



PIONEER JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9748/03

Higher 2

3 Hours

Paper 3 The Individual and Society in Literature

15 Sept 2016

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in the texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

Additional materials: Writing Paper

Candidate's Name: _____ **CT Group:** _____

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your statutory name and CT group at the top of every sheet of answer paper used.
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Answer three questions, one from each of Sections A, B & C.
Begin each section on a fresh page.
At the end of the examination, fasten all answer scripts securely together.
Submit question paper separately.
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 7 printed pages.

Section A

Answer one question in this section.

1

Either (a) The following extract is from *Madame Butterfly* by John Luther Long (1861-1927). An American naval officer, Lieutenant Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton, arrives in Japan to take up his duties on a ship docked in Nagasaki. On the suggestion of his friend Sayre, he takes a Japanese wife and house for the duration of his stay there. His young bride, Cho-Cho-San, is a geisha whose family were strongly in favor of the marriage until Pinkerton forbade them from visiting.

Write a critical appreciation of the extract, relating it more generally to your understanding of the topic studied.

The baby continued to sleep. He rather justified the praises of his mother. He was as good as a Japanese baby, and as good-looking as an American one.

Somebody was without. There was a polite and subdued clattering of clogs in the entrance.

"Gomen nasai" ("I beg your pardon").

5

It was a familiar, deprecatory voice, accompanied by the clapping of hands.

Cho-Cho-San smiled wearily, and called the maid.

"Oh, Suzuki, Goro the nakodo--he is without. Shaka and all the gods defend us now!"

The two exchanged glances of amusement, and the maid proceeded to admit him. 10

Madame Butterfly received him with the odious lack of ceremony her independent life with Pinkerton had bred. She was imperially indifferent. The go-between pointed out how sad this was to as beautiful a woman as she.

"Is it a trouble to you?" she asked, perking her head aside.

15

The nakodo only sighed gloomily.

Madame Butterfly laughed.

"Poor, nize liddle old man," said she, with specious pity, in politest English; "do not trouble 'bout me. Do not arrive any more if it pains you."

"I must; you have no parents now--nor any one. You are outcast."

20

"Ah-h-h! But will you not permit me to suffer the lack?"

"But you will never be married!"

"Again?"

"Well--yes, again, then."

"How tarrible!"

25

He took this quite seriously, and became more cheerful.

"Yes; a beautiful woman like you must have a husband."

"Yaes. Thangs; I got one. Do you perhaps mean more?"

"I mean a Japanese husband."

"Oh--ah? That will have me a month, and then divorce me? And then another, and another, and another?" 30

She was becoming belligerent.

"How is it better with you now?"

She recovered her good humor.

"At America one is married foraeever--aexcep' the other die. Aha! What you thing? Your marriages are not so." 35

She had been speaking indifferently both languages, and now the nakodo, who was not apt at English, begged her to explain this in Japanese. She did so.

"Yamadori has lived long at America, and he says it is not thus. Is it not safe to rely upon his excellent wisdom?" 40

"No; for I, which am foolish, am wiser than both you and he. I know. You just guess. Everybody got stay marry at United States America. No one can get divorce, except he stay in a large court-house, all full judges with long faces, and bald on their heads, long, long time; maybe two--four--seven year! Now just thing 'bout that how that is tiresome! That's why no one don't get no divorce; they too tire' to wait. First, the man he got go and stand before those judge, and tell all he thing 'bout it. Then the woman she got. Then some lawyers quarrel with those judge; and then the judges get jury, and as 'em what they thing 'bout it; and if they don't know they all get put in jail till they get done thinging 'bout it, and whether they got'n get divorce or not. Aha!" 45 50

"Where did you learn that?" asked the old nakodo, aghast.

"Oh--ah--that Mr. B. F. Pinkerton"--she assumed a grander air--"that Mr. Benjamin Frang-a-leen Pinkerton--my husband"--She smiled engagingly, and held out her pretty hands, as who should say: "Is not that sufficient?"

It was so evidently the invention of Pinkerton that it seemed superfluous to make the explanation. The nakodo said curtly that he did not believe it. 55

Not believe what Mr. B. F. Pinkerton had said!

Cho-Cho-San was exasperated. The engaging smile had been wasted. She flung the blue-eyed baby up before him.

"Well, then, do you believe that?" 60

She laughed almost malignantly. The marriage-broker gulped down this fearful indignity as best he might. He hoped there were not going to be any more such women in Japan as the result of foreign marriages. Still, even this phase of the situation had been discussed with his client.

"But Yamadori, who was bred to the law, tells me that our law prevails in such a matter, the marriage having taken place here." 65

She gave a gasp, and cried like a savage wounded animal: "Yamadori--lies!"

The nakodo was silenced. She crushed the baby so fiercely to her breast that he began to cry.

- Or (b)** The following extract is a scene from Federico Garcia Lorca's play *Yerma* (1934). Write a critical essay, paying close attention to how the playwright presents the dynamics between the characters, as well as comment on the dramatic attempts made to reveal the prevailing attitudes towards women then.

