



**ANDERSON JUNIOR COLLEGE**  
**JC2 Preliminary Examination 2017**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**  
**Higher 2**  
**Paper 1 Reading Literature**

**9748/01**  
**13 September 2017**  
**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 of pages in text (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your name, class and subject tutor's 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, fasten all your work securely together.  
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

**NAME :** \_\_\_\_\_

**PDG :** \_\_\_\_\_

**SUBJECT TUTOR:** \_\_\_\_\_

Question No.	Marks
Question *1a / 1b	
Question *2a / 2b	
Question *3a / 3b	

*\*Please delete accordingly.*

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## Section A

1

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

**A I Know My Soul**

I plucked my soul out of its secret place,  
 And held it to the mirror of my eye,  
 To see it like a star against the sky,  
 A twitching body quivering in space,  
 A spark of passion shining on my face. 5  
 And I explored it to determine why  
 This awful key to my infinity  
 Conspires to rob me of sweet joy and grace.  
 And if the sign may not be fully read,  
 If I can comprehend but not control, 10  
 I need not gloom my days with futile dread,  
 Because I see a part and not the whole.  
 Contemplating the strange, I'm comforted  
 By this narcotic thought: I know my soul.

Claude McKay (1889-1948 )

**B Love After Love**

The time will come  
 when, with elation  
 you will greet yourself arriving  
 at your own door, in your own mirror  
 and each will smile at the other's welcome, 5  
 and say, sit here. Eat.  
 You will love again the stranger who was your self.  
 Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart  
 to itself, to the stranger who has loved you  
 all your life, whom you ignored 10  
 for another, who knows you by heart.  
 Take down the love letters from the bookshelf,  
 the photographs, the desperate notes,  
 peel your own image from the mirror.  
 Sit. Feast on your life. 15

Derek Walcott (1930 - 2017)

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

**A High Desert**

Out here, there is another way to be.  
 There is a rising brightness in the rock,  
 a singing in the silence of the tree.  
 Something is always moving, running free,  
 as quick and still as quail move in a flock. 5  
 The hills out here know a hard way to be.  
 I have to listen for it patiently:  
 a drumming canter slowing to a walk,  
 a flutter in the silence of a tree.  
 The owl's call from the rimrock<sup>1</sup> changes key.  
 What door will open to the flicker's<sup>2</sup> knock? 10  
 Out here there is another way to be,  
 described by the high circles of a hawk  
 above what hides in silence in the tree.  
 The cottonwoods<sup>3</sup> in their simplicity  
 talk softly on, as hidden waters talk,  
 an almost silent singing in the tree  
 that says, here is another way to be. 15

Ursula K. Le Guin (1926 – 1995)

<sup>1</sup> sheer rock wall at the upper edge of a plateau or canyon or geological uplift

<sup>2</sup> woodpeckers

<sup>3</sup> flowering shrub or tree in the mallow family

**B Treeless Landscape**

Except in grooves of streams, armpits of hills,  
 Here's a bald, bare land, weathered half away.  
 It pokes its bony blades clean through its skin  
 And chucks the light up from grey knucklebones,  
 Tattering the eye, that's teased with flowers and stones. 5  
  
 Something to do with time has all to do  
 With shape and size. The million shapes of time,  
 Its millions of appearances are the true  
 Mountain and moor and tingling water drop  
 That runs and hangs and shakes time towards a stop. 10  
  
 Prowling like cats on levels of the air  
 These buzzards mew, or pounce: one vole the less,  
 One alteration more in time, or space.  
 But nothing's happened, all is in control  
 Unless you are the buzzard<sup>4</sup> or the vole<sup>5</sup>. 15  
  
 Yet, all the same, it's weathered half away.  
 Time's no procrastinator. The land thrusts  
 A rotting elbow up. It makes a place  
 By sinking into it, and buzzards fly  
 To be a buzzard and create a sky. 20

Norman MacCaig (1910 – 1996)

<sup>4</sup> bird of prey

<sup>5</sup> small rodent

## Section B

EDITH WHARTON: *The Age of Innocence*

2

Either (a) 'Fear defines the Old New York society.' Discuss.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary of the following passage, relating it to Wharton's use of imagery and symbolism to illuminate larger concerns, here and elsewhere in the novel.

The next day he persuaded May to escape for a walk in the Park after luncheon. As was the custom in old-fashioned Episcopalian New York, she usually accompanied her parents to church on Sunday afternoons; but Mrs. Welland condoned her truancy, having that very morning won her over to the necessity of a long engagement, with time to prepare a hand-embroidered trousseau containing the proper number of dozens. 5

The day was delectable. The bare vaulting of trees along the Mall was ceiled with lapis lazuli, and arched above snow that shone like splintered crystals. It was the weather to call out May's radiance, and she burned like a young maple in the frost. Archer was proud of the glances turned on her, and the simple joy of possession cleared away his underlying perplexities. 10

"It's so delicious—waking every morning to smell lilies-of-the-valley in one's room!" she said

"Yesterday they came late. I hadn't time in the morning—"

"But your remembering each day to send them makes me love them so much more than if you'd given a standing order, and they came every morning on the minute, like one's music-teacher—as I know Gertrude Lefferts's did, for instance, when she and Lawrence were engaged." 15

"Ah—they would!" laughed Archer, amused at her keenness. He looked sideways at her fruit-like cheek and felt rich and secure enough to add: "When I sent your lilies yesterday afternoon I saw some rather gorgeous yellow roses and packed them off to Madame Olenska. Was that right?" 20

"How dear of you! Anything of that kind delights her. It's odd she didn't mention it: she lunched with us today, and spoke of Mr. Beaufort's having sent her wonderful orchids, and cousin Henry van der Luyden a whole hamper of carnations from Skuytercliff. She seems so surprised to receive flowers. Don't people send them in Europe? She thinks it such a pretty custom." 25

