



Cambridge International AS & A Level

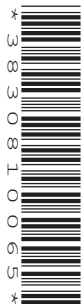
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/41

Paper 4 Pre- and Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2021

2 hours



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total. You must answer **one** poetry question and **one** prose question.
Section A: answer **one** question.
Section B: answer **one** 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.
- Dictionaries are **not** allowed.

INFORMATION

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

This document has **24** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

Section A: Pre-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Persuasion*

- 1 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Austen present pride in *Persuasion*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Austen's presentation of the relationship between Anne and Captain Wentworth.

Another minute brought another addition. The younger boy, a remarkable stout, forward child, of two years old, having got the door opened for him by some one without, made his determined appearance among them, and went straight to the sofa to see what was going on, and put in his claim to any thing good that might be giving away.

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There being nothing to be eat, he could only have some play; and as his aunt would not let him tease his sick brother, he began to fasten himself upon her, as she knelt, in such a way that, busy as she was about Charles, she could not shake him off. She spoke to him – ordered, intreated, and insisted in vain. Once she did contrive to push him away, but the boy had the greater pleasure in getting upon her back again directly.

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'Walter,' said she, 'get down this moment. You are extremely troublesome. I am very angry with you.'

'Walter,' cried Charles Hayter, 'why do you not do as you are bid? Do not you hear your aunt speak? Come to me, Walter, come to cousin Charles.'

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But not a bit did Walter stir.

In another moment, however, she found herself in the state of being released from him; some one was taking him from her, though he had bent down her head so much, that his little sturdy hands were unfastened from around her neck, and he was resolutely borne away, before she knew that Captain Wentworth had done it.

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Her sensations on the discovery made her perfectly speechless. She could not even thank him. She could only hang over little Charles, with most disordered feelings. His kindness in stepping forward to her relief – the manner – the silence in which it had passed – the little particulars of the circumstance – with the conviction soon forced on her by the noise he was studiously making with the child, that he meant to avoid hearing her thanks, and rather sought to testify that her conversation was the last of his wants, produced such a confusion of varying, but very painful agitation, as she could not recover from, till enabled by the entrance of Mary and the Miss Musgroves to make over her little patient to their cares, and leave the room. She could not stay. It might have been an opportunity of watching the loves and jealousies of the four; they were now all together, but she could stay for none of it. It was evident that Charles Hayter was not well inclined towards Captain Wentworth. She had a strong impression of his having said, in a vexed tone of voice, after Captain Wentworth's interference, 'You ought to have minded *me*, Walter; I told you not to tease your aunt;' and could comprehend his regretting that Captain Wentworth should do what he ought to have done himself. But neither Charles Hayter's feelings, nor any body's feelings, could interest her, till she had a little better arranged her own. She was ashamed of herself, quite ashamed of being so nervous, so overcome by such a trifle; but so it was; and it required a long application of solitude and reflection to recover her.

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(from Volume 1 Chapter 9)

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 2.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Knight's Tale*

- 2 Either (a)** 'Chaucer presents Emily mainly through her relationships with men.'

How far, and in what ways, do you agree with this view of Chaucer's characterisation of Emily in *The Knight's Tale*?

- Or (b)** Paying close attention to Chaucer's poetic methods, discuss the following extract, showing what it adds to Chaucer's presentation of Palamon in *The Knight's Tale*.

