



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/41

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 **20** 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) 'Austen presents William Walter Elliot as, in some ways, the most suitable husband for Anne Elliot.'

How far, and in what ways, do you agree with this comment on the role and characterisation of William Walter Elliot?

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, analyse the following passage, showing what it adds to your understanding of the relationship between Sir Walter and Mrs Clay.

There was one point which Anne, on returning to her family, would have been more thankful to ascertain, even than Mr Elliot's being in love with Elizabeth, which was, her father's not being in love with Mrs Clay; and she was very far from easy about it, when she had been at home a few hours. On going down to breakfast the next morning, she found there had just been a decent pretence on the lady's side of meaning to leave them. She could imagine Mrs Clay to have said, that 'now Miss Anne was come, she could not suppose herself at all wanted;' for Elizabeth was replying, in a sort of whisper, 'That must not be any reason, indeed. I assure you I feel it none. She is nothing to me, compared with you;' and she was in full time to hear her father say, 'My dear Madam, this must not be. As yet, you have seen nothing of Bath. You have been here only to be useful. You must not run away from us now. You must stay to be acquainted with Mrs Wallis, the beautiful Mrs Wallis. To your fine mind, I well know the sight of beauty is a real gratification.'

He spoke and looked so much in earnest, that Anne was not surprised to see Mrs Clay stealing a glance at Elizabeth and herself. Her countenance, perhaps, might express some watchfulness; but the praise of the fine mind did not appear to excite a thought in her sister. The lady could not but yield to such joint entreaties, and promise to stay.

In the course of the same morning, Anne and her father chancing to be alone together, he began to compliment her on her improved looks; he thought her 'less thin in her person, in her cheeks; her skin, her complexion, greatly improved – clearer, fresher. Had she been using any thing in particular?' 'No, nothing.' 'Merely Gowland,' he supposed. 'No, nothing at all.' 'Ha! he was surprised at that;' and added, 'Certainly you cannot do better than continue as you are; you cannot be better than well; or I should recommend Gowland, the constant use of Gowland, during the spring months. Mrs Clay has been using it at my recommendation, and you see what it has done for her. You see how it has carried away her freckles.'

If Elizabeth could but have heard this! Such personal praise might have struck her, especially as it did not appear to Anne that the freckles were at all lessened. But every thing must take its chance. The evil of the marriage would be much diminished, if Elizabeth were also to marry. As for herself, she might always command a home with Lady Russell.

Lady Russell's composed mind and polite manners were put to some trial on this point, in her intercourse in Camden-place. The sight of Mrs Clay in such favour, and of Anne so overlooked, was a perpetual provocation to her there; and vexed her as much when she was away, as a person in Bath who drinks the water, gets all the new publications, and has a very large acquaintance, has time to be vexed.

(from Volume 2 Chapter 4)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Knight's Tale*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the uses and effects of Chaucer's presentation of different attitudes to marriage in *The Knight's Tale*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Chaucer's poetic methods, discuss the following extract, showing its significance to *The Knight's Tale*.

Whan that Arcite to Thebes comen was,
 Ful ofte a day he swelte and seyde "Allas!"
 For seen his lady shal he nevere mo.
 And shortly to concluden al his wo,
 So muche sorwe hadde nevere creature 5
 That is, or shal, whil that the world may dure.
 His slep, his mete, his drynke, is hym biraft,
 That lene he wex and drye as is a shaft;
 His eyen holwe and grisly to biholde, 10
 His hewe falow and pale as asshen colde,
 And solitarie he was and evere allone,
 And waillynge al the nyght, makynge his mone;
 And if he herde song or instrument,
 Thanne wolde he wepe, he myghte nat be stent.
 So feble eek were his spiritz, and so lowe, 15
 And chaunged so, that no man koude knowe
 His speche nor his voys, though men it herde.
 And in his geere for al the world he ferde
 Nat oonly lik the loveris maladye 20
 Of Hereos, but rather lyk manye,
 Engendred of humour malencolik
 Biforen, in his celle fantastik.
 And shortly, turned was al up so doun
 Bothe habit and eek disposicioun
 Of hym, this woful love-re daun Arcite. 25
 What sholde I al day of his wo endite?
 Whan he endured hadde a yeer or two
 This crueel torment and this peyne and wo,
 At Thebes, in his contree, as I seyde,
 Upon a nyght in sleep as he hym leyde, 30
 Hym thoughte how that the wynged god Mercurie
 Biforn hym stood and bad hym to be murie.
 His slepy yerde in hond he bar uprighte;
 An hat he werede upon his heris brighte. 35
 Arrayed was this god, as he took keep,
 As he was whan that Argus took his sleep;
 And seyde hym thus: "To Atthenes shaltou wende,
 Ther is thee shapen of thy wo an ende."
 And with that word Arcite wook and sterte. 40
 "Now trewely, hou soore that me smerte,"
 Quod he, "to Atthenes right now wol I fare,
 Ne for the drede of deeth shal I nat spare
 To se my lady, that I love and serve.
 In hire presence I recche nat to sterve."

