



LITERATURE IN ENGLISH (PRINCIPAL)

9765/03

Paper 3 Comment and Analysis

May/June 2016

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.
DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

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.

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

This document consists of **7** printed pages and **1** blank page.

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

All questions carry equal marks.

In your answers you should comment closely on effects of language, style and form in the poems or passages 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

Gethsemane
1914–18

The Garden called Gethsemane¹
In Picardy² it was,
And there the people came to see
The English soldiers pass.

We used to pass—we used to pass
Or halt, as it might be,
And ship our masks in case of gas
Beyond Gethsemane.

5

The Garden called Gethsemane,
It held a pretty lass,
But all the time she talked to me
I prayed my cup might pass³.
The officer sat on the chair,
The men lay on the grass,
And all the time we halted there
I prayed my cup might pass.

10

It didn't pass—it didn't pass—
It didn't pass from me.
I drank it when we met the gas
Beyond Gethsemane!

20

Rudyard Kipling (1865–1936)

¹ Gethsemane: garden in Jerusalem where Christ prayed the night before his crucifixion

² Picardy: region of north-east France and the site of four major battles in the First World War

³ my cup might pass: reference to Christ's prayer in Gethsemane that he might be spared suffering and death

B

The Silent One

Who died on the wires, and hung there, one of two –
 Who for his hours of life had chattered through
 Infinite lovely chatter of Bucks¹ accent:
 Yet faced unbroken wires; stepped over, and went
 A noble fool, faithful to his stripes – and ended. 5
 But I weak, hungry, and willing only for the chance
 Of line – to fight in the line, lay down under unbroken
 Wires, and saw the flashes and kept unshaken,
 Till the politest voice – a finicking accent, said:
 ‘Do you think you might crawl through there: there’s a hole.’ 10
 Darkness, shot at: I smiled, as politely replied –
 ‘I’m afraid not, Sir.’ There was no hole no way to be seen
 Nothing but chance of death, after tearing of clothes.
 Kept flat, and watched the darkness, hearing bullets whizzing –
 And thought of music – and swore deep heart’s deep oaths 15
 (Polite to God) and retreated and came on again,
 Again retreated – and a second time faced the screen.

Ivor Gurney (1890–1937)

¹ Bucks: Buckinghamshire

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

Besides the neutral expression that she wore when she was alone, Mrs. Freeman had two others, forward and reverse, that she used for all her human dealings. Her forward expression was steady and driving like the advance of a heavy truck. Her eyes never swerved to left or right but turned as the story turned as if they followed a yellow line down the center of it. She seldom used the other expression because it was not often necessary for her to retract a statement, but when she did, her face came to a complete stop, there was an almost imperceptible movement of her black eyes, during which they seemed to be receding, and then the observer would see that Mrs. Freeman, though she might stand there as real as several grain sacks thrown on top of each other, was no longer there in spirit. As for getting anything across to her when this was the case, Mrs. Hopewell had given it up. She might talk her head off. Mrs. Freeman could never be brought to admit herself wrong on any point. She would stand there and if she could be brought to say anything, it was something like, "Well, I wouldn't of said it was and I wouldn't of said it wasn't," or letting her gaze range over the top kitchen shelf where there was an assortment of dusty bottles, she might remark, "I see you ain't ate many of them figs you put up last summer."

They carried on their most important business in the kitchen at breakfast. Every morning Mrs. Hopewell got up at seven o'clock and lit her gas heater and Joy's. Joy was her daughter, a large blonde girl who had an artificial leg. Mrs. Hopewell thought of her as a child though she was thirty-two years old and highly educated. Joy would get up while her mother was eating and lumber into the bathroom and slam the door, and before long, Mrs. Freeman would arrive at the back door. Joy would hear her mother call, "Come on in," and then they would talk for a while in low voices that were indistinguishable in the bathroom. By the time Joy came in, they had usually finished the weather report and were on one or the other of Mrs. Freeman's daughters, Glynese or Carramae, Joy called them Glycerin and Caramel. Glynese, a redhead, was eighteen and had many admirers: Carramae, a blonde, was only fifteen but already married and pregnant. She could not keep anything on her stomach. Every morning Mrs. Freeman told Mrs. Hopewell how many times she had vomited since the last report.

