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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/12**

Paper 1 Drama and Poetry **February/March 2021**

2 hours



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
  - 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.

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Section A: Drama

Answer **one** question from this section.

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

1 Either (a) Discuss Miller's presentation of different attitudes to the past.

Or (b) Consider how Miller presents women in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to language and dramatic effects.

Jim [*looking toward house*]: Well, where's the beautiful girl was supposed to be here?

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She can't mourn
a boy forever.

(*from* Act 1)

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

2 Either (a) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Shakespeare use false reports and lying in *Much Ado About Nothing*?

Or (b) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of the relationship between Benedick and Beatrice in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to language and dramatic effects.

Benedick [*Sings*]:

The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve –

I mean in singing; but in loving – Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turn'd over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby' – an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn', 'horn' – a hard rhyme; for 'school', 'fool' – a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

[*Enter* BEATRICE.]

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I call'd thee?

Beatrice: Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Benedick: O, stay but till then!

Beatrice: 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now. And yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath pass'd between you and Claudio.

Benedick: Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beatrice: Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkiss'd.

Benedick: Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beatrice: For them all together; which maintain'd so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Benedick: Suffer love – a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beatrice: In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Benedick: Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

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Beatrice: It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Benedick: An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours; if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beatrice: And how long is that, think you?

Benedick: Question: why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum. Therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beatrice: Very ill.

Benedick: And how do you?

Beatrice: Very ill too.

Benedick: Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

[*Enter* URSULA.]

Ursula: Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home. It is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd, the Prince and Claudio mightily abus'd; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beatrice: Will you go hear this news, signior?

Benedick: I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, more over, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*]

(*from* Act 5 Scene 2)

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WOLE SOYINKA: ***The Trials of Brother Jero and Jero's Metamorphosis***

3 **Either** **(a)** Discuss Soyinka's dramatic presentation of the relationship between Chume and Amope and its effects.

Or **(b)** Discuss Soyinka's dramatic presentation of politics in the following extract from *Jero's Metamorphosis*. In your answer you should refer in detail to language and action.

Executive: I demand …

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Just say what you want?

(*from* Jero's Metamorphosis, Scene 3)

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THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY: *The Changeling*

4 Either (a) What, for you, is the significance of the scenes involving Isabella, Alibius and the mad house to the play as a whole?

Or (b) Discuss the presentation of Tomazo's desire for revenge in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to Middleton and Rowley's dramatic methods and their effects.

Tomazo: I claim a brother of you.

Vermandero: Y'are too hot,
Seek him not here.

Tomazo: Yes, 'mongst your dearest bloods,
If my peace find no fairer satisfaction;
This is the place must yield account for him,
For here I left him, and the hasty tie
Of this snatch'd marriage, gives strong testimony
Of his most certain ruin.

Vermandero: Certain falsehood!
This is the place indeed; his breach of faith
Has too much marr'd both my abused love,
The honourable love I reserv'd for him,
And mock'd my daughter's joy; the prepar'd morning
Blush'd at his infidelity; he left
Contempt and scorn to throw upon those friends
Whose belief hurt 'em: oh, 'twas most ignoble
To take his flight so unexpectedly,
And throw such public wrongs on those that lov'd him.

Tomazo: Then this is all your answer?

Vermandero: 'Tis too fair
For one of his alliance; and I warn you
That this place no more see you. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter* DE FLORES.]

Tomazo: The best is,
There is more ground to meet a man's revenge on.
Honest De Flores!

De Flores: That's my name indeed!
Saw you the bride? Good sweet sir, which way took she?

Tomazo: I have blest mine eyes from seeing such a false one.

De Flores [*Aside.*]: I'd fain get off, this man's not for my company,
I smell his brother's blood when I come near him.

Tomazo: Come hither, kind and true one; I remember
My brother lov'd thee well.

De Flores Oh purely, dear sir!
[*Aside.*]: – Methinks I am now again a-killing on him,
He brings it so fresh to me.

Tomazo: Thou canst guess, sirrah,
(One honest friend has an instinct of jealousy)
At some foul guilty person?

De Flores: 'Las, sir, I am so charitable, I think none
Worse than myself. – You did not see the bride then?

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Tomazo: I prithee name her not. Is she not wicked?

De Flores: No, no, a pretty, easy, round-pack'd sinner,
As your most ladies are, else you might think
I flatter'd her; but, sir, at no hand wicked,
Till th'are so old their chins and noses meet,
And they salute witches. I am call'd, I think, sir:
[*Aside.*] – His company ev'n o'erlays my conscience. [*Exit.*]

Tomazo: That De Flores has a wondrous honest heart;
He'll bring it out in time, I'm assur'd on't.
Oh, here's the glorious master of the day's joy.
'Twill not be long till he and I do reckon.

[*Enter* ALSEMERO.]

Sir!

Alsemero: You are most welcome.

Tomazo: You may call that word back;
I do not think I am, nor wish to be.

Alsemero: 'Tis strange you found the way to this house then.

Tomazo: Would I'd ne'er known the cause! I'm none of those, sir,
That come to give you joy, and swill your wine;
'Tis a more precious liquor that must lay
The fiery thirst I bring.

