



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/43

Paper 4 Pre- and Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

October/November 2022

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) Compare and contrast the roles and characterisation of Mrs Clay and Mrs Smith.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Austen's presentation of Anne Elliot, here and elsewhere in the novel.

Anne was to leave them on the morrow, an event which they all dreaded. 'What should they do without her? They were wretched comforters for one another!' And so much was said in this way, that Anne thought she could not do better than impart among them the general inclination to which she was privy, and persuade them all to go to Lyme at once. She had little difficulty; it was soon determined that they would go, go to-morrow, fix themselves at the inn, or get into lodgings, as it suited, and there remain till dear Louisa could be moved. They must be taking off some trouble from the good people she was with; they might at least relieve Mrs Harville from the care of her own children; and in short they were so happy in the decision, that Anne was delighted with what she had done, and felt that she could not spend her last morning at Uppercross better than in assisting their preparations, and sending them off at an early hour, though her being left to the solitary range of the house was the consequence. 5

She was the last, excepting the little boys at the cottage, she was the very last, the only remaining one of all that had filled and animated both houses, of all that had given Uppercross its cheerful character. A few days had made a change indeed! 10

If Louisa recovered, it would all be well again. More than former happiness would be restored. There could not be a doubt, to her mind there was none, of what would follow her recovery. A few months hence, and the room now so deserted, occupied but by her silent, pensive self, might be filled again with all that was happy and gay, all that was glowing and bright in prosperous love, all that was most unlike Anne Elliot! 20

An hour's complete leisure for such reflections as these, on a dark November day, a small thick rain almost blotting out the very few objects ever to be discerned from the windows, was enough to make the sound of Lady Russell's carriage exceedingly welcome; and yet, though desirous to be gone, she could not quit the mansion-house, or look an adieu to the cottage, with its black, dripping, and comfortless veranda, or even notice through the misty glasses the last humble tenements of the village, without a saddened heart. – Scenes had passed in Uppercross, which made it precious. It stood the record of many sensations of pain, once severe, but now softened; and of some instances of relenting feeling, some breathings of friendship and reconciliation, which could never be looked for again, and which could never cease to be dear. She left it all behind her; all but the recollection that such things had been. 30

Anne had never entered Kellynch since her quitting Lady Russell's house, in September. It had not been necessary, and the few occasions of its being possible for her to go to the hall she had contrived to evade and escape from. Her first return, was to resume her place in the modern and elegant apartments of the lodge, and to gladden the eyes of its mistress. 40

There was some anxiety mixed with Lady Russell's joy in meeting her. She knew who had been frequenting Uppercross. But happily, either Anne was improved in plumpness and looks, or Lady Russell fancied her so; and Anne, in receiving

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her compliments on the occasion, had the amusement of connecting them with the silent admiration of her cousin, and of hoping that she was to be blessed with a second spring of youth and beauty.

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(from Volume 2 Chapter 1)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Knight's Tale*

- 2 Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Chaucer explore honour in *The Knight's Tale*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to poetic methods, analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to Chaucer's presentation of the relationship between Palamon and Arcite in *The Knight's Tale*.

This Palamon, whan he tho wordes herde,
 Dispitously he looked and answerde,
 "Wheither seistow this in earnest or in pley?"
 "Nay," quod Arcite, "in earnest, by my fey!
 God helpe me so, me list ful yvele pleye." 5

This Palamon gan knytte his browes tweye.
 "It nere," quod he, "to thee no greet honour
 For to be fals, ne for to be traitour
 To me, that am thy cosyn and thy brother
 Ysworn ful depe, and ech of us til oother, 10
 That nevere, for to dyen in the peyne,
 Til that the deeth departe shal us tweyne,
 Neither of us in love to hyndre oother,
 Ne in noon oother cas, my leeve brother,
 But that thou sholdest trewely forthren me 15
 In every cas, as I shal forthren thee –
 This was thyn ooth, and myn also, certeyn;
 I woot right wel, thou darst it nat withseyn.
 Thus artow of my conseil, out of doute,
 And now thow woldest falsly been aboute 20
 To love my lady, whom I love and serve,
 And evere shal til that myn herte sterve.
 Nay, certes, false Arcite, thow shalt nat so.
 I loved hire first, and tolde thee my wo
 As to my conseil and my brother sworn 25
 To forthre me, as I have toold biforn.
 For which thou art ybounden as a knyght
 To helpen me, if it lay in thy myght,
 Or elles artow fals, I dar wel seyn."

