



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/31

Paper 3 Shakespeare and Drama

May/June 2021

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 Winter's Tale*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of the healing effects of time in *The Winter's Tale*.
- Or** (b) How does Shakespeare dramatically present the following exchange between Perdita and Polixenes and its implications for the play as a whole? You should pay careful attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

<i>Perdita</i>	[To POLIXENES]: Sir, welcome. It is my father's will I should take on me The hostess-ship o' th' day. [To CAMILLO] You're welcome, sir. Give me those flow'rs there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs, For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep Seeming and savour all the winter long. Grace and remembrance be to you both! And welcome to our shearing.	5
<i>Polixenes:</i>	Shepherdess – A fair one are you – well you fit our ages With flow'rs of winter.	10
<i>Perdita:</i>	Sir, the year growing ancient, Not yet on summer's death nor on the birth Of trembling winter, the fairest flow'rs o' th' season Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors, Which some call nature's bastards. Of that kind Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not To get slips of them.	15
<i>Polixenes:</i>	Wherefore, gentle maiden, Do you neglect them?	20
<i>Perdita:</i>	For I have heard it said There is an art which in their piedness shares With great creating nature.	
<i>Polixenes:</i>	Say there be; Yet nature is made better by no mean But nature makes that mean; so over that art, Which you say adds to nature, is an art That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry A gentler scion to the wildest stock, And make conceive a bark of baser kind By bud of nobler race. This is an art Which does mend nature – change it rather; but The art itself is nature.	25 30
<i>Perdita:</i>	So it is.	
<i>Polixenes:</i>	Then make your garden rich in gillyvors, And do not call them bastards.	35
<i>Perdita:</i>	I'll not put The dibble in earth to set one slip of them; No more than were I painted I would wish	

	This youth should say 'twere well, and only therefore Desire to breed by me. Here's flow'rs for you: Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram; The marigold, that goes to bed wi' th' sun, And with him rises weeping; these are flow'rs Of middle summer, and I think they are given To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.	40
<i>Camillo:</i>	I should leave grazing, were I of your flock, And only live by gazing.	45
<i>Perdita:</i>	Out, alas! You'd be so lean that blasts of January Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend, I would I had some flow'rs o' th' spring that might Become your time of day – and yours, and yours, That wear upon your virgin branches yet Your maidenheads growing. O Proserpina, For the flowers now that, frightened, thou let'st fall From Dis's waggon! – daffodils, That come before the swallow dares, and take The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses, That die unmarried ere they can behold Bright Phoebus in his strength – a malady Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds, The flow'r-de-luce being one. O, these I lack To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend To strew him o'er and o'er!	50 55 60 65
<i>Florizel:</i>	What, like a corse?	70
<i>Perdita:</i>	No; like a bank for love to lie and play on; Not like a corse; or if – not to be buried, But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flow'rs. Methinks I play as I have seen them do In Whitsun pastorals. Sure, this robe of mine Does change my disposition.	75

(from Act 4 Scene 4)

- | | | |
|-----------------|--|----|
| <i>Lear:</i> | Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there. Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The Princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters –
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state –
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first. | 5 |
| <i>Goneril:</i> | Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter;
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor and speech unable:
Beyond all manner of so much I love you. | 20 |
| <i>Cordelia</i> | [Aside]: What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent. | |
| <i>Lear:</i> | Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issues
Be this perpetual. – What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? Speak. | 30 |
| <i>Regan:</i> | I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense possesses,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highness' love. | 35 |
| <i>Cordelia</i> | [Aside]: Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since I am sure my love's
More ponderous than my tongue. | 40 |

<i>Lear:</i>	To thee and thine hereditary ever Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom; No less in space, validity, and pleasure, Than that conferr'd on Goneril. – Now, our joy, Although our last and least; to whose young love The vines of France and milk of Burgundy Strive to be interest'd; what can you say to draw A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.	45 50
<i>Cordelia:</i>	Nothing, my lord.	
<i>Lear:</i>	Nothing!	
<i>Cordelia:</i>	Nothing.	55
<i>Lear:</i>	Nothing will come of nothing. Speak again.	
<i>Cordelia:</i>	Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave My heart into my mouth. I love your Majesty According to my bond; no more nor less.	
<i>Lear:</i>	How, how, Cordelia! Mend your speech a little, Lest you may mar your fortunes.	60
<i>Cordelia:</i>	Good my lord, You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me; I Return those duties back as are right fit, Obey you, love you, and most honour you. Why have my sisters husbands, if they say They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed, That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry Half my love with him, half my care and duty. Sure I shall never marry like my sisters, To love my father all.	65 70
<i>Lear:</i>	But goes thy heart with this?	
<i>Cordelia:</i>	Ay, my good lord.	
<i>Lear:</i>	So young and so untender?	
<i>Cordelia:</i>	So young, my lord, and true.	75
<i>Lear:</i>	Let it be so! Thy truth, then, be thy dower! For, by the sacred radiance of the sun, The mysteries of Hecat and the night; By all the operation of the orbs From whom we do exist and cease to be; Here I disclaim all my paternal care, Propinquity and property of blood, And as a stranger to my heart and me Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian, Or he that makes his generation messes To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd, As thou my sometime daughter.	80 85
<i>Kent:</i>	Good my liege –	
<i>Lear:</i>	Peace, Kent! Come not between the dragon and his wrath.	90

(from Act 1 Scene 1)

Section B: Drama

Answer **one** question from this section.

ATHOL FUGARD: *Township Plays*

- 3** **Either** **(a)** Compare and contrast Fugard's dramatic presentation of the relationship between the individual and the state in at least **two** plays.
- Or** **(b)** Analyse the following extract from *No-Good Friday* and consider in what ways it is characteristic of Fugard's dramatic methods in these plays. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

Willie: Sophiatown is a fertile acre for troubles, Father.

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Willie

[jumping forward and striking the hat out of his hands]: Stop it,
damn you!

(from No-Good Friday, Scene 1)

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *The Glass Menagerie*

- 4** **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Williams portray Tom as a victim in the play?
- Or** **(b)** Analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Williams's dramatic presentation of the Wingfield family in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

[Image: AMANDA as a girl.]

Amanda *[coyly smiling, shaking her girlish ringlets]:* Well, well, well, so this is Mr O'Connor.

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Amanda: Laura!
[*There is a clap of thunder.*
Legend: 'Ah!']

(*from Scene 6*)

TOM STOPPARD: *Indian Ink*

- 5** **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Stoppard present Flora as an outsider in India in *Indian Ink*?
- Or** **(b)** Analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of the British in India here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

Flora: Let me have a go.

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The horses trot.

(from Act 2)

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