



Cambridge Pre-U

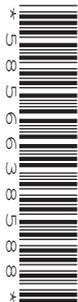
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9765/03

Paper 3 Comment and Analysis

October/November 2020

2 hours 15 minutes



You must answer on the answer booklet/paper.

You will need: Answer booklet/paper

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
Answer Question 1.
Answer **one** other question.
- If you have been given an answer booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet.
- Use a black or dark blue pen.
- Write your name, centre number and candidate number on all the work you hand in.
- Do **not** use an erasable pen or correction fluid.
- At the end of the examination, fasten all your work together. Do **not** use staples, paper clips or glue.

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. Blank pages are indicated.

B*The Dream*

I run down the streets
Of dim houses, low,
Narrow and of few
Windows, looking down
Corners to find her. 5

There she stands under
An unlit street-lamp,
Smiling with someone
Else over what had
Been our own old joke. 10

Then I wake, moaning.
Why, O why? All this
Need not have been a dream:
It is what I see
With my opened eye. 15

Why does sleep reveal
What the day has not
Hidden, as if it
Were a dark secret
My heart could not keep? 20

John Hollander
(1929–2013)

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

I Am a Cameraman

They suffer, and I catch only the surface.
The rest is inexpressible, beyond
What can be recorded. You can't be them.
If they'd talk to you, you might guess
What pain is like though they might spit on you. 5

Film is just a reflection
Of the matchless despair of the century.
There have been twenty centuries since charity began.
Indignation is day-to-day stuff;
It keeps us off the streets, it keeps us watching. 10

Film has no words of its own.
It is a silent waste of things happening
Without us, when it is too late to help.
What of the dignity of those caught suffering?
It hurts me. I robbed them of privacy. 15

My young friends think Film will be all of Art.
It will be revolutionary proof.
Their films will not guess wrongly and will not lie.
They'll film what is happening behind barbed wire.
They'll always know the truth and be famous. 20

Politics softens everything.
Truth is known only to its victims.
All else is photographs – a documentary
The starving and the playboys perish in.
Life disguises itself with professionalism. 25

Life tells the biggest lies of all,
And draws wages from itself.
Truth is a landscape the saintly tribes live on,
And all the lenses of Japan and Germany
Wouldn't know how to focus on it. 30

Life flickers on the frame like beautiful hummingbirds.
That is the film that always comes out blank.
The painting the artist can't get shapes to fit.
The poem that shrugs off every word you try.
The music no one has ever heard. 35

Douglas Dunn (born 1942)

- 3 The following passage is a letter written in England to a friend in France by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1689–1762). Write a critical commentary on it, considering in detail ways in which your responses are shaped by the writer’s language, style and form.

Dover, September 1718

I am willing to take your word for it that I shall really oblige you by letting you know as soon as possible my safe passage over the water. I arrived this morning at Dover after being tossed a whole night in the packet-boat in so violent a manner that the master, considering the weakness of his vessel, thought it prudent to remove the mail, and gave us notice of the danger. We called a little fisher boat, which could hardly make up to us, while all the people on board us were crying to heaven, and 'tis hard to imagine one's self in a scene of greater horror than on such an occasion; and yet, shall I own it to you? though I was not at all willing to be drowned, I could not forbear being entertained at the double distress of a fellow passenger. She was an English lady that I had met at Calais, who desired me to let her go over with me in my cabin. She had bought a fine point head[dress] which she was contriving to conceal from the custom-house officers. When the wind grew high and our little vessel cracked, she fell very heartily to her prayers and thought wholly of her soul; when it seemed to abate, she returned to the worldly care of her head-dress, and addressed herself to me. 'Dear Madame, will you take care of this point? if it should be lost – Ah Lord! we shall all be lost! Lord have mercy on my soul – pray, Madame, take care of this head-dress.' This easy transition from her soul to her head-dress, and the alternate agonies that both gave her, made it hard to determine which she thought of greatest value.

But, however, the scene was not so diverting but I was glad to get rid of it and be thrown into the little boat, though with some hazard of breaking my neck. It brought me safe hither, and I cannot help looking with partial eyes on my native land. That partiality was certainly given us by nature to prevent rambling, the effect of an ambitious thirst after knowledge which we are not formed to enjoy. All we get by it is a fruitless desire of mixing the different pleasures and conveniencies which are given to different parts of the world and cannot meet in any one of them. After having read all that is to be found in the languages I am mistress of, and having decayed my sight by midnight studies, I envy the easy peace of mind of a ruddy milkmaid who, undisturbed by doubt, hears the sermon with humility every Sunday, having not confused the sentiments of natural duty in her head by the vain inquiries of the schools, who may be more learned, yet after all must remain as ignorant. And after having seen part of Asia and Africa and almost made the tour of Europe I think the honest English squire more happy who verily believes the Greek wines less delicious than March beer, that the African fruits have not so fine a flavour as golden pippins, and the *beccafichi** of Italy are not so well tasted as a rump of beef, and that, in short, there is no perfect enjoyment of this life out of Old England. I pray God I may think so for the rest of my life, and since I must be contented with our scanty allowance of daylight, that I may forget the enlivening sun of Constantinople.

**beccafichi*: songbirds

From *The Selected Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*

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