
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9748/03

Paper 3 The Individual and Society in Literature

17 September 2014

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) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem by W H Auden (1907-1973), relating it to the theme of the individual and society 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,
And all the reports of his conduct agree
That, in the modern sense of the old-fashioned word, he was a saint,
For in everything he did he served the Greater Community. 5
Except for the war till the day he retired
He worked in a factory and never got fired,
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, 10
(Our report of his union shows it was sound)
And our Social Psychology workers found
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. 15
Policies taken out in his name prove that he was fully insured,
And his Health-card shows that he was once in hospital but left it cured.
Both Producers Research and High-Grade Living declare
He was fully sensible to the advantages of the Installment Plan
And had everything necessary to the Modern Man, 20
A gramophone, a radio, a car and a frigidaire.
Our researchers into Public Opinion are content
That he held the proper opinions for the time of the 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, 25
which our Eugenist says was the right number for a parent of his generation,
And our teachers report he never interfered with their education.
Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd:
Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have heard.

Or (b) The extract below is from the novel *Angel Pavement* (1930) by J B Priestly.

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

A bus took him to the West End, where, among the crazy-coloured fountains of illumination, shattering the blue dusk with green and crimson fire, he found the cafe of his choice, a tea shop that had gone mad and turned Babylonian, a white palace with ten thousand lights. It towered above the older buildings like a citadel, which indeed it was, the outpost of a new age, perhaps a new civilisation, perhaps a new barbarism, and behind the thin marble front were concrete and steel, just as behind the careless profusion of luxury were millions of pence balanced to the last halfpenny. Somewhere in the background, hidden away, behind the ten thousand lights and acres of white napery and bewildering, glittering rows of teapots, behind the thousand waitresses and cash-box girls and black-coated floor managers and temperamental long-haired violinists, behind the mounds of shimmering bonbons and multi-coloured Viennese pastries, the cauldrons of stewed steak, the vanloads of harlequin ices, were a few men who went to work juggling with fractions of a farthing, who knew how many units of electricity it took to finish a steak-and-kidney pudding and how many minutes and seconds a waitress (five-foot-four in height and in average health) would need to carry a tray of given weight from the kitchen lift to the table in the far corner. In short, there was a warm sensuous vulgar life flowering in the upper storeys and cold science working in the basement. Such was the gigantic tea shop into which Turgis marched, in search not of mere refreshment but of all the enchantment of unfamiliar luxury. Perhaps he knew in his heart that men have conquered half the known world, looted whole kingdoms, and never arrived at such luxury. The place was built for him.

It was built for a great many other people too, and as usual they were all there. It steamed with humanity. The marble entrance-hall, piled dizzily with bonbons and cakes, was as crowded and bustling as a railway station. The gloom and grime of the streets, the raw air, all November, were at once left behind, forgotten: the atmosphere inside was golden, tropical, belonging to some high midsummer of confectionery. Disdaining the lifts, Turgis, once more excited by the sight, sound, and smell of it all, climbed the wide staircase until he reached his favourite floor, where an orchestra, led by a young Jewish violinist with wandering, lustrous eyes and a passion for tremolo effects, acted as a magnet to a thousand girls.

The door was swung open to him by a page; there burst, like a sugary bomb, the clatter of cups, the shrill chatter of white-and-vermilion girls, and, cleaving the golden-scented air, the sensuous clamour of the strings; and, as he stood hesitating a moment, half dazed, there came bowing, a sleek, grave man, older than he was, and far more distinguished than he could ever hope to be, who murmured deferentially: "For one, sir? This way, please." Shyly yet proudly Turgis followed him.

That was the snag really, though. This place was so crowded that you had to take the seat they offered you; there was no picking and choosing your company at the table. And as usual, Turgis was not lucky. The vacant seat which he was shown, and which he dare not refuse, was at a table already occupied by three people, and not one of them remotely resembled a nice-looking girl. There were two stout middle-aged women, voluble, perspiring, and happy over cream buns, and a middle-aged man who, no doubt, had been of no great size even before this expedition started, but was now very small and huddled, and gave the impression that if the party stayed there much longer he would shrink to nothing but spectacles, a nose, a collar, and a pair of boots.

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 social institutions.

Or (b) Compare the ways in which **two** texts you have studied present how social change affects the individual.

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) Examine Hawthorne's use of setting in relation to the theme of the individual and society.

Or (b) Discuss Hawthorne's treatment of law in the society of *The Scarlet Letter*.

PHILIP LARKIN: *from Collected Poems*

4

Either(a) Discuss Larkin's poetic presentation of social and/or national events as part of his wider depiction of the individual in society.

Or (b) Consider Larkin's use of dramatic monologue and what it contributes to the theme of the individual and society.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

5

Either(a) "It's a Barnum and Bailey world, Just as phony as it can be – "
Discuss this presentation of the social world in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

Or (b) How does the portrayal of Stanley contribute to the notion of social hierarchy in *A Streetcar Named Desire*?