



**NANYANG JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION
2014**

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9748/03

Higher 2

Friday, 19 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 (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 extract below is from *Franny* (1955) by J D. Salinger. Franny is having lunch with Lane, a university student and her boyfriend, at a restaurant before going to a football game together.

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

She looked down at the menu on her plate, and consulted it without picking it up. "All I want's a chicken sandwich. And maybe a glass of milk. ... You order what you want and all, though. I mean, take snails and octopuses and things. Octopi. I'm really not at all hungry."

Lane looked at her, then exhaled a thin, overly expressive stream of smoke down at his plate. "This is going to be a real little doll of a weekend," he said. "A chicken sandwich, for God's sake."

Franny was annoyed. "I'm not hungry, Lane —I'm *sorry*. My gosh. Now, please. You order what you want, why don't you, and I'll eat while you're eating. But I can't just work up an appetite because you want me to."

"All right, all right." Lane craned his neck and caught the waiter's attention. A moment later, he ordered the chicken sandwich and the glass of milk for Franny, and snails, frogs' legs, and a salad for himself. He looked at his wrist-watch when the waiter had gone, and said, "We're supposed to be up at Tenbridge at one-fifteen, one-thirty, incidentally. No later. I told Wally we'd probably stop off for a drink and then maybe we'd all go out to the stadium together in his car. You mind? You like Wally."

"I don't even know who he is."

"You've met him about twenty times, for God's sake. Wally Campbell. Jesus. If you've met him once, you've met him—"

"Oh. I remember... Listen, don't *hate* me because I can't remember some person immediately. Especially when they look like everybody else, and talk and dress and act like everybody else." Franny made her voice stop. It sounded to her caviling and bitchy, and she felt a wave of self-hatred that, quite literally, made her forehead begin to perspire again. But her voice picked up again, in spite of herself. "I don't mean there's anything horrible about him or anything like that. It's just that for four solid years I've kept seeing Wally Campbells wherever I go. I know when they're going to be *charming*, I know when they're going to start telling you some really nasty gossip about some girl that lives in your dorm, I know when they're going to ask me what I did over the summer, I know when they're going to pull up a chair and straddle it backward and start bragging in a terribly, terribly quiet voice—or *name*-dropping in a terribly quiet, *casual* voice. There's an unwritten law that people in a certain social or financial bracket can name-drop as much as they like just as long as they say something terribly

disparaging about the person as soon as they've dropped his name—that he's a bastard or a nymphomaniac or takes dope all the time, or *something* horrible."

She broke off again. She was quiet for a moment, turning the ashtray in her fingers and being careful not to look up and see Lane's expression. "I'm sorry," she said. "It isn't just Wally Campbell. I'm just picking on him because you mentioned him. And because he just looks like somebody that spent the summer in Italy or someplace."

"He was in France last summer, for your information," Lane stated. "I know what you mean," he added quickly, "but you're being goddam un—" 45

"All right," Franny said wearily. "France." She took a cigarette out of the pack on the table. "It isn't just Wally. It could be a girl, for goodness' sake. I mean if he were a girl—somebody in my dorm, for example—he'd have been painting scenery in some stock company all summer. Or bicycled through Wales. Or taken an apartment in New York and worked for a magazine or an advertising company. It's everybody, I mean. Everything everybody does is so—I don't know—not *wrong*, or even mean, or even stupid necessarily. But just so tiny and meaningless and—sad-making. And the worst part is, if you go bohemian or something crazy like that, you're conforming just as much as everybody else, only in a different way." She stopped. She shook her head briefly, her face quite white, and for just a fractional moment she felt her forehead with her hand—less, it seemed, to find out whether she was perspiring than to check to see, as if she were her own parent, whether she had a fever. "I feel so funny," she said. 50

"I think I'm going crazy. Maybe I'm already crazy." 55

Lane was looking at her with genuine concern—more concern than curiosity. "You're pale as hell. You're really pale—you know that?" he asked.

Franny shook her head. "I'm fine. I'll be fine in a minute." She looked up as the waiter came forward with their orders. "Oh, your snails look beautiful." She had just brought her cigarette to her lips, but it had gone out. "What'd you do with the matches?" she asked. 60

Lane gave her a light when the waiter had gone. "You smoke too much," he said. He picked up the small fork beside his plate of snails, but looked at Franny again before he used it. "I'm worried about you. I'm serious. What the hell's happened to you in the last couple of weeks?" 65

Franny looked at him, then simultaneously shrugged and shook her head. "Nothing. Absolutely nothing," she said. "Eat. Eat them snails. They're terrible if they're cold." 70

"*You eat.*"

Franny nodded and looked down at her chicken sandwich. She felt a faint wave of nausea, and looked up immediately and dragged on her cigarette.

Or

- (b) The extract is from *Educating Rita* (first performed in 1980) by Willy Russell. Rita is a working-class girl who is taking part-time literature classes at the Open University. Frank, her tutor, had invited Rita and her boyfriend, Denny, to a dinner with his friends but Rita did not turn up.

Write a critical appreciation of the extract, paying particular attention to the ways in which it explores the theme of individual and society.

RITA: When I told Denny we were goin' to yours he went mad. We had a big fight about it.

FRANK: I'm sorry. I didn't realize. But look, couldn't you have explained? Couldn't you have said that was the reason?

