



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

Monday 5 June 2023 – Morning

A Level English Language and Literature (EMC)

H474/02 The language of poetry and plays

Time allowed: 2 hours



You must have:

- the OCR 12-page Answer Booklet

INSTRUCTIONS

- Use black ink.
- Write your answer to each question in the Answer Booklet. The question numbers must be clearly shown.
- Fill in the boxes on the front of the Answer Booklet.
- Answer **one** question in Section A and **one** in Section B.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is **64**.
- The marks for each question are shown in brackets [].
- This document has **24** pages.

ADVICE

- Read each question carefully before you start your answer.

Section A

Poetry: stylistic analysis

William Blake
 Emily Dickinson
 Seamus Heaney
 Eavan Boland
 Carol Ann Duffy
 Jacob Sam-La Rose

Answer **one** question from this section.

You should spend **about one hour** on this section.

1 William Blake

Explore how Blake presents ideas about the process of creation in 'The Tyger' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Blake's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

The Tyger

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
 In the forests of the night;
 What immortal hand or eye,
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies,
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
 On what wings dare he aspire?
 What the hand, dare sieze the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
 And when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
 In what furnace was thy brain?
 What the anvil? what dread grasp,
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
 And water'd heaven with their tears:
 Did he smile his work to see?
 Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,
 In the forests of the night:
 What immortal hand or eye,
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

2 Emily Dickinson

Explore how Dickinson presents ideas and feelings about losing control in 'I felt a Funeral in my Brain' (280); and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Dickinson's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

280

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
And Mourners to and fro
Kept treading – treading – till it seemed
That Sense was breaking through –

And when they all were seated,
A Service, like a Drum –
Kept beating – beating – till I thought
My Mind was going numb –

And then I heard them lift a Box
And creak across my Soul
With those same Boots of Lead, again,
Then Space – began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,
And Being, but an Ear,
And I, and Silence, some strange Race
Wrecked, solitary, here –

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
And I dropped down, and down –
And hit a World, at every plunge,
And Finished knowing – then –

3 Seamus Heaney

Explore how Heaney presents thoughts and feelings about being an onlooker in 'Punishment' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

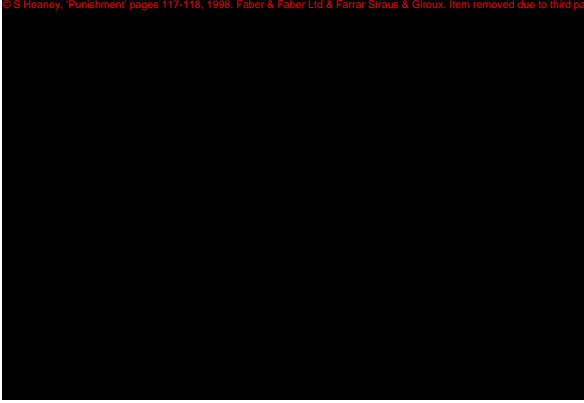
You should consider Heaney's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

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4 Eavan Boland

Explore how Boland presents thoughts and feelings about responsibilities to children in 'Naoise at Four' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Boland's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

Naoise at Four

The trap baited for them snaps.
Like forest pests they fall for it,
Like humans writhe, like both submit.
Three brothers die, their three saps
Spill until their split kith
Heals into an Irish myth.

Naoise, named for one of these,
You stand in our kitchen, sip
Milk from a mottled cup
From our cupboard. Our unease
Vanishes with one smile
As each suburban, modern detail

Distances us from old lives
Old deaths, but nightly on our screen
New ones are lost, wounds open,
And I despair of what perspective
On this sudden Irish fury
Will solve it to a folk memory.

Godson, little creditor,
Your spiritual good in trust
To me demands at very least
I be your spirit's auditor
Until the moment you first try
To make your own inventory.

Your father gossips of the wood
Around your house, a lucky context
Where values can be learned, fixed,
A truce with life negotiated
On terms you yourself can make
Unlike your luckless namesake.

You drain your cup; your love
Is a closed circuit like your glove
In your mother's. There is nothing to sell you
Here, invest in nothing: at home
Badgers, voles enrich your time:
Your currency will not devalue.

