connections are obstacles to self-actualisation.”

To what extent is this true of Plath’s poetry? You must use at least two poems in your response.

PAT BARKER: *Regeneration*

4

Either

- (a)** “Self-awareness is of paramount importance to a good life.”

In light of the above statement, discuss the treatment of self-knowledge in the novel.

Or

- (b)** Comment on the significance of dreams and dream-like episodes in the novel.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

5

Either

- (a)** Comment on the use of theatrics and drama in conveying issues of the mind and self.

Or

- (b)** “Denmark’s a prison.” Comment on the notion that characters in *Hamlet* are prisoners of their own minds.

END OF PAPER

**TEMASEK JUNIOR COLLEGE
PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2018
JC 2**

ENGLISH LITERATURE

9509/01

Higher 2

28 August 2018

Paper 1: Reading Literature

3 hours

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name and class on all the work that you hand in.
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.
Begin each question on a fresh piece of paper and submit your answer to each question separately.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue, correction fluid or correction tape.

Answer **one** question from each section.

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.

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

SECTION A

1.

Either (a) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which language and style contribute to each poet's portrayal of romantic love.

A

ANNE HATHAWAY

*"Item I gyve unto my wife my second best bed."
(from Shakespeare's will)*

<p>The bed we loved in was a spinning world of forests, castles, torchlight, clifftops, seas where he would dive for pearls. My lover's words were shooting stars which fell to earth as kisses on these lips; my body now a softer rhyme to his, now echo, now assonance; his touch a verb dancing in the centre of a noun. Some nights, I dreamed he'd written me, the bed a page beneath his writer's hands. Romance and drama played by touch, by scent, by taste. In the other bed, the best, our guests dozed on, dribbling their prose. My living laughing love - I hold him in the casket of my widow's head as he held me upon that next best bed.</p>	<p>5</p> <p>10</p>
--	--------------------

by Carol Ann Duffy (1955 –)

B

IN LOVE, HIS GRAMMAR GREW

<p>In love, his grammar grew rich with intensifiers, and adverbs fell madly from the sky like pheasants for the peasantry, and he, as sated as they were, lolled under shade trees until roused by moonlight and the beautiful fraternal twins <i>and</i> and <i>but</i>. Oh that was when he knew he couldn't resist a conjunction of any kind. One said <i>accumulate</i>, the other was a doubter who loved the wind and the mind that cleans up after it. <div style="text-align: right;">For love</div> he wanted to break all the rules, light a candle behind a sentence</p>	<p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p>
---	------------------------------

named Sheila, always running on
and wishing to be stopped
by the hard button of a period.

Sometimes, in desperation, he'd look
toward a mannequin or a window dresser
with a penchant for parsing.

20

But mostly he wanted you, Sheila,
and the adjectives that could precede
and change you: *bluesy, fly-by-night,*
queen of all that is and might be.

25

by Stephen Dunn (1939 –)

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 suburban life.

A SUBURBAN DREAM

Walking the suburbs in the afternoon
In summer when the idle doors stand open
And the air flows through the rooms
Fanning the curtain hems,

You wander through a cool elysium 5
Of women, schoolgirls, children, garden talks,
With a schoolboy here and there
Conning his history book.

The men are all away in offices,
Committee-rooms, laboratories, banks, 10
Or pushing cotton goods
In Wick or Ilfracombe¹.

The massed unanimous absence liberates
The light keys of the piano and sets free
Chopin and everlasting youth, 15
Now, with the masters gone.

And all things turn to images of peace,
The boy curled over his book, the young girl poised
On the path as if beguiled
By the silence of a wood. 20

It is a child's dream of a grown-up world.
But soon the brazen evening clocks will bring
The tramp of feet and brisk
Fanfare of motor horns
And the masters come. 25

by Edwin Muir (1887 – 1959)

¹ Wick is a town in Scotland, and Ilfracombe is a town in England.

B

HOUSE OF CARDS
After Philip Larkin's "Essential Beauty"

People smile so much in advertisements these days,
especially those with little girls running away
from impossible lawns and immaculate fountains,
their arms open like gates. Dreamers slam
right into them, mistaking fences for home
or Eden moated by apartments and gyms. 5
Her parents and grandparents – it is easy to assume
familial relations here – stand further back,
well-represented in pairs like cards on the table.

