



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.
Set ion A: answer **one** question.
Set ion 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 characteristics 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 could 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 prey, 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.

She was the last, embracing 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!

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 deserted, occupied but by her silent, penitensive 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!

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 comfortable 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, one 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.

Anne had never entered Kellynch before 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.

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 way and with what effect 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,
 Dyrly he lookyd and answered,
 "Whether is it now this in earnest or in play?"
 "Nay," quod Arcite, "in earnest, by my fey
 God helpe me so, me list fulle playe." 5

This Palamon gan kysse 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 oþer and thy brother
 Yworn ful depe, and ech of us til oother, 10
 That neere, for to deyn in the peny, e,
 Til that the deeth departe shal us twayne,
 Neither of us in love to hyndre oother,
 Ne in noon oother as my levere brother,
 But that thou bolder trewely forthren me 15
 In every as as I bolder forthren thee –
 This was thy oath, and myn also, erter;
 I woot right wel, thou darst it nat withen."
 Thus artow of my onyil, out of doute,
 And now thou woldest falsly been aboute 20
 To love my lady, whom I love and serve,
 And evere bolder til that myn herte serve.
 Nay, erter fals Arcite, thou bolder nat o.
 I loved hire first, and tolde thee my wo
 As to my onyil and my brother yworn 25
 To forthren me, as I have toold biforn.
 For whiche thou art bounden 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:
 "Thow bolder," quod he, "be rather fals than I;
 And thou art fals I telle thee outrely,
 For paramour I loved hire first er thou.
 What wiltow seyn? Thou woot nat yet now 30
 Whether he be a womman or goddes!
 Thyng is affectoun of hoolynesse,
 And myn is love as to a creature;
 For whiche I tolde thee myn affection
 As to my oþer and my brother yworn.
 I poss that thou lovest hire biforn; 35
 Wootow nat wel the olde clerk sawe,
 That 'who bolder a love re any lawe?'
 Love is a gretter lawe, by my pan,
 Than may be seyn to any erthely man;
 And therefore possitif lawe and wybdecree 40
 Is broken al day for love in ech degree. 45

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A man moot nedes loe , maugree his heed;
 He may nat fleen it, thogh he b olde be deed,
 Al be b e may e, or w d we, or elles w f .
 And eek it is nat lik y al thy l f 50
 To b onden in hir grae ; namoore b all I;
 For wel thou woots th b l e n, e rraily,
 That thou and I be dampned to pris un
 Perpetuelly us gayn eth no raun un.
 We b r e as dide the houndes for the boon; 55
 They foughte al day, and yet hir part was noon.
 Ther a m a b e, whil that they were o wrothe,
 And baar away the boon bitwix hem bothe.
 And therfore, at the b ges o urt, my brother,
 Eb man for hym o lf, ther is noon oother. 60
 Loe , if thee list, for I loe and ay b al;
 And o othly, leee brother, this is al.
 Heere in this pris un moote we endure,
 And ee rib of us tak his a e ntire."

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 labour without a cry for he felt that pride dwelling 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 as big tears as God send for the credit of our nature, few young may ever have a use to pour out before him!

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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 attentively round him, and listened intently, he gently undid the fastenings of the door, and looked abroad.

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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 spectral and deathlike, from being so still. He softly relocked the door. Having analysed 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.

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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 locked it behind him, and was in the open street.

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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.

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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 could 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.

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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.

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'Hullo, 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?'

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'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!'

'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!'

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'Yes, I will, to a y good-b'ye to y u,' replied Oliver. 'I h all e e y u again, Dick. I k ow I h all! You will be well and happy.'

'I hope s,' replied the b ild. 'After I am dead, but not before. I k ow the doct or must be right, Oliver, bea us I dream s mub of Heaen, and Angels and k nd fae s that I nee r e e when I am awak . Kis me,' a id the b ild, b imbing up the low gate, and flinging his little arms round Oliver's nek. 'Good-b'ye, dear! God bles you!'

