



**HWA CHONG INSTITUTION**  
**JC 2 PRELIMINARY PAPER**  
**Higher 2**

**CANDIDATE  
NAME**

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**CT GROUP**

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**CENTRE  
NUMBER**

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**INDEX  
NUMBER**

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**9748/01**

**30 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 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 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.

**DO NOT** WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

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 your work securely together.

**Submit your answer to each section separately.**

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

## Section A

1

**Either (a)** Write a critical comparison of the following poems. Pay close attention to the ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of love.

**A** POEM I WROTE SITTING ACROSS THE TABLE FROM YOU

if I had two nickels to rub together  
I would rub them together

like a kid rubs sticks together  
until friction made combustion

and they burned 5  
a hole in my pocket

into which I would put my hand  
and then my arm

and eventually my whole self— 10  
I would fold myself

into the hole in my pocket and disappear  
into the pocket of myself, or at least my pants

but before I did  
like some ancient star

I'd grab your hand 15

Kevin Varrone (1970—)

**B** THE LETTER

Little cramped words scrawling all over the paper  
Like draggled fly's legs,  
What can you tell of the flaring moon  
Through the oak leaves? 5  
Or of my uncertain window and the bare floor

Spattered with moonlight?  
Your silly quirks and twists have nothing in them  
Of blossoming hawthorns,  
And this paper is dull, crisp, smooth, virgin of loveliness 10  
Beneath my hand.

I am tired, Beloved, of chafing my heart against  
The want of you;  
Of squeezing it into little inkdrops,  
And posting it. 15  
And I scald alone, here, under the fire  
Of the great moon.

Amy Lowell (1874 – 1925)

- Or (b) Write a critical comparison of the following poems. Pay close attention to the ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of war.

A THE VETERAN

We came upon him sitting in the sun—  
Blinded by war, and left. And past the fence  
Wandered young soldiers from the Hand & Flower,  
Asking advice of his experience.

And he said this and that, and told them tales;  
And all the nightmares of each empty head  
Blew into air. Then, hearing us beside—  
“Poor kids, how do they know what it's like?” he said.

And we stood there, and watched him as he sat  
Turning his sockets where they went away;  
Until it came to one of us to ask  
“And you're—how old?”

“Nineteen the third of May.”

Margaret I. Postgate (1893–1980)

B VETERANS OF THE SEVENTIES

His army jacket bore the white rectangle  
of one who has torn off his name. He sat mute  
at the round table where the trip-wire veterans  
ate breakfast. They were foxhole buddies  
who went stateside without leaving the war.  
They had the look of men who held their breath  
and now their tongues. What is to say  
beyond that said by the fathers who bent lower  
and lower as the war went on, spines curving  
toward the ground on which sons sat sandbagged  
with ammo belts enough to make fine lace  
of enemy flesh and blood. Now these who survived,  
who got back in cargo planes emptied at the front,  
lived hiddenly in the woods behind fence wires  
strung through tin cans. Better an alarm  
than the constant nightmare of something moving  
on its belly to make your skin crawl  
with the sensory memory of foxhole living.

Marvin Bell (1937–)

## Section B

EDITH WHARTON: *The Age of Innocence*

2

- Either (a)** Critically examine the significance of Newland Archer being a “dilettante” in *The Age of Innocence*.
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Wharton’s presentation of travel here and elsewhere in the novel.

"It's all very well for you, Newland; you *know* them. But I shall feel so shy among a lot of people I've never met. And what shall I wear?"

Newland leaned back in his chair and smiled at her. She looked handsomer and more Diana-like than ever. The moist English air seemed to have deepened the bloom of her cheeks and softened the slight hardness of her virginal features; or else it was simply the inner glow of happiness, shining through like a light under ice. 5

"Wear, dearest? I thought a trunkful of things had come from Paris last week."

"Yes, of course. I meant to say that I shan't know *which* to wear." She pouted a little. "I've never dined out in London; and I don't want to be ridiculous."

