

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9748/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

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

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, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of sleep.

A Nature

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
 Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
 Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
 And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
 Still gazing at them through the open door, 5
 Nor wholly reassured and comforted
 By promises of others in their stead,
 Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
 So Nature deals with us, and takes away
 Our playthings one by one, and by the hand 10
 Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
 Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
 Being too full of sleep to understand
 How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

B In Midnight Sleep

In midnight sleep, of many a face of anguish,
 Of the look at first of the mortally wounded – of that
 indescribable look;
 Of the dead on their backs, with arms extended wide,
 I dream, I dream, I dream.
 Of scenes of nature, fields and mountains; 5
 Of skies, so beauteous after a storm – and at night the
 moon so unearthly bright,
 Shining sweetly, shining down, where we dig the trenches
 and gather the heaps,
 I dream, I dream, I dream.
 Long, long have they pass'd – faces and trenches and
 fields;
 Where through the carnage I moved with a callous
 composure – or away from the fallen, 10
 Onward I sped at the time – But now of their forms at night,
 I dream, I dream, I dream.

Walt Whitman (1819 – 1892)

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 passing of time.

A To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun, 5
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first, 10
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time, 15
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

Robert Herrick (1591 – 1674)

B Leisure

Leisure, thou goddess of a bygone age,
When hours were long and days sufficed to hold
Wide-eyed delights and pleasures uncontrolled
By shortening moments, when no gaunt presage 5
Of undone duties, modern heritage,
Haunted our happy minds; must thou withhold
Thy presence from this over-busy world,
And bearing silence with thee disengage
Our twined fortunes? Deeps of unhewn woods
Alone can cherish thee, alone possess 10
Thy quiet, teeming vigor. This our crime:
Not to have worshipped, marred by alien moods
That sole condition of all loveliness,
The dreaming lapse of slow, unmeasured time.

Amy Lowell (1874 – 1925)

Section B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

Either (a) 'Stevens' journey in *The Remains of the Day* is ultimately one of failure.'

Comment.

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

For a little while after that, I recall, Miss Kenton went on talking more generally about her husband, who is to retire soon, a little early on account of poor health, and of her daughter, who is now married and expecting a child in the autumn. In fact, Miss Kenton gave me her daughter's address in Dorset, and I must say, I was rather flattered to see how keen she was that I call in on my return journey. Although I explained that it was unlikely I would pass through that part of Dorset, Miss Kenton continued to press me, saying: 'Catherine's heard all about you, Mr Stevens. She'd be so thrilled to meet you.'

For my own part, I tried to describe to her as best I could the Darlington Hall of today. I attempted to convey to her what a genial employer Mr Farraday is; and I described the changes to the house itself, the alterations and the dust-sheetings, as well as the present staffing arrangements. Miss Kenton, I thought, became visibly happier when I talked about the house and soon we were recollecting together various old memories, frequently laughing over them.

Only once do I recall our touching upon Lord Darlington. We had been enjoying some recollection or other concerning the young Mr Cardinal, so that I was then obliged to go on to inform Miss Kenton of the gentleman's being killed in Belgium during the war. And I had gone on to say: 'Of course, his lordship was very fond of Mr Cardinal and took it very badly.'

I did not wish to spoil the pleasant atmosphere with unhappy talk, so tried to leave the topic again almost immediately. But as I had feared, Miss Kenton had read of the unsuccessful libel action, and inevitably, took the opportunity to probe me a little. As I recall, I rather resisted being drawn in, though in the end I did say to her:

'The fact is, Mrs Benn, throughout the war, some truly terrible things had been said about his lordship - and by *that* newspaper in particular. He bore it all while the country remained in peril, but once the war was over, and the insinuations simply continued, well, his lordship saw no reason to go on suffering in silence. It's easy enough to see now, perhaps, all the dangers of going to court just at that time, what with the climate as it was. But there you are. His lordship sincerely believed he would get justice. Instead, of course, the newspaper simply increased its circulation. And his lordship's good name was destroyed for ever. Really, Mrs Benn, afterwards, well, his lordship was virtually an invalid. And the house became so quiet. I would take him tea in the drawing room and, well ... It really was most tragic to see.'

'I'm very sorry, Mr Stevens. I had no idea things had been so bad.'

'Oh yes, Mrs Benn. But enough of this. I know you remember Darlington Hall in the days when there were great gatherings, when it

was filled with distinguished visitors. Now that's the way his lordship deserves to be remembered.'

