Section A: Drama

Answer one question from this section.

ROBERT BOLT: *A Man for All Seasons*

**Question 1**

**EITHER**

(a) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Bolt present political ambition in *A Man for All Seasons*? [25]

(b) Discuss Bolt’s presentation of Sir Thomas More at this point in the play. In your answer, you should refer in detail to Bolt’s use of language and action in the extract. [25]

---

*Cromwell:* Sir Richard, have you anything to add?

*Richard:* Nothing, Mr Secretary.

*Norfolk:* Sir Thomas?

*More:* [looking at FOREMAN]: To what purpose? I am a dead man. [To CROMWELL.] You have your desire of me. What you have hunted me for is not my actions, but the thoughts of my heart. It is a long road you have opened. For first men will disclaim their hearts and presently they will have no hearts. God help the people whose Statesmen walk your road.

*Norfolk:* Then the witness may withdraw.

[RICH crosses stage, watched by MORE.]

*More:* I have one question to ask the witness. [RICH stops.]

That’s a chain of office you are wearing. [Reluctantly RICH faces him.] May I see it? [NORFOLK motions him to approach. MORE examines the medallion.] The red dragon. [To CROMWELL.] What’s this?

*Cromwell:* Sir Richard is appointed Attorney-General for Wales.

*More:* [looking into RICH’s face: with pain and amusement]: For Wales? Why, Richard, it profits a man nothing to give his soul for the whole world … But for Wales! —

[Exit RICH, stiff faced, but infrangibly dignified.]

*Cromwell:* Now I must ask the Court’s indulgence! I have a message for the prisoner from the King: [urgent] Sir Thomas, I am empowered to tell you that even now —

*More:* No no, it cannot be.

*Cromwell:* The case rests! [NORFOLK is staring at MORE.] My lord!

*Norfolk:* The Jury will retire and consider the evidence.

*Cromwell:* Considering the evidence it shouldn’t be necessary for them to retire. [Standing over FOREMAN.] Is it necessary?
[FOREMAN shakes his head.]

Norfolk: Then is the prisoner guilty or not guilty? 30

Foreman: Guilty, my lord!

Norfolk: [leaping to his feet; all rise save MORE] Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty of High Treason. The sentence of the Court —

More: My lord!

[NORFOLK breaks off. MORE has a sly smile. From this point to end of play his manner is of one who has fulfilled all his obligations and will now consult no interests but his own.]

My lord, when I was practising the law, the manner was to ask the prisoner before pronouncing sentence, if he had anything to say.

Norfolk: [flummoxed]: Have you anything to say? 40

More: Yes. [He rises: all others sit.] To avoid this I have taken every path my winding wits would find. Now that the court has determined to condemn me, God knoweth how, I will discharge my mind ... concerning my indictment and the King's title. The indictment is grounded in an Act of Parliament which is directly repugnant to the Law of God. The King in Parliament cannot bestow the Supremacy of the Church because it is a Spiritual Supremacy! And more to this the immunity of the Church is promised both in Magna Carta and the King's own Coronation Oath!

Cromwell: Now we plainly see that you are malicious!

More: Not so, Mr Secretary! [He pauses, and launches, very quietly, ruminatively, into his final stock-taking.] I am the King's true subject, and pray for him and all the realm ... I do none harm, I say none harm, I think none harm. And if this be not enough to keep a man alive, in good faith I long not to live ... I have, since I came into prison, been several times in such a case that I thought to die within the hour, and I thank Our Lord I was never sorry for it, but rather sorry when it passed. And therefore, my poor body is at the King's pleasure. Would God my death might do him some good ... [With a great flash of scorn and anger.] Nevertheless, it is not for the Supremacy that you have sought my blood – but because I would not bend to the marriage! 55

[Immediately scene change commences, while NORFOLK reads the sentence.]

Norfolk: Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty on the charge of High Treason. The sentence of the Court is that you shall be taken from this Court to the Tower, thence to the place of execution, and there your head shall be stricken from your body, and may God have mercy on your soul! 65

Act 2
Question 2

EITHER

(a) How, and with what dramatic effects, does Shakespeare present love in the play?  

OR

(b) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Shakespeare present Helena at this point in the play? You should refer in detail to the extract in your answer.

Hermia: What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lysander: Lysander's love, that would not let him bide –
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

Hermia: You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Helena: Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! Most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd,
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us – O, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Hermia: I am amazed at your passionate words; I scorn you not;
it seems that you scorn me.
Helena: Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unlov’d?
This you should pity rather than despise.

Hermia: I understand not what you mean by this.

Helena: Ay, do – persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up;
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well; ’tis partly my own fault,
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lysander: Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Helena: O excellent!

Hermia: Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Act 3, Scene 2
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Richard III

Question 3

EITHER

(a) Discuss the importance and dramatic effects of dreams and dreaming in the play Richard III. [25]

OR

(b) Discuss Shakespeare’s dramatic presentation of dishonesty and deception at this point in the play. In your answer, you should refer in detail to Shakespeare’s use of language and action in the extract. [25]

Enter LOVELL and RATCLIFF, with Hastings’ head.

