



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/31

Paper 3 Shakespeare and Drama

May/June 2024

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: *Hamlet*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of death and dying and their significance in the play.
- Or** (b) Analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of the dramatic significance of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

<i>Guildenstern:</i>	My honour'd lord!	
<i>Rosencrantz:</i>	My most dear lord!	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do you both?	
<i>Rosencrantz:</i>	As the indifferent children of the earth.	5
<i>Guildenstern:</i>	Happy in that we are not over-happy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Nor the soles of her shoe?	
<i>Rosencrantz:</i>	Neither, my lord.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?	10
<i>Guildenstern:</i>	Faith, her privates we.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?	
<i>Rosencrantz:</i>	None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Then is doomsday near. But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular. What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?	15
<i>Guildenstern:</i>	Prison, my lord!	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Denmark's a prison.	20
<i>Rosencrantz:</i>	Then is the world one.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' th' worst.	
<i>Rosencrantz:</i>	We think not so, my lord.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. To me it is a prison.	25
<i>Rosencrantz:</i>	Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.	30
<i>Guildenstern:</i>	Which dreams indeed are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	A dream itself is but a shadow.	
<i>Rosencrantz:</i>	Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.	35

<i>Hamlet:</i>	Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretch'd heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to th' court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.	
<i>Both:</i>	We'll wait upon you.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?	40
<i>Rosencrantz:</i>	To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come, deal justly with me. Come, come; nay, speak.	45
<i>Guildestern:</i>	What should we say, my lord?	50
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Why any thing. But to th' purpose: you were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour; I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.	
<i>Rosencrantz:</i>	To what end, my lord?	55
<i>Hamlet:</i>	That you must teach me. But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer can charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no?	60
<i>Rosencrantz</i>	[<i>Aside to GUILDENSTERN</i>]: What say you?	
<i>Hamlet</i>	[<i>Aside</i>]: Nay, then, I have an eye of you. – If you love me, hold not off.	
<i>Guildestern:</i>	My lord, we were sent for.	

(from Act 2, Scene 2)

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|------------------|--|--|
| <i>Bassanio:</i> | <p>So may the outward shows be least themselves;
 The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damned error but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
 And these assume but valour's excrement
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it;
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks
 Which makes such wanton gambols with the wind
 Upon supposed fairness often known
 To be the dowry of a second head –
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man; but thou, thou meagre lead,
 Which rather threaten'st than dost promise aught,
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
 And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!</p> | <p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p> <p>25</p> <p>30</p> <p>35</p> |
| <i>Portia</i> | <p>[<i>Aside</i>]: How all the other passions fleet to air,
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
 And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy!
 O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
 In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess!
 I feel too much thy blessing. Make it less,
 For fear I surfeit.</p> | <p>40</p> |
| <i>Bassanio</i> | <p>[<i>Opening the leaden casket</i>]: What find I here?
 Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
 Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?</p> | <p>45</p> |

Or whether riding on the balls of mine
 Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
 Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
 The painter plays the spider, and hath woven 50
 A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes –
 How could he see to do them? Having made one,
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
 And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look how far 55
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
 In underprizing it, so far this shadow
 Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
 The continent and summary of my fortune.
 'You that choose not by the view, 60
 Chance as fair and choose as true!
 Since this fortune falls to you,
 Be content and seek no new.
 If you be well pleas'd with this,
 And hold your fortune for your bliss, 65
 Turn you where your lady is
 And claim her with a loving kiss.'
 A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
 I come by note, to give and to receive.
 Like one of two contending in a prize, 70
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
 Hearing applause and universal shout,
 Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
 Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
 So, thrice-fair, lady, stand I even so, 75
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,
 Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

(from Act 3, Scene 2)

Section B: Drama

Answer **one** question from this section.

ATHOL FUGARD: *The Train Driver and Other Plays*

- 3 Either (a)** 'A vision of life that is constantly pessimistic'.

To what extent is this your experience of these plays?

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

Roelf: Can you read?

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He carefully folds the clipping and puts it away, shaking his head in disbelief as memories flood back.]

(from The Train Driver, Scene 2)

EUGENE O'NEILL: *Long Day's Journey Into Night*

- 4** **Either** **(a)** Discuss O'Neill's dramatic presentation of vulnerability and weakness in the play.
- Or** **(b)** Analyse the following extract, considering it in relation to O'Neill's dramatic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

Jamie: Is she coming down to lunch?

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does.] EDMUND *does not notice but his mother*

(from Act 2, Scene 1)

SHELAGH STEPHENSON: *An Experiment with an Air Pump*

- 5 Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and dramatic significance of the Fenwicks' family life for the play as a whole.
- Or** (b) Analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Stephenson's dramatic presentation of history in the play. You should pay close attention to language, tone and action in your answer.

