



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/43

Paper 4 Pre- and Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

May/June 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.

Section A: Pre-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

1 Either (a) Discuss Austen's presentation of relationships between sisters in *Pride and Prejudice*.

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

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

'You are too hasty, Sir,' she cried. 'You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without farther loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honour of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them.'

'I am not now to learn,' replied Mr Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, 'that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favour; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am therefore by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long.'

'Upon my word, Sir,' cried Elizabeth, 'your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time. I am perfectly serious in my refusal. – You could not make *me* happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who would make *you* so. – Nay, were your friend Lady Catherine to know me, I am persuaded she would find me in every respect ill qualified for the situation.'

'Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so,' said Mr Collins very gravely – 'but I cannot imagine that her ladyship would at all disapprove of you. And you may be certain that when I have the honour of seeing her again I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty, economy, and other amiable qualifications.'

'Indeed, Mr Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. You must give me leave to judge for myself, and pay me the compliment of believing what I say. I wish you very happy and very rich, and by refusing your hand, do all in my power to prevent your being otherwise. In making me the offer, you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family, and may take possession of Longbourn estate whenever it falls, without any self reproach. This matter may be considered, therefore, as finally settled.' And rising as she thus spoke, she would have quitted the room, had not Mr Collins thus addressed her,

'When I do myself the honour of speaking to you next on this subject I shall hope to receive a more favourable answer than you have now given me; though I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first application, and perhaps you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character.'

'Really, Mr Collins,' cried Elizabeth with some warmth, 'you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one.'

'You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses is merely words of course. My reasons for believing it are briefly these: – It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or

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that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My situation in life, my connections with the family of De Bourgh, and my relationship to your own, are circumstances highly in my favour; and you should take it into farther consideration that in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you. Your portion is unhappily so small that it will in all likelihood undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must therefore conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall chuse to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females.'

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'I do assure you, Sir, that I have no pretension whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again and again for the honour you have done me in your proposals, but to accept them is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer? Do not consider me now as an elegant female intending to plague you, but as a rational creature speaking the truth from her heart.'

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'You are uniformly charming!' cried he, with an air of awkward gallantry; 'and I am persuaded that when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable.'

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(from Chapter 19)

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

2 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Chaucer present wives and different attitudes to them 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*.

This noble knyght, this Januarie the olde,
Swich deyntee hath in it to walke and pleye,
That he wol no wight suffren bere the keye
Save he hymself; for of the smale wyket
He baar alwey of silver a clyket,
With which, whan that hym leste, he it unshette.
And whan he wolde paye his wyf hir dette
In somer seson, thider wolde he go,
And May his wyf, and no wight but they two;
And thynges whiche that were nat doon abedde,
He in the gardyn parfourned hem and spedde.
And in this wyse, many a murye day,
Lyved this Januarie and fresshe May.
But worldly joye may nat alwey dure
To Januarie, ne to no creature.

O sodeyn hap! O thou Fortune unstable!
Lyk to the scorpion so deceyvable,
That flaterest with thyn heed whan thou wolt stynge;
Thy tayl is deeth, thurgh thyn envenymynge.

O brotil joye! O sweete venym queynte!
O monstre, that so subtilly kanst peynte
Thy yiftes under hewe of stidefastnesse,
That thou deceyvest bothe moore and lesse!
Why hastow Januarie thus deceyved,
That haddest hym for thy fulle freend receyved?
And now thou hast braft hym bothe his yen,
For sorwe of which desireth he to dyen.

Allas, this noble Januarie free,
Amydde his lust and his prosperitee,
Is woxen blynd, and that al sodeynly.
He wepeth and he wayleth pitously;
And therwithal the fyr of jalousie,
Lest that his wyf sholde falle in som folye,
So brente his herte that he wolde fayn
That som man bothe hire and hym had slain.
For neither after his deeth nor in his lyf
Ne wolde he that she were love ne wyf,
But evere lyve as wydwe in clothes blake,
Soul as the turtle that lost hath hire make.

JOHN DONNE: Selected Poems

3 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Donne explores different attitudes to love. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

Or (b) Analyse the following poem, showing what it adds to your understanding of Donne's presentation of death, here and elsewhere in the selection.

Holy Sonnets: Divine Meditations 10

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not so,
 For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
 Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me;
 From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
 Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
 And soonest our best men with thee do go,
 Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
 Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
 And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
 And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,
 And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
 And death shall be no more, Death thou shalt die.

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THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd*

4 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Hardy explore men's attitudes to women in the novel?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss Hardy's presentation of Troy's state of mind in the following passage, considering the significance of this episode to the novel.