CHARLES DICKENS: *Oliver Twist*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'The settings in the novel are more than just a background to the action.'

Discuss some of the effects created by Dickens's use of different settings in the novel *Oliver Twist* in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the writing, analyse the following passage, considering what it adds to Dickens's presentation of Nancy in the novel as a whole.

'The boy's right,' remarked Fagin, looking covertly round, and knitting his shaggy eyebrows into a hard knot. 'You're right, Oliver, you're right; they *will* think you have stolen 'em. Ha! ha!' chuckled the Jew, rubbing his hands; 'it couldn't have happened better, if we had chosen our time!'

'Of course it couldn't,' replied Sikes; 'I know'd that, directly I see him coming through Clerkenwell, with the books under his arm. It's all right enough. They're soft-hearted psalm-singers, or they wouldn't have taken him in at all; and they'll ask no questions after him, fear they should be obliged to prosecute, and so get him lagged. He's safe enough.'

Oliver had looked from one to the other, while these words were being spoken, as if he were bewildered, and could scarcely understand what passed; but when Bill Sikes concluded, he jumped suddenly to his feet, and tore wildly from the room: uttering shrieks for help, which made the bare old house echo to the roof.

'Keep back the dog, Bill!' cried Nancy, springing before the door, and closing it, as the Jew and his two pupils darted out in pursuit; 'keep back the dog; he'll tear the boy to pieces.'

'Serve him right!' cried Sikes, struggling to disengage himself from the girl's grasp. 'Stand off from me, or I'll split your head against the wall.'

'I don't care for that, Bill; I don't care for that,' screamed the girl, struggling violently with the man: 'the child shan't be torn down by the dog, unless you kill me first.'

'Shan't he!' said Sikes, setting his teeth fiercely. 'I'll soon do that, if you don't keep off.'

The housebreaker flung the girl from him to the further end of the room; just as the Jew and the two boys returned, dragging Oliver among them.

'What's the matter here?' said Fagin, looking round.

'The girl's gone mad, I think,' replied Sikes, savagely.

'No, she hasn't,' said Nancy, pale and breathless from the scuffle; 'no, she hasn't, Fagin; don't think it.'

'Then keep quiet, will you?' said the Jew, with a threatening look.

'No, I won't do that neither,' replied Nancy, speaking very loud. 'Come! What do you think of that?'

Mr Fagin was sufficiently well acquainted with the manners and customs of that particular species of humanity to which Nancy belonged, to feel tolerably certain that it would be rather unsafe to prolong any conversation with her, at present. With the view of diverting the attention of the company, he turned to Oliver.

'So you wanted to get away, my dear, did you?' said the Jew, taking up a jagged and knotted club which lay in a corner of the fireplace; 'eh?'

Oliver made no reply. But he watched the Jew's motions; and breathed quickly.

'Wanted to get assistance; called for the police; did you?' sneered the Jew, catching the boy by the arm. 'We'll cure you of that, my young master.'

The Jew inflicted a smart blow on Oliver's shoulders with the club; and was raising it for a second, when the girl, rushing forward, wrested it from his hand. She flung it into the fire, with a force that brought some of the glowing coals whirling out into the room.

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'I won't stand by and see it done, Fagin,' cried the girl. 'You've got the boy, and what more would you have? Let him be – let him be, or I shall put that mark on some of you, that will bring me to the gallows before my time.'

The girl stamped her foot violently on the floor as she vented this threat; and with her lips compressed, and her hands clenched, looked alternately at the Jew and the other robber: her face quite colourless from the passion of rage into which she had gradually worked herself.

