



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/41

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 the presentation and significance of the relationship between Charlotte Lucas and Mr Collins in the novel as a whole.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to your understanding of Austen's concerns, here and elsewhere in the novel.

At five o'clock the two ladies retired to dress, and at half past six Elizabeth was summoned to dinner. To the civil enquiries which then poured in, and amongst which she had the pleasure of distinguishing the much superior solicitude of Mr Bingley's, she could not make a very favourable answer. Jane was by no means better. The sisters, on hearing this, repeated three or four times how much they were grieved, how shocking it was to have a bad cold, and how excessively they disliked being ill themselves; and then thought no more of the matter: and their indifference towards Jane when not immediately before them, restored Elizabeth to the enjoyment of all her original dislike.

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Their brother, indeed, was the only one of the party whom she could regard with any complacency. His anxiety for Jane was evident, and his attentions to herself most pleasing, and they prevented her feeling herself so much an intruder as she believed she was considered by the others. She had very little notice from any but him. Miss Bingley was engrossed by Mr Darcy, her sister scarcely less so; and as for Mr Hurst, by whom Elizabeth sat, he was an indolent man, who lived only to eat, drink, and play at cards, who when he found her prefer a plain dish to a ragout, had nothing to say to her.

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When dinner was over, she returned directly to Jane, and Miss Bingley began abusing her as soon as she was out of the room. Her manners were pronounced to be very bad indeed, a mixture of pride and impertinence; she had no conversation, no style, no taste, no beauty. Mrs Hurst thought the same, and added,

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'She has nothing, in short, to recommend her, but being an excellent walker. I shall never forget her appearance this morning. She really looked almost wild.'

'She did indeed, Louisa. I could hardly keep my countenance. Very nonsensical to come at all! Why must *she* be scampering about the country, because her sister had a cold? Her hair so untidy, so blowsy!'

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'Yes, and her petticoat; I hope you saw her petticoat, six inches deep in mud, I am absolutely certain; and the gown which had been let down to hide it, not doing its office.'

'Your picture may be very exact, Louisa,' said Bingley; 'but this was all lost upon me. I thought Miss Elizabeth Bennet looked remarkably well, when she came into the room this morning. Her dirty petticoat quite escaped my notice.'

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'*You* observed it, Mr Darcy, I am sure,' said Miss Bingley; 'and I am inclined to think that you would not wish to see *your sister* make such an exhibition.'

'Certainly not.'

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'To walk three miles, or four miles, or five miles, or whatever it is, above her ankles in dirt, and alone, quite alone! what could she mean by it? It seems to me to shew an abominable sort of conceited independence, a most country town indifference to decorum.'

'It shews an affection for her sister that is very pleasing,' said Bingley.

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'I am afraid, Mr Darcy,' observed Miss Bingley, in a half whisper, 'that this adventure has rather affected your admiration of her fine eyes.'

3

‘Not at all,’ he replied; ‘they were brightened by the exercise.’ – A short pause followed this speech, and Mrs Hurst began again.

‘I have an excessive regard for Jane Bennet, she is really a very sweet girl, and I wish with all my heart she were well settled. But with such a father and mother, and such low connections, I am afraid there is no chance of it.’ 45

‘I think I have heard you say, that their uncle is an attorney in Meryton.’

‘Yes; and they have another, who lives somewhere near Cheapside.’

‘That is capital,’ added her sister, and they both laughed heartily. 50

‘If they had uncles enough to fill *all* Cheapside,’ cried Bingley, ‘it would not make them one jot less agreeable.’

‘But it must very materially lessen their chance of marrying men of any consideration in the world,’ replied Darcy.

To this speech Bingley made no answer; but his sisters gave it their hearty assent, and indulged their mirth for some time at the expense of their dear friend’s vulgar relations. 55

(from Chapter 8)

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

- 2 Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Chaucer present different kinds of relationships in *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the details of the writing, discuss the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Chaucer's methods of characterisation in *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*.