The Sonday nyght, er day bigan to sprynge,
 Whan Palamon the larke herde synge,
 (Although it nere nat day by houres two,
 Yet song the larke) and Palamon right tho
 With hooly herte and with an heigh corage, 5
 He roos to wenden on his pilgrymage
 Unto the blisful Citherea benigne, –
 I mene Venus, honorable and digne.
 And in hir houre he walketh forth a pas
 Unto the lystes ther hire temple was, 10
 And doun he kneleth, and with humble cheere
 And herte soor, he seyde as ye shal heere:
 "Faireste of faire, O lady myn, Venus,
 Doughter to Jove, and spouse of Vulcanus,
 Thow gladere of the mount of Citheron, 15
 For thilke love thow haddest to Adoon,
 Have pitee of my bittre teeris smerte,
 And taak myn humble preyere at thyn herte.
 Allas! I ne have no langage to telle
 Th'effectes ne the tormentz of myn helle; 20
 Myn herte may myne harmes nat biwreye;
 I am so confus that I kan noght seye
 But, 'Mercy, lady bright, that knowest weele
 My thought, and seest what harmes that I feelee!
 Considere al this and rewe upon my soore, 25
 As wisly as I shal for everemoore,
 Emforth my myght, thy trewe servant be,
 And holden werre alwey with chastitee.
 That make I myn avow, so ye me helpe!
 I kepe noght of armes for to yelpe, 30
 Ne I ne axe nat tomorwe to have victorie,
 Ne renoun in this cas, ne veyne glorie
 Of pris of armes blowen up and doun;
 But I wolde have fully possessioun
 Of Emelye, and dye in thy servyse. 35
 Fynd thow the manere hou, and in what wyse:
 I recche nat but it may bettre be
 To have victorie of hem, or they of me,
 So that I have my lady in myne armes.
 For though so be that Mars is god of armes, 40
 Youre vertu is so greet in hevene above
 That if yow list, I shal wel have my love.
 Thy temple wol I worshipe everemo,
 And on thyn auter, where I ride or go,
 I wol doon sacrifice and fires beete. 45

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And if ye wol nat so, my lady sweete,
Thanne preye I thee, tomorwe with a spere
That Arcita me thurgh the herte bere.
Thanne rekke I noght, whan I have lost my lyf,
Though that Arcita wyne hire to his wyf. 50
This is th'effect and ende of my preyere:
Yif me my love, thow blisful lady deere.”
Whan the orison was doon of Palamon,
His sacrifice he dide, and that anon,
Ful pitously, with alle circumstaunces, 55
Al telle I noght as now his observaunces;
But atte laste the statue of Venus shook,
And made a signe, wherby that he took
That his preyere accepted was that day.
For thogh the signe shewed a delay, 60
Yet wiste he wel that graunted was his boone;
And with glad herte he wente hym hoom ful soone.

CHARLES DICKENS: *Oliver Twist*

- 3 Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Dickens presents the relationships between adults and children in *Oliver Twist*.
- Or** (b) Analyse the language, tone and narrative methods of the following passage, showing what it adds to Dickens's presentation of Nancy in the novel as a whole.

'I wish to go back,' said Nancy. 'I must go back, because – how can I tell such things to an innocent lady like you? – because among the men I have told you of, there is one: the most desperate among them all: that I can't leave; no, not even to be saved from the life I am leading now.'

'Your having interfered in this dear boy's behalf before,' said Rose; 'your coming here, at so great a risk, to tell me what you have heard; your manner, which convinces me of the truth of what you say; your evident contrition, and sense of shame; all lead me to believe that you might be yet reclaimed. Oh!' said the earnest girl, folding her hands as the tears coursed down her face, 'do not turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of one of your own sex; the first – the first, I do believe, who ever appealed to you in the voice of pity and compassion. Do hear my words, and let me save you yet, for better things.'

'Lady,' cried the girl, sinking on her knees, 'dear, sweet, angel lady, you *are* the first that ever blessed me with such words as these, and if I had heard them years ago, they might have turned me from a life of sin and sorrow; but it is too late, it is too late!'

'It is never too late,' said Rose, 'for penitence and atonement.'

'It is,' cried the girl, writhing in the agony of her mind; 'I cannot leave him now! I could not be his death.'

'Why should you be?' asked Rose.

'Nothing could save him,' cried the girl. 'If I told others what I have told you, and led to their being taken, he would be sure to die. He is the boldest, and has been so cruel!'

'Is it possible,' cried Rose, 'that for such a man as this, you can resign every future hope, and the certainty of immediate rescue? It is madness.'

'I don't know what it is,' answered the girl; 'I only know that it is so, and not with me alone, but with hundreds of others as bad and wretched as myself. I must go back. Whether it is God's wrath for the wrong I have done, I do not know; but I am drawn back to him through every suffering and ill usage; and I should be, I believe, if I knew that I was to die by his hand at last.'

'What am I to do?' said Rose. 'I should not let you depart from me thus.'

