

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/01**

**Paper 1 Reading Literature**

**23 August 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 (eg. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.**

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your registration 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 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

1

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

## A SONNET

My heart be brave, and do not falter so,  
 Nor utter more that deep, despairing wail.  
 Thy way is very dark and drear I know,  
 But do not let thy strength and courage fail;  
 For certain as the raven-winged night 5  
 Is followed by the bright and blushing morn,  
 Thy coming morrow will be clear and bright;  
 'Tis darkest when the night is furthest worn.  
 Look up, and out, beyond, surrounding clouds,  
 And do not in thine own gross darkness grope, 10  
 Rise up, and casting off thy hind'ring shrouds,  
 Cling thou to this, and ever inspiring hope:  
 Tho' thick the battle and tho' fierce the fight,  
 There is a power making for the right.

James Weldon Johnson (1871-1938)

## B GOOD BONES

Life is short, though I keep this from my children.  
 Life is short, and I've shortened mine  
 in a thousand delicious, ill-advised ways,  
 a thousand deliciously ill-advised ways 5  
 I'll keep from my children. The world is at least  
 fifty percent terrible, and that's a conservative  
 estimate, though I keep this from my children.  
 For every bird there is a stone thrown at a bird.  
 For every loved child, a child broken, bagged,  
 sunk in a lake. Life is short and the world 10  
 is at least half terrible, and for every kind  
 stranger, there is one who would break you,  
 though I keep this from my children. I am trying  
 to sell them the world. Any decent realtor,  
 walking you through a real shithole, chirps on 15  
 about good bones: This place could be beautiful,  
 right? You could make this place beautiful.

Maggie Smith (born 1977)

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

A

## SPRING

To what purpose, April, do you return again?  
 Beauty is not enough.  
 You can no longer quiet me with the redness  
 Of little leaves opening stickily.  
 I know what I know. 5  
 The sun is hot on my neck as I observe  
 The spikes of the crocus.  
 The smell of the earth is good.  
 It is apparent that there is no death.  
 But what does that signify? 10  
 Not only under ground are the brains of men  
 Eaten by maggots.  
 Life in itself  
 Is nothing,  
 An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs. 15  
 It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,  
 April  
 Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers.

Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950)

B

## THE ENKINDLED SPRING

This spring as it comes bursts up in bonfires green,  
 Wild puffing of emerald trees, and flame-filled bushes,  
 Thorn-blossom lifting in wreaths of smoke between  
 Where the wood fumes up and the watery, flickering rushes.

I am amazed at this spring, this conflagration 5  
 Of green fires lit on the soil of the earth, this blaze  
 Of growing, and sparks that puff in wild gyration,  
 Faces of people streaming across my gaze.

And I, what fountain of fire am I among  
 This leaping combustion of spring? My spirit is tossed 10  
 About like a shadow buffeted in the throng  
 Of flames, a shadow that's gone astray, and is lost.

D.H. Lawrence (1885-1930)

## Section B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

Either (a) “Stevens observes, but cannot comprehend.”

How far do you agree with this comment?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it in detail to Stevens’ sense of professionalism here and elsewhere in the novel.

But there is another memory that has remained with me very vividly in relation to this matter. Today, the old banqueting hall no longer contains a table and that spacious room, with its high and magnificent ceiling, serves Mr Farraday well as a sort of gallery. But in his lordship’s day, that room was regularly required, as was the long table that occupied it, to seat thirty or more guests for dinner; in fact, the banqueting hall is so spacious that when necessity demanded it, further tables were added to the existing one to enable almost fifty to be seated. On normal days, of course, Lord Darlington took his meals, as does Mr Farraday today, in the more intimate atmosphere of the dining room, which is ideal for accommodating up to a dozen. But on that particular winter’s night I am recollecting the dining room was for some reason out of use, and Lord Darlington was dining with a solitary guest – I believe it was Sir Richard Fox, a colleague from his lordship’s Foreign Office days – in the vastness of the banqueting hall. You will no doubt agree that the hardest of situations as regards dinner-waiting is when there are just two diners present. I would myself much prefer to wait on just one diner, even if he were a total stranger. It is when there are two diners present, even when one of them is one’s own employer, that one finds it most difficult to achieve that balance between attentiveness and the illusion of absence that is essential to good waiting; it is in this situation that one is rarely free of the suspicion that one’s presence is inhibiting the conversation.

On that occasion, much of the room was in darkness, and the two gentlemen were sitting side by side midway down the table – it being much too broad to allow them to sit facing one another – within the pool of light cast by the candles on the table and the crackling hearth opposite. I decided to minimize my presence by standing in the shadows much further away from table than I might usually have done. Of course, this strategy had a distinct disadvantage in that each time I moved towards the light to serve the gentlemen, my advancing footsteps would echo long and loud before I reached the table, drawing attention to my impending arrival in the most ostentatious manner; but it did have the great merit of making my person only partially visible while I remained stationary. And it was as I was standing like that, in the shadows some distance from where the two gentlemen sat amidst those rows of empty chairs, that I heard Lord Darlington talk about Herr Bremann, his voice as calm and, gentle as usual, somehow resounding with intensity around those great walls.

