



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/41

Paper 4 Pre- and Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2023

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) 'The Musgroves were visited by everybody [...] They were more completely popular.'

Discuss Austen's presentation of the Musgrove family in the light of this quotation from the novel.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

Captain Wentworth was folding up a letter in great haste, and either could not or would not answer fully.

'Yes,' said he, 'very true; here we separate, but Harville and I shall soon be after you, that is, Harville, if you are ready, I am in half a minute. I know you will not be sorry to be off. I shall be at your service in half a minute.'

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Mrs Croft left them, and Captain Wentworth, having sealed his letter with great rapidity, was indeed ready, and had even a hurried, agitated air, which shewed impatience to be gone. Anne knew not how to understand it. She had the kindest 'Good morning, God bless you,' from Captain Harville, but from him not a word, nor a look. He had passed out of the room without a look!

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She had only time, however, to move closer to the table where he had been writing, when footsteps were heard returning; the door opened; it was himself. He begged their pardon, but he had forgotten his gloves, and instantly crossing the room to the writing table, and standing with his back towards Mrs Musgrove, he drew out a letter from under the scattered paper, placed it before Anne with eyes of glowing entreaty fixed on her for a moment, and hastily collecting his gloves, was again out of the room, almost before Mrs Musgrove was aware of his being in it – the work of an instant!

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The revolution which one instant had made in Anne, was almost beyond expression. The letter, with a direction hardly legible, to 'Miss A. E – .' was evidently the one which he had been folding so hastily. While supposed to be writing only to Captain Benwick, he had been also addressing her! On the contents of that letter depended all which this world could do for her! Any thing was possible, any thing might be defied rather than suspense. Mrs Musgrove had little arrangements of her own at her own table; to their protection she must trust, and sinking into the chair which he had occupied, succeeding to the very spot where he had leaned and written, her eyes devoured the following words:

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'I can listen no longer in silence. I must speak to you by such means as are within my reach. You pierce my soul. I am half agony, half hope. Tell me not that I am too late, that such precious feelings are gone for ever. I offer myself to you again with a heart even more your own, than when you almost broke it eight years and a half ago. Dare not say that man forgets sooner than woman, that his love has an earlier death. I have loved none but you. Unjust I may have been, weak and resentful I have been, but never inconstant. You alone have brought me to Bath. For you alone I think and plan. – Have you not seen this? Can you fail to have understood my wishes? – I had not waited even these ten days, could I have read your feelings, as I think you must have penetrated mine. I can hardly write. I am every instant hearing something which overpowers me. You sink your voice, but I can distinguish the tones of that voice, when they would be lost on others. – Too good, too excellent creature! You do us justice indeed. You do believe that there

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is true attachment and constancy among men. Believe it to be most fervent, most undeviating in

‘F W’

‘I must go, uncertain of my fate; but I shall return hither, or follow your party, as soon as possible. A word, a look will be enough to decide whether I enter your father’s house this evening, or never.’

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Such a letter was not to be soon recovered from. Half an hour’s solitude and reflection might have tranquillized her; but the ten minutes only, which now passed before she was interrupted, with all the restraints of her situation, could do nothing towards tranquillity. Every moment rather brought fresh agitation. It was an overpowering happiness. And before she was beyond the first stage of full sensation, Charles, Mary, and Henrietta all came in.

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(from Volume 2, Chapter 11)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*

- 2** **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Chaucer present lust and desire in *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Chaucer's poetic methods, discuss the following extract, showing what it adds to the presentation of the relationship between Januarie and May in *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*.

This Januarie, as blynd as is a stoon, With Mayus in his hand, and no wight mo, Into his fresshe gardyn is ago, And clapte to the wyket sodeynly. 'Now wyf,' quod he, 'heere nys but thou and I, That art the creature that I best love. For by that Lord that sit in hevene above, Levere ich hadde to dyen on a knyf Than thee offende, trewe deere wyf! For Goddes sake, thank how I thee chees, Noght for no coveitise, doutelees, But oonly for the love I had to thee. And though that I be oold and may nat see, Beth to me trewe, and I wol telle yow why. Thre thynges, certes, shal ye wynne therby: First, love of Crist, and to youreself honour, And al myn heritage, toun and tour; I yeve it yow, maketh chartres as yow leste; This shal be doon to-morwe er sonne reste, So wisly God my soule brynge in blisse. I prey yow first, in covenant ye me kisse; And though that I be jalous, wyte me noght. Ye been so depe enprented in my thoght That, whan that I considere youre beautee And therwithal the unlikly elde of me, I may nat, certes, though I sholde dye, Forbere to been out of youre compaignye For verray love; this is withouten doute. Now kys me, wyf, and lat us rome aboute.' This fresshe May, whan she thise wordes herde, Benyngnely to Januarie answerde, But first and forward she bigan to wepe. 'I have,' quod she, 'a soule for to kepe As wel as ye, and also myn honour, And of my wyfhod thilke tendre flour, Which that I have assured in youre hond, Whan that the preest to yow my body bond; Wherefore I wole answer in this manere, By the leve of yow, my lord so deere: I prey to God that nevere dawe the day That I ne sterve, as foule as womman may, If evere I do unto my kyn that shame, Or elles I empeyre so my name, That I be fals; and if I do that lak, Do strepe me and put me in a sak, And in the nexte ryver do me drenche.	5 10 15 20 25 30 35 40 45
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I am a gentil womman and no wenche.
Why speke ye thus? But men been evere untrewē,
And wommen have repreve of yow ay newe.
Ye han noon oother contenance, I leeve,
But speke to us of untrust and repreeve.'

