



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/43

Paper 4 Drama

May/June 2012

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **11** printed pages and **1** blank page.



PETER SHAFFER: *Equus*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of Dora Strang's ideas about religion in the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the language and action of this extract, discuss the significance of this episode to Dysart's understanding of Alan.

*[ALAN is sitting on his bed holding the tape recorder
NURSE approaches briskly, takes the machine from
him – gives it to DYSART in the square – and leaves
again, resuming her seat. DYSART switches on the
tape.]*

5

ALAN: That's what you want to know, isn't it? All right: it was. I'm talking about the beach. That time when I was a kid. What I told you about ...

[Pause. He is in great emotional difficulty.

*DYSART sits on the left bench listening, file in hand.
ALAN rises and stands directly behind him, but on
the circle, as if recording the ensuing speech. He
never, of course, looks directly at the Doctor.]*

10

I was pushed forward on the horse. There was sweat on my legs from his neck. The fellow held me tight, and let me turn the horse which way I wanted. All that power going any way you wanted ... His sides were all warm, and the smell ... Then suddenly I was on the ground, where Dad pulled me. I could have bashed him ...

15

[Pause.]

Something else. When the horse first appeared, I looked up into his mouth. It was huge. There was this chain in it. The fellow pulled it, and cream dripped out. I said 'Does it hurt?' And he said – the horse said – said –

25

[He stops, in anguish. DYSART makes a note in his file.]

[Desperately.] It was always the same, after that. Every time I heard one clop by, I had to run and see. Up a country lane or anywhere. They sort of pulled me.

30

I couldn't take my eyes off them. Just to watch their skins. The way their necks twist, and sweat shines in the folds ... *[Pause.]* I can't remember when it started.

Mum reading to me about Prince who no one could ride, except one boy. Or the white horse in Revelations. 'He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True.

35

His eyes were as flames of fire, and he had a name written that no man knew but himself' ... Words like reins. Stirrup. Flanks ... 'Dashing his spurs against his charger's flanks!' ... Even the words made me feel – Years, I never told anyone. Mum wouldn't understand.

40

She likes 'Equitation'. Bowler hats and jodhpurs! 'My grandfather dressed for the horse,' she says. What does that mean? The horse isn't dressed. It's the most naked thing you ever saw! More than a dog or a cat or anything. Even the most broken down old nag has got its *life*! To put a bowler on it is *filthy*! ... Putting them

45

through their paces! Bloody gymkhanas! ... No one understands! ... Except cowboys. They do. I wish I was a cowboy. They're free. They just swing up and then it's miles of grass ... I bet all cowboys are *orphans*! ... I bet they are! 50

NURSE: Mr Strang to see you, Doctor.

DYSART [*in surprise*]: Mr Strang? Show him up, please. 55

ALAN: No one ever says to cowboys 'Receive my meaning'! They wouldn't dare. Or 'God' all the time [*Mimicking his mother.*] 'God sees you, Alan. God's got eyes everywhere –'

[*He stops abruptly.*] 60

I'm not doing any more! ... I hate this! ... You can whistle for any more. I've had it!

[*He returns angrily to his bed, throwing the blanket over him. DYSART switches off the tape.*]

Act 1, Scene 13

- | | | |
|-----------|--|----|
| LEONTES: | You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say ‘She is a goodly lady’ and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
“Tis pity she’s not honest – honourable’.
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight
The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands
That calumny doth use – O, I am out! –
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself – these shrugs, these hum’s and ha’s,
When you have said she’s goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she’s honest. But be’t known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She’s an adultress. | 5 |
| HERMIONE: | Should a villain say so,
The most replenish’d villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake. | 10 |
| LEONTES: | You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing!
Which I’ll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar. I have said
She’s an adultress; I have said with whom.
More, she’s a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her, and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal – that she’s
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold’st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape. | 20 |
| HERMIONE: | No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish’d me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say
You did mistake. | 25 |
| LEONTES: | No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy’s top. Away with her to prison.
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks. | 30 |
| | | 35 |
| | | 40 |
| | | 45 |

HERMIONE: There's some ill planet reigns.
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex 50
Commonly are – the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities – but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here which burns
Worse than tears down. Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities 55
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The King's will be perform'd!

LEONTES: [*To the Guard*] Shall I be heard?

HERMIONE: Who is't that goes with me? Beseech your Highness
My women may be with me, for you see 60
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord. 65
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

LEONTES: Go, do our bidding; hence!

[*Exeunt Hermione, guarded, and ladies.*]

Act 2, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV, Part 1*

- 3 **Either** (a) What, in your view, is the significance of the tavern scenes for the play as a whole?
- Or** (b) With close reference to language and action, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Glendower at this point in the play.

Wales. Glendower's castle.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

- MORTIMER: These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope. 5
- HOTSPUR: Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?
And uncle Worcester – a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.
- GLENDOWER: No, here it is. 10
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.
- HOTSPUR: And you in hell, as oft as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of. 15
- GLENDOWER: I cannot blame him: at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth 20
Shaked like a coward.
- HOTSPUR: Why, so it would have done at the same season if
your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had
never been born.
- GLENDOWER: I say the earth did shake when I was born. 25
- HOTSPUR: And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.
- GLENDOWER: The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.
- HOTSPUR: O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity. 30
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving, 35
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemp'rature,
In passion shook.

