



9695/43

May/June 2021

2 hours

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You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

- 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.

- 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) Discuss Austen's presentation of different attitudes to social class 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.

Sir Walter, his two daughters, and Mrs Clay, were the earliest of all their party, at the rooms in the evening; and as Lady Dalrymple must be waited for, they took their station by one of the fires in the octagon room. But hardly were they so settled, when the door opened again, and Captain Wentworth walked in alone. Anne was the nearest to him, and making yet a little advance, she instantly spoke. He was preparing only to bow and pass on, but her gentle 'How do you do?' brought him out of the straight line to stand near her, and make enquiries in return, in spite of the formidable father and sister in the back ground. Their being in the back ground was a support to Anne; she knew nothing of their looks, and felt equal to every thing which she believed right to be done.

5

While they were speaking, a whispering between her father and Elizabeth caught her ear. She could not distinguish, but she must guess the subject; and on Captain Wentworth's making a distant bow, she comprehended that her father had judged so well as to give him that simple acknowledgment of acquaintance, and she was just in time by a side glance to see a slight curtsy from Elizabeth herself. This, though late and reluctant and ungracious, was yet better than nothing, and her spirits improved.

10

After talking however of the weather and Bath and the concert, their conversation began to flag, and so little was said at last, that she was expecting him to go every moment; but he did not; he seemed in no hurry to leave her; and presently with renewed spirit, with a little smile, a little glow, he said,

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'I have hardly seen you since our day at Lyme. I am afraid you must have suffered from the shock, and the more from its not overpowering you at the time.'

She assured him that she had not.

'It was a frightful hour,' said he, 'a frightful day!' and he passed his hand across his eyes, as if the remembrance were still too painful; but in a moment half smiling again, added, 'The day has produced some effects however – has had some consequences which must be considered as the very reverse of frightful. – When you had the presence of mind to suggest that Benwick would be the properest person to fetch a surgeon, you could have little idea of his being eventually one of those most concerned in her recovery.'

25

'Certainly I could have none. But it appears – I should hope it would be a very happy match. There are on both sides good principles and good temper.'

'Yes,' said he, looking not exactly forward – 'but there I think ends the resemblance. With all my soul I wish them happy, and rejoice over every circumstance in favour of it. They have no difficulties to contend with at home, no opposition, no caprice, no delays. – The Musgroves are behaving like themselves, most honourably and kindly, only anxious with true parental hearts to promote their daughter's comfort. All this is much, very much in favour of their happiness; more than perhaps –'

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He stopped. A sudden recollection seemed to occur, and to give him some taste of that emotion which was reddening Anne's cheeks and fixing her eyes on the ground.

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(from Volume 2 Chapter 8)

3

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 2.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Knight's Tale*

- 2 Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Chaucer shapes a reader's response to Theseus 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 and Arcite in *The Knight's Tale*.

In derknesse and horrible and strong prisoun
 This seven yeer hath seten Palamoun
 Forpynd, what for wo and for distresse.
 Who feeleth double soor and hevynesse
 But Palamon, that love destreyneth so 5
 That wood out of his wit he goth for wo?
 And eek therto he is a prisoner
 Perpetuelly, noght oonly for a yer.
 Who koude ryme in Englyssh proprely
 His martirdom? for sothe it am nat I; 10
 Therfore I passe as lightly as I may.
 It fel that in the seventhe yer, of May
 The thridde nyght, (as olde bookes seyn,
 That al this storie tellen moore pleyn)
 Were it by aventure or destynnee – 15
 As, whan a thyng is shapen, it shal be –
 That soone after the mydnyght Palamoun,
 By helpyng of a freend, brak his prisoun
 And fleeth the citee faste as he may go. 20
 For he hadde yeve his gayler drynke so
 Of a clarree maad of a certeyn wyn,
 With nercotikes and opie of Thebes fyn,
 That al that nyght, thogh that men wolde him shake,
 The gayler sleep, he myghte nat awake;
 And thus he fleeth as faste as evere he may. 25
 The nyght was short and faste by the day,
 That nedes cost he moot hymselfen hyde;
 And til a grove faste ther bisyde
 With dredeful foot thanne stalketh Palamon. 30
 For, shortly, this was his opinion,
 That in that grove he wolde hym hyde al day,
 And in the nyght thanne wolde he take his way
 To Thebes-ward, his freendes for to preye
 On Theseus to helpe him to werreye;
 And shortly, outhur he wolde lese his lif, 35
 Or wynnen Emelye unto his wyf.
 This is th'effect and his entente pleyn.
 Now wol I turne to Arcite ageyn,
 That litel wiste how ny that was his care,
 Til that Fortune had broght him in the snare. 40
 The bisy larke, messenger of day,
 Salueth in hir song the morwe gray,
 And firy Phebus riseth up so bright
 That al the orient laugheth of the light,
 And with his stremes dryeth in the greves 45
 The silver dropes hangynge on the leves.

