



Cambridge International AS Level

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8695/22

Paper 2 Drama, Poetry and Prose

October/November 2022

2 hours



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total, each from a different section.
- 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.
- The number of marks for each question or part question is shown in brackets [].

This document has **24** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

Section A: Drama

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss Miller's dramatic presentation of different attitudes to women in *All My Sons*. [25]
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and dramatic effects, discuss Miller's presentation of Joe Keller in the following extract. [25]

Keller: I don't know, everybody's gettin' so goddam educated in this country there'll be nobody to take away the garbage.

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Keller: Right again.

(from Act 2)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

- 2 Either** (a) 'Shakespeare presents relationships between men and women as shallow and superficial in *Much Ado About Nothing*.'

To what extent is this your experience of the play? [25]

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and dramatic methods, discuss Shakespeare's use of comedy in the following scene. [25]

[Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.]

- Leonato:* What would you with me, honest neighbour?
- Dogberry:* Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.
- Leonato:* Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me. 5
- Dogberry:* Marry, this it is, sir
- Verges:* Yes, in truth it is, sir.
- Leonato:* What is it, my good friends?
- Dogberry:* Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter – an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows. 10
- Verges:* Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.
- Dogberry:* Comparisons are odorous; palabras, neighbour Verges. 15
- Leonato:* Neighbours, you are tedious.
- Dogberry:* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.
- Leonato:* All thy tediousness on me, ah? 20
- Dogberry:* Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.
- Verges:* And so am I.
- Leonato:* I would fain know what you have to say. 25
- Verges:* Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.
- Dogberry:* A good old man, sir, he will be talking; as they say 'When the age is in the wit is out'. God help us, it is a world to see! Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges; well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipp'd; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour! 30
- Leonato:* Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.
- Dogberry:* Gifts that God gives.
- Leonato:* I must leave you. 35

- Dogberry:* One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship. 40
- Leonato:* Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.
- Dogberry:* It shall be suffigance.
- Leonato:* Drink some wine ere you go; fare you well. 45
[Enter a MESSENGER.]
- Messenger:* My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.
- Leonato:* I'll wait upon them; I am ready.
[Exeunt LEONATO and MESSENGER.] 50
- Dogberry:* Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol; we are now to examination these men.
- Verges:* And we must do it wisely.
- Dogberry:* We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come; only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. 55

[Exeunt.]

(Act 3 Scene 5)

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

- 3** **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Soyinka present deception in these plays? [25]
- Or** (b) Discuss Soyinka's presentation of Rebecca in the following extract from *Jero's Metamorphosis*. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects. [25]

Rebecca [*pitying*]: It is the devil which speaks in you sir, it's the devil which makes you call Prophet Jeroboam all those bad names.

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Ananias: And this sinner, lord, and this sinner!

(from Jero's Metamorphosis, Scene 1)

THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY: *The Changeling*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the dramatic presentation of different attitudes to female virtue in *The Changeling*. [25]
- Or** (b) Discuss some of the ways Middleton and Rowley shape an audience's response to De Flores in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects. [25]

De Flores: There's no excuse for't now, I heard it twice, madam;
That sigh would fain have utterance, take pity on't,
And lend it a free word; 'las, how it labours
For liberty! I hear the murmur yet
Beat at your bosom. 5

Beatrice: Would creation –

De Flores: Ay, well said, that's it.

Beatrice: Had form'd me man.

De Flores: Nay, that's not it.

Beatrice: Oh, 'tis the soul of freedom! 10
I should not then be forc'd to marry one
I hate beyond all depths, I should have power
Then to oppose my loathings, nay, remove 'em
For ever from my sight.

De Flores: Oh blest occasion! – 15
Without change to your sex, you have your wishes.
Claim so much man in me.

Beatrice: In thee, De Flores?
There's small cause for that.

De Flores: Put it not from me, 20
It's a service that I kneel for to you. [*Kneels.*]

Beatrice: You are too violent to mean faithfully;
There's horror in my service, blood and danger,
Can those be things to sue for?

De Flores: If you knew 25
How sweet it were to me to be employed
In any act of yours, you would say then
I fail'd, and us'd not reverence enough
When I receive the charge on't.

Beatrice [*aside.*]: This is much, methinks; 30
Belike his wants are greedy, and to such
Gold tastes like angels' food. [*To DE FLORES.*] – Rise.

De Flores: I'll have the work first.

Beatrice [*aside.*]: Possible his need 35
Is strong upon him; [*gives him money*] – there's to encourage
thee:
As thou art forward and thy service dangerous,
Thy reward shall be precious.

De Flores: That I have thought on; 40
I have assur'd myself of that beforehand,
And know it will be precious, the thought ravishes.

Beatrice: Then take him to thy fury.

De Flores: I thirst for him.

