



CANDIDATE NAME

CT GROUP

CENTRE NUMBER

INDEX NUMBER

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 1 Reading Literature

8811/01

31 August 2016

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

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name and class 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.

DO **NOT** WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

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 your work securely together.

Submit your answer to each section separately.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

Section A

1

Either (a) Write a critical commentary of the following poem. Pay close attention to the ways in which language, style and form contribute to meaning in the poem.

THISTLES

Against the rubber tongues of cows and the hoeing hands of men
Thistles spike the summer air
Or crackle open under a blue-black pressure.

Every one a revengeful burst
Of resurrection, a grasped fistful
Of splintered weapons and Icelandic frost thrust up

5

From the underground stain of a decayed Viking*.
They are like pale hair and the gutturals of dialects.
Every one manages a plume of blood.

Then they grow grey like men.
Mown down, it is a feud. Their sons appear
Stiff with weapons, fighting back over the same ground.

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Ted Hughes (1930–1998)

*A member of the Scandinavian seafaring people who settled in parts of Britain and elsewhere in NW Europe between the 8th and 11th centuries.

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary of the following poem. Pay close attention to the ways in which language, style and form contribute to meaning in the poem.

MOTHER

Your love was like moonlight turning harsh things to beauty, so that little wry souls reflecting each other obliquely as in cracked mirrors . . .	5
beheld in your luminous spirit their own reflection, transfigured as in a shining stream, and loved you for what they are not.	
You are less an image in my mind than a luster	10
I see you in gleams pale as star-light on a gray wall . . . evanescent as the reflection of a white swan shimmering in broken water.	15

Lola Ridge (1873–1941)

Section B

EDITH WHARTON: *The Age of Innocence*

2

- Either (a)** “Women ought to be free—as free as we are.” Comment on Wharton’s presentation of women in *The Age of Innocence* in light of this quote.
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Wharton’s presentation of New York aristocracy here and elsewhere in the novel.

The New York of Newland Archer's day was a small and slippery pyramid, in which, as yet, hardly a fissure had been made or a foothold gained. At its base was a firm foundation of what Mrs. Archer called "plain people"; an honourable but obscure majority of respectable families who (as in the case of the Spicers or the Leffertses or the Jacksons) had been raised above their level by marriage with one of the ruling clans. People, Mrs. Archer always said, were not as particular as they used to be; and with old Catherine Spicer ruling one end of Fifth Avenue, and Julius Beaufort the other, you couldn't expect the old traditions to last much longer. 5

Firmly narrowing upward from this wealthy but inconspicuous substratum was the compact and dominant group which the Mingotts, Newlands, Chiverses and Mansons so actively represented. Most people imagined them to be the very apex of the pyramid; but they themselves (at least those of Mrs. Archer's generation) were aware that, in the eyes of the professional genealogist, only a still smaller number of families could lay claim to that eminence. 10

"Don't tell me," Mrs. Archer would say to her children, "all this modern newspaper rubbish about a New York aristocracy. If there is one, neither the Mingotts nor the Mansons belong to it; no, nor the Newlands or the Chiverses either. Our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were just respectable English or Dutch merchants, who came to the colonies to make their fortune, and stayed here because they did so well. One of your great-grandfathers signed the Declaration, and another was a general on Washington's staff, and received General Burgoyne's sword after the battle of Saratoga. These are things to be proud of, but they have nothing to do with rank or class. New York has always been a commercial community, and there are not more than three families in it who can claim an aristocratic origin in the real sense of the word." 15 20

Mrs. Archer and her son and daughter, like every one else in New York, knew who these privileged beings were: the Dagonets of Washington Square, who came of an old English county family allied with the Pitts and Foxes; the Lannings, who had intermarried with the descendants of Count de Grasse, and the van der Luydens, direct descendants of the first Dutch governor of Manhattan, and related by pre-revolutionary marriages to several members of the French and British aristocracy. 25 30

The Lannings survived only in the person of two very old but lively Miss Lannings, who lived cheerfully and reminiscently among family portraits and Chippendale; the Dagonets were a considerable clan, allied to the best names in Baltimore and Philadelphia; but the van der Luydens, who stood above all of them, had faded into a kind of super-terrestrial twilight, from which only two figures impressively emerged; those of Mr. and Mrs. Henry van der Luyden. 35

Mrs. Henry van der Luyden had been Louisa Dagonet, and her mother had been the granddaughter of Colonel du Lac, of an old Channel Island family, who had fought under Cornwallis and had settled in Maryland, after the war, with his bride, Lady Angelica

Trevenna, fifth daughter of the Earl of St. Austrey. The tie between the Dagonets, the du Lacs of Maryland, and their aristocratic Cornish kinsfolk, the Trevennas, had always remained close and cordial. Mr. and Mrs. van der Luyden had more than once paid long visits to the present head of the house of Trevenna, the Duke of St. Austrey, at his country-seat in Cornwall and at St. Austrey in Gloucestershire; and his Grace had frequently announced his intention of some day returning their visit (without the Duchess, who feared the Atlantic).

