
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9765/03

Paper 3 Comment and Analysis

May/June 2013

2 hours 15 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

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

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **6** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



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 in the passages and pay attention to features that are characteristic of their period and context.

- 1 Write a critical comparison of the following passage and poem, considering in detail ways in which your responses are shaped by the writers' language, style and form. In the first extract Faustus, having made a pact with the Devil for 24 years of earthly delights, is facing the moment when he must keep his end of the bargain.

A	<p><i>Bad Angel:</i> Now, Faustus, let thine eyes with horror stare Into that vast perpetual torture-house. There are the Furies¹ tossing damnèd souls On burning forks; their bodies boil in lead. There are live quarters broiling on the coals, That ne'er can die. This ever-burning chair Is for o'er-tortured souls to rest them in. These that are fed with sops of flaming fire Were gluttons, and loved only delicates, And laughed to see the poor starve at their gates. But yet all these are nothing. Thou shalt see Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.</p>	5
	<p><i>Faustus:</i> O, I have seen enough to torture me!</p>	
	<p><i>Bad Angel:</i> Nay, thou must feel them, taste the smart of all. He that loves pleasure must for pleasure fall. And so I leave thee, Faustus, till anon; Then wilt thou tumble in confusion. <i>Exit [BAD ANGEL]. The clock strikes eleven</i></p>	10
	<p><i>Faustus:</i> O Faustus, Now hast thou but one bare hour to live, And then thou must be damned perpetually.</p>	15
	<p><i>Faustus:</i> O Faustus, Now hast thou but one bare hour to live, And then thou must be damned perpetually.</p>	20

From *Doctor Faustus* by Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593)

¹ Furies: in classical mythology, goddesses of vengeance

B

Hatred and vengeance, my eternal portion,
 Scarce can endure delay of execution,
 Wait, with impatient readiness, to seize my
 Soul in a moment.

Damned below Judas: more abhorred than he was, 5
 Who for a few pence sold his holy master.
 Twice betrayed, Jesus me, the last delinquent,
 Deems the profanest.

Man disavows, and Deity disowns me:
 Hell might afford my miseries a shelter; 10
 Therefore hell keeps her ever-hungry mouths all
 Bolted against me.

Hard lot! encompassed with a thousand dangers,
 Weary, faint, trembling with a thousand terrors,
 I'm called, if vanquished, to receive a sentence 15
 Worse than Abiram's.²

Him the vindictive rod of angry justice
 Sent quick and howling to the centre headlong;
 I, fed with judgement, in a fleshly tomb, am
 Buried above ground. 20

William Cowper (1731–1800)

² Abiram: Biblical leader of a revolt against Moses, punished by death in an earthquake

- 2 In the following passage the author tells of her husband's departure to war in 1916. Write a critical appreciation of it, considering in detail ways in which your responses are shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

“I’ll read to you till the fire burns low, and then we’ll go to bed.” Holding the book in one hand, and bending over me to get the light of the fire on the book, he puts his other hand over my breast, and I cover his hand with mine, and he reads from *Antony and Cleopatra*. He cannot see my face, nor I his, but his low, tender voice trembles as he speaks the words so full for us of poignant meaning. That tremor is my undoing. “Don’t read any more. I can’t bear it.” All my strength gives way. I hide my face on his knee, and all my tears so long kept back come convulsively. He raises my head and wipes my eyes and kisses them, and wrapping his greatcoat round me carries me to our bed in the great, bare ice-cold room. Soon he is with me, and we lie speechless and trembling in each other’s arms. I cannot stop crying. My body is torn with terrible sobs. I am engulfed in this despair like a drowning man by the sea. My mind is incapable of thought. Only now and again, as they say drowning people do, I have visions of things that have been—the room where my son was born; a day, years after, when we were together walking before breakfast by a stream with hands full of bluebells; and in the kitchen of our honeymoon cottage, and I happy in his pride of me. David did not speak except now and then to say some tender word or name, and hold me tight to him. “I’ve always been able to warm you, haven’t I?” “Yes, your lovely body never feels cold as mine does. How is it that I am so cold when my heart is so full of passion?” “You must have Elizabeth to sleep with you while I am away. But you must not make my heart cold with your sadness, but keep it warm, for no one else but you has ever found my heart, and for you it was a poor thing after all.” “No, no, no, your heart’s love is all my life. I was nothing before you came, and would be nothing without your love.”

