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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/12**

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 Miller's dramatic exploration of different attitudes to marriage in *All My Sons*.

Or **(b)** Discuss Miller's presentation of George in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to language and dramatic methods.

George: He's too smart for me, I can't prove a phone call.

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Chris: The voice of God!

(*from* Act 2)

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

2 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways Shakespeare shapes an audience's response to Don Pedro in *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Or (b) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Leonato and Hero in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects.

Benedick: How doth the lady?

Beatrice: Dead, I think. Help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

Leonato: O Fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beatrice: How now, cousin Hero!

Friar: Have comfort, lady.

Leonato: Dost thou look up?

Friar: Yea; wherefore should she not?

Leonato: Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirched thus and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said 'No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins'?
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her – why, she, O, she is fall'n
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Benedick: Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beatrice: O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Benedick: Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beatrice: No, truly not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

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Leonato: Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie; and Claudio lie,
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.

Friar: Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leonato: Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it.
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar: Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero: They know that do accuse me; I know none.
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar: There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Benedick: Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

(*from* Act 4 Scene 1)

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

3 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways Soyinka develops the role and character of Jero as these plays unfold.

Or **(b)** With close attention to detail of language and action, discuss Soyinka's presentation of the relationship between Amope and Chume in the following extract from *The Trials of Brother Jero*.

[*Early morning.*

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Just help me unload the things and place them against the wall … you know I wouldn't ask if it wasn't for the ankle.

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

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THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY: *The Changeling*

4 Either (a) '*Beatrice:* This ominous ill-faced fellow more disturbs me
Than all my other passions.'

With Beatrice's comment about De Flores in mind, discuss Middleton and Rowley's presentation of her relationship with De Flores in *The Changeling*.

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

[*Enter Madmen above, some as birds, others as beasts.*]

Antonio: What are these?

Isabella: Of fear enough to part us;
Yet are they but our schools of lunatics,
That act their fantasies in any shapes
Suiting their present thoughts; if sad, they cry;
If mirth be their conceit, they laugh again;
Sometimes they imitate the beasts and birds,
Singing, or howling, braying, barking; all
As their wild fancies prompt 'em. [*Exeunt Madmen above.*]

[*Enter* LOLLIO.]

Antonio: These are no fears.

Isabella: But here's a large one, my man.

Antonio: Ha, he, that's fine sport indeed, cousin.

Lollio: I would my master were come home, 'tis too much for one shepherd to govern two of these flocks; nor can I believe that one churchman can instruct two benefices at once; there will be some incurable mad of the one side, and very fools on the other. Come, Tony.

Antonio: Prithee, cousin, let me stay here still.

Lollio: No, you must to your book now you have play'd sufficiently.

Isabella: Your fool is grown wondrous witty.

Lollio: Well, I'll say nothing; but I do not think but he will put you down one of these days. [*Exeunt* LOLLIO *and* ANTONIO.]

Isabella: Here the restrained current might make breach,
Spite of the watchful bankers; would a woman stray,
She need not gad abroad to seek her sin,
It would be brought home one ways or other:
The needle's point will to the fixed north;
Such drawing arctics women's beauties are.

[*Enter* LOLLIO.]

Lollio: How dost thou, sweet rogue?

Isabella: How now?

Lollio: Come, there are degrees, one fool may be better than another.

Isabella: What's the matter?

Lollio: Nay, if thou giv'st thy mind to fool's-flesh, have at thee!

[*Tries to kiss her.*]

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Isabella: You bold slave, you!

Lollio: I could follow now as t'other fool did:
'What should I fear,
Having all joys about me? Do you but smile,
And love shall play the wanton on your lip,
Meet and retire, retire and meet again:
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes
I shall behold my own deformity,
And dress myself up fairer; I know this shape
Becomes me not –' And so as it follows; but is not this the more foolish way? Come, sweet rogue; kiss me, my little Lacedemonian. Let me feel how thy pulses beat; thou hast a thing about thee would do a man pleasure, I'll lay my hand on't.

Isabella: Sirrah, no more! I see you have discovered
This love's knight-errant, who hath made adventure
For purchase of my love; be silent, mute,
Mute as a statue, or his injunction
For me enjoying, shall be to cut thy throat:
I'll do it, though for no other purpose,
And be sure he'll not refuse it.

Lollio: My share, that's all; I'll have my fool's part with you.

Isabella: No more! Your master.

(*from* Act 3 Scene 3)

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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 presents attitudes to death in **two** poems from your selection.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on Browning's presentation of the effects of the painting in the following extract from *Pictor Ignotus*.

from *Pictor Ignotus*

Florence, 15—

I could have painted pictures like that youth's
  Ye praise so. How my soul springs up! No bar
Stayed me—ah, thought which saddens while it soothes!
  —Never did fate forbid me, star by star,
To outburst on your night with all my gift
  Of fires from God: nor would my flesh have shrunk
From seconding my soul, with eyes uplift
  And wide to heaven, or, straight like thunder, sunk
To the centre, of an instant; or around
  Turned calmly and inquisitive, to scan
The licence and the limit, space and bound,
  Allowed to truth made visible in man.
And, like that youth ye praise so, all I saw,
  Over the canvas could my hand have flung,
Each face obedient to its passion's law,
  Each passion clear proclaimed without a tongue;
Whether Hope rose at once in all the blood,
  A-tiptoe for the blessing of embrace,
Or Rapture drooped the eyes, as when her brood
  Pull down the nesting dove's heart to its place;
Or Confidence lit swift the forehead up,
  And locked the mouth fast, like a castle braved,—