5

And Arcita, that in the court roial
With Theseus is squier principal,
Is risen and looketh on the myrie day.
And for to doon his observaunce to May,
Remembrynge on the poynt of his desir,
He on a courser, startlynge as the fir,
Is riden into the feeldes hym to pleye,
Out of the court, were it a myle or tweye.

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CHARLES DICKENS: *Oliver Twist*

- 3 Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Dickens's presentation of different kinds of conflict in *Oliver Twist*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing its significance to the novel's meaning and effects.

'Here,' said the turnkey, laying his hand upon his breast to keep him down. 'Here's somebody wants to see you, to ask you some questions, I suppose. Fagin, Fagin! Are you a man?'

'I shan't be one long,' he replied, looking up with a face retaining no human expression but rage and terror. 'Strike them all dead! What right have they to butcher me?'

5

As he spoke he caught sight of Oliver and Mr Brownlow. Shrinking to the furthest corner of the seat, he demanded to know what they wanted there.

'Steady,' said the turnkey, still holding him down. 'Now, sir, tell him what you want. Quick, if you please, for he grows worse as the time gets on.'

10

'You have some papers,' said Mr Brownlow advancing, 'which were placed in your hands, for better security, by a man called Monks.'

'It's all a lie together,' replied Fagin. 'I haven't one – not one.'

'For the love of God,' said Mr Brownlow solemnly, 'do not say that now, upon the very verge of death; but tell me where they are. You know that Sikes is dead; that Monks has confessed; that there is no hope of any further gain. Where are those papers?'

15

'Oliver,' cried Fagin, beckoning to him. 'Here, here! Let me whisper to you.'

'I am not afraid,' said Oliver in a low voice, as he relinquished Mr Brownlow's hand.

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'The papers,' said Fagin, drawing Oliver towards him, 'are in a canvas bag, in a hole a little way up the chimney in the top front-room. I want to talk to you, my dear. I want to talk to you.'

'Yes, yes,' returned Oliver. 'Let me say a prayer. Do! Let me say one prayer. Say only one, upon your knees, with me, and we will talk till morning.'

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'Outside, outside,' replied Fagin, pushing the boy before him towards the door, and looking vacantly over his head. 'Say I've gone to sleep – they'll believe *you*. You can get me out, if you take me so. Now then, now then!'

'Oh! God forgive this wretched man!' cried the boy with a burst of tears.

'That's right, that's right,' said Fagin. 'That'll help us on. This door first. If I shake and tremble, as we pass the gallows, don't you mind, but hurry on. Now, now, now!'

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'Have you nothing else to ask him, sir?' inquired the turnkey.

'No other question,' replied Mr Brownlow. 'If I hoped we could recall him to a sense of his position –'

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'Nothing will do that, sir,' replied the man, shaking his head. 'You had better leave him.'

The door of the cell opened, and the attendants returned.

'Press on, press on,' cried Fagin. 'Softly, but not so slow. Faster, faster!'

The men laid hands upon him, and disengaging Oliver from his grasp, held him back. He struggled with the power of desperation, for an instant; and, then sent up cry upon cry that penetrated even those massive walls, and rang in their ears until they reached the open yard.

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It was some time before they left the prison. Oliver nearly swooned after this frightful scene, and was so weak that for an hour or more, he had not the strength to walk.

