

# RAFFLES INSTITUTION

## 2015 YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

### HIGHER 2

---

#### LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

**9748/01**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**Tuesday 15 September 2015**

**3 hours  
0815 – 1115**

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 papers in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

---

#### **READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your name and CT group 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 tie your answer sheets to each section securely.  
Hand in your answers separately.  
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

## Section A

1

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

A

## We Grow Accustomed to the Dark

We grow accustomed to the Dark -  
When light is put away -  
As when the Neighbor holds the Lamp  
To witness her Goodbye -

A Moment - We uncertain step 5  
For newness of the night -  
Then - fit our Vision to the Dark -  
And meet the Road - erect -

And so of larger - Darknesses -  
Those Evenings of the Brain - 10  
When not a Moon disclose a sign -  
Or Star - come out - within -

The Bravest - grope a little -  
And sometimes hit a Tree  
Directly in the Forehead - 15  
But as they learn to see -

Either the Darkness alters -  
Or something in the sight  
Adjusts itself to Midnight -  
And Life steps almost straight. 20

Emily Dickinson (1830 – 1886)

B

## Acquainted with the Night

I have been one acquainted with the night.  
I have walked out in rain -- and back in rain.  
I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.  
I have passed by the watchman on his beat 5  
And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.

I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet  
When far away an interrupted cry  
Came over houses from another street,

But not to call me back or say good-bye; 10  
And further still at an unearthly height,  
A luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.  
I have been one acquainted with the night.

Robert Frost (1874-1963)

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

A

## The Dinner Party

At dinner, she is hostess, I am host.  
 Went the feast ever cheerfuller? She keeps  
 The Topic over intellectual deeps  
 In buoyancy afloat. They see no ghost. 5  
 With sparkling surface-eyes we ply the ball:  
 It is in truth a most contagious game:  
 HIDING THE SKELETON, shall be its name.  
 Such play as this the devils might appal!  
 But here's the greater wonder; in that we, 10  
 Enamoured of an acting nought can tire,  
 Each other, like true hypocrites, admire;  
 Warm-lighted looks, Love's ephemerioe,\*  
 Shoot gaily o'er the dishes and the wine.  
 We waken envy of our happy lot. 15  
 Fast, sweet, and golden, shows the marriage-knot.  
 Dear guests, you now have seen Love's corpse-light shine.

George Meredith (1829-1909)

*\*ephemerioe: insects that live only for one day.*

B

## In the Orchard

We sat in the Cambridge orchard drinking tea.  
 Above, the apples rounded to a fall.  
 Preserving balance, cup upon a knee,  
 we thought no thought at all,  
 but rumored idly with the idle bees 5  
 deep in the heart of flowers, who triggered thus  
 another generation's histories.  
 But what was that to us?  
 A cheek may flush, a heart may miss a beat.  
 I am not master of such languages. 10  
 I settled back into the rural seat.  
 "Another biscuit, please."  
 Master or not, was she not signaling?  
 And was I not interpreting her eyes?  
 For suddenly I felt it like a sting: 15  
 Why, this was Paradise!  
 and almost dropped my cup. Something was slithering.  
 Well, here was one man it could not deceive.  
 I laughed -- as if I hadn't heard a thing.  
 And she laughed back -- as if her name were Eve. 20

Robert Friend (1913-1998)

[Turn over

## Section B

EDITH WHARTON: *THE AGE OF INNOCENCE*

2

- Either (a)** 'He guessed himself to have been...the centre of countless silently observing eyes and patiently listening ears'

Consider the significance of scrutiny in the novel.

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

Newland Archer, as he mused on these things, had once more turned his eyes toward the Mingott box. He saw that Mrs Welland and her sister-in-law were facing their semi-circle of critics with the Mingottian *aplomb* which old Catherine had inculcated in all her tribe, and that only May Welland betrayed, by a heightened colour (perhaps due to the knowledge that he was watching her) a sense of the gravity of the situation. As for the cause of the commotion, she sat gracefully in her corner of the box, her eyes fixed on the stage, and revealing, as she leaned forward, a little more shoulder and bosom than New York was accustomed to seeing, at least in ladies who had reasons for wishing to pass unnoticed. 5 10

Few things seemed to Newland Archer more awful than an offence against 'Taste,' that far-off divinity of whom 'Form' was the mere visible representative and vicegerent. Madame Olenska's pale and serious face appealed to his fancy as suited to the occasion and to her unhappy situation; but the way her dress (which had no tucker) sloped away from her thin shoulders shocked and troubled him. He hated to think of May Welland's being exposed to the influence of a young woman so careless of the dictates of Taste. 15

'After all,' he heard one of the younger men begin behind him (everybody talked through the Mephistopheles-and-Martha scenes), 'after all, just *what* happened?' 20

'Well—she left him; nobody attempts to deny that.'

