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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 **February/March 2024**

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: *Pride and Prejudice*

1 Either (a) 'In *Pride and Prejudice* Austen presents marriage as more about money than love.'

How far, and in what ways, do you agree with this view of the novel?

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

'Miss Eliza Bennet, let me persuade you to follow my example, and take a turn about the room. – I assure you it is very refreshing after sitting so long in one attitude.'

Elizabeth was surprised, but agreed to it immediately. Miss Bingley succeeded no less in the real object of her civility; Mr Darcy looked up. He was as much awake to the novelty of attention in that quarter as Elizabeth herself could be, and unconsciously closed his book. He was directly invited to join their party, but he declined it, observing, that he could imagine but two motives for their chusing to walk up and down the room together, with either of which motives his joining them would interfere. 'What could he mean? she was dying to know what could be his meaning' – and asked Elizabeth whether she could at all understand him?

'Not at all,' was her answer, 'but depend upon it, he means to be severe on us, and our surest way of disappointing him, will be to ask nothing about it.'

Miss Bingley, however, was incapable of disappointing Mr Darcy in any thing, and persevered therefore in requiring an explanation of his two motives.

'I have not the smallest objection to explaining them,' said he, as soon as she allowed him to speak. 'You either chuse this method of passing the evening because you are in each other's confidence and have secret affairs to discuss, or because you are conscious that your figures appear to the greatest advantage in walking; – if the first, I should be completely in your way; – and if the second, I can admire you much better as I sit by the fire.'

'Oh! shocking!' cried Miss Bingley. 'I never heard any thing so abominable. How shall we punish him for such a speech?'

'Nothing so easy, if you have but the inclination,' said Elizabeth. 'We can all plague and punish one another. Teaze him – laugh at him. – Intimate as you are, you must know how it is to be done.'

'But upon my honour I do *not*. I do assure you that my intimacy has not yet taught me *that*. Teaze calmness of temper and presence of mind! No, no – I feel he may defy us there. And as to laughter, we will not expose ourselves, if you please, by attempting to laugh without a subject. Mr Darcy may hug himself.'

'Mr Darcy is not to be laughed at!' cried Elizabeth. 'That is an uncommon advantage, and uncommon I hope it will continue, for it would be a great loss to *me* to have many such acquaintance. I dearly love a laugh.'

'Miss Bingley,' said he, 'has given me credit for more than can be. The wisest and the best of men, nay, the wisest and best of their actions, may be rendered ridiculous by a person whose first object in life is a joke.'

'Certainly,' replied Elizabeth – 'there are such people, but I hope I am not one of *them*. I hope I never ridicule what is wise or good. Follies and nonsense, whims and inconsistencies *do* divert me, I own, and I laugh at them whenever I can. – But these, I suppose, are precisely what you are without.'

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'Perhaps that is not possible for any one. But it has been the study of my life to avoid those weaknesses which often expose a strong understanding to ridicule.'

'Such as vanity and pride.'

'Yes, vanity is a weakness indeed. But pride – where there is a real superiority of mind, pride will be always under good regulation.'

Elizabeth turned away to hide a smile.

'Your examination of Mr Darcy is over, I presume,' said Miss Bingley; – 'and pray what is the result?'

'I am perfectly convinced by it that Mr Darcy has no defect. He owns it himself without disguise.'

'No' – said Darcy, 'I have made no such pretension. I have faults enough, but they are not, I hope, of understanding. My temper I dare not vouch for. – It is I believe too little yielding – certainly too little for the convenience of the world. I cannot forget the follies and vices of others so soon as I ought, nor their offences against myself. My feelings are not puffed about with every attempt to move them. My temper would perhaps be called resentful. – My good opinion once lost is lost for ever.'

'*That* is a failing indeed!' – cried Elizabeth. 'Implacable resentment *is* a shade in a character. But you have chosen your fault well. – I really cannot *laugh* at it. You are safe from me.'