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'Why, Nancy!' said the Jew, in a soothing tone; after a pause, during which he and Mr Sikes had stared at one another in a disconcerted manner; 'you – you're more clever than ever to-night. Ha! ha! my dear, you are acting beautifully.'

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'Am I!' said the girl. 'Take care I don't overdo it. You will be the worse for it, Fagin, if I do; and so I tell you in good time to keep clear of me.'

(from Chapter 16)

EMILY DICKINSON: Selected Poems

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Dickinson often portrays the natural world as having surprisingly human characteristics.'

How far, and in what ways, do you agree with this comment on Dickinson's 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.

'Twas the old – road – through pain

'Twas the old – road – through pain –
That unfrequented – one –
With many a turn – and thorn –
That stops – at Heaven –

This – was the Town – she passed – 5
There – where she – rested – last –
Then – stepped more fast –
The little tracks – close prest –
Then – not so swift –
Slow – slow – as feet did weary – grow – 10
Then – stopped – no other track!

Wait! Look! Her little Book –
The leaf – at love – turned back –
Her very Hat –
And this worn shoe just fits the track – 15
Herself – though – fled!

Another bed – a short one –
Women make – tonight –
In Chambers bright –
Too out of sight – though – 20
For our hoarse Good Night –
To touch her Head!

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 5.

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

- 5 **Either** (a) 'Milton presents a sympathetic view of Eve in *Paradise Lost*.'

How far, and in what ways, do you agree with this comment on Milton's presentation of Eve in *Paradise Lost, Books IX and X*?

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

Therefore while I
 Descend through darkness, on your road with ease
 To my associate Powers, them to acquaint
 With these successes, and with them rejoice,
 You two this way, among these numerous orbs 5
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
 There dwell and reign in bliss; thence on the earth
 Dominion exercise and in the air,
 Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declared;
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill. 10
 My substitutes I send ye, and create
 Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might
 Issuing from me: on your joint vigour now
 My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
 Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit. 15
 If your joint power prevail, th' affairs of Hell
 No detriment need fear; go and be strong.
 So saying he dismissed them, they with speed
 Their course through thickest constellations held
 Spreading their bane; the blasted stars looked wan, 20
 And planets, planet-strook, real eclipse
 Then suffered. Th' other way Satan went down
 The causey to Hell gate; on either side
 Disparted Chaos overbuilt exclaimed,
 And with rebounding surge the bars assailed, 25
 That scorned his indignation: through the gate,
 Wide open and unguarded, Satan passed,
 And all about found desolate; for those
 Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,
 Flown to the upper world; the rest were all 30
 Far to the inland retired, about the walls
 Of Pandaemonium, city and proud seat
 Of Lucifer, so by allusion called,
 Of that bright star to Satan paragoned.
 There kept their watch the legions, while the grand 35
 In council sat, solicitous what chance
 Might intercept their Emperor sent; so he
 Departing gave command, and they observed.
 As when the Tartar from his Russian foe
 By Astrakhan over the snowy plains 40
 Retires, or Bactrian Sophy from the horns
 Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
 The realm of Aladule, in his retreat
 To Tauris or Casbeen. So these the late

Heav'n-banished host, left desert utmost Hell 45
 Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch
 Round their metropolis, and now expecting
 Each hour their great adventurer from the search
 Of foreign worlds: he through the midst unmarked,
 In show plebeian angel militant 50
 Of lowest order, passed; and from the door
 Of that Plutonian hall, invisible
 Ascended his high throne, which under state
 Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end
 Was placed in regal lustre. Down a while 55
 He sat, and round about him saw unseen:
 At last as from a cloud his fulgent head
 And shape star-bright appeared, or brighter, clad
 With what permissive glory since his Fall
 Was left him, or false glitter: all amazed 60
 At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng
 Bent their aspéct, and whom they wished beheld,
 Their mighty chief returned: loud was th' acclaim:

(from Book 10)

BRAM STOKER: *Dracula*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'Stoker shows us the characters going on metaphorical, as well as actual, journeys in the novel.'

Discuss Stoker's presentation of different kinds of journeys in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the details of the writing, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to your understanding of Lucy Westenra's role and characterisation in the novel.

