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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/42**

Paper 4 Pre- and Post-1900 Poetry and Prose **October/November 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.

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Section A: Pre-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Persuasion*

1 Either (a) 'Alas! with all her reasonings, she found, that to retentive feelings, eight years may be little more than nothing.'

In the light of this quotation from the novel, discuss Austen's presentation of Anne Elliot.

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

There was too much wind to make the high part of the new Cobb pleasant for the ladies, and they agreed to get down the steps to the lower, and all were contented to pass quietly and carefully down the steep flight, excepting Louisa; she must be jumped down them by Captain Wentworth. In all their walks, he had had to jump her from the stiles; the sensation was delightful to her. The hardness of the pavement for her feet, made him less willing upon the present occasion; he did it, however; she was safely down, and instantly, to shew her enjoyment, ran up the steps to be jumped down again. He advised her against it, thought the jar too great; but no, he reasoned and talked in vain; she smiled and said, 'I am determined I will:' he put out his hands; she was too precipitate by half a second, she fell on the pavement on the Lower Cobb, and was taken up lifeless!

There was no wound, no blood, no visible bruise; but her eyes were closed, she breathed not, her face was like death. – The horror of that moment to all who stood around!

Captain Wentworth, who had caught her up, knelt with her in his arms, looking on her with a face as pallid as her own, in an agony of silence. 'She is dead! she is dead!' screamed Mary, catching hold of her husband, and contributing with his own horror to make him immoveable; and in another moment, Henrietta, sinking under the conviction, lost her senses too, and would have fallen on the steps, but for Captain Benwick and Anne, who caught and supported her between them.

'Is there no one to help me?' were the first words which burst from Captain Wentworth, in a tone of despair, and as if all his own strength were gone.

'Go to him, go to him,' cried Anne, 'for heaven's sake go to him. I can support her myself. Leave me, and go to him. Rub her hands, rub her temples; here are salts, – take them, take them.'

Captain Benwick obeyed, and Charles at the same moment, disengaging himself from his wife, they were both with him; and Louisa was raised up and supported more firmly between them, and every thing was done that Anne had prompted, but in vain; while Captain Wentworth, staggering against the wall for his support, exclaimed in the bitterest agony,

'Oh God! her father and mother!'

'A surgeon!' said Anne.

He caught the word; it seemed to rouse him at once, and saying only 'True, true, a surgeon this instant,' was darting away, when Anne eagerly suggested,

'Captain Benwick, would not it be better for Captain Benwick? He knows where a surgeon is to be found.'

Every one capable of thinking felt the advantage of the idea, and in a moment (it was all done in rapid moments) Captain Benwick had resigned the poor corpse-like figure entirely to the brother's care, and was off for the town with the utmost rapidity.

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As to the wretched party left behind, it could scarcely be said which of the three, who were completely rational, was suffering most, Captain Wentworth, Anne, or Charles, who, really a very affectionate brother, hung over Louisa with sobs of grief, and could only turn his eyes from one sister, to see the other in a state as insensible, or to witness the hysterical agitations of his wife, calling on him for help which he could not give.

(*from* Volume 1, Chapter 12)

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

2 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Chaucer explore conflicts between the young and the old in *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*?

Or (b) Paying close attention to poetic methods, discuss the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Chaucer's concerns in *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*.

Justinus, that ay stille sat and herde,
Right in this wise he to Placebo answerde:
'Now, brother myn, be pacient, I preye,
Syn ye han seyd, and herkneth what I seye.
Senek, amonges othere wordes wyse,
Seith that a man oghte hym right wel avyse
To whom he yeveth his lond or his catel.
And syn I oghte avyse me right wel
To whom I yeve my good awey fro me,
Wel muchel moore I oghte avysed be
To whom I yeve my body for alwey.
I warne yow wel, it is no childes pley
To take a wyf withouten avysement.
Men moste enquere – this is myn assent –
Wher she be wys, or sobre, or dronkelewe,
Or proud, or elles ootherweys a shrewe,
A chidestere, or wastour of thy good,
Or riche, or poore, or elles mannyssh wood.
Al be it so that no man fynden shal
Noon in this world that trotteth hool in al,
Ne man, ne beest, swich as men koude devyse;
But nathelees it oghte ynough suffise
With any wyf, if so were that she hadde
Mo goode thewes than hire vices badde;
And al this axeth leyser for t'enquere.
For, God it woot, I have wept many a teere
Ful pryvely, syn I have had a wyf.
Preyse whoso wole a wedded mannes lyf,
Certein I fynde in it but cost and care
And observances, of alle blisses bare.
And yet, God woot, my neighebores aboute,
And namely of wommen many a route,
Seyn that I have the mooste stedefast wyf,
And eek the mekeste oon that bereth lyf;
But I woot best where wryngeth me my sho.
Ye mowe, for me, right as yow liketh do;
Avyseth yow – ye been a man of age –
How that ye entren into mariage,
And namely with a yong wyf and a fair.
By hym that made water, erthe, and air,
The yongeste man that is in al this route
Is bisy ynough to bryngen it aboute
To han his wyf allone. Trusteth me,
Ye shul nat plesen hire fully yeres thre –

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This is to seyn, to doon hire ful plesaunce. *45*
A wyf axeth ful many an observaunce.
I prey yow that ye be nat yvele apayd.'

