



MINISTRY OF EDUCATION, SINGAPORE
in collaboration with
UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS SYNDICATE
General Certificate of Education Advanced Level
Higher 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9725/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

October/November 2011

3 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

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

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

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

Answer **three** questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.

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 19 printed pages and 1 blank page.



Singapore Examinations and Assessment Board



UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE
International Examinations

Section A

1

Either (a) Write a critical comparison of the following poems. Pay close attention to ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of a sense of mystery.

A

But often, in the world's most crowded streets,
 But often, in the din of strife,
 There rises an unspeakable desire
 After the knowledge of our buried life ;
 A thirst to spend our fire and restless force 5
 In tracking out our true, original course ;
 A longing to inquire
 Into the mystery of this heart which beats
 So wild, so deep in us—to know
 Whence our lives come and where they go. 10
 And many a man in his own breast then delves,
 But deep enough, alas ! none ever mines.
 And we have been on many thousand lines,
 And we have shown, on each, spirit and power ;
 But hardly have we, for one little hour, 15
 Been on our own line, have we been ourselves—
 Hardly had skill to utter one of all
 The nameless feelings that course through our breast,
 But they course on for ever unexpress'd.

from 'The Buried Life', Matthew Arnold (1822–1888)

B

THE THREAD

Something is very gently,
 invisibly, silently,
 pulling at me – a thread
 or net of threads
 finer than cobweb and as 5
 elastic. I haven't tried
 the strength of it. No barbed hook
 pierced and tore me. Was it
 not long ago this thread
 began to draw me? Or 10
 way back? Was I
 born with its knot about my
 neck, a bridle? Not fear
 but a stirring
 of wonder makes me 15
 catch my breath when I feel
 the tug of it when I thought
 it had loosened itself and gone.

Denise Levertov (1923–1997)

Or (b) Write a critical comparison of the following poems. Pay close attention to ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of endurance.

A THE SERF

His naked skin clothed in the torrid mist
 That puffs in smoke around the patient hooves,
 The ploughman drives, a slow somnambulist,
 And through the green his crimson furrow grooves.
 His heart, more deeply than he wounds the plain, 5
 Long by the rasping share of insult torn,
 Red clod, to which the war-cry once was rain
 And tribal spears the fatal sheaves of corn,
 Lies fallow now. But as the turf divides 10
 I see in the slow progress of his strides
 Over the toppled clods and falling flowers,
 The timeless, surly patience of the serf
 That moves the nearest to the naked earth
 And ploughs down palaces, and thrones, and towers.

Roy Campbell (1901–1957)

B A PEASANT

Iago Prytherch his name, though, be it allowed,
 Just an ordinary man of the bald Welsh hills,
 Who pens a few sheep in a gap of cloud.
 Docking mangels,¹ chipping the green skin 5
 From the yellow bones with a half-witted grin
 Of satisfaction, or churning the crude earth
 To a stiff sea of clods that glint in the wind –
 So are his days spent, his spittled mirth
 Rarer than the sun that cracks the cheeks 10
 Of the gaunt sky perhaps once in a week.
 And then at night see him fixed in his chair
 Motionless, except when he leans to gob in the fire.
 There is something frightening in the vacancy of his mind.
 His clothes, sour with years of sweat
 And animal contact, shock the refined, 15
 But affected, sense with their stark naturalness.
 Yet this is your prototype, who, season by season
 Against siege of rain and the wind's attrition,
 Preserves his stock, an impregnable fortress
 Not to be stormed even in death's confusion. 20
 Remember him, then, for he, too, is a winner of wars,
 Enduring like a tree under the curious stars.

R. S. Thomas (1913–2000)

¹ mangels: root vegetables

Section B

E.M. FORSTER: *A Room with a View*

2

- Either (a) 'The main theme of the novel is Lucy's realization of her own nature.'
How far do you agree with this comment on *A Room with a View*?
- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to Forster's narrative methods, here and elsewhere in the novel.

