



**ANDERSON JUNIOR COLLEGE**  
**JC2 Preliminary Examination 2014**

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

**9748/01**

**Paper 1 Reading Literature**

**18 September 2014**  
**3 hours**

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your name, class and subject tutor's name on all the work you hand in.  
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.  
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or **correction fluid**.

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

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.  
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

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

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

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

*\*Please delete accordingly.*

This document consists of **7** printed pages including this cover page.

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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 longing.

**A****Room**

Someone in the next apartment  
 Walks slowly back to a room abutting mine.  
 I am on this side, sitting.  
 It is uncomfortable trying to be quiet.  
 For weeks coming in here to change my clothes, 5  
 I think, are my clothes too daring?  
 And the sound of water rushing in  
 Filling a tub in the other room  
 Makes a loud continuity,  
 As though many people might be living here, 10  
 Twining their arms about me,  
 Passing me in the hall,  
 Making tender jokes.  
 Sunlight enters the room near the ceiling.  
 And shadows of leaves letting go 15  
 Flash in downward slants  
 Falling inside the room  
 To sink through the floor.  
 And I think  
 Is this the way it will be? 20  
 And I listen  
 With my ear against the plaster.

Ruth Stone (b. 1915 )

**B****Dusting the Phone**

I am spending my time imagining the worst that could happen.  
 I know this is not a good idea, and that being in love, I could be  
 spending my time going over the best that has been happening.

The phone rings heralding some disaster. Sirens.  
 Or it doesn't ring which also means disaster. Sirens. 5  
 In which case, who would ring me to tell? Nobody knows.

The future is a long gloved hand. An empty cup.  
 A marriage. A full house. One night per week  
 in stranger's white sheets. Forget tomorrow,

You say, don't mention love. I try. It doesn't work. 10  
 I assault the postman for a letter. I look for flowers.  
 I go over and over our times together, re-read them.

This very second I am waiting on the phone.  
 Silver service. I polish it. I dress for it.  
 I'll give it extra in return for your call. 15

Infuriatingly, it sends me hoaxes, wrong numbers;  
 or worse, calls from boring people. Your voice  
 disappears into my lonely cotton sheets.

I am trapped in it. I can't move. I want you.  
 All the time. This is awful – only a photo. 20  
 Come on, damn you, ring me. Or else. What?

I don't know what.

Jackie Kay (b. 1961)

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

**A The Ghost**

Softly as brown-eyed Angels rove  
I will return to thy alcove,  
And glide upon the night to thee,  
Treading the shadows silently.

And I will give to thee, my own, 5  
Kisses as icy as the moon,  
And the caresses of a snake  
Cold gliding in the thorny brake.

And when returns the livid morn  
Thou shalt find all my place forlorn  
And chilly, till the falling night. 10

Others would rule by tenderness  
Over thy life and youthfulness,  
But I would conquer thee by fright!

Charles Baudelaire (1821 – 1867)

**B White Magic**

Keep ye her brow with starshine crost  
And bind with ghostly light her hair,  
O powers benign, lest I accost  
Song's peaceless angel unaware!

Where swings to foam the dusky sea, 5  
She waits with sapphires in her hand  
Whose light shall make thy spirit be  
Lost in a still, enchanted land.

Musing, she hears the subtle tunes  
From chords where faery fingers stray-- 10  
A rain of pearl from crumbling moons  
Less clear and delicate than they.

The strain we lost and could not find  
Think we her haunted heart forgets?  
She weaves it with a troubled wind 15  
And twilight music that regrets.

Often she stands, unseen, aloof,  
To watch beside an ocean's brink  
The gorgeous, evanescent woof  
Cast from the loom of suns that sink. 20

She stands to greet him unaware,  
Who cannot find her if he seek:  
A sigh, a scent of heavenly hair--  
And oh, her breath is on his cheek!

George Sterling (1869 – 1926)

## Section B

EDITH WHARTON: *The Age of Innocence*

2

Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects is irony used in *The Age of Innocence*?