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Day was dawning when they again emerged. A great multitude had already

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assembled; the windows were filled with people, smoking and playing cards to beguile the time; the crowd were pushing, quarrelling, joking. Everything told of life and animation, but one dark cluster of objects in the centre of all – the black stage, the cross-beam, the rope, and all the hideous apparatus of death.

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(from Chapter 52)

EMILY DICKINSON: Selected Poems

- 4 Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Dickinson's presentation of the relationship between humans and the natural world. 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.

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
 And Mourners to and fro
 Kept treading – treading – till it seemed
 That Sense was breaking through –

And when they all were seated,
 A Service, like a Drum –
 Kept beating – beating – till I thought
 My Mind was going numb –

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And then I heard them lift a Box
 And creak across my Soul
 With those same Boots of Lead, again,
 Then Space – began to toll,

10

As all the Heavens were a Bell,
 And Being, but an Ear,
 And I, and Silence, some strange Race
 Wrecked, solitary, here –

15

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
 And I dropped down, and down –
 And hit a World, at every plunge,
 And Finished knowing – then –

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 5.

THOMAS HARDY: *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*

- 5 Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Hardy presents the contrast between life in the town and life in the country in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Hardy's presentation of Tess in the novel as a whole.

Her figure looked singularly tall and imposing as she stood in her long white nightgown, a thick cable of twisted dark hair hanging straight down her back to her waist. The kindly dimness of the weak candle abstracted from her form and features the little blemishes which sunlight might have revealed – the stubble scratches upon her wrists, and the weariness of her eyes – her high enthusiasm having a transfiguring effect upon the face which had been her undoing, showing it as a thing of immaculate beauty, with an impress of dignity which was almost regal. The little ones kneeling round, their sleepy eyes blinking and red, awaited her preparations full of a suspended wonder which their physical heaviness at that hour would not allow to become active.

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The eldest of them said:

'Be you really going to christen him, Tess?'

The girl-mother replied in a grave affirmative.

'What's his name going to be?'

She had not thought of that, but a name came into her head as she proceeded with the baptismal service, and now she pronounced it:

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'SORROW, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

She sprinkled the water, and there was silence.

'Say "Amen", children.'

20

The tiny voices piped in obedient response: 'Amen!'

Tess went on:

'We receive this child' – and so forth – 'and do sign him with the sign of the Cross.'

Here she dipped her hand into the basin, and fervently drew an immense cross upon the baby with her forefinger, continuing with the customary sentences as to his manfully fighting against sin, the world, and the devil, and being a faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end. She duly went on with the Lord's Prayer, the children lisping it after her in a thin gnat-like wail, till, at the conclusion, raising their voices to clerk's pitch, they again piped into the silence, 'Amen!'

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Then their sister, with much augmented confidence in the efficacy of this sacrament, poured forth from the bottom of her heart the thanksgiving that follows, uttering it boldly and triumphantly in the stopt-diapason note which her voice acquired when her heart was in her speech, and which will never be forgotten by those who knew her. The ecstasy of faith almost apotheosized her; it set upon her face a glowing irradiation, and brought a red spot into the middle of each cheek; while the miniature candle-flame inverted in her eye-pupils shone like a diamond. The children gazed up at her with more and more reverence, and no longer had a will for questioning. She did not look like Sissy to them now, but as a being large, towering, and awful – a divine personage with whom they had nothing in common.

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Poor Sorrow's campaign against sin, the world, and the devil was doomed to be of limited brilliancy – luckily perhaps for himself, considering his beginnings. In the blue of the morning that fragile soldier and servant breathed his last, and when the other children awoke they cried bitterly, and begged Sissy to have another pretty baby.

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The calmness which had possessed Tess since the christening remained

with her in the infant's loss. In the daylight, indeed, she felt her terrors about his soul to have been somewhat exaggerated; whether well founded or not she had no uneasiness now, reasoning that if Providence would not ratify such an act of approximation she, for one, did not value the kind of heaven lost by the irregularity – either for herself or for her child.

