



INNOVA JUNIOR COLLEGE

JC2 PRELIM 2 2014

in preparation for General Certificate of Education Advanced Level
Higher 1

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8811/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

15 September 2014

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



Innova Junior College

[Turn over]

Section A

1

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

A Grave

Man looking into the sea,
 taking the view from those who have as much right to it as
 you have to it yourself,
 it is human nature to stand in the middle of a thing,
 but you cannot stand in the middle of this; 5
 the sea has nothing to give but a well excavated grave.
 The firs stand in a procession, each with an emerald turkey-
 foot at the top,
 reserved as their contours, saying nothing;
 repression, however, is not the most obvious characteristic of 10
 the sea;
 the sea is a collector, quick to return a rapacious look.
 There are others besides you who have worn that look —
 whose expression is no longer a protest; the fish no longer
 investigate them 15
 for their bones have not lasted:
 men lower nets, unconscious of the fact that they are
 desecrating a grave,
 and row quickly away — the blades of the oars
 moving together like the feet of water-spiders as if there were 20
 no such thing as death.
 The wrinkles progress among themselves in a phalanx — beautiful
 under networks of foam,
 and fade breathlessly while the sea rustles in and out of the
 seaweed; 25
 the birds swim through the air at top speed, emitting cat-calls
 as heretofore —
 the tortoise-shell scourges about the feet of the cliffs, in motion
 beneath them;
 and the ocean, under the pulsation of lighthouses and noise of 30
 bell-buoys,
 advances as usual, looking as if it were not that ocean in which
 dropped things are bound to sink —
 in which if they turn and twist, it is neither with volition nor
 consciousness. 35

Marianne Moore (1887-1972)

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

I Knew a Woman

I knew a woman, lovely in her bones,
 When small birds sighed, she would sigh back at them;
 Ah, when she moved, she moved more ways than one:
 The shapes a bright container can contain!
 Of her choice virtues only gods should speak, 5
 Or English poets who grew up on Greek
 (I'd have them sing in chorus, cheek to cheek.)
 How well her wishes went! She stroked my chin,
 She taught me Turn, and Counter-turn, and stand;
 She taught me Touch, that undulant white skin: 10
 I nibbled meekly from her proffered hand;
 She was the sickle; I, poor I, the rake,
 Coming behind her for her pretty sake
 (But what prodigious mowing did we make.)
 Love likes a gander, and adores a goose: 15
 Her full lips pursed, the errant note to seize;
 She played it quick, she played it light and loose;
 My eyes, they dazzled at her flowing knees;
 Her several parts could keep a pure repose,
 Or one hip quiver with a mobile nose 20
 (She moved in circles, and those circles moved.)
 Let seed be grass, and grass turn into hay:
 I'm martyr to a motion not my own;
 What's freedom for? To know eternity.
 I swear she cast a shadow white as stone. 25
 But who would count eternity in days?
 These old bones live to learn her wanton ways:
 (I measure time by how a body sways).

Theodore Roethke (1908-1963)

Section B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

- Either (a)** Stevens remarks ‘one is not struck by the truth until prompted quite accidentally by some external events.’

How far does this comment describe Stevens’s own awareness of the truth?

- (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following extract, paying close attention to the presentation of Stevens’s moral position here and elsewhere in the novel.

‘Mrs Wakefield, Stevens, was convinced you never worked here until I hired you. In fact, she seemed to be under the impression she’d had that from your own lips. Made me look pretty much a fool, as you can imagine.’
It’s most regrettable, sir.’

‘I mean to say, Stevens, this *is* a genuine grand old English house, isn’t it? That’s what I paid for. And you’re a genuine old-fashioned English butler, not just some waiter pretending to be one. You’re the real thing, aren’t you? That’s what I wanted, isn’t that what I have?’

‘I venture to say you do, sir.’

‘Then can you explain to me what Mrs Wakefield is saying?’ It’s a big mystery to me.’

‘It is possible I may well have given the lady a slightly misleading picture concerning my career, sir. I do apologize if this caused embarrassment.’

‘I’ll say it caused embarrassment. Those people have now got me down for a braggart and liar. Anyway, what do you mean, you may have given her a “slightly misleading picture.”?’

‘I’m very sorry, sir. I had no idea I might cause such embarrassment.’

‘But dammit, Stevens, why did you tell her such a tale?’

‘I considered the situation for a moment, then said: ‘I’m very sorry, sir. But it is to do with the ways of this country.’

‘What are you talking about, man?’

‘I mean to say, sir, that it is not customary in England for an employee to discuss his past employers.’

‘OK, Stevens, so you don’t wish to divulge past confidences. But does that extend to you actually denying having worked for anyone other than me?’

‘It does seem a little extreme when you put it that way, sir. But it has often been considered desirable for employees to give such an impression. If I may put it this way, sir, it is a little akin to the custom as regards marriages. If a divorced lady were present in the company of her second husband, it is often thought desirable not to allude to the original marriage at all. There is a similar custom as regards our profession, sir.’