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EMILY DICKINSON: Selected Poems

3 Either (a) 'Dickinson explores disturbing ideas arising from everyday situations.'

How far, and in what ways, do you agree with this comment on Dickinson's 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 concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

'*Hope*' *is the thing with feathers* –

'Hope' is the thing with feathers –
That perches in the soul –
And sings the tune without the words –
And never stops – at all –

And sweetest – in the Gale – is heard –
And sore must be the storm –
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm –

I've heard it in the chillest land –
And on the strangest Sea –
Yet, never, in Extremity,
It asked a crumb – of Me.

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JOHN DONNE: Selected Poems

4 **Either** **(a)** Discuss Donne's portrayal of relationships between men and women, paying close attention to his poetic methods and their effects. You should refer to **three** poems from the selection in your answer.

Or **(b)** Analyse the following poem, considering ways in which Donne presents the soul, here and elsewhere in the selection.

Holy Sonnets: Divine Meditations 4

O my black soul! Now thou art summoned
By sickness, death's herald, and champion;
Thou art like a pilgrim which abroad hath done
Treason, and durst not turn to whence he's fled,
Or like a thief, which till death's doom be read,
Wisheth himself delivered from prison,
But damned and haled to execution,
Wisheth that still he might be'imprisoned.
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;
But who shall give thee that grace to begin?
O make thyself with holy mourning black,
And red with blushing, as thou art with sin;
Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this might,
That being red, it dyes red souls to white.

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THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd*

5 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Hardy present different attitudes to marriage in the novel?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss how Hardy shapes the reader's response to Bathsheba both here and elsewhere in the novel.

It was a fine morning, and the sun lighted up to a scarlet glow the crimson jacket she wore, and painted a soft lustre upon her bright face and black hair. The myrtles geraniums and cactuses packed around her were fresh and green, and at such a leafless season they invested the whole concern of horses, waggon, furniture, and girl with the peculiar charm of rarity. What possessed the girl to indulge in such a performance in the sight of the sparrows, blackbirds and unperceived farmer, who were alone its spectators – whether the smile began as a factitious one to test her capacity in that art – nobody knows: it ended certainly in a real smile; she blushed at herself, and seeing her reflection blush, blushed the more.

The change from the customary spot and necessary occasion of such an act – from the dressing hour in a bedroom to a time of travelling out of doors – lent to the idle deed a novelty it certainly did not intrinsically possess. The picture was a delicate one. Woman's prescriptive infirmity had stalked into the sunlight, which had invested it with the freshness of an originality. A cynical inference was irresistible by Gabriel Oak as he regarded the scene, generous though he fain would have been –: there was no necessity whatever for her looking in the glass. She did not adjust her hat, or pat her hair, or press a dimple into shape, or do one thing to signify that any such intention had been her motive in taking up the glass. She simply observed herself as a fair product of Nature in a feminine direction – her expression seeming to glide into far-off though likely dramas in which men would play a part – vistas of probable triumphs – the smiles being of a phase suggesting that hearts were imagined as lost and won. Still, this was but conjecture, and the whole series of actions were so idly put forth as to make it rash to assert that intention had any part in them at all.

The waggoner's steps were heard returning: she put the glass in the paper, and the whole again in its place.

When the waggon had passed on Gabriel withdrew from his point of espial, and descending into the road followed the vehicle to the turnpike gate at the bottom of the hill, where the object of his contemplation now halted for the payment of toll. About twenty steps still remained between him and the gate when he heard a dispute. It was a difference concerning two pence between the persons with the waggon and the man at the toll-bar.

'Mis'ess's niece is upon the top of the things, and she says that's enough that I've offered ye, you grate miser, and she won't pay any more.' These were the waggoner's words.

'Very well, then mis'ess's niece can't pass,' said the turnpike keeper, closing the gate.

Oak looked from one to the other of the disputants, and fell into a reverie. There was something in the tone of two pence remarkably insignificant: three pence had a definite value as money – it was an appreciable infringement on a day's wages, and, as such, a haggling matter; but two pence – 'Here,' he said stepping forward and handing two pence to the gatekeeper; 'let the young woman pass.' He looked up at her then: she heard his words, and looked down.

Gabriel's features adhered throughout their form so exactly to the middle line between the beauty of Saint John and the ugliness of Judas Iscariot as represented in a window of the church he attended, that not a single lineament could be selected

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and called worthy either of distinction or notoriety. The red jacketed and dark haired maiden probably thought so too, for she carelessly glanced over him and told her man to drive on. She might have looked her thanks to Gabriel on a minute scale, but she did not speak them: more probably she felt none, for in gaining her a passage he had lost her her point, and we know how women take a favour of that kind.

The gate-keeper surveyed the retreating vehicle. 'That's a handsome maid,' he said to Oak.

'But she has her faults,' said Gabriel.

'True, farmer.'

'And the greatest of them is – well, what it is always.'