With face sad his tale he hath hem toold.
 He seyde, 'Freendes, I am hoor and oold,
 And almoost, God woot, on my pittes brynke;
 Upon my soule somewhat moste I thynke.
 I have my body folily despended; 5
 Blessed be God that it shal been amended!
 For I wol be, certeyn, a wedded man,
 And that anon in al the haste I kan.
 Unto som mayde fair and tendre of age,
 I prey yow, shapeth for my mariage 10
 Al sodeynly, for I wol nat abyde;
 And I wol fonde t'espian, on my syde,
 To whom I may be wedded hastily.
 But forasmuche as ye been mo than I,
 Ye shullen rather swich a thyng espyen 15
 Than I, and where me best were to allyen.
 'But o thyng warne I yow, my freendes deere,
 I wol noon oold wyf han in no manere.
 She shal nat passe twenty yeer, certayn;
 Oold fissh and yong flessh wolde I have fayn. 20
 Bet is,' quod he, 'a pyk than a pykerel,
 And bet than old boef is the tendre veel.
 I wol no womman thritty yeer of age;
 It is but bene-straw and greet forage.
 And eek thise olde wydwe, God it woot, 25
 They konne so muchel craft on Wades boot,
 So muchel broken harm, whan that hem leste,
 That with hem sholde I nevere lyve in reste.
 For sondry scoles maken sotile clerkis;
 Womman of manye scoles half a clerk is. 30
 But certeynly, a yong thyng may men gye,
 Right as men may warm wex with handes plye.
 Wherefore I sey yow pleyedly, in a clause,
 I wol noon oold wyf han right for this cause.
 For if so were I hadde swich myschaunce 35
 That I in hire ne koude han no plesaunce,
 Thanne sholde I lede my lyf in avoutrye
 And go streight to the devel whan I dye.
 Ne children sholde I none upon hire geten;
 Yet were me levere houndes had me eten 40
 Than that myn heritage sholde falle
 In straunge hand, and this I telle yow alle.
 I dote nat; I woot the cause why
 Men sholde wedde, and forthermoore woot I
 Ther speketh many a man of mariage 45
 That woot namoore of it than woot my page

5

For whiche causes man sholde take a wyf.
If he ne may nat lyven chaast his lyf,
Take hym a wyf with greet devocioun,
By cause of leveful procreacioun 50
Of children to th'onour of God above,
And nat oonly for paramour or love;
And for they sholde leccherye eschue,
And yelde hir dette whan that it is due;
Or for that ech of hem sholde helpen oother 55
In meschief, as a suster shal the brother,
And lyve in chastitee ful holily.
But sires, by youre leve, that am nat I.

JOHN DONNE: Selected Poems

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Donne presents religious experiences. In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Analyse the following poem, showing what it adds to your understanding of Donne's presentation of relationships, here and elsewhere in the selection.

The Sun Rising

Busy old fool, unruly sun,
 Why dost thou thus,
 Through windows, and through curtains call on us?
 Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?
 Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide 5
 Late school-boys, and sour prentices,
 Go tell court-huntsmen, that the King will ride,
 Call country ants to harvest offices;
 Love, all alike, no season knows, nor clime,
 Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time. 10

 Thy beams, so reverend, and strong
 Why shouldst thou think?
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
 But that I would not lose her sight so long:
 If her eyes have not blinded thine, 15
 Look, and tomorrow late, tell me,
 Whether both th'Indias of spice and mine
 Be where thou left'st them, or lie here with me.
 Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,
 And thou shalt hear, All here in one bed lay. 20

 She's all states, and all princes, I,
 Nothing else is.
 Princes do but play us; compared to this,
 All honour's mimic; all wealth alchemy.
 Thou sun art half as happy as we, 25
 In that the world's contracted thus;
 Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be
 To warm the world, that's done in warming us.
 Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;
 This bed thy centre is, these walls, thy sphere. 30

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 4.

THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd*

- 4 Either** (a) Discuss Hardy's presentation of different attitudes to love in *Far from the Madding Crowd*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

The acquaintanceship might however have ended in a slow forgetting, but for an incident which occurred at the end of the same week. One afternoon it began to freeze, and the frost increased with evening, which drew on like a stealthy tightening of bonds. It was a time when in cottages the breath of the sleepers freezes to the sheets, when round the drawing room fire of a thick-walled mansion the sitters' backs are cold even whilst their faces are all aglow. Many a small bird went to bed supperless that night among the bare boughs.

5

As the milking hour drew near Oak kept his usual watch upon the cow-shed. At last he felt cold, and shaking an extra quantity of bedding round the yearning ewes, he entered the hut and heaped more fuel upon the stove. The wind came in at the bottom of the door, to prevent which Oak wheeled the cot round, a little more to the south. Then the wind spouted in at a ventilating hole – of which there was one on each side of the hut.

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Gabriel had always known that when the fire was lighted and the door closed one of these must be kept open – that chosen being always on the side away from the wind. Closing the slide to windward he turned to open the other: on second thoughts the farmer considered he would first sit down, leaving both closed for a minute or two till the temperature of the hut was a little raised. He sat down.