This Arcite ful proudly spak ageyn: 30
 "Thow shalt," quod he, "be rather fals than I;
 And thou art fals, I telle thee outrely,
 For paramour I loved hire first er thow.
 What wiltow seyen? Thou woost nat yet now
 Wheither she be a womman or goddesse! 35
 Thyn is affeccoun of hoolynesse,
 And myn is love as to a creature;
 For which I tolde thee myn aventure
 As to my cosyn and my brother sworn.
 I pose that thow lovedest hire biforn; 40
 Wostow nat wel the olde clerkes sawe,
 That 'who shal yeve a love any lawe?'
 Love is a gretter lawe, by my pan,
 Than may be yeve to any erthely man;
 And therfore positif lawe and swich decree 45
 Is broken al day for love in ech degree.

5

A man moot nedes love, maugree his heed;
He may nat fleen it, thogh he sholde be deed,
Al be she mayde, or wydwe, or elles wyf.
And eek it is nat likly al thy lyf 50
To stonden in hir grace; namoore shall I;
For wel thou woost thyselfen, verrailly,
That thou and I be dampned to prisoun
Perpetuelly; us gayneth no raunsoun.
We stryve as dide the houndes for the boon; 55
They foughte al day, and yet hir part was noon.
Ther cam a kyte, whil that they were so wrothe,
And baar away the boon bitwixe hem bothe.
And therfore, at the kynges court, my brother,
Ech man for hymself, ther is noon oother. 60
Love, if thee list, for I love and ay shal;
And soothly, leeve brother, this is al.
Heere in this prisoun moote we endure,
And everich of us take his aventure.”

CHARLES DICKENS: *Oliver Twist*

- 3 Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Dickens's exploration of relationships between men and women in the novel *Oliver Twist*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the writing, analyse the following passage, showing what it adds to Dickens's presentation of Oliver in the novel as a whole.

It was not until he was left alone in the silence and stillness of the gloomy workshop of the undertaker, that Oliver gave way to the feelings which the day's treatment may be supposed likely to have awakened in a mere child. He had listened to their taunts with a look of contempt; he had borne the lash without a cry: for he felt that pride swelling in his heart which would have kept down a shriek to the last, though they had roasted him alive. But now, when there were none to see or hear him, he fell upon his knees on the floor; and, hiding his face in his hands, wept such tears as, God send for the credit of our nature, few so young may ever have cause to pour out before him! 5

For a long time, Oliver remained motionless in this attitude. The candle was burning low in the socket when he rose to his feet. Having gazed cautiously round him, and listened intently, he gently undid the fastenings of the door, and looked abroad. 10

It was a cold, dark night. The stars seemed, to the boy's eyes, farther from the earth than he had ever seen them before; there was no wind; and the sombre shadows thrown by the trees upon the ground, looked sepulchral and deathlike, from being so still. He softly reclosed the door. Having availed himself of the expiring light of the candle to tie up in a handkerchief the few articles of wearing apparel he had, sat himself down upon a bench, to wait for morning. 15

With the first ray of light that struggled through the crevices in the shutters, Oliver arose, and again unbarred the door. One timid look around – one moment's pause of hesitation – he had closed it behind him, and was in the open street. 20

He looked to the right and to the left, uncertain whither to fly. He remembered to have seen the waggons, as they went out, toiling up the hill. He took the same route; and arriving at a footpath across the fields: which he knew, after some distance, led out again into the road: struck into it, and walked quickly on. 25

Along this same footpath, Oliver well remembered he had trotted beside Mr Bumble, when he first carried him to the workhouse from the farm. His way lay directly in front of the cottage. His heart beat quickly when he bethought himself of this; and he half resolved to turn back. He had come a long way though, and should lose a great deal of time by doing so. Besides, it was so early that there was very little fear of his being seen; so he walked on. 30

He reached the house. There was no appearance of its inmates stirring at that early hour. Oliver stopped, and peeped into the garden. A child was weeding one of the little beds; as he stopped, he raised his pale face and disclosed the features of one of his former companions. Oliver felt glad to see him, before he went; for, though younger than himself, he had been his little friend and playmate. They had been beaten and starved, and shut up together, many and many a time. 35

'Hush, Dick!' said Oliver, as the boy ran to the gate, and thrust his thin arm between the rails to greet him. 'Is any one up?' 40

'Nobody but me,' replied the child.