'You should, lady, and I know you will,' rejoined the girl, rising. 'You will not stop my going because I have trusted in your goodness, and forced no promise from you, as I might have done.'

'Of what use, then, is the communication you have made?' said Rose. 'This mystery must be investigated, or how will its disclosure to me, benefit Oliver, whom you are anxious to serve?'

'You must have some kind gentleman about you that will hear it as a secret, and advise you what to do,' rejoined the girl.

'But where can I find you again when it is necessary?' asked Rose. 'I do not seek to know where these dreadful people live, but where will you be walking or passing at any settled period from this time?'

'Will you promise me that you will have my secret strictly kept, and come alone, or with the only other person that knows it; and that I shall not be watched or followed?' asked the girl.

'I promise you solemnly,' answered Rose.

'Every Sunday night, from eleven until the clock strikes twelve,' said the girl without hesitation, 'I will walk on London Bridge if I am alive.'

(from Chapter 40)

EMILY DICKINSON: Selected Poems

- 4 Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Dickinson's presentation of the power of nature. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Analyse the following poem, showing what it adds to your understanding of Dickinson's methods and concerns here and elsewhere in the selection.

It was not Death, for I stood up

It was not Death, for I stood up,
And all the Dead, lie down –
It was not Night, for all the Bells
Put out their Tongues, for Noon.

It was not Frost, for on my Flesh
I felt Siroccos – crawl –
Nor Fire – for just my Marble feet
Could keep a Chancel, cool –

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And yet, it tasted, like them all,
The Figures I have seen
Set orderly, for Burial,
Reminded me, of mine –

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As if my life were shaven,
And fitted to a frame,
And could not breathe without a key,
And 'twas like Midnight, some –

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When everything that ticked – has stopped –
And Space stares all around –
Or Grisly frosts – first Autumn morns,
Repeal the Beating Ground –

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But, most, like Chaos – Stopless – cool –
Without a Chance, or Spar –
Or even a Report of Land –
To justify – Despair.

THOMAS HARDY: *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*

- 5 Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Hardy's presentation of different attitudes to marriage in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

Tess Durbeyfield at this time of her life was a mere vessel of emotion untinged by experience. The dialect was on her tongue to some extent, despite the village school: the characteristic intonation of that dialect for this district being the voicing approximately rendered by the syllable UR, probably as rich an utterance as any to be found in human speech. The pouted-up deep red mouth to which this syllable was native had hardly as yet settled into its definitive shape, and her lower lip had a way of thrusting the middle of her top one upward, when they closed together after a word.

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Phases of her childhood lurked in her aspect still. As she walked along to-day, for all her bouncing handsome womanliness, you could sometimes see her twelfth year in her cheeks, or her ninth sparkling from her eyes; and even her fifth would flit over the curves of her mouth now and then.

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Yet few knew, and still fewer considered this. A small minority, mainly strangers, would look long at her in casually passing by, and grow momentarily fascinated by her freshness, and wonder if they would ever see her again: but to almost everybody she was a fine and picturesque country girl, and no more.

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Nothing was seen or heard further of Durbeyfield in his triumphal chariot under the conduct of the ostleress, and the club having entered the allotted space, dancing began. As there were no men in the company the girls danced at first with each other, but when the hour for the close of labour drew on, the masculine inhabitants of the village, together with other idlers and pedestrians, gathered round the spot, and appeared inclined to negotiate for a partner.

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Among these on-lookers were three young men of a superior class, carrying small knapsacks strapped to their shoulders, and stout sticks in their hands. Their general likeness to each other, and their consecutive ages, would almost have suggested that they might be, what in fact they were, brothers. The eldest wore the white tie, high waistcoat, and thin-brimmed hat of the regulation curate; the second was the normal undergraduate; the appearance of the third and youngest would hardly have been sufficient to characterize him; there was an uncubbed, uncubed aspect in his eyes and attire, implying that he had hardly as yet found the entrance to his professional groove. That he was a desultory tentative student of something and everything might only have been predicated of him.

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These three brethren told casual acquaintance that they were spending their Whitsun holidays in a walking tour through the Vale of Blackmoor, their course being south-westerly from the town of Shaston on the north-east.