All Troy's vigour spasmodically revived to prolong the struggle yet a little further. Swimming with his right arm he held up his left to hail them, splashing upon the waves, and shouting with all his might. From the position of the setting sun his white form was distinctly visible upon the now deep hued bosom of the sea to the east of the boat, and the men saw him at once. Backing their oars and putting the boat about they pulled towards him with a will, and in five or six minutes from the time of his first halloo, two of the sailors hauled him in over the stern. 5

They formed part of a brig's crew and had come ashore for sand. Troy had sunk down exhausted, and it was some time before he could speak connectedly, his deliverers meanwhile lending him what little clothing they could spare among them as a slight protection against the rapidly cooling air. He soon told them his tale, and begged to be put ashore at his bathing place, which he pointed out to them as being about a mile distant. Their boat was somewhat laden, but after a little demuring they agreed to row in the direction signified, and set him down. Troy however had considerably understated the distance, and what with this and keeping wide of the current they rowed more than two miles before the narrow mouth of the cove appeared. By the time that their keel crunched among the stones of the beach within the opening the sun was down, a crescent moon had risen, and solitude reigned around, rendering distinct the gentle slide of the wavelets up the sloping shore and the rustle of the pebbles against each other under the caress of each swell – the brisker ebb and flow outside the bar being audible above the mild repetition of the same motion here within. 10 15 20

Troy anxiously scanned the margin of the cove for the white heap of clothes he had left there. No sign of them apparently remained. He leapt out, searched up and down – behind boulders and under weeds. Beyond all doubt the clothes were gone. 25

'By jingo,' he said to them with blank offhandedness; 'all I possess is gone; and I haven't a friend or a penny in the world!'

The seamen took counsel, and one of them said, 'If you come aboard with us, perhaps we can find you in a kit. We've been waiting in Budmouth for hands, and are short still. Can't get 'em to join. Captain's glad of anything he can pick up, and might take you.' 30

Troy meditated for a moment. He was so relieved at the recovery of his life at any price that the loss of his clothes and what little he possessed besides did not trouble him very deeply, though it had its inconvenience just at present, in putting him so entirely into the hands of these new friends. It was scarcely probable that they would allow him to leave them, wearing as he did a portion of the garment of three or four. Some sort of repayment would be looked for, and before that could be made it must be earned. 35

'How long is the voyage to be,' he said, in the course of some further remarks.

'Six months – though the old hands have signed up for two years, in case of trading from a foreign port; but 'twould certainly be no more than six months for you. However, come to the ship and read down the articles: we can put ye into Budmouth afterwards right enough.'

Troy accepted the invitation, and away they went towards the roadstead. It would be doing Bathsheba a generous turn to leave the country, he thought grimly. His absence would be to her benefit as his presence might be to her ruin – though 45

as she would never give him credit for his considerateness, he was hardly called upon to show it unless the gain was mutual.

And while he thought thus night drooped slowly upon the wide watery levels in front; and at no great distance from them, where the shore line curved round and formed a low riband of shade upon the horizon, a series of points of yellow light began to start into existence, denoting the spot to be the site of Budmouth, where the lamps were being lighted along the parade. The cluck of their oars was the only sound of any magnitude upon the sea, and as they laboured amid the thickening shades the lamplights grew larger, each appearing to send a flaming sword deep down into the waves before it, until there arose among other dim shapes of the kind the form of the vessel for which they were bound.

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(from Chapter 46)

BRAM STOKER: *Dracula*

5 Either (a) 'In the novel *Dracula*, Stoker explores only the dark side of human nature.'

How far, and in what ways, do you agree with this comment?

Or (b) Paying close attention to Stoker's language, tone and narrative methods, analyse the following passage, showing its significance to the novel.

MEMORANDUM BY ABRAHAM VAN HELSING

4 November. – This to my old and true friend John Seward, M D, of Purfleet, London, in case I may not see him. It may explain. It is morning, and I write by a fire which all the night I have kept alive – Madam Mina aiding me. It is cold, cold; so cold that the grey heavy sky is full of snow, which when it falls will settle for all winter as the ground is hardening to receive it. It seems to have affected Madam Mina; she has been so heavy of head all day that she was not like herself. She sleeps, and sleeps, and sleeps! She, who is usual so alert, have done literally nothing all the day; she even have lost her appetite. She make no entry into her little diary, she who write so faithful at every pause. Something whisper to me that all is not well. However, tonight she is more *vif*. Her long sleep all day have refresh and restore her, for now she is all sweet and bright as ever. At sunset I try to hypnotise her, but alas! with no effect; the power has grown less and less with each day, and tonight it fail me altogether. Well. God's will be done – whatever it may be, and whithersoever it may lead!