(*from* Chapter 11)

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

2 Either (a) 'Whan tendre youthe hath wedded stoupyng age,
Ther is swich myrthe that it may nat be writen.'

In the light of this quotation from the poem, discuss Chaucer's presentation of the marriage between Januarie and May in *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*.

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

But atte laste, after a month or tweye,
His sorwe gan aswage, sooth to seye;
For whan he wiste it may noon oother be,
He paciently took his adversitee,
Save, out of doute, he may nat forgoon
That he nas jalous everemoore in oon;
Which jalousye it was so outrageous
That neither in halle, n'yn noon oother hous,
Ne in noon oother place, neverthemo,
He nolde suffre hire for to ryde or go,
But if that he had hond on hire alway;
For which ful ofte wepeth fresshe May,
That loveth Damyan so benyngnely
That she moot outher dyen sodeynly
Or elles she moot han hym as hir leste.
She wayteth whan hir herte wolde breste.
Upon that oother syde Damyan
Bicomen is the sorwefulleste man
That evere was, for neither nyght ne day
Ne myghte he speke a word to fresshe May,
As to his purpos, of no swich mateere,
But if that Januarie moste it heere,
That hadde an hand upon hire everemo.
But nathelees, by writyng to and fro
And privee signes wiste he what she mente,
And she knew eek the fyn of his entente.
O Januarie, what myghte it thee availle,
Thogh thou myghtest se as fer as shippes saille?
For as good is blynd deceyved be
As to be deceyved whan a man may se.
Lo, Argus, which that hadde an hondred yen,
For al that evere he koude poure or pryen,
Yet was he blent, and, God woot, so been mo
That wenen wisly that it be nat so.
Passe over is an ese, I sey namoore.

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JOHN DONNE: Selected Poems

3 **Either** **(a)** 'Donne is a poet of persuasion and argument.'

How far, and in what ways, do you agree with this comment on Donne's poetry? You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to poetic methods in the following poem, discuss Donne's presentation of lovers, here and elsewhere in the selection.

Elegy 5: His Picture

Here take my picture, though I bid farewell;
Thine, in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall dwell.
'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more
When we are shadows both, than 'twas before.
When weather-beaten I come back; my hand,
Perhaps with rude oars torn, or sun-beams tanned,
My face and breast of haircloth, and my head
With care's rash sudden hoariness o'erspread,
My body a sack of bones, broken within,
And powder's blue stains scattered on my skin;
If rival fools tax thee to have loved a man,
So foul, and coarse, as oh, I may seem then,
This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,
Do his hurts reach me? doth my worth decay?
Or do they reach his judging mind, that he
Should now love less, what he did love to see?
That which in him was fair and delicate,
Was but the milk, which in love's childish state
Did nurse it: who now is grown strong enough
To feed on that, which to disused tastes seems tough.

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THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd*

4 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways Hardy contrasts Sergeant Troy's relationship with Bathsheba Everdene with his relationship with Fanny Robbin.

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

'O – what's the matter, what's the matter Henery!' said Joseph.

'What's a-brewing, Henery?' asked Jacob and Mark Clark, in a breath.

'Baily Pennyways – Baily Pennyways – I said so: yes I said so.'

'What – found out stealing anything?'

'Stealing it is. The news is that after Miss Everdene got home she went out again to see all was safe as she usually do, and coming in found Baily Pennyways creeping down the granary steps with half a bushel of barley. She flewed at him like a cat – never such a tom-boy as she is – of course I speak with closed doors?'

'You do – you do, Henery.'

'She flewed at him, and to cut a long story short he owned to having carried off five sack altogether, upon her promising not to persecute en. Well, he's turned out neck and crop, and my question is, who's going to be baily now?'

The question was such a profound one that Henery was obliged to drink there and then from the large cup till the bottom was distinctly visible inside. Before he had replaced it on the table in came the young man Susan Tall's husband, in a still greater hurry.

'Have ye heard the news that's all over parish?'

'About Baily Pennyways?'

'Ah – but besides that?'