Of course Miss Bartlett accepted. And, equally of course, she felt sure that she would prove a nuisance, and begged to be given an inferior spare room – something with no view, anything. Her love to Lucy. And, equally of course, George Emerson could come to tennis on the Sunday week.

5

Lucy faced the situation bravely, though, like most of us, she only faced the situation that encompassed her. She never gazed inwards. If at times strange images rose from the depths, she put them down to nerves. When Cecil brought the Emersons to Summer Street, it had upset her nerves. Charlotte would burnish up past foolishness, and this might upset her nerves. She was nervous at night. When she talked to George – they met again almost immediately at the rectory – his voice moved her deeply, and she wished to remain near him. How dreadful if she really wished to remain near him! Of course, the wish was due to nerves, which love to play such perverse tricks upon us. Once she had suffered from 'things that came out of nothing and meant she didn't know what'. Now Cecil had explained psychology to her one wet afternoon, and all the troubles of youth in an unknown world could be dismissed.

10

15

It is obvious enough for the reader to conclude, 'She loves young Emerson.' A reader in Lucy's place would not find it obvious. Life is easy to chronicle, but bewildering to practise, and we welcome 'nerves' or any other shibboleth that will cloak our personal desire. She loved Cecil; George made her nervous; will the reader explain to her that the phrases should have been reversed?

20

25

But the external situation – she will face that bravely.

The meeting at the rectory had passed off well enough. Standing between Mr Beebe and Cecil, she had made a few temperate allusions to Italy, and George had replied. She was anxious to show that she was not shy, and was glad that he did not seem shy either.

30

'A nice fellow,' said Mr Beebe afterwards. 'He will work off his crudities in time. I rather mistrust young men who slip into life gracefully.'

Lucy said: 'He seems in better spirits. He laughs more.'

'Yes,' replied the clergyman. 'He is waking up.'

35

That was all. But, as the week wore on, more of her defences fell, and she entertained an image that had physical beauty.

In spite of the clearest directions, Miss Bartlett contrived to bungle her arrival. She was due at the South-Eastern station at Dorking, whither Mrs Honeychurch drove to meet her. She arrived at the London and Brighton station, and had to hire a cab up. No one was at home except Freddy and his friend, who had to stop their tennis and to entertain her for a solid hour. Cecil and Lucy turned up at four o'clock, and these, with little Minnie Beebe, made a somewhat lugubrious sextet upon the upper lawn for tea. 40

'I shall never forgive myself,' said Miss Bartlett, who kept on rising from her seat, and had to be begged by the united company to remain. 'I have upset everything. Bursting in on young people! But I insist on paying for my cab up. Grant me that, at any rate.' 45

'Our visitors never do such a dreadful thing,' said Lucy, while her brother, in whose memory the boiled egg had already grown unsubstantial, exclaimed in irritable tones: 'Just what I've been trying to convince Cousin Charlotte of, Lucy, for the last half-hour.' 50

'I do not feel myself an ordinary visitor,' said Miss Bartlett, and looked at her frayed gloves. 55

Chapter XIV

JEAN RHYS: *Wide Sargasso Sea*

3

- Either** (a) 'All the relationships in the novel have their roots in slavery.'
How far do you agree with this comment on *Wide Sargasso Sea*?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of Rochester's view of his marriage, here and elsewhere in the novel.