[HARRIET, MARIA and ISOBEL come in, *breathlessly*. HARRIET is dressed as *Britannia*, MARIA as a *shepherdess*, with crook etc. A reluctant ISOBEL brings up the rear, dressed as a sheep.]

- | | | |
|-----------|---|----|
| Harriet: | They've just put a brick through the greenhouses, Papa.
[FENWICK <i>doesn't look up</i> .] | 5 |
| Fenwick: | I'm sure they didn't mean it. | |
| Susannah: | Take a leaf out of your father's book, Harriet. View it with sublime equanimity. You see in his eyes, it is not a brick, not at all, but more a sort of proletarian calling card. | 10 |
| Maria: | They're setting carts on fire. The poor horses are screeching with panic. | |
| Fenwick: | It will all blow over presently, Maria. | |
| Harriet: | Papa, for goodness sake. They'll tear the house down around our heads. | 15 |
| Fenwick: | They wouldn't dream of such a thing, I can assure you – | |
| Harriet: | Can't you do something? | |
| Susannah: | Yes, Joseph, do something, why don't you –
[<i>There is an almighty crash in the distance, and a roar from the mob.</i>] | 20 |
| Fenwick: | What do you suggest? | |
| Harriet: | I don't know. Talk to them. They'll listen to you. Calm them before they burn the house down. | |
| Fenwick: | They know I'm on their side, they won't touch us. | |
| Susannah: | All this hoo-hah about corn – | 25 |
| Fenwick: | Fish. Corn was last week. | |
| Susannah: | Always on the side of the mob, I don't understand it. It's pure, what's the word I'm looking for – | |
| Fenwick: | Perhaps you'd prefer them to burn the house down. | |
| Susannah: | Pure affectation, don't you think so, Mr Armstrong?
[FENWICK <i>puts down his pen</i> .] | 30 |
| Fenwick: | We are trying to work, Susannah. Do you mind? | |
| Susannah: | Good God. I have your attention. What did I do? | |
| Harriet: | Accused him of affectation and you know how he loathes anything quite so overtly bourgeois.
[<i>There is another roar and a crash.</i>] | 35 |
| Maria: | Go and talk to them, Father, please! | |

<i>Fenwick:</i>	Maria. A riot is like a play. Action, reversal, climax, catharsis and we all go home. A relief, generally speaking, in a play. Disappointing in a riot, but true nevertheless. [<i>The noise dies down slightly.</i>]	40
<i>Isobel:</i>	I think they're moving off, sir. [<i>They all listen. Another crash of glass, another louder roar.</i>]	
<i>Susannah:</i>	There go the cucumber frames.	
<i>Fenwick:</i>	Let us hope that's the catharsis. They'll all trail home soon, tired but happy. Twopence off fish and that's all they want. We demand our rights as Englishmen, we demand that herrings be less expensive. Universal suffrage? Not interested. Revolution? Bugger it. We demand fish. No one dreams of taking over the fishmongers. Not a revolutionary amongst them.	45 50
<i>Susannah:</i>	Thank God. [<i>He turns back to his desk.</i>]	
<i>Harriet:</i>	You said you wanted to see a rehearsal of our play, Papa. And I'd rather like to get it over with.	55
<i>Fenwick</i>	[<i>reading</i>]: 'Gentlemen of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society, Ladies, we stand on the cusp' – [<i>He pauses, considers, scratches out and replaces words.</i>] 'threshold' – 'the very brink' – no, that sounds ominous. Cusp or threshold then, which d'you prefer?	60
<i>Harriet:</i>	I don't know, cusp. So can we show you our play? Mama says we would benefit from your advice and criticism.	
<i>Fenwick:</i>	When have you ever taken my advice, Harriet? And as for criticism, the last time I dared to utter mild dissent you threw a pot of tea at me. [<i>FENWICK turns back to his desk. MARIA gives a twirl.</i>]	65
<i>Maria:</i>	What do you think, Mr Roget?	
<i>Roget:</i>	Sorry? Oh, I see, very, yes, most ... affecting.	
<i>Fenwick:</i>	Cusp? Doesn't sound right to me somehow.	
<i>Maria:</i>	I'm playing an Arcadian Idyll.	70
<i>Armstrong:</i>	We guessed immediately.	
<i>Harriet:</i>	It's metaphorical.	
<i>Armstrong:</i>	Oh, obviously.	
<i>Maria:</i>	It was Harriet's idea.	

(from Act 1, Scene 1)

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