Behind the airbrushed family, looming out of proportion, 10
a promise sits on furniture under wraps, appliances
unpaid in boxes. Train tracks and prestigious schools
filter into glowing clouds, a promising new day
played close to the chest beyond the sunset.
We watch the little girls run to a full house 15
that does not pay out, but one that we cash in
all the same, because that is how we imagine
social mobility per square metre looks like.

by Loh Guan Liang (1985 –)

SECTION B

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

2.

Either (a) “Lover, gold-hatted, high-bouncing lover, I must have you!”

Discuss the significance of this line from the epigraph in relation to the presentation of the American Dream.

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

Gatsby's house was still empty when I left—the grass on his lawn had grown as long as mine. One of the taxi drivers in the village never took a fare past the entrance gate without stopping for a minute and pointing inside; perhaps it was he who drove Daisy and Gatsby over to East Egg the night of the accident and perhaps he had made a story about it all his own. I didn't want to hear it and I avoided him when I got off the train. 5

I spent my Saturday nights in New York because those gleaming, dazzling parties of his were with me so vividly that I could still hear the music and the laughter, faint and incessant, from his garden, and the cars going up and down his drive. One night I did hear a material car there, and saw its lights stop at his front steps. But I didn't investigate. Probably it was some final guest who had been away at the ends of the earth and didn't know that the party was over. 10

On the last night, with my trunk packed and my car sold to the grocer, I went over and looked at that huge incoherent failure of a house once more. On the white steps an obscene word, scrawled by some boy with a piece of brick, stood out clearly in the moonlight, and I erased it, drawing my shoe raspily along the stone. Then I wandered down to the beach and sprawled out on the sand. 15

Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes—a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder. 20 25 30

And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have

seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night. 35

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther... And one fine morning—

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past. 40

(Chapter 9)

SECTION C

ARTHUR MILLER: *Playing for Time*

3.

Either (a) “For the dead and the living, we must bear witness.”

Discuss the significance of this statement in relation to *Playing for Time*.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, commenting on the portrayal of the orchestra’s predicament, here and elsewhere in the play.

[The lights come up on the dayroom. Etalina is being coached by a Cellist. Most of the orchestra watches them avidly. They are actually watching him standing around in groups at a respectful distance. The Poles watch, too. The Cellist’s hands are sensuous and alive, male. Fania tears her gaze from the Cellist and tries to work on her 5 orchestrations on a table.]

ETALINA Fania ... it’s ridiculous ... I can’t learn this damned instrument by Sunday.

FANIA Don’t ask me ...

ETALINA And Beethoven yet! 10

[The Cellist silently demonstrates a tremolo. Etalina painfully tries, but she is awkward with the unfamiliar instrument. He adjusts her arm position, and the touch of his hand stops her breath. The others look on in fascination at their physical contact.]

Paulette suddenly enters from outside. She is barely strong enough to stand. Fania sees her and leaps up to go to her. Elzvieta and Etalina also jump up and go to her.] 15

ETALINA Paulette! Thank God I don’t have to learn this damned instrument!

[She and Elzvieta help Paulette to a chair. All gather around her, hugging her.] 20

ELZVIETA Was it typhus or what?

ETALINA She still looks terrible.

FANIA Sssh! Paulette? What is it?

[Paulette tries to speak, but hardly has enough strength to do so. All are silent, awaiting her words.] 25

PAULETTE You’re to play on Sunday ...

ETALINA In the hospital, yes, we know.

FANIA You don’t look to me like you should be walking around, Paulette. 30

[stubbornly, gallantly, gripping Fania’s hand to silence her]

PAULETTE They plan ... to gas ... all the patients ... after ... the concert.

[There is stunned silence.]

FANIA How do you know? 35

PAULETTE One of the SS women ... warned me ... I knew her once.
She used to be ... one of the chambermaids in our house.
So I got out.

[Alma enters from her room, sees the gathering, then sees Paulette.]

ALMA Paulette, how wonderful! Are you all better now? We're 40
desperate for you! We're doing the Beethoven Fifth on
Sunday!

[Paulette gets to her feet and wobbles like a mast being raised.]

FANIA She's had to walk from the hospital, madame. Could she 45
lie down for a bit?

PAULETTE No! I ... I can.

[She goes to the cello and sits as though the room is whirling around for her. Etalina rushes and hands her the bow. The orchestra quickly sit in their places.]