'He's an awful brute, isn't he?' continued the young enquirer, a candid Thorley, who was evidently preparing to enter the lists as the lady's champion.

'The very worst; I knew him at Nice,' said Lawrence Lefferts with authority. 'A half-paralysed white sneering fellow—rather handsome head, but eyes with a lot of lashes. Well, I'll tell you the sort: when he wasn't with women he was collecting china. Paying any price for both, I understand.' 25

There was a general laugh, and the young champion said: 'Well, then——?'

'Well, then; she bolted with his secretary.'

'Oh, I see.' The champion's face fell. 30

'It didn't last long, though: I heard of her a few months later living alone in Venice. I believe Lovell Mingott went out to get her. He said she was desperately unhappy. That's all right—but this parading her at the Opera's another thing.'

'Perhaps,' young Thorley hazarded, 'she's too unhappy to be left at home.' 35

This was greeted with an irreverent laugh, and the youth blushed deeply, and tried to look as if he had meant to insinuate what knowing people called a '*double entendre*.'

'Well—it's queer to have brought Miss Welland, anyhow,' some one said in a low tone, with a side-glance at Archer. 40

'Oh, that's part of the campaign: Granny's orders, no doubt,' Lefferts laughed. 'When the old lady does a thing she does it thoroughly.'

The act was ending, and there was a general stir in the box. Suddenly

Newland Archer felt himself impelled to decisive action. The desire to be the first man to enter Mrs. Mingott's box, to proclaim to the waiting world his engagement to May Welland, and to see her through whatever difficulties her cousin's anomalous situation might involve her in; this impulse had abruptly overruled all scruples and hesitations, and sent him hurrying through the red corridors to the farther side of the house. 45

As he entered the box his eyes met Miss Welland's, and he saw that she had instantly understood his motive, though the family dignity which both considered so high a virtue would not permit her to tell him so. The persons of their world lived in an atmosphere of faint implications and pale delicacies, and the fact that he and she understood each other without a word seemed to the young man to bring them nearer than any explanation would have done. Her eyes said: 'You see why Mamma brought me,' and his answered: 'I would not for the world have had you stay away.' 50 55

Chapter 2

[Turn over

GRAHAM SWIFT: *Waterland*

3

- Either (a)** Consider the ways in which the characteristics of the landscape of *Waterland* contribute to its central concerns and ideas.
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the ways and means by which the significance of 'reality' is highlighted both here and elsewhere in the novel.

BUT THERE'S another theory of reality, quite different from that which found its way into my fraught after-school meeting with Lewis. Reality's not strange, not unexpected. Reality doesn't reside in the sudden hallucination of events. Reality is uneventfulness, vacancy, flatness. Reality is that nothing happens. How many of the events of history have occurred, ask yourselves, for this and for that reason, but for no other reason, fundamentally, than the desire to make things happen? I present to you History, the fabrication, the diversion, the reality-obscuring drama. History, and its near relative, Histrionics...

5

And did I not bid you remember that for each protagonist who once stepped on to the stage of so-called historical events, there were thousands, millions, who never entered the theatre – who never knew that the show was running – who got on with the donkey-work of coping with reality?

10

True, true. But it doesn't stop there. Because each one of those numberless non-participants was doubtless concerned with raising in the flatness of his own unsung existence his own personal stage, his own props and scenery – for there are very few of us who can be, for any length of time, merely realistic. So there's no escaping it: even if we miss the grand repertoire of history, we yet imitate it in miniature and endorse, in miniature, its longing for presence, for feature, for purpose, for content.

15

And there's no saying what consequences we won't risk, what reactions to our actions, what repercussions, what brick towers built to be knocked down, what chasings of our own tails, what chaos we won't assent to in order to assure ourselves that, none the less, things are happening. And there's no saying what heady potions we won't concoct, what meanings, myths, manias we won't imbibe in order to convince ourselves that reality is not an empty vessel.