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So passed away Sorrow the Undesired – that intrusive creature, that bastard gift of shameless Nature who respects not the civil law; a waif to whom eternal Time had been a matter of days merely, who knew not that such things as years and centuries ever were; to whom the cottage interior was the universe, the week's weather climate, new-born babyhood human existence, and the instinct to suck human knowledge.

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(from Chapter 14)

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

- 6 Either (a)** Adam says to Eve:
 'Our state cannot be severed, we are one,
 One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.'

Discuss Milton's presentation of Adam's relationship with Eve in the light of his comment.

- Or (b)** Paying close attention to Milton's poetic methods, discuss the following extract, showing what it adds to Milton's presentation of Satan in *Paradise Lost*, Books IX and X.

With tract oblique
 At first, as one who sought access, but feared
 To interrupt, sidelong he works his way.
 As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought
 Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind 5
 Veers off, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail;
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train
 Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
 To lure her eye; she busied heard the sound
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used 10
 To such disport before her through the field,
 From every beast, more duteous at her call,
 Than at Circean call the herd disguised.
 He bolder now, uncalled before her stood;
 But as in gaze admiring: oft he bowed 15
 His turret crest, and sleek enamelled neck,
 Fawning, and licked the ground whereon she trod.
 His gentle dumb expression turned at length
 The eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
 Of her attention gained, with serpent tongue 20
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.
 Wonder not, sov'reign mistress, if perhaps
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder, much less arm
 Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain, 25
 Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze
 Insatiate, I thus single, nor have feared
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine 30
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore
 With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
 Where universally admired; but here
 In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern 35
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
 Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen
 A goddess among gods, adored and served
 By angels numberless, thy daily train.
 So glozed the Tempter, and his proem tuned; 40
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
 Though at the voice much marvelling; at length

13

Not unamazed she thus in answer spake.
What may this mean? Language of man pronounced
By tongue of brute, and human sense expressed? 45
The first at least of these I thought denied
To beasts, whom God on their Creation-day
Created mute to all articulate sound;
The latter I demur, for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions oft appears. 50
Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice endued.

(from Book 9)

14

Section B: Post-1900 Poetry and ProseAnswer **one** question from this section.**MARGARET ATWOOD: *The Handmaid's Tale***

- 7** **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Atwood show Offred struggling to maintain her own sense of self?
- Or** **(b)** Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways Atwood presents the Wives, here and elsewhere in the novel.

The van stops, the back doors are opened, the Guardian herds us out.

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15

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Thinks of nothing.

(*from* Chapter 19)

JACKIE KAY: Selected Poems from *Darling*

- 8** **Either** **(a)** Compare some of the ways Kay presents different aspects of family background in her poetry. 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 how far it is characteristic of Kay's poetic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

He Told Us He Wanted a Black Coffin
(for Margaret McAllister)

I phoned up the funeral director,

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(what was it?) It doesn't seem that long ago.

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 9.

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BARBARA KINGSOLVER: *The Poisonwood Bible*

- 9** **Either** **(a)** How far would you agree that Kingsolver presents Leah as a character searching for justice and forgiveness?
- Or** **(b)** Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Kingsolver's narrative methods and concerns.

But Father wasn't done with the doctor yet.

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Like somebody's
eyelashes right up against your fingers.

(from Ruth May Price, Book 2: The Revelation)

STEPHEN SPENDER: Selected Poems

- 10 Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Spender reflect on death in his poems? In your answer you should refer in detail to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract from a longer poem, considering how far it is characteristic of Spender's poetic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

from *Nocturne*

Their six-weeks-old daughter lies
in her cot, crying out the night.

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Down would fall baby, cradle, and them all.

DEREK WALCOTT: Selected Poems

- 11 Either** (a) How far, and in what ways, does Walcott's poetry suggest that he does not feel at home in his own country? In your answer you should refer in detail to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Analyse the following extract from *Ruins of a Great House*, considering how far it is characteristic of Walcott's poetic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

from *Ruins of a Great House*

I climbed a wall with the grill ironwork

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All in compassion ends
So differently from what the heart arranged:
'as well as if a manor of thy friend's ...'

