
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9748/03

Paper 3 The Individual and Society in Literature

23 August 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 texts (eg. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your registration number and name on all the work you hand in.
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.
Do not use 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.

Section A

Answer one question in this section.

1

Either (a) The extract below is from the play *Don Juan in Soho* (2007) by Patrick Marber, which is set in contemporary London and follows Don Juan, the infamous and amoral hedonist, on his final debauchery and adventure.
Write a critical appreciation of the extract, relating it to the theme of the individual and society in literature.

DJ I want to go *home*. I – I want to visit Mum's grave. I need to talk to her. I can't bear it that she died knowing how dissolute I was. I can't make her proud. But I will make *you* proud, Dad. I swear it. And you, Stan, I'll make it all up to you.

Louis You *do* make me proud. I *am* proud. Come here!

DJ falls into his father's arms, sobbing his heart out. 5

Do you hear me? I'm proud of you. This took guts. My God, you've got guts.

Stan joins the weeping little huddle. It becomes a three-way man hug.

Stan Well done, well done!

Louis Look, I'm supposed to be at this bloody function but sod it, let's all have dinner!

DJ No, thank you, I need to see Elvira, as soon as I can. And apologise to her 10 brothers too. But perhaps we could have breakfast tomorrow?

Louis Yes. Oh, yes! *Breakfast.*

They continue to hug a little longer.

DJ Thank you so much for seeing me. For being here.

Louis (*overwhelmed*) My pleasure. Goodnight, son. Goodnight Stan. Bloody well 15 done!

He exits. Stan gazes at DJ.

Stan Good on you, dear friend.

DJ smiles. He was knotting the handkerchief at each corner throughout his 'apology' and now places it on his head as if it were a hat. 20

NOOOOOHHHHH!

DJ I have been strangely fuckless for more than twelve hours! Onwards now, to So-ho!

The scene changes. DJ and Stan are now on the street outside Louis's club. DJ starts looking for a taxi. 25

Taxi!

Stan But WHY?!

DJ Cos Daddy's got the dough! If he cuts me off I'd have to get a *job* – like every other miserable drudge on this planet! You really bought that crap about Mummy's grave? I thought I was pushing it there? 30

Stan I was MOVED!

DJ Well don't be moved by me. *Ever.*

Stan (*mournfully*) Why did I believe?

DJ Because you wanted to! (*Shadow boxes a bit, bobbing, weaving.*) I feel *frisky*, getting it up for all that bullshit sincerity has given me the horn. 35

Stan What about the statue? It pronounced your *death*!

DJ A stunt – smoke and mirrors – 'weird shit'. I'm far too alive to die, I just needed some sleep. Tonight, I shall seduce the moon, the stars and everything that moves beneath the trembling sky. So-ho!

Stan I CAN'T BEAR IT! 40

DJ Oh, it won't be like this for *ever*. Another twenty or thirty years and we'll retire to the country – promise. A yokel a day shall suffice in my dotage.

Stan What about 'good old Stan', who 'knows me better than anyone on earth'?
Was that bit true? You made me feel so *needed*!

DJ Well, you are, you're my accomplice. 45

Stan Is that *all*?

DJ I'm fond of you, what more d'you want?

Stan (*passionately*) I want to be loved! I thought you *loved* me. I thought I was *special*. 50

Pause.

DJ Are you coming or what?

Stan No.

Stan looks away, brooding, deeply disappointed.