Mrs. Hopewell liked to tell people that Glynese and Carramae were two of the finest girls she knew and that Mrs. Freeman was a *lady* and that she was never ashamed to take her anywhere or introduce her to anybody they might meet. Then she would tell how she had happened to hire the Freemans in the first place and how they were a godsend to her and how she had had them four years. The reason for her keeping them so long was that they were not trash. They were good country people. She had telephoned the man whose name they had given as a reference and he had told her that Mr. Freeman was a good farmer but that his wife was the nosiest woman ever to walk the earth. "She's got to be into everything," the man said. "If she don't get there before the dust settles, you can bet she's dead, that's all. She'll want to know all your business. I can stand him real good," he had said,

“but me nor my wife neither could have stood that woman one more minute on this place.” That had put Mrs. Hopewell off for a few days. 55

She had hired them in the end because there were no other applicants but she had made up her mind beforehand exactly how she would handle the woman. Since she was the type who had to be into everything, then, Mrs. Hopewell had decided, she would not only let her be into everything, she would *see to it* that she was into everything—she would give her the responsibility of everything, she would put her in charge. Mrs. Hopewell had no bad qualities of her own but she was able to use other people’s in such a constructive way that she never felt the lack. She had hired the Freemans and she had kept them four years. 60 65

From *Good Country People*
by Flannery O’Connor (1925–1964)

- 3 In the following passage Victoria and Olivia are venturing hopefully into The Mulberry Garden, a London pleasure ground, chosen because it is more secluded than the 'park'. Write a critical appreciation of the passage, making clear your view of its dramatic effectiveness.

[Enter VICTORIA and OLIVIA.]

- Victoria:* Sister, whatever the matter is, methinks we don't see half the company that used to meet here anights when we were last in town.
- Olivia:* 'Tis true, but methinks 'tis much better than the long walk at home. For in my opinion half a score young men and fine ladies well dressed, are a greater ornament to a garden than a wilderness of sycamores, orange and lemon trees; and the rustling of rich vests and silk petticoats better music than the purling of streams, chirping of birds, or any of our country entertainments. And that I hope the place will afford us yet, as soon as the plays are done. 5
- Victoria:* Sister, what would you give to see Estridge come in now? 10
- Olivia:* 'Tis impossible, he would not miss his devotion to the park (for all I could give) such an evening as this. Besides the two garnitures¹ he brought out of France are soiled, his feather broke, and he has been so out of humour these two days there's no enduring him. He lost his money too last night I hear, and losing gamesters are but ill company. 15
- Victoria:* Fie sister, you make him a saver² with a look, and fine in but thinking he is so. You deserve not so complete a servant, but I hope you'll be as obliging to his face as you are severe to him behind his back. 20
- Olivia:* The only way to oblige most men is to use 'em thus a little now and then. Even to their faces it gives 'em an opinion of our wit, and is consequently a spur to theirs. The great pleasure of gaming were lost if we saw one another's hands; and of love if we knew one another's hearts. There would be no room for good play in the one, nor for address in the other—which are the refined parts of both. 25

[Enter to them ESTRIDGE and MODISH.]

- Estridge:* Ladies, it is our wonder to find anybody here at this time of day, and no less our happiness to meet with you. All the world is at the park, where we had been ourselves but that we saw your livery³ at the gate. 35
- Victoria:* I pray let us not keep you here gentlemen. Your mistresses will curse us and yourselves too, by and by, if the garden should not fill. 40
- Estridge:* If we wish any company, ladies, 'tis for your sakes, not our own.
- Modish:* For my part I would ne'er desire a garden fuller than this is now. We are two to two, and may be hand to hand when you please. 45
- Olivia:* I don't know what you think, but in my mind the more the merrier, especially in these places.
- Estridge:* Ay, for show, madam, but it happens in great companies,

- as at feasts, we see a great deal and fall to heartily of
nothing and for the most part rise hungry. And 'tis with
lovers, madam, as with great-bellied women—if they find
what they long for they care not whether there be anything
else or no. 50
- Victoria:* What, in love already? Sure the air of this place is a great
softner of men's hearts. 55
- Modish:* How can it choose, having so many lovers' sighs daily
mixed with it? But 'twere a much better quality in't,
madam, if it could incline ladies to believe and look with
pity on those flames they raise. 60
- Olivia:* 'Tis too early to make love this two hours. 'Flames' and
'pity' would sound much better in the evening.
- Modish:* 'Tis not with love, madam, as with meaner arguments. I
might entertain you with my passion for an age and yet
have as much left for anon as if I had not spoke one word.
The sea is easier emptied than a lover's breast! 65
- Olivia:* What say you, sir, is this your opinion too?
- Estridge:* Yes, faith, madam, and I think a lover can no more say at
once what he hath to say to his mistress, than a man can
eat at once for his whole lifetime. 70
- Olivia:* Nay, if it be so endless, I should beg of my servant,
whenever I have one, e'en to keep it to himself for
altogether.
- Estridge:* There you betray your ignorance—with your pardon,
madam. To see the fair Olivia and not love her, is not more
impossible than to love her and not tell her on't. Silent
lovers you may read of, and in romances too, but heavens
forbid you should e'er meet with any. 75

Act 1, Scene 3, *The Mulberry Garden* (1668)
by Sir Charles Sedley

¹ garnitures: outfits, suits of clothing

² saver: gambler who makes sure he neither wins nor loses

³ livery: servant's uniform

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