Mother cried out in a fright, and struggled up into a sitting posture, and clutched wildly at anything that would help her. Amongst other things, she clutched the wreath of flowers that Dr Van Helsing insisted on my wearing round my neck, and tore it away from me. For a second or two she sat up, pointing at the wolf, and there was a strange and horrible gurgling in her throat; then she fell over, as if struck with lightning, and her head hit my forehead and made me dizzy for a moment or two. The room and all round seemed to spin round. I kept my eyes fixed on the window, but the wolf drew his head back, and a whole myriad of little specks seemed to come blowing in through the broken window, and wheeling and circling round like the pillar of dust that travellers describe when there is a simoom in the desert. I tried to stir, but there was some spell upon me, and dear mother's poor body, which seemed to grow cold already – for her dear heart had ceased to beat – weighed me down; and I remembered no more for a while. 5

The time did not seem long, but very, very awful, till I recovered consciousness again. Somewhere near, a passing bell was tolling; the dogs all round the neighbourhood were howling; and in our shrubbery, seemingly just outside, a nightingale was singing. I was dazed and stupid with pain and terror and weakness, but the sound of the nightingale seemed like the voice of my dead mother come back to comfort me. The sounds seemed to have awakened the maids, too, for I could hear their bare feet pattering outside my door. I called to them, and they came in, and when they saw what had happened, and what it was that lay over me in the bed, they screamed out. The wind rushed in through the broken window, and the door slammed to. They lifted off the body of my dear mother and laid her, covered up with a sheet, on the bed after I had got up. They were all so frightened and nervous that I directed them to go to the dining-room and have each a glass of wine. The door flew open for an instant and closed again. The maids shrieked, and then went in a body to the dining-room; and I laid what flowers I had on my dear mother's breast. When they were there I remembered what Dr Van Helsing had told me, but I didn't like to remove them, and, besides, I would have some of the servants to sit up with me now. I was surprised that the maids did not come back. I called them, but got no answer, so I went to the dining-room to look for them. 10 15 20 25 30

My heart sank when I saw what had happened. They all four lay helpless on the floor, breathing heavily. The decanter of sherry was on the table half full, but there was a queer, acrid smell about. I was suspicious, and examined the decanter. It smelt of laudanum, and looking on the sideboard, I found that the bottle which mother's doctor uses for her – oh! did use – was empty. What am I to do? What am I to do? I am back in the room with mother. I cannot leave her, and I am alone, save for the sleeping servants, whom someone has drugged. Alone with the dead! I dare not go out, for I can hear the low howl of the wolf through the broken window. 35 40

The air seems full of specks, floating and circling in the draught from the window, and the lights burn blue and dim. What am I to do? God shield me from

harm this night! I shall hide this paper in my breast, where they shall find it when they come to lay me out. My dear mother gone! It is time that I go too. Good-bye, dear Arthur, if I should not survive this night. God keep you, dear, and God help me!

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(from Chapter 11, Memorandum left by Lucy Westenra)

Section B: Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

MARGARET ATWOOD: *The Handmaid's Tale*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Atwood presents different attitudes to mothers and motherhood 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 presentation of Offred, here and elsewhere in the novel.

My room, then.

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Luke lying beside me, but there wasn't room.

I wanted to feel

(from Chapter 9)

SUJATA BHATT: Selected Poems from *Point No Point*

- 8 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Bhatt present memories in her poetry? 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 Bhatt presents the natural world, here and elsewhere in the selection.

Iris

Her hand sweeps over the rough grained paper,
 then, with a wet sponge, again.
 A drop of black is washed grey,
 cloudy as warm breath fogging cool glass. 5
 She feels she must make the best of it,
 she must get the colour of the stone wall,
 of the mist settling around twisted birch trees.
 Her eye doesn't miss the rabbit crouched,
 a tuft of fog in the tall grass. 10
 Nothing to stop the grey sky from merging into stones,
 or the stone walls from trailing off into sky.
 But closer, a single iris stands fully opened:
 dark wrinkled petals, rain-moist,
 the tall slender stalk sways, her hand follows. 15
 Today, even the green is tinged with grey,
 the stone's shadow lies heavy over the curling petals
 but there's time enough, she'll wait,
 study the lopsided shape.
 The outer green sepals once enclosing the bud
 lie shrivelled: empty shells spiralling 20
 right beneath the petals.
 As she stares the sun comes out.
 And the largest petal flushes
 deep deep violet.
 A violet so intense it's almost black. 25
 The others tremble indigo, reveal
 paler blue undersides.
 Thin red veins running into yellow orange rills,
 yellow flows down the green stem.
 Her hand moves swiftly from palette to paper, 30
 paper to palette, the delicate brush
 swoops down, sweeps up,
 moves the way a bird builds its nest.
 An instant and the sun is gone.
 Grey-ash-soft-shadows fall again. 35
 But she can close her eyes and see
 red-orange veins, the yellow
 swept with green throbbing towards blue,
 and deep inside she feels
 indigo pulsing to violet. 40