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EMILY DICKINSON: Selected Poems

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Dickinson explores human relationships in her poetry. You should refer to **three** poems from the selection in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to poetic methods, discuss the following poem, showing what it adds to your understanding of Dickinson's exploration of death, here and elsewhere in the selection.

I heard a Fly buzz – when I died –

I heard a Fly buzz – when I died –
The Stillness in the Room
Was like the Stillness in the Air –
Between the Heaves of Storm –

The Eyes around – had wrung them dry –
And Breaths were gathering firm
For that last Onset – when the King
Be witnessed – in the Room –

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I willed my Keepsakes – Signed away
What portion of me be
Assignable – and then it was
There interposed a Fly –

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With Blue – uncertain stumbling Buzz –
Between the light – and me –
And then the Windows failed – and then
I could not see to see –

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JOHN DONNE: Selected Poems

- 4 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Donne present powerful emotions? You should refer to **three** poems from the selection in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to poetic methods, discuss the following poem, showing what it adds to your understanding of Donne's concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

The Undertaking

I have done one braver thing
 Than all the Worthies did,
 And yet a braver thence doth spring,
 Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now t'impart
 The skill of specular stone,
 When he which can have learned the art
 To cut it can find none.

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So, if I now should utter this,
 Others (because no more
 Such stuff to work upon, there is,)
 Would love but as before.

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But he who loveliness within
 Hath found, all outward loathes,
 For he who colour loves, and skin,
 Loves but their oldest clothes.

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If, as I have, you also do
 Virtue'attired in woman see,
 And dare love that, and say so too,
 And forget the he and she,

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And if this love, though placed so,
 From profane men you hide,
 Which will no faith on this bestow,
 Or, if they do, deride,

Then you have done a braver thing
 Than all the Worthies did.
 And a braver thence will spring
 Which is, to keep that hid.

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THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd*

5 Either (a) 'Bathsheba is honest and simple.'

To what extent do you agree that this is how Hardy presents Bathsheba in the novel?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Hardy's presentation of Troy, here and elsewhere in the novel.

It was quite dark when Troy came out of Casterbridge. He carried rather a heavy basket upon his arm, with which he strode moodily along the road, resting occasionally at bridges and gates, whereon he deposited his burden for a time. Midway on his journey he met in the darkness the men and the waggon which had conveyed the tomb. He merely enquired if the work was done, and, on being assured that it was, passed on again.

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Troy entered Weatherbury churchyard about ten o'clock, and went immediately to the corner where he had seen the vacant grave early in the morning. It was on the north side of the tower, screened to a great extent from the view of passers along the road – a spot which until lately had been abandoned to heaps of stones and bushes of alder, but now it was cleared and made orderly for interments, by reason of the rapid filling of the ground elsewhere.

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Here now stood the tomb as the men had stated, snow-white and shapely in the gloom, with a head and foot stone, an enclosing border of marblework uniting them. In the midst was mould, suitable for plants.

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Troy deposited his basket beside the tomb, and vanished for a few minutes. When he returned he carried a spade and a lantern, the light of which he directed for a few moments upon the tomb, whilst he read the inscription. He hung his lantern on the lowest bough of the yew tree, and took from his basket flower-roots of several varieties. There were bundles of snowdrop, hyacinth and crocus bulbs, violets, and double daisies, which were to bloom in spring, and of carnations, pinks, picotees, lilies of the valley, heartsease, forget-me-not, summer's farewell and others, for the later seasons of the year.

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Troy laid these out upon the grass, and with an impassive face set to work to plant them. The snowdrops were arranged in a row on the outside of the coping, the remainder within the enclosure of the grave. The crocuses and hyacinths were to grow in rows: some of the summer flowers he placed over her head and feet; the lilies and forget-me-nots over her heart. The remainder were dispersed in the spaces between these.