He tried to enter into her perplexity. "But don't Englishwomen dress just like everybody else in the evening?" 10

"Newland! How can you ask such funny questions? When they go to the theatre in old ball-dresses and bare heads."

"Well, perhaps they wear new ball-dresses at home; but at any rate Mrs. Carfry and Miss Harle won't. They'll wear caps like my mother's—and shawls; very soft shawls." 15

"Yes; but how will the other women be dressed?" "Not as well as you, dear," he rejoined, wondering what had suddenly developed in her Janey's morbid interest in clothes.

She pushed back her chair with a sigh. "That's dear of you, Newland; but it doesn't help me much." 20

He had an inspiration. "Why not wear your wedding- dress? That can't be wrong, can it?"

"Oh, dearest! If I only had it here! But it's gone to Paris to be made over for next winter, and Worth hasn't sent it back."

"Oh, well—" said Archer, getting up. "Look here—the fog's lifting. If we made a dash for the National Gallery we might manage to catch a glimpse of the pictures." 25

The Newland Archers were on their way home, after a three months' wedding-tour which May, in writing to her girl friends, vaguely summarised as "blissful."

They had not gone to the Italian Lakes: on reflection, Archer had not been able to picture his wife in that particular setting. Her own inclination (after a month with the Paris dressmakers) was for mountaineering in July and swimming in August. This plan they punctually fulfilled, spending July at Interlaken and Grindelwald, and August at a little place called Etretat, on the Normandy coast, which some one had recommended as quaint and quiet. Once or twice, in the mountains, Archer had pointed southward and said: "There's Italy"; and May, her feet in a gentian-bed, had smiled cheerfully, and replied: "It would be lovely to go there next winter, if only you didn't have to be in New York." 30 35

But in reality travelling interested her even less than he had expected. She regarded it (once her clothes were ordered) as merely an enlarged opportunity for walking,

riding, swimming, and trying her hand at the fascinating new game of lawn tennis; and when they finally got back to London (where they were to spend a fortnight while he ordered *his* clothes) she no longer concealed the eagerness with which she looked forward to sailing. 40

In London nothing interested her but the theatres and the shops; and she found the theatres less exciting than the Paris *cafés chantants* where, under the blossoming horse-chestnuts of the Champs Elysées, she had had the novel experience of looking down from the restaurant terrace on an audience of "cocottes," and having her husband interpret to her as much of the songs as he thought suitable for bridal ears. 45

Chapter 20

GRAHAM SWIFT: *Waterland*

3

- Either** (a) Consider the ways in which the characteristics of the landscape of *Waterland* contribute its central concerns and ideas.
- Or** (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the ways and means by which the significance of 'reality' is highlighted both here and elsewhere in the novel.

BUT THERE'S another theory of reality, quite different from that which found its way into my fraught after-school meeting with Lewis. Reality's not strange, not unexpected. Reality doesn't reside in the sudden hallucination of events. Reality is uneventfulness, vacancy, flatness. Reality is that nothing happens. How many of the events of history have occurred, ask yourselves, for this and for that reason, but for no other reason, fundamentally, than the desire to make things happen? I present to you History, the fabrication, the diversion, the reality-obscuring drama. History, and its near relative, Histrionics...

5

And did I not bid you remember that for each protagonist who once stepped on to the stage of so-called historical events, there were thousands, millions, who never entered the theatre – who never knew that the show was running – who got on with the donkey-work of coping with reality?

10

True, true. But it doesn't stop there. Because each one of those numberless non-participants was doubtless concerned with raising in the flatness of his own unsung existence his own personal stage, his own props and scenery – for there are very few of us who can be, for any length of time, merely realistic. So there's no escaping it: even if we miss the grand repertoire of history, we yet imitate it in miniature and endorse, in miniature, its longing for presence, for feature, for purpose, for content.