25

Once upon a time the future Mrs Crick – who was then called Metcalf – as a result of certain events which took place while she was still, like some of you, a schoolgirl, decided to withdraw from the world and devote herself to a life of solitude, atonement and (which was only making a virtue of necessity) celibacy. Not even she has ever said how far God came into this lonely vigil. But three and a half years later she emerged from these self-imposed cloisters to marry a prospective history teacher (an old and once intimate acquaintance), Tom Crick. She put aside her sackcloth and sanctity and revealed in their stead what this now ex-history teacher (who is no longer sure what's real and what isn't) would have called then a capacity for realism. For she never spoke again, at least not for many years, of that temporary communing with On High.

30

35

But it must have been always there, lurking, latent, ripening like some dormant, forgotten seed. Because in the year 1979, a woman of fifty-two, she suddenly began looking again for Salvation. She began this love-affair, this liaison – much to the perplexity of her husband (from whom she could not keep it a secret) – with God. And it was when this liaison reached a critical – in the usual run of liaisons not unfamiliar, but in this case quite incredible – pitch, that your astounded and forsaken history teacher, prompted as he was by the challenging remarks of a student called Price, ceased to teach history and started to offer you, instead, these fantastic but-true, these believe-it-or-not-but-it-happened Tales of the Fens.

40

45

Children, women are equipped with a miniature model of reality: an empty but

fillable vessel. A vessel in which much can be made to happen, and to issue in consequence. In which dramas can be brewed, things can be hatched out of nothing. And it was Tom Crick, history-teacher-to-be, who, during the middle years of the Second World War, not knowing what repercussions, what reactions, and not without rivals (though none of them was God), was responsible for filling the then avid and receptive vessel of Mary Metcalf, later Mrs Crick.

50

But on the afternoon of July the twenty-sixth, 1943, he was about to know what repercussions.

55

Chapter 6

[Turn over

## Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

4

- Either (a) 'The play is, at heart, an examination of conflict arising from differing value systems'. Consider this statement in the light of your study of the play as a whole.
- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of father and son relationship here and elsewhere in the play.

	KELLER <i>enters from house</i> . CHRIS <i>sees him, goes down near arbour</i> .	
KELLER:	What's the matter with you? I want to talk to you.	
CHRIS:	I've got nothing to say to you.	
KELLER	( <i>taking his arm</i> ): I want to talk to you!	5
CHRIS	( <i>pulling violently away from him</i> ): Don't do that, Dad. I'm going to hurt you if you do that. There's nothing to say, so say it quick.	
KELLER:	Exactly what's the matter? What's the matter? You got too much money? Is that what bothers you?	
CHRIS	( <i>with an edge of sarcasm</i> ): It bothers me	10
KELLER:	If you can't get used to it, then throw it away. You hear me? Take every cent and give it to charity, throw it in the sewer. Does that settle it? In the sewer, that's all. You think I'm kidding? I'm tellin' you what to do, if it's dirty then burn it. It's your money, that's not my money. I'm a dead man, I'm an old dead man, nothing's mine. Well, talk to me! What do you want to do!	15
CHRIS:	It's not what I want to do. It's what you want to do.	
KELLER:	What should I want to do? ( <i>CHRIS is silent.</i> ) Jail? You want me to go to jail? If you want me to go, say so! Is that where I belong? Then tell me so! ( <i>Slight pause.</i> ) What's the matter, why can't you tell me? ( <i>Furiously.</i> ) You say everything else to me, say that! ( <i>Slight pause.</i> ) I'll tell you why you can't say it. Because you know I don't belong there. Because you know! ( <i>With growing emphasis and passion, and a persistent tone of desperation.</i> ) Who worked for nothin' in that war? When they work for nothin', I'll work for nothin'. Did they ship a gun or a truck outa Detroit before they got their price? Is that clean? It's dollars and cents, nickels and dimes; war and peace, it's nickels and dimes. What's clean? Half the Goddam country is gotta go if I go! That's why you can't tell me.	20
CHRIS:	That's exactly why.	25
KELLER:	Then....why am I bad?	
CHRIS:	I know you're no worse than most men but I thought you were better. I never saw you as a man. I saw you as my father. ( <i>Almost breaking.</i> ) I can't look at you this way, I can't look at myself!	30
	<i>He turns away, unable to face Keller. ANN goes quickly to Mother, takes letter from her and starts for Chris. MOTHER instantly rushes to intercept her.</i>	
MOTHER:	Give me that!	40
ANN:	He's going to read it! ( <i>She thrusts letter into Chris's hand.</i> ) Larry. He wrote it to me the day he died.	
KELLER:	Larry!	
MOTHER:	Chris, It's not for you. ( <i>He starts to read.</i> ) Joe...go away...	
KELLER	( <i>mystified, frightened</i> ): Why'd she say, Larry, What--?	45