<i>Beatrice:</i>	Alonzo de Piracquo.	
<i>De Flores:</i>	His end's upon him; He shall be seen no more. [<i>Rises.</i>]	45
<i>Beatrice:</i>	How lovely now Dost thou appear to me! Never was man Dearlier rewarded.	
<i>De Flores:</i>	I do think of that.	50
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Be wondrous careful in the execution.	
<i>De Flores:</i>	Why, are not both our lives upon the cast?	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Then I throw all my fears upon thy service.	
<i>De Flores:</i>	They ne'er shall rise to hurt you.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	When the deed's done, I'll furnish thee with all things for thy flight; Thou may'st live bravely in another country.	55
<i>De Flores:</i>	Ay, ay, we'll talk of that hereafter.	
<i>Beatrice</i>	[<i>aside.</i>]: I shall rid myself Of two inveterate loathings at one time, Piracquo, and his dog-face. [<i>Exit.</i>]	60
<i>De Flores:</i>	Oh my blood! Methinks I feel her in mine arms already, Her wanton fingers combing out this beard, And being pleased, praising this bad face. Hunger and pleasure, they'll commend sometimes Slovenly dishes, and feed heartily on 'em, Nay, which is stranger, refuse daintier for 'em. Some women are odd feeders. – I'm too loud. Here comes the man goes supperless to bed, Yet shall not rise to-morrow to his dinner. [<i>Enter ALONZO.</i>]	65 70
<i>Alonzo:</i>	De Flores.	
<i>De Flores:</i>	My kind, honourable lord?	
<i>Alonzo:</i>	I am glad I ha' met with thee.	75
<i>De Flores:</i>	Sir.	
<i>Alonzo:</i>	Thou canst show me The full strength of the castle?	
<i>De Flores:</i>	That I can, sir.	
<i>Alonzo:</i>	I much desire it.	80
<i>De Flores:</i>	And if the ways and straits Of some of the passages be not too tedious for you, I will assure you, worth your time and sight, my lord.	
<i>Alonzo:</i>	Push, that shall be no hindrance.	
<i>De Flores:</i>	I'm your servant, then: 'Tis now near dinner-time, 'gainst your lordship's rising I'll have the keys about me.	85
<i>Alonzo:</i>	Thanks, kind De Flores.	
<i>De Flores</i>	[<i>aside.</i>]: He's safely thrust upon me beyond hopes. [<i>Exeunt.</i>]	90

(from Act 2 Scene 2)

Section B: Poetry

ROBERT BROWNING: Selected Poems

- 5 Either (a) Discuss ways in which Browning presents love in **two** poems from your selection. [25]
- Or (b) Comment closely on Browning's presentation of the Bishop in the following extract from *The Bishop Orders His Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church*. [25]

from *The Bishop Orders His Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church*
Rome, 15—

Vanity, saith the preacher, vanity!
 Draw round my bed: is Anselm keeping back?
 Nephews—sons mine ... ah, God, I know not! Well—
 She, men would have to be your mother once, 5
 Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was!
 What's done is done, and she is dead beside,
 Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since,
 And as she died so must we die ourselves,
 And thence ye may perceive the world's a dream. 10
 Life, how and what is it? As here I lie
 In this state-chamber, dying by degrees,
 Hours and long hours in the dead night, I ask
 'Do I live, am I dead?' Peace, peace seems all.
 Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace; 15
 And so, about this tomb of mine. I fought
 With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye know:
 —Old Gandolf cozened me, despite my care;
 Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner South
 He graced his carrion with, God curse the same! 20
 Yet still my niche is not so cramped but thence
 One sees the pulpit o' the epistle-side,
 And somewhat of the choir, those silent seats,
 And up into the aery dome where live
 The angels, and a sunbeam's sure to lurk: 25
 And I shall fill my slab of basalt there,
 And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,
 With those nine columns round me, two and two,
 The odd one at my feet where Anselm stands:
 Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe 30
 As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse.
 —Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone,
 Put me where I may look at him! True peach,
 Rosy and flawless: how I earned the prize!
 Draw close: that conflagration of my church 35
 —What then? So much was saved if aught were missed!
 My sons, ye would not be my death? Go dig
 The white-grape vineyard where the oil-press stood,
 Drop water gently till the surface sink,
 And if ye find ... Ah God, I know not, !! ... 40
 Bedded in store of rotten fig-leaves soft,
 And corded up in a tight olive-frail,
 Some lump, ah God, of *lapis lazuli*,

Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,
Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast ... 45
Sons, all have I bequeathed you, villas, all,
That brave Frascati villa with its bath,
So, let the blue lump poise between my knees,
Like God the Father's globe on both his hands
Ye worship in the Jesu Church so gay, 50
For Gandolf shall not choose but see and burst!