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Troy, in his prostration at this time, had no perception that in the futility of these romantic doings, dictated by a remorseful reaction from previous indifference, there was any element of absurdity. Deriving his idiosyncrasies from both sides of the Channel, he showed at such junctures as the present both the inelasticity of the Englishman, and the blindness to the line where sentiment verges on mawkishness so characteristic of the French.

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It was a cloudy, muggy, and very dark night, and the rays from Troy's lantern spread into the two old yews with a strange illuminating power, flickering, as it seemed, up to the black ceiling of cloud above. He felt a large drop of rain upon the back of his hand; and presently one came and entered the open side of the lantern, whereupon the candle sputtered and went out. Troy was weary, and it being now not far from midnight, and the rain threatening to increase, he resolved to leave the finishing touches of his labour until the day should break. He groped along the wall and over the graves in the dark till he found himself round at the south side. Here he entered the porch, and reclining upon the bench within, fell asleep.

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(from Chapter 44)

BRAM STOKER: *Dracula*

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

3 August. – At midnight I went to relieve the man at the wheel, but when I got to it found no one there. The wind was steady, and as we ran before it there was no yawing. I dared not leave it, so shouted for the mate. After a few seconds he rushed up on deck in his flannels. He looked wild-eyed and haggard, and I greatly fear his reason has given way. He came close to me and whispered hoarsely, with his mouth to my ear, as though fearing the very air might hear: '*It* is here; I know it, now. On the watch last night I saw *It*, like a man, tall and thin, and ghastly pale. It was in the bows, and looking out. I crept behind *It*, and gave *It* my knife; but the knife went through *It*, empty as the air.' And as he spoke he took his knife and drove it savagely into space. Then he went on: 'But *It* is here, and I'll find it. It is in the hold, perhaps, in one of those boxes. I'll unscrew them one by one and see. You work the helm.' And, with a warning look and his finger on his lip, he went below. There was springing up a choppy wind, and I could not leave the helm. I saw him come out on deck again with a tool-chest and a lantern, and go down the forward hatchway. He is mad, stark, raving mad, and it's no use my trying to stop him. He can't hurt those big boxes: they are invoiced as 'clay,' and to pull them about is as harmless a thing as he can do. So here I stay, and mind the helm, and write these notes. I can only trust in God and wait till the fog clears. Then, if I can't steer to any harbour with the wind that is, I shall cut down sails and lie by, and signal for help. ... 5

It is nearly all over now. Just as I was beginning to hope that the mate would come out calmer – for I heard him knocking away at something in the hold, and work is good for him – there came up the hatchway a sudden, startled scream, which made my blood run cold, and up on the deck he came as if shot from a gun – a raging madman, with his eyes rolling and his face convulsed with fear. 'Save me! save me!' he cried, and then looked round on the blanket of fog. His horror turned to despair, and in a steady voice he said: 'You had better come too, captain, before it is too late. *He* is there. I know the secret now. The sea will save me from *Him*, and it is all that is left!' Before I could say a word, or move forward to seize him, he sprang on the bulwark and deliberately threw himself into the sea. I suppose I know the secret too, now. It was this madman who had got rid of the men one by one, and now he has followed them himself. God help me! How am I to account for all these horrors when I get to port? *When* I get to port! Will that ever be? 10

4 August. – Still fog, which the sunrise cannot pierce. I know there is sunrise because I am a sailor, why else I know not. I dared not go below, I dared not leave the helm so here all night I stayed, and in the dimness of the night I saw *It* – *Him*! God forgive me, but the mate was right to jump overboard. It is better to die like a man; to die like a sailor in blue water no man can object. But I am captain, and I must not leave my ship. But I shall baffle this fiend or monster, for I shall tie my hands to the wheel when my strength begins to fail, and along with them I shall tie that which *He* – *It*! – dare not touch; and then, come good wind or foul, I shall save my soul, and my honour as a captain. I am growing weaker, and the night is coming on. If *He* can look me in the face again, I may not have time to act. ... If we are wrecked, mayhap this bottle may be found, and those who find it may understand; if not, ... well, then all men shall know that I have been true to my trust. God and the Blessed Virgin and the saints help a poor ignorant soul trying to do his duty. ... 15

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(from Chapter 7, Log of the 'Demeter' Varna to Whitby)

Section B: Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

MARGARET ATWOOD: *The Handmaid's Tale*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss the contribution of 'The Historical Notes' to your understanding of, and response to, the novel.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Atwood's narrative methods and concerns.

This is what I do when I'm back in my room:

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I want to steal something.

(from Chapter 17)

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 8.

SUJATA BHATT: Selected Poems from *Point No Point*

- 8 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Bhatt present children 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 Bhatt's presentation of science, here and elsewhere in the selection. You should pay close attention to poetic methods and their effects in your answer.