GLENDOWER: Cousin, of many men 40
 I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
 To tell you once again that at my birth
 The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
 The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
 Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields. 45
 These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
 And all the courses of my life do show
 I am not in the roll of common men.
 Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea
 That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales, 50
 Which calls me pupil or hath read to me?
 And bring him out that is but woman's son
 Can trace me in the tedious ways of art
 And hold me pace in deep experiments.
 HOTSPUR: I think there's no man speaks better Welsh. I'll to dinner. 55
 MORTIMER: Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.
 GLENDOWER: I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
 HOTSPUR: Why, so can I, or so can any man;
 But will they come when you do call for them?
 GLENDOWER: Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command 60
 The devil.
 HOTSPUR: And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
 By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.
 If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither;
 And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence. 65
 O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!
 MORTIMER: Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

Act 3, Scene 1

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Williams's main concern is with characters who live in fear of being hurt.'

To what extent would you agree with this view of the play?

- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage below, discuss Williams's presentation of tension between Stella and Stanley at this point in the play.

STANLEY: You know she's been feeding us a pack of lies here?

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Yes, did you know there was an army camp near Laurel and your sister's was one of the places called 'Out-of-Bounds'? Scene 7

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

5 **Either** (a) Discuss Wilde's presentation of politics in *An Ideal Husband*.

Or (b) With close reference to detail from the passage, discuss Wilde's presentation of the first meeting between Sir Robert Chiltern and Mrs Cheveley.

LADY MARKBY:	Let me introduce you. [To MRS CHEVELEY] My dear, Sir Robert Chiltern is dying to know you!	
SIR ROBERT CHILTERN	[<i>Bowing</i>]: Everyone is dying to know the brilliant Mrs Cheveley. Our attachés at Vienna write to us about nothing else.	5
MRS CHEVELEY:	Thank you, Sir Robert. An acquaintance that begins with a compliment is sure to develop into a real friendship. It starts in the right manner. And I find that I know Lady Chiltern already.	
SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:	Really?	10
MRS CHEVELEY:	Yes. She has just reminded me that we were at school together. I remember it perfectly now. She always got the good conduct prize. I have a distinct recollection of Lady Chiltern always getting the good conduct prize!	
SIR ROBERT CHILTERN	[<i>Smiling</i>]: And what prizes did you get, Mrs Cheveley?	15
MRS CHEVELEY:	My prizes came a little later on in life. I don't think any of them were for good conduct. I forget!	
SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:	I am sure they were for something charming!	
MRS CHEVELEY:	I don't know that women are always rewarded for being charming. I think they are usually punished for it! Certainly, more women grow old nowadays through the faithfulness of their admirers than through anything else! At least that is the only way I can account for the terribly haggard look of most of your pretty women in London!	20
SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:	What an appalling philosophy that sounds! To attempt to classify you, Mrs Cheveley, would be an impertinence. But may I ask, at heart, are you an optimist or a pessimist? Those seem to be the only two fashionable religions left to us nowadays.	25
MRS CHEVELEY:	Oh, I'm neither. Optimism begins in a broad grin, and Pessimism ends with blue spectacles. Besides, they are both of them merely poses.	30
SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:	You prefer to be natural?	
MRS CHEVELEY:	Sometimes. But it is such a very difficult pose to keep up.	35
SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:	What would those modern psychological novelists, of whom we hear so much, say to such a theory as that?	
MRS CHEVELEY:	Ah! the strength of women comes from the fact that psychology cannot explain us. Men can be analyzed, women ... merely adored.	40
SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:	You think science cannot grapple with the problem of women?	
MRS CHEVELEY:	Science can never grapple with the irrational. That is why it has no future before it, in this world.	45
SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:	And women represent the irrational.	
MRS CHEVELEY:	Well-dressed women do.	

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN [*with a polite bow*]: I fear I could hardly agree with you there. But do sit down. And now tell me, what makes you leave your brilliant Vienna for our gloomy London – or perhaps the question is indiscreet? 50

MRS CHEVELEY: Questions are never indiscreet. Answers sometimes are.

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: Well, at any rate, may I know if it is politics or pleasure?

MRS CHEVELEY: Politics are my only pleasure. You see nowadays it is not fashionable to flirt till one is forty, or to be romantic till one is forty-five, so we poor women who are under thirty, or say we are, have nothing open to us but politics or philanthropy. And philanthropy seems to me to have become simply the refuge of people who wish to annoy their fellow-creatures. I prefer politics. I think they are more ... becoming! 55

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: A political life is a noble career!

MRS CHEVELEY: Sometimes. And sometimes it is a clever game, Sir Robert. And sometimes it is a great nuisance. 60

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: Which do you find it?

MRS CHEVELEY: I? A combination of all three. 65

Drops her fan

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN [*Picks up fan*]: Allow me!

Act 1

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