DJ (*gently, at first*) I won't pretend to love you when I don't. The honesty is a compliment. You're the only person I don't lie to. We live in an age of apology, 55
don't confuse it with authenticity. At least my lies are honest – at least I know *when* I'm lying and *why*. Would you prefer me to be a hypocrite? It's easily done and terribly vogue – look around you; hypocrisy is both vice *and* virtue – it doesn't even shock us. The bankers rob banks, the police are criminals, governments don't govern and peace-preaching rulers wage war. It's 60
everywhere! Holy writ perverted to murder, billionaire tax dodgers, pension fund plunderers, racists posing as patriots, judges with no judgement, priests who prey (with an 'e'). Global poverty, insane famine, a planet burning itself to hell – and the most powerful man upon it? A charlatan, a fake tan, an orang-utan! And the people? Corrupted, broken-hearted, clinging to whatever floats a 65
boat in this ocean of injustice: every second sucker with a story to sell – memoirs, confessions, outpourings – a deluge of diaries for a world of professional weepers. Family histories – ooh, my ancestry – here's a gif of my first little poo. ME ME ME ME ME ME ME ME. You're a chef – cook – SHUT UP! You're a gardener – garden – SHUT UP! You're an actor – (*He harrumphs.*) We pimp our precious lives to the infernal gnashing babble – Follow me! Friend me! Like me! But don't ever *know* me. Every tedious twot in Christendom vomiting opinion – LEAVE ME ALONE! BE QUIET! A million years ago – some hairy bastard daubed a horse on the wall of his cave, he saw it, he drew it – well done! Flash forward: 'Hello, welcome to my vlog. 75
Today I bought a plum.' You *cunt*! You silly dozy twit, you've forgotten HOW TO LIVE! Whatever happened to privacy? To grace and decorum? *Elegance*? To life as we knew it? Hmm? Oh, dear sweet Stan, Darwin got it *wrong*; man didn't evolve, he just got nicer tools. From a lump of charcoal to the iPhone – whoosh – *history*. (*Softly, intensely.*) Where's the *poetry*, hmm? Where's the 80
soul?

Stan I take your point, but you're not human.

DJ On the contrary, I am 'uberly' human. This is *homo sapiens* in his natural animal state, existing only in the present moment: TO HUNT.

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem (published in 1978) by Maya Angelou, relating it to the theme of the individual and society in literature.

Still I Rise

You may write me down in history With your bitter, twisted lies, You may trod me in the very dirt But still, like dust, I'll rise.	
Does my sassiness upset you? Why are you beset with gloom? 'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells Pumping in my living room.	5
Just like moons and like suns, With the certainty of tides, Just like hopes springing high, Still I'll rise.	10
Did you want to see me broken? Bowed head and lowered eyes? Shoulders falling down like teardrops, Weakened by my soulful cries?	15
Does my haughtiness offend you? Don't you take it awful hard 'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines Diggin' in my own backyard.	20
You may shoot me with your words, You may cut me with your eyes, You may kill me with your hatefulness, But still, like air, I'll rise.	
Does my sexiness upset you? Does it come as a surprise That I dance like I've got diamonds At the meeting of my thighs?	25
Out of the huts of history's shame I rise Up from a past that's rooted in pain I rise I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide, Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.	30
Leaving behind nights of terror and fear I rise Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear I rise Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave, I am the dream and the hope of the slave.	35 40
I rise I rise I rise.	

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.**

2

- Either (a)** Compare the ways in which **two** of the texts you have read present social expectation and its effects on individuals.
- Or (b)** With reference to any **two** texts you have studied, discuss the ways in which the writers present escape as a response to society.

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.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *The Scarlet Letter*

3

- Either (a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Hawthorne explore the roles of women and their relationship with society in *The Scarlet Letter*?
- Or (b)** Discuss the significance of the narrator and the narrative voice in *The Scarlet Letter* in relation to ideas about the individual and society.

PHILIP LARKIN: *Selected Poems*

4

- Either (a)** “A sense of resignation pervades Larkin’s poetry.”
How does the mood in Larkin’s poetry reflect the tension between the individual and society? You should refer to at least **two** poems from your selection.
- Or (b)** “...how we live measures our own nature” (‘Mr Bleaney’)
Discuss the extent to which an individual’s identity is affected by society in Larkin’s poetry. You should refer to at least **two** poems from your selection.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

5

- Either (a)** Consider Williams’s use of dramatic irony to depict the relationship between individuals and society in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.
- Or (b)** “I have always depended on the kindness of strangers.” (Scene 11)
With reference to the quotation, discuss Williams’s exploration of kindness in relation to the theme of individual and society.