Counting Sheep White Blood Cells

for Jo Shapcott

It was like being ordered
 to count the stars
and to classify them
by their size, their brightness –

And it was like being ordered
to count all the tiny wild flowers
in a never-ending field
 and to name them –

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There were days
when she, the lab technician
would sit staring through the microscope
for five hours straight
counting sheep white blood cells.

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It didn't put her to sleep.
Instead, it made her eyes feel powerful,
it made her feel wired
as if she were the source
of electricity for that microscope.

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Whenever she looked up
to put in a new slide
the lab whirled
 unreal around her
for she had gone with all her dreams
into the galaxies of sheep.

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It was the macrophage she wanted,
the one cell that doesn't grow
in vitro – her missing secret
to understanding
the immune system.
But she had to count
and yet discount the lymphocytes
and leukocytes and the large
erythrocytes getting in the way.

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And they were beautiful strangely rounded flowers, these corpuscles, some fuzzy dandelions gone to seed but still intact, translucent balls of cotton – Some prickly burrs stuck fast together so she can't forget the sheep, the tangled wool full of rain and grass ... Some fuzzy dandelions gone to seed – but there was no time to admire them.	35
Across the street in the hospital where she also worked, people tried to live with cancer.	40
She was eighteen and always kept her notebook handy. A notebook full of numbers, drawings ... entire pages crossed out leading nowhere. At the end of the day she would feel so numb.	45
That was a time of living in a different vocabulary: laboratory Latin. But also: <i>we've sacrificed the animals.</i> <i>We've harvested the cells.</i>	50
That is how she started to speak.	55

JAMES JOYCE: *Dubliners*

- 9 **Either** (a) 'Joyce presents life in Dublin as bleak and oppressive.'

In what ways, and to what extent, do you agree with this comment on *Dubliners*? In your answer you should refer to at least **two** stories from the collection.

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

Mr Holohan, assistant secretary of the *Eire Abu* Society, had been walking up and down Dublin for nearly a month, with his hands and pockets full of dirty pieces of paper, arranging about the series of concerts.

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She was invariably friendly and advising – homely, in fact.

(from A Mother)

JACKIE KAY: Selected Poems from *Darling*

- 10 Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Kay presents conflict in her poems. You should refer to **three** poems from the selection in your answer.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Kay's poetic methods and concerns.

Going to See King Lear

On the big red smooth seat, I watch the giant television and my mother's eyes, greedy, gulping everything down like chocolate raisins. In front	5
of me are rows of heads that put me in such a bad mood:	
 sleek shining page-boy, snobby at the back; tight bossy bun, trapped in a net; tall, selfish beehive blocking my view. Then, all of a sudden, darkness comes down, sweet, and will not melt in the hand or in the mouth.	10
 I am sitting with strangers, just the shapes and silhouettes of them now. We breath in, all of us, in one breath waiting to be changed, to stop time or for the trailer to end and	15
<i>King Lear</i> begin. No children,	20
 except me, watching with mum, who leans forward, her body, diagonal, her fury at good King Lear's disloyal daughters, she whispers, 'Get out' to the good one. Or 'Don't put up with that.' (I think it was	25
 Cordelia.) When King Lear's Gloucester gets his eyes gouged out, my mother falls off her chair. I cover my eyes. Too late. I've seen it. The terrible tormenting sight of a man's hands over his helpless, scooped	30
	35

sockets, staggering back to
 some other time of trust, whilst
 those egg-whites of his eyes run.
 'Vile jelly,' I shake, appalled.
 Lear foams, whisked-white, at the mouth. 40
Jesus, my mother says, shocked,
That was good. That was so good.

Her eyes glint, green with pleasure.
 Deep sigh when the names appear
 and disappear. So slowly, 45
 she rises from the red seat.
 I had to see it. I did.
 What a good, good girl, sitting
 all quiet. My mouth has fallen

open for good. It won't close. 50
 I am seven. I have seen
 Lear's best friend get his eyes poked
 out. The red floor is sliding
 downwards. I will fall into
 myself years later; grown-up, 55
 velvet curtains drawn open.

JEAN RHYS: *Wide Sargasso Sea*

- 11 Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Rhys present racial tensions in the novel?
- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering some of the ways it is characteristic of Rhys's narrative methods and concerns.

'Is it true,' she said, 'that England is like a dream?'

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'No, I woke up again suddenly like the first time and the rats were not there but I felt very frightened.

(from Part 2)

STEPHEN SPENDER: Selected Poems

- 12 Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Spender presents feelings of loss in his 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 it is characteristic of Spender's poetic methods and concerns.

VIII

An 'I' can never be great man.

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And all those other 'I's who long for 'We dying'.

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