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Now to the historical, for as Madam Mina write not in her stenography, I must, in my cumbrous old fashion, that so each day of us may not go unrecorded.

We got to the Borgo Pass just after sunrise yesterday morning. When I saw the signs of the day I got ready for the hypnotism. We stopped our carriage, and got down so that there might be no disturbance. I made a couch with furs, and Madam Mina, lying down, yield herself as usual, but more slow and more short time than ever, to the hypnotic sleep. As before, came the answer: 'Darkness and the swirling of water.' Then she woke, bright and radiant, and we go on our way and soon reach the Pass. At this time and place she become all on fire with zeal; some new guiding power be in her manifested, for she point to a road and say:

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'This is the way.'

'How know you it?' I ask.

'Of course I know it,' she answer, and with a pause add: 'Have not my Jonathan travel it and wrote of his travel?'

At first I think somewhat strange, but soon I see that there be only one such by-road. It is used but little, and very different from the coach road from Bukovina to Bistritz, which is more wide and hard, and more of use.

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So we came down this road; when we meet other ways – not always were we sure that they were roads at all, for they be neglect and light snow have fallen – the horses know and they only. I give rein to them, and they go on so patient. By-and-by we find all the things which Jonathan have note in that wonderful diary of him. Then we go on for long, long hours and hours. At the first, I tell Madam Mina to sleep; she try, and she succeed. She sleep all the time; till at the last, I feel myself to suspicious grow, and attempt to wake her. But she sleep on, and I may not wake her though I try. I do not wish to try too hard lest I harm her; for I know that she have suffer much, and sleep at times be all-in-all to her. I think I drowse myself, for all of sudden I feel guilt, as though I have done something; I find myself bolt up, with the reins in my hand, and the good horses go along jog, jog, just as ever. I look down

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and find Madam Mina still sleep. It is now not far off sunset time, and over the snow the light of the sun flow in big yellow flood, so that we throw great long shadow on where the mountain rise so steep. For we are going up, and up; and all is oh! so wild and rocky, as though it were the end of the world.

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(*from* Memorandum by Abraham Van Helsing, Chapter 27)

WALT WHITMAN: Selected Poems from *Leaves of Grass*

6 Either (a) 'O I say these are not the parts and poems of the body only, but of the soul ...'
(*I Sing the Body Electric*)

With this quotation in mind, discuss some of the ways Whitman presents the soul. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

Or (b) Analyse the following poem, showing what it adds to your understanding of Whitman's methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:

But O heart! heart! heart!

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O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up – for you the flag is flung – for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths – for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

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This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

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My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

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Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 7.

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 use close observation in her poems? In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.

Or (b) Write a critical analysis of the following poem, considering Bhatt's use of persona, here and elsewhere in the selection.

Orpheus Confesses to Eurydice

1

It was a lack of faith.
I admit it. I didn't believe enough
in you or even in the power
of my song. I needed constant reassurance.
Yes, I saw how the Furies wept
as I sang slower, softer – Time stopped for me –
still, I didn't think they'd let you go.
I didn't think you'd be free to follow me.
And so I looked back
wondering: *were you really there?*

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I've caught the snake
that killed you – I keep him
alive. He's become a sort of pet –
such a small viper, and so supple –
my last connection to you. And his brightness:
eyes, skin – how he shimmers in the sun – keeps me alert
and reminds me at times of your brightness:
the sun in your hair, the jewels around your neck.

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At first, of course, I thought of revenge.
I thought of hurting the snake,
of throwing him into a fire.
But I hesitated and now I've grown fond of him.

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2
Once when I stood singing by the cliffs
a sharp stone fell – and then a lizard
darted to the east and her sliced-off tail
rushed away to the west – and I watched
the tail shudder and jerk –
a yellow-green thing in such a hurry.

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Now I've become a torn-off
lizard's tail. Only my tongue lives
in my bodiless head – my tongue still sings
against the noise of the river.

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Maybe this is what I really wanted:
To be just a tongue –
a lizard's tail without the lizard.

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To be a pure voice
without my tired, awkward body –

Now I'm almost weightless and about to be swallowed
by the ocean – I will become
a stronger voice.

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LOUISE GLÜCK: Selected Poems from *The Wild Iris*

8 Either (a) 'Glück's poems suggest that human beings have a lot to learn from nature.'

How far, and in what ways, would you agree with this comment? 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 Glück's presentation of relationships.

