



PIONEER JUNIOR COLLEGE  
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

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

**9748/01**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

16 September 2014

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

It may bear underlining or highlighting.

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

Additional materials: Writing Paper

**3 Hours**

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

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

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

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

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

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

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

Begin each section on a fresh page

At the end of the examination, fasten each answer script securely together.

Submit question paper separately.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

This question paper consists of **8** printed pages and **2** blank pages.

## Section A

1

**Either (a)** Compare and contrast the following poems, considering in detail how each poet uses imagery to convey meaning.

A Elegy for Jane

My student, thrown by a horse  
 I remember the neckcurls, limp and damp as tendrils;  
 And her quick look, a sidelong pickerel smile;  
 And how, once startled into talk, the light syllables leaped for her,  
 And she balanced in the delight of her thought, 5  
 A wren, happy, tail into the wind,  
 Her song trembling the twigs and small branches.  
 The shade sang with her;  
 The leaves, their whispers turned to kissing;  
 And the mold sang in the bleached valleys under the rose. 10

Oh, when she was sad, she cast herself down into such a pure depth  
 Even a father could not find her:  
 Scraping her cheek against straw-,  
 Stirring the clearest water.

My sparrow, you are not here, 15  
 Waiting like a fern, making a spiny shadow.  
 The sides of wet stones cannot console me.  
 Nor the moss wound with the last light.

If only I could nudge you from this sleep,  
 My maimed darling; my skittery pigeon.  
 Over this damp grave I speak the words of my love: 20  
 I, with no rights in this matter,  
 Neither father nor lover.

Theodore Roethke (1908-1963)



**Or (b)** Write a critical comparison of the following poems, paying particular attention to imagery and form.

**A** Lowlands

As one who goes from holding converse sweet  
 In cloistered walls with great ones of the past,  
 And steps, enwrapt in visions high and vast,  
 To meet his fellows in the noisy street;  
 So we, descending from the mountain's height, 5  
 Feel strange discordance in the world below.  
 Is this the calm that there enchanted so?  
 It cannot be that we beheld aright.  
 But courage! not for ever on the mount;  
 Far oftener in the valley must we move; 10  
 The things that lie about us learn to love,  
 And for the work allotted us account;  
 Content if, now and then, we track above  
 The tumbling waters to their placid fount.

William Reed Huntington (1745-1813)

**B** Mont Brevent

O Dweller in the valley, lift thine eyes  
 To where, above the drift of cloud, the stone  
 Endures in silence, and to God alone  
 Upturns its furrowed visage, and is wise. 5  
 There yet is being, far from all that dies,  
 And beauty where no mortal maketh moan,  
 Where larger planets swim the liquid zone,  
 And wider spaces stretch to calmer skies.  
 Only a little way above the plain  
 Is snow eternal. Round the mountain's knees 10  
 Hovers the fury of the wind and rain.  
 Look up, and teach thy noble heart to cease  
 From endless labour. There is perfect peace  
 Only a little way above thy pain.

George Santayana (1863-1952)

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**TURN OVER FOR SECTION B**

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## Section B

EDITH WHARTON: *The Age of Innocence*

2

**Either (a)** Wharton's novel offers us nothing more than non-fulfilled, 'stifled' passion and 'packed' regrets.

To what extent do you agree with the above statement?

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to how Wharton's work can be read as a museum showpiece through the use of motifs here and elsewhere in the novel.

Avoiding the popular "Wolfe collection," whose anecdotic canvases filled one of the main galleries of the queer wilderness of cast-iron and encaustic tiles known as the Metropolitan Museum, they had wandered down a passage to the room where the "Cesnola antiquities" mouldered in unvisited loneliness.

They had this melancholy retreat to themselves, and seated on the divan enclosing the central steam-radiator, they were staring silently at the glass cabinets mounted in ebonised wood which contained the recovered fragments of Ilium. 5

"It's odd," Madame Olenska said, "I never came here before."

"Ah, well--. Some day, I suppose, it will be a great Museum."

"Yes," she assented absently. 10

She stood up and wandered across the room. Archer, remaining seated, watched the light movements of her figure, so girlish even under its heavy furs, the cleverly planted heron wing in her fur cap, and the way a dark curl lay like a flattened vine spiral on each cheek above the ear. His mind, as always when they first met, was wholly absorbed in the delicious details that made her herself and no other. Presently he rose and approached the case before which she stood. Its glass shelves were crowded with small broken objects--hardly recognisable domestic utensils, ornaments and personal trifles--made of glass, of clay, of discoloured bronze and other time-blurred substances. 15

"It seems cruel," she said, "that after a while nothing matters . . . any more than these little things, that used to be necessary and important to forgotten people, and now have to be guessed at under a magnifying glass and labelled: 'Use unknown.'" 20

"Yes; but meanwhile--"

"Ah, meanwhile--" 25

As she stood there, in her long sealskin coat, her hands thrust in a small round muff, her veil drawn down like a transparent mask to the tip of her nose, and the bunch of violets he had brought her stirring with her quickly-taken breath, it seemed incredible that this pure harmony of line and colour should ever suffer the stupid law of change. 30

"Meanwhile everything matters--that concerns you," he said.