ALMA *[going to the podium taking charge].* From the beginning. 50
Go on with the orchestration, Fania.

[The music begins. Paulette, on the verge of pitching forward, plays the cello. The Cellist waits, looking on. The pall of fear is upon them.

*Fania resumes her place at the table and bends over her orchestrations, shielding her eyes, a pencil in hand. Conducting the orchestra, Alma is 55
full of joyful tension and pride. She waves her arms, snaps her head in
rhythm, and hums the tune loudly, oblivious to everything else. Paulette
is feverishly trying to stay with the music. Her desperation is the dilemma
of rehearsing to play for the doomed. There is a blackout. From the
darkness outside comes the sound of the coupling of freight cars and a 60
surge of fierce dogs barking. There are shouts.]*

(Act 2)

END OF PAPER

**TEMASEK JUNIOR COLLEGE
PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2018
JC 2**

ENGLISH LITERATURE

9509/03

Higher 2

12 September 2018

Paper 3: The Mind and Self in Literature

3 hours

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name and class on all the work that you hand in.
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.
Begin each question on a fresh piece of paper and submit your answer to each question separately.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue, correction fluid or correction tape.

Answer **one** question from each section.

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.

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

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SECTION A

Answer one question in this section.

1.

Either (a) The poem which follows (published in 1972) was written by R.S. Thomas.

Write a critical appreciation of the poem, considering ways in which the poet uses form, structure and language to present the mind and self.

Acting

Being unwise enough to have married her
I never knew when she was not acting.
'I love you' she would say; I heard the audiences
Sigh. 'I hate you'; I could never be sure
They were still there. She was lovely. I
Was only the looking-glass she made up in.
I husbanded the rippling meadow
Of her body. Their eyes grazed nightly upon it.

5

Alone now on the brittle platform
Of herself she is playing her last role.
It is perfect. Never in all her career
Was she so good. And yet the curtain
Has fallen. My charmer, come out from behind
It to take the applause. Look, I am clapping too.

10

Or (b) In the following passage is an extract from *The Hours*, a novel by Michael Cunningham published in 1998.

Write a critical appreciation of the passage, commenting on ways in which the author uses form, structure and language to present the mind and self.

She hurries from the house, wearing a coat too heavy for the weather. It is 1941. Another war has begun. She has left a note for Leonard, and another for Vanessa. She walks purposefully toward the river, certain of what she'll do, but even now she is almost distracted by the sight of the downs, the church, and a scattering of sheep, incandescent, tinged with a faint hint of sulphur, grazing under a darkening sky. She pauses, watching the sheep and the sky, then walks on. The voices murmur behind her; bombers drone in the sky, though she looks for the planes and can't see them. She walks past one of the farm workers (is his name John?), a robust, small-headed man wearing a potato-coloured vest, cleaning the ditch that runs through the osier bed¹. He looks up at her, nods, looks down again into the brown water. As she passes him on her way to the river she thinks of how successful he is, how fortunate, to be cleaning a ditch in an osier bed. She herself has failed. She is not a writer at all, really; she is merely a gifted eccentric.

Patches of sky shine in puddles left over from last night's rain. Her shoes sink slightly into the soft earth. She has failed, and now the voices are back, muttering indistinctly just beyond the range of her vision, behind her, here, no, turn and they've gone somewhere else. The voices are back and the headache is approaching as surely as rain, the headache that will crush whatever is she and replace her with itself. The headache is approaching and it seems (is she or is she not conjuring them herself?) that the bombers have appeared again in the sky. She reaches the embankment, climbs over and down again to the river. There's a fisherman upriver, far away, he won't notice her, will he? She begins searching for a stone. She works quickly but methodically, as if she were following a recipe that must be obeyed scrupulously if it's to succeed at all. She selects one roughly the size and shape of a pig's skull. Even as she lifts it and forces it into one of the pockets of her coat (the fur collar tickles her neck), she can't help noticing the stone's cold chalkiness and its colour, a milky brown with spots of green. She stands close to the edge of the river, which laps against the bank, filling the small irregularities in the mud with clear water that might be a different substance altogether from the yellow-brown, dappled stuff, solid-looking as a road, that extends so steadily from bank to bank. She steps forward. She does not remove her shoes. The water is cold, but not unbearably so. She pauses, standing in cold water up to her knees. She

¹ A place where willow trees are grown.