'Beating people down two pence: ay, 'tis true.'

'O no.'

'What, then?'

Gabriel, perhaps a little piqued by the comely traveller's indifference, glanced back to where he had witnessed her performance over the hedge, and said 'Vanity.'

(*from* Chapter 1)

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BRAM STOKER: *Dracula*

6 Either (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Stoker's use of different settings in the novel.

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, analyse the following passage, showing how Stoker presents Count Dracula both here and elsewhere in the novel.

There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. It seemed as though the mountain range had separated two atmospheres, and that now we had got into the thunderous one. I was now myself looking out for the conveyance which was to take me to the Count. Each moment I expected to see the glare of lamps through the blackness; but all was dark. The only light was the flickering rays of our own lamps, in which steam from our hard-driven horses rose in a white cloud. We could now see the sandy road lying white before us, but there was on it no sign of a vehicle. The passengers drew back with a sigh of gladness, which seemed to mock my own disappointment. I was already thinking what I had best do, when the driver, looking at his watch, said to the others something which I could hardly hear, it was spoken so quietly and in so low a tone; I thought it was, 'An hour less than the time.' Then, turning to me, he said in German worse than my own:–

'There is no carriage here. The Herr is not expected, after all. He will now come on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the next day; better the next day.' Whilst he was speaking the horses began to neigh and snort and plunge wildly, so that the driver had to hold them up. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the peasants and a universal crossing of themselves, a calèche, with four horses, drove up behind us, overtook us, and drew up beside the coach. I could see from the flash of our lamps, as the rays fell on them, that the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. They were driven by a tall man, with a long brown beard and a great black hat, which seemed to hide his face from us. I could only see the gleam of a pair of very bright eyes, which seemed red in the lamplight, as he turned to us. He said to the driver:–

'You are early to-night, my friend.' The man stammered in reply:–

'The English Herr was in a hurry,' to which the stranger replied:–

'That is why, I suppose, you wished him to go on to Bukovina. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know too much, and my horses are swift.' As he spoke he smiled, the lamplight fell on a hard-looking mouth, with very red lips and sharp-looking teeth, as white as ivory. One of my companions whispered to another the line from Burger's 'Lenore':–

'Denn die Todten reiten schnell.' –
('For the dead travel fast.')

The strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked up with a gleaming smile. The passenger turned his face away, at the same time putting out his two fingers and crossing himself. 'Give me the Herr's luggage,' said the driver; and with exceeding alacrity my bags were handed out and put in the calèche. Then I descended from the side of the coach, as the calèche was close alongside, the driver helping me with a hand which caught my arm in a grip of steel; his strength must have been prodigious. Without a word he shook his reins, the horses turned, and we swept into the darkness of the Pass. As I looked back I saw the steam from the horses of the coach by the light of the lamps, and projected against it the figures of my late companions crossing themselves. Then the driver cracked his whip and called to his horses, and off they swept on their way to Bukovina.

(*from* Chapter 1, Jonathan Harker's Journal)

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 7.

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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 shapes a reader's response to Offred.

Or **(b)** Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering how far it is characteristic of Atwood's narrative methods and concerns.

'I almost made it out.

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Everything considered, I like this outfit better.

(*from* Chapter 38)

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SUJATA BHATT: Selected Poems from *Point No Point*

8 Either (a) 'Bhatt's use of the senses is central to her response to the natural world.'

In the light of this comment, discuss Bhatt's poetic presentation of the natural world. 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.

29 April 1989

She's three-months-old now,
asleep at last for the afternoon.
I've got some time to myself again
but I don't know what to do.
Outside everything is greyish green and soggy
with endless Bremen-Spring drizzle.
I make a large pot of Assam tea
and search through the books
in my room, shift through my papers.
I'm not looking for anything, really,
just touching my favourite books.
I don't even know what I'm thinking,
but there's a rich round fullness
in the air
like living inside Beethoven's piano
on a day when he was
particularly energetic.

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 9.

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JAMES JOYCE: *Dubliners*

9 **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Joyce present characters feeling trapped? 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 in what ways it is characteristic of Joyce's narrative methods and concerns.

She was fast asleep.

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His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead.

(*from* The Dead)

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JACKIE KAY: Selected Poems from *Darling*

10 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Kay present different kinds of prejudice? In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract from *The Underground Baby Case*, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Kay's use of the dramatic monologue.

from *The Underground Baby Case*

2

He is my boy now.

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eating my tiny baby up.

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JEAN RHYS: *Wide Sargasso Sea*

11 Either (a) Christophine says of Antoinette's husband: 'The man not a bad man, even if he loves money'.

How far, and in what ways, would you agree that this is how Rhys presents Antoinette's husband in the novel?

Or (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Rhys's narrative methods and concerns.

'Where, where is this letter?

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The smell of the sun and the smell of the rain.

(*from* Part 3)

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STEPHEN SPENDER: Selected Poems

12 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Spender make use of different settings in his poems? In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering Spender's presentation of relationships, here and elsewhere in the selection.

No Orpheus, No Eurydice

Nipples of bullets, precipices,

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Here, there, or anywhere.

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