Alsemero: Your words and you
Appear to me great strangers.

Tomazo: Time and our swords
May make us more acquainted; this the business:
I should have a brother in your place;
How treachery and malice have dispos'd of him,
I'm bound to enquire of him which holds his right,
Which never could come fairly.

Alsemero: You must look
To answer for that word, sir.

Tomazo: Fear you not,
I'll have it ready drawn at our next meeting.
Keep your day solemn. Farewell, I disturb it not;
I'll bear the smart with patience for a time. [*Exit.*]

(*from* Act 4 Scene 2)

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Section B: Poetry

Answer **one** question from this section.

ROBERT BROWNING: Selected Poems

5 **Either** **(a)** Discuss Browning's presentation of male attitudes to women in **two** poems from your selection.

Or **(b)** Discuss the presentation of the narrator's feelings in the following extract from *The Confessional*. In your answer you should pay close attention to Browning's poetic methods.

from *The Confessional*

VIII

That father's beard was long and white,
With love and truth his brow seemed bright;
I went back, all on fire with joy,
And, that same evening, bade the boy
Tell me, as lovers should, heart-free,
Something to prove his love of me.

IX

He told me what he would not tell
For hope of heaven or fear of hell;
And I lay listening in such pride!
And, soon as he had left my side,
Tripped to the church by morning-light
To save his soul in his despite.

X

I told the father all his schemes,
Who were his comrades, what their dreams;
'And now make haste,' I said, 'to pray
'The one spot from his soul away;
'To-night he comes, but not the same
'Will look!' At night he never came.

XI

Nor next night: on the after-morn,
I went forth with a strength new-born.
The church was empty; something drew
My steps into the street; I knew
It led me to the market-place:
Where, lo, on high, the father's face!

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XII

That horrible black scaffold dressed,
That stapled block … God sink the rest!
That head strapped back, that blinding vest,
Those knotted hands and naked breast,
Till near one busy hangman pressed,
And, on the neck these arms caressed …

XIII

No part in aught they hope or fear!
No heaven with them, no hell!—and here,
No earth, not so much space as pens
My body in their worst of dens
But shall bear God and man my cry,
Lies—lies, again—and still, they lie!

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OWEN SHEERS: *Skirrid Hill*

6 **Either** **(a)** Compare ways in which Sheers presents children in **two** poems.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on the following poem, analysing ways in which it presents building a new life.

Stitch in Time

And so he left his wife, just 15 years old, in Gujarat
and travelled back

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the first stitch in the pattern to which he’d cut his life.

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Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

7 **Either** **(a)** Discuss ways in which **two** poems present home.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on the following poem, analysing ways in which Gurney presents the soldier's experience.

First March

It was first marching, hardly we had settled yet
To think of England, or escaped body pain—
Flat country going leaves but small chance for
The mind to escape to any resort but its vain
Own circling greyness and stain.
First halt, second halt, and then to spoiled country again.
There were unknown kilometres to march, one must settle
To play chess or talk home-talk or think as might happen.
After three weeks of February frost few were in fettle,
Barely frostbite the most of us had escapen.
To move, then to go onward, at least to be moved.
Myself had revived and then dulled down, it was I
Who stared for body-ease at the grey sky
And watched in grind of pain the monotony
Of grit, road metal, slide underneath by.
To get there being the one way not to die.
Suddenly a road's turn brought the sweet unexpected
Balm. Snowdrops bloomed in a ruined garden neglected:
Roman the road as of Birdlip we were on the verge,
And this west country thing so from chaos to emerge.
One gracious touch the whole wilderness corrected.

(Ivor Gurney)

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GILLIAN CLARKE: Selected Poems

8 **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Clarke present death in **two** poems from your selection?

Or **(b)** Discuss the presentation of nature in the following poem. In your answer you should pay close attention to Clarke's poetic methods.

Burning Nettles

Where water springs, pools, waits
Collection in a bucket
In the late summer heat,
Beech trees observe foresight
Of autumn wrinkling their leaves.
The cold will wither this
Old garden. The plumpness shrinks
Beneath its skin, a light
Frown puckers the mirrored sky.

The scythe bleeds ancient herbs
Whose odours come as ghosts
To disturb memory.
My fire of nettles crackles
Like bees creeping in a green
Hive, making white smoke from weeds,
And the strange, sweet plants Marged
Sowed, or Nanu, before
The wind changed from the east.

With the reaping hook blade
I lift an exhausted moth
From the hot mound. It lives
To die of cold. Inside the cave
Of thatched grass the secret fire
Thrives on my summer. Nettles
Turn to ashes in its heart,
Crucible of the fragrant and
The sour. Only soil survives.

Rose bay willowherb, ragwort,
Grass, disintegrate and make
A white continuous mane
For the mountain. Ponies turn
Windward. The evening's heat
Belies the beech tree's shiver,
And pinpoints of ice on skin
Are nettlestings, not rain. Fire,
Buried in flower-heads, makes
Bright ritual of decay,
Transubstantiates the green
Leaf to fertility.

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