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

They lunched slowly and meditatively, with mute intervals between rushes of talk; for, the spell once broken, they had much to say, and yet moments when saying became the mere accompaniment to long duologues of silence. Archer kept the talk from his own affairs, not with conscious intention but because he did not want to miss a word of her history; and leaning on the table, her chin resting on her clasped hands, she talked to him of the year and a half since they had met. 5

She had grown tired of what people called "society"; New York was kind, it was almost oppressively hospitable; she should never forget the way in which it had welcomed her back; but after the first flush of novelty she had found herself, as she phrased it, too "different" to care for the things it cared about—and so she had decided to try Washington, where one was supposed to meet more varieties of people and of opinion. And on the whole she should probably settle down in Washington, and make a home there for poor Medora, who had worn out the patience of all her other relations just at the time when she most needed looking after and protecting from matrimonial perils. 10 15

"But Dr. Carver—aren't you afraid of Dr. Carver? I hear he's been staying with you at the Blenkers'."

She smiled. "Oh, the Carver danger is over. Dr. Carver is a very clever man. He wants a rich wife to finance his plans, and Medora is simply a good advertisement as a convert." 20

"A convert to what?"

"To all sorts of new and crazy social schemes. But, do you know, they interest me more than the blind conformity to tradition—somebody else's tradition—that I see among our own friends. It seems stupid to have discovered America only to make it into a copy of another country." She smiled across the table. "Do you suppose Christopher Columbus would have taken all that trouble just to go to the Opera with the Selfridge Merrys?" 25

Archer changed colour. "And Beaufort—do you say these things to Beaufort?" he asked abruptly.

"I haven't seen him for a long time. But I used to; and he understands." 30

"Ah, it's what I've always told you; you don't like us. And you like Beaufort because he's so unlike us." He looked about the bare room and out at the bare beach and the row of stark white village houses strung along the shore. "We're damnably dull. We've no character, no colour, no variety—I wonder," he broke out, "why you don't go back?" 35

Her eyes darkened, and he expected an indignant rejoinder. But she sat silent, as if thinking over what he had said, and he grew frightened lest she should answer that she wondered too.

At length she said: "I believe it's because of you."

It was impossible to make the confession more dispassionately, or in a tone less encouraging to the vanity of the person addressed. Archer reddened to the temples, but dared not move or speak: it was as if her words had been some rare butterfly that the least motion might drive off on startled wings, but that might gather a flock about it if it were left undisturbed. 40

“At least,” she continued, “it was you who made me understand that under the dullness there are things so fine and sensitive and delicate that even those I most cared for in my other life look cheap in comparison. I don’t know how to explain myself”—she drew together her troubled brows—“but it seems as if I’d never before understood with how much that is hard and shabby and base the most exquisite pleasures may be paid.” 45

“Exquisite pleasures—it’s something to have had them!” he felt like retorting; but the appeal in her eyes kept him silent. 50

“I want,” she went on, “to be perfectly honest with you—and with myself. For a long time I’ve hoped this chance would come: that I might tell you how you’ve helped me, what you’ve made of me—” 55

Archer sat staring beneath frowning brows. He interrupted her with a laugh. “And what do you make out that you’ve made of me?”

She paled a little. “Of you?”

“Yes: for I’m of your making much more than you ever were of mine. I’m the man who married one woman because another one told him to.” 60

Her paleness turned to a fugitive flush. “I thought—you promised—you were not to say such things today.”

“Ah—how like a woman! None of you will ever see a bad business through!”

She lowered her voice. “Is it a bad business—for May?”

He stood in the window, drumming against the raised sash, and feeling in every fibre the wistful tenderness with which she had spoken her cousin’s name. 65

“For that’s the thing we’ve always got to think of—haven’t we—by your own showing?” she insisted.

“My own showing?” he echoed, his blank eyes still on the sea.

“Or if not,” she continued, pursuing her own thought with a painful application, “if it’s not worth while to have given up, to have missed things, so that others may be saved from disillusionment and misery—then everything I came home for, everything that made my other life seem by contrast so bare and so poor because no one there took account of them—all these things are a sham or a dream—” 70 75

## Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

- Either (a)** 'Conflict is the essence of drama'.  
Discuss the presentation of tension in *All My Sons*.
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the dramatization of deception, here and elsewhere in the play.