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 show how the self changes in response to difficult circumstances.

Or (b) With reference to **two** texts you have studied, compare how the writers present the mind and self in a state of disempowerment.

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.**

PAT BARKER: *Regeneration*

3.

- Either (a)** Discuss how Barker uses intertextuality to present the soldiers' experiences of the war.
- Or (b)** Explore the ways in which Barker presents self-discovery in the novel.

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *Woman in Mind*

4.

- Either (a)** Consider the ways in which Ayckbourn dramatises Susan's mental turmoil throughout the play.
- Or (b)** "Ayckbourn sensitively balances the comically ludicrous and the sympathetically pathetic."
- Discuss how, and to what effects, Ayckbourn achieves this in *Woman in Mind*.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

5.

- Either (a)** How, and to what effect, does the play dramatise the effects of death and loss on characters' minds?
- Or (b)** Discuss Shakespeare's use of soliloquies to present Hamlet's mental state.

END OF PAPER



VICTORIA JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2018
HIGHER 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/01

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 **7** 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 the city.

A *New York At Sunrise*

When with her clouds the early dawn illumines
 Our doubtful streets, wistful they grow and mild;
 As if a sleeping soul grew happy and smiled,
 The whole city radiantly blooms. 5
 Pale spires lift their hands above the glooms
 Like a resurrection, delicately wild,
 And flushed with slumber like a little child,
 Under a mist, shines forth the innocent Tombs.
 Thus have I seen it from a casement high, 10
 As unsubstantial as a dream it grows.
 Is this Manhattan, virginal and shy,
 That in a cloud so rapturously glows?
 Ethereal, frail, and like an opening rose,
 I see my city with an enlightened eye.

Anna Hempstead Branch (1875-1937)

B *Evening*

Nothing but a silence like still mountains,
 distilled from a day full of nothing but sun
 and hard bustle. Trees, blooming like fountains
 of calm, water the pavement with shade. On 5
 every street, a mute choreography
 of lamps shake off darkness, putting on light.
 Nothing but stillness, and the whispered, shy
 conversation of leaves into the night.
 Allow yourself this moment, this brief space 10
 of hours. Taste evening in its difference,
 its newness: the clean wash of a bright place;
 isles of quiet. Thankful for the absence
 of day, you take in skyline, the landscape
 of relief, cool thoughts, feelings of escape.

Alvin Pang (b. 1972)

- 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 autumn.

A *Autumn*

Autumn arrives
 Like an experienced robber
 Grabbing the green stuff
 Then cunningly covering his tracks
 With a deep multitude 5
 Of colourful distractions.
 And the wind,
 The wind is his accomplice
 Putting an air of chaos
 Into the careful diversions 10
 So branches shake
 And dead leaves are suddenly blown
 In the faces of inquisitive strangers.
 The theft chills the world,
 Changes the temper of the earth 15
 Till the normally placid sky
 Glows red with a quiet rage.

Alan Bold (1943-1998)

B *To Autumn*

O Autumn, laden with fruit and stained
 With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit
 Beneath my shady roof! There thou may'st rest,
 And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe,
 And all the daughters of the year shall dance. 5
 Sing now the lusty song of fruits and flowers.

"The narrow bud opens her beauties to
 The sun, and love runs in her thrilling veins;
 Blossoms hang round the brows of Morning, and
 Flourish down the bright cheek of modest Eve, 10
 Till clust'ring Summer breaks forth into singing,
 And feathered clouds strew flowers round her head.

The spirits of the air live on the smells
 Of fruit; and Joy, with pinions light, roves round
 The gardens, or sits singing in the trees." 15
 Thus sang the jolly Autumn as he sat;
 Then rose, girded himself, and o'er the bleak
 Hills fled from our sight – but left his golden load.

William Blake (1757-1827)

Section B

F SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

2

Either (a) 'As a romantic idealist, Gatsby is destined to be disappointed.'

How far would you agree with this comment on the presentation of Jay Gatsby in the novel?

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

They were a party of three on horseback — Tom and a man named Sloane and a pretty woman in a brown riding-habit, who had been there previously.

'I'm delighted to see you,' said Gatsby, standing on his porch. 'I'm delighted that you dropped in.'

As though they cared!

