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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/11**

Paper 1 Drama and Poetry **October/November 2023**

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.

THOMAS MIDDLETON and WILLIAM ROWLEY: *The Changeling*

1 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways Middleton and Rowley shape an audience's response to De Flores in *The Changeling*.

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

Jasperino: All may prove nothing;
Only a friendly fear that leapt from me, sir.

Alsemero: No question it may prove nothing; let's partake it, though.

Jasperino: 'Twas Diaphanta's chance (for to that wench
I pretend honest love, and she deserves it)
To leave me in a back part of the house,
A place we chose for private conference;
She was no sooner gone, but instantly
I heard your bride's voice in the next room to me;
And lending more attention, found De Flores
Louder than she.

Alsemero: De Flores? Thou art out now.

Jasperino: You'll tell me more anon.

Alsemero: Still I'll prevent thee;
The very sight of him is poison to her.

Jasperino: That made me stagger too, but Diaphanta
At her return confirm'd it.

Alsemero: Diaphanta!

Jasperino: Then fell we both to listen, and words pass'd
Like those that challenge interest in a woman.

Alsemero: Peace, quench thy zeal; 'tis dangerous to thy bosom.

Jasperino: Then truth is full of peril.

Alsemero: Such truths are.
– Oh, were she the sole glory of the earth,
Had eyes that could shoot fire into kings' breasts,
And touch'd, she sleeps not here! Yet I have time,
Though night be near, to be resolv'd hereof;
And prithee do not weigh me by my passions.

Jasperino: I never weigh'd friend so.

Alsemero: Done charitably.
That key will lead thee to a pretty secret, [*Gives key.*]
By a Chaldean taught me, and I've made
My study upon some; bring from my closet
A glass inscrib'd there with the letter M,
And question not my purpose.

Jasperino: It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*]

Alsemero: How can this hang together? Not an hour since,
Her woman came pleading her lady's fears,

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Deliver'd her for the most timorous virgin
That ever shrunk at man's name, and so modest,
She charg'd her weep out her request to me,
That she might come obscurely to my bosom.

[*Enter* BEATRICE.]

Beatrice [*aside.*]: All things go well; my woman's preparing yonder
For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to lose;
Necessity compels it; I lose all else.

Alsemero [*aside.*]: Push, modesty's shrine is set in yonder forehead.
I cannot be too sure though. [*To her.*] – My Joanna!

Beatrice: Sir, I was bold to weep a message to you,
Pardon my modest fears.

Alsemero [*aside.*]: The dove's not meeker,
She's abus'd, questionless.

[*Enter* JASPERINO [*with glass*].]

– Oh, are you come, sir?

Beatrice [*aside.*]: The glass, upon my life! I see the letter.

Jasperino: Sir, this is M.

Alsemero: 'Tis it.

Beatrice [*aside.*]: I am suspected.

Alsemero: How fitly our bride comes to partake with us!

Beatrice: What is't, my lord?

Alsemero: No hurt.

Beatrice: Sir, pardon me,
I seldom taste of any composition.

Alsemero: But this upon my warrant you shall venture on.

Beatrice: I fear 'twill make me ill.

Alsemero: Heaven forbid that.

Beatrice [*aside.*]: I'm put now to my cunning; th'effects I know,
If I can now but feign 'em handsomely. [*Drinks.*]

Alsemero [*to* JASPERINO.]: It has that secret virtue, it ne'er miss'd, sir,
Upon a virgin.

Jasperino: Treble qualitied?

[BEATRICE *gapes, then sneezes.*]

Alsemero: By all that's virtuous it takes there, proceeds!

Jasperino: This is the strangest trick to know a maid by.

Beatrice: Ha, ha, ha!
You have given me joy of heart to drink, my lord.

Alsemero: No, thou hast given me such joy of heart,
That never can be blasted.

Beatrice: What's the matter, sir?

Alsemero [*to* JASPERINO.]: See, now 'tis settled in a melancholy,
Keeps both the time and method; [*to her*] my Joanna!
Chaste as the breath of heaven, or morning's womb,
That brings the day forth; thus my love encloses thee.

[*Embraces her.*]

(*from* Act 4, Scene 2)

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

2 Either (a) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Shakespeare present deception in *Measure for Measure*?

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

Isabella: This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth enew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claudio: The precise Angelo!

Isabella: O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In precise guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity
Thou mightst be freed?

Claudio: O heavens! it cannot be.

Isabella: Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claudio: Thou shalt not do't.

Isabella: O, were it but my life!
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claudio: Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isabella: Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claudio: Yes. Has he affections in him
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isabella: Which is the least?

Claudio: If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? – O Isabel!

Isabella: What says my brother?

Claudio: Death is a fearful thing.

Isabella: And shamed life a hateful.

Claudio: Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,

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And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling – 'tis too horrible.
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment,
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isabella: Alas, alas!