The Garden

I couldn't do it again,
I can hardly bear to look at it –

in the garden, in light rain
the young couple planting
a row of peas, as though
no one has ever done this before,
the great difficulties have never as yet
been faced and solved –

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They cannot see themselves,
in fresh dirt, starting up
without perspective,
the hills behind them pale green, clouded with flowers –

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She wants to stop;
he wants to get to the end,
to stay with the thing –

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Look at her, touching his cheek
to make a truce, her fingers
cool with spring rain;
in thin grass, bursts of purple crocus –

even here, even at the beginning of love,
her hand leaving his face makes
an image of departure

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and they think
they are free to overlook
this sadness.

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JAMES JOYCE: *Dubliners*

9 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Joyce explore different kinds of disillusionment? 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 Joyce's methods of characterisation, here and elsewhere in *Dubliners*.

He was about twenty-six years of age, with a soft, light brown moustache and rather innocent-looking grey eyes. His father, who had begun life as an advanced Nationalist, had modified his views early. He had made his money as a butcher in Kingstown and by opening shops in Dublin and in the suburbs he had made his money many times over. He had also been fortunate enough to secure some of the police contracts and in the end he had become rich enough to be alluded to in the Dublin newspapers as a merchant prince. He had sent his son to England to be educated in a big Catholic college and had afterwards sent him to Dublin University to study law. Jimmy did not study very earnestly and took to bad courses for a while. He had money and he was popular; and he divided his time curiously between musical and motoring circles. Then he had been sent for a term to Cambridge to see a little life. His father, remonstrative, but covertly proud of the excess, had paid his bills and brought him home. It was at Cambridge that he had met Séguin. They were not much more than acquaintances as yet but Jimmy found great pleasure in the society of one who had seen so much of the world and was reputed to own some of the biggest hotels in France. Such a person (as his father agreed) was well worth knowing, even if he had not been the charming companion he was. Villona was entertaining also – a brilliant pianist – but, unfortunately, very poor.

The car ran on merrily with its cargo of hilarious youth. The two cousins sat on the front seat; Jimmy and his Hungarian friend sat behind. Decidedly Villona was in excellent spirits; he kept up a deep bass hum of melody for miles of the road. The Frenchmen flung their laughter and light words over their shoulders and often Jimmy had to strain forward to catch the quick phrase. This was not altogether pleasant for him, as he had nearly always to make a deft guess at the meaning and shout back a suitable answer in the teeth of a high wind. Besides Villona's humming would confuse anybody; the noise of the car, too.

Rapid motion through space elates one; so does notoriety; so does the possession of money. These were three good reasons for Jimmy's excitement. He had been seen by many of his friends that day in the company of these Continentals. At the control Séguin had presented him to one of the French competitors and, in answer to his confused murmur of compliment, the swarthy face of the driver had disclosed a line of shining white teeth. It was pleasant after that honour to return to the profane world of spectators amid nudges and significant looks. Then as to money – he really had a great sum under his control. Séguin, perhaps, would not think it a great sum but Jimmy who, in spite of temporary errors, was at heart the inheritor of solid instincts knew well with what difficulty it had been got together. This knowledge had previously kept his bills within the limits of reasonable recklessness and, if he had been so conscious of the labour latent in money when there had been question merely of some freak of the higher intelligence, how much more so now when he was about to stake the greater part of his substance! It was a serious thing for him.

(from *After the Race*)

TONI MORRISON: *Beloved*

10 Either (a) What, in your view, do supernatural elements contribute to the novel *Beloved*?
Or (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Morrison's narrative methods and concerns.

The job she started out with, protecting Beloved from Sethe, changed to protecting her mother from Beloved.

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Go on.'

(from Part 3)

JEAN RHYS: *Wide Sargasso Sea*

11 Either (a) 'Both Antoinette and her husband are presented as victims of a patriarchal society.'

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

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.

The door of Antoinette's room opened.

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Not if he were stuffed with diamonds.'

(from Part 2)

NATASHA TRETHEWEY: *Native Guard*

12 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Trethewey present feelings for her mother? 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 Trethewey's exploration of history, here and elsewhere in the collection.

Southern History

Before the war, they were happy, he said,
quoting our textbook. (This was senior-year

history class.) *The slaves were clothed, fed,
and better off under a master's care.*

I watched the words blur on the page. No one
raised a hand, disagreed. Not even me. 5

It was late; we still had Reconstruction
to cover before the test, and – luckily –

three hours of watching *Gone with the Wind*.
History, the teacher said, *of the old South* – 10

a true account of how things were back then.
On screen a slave stood big as life: big mouth,

bucked eyes, our textbook's grinning proof – a lie
my teacher guarded. Silent, so did I.

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