15

And there's no saying what consequences we won't risk, what reactions to our actions, what repercussions, what brick towers built to be knocked down, what chasings of our own tails, what chaos we won't assent to in order to assure ourselves that, none the less, things are happening. And there's no saying what heady potions we won't concoct, what meanings, myths, manias we won't imbibe in order to convince ourselves that reality is not an empty vessel.

20

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Once upon a time the future Mrs Crick – who was then called Metcalf – as a result of certain events which took place while she was still, like some of you, a schoolgirl, decided to withdraw from the world and devote herself to a life of solitude, atonement and (which was only making a virtue of necessity) celibacy. Not even she has ever said how far God came into this lonely vigil. But three and a half years later she emerged from these self-imposed cloisters to marry a prospective history teacher (an old and once intimate acquaintance), Tom Crick. She put aside her sackcloth and sanctity and revealed in their stead what this now ex-history teacher (who is no longer sure what's real and what isn't) would have called then a capacity for realism. For she never spoke again, at least not for many years, of that temporary communing with On High.

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But it must have been always there, lurking, latent, ripening like some dormant, forgotten seed. Because in the year 1979, a woman of fifty-two, she suddenly began looking again for Salvation. She began this love-affair, this liaison – much to the perplexity of her husband (from whom she could not keep it a secret) – with God. And it was when this liaison reached a critical – in the usual run of liaisons not unfamiliar, but in this case quite incredible – pitch, that your astounded and

40

forsaken history teacher, prompted as he was by the challenging remarks of a student called Price, ceased to teach history and started to offer you, instead, these fantastic but-true, these believe-it-or-not-but-it-happened Tales of the Fens. 45

Children, women are equipped with a miniature model of reality: an empty but fillable vessel. A vessel in which much can be made to happen, and to issue in consequence. In which dramas can be brewed, things can be hatched out of nothing. And it was Tom Crick, history-teacher-to-be, who, during the middle years of the Second World War, not knowing what repercussions, what reactions, and not without rivals (though none of them was God), was responsible for filling the then avid and receptive vessel of Mary Metcalf, later Mrs Crick. 50

But on the afternoon of July the twenty-sixth, 1943, he was about to know what repercussions.

55

Chapter 6

## Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

4

**Either (a)** "I was afraid maybe..." (Act 2) How far do you agree that Arthur Miller presents fear as the catalyst for tragedy in *All My Sons*?

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Miller's presentation of women and domesticity here and elsewhere in the play.

[MOTHER *appears on porch. She is in her early fifties, a woman of uncontrolled inspirations and an overwhelming capacity for love.*]

MOTHER: Joe?

CHRIS: [*going toward porch*] Hello, Mom.

MOTHER: [*indicating house behind her. To KELLER*] Did you take a bag from under the sink? 5

KELLER: Yeah, I put it in the pail.

MOTHER: Well, get it out of the pail. That's my potatoes. [*CHRIS bursts out laughing. Goes up into alley.*]

KELLER: [*laughing*] I thought it was garbage. 10

MOTHER: Will you do me a favor, Joe? Don't be helpful.

KELLER: I can afford another bag of potatoes.

MOTHER: Minnie scoured that pail in boiling water last night. It's cleaner than your teeth.

KELLER: And I don't understand why, after I worked forty years and I got a maid, why I have to take out the garbage. 15

MOTHER: If you would make up your mind that every back in the kitchen isn't full of garbage you wouldn't be throwing out my vegetables. Last time it was the onions. [*CHRIS comes on, hands her bag.*]

KELLER: I don't like garbage in the house. 20

MOTHER: Then don't eat. [*She goes into the kitchen with bag*]

CHRIS: That settles you for today.

KELLER: Yeah, I'm in last place again. I don't know, once upon a time I used to think that when I got money again I would have a maid and my wife would take it easy. Now I got money, and I got a maid, and my wife is workin' for the maid. [*He sits in one of the chairs MOTHER comes out on last line. She carries a pot of string beans.*] 25

MOTHER: It's her day off, what are you crabbing about?

CHRIS: [*to MOTHER*] Isn't Annie finished eating?