"Oh, well, no wonder mine were overshadowed by Beaufort's," said Archer irritably. Then he remembered that he had not put a card with the roses, and was vexed at having spoken of them. He wanted to say: "I called on your cousin yesterday," but hesitated. If Madame Olenska had not spoken of his visit it might seem awkward that he should. Yet not to do so gave the affair an air of mystery that he disliked. To shake off the question he began to talk of their own plans, their future, and Mrs. Welland's insistence on a long engagement. 30

"If you call it long! Isabel Chivers and Reggie were engaged for two years: Grace and Thorley for nearly a year and a half. Why aren't we very well off as we are?" 35

It was the traditional maidenly interrogation, and he felt ashamed of himself for finding it singularly childish. No doubt she simply echoed what was said for her; but she was nearing her twenty-second birthday, and he wondered at what age "nice" women began to speak for themselves. 40

"Never, if we won't let them, I suppose," he mused, and recalled his mad outburst to Mr. Sillerton Jackson: "Women ought to be as free as we are—"

It would presently be his task to take the bandage from this young woman's eyes, and bid her look forth on the world. But how many generations of the women who had gone to her making had descended bandaged to the family vault? He shivered a little, remembering some of the new ideas in his scientific books, and the much-cited instance of the Kentucky cave-fish, which had ceased to develop eyes because they had no use for them. What if, when he had bidden May Welland to open hers, they could only look out blankly at blankness? 45 50

"We might be much better off. We might be altogether together—we might travel."

Her face lit up. "That would be lovely," she owned: she would love to travel. But her mother would not understand their wanting to do things so differently. 55

"As if the mere 'differently' didn't account for it!" the wooer insisted.

"Newland! You're so original!" she exulted.

His heart sank, for he saw that he was saying all the things that young men in the same situation were expected to say, and that she was making the answers that instinct and tradition taught her to make—even to the point of calling him original. 60

(Book 1, Chapter 10)

## Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

**Either (a)** “a perfect suburban life with a seething underbelly”

In what ways, and with what effect, does Miller present the tragic world in *All My Sons*?

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to Miller’s presentation of the dramatic roles of women, here and elsewhere in the play.

*Mother.* I know, darling, I know. (**Ann enters from the house. They say nothing, waiting for her to speak**)

*Ann.* Why do you stay up? I'll tell you when he comes.

*Keller.* (*rises, goes to her*) You didn't eat supper, did you? (*to Mother*) Why don't you make her something? 5

*Mother.* Sure, I'll...

*Ann.* Never mind, Kate, I'm all right. (*they are unable to speak to each other*) There's something I want to tell you. (*She starts, then halts*) I'm not going to do anything about it.

*Mother.* She's a good girl! (*To Keller*) You see? She's a ... 10

*Ann.* I'll do nothing about Joe, but you're going to do something for me. (*Directly to Mother*) You made Chris feel guilty with me. I'd like you to tell him that Larry is dead and that you know it. You understand me? I'm not going out of here alone. There's no life for me that way. I want you to set him free. And then I promise you, everything will end, and we'll go away, and that's all. 15

*Keller.* You'll do that. You'll tell him.

*Ann.* I know what I'm asking, Kate. You had two sons. But you've only got one now.

*Keller.* You'll tell him.

*Ann.* And you've got to say it to him so he knows you mean it.

*Mother.* My dear, if the boy was dead, it wouldn't depend on my words to make Chris know it... The night he gets into your bed, his heart will dry up. Because he knows and you know. To his dying day he'll wait for his brother! No, my dear, no such thing. You're going in the morning, and you're going alone. That's your life, that's your lonely life. (*she goes to porch, and starts in*) 20

*Ann.* Larry is dead, Kate. 25

*Mother.* (*she stops*) Don't speak to me.

*Ann.* I said he's dead. I know! He crashed off the coast of China November twenty fifth! His engine didn't fail him. But he died. I know...

*Mother.* How did he die? You're lying to me. If you know, how did he die?

*Ann.* I loved him. You know I loved him. Would I have looked at anyone else if I wasn't sure? That's enough for you. 30

*Mother.* (*moving on her*) What's enough for me? What're you talking about? (*She grasps Ann's wrists*)

*Ann.* You're hurting my wrists.

*Mother.* What are you talking about! (*Pause. She stares at Ann a moment, then turns and goes to Keller*) 35

*Ann.* Joe, go in the house.

*Keller.* Why should I...

*Ann.* Please go.

*Keller.* Lemme know when he comes. (**Keller** goes into house) 40

*Mother.* (as she sees **Ann** taking a letter from her pocket) What's that?

*Ann.* Sit down. (**Mother** moves left to chair, but does not sit) First you've got to understand. When I came, I didn't have any idea that Joe... I had nothing against him or you. I came to get married. I hoped... So I didn't bring this to hurt you. I thought I'd show it to you only if there was no other way to settle Larry in your mind. 45

*Mother.* Larry? (snatches letter from **Ann's** hand)

*Ann.* He wrote to me just before he - (**Mother** opens and begins to read letter) I'm not trying to hurt you, Kate. You're making me do this, now remember you're -

*Ann.* Remember. I've been so lonely, Kate... I can't leave here alone again. (a long low moan comes from **Mother's** throat as she reads) You made me show it to you. You wouldn't believe me. I told you a hundred times, why wouldn't you believe me! 50

*Mother.* Oh, my God.....

*Ann.* (with pity and fear) Kate, please, please... 55

*Mother.* My God, my God...

*Ann.* Kate, dear, I'm so sorry... I'm so sorry.

(Act 3)

**END OF PAPER**