



General Certificate of Education Advanced Level
YEAR 6
PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION II
HIGHER 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9748/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

11 SEPTEMBER 2017

Band Room

2.00pm to 5.00pm

3 hours

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of papers 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 and group on all the work you hand in.
Write in dark blue or black 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.
Start each answer on a fresh piece of paper.
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 carry equal marks.

Section A

1

Either (a) Write a critical comparison of the following poems paying particular attention to the poets' treatment of the experience of the artist, the tone and imagery.

A.

DECOMPOSITION

I have a picture I took in Bombay
of a beggar asleep on the pavement:
grey-haired, wearing shorts and a dirty shirt,
his shadow thrown aside like a blanket.

His arms and legs could be cracks in the stone,
routes for the ants' journeys, the flies' descents,
Brain-washed by the sun into exhaustion,
he lies veined into stone, a fossil man.

5

Behind him there is a crowd passingly
bemused by a pavement trickster and quite
indifferent to this very common sight
of an old man asleep on the pavement.

10

I thought it then a good composition
and glibly called it "The Man in the Street,"
remarking how typical it was of
India that the man in the street lived there.

15

His head in the posture of one weeping
into a pillow chides me now for my
presumption at attempting to compose
art of his hunger and solitude.

20

Zulfikar Ghose (born 1935)

B.

THE CHILD DANCING

there's no way I'm going to write about
the child dancing in the Warsaw ghetto¹
in his body of rags

there were only two corpses
on the pavement that day
and the child I will not write about
had a face as pale and trusting
as the moon

5

[cont'd]

¹ In WWII where Polish Jews were confined before transfer to death camps

(so did
 the boy with a green belly full of dirt 10
 lying by the roadside
 in a novel of Kazantzakis²
 and the small girl T.E. Lawrence³ wrote about
 who they found after the Turkish massacre
 with one shoulder chopped off, crying: 15
 'don't hurt me, Baba!')

I don't feel like slandering them with poetry.

the child who danced in the Warsaw ghetto
 to some music no one else could hear
 had moon-eyes, no 20
 green horror and no fear
 but something worse

a simple desire to please
 the people who stayed
 to watch him shuffle back and forth, 25
 his feet wrapped in the newspapers
 of another ordinary day

Gwendolyn MacEwen (1941–1987)

² A famous author

³ A famous author and historical figure

Or (b) Write a critical comparison of the following poems paying close attention to ways in which your response is shaped by the poet's language, tone, style and form.

A.

THE VIEW

The view is fine from fifty,
Experienced climbers say;
So, overweight and shifty,
I turn to face the way
That led me to this day. 5

Instead of fields and snowcaps
And flowered lanes that twist,
The track breaks at my toe-caps
And drops away in mist.
The view does not exist. 10

Where has it gone, the lifetime?
Search me. What's left is drear.
Unchilded and unwifed, I'm
Able to view that clear:
So final. And so near 15

Philip Larkin (1922–1985)

B.

RECOGNITION

Things get away from one.
I've let myself go, I know.
Children? I've had three
and don't even know them.

I strain to remember a time 5
when my body felt lighter.
Years. My face is swollen
with regrets. I put powder on,

but it flakes off. I love him,
through habit, but the proof 10
has evaporated. He gets upset,
I tried to do all the essentials

on one trip. Foolish, yes,
but I was weepy all morning. 15
Quiche. A blonde boy swung me up
in his arms and promised the earth.

You see, this came back to me
as I stood on the scales.
I wept. Shallots. In the window,
creamy ladies held a pose 20

[cont'd

which left me clogged and old.
The waste. I'd forgotten my purse,
fumbled; the shop girl gaped at me,
compassionless. Claret. I blushed.

Cheese. Kleenex. It did happen. 25
I lay in my slip on wet grass,
laughing. Years. I had to rush out,
blind in a hot flush, and bumped

into an anxious, dowdy matron 30
who touched the cold mirror
and stared at me. Stared.
and said I'm sorrysorrysorry.

Carol Ann Duffy (born 1955)

Section B

EDITH WHARTON: *The Age of Innocence*

2

- Either (a)** How helpful to your understanding of the novel as a whole is its title, 'The Age of Innocence'?
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of alienation, here and elsewhere in the novel.

"I went to see Granny, and just as I was going away Ellen came in from a walk; so I stayed and had a long talk with her. It was ages since we'd had a real talk... " She had dropped into her usual armchair, facing his, and was running her fingers through her rumpled hair. He fancied she expected him to speak.

"A really good talk," she went on, smiling with what seemed to Archer an unnatural vividness. "She was so dear--just like the old Ellen. I'm afraid I haven't been fair to her lately. I've sometimes thought--" 5

Archer stood up and leaned against the mantelpiece, out of the radius of the lamp.