'No – not a morsel of it!' they all replied, looking into the very midst of Laban Tall and as it were advancing their intelligence to meet his words half way down his throat.

'What a night of horrors!' murmured Joseph Poorgrass waving his hands spasmodically. 'I've had the new's bell ringing in my left ear quite bad enough for a murder, and I've seed a magpie all alone!'

'Fanny Robbin – Miss Everdene's youngest servant – can't be found. They've been wanting to lock up the door these two hours, but she isn't come in. And they don't know what to do about going to bed for fear of locking her out. They wouldn't be so concerned if she hadn't been noticed in such low spirits these last few days, and Mary-ann d' think the beginning of a crowner's inquest has happened to the pore girl!'

'O – 'tis burned – 'tis burned!' said Joseph Poorgrass with dry lips.

'No – 'tis drowned!' said Tall.

'Or 'tis her father's razor!' suggested Billy Smallbury, with a vivid sense of detail.

'Well – Miss Everdene wants to speak to one or two of us afore we go to bed. What with this trouble about the baily, and now about the girl, mis'ess is almost wild.'

They all hastened up the rise to the farm house, excepting the old maltster, whom neither news, fire, rain, nor thunder, could draw from his hole. There, as the others' footsteps died away, he sat down again, and continued gazing as usual into the furnace with his red bleared eyes.

From the bedroom window above their heads Bathsheba's head and shoulders, robed in mystic white, were dimly seen extended into the air.

'Are any of my men among you?' she said anxiously.

'Yes, ma'am; several,' said Susan Tall's husband.

'To-morrow morning I wish two or three of you to make enquiries in the villages round if they have seen such a person as Fanny Robbin. Do it quietly: there is no reason for alarm as yet. She must have left whilst we were all at the fire.'

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'I beg yer pardon, but had she any young man courting her in the parish, ma'am?' asked Jacob Smallbury.

'I don't know,' said Bathsheba.

'I've never heard of any such thing ma'am,' said two or three.

'It is hardly likely either,' continued Bathsheba. 'For any lover of hers might have come to the house if he had been a respectable lad. The most mysterious matter connected with her absence – indeed the only thing which gives me serious alarm – is that she was seen to go out of the house by Mary-ann with only her in-door working gown on – not even a bonnet.'

'And you mean, ma'am, excusing my words, that a young woman would hardly go to see her young man without dressing up,' said Jacob, turning his mental vision upon past experiences. 'That's true – she would not, ma'am.'

'She had, I think, a bundle, though I couldn't see very well,' said a female voice from another window, which seemed to belong to Mary-ann. 'But she had no young man about here. Hers lives in Casterbridge, and I believe he's a soldier.'

'Do you know his name?' Bathsheba said.

'No, miss: she was very close about it.'

(*from* Chapter 8)

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BRAM STOKER: *Dracula*

5 Either (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Stoker's presentation of doctors and medical science in the novel.

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

I went to the dining-room and waked him. He was dazed for a moment, but when he saw the sunlight streaming in through the edges of the shutters he thought he was late, and expressed his fear. I assured him that Lucy was still asleep, but told him as gently as I could that both Van Helsing and I feared that the end was near. He covered his face with his hands, and slid down on his knees by the sofa, where he remained, perhaps a minute, with his head buried, praying, whilst his shoulders shook with grief. I took him by the hand and raised him up. 'Come,' I said, 'my dear old fellow, summon all your fortitude; it will be best and easiest for *her*.'

When we came into Lucy's room I could see that Van Helsing had, with his usual forethought, been putting matters straight and making everything look as pleasing as possible. He had even brushed Lucy's hair, so that it lay on the pillow in its usual shiny ripples. When we came into the room she opened her eyes, and seeing him, whispered softly:

'Arthur! Oh, my love, I am so glad you have come!' He was stooping to kiss her, when Van Helsing motioned him back. 'No,' he whispered, 'not yet! Hold her hand: it will comfort her more.'