YERMA'S house. It is twilight. JUAN is seated. The TWO SISTERS-IN-LAW are standing.

JUAN: You say she went out a little while ago?

[The OLDER SISTER *answers with a nod.*]

She's probably at the-fountain. But you've known all along I don't like her to go out alone.

5

[*Pause.*]

You can set the table,

[The YOUNGER SISTER *enters.*]

The bread I eat is hard enough earned!

10

[To his SISTER]

I had a hard day yesterday, I was pruning the apple trees, and when evening fell, I started to wonder why I should put so much into my work if I can't even lift an apple to my mouth, I'm tired.

[*He passes his hand over his face.*]

15

[*Pause.*]

That woman's still not here. One of you should go out with her.

That's why you're here eating at my table and drinking my wine.

My life's in the fields, but my honour's here. And my honour is yours too.

20

[The SISTER *bows her head.*]

Don't take that wrong.

[YERMA *enters carrying two pitchers. She stands at the door.*]

Have you been to the fountain?

YERMA: So we'd have fresh water for supper. How are the fields?

25

JUAN: Yesterday I pruned the trees.

[YERMA *sets the pitchers down. Pause.*]

YERMA: Are you going to stay in?

JUAN: I have to watch the flocks. You know that's an owner's duty.

YERMA: I know it very well. Don't repeat it.

30

JUAN: Each man has his life to lead.

YERMA: And each woman hers. I'm not asking you to stay. I have everything I need here. Your sisters guard me well. Soft bread and cheese and roast lamb I eat here, and in the field your cattle eat grass softened with dew. I think you can live in peace.

35

JUAN: In order to live in peace, one must be contented.

YERMA: And you're not?

JUAN: No, I'm not.

YERMA: Don't say what you started to.

JUAN: Don't you know my way of thinking? The sheep in the fold and women at home. You go out too much. Haven't you always heard me say that?

40

YERMA: Justly. Women in their homes. When those homes aren't tombs.

When the 40 chains break and the linen sheets wear out with use.

But not here. Each night, when I go to bed, I find my bed newer, more shining -as if it had just been brought from the city.

45

JUAN: You yourself realize that I've a right to complain. That I have reasons to be on the alert!

YERMA: Alert? For what? I don't offend you in any way. I live obedient to you, and what I suffer, keep close in my flesh. And every day that passes will be worse. Let's be quiet now. I'll learn to bear my cross as best I can, but don't ask me for anything. If I could suddenly turn into an old woman and have a mouth like a withered flower, I could smile and share my life with you. But now -now you leave me alone with my thorns. 50

JUAN: You speak in a way I don't understand. I don't deprive you of anything. I send to nearby towns for the things you like. I have my faults, but I want peace and quiet with you. I want to be sleeping out in the fields -thinking that you're sleeping too. 55

YERMA: But I don't sleep. I can't sleep. 60

JUAN: Is it because you need something? Tell me. Answer me!

YERMA: [*deliberately, looking fixedly at her husband*]
Yes, I need something.

[*Pause*]

JUAN: Always the same thing. It's more than five years. I've almost forgotten about it. 65

YERMA: But I'm not you. Men get other things out of life: their cattle, trees, conversations, but women, have only their children and the care of their children.

JUAN: Everybody's not the same way. Why don't you bring one of your brother's children here? I don't oppose that. 70

YERMA: I don't want to take care of somebody else's children. I think my arms would freeze from holding them.

JUAN: You brood on this one idea till you're half-crazy -instead of thinking about something else -and you persist in running your head against a stone. 75

YERMA: A stone, yes; and it's shameful that it is a stone, because it ought to be a basket of flowers and sweet scents.

JUAN: At your side one feels nothing but uneasiness, dissatisfaction. As a last resort, you should resign yourself. 80

YERMA: I didn't come to these four walls to resign myself. When a cloth binds my head so my mouth won't drop open, and my hands are tied tight in my coffin -then, then I'll resign myself!

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.**

- 2a) Compare the ways in which two texts you have studied present the tension between individual liberty and social acceptance.

- 2b) Compare the ways in which two texts you have studied present individuals as negotiating between connectedness and disassociation with their social environments.

.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) 'The novel depicts family life being fraught with danger, both perceived and real.'

How far do you agree with this description of *The Woman Warrior*?

Or (b) Discuss Kingston's treatment of violence in *The Woman Warrior*.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello***4**

Either (a) "He hath a daily beauty in his life. That makes me ugly." (Iago: Act 5, Scene 1)

Discuss how an individual's perception of self can cause harm, with reference to characters in the play.

Or (b) Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!' (Act 3, Scene 3)

Discuss the treatment of occupation and its importance to an individual in *Othello*.

WOLE SOYINKA: *Death and the King's Horseman***5**

Either (a) 'I wish to ask you to search the quiet of your heart and tell me — do you not find great contradictions in the wisdom of your own race?'

With reference to this statement by Pilkings, critically analyse the presentation of contradictions in the two races in Wole Soyinka's *Death and the King's Horseman*.

Or (b) "Life is honour. It ends when honour ends." (Scene 1)

Discuss the presentation of honour in the play.

END OF PAPER