5

'Sit right down. Have a cigarette or a cigar.' He walked around the room quickly, ringing bells. 'I'll have something to drink for you in just a minute.'

He was profoundly affected by the fact that Tom was there. But he would be uneasy anyhow until he had given them something, realizing in a vague way that that was all they came for. Mr Sloane wanted nothing. A lemonade? No, thanks. A little champagne? Nothing at all, thanks . . . I'm sorry —

10

'Did you have a nice ride?'

'Very good roads around here.'

'I suppose the automobiles —'

'Yeah.'

15

Moved by an irresistible impulse, Gatsby turned to Tom, who had accepted the introduction as a stranger.

'I believe we've met somewhere before, Mr Buchanan.'

'Oh, yes,' said Tom, gruffly polite, but obviously not remembering. 'So we did. I remember very well.'

20

'About two weeks ago.'

'That's right. You were with Nick here.'

'I know your wife,' continued Gatsby, almost aggressively.

'That so?'

Tom turned to me.

25

'You live near here, Nick?'

'Next door.'

'That so?'

Mr Sloane didn't enter into the conversation, but lounged back haughtily in his chair; the woman said nothing either — until unexpectedly, after two highballs, she became cordial.

30

'We'll all come over to your next party, Mr Gatsby,' she suggested. 'What do you say?'

'Certainly; I'd be delighted to have you.'

'Be ver' nice,' said Mr Sloane, without gratitude. 'Well — think ought to be starting home.'

'Please don't hurry,' Gatsby urged them. He had control of himself now, and he wanted to see more of Tom. 'Why don't you — why don't you stay for supper? I wouldn't be surprised if some other people dropped in from New York.'

35

'You come to supper with me,' said the lady enthusiastically. 'Both of you.'

This included me. Mr Sloane got to his feet.

‘Come along,’ he said — but to her only.

‘I mean it,’ she insisted. ‘I’d love to have you. Lots of room.’ 40

Gatsby looked at me questioningly. He wanted to go and he didn’t see that Mr Sloane had determined he shouldn’t.

‘I’m afraid I won’t be able to,’ I said.

‘Well, you come,’ she urged, concentrating on Gatsby.

Mr Sloane murmured something close to her ear. 45

‘We won’t be late if we start now,’ she insisted aloud.

‘I haven’t got a horse,’ said Gatsby. ‘I used to ride in the army, but I’ve never bought a horse. I’ll have to follow you in my car. Excuse me for just a minute.’

The rest of us walked out on the porch, where Sloane and the lady began an impassioned conversation aside. 50

‘My God, I believe the man’s coming,’ said Tom. ‘Doesn’t he know she doesn’t want him?’

‘She says she does want him.’

‘She has a big dinner party and he won’t know a soul there.’ He frowned. ‘I wonder where in the devil he met Daisy. By God, I may be old-fashioned in my ideas, but women run around too much these days to suit me. They meet all kinds of crazy fish.’ 55

Suddenly Mr Sloane and the lady walked down the steps and mounted their horses.

‘Come on,’ said Mr Sloane to Tom, ‘we’re late. We’ve got to go.’ And then to me: ‘Tell him we couldn’t wait, will you?’

Tom and I shook hands, the rest of us exchanged a cool nod, and they trotted quickly down the drive, disappearing under the August foliage just as Gatsby, with hat and light overcoat in hand, came out the front door. 60

Chapter 6

Section C

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *Saint Joan*

3

Either (a) 'Saint Joan is a tragedy without villains, for all believe they are acting for the good.'

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 portrayal of faith, here and elsewhere in the play.

Ladvenu: Is the stake ready?

The Executioner: It is. In the market-place. The English have built it too high for me to get near her and make the death easier. It will be a cruel death.

Joan [horried]: But you are not going to burn me now?

The Inquisitor: You realize it at last.

5

Ladvenu: There are eight hundred English soldiers waiting to take you to the market-place the moment the sentence of excommunication has passed the lips of your judges. You are within a few short moments of that doom.

Joan [looking round desperately for rescue]: Oh God!

Ladvenu: Do not despair, Joan. The Church is merciful. You can save yourself.

10

Joan [hopefully]: Yes, my voices promised me I should not be burnt. St Catherine bade me be bold.

Cauchon: Woman: are you quite mad? Do you not yet see that your voices have deceived you?