'You mustn't say you saw me, Dick,' said Oliver. 'I am running away. They beat and ill-use me, Dick; and I am going to seek my fortune, some long way off. I don't know where. How pale you are!' 45

'I heard the doctor tell them I was dying,' replied the child with a faint smile. 'I am very glad to see you, dear; but don't stop, don't stop!' 45

7

‘Yes, yes, I will, to say good-b’ye to you,’ replied Oliver. ‘I shall see you again, Dick. I know I shall! You will be well and happy!’

‘I hope so,’ replied the child. ‘After I am dead, but not before. I know the doctor must be right, Oliver, because I dream so much of Heaven, and Angels, and kind faces that I never see when I am awake. Kiss me,’ said the child, climbing up the low gate, and flinging his little arms round Oliver’s neck. ‘Good-b’ye, dear! God bless you!’

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The blessing was from a young child’s lips, but it was the first that Oliver had ever heard invoked upon his head; and through the struggles and sufferings, and troubles and changes, of his after life, he never once forgot it.

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(from Chapter 7)

EMILY DICKINSON: Selected Poems

- 4 Either (a)** ‘Her poetry is filled with a sense of longing for a world beyond.’

With this comment in mind, discuss ways in which Dickinson presents longing in her poetry. 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 have never seen “Volcanoes”

I have never seen “Volcanoes” –
But, when Travellers tell
How those old – phlegmatic mountains
Usually so still –

Bear within – appalling Ordnance,
Fire, and smoke, and gun,
Taking Villages for breakfast,
And appalling Men –

5

If the stillness is Volcanic
In the human face
When upon a pain Titanic
Features keep their place –

10

If at length the smouldering anguish
Will not overcome –
And the palpitating Vineyard
In the dust, be thrown?

15

If some loving Antiquary,
On Resumption Morn,
Will not cry with joy “Pompeii”!
To the Hills return!

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 5.

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

- 5 Either (a)** 'Seek not temptation, then, which to avoid
Were better.'

With Adam's comment to Eve in mind, discuss some of the ways Milton presents temptation in *Paradise Lost, Books IX and X*.

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

Thus began
 Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first,
 Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational
 Death introduced through fierce antipathy:
 Beast now with beast gan war, and fowl with fowl, 5
 And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving,
 Devoured each other; nor stood much in awe
 Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
 Glared on him passing: these were from without
 The growing miseries, which Adam saw 10
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
 To sorrow abandoned, but worse felt within,
 And in a troubled sea of passion tossed,
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint.
 O miserable of happy! is this the end 15
 Of this new glorious world, and me so late
 The glory of that glory? who now, become
 Accursed of blessèd, hide me from the face
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height
 Of happiness: yet well, if here would end 20
 The misery; I deserved it, and would bear
 My own deservings; but this will not serve;
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
 Delightfully, *Increase and multiply*, 25
 Now death to hear! for what can I increase
 Or multiply, but curses on my head?
 Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse
 My head, Ill fare our ancestor impure, 30
 For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
 Shall be the execration; so besides
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
 On me as on their natural centre light 35
 Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
 To mould me man, did I solicit thee
 From darkness to promote me, or here place 40
 In this delicious garden? as my will
 Concurred not to my being, it were but right
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,

11

Desirous to resign, and render back
All I received, unable to perform 45
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
Thy justice seems; yet to say truth, too late, 50
I thus contest; then should have been refused
Those terms whatever, when they were proposed:
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? and though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son 55
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity begot. 60
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;
Thy punishment then justly is at his will.

