



LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9748/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

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

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your Centre number, 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.

Begin each essay on a fresh sheet of paper.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, tie each essay **separately**.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **7** printed pages.



2
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 nature.

A **THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US**

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;—
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon; 5
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn; 10
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea¹,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus² rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton³ blow his wreathèd horn.

William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

B **REPORT TO WORDSWORTH**

You should be here, Nature has need of you.
She has been laid waste. Smothered by the smog,
the flowers are mute, and the birds are few
in a sky slowing like a dying clock.
All hopes of Proteus rising from the sea 5
have sunk; he is entombed in the waste
we dump. Triton's notes struggle to be free,
his famous horns are choked, his eyes are dazed,
and Neptune⁴ lies helpless as a beached whale,
while insatiate man moves in for the kill. 10
Poetry and piety have begun to fail,
as Nature's mighty heart is lying still.
O see the wound widening in the sky,
God is labouring to utter his last cry.

Boey Kim Cheng (b.1965)

¹ Lea: an open area of grassland

² Proteus: a sea-god in Greek mythology.

³ Triton: a sea-god in Greek mythology usually shown using a sea-shell as a horn.

⁴ Neptune: the Roman god of the sea.

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

A FUNERAL BLUES

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with a muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead 5
Scribbling on the sky the message 'He is Dead'.
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West, 10
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood; 15
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

W. H. Auden (1907-1973)

B DO NOT STAND AT MY GRAVE AND WEEP

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain. 5
I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight. 10
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there. I did not die.

Mary Elizabeth Frye (1905 –2004)

Section B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

Either (a) 'Stevens Senior's life is as empty as Stevens' is.'

How far do you agree with this comment on the novel?

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting on the presentation of the conflict between professional and private spheres here and elsewhere in the novel.

'I was just thinking earlier, Miss Kenton. It's rather funny to remember now, but you know, only this time a year ago, you were still insisting you were going to resign. It rather amused me to think of it.' I gave a laugh, but behind me Miss Kenton remained silent. When I finally turned to look at her, she was gazing through the glass at the great expanse of fog outside.

5

'You probably have no idea, Mr Stevens," she said eventually, 'how seriously I really thought of leaving this house. I felt so strongly about what happened. Had I been anyone worthy of any respect at all, I dare say I would have left Darlington Hall long ago.' She paused for a while, and I turned my gaze back out to the poplar trees down in the distance. Then she continued in a tired voice: 'It was cowardice, Mr Stevens. Simple cowardice. Where could I have gone? I have no family. Only my aunt. I love her dearly, but I can't live with her for a day without feeling my whole life is wasting away. I did tell myself, of course, I would soon find some new situation. But I was so frightened, Mr Stevens. Whenever I thought of leaving, I just saw myself going out there and finding nobody who knew or cared about me. There, that's all my high principles amount to. I feel so ashamed of myself. But I just couldn't leave, Mr Stevens. I just couldn't bring myself to leave.'

10

15

Miss Kenton paused again and seemed to be deep in thought. I thus thought it opportune to relate at this point, as precisely as possible, what had taken place earlier between myself and Lord Darlington. I proceeded to do so and concluded by saying:

20

'What's done can hardly be undone. But it is at least a great comfort to hear his lordship declare so unequivocally that it was all a terrible misunderstanding. I just thought you'd like to know, Miss Kenton, since I recall you were as distressed by the episode as I was.'

25

'I'm sorry, Mr Stevens,' Miss Kenton said behind me in an entirely new voice, as though she had just been jolted from a dream, 'I don't understand you.' Then as I turned to her, she went on: 'As I recall, you thought it was only right and proper that Ruth and Sarah be sent packing. You were positively cheerful about it.'

30

'Now really, Miss Kenton, that is quite incorrect and unfair. The whole matter caused me great concern, great concern indeed. It is hardly the sort of thing I like to see happen in this house.'

'Then why, Mr Stevens, did you not tell me so at the time?'