15

Joan: Oh no: that is impossible.

Cauchon: Impossible! They have led you straight to your excommunication, and to the stake which is there waiting for you.

Ladvenu [pressing the point hard]: Have they kept a single promise to you since you were taken at Compiègne? The devil has betrayed you. The Church holds out its arms to you.

20

Joan [despairing]: Oh, it is true: it is true: my voices have deceived me. I have been mocked by devils: my faith is broken. I have dared and dared; but only a fool will walk into a fire: God, who gave me my commonsense, cannot will me to do that.

25

Ladvenu: Now God be praised that He has saved you at the eleventh hour! [*He hurries to the vacant seat at the scribes' table, and snatches a sheet of paper, on which he sets to work writing eagerly.*]

Cauchon: Amen!

Joan: What must I do?

30

Cauchon: You must sign a solemn recantation of your heresy.

Joan: Sign? That means to write my name. I cannot write.

Cauchon: You have signed many letters before.

Joan: Yes; but someone held my hand and guided the pen. I can make my mark.

35

The Chaplain [who has been listening with growing alarm and indignation]: My lord: do you mean that you are going to allow this woman to escape us?

The Inquisitor: The law must take its course, Master de Stogumber. And you know the law.

The Chaplain [rising, purple with fury]: I know that there is no faith in a Frenchman. [Tumult, which he shouts down]. I know what my lord the Cardinal of Winchester will say when he hears of this. I know what the Earl of Warwick will do when he learns that you intend to betray him. There are eight hundred men at the gate who will see that this abominable witch is burnt in spite of your teeth. 40

The Assessors [meanwhile]: What is this? What did he say? He accuses us of treachery! This is past bearing. No faith in a Frenchman! Did you hear that? This is an intolerable fellow. Who is he? Is this what English Churchmen are like? He must be mad or drunk, etc., etc. 45

The Inquisitor [rising]: Silence, pray! Gentlemen: pray silence! Master Chaplain: bethink you a moment of your holy office: of what you are, and where you are. I direct you to sit down. 50

The Chaplain [folding his arms doggedly, his face working convulsively]: I will NOT sit down.

Cauchon: Master Inquisitor: this man has called me a traitor to my face before now. 55

The Chaplain: So you are a traitor. You are all traitors. You have been doing nothing but begging this damnable witch on your knees to recant all through this trial.

The Inquisitor [placidly resuming his seat]: If you will not sit, you must stand: that is all. 60

The Chaplain: I will NOT stand [he flings himself back into his chair].

Ladvenu [rising with the paper in his hand]: My lord: here is the form of recantation for The Maid to sign.

Cauchon: Read it to her. 65

Joan: Do not trouble. I will sign it.

Scene 6

END OF PAPER



VICTORIA JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2018
HIGHER 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/03

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 **6** printed pages

[Turn over

Section A

Answer one question in this section

1

Either (a) The following extract is taken from Peter Pouncey's novel *Rules for Old Men Waiting* (2005). Margaret is the recently deceased wife of MacIver.

Write a critical appreciation of the passage, relating it to the theme of the mind and self in Literature.

Day after day, there was a regular progression of symptoms leading to an unspringing of visions and fantasy. He would increasingly find himself listless and tired, often after he had been up less than an hour. Whether he had been reading a book or doing some chore in the kitchen, he would become aware he was not thinking clearly—and the cause of this he saw as physical. An actual cloud, he felt, was stealing across his brain, evening mist across marshy ground. Banging himself on the side of his head with his open palm did not clear it. His listlessness seemed to push his hands and feet out to a great distance from his control. At this point he would become afraid that if he remained standing up, he might become dizzy and fall, and he would move slowly back to his bed and lie down. Sinking back into the bedclothes was at first a relief, and there was often a pleasant sense of rocking or swaying there, as though he had returned from a dinner with too much wine in him, or was lying in a hammock out of doors. Then the pictures would start up in his head, taking him over. 5 10

There were various strands of images supplied to him, mostly separate but occasionally running into each other. More than once a weird double feature played through his mind. The two parts were certainly different in tone, the first a somber art movie of Margaret, almost silent, filmed in a series of gloomy interiors. Heavy curtains around leaded windows and a pewter sky beyond. It was not their house, but it was Margaret all right. He had to peer to see her, to bring her near, but when he managed to focus, he saw her always distracted or agitated. He could hear his own voice talking to her, quite loudly, probably insisting too much, but she wasn't paying attention anyway. Studying her expression closely, he saw flickers of distaste and irritation around her mouth. "I can tell you often did not like me," he said. "Only towards the end," she said finally and flatly, and looking away from him: "I didn't like the way things were going." 15 20 25

