



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

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH (US)

9276/04

Paper 4 Drama May/June 2013

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 Center 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.



ARTHUR MILLER: All My Sons

1 Either (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of George Deever in All My Sons.

Or (b) Comment closely on Miller's dramatic presentation of the relationship between Chand his father in the following extract.

Chris:	All right, all right, listen to me. [Slight pause. KELLER sits on settee.] You know why I asked Annie here, don't you?	
Keller:	[he knows, but]: Why?	
Chris:	You know.	5
Keller:	Well, I got an idea, but What's the story?	
Chris:	I'm going to ask her to marry me. [Slight pause.]	
Keller:	[nods] Well, that's only your business, Chris.	
Chris:	You know it's not only my business.	
Keller:	What do you want me to do? You're old enough to know your own mind.	10
Chris:	[asking, annoyed] Then it's all right, I'll go ahead with it?	
Keller:	Well, you want to be sure Mother isn't going to	
Chris:	Then it isn't just my business.	15
Keller:	I'm just sayin'	
Chris:	Sometimes you infuriate me, you know that? Isn't it your business, too, if I tell this to Mother and she throws a fit about it? You have such a talent for ignoring things.	20
Keller:	I ignore what I gotta ignore. The girl is Larry's girl	
Chris:	She's not Larry's girl.	
Keller:	From Mother's point of view he is not dead and you have no right to take his girl. [Slight pause] Now you can go on from there if you know where to go, but I'm tellin' you I don't know where to go. See? I don't know. Now what can I do for you?	25
Chris:	I don't know why it is, but every time I reach out for something I want, I have to pull back because other people will suffer. My whole bloody life, time after time after time.	30
Keller:	You're a considerate fella, there's nothing wrong in that.	
Chris:	To hell with that.	
Keller:	Did you ask Annie yet?	35
Chris:	I wanted to get this settled first.	

How do you know she'll marry you? Maybe she

feels the same way Mother does?

Keller:

		9
Chris:	Well, if she does, then that's the end of it. From her letters I think she's forgotten him. I'll find out. And then we'll thrash it out with Mother? Right? Dad, don't avoid me.	Macambridge com
Keller:	The trouble is, you don't see enough women. You never did.	S.COM
Chris:	So what? I'm not fast with women.	45
Keller:	I don't see why it has to be Annie	
Chris:	Because it is.	
Keller:	That's a good answer, but it don't answer anything. You haven't seen her since you went to war. It's five years.	50
Chris:	I can't help it. I know her best. I was brought up next door to her. These years when I think of someone for my wife, I think of Annie. What do you want, a diagram?	
Keller:	I don't want a diagram I I'm She thinks he's coming back, Chris. You marry that girl and you're pronouncing him dead. Now what's going to happen to Mother? Do you know? I don't! [Pause.]	55
Chris:	All right, then, Dad.	
Keller:	[thinking Chris has retreated] Give it some more thought.	60
Chris:	I've given it three years of thought. I'd hoped that if I waited, Mother would forget Larry and then we'd have a regular wedding and everything happy. But if that can't happen here, then I'll have to get out.	65
	Act 1	

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: As You Like It

2 **Either** (a) 'Love is merely a madness.' (Rosalind)

To what extent does the dramatic action of the play support this view?

www.PapaCambridge.com (b) With close reference to detail in the following passage, discuss Shakespeare's initial Or presentation of life in the Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS,	and two or three I OF	RDS like foresters
EIILEI DUNE SENIUN. AMIENS.	and two or times Lor	103. IIKE IUIESIEIS.

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile, Hath not old custom made this life more sweet Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods More free from peril than the envious court? Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,	5
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang And churlish chiding of the winter's wind, Which when it bites and blows upon my body, Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say 'This is no flattery; these are coursellors	10
That feelingly persuade me what I am'. Sweet are the uses of adversity; Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,	10
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head; And this our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything. I would not change it.	15
Happy is your Grace, That can translate the stubbornness of fortune Into so quiet and so sweet a style.	20
Come, shall we go and kill us venison? And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools, Being native burghers of this desert city, Should, in their own confines, with forked heads Have their round haunches gor'd.	25
Indeed, my lord,	
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that; And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.	30
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself Did steal behind him as he lay along Under an oak whose antique root peeps out	
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood! To the which place a poor sequest'red stag, That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,	35
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans	
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears	40
	Hath not old custom made this life more sweet Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods More free from peril than the envious court? Here feel we not the penalty of Adam, The seasons' difference; as the icy fang And churlish chiding of the winter's wind, Which when it bites and blows upon my body, Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say 'This is no flattery; these are counsellors That feelingly persuade me what I am'. Sweet are the uses of adversity; Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head; And this our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything. I would not change it. Happy is your Grace, That can translate the stubbornness of fortune Into so quiet and so sweet a style. Come, shall we go and kill us venison? And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools, Being native burghers of this desert city, Should, in their own confines, with forked heads Have their round haunches gor'd. Indeed, my lord, The melancholy Jaques grieves at that; And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you. To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself Did steal behind him as he lay along Under an oak whose antique root peeps out Upon the brook that brawls along this wood! To the which place a poor sequest'red stag, That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt, Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord, The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat

Cours'd one another down his innocent nose In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool, Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,

www.PapaCambridge.com Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook, Augmenting it with tears. Duke Senior: But what said Jaques? Did he not moralize this spectacle? 1 Lord: O, yes, into a thousand similes. First, for his weeping into the needless stream: 'Poor deer,' quoth he 'thou mak'st a testament 50 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more To that which had too much'. Then, being there alone, Left and abandoned of his velvet friends: "Tis right;' quoth he 'thus misery doth part The flux of company'. Anon, a careless herd, 55 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him And never stays to greet him. 'Ay,' quoth Jaques 'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens; 'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?' 60 Thus most invectively he pierceth through The body of the country, city, court, Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse, To fright the animals, and to kill them up 65 In their assign'd and native dwelling-place. Duke Senior: And did you leave him in this contemplation? 2 Lord: We did, my lord, weeping and commenting Upon the sobbing deer. Duke Senior: 70 Show me the place; I love to cope him in these sullen fits, For then he's full of matter. 1 Lord: I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.

Act 2, Scene 1

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Measure for Measure

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			WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Measure for Measure	A Car
3	Either	(a) Discus	ss the presentation and dramatic significance of Lucio in Measure	e for M. Tahi
	Or		close attention to detail in the following passage, discuss S ntation of the Duke at this point in the play.	e for Im
		Duke:	For this new-married man approaching here, Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well-defended honour, you must pardon For Mariana's sake; but as he adjudg'd your brother — Being criminal in double violation Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach, Thereon dependent, for your brother's life — The very mercy of the law cries out Most audible, even from his proper tongue, 'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!' Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure; Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure. Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested, Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage. We do condemn thee to the very block	5 10
		Mariana:	Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste. Away with him! O my most gracious lord,	.0
		Duke:	I hope you will not mock me with a husband. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband. Consenting to the safeguard of your honour, I thought your marriage fit; else imputation, For that he knew you, might reproach your life, And choke your good to come. For his possessions,	20
			Although by confiscation they are ours, We do instate and widow you withal, To buy you a better husband.	25
		Mariana:	O my dear lord, I crave no other, nor no better man.	
		Duke:	Never crave him; we are definitive.	30
		Mariana: Duke:	Gentle, my liege – [Kneeling. You do but lose your labour. Away with him to death! [To Lucio] Now, sir, to you.	
		Mariana:	O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part; Lend me your knees, and all my life to come I'll lend you all my life to do you service.	35
		Duke:	Against all sense you do importune her. Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact, Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break, And take her hence in horror.	40
		Mariana:	Isabel, Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me; Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all. They say best men are moulded out of faults;	

And, for the most, become much more the better

45

For being a little bad; so may my husband.

O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

Duke: He dies for Claudio's death.

www.PapaCambridge.com Isabella: [Kneeling] Most bounteous sir,

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,

As if my brother liv'd. I partly think A due sincerity govern'd his deeds Till he did look on me; since it is so,

Let him not to die. My brother had but justice, In that he did the thing for which he died;

For Angelo,

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent, And must be buried but as an intent

That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no subjects;

Intents but merely thoughts.

Mariana: Merely, my lord.

Duke: Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.

Act 5, Scene 1

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TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: The Glass Menagerie

4 Either (a) Discuss Williams's dramatic use of symbols and symbolism in the play.

Or (b) What might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience during the following scene You should pay close attention to both dialogue and action.

crouches bei and ritualistic The arrange more becom LAURA: she	ids in the middle with lifted arms while AMANDA fore her, adjusting the hem of the new dress, devout c. The dress is coloured and designed by memory. If the memory is changed; it is softer and sing. A fragile, unearthly prettiness has come out in its like a piece of translucent glass touched by light, mentary radiance, not actual, not lasting.]	5	
Amanda:	[impatiently] Why are you trembling?		
Laura:	Mother, you've made me so nervous!		
Amanda:	manda: How have I made you nervous?		
Laura:	By all this fuss! You make it seem so important!		
Amanda:	I don't understand you, Laura. You couldn't be satisfied with just sitting home, and yet whenever I try to arrange something for you, you seem to resist it. [She gets up.] Now take a look at yourself. No, wait! Wait just a moment – I have an idea!	15	
Laura:	What is it now?		
	[AMANDA produces two powder puffs which she wraps in handkerchiefs and stuffs in LAURA's bosom.]	20	
Laura:	Mother, what are you doing?		
Amanda:	They call them 'Gay Deceivers'!		
Laura:	I won't wear them!		
Amanda:	You will!	25	
Laura:	Why should I?		
Amanda:	Because, to be painfully honest, your chest is flat.		
Laura:	You make it seem like we were setting a trap.		
Amanda:	All pretty girls are a trap, a pretty trap, and men expect them to be!	30	
	[LEGEND: 'A PRETTY TRAP'.]		
	Now look at yourself, young lady. This is the prettiest you will ever be! I've got to fix myself now! You're going to be surprised by your mother's appearance! [She crosses through portières, humming gaily.]	35	
	[LAURA moves slowly to the long mirror and stares solemnly at herself. A wind blows the white curtains inward in a slow, graceful motion and with a faint, sorrowful sighing.]	40	