Gloucester: Be patient; they are friends – Ratcliff and Lovell. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor, The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Lovell: So dear I lov’d the man that I must weep. I took him for the plainest harmless creature That breath’d upon the earth a Christian; Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded The history of all her secret thoughts. So smooth he daub’d his vice with show of virtue That, his apparent open guilt omitted, I mean his conversation with Shore’s wife – He liv’d from all attainder of suspects.

Gloucester: Would you imagine, or almost believe – Were’t not that by great preservation We live to tell it – that the subtle traitor This day had plotted, in the council-house, To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester. Now, fair befall you! He deserv’d his death; And your good Graces both have well proceeded To warn false traitors from the like attempts. I never look’d for better at his hands After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Buckingham: Yes! think you we are Turks or Infidels? Or that we would, against the form of law, Proceed thus rashly in the villain’s death But that the extreme peril of the case, The peace of England and our persons’ safety, Enforc’d us to this execution?

Gloucester: Had he done so?

Mayor: Now, fair befall you! He deserv’d his death; And your good Graces both have well proceeded To warn false traitors from the like attempts. I never look’d for better at his hands After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Buckingham: Yet had we not determin’d he should die Until your lordship came to see his end – Which now the loving haste of these our friends, Something against our meanings, have prevented – Because, my lord, I would have had you heard The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.

Mayor: But, my good lord, your Grace's word shall serve
As well as I had seen and heard him speak;
And do not doubt, right noble Princes both,
But I'll acquaint our dutious citizens
With all your just proceedings in this cause.

Gloucester: And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
T' avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buckingham: Which since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend.
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit LORD MAYOR.

Gloucester: Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The Mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post.
There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children.
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown – meaning indeed his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury
And bestial appetite in change of lust,
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye or savage heart
Without control lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France
And, by true computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buckingham: Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden plea for which I plead
Were for myself; and so, my lord, adieu.
EDWARD ALBEE: Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?

Question 4

EITHER

(a) ‘Nick is a threat to George and Martha in the play.’

With this comment in mind, discuss Albee’s dramatic presentation of Nick. [25]

OR

(b) How might an audience react as the first act of the play comes to a conclusion? In your answer, you should refer in detail to Albee’s use of language and action in the extract. [25]

George: STOP IT, MARTHA! 5
Martha [irritated]: Whadda you want?
George [too patiently]: I’d thought you were telling the story of our courtship, Martha … I didn’t know you were going to start in on the other business.
Martha [so-thereish]: Well, I am!
George: I wouldn’t, if I were you.
Martha: Oh … you wouldn’t? Well, you’re not!
George: Now, you’ve already sprung a leak about you-know-what …
Martha [a duck]: What? What?
George: … about the apple of our eye … the sprout … the little bugger … [Spits it out] … our son … and if you start on this other business, I warn you, Martha, it’s going to make me angry.
Martha [laughing at him]: Oh, it is, is it?
George: I warn you.
Martha [incredulous]: You what?
George [very quietly]: I warn you.
Nick: Do you really think we have to go through …?
Martha: I stand warned! [Pause … then, to HONEY and NICK] So, anyway, I married the S.O.B., and I had it all planned out … He was the groom … he was going to be groomed. He’d take over some day … first, he’d take over the History Department, and then, when Daddy retired, he’d take over the college … you know? That’s the way it was supposed to be. [To GEORGE, who is at the portable bar with his back to her] You getting angry, baby? Hunh? [Now back] That’s the way it was supposed to be. Very simple. And Daddy seemed to think it was a pretty good idea, too. For a while. Until he watched for a couple of years! [To GEORGE again] You getting angrier? [Now back] Until he watched for a couple of years and started thinking maybe it wasn’t such a good idea after all … that maybe Georgie-boy didn’t have the stuff … that he didn’t have it in him! 20
George [still with his back to them all]: Stop it, Martha.
Martha [viciously triumphant]: The hell I will! You see, George didn’t have much … push … he wasn’t particularly aggressive. In fact he was sort of a … [Spits the word at GEORGE’s back] … a FLOP! A great … big … fat … FLOP! 35
[CRASH! Immediately after FLOP! GEORGE breaks a bottle against the portable bar and stands there, still with his back to them all, holding the remains of the bottle by the neck. There is a silence, with everyone frozen. Then …]

George [almost crying]: I said stop, Martha.
Martha [after considering what course to take]: I hope that was an empty bottle, George. You don’t want to waste good liquor … not on your salary. [GEORGE drops the broken bottle on the floor, not moving.] Not on an Associate Professor’s salary. [To NICK and HONEY] I mean, he’d be … no good … at trustees’ dinners, fund raising. He didn’t have any … personality, you know what I mean? Which was disappointing to Daddy, as you can imagine. So, here I am, stuck with this flop ....

