



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/31

Paper 3 Shakespeare and Drama

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.

This document has **12** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

Section A: Shakespeare

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of Portia and Nerissa's use of disguise in the play.
- Or** (b) Analyse the following extract, considering it in relation to Shakespeare's dramatic concerns, here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

[*Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and their Trains.*]

- Portia:* Go draw aside the curtains and discover
The several caskets to this noble Prince.
Now make your choice. 5
- Morocco:* The first, of gold, who this inscription bears:
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire'.
The second, silver, which this promise carries:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves'.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt: 10
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath'.
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
- Portia:* The one of them contains my picture, Prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
- Morocco:* Some god direct my judgment! Let me see; 15
I will survey th' inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
Must give – for what? For lead? Hazard for lead!
This casket threatens; men that hazard all 20
Do it in hope of fair advantages.
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.' 25
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou beest rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady; 30
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve? Why, that's the lady!
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding; 35
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire'.
Why, that's the lady! All the world desires her; 40
From the four corners of the earth they come

- To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint.
 The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
 Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
 For princes to come view fair Portia. 45
 The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
 To stop the foreign spirits, but they come
 As o'er a brook to see fair Portia.
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture. 50
 Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
 To think so base a thought; it were too gross
 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
 Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
 Being ten times undervalued to tried gold? 55
 O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
 A coin that bears the figure of an angel
 Stamp'd in gold; but that's insculp'd upon.
 But here an angel in a golden bed 60
 Lies all within. Deliver me the key;
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!
- Portia:* There, take it, Prince, and if my form lie there,
 Then I am yours. 65
 [*He opens the golden casket.*]
- Morocco:* O hell! what have we here?
 A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
 There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.
 'All that glisters is not gold,
 Often have you heard that told; 70
 Many a man his life hath sold
 But my outside to behold.
 Gilded tombs do worms infold.
 Had you been as wise as bold,
 Young in limbs, in judgment old, 75
 Your answer had not been in scroll'd.
 Fare you well, your suit is cold.'
 Cold indeed, and labour lost,
 Then farewell, heat, and welcome, frost.
 Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart 80
 To take a tedious leave; thus losers part.
- [Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.]*
- Portia:* A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
 Let all of his complexion choose me so.
 [Exeunt.] 85

(Act 2 Scene 7)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *King Lear*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Cordelia and her dramatic significance to the action of the play as a whole.
- Or** (b) Analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Edmund's relationship with Edgar, here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

<i>Edmund:</i>	This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, often the surfeits of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars; as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on – an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under Ursa Major, so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. Fut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar!	5 10
	[Enter EDGAR.]	15
	Pat! He comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. – O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.	
<i>Edgar:</i>	How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?	20
<i>Edmund:</i>	I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day what should follow these eclipses.	
<i>Edgar:</i>	Do you busy yourself with that?	
<i>Edmund:</i>	I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.	25
<i>Edgar:</i>	How long have you been a sectary astronomical?	30
<i>Edmund:</i>	Come, come! When saw you my father last?	
<i>Edgar:</i>	The night gone by.	
<i>Edmund:</i>	Spake you with him?	
<i>Edgar:</i>	Ay, two hours together.	
<i>Edmund:</i>	Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word nor countenance?	35
<i>Edgar:</i>	None at all.	
<i>Edmund:</i>	Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him; and at my entreaty forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.	40

- Edgar:* Some villain hath done me wrong.
- Edmund:* That's my fear. I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray ye go; there's my key. If you do stir abroad, go arm'd. 45
- Edgar:* Arm'd, brother!
- Edmund:* Brother, I advise you to the best. I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you. I have told you what I have seen and heard – but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away. 50
- Edgar:* Shall I hear from you anon?
- Edmund:* I do serve you in this business. 55
- [Exit EDGAR.]*
- A credulous father! and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy! I see the business. 60
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit. *[Exit.]*

(from Act 1 Scene 2)

Section B: Drama

Answer **one** question from this section.

ATHOL FUGARD: *The Train Driver and Other Plays*

- 3** **Either** (a) Discuss Fugard's dramatic presentation of what he calls 'white guilt' in *The Train Driver* and *Have You Seen Us?*.
- Or** (b) Analyse the following extract and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Fugard's use of monologues, both here and elsewhere in the plays. You should pay close attention to the language, tone and action in your answer.

