

RAFFLES INSTITUTION

2018 YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

HIGHER 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

Tuesday 11 September 2018

**3 hours
1330 – 1630**

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 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 CT group 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 **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 tie your answer sheets to each section securely.
Hand in your answers separately.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

Section A

1

Either (a) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of isolation.

A THE CLOWN

Others are noble and admired –
 The ones who walk the tightrope without nets,
 The one who goes inside the lion's cage,
 And all the grave, audacious acrobats.
 Away from fear and rage 5
 He simply is the interval for tired

People who cannot bear
 Too much excitement. They can see in him
 Their own lost innocence or else their fear
 (For him no metal bars or broken limb). 10
 Have they forgotten that it takes as much
 Boldness to tumble, entertain and jest
 When loneliness walks tightropes in your breast
 And every joke is like a wild beast's touch?

Elizabeth Jennings (1926 – 2001)

B NOT WAVING BUT DROWNING

Nobody heard him, the dead man,
 But still he lay moaning:
 I was much further out than you thought
 And not waving but drowning.

Poor chap, he always loved larking 5
 And now he's dead
 It must have been too cold for him his heart gave way,
 They said.

Oh, no no no, it was too cold always 10
 (Still the dead one lay moaning)
 I was much too far out all my life
 And not waving but drowning.

Stevie Smith (1902 – 1971)

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

A AFTER THE RAIN

Bright is the air now,
 someone has hung diamonds on the trees;
 the leaves lie wetly furled
 where the wind has hurled them earthward
 and the rain 5
 crumpled them to obedience;
 this is the time the oriole turns
 anxious for its flimsy nest,
 but still its throat is sweet
 above the fluttering in its breast. 10
 The pools that divided the lawn
 in miniature padifields
 are dwindled to a winking milky way,
 and there, beneath the fig tree
 heavy with fruit 15
 the ripe figs bloat,
 like scarlet pincushions on the pond.
 Even the fish flash a more silvery scale
 in the lucent water.

To the gate down the road 20
 a schoolboy comes,
 drenched to the skin,
 but with a gleam in his eye,
 and whistling,
 not knowing why. 25

Lee Tzu Pheng (1946 –)

B AFTER LONG DROUGHT

After long drought, commotion in the sky;
 After dead silence, thunder. Then it comes,
 The rain. It slashes leaves, and doubly drums
 On tin and shingle; beats and bends awry
 The flower heads; puddles dust, and with a sigh 5
 Like love sinks into grasses, where it hums
 As bees did once, among chrysanthemums
 And asters when the summer thought to die.

The whole world dreamed of this, and has it now. 10
 Nor was the waking easy. The dull root
 Is jealous of its death; the sleepy brow
 Smiles in its slumber; and a heart can fear
 The very flood it longed for, roaring near.
 The spirit best remembers being mute.

Mark Van Doren (1894 – 1972)

[Turn over

Section B

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

2

Either (a) 'Austen distrusts the superficial while recognising its social necessity.' Discuss.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of the relationship between Lady Catherine de Bourgh and Elizabeth Bennet, here and elsewhere in the novel.

"Miss Bennet, there seemed to be a prettyish kind of a little wilderness on one side of your lawn. I should be glad to take a turn in it, if you will favour me with your company."

"Go, my dear," cried her mother, "and shew her ladyship about the different walks. I think she will be pleased with the hermitage."

5

Elizabeth obeyed, and running into her own room for her parasol, attended her noble guest down stairs. As they passed through the hall, Lady Catherine opened the doors into the dining-parlour and drawing-room, and pronouncing them, after a short survey, to be decent looking rooms, walked on.

Her carriage remained at the door, and Elizabeth saw that her waiting-woman was in it. They proceeded in silence along the gravel walk that led to the copse; Elizabeth was determined to make no effort for conversation with a woman who was now more than usually insolent and disagreeable.

10

"How could I ever think her like her nephew?" said she, as she looked in her face.

As soon as they entered the copse, Lady Catherine began in the following manner:—

15

"You can be at no loss, Miss Bennet, to understand the reason of my journey hither. Your own heart, your own conscience, must tell you why I come."

Elizabeth looked with unaffected astonishment.