JACKIE KAY: Selected Poems from *Darling*

- 9 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Kay explores issues of identity in her poems. 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 Kay presents the experience of being a child, here and elsewhere in the selection.

Brendon Gallacher

He was seven and I was six, my Brendon Gallacher.

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Oh my Brendon Gallacher.

BARBARA KINGSOLVER: *The Poisonwood Bible*

- 10** **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Kingsolver shapes a reader's response to the Reverend Price in the novel.
- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Kingsolver's narrative methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the novel.

This is how things go.

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Oh, it's a fine and useless enterprise, trying to fix destiny.

(from Orleana Price: Book 4, Bel and The Serpent)

STEPHEN SPENDER: Selected Poems

- 11 Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Spender present relationships between parents and children? 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 Spender's poetic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

A Stopwatch and an Ordnance Map

A stopwatch and an ordnance map.

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All under the olive trees.

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *Mrs Dalloway*

12 Either (a) 'There was always something cold in Clarissa.'

Discuss Woolf's presentation of Clarissa in the light of Peter Walsh's comment.

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

'Are you going to the party to-night?' Miss Kilman said. Elizabeth supposed she was going; her mother wanted her to go. She must not let parties absorb her, Miss Kilman said, fingering the last two inches of a chocolate éclair.

She did not much like parties, Elizabeth said. Miss Kilman opened her mouth, slightly projected her chin, and swallowed down the last inches of the chocolate éclair, then wiped her fingers, and washed the tea round in her cup. 5

She was about to split asunder, she felt. The agony was so terrific. If she could grasp her, if she could clasp her, if she could make her hers absolutely and for ever and then die; that was all she wanted. But to sit here, unable to think of anything to say; to see Elizabeth turning against her; to be felt repulsive even by her – it was too much; she could not stand it. The thick fingers curled inwards. 10

'I never go to parties,' said Miss Kilman, just to keep Elizabeth from going. 'People don't ask me to parties' – and she knew as she said it that it was this egotism that was her undoing; Mr Whittaker had warned her; but she could not help it. She had suffered so horribly. 'Why should they ask me?' she said. 'I'm plain, I'm unhappy.' She knew it was idiotic. But it was all those people passing – people with parcels who despised her – who made her say it. However, she was Doris Kilman. She had her degree. She was a woman who had made her way in the world. Her knowledge of modern history was more than respectable. 15

'I don't pity myself,' she said. 'I pity' – she meant to say 'your mother,' but no, she could not, not to Elizabeth. 'I pity other people much more.' 20

Like some dumb creature who has been brought up to a gate for an unknown purpose, and stands there longing to gallop away, Elizabeth Dalloway sat silent. Was Miss Kilman going to say anything more?

'Don't quite forget me,' said Doris Kilman; her voice quivered. Right away to the end of the field the dumb creature galloped in terror. 25

The great hand opened and shut.

Elizabeth turned her head. The waitress came. One had to pay at the desk, Elizabeth said, and went off, drawing out, so Miss Kilman felt, the very entrails in her body, stretching them as she crossed the room, and then, with a final twist, bowing her head very politely, she went. 30

She had gone. Miss Kilman sat at the marble table among the éclairs, stricken once, twice, thrice by shocks of suffering. She had gone. Mrs Dalloway had triumphed. Elizabeth had gone. Beauty had gone; youth had gone.

So she sat. She got up, blundered off among the little tables, rocking slightly from side to side, and somebody came after her with her petticoat, and she lost her way, and was hemmed in by trunks specially prepared for taking to India; next got among the accouchement sets and baby linen; through all the commodities of the world, perishable and permanent, hams, drugs, flowers, stationery, variously smelling, now sweet, now sour, she lurched; saw herself thus lurching with her hat askew, very red in the face, full length in a looking-glass; and at last came out into the street. 35 40

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