Prologue

[The sidewalk of a small shopping mall in Southern California.]

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You see, I don't want to
let go of what happened to me that night.

(from Have You Seen Us?, Prologue)

SHELAGH STEPHENSON: *An Experiment with an Air Pump*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss Stephenson's dramatic presentation of contrasts between past and present in the play.
- Or** (b) Analyse Stephenson's dramatic presentation of Susannah's frustrations in the following episode and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

[*They all go out. Silence. SUSANNAH continues to cry.*]

Fenwick: Susannah –

Susannah: I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Joseph.

Fenwick: So you should be.

Susannah: Don't speak to me like a child! I am not a wayward infant to be scolded indulgently, I am your wife! Listen to me when I talk to you, take notice of what I say. Do not dismiss it as precocious whimsy! I want you to take me seriously, do you understand, Joseph? 5

[*FENWICK is flustered.*] 10

Fenwick: I'm very ... I'm sorry, Susannah –

Susannah: So you should be.

Fenwick: Very well, now we're all square.

Susannah: Stop it! Stop patronising me. It's like a twitch, Joseph, you do it without thinking. 15

[*Pause.*]

Fenwick: I don't know what you want me to say, Susannah.

Susannah: When you married me, Joseph, you thought me beautiful.

Fenwick: I still think that.

Susannah: But you never mentioned any other requirements. The fact that I knew nothing of politics or science seemed a matter of supreme indifference to you, in fact you found my ignorance delightful, charming even. 20

Fenwick: I didn't know it was ignorance. I thought it an affectation of your sex and class. 25

Susannah: You loved me, Joseph, you pursued me with such tenderness, such dogged devotion, how could I not love you in return? Because the choice was not mine, d'you understand? I never had the freedom to choose as you did –

Fenwick: I didn't force you to marry me, Susannah – 30

Susannah: I was a passive thing, waiting to be filled up with love and ooze it out in return. That is what young women do, Joseph, they wait to be loved, they wait for a man to bestow his mysterious gift upon them. I loved you because you loved me. That was my criterion. What else did I have to go on? What else did I know? You caused this love in me! You planted it in me and then you abandoned it! 35

Fenwick: I haven't abandoned you, Susannah.

Susannah: But that is what it feels like, Joseph. I am lonely. It is a lonely thing to be married to you. 40

- [Pause.]
- Fenwick:* It seems I've been remiss in my affection, and I am most profoundly sorry. Perhaps I've been too bound up with my work –
- Susannah:* Bound up? You have given your entire life over to it! Oh, certainly you have feelings, indeed you do, you are stuffed to bursting point with feelings about this injustice here, that cruelty there. You have feelings for every passing stray but none whatsoever for me. I've watched you weep bitter tears, I've watched you tear your hair at the misfortunes of utter strangers, whilst my most palpable misery goes sublimely unacknowledged – 45
- Fenwick:* It was never my intention to make you unhappy, Susannah –
- Susannah:* How could you love me so much then and so little now? Am I not the same person? Perhaps the woman you professed such tenderness towards then was an invention, a construct of your imagination – 55
- Fenwick:* I did love you, Susannah –
- Susannah:* Did? What good is did to me?
- Fenwick:* Do, I do love you, but perhaps we interpret the word in different ways. You talk of tenderness when you talk of love, you talk of dogged devotion, you make it all sweet nothings and new hair ribbons – 60
- Susannah:* I dispute the last, but for the rest, what else is love but tender devotion – 65
- Fenwick:* I was in thrall to you, Susannah. Sick, weak with longing at the merest hint of your presence. I couldn't sleep for thinking of the web of veins that traced the inside of your arms. I dreamt of the scent of your neck, the soft, suckable lobe of your ear. I wanted to crush your mouth against mine, I wanted to run my tongue down the cleft your breasts – 70
- Susannah:* Joseph, please, this is bedroom talk –

(from Act 2 Scene 3)

TOM STOPPARD: *Indian Ink*

- 5 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Stoppard present Flora's view of India in *Indian Ink*?
- Or** (b) Analyse the following extract, considering it in relation to Stoppard's dramatic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

Anish: This is so kind of you.

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That is why I am here.

(from Act 1)

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