OWEN SHEERS: *Skirrid Hill*

- 6** **Either** **(a)** Discuss the writing and effects of **two** poems from *Skirrid Hill*, in which Sheers explores human responses to the natural world. [25]
- Or** **(b)** Discuss Sheers's presentation of the relationship in the following poem. In your answer you should comment in detail on poetic methods. [25]

Night Windows

That night we turned some of them off

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trailing the dress of your shadow behind you.

Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** poems present relationships between men and women. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, analysing ways in which Jonathan Swift presents Jove. [25]

On the Day of Judgement

With a whirl of thought oppressed,
 I sink from reverie to rest.
 An horrid vision seized my head,
 I saw the graves give up their dead.
 Jove, armed with terrors, burst the skies, 5
 And thunder roars, and light'ning flies!
 Amazed, confused, its fate unknown,
 The world stands trembling at his throne.
 While each pale sinner hangs his head,
 Jove, nodding, shook the heav'ns, and said, 10
 'Offending race of human kind,
 By nature, reason, learning, blind;
 You who through frailty stepped aside,
 And you who never fell—through pride;
 You who in different sects have shammed, 15
 And come to see each other damned;
 (So some folks told you, but they knew
 No more of Jove's designs than you);
 The world's mad business now is o'er,
 And I resent these pranks no more. 20
 I to such blockheads set my wit!
 I damn such fools!—Go, go, you're bit.'

(Jonathan Swift)

GILLIAN CLARKE: Selected Poems

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss the writing and effects of **two** poems in which Clarke presents family life. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, considering ways in which Clarke presents the mother and daughter. [25]

Catrin

I can remember you, child, As I stood in a hot, white Room at the window watching The people and cars taking Turn at the traffic lights.	5
I can remember you, our first Fierce confrontation, the tight Red rope of love which we both Fought over. It was a square Environmental blank, disinfected Of paintings or toys. I wrote All over the walls with my Words, coloured the clean squares With the wild, tender circles Of our struggle to become Separate. We want, we shouted, To be two, to be ourselves.	10
Neither won nor lost the struggle In the glass tank clouded with feelings Which changed us both. Still I am fighting You off, as you stand there With your straight, strong, long Brown hair and your rosy, Defiant glare, bringing up From the heart's pool that old rope, Tightening about my life, Trailing love and conflict, As you ask may you skate In the dark, for one more hour.	15
	20
	25

TURN OVER FOR SECTION C.

Section C: Prose**IAN McEWAN: *Atonement***

- 9 Either (a)** 'Lola is central to the novel, but McEwan never gives her point of view.'

Discuss the presentation and role of Lola in the light of this comment. [25]

- Or (b)** Comment closely on the following passage, considering McEwan's presentation of Briony's attitudes towards her writing. [25]

But she knew very well that if she had not stood when she did, the scene would still have happened, for it was not about her at all.

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She
also knew that whatever actually happened drew its significance from her published
work and would not have been remembered without it.

(from Part 1 Chapter 3)

NGŪGĨ WA THIONG'O: *Petals of Blood*

- 10 Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Ngũgĩ presents the KCO and their 'invitations to tea', considering their significance to the novel. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which Ngũgĩ presents Wanjira and her influence on others. [25]

She had turned her energy and time, after Karega had disappeared, into work.

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Dreams of love returned.

(from Chapter 11)

Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2

- 11 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** stories present characters' responses to problems. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage from *The Melancholy Hussar of the German Legion*, considering ways in which Thomas Hardy presents the growing relationship between Phyllis and the German Hussar. [25]

Her father's home stood somewhat apart, and on the highest point of ground, to which the lane ascended, so that it was almost level with the top of the church tower in the lower part of the parish. Immediately from the outside of the garden wall the grass spread away to a great distance, and it was crossed by a path which came close to the wall. Ever since her childhood it had been Phyllis's pleasure to clamber up this fence, and sit on the top, a feat not so difficult as it may seem, the walls in this district being built of rubble, without mortar so that there were plenty of crevices for small toes.

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She was sitting up here one day, listlessly surveying the pasture without, when her attention was arrested by a solitary figure walking along the path. It was one of the renowned German Hussars, and he moved onward with his eyes on the ground, and with the manner of one who wished to escape company. His head would probably have been bent like his eyes but for his stiff neck-gear. On nearer view she perceived that his face was marked with deep sadness. Without observing her he advanced by the footpath till it brought him almost immediately under the wall.

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Phyllis was much surprised to see a fine tall soldier in such a mood as this. Her theory of the military, and of the York Hussars in particular (derived entirely from hearsay, for she had never talked to a soldier in her life) was that their hearts were as gay as their accoutrements.