So we lay, all night, sometimes talking of our love and all that had been, and of the children, and what had been amiss and what right. We knew the best was that there had never been untruth between us. We knew all of each other, and it was right. So talking and crying and loving in each other’s arms we fell asleep as the cold reflected light of the snow crept through the frost-covered windows.

David got up and made the fire and brought me some tea, and then got back into bed, and the children clambered in, too, and we sat in a row sipping our tea. I was not afraid of crying any more. My tears had been shed, my heart was empty, stricken with something that tears would not express or comfort. The gulf had been bridged. Each bore the other’s suffering. We concealed nothing, for all was known between us. After breakfast, while he showed me where his account books were and what each was for, I listened calmly, and unbelievably he kissed me when I said I, too, would keep accounts. “And here are my poems. I’ve copied them all out in this book for you, and the last of all is for you. I wrote it last night, but don’t read it now. ... It’s still freezing. The ground is like iron, and more snow has fallen. The children will come to the station with me; and now I must be off.”

We were alone in my room. He took me in his arms, holding me tightly to him, his face white, his eyes full of a fear I had never seen before. My arms were round his neck. "Beloved, I love you," was all I could say. "Jenny, Jenny, Jenny," he said, "remember that, whatever happens, all is well between us for ever and ever." And hand in hand we went downstairs and out to the children, who were playing in the snow. 55

A thick mist hung everywhere, and there was no sound except, far away in the valley, a train shunting. I stood at the gate watching him go; he turned back to wave until the mist and the hill hid him. I heard his old call coming up to me: "Coo-ee!" he called. "Coo-ee!" I answered, keeping my voice strong to call again. Again through the muffled air came his "Coo-ee". And again went my answer like an echo. "Coo-ee" came fainter next time with the hill between us, but my "Coo-ee" went out of my lungs strong to pierce to him as he strode away from me. "Coo-ee!" So faint now, it might be only my own call flung back from the thick air and muffling snow. I put my hands up to my mouth to make a trumpet, but no sound came. Panic seized me, and I ran through the mist and the snow to the top of the hill, and stood there a moment dumbly, with straining eyes and ears. There was nothing but the mist and the snow and the silence of death. 60 65 70

Then with leaden feet which stumbled in a sudden darkness that overwhelmed me I groped my way back to the empty house. 75

From 'World Without End' by Helen Thomas (1877–1967)

- 3 Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your responses are shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

The Bull Moses

A hoist up and I could lean over
 The upper edge of the high half-door,
 My left foot ledged on the hinge, and look in at the byre's¹
 Blaze of darkness: a sudden shut-eyed look
 Backward into the head. 5

Blackness is depth
 Beyond star. But the warm weight of his breathing,
 The ammoniac reek of his litter, the hotly-tongued
 Mash of his cud, steamed against me.
 Then slowly, as onto the mind's eye – 10
 The brow like masonry, the deep-keeled neck:
 Something come up there onto the brink of the gulf,
 Hadn't heard of the world, too deep in itself to be called to,
 Stood in sleep. He would swing his muzzle at a fly
 But the square of sky where I hung, shouting, waving, 15
 Was nothing to him; nothing of our light
 Found any reflection in him.

Each dusk the farmer led him
 Down to the pond to drink and smell the air,
 And he took no pace but the farmer 20
 Led him to take it, as if he knew nothing
 Of the ages and continents of his fathers,
 Shut, while he wombed, to a dark shed
 And steps between his door and the duckpond;
 The weight of the sun and the moon and the world hammered 25
 To a ring of brass through his nostrils.

He would raise
 His streaming muzzle and look out over the meadows,
 But the grasses whispered nothing awake, the fetch
 Of the distance drew nothing to momentum 30
 In the locked black of his powers. He came strolling gently back,
 Paused neither toward the pig-pens on his right,
 Nor toward the cow-byres on his left: something
 Deliberate in his leisure, some beheld future
 Founding in his quiet. 35

I kept the door wide,
 Closed it after him and pushed the bolt.

Ted Hughes (1930–1998)

¹ byre: barn, cowshed

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