

**H1 Paper1
8811**

SECTION A

Poetry

1 Either

- (a)** Write a critical commentary of the poem below, explaining with close reference to the text how the writer's use of metaphor, voice and form has shaped your understanding of the poem.

Animals Are Passing from Our Lives

It's wonderful how I jog
on four honed-down ivory toes
my massive buttocks slipping
like oiled parts with each light step.

I'm to market. I can smell
the sour, grooved block, I can smell
the blade that opens the hole
and the pudgy white fingers

5

that shake out the intestines
like a hankie. In my dreams
the snouts drool on the marble,
suffering children, suffering flies,

10

suffering the consumers
who won't meet their steady eyes
for fear they could see. The boy
who drives me along believes

15

that any moment I'll fall
on my side and drum my toes
like a typewriter or squeal
and shit like a new housewife

20

discovering television,
or that I'll turn like a beast
cleverly to hook his teeth
with my teeth. No. Not this pig.

Philip Levine (1928 -)

Or

- (b) Write a critical commentary of the poem below, explaining with close reference to the text how the writer conveys the experience of writing through language and style.

The Thought-Fox

I imagine this midnight moment's forest:
Something else is alive
Beside the clock's loneliness
And this blank page where my fingers move.

Through the window I see no star: 5
Something more near
Though deeper within darkness
Is entering the loneliness:

Cold, delicately as the dark snow
A fox's nose touches twig, leaf; 10
Two eyes serve a movement, that now
And again now, and now, and now

Sets neat prints into the snow
Between trees, and warily a lame
Shadow lags by stump and in hollow
Of a body that is bold to come 15

Across clearings, an eye,
A widening deepening greenness,
Brilliantly, concentratedly,
Coming about its own business 20

Till, with a sudden sharp hot stink of fox
It enters the dark hole of the head.
The window is starless still; the clock ticks,
The page is printed.

Ted Hughes (1930-98)

SECTION B

Kazuo Ishiguro: *The Remains of the Day*

2

Either a) 'Tell me, Stevens, don't you care at all?'

Discuss Ishiguro's presentation of Stevens and his relationships in light of the above comment by Reginald Cardinal.

Or b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of dignity, here and elsewhere in the novel.

'That's right, sir,' Mr Harry Smith said, 'You could tell just watching him he was no gentleman. All right, he had a fine house and good suits, but somehow you just knew. And so it proved in good time.'

There was a murmur of agreement, and for a moment all present seemed to be considering whether or not it would be proper to divulge to me the tale concerning this local personage. Then Mr Taylor broke the silence by saying: 5

'That's true what Harry says. You can tell a true gentleman from a false one that's just dressed in finery. Take yourself, sir. It's not just the cut of your clothes, nor is it even the fine way you've got of speaking. There's something else that marks you out as a gentleman. Hard to put your finger on it, but it's plain for all to see that's got eyes.' 10

This brought more sounds of agreement around the table.

'Dr Carlisle's got it too,' Mr Taylor said. 'He's got it. He's a true gent, that one.'

Mr Morgan, who had said little since his arrival, bent forward and said to me: 'What do you suppose it is, sir? Maybe one that's got it can say better what it is. Here we are all talking about who's got it and who hasn't, and we're none the wiser about what we're talking about. Perhaps you could enlighten us a bit, sir.' 15

A silence fell around the table and I could sense all the faces turn to me. I gave a small cough and said:

'It is hardly for me to pronounce upon qualities I may or may not possess. However, as far as this particular question is concerned, one would suspect that the quality being referred to might be most usefully termed "dignity".' 20

I saw little point in attempting to explain this statement further. Indeed, I had merely given voice to the thoughts running through my mind while listening to the preceding talk and it is doubtful I would have said such a thing had the situation not suddenly demanded it of me. My response, however, seemed to cause much satisfaction. 25

'There's a lot of truth in what you say there, sir,' Mr Andrews said, nodding, and a number of other voices echoed this.

'That Mr Lindsay could certainly have done with a little more dignity,' Mrs Taylor said. 'The trouble with his sort is they mistake acting high and mighty for

dignity.'

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'Mind you,' put in My Harry Smith, 'with all respect for what you say, sir, it ought to be said. Dignity isn't just something gentlemen have. Dignity's something every man and woman in this country can strive for and get. You'll excuse me, sir, but like I said before, we don't stand on ceremony here when it comes to expressing opinions. And that's my opinion for what it's worth. Dignity's not just something for gentlemen.'