"Indeed, you are mistaken, Madam. I have not been at all able to account for the honour of seeing you here."

20

"Miss Bennet," replied her ladyship, in an angry tone, "you ought to know, that I am not to be trifled with. But however insincere *you* may choose to be, you shall not find *me* so. My character has ever been celebrated for its sincerity and frankness, and in a cause of such moment as this, I shall certainly not depart from it. A report of a most alarming nature reached me two days ago. I was told, that not only your sister was on the point of being most advantageously married, but that *you*, that Miss Elizabeth Bennet, would, in all likelihood, be soon afterwards united to my nephew, my own nephew, Mr. Darcy. Though I *know* it must be a scandalous falsehood, though I would not injure him so much as to suppose the truth of it possible, I instantly resolved on setting off for this place, that I might make my sentiments known to you."

25

"If you believed it impossible to be true," said Elizabeth, colouring with astonishment and disdain, "I wonder you took the trouble of coming so far. What could your ladyship propose by it?"

30

"At once to insist upon having such a report universally contradicted."

35

"Your coming to Longbourn, to see me and my family," said Elizabeth coolly, "will be rather a confirmation of it; if, indeed, such a report is in existence."

"If! do you then pretend to be ignorant of it? Has it not been industriously circulated by yourselves? Do you not know that such a report is spread abroad?" 40

"I never heard that it was."

"And can you likewise declare, that there is no *foundation* for it?"

"I do not pretend to possess equal frankness with your ladyship. You may ask questions which I shall not choose to answer."

"This is not to be borne. Miss Bennet, I insist on being satisfied. Has he, has my nephew, made you an offer of marriage?" 45

"Your ladyship has declared it to be impossible."

"It ought to be so; it must be so, while he retains the use of his reason. But *your* arts and allurements may, in a moment of infatuation, have made him forget what he owes to himself and to all his family. You may have drawn him in." 50

"If I have, I shall be the last person to confess it."

Chapter 56

[Turn over

F SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

3

Either (a) 'A novel of misguided dreams and misplaced values'.

Discuss this view of *The Great Gatsby*

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

The largest of the banners and the largest of the lawns belonged to Daisy Fay's house. She was just eighteen, two years older than me, and by far the most popular of all the young girls in Louisville. She dressed in white, and had a little white roadster, and all day long the telephone rang in her house and excited young officers from Camp Taylor demanded the privilege of monopolizing her that night. "Anyways, for an hour!" 5

When I came opposite her house that morning her white roadster was beside the curb, and she was sitting in it with a lieutenant I had never seen before. They were so engrossed in each other that she didn't see me until I was five feet away.

"Hello, Jordan," she called unexpectedly. "Please come here." 10

I was flattered that she wanted to speak to me, because of all the older girls I admired her most. She asked me if I was going to the Red Cross and make bandages. I was. Well, then, would I tell them that she couldn't come that day? The officer looked at Daisy while she was speaking, in a way that every young girl wants to be looked at sometime, and because it seemed romantic to me I have remembered the incident ever since. His name was Jay Gatsby, and I didn't lay eyes on him again for over four years — even after I'd met him on Long Island I didn't realize it was the same man. 15

That was nineteen-seventeen. By the next year I had a few beaux myself, and I began to play in tournaments, so I didn't see Daisy very often. She went with a slightly older crowd — when she went with anyone at all. Wild rumors were circulating about her — how her mother had found her packing her bag one winter night to go to New York and say good-bye to a soldier who was going overseas. She was effectually prevented, but she wasn't on speaking terms with her family for several weeks. After that she didn't play around with the soldiers any more, but only with a few flat-footed, short-sighted young men in town, who couldn't get into the army at all. 20 25

By the next autumn she was gay again, gay as ever. She had a debut after the armistice, and in February she was presumably engaged to a man from New Orleans. In June she married Tom Buchanan of Chicago, with more pomp and circumstance than Louisville ever knew before. He came down with a hundred people in four private cars, and hired a whole floor of the Muhlbach Hotel, and the day before the wedding he gave her a string of pearls valued at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. 30

I was bridesmaid. I came into her room half an hour before the bridal dinner, and found her lying on her bed as lovely as the June night in her flowered dress — and as drunk as a monkey. She had a bottle of Sauterne in one hand and a letter in the other. 35

"Gratulate me," she muttered. "Never had a drink before, but oh how I do enjoy it."

