



DUNMAN HIGH SCHOOL
General Certificate of Education Advanced Level
Higher 1

YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

CANDIDATE
NAME

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CLASS

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INDEX
NUMBER

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8811/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

16 September 2016

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 of pages in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your class, index number and name 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, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

SECTION A

Answer ONE question in this section.

1

- Either** (a) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's form, style and language.

TISSUE

Paper that lets the light
shine through, this
is what could alter things.
Paper thinned by age or touching,

the kinds you find in well-used books,
the back of the Koran, where a hand
has written in the names and histories,
who was born to whom,

5

the height and weight, who
died where and how, on which sepia date,
pages smoothed and stroked and turned
transparent with attention.

10

If buildings were paper, I might
feel their drift, see how easily
they fall away on a sigh, a shift
in the direction of the wind.

15

Maps too. The sun shines through
their borderlines, the marks
that rivers make, roads
railtracks, mountainfolds,

20

Fine slips from grocery shops
that say how much was sold
and what was paid by credit card
might fly our lives like paper kites.

An architect could use all this,
place layer over layer, luminous
script over numbers over line,
and never wish to build again with brick

25

or block, but let the daylight break
through capitals and monoliths,
through the shapes that pride can make,
find a way to trace a grand design

30

with living tissue, raise a structure
never meant to last,
of paper smoothed and stroked
and thinned to be transparent,

35

turned into your skin.

Imtiaz Dharker (born 1954)

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's form, style and language.

EACH MOMENT A WHITE BULL STEPS SHINING INTO THE WORLD

If the gods bring to you
a strange and frightening creature,
accept the gift
as if it were one you had chosen.

Say the accustomed prayers, 5
oil the hooves well,
caress the small ears with praise.

Have the new halter of woven silver
embedded with jewels.
Spare no expense, pay what is asked, 10
when a gift arrives from the sea.

Treat it as you yourself
would be treated,
brought speechless and naked
into the court of a king. 15

And when the request finally comes,
do not hesitate even an instant ---

Stroke the white throat,
the heavy, trembling dewlaps¹
you'd come to believe were yours, 20
and plunge in the knife.

Not once
did you enter the pasture
without pause,
without yourself trembling. 25
That you came to love it, that was the gift.

Let the envious gods take back what they can.

Jane Hirshfield (born 1953)

¹*dewlaps*: a fold of loose skin hanging from the neck or throat
of an animal or bird, especially that present in many cattle.

SECTION B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

Either (a) 'A novel obsessed with the notion of time.'

How far would you agree with this comment?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Stevens's expectations of being a butler, here and elsewhere in the novel.

Let us establish this quite clearly: a butler's duty is to provide good service. It is not to meddle in the great affairs of the nation. The fact is, such great affairs will always be beyond the understanding of those such as you and I, and those of us who wish to make our mark must realize that we best do so by concentrating on what *is* within our realm; that is to say, by devoting our attention to providing the best possible service to those great gentlemen in whose hands the destiny of civilization truly lies. This may seem obvious, but then one can immediately think of too many instances of butlers who, for a time anyway, thought quite differently. Indeed, Mr Harry Smith's words tonight remind me very much of the sort of misguided idealism which beset significant sections of our generation throughout the twenties and thirties. I refer to that strand of opinion in the profession which suggested that any butler with serious aspirations should make it his business to be forever reappraising his employer - scrutinizing the latter's motives, analysing the implications of his views.' Only in this way, so the argument ran, could one be sure one's skills were being employed to a desirable end. Although one sympathizes to some extent with the idealism contained in such an argument, there can be little doubt that it is the result, like Mr Smith's sentiments tonight, of misguided thinking. One need only look at the butlers who attempted to put such an approach into practice, and one will see that their careers - and in some cases they were highly promising careers - came to nothing as a direct consequence. I personally knew at least two professionals, both of some ability, who went from one employer to the next, forever dissatisfied, never settling anywhere, until they drifted from view altogether. That this should happen is not in the least surprising. For it is, in practice, simply not possible to adopt such a critical attitude towards an employer and at the same time provide good service. It is not simply that one is unlikely to be able to meet the many demands of service at the higher levels while one's attentions are being diverted by such matters; more fundamentally, a butler who is forever attempting to formulate his own 'strong opinions' on his employer's affairs is bound to lack one quality essential in all good professionals: namely, loyalty. Please do not misunderstand me here; I do not refer to the mindless sort of 'loyalty' that mediocre employers bemoan the lack of when they find themselves unable to retain the services of high-calibre professionals. Indeed, I would be among the last to advocate bestowing one's loyalty carelessly on any lady or gentleman who happens to employ one for a time. However, if a butler is to be of any worth to anything or anybody in life, there must surely come a time when he ceases his searching;