‘Well, I only wish I’d known about your custom before, Stevens,’ my employer said, leaning back in his chair. ‘It certainly made me look like a chump.’

I believe I realized even at the time that my explanation to Mr Farraday – though, of course, not entirely devoid of truth – was woefully inadequate. But when one has so much else to think about, it is easy not to give such matters a great deal of attention, and so I did, indeed, put the whole

episode out of my mind for some time. But now, recalling it here in the calm that surrounds this pond there seems little doubt that my conduct towards Mrs Wakefield that day has an obvious relation to what has just taken place this afternoon.

Of course, there are many people these days who have a lot of foolish things to say about Lord Darlington, and it may be that you are under the impression I am somehow embarrassed or ashamed of my association with his lordship, and it is this that lies behind such conduct. Then let me make it clear that nothing could be further from the truth. The great majority of what one hears said about his lordship today is, in any case, utter nonsense, based on an almost complete ignorance of the facts. Indeed, it seems to me that my odd conduct can be very plausibly explained in terms of my wish to avoid any possibility of hearing any further such nonsense concerning both instances as the simplest means of avoiding unpleasantness. This does seem a very plausible explanation the more I think about it; for it is true, nothing vexes me more these days than to hear this sort of nonsense being repeated. Let me say that Lord Darlington was a gentleman of great moral stature – a stature to dwarf most of these persons you will find taking this sort of nonsense about him – and I will readily vouch that he remained that to the last. Nothing could be less accurate than to suggest that I regret my association with such a gentleman. Indeed, you will appreciate that to serve his lordship at Darlington Hall during those years was to come as close to the hub of this world's wheel as one such as I could ever have dreamt. I gave thirty-five years' service to Lord Darlington; one would surely not be unjustified in claiming that during those years, one was, in the truest terms, 'attached to a distinguished household'. In looking back over my career thus far, my chief satisfaction derives from what I achieved during those years, and I am today nothing but proud and grateful to have been given such a privilege.

Day Two – Afternoon
Mortimer's Pond, Dorset

Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

Either (a) 'Miller crafts his characters to attain their allotment of personal heroism only through the acceptance of their social guilt.'

To what extent does this comment reflect the presentation of 'personal heroism' in *All My Sons*?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the dramatic significance of Arthur Miller's use of irony here and elsewhere in the play.

George: I saw your factory on the way from the station. It looks like General Motors.

Keller: I wish it was General Motors, but it ain't. Sit down, George. Sit down. (*Takes cigar out of his pocket.*) So you finally went to see your father, I hear? 5

George: Yes, this morning. What kind of stuff do you make now?

Keller: Oh, little of everything. Pressure cookers, an assembly for washing machines. Got a nice, flexible plant now. So how'd you find Dad? Feel all right?

George: (*searching Keller, speaking indecisively*) No, he's not well, Joe. 10

Keller: (*lighting his cigar*) Not his heart again, is it?

George: It's everything, Joe. It's his soul.

Keller: (*blowing out smoke*) Uh huh –

Chris: How about seeing what they did with your house? 15

Keller: Leave him be.

George: (*to Chris, indicating Keller*) I'd like to talk to him.

Keller: Sure, he just got here. That's the way they do, George. A little man makes a mistake and they hang him by the thumbs; the big ones become ambassadors. I wish you'd-a told me you were going to see Dad. 20

George: (*Studying him*) I didn't know you were interested.

Keller: In a way, I am. I would like to know, George, that as far as I am concerned, any time he wants, he's got a place with me. I would like him to know that. 25

George: He hates your guts, Joe. Don't you know that?

Keller: I imagined it. But that can change, too.

Mother: Steve was never like that.

George: He's like that now. He'd like to take every man who made money in the war and put him up against a wall. 30

Chris: He'll need a lot of bullets.

George: And he'd better not get any.

Keller: That's a sad thing to hear.

George: (*with bitterness dominant*) Why? What'd you expect him to think of you? 35

Keller: (*the force of his nature rising, but under control*) I'm sad to see he hasn't changed. As long as I know him, twenty-five years, the man never learned how to take the blame. You know that, George.

- George: *(he does)* Well, I - 40
- Keller: But you do know it. Because the way you come in here you don't look like you remember it. I mean like in nineteen thirty-seven when we had the shop in Flood Street. And he damn near blew us all up with that heater he left burning for two days without water. He wouldn't admit that was his fault, 45
either. I had to fire a mechanic to save his face. You remember that?
- George: Yes, but -
- Keller: I'm just mentioning it, George. Because this is just another one of a lot of things. Like when he gave Frank that money to invest in oil stock. 50
- George: *(distressed)* I know that, I -
- Keller: *(driving in, but restrained)* But it's good to remember those things, kid. The way he cursed Frank because the stock went down. Was that Frank's fault? To listen to him Frank was a swindler. And all the man did was give him a bad tip. 55
- George: *(distressed)* I know that, I -
- Keller: Then remember them, remember them. *(Ann comes out of house)* There are certain men in the world who rather see everybody hung before they'll take the blame. You understand me, George? 60
They stand facing each other, George trying to judge him.

Act Two

End of Paper