It was all very brightly coloured, very strange, but it meant nothing to me. Nor did she, the girl I was to marry. When at last I met her I bowed, smiled, kissed her hand, danced with her. I played the part I was expected to play. She never had anything to do with me at all. Every movement I made was an effort of will and sometimes I wondered that no one noticed this. I would listen to my own voice and marvel at it, calm, correct but toneless, surely. But I must have given a faultless performance. If I saw an expression of doubt or curiosity it was on a black face not a white one. 5

I remember little of the actual ceremony. Marble memorial tablets on the walls commemorating the virtues of the last generation of planters. All benevolent. All slave-owners. All resting in peace. When we came out of the church I took her hand. It was cold as ice in the hot sun. 10

Then I was at a long table in a crowded room. Palm leaf fans, a mob of servants, the women's head handkerchiefs striped red and yellow, the men's dark faces. The strong taste of punch, the cleaner taste of champagne, my bride in white but I hardly remember what she looked like. Then in another room women dressed in black. Cousin Julia, Cousin Ada, Aunt Lina. Thin or fat they all looked alike. Gold earrings in pierced ears. Silver bracelets jangling on their wrists. I said to one of them, 'We are leaving Jamaica tonight,' and she answered after a pause, 'Of course, Antoinette does not like Spanish Town. Nor did her mother.' Peering at me. (Do their eyes get smaller as they grow older? Smaller, beadier, more inquisitive?) After that I thought I saw the same expression on all their faces. Curiosity? Pity? Ridicule? But why should they pity me. I who have done so well for myself? 15

The morning before the wedding Richard Mason burst into my room at the Frasers' as I was finishing my first cup of coffee. 'She won't go through with it!' 20

'Won't go through with what?'

'She won't marry you.'

'But why?'

'She doesn't say why.'

'She must have some reason.' 25

'She won't give a reason. I've been arguing with the little fool for an hour.'

We stared at each other.

'Everything arranged, the presents, the invitations. What shall I tell your father?' He seemed on the verge of tears. 30

I said, 'If she won't, she won't. She can't be dragged to the altar. Let me get dressed. I must hear what she has to say.'

He went out meekly and while I dressed I thought that this would indeed make a fool of me. I did not relish going back to England in the role of rejected suitor jilted by this Creole girl. I must certainly know why. 45

She was sitting in a rocking-chair with her head bent. Her hair was in two long plaits over her shoulders. From a little distance I spoke gently. 'What is the matter, Antoinette? What have I done?'

She said nothing. 50

'You don't wish to marry me?'

'No.' She spoke in a very low voice.

'But why?'

'I'm afraid of what may happen.'

'But don't you remember last night I told you that when you are my wife there would not be any more reason to be afraid?' 55

'Yes,' she said. 'Then Richard came in and you laughed. I didn't like the way you laughed.'

'But I was laughing at myself, Antoinette.'

She looked at me and I took her in my arms and kissed her. 60

'You don't know anything about me,' she said.

'I'll trust you if you'll trust me. Is that a bargain? You will make me very unhappy if you send me away without telling me what I have done to displease you. I will go with a sad heart.'

'Your sad heart,' she said, and touched my face. I kissed her fervently, promising her peace, happiness, safety, but when I said, 'Can I tell poor Richard that it was a mistake? He is sad too,' she did not answer me. Only nodded. 65

Part Two

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

4

- Either** (a) 'A tragic romance of noble natures destroyed by circumstances.'
How far do you agree with this view of the novel?
- Or** (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the effects of setting here and elsewhere in the novel.

Summer drew to an end, and early Autumn – it was past Michaelmas, but the harvest was late that year, and a few of our fields were still uncleared.

Mr Linton and his daughter would frequently walk out among the reapers: at the carrying of the last sheaves, they stayed till dusk, and the evening happening to be chill and damp, my master caught a bad cold that, settling obstinately on his lungs, confined him indoors throughout the whole of the winter, nearly without intermission. 5

Poor Cathy, frightened from her little romance, had been considerably sadder and duller since its abandonment; and her father insisted on her reading less, and taking more exercise. She had his companionship no longer; I esteemed it a duty to supply its lack, as much as possible, with mine; an inefficient substitute, for I could only spare two or three hours, from my numerous diurnal occupations, to follow her footsteps, and then, my society was obviously less desirable than his. 10 15

