

# **ST ANDREW'S JUNIOR COLLEGE**

## **PRELIMINARY EXAMINATIONS**

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### **LITERATURE IN ENGLISH** **Higher 2**

**9748/01**

Paper 1    Reading Literature

**12<sup>th</sup> Sep 2017**  
**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.

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### **READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your class, index number and name on all the work you hand in.

Indent your paragraphs and 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 Section A, Section B and Section C respectively. Indicate the questions you attempt.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

You are also to submit your question paper.

You are advised to manage your time well.

At the end of the examination, fasten your work together securely.

This question paper consists of 7 printed pages.

## SECTION A: POETRY

### Either

1 (a) Write a critical comparison of the following poems “He Was” by Richard Wilbur (b. 1921) and “The Last Mystery” by Jon Stallworthy (1935 – 2014) paying particular attention to poets’ use of language, style and form in their presentation of individuals once known.

(A)

a brown old man with a green thumb:  
I can remember the scream on stones of his hoe,  
The chug, choke, and high madrigal\* wheeze  
Of spray-cart bumping below  
The sputter leaves of the apple trees, 5  
But he was all but dumb

Who filled some quarter of the day with sound  
All of my childhood long. For all I heard  
Of all his labours, I can now recall  
Never a single word 10  
Until he went in the dead of fall  
To the drowsy underground,

Having planted a young orchard with so great care  
In that last year that none were lost, and May  
Aroused them all, the leaves saying the land’s 15  
Praise for the living clay,  
And the found voice of his buried hands  
Rose in the sparrow air.

(B)

He knew that coastline – no man better –  
Knew all its rocks and currents, like the veins  
And knuckles on the brown back of his hand;  
The leap-frog rollers and tall tons that batter  
Boat-rib and man-rib into grains 5  
Of indistinguishable sand:  
He had known them all since he could stand.

A shanty\* was his earliest lullaby,  
The beach his back-yard, flotsam all his toys.  
He was admitted to the mystery 10  
Of tides; the wind’s writing on the sky;  
Could out-sail, out-dive, out-swim boys  
Older by half; was known to save  
Many from the sabre-toothed, man-eating wave.  
Knowing so well the temper of the coast, 15

And all subaqueous hazards of the sea,  
What voice, thought, impulse lugged him from his ale  
(When every flag was fighting with a mast  
And waves kicked bollards off the quay),  
To match his Lilliputian\* sail  
Against the wrestling muscles of the gale?

20

Only the lemming\* knows: his friends knew only  
Boat-rib and man-rib littered the long shore  
Many tides after. I declare he fell  
Like a pearl-dazzled diver through the sea  
To that last mystery on its floor;  
Whose is the heart-beat under the swell,  
The hand that turns the whirlpool and the shell?

25

\* madrigal is a vocal music composition of the Renaissance

\* Shanty is a traditional song sung by sailors.

\* Lilliputian refers to Lilliput which is a land of very small people in Gulliver's Travels.

\* Lemmings are rodents which are reputed to rush each year into the sea and drown

Or

(b) Write a critical comparison of the following poems "Still Life" by Elizabeth Daryush (1887 – 1977) and "The Aged Lover Discourses in the Flat Style" by JV Cunningham (1911 – 1985) paying particular attention to how language, style and form create meaning.

(A)

Through the open French window the warm sun  
Lights up the polished breakfast-table, laid  
Round a bowl of crimson roses, for one -  
A service of Worcester porcelain, arrayed  
Near it a melon, peaches, figs, small hot  
Rolls in a napkin, fairy rack of toast,  
Butter in ice, high silver coffee-pot,  
And, heaped on a salver, the morning's post.

5

She comes over the lawn, the young heiress,  
From her early walk in her garden-wood,  
Feeling that life's a table set to bless  
Her delicate desires with all that's good.

10

That even the unopened future lies  
Like a love-letter, full of sweet surprise

(B)

There are, perhaps, whom passion gives a grace,  
Who fuse and part as dancers on the stage,  
But that is not for me, not at my age,  
Not with bony shoulders and fat face.  
Yet in my clumsiness I found a place  
And use for passion with it I ignore  
My gaucheries and yours, and feel no more  
The awkwardness of the absurd embrace.

5

It is a pact men make, and seal in flesh,  
To be so busy with their own desires  
Their loves may be busy with their own,  
And not in union. Though the two enmesh  
Like gears in motion, each with each conspires  
To be at once together and alone.

10

## SECTION B

### Jane Austen: Mansfield Park

**Either**

**2 (a)** "...the spirit is not free...it is conditioned, that is limited by circumstance." Discuss the novel in light of this.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, paying particular attention to the presentation of marriage here and elsewhere in the novel.

He had expected a very different son-in-law; and beginning to feel grave on Maria's account, tried to understand *her* feelings. Little observation there was necessary to tell him that indifference was the most favourable state they could be in. Her behaviour to Mr. Rushworth was careless and cold. She could not, did not like him. Sir Thomas resolved to speak seriously to her. Advantageous as would be the alliance, and long standing and public as was the engagement, her happiness must not be sacrificed to it. Mr. Rushworth had, perhaps, been accepted on too short an acquaintance, and, on knowing him better, she was repenting.