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His head began to ache in an unwonted manner, and, fancying himself weary by reason of the broken rests of the preceding nights, Oak decided to get up, open the slide, and then allow himself to fall asleep. He fell asleep without having performed the necessary preliminary.

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How long he remained unconscious Gabriel never knew. During the first stages of his return to perception peculiar deeds seemed to be in course of enactment. His dog was howling, his head was aching fearfully – somebody was pulling him about, hands were loosening his neckerchief.

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On opening his eyes he found that evening had sunk to dusk in a strange phase of unexpectedness. The young girl with the remarkably pleasant lips and white teeth was beside him. More than this – astonishingly more – his head was upon her lap, his face and neck were disagreeably wet, and her fingers were unbuttoning his collar.

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'Whatever is the matter?' said Oak, vacantly.

She seemed to experience a sensation of mirth, but of too insignificant a kind to start the capacity of enjoyment.

'Nothing now,' she answered, 'since you are not dead. It was a wonder you were not suffocated in this hut of yours.'

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'Ah – the hut!' murmured Gabriel. 'I gave ten pounds for that hut. But I'll sell it and sit under thatched hurdles as they did in old times, and curl up to sleep in a lock of straw. It played me nearly the same trick the other day!' Gabriel by way of emphasis, brought down his fist upon the frozen ground.

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'It was not exactly the fault of the hut,' she observed, speaking in a tone which showed her to be that novelty among women – one who finished a thought before beginning the sentence which was to convey it. 'You should I think have considered and not have been so foolish as to leave the slides closed.'

'Yes – I suppose I should,' said Oak, absently. He was endeavouring to catch and appreciate the sensation of being thus with her – his head upon her dress – before the event passed on into the heap of bygone things. He wished she knew

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his impressions; but he would as soon have thought of carrying an odour in a net as of attempting to convey the intangibilities of his feeling in the coarse meshes of language. So he remained silent.

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She made him sit up, and then Oak began wiping his face and shaking himself like a Samson. 'How can I thank ye,' he said at last gratefully, some of the natural rusty red having returned to his face.

'O never mind that,' said the girl smiling, and allowing her smile to hold good for Gabriel's next remark, whatever that might prove to be.

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(from Chapter 3)

BRAM STOKER: *Dracula*

- 5 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Stoker present violence 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 Mina, here and elsewhere in the novel.

I said to him [Lord Godalming], for I could see that his heart was breaking:

'I loved dear Lucy, and I know what she was to you, and what you were to her. She and I were like sisters; and now she is gone, will you not let me be like a sister to you in your trouble? I know what sorrows you have had, though I cannot measure the depth of them. If sympathy and pity can help in your affliction, won't you let me be of some little service – for Lucy's sake?'

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In an instant the poor dear fellow was overwhelmed with grief. It seemed to me that all that he had of late been suffering in silence found a vent at once. He grew quite hysterical, and raising his open hands, beat his palms together in a perfect agony of grief. He stood up and then sat down again, and the tears rained down his cheeks. I felt an infinite pity for him, and opened my arms unthinkingly. With a sob he laid his head on my shoulder, and cried like a wearied child, whilst he shook with emotion.

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We women have something of the mother in us that makes us rise above smaller matters when the mother-spirit is invoked; I felt this big, sorrowing man's head resting on me, as though it were that of the baby that some day may lie on my bosom, and I stroked his hair as though he were my own child. I never thought at the time how strange it all was.

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After a little bit his sobs ceased and he raised himself with an apology, though he made no disguise of his emotion. He told me that for days and nights past – weary days and sleepless nights – he had been unable to speak with anyone, as a man must speak in his time of sorrow. There was no woman whose sympathy could be given to him, or with whom, owing to the terrible circumstances with which his sorrow was surrounded, he could speak freely. 'I know now how I suffered,' he said, as he dried his eyes, 'but I do not know even yet – and none other can ever know – how much your sweet sympathy has been to me today. I shall know better in time; and believe me that, though I am not ungrateful now, my gratitude will grow with my understanding. You will let me be like a brother, will you not, for all our lives – for dear Lucy's sake?'

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'For dear Lucy's sake,' I said as we clasped hands. 'Ay and for your own sake,' he added, 'for if a man's esteem and gratitude are ever worth the winning, you have won mine today. If ever the future should bring to you a time when you need a man's help, believe me, you will not call in vain. God grant that no such time may ever come to you to break the sunshine of your life; but if it should ever come, promise me that you will let me know.' He was so earnest, and his sorrow was so fresh, that I felt it would comfort him, so I said:

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'I promise.'

