



INNOVA JUNIOR COLLEGE

JC2 Preliminary Examinations 2017

in preparation for General Certificate of Education Advanced Level
Higher 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9748/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

28 August 2017

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

3 hours

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 (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.

Answer 3 questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.

At the end of the examination, fasten each essay 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 document consists of **6** printed pages and **0** blank pages.



Section A

Answer one question from this section.

1

Either (a) Critically compare and contrast the following poems, *In an Artist's Studio* by Christina Rossetti (1830-1894) and *Rembrandt's Late Self-Portraits* by Elizabeth Jennings (1926-2001), paying close attention to the poets' presentation of art in their respective works.

A In an Artist's Studio

One face looks out from all his canvases,
 One selfsame figure sits or walks or leans:
 We found her hidden just behind those screens,
 That mirror gave back all her loveliness.
 A queen in opal or in ruby dress, 5
 A nameless girl in freshest summer-greens,
 A saint, an angel -- every canvas means
 The same one meaning, neither more nor less.
 He feeds upon her face by day and night,
 And she with true kind eyes looks back on him, 10
 Fair as the moon and joyful as the light:
 Not wan with waiting, not with sorrow dim;
 Not as she is, but was when hope shone bright;
 Not as she is, but as she fills his dream.

B Rembrandt's Late Self-Portraits

You are confronted with yourself. Each year
 The pouches fill, the skin is uglier.
 You give it all unflinchingly. You stare
 Into yourself, beyond. Your brush's care
 Runs with self-knowledge. Here 5

Is a humility at one with craft.
 There is no arrogance. Pride is apart
 From this self-scrutiny. You make light drift
 The way you want. Your face is bruised and hurt
 But there is still love left. 10

Love of the art and others. To the last
 Experiment went on. You stared beyond
 Your age, the times. You also plucked the past
 And tempered it. Self-portraits understand,
 And old age can divest, 15

With truthful changes, us of fear of death.
 Look, a new anguish. There, the bloated nose,
 The sadness and the joy. To paint's to breathe,
 And all the darkneses are dared. You chose
 What each must reckon with. 20

- Or (b) Critically compare and contrast the following poems, *The Lack of You* by Lawrence Sail (published in 1995) and *Tides* by Hugo Williams (published 2002), paying close attention to the poets' treatment of relationships in their respective works.

A The Lack of You

Level as any water, constant as clock-time,
 The lack of you has occupied the house.
 It is an unspent force, a static that fills
 The space behind each closed and open door
 With the same context. Now, all air contains 5
 The closest memory and the most distant hope
 Equally, cancelling neither, and still is empty.

And emptiest of all, the bed in which
 We lay last night below the shield of the window,
 Where past and future always round to become 10
 Only what touch can tell – the curve of a nail,
 The small of your back, the swell of smoothest skin
 That falls away: where nothing now but moonlight
 Drifts on the buoyant pillow, and time is endless.

B Tides

The evening advances, then withdraws again
 Leaving our cups and books like islands on the floor.
 We are drifting you and I,
 As far from one another as the young heroes
 Of these two novels we have just laid down. 5
 For that is happiness: to wander alone
 Surrounded by the same moon, whose tides remind
 us of ourselves,
 Our distances, and what we leave behind.
 The lamp left on, the curtains letting in the light. 10
 These things were promises. No doubt we will come
 back to them.

Section B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

Either (a) ‘Ishiguro’s male characters have an extraordinary capacity to lie to themselves.’

To what extent is this your view of the male characters in *The Remains of the Day*?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, paying particular attention to the presentation of Miss Kenton’s moral convictions, here and elsewhere in the novel.

‘I was thinking earlier, Miss Kenton. It’s rather funny to remember now, but you know, only this time a year ago, you were still insisting you were going to resign. It rather amused me to think of it.’ I gave a laugh, but behind me Miss Kenton remained silent. When I finally turned to look at her, she was gazing through the glass at the great expanse of fog outside.

‘You probably have no idea, Mr Stevens,’ she said eventually, ‘how seriously I really thought of leaving this house. I felt so strongly about what happened. Had I been anyone worthy of any respect at all, I dare say I would have left Darlington Hall long ago.’ She paused for a while, and I turned my gaze back out to the poplar trees down in the distance. Then she continued in a tired voice: ‘It was cowardice, Mr Stevens. Simple cowardice. Where could I have gone? I have no family. Only my aunt. I love her dearly, but I can’t live with her for a day without feeling my whole life is wasting away. I did tell myself, of course, I would soon find myself some new situation. But I was so frightened, Mr Stevens. Whenever I thought of leaving, I just saw myself going out there and finding nobody who knew or cared about me. There’s that’s all my high principles amount to. I feel so ashamed of myself. But I just couldn’t leave, Mr Stevens, I just couldn’t bring myself to leave.’