George [turning around]: … don’t go on, Martha ....
Martha: … this BOG in the History Department ....
George: … don’t, Martha, don’t ....
Martha [her voice rising to match his]: … who’s married to the President’s daughter, who’s expected to be somebody, not just some nobody, some bookworm, somebody, who’s so damn … contemplative, he can’t make anything out of himself, somebody without the guts to make anybody proud of him…ALL RIGHT, GEORGE!

George and Honey [who joins him drunkenly ]:
Who’s afraid of Virginia Woolf, Virginia Woolf, Virginia Woolf … [etc.]

Martha: STOP IT!
[A brief silence.]
Honey [rising, moving towards the hall]: I’m going to be sick … I’m going to be sick … I’m going to vomit.
[Exits]
Nick [going after her]: Oh, for God’s sake!
[Exits]
Martha [going after them, looks back at GEORGE contemptuously]: Jesus! [Exits. GEORGE is alone on stage.]  

[Curtain] 

Act 1
Section B: Poetry

Answer one question from this section.

SEAMUS HEANEY: *District and Circle*

Question 5

EITHER

(a) Discuss Heaney’s presentation of personal relationships in his poetry. You should refer to two poems in your answer.

OR

(b) Comment closely on ways in which Heaney presents possibilities of renewal and hope in the following extract, the end of *The Tollund Man in Springtime*.

Through every check and scan I carried with me
A bunch of Tollund rushes – roots and all –
Bagged in their own bog-damp. In an old stairwell
Broom cupboard where I had hoped they’d stay
Damp until transplanted, they went musty.
Every green-skinned stalk turned friable,
The drowned-mouse fibres withered and the whole
Limp, soggy cluster lost its frank bouquet
Of weed leaf and turf mould. Dust in my palm
And in my nostrils dust, should I shake it off
Or mix it in with spit in pollen’s name
And my own? As a man would, cutting turf,
I straightened, spat on my hands, felt benefit
And spirited myself into the street.

from *The Tollund Man in Springtime*
Question 6

EITHER

(a) Discuss Jennings’s presentation and use of art in two poems.  [25]

OR

(b) Comment closely on ways in which Jennings presents a response to death in the following poem.  [25]

A Requiem

It is the ritual not the fact  
That brings a held emotion to  
Its breaking-point. This man I knew  
Only a little, but his death  
Shows me a love I thought I lacked  
And all the stirrings underneath.  5

It is the calm, the solemn thing,  
Not the distracted mourner’s cry  
Or the cold place where dead things lie,  
That teaches me I cannot claim  
To stand aside. These tears which sting –  
Are they from sorrow or from shame?

10
Question 7

EITHER

(a) ’He was a man who used to notice such things.’ (Afterwards)

With this comment in mind, discuss Hardy’s use of close observation. You should refer to two poems in your answer. [25]

OR

(b) In what ways, and with what effects, does Hardy create a sense of loss in the following poem? [25]

After a Journey

Hereto I come to view a voiceless ghost;
   Whither, O whither will its whim now draw me?
Up the cliff, down, till I’m lonely, lost,
   And the unseen waters’ ejaculations awe me.
Where you will next be there’s no knowing,
   Facing round about me everywhere,
   With your nut-coloured hair,
And gray eyes, and rose-flush coming and going.

Yes: I have re-entered your olden haunts at last;
   Through the years, through the dead scenes I have tracked you;
What have you now found to say of our past –
   Scanned across the dark space wherein I have lacked you?
Summer gave us sweets, but autumn wrought division?
   Things were not lastly as firstly well
   With us twain, you tell?
But all’s closed now, despite Time’s derision.

I see what you are doing: you are leading me on
   To the spots we knew when we haunted here together,
The waterfall, above which the mist-bow shone
   At the then fair hour in the then fair weather,
And the cave just under, with a voice still so hollow
   That it seems to call out to me from forty years ago,
   When you were all aglow,
And not the thin ghost that I now frailly follow!

Ignorant of what there is flitting here to see,
   The waked birds preen and the seals flop lazily,
Soon you will have, Dear, to vanish from me,
   For the stars close their shutters and the dawn whitens hazily.
Trust me, I mind not, though Life lours,
   The bringing me here; nay, bring me here again!
   I am just the same as when
Our days were a joy, and our paths through flowers.
Question 8

EITHER

(a) Compare ways in which two poems present failed hopes. [25]

OR

(b) Comment closely on ways in which the poet expresses the pain of love in the following poem. [25]

Sonnet 11

You endless torments that my rest oppress,
   How long will you delight in my sad pain?
   Will never Love your favour more express?
   Shall I still live, and ever feel disdain?
Alas, now stay, and let my grief obtain
   Some end; feed not my heart with sharp distress.
   Let me once see my cruel fortunes gain
   At least release, and long-felt woes redress.
Let not the blame of cruelty disgrace
   The honoured title of your godhead Love;
   Give not just cause for me to say a place
   Is found for rage alone on me to move.
O quickly end, and do not long debate
   My needful aid, lest help do come too late.

Lady Mary Wroth