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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/11**

Paper 1 Drama and Poetry **May/June 2022**

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 some of the ways Miller shapes an audience's response to Chris Keller in *All My Sons*.

Or (b) Discuss Miller's presentation of Ann's relationship with the Keller family in the following passage. In your answer you should pay close attention to language and dramatic methods.

Keller: Goddam, if Larry was alive he wouldn't act like this.

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What's that?

(*from* Act 3)

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

2 Either (a) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Shakespeare present women's attitudes to men in the play?

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

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

Don John: It is so: the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Borachio: Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

Don John: Any bar, any cross, any impediment, will be med'cinable to me. I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Borachio: Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

Don John: Show me briefly how.

Borachio: I think I told your lordship a year since how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

Don John: I remember.

Borachio: I can at any unseasonable instant of the night appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

Don John: What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Borachio: The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the Prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio – whose estimation do you mightily hold up – to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

Don John: What proof shall I make of that?

Borachio: Proof enough to misuse the Prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

Don John: Only to despite them I will endeavour anything.

Borachio: Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone; tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and Claudio – as in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid – that you have discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial; offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber window; hear me call Margaret Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding – for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent – and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

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Don John: Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Borachio: Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me. *45*

Don John: I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*]

(Act 2 Scene 2)

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

3 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways Soyinka presents religion in these plays.

Or **(b)** How does Soyinka shape an audience's response to Jero in the following extract from *The Trials of Brother Jero*? In your answer you should pay close attention to language and dramatic methods.

[*The Beach.*

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Pray for strength against temptation.

(*from* The Trials of Brother Jero, Scene 3)

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THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY: *The Changeling*

4 Either (a) Discuss the exploration of crime and its punishment in *The Changeling*.

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

[*Enter* DE FLORES.]

De Flores [*aside.*]: Yonder's she.
Whatever ails me, now a-late especially,
I can as well be hang'd as refrain seeing her;
Some twenty times a day, nay, not so little,
Do I force errands, frame ways and excuses
To come into her sight, and I have small reason for't,
And less encouragement; for she baits me still
Every time worse than other, does profess herself
The cruellest enemy to my face in town,
At no hand can abide the sight of me,
As if danger or ill luck hung in my looks.
I must confess my face is bad enough,
But I know far worse has better fortune,
And not endur'd alone, but doted on:
And yet such pick-hair'd faces, chins like witches',
Here and there five hairs, whispering in a corner,
As if they grew in fear one of another,
Wrinkles like troughs, where swine-deformity swills
The tears of perjury that lie there like wash
Fallen from the slimy and dishonest eye, –
Yet such a one pluck'd sweets without restraint,
And has the grace of beauty to his sweet.
Though my hard fate has thrust me out to servitude,
I tumbled into th'world a gentleman.
She turns her blessed eye upon me now,
And I'll endure all storms before I part with't.

Beatrice [*aside.*]: Again!
– This ominous ill-fac'd fellow more disturbs me
Than all my other passions.

De Flores [*aside.*]: Now't begins again;
I'll stand this storm of hail though the stones pelt me.

Beatrice: Thy business? What's thy business?

De Flores [*aside.*]: Soft and fair,
I cannot part so soon now.

Beatrice [*aside.*]: The villain's fix'd –
[*To* DE FLORES] Thou standing toad-pool!

De Flores [*aside.*]: The shower falls amain now.

Beatrice: Who sent thee? What's thy errand? Leave my sight.

De Flores: My lord your father charg'd me to deliver
A message to you.

Beatrice: What, another since?
Do't and be hang'd then, let me be rid of thee.

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De Flores: True service merits mercy.

Beatrice: What's thy message?

De Flores: Let beauty settle but in patience,
You shall hear all.

Beatrice: A dallying, trifling torment!

De Flores: Signor Alonzo de Piracquo, lady,
Sole brother to Tomazo de Piracquo –

Beatrice: Slave, when wilt make an end?

De Flores [*aside*.]: Too soon I shall.

Beatrice: What all this while of him?

De Flores: The said Alonzo,
With the foresaid Tomazo –

Beatrice: Yet again?

De Flores: Is new alighted.

Beatrice: Vengeance strike the news!
Thou thing most loath'd, what cause was there in this
To bring thee to my sight?

De Flores: My lord your father
Charg'd me to seek you out.

Beatrice: Is there no other
To send his errand by?

De Flores: It seems 'tis my luck
To be i' th'way still.

Beatrice: Get thee from me.

De Flores [*aside*.]: So;
Why, am not I an ass to devise ways
Thus to be rail'd at? I must see her still!
I shall have a mad qualm within this hour again,
I know't, and like a common Garden-bull,
I do but take breath to be lugg'd again.
What this may bode I know not; I'll despair the less,
Because there's daily precedents of bad faces
Belov'd beyond all reason; these foul chops
May come into favour one day 'mongst his fellows:
Wrangling has prov'd the mistress of good pastime;
As children cry themselves asleep, I ha' seen
Women have chid themselves abed to men.
[*Exit* DE FLORES.]

