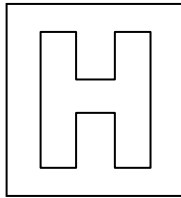


Candidate Name: _____

Class Adm No

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2015 Preliminary Examination II Pre-University 3

**Literature in English
Higher 2**

9748/01

Paper 1: Reading Literature

16 September 2015

Additional Materials: Foolsap Paper

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 name, class and index number 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.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

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.

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Section A

1

Either (a) Write a critical comparison of the following poems. Pay close attention to ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of music.

A. Piano

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;
 Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see
 A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings
 And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings.

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song 5
 Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong
 To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside
 And hymns in the cosy parlour, the tinkling piano our guide.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour 10
 With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour
 Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast

Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past.

D.H Lawrence (1885-1930)

B. Music

The neighbour sits in his window and plays the flute.
 From my bed I can hear him,
 And the round notes flutter and tap about the room,
 And hit against each other,
 Blurring to unexpected chords. 5
 It is very beautiful,
 With the little flute-notes all about me,
 In the darkness.

In the daytime,
 The neighbour eats bread and onions with one hand 10
 And copies music with the other.
 He is fat and has a bald head,
 So I do not look at him,
 But run quickly past his window.
 There is always the sky to look at, 15
 Or the water in the well!

But when night comes and he plays his flute,
 I think of him as a young man,
 With gold seals hanging from his watch,
 And a blue coat with silver buttons. 20
 As I lie in my bed
 The flute-notes push against my ears and lips,
 And I go to sleep, dreaming.

Amy Lowell (1874-1925)

Robert Frost (1874-1963)

Section B
Edith Wharton: The Age of Innocence

2.

Either (a) "His whole future seemed suddenly to be unrolled before him; and passing down its endless emptiness he saw the dwindling figure of a man to whom nothing was ever to happen." (Chapter 22)

Discuss Wharton's presentation of Newland Archer in the light of the above comment.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary of the following extract, relating it to Wharton's presentation of changes in society here and elsewhere in the novel.

Now, as he reviewed his past, he saw into what a deep rut he had sunk. The worst of doing one's duty was that it apparently unfitted one for doing anything else. At least that was the view that the men of his generation had taken. The trenchant divisions between right and wrong, honest and dishonest, respectable and the reverse, had left so little scope for the unforeseen. There are moments when a man's imagination, so easily subdued to what it lives in, suddenly rises above its daily level, and surveys the long windings of destiny. Archer hung there and wondered.... 5

What was left of the little world he had grown up in, and whose standards had bent and bound him? He remembered a sneering prophecy of poor Lawrence Lefferts's, uttered years ago in that very room: "If things go on at this rate, our children will be marrying Beaufort's bastards." 10

It was just what Archer's eldest son, the pride of his life, was doing; and nobody wondered or reproved. Even the boy's Aunt Janey, who still looked so exactly as she used to in her elderly youth, had taken her mother's emeralds and seed-pearls out of their pink cotton-wool, and carried them with her own twitching hands to the future bride; and Fanny Beaufort, instead of looking disappointed at not receiving a "set" from a Paris jeweller, had exclaimed at their old-fashioned beauty, and declared that when she wore them she should feel like an Isabey miniature. 15

Fanny Beaufort, who had appeared in New York at eighteen, after the death of her parents, had won its heart much as Madame Olenska had won it thirty years earlier; only instead of being distrustful and afraid of her, society took her joyfully for granted. She was pretty, amusing and accomplished: what more did any one want? Nobody was narrow-minded enough to rake up against her the half-forgotten facts of her father's past and her own origin. Only the older people remembered so obscure an incident in the business life of New York as Beaufort's failure, or the fact that after his wife's death he had been quietly married to the notorious Fanny Ring, and had left the country with his new wife, and a little girl who inherited her beauty. He was subsequently heard of in Constantinople, then in Russia; and a dozen years later American travellers were handsomely entertained by him in Buenos Ayres, where he represented a large insurance agency. He and his wife died there in the odour of prosperity; and one day their orphaned daughter had appeared in New York in charge of May Archer's sister-in-law, Mrs. Jack Welland, whose husband had been appointed the girl's guardian. The fact threw her into almost cousinly relationship with Newland Archer's children, and nobody was surprised when Dallas's engagement was announced. 20 25 30

Nothing could more dearly give the measure of the distance that the world had travelled. People nowadays were too busy—busy with reforms and "movements," with 35

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fads and fetishes and frivolities—to bother much about their neighbours. And of what account was anybody's past, in the huge kaleidoscope where all the social atoms spun around on the same plane?

