



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/32

Paper 3 Shakespeare and Drama

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.

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) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Shakespeare present the law and its representatives in *The Merchant of Venice*?

Or (b) Analyse the following extract, considering it in relation to Shakespeare's dramatic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

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

Portia: Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince.
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately. 5

Arragon: I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage;
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone. 10

Portia: To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Arragon: And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold, silver, and base lead.
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.' 20
You shall look fairer ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? Ha! let me see:
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire'.
What many men desire – that 'many' may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire, 30
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house!
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear.
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.' 35
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour 40

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
 How many then should cover that stand bare!
 How many be commanded that command!
 How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
 From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice.
 'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
 I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

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[*He opens the silver casket.*]

Portia

[*Aside*]: Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Arragon:

What's here? The portrait of a blinking idiot
 Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
 How much unlike art thou to Portia!
 How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
 'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
 Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
 Is that my prize? Are my deserts no better?

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Portia:

To offend and judge are distinct offices
 And of opposed natures.

Arragon:

What is here? [*Reads.*]

'The fire seven times tried this;
 Seven times tried that judgment is
 That did never choose amiss.
 Some there be that shadows kiss,
 Such have but a shadow's bliss.
 There be fools alive iwis
 Silver'd o'er, and so was this.
 Take what wife you will to bed,
 I will ever be your head.
 So be gone; you are sped.'
 Still more fool I shall appear
 By the time I linger here.
 With one fool's head I came to woo,
 But I go away with two.
 Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
 Patiently to bear my wroth.

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[*Exit with his Train.*]

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Portia:

Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
 O, these deliberate fools! When they do choose,
 They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Nerissa:

The ancient saying is no heresy:
 Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

85

Portia:

Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

(from Act 2, Scene 9)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *King Lear*

2 Either (a) Discuss Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of blindness, both real and metaphorical, in *King Lear*.

Or (b) Analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Shakespeare's presentation of loyalty in *King Lear*. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

[Enter GLOUCESTER with a torch.]

Fool: Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart – a small spark, all the rest on's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire. 5

Edgar: This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squences the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the 'old;
He met the nightmare and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight
And her troth plight,
And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent: How fares your Grace? 15

Lear: What's he?

Kent: Who's there? What is't you seek?

Gloucester: What are you there? Your names?

Edgar: Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets, swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog, drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipp'd from tithing to tithing, and stock-punish'd, and imprison'd; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body – 20

Horse to ride, and weapon to wear,
But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.
Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!

Gloucester: What, hath your Grace no better company? 30

Edgar: The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Gloucester: Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edgar: Poor Tom's a-cold. 35

Gloucester: Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer
T' obey in all your daughters' hard commands.
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready. 40

Lear: First let me talk with this philosopher.
 What is the cause of thunder?
 Kent: Good my lord, take this offer; go into th' house.
 Lear: I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban. 45
 What is your study?
 Edgar: How to prevent the fiend and to kill vermin.
 Lear: Let me ask you one word in private.
 Kent: Importune him once more to go, my lord;
 His wits begin t' unsettle. 50

[*Storm still.*]

Gloucester: Canst thou blame him?
 His daughters seek his death. Ah, that good Kent! –
 He said it would be thus – poor, banish'd man!
 Thou sayest the King grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend, 55
 I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
 Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life
 But lately, very late. I lov'd him, friend –
 No father his son dearer. True to tell thee,
 The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
 I do beseech your Grace – 60

Lear: O, cry you mercy, sir.
 Noble philosopher, your company.
 Edgar: Tom's a-cold.
 Gloucester: In, fellow, there, into th' hovel; keep thee warm. 65
 Lear: Come, let's in all.
 Kent: This way, my lord.

Lear: With him;
 I will keep still with my philosopher.
 Kent: Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow. 70
 Gloucester: Take him you on.
 Kent: Sirrah, come on; go along with us.
 Lear: Come, good Athenian.
 Gloucester: No words, no words! Hush.
 Edgar: Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
 His word was still 'Fie, foh, and fum,
 I smell the blood of a British man'. 75

[*Exeunt.*]

(from Act 3, Scene 4)

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 relationships between men and women in these plays.