Beatrice: I never see this fellow, but I think
Of some harm towards me, danger's in my mind still;
I scarce leave trembling of an hour after.
The next good mood I find my father in,
I'll get him quite discarded: oh, I was
Lost in this small disturbance, and forgot
Affliction's fiercer torrent that now comes
To bear down all my comforts.

(*from* Act 2 Scene 1)

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Section B: Poetry

Answer **one** question from this section.

ROBERT BROWNING: Selected Poems

5 **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Browning present human relationships in **two** poems from your selection?

Or **(b)** Comment closely on Browning's presentation of the effects of the music in the following extract from *A Toccata of Galuppi's*.

from *A Toccata of Galuppi's*

I

Oh Galuppi, Baldassaro, this is very sad to find!
I can hardly misconceive you; it would prove me deaf and blind;
But although I take your meaning, 'tis with such a heavy mind!

II

Here you come with your old music, and here's all the good it brings.
What, they lived once thus at Venice where the merchants were the kings,
Where Saint Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with rings?

III

Ay, because the sea's the street there; and 't is arched by … what you call
… Shylock's bridge with houses on it, where they kept the carnival:
I was never out of England—it's as if I saw it all.

IV

Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in May?
Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to mid-day,
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say?

V

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red,—
On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower on its bed,
O'er the breast's superb abundance where a man might base his head?

VI

Well, and it was graceful of them—they'd break talk off and afford
—She, to bite her mask's black velvet—he, to finger on his sword,
While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavichord?

VII

What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh on sigh,
Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions—'Must we die?'
Those commiserating sevenths—'Life might last! we can but try!'

VIII

'Were you happy?'—'Yes.'—'And are you still as happy?'—'Yes. And you?'
—'Then, more kisses!'—'Did *I* stop them, when a million seemed so few?'
Hark, the dominant's persistence till it must be answered to!

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IX

So, an octave struck the answer. Oh, they praised you, I dare say!
‘Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike at grave and gay!
‘I can always leave off talking when I hear a master play!’

X

Then they left you for their pleasure: till in due time, one by one,
Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well undone,
Death stepped tacitly and took them where they never see the sun.

XI

But when I sit down to reason, think to take my stand nor swerve,
While I triumph o’er a secret wrung from nature’s close reserve,
In you come with your cold music till I creep thro’ every nerve.

XII

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was burned:
‘Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice earned.
‘The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a soul can be discerned.

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OWEN SHEERS: *Skirrid Hill*

6 **Either** **(a)** Compare ways in which Sheers presents the countryside in **two** poems from *Skirrid Hill*.

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

Keyways

Strange then, that this should be our last time together.
Standing in line at the locksmith's
waiting for a set of your keys to be cut
so I can visit your flat when you're out
and take back all that's mine again.

The hot day outside presses to the shop window glass,
lights the uncut sets along the wall
like lucky charms along a bracelet.
And I realise that's how I felt when we first met –
an uncut key, a smooth blade, edentate,

waiting your impression, the milling and grooves
of moments in time, until our keyways would fit,
as they finally did in that chapel, our breaths
rising and falling in unison as we listened to the *Messiah*,
touching at elbow, shoulder and hip

like a pair of Siamese twins sharing one lung.
From then on I was sure we were keyed alike.
That our combinations matched,
our tumblers aligned precisely to give and roll perfectly
into the other's empty spaces.

And at night, when you slept facing away from me
and I held the bow of your hip,
again it was a coming home, my stomach, the small of your back,
my knees in the hollows of yours, a master key fit.
So when did the bolt slip? The blade break in the mouth?

Useless now, I understand, to try and unpick the months
back to that second when, for the first time,
one of us made a turn that failed to dock,
went nowhere, stuck half-way, leaving us
waiting the expected click, which never came.

So strange then, that we should do this now,
this cutting of keys, just when we're changing all the locks.

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Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

7 **Either** **(a)** Discuss ways in which **two** poems explore sadness.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on the following extract from *Darkness*, analysing ways in which Byron creates atmosphere.

from *Darkness*

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went—and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.

(George Gordon, Lord Byron)

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GILLIAN CLARKE: Selected Poems

8 **Either** **(a)** Discuss ways in which Clarke explores the effects of time passing in **two** poems.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to Clarke's poetic methods, discuss the presentation of the speaker's feelings about the baby in the following poem.

Baby-sitting

I am sitting in a strange room listening
For the wrong baby. I don't love
This baby. She is sleeping a snuffly
Roseate, bubbling sleep; she is fair;
She is a perfectly acceptable child.
I am afraid of her. If she wakes
She will hate me. She will shout
Her hot midnight rage, her nose
Will stream disgustingly and the perfume
Of her breath will fail to enchant me.

To her I will represent absolute
Abandonment. For her it will be worse
Than for the lover cold in lonely
Sheets; worse than for the woman who waits
A moment to collect her dignity
Beside the bleached bone in the terminal ward.
As she rises sobbing from the monstrous land
Stretching for milk-familiar comforting,
She will find me and between us two
It will not come. It will not come.

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