a time when he must say to himself: 'This employer embodies all that I find noble and admirable. I will hereafter devote myself to serving him.' This is loyalty *intelligently* bestowed. What is there 'undignified' in this? One is simply accepting an inescapable truth: that the likes of you and I will never be in a position to comprehend the great affairs of today's world, and our best course will always be to put our trust in an employer we judge to be wise and honourable, and to devote our energies to the task of serving him to the best of our ability. Look at the likes of Mr Marshall, say, or Mr Lane - surely two of the greatest figures in our profession. Can we imagine Mr Marshall arguing with Lord Camberley over the latter's latest dispatch to the Foreign Office? Do we admire Mr Lane any the less because we learn he is not in the habit of challenging Sir Leonard Gray before each speech in the House of Commons? Of course we do not. What is there 'undignified', what is there at all culpable in such an attitude? How can one possibly be held to blame in any sense because, say, the passage of time has shown that Lord Darlington's efforts were misguided, even foolish? Throughout the years I served him, it was he and he alone who weighed up evidence and judged it best to proceed in the way he did, while I simply confined myself, quite properly, to affairs within my own professional realm. And as far as I am concerned, I carried out my duties to the best of my abilities, indeed to a standard which many may consider 'first rate'. It is hardly my fault if his lordship's life and work have turned out today to look, at best, a sad waste - and it is quite illogical that I should feel any regret or shame on my own account.

Day Three - Evening

SECTION C

JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi*

3

Either (a) '...Love mixed with fear is the sweetest...' (Act 3, Scene 2)

With reference to the quote, discuss how love is presented as temptation that leads to ruin in the play.

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

Enter *Julia*, aiming a pistol at *Bosola*

Julia: So, sir, you are well met.

Bosola: How now?

Julia: Nay, the doors are fast enough.

Now, sir, I will make you confess your treachery.

Bosola: Treachery? 5

Julia: Yes. Confess to me

Which of my women 'twas you hired to put
Love powder into my drink!

Bosola: Love powder?

Julia: Yes, 10

When I was at Malfi. Why should I fall in love
With such a face else? I have already suffered
For thee so much pain, the only remedy
To do me good is to kill my longing.

Bosola: Sure, your pistol hold nothing but perfumes or
kissing comfits. 15

Excellent lady, you have a pretty way on't
To discover your longing! Come, come – I'll disarm you
And arm you thus. [*Embraces her.*]
Yet this is wondrous strange - 20

Julia: Compare thy form and my eyes together:
You'll find my love no such great miracle.
Now you'll say I am wanton. This nice modesty
In ladies is but a troublesome familiar
That haunts them. 25

Bosola: Know you me? I am a blunt soldier –

Julia: The better.

Sure, there wants fire where there are no lively sparks of
roughness.

Bosola: - And I want compliment. 30

Julia: Why, ignorance

In courtship cannot make you do amiss
If you have a heart to do well.

Bosola: You are very fair.

Julia: Nay, if you lay beauty to my charge, 35
I must plead unguilty.

Bosola: Your bright eyes

Carry a quiver of darts in them sharper than
sunbeams

Julia: You will mar me with commendation 40

Put yourself to the charge of courting me,
Whereas now I woo you.

- Bosola:* – I have it! I will work upon this creature. –
 Let us grow amorously familiar.
 If the great Cardinal now should see me thus, 45
 Would he not count me a villain?
- Julia:* No, he might count me a wanton,
 Not lay a scruple of offence on you.
 For if I see and steal a diamond
 The fault is not i'th' stone, but in me the thief 50
 That purloins it. I am sudden with you:
 We that are great women of pleasure use
 To cut off these uncertain wishes and unquiet longing,
 And in an instant join the sweet delight
 And the pretty excuse together. Had you been in th' street 55
 Under my chamber window, even there
 I should have courted you.
- Bosola:* Oh, you are an excellent lady!
- Julia:* Bid me do somewhat for you presently
 To express I love you. 60
- Bosola:* I will and, if you love me,
 Fail not to effect it. The Cardinal is grown
 Wondrous melancholy. Demand the cause;
 Let him not put you off with feigned excuse.
 Discover the main ground on't. 65
- Julia:* Why would you know this?
- Bosola:* I have depended on him, and I hear
 That he is fallen in some disgrace with the emperor.
 If he be, like the mice that forsake falling houses,
 I would shift to other dependence. 70
- Julia:* You shall not need
 Follow the wars – I'll be your maintenance.
- Bosola:* And I your loyal servant. But I cannot
 Leave my calling.
- Julia:* Not leave an ungrateful general 75
 For the love of a sweet lady? You are like
 Some cannot sleep in featherbeds but must have
 Blocks for their pillows
- Bosola:* Will you do this?
- Julia:* Cunningly. 80
- Bosola:* Tomorrow I'll expect th'intelligence
- Julia:* Tomorrow? Get you into my cabinet.
 You shall have it with you. Do not delay me,
 No more than I do you. I am like one
 That is condemned: I have my pardon promised 85
 But I would see it sealed. Go, get you in.
 You shall see me wind my tongue about his heart
 Like a skein of silk.

(Act 5 Scene 2)

END OF PAPER

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Question 1b © Jane Hirshfield; *Each Moment a White Bull Steps Shining into the World*, 2007 from *The McSweeney's Book of Poets Picking Poets*, published by McSweeney's Books

Question 2 © Kazuo Ishiguro; *The Remains of the Day*; Vintage International Edition; 1993.

Question 3 © John Webster; *The Duchess of Malfi*. Cambridge University Press; 2012.