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At this moment the Hussar lifted his eyes and noticed her on her perch, the white muslin neckerchief which covered her shoulders and neck where left bare by her low gown, and her white raiment in general, showing conspicuously in the bright sunlight of this summer day. He blushed a little at the suddenness of the encounter, and without halting a moment from his pace passed on.

25

All that day the foreigner's face haunted Phyllis; its aspect was so striking, so handsome, and his eyes were so blue, and sad, and abstracted. It was perhaps only natural that on some following day at the same hour she should look over that wall again, and wait till he had passed a second time. On this occasion he was reading a letter, and at the sight of her his manner was that of one who had half expected or hoped to discover her. He almost stopped, smiled, and made a courteous salute. The end of the meeting was that they exchanged a few words. She asked him what he was reading, and he readily informed her that he was reperusing letters from his mother in Germany; he did not get them often, he said, and was forced to read the old ones a great many times. This was all that passed at the present interview; but others of the same kind followed.

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Phyllis used to say that his English, though not good, was quite intelligible to her, so that their acquaintance was never hindered by difficulties of speech. Whenever the subject became too delicate, subtle, or tender, for such words of English as were at his command, the eyes no doubt helped out the tongue, and – though this was later on – the lips helped out the eyes. In short this acquaintance, unguardedly made, and rash enough on her part, developed, and ripened. Like Desdemona, she pitied him, and learnt his history.

40

His name was Matthäus Tina, and Saarbruck his native town, where his mother was still living. His age was twenty-two, and he had already risen to the grade of corporal, though he had not long been in the army. Phyllis used to assert that no such refined or well-educated young man could have been found in the ranks of the

45

purely English regiments, some of these foreign soldiers having rather the graceful manner and presence of our native officers than of our rank and file.

She by degrees learnt from her foreign friend a circumstance about himself and his comrades which Phyllis would least have expected of the York Hussars. So far from being as gay as its uniform the regiment was pervaded by a dreadful melancholy, a chronic home-sickness, which depressed many of the men to such an extent that they could hardly attend to their drill. The worst sufferers were the younger soldiers who had not been over here long.

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(from The Melancholy Hussar of the German Legion)

MARK TWAIN: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

- 12 Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Twain presents deception in the novel. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Twain presents the developing relationship between Huck and Jim in the following passage. [25]

‘Well, den, I reck’n I did dream it, Huck; but dog my cats ef it ain’t de powerfulest dream I ever see. En I hain’t ever had no dream b’fo’ dat’s tired me like dis one.’

‘Oh, well, that’s all right, because a dream does tire a body like everything, sometimes. But this one was a staving dream – tell me all about it, Jim.’

So Jim went to work and told me the whole thing right through, just as it happened, only he painted it up considerable. Then he said he must start in and “terpret” it, because it was sent for a warning. He said the first tow-head stood for a man that would try to do us some good, but the current was another man that would get us away from him. The whoops was warnings that would come to us every now and then, and if we didn’t try hard to make out to understand them they’d just take us into bad luck, ’stead of keeping us out of it. The lot of tow-heads was troubles we was going to get into with quarrelsome people and all kinds of mean folks, but if we minded our business and didn’t talk back and aggravate them, we would pull through and get out of the fog and into the big clear river, which was the free States, and wouldn’t have no more trouble.

It had clouded up pretty dark just after I got onto the raft, but it was clearing up again, now.

‘Oh, well, that’s all interpreted well enough, as far as it goes, Jim,’ I says; ‘but what does *these* things stand for?’

It was the leaves and rubbish on the raft, and the smashed oar. You could see them first rate, now.

Jim looked at the trash, and then looked at me, and back at the trash again. He had got the dream fixed so strong in his head that he couldn’t seem to shake it loose and get the facts back into its place again, right away. But when he did get the thing straightened around, he looked at me steady, without ever smiling, and says:

‘What do dey stan’ for? I’s gwyne to tell you. When I got all wore out wid work, en wid de callin’ for you, en went to sleep, my heart wuz mos’ broke bekase you wuz los’, en I didn’ k’yer no mo’ what become er me en de raf’. En when I wake up en fine you back again’, all safe en soun’, de tears come en I could a got down on my knees en kiss’ yo’ foot I’s so thankful. En all you wuz thinkin ’bout wuz how you could make a fool uv ole Jim wid a lie. Dat truck dah is *trash*; en trash is what people is dat puts dirt on de head er dey fren’s en makes ’em ashamed.’

Then he got up slow, and walked to the wigwam, and went in there, without saying anything but that. But that was enough. It made me feel so mean I could almost kissed *his* foot to get him to take it back.

It was fifteen minutes before I could work myself up to go and humble myself to a nigger – but I done it, and I warn’t ever sorry for it afterwards, neither. I didn’t do him no more mean tricks, and I wouldn’t done that one if I’d a knowed it would make him feel that way.

(from Chapter 15)

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