On an afternoon in October, or the beginning of November, a fresh watery afternoon, when the turf and paths were rustling with moist, withered leaves, and the cold, blue sky was half hidden by clouds, dark grey streamers, rapidly mounting from the west, and boding abundant rain; I requested my young lady to forego her ramble because I was certain of showers. She refused; and I unwillingly donned a cloak, and took my umbrella to accompany her on a stroll to the bottom of the park; a formal walk which she generally affected if low-spirited; and that she invariably was when Mr Edgar had been worse than ordinary; a thing never known from his confession, but guessed both by her and me from his increased silence, and the melancholy of his countenance. 20 25

She went sadly on; there was no running or bounding now, though the chill wind might well have tempted her to a race. And often, from the side of my eye, I could detect her raising a hand, and brushing something off her cheek. 30

I gazed round for a means of diverting her thoughts. On one side of the road rose a high, rough bank, where hazels and stunted oaks, with their roots half exposed, held uncertain tenure: the soil was too loose for the latter; and strong winds had blown some nearly horizontal. In summer, Miss Catherine delighted to climb along these trunks, and sit in the branches, swinging twenty feet above the ground; and I, pleased with her agility, and her light, childish heart, still considered it proper to scold every time I caught her at such an elevation; but so that she knew there was no necessity for descending. From dinner to tea she would lie in her breeze-rocked cradle, doing nothing except singing old songs – my nursery lore – to herself, or watching the birds, joint tenants, feed and entice their young ones to fly, or nestling with closed lids, half thinking, half dreaming, happier than words can express. 35 40 45

'Look, Miss!' I exclaimed, pointing to a nook under the roots of one twisted tree. 'Winter is not here yet. There's a little flower, up yonder, the last bud from the multitude of blue-bells that clouded those turf steps in July with a lilac mist. Will you clamber up, and pluck it to show to papa?' 50

Cathy stared a long time at the lonely blossom trembling in its earthy shelter, and replied, at length –

'No, I'll not touch it – but it looks melancholy, does it not, Ellen?'

'Yes,' I observed, 'about as starved and sackless as you – your cheeks are bloodless; let us take hold of hands and run. You're so low, I dare say I shall keep up with you.' 55

'No,' she repeated, and continued sauntering on, pausing, at intervals, to muse over a bit of moss, or a tuft of blanched grass, or a fungus spreading its bright orange among the heaps of brown foliage; and, ever and anon, her hand was lifted to her averted face. 60

Volume II Chapter VIII

J. M. COETZEE: *Disgrace*

5

- Either** (a) Lurie says that Lucy “wants to live her own life.”
How convincing, in your view, is Coetzee's presentation of her decision to stay on her smallholding?
- Or** (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of crime and punishment here and elsewhere in the novel.

Farodia Rassool intervenes. ‘We are again going round in circles, Mr Chair. Yes, he says, he is guilty; but when we try to get specificity, all of a sudden it is not abuse of a young woman he is confessing to, just an impulse he could not resist, with no mention of the pain he has caused, no mention of the long history of exploitation of which this is part. That is why I say it is futile to go on debating with Professor Lurie. We must take his plea at face value and recommend accordingly.’ 5

Abuse: he was waiting for the word. Spoken in a voice quivering with righteousness. What does she see, when she looks at him, that keeps her at such a pitch of anger? A shark among the helpless little fishies? Or does she have another vision: of a great thick-boned male bearing down on a girl-child, a huge hand stifling her cries? How absurd! Then he remembers: they were gathered here yesterday in this same room, and she was before them, Melanie, who barely comes to his shoulder. Unequal: how can he deny that? 10

‘I tend to agree with Dr Rassool,’ says the businesswoman. ‘Unless there is something that Professor Lurie wants to add, I think we should proceed to a decision.’ 15

‘Before we do that, Mr Chair,’ says Swarts, ‘I would like to plead with Professor Lurie one last time. Is there any form of statement he would be prepared to subscribe to?’ 20

‘Why? Why is it so important that I subscribe to a statement?’