6 Jacob Sam-La Rose

Explore how Sam-La Rose presents thoughts and feelings about cultural beliefs in 'Here, Spirits' and make connections with one or two other poems from your collection.

You should consider Sam-La Rose's use of poetic and stylistic techniques and significant literary or other relevant contexts.

[32]

Here, Spirits

When a jot of noodle meets the table,
 escapee from the chopsticks raised
 to your mouth, I say the spirits are hungry:

what my aunt would say
 whenever food was dropped.
You're feeding spirits, boy,

for the plate of rice
 that hit the kitchen floor –
 some solid form of libations, offerings.

Hard to shift the image of phantom mouths
 wreathed round the ankles, each deft nudge
 to divert loaded forks or spoons.

It's years since I heard the story
 of the uncle who woke my mother up
 to turn the television on,

switch channel to a title bout
 though he'd passed three days before.
 What the spirits want, they know to take or ask for.

You challenge my first thought with more, a pea
 for a prayer of security,
 a tear of chicken for provision,

a fleck of carrot for nothing.
 And the noodle?
A prayer for you.

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Section B

Plays: dramatic and stylistic analysis

William Shakespeare: *Othello*

Oscar Wilde: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

Tennessee Williams: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

Brian Friel: *Translations*

Timberlake Wertenbaker: *Our Country's Good*

Jez Butterworth: *Jerusalem*

Answer **one** question from this section.

You should spend **about one hour** on this section.

7 William Shakespeare: *Othello*

Explore how Shakespeare presents Iago's manipulation of Othello in this extract from *Othello*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Othello: Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago: My noble lord –

Othello: What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago: Did Michael Cassio,
When you wooed my lady, know of your love?

Othello: He did from first to last. Why dost thou ask?

Iago: But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Othello: Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago: I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Othello: O yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago: Indeed?

Othello: Indeed? Ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago: Honest, my lord?

Othello: Honest? Ay, honest.

- Iago:** My lord, for aught I know.
- Othello:** What dost thou think?
- Iago:** Think, my lord?
- Othello:** Think, my lord! By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something.
I heard thee say even now thou lik'st not that,
When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cried'st 'Indeed?'
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
- Iago:** My lord, you know I love you.
- Othello:** I think thou dost;
And for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
They're close dilations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.
- Iago:** For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.
- Othello:** I think so too.
- Iago:** Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!
- Othello:** Certain, men should be what they seem.
- Iago:** Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.
- Othello:** Nay, yet there's more in this.
I prithee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminat, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

8 Oscar Wilde: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

Explore how Wilde presents mistaken identities in this extract from *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Enter Jack

Gwendolen: *(catching sight of him)* Ernest! My own Ernest!

Jack: Gwendolen! Darling! *(Offers to kiss her)*

Gwendolen: *(drawing back)* A moment! May I ask if you are engaged to be married to this young lady? *(Points to Cecily)*

Jack: *(laughing)* To dear little Cecily! Of course not! What could have put such an idea into your pretty little head?

Gwendolen: Thank you. You may! *(Offers her cheek)*

Cecily: *(very sweetly)* I knew there must be some misunderstanding, Miss Fairfax. The gentleman whose arm is at present round your waist is my dear guardian, Mr John Worthing.

Gwendolen: I beg your pardon?

Cecily: This is Uncle Jack.

Gwendolen: *(receding)* Jack! Oh!

Enter Algernon

Cecily: Here is Ernest.

Algernon: *(goes straight over to Cecily without noticing anyone else)* My own love! *(Offers to kiss her)*

Cecily: *(drawing back)* A moment, Ernest! May I ask you—are you engaged to be married to this young lady?

Algernon: *(looking round)* To what young lady? Good heavens! Gwendolen!

Cecily: Yes! to good heavens, Gwendolen, I mean to Gwendolen.

Algernon: *(laughing)* Of course not! What could have put such an idea into your pretty little head?

Cecily: Thank you. *(Presenting her cheek to be kissed)* You may. *(Algernon kisses her)*

Gwendolen: I felt there was some slight error, Miss Cardew. The gentleman who is now embracing you is my cousin, Mr Algernon Moncrieff.