There were several things that troubled him about these sequences, one of which was that they left some hurt behind when he came to himself; another was his puzzlement about the mockery of his own inner mind, offering her back to him as unloving, unconnected, half-lit and inanimate, against all the patterns of his conscious memory and longings. He was not well equipped to pursue this line of thought, but the effect these pictures had was to screw him more tightly into his loneliness. 30

Then abruptly the pictures changed. With his feeble, wandering brain it was hard to keep track of time, but often they seemed to change in the same session, day or night. War scenes of recrimination would give way to war footage. This could not have been more different. The colors here were the bright orange, crimson, and black of exploding shells. Men in battle fatigues with small arms were running athletically and confidently among them, making their cut at the right point to avoid the next flash, 35

like good broken-field runners. There was a tone of arrogance over the whole scene; some commander's voice could be heard in the background making a radio report, clear above the static: "We've got the brains and the muscle, and we're blowing them away." MacIver had to admit he liked watching this scene; he did not know what cause the men were fighting for, but he liked the fact that they were invulnerable, disappearing at a steady clip into the middle distance. You could tell they would soon stifle the artillery fire bursting among them; they would cut it off at the source. MacIver had been in the navy himself: where did all these soldiers come from?

He would come to himself from these dreaming sequences, weaker still. And colder. Outside there was now a winter worth attending to. Large hanging icicles from the overflowing gutters above grew downward across the living room and bedroom windows, and glinted sharply in the afternoon light; but however brightly the sun blazed, day after day it had no warmth—as far as he could see, not one pendant of water ever formed, dangled, or fell from the icy points. When he looked past them into the glare of white on white, the trees seemed to have receded, grey striations whittled away by the snow plastered on their windward side; and the shadows they cast on the snowbanks as the sun fell were weaker too, no darker than a sickly blue.

- Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem by Robert Graves (1895-1985), considering ways in which the poet uses form, structure and language to present his relationship with his name.

My Name and I

The impartial Law enrolled a name For my especial use: My rights in it would rest the same Whether I puffed it into fame Or sank it in abuse.	5
<i>Robert</i> was what my parents guessed When first they peered at me, And <i>Graves</i> an honourable bequest With Georgian silver and the rest From my male ancestry.	10
They taught me: 'You are <i>Robert Graves</i> (Which you must learn to spell), But see that <i>Robert Graves</i> behaves, Whether with honest men or knaves, Exemplarily well.'	15
Then though my I was always I, Illegal and unknown, With nothing to arrest it by – As will be obvious when I die And <i>Robert Graves</i> lives on –	20
I cannot well repudiate This noun, this natal star, This gentlemanly self, this mate So kindly forced on me by fate, Time and the registrar;	25
And therefore hurry him ahead As an ambassador To fetch me home my beer and bread Or commandeer the best green bed, As he has done before.	30
Yet understand, I am not he Either in mind or limb; My name will take less thought for me, In worlds of men I cannot see, Than ever I for him.	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** texts you have studied present the effects of hope (or the lack of it) on the mind.

Or (b) In what ways, and with what effects, do writers use weakness as a means of exploring the mind and self? You should compare **two** of your texts.

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.**

SYLVIA PLATH: *Ariel***3**

- Either (a)** Discuss Plath's use of imagery in presenting extreme states of mind. You should make detailed reference to **at least two** poems in your answer.
- Or (b)** With reference to the mind and self, critically examine the effects of different voices in *Ariel*. You should refer to **at least two** poems from your selection.

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *Woman in Mind***4**

- Either (a)** Explore Ayckbourn's dramatic presentation of Susan's inner conflict.
- Or (b)** Examine the ways in which male characters in the play affect Susan's sense of self.

EDWARD ALBEE: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?***5**

- Either (a)** Comment on Albee's use of fear in presenting the development of the self.
- Or (b)** "Nick and Honey are inconsequential to the play."
Consider Albee's presentation of the mind and self in the light of this statement.

End of Paper