O human faces, hath it spilt, my cup?
  What did ye give me that I have not saved?
Nor will I say I have not dreamed (how well!)
  Of going—I, in each new picture,—forth,
As, making new hearts beat and bosoms swell,
  To Pope or Kaiser, East, West, South, or North,
Bound for the calmly-satisfied great State,
  Or glad aspiring little burgh, it went,
Flowers cast upon the car which bore the freight,
  Through old streets named afresh from the event,

Till it reached home, where learned age should greet
  My face, and youth, the star not yet distinct
Above his hair, lie learning at my feet!—
  Oh, thus to live, I and my picture, linked

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With love about, and praise, till life should end,
And then not go to heaven, but linger here,
Here on my earth, earth's every man my friend,—
The thought grew frightful, 't was so wildly dear!
But a voice changed it. Glimpses of such sights
Have scared me, like the revels through a door
Of some strange house of idols at its rites!

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OWEN SHEERS: *Skirrid Hill*

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

Or **(b)** Discuss Sheers's presentation of the speaker's experience in the following poem. In your answer you should comment in detail on poetic methods.

Hedge School

'Though that hir soules goon a-blakeberyed'
Chaucer, *The Pardoner's Prologue*

The walk home from school got longer
those first weeks of September,
listening to the mini bus diminish
through the hedges and trees,
then slipping the straps of my bag over each shoulder
to free up both hands for the picking of blackberries.

Another lesson perhaps, this choice of how to take them.
One by one, tracing their variety on my tongue,
from the bitterness of an unripe red
tightly packed as a nervous heart,
to the rain-bloated looseness of those older,
cobwebbed and dusty as a Claret
laid down for years in a cellar.

Or to hoard them? Piling in the palm
until I cupped a coiled black pearl necklace,
a hedgerow caviar, the bubbles of just poured wine
stilled in my fingers which I'd take together,
each an eye of one great berry, a sudden symphony.

Or as I did just once, strolling towards the low house
growing at the lane's end,
not to eat them at all,
but slowly close my palm into a fist instead,
dissolving their mouthfeel over my skin
and emerging from the hedge and tree tunnel,
my knuckles scratched and my hand blue-black red,
as bloodied as a butcher's or a farmer's at lambing,
or that of a boy who's discovered for the very first time,
just how dark he runs inside.

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Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

7 **Either** **(a)** Compare ways in which **two** poems present relationships coming to an end.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents the speaker's feelings about the wedding.

The Wedding

I expected a quiet wedding
high above a lost city
a marriage to balance on my head

like a forest of sticks, a pot of water.
The ceremony tasted of nothing
had little colour – guests arrived

stealthy as sandalwood smugglers.
When they opened their suitcases
England spilled out.

They scratched at my veil
like beggars on a car window.
I insisted my dowry was simple –

a smile, a shadow, a whisper,
my house an incredible structure
of stiffened rags and bamboo.

We travelled along roads with English
names, my bridegroom and I.
Our eyes changed colour

like traffic-lights, so they said.
The time was not ripe
for us to view each other.

We stared straight ahead as if
we could see through mountains
breathe life into new cities.

I wanted to marry a country
take up a river for a veil
sing in the Jinnah Gardens

hold up my dream, tricky
as a snake-charmer's snake.
Our thoughts half-submerged

like buffaloes under dark water
we turned and faced each other
with turbulence

and imprints like maps on our hands.

(Moniza Alvi)

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GILLIAN CLARKE: Selected Poems

8 **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Clarke present the relationship between humans and animals in **two** poems?

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to Clarke's poetic methods, discuss the presentation of the dead body in the following poem.

Lunchtime Lecture

And this from the second or third millennium
B.C., a female, aged about twenty-two.
A white, fine skull, full up with darkness
As a shell with sea, drowned in the centuries.
Small, perfect. The cranium would fit the palm
Of a man's hand. Some plague or violence
Destroyed her, and her whiteness lay safe in a shroud
Of silence, undisturbed, unrained on, dark
For four thousand years. Till a tractor in summer
Biting its way through the longcairn for supplies
Of stone, broke open the grave and let a crowd of light
Stare in at her, and she stared quietly back.

As I look at her I feel none of the shock
The farmer felt as, unprepared, he found her.
Here in the Museum, like death in hospital,
Reasons are given, labels, causes, catalogues.
The smell of death is done. Left, only her bone
Purity, the light and shade beauty that her man
Was denied sight of, the perfect edge of the place
Where the pieces join, with no mistakes, like boundaries.

She's a tree in winter, stripped white on a black sky,
Leafless formality, brow, bough in fine relief.
I, at some other season, illustrate the tree
Fleshed, with woman's hair and colours and the rustling
Blood, the troubled mind that she has overthrown.
We stare at each other, dark into sightless
Dark, seeing only ourselves in the black pools,
Gulping the risen sea that booms in the shell.

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