Miss Kenton paused again and seemed to be deep in thought. I thus thought it opportune to relate at this point, as precisely as possible, what had taken place earlier between myself and Lord Darlington. I proceeded to do so and concluded by saying:

‘What’s done can hardly be undone. But it is a least a great comfort to hear his lordship declare so unequivocally that it was all a terrible misunderstanding. I just thought you’d like to know, Miss Kenton, since I recall you were as distressed by the episode as I was.’

‘I’m sorry, Mr Stevens,’ Miss Kenton said behind me in an entirely new voice, as though she had been jolted from a dream, ‘I don’t understand you.’ Then as I turned to her, she went on: ‘As I recall, you thought it was only right and proper that Ruth and Sarah be sent packing. You were positively cheerful about it.’

‘Now really, Miss Kenton, that is quite incorrect and unfair. The whole matter caused me great concern, great concern indeed. It is hardly the sort of thing I like to see happen in this house.’

‘Then why, Mr Stevens, did you not tell me so at the time?’

I gave a laugh, but for a moment was rather at a loss for an answer. Before I could formulate one, Miss Kenton put down her sewing and said:

‘Do you realize, Mr Stevens, how much it would have meant to me if you had thought to share your feelings last year? You knew how upset I was when my girls were dismissed. Do you realize how much it would have helped me? Why, Mr Stevens, why, why, why do you always have to *pretend*?’

I gave another laugh at the ridiculous turn the conversation had suddenly taken. ‘Really, Miss Kenton,’ I said, ‘I’m not sure I know what you mean. Pretend? Why, really . . .’

‘I suffered so much over Ruth and Sarah leaving us. And I suffered all the more because I believed I was alone.’

Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects does Arthur Miller present the human struggle between idealism and pragmatism in *All My Sons*.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to Miller's portrayal of self-knowledge here and elsewhere in the play.

*Two o' clock the following morning, **Mother** is discovered on the rise, rocking ceaselessly in a chair, staring at her thoughts. It is an intense, slight sort of rocking. A light shows from upstairs bedroom, lower floor windows being dark. The moon is strong and casts its bluish light.*

*Presently **Jim**, dressed in jacket and hat, appears, and seeing her, goes up beside her.*

Jim: Any news?

Mother: No news.

Jim: (*gently*) You can't sit up all night, dear, why don't you go to bed?

Mother: I am waiting for Chris. Don't worry about me, Jim, I'm perfectly alright.

Jim: But it's almost two o' clock. 5

Mother: I can't sleep. (*Slight pause.*) You had an emergency?

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 around 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! 10

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. 15

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. 20

Jim: (*looks at the 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? 25

Jim: It occurred to me a long time ago.

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. 30

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

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. 35

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. It was beautiful. 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 even 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. 40

Keller comes out on porch in dressing gown and slippers. He goes upstage – to alley.

Jim goes to him.

Jim: I have a feeling he's in the park. I'll look around for him. Put her to bed, Joe; this is no good for what she's got. (*Jim exits up driveway.*) 45

Keller: (*coming down*) What does he want here?

Mother: His friend is not at home.

Keller: (*comes down to her. His voice is husky*) I don't like him mixing in so much.

Mother: It's too late, Joe. He knows. 50

Keller: (*apprehensively*) How does he know?

Mother: He guessed a long time ago.

Keller: I don't like that.

Mother: (*laughs dangerously, quietly into the line*) What you don't like.

Keller: Yeah, what I don't like. 55

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.

Mother: I don't know, what is she doing? Sit down, stop being mad. You want to live? You better figure out your life. 60

Keller: She don't know, does she?

Mother: She saw Chris storming out of here. It's one and one – she knows how to add.

Keller: Maybe I ought to talk to her?

Mother: Don't ask me, Joe. 65

Keller: (*almost an outburst*) Then who do I ask? But I don't think she'll do anything about it.

Mother: You're asking me again.

Keller: I'm askin' you. What am I, a stranger? I thought I had a family here. What happened to my family? 70

Mother: You've got a family. I'm simply telling you that I have no strength to think any more.

Keller: You have no strength. The minute there's trouble you have no strength.

Mother: Joe, you are doing the same thing again; all your life whenever there's trouble you yell at me and you think that settles it. 75

Keller: Then what do I do? Tell me, talk to me, what do I do?

ACT 3

End of Paper