MOTHER: [*looking around preoccupiedly at yard*] She'll be right out. [*Moves*] That wind did some job on this place. [*Of the tree*] So much for that, thank God. 30

KELLER: [*indicating chair beside him*] Sit down, take it easy.

MOTHER: [*pressing her hand to top of her head*] I've got such a funny pain on the top of my head.

CHRIS: Can I get you an aspirin? 35

MOTHER: [*picks a few petals off ground, stands there smelling them in her hand, then sprinkles them over plants.*] No more roses. It's so funny... everything decides to happen at the same time. This month is his birthday, his tree



blows down, Annie comes. Everything that happened seems to be coming back. I was just down the cellar, and what do I stumble over? His baseball glove. I haven't seen it in a century. 40

CHRIS: Don't you think Annie looks well?

MOTHER: Fine. There's no question about it. She's a beauty... I still don't know what brought her here. Not that I'm not glad to see her, but...

CHRIS: I just thought we'd all like to see each other again. [MOTHER *just looks at him, nodding ever so slightly, almost as though admitting something*] And I wanted to see her myself. 45

MOTHER: [as her nods halt, to KELLER] The only think is I think her nose got longer. But I'll always love that girl. She's one that didn't jump into bed with somebody else as soon as it happened with her fella. 50

KELLER: [as though that were impossible for Annie] Oh, what're you...

MOTHER: Never mind. Most of them didn't wait till the telegrams were opened. I'm just glad she came, so you can see I'm not completely out of my mind. [Sits, and rapidly breaks string beans in the pot]

Act 1

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*****5**

- Either (a)** The trio of articulate women who dominate *Twelfth Night* transform the conventional Elizabethan ideal of a woman into an elusive fantasy that is freely exploited for their own ends.'

In the light of this quotation, examine the presentation of gender in *Twelfth Night*.

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

<i>Viola:</i>	Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?	
<i>Feste:</i>	No, sir, I live by the church.	
<i>Viola:</i>	Art thou a churchman?	
<i>Feste:</i>	No such matter, sir. I do live by the church for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.	5
<i>Viola:</i>	So thou mayst say the king lies by a beggar if a beggar dwell near him, or the church stands by thy tabor if thy tabor stand by the church.	
<i>Feste:</i>	You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a chev'rel glove to a good wit, how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward.	10
<i>Viola:</i>	Nay, that's certain. They that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.	
<i>Feste:</i>	I would, therefore my sister had had no name, sir.	
<i>Viola:</i>	Why, man?	15
<i>Feste:</i>	Why sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.	
<i>Viola:</i>	Thy reason, man?	
<i>Feste:</i>	Troth sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them.	20
<i>Viola:</i>	I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.	
<i>Feste:</i>	Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.	25
<i>Viola:</i>	Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?	
<i>Feste:</i>	No indeed sir, the Lady Olivia has no folly, she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings—the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.	30
<i>Viola:</i>	I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.	
<i>Feste:</i>	Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.	
<i>Viola:</i>	Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, ( <i>giving money</i> ) there's expenses for thee.	35
<i>Feste:</i>	Now Jove in his next commodity of hair send thee a beard.	
<i>Viola:</i>	By my troth I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on <i>my</i> chin. Is thy lady within?	
<i>Feste:</i>	Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?	40

*Viola:* Yes, being kept together and put to use.  
*Feste:* I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

*Viola:* (*Giving money*) I understand you, sir, 'tis well begged.  
*Feste:* The matter I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come. Who you are and what you would are out of my welkin—I might say 'element', but the word is over-worn. 45

*Exit*

*Viola:* This fellow is wise enough to play the fool, 50  
 And to do that well craves a kind of wit.  
 He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
 The quality of persons, and the time,  
 And like the haggard, check at every feather 55  
 That comes before his eye. This is a practice  
 As full of labour as a wise man's art,  
 For folly that he wisely shows is fit,  
 But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Act 3, Scene 1

**END**

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