(from Book 10)

BRAM STOKER: *Dracula*

- 6 Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Stoker shapes a reader's response to Count Dracula in the novel.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the details of the writing, analyse the following passage, showing what it adds to your understanding of Stoker's methods and concerns.

Dr Seward tried one or two skeleton keys, his mechanical dexterity as a surgeon standing him in good stead. Presently he got one to suit; after a little play back and forward the bolt yielded, and, with a rusty clang, shot back. We pressed on the door, the rusty hinges creaked, and it slowly opened. It was startlingly like the image conveyed to me in Dr Seward's diary of the opening of Miss Westenra's tomb; I fancy that the same idea seemed to strike the others, for with one accord they shrank back. The Professor was the first to move forward, and stepped into the open door.

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'*In manus tuas, Domine!*' he said, crossing himself as he passed over the threshold. We closed the door behind us, lest when we should have lit our lamps we might possibly attract attention from the road. The Professor carefully tried the lock, in case we might not be able to open it from within should we be in a hurry to make our exit. Then we all lit our lamps and proceeded on our search.

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The light from the tiny lamps fell in all sorts of odd forms, as the rays crossed each other, or the opacity of our bodies threw great shadows. I could not for my life get away from the feeling that there was someone else amongst us. I suppose it was the recollection, so powerfully brought home to me by the grim surroundings, of that terrible experience in Transylvania. I think the feeling was common to us all, for I noticed that the others kept looking over their shoulders at every sound and every new shadow, just as I felt myself doing.

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The whole place was thick with dust. The floor was seemingly inches deep, except where there were recent footsteps, in which on holding down my lamp I could see marks of hobnails where the dust was caked. The walls were fluffy and heavy with dust, and in the corners were masses of spiders' webs, whereon the dust had gathered till they looked like old tattered rags as the weight had torn them partly down. On a table in the hall was a great bunch of keys, with a time-yellowed label on each. They had been used several times, for on the table were several similar rents in the blanket of dust, like that exposed when the Professor lifted the keys. He turned to me and said: –

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'You know this place, Jonathan. You have copied maps of it, and you know at least more than we do. Which is the way to the chapel?' I had an idea of its direction, though on my former visit I had not been able to get admission to it; so I led the way, and after a few wrong turnings found myself opposite a low, arched oaken door, ribbed with iron bands. 'This is the spot,' said the Professor, as he turned his lamp on a small map of the house, copied from the file of my original correspondence regarding the purchase. With a little trouble we found the key on the bunch and opened the door. We were prepared for some unpleasantness, for as we were opening the door a faint, malodorous air seemed to exhale through the gaps, but none of us ever expected such an odour as we encountered. None of the others had met the Count at all at close quarters, and when I had seen him he was either in the fasting stage of his existence in his rooms or, when he was glutted with fresh blood, in a ruined building open to the air; but here the place was small and close, and the long disuse had made the air stagnant and foul. There was an earthy smell, as of some dry miasma, which came through the fouler air. But as to the odour itself, how shall I describe it? It was not alone that it was composed of all the ills of mortality and with the pungent, acrid smell of blood, but it seemed as though corruption had itself become corrupt.

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(from Chapter 19, Jonathan Harker's Journal)

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 7.

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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 present some of the ceremonies 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 narrative methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the novel.

I know where I am.

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It's a juvenile display, the whole act, and pathetic; but it's something I understand.

(from Chapter 37)

SUJATA BHATT: Selected Poems from *Point No Point*

- 8 Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Bhatt presents the connection between past and present. In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Bhatt's poetic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

The Peacock

His loud sharp call
seems to come from nowhere.
Then, a flash of turquoise
in the pipal tree.
The slender neck arched away from you 5
as he descends,
and as he darts away, a glimpse
of the very end of his tail.

I was told
that you have to sit in the veranda 10
and read a book,
preferably one of your favourites
with great concentration.
The moment you begin to live
inside the book 15
a blue shadow will fall over you.
The wind will change direction,
the steady hum of bees
in the bushes nearby
will stop. 20
The cat will awaken and stretch.
Something has broken your attention;
and if you look up in time
you might see the peacock
turning away as he gathers in his tail 25
to shut those dark glowing eyes,
violet fringed with golden amber.
It is the tail that has to blink
for eyes that are always open.