Claudio: Sweet sister, let me live.
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

Isabella: O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance;
Die; perish. Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claudio: Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isabella: O fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd;
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Claudio: O hear me, Isabella.

(*from* Act 3, Scene 1)

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

3 **Either** **(a)** Discuss Soyinka's presentation of struggles for power in the **two** plays.

Or **(b)** How might an audience respond to the following extract, the end of the play? In your answer you should pay close attention to Soyinka's dramatic methods and their effects.

[CHUME *rushes in, brandishing a cutlass.*]

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[*Blackout.*]

THE END

(*from* The Trials of Brother Jero, Scene 5)

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TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*

4 **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Williams present friendship in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*?

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

[*He goes over and touches* BRICK*'s shoulder.*]

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You're my son, and I'm going to straighten you out; now that *I'm* straightened out, I'm going to straighten you out!

(*from* Act 2)

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Section B: Poetry

Answer **one** question from this section.

SIMON ARMITAGE: *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*

5 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways Armitage presents desire and its effects in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*.

Or **(b)** Analyse ways Armitage presents the Green Knight in the following extract from *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*.

Yet he wore no helmet and no hauberk either,

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a miracle or magic, or so they imagined.

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ROBERT BROWNING: Selected Poems

6 **Either** **(a)** Discuss ways in which Browning portrays violence in **two** poems from your selection.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on Browning's presentation of the woman in the following poem.

A Light Woman

1.

So far as our story approaches the end,
  Which do you pity the most of us three? –
My friend, or the mistress of my friend
  With her wanton eyes, or me?

2.

My friend was already too good to lose,
  And seemed in the way of improvement yet,
When she crossed his path with her hunting-noose
  And over him drew her net.

3.

When I saw him tangled in her toils,
  A shame, said I, if she adds just him
To her nine-and-ninety other spoils,
  The hundredth, for a whim!

4.

And before my friend be wholly hers,
  How easy to prove to him, I said,
An eagle's the game her pride prefers,
  Though she snaps at a wren instead!

5.

So I gave her eyes my own eyes to take,
  My hand sought hers as in earnest need,
And round she turned for my noble sake,
  And gave me herself indeed.

6.

The eagle am I, with my fame in the world,
  The wren is he, with his maiden face.
– You look away and your lip is curled?
  Patience, a moment's space!

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7.

For see – my friend goes shaking and white;
He eyes me as the basilisk:
I have turned, it appears, his day to night,
Eclipsing his sun's disc.

8.

And I did it, he thinks, as a very thief:
'Though I love her – that, he comprehends –
One should master one's passions, (love, in chief)
And be loyal to one's friends!'

9.

And she, – she lies in my hand as tame
As a pear hung basking over a wall;
Just a touch to try and off it came;
'Tis mine, – can I let it fall?

10.

With no mind to eat it, that's the worst!
Were it thrown in the road, would the case assist?
'Twas quenching a dozen blue-flies' thirst
When I gave its stalk a twist.

11.

And I, – what I seem to my friend, you see –
What I soon shall seem to his love, you guess.
What I seem to myself, do you ask of me?
No hero, I confess.

12.

'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls,
And matter enough to save one's own.
Yet think of my friend, and the burning coals
He played with for bits of stone!

13.

One likes to show the truth for the truth;
That the woman was light is very true:
But suppose she says, – never mind that youth –
What wrong have I done to you?

14.

Well, any how, here the story stays,
So far at least as I understand;
And, Robert Browning, you writer of plays,
Here's a subject made to your hand!

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GILLIAN CLARKE: Selected Poems

7 **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Clarke present women? You should refer to **two** poems in your answer.

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

Apples

They fill with heat, dewfall, a night of rain.
In a week they have reddened, the seed gone black
in each star-heart. Soft thud of fruit
in the deepening heat of the day.
Out of the delicate petals of secret skin
and that irreversible moment when the fruit set,
such a hard harvest, so cold and sharp on the tongue.

They look up from the grass, too many to save.
A lapful of windfalls with worms in their hearts,
under my thumb the pulse of original sin,
flesh going brown as the skin curls over my knife.
I drown them in water and wine, pushing them under,
then breathe apples simmering in sugar and spice,
fermenting under the tree in sacs of juice
so swollen they'd burst under a wasp's foot.

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Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

8 **Either** **(a)** Compare ways in which **two** poems present the effects of the seasons.

Or **(b)** Discuss the writing and effects of the following poem, analysing ways in which George Herbert presents love.

Love (*III*)

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lacked anything.

A guest, I answered, worthy to be here:
Love said, You shall be he.
I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord, but I have marred them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?
My dear, then I will serve.
You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat:
So I did sit and eat.

FINIS.

Glory be to God on high, and on earth
peace, good will towards men.

(George Herbert)

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