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I perceived, of course, that Mr Harry Smith and I were rather at cross purposes on this matter, and that it would be far too complicated a task for me to explain myself more clearly to these people. I thus judged it best simply to smile and say: 'Of course, you're quite correct.'

This had the immediate effect of dispelling the slight tension that had built in the room while Mr Harry Smith had been speaking. And Mr Harry Smith himself seemed to lose all inhibitions, for how he leaned forward and continued:

40

'That's what we fought Hitler for, after all. If Hitler had had things his way, we'd all be slaves now. The whole world would be a few masters and millions upon millions of slaves. And I don't need to remind anyone here, there's no dignity to be had in being a slave. There's what we fought for and that's what we won. We won the right to be free citizens. And it's one of the privileges of being born English that no matter who you are, no matter if you're rich or poor, you're born free and you're born so that you can express your opinion freely. That's what dignity's really about, if you'll excuse me, sir.'

45

'Now, now, Harry,' Mr Taylor said. 'I can see you're warming up to one of your political speeches.'

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This brought laughter. Mr Harry Smith smiled a little shyly, but went on:

'I'm not talking politics. I'm just saying, that's all, You can't have dignity if you're a slave. But every Englishman can grasp it if only he cares to. Because we fought for that right.'

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(Day Three – Evening
Moscombe, Near Tavistock, Devon)

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SECTION C

John Webster: *The Duchess of Malfi*

4 **EITHER a)** Discuss the presentation of the marriage between Antonio and the Duchess and the part it plays in the tragedy.

OR b) Consider the dramatic impact of the following scene, and the ways in which it addresses the concerns of the play here and elsewhere.

<i>[Enter Antonio and Delio]</i>		
Antonio	Our noble friend, my most beloved Delio, Oh, you have been a stranger long at court, Came you along with the Lord Ferdinand?	
Delio	I did, sir, and how fares your noble Duchess?	
Antonio	Right fortunately well. She's an excellent Feeder of pedigrees: since you last saw her, She hath had two children more, a son and daughter.	5
Delio	Methinks 'twas yesterday. Let me but wink, And not behold your face, which to mine eye Is somewhat leaner: verily I should dream It were within this half hour.	10
Antonio	You have not been in law, friend Delio, Nor in prison, nor a suitor at the court, Nor begg'd the reversion of some great man's place, Nor troubled with an old wife, which doth make Your time so insensibly hasten.	15
Delio	Pray sir tell me, Hath not this news arriv'd yet to the ear Of the Lord Cardinal?	
Antonio	I fear it hath; The Lord Ferdinand, that's newly come to court, Doth bear himself right dangerously.	20
Delio	Pray why?	
Antonio	He is so quiet, that he seems to sleep The tempest out, as dormice do in winter; Those houses, that are haunted, are most still, Till the devil be up.	25
Delio	What say the common people?	
	The common rabble do directly say	
Antonio	She is a strumpet	30

Delio	And your graver heads, Which would be politic, what censure they?	
Antonio	They do observe I grow to infinite purchase The left-handed way, and all suppose the Duchess Would amend it, if she could. For, say they, Great princes, though they grudge their officers Should have such large and unconfined means To get wealth under them, will not complain Lest thereby they should make them odious Unto the people: for other obligation Of love, of marriage, between her and me, They never dream of.	35 40
	<i>Enter Ferdinand, Duchess and Bosola</i>	
Delio	The Lord Ferdinand Is going to bed.	
Ferdinand	I'll instantly to bed, For I am weary : I am to bespeak A husband for you.	45
Duchess	For me, sir! pray who is't?	
Ferdinand	The great Count Malatesta.	
Duchess	Fie upon him, A count? He's a mere stick of sugar-candy, You may look quite through him: when I choose A husband, I will marry for your honour.	50
Ferdinand	You shall do well in't. How is't, worthy Antonio?	
Duchess	But sir, I am to have private conference with you, About a scandalous report is spread Touching my honour.	55
Ferdinand	Let me be ever deaf to 't: One of Pasquil's paper bullets, court calumny, A pestilent air, which princes' palaces Are seldom purg'd of. Yet, say that it were true, I pour it in your bosom, my fix'd love Would strongly excuse, extenuate, nay deny Faults were they apparent in you. Go, be safe In your own innocence.	60 65
Duchess	Oh bless'd comfort, This deadly air is purg'd [<i>Exeunt Duchess, Antonio, Delio</i>]	

Act 3 sc. 1

End of Examination