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They leant over the gate by the highway, and inquired as to the meaning of the dance and the white-froked maids. The two elder of the brothers were plainly not intending to linger more than a moment, but the spectacle of a bevy of girls dancing without male partners seemed to amuse the third, and make him in no hurry to move on. He unstrapped his knapsack, put it, with his stick, on the hedge-bank, and opened the gate.

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'What are you going to do, Angel?' asked the eldest.

'I am inclined to go and have a fling with them. Why not all of us – just for a minute or two – it will not detain us long?'

'No – no; nonsense!' said the first. 'Dancing in public with a troop of country hoydens – suppose we should be seen! Come along, or it will be dark before we get to Stourcastle, and there's no place we can sleep at nearer than that; besides, we

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must get through another chapter of *A Counterblast to Agnosticism* before we turn in, now I have taken the trouble to bring the book.'

'All right – I'll overtake you and Cuthbert in five minutes; don't stop; I give my word that I will, Felix.'

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The two elder reluctantly left him and walked on, taking their brother's knapsack to relieve him in following, and the youngest entered the field.

(from Chapter 2)

JOHN MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, Books IX and X

- 6 Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Milton's presentation of different attitudes to the Garden of Eden in *Paradise Lost*, Books IX and X.
- Or** (b) Analyse the poetic methods in the following extract, showing what it adds to Milton's presentation of Satan in *Paradise Lost*, Books IX and X.

Long were to tell

What I have done, what suffered, with what pain
 Voyaged th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep
 Of horrible confusion, over which
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved 5
 To expedite your glorious march; but I
 Toiled out my uncouth passage, forced to ride
 Th' untractable abyss, plunged in the womb
 Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
 That jealous of their secrets fiercely opposed 10
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
 Protesting Fate supreme; thence how I found
 The new created world, which fame in Heav'n
 Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful
 Of absolute perfection, therein man 15
 Placed in a Paradise, by our exile
 Made happy: him by fraud I have seduced
 From his Creator, and the more to increase
 Your wonder, with an apple; he thereat
 Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up 20
 Both his beloved man and all his world,
 To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
 Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
 To range in, and to dwell, and over man
 To rule, as over all he should have ruled. 25
 True is, me also he hath judged, or rather
 Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape
 Man I deceived: that which to me belongs,
 Is enmity, which he will put between
 Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel; 30
 His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:
 A world who would not purchase with a bruise,
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
 Of my performance: what remains, ye gods,
 But up and enter now into full bliss. 35

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
 Their universal shout and high applause
 To fill his ear, when contrary he hears
 On all sides from innumerable tongues
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound 40
 Of public scorn; he wondered, but not long
 Had leisure, wond'ring at himself now more;
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
 His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell 45
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
 Reluctant, but in vain; a greater power

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Now ruled him, punished in the shape he sinned,
According to his doom: he would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss returned with forkèd tongue
To forkèd tongue, for now were all transformed
Alike, to serpents all as áccessories
To his bold riot.

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(from Book 10)

12

Section B: Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

MARGARET ATWOOD: *The Handmaid's Tale*

- 7 Either (a)** 'From each according to her ability; to each according to his needs.'

Discuss some of the ways Atwood makes this quotation significant in the novel.

- Or (b)** Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Atwood's methods and concerns.

I wish this story were different.

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I told you it was bad.

(from Chapter 41)

14

JACKIE KAY: Selected Poems from *Darling*

- 8** **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Kay present children in her poems? In your answer you should refer in detail to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** **(b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Kay's poetic methods and concerns here and elsewhere in the selection.

Rubble

What was the thought that I just had in my head?

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Somebody what? Somebody who? Dear oh dear, somebody
you.

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 9.

BARBARA KINGSOLVER: *The Poisonwood Bible*

- 9 Either** (a) Towards the end of the novel Adah says, 'if Rachel ever gets back to Bethlehem for a high school reunion she will win the prize for *Changed the Least*'.

Discuss Kingsolver's presentation of Rachel in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways Kingsolver presents Orleanna here and elsewhere in the novel.

A first child is your own best foot forward, and how you do cheer those little feet as they strike out.