“He was my enemy,” he was saying, “but he always behaved like a gentleman. We treated each other decently over six months of shelling each other. He was a gentleman doing his job and I bore him no malice.

I said to him: 'Look here, we're enemies now and I'll fight you with all I've got. But when this wretched business is over, we shan't have to be enemies any more and we'll have a drink together.' Wretched thing is, this treaty is making a liar out of me. I mean to say, I told him we wouldn't be enemies once it was all over. But how can I look him in the face and tell him that's turned out to be true?" 45

And it was a little later that same night that his lordship said with some gravity, shaking his head: "I fought that war to preserve justice in this world. As far as I understood, I wasn't taking part in a vendetta against the German race." 50

And when today one hears talk about his lordship, when one hears the sort of foolish speculations concerning his motives as one does all too frequently these days, I am pleased to recall the memory of that moment as he spoke those heartfelt words in the near-empty banqueting hall. Whatever complications arose in his lordship's course over subsequent years, I for one will never doubt that a desire to see "justice in this world" lay at the heart of all his actions. 55

Day Two – Morning  
Salisbury

## Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

**Either (a)** 'Miller's use of the undisturbed normality at the start of the play only serves to make the deepening threat of the remainder more frightening.'

Discuss the effectiveness of the introduction of *All My Sons*.

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

George:	You can't know, you wouldn't be here. Dad came to work that day. The night foreman came to him and showed him the cylinder heads ... they were coming out of the process with defects. There was something wrong with the process. So Dad went directly to the phone and called here and told Joe to come down right away. But the morning passed. No sign of Joe. So Dad called again. By this time he had over a hundred defectives. The Army was screaming for stuff and Dad didn't have anything to ship. So Joe told him ... on the phone he told him to weld, cover up the cracks in any way he could, and ship them out.	5
Chris:	Are you through now?	
George:	[ <i>surging up at him</i> ] I'm not through now! [ <i>Back to Ann</i> ] Dad was afraid. He wanted Joe there if he was going to do it. But Joe can't come down ... he's sick. Sick! He suddenly gets the flu! Suddenly! But he promised to take responsibility. Do you understand what I'm saying? On the telephone you can't have responsibility! In a court you can always deny a phone call and that's exactly what he did. They knew he was a liar the first time, but in the appeal they believed that rotten lie and now Joe is a big shot and your father is the patsy. [ <i>He gets up.</i> ] Now what're you going to do? Eat his food, sleep in his bed? Answer me; what're you going to do?	10 15 20
Chris:	What're you going to do, George?	
George:	He's too smart for me, I can't prove a phone call.	25
Chris:	Then how dare you come in here with that rot?	
Ann:	George, the court ...	
George:	The court didn't know your father! But you know him. You know in your heart Joe did it.	
Chris:	[ <i>whirling him around</i> ] Lower your voice or I'll throw you out of here!	30
George:	She knows. She knows.	
Chris:	[ <i>to Ann</i> ] Get him out of here, Ann. Get him out of here.	
Ann:	George, I know everything you've said. Dad told that whole thing in court, and they ...	35
George:	[ <i>almost a scream</i> ] The court did not know him Annie!	
Ann:	Shhh! – But he'll say anything, George. You know how quick he can lie.	
George:	[ <i>turning to Chris, with deliberation</i> ] I'll ask you something, and look me in the eye when you answer me.	40
Chris:	I'll look you in the eye.	

George: You know your father ...

Chris: I know him well.

George: And he's the kind of boss to let a hundred and twenty-one cylinder heads be repaired and shipped out of his shop without even knowing about it? 45

Chris: He's that kind of boss.

George: And that's the same Joe Keller who never left his shop without first going around to see that all the lights were out.

Chris: *[with growing anger]* The same Joe Keller. 50

George: The same man who knows how many minutes a day his workers spend in the toilet.

Chris: The same man.

George: And my father, that frightened mouse who'd never buy a shirt without somebody along – that man would dare to do such a thing on his own? 55

Chris: On his own. And because he's a frightened mouse this is another thing he'd do; – throw the blame on somebody else because he's not man enough to take it himself. He tried it in court but it didn't work, but with a fool like you it works! 60

George: Oh, Chris, you're a liar to yourself!

Ann: *[deeply shaken]* Don't talk like that!

Chris: *[sits facing George]* Tell me, George. What happened? The court record was good enough for you all these years, why isn't it good now? Why did you believe it all these years? 65

George: *[after a slight pause]* Because you believed it ... That's the truth, Chris. I believed everything, because I thought you did. But today I heard it from his mouth. From his mouth it's altogether different from the record. Anyone who knows him, and knows your father, will believe it from his mouth. Your Dad took everything we have. I can't beat that. But she's one item he's not going to grab. 70

Act 2