She looked at him thoughtfully, and turned back to the divan. He sat down beside her and waited; but suddenly he heard a step echoing far off down the empty rooms, and felt the pressure of the minutes.

"What is it you wanted to tell me?" she asked, as if she had received the same warning. 35

"What I wanted to tell you?" he rejoined. "Why, that I believe you came to New York because you were afraid."

"Afraid?"

"Of my coming to Washington."

40

She looked down at her muff, and he saw her hands stir in it uneasily.

"Well--?"

"Well--yes," she said.

"You were afraid? You knew--?"

"Yes: I knew . . ."

45

"Well, then?" he insisted.

"Well, then: this is better, isn't it?" she returned with a long questioning sigh.

"Better--?"

"We shall hurt others less. Isn't it, after all, what you always wanted?"

"To have you here, you mean--in reach and yet out of reach? To meet you in this way, on the sly? It's the very reverse of what I want. I told you the other day what I wanted."

50

She hesitated. "And you still think this--worse?"

"A thousand times!" He paused. "It would be easy to lie to you; but the truth is I think it detestable."

55

"Oh, so do I!" she cried with a deep breath of relief.

*Chapter XXXI*

**[Turn over**

## Section C

JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi*

3

**Either (a)** 'A man driven by equal parts greed and compassion.'

Consider the significance of Webster's portrayal of Bosola.

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following extract, discussing the use of causality in *The Duchess of Malfi*, here and elsewhere in the play.

**FERDINAND** Now you're brave fellows. Caesar's fortune was harder than Pompey's; Caesar died in the arms of prosperity, Pompey at the feet of disgrace. You both died in the field. The pain's nothing; pain many times is taken away with the apprehension of greater, as the tooth-ache with the sight of a barber that comes to pull it out. There's philosophy for you. 5

**BOSOLA** Now my revenge is perfect.—Sink, thou main cause  
*Kills FERDINAND*  
Of my undoing!—The last part of my life  
Hath done me best service.

**FERDINAND** Give me some wet hay; I am broken-winded. 10  
I do account this world but a dog-kennel:  
I will vault credit and affect high pleasures  
Beyond death.

**BOSOLA** He seems to come to himself,  
Now he's so near the bottom. 15

**FERDINAND** My sister, O my sister! There's the cause on 't.  
Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,  
Like diamonds, we are cut with our own dust.  
*[Dies.]*

**CARDINAL** Thou hast thy payment too.

**BOSOLA** Yes, I hold my weary soul in my teeth; 20  
'Tis ready to part from me. I do glory  
That thou, which stood'st like a huge pyramid  
Begun upon a large and ample base,  
Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

*[Enter, below, PESCARA, MALATESTI, RODERIGO, and GRISOLAN]*

**PESCARA** How now, my lord! 25

**MALATESTI** O sad disaster!

<i>RODERIGO</i>	How comes this?	
<i>BOSOLA</i>	Revenge for the Duchess of Malfi murdered By the Arragonian brethren; for Antonio Slain by this hand; for lustful Julia Poison'd by this man; and lastly for myself, That was an actor in the main of all Much 'gainst mine own good nature, yet i' the end Neglected.	30
<i>PESCARA</i>	How now, my lord!	35
<i>CARDINAL</i>	Look to my brother: He gave us these large wounds, as we were struggling Here i' th' rushes. And now, I pray, let me Be laid by and never thought of. <i>[Dies.]</i>	
<i>PESCARA</i>	How fatally, it seems, he did withstand His own rescue!	40
<i>MALATESTA</i>	Thou wretched thing of blood, How came Antonio by his death?	
<i>BOSOLA</i>	In a mist; I know not how: Such a mistake as I have often seen In a play. O, I am gone! We are only like dead walls or vaulted graves, That, ruin'd, yield no echo. Fare you well. It may be pain, but no harm, to me to die In so good a quarrel. O, this gloomy world! In what a shadow, or deep pit of darkness, Doth womanish and fearful mankind live! Let worthy minds ne'er stagger in distrust To suffer death or shame for what is just: Mine is another voyage. <i>[Dies.]</i>	45 50 55

*Act V, Scene v*

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