JACKIE KAY: Selected Poems from *Darling*

- 9** **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Kay present thoughts and feelings about gender 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 ways in which Kay presents grief, here and elsewhere in the selection.

Darling

You might forget the exact sound of her voice

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The dead are still here holding our hands.

BARBARA KINGSOLVER: *The Poisonwood Bible*

- 10 Either** (a) Compare and contrast Kingsolver's presentation of the relationship between Orleanna and the Reverend Price with the relationship between Leah and Anatole.
- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Kingsolver's presentation of Adah, here and elsewhere in the novel.

Tell all the truth but tell it slant.

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We must wait to hear word from her.

(from Adah Price, Book 5: Exodus)

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STEPHEN SPENDER: Selected Poems

- 11 Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Spender reflect on different kinds of love? In your answer you should refer 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.

War Photograph

Where the sun strikes the rock and

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When the years and fields forget, but the whitened bones remember.

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *Mrs Dalloway*

- 12 Either** (a) Discuss Woolf's presentation of Septimus's madness, considering its significance to the novel as a whole.
- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it adds to your understanding of Woolf's characterisation of Clarissa, here and elsewhere in the novel.

'Fear no more,' said Clarissa. Fear no more the heat o' the sun; for the shock of Lady Bruton asking Richard to lunch without her made the moment in which she had stood shiver, as a plant on the river-bed feels the shock of a passing oar and shivers: so she rocked: so she shivered.

Millicent Bruton, whose lunch parties were said to be extraordinarily amusing, had not asked her. No vulgar jealousy could separate her from Richard. But she feared time itself, and read on Lady Bruton's face, as if it had been a dial cut in impassive stone, the dwindling of life; how year by year her share was sliced; how little the margin that remained was capable any longer of stretching, of absorbing, as in the youthful years, the colours, salts, tones of existence, so that she filled the room she entered, and felt often as she stood hesitating one moment on the threshold of her drawing-room, an exquisite suspense, such as might stay a diver before plunging while the sea darkens and brightens beneath him, and the waves which threaten to break, but only gently split their surface, roll and conceal and encrust as they just turn over the weeds with pearl.

She put the pad on the hall table. She began to go slowly upstairs, with her hand on the banisters, as if she had left a party, where now this friend now that had flashed back her face, her voice; had shut the door and gone out and stood alone, a single figure against the appalling night, or rather, to be accurate, against the stare of this matter-of-fact June morning; soft with the glow of rose petals for some, she knew, and felt it, as she paused by the open staircase window which let in blinds flapping, dogs barking, let in, she thought, feeling herself suddenly shrivelled, aged, breastless, the grinding, blowing, flowering of the day, out of doors, out of the window, out of her body and brain which now failed, since Lady Bruton, whose lunch parties were said to be extraordinarily amusing, had not asked her.

Like a nun withdrawing, or a child exploring a tower, she went, upstairs, paused at the window, came to the bathroom. There was the green linoleum and a tap dripping. There was an emptiness about the heart of life; an attic room. Women must put off their rich apparel. At midday they must disrobe. She pierced the pincushion and laid her feathered yellow hat on the bed. The sheets were clean, tight stretched in a broad white band from side to side. Narrower and narrower would her bed be. The candle was half burnt down and she had read deep in Baron Marbot's *Memoirs*. She had read late at night of the retreat from Moscow. For the House sat so long that Richard insisted, after her illness, that she must sleep undisturbed. And really she preferred to read of the retreat from Moscow. He knew it. So the room was an attic; the bed narrow; and lying there reading, for she slept badly, she could not dispel a virginity preserved through childbirth which clung to her like a sheet. Lovely in girlhood, suddenly there came a moment – for example on the river beneath the woods at Cliveden – when, through some contraction of this cold spirit, she had failed him. And then at Constantinople, and again and again. She could see what she lacked. It was not beauty; it was not mind. It was something central which permeated; something warm which broke up surfaces and rippled the cold contact of man and woman, or of women together. For *that* she could dimly perceive.

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