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As I came along the corridor I saw Mr Morris looking out of a window. He turned as he heard my footsteps. 'How is Art?' he said. Then noticing my red eyes, he went on: 'Ah, I see you have been comforting him. Poor old fellow! he needs it. No one but a woman can help a man when he is in trouble of the heart; and he had no one to comfort him.'

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He bore his own trouble so bravely that my heart bled for him. I saw the manuscript in his hand, and I knew that when he read it he would realise how much I knew; so I said to him:

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'I wish I could comfort all who suffer from the heart. Will you let me be your friend, and will you come to me for comfort if you need it? You will know, later on,

why I speak.' He saw that I was in earnest, and stooping, took my hand, and raising it to his lips, kissed it. It seemed but poor comfort to so brave and unselfish a soul, and impulsively I bent over and kissed him. The tears rose in his eyes, and there was a momentary choking in his throat; he said quite calmly:

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'Little girl, you will never regret that true-hearted kindness, so long as ever you live!' Then he went into the study to his friend.

'Little girl!' – the very words he had used to Lucy, and oh, but he proved himself a friend!

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(from Mina Harker's Journal, Chapter 17)

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 present the experience of death and loss? In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering how far it is characteristic of Bhatt's poetic methods and concerns.

The Stinking Rose

Everything I want to say is
in that name
for these cloves of garlic – they shine
like pearls still warm from a woman's neck.

My fingernail nudges and nicks
the smell open, a round smell
that spirals up. Are you hungry?
Does it burn through your ears? 5

Did you know some cloves were planted
near the coral-coloured roses
to provoke the petals
into giving stronger perfume ... 10

Everything is in that name
for garlic:
Roses and smells
and the art of naming ... 15

*What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet ...*

But that which we call garlic
smells sweeter, more
vulnerable, even delicate
if we call it *The Stinking Rose*. 20

The roses on the table, the garlic in the salad
and the salt teases our ritual
tasting to last longer. 25
You who dined with us tonight,
this garlic will sing to your heart
to your slippery muscles – will keep
your nipples and your legs from sleeping.

Fragrant blood full of garlic –
yes, they noted it reeked under the microscope. 30

His fingers tired after peeling and crushing
the stinking rose, the sticky cloves –
Still, in the middle of the night his fingernail
nudges and nicks her very own smell
her prism open – 35

LOUISE GLÜCK: Selected Poems from *The Wild Iris*

- 8** **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Glück present plants in these poems? In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** **(b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering how far it is characteristic of Glück's poetic methods and concerns.

End of Winter

Over the still world, a bird calls
waking solitary among black boughs.

You wanted to be born; I let you be born.
When has my grief ever gotten
in the way of your pleasure?

5

Plunging ahead
into the dark and light at the same time
eager for sensation

as though you were some new thing, wanting
to express yourselves

10

all brilliance, all vivacity

never thinking
this would cost you anything,
never imagining the sound of my voice
as anything but part of you –

15

you won't hear it in the other world,
not clearly again,
not in birdcall or human cry,

not the clear sound, only
persistent echoing
in all sound that means good-bye, good-bye –

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the one continuous line
that binds us to each other.

JAMES JOYCE: *Dubliners*

9 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Joyce presents different attitudes to money in *Dubliners*. In your answer you should refer to at least **two** stories.

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.

