



Cambridge Pre-U

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9765/03

Paper 3 Comment and Analysis

May/June 2022

2 hours 15 minutes



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
Answer Question 1.
Answer **one** other question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth 25 marks.

This syllabus is regulated for use in England, Wales and Northern Ireland as a Cambridge International Level 3 Pre-U Certificate.

This document has **8** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

Answer Question 1 and **one** other question.

All questions carry equal marks.

In your answers you should comment closely on the effects of language, style and form, and pay close attention to features that are characteristic of their period and context.

- 1 Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which your responses are shaped by the writers' language, style and form.

A

Rembrandt's¹ Late Self-Portraits

You are confronted with yourself. Each year
The pouches fill, the skin is uglier.
You give it all unflinchingly. You stare
Into yourself, beyond. Your brush's care
Runs with self-knowledge. Here 5

Is a humility at one with craft.
There is no arrogance. Pride is apart
From this self-scrutiny. You make light drift
The way you want. Your face is bruised and hurt
But there is still love left. 10

Love of the art and others. To the last
Experiment went on. You stared beyond
Your age, the times. You also plucked the past
And tempered it. Self-portraits understand,
And old age can divest, 15

With truthful changes, us of fear of death.
Look, a new anguish. There, the bloated nose,
The sadness and the joy. To paint's to breathe,
And all the darkneses are dared. You chose
What each must reckon with. 20

Elizabeth Jennings (1926–2001)

¹ *Rembrandt*: Dutch artist (1606–1669) widely considered to be one of the greatest of all time

B

Self-Portrait, Rear View

At first, I do not believe it, in the hotel

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role model, my apotheosis²: *Killer Buns*.

Sharon Olds (born 1942)

- 2 Write a critical appreciation of the following passage from *The Vicar of Wakefield*, considering in detail ways in which your responses are shaped by the writer's language, style and form. The narrator is the vicar himself, Dr Charles Primrose.

'But where is my darling Olivia? that little cherub's voice is always sweetest in the concert.' Just as I spoke Dick came running in. 'O papa, papa, she is gone from us, she is gone from us; my sister Livy is gone from us for ever!'—'Gone, child!'—'Yes, she is gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise, and one of them kissed her, and said he would die for her: and she cried very much, and was for coming back; but he persuaded her again, and she went into the chaise, and said, "Oh, what will my poor papa do when he knows I am undone!"'—'Now, then,' cried I, 'my children, go and be miserable; for we shall never enjoy one hour more. And oh, may Heaven's everlasting fury light upon him and his!—thus to rob me of my child! And sure it will, for taking back my sweet innocent that I was leading up to Heaven. Such sincerity as my child was possessed of! But all our earthly happiness is now over! Go, my children, go and be miserable and infamous; for my heart is broken within me!'—'Father,' cried my son, 'is this your fortitude?'—'Fortitude, child? yes, he shall see I have fortitude! Bring me my pistols. I'll pursue the traitor—while he is on earth I'll pursue him. Old as I am, he shall find I can sting him yet. The villain, the perfidious villain!' I had by this time reached down my pistols, when my poor wife, whose passions were not so strong as mine, caught me in her arms. 'My dearest, dearest husband!' cried she, 'the Bible is the only weapon that is fit for your old hands now. Open that, my love, and read our anguish into patience, for she has vilely deceived us.'—'Indeed, Sir,' resumed my son, after a pause, 'your rage is too violent and unbecoming. You should be my mother's comforter, and you increase her pain. It ill suited you and your reverend character thus to curse your greatest enemy: you should not have cursed him, villain as he is.'—'I did not curse him, child, did I?'—'Indeed, Sir, you did; you cursed him twice.'—'Then may Heaven forgive me and him if I did! And now, my son, I see it was more than human benevolence that first taught us to bless our enemies: Blessed be His holy name for all the good He hath given, and for all that He hath taken away. But it is not—it is not a small distress that can wring tears from these old eyes, that have not wept for so many years. My child! to undo my darling!—May confusion seize—Heaven forgive me! what am I about to say!—You may remember, my love, how good she was, and how charming: till this vile moment all her care was to make us happy. Had she but died! But she is gone, the honour of our family contaminated, and I must look out for happiness in other worlds than here. But, my child, you saw them go off: perhaps he forced her away? If he forced her, she may yet be innocent.'—'Ah, no, sir,' cried the child; 'he only kissed her, and called her his angel, and she wept very much, and leaned upon his arm, and they drove off very fast.'—'She's an ungrateful creature,' cried my wife, who could scarcely speak for weeping, 'to use us thus. She never had the least constraint put upon her affections. The vile strumpet has basely deserted her parents without any provocation, thus to bring your grey hairs to the grave; and I must shortly follow.'