‘Because it would help to cool down what has become a very heated situation. Ideally we would all have preferred to resolve this case out of the glare of the media. But that has not been possible. It has received a lot of attention, it has acquired overtones that are beyond our control. All eyes are on the university to see how we handle it. I get the impression, listening to you, David, that you believe you are being treated unfairly. That is quite mistaken. We on this committee see ourselves as trying to work out a compromise which will allow you to keep your job. That is why I ask whether there is not a form of public statement that you could live with and that would allow us to recommend something less than the most severe sanction, namely, dismissal with censure.’ 25

‘You mean, will I humble myself and ask for clemency?’ 35

Swarts sighs. ‘David, it doesn’t help to sneer at our efforts. At least accept an adjournment, so that you can think your position over.’

‘What do you want the statement to contain?’

‘An admission that you were wrong.’

‘I have admitted that. Freely. I am guilty of the charges brought against me.’ 40

‘Don’t play games with us, David. There is a difference between pleading guilty to a charge and admitting you were wrong, and you know that.’

‘And that will satisfy you: an admission I was wrong?’ 45

'No,' says Farodia Rassool. 'That would be back to front. *First* Professor Lurie must make his statement. *Then* we can decide whether to accept it in mitigation. We don't negotiate first on what should be in his statement. The statement should come from him, in his own words. Then we can see if it comes from his heart.' 50

'And you trust yourself to divine that, from the words I use – to divine whether it comes from my heart?

'We will see what attitude you express. We will see whether you express contrition.'

'Very well. I took advantage of my position vis-à-vis Ms Isaacs. It was wrong, and I regret it. Is that good enough for you?' 55

'The question is not whether it is good enough for me, Professor Lurie, the question is whether it is good enough for *you*. Does it reflect your sincere feelings?'

He shakes his head. 'I have said the words for you, now you want more, you want me to demonstrate their sincerity. That is preposterous. That is beyond the scope of the law. I have had enough. Let us go back to playing it by the book. I plead guilty. That is as far as I am prepared to go.' 60

'Right,' says Mathabane from the chair. 'If there are no more questions for Professor Lurie, I will thank him for attending and excuse him.' 65

Chapter 6

Section C

HAROLD PINTER: *The Birthday Party*

6

Either (a) 'Throughout the play the atmosphere of menace grows and changes.'
How far do you agree with this comment?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the portrayal of the relationship between Meg and Stanley, here and elsewhere in the play.

<i>Meg:</i>	Was it nice?	
<i>Stanley:</i>	What?	
<i>Meg:</i>	The fried bread.	
<i>Stanley:</i>	Succulent.	
<i>Meg:</i>	You shouldn't say that word.	5
<i>Stanley:</i>	What word?	
<i>Meg:</i>	That word you said.	
<i>Stanley:</i>	What, succulent –?	
<i>Meg:</i>	Don't say it!	
<i>Stanley:</i>	What's the matter with it?	10
<i>Meg:</i>	You shouldn't say that word to a married woman.	
<i>Stanley:</i>	Is that a fact?	
<i>Meg:</i>	Yes.	
<i>Stanley:</i>	Well, I never knew that.	
<i>Meg:</i>	Well, it's true.	15
<i>Stanley:</i>	Who told you that?	
<i>Meg:</i>	Never you mind.	
<i>Stanley:</i>	Well, if I can't say it to a married woman who can I say it to?	
<i>Meg:</i>	You're bad.	20
<i>Stanley:</i>	What about some tea?	
<i>Meg:</i>	Do you want some tea? [STANLEY reads the paper.] Say please.	
<i>Stanley:</i>	Please.	
<i>Meg:</i>	Say sorry first.	25
<i>Stanley:</i>	Sorry first.	
<i>Meg:</i>	No. Just sorry.	
<i>Stanley:</i>	Just sorry!	
<i>Meg:</i>	You deserve the strap.	
<i>Stanley:</i>	Don't do that!	30
	<i>She takes his plate and ruffles his hair as she passes. STANLEY exclaims and throws her arm away. She goes into the kitchen. He rubs his eyes under his glasses and picks up the paper. She enters.</i>	
<i>Meg:</i>	I brought the pot in.	35
<i>Stanley:</i>	[absently] I don't know what I'd do without you.	
<i>Meg:</i>	You don't deserve it though.	
<i>Stanley:</i>	Why not?	
<i>Meg:</i>	[pouring the tea, coyly] Go on. Calling me that.	
<i>Stanley:</i>	How long has that tea been in the pot?	40
<i>Meg:</i>	It's good tea. Good strong tea.	
<i>Stanley:</i>	This isn't tea. It's gravy!	
<i>Meg:</i>	It's not.	