Or (b) Analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Fugard's use of monologues as a dramatic technique in these plays. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

Alfred [Squirming]: Mannetjie ... please, man.

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You
must know, Mannetjie, I never seen so much money in all my
life.

(*from Coming Home, Act 2, Scene 2*)

SHELAGH STEPHENSON: *An Experiment with an Air Pump*

4 Either (a) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Stephenson present marriage in the play?

Or (b) Analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Stephenson's presentation of differences of social class in the play as a whole. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

[PHIL takes out his tape measure and looks round the room.]

Phil: By, it's a canny size, this place.

Ellen: That's why we have to sell it. It's crippling us. I got it from my mum. Her parents had it before her. But we can't afford it so that's that.

5

[She looks at her watch.]

What exactly is Tom doing in the basement?

Phil: Showing us where the pipes run under the floors. They've got to come up. Most of them are lead. I'm surprised you've not been poisoned. You wouldn't believe what you find when you start poking around the foundations of some of these old houses. We were sorting out a place in Corbridge last year and we found a Roman bathhouse. Well, they said it was Roman. Which was a bit of a blow, like, because I fancied a few of the tiles for our kitchen, but with it being that old they slapped a preservation order on it.

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Ellen: What's the plan for this room, then?

Phil: Corporate hospitality. Private bar in here, private conference facilities through there, private gym. Private sauna for the Scandinavians. Good views of the park, handy for the miniature railway in case any of them are steam train enthusiasts –

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Ellen: A miniature railway?

Phil: Actually, they call it a heritage railway.

Ellen: They told us they just wanted to restore it to its former glory.

Phil: Aye, but everything has to be on a heritage trail now and you can't be on a heritage trail unless you've got attractions. I mean, this is a nice enough house and that, but it's not got much going for it in your commercial sense. People like to feel they're getting their money's worth. I think they want to reopen one of the mines down the road as well. You know. Employ some ex-miners to dress up as miners and pretend to dig coal and then charge people a tenner to go down and experience life at the coal face.

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Ellen: You're not serious?

Phil: Well, why not? They've Disneyfied everything else, why should the miners get off scot-free?

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Ellen: It's such ... what's the word I'm looking for.

Phil: Shite.

Ellen: I mean, why fill it with ersatz history when it's already got a proper history? It doesn't need to be ponsified and

40

half-timbered. The Newcastle Lit and Phil had its first meetings in this room, did you know that?

Phil: I didn't, no –

Ellen: Lavoisier visited this house –

Phil: Oh aye, who's he then? 45

Ellen: He discovered that combustion is a process in which oxygen combines with another substance. Up till then they thought the combustible ingredient was something called phlogiston.

Phil: Bit of a comedian then.

Ellen: Tom Paine was given secret readings in this very room. It's a big, plain, solid house, it's not quaint or charming. The history of this house is the history of radicalism and dissent and intellectual enquiry, and they're going to turn it into a tin of souvenir biscuits. 50

Phil: Well, don't sell it then. 55

Ellen: I told you. We can't afford it. Tom's been made redundant, and it just eats up money –

Phil: Is he in the same line of business as you then?

Kate: No. He's an English lecturer.

Phil: Actually, I meant to ask you something, seeing as I'm here like. 60
My seven-year-old daughter, we think she's allergic to jam. Big red hives on her arms every time she eats it. And I wondered if it was common, like. A jam allergy.

Ellen: I've no idea. I would have thought it was some additive rather than the jam itself. 65

Phil: You don't see many cases of it then?

Ellen: Oh, I see, no, I'm sorry, I'm not a medical doctor, I'm a research scientist.

Phil: So you're not a doctor?

Ellen: Yes. But not a medical one. 70

Phil: Oh.

(from Act 1, Scene 2)

TOM STOPPARD: *Indian Ink*

5 Either (a) Discuss the significance of writing, painting and drawing to the play's meaning and dramatic effects.

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.

[*The Jummapur Club after sundown.*

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Oh these rules are absurd!

(from Act 2)

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