So Arthur took her hand and knelt beside her, and she looked her best, with all the soft lines matching the angelic beauty of her eyes. Then gradually her eyes closed, and she sank to sleep. For a little bit her breast heaved softly, and her breath came and went like a tired child's.

And then insensibly there came the strange change which I had noticed in the night. Her breathing grew stertorous, the mouth opened, and the pale gums, drawn back, made the teeth look longer and sharper than ever. In a sort of sleep-waking, vague, unconscious way she opened her eyes, which were now dull and hard at once, and said in a soft voluptuous voice, such as I had never heard from her lips:

'Arthur! Oh, my love, I am so glad you have come! Kiss me!' Arthur bent eagerly over to kiss her; but at that instant Van Helsing, who, like me, had been startled by her voice, swooped upon him, and catching him by the neck with both hands, dragged him back with a fury of strength which I never thought he could have possessed, and actually hurled him almost across the room.

'Not for your life!' he said; 'not for your living soul and hers!' And he stood between them like a lion at bay.

Arthur was so taken aback that he did not for a moment know what to do or say; and before any impulse of violence could seize him he realised the place and the occasion, and he stood silent, waiting.

I kept my eyes fixed on Lucy, as did Van Helsing, and we saw a spasm as of rage flit like a shadow over her face; the sharp teeth champed together. Then her eyes closed, and she breathed heavily.

Very shortly after she opened her eyes in all their softness, and putting out her poor pale, thin hand, took Van Helsing's great brown one; drawing it to her, she kissed it. 'My true friend,' she said, in a faint voice, but with untellable pathos, 'my true friend, and his! Oh, guard him, and give him peace!'

'I swear it!' said he solemnly, kneeling beside her and holding up his hand, as one who registers an oath. Then he turned to Arthur, and said to him: 'Come, my child, take her hand in yours, and kiss her on the forehead, and only once.'

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Their eyes met instead of their lips; and so they parted.

Lucy's eyes closed; and Van Helsing, who had been watching closely, took Arthur's arm, and drew him away.

And then Lucy's breathing became stertorous again, and all at once it ceased.

'It is all over,' said Van Helsing. 'She is dead!' *50*

(*from* Dr Seward's Diary, Chapter 12)

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WALT WHITMAN: Selected Poems from *Leaves of Grass*

6 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the uses and effects of Whitman's presentation of oceans in his poetry. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to poetic methods, discuss the following extract from *Pioneers! O Pioneers!*, showing in what ways it is characteristic of Whitman's concerns here and elsewhere in the selection.

from *Pioneers! O Pioneers!*

Life's involv'd and varied pageants,
All the forms and shows, all the workmen at their work,
All the seamen and the landsmen, all the masters with their slaves,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the hapless silent lovers,
All the prisoners in the prisons, all the righteous and the wicked,
All the joyous, all the sorrowing, all the living, all the dying,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

I too with my soul and body,
We, a curious trio, picking, wandering on our way,
Through these shores amid the shadows, with the apparitions pressing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Lo, the darting bowling orb!
Lo, the brother orbs around, all the clustering suns and planets,
All the dazzling days, all the mystic nights with dreams,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

These are of us, they are with us,
All for primal needed work, while the followers there in embryo wait behind,
We to-day's procession heading, we the route for travel clearing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you daughters of the West!
O you young and elder daughters! O you mothers and you wives!
Never must you be divided, in our ranks you move united,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Minstrels latent on the prairies!
(Shrouded bards of other lands, you may rest, you have done your work,)
Soon I hear you coming warbling, soon you rise and tramp amid us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Not for delectations sweet,
Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the studious,
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?
Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? have they lock'd and bolted doors?
Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

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Has the night descended?
Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop discouraged nodding on our way?
Yet a passing hour I yield you in your tracks to pause oblivious,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Till with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the daybreak call – hark! how loud and clear I hear it wind,
Swift! to the head of the army! – swift! spring to your places,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

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Section B: Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

SUJATA BHATT: Selected Poems from *Point No Point*

7 **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Bhatt make use of various mythologies in these poems? In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.