Mr. and Mrs. van der Luyden divided their time between Trevenna, their place in Maryland, and Skuytercliff, the great estate on the Hudson which had been one of the colonial grants of the Dutch government to the famous first Governor, and of which Mr. van der Luyden was still "Patroon." Their large solemn house in Madison Avenue was seldom opened, and when they came to town they received in it only their most intimate friends.

"I wish you would go with me, Newland," his mother said, suddenly pausing at the door of the Brown coupe. "Louisa is fond of you; and of course it's on account of dear May that I'm taking this step--and also because, if we don't all stand together, there'll be no such thing as Society left."

GRAHAM SWIFT: *Waterland*

3

- Either (a)** Consider the ways in which the characteristics of the landscape of *Waterland* contribute 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...

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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?

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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

40

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. 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.

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Chapter 6

Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

4

Either (a) "George represents the broken promise of the past." Critically examine this statement in relation to Miller's *All My Sons*.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Miller's presentation of compromise here and elsewhere in the play.

Jim: [tiredly] Somebody had a headache and thought he was dying. [slight pause] Half of my patients are quite mad. Nobody realizes how many people are walking loose, and they're cracked as coconuts. Money. Money-money-money-money. You say it long enough it doesn't mean anything. [She smiles, makes a silent laugh] Oh, how I'd love to be around when that happens! 5

Mother: [shaking her head] You're so childish, Jim! Sometimes you are.

Jim: [looks at her a moment] Kate. [Pause] What happened?

Mother: I told you. He had an argument with Joe. Then he got in the car and drove away. 10

Jim: What kind of an argument?

Mother: An argument, Joe... He was crying like a child, before.

Jim: They argued about Ann?

Mother: [after slight hesitation] No, not Ann. Imagine? [Indicates lighted window above] She hasn't come out of that room since he left. All night in that room. 15

Jim: [looks up at window, then at her]: What'd Joe do, tell him?

Mother: [stops rocking] Tell him what?

Jim: Don't be afraid, Kate, I know. I've always known.

Mother: How?

Jim: It occurred to me a long time ago. 20

Mother: I always had the feeling that in the back of his head, Chris... almost knew. I didn't think it would be such a shock.

Jim: [gets up] Chris would never know how to live with a thing like that. It takes a certain talent... for lying. You have it, and I do. But not him.

Mother: What do you mean... He's not coming back? 25

Jim: Oh, no, he'll come back. We all come back, Kate. These private little revolutions always die. The compromise is always made. In a peculiar way. Frank is right... every man does have a star. The star of one's honesty. And you spend your life groping for it, but once it's out it never lights again. I don't think he went very far. He probably just wanted to be alone to watch his star go out. 30

Mother: Just as long as he comes back.

Jim: I wish he wouldn't, Kate. One year I simply took off, went to New Orleans; for two months I lived on bananas and milk, and studied a certain disease. And then she came, and she cried. And I went back home with her. And now I live in the usual darkness; I can't find myself; it's hard sometimes to remember the kind of man I wanted to be. I'm a good husband; Chris is a good son... He'll come back. 35

[KELLER comes out on porch in dressing gown and slippers. He goes upstage...To alley. JIM goes to him.] 40

Jim: I have the feeling he's in the park. I'll look for him. Put her to bed, Joe; this is no good for what she's got. [JIM exits up driveway]

Keller: [coming down] What does he want here?

Mother: His friend is not home.

Keller: [comes down to her. His voice is husky] I don't like him mixing in so much. 45

Mother: It's too late, Joe. He knows.

Keller: [apprehensively] How does he know?

Mother: He guessed it a long time ago.

Keller: I don't like that.

Mother: [laughs dangerously, quietly into the line] What you don't like. 50

Keller: Yeah, what I don't like.

Mother: You can't bull yourself through this one, Joe, you better be smart now. This thing...this thing is not over yet.

Keller: [indicating lighted window above] And what is she doing up there? She don't come out of the room. 55

Mother: I don't know, what is she doing? Sit down, stop being mad. You want to live? You better figure out your life.

Act 3

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, (*giving money*) 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 *my* 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 55
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
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

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