35

I gave a laugh, but for a moment was rather at a loss for an answer. Before I could formulate one, Miss Kenton put down her sewing and said:

'Do you realize, Mr Stevens, how much it would have meant to me if you had thought to share your feelings last year? You knew how upset I was when my girls were dismissed. Do you realize how much it would have helped me? Why, Mr Stevens, why, why, why do you always have to *pretend*?' 40

I gave another laugh at the ridiculous turn the conversation had suddenly taken. 'Really, Miss Kenton,' I said, 'I'm not sure I know what you mean. Pretend? Why, really..'

'I suffered so much over Ruth and Sarah leaving us. And I suffered all the more because I believed I was alone.' 45

'Really, Miss Kenton ... ' I picked up the tray on which I had gathered together the used crockery. 'Naturally, one disapproved of the dismissals. One would have thought that quite self-evident.'

She did not say anything, and as I was leaving I glanced back towards her. She was again gazing out at the view, but it had by this point grown so dark inside the summerhouse, all I could see of her was her profile outlined against a pale and empty background. I excused myself and proceeded to make my exit. 50

Day Three – Evening
Moscombe, near Tavistock, Devon

Section C

JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi*

3

Either (a) 'The play begins by introducing an ideal of leadership, but fails to present any credible model.'

How far would you agree with this assertion about the dramatic presentation of power in the play?

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

[Enter ANTONIO and DELIO]

Delio	Yond's the Cardinal's window. This fortification Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey, And to yond side o'th'river lies a wall, Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion Gives the best echo that you ever heard, So hollow and so dismal and withal So plain in the distinction of our words That many have supposed it is a spirit That answers.	5
Antonio	I do love these ancient ruins. We never tread upon them but we set Our foot upon some reverend history, And questionless, here in this open court Which now lies naked to the injuries Of stormy weather, some men lie interred Loved the church so well, and gave so largely to't, They thought it should have canopied their bones Till doomsday; but all things have their end: Churches and cities, which have diseases like men, Must have like death that we have.	10 15
Echo	<i>Like death that we have.</i>	
Delio	Now the echo hath caught you.	
Antonio	It groaned, methought, and gave A very deadly accent.	20
Echo	<i>Deadly accent.</i>	
Delio	I told you 'twas a pretty one: you may make it A huntsman, or a falconer, a musician, Or a thing of sorrow.	
Echo	<i>A thing of sorrow.</i>	
Antonio	Ay sure, that suits it best.	
Echo	<i>That suits it best.</i>	25
Antonio	'Tis very like my wife's voice.	
Echo	<i>Ay, wife's voice.</i>	
Delio	Come: let's walk farther from't. I would not have you go to th'Cardinal tonight: Do not.	
Echo	<i>Do not.</i>	
Delio	Wisdom doth not more moderate wasting sorrow Than time: take time for't, be mindful of thy safety.	30

Echo	<i>Be mindful of thy safety.</i>	
Antonio	Necessity compels me. Make scrutiny throughout the passes Of your own life; you'll find it impossible To fly your fate.	
Echo	<i>O fly your fate.</i>	35
Delio	Hark: the dead stones seem to have pity on you And give you good counsel.	
Antonio	Echo, I will not talk with thee, For thou art a dead thing.	
Echo	<i>Thou art a dead thing.</i>	
Antonio	My Duchess is asleep now, And her little ones, I hope sweetly: oh heaven Shall I never see her more?	40
Echo	<i>Never see her more.</i>	
Antonio	I marked not one repetition of the echo But that: and on the sudden a clear light Presented me a face folded in sorrow.	45
Delio	Your fancy, merely.	
Antonio	Come, I'll be out of this ague; For to live thus is not indeed to live: It is a mockery and abuse of life. I will not henceforth save myself by halves, Lose all, or nothing.	
Delio	Your own virtue save you! I'll fetch your eldest son and second you: It may be that the sight of his own blood Spread in so sweet a figure, may beget The more compassion.	50
Antonio	How ever, fare you well. Though in our miseries Fortune have a part, Yet in our noble suff'rings she hath none. Contempt of pain – that we may call our own.	55

Exeunt

(Act 5, scene 3)