Or **(b)** Write a critical analysis of the following poem, considering how far it is characteristic of Bhatt's poetic methods and concerns.

Rooms by the Sea

for Michael

It's summer all right.
This light makes me think
of June in Miami
July in Ocean City
August in Cape Cod.

This heat reminds me of a certain freedom
this light is the colour of a certain freedom
we had one summer –
the freedom to want
a child, the longing to let life go on
as it pleases.

The heat has flung the door wide open –
and the light is constant.
The cry of our imaginary child
breaks our afternoon nap,
untangles our sticky thighs …
The sea is a loud salty glitter
pounding against the shore, back and forth
back and forth, as if driven by nervous fishes.
The light remains steady
and the heat is constant –

Someone, we don't see,
has stepped inside
and walks through the kitchen, that we don't see.
I imagine you
grabbing a beer
from the fridge.

The sofa burns red
the carpet crackles green
and the picture in the pine wood frame
is fading away.

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LOUISE GLÜCK: Selected Poems from *The Wild Iris*

8 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways Glück presents human relationships. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

Or (b) Write a critical analysis of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Glück's poetic methods and concerns.

The Doorway

I wanted to stay as I was
still as the world is never still,
not in midsummer but the moment before
the first flower forms, the moment
nothing is as yet past –

not midsummer, the intoxicant,
but late spring, the grass not yet
high at the edge of the garden, the early tulips
beginning to open –

like a child hovering in a doorway, watching the others,
the ones who go first,
a tense cluster of limbs, alert to
the failures of others, the public falterings

with a child's fierce confidence of imminent power
preparing to defeat
these weaknesses, to succumb
to nothing, the time directly

prior to flowering, the epoch of mastery

before the appearance of the gift,
before possession.

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JAMES JOYCE: *Dubliners*

9 **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Joyce present life in the home? In your answer you should refer to at least **two** stories from *Dubliners*.

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.

Well, you better look sharp and get a copy of our correspondence in the Delacour case for Mr Alleyne.

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Everyone was astounded (the author of the witticism no less than his neighbours) and Miss Delacour, who was a stout amiable person, began to smile broadly.

(*from* Counterparts)

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TONI MORRISON: *Beloved*

10 Either (a) 'Guilt is the driving force in this novel.'

How far, and in what ways, would you agree with this comment on *Beloved*?

Or (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering Morrison's presentation of Sweet Home, here and elsewhere in *Beloved*.

In Lillian Garner's house, exempted from the field work that broke her hip and the exhaustion that drugged her mind; in Lillian Garner's house where nobody knocked her down (or up), she listened to the whitewoman humming at her work; watched her face light up when Mr Garner came in and thought, It's better here, but I'm not.

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‘I don’t call myself nothing.’

(*from* Part 1)

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JEAN RHYS: *Wide Sargasso Sea*

11 Either **(a)** Discuss some of the ways in which Rhys explores the relationship between Antoinette and her husband in the novel.

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

I was bridesmaid when my mother married Mr Mason in Spanish Town.

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‘None of you understand about us,’ I thought.

(*from* Part 1)

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NATASHA TRETHEWEY: *Native Guard*

12 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways Trethewey presents a sense of belonging. In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the collection, which could include individual poems from longer sequences.

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Trethewey's poetic methods and concerns.

Graveyard Blues

It rained the whole time we were laying her down;
Rained from church to grave when we put her down.
The suck of mud at our feet was a hollow sound.

When the preacher called out I held up my hand;
When he called for a witness I raised my hand –
Death stops the body's work, the soul's a journeyman.

The sun came out when I turned to walk away,
Glared down on me as I turned and walked away –
My back to my mother, leaving her where she lay.

The road going home was pocked with holes,
That home-going road's always full of holes;
Though we slow down, time's wheel still rolls.

I wander now among names of the dead:
My mother's name, stone pillow for my head.

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