"What's the matter, Daisy?"

I was scared, I can tell you; I'd never seen a girl like that before.

"Here, deares'." She groped around in a waste-basket she had with her on the bed and pulled out the string of pearls. "Take 'em down-stairs and give 'em back to whoever they belong to. Tell 'em all Daisy's change' her mine. Say: 'Daisy's change' her mine!" 40

She began to cry — she cried and cried. I rushed out and found her mother's maid, and we locked the door and got her into a cold bath. She wouldn't let go of the letter. She took it into the tub with her and squeezed it up into a wet ball, and only let me leave it in the soap-dish when she saw that it was coming to pieces like snow. 45

But she didn't say another word. We gave her spirits of ammonia and put ice on her forehead and hooked her back into her dress, and half an hour later, when we walked out of the room, the pearls were around her neck and the incident was over. Next day at five o'clock she married Tom Buchanan without so much as a shiver, and started off on a three months' trip to the South Seas. 50

I saw them in Santa Barbara when they came back, and I thought I'd never seen a girl so mad about her husband. If he left the room for a minute she'd look around uneasily, and say: "Where's Tom gone?" and wear the most abstracted expression until she saw him coming in the door. She used to sit on the sand with his head in her lap by the hour, rubbing her fingers over his eyes and looking at him with unfathomable delight. It was touching to see them together — it made you laugh in a hushed, fascinated way. That was in August. A week after I left Santa Barbara Tom ran into a wagon on the Ventura road one night, and ripped a front wheel off his car. The girl who was with him got into the papers, too, because her arm was broken — she was one of the chambermaids in the Santa Barbara Hotel. 55 60

Chapter 4

[Turn over

Section C

TOM STOPPARD: *Arcadia*

4

- Either (a)** To what extent would you agree with the accusation that Stoppard is ‘little more than a brilliant manipulator of ideas, but with no heart’?
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of time here and elsewhere in the play.

	<i>The music changes to party music from the marquee. And there are fireworks – small against the sky, distant flares of light like exploding meteors.</i>	
	<i>Hannah enters. She has dressed for the party. The difference is not, however, dramatic. She closes the door and crosses to leave by the garden door. But as she gets there, Valentine is entering. He has a glass of wine in his hand.</i>	5
Hannah:	Oh...	
	<i>But Valentine merely brushes past her, intent on something, and half-drunk.</i>	10
Valentine	[to her]: Got it!	
	<i>He goes straight to the table and roots about in what is now a considerable mess of papers, books and objects. Hannah turns back, puzzled by his manner. He finds what he has been looking for – the ‘diagram’.</i>	15
	<i>Meanwhile Septimus reading Thomasina’s essay, also studies the diagram.</i>	
	<i>Septimus and Valentine study the diagram doubled by time.</i>	
Valentine:	It’s heat.	
Hannah:	Are you tight, Val?	20
Valentine:	It’s a diagram of heat exchange.	
Septimus:	So, we are all doomed!	
Thomasina	[cheerfully]: Yes.	
Valentine:	Like a steam engine, you see –	
	<i>Hannah fills Septimus’s glass from the same decanter, and sips from it.</i>	25
	<i>She didn’t have the maths, not remotely. She saw what things meant, way ahead, like seeing a picture.</i>	
Septimus:	This is not science. This is story-telling.	
Thomasina:	Is it a waltz now?	30
Septimus:	No.	
	<i>The music is still modern.</i>	
Valentine:	Like a film.	
Hannah:	What did she see?	
Valentine:	That you can’t run the film backwards. Heat was the first thing which didn’t work that way. Not like Newton. A film of a pendulum, or a ball falling through the air – backwards, it looks the same.	35
Hannah:	The ball would be going the wrong way.	