– Gretta dear, what are you thinking about?
 She did not answer nor yield wholly to his arm. He said again, softly:
 – Tell me what it is, Gretta. I think I know what is the matter. Do I know?
 She did not answer at once. Then she said in an outburst of tears:
 – O, I am thinking about that song, *The Lass of Aughrim*. 5
 She broke loose from him and ran to the bed and, throwing her arms across the bed-rail, hid her face. Gabriel stood stock-still for a moment in astonishment and then followed her. As he passed in the way of the cheval-glass he caught sight of himself in full length, his broad, well-filled shirt-front, the face whose expression always puzzled him when he saw it in a mirror and his glimmering gilt-rimmed eye-glasses. He halted a few paces from her and said: 10
 – What about the song? Why does that make you cry?
 She raised her head from her arms and dried her eyes with the back of her hand like a child. A kinder note than he had intended went into his voice.
 – Why, Gretta? he asked. 15
 – I am thinking about a person long ago who used to sing that song.
 – And who was the person long ago? asked Gabriel, smiling.
 – It was a person I used to know in Galway when I was living with my grandmother, she said.
 The smile passed away from Gabriel's face. A dull anger began to gather again at the back of his mind and the dull fires of his lust began to glow angrily in his veins. 20
 – Someone you were in love with? he asked ironically.
 – It was a young boy I used to know, she answered, named Michael Furey. He used to sing that song, *The Lass of Aughrim*. He was very delicate.
 Gabriel was silent. He did not wish her to think that he was interested in this delicate boy. 25
 – I can see him so plainly, she said after a moment. Such eyes as he had: big dark eyes! And such an expression in them – an expression!
 – O then, you were in love with him? said Gabriel.
 – I used to go out walking with him, she said, when I was in Galway. 30
 A thought flew across Gabriel's mind.
 – Perhaps that was why you wanted to go to Galway with that Ivors girl? he said coldly.
 She looked at him and asked in surprise:
 – What for? 35
 Her eyes made Gabriel feel awkward. He shrugged his shoulders and said:
 – How do I know? To see him perhaps.
 She looked away from him along the shaft of light towards the window in silence.
 – He is dead, she said at length. He died when he was only seventeen. Isn't it a terrible thing to die so young as that? 40
 – What was he? asked Gabriel, still ironically.
 – He was in the gasworks, she said.
 Gabriel felt humiliated by the failure of his irony and by the evocation of this figure from the dead, a boy in the gasworks. While he had been full of memories of their secret life together, full of tenderness and joy and desire, she had been comparing him in her mind with another. A shameful consciousness of his own 45

person assailed him. He saw himself as a ludicrous figure, acting as a pennyboy for his aunts, a nervous well-meaning sentimentalist, orating to vulgarians and idealizing his own clownish lusts, the pitiable fatuous fellow he had caught a glimpse of in the mirror. Instinctively he turned his back more to the light lest she might see the shame that burned upon his forehead. 50

He tried to keep up his tone of cold interrogation but his voice when he spoke was humble and indifferent.

– I suppose you were in love with this Michael Furey, Gretta, he said. 55

– I was great with him at that time, she said.

Her voice was veiled and sad. Gabriel, feeling now how vain it would be to try to lead her whither he had purposed, caressed one of her hands and said, also sadly:

– And what did he die of so young, Gretta? Consumption, was it?

– I think he died for me, she answered. 60

A vague terror seized Gabriel at this answer as if, at that hour when he had hoped to triumph, some impalpable and vindictive being was coming against him, gathering forces against him in its vague world. But he shook himself free of it with an effort of reason and continued to caress her hand.

(from *The Dead*)

TONI MORRISON: *Beloved*

- 10 Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Morrison present ideas about motherhood in *Beloved*?
- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering its significance to the novel as a whole.

After situating herself on a huge flat-sided rock, Baby Suggs bowed her head and prayed silently.

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Long notes held
until the four-part harmony was perfect enough for their deeply loved flesh.

(from Part 1)

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 11.

JEAN RHYS: *Wide Sargasso Sea*

- 11 Either** (a) 'Antoinette may be seen as a passive victim or a woman of spirit.'

Discuss Rhys's presentation of Antoinette in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering Rhys's characterisation of Antoinette's husband, here and elsewhere in the novel.

No, I would say – I knew what I would say.

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Or a lie ...

(from Part 2)

NATASHA TRETHEWEY: *Native Guard*

- 12 Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Trethewey present grief? 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.

from *Scenes from a Documentary History of Mississippi*

3. *Flood*

| | |
|---|--------------|
| <p>They have arrived on the back of the swollen river, the barge dividing it, their few belongings clustered about their feet. Above them the National Guard hunkers on the levee; rifles tight in their fists, they block the path to high ground. <i>One group of black refugees,</i></p> | 5 |
| <p>the caption tells us, <i>was ordered</i> <i>to sing</i> their passage onto land, like a chorus of prayer – their tongues the tongues of dark bells. Here, the camera finds them still. Posed as if for a school-day portrait, children lace fingers in their laps. One boy gestures allegiance, right hand over the heart's charged beating.</p> | 10 15 |
| <p>The great river all around, the barge invisible beneath their feet, they fix on what's before them: the opening in the sight of a rifle; the camera's lens; the muddy cleft between barge and dry land – all of it aperture, the captured moment's chasm in time. Here, in the angled light of 1927, they are refugees from history: the barge has brought them this far; they are waiting to disembark.</p> | 20 25 |

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