In this manner that night, the first of our real misfortunes, was spent in the bitterness of complaint, and ill-supported sallies of enthusiasm. I determined, however, to find out our betrayer, wherever he was, and reproach his baseness. The next morning we missed our wretched

child at breakfast, where she used to give life and cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before, attempted to ease her heart by reproaches. 'Never,' cried she, 'shall that vilest stain of our family again darken these harmless doors. I will never call her daughter more. No, let the strumpet live with her vile seducer: she may bring us to shame, but she shall never more deceive us.'

55

Oliver Goldsmith (1728–1774)

- 3 Write a critical commentary on the following extract from *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, making clear your view of its dramatic effectiveness. Big Daddy (married to Big Mama) is an ageing, wealthy southern cotton-planter in Mississippi. He has directed and dominated his family throughout his married life. Gooper, married to socially ambitious Mae, is the elder son; Brick, an alcoholic and married to Margaret, is his younger son.

<i>Big Mama:</i>	Why're you all <i>surroundin'</i> me – like this? Why're you all starin' at me like this an' makin' signs at each other? [REVEREND TOOKER <i>steps back startled.</i>]	
<i>Mae:</i>	Calm yourself, Big Mama.	5
<i>Big Mama:</i>	Calm you'self, <i>you'self</i> , Sister Woman. How could I calm myself with everyone starin' at me as if big drops of blood had broken out on m'face? What's this all about, Annh! What? [GOOPER <i>coughs and takes a centre position.</i>]	10
<i>Gooper:</i>	Now, Doc Baugh.	
<i>Mae:</i>	Doc Baugh?	
<i>Brick</i>	[<i>suddenly</i>]: SHHH –! [<i>Then he grins and chuckles and shakes his head regretfully.</i>] – Naw! – that wasn't th' click.	15
<i>Gooper:</i>	Brick, shut up or stay out there on the gallery with your liquor! We got to talk about a serious matter. Big Mama wants to know the complete truth about the report we got today from the Ochsner Clinic.	20
<i>Mae</i>	[<i>eagerly</i>]: – on Big Daddy's condition!	
<i>Gooper:</i>	Yais, on Big Daddy's condition, we got to face it.	
<i>Doctor Baugh:</i>	Well ...	
<i>Big Mama</i>	[<i>terrified, rising</i>]: Is there? Something? Something that I? Don't – Know? [<i>In these few words, this startled, very soft, question, Big Mama reviews the history of her forty-five years with Big Daddy, her great, almost embarrassingly true-hearted and simple-minded devotion to Big Daddy, who must have had something Brick has, who made himself loved so much by the 'simple expedient' of not loving enough to disturb his charming detachment, also once coupled, like Brick's, with virile beauty. Big Mama has a dignity at this moment: she almost stops being fat.</i>]	25
<i>Doctor Baugh</i>	[<i>after a pause, uncomfortably</i>]: Yes? – Well –	
<i>Big Mama:</i>	!!!! – want to – knowwwwwww ... [<i>Immediately she thrusts her fist to her mouth as if to deny that statement.</i> <i>Then, for some curious reason, she snatches the withered corsage from her breast and hurls it on the floor and steps on it with her short, fat feet.</i> – <i>Somebody must be lyin'!</i> – <i>I want to know!</i>	30
<i>Mae:</i>	Sit down, Big Mama, sit down on this sofa.	
<i>Margaret</i>	[<i>quickly</i>]: Brick, go sit with Big Mama.	45
<i>Big Mama:</i>	<i>What is it, what is it?</i>	
<i>Doctor Baugh:</i>	I never have seen a more thorough examination than Big Daddy Pollitt was given in all my experience with the Ochsner Clinic.	
<i>Gooper:</i>	It's one of the best in the country.	50

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