*George.* She said you've never been sick.  
*Mother.* I said he was sick, George.  
*George.* [*going to Ann*] Ann, didn't you hear her say - ?  
*Mother.* Do you remember every time you were sick?  
*George.* I'd remember pneumonia. Especially if I got it just the day my partner was going to patch up cylinder heads... What happened that day, Joe? 5  
**[Frank enters briskly from driveway, holding Larry's horoscope in his hand. He comes to Kate.]**  
*Frank.* Kate! Kate!  
*Mother.* Frank, did you see George? 10  
*Frank* [*extending his hand*] Lydia told me, I'm glad to... you'll have to pardon me. [*pulling Mother over*] I've got something amazing for you, Kate, I finished Larry's horoscope.  
*Mother.* You'd be interested in this, George. It's wonderful the way he can understand the... 15  
*Chris.* [*entering from house*] George, the girl's on the phone...  
*Mother.* [*desperately*] He finished Larry's horoscope!  
*Chris.* Frank, can't you pick a better time than this?  
*Frank.* The greatest men who ever lived believed in the stars!  
*Chris.* Stop filling her head with that junk! 20  
*Frank.* Is it junk to feel that there's a greater power than ourselves? I've studied the stars of his life! I won't argue with you, I'm telling you. Somewhere in this world your brother is alive!  
*Mother.* [*instantly to Chris*] Why isn't it possible?  
*Chris.* Because it's insane. 25  
*Frank.* Just a minute now. I'll tell you something and you can do as you please. Just let me say it. He was supposed to have died on November twenty-fifth. But November twenty fifth was his favorable day.  
*Chris.* Mother!  
*Mother.* Listen to him! 30  
*Frank.* It was a day when everything good was shining on him, the kind of day he should've married on. You can laugh at a lot of it, I can understand you laughing. But the odds are a million to one that a man won't die on his favorable day. That's known, that's known, Chris!  
*Mother* Why isn't it possible, why isn't it possible, Chris! 35  
*George.* [*to Ann*] Don't you understand what she's saying? She just told you to go. What are you waiting for now?  
*Chris.* Nobody can tell her to go. [*A car horn is heard*]  
*Mother.* [*to Frank*] Thank you, darling, for your trouble. Will you tell him to wait, Frank?

*Frank.* [as he goes] Sure thing 40  
*Mother.* [calling out] They'll be right out, driver!  
*Chris.* She's not leaving, Mother.  
*George.* You heard her say it, he's never been sick!  
*Mother.* He misunderstood me, Chris! [**Chris** looks at her, struck.]  
*George.* [to **Ann**] He simply told your father to kill pilots, and covered himself in bed! 45  
*Chris.* You'd better answer him, Annie. Answer him.  
*Mother.* I packed your bag, darling.  
*Chris.* What?  
*Mother.* I packed your bag. All you've got to do is close it.  
*Ann.* I'm not closing anything. He asked me here and I'm staying till he tells me to 50  
go. [To **George**] Till Chris tells me!  
*Chris.* That's all! Now get out of here, George!  
*Mother* [to **Chris**] But if that's how he feels -  
*Chris.* That's all, nothing more till Christ comes, about the case or Larry as long as I'm  
here! [To **George**] Now get out of here, George! 55  
*George.* [to **Ann**] You tell me. I want to hear you tell me.  
*Ann.* Go, George!  
*They disappear up the driveway, Ann saying, "Don't take it that way, Georgie!  
Please don't take it that way".*  
*Chris.* [turning to his mother] What do you mean, you packed her bag? How dare you 60  
pack her bag?  
*Mother.* Chris -  
*Chris.* How dare you pack her bag?  
*Mother.* She doesn't belong here.  
*Chris.* Then I don't belong here. 65  
*Mother.* She's Larry's girl.  
*Chris.* And I'm his brother and he's dead, and I'm marrying his girl.  
*Mother.* Never, never in this world!  
*Keller.* You lost your mind?  
*Mother.* You have nothing to say! 70  
*Keller.* [cruelly] I got plenty to say. Three and a half years you been talking like a  
maniac -  
[**Mother** smashes him across the face.]  
*Mother.* Nothing. You have nothing to say. Now I say. He's coming back, and everybody  
has got to wait. 75

(Act Two)

END OF PAPER