"Yes, you've thought--?" he echoed as she paused. 10

"Well, perhaps I haven't judged her fairly. She's so different--at least on the surface. She takes up such odd people--she seems to like to make herself conspicuous. I suppose it's the life she's led in that fast European society; no doubt we seem dreadfully dull to her. But I don't want to judge her unfairly."

She paused again, a little breathless with the unwonted length of her speech, and sat with her lips slightly parted and a deep blush on her cheeks. 15

Archer, as he looked at her, was reminded of the glow which had suffused her face in the Mission Garden at St. Augustine. He became aware of the same obscure effort in her, the same reaching out toward something beyond the usual range of her vision. 20

"She hates Ellen," he thought, "and she's trying to overcome the feeling, and to get me to help her to overcome it."

The thought moved him, and for a moment he was on the point of breaking the silence between them, and throwing himself on her mercy.

"You understand, don't you," she went on, "why the family have sometimes been annoyed? We all did what we could for her at first; but she never seemed to understand. And now this idea of going to see Mrs. Beaufort, of going there in Granny's carriage! I'm afraid she's quite alienated the van der Luydens..." 25

"Ah," said Archer with an impatient laugh. The open door had closed between them again. 30

"It's time to dress; we're dining out, aren't we?" he asked, moving from the fire.

She rose also, but lingered near the hearth. As he walked past her she moved forward impulsively, as though to detain him: their eyes met, and he saw that hers were of the same swimming blue as when he had left her to drive to Jersey City. 35

She flung her arms about his neck and pressed her cheek to his.

"You haven't kissed me today," she said in a whisper; and he felt her tremble in his arms.

Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

Either (a) 'Being practical comes at a high price.'

How far would you agree with this comment on the play?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, considering the cross-currents of thought and feeling between Mother and George, here and elsewhere in the play.

Mother: Georgie, Georgie.
George: [*he has always liked her*] Hello, Kate.
Mother: [*cups his face in her hands*] They made an old man out of you. [*touches his hair*] Look, you're gray.
George: [*her pity, open and unabashed, reaches into him, and he smiles sadly*] I know, I – 5
Mother: I told you when you went away, don't try for medals.
George: [*laughs tiredly*] I didn't try, Kate. They made it very easy for me.
Mother: [*actually angry*] Go on. You're all alike. [*To ANN*] Look at him, why did you say he's fine? He looks like a ghost. 10
George: [*relishing her solicitude*] I feel all right.
Mother: I'm sick to look at you. What's the matter with your mother, why don't she feed you?
Ann: He just hasn't any appetite?
Mother: If he ate in my house he'd have an appetite. [*To ANN*] I pity your husband. 15
 [*To GEORGE*] Sit down. I'll make you a sandwich.
George: [*sits with an embarrassed laugh*] I'm really not hungry.
Mother: Honest to God, it breaks my heart to see what happened to all the children. How we worked and planned for you, and you end up no better than us. 20
George: [*with deep feeling for her*] You ... haven't changed at all, you know that, Kate?
Mother: None of us changed, Georgie. We all love you. Joe was just talking about the day you were born and the water got shut off. People were carrying basins from a block away. – a stranger would have thought the whole neighborhood was on fire. [*They laugh. She sees the juice. To ANN*] Why didn't you give him some juice? 25
Ann: [*defensively*] I offered it to him.
Mother: [*scoffingly*] You offered it to him! [*Thrusting glass into GEORGE'S hand*] Give it to him! [*To GEORGE, who is laughing*] And now you're going to sit here and drink some juice. ...and look like something! 30
George: [*sitting*] I feel hungry already.
Chris: [*proudly*] She could turn Mahatma Gandhi into a heavyweight!
Mother: [*to CHRIS, with great energy*] Listen, to hell with the restaurant! I got a ham in the icebox, and frozen strawberries, and avocados, and - 35
Ann: Swell, I'll help you!
George: The train leaves at eight-thirty, Ann.
Mother: [*to ANN*] You're leaving?
Chris: No, Mother, she's not –

Ann: [breaking through it, going to GEORGE] You hardly got here; give yourself a chance to get acquainted again. 40

Chris: Sure, you don't even know us any more.

Mother: Well, Chris, if they can't stay, don't –

Chris: No, it's not just a question of George, Mother, he planned on –

George: [gets up politely, nicely, for KATE'S sake] Now wait a minute, Chris... 45

Chris: [smiling and full of command cutting him off] If you want to go, I'll drive you to the station now, but if you're staying, no arguments while you're here.

Mother: [at last confessing the tension] Why should he argue? [She goes to him. With desperation and compassion, stroking his hair.] How could we have an argument, Georgie? We all got hit by the same lightning, how can you – 50
Did you see what happened to Larry's tree?

Act 2

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