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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/13**

Paper 1 Drama and Poetry **May/June 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 fathers in *All My Sons*.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to language and dramatic effects, discuss Miller's presentation of the relationship between Joe Keller and Kate Keller (Mother) in the following extract.

Mother: You're asking me again.

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Mother: Here he was always afraid of mice.

(*from* Act 3)

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

2 Either (a) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of women's attitudes to love in the play.

Or (b) Discuss the presentation of Don John and his followers in the following scene. In your answer you should pay close attention to Shakespeare's dramatic methods and their effects.

[*Enter* DON JOHN *and* CONRADE.]

Conrade: What the good-year, my lord! Why are you thus out of measure sad?

Don John: There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Conrade: You should hear reason.

Don John: And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Conrade: If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

Don John: I wonder that thou, being, as thou say'st thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am; I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Conrade: Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

Don John: I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any. In this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchis'd with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking; in the meantime let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Conrade: Can you make no use of your discontent?

Don John: I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

[*Enter* BORACHIO.]

What news, Borachio?

Borachio: I came yonder from a great supper. The Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

Don John: Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Borachio: Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

Don John: Who? The most exquisite Claudio?

Borachio: Even he.

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Don John: A proper squire! And who, and who? Which way looks he?

Borachio: Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

Don John: A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Borachio: Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the Prince and Claudio hand in hand, in sad conference. I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the Prince should woo Hero for himself, and, having obtain'd her, give her to Count Claudio.

Don John: Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure; that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow. If I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Conrade: To the death, my lord.

Don John: Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were o' my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Borachio: We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

(*from* Act 1 Scene 3)

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

3 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the effects created by Soyinka's presentation of politics in the **two** plays.

Or **(b)** Discuss Soyinka's presentation of the relationship between Amope and Jero in the following extract from *The Trials of Brother Jero*. In your answer you should refer in detail to language and action and their effects.

Amope: Don't forget to bring some more water when you're returning from work.

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[BROTHER JEROBOAM *shuts the door.*]

(*from* The Trials of Brother Jero, Scene 2)

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THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY: *The Changeling*

4 Either (a) 'De Flores: I loved this woman in spite of her heart.'

With this comment in mind, discuss Middleton and Rowley's presentation of De Flores in *The Changeling*.

Or (b) Discuss the presentation of the relationship between Beatrice and Alsemero in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects.

Beatrice: You are a scholar, sir?
Alsemero: A weak one, lady.
Beatrice: Which of the sciences is this love you speak of?
Alsemero: From your tongue I take it to be music.
Beatrice: You are skilful in't, can sing at first sight.
Alsemero: And I have show'd you all my skill at once.
I want more words to express me further,
And must be forc'd to repetition:
I love you dearly.
Beatrice: Be better advis'd, sir:
Our eyes are sentinels unto our judgments,
And should give certain judgment what they see;
But they are rash sometimes, and tell us wonders
Of common things, which when our judgments find,
They can then check the eyes, and call them blind.
Alsemero: But I am further, lady; yesterday
Was mine eyes' employment, and hither now
They brought my judgment, where are both agreed.
Both houses then consenting, 'tis agreed;
Only there wants the confirmation
By the hand royal, that's your part, lady.
Beatrice: Oh, there's one above me, sir. [*Aside.*] For five days past
To be recall'd! Sure, mine eyes were mistaken,
This was the man was meant me; that he should come
So near his time, and miss it!
Jasperino [*aside.*]: We might have come by the carriers from Valencia,
I see, and sav'd all our sea-provision: we are at farthest
sure. Methinks I should do something too;
I meant to be a venturer in this voyage.
Yonder's another vessel, I'll board her,
If she be lawful prize, down goes her top-sail.
[*Greets* DIAPHANTA.]
[*Enter* DE FLORES.]
De Flores: Lady, your father—
Beatrice: Is in health, I hope.
De Flores: Your eye shall instantly instruct you, lady.
He's coming hitherward.
Beatrice: What needed then
Your duteous preface? I had rather
He had come unexpected; you must stall

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A good presence with unnecessary blabbing:
And how welcome for your part you are,
I'm sure you know.

De Flores [*aside.*]: Will't never mend this scorn
One side nor other? Must I be enjoin'd
To follow still whilst she flies from me? Well,
Fates do your worst, I'll please myself with sight
Of her, at all opportunities,
If but to spite her anger; I know she had
Rather see me dead than living, and yet
She knows no cause for't, but a peevish will.