- Stanley:* Get out of it. You succulent old washing bag.
- Meg:* I am not! And it isn't your place to tell me if I am! 45
- Stanley:* And it isn't your place to come into a man's bedroom and – wake him up.
- Meg:* Stanny! Don't you like your cup of tea of a morning – the one I bring you?
- Stanley:* I can't drink this muck. Didn't anybody ever tell you to warm the pot, at least? 50
- Meg:* That's good strong tea, that's all.
- Stanley:* [*putting his head in his hands*] Oh God, I'm tired.
- Silence.* MEG goes to the sideboard, collects a duster, and vaguely dusts the room, watching him. 55
- She comes to the table and dusts it.*
- Not the bloody table!
- Pause.*
- Meg:* Stan?
- Stanley:* What? 60
- Meg:* [*shyly*]. Am I really succulent?
- Stanley:* Oh, you are. I'd rather have you than a cold in the nose any day.
- Meg:* You're just saying that.
- Stanley:* [*violently*]. Look, why don't you get this place cleared up! It's a pigsty. And another thing, what about my room? It needs sweeping. It needs papering. I need a new room! 65
- Meg:* [*sensual, stroking his arm*]. Oh, Stan, that's a lovely room. I've had some lovely afternoons in that room. 70

Act One

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

7

Either (a) 'If there is a purpose to the play it is to ridicule the shallowness of the society it reflects.'

How far do you find this a helpful comment on *The Importance of Being Earnest*?

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, with particular reference to the significance of Bunburying, here and elsewhere in the play.

Algernon: I suspected that, my dear fellow! I have Bunburied all over Shropshire on two separate occasions. Now, go on. Why are you Ernest in town and Jack in the country?

Jack: My dear Algy, I don't know whether you will be able to understand my real motives. You are hardly serious enough. When one is placed in the position of guardian, one has to adopt a very high moral tone on all subjects. It's one's duty to do so. And as a high moral tone can hardly be said to conduce very much to either one's health or one's happiness, in order to get up to town I have always pretended to have a younger brother of the name of Ernest, who lives in the Albany, and gets into the most dreadful scrapes. That, my dear Algy, is the whole truth pure and simple. 5

Algernon: The truth is rarely pure and never simple. Modern life would be very tedious if it were either, and modern literature a complete impossibility!

Jack: That wouldn't be at all a bad thing. 10

Algernon: Literary criticism is not your forte my dear fellow. Don't try it. You should leave that to people who haven't been at a University. They do it so well in the daily papers. What you really are is a Bunburyist. I was quite right in saying you were a Bunburyist. You are one of the most advanced Bunburyists I know. 15

Jack: What on earth do you mean?

Algernon: You have invented a very useful younger brother called Ernest, in order that you may be able to come up to town as often as you like. I have invented an invaluable permanent invalid called Bunbury, in order that I may be able to go down into the country whenever I choose. Bunbury is perfectly invaluable. If it wasn't for Bunbury's extraordinary bad health, for instance, I wouldn't be able to dine with you at Willis's to-night, for I have been really engaged to Aunt Augusta for more than a week. 20

Jack: I haven't asked you to dine with me anywhere to-night.

