

ST ANDREW'S JUNIOR COLLEGE

PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9748/01

Higher 2

Paper 1 Reading Literature

Tuesday, 15th Sep 2015

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 Centre number, index 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 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, submit each section separately.

You are also to submit your question paper.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This question paper consists of 7 printed pages.

Section A

1

Either (a) Write a critical comparison of the poems that follow considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to the poets' presentation of their subjects.

(A) The Portrait

She speaks always in her own voice
Even to strangers; but those other women
Exercise their borrowed, or false, voices
Even on sons and daughters.

She can walk invisibly at noon
Along the high road; but those other women
Gleam phosphorescent--broad hips and gross fingers--
Down every lampless alley.

She is wild and innocent, pledged to love
Through all disaster; but those other women
Decry her for a witch or a common drab
And glare back when she greets them.

Here is her portrait, gazing sidelong at me,
The hair in disarray, the young eyes pleading:
'And you, love? As unlike those other men
As I those other women?'

Robert Graves (1895-1985)

(B) She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
-- Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

William Wordsworth (1770 – 1850)

Or (b) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, *The Dancers* by Edith Sitwell (1887 – 1964) and *Does it Matter?* by Siegfried Sassoon (1886 – 1967) considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to how one poem illuminates the other.

(A) *The Dancers*
(During a Great Battle, 1916)

The floors are slippery with blood:
The world gyrates too. God is good
That while His wind blows out the light
For those who hourly die for us –
We still can dance, each night.

The music has grown numb with death –
But we will suck their dying breath,
The whispered name they breathed to chance,
To swell our music, make it loud
That we may dance, – may dance.

We are the dull blind carrion-fly
That dance and batten. Though God die
Mad from the horror of the light –
The light is mad, too, flecked with blood, –
We dance, we dance, each night.

(B) *Does It Matter?*

Does it matter?—losing your legs?...
For people will always be kind,
And you need not show that you mind
When the others come in after hunting
To gobble their muffins and eggs.

Does it matter?—losing your sight?...
There's such splendid work for the blind;
And people will always be kind,
As you sit on the terrace remembering
And turning your face to the light.

Do they matter?—those dreams from the pit?...
You can drink and forget and be glad,
And people won't say that you're mad;
For they'll know you've fought for your country
And no one will worry a bit

Section B
JANE AUSTEN: *Mansfield Park*

2

Either (a) “At Mansfield, no sounds of contention, no raised voice, no abrupt bursts, no tread of violence was ever heard; all proceeded in a regular course of cheerful orderliness; every body had their due importance; every body’s feelings were consulted.” Discuss the presentation of Mansfield Park in light of this comment.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of Mrs Norris here and elsewhere in the novel.

There was one person, however, in the house, whom he could not leave to learn his sentiments merely through his conduct. He could not help giving Mrs. Norris a hint of his having hoped that her advice might have been interposed to prevent what her judgment must certainly have disapproved. The young people had been very inconsiderate in forming the plan; they ought to have been capable of a better decision themselves; but they were young; and, excepting Edmund, he believed, of unsteady characters; and with greater surprise, therefore, he must regard her acquiescence in their wrong measures, her countenance of their unsafe amusements, than that such measures and such amusements should have been suggested. Mrs. Norris was a little confounded and as nearly being silenced as ever she had been in her life; for she was ashamed to confess having never seen any of the impropriety which was so glaring to Sir Thomas, and would not have admitted that her influence was insufficient—that she might have talked in vain. Her only resource was to get out of the subject as fast as possible, and turn the current of Sir Thomas’s ideas into a happier channel. She had a great deal to insinuate in her own praise as to general attention to the interest and comfort of his family, much exertion and many sacrifices to glance at in the form of hurried walks and sudden removals from her own fireside, and many excellent hints of distrust and economy to Lady Bertram and Edmund to detail, whereby a most considerable saving had always arisen, and more than one bad servant been detected. But her chief strength lay in Sotherton. Her greatest support and glory was in having formed the connexion with the Rushworths. There she was impregnable. She took to herself all the credit of bringing Mr. Rushworth’s admiration of Maria to any effect. “If I had not been active,” said she, “and made a point of being introduced to his mother, and then prevailed on my sister to pay the first visit, I am as certain as I sit here that nothing would have come of it; for Mr. Rushworth is the sort of amiable modest young man who wants a great deal of encouragement, and there were girls enough on the catch for him if we had been idle. But I left no stone unturned. I was ready to move heaven and earth to persuade my sister, and at last I did persuade her. You know the distance to Sotherton; it was in the middle of winter, and the roads almost impassable, but I did persuade her.”

“I know how great, how justly great, your influence is with Lady Bertram and her children, and am the more concerned that it should not have been.”