Newland Archer, looking out of his hotel window at the stately gaiety of the Paris streets, felt his heart beating with the confusion and eagerness of youth. 40

It was long since it had thus plunged and reared under his widening waistcoat, leaving him, the next minute, with an empty breast and hot temples. He wondered if it was thus that his son's conducted itself in the presence of Miss Fanny Beaufort—and decided that it was not. "It functions as actively, no doubt, but the rhythm is different," 45 he reflected, recalling the cool composure with which the young man had announced his engagement, and taken for granted that his family would approve.

"The difference is that these young people take it for granted that they're going to get whatever they want, and that we almost always took it for granted that we shouldn't. Only, I wonder—the thing one's so certain of in advance: can it ever make one's heart 50 beat as wildly?"

Section C
Arthur Miller: All My Sons

3.

Either (a) Discuss Miller's presentation of wealth in All My Sons.

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

George:	The court didn't know your father! But you know him. You know in your heart Joe did it.	
Chris:	<i>(whirling him around)</i> Lower your voice or I'll throw you out of here!	
George:	She knows. She knows.	
Chris:	<i>(to Ann)</i> Get him out of here, Ann. Get him out of here.	5
Ann:	George, I know everything you've said. Dad told me that whole thing in court, and they...	
George:	<i>(almost a scream)</i> The court did not know him, Annie!	
Ann:	Shhh! ...But he'll say anything, George. You know how quick he can lie.	10
George:	<i>(turning to Chris, with deliberation)</i> I'll ask you something, and look me in the eye when you answer me.	
Chris:	I'll look you in the eye.	
George:	You know your father...	
Chris::	I know him well.	15
George::	And he's the kind of boss to let a hundred and twenty one cylinder heads be repaired and shipped out of his shop without even knowing it?	
Chris:	He's that kind of boss.	
George:	And that's the same Joe Keller who never left his shop without first going around to see that all the lights were out.	20
Chris:	<i>(with growing anger)</i> The same Joe Keller.	
George:	The same man who knows how many minutes a day his workers spend in the toilet.	
Chris:	The same man.	25
George:	And my father, that frightened mouse who'd never buy a shirt without somebody along... That man would do such a thing on his own?	
Chris:	On his own. And because he's a frightened mouse this is another thing he'd do... Throw the blame on somebody else in court but it didn't work, but with a fool like you it works!	30
Ann:	<i>(deeply shaken)</i> Don't talk like that!	
Chris:	<i>(sits facing George)</i> Tell me, George. What happened? The court record was good enough for you all these years, why isn't it good now? Why did you believe it all these years?	
George:	<i>(after a slight pause)</i> Because you believed it... That's the truth, Chris. I believed everything, because I thought you did. But today I heard it from his mouth. From his mouth it's altogether different than the record. Anyone who knows him, and knows your father, will believe it from his mouth. Your Dad took everything we have. I can't beat that. But she's one item he's not going to grab. <i>(He turns to Ann)</i> Get your things. Everything they have is covered with blood. You're not the kind of girl who can live with that. Get your things.	35
Chris:	Ann... You're not going to believe that, are you?	
Ann:	<i>(goes to him)</i> You know it's not true, don't you?	40

[Turn over

George	How can he tell you? It's his father. (<i>To Chris</i>) None of these things ever even cross your mind?	45
Chris:	Yes, they crossed my mind. Anything can cross your mind!	
George:	He knows, Annie. He knows!	
Chris	The voice of God!	
George	Then why isn't your name on the business? Explain that to her!	50
Chris::	What the hell has that got to do with...?	
George:	Annie, why isn't his name on it?	
Chris	Even when I don't own it!	
George::	Who're you kidding? Who gets it when he dies? (<i>To Ann</i>) Open your eyes, you know the both of them, isn't that the first thing they'd do, the way they love each other? ...J. O. Keller and Son? (<i>Pause. Ann looks from him to Chris</i>) I'll settle it. Do you want to settle it, or are you afraid to?	55
Chris:	What do you mean?	
George:	Let me go up and talk to your father. In ten minutes you'll have the answer. Or are you afraid of the answer?	60
Chris:	I'm not afraid of the answer. I know the answer. But my mother isn't well and I don't want a fight here now.	

Act 2

End of Paper