Algernon: I know. You are absurdly careless about sending out invitations. It is very foolish of you. Nothing annoys people so much as not receiving invitations. 25

Jack:

You had much better dine with your Aunt Augusta.

Algernon:

I haven't the smallest intention of doing anything of the kind. To begin with, I dined there on Monday, and once a week is quite enough to dine with one's own relations. In the second place, whenever I do dine there I am always treated as a member of the family, and sent down with either no woman at all, or two. In the third place, I know perfectly well whom she will place me next to, to-night. She will place me next Mary Farquhar, who always flirts with her own husband across the dinner-table. That is not very pleasant. Indeed, it is not even decent – and that sort of thing is enormously on the increase. The amount of women in London who flirt with their own husbands is perfectly scandalous. It looks so bad. It is simply washing one's clean linen in public. Besides, now that I know you to be a confirmed Bunburyist I naturally want to talk to you about Bunburying. I want to tell you the rules.

45

50

55

60

Act 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

8

- Either (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of dreams in *Richard III*.
- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the dramatisation of deception here and elsewhere in the play.

	<i>Enter</i> BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HASTINGS, <i>the</i> BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVELL, <i>with</i> Others <i>and seat themselves at a table.</i>	
Hastings:	Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met Is to determine of the coronation.	5
	In God's name speak – when is the royal day?	
Buckingham:	Is all things ready for the royal time?	
Derby:	It is, and wants but nomination.	
Ely:	To-morrow then I judge a happy day.	
Buckingham:	Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein? Who is most inward with the noble Duke?	10
Ely:	Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.	
Buckingham:	We know each other's faces; for our hearts, He knows no more of mine than I of yours; Or I of his, my lord, than you of mine.	15
Hastings:	Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well; But for his purpose in the coronation I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd His gracious pleasure any way therein.	20
	But you, my honourable lords, may name the time; And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice, Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part. <i>Enter</i> GLOUCESTER.	
Ely:	In happy time, here comes the Duke himself.	25
Gloucester:	My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow. I have been long a sleeper, but I trust My absence doth neglect no great design Which by my presence might have been concluded.	
Buckingham:	Had you not come upon your cue, my lord, William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part – I mean, your voice for crowning of the King.	30
Gloucester:	Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder; His lordship knows me well and loves me well. My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn I saw good strawberries in your garden there. I do beseech you send for some of them.	35
Ely:	Marry and will, my lord, with all my heart.	
	[<i>Exit.</i>	
Gloucester:	Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. [<i>Takes him aside.</i> Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business, And finds the testy gentleman so hot That he will lose his head ere give consent His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it, Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.	40
		45

- Buckingham:* Withdraw yourself awhile; I'll go with you.
 [Exeunt GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM.]
- Derby:* We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
 To-morrow, in my judgement, is too sudden, 50
 For I myself am not so well provided
 As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.
Re-enter the BISHOP OF ELY.
- Ely:* Where is my lord the Duke of Gloucester?
 I have sent for these strawberries. 55
- Hastings:* His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;
 There's some conceit or other likes him well
 When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
 I think there's never a man in Christendom
 Can lesser hide his love or hate than he; 60
 For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
- Derby:* What of his heart perceive you in his face
 By any livelihood he show'd to-day?
- Hastings:* Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
 For, were he, he had shown it in his looks. 65

Act 3, Scene 4

DAVID AUBURN: *Proof*

9

- Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of mathematicians and mathematics in the play.
- Or** (b) Write a critical commentary on the passage below, paying particular attention to the portrayal of the relationship between father and daughter here and elsewhere in the play.