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The bles ng was from a y ung b ild's lips but it was the firs that Oliver had ee r heard ino k d upon his head; and through the s ruggles and a fferings and troubles and b anges of his after life, he nee r one 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 settle –

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

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

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

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If some loving Antiquary,
On Resurrection 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 Death first,
 Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational
 Death introduced through fierce antipathy
 Beasts now with beasts began war, and fowl with fowl, 5
 And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving,
 Devoured each other; nor stood man in awe
 Of man, but fled him, or with contempt grim
 Glared on him passing: these were from without
 The growing miseries which Adam saw 10
 Already in part, though hid in gloomy shade,
 To sorrow abandoned, but worse felt within,
 And in a troubled sea of passion tossed,
 Thus to disturb his thought with a deep 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
 Adorned of blessed, 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 desires but this will not serve;
 All that I eat or drink or all beget,
 Is propagated more. O where one heard
 Delightfully, *Increase and multiply*, 25
 Now death to hear! for what am I increased
 Or multiply, but increase on my head?
 Who of all ages to be aged, but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me, will increase
 My head, ill fare our ancestors or impure, 30
 For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
 Shall be the execution; 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
 Condemned not to my being, it were but right
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,

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 inexpressible
 Thy justice seems yet to a y truth, too late, 50
 I thus object; then should have been refused
 Those terms whatever, when they were proposed:
 Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
 Then avail the condition? and though God
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son 55
 Proceed obedient, and reproved, 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 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 adapts 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 melancholy 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 of the door to me in Dr Seward's diary of the opening of Miss Wemyss's tomb; I fancy that the same idea seemed to strike the others for with one accord they backed. 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 abruptly tried the lock in case we might not be able to open it from within but we were 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 revelation, 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 footprints in which on holding down my lamp I could see marks of hobnails where the dust was a little. The walls were fluffy and heavy with dust, and in the corners were masses of spider's 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 bundle of keys with a time-worn label on each. They had been used several times for on the table were several similar rents in the blanket of dust, like that appeared when the Professor lifted the keys. He turned to me and said: –

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'You know this place, do you, Nathan. 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; I led the way, and after a few wrong turnings found myself opposite a low, arched oak 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 bundle and opened the door. We were prepared for some unpleasantness for as we were opening the door a faint, malodorous air seemed to exude through the gaps but none of us remarked it as an odour as we entered. None of the others had met the Count at all at his quarters and when I had shown him he was either in the fading 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 distance 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, acid smell of blood, but it seemed as though corruption had itself become corruption.

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(from Chapter 19, Dr John Harker's Journal)

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 7.

Section B: Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **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 occurring 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 way it is characteristic of Bhatt's poetic methods and one or more here and elsewhere in the selection.

The Peacock

His loud bark all
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 fiery 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 lie
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
ivory 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 way and with what effect 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 way 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 Prioleau*, Book 5: *Endings*)

STEPHEN SPENDER: Selected Poems

- 11 **Either** (a) In what way and with what effect 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 way 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 way it adds to your understanding of Woolf's characterization of Clarissa, here and elsewhere in the novel.

'Fear no more,' said Clarissa. Fear no more the heat of the sun; for the bloom of Lady Bruton asking Ribbard to luncheon without her made the moment in which she had stood before, as a plant on the river-bed feels the bloom of a passing oar and berries she rode: she herself red.

Millie nt Bruton, whose luncheon parties were said to be extraordinarily amusing, had not asked her. No vulgar jealousy could separate her from Ribbard. But she feared time itself, and read on Lady Bruton's face, as if it had been a dial at in impassionate tone, the dwindling of life; how far by year her bare was bid; how little the margin that remained was capable any longer of retelling, of absorbing, as in the youthful years the colours 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, as if as might say a die before plunging while the sea darkens and brightens beneath him, and the waves which threaten to break but only gently plait their surface, roll and on a level and enclose 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 flabbed 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 bare of this matter-of-fact June morning; so fit with the glow of rose petals for some, she knew, and felt it, as she paused by the open balcony window which let in blinds flapping, dogs barking, let in, she thought, feeling herself suddenly reminded, aged, breathless the grinding, blowing, flowering of the day, out of doors out of the window, out of her body and brain which now failed, she Lady Bruton, whose luncheon 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 rib apparel. At midday they must disrobe. She pierced the pink lion and laid her feathered pillow 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 at so long that Ribbard 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 pressed through childbirth which clung to her like a sheet. Long in girlhood, suddenly there came a moment – for example on the river beneath the woods at Cliveden – when, through some contraction of this old 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 neutral which permeated; something warm which broke up surfaces and rippled the old ontology of man and woman, or of women together. For that she could dimly perceive.

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