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Conquest and liberation and democracy and divorce are words that mean squat, basically, when you have hungry children and clothes to get out on the line and it looks like rain.

(from Orleanna Price, Book 5: Exodus)

STEPHEN SPENDER: Selected Poems

- 10 Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Spender uses different points of view in his presentation of war. In your answer you should refer in detail to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Analyse the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Spender's poetic methods and concerns here and elsewhere in the selection.

XI

My parents quarrel in the neighbour room.

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And watch the fungus cover up my eyes.

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 11.

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DEREK WALCOTT: Selected Poems

- 11 Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Walcott reflects on death in his poems. In your answer you should refer in detail to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Analyse Walcott's methods in the following poem, considering his attachment to the natural world here and elsewhere in the selection.

The Flock

The grip of winter tightening, its thinned

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21

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both for their need and for my sense of season.

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *Mrs Dalloway*

12 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Woolf make parties significant in the novel?

Or (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Woolf's narrative methods and concerns.

[Septimus] had only to open his eyes; but a weight was on them; a fear. He strained; he pushed; he looked; he saw Regent's Park before him. Long streamers of sunlight fawned at his feet. The trees waved, brandished. We welcome, the world seemed to say; we accept; we create. Beauty, the world seemed to say. And as if to prove it (scientifically) wherever he looked, at the houses, at the railings, at the antelopes stretching over the palings, beauty sprang instantly. To watch a leaf quivering in the rush of air was an exquisite joy. Up in the sky swallows swooping, swerving, flinging themselves in and out, round and round, yet always with perfect control as if elastics held them; and the flies rising and falling; and the sun spotting now this leaf, now that, in mockery, dazzling it with soft gold in pure good temper; and now and again some chime (it might be a motor horn) tinkling divinely on the grass stalks – all of this, calm and reasonable as it was, made out of ordinary things as it was, was the truth now; beauty, that was the truth now. Beauty was everywhere. 5

'It is time,' said Rezia. 10

The word 'time' split its husk; poured its riches over him; and from his lips fell like shells, like shavings from a plane, without his making them, hard, white, imperishable, words, and flew to attach themselves to their places in an ode to Time; an immortal ode to Time. He sang. Evans answered from behind the tree. The dead were in Thessaly, Evans sang, among the orchids. There they waited till the War was over, and now the dead, now Evans himself – 15

'For God's sake don't come!' Septimus cried out. For he could not look upon the dead. 20

But the branches parted. A man in grey was actually walking towards them. It was Evans! But no mud was on him; no wounds; he was not changed. I must tell the whole world, Septimus cried, raising his hand (as the dead man in the grey suit came nearer), raising his hand like some colossal figure who has lamented the fate of man for ages in the desert alone with his hands pressed to his forehead, furrows of despair on his cheeks, and now sees light on the desert's edge which broadens and strikes the iron-black figure (and Septimus half rose from his chair), and with legions of men prostrate behind him he, the giant mourner, receives for one moment on his face the whole – 25

'But I am so unhappy, Septimus,' said Rezia, trying to make him sit down. 30

The millions lamented; for ages they had sorrowed. He would turn round, he would tell them in a few moments, only a few moments more, of this relief, of this joy, of this astonishing revelation – 35

'The time, Septimus,' Rezia repeated. 'What is the time?' 40

He was talking, he was starting, this man must notice him. He was looking at them. 45

'I will tell you the time,' said Septimus, very slowly, very drowsily, smiling mysteriously at the dead man in the grey suit. As he sat smiling, the quarter struck – the quarter to twelve. 40

And that is being young, Peter Walsh thought as he passed them. To be having an awful scene – the poor girl looked absolutely desperate – in the middle of the morning. But what was it about, he wondered; what had the young man in the overcoat been saying to her to make her look like that; what awful fix had they got themselves into, both to look so desperate as that on a fine summer morning? 45

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The amusing thing about coming back to England, after five years, was the way it made, anyhow the first days, things stand out as if one had never seen them before; lovers squabbling under a tree; the domestic family life of the parks. Never had he seen London look so enchanting – the softness of the distances; the richness; the greenness; the civilisation, after India, he thought, strolling across the grass.

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