Catherine: Dad, what do you want to eat?
Robert : I don't know.
Catherine: Well I don't know what to get.
Robert: I'll shop.
Catherine: No. 5
Robert: I'll do it.
Catherine: No, Dad, rest.
Robert: I wanted to take a walk anyway.
Catherine: Are you sure?
Robert: Yes. What about a walk to the lake? You and me. 10
Catherine: All right.
Robert: I would love to go to the lake. Then on the way home we'll stop at the store, see what jumps out at us.
Catherine: It's warm. It would be nice, if you're up for it.
Robert: You're damn right I'm up for it. We'll work up an appetite. Give me ten seconds, let me put this stuff away and we're out the door. 15
Catherine: I'm going to school.
 [Beat.]
Robert: When? 20
Catherine: I'm gonna start at Northwestern at the end of the month.
Robert: Northwestern?
Catherine: They were great about my credits. They're taking me in as a sophomore. I wasn't sure when to talk to you about it. 25
Robert: Northwestern?
Catherine: Yes.
Robert: What's wrong with Chicago?
Catherine: You still teach there. I'm sorry, it's too weird, taking classes in your department. 30
Robert: It's a long drive.
Catherine: Not that long, half an hour.
Robert: Still, twice a day ...
Catherine: Dad, I'd live there. 35
 [Beat.]
Robert: You'd actually want to live in Evanston?
Catherine: Yes. I'll still be close. I can come home whenever you want.
 You've been well – really well – for almost seven months. I don't think you need me here every minute of the day. 40
 [Beat.]
Robert: This is all a done deal? You're in.
Catherine: Yes. 45
Robert: You're sure.

Catherine: Yes.
Robert: Who pays for it?
Catherine: They're giving me a free ride, Dad. They've been great. 50
Robert: On tuition, sure. What about food, books, clothes, gas, meals out – do you plan to have a social life?
Catherine: I don't know.
Robert: You gotta pay your own way on dates, at least the early dates, say the first three, otherwise they expect something. 55
Catherine: The money will be fine. Claire's gonna help out.
Robert: When did you talk to Claire?
Catherine: I don't know, a couple weeks ago.
Robert: You talk to her before you talk to me? 60
Catherine: There were a lot of details to work out. She was great, she offered to take care of all the expenses.
Robert: This is a big step. A different *city* –
Catherine: It's not even a long-distance phone call.
Robert: It's a huge place. They're serious up there. I mean serious. Yeah the football's a disaster but the math guys don't kid around. You haven't been in school. You sure you're ready? You can get buried up there. 65
Catherine: I'll be all right.
Robert: You're way behind. 70
Catherine: I know.
Robert: A year, at least.
Catherine: Thank you, *I know*. Look, I don't know if this is a good idea. I don't know if I can handle the work. I don't know if I can handle *any* of it. 75
Robert: For Chrissake, Catherine, you should have talked to me.
Catherine: Dad. Listen. If you ever ... if for any reason it ever turned out that you needed me here full-time again –
Robert: *I won't*. That's not – 80

Act 2, Scene 1

BLANK PAGE

Copyright Acknowledgements:

- Question 1a © Denise Levertov; 'The Thread' in *Selected Poems*; Bloodaxe Books; 1986.
Question 1b © Roy Campbell; 'The Serf', in *Collected Works*; AD Donker; 1985.
Question 1b © R. S. Thomas; 'A Peasant', in *Poetry of the Forties*; Penguin; 1968.
Question 2b © E.M. Forster; *A Room with a View*; Penguin Books Ltd; 2000.
Question 3b © Jean Rhys; *Wide Sargasso Sea*; Penguin Books Ltd; 1997.
Question 5b © J.M. Coetzee; *Disgrace*; Peter, Fraser & Dunlop; 2000.
Question 6b © Harold Pinter; *The Birthday Party*; Faber & Faber; 1982.
Question 9b © David Auburn; *Proof*; Faber & Faber; 2001.

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (UCLES) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

University of Cambridge International Examinations is part of the Cambridge Assessment Group. Cambridge Assessment is the brand name of University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate (UCLES), which is itself a department of the University of Cambridge.