<i>Valentine:</i>	You'd have to know that. But with heat – friction – a ball breaking a window –	40
<i>Hannah:</i>	Yes.	
<i>Valentine:</i>	It won't work backwards.	
<i>Hannah:</i>	Who thought it did?	
<i>Valentine:</i>	She saw why. You can put back the bits of glass but you can't collect up the heat of the smash. It's gone.	45
<i>Septimus:</i>	So the Improved Newtonian Universe must cease and grow cold. Dear me.	
<i>Valentine:</i>	The heat goes into the mix. [<i>He gestures to indicate the air in the room, in the universe.</i>]	50
<i>Thomasina:</i>	Yes, we must hurry if we are going to dance.	
<i>Valentine:</i>	And everything is mixing the same way, all the time, irreversibly...	
<i>Septimus:</i>	Oh, we have time, I think.	
<i>Valentine:</i>	...till there is no time left. That's what time means.	55
<i>Septimus:</i>	When we have found all the mysteries and lost all the meaning, we will be alone, on an empty shore.	
<i>Thomasina:</i>	Then we will dance. Is this a waltz?	
<i>Septimus:</i>	It will serve. [<i>He stands up</i>]	
<i>Thomasina</i>	[<i>jumping up</i>]: Goody! <i>Septimus take her in his arms carefully and the waltz lesson to the music from the marquee, begins.</i>	60

Scene 7

[Turn over

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *Saint Joan*

5

Either (a) 'The play demonstrates that while all society is founded on intolerance, all improvement is founded on tolerance.'

How far do you agree with this comment on *Saint Joan*?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, paying particular attention to its dramatic effects and significance.

Warwick:	Oh, I am intruding. I thought it was all over. [<i>He makes a feint of retiring</i>].	
Cauchon:	Do not go, my lord. It is all over.	
The Inquisitor:	The execution is not in our hands, my lord; but it is desirable that we should witness the end. So by your leave — [<i>He bows, and goes out through the courtyard</i>].	5
Cauchon:	There is some doubt whether your people have observed the forms of law, my lord.	
Warwick:	I am told that there is some doubt whether your authority runs in this city, my lord. It is not in your diocese. However, if you will answer for that I will answer for the rest.	10
Cauchon:	It is to God that we both must answer. Good morning, my lord.	
Warwick:	My lord: good morning. <i>They look at one another for a moment with unconcealed hostility. Then CAUCHON follows THE INQUISITOR out. WARWICK looks round. Finding himself alone, he calls for attendance.</i>	15
Warwick:	Hallo: some attendance here! [<i>Silence</i>]. Hallo, there! [<i>Silence</i>]. Hallo! Brian, you young blackguard, where are you? [<i>Silence</i>]. Guard! [<i>Silence</i>]. They have all gone to see the burning: even that child. <i>The silence is broken by someone frantically howling and sobbing.</i>	20
Warwick:	What in the devil's name —? <i>THE CHAPLAIN staggers in from the courtyard like a demented creature, his face streaming with tears, making the piteous sounds that Warwick has heard. He stumbles to the prisoner's stool, and throws himself upon it with heartrending sobs.</i>	25
Warwick:	[<i>going to him and patting him on the shoulder</i>] What is it, Master John? What is the matter?	30
The Chaplain:	[<i>clutching at his hand</i>] My lord, my lord: for Christ's sake pray for my wretched guilty soul.	
Warwick:	[<i>soothing him</i>] Yes, yes: of course I will. Calmly, gently —	35
The Chaplain:	[<i>blubbing miserably</i>] I am not a bad man, my lord.	
Warwick:	No, no: not at all.	
The Chaplain:	I meant no harm. I did not know what it would be like.	40

Warwick: [hardening]
 Oh! You saw it, then?
The Chaplain: I did not know what I was doing. I am a hot-headed fool; and I shall be damned to all eternity for it.
Warwick: Nonsense! Very distressing, no doubt; but it was not your doing. 45
The Chaplain: [lamentably]
 I let them do it. If I had known, I would have torn her from their hands. You don't know: you havnt seen: it is so easy to talk when you dont know. You madden yourself with words: you damn yourself because it feels grand to throw oil on the flaming hell of your own temper. But when it is brought home to you; when you see the thing you have done; when it is blinding your eyes, stifling your nostrils, tearing your heart, then — then — [Falling on his knees] O God, take away this sight from me! O Christ, deliver me from this fire that is consuming me! She cried to Thee in the midst of it: Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! She is in Thy bosom; and I am in hell for evermore. 50 55

Scene VI

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