“My dear Sir Thomas, if you had seen the state of the roads that day! I thought we should never have got through them, though we had the four horses of course; and poor old coachman would attend us, out of his great love and kindness, though he was hardly able to sit the box on account of the rheumatism which I had been doctoring him for ever since Michaelmas. I cured him at last; but he was very bad all the winter—and this was such a day, I could not help going to him up in his room before we set off to advise him not to venture: he was putting on his wig; so I said, ‘Coachman, you had much better not go; your Lady and I

shall be very safe; you know how steady Stephen is, and Charles has been upon the leaders so often now, that I am sure there is no fear.' But, however, I soon found it would not do; he was bent upon going, and as I hate to be worrying and officious, I said no more; but my heart quite ached for him at every jolt, and when we got into the rough lanes about Stoke, where, what with frost and snow upon beds of stones, it was worse than anything you can imagine, I was quite in an agony about him. And then the poor horses too! To see them straining away! You know how I always feel for the horses. And when we got to the bottom of Sandcroft Hill, what do you think I did? You will laugh at me; but I got out and walked up. I did indeed. It might not be saving them much, but it was something, and I could not bear to sit at my ease and be dragged up at the expense of those noble animals. I caught a dreadful cold, but that I did not regard. My object was accomplished in the visit."

"I hope we shall always think the acquaintance worth any trouble that might be taken to establish it. There is nothing very striking in Mr. Rushworth's manners, but I was pleased last night with what appeared to be his opinion on one subject: his decided preference of a quiet family party to the bustle and confusion of acting. He seemed to feel exactly as one could wish."

"Yes, indeed, and the more you know of him the better you will like him. He is not a shining character, but he has a thousand good qualities; and is so disposed to look up to you, that I am quite laughed at about it, for everybody considers it as my doing. 'Upon my word, Mrs. Norris,' said Mrs. Grant the other day, 'if Mr. Rushworth were a son of your own, he could not hold Sir Thomas in greater respect.'"

Sir Thomas gave up the point, foiled by her evasions, disarmed by her flattery; and was obliged to rest satisfied with the conviction that where the present pleasure of those she loved was at stake, her kindness did sometimes overpower her judgment

Section C
JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi*

3

Either (a) "...pattern over situation, structure over event...antithesis whose function is to identify and define." Consider the significance of Webster's technique in the Duchess of Malfi.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, paying particular attention to the presentation of the Aragonian brothers and Bosola.

CARDINAL: What cause hast thou to pursue my life?

BOSOLA: Look there.

CARDINAL: Antonio!

BOSOLA: Slain by my hand unwittingly:

Pray, and be sudden: when thou kill'd'st thy sister,

Thou took'st from Justice her most equal balance,

And left her naught but her sword.

CARDINAL: O mercy!

BOSOLA: Now it seems thy greatness was only outward;

For thou fall'st faster of thyself than calamity

Can drive thee: I'll not waste longer time - there.

[BOSOLA wounds the CARDINAL]

CARDINAL: Thou hast hurt me.

BOSOLA: Again.

[Wounds him again]

CARDINAL: Shall I die like a leveret,

Without any resistance? Help, help, help!

I am slain.

[Enter FERDINAND]

FERDINAND: Th' alarum! give me a fresh horse;

Rally the vaunt-guard, or the day is lost.

Yield, yield: I give you the honors of arms,

Shake my sword over you; will you yield?

CARDINAL: Help me, I am your brother!

FERDINAND: The devil!

My brother fight upon the adverse party?

There flies your ransom.

[He wounds the CARDINAL, and (in the scuffle) gives BOSOLA his death wound]

CARDINAL: O justice!

I suffer now for what hath former been:

Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin.

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 time is taken away with

the apprehension of greater - as the toothache with the

sight Of a barber that comes to pull it out: there's philosophy for you.

BOSOLA: Now my revenge is perfect. Sink, thou main cause

Of my undoing!

[He kills Ferdinand]

The last part of my life

Hath done me best service

FERDINAND: Give me some wet hay, I am broken-winded.

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.

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;
'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 PESCARA, MALATESTA, RODERIGO, GRISOLAN]

PESCARA: How now, my lord!

MALATESTA: O, sad disaster!

RODERIGO: How comes this?

BOSOLA: Revenge for the Duchess of Malfi, murder'd
By the Aragonian 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'th' end
Neglected.

PESCARA: How now, my lord?

CARDINAL: 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.

PESCARA: How fatally, it seems, he did withstand His own rescue!

MALATESTA: Thou wretched thing of blood,

How came Antonio by his death?

BOSOLA: 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.

[Dies]

-- End of Paper --