RITA: No. Cos that wasn't the reason. I told Denny if he wasn't gonna go I'd go on my own. An' I tried to. All day Saturday, all day in the shop I was thinkin' what to wear. They all look bleedin' awful. An' all the time I'm trying to think of things I can say, what I can talk about. An' I can't remember anythin'. It's all jumbled up in me head. I can't remember if it's Wilde who's witty an' Shaw who was Shavian or who the hell wrote *Howards End*¹. 10

FRANK: Ogh God!

RITA: Then I got the wrong bus to your house. It took me ages to find it. Then I walked up your drive, an' I saw y'all though the window, y' were sippin' drinks an' talkin' an' laughin'. An' I couldn't come in.

FRANK: Of course you could. 15

RITA: I couldn't. I'd brought the wrong sort of wine. When I was in the off licence² I knew I was buyin' the wrong stuff. But I didn't know which was the right wine.

FRANK: Rita for Christ's sake; I wanted *you* to come along. You weren't expected to dress up or buy wine. 20

RITA: [*holding all the pencils and pens in her hands and playing with them*] If you go out to dinner don't you dress up? Don't you take wine?

FRANK: Yes, but...

RITA: Well?

FRANK: Well what? 25

RITA: Well you wouldn't take sweet sparkling wine, would y'?

FRANK: Does it matter what I do? It wouldn't have mattered if you'd walked in with a bottle of Spanish plonk.

RITA: It was Spanish.

FRANK: Why couldn't you relax? [*He gets up and goes behind RITA's chair, then leans on the back of it.*] It wasn't a fancy dress party. You could have come as yourself. Don't you realize how people would have seen you if you'd just- just breezed in? Mm? They would have seen someone who's funny, delightful, charming... 30

RITA: (*angrily*) But I don't want be charming and delightful; funny. What's funny? 35

I don't wanna be funny. I wanna talk seriously with the rest of you. I don't wanna spend the night takin' the piss, comin' on with the funnies because that's the only way I can get into the conversation. I didn't want to come to your house just to play the court jester.

FRANK: You weren't being asked to play that role. I just- just wanted you to be 40

yourself.

¹ Wilde and Shaw were famous playwrights; 'Shavian' refers to works that were written in the style of Shaw. *Howards End* is a novel written by E. M. Forster.

² Store that sells alcohol

- RITA: But I don't want to be myself. Me? What's me? Some stupid woman who gives us all a laugh because she thinks she can learn, because she thinks that one day she'll be like the rest of them, talking seriously, confidently, with knowledge, livin' a civilized life. Well, she can't be like that really but bring her in because she's good for a laugh! 45
- FRANK: If you believe that that's why you were invited, to be laughed at, then you can get out, now. (*He goes to his desk and grabs the pile of essays, taking them to the window desk. He stands with his back to RITA and starts pushing the essays into his briefcase.*) You were invited because I wished to have your company and if you can't believe that then I suggest you stop visiting me and start visiting an analyst who can cope with paranoia. 50
- RITA: I'm all right with you, here in this room; but when I saw those people you were with I couldn't come in. I would have seized up. Because I'm a freak, I can't talk to people I live with any more. An' I can't talk to the likes of them on Saturday, or them out there, because I can't learn the language. I'm a half-caste. I went back to the pub where Denny was, an' me mother, an' our Sandra, an' her mates. I'd decided I wasn't comin' here again. 55
- FRANK *turns to face her.*
- RITA: I went into the pub an' they were singin', all of them singin' some song they'd learnt from the juke-box. An' I stood in that pub an' thought, just what the frig am I trying to do? Why don't I just pack it in an' stay with them, an' joining in the singin'? 60
- FRANK: And why don't you?
- RITA: (*angrily*) You think I can, don't you? Just because you pass a pub doorway an' hear the singin' you think we're all OK, that we're all survivin', with the spirit intact. Well I did join in with the singin', I didn't ask any questions. I just went along with it. But when I looked round me mother had stopped singin', an' she was cryin', but no one could get it out of her why she was cryin'. Everyone just said she was pissed³ an' we should get her home. So we did, an' on the way I asked her why. I said 'Why are y' cryin', Mother?' She said 'Because – because we could sing better songs than those.' Ten minutes later, Denny had her laughing and singing again, pretending she hadn't said it. But she had. And that's why I came back. And that's why I'm staying. 70 75

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) 'No social stability without individual stability.'

With this comment in mind, compare the ways in which **two** texts you have studied present individuals who destabilise their societies.

Or (b) Compare or contrast the ways in which any **two** texts you have studied present conformity.

³ Drunk

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.

MAXINE HONG KINGSTON: *The Woman Warrior*

3

Either (a) 'My American life has been such a disappointment.' ('White Tigers')

Explore Kingston's presentation of individual experiences of the 'American life'.

Or (b) Discuss Kingston's treatment of the idea of 'home' in *The Woman Warrior*, considering what it contributes to the depiction of the individual and society in the novel.

BOEY KIM CHENG: *Another Place*

4

Either (a) Discuss the ways in which Boey Kim Cheng present the relationship between the figure of the artist and society. You should refer to at least **two** poems in your answer.

Or (b) In what ways does Boey present a cynical view of society? You should refer to at least **two** poems in your answer.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

5

Either (a) In what ways and with what effects does Williams present sexual desire and its impact on society?

Or (b) 'We are French by extraction. Our first American ancestors were French Huguenots.' (Blanche: Scene 4)

Discuss the significance and presentation of ancestry and family history in shaping individuals.

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