Alsemero: You seem'd displeas'd, lady, on the sudden.

Beatrice: Your pardon, sir, 'tis my infirmity,
Nor can I other reason render you,
Than his or hers, of some particular thing
They must abandon as a deadly poison,
Which to a thousand other tastes were wholesome;
Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there,
The same that report speaks of the basilisk.

(*from* Act 1 Scene 1)

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Section B: Poetry

Answer **one** question from this section.

ROBERT BROWNING: Selected Poems

5 **Either** **(a)** Discuss ways in which Browning explores feelings of loss in **two** poems.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to Browning's poetic methods, discuss the presentation of the speaker in the following extract from *Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister*.

from *Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister*

I

Gr-r-r—there go, my heart's abhorrence!
  Water your damned flower-pots, do!
If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
  God's blood, would not mine kill you!
What? your myrtle-bush wants trimming?
  Oh, that rose has prior claims—
Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?
  Hell dry you up with its flames!

II

At the meal we sit together:
  Salve tibi! I must hear
Wise talk of the kind of weather,
  Sort of season, time of year:
Not a plenteous cork-crop: scarcely
  Dare we hope oak-galls, I doubt:
What's the Latin name for 'parsley'?
  What's the Greek name for Swine's Snout?

III

Whew! We'll have our platter burnished,
  Laid with care on our own shelf!
With a fire-new spoon we're furnished,
  And a goblet for ourself,
Rinsed like something sacrificial
  Ere 't is fit to touch our chaps—
Marked with L. for our initial!
  (He-he! There his lily snaps!)

IV

Saint, forsooth! While brown Dolores
  Squats outside the Convent bank
With Sanchicha, telling stories,
  Steeping tresses in the tank,
Blue-black, lustrous, thick like horsehairs,
  —Can't I see his dead eye glow
Bright, as 't were a Barbary corsair's?
  (That is, if he'd let it show!)

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OWEN SHEERS: *Skirrid Hill*

6 **Either** **(a)** Discuss the writing and effects of **two** poems which present the relationship between parents and children.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on the following poem, analysing ways in which Sheers presents the central character.

L.A. Evening

'E. Booth heard the solemn whisper of the god of all arts.

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checks the sensitivity of the intruder light.

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Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

7 **Either** **(a)** Discuss the writing and effects of **two** poems which present the natural world.

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

A Wife in London (December, 1899)

I--The Tragedy

She sits in the tawny vapour
That the City lanes have uprolled,
Behind whose webby fold on fold
Like a waning taper
The street-lamp glimmers cold.

A messenger's knock cracks smartly,
Flashed news is in her hand
Of meaning it dazes to understand
Though shaped so shortly:
He--has fallen--in the far South Land …

II--The Irony

'Tis the morrow; the fog hangs thicker,
The postman nears and goes:
A letter is brought whose lines disclose
By the firelight flicker
His hand, whom the worm now knows:

Fresh--firm--penned in highest feather –
Page-full of his hoped return,
And of home-planned jaunts by brake and burn
In the summer weather,
And of new love that they would learn.

(Thomas Hardy)

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GILLIAN CLARKE: Selected Poems

8 **Either** **(a)** Discuss the writing and effects of **two** poems in which Clarke explores ideas of home.

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

Ram

He died privately.
His disintegration is quiet.
Grass grows among the stems of his ribs,
Ligaments unpicked by the slow rain.
The birds dismantled him from spring nests.
He has spilled himself on the marsh,
His evaporations and his seepings,
His fluids filled a reservoir.
Not long since he could have come
Over the Saddle like a young moon,
His cast shadow whitening Breconshire.

The blue of his eyes is harebell.
Mortality gapes in the craters of his face.
Buzzards cry in the cave of his skull
And a cornucopia of lambs is bleating
Down the Fan of his horns.
In him more of October than rose hips
And bitter sloes. The wind cries drily
Down his nostril bones. The amber
Of his horizontal eye
Is light on reservoir, raven
In winter sky. The sun that creams
The buzzard's belly as she treads air
Whitens his forehead. Flesh
Blackens in the scrolls of his nostrils,
Something of him lingering in bone
Corridors catches my throat.

Seeking a vessel for blackberries and sloes
This helmet would do, were it not filled
Already with its own blacks,
Night in the socket of his eye.

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