With solemn kindness Sir Thomas addressed her: told her his fears, inquired into her wishes, entreated her to be open and sincere, and assured her that every inconvenience should be braved, and the connexion entirely given up, if she felt herself unhappy in the prospect of it. He would act for her and release her. Maria had a moment's struggle as she listened, and only a moment's: when her father ceased, she was able to give her answer immediately, decidedly, and with no apparent agitation. She thanked him for his great attention, his paternal kindness, but he was quite mistaken in supposing she had the smallest desire of breaking through her engagement, or was sensible of any change of opinion or inclination since her forming it. She had the highest esteem for Mr. Rushworth's character and disposition, and could not have a doubt of her happiness with him.

Sir Thomas was satisfied; too glad to be satisfied, perhaps, to urge the matter quite so far as his judgment might have dictated to others. It was an alliance which he could not have relinquished without pain; and thus he reasoned. Mr. Rushworth was young enough to improve. Mr. Rushworth must and would improve in good society; and if Maria could now speak so securely of her happiness with him, speaking certainly without the prejudice, the blindness of love, she ought to be believed. Her feelings, probably, were not acute; he had never supposed them to be so; but her comforts might not be less on that account; and if she could dispense with seeing her husband a leading, shining character, there would certainly be everything else in her favour. A well-disposed young woman, who did not marry for love, was in general but the more attached to her own family; and the nearness of Sotherton to Mansfield must naturally hold out the greatest temptation, and would, in all probability, be a continual supply of the most amiable and innocent enjoyments. Such and such-like were the reasonings of Sir Thomas, happy to escape the embarrassing evils of a rupture, the wonder, the reflections, the reproach that must attend it; happy to secure a marriage which would bring him such an addition of respectability and influence, and very happy to think anything of his daughter's disposition that was most favourable for the purpose.

**SECTION C**  
**John Webster: DUCHESS OF MALFI**

**Either:**

3(a) How far would you agree that stylistically Webster is clearly “declaring the cosmic anarchy in which man lives”?

**Or**

3(b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, paying particular attention to the insights offered into concerns of the play as a whole.

CARDINAL.

We are to part from you; and your own discretion  
Must now be your director.

FERDINAND.                      You are a widow.  
You know already what man is, and therefore

Let not youth, high promotion, eloquence -  
CARDINAL.

No, nor anything without the addition “honour”  
Sway your high blood.

FERDINAND.                      Marry? They are most luxurious  
Will wed twice.

CARDINAL. O, fie!

FERDINAND.                      Their livers are more spotted  
Than Laban's sheep.

DUCHESS.                      Diamonds are of most value,  
They say, that have passed through most jewellers'  
hands.

FERDINAND. Whores by that rule are precious.

DUCHESS.                      Will you hear me?  
I'll never marry.

CARDINAL.                      So most widows say,  
But commonly that motion lasts no longer  
Than the turning of an hour-glass; the funeral sermon  
And it end both together.

FERDINAND. Now hear me -

You live in a rank pasture, here i' th' court.  
There is a kind of honey-dew that's deadly;  
'Twill poison your fame. Look to't. Be not cunning,  
For they whose faces do belie their hearts  
Are witches ere they arrive at twenty years -  
Ay, and give the devil suck.

DUCHESS. This is terrible good counsel.

FERDINAND. Hypocrisy is woven of a fine small thread,  
Subtler than Vulcan's engine; yet, believe 't,  
Your darkest actions - nay, your privatest thoughts,  
Will come to light.

CARDINAL. You may flatter yourself,  
And take your own choice - privately be married  
Under the eaves of night -

FERDINAND. Think't the best voyage  
That e'er you made, like the irregular crab,  
Which, though't goes backward, thinks that it goes  
right

Because it goes its own way. But observe,  
Such weddings may more properly be said  
To be executed than celebrated.

CARDINAL. The marriage night  
Is the entrance into some prison.

FERDINAND. And those joys,  
Those lustful pleasures, are like heavy sleeps  
Which do fore-run man's mischief.

CARDINAL. Fare you well.  
Wisdom begins at the end: remember it.

[Exit.]

DUCHESS.

I think this speech between you both was studied,  
It came so roundly off.

FERDINAND. You are my sister;  
This was my father's poniard. Do you see?

[Shows her a poniard]

I'd be loath to see't look rusty, 'cause 'twas his.  
I would have you give o'er these chargeable revels;  
A visor and a mask are whispering rooms  
That were never built for goodness. Fare ye well.  
And women like that part which, like the lamrey  
Hath ne'er a bone in't.

DUCHESS Fie, sir!

FERDINAND Nay,

I mean that tongue. Variety of courtship –  
What cannot a neat knave with a smooth tale  
Make a woman believe? Farewell, lusty widow.

[Exit.]

DUCHESS. Shall this move me? If all my royal kindred  
Lay in my way unto this marriage,

I'd make them my low footsteps. And even now,  
Even in this hate, as men in some great battles,  
By apprehending danger, have achieved  
Almost impossible actions - I have heard soldiers  
say so –

So I, through frights and threatenings will assay  
This dangerous venture. Let old wives report  
I winked and chose a husband. Cariola,  
To thy known secrecy I have given up  
More than my life - my fame.

--- End of Paper ---