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *Mrs Dalloway*

- 12 Either** (a) By what means, and with what effects, does Woolf use time in the novel?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering how far it is characteristic of Woolf's narrative methods and concerns.

The sound of Big Ben flooded Clarissa's drawing-room, where she sat, ever so annoyed, at her writing-table; worried; annoyed. It was perfectly true that she had not asked Ellie Henderson to her party; but she had done it on purpose. Now Mrs Marsham wrote: 'She had told Ellie Henderson she would ask Clarissa – Ellie so much wanted to come.'

5

But why should she invite all the dull women in London to her parties? Why should Mrs Marsham interfere? And there was Elizabeth closeted all this time with Doris Kilman. Anything more nauseating she could not conceive. Prayer at this hour with that woman. And the sound of the bell flooded the room with its melancholy wave; which receded, and gathered itself together to fall once more, when she heard, distractingly, something fumbling, something scratching at the door. Who at this hour? Three, good Heavens! Three already! For with overpowering directness and dignity the clock struck three; and she heard nothing else; but the door handle slipped round and in came Richard! What a surprise! In came Richard, holding out flowers. She had failed him, once at Constantinople; and Lady Bruton, whose lunch parties were said to be extraordinarily amusing, had not asked her. He was holding out flowers – roses, red and white roses. (But he could not bring himself to say he loved her; not in so many words.)

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But how lovely, she said, taking his flowers. She understood; she understood without his speaking; his Clarissa. She put them in vases on the mantelpiece. How lovely they looked! she said. And was it amusing, she asked? Had Lady Bruton asked after her? Peter Walsh was back. Mrs Marsham had written. Must she ask Ellie Henderson? That woman Kilman was upstairs.

20

'But let us sit down for five minutes,' said Richard.

It all looked so empty. All the chairs were against the wall. What had they been doing? Oh, it was for the party; no, he had not forgotten the party. Peter Walsh was back. Oh yes; she had had him. And he was going to get a divorce; and he was in love with some woman out there. And he hadn't changed in the slightest. There she was, mending her dress ...

25

'Thinking of Bourton,' she said.

30

'Hugh was at lunch,' said Richard. She had met him too! Well, he was getting absolutely intolerable. Buying Evelyn necklaces; fatter than ever; an intolerable ass.

'And it came over me "I might have married you",' she said, thinking of Peter sitting there in his little bow-tie; with that knife, opening it, shutting it. 'Just as he always was, you know.'

35

They were talking about him at lunch, said Richard. (But he could not tell her he loved her. He held her hand. Happiness is this, he thought.) They had been writing a letter to the *Times* for Millicent Bruton. That was about all Hugh was fit for.

'And our dear Miss Kilman?' he asked. Clarissa thought the roses absolutely lovely; first bunched together; now of their own accord starting apart.

40

'Kilman arrives just as we've done lunch,' she said. 'Elizabeth turns pink. They shut themselves up. I suppose they're praying.'

Lord! He didn't like it; but these things pass over if you let them.

'In a mackintosh with an umbrella,' said Clarissa.

He had not said 'I love you'; but he held her hand. Happiness is this, is this, he thought.

45

'But why should I ask all the dull women in London to my parties?' said Clarissa. And if Mrs Marsham gave a party, did *she* invite her guests?

23

‘Poor Ellie Henderson,’ said Richard – it was a very odd thing how much Clarissa minded about her parties, he thought.

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But Richard had no notion of the look of a room. However – what was he going to say?

If she worried about these parties he would not let her give them. Did she wish she had married Peter? But he must go.

He must be off, he said, getting up. But he stood for a moment as if he were about to say something; and she wondered what? Why? There were the roses.

55

‘Some Committee?’ she asked, as he opened the door.

‘Armenians,’ he said; or perhaps it was ‘Albanians.’

And there is a dignity in people; a solitude; even between husband and wife a gulf; and that one must respect, thought Clarissa, watching him open the door; for one would not part with it oneself, or take it, against his will, from one’s husband, without losing one’s independence, one’s self-respect – something, after all, priceless.

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