	3	8
Amanda:	[off stage] It isn't dark enough yet. [LAURA turns slowly before the mirror with a troubled look.]	ac any
	[LEGEND ON SCREEN: 'THIS IS MY SISTER: CELEBRATE HER WITH STRINGS!' MUSIC.]	Stracambridge.com
Amanda:	[laughing, off] I'm going to show you something. I'm going to make a spectacular appearance!	45 COM
Laura:	What is it, Mother?	
Amanda:	Possess your soul in patience – you will see! Something I've resurrected from that old trunk! Styles haven't changed so terribly much after all	50
	[She parts the portières.]	
	Now just look at your mother!	
	[She wears a girlish frock of yellowed voile with a blue silk sash. She carries a bunch of jonquils – the legend of her youth is nearly revived.]	<i>55</i>
	Scene 6	

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ATHOL FUGARD: Township Plays

5 **Either** (a) Discuss Fugard's presentation of everyday life in two of the plays you have

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> Where do I begin? Queeny:

Johnny: There is a name for everything.

Queeny: Nongogo. Johnny: Jesus!

Queeny: Yes ... Nongogo ... a woman for two and six. Don't you think

that was a bargain? Me for two and six? And you're seeing me when I'm older and fat. You should have seen me then ... 5

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Maybe you would have joined the queue.

Johnny: No!

Queeny: Yes ... I'm telling you yes!

10

Johnny: Stop it.

Queenv: You wanted to know so I'm telling you, Johnny, and now

you got to listen. I did it because I was hungry, because I had sworn to myself I was going to make enough to tell the rest of the world to go to hell. And nothing makes money like Sam organizing the business. We started with queues around the mine dumps at night. I can also tell you a few things about compounds, Johnny. But we ended big ... one man at a time. That's how I got here and Sam got his shop across the street and that's the ten pounds that bought you rags and the first decent thing I've ever had in my life. Because if you think I liked it or wanted it that way you're so far away from knowing what a woman is, you can forget them. I'm a woman, Johnny. I never stopped being one, but

no one's given me a chance. I've had men but never one who treated me like I mattered far more than just a night in bed. Because that man I'll love. If he'll just take me, for what I want to be, and not what I was, I'll make him happy. God's been generous in what he's given me. In body, in feelings, in

the need for love ... give me a chance ...

Johnny: Stop using words that mean nothing. Love, chance ... God

> made me without the one and my life's had nothing of the other. Why didn't you say you were filth ... like me? When I walked in here last night, why didn't you recognize another piece of trash? Why did I have to think you were different?

Queeny: Different from what? The respectable people out there?

Respectable? They were my customers ... the ones that lived cleanest and hated filth ... like you! I've found Bibles in their pockets when they lay sleeping in my bed, with pictures of their pretty wives and nice clean children. And I

bet Daddy took them all to church on Sundays.

Johnny: Don't drag everything into the gutter with you, Queeny.

I'm not the landlord of that strip of muck, Johnny. Everybody Queeny:

owns a plot down there.

Johnny: Some of us try to crawl out of it.

Queeny: What do you think I've been doing for five years? It had ended, Johnny, it was dead and buried when you walked in here. But you won't let it stay that way, will you? You'd be

www.papaCambridge.com worse than Sam, who just sighs when he passes the grave. You've dug it up. You've performed a miracle, Johnny. The miracle of Jesus and the dead body. You've brought it back to life. The warmth of your hate, the breath of your disgust, has got it living again. I'm not too old ... not too fat ... even you looked at me like you never looked at another woman. God's put a lot of men onto this earth. There are a lot of streets I haven't walked, lamp-posts I haven't stood under,

faces I haven't smiled at.

[Hands on her hips, she starts laughing at Johnny and walks up to him provocatively. He turns and goes out, with Queeny laughing loudly. When Johnny has gone, Queeny goes to 60

the door, flings it open, and shouts out into the street.]

Queeny: Where's everybody? This damn place is a graveyard! I've got a locker full of booze and it's not diluted!

> [Queeny goes back into the room. She goes to the mirror, puts on lipstick ... rouge ... earrings ... bracelets, and dolls

herself up into the real tart.]

Sam: [appearing at the door]. Did I hear right?

Queeny: What did you hear, Sam?

Sam: I heard something that sounded like the old Queeny.

Queeny: There's nothing wrong with your hearing. 70

Act 2

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12

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