As I say, that was the only time we mentioned Lord Darlington. 45
 Predominantly, we concerned ourselves with very happy memories, and those two hours we spent together in the tea lounge were, I would say, extremely pleasant ones. I seem to remember various other guests coming in while we were talking, sitting down for a few moments and leaving again, but they did not distract us in any way at all. Indeed, one 50
 could hardly believe two whole hours had elapsed when Miss Kenton looked up at the clock on the mantelshelf and said she would have to be returning home. On establishing that she would have to walk in the rain to a bus stop a little way out of the village, I insisted on running her there in the Ford, and so it was that after obtaining an umbrella from the 55
 reception desk, we stepped outside together.

Day Six - Evening
 Weymouth

Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

Either (a) 'Truth is a destructive force best kept hidden.' How far do you agree with this comment?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, relating it to Miller's presentation of self-preservation, here and elsewhere in the play.

<i>Ann:</i>	There's something I want to tell you. <i>[She starts, then halts.]</i>	
	I'm not going to do anything about it. ...	
<i>Mother:</i>	She's a good girl! <i>[To Keller]</i> You see? She's a ...	
<i>Ann:</i>	I'll do nothing about Joe, but you're going to do something for me. <i>[Directly to Mother]</i> You made Chris feel guilty with me. Whether you wanted to or not, you've crippled him in front of me. I'd like you to tell him that Larry is dead and that you know it. You understand me? I'm not going out of here alone. There's no life for me that way. I want you to set him free. And then I promise you, everything will end, and we'll go away, and that's all.	5
<i>Keller:</i>	You'll do that. You'll tell him.	
<i>Ann:</i>	I know what I'm asking, Kate. You had two sons. But you've only got one now.	
<i>Keller:</i>	You'll tell him ...	15
<i>Ann:</i>	And you've got to say it to him so he knows you mean it.	
<i>Mother:</i>	My dear, if the boy was dead, it wouldn't depend on my words to make Chris know it. ... The night he gets into your bed, his heart will dry up. Because he knows and you know. To his dying day he'll wait for his brother! No, my dear, no such thing. You're going in the morning, and you're going alone. That's your life, that's your lonely life. <i>[She goes to porch, and starts in.]</i>	20
<i>Ann:</i>	Larry is dead, Kate.	
<i>Mother:</i>	<i>[She stops]</i> Don't speak to me.	25
<i>Ann:</i>	I said he's dead. I know! He crashed off the coast of China November twenty-fifth! His engine didn't fail him. But he died. I know ...	
<i>Mother:</i>	How did he die? You're lying to me. If you know, how did he die?	30
<i>Ann:</i>	I loved him. You know I loved him. Would I have looked at anyone else if I wasn't sure? That's enough for you.	
<i>Mother:</i>	<i>[Moving on her]</i> What's enough for me? What're you talking about? <i>[She grasps Ann's wrists.]</i>	
<i>Ann:</i>	You're hurting my wrists.	35
<i>Mother:</i>	What are you talking about! <i>[Pause. She stares at Ann a moment, then turns and goes to Keller]</i>	
<i>Ann:</i>	Joe, go in the house ...	
<i>Keller:</i>	Why should I ...	
<i>Ann:</i>	Please go.	40
<i>Keller:</i>	Lemme know when he comes. <i>[Keller goes into house.]</i>	
<i>Mother:</i>	<i>[She sees Ann taking a letter from her pocket]</i> What's that? Sit down ... <i>[Mother moves L. to chair, but does not sit.]</i> First	

Ann: you've got to understand. When I came, I didn't have any
 idea that Joe ... I had nothing against him or you. I came to
 get married. I hoped ... So I didn't bring this to hurt you. I
 thought I'd show it to you only if there was no other way to
 settle Larry in your mind. 45
Larry? [Snatches letter from Ann's hand.]
Mother: He wrote it to me just before he – *[Mother opens and begins*
Ann: *to read letter.]* I'm not trying to hurt you, Kate. You're making 50
 me do this, now remember you're – Remember. I've been so
 lonely, Kate ... I can't leave here alone again. *[A long, low*
moan comes from Mother's throat as she reads.] You made
 me show it to you. You wouldn't believe me. I told you a
 hundred times, why wouldn't you believe me! 55
 Oh, my God ...
Mother: *[With pity and fear]* Kate, please, please ...
Ann: My God, my God ...
Mother: Kate, dear, I'm so sorry ... I'm so sorry.
Ann: 60

Act 3