- MOTHER* (*desperately pushes him towards alley, glancing at Chris*): Go to the street, Joe, go to the street! (*She comes down beside Keller.*) Don't, Chris...(*Pleading from her whole soul.*) Don't tell him.
- CHRIS* (*quietly*) Three and one half years ...talking, talking. Now you tell me what you must do....This is how he died, now tell me where you belong. 50
- KELLER* (*pleading*): Chris, a man can't be a Jesus in this world!
- CHRIS*: I know all about the world. I know the whole crap story. Now listen to this, and tell me what a man's got to be! (*Reads.*) 'My dear Ann: ...' You listening? He wrote this the day he died. Listen, don't cry....Listen! 'My dear Ann: It is impossible to put down the things I feel. But I've got to tell you something. Yesterday they flew in a load of papers from the States and I read about Dad and your father being convicted. I can't express myself. I can't tell you how I feel – I can't bear to live anymore. Last night I circled the base for twenty minutes before I could bring myself in. How could he have done that? Every day three or four men never come back and he sits there doing business...I don't know how to tell you what I feel...I can't face anybody...I'm going out on a mission in a few minutes. They'll probably report me missing. If they do, I want you to know that you mustn't wait for me. I tell you, Ann, if I had him there now I could kill him ----' 55
- (*KELLER grabs letter from Chris's hand and reads it. After a long pause.*) Now blame the world. Do you understand that letter? 60
- KELLER* (*speaking almost inaudibly*): I think I do. Get the car. I'll put on my jacket. 65
- 70

Act Three

[Turn over

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

5

- Either (a)** 'The trio of articulate women who dominate *Twelfth Night* transform the conventional Elizabethan ideal of a woman into an elusive fantasy that is freely exploited for their own ends.'

In the light of this quotation, examine the presentation of gender in *Twelfth Night*.

- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following extract, paying particular attention to the presentation of Feste here and elsewhere in the play.

Viola:	Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?	
Feste:	No, sir, I live by the church.	
Viola:	Art thou a churchman?	
Feste:	No such matter, sir. I do live by the church for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.	5
Viola:	So thou mayst say the king lies by a beggar if a beggar dwell near him, or the church stands by thy tabor if thy tabor stand by the church.	
Feste:	You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a chev'rel glove to a good wit, how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward.	10
Viola:	Nay, that's certain. They that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.	
Feste:	I would, therefore my sister had had no name, sir.	
Viola:	Why, man?	15
Feste:	Why sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.	
Viola:	Thy reason, man?	
Feste:	Troth sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them.	20
Viola:	I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.	
Feste:	Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.	25
Viola:	Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?	
Feste:	No indeed sir, the Lady Olivia has no folly, she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings—the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.	30
Viola:	I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.	
Feste:	Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.	
Viola:	Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, ( <i>giving money</i> ) there's expenses for thee.	35
Feste:	Now Jove in his next commodity of hair send thee a beard.	
Viola:	By my troth I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on <i>my</i> chin. Is thy lady within?	
Feste:	Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?	40
Viola:	Yes, being kept together and put to use.	
Feste:	I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.	

*Viola:* (*Giving money*) I understand you, sir, 'tis well begged.

*Feste:* The matter I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come. Who you are and what you would are out of my welkin—I might say 'element', but the word is over-worn. 45

*Exit*

*Viola:* This fellow is wise enough to play the fool, 50  
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.

He must observe their mood on whom he jests,

The quality of persons, and the time,

And like the haggard, check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice 55

As full of labour as a wise man's art,

For folly that he wisely shows is fit,

But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Act 3, Scene 1

**BLANK PAGE**