Cecily: *(breaking away from Algernon)* Algernon Moncrieff! Oh!

The two girls move towards each other and put their arms round each other's waists as if for protection

Cecily: Are you called Algernon?

Algernon: I cannot deny it.

Cecily: Oh!

Gwendolen: Is your name really John?

Jack: *(standing rather proudly)* I could deny it if I liked. I could deny anything if I liked. But my name certainly is John. It has been John for years.

Cecily: *(to Gwendolen)* A gross deception has been practised on both of us.

Gwendolen: My poor wounded Cecily!

Cecily: My sweet wronged Gwendolen!

Gwendolen: *(slowly and seriously)* You will call me sister, will you not?

They embrace. Jack and Algernon groan and walk up and down

Cecily: *(rather brightly)* There is just one question I would like to be allowed to ask my guardian.

Gwendolen: An admirable idea! Mr Worthing, there is just one question I would like to be permitted to put to you. Where is your brother Ernest? We are both engaged to be married to your brother Ernest, so it is a matter of some importance to us to know where your brother Ernest is at present.

Jack: *(slowly and hesitatingly)* Gwendolen—Cecily—it is very painful for me to be forced to speak the truth. It is the first time in my life that I have ever been reduced to such a painful position, and I am really quite inexperienced in doing anything of the kind. However, I will tell you quite frankly that I have no brother Ernest. I have no brother at all. I never had a brother in my life, and I certainly have not the smallest intention of ever having one in the future.

Cecily: *(surprised)* No brother at all?

Jack: *(cheerily)* None!

Gwendolen: *(severely)* Had you never a brother of any kind?

Jack: *(pleasantly)* Never. Not even of any kind.

Gwendolen: I am afraid it is quite clear, Cecily, that neither of us is engaged to be married to anyone.

Cecily: It is not a very pleasant position for a young girl suddenly to find herself in. Is it?

Gwendolen: Let us go into the house. They will hardly venture to come after us there.

Cecily: No, men are so cowardly, aren't they?

They retire into the house with scornful looks

9 Tennessee Williams: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

Explore how Williams presents the loss of Belle Reve in this extract from *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Blanche: I know, I know. But you are the one that abandoned Belle Reve, not I! I stayed and fought for it, bled for it, almost died for it!

Stella: Stop this hysterical outburst and tell me what's happened? What do you mean fought and bled? What kind of –

Blanche: I knew you would, Stella. I knew you would take this attitude about it!

Stella: About – what? – please!

Blanche: [*slowly*] The loss – the loss ...

Stella: Belle Reve? Lost, is it? No!

Blanche: Yes, Stella.

[*They stare at each other across the yellow-checked linoleum of the table. BLANCHE slowly nods her head and STELLA looks slowly down at her hands folded on the table. The music of the 'blue piano' grows louder. BLANCHE touches her handkerchief to her forehead.*]

Stella: But how did it go? What happened?

Blanche: [*springing up*] You're a fine one to ask me how it went!

Stella: Blanche!

Blanche: You're a fine one to sit there *accusing me* of it!

Stella: *Blanche!*

Blanche: I, I, I took the blows in my face and my body! All of those deaths! The long parade to the graveyard! Father, mother! Margaret, that dreadful way! So big with it, it couldn't be put in a coffin! But had to be burned like rubbish! You just came home in time for the funerals, Stella. And funerals are pretty compared to deaths. Funerals are quiet, but deaths – not always. Sometimes their breathing is hoarse, and sometimes it rattles, and sometimes they even cry out to you. 'Don't let me go!' Even the old, sometimes, say, 'Don't let me go.' As if you were able to stop them! But funerals are quiet, with pretty flowers. And, oh, what gorgeous boxes they pack them away in! Unless you were there at the bed when they cried out, 'Hold me!' you'd never suspect there was the struggle for breath and bleeding. You didn't dream, but I saw! *Saw! Saw!* And now you sit there telling me with your eyes that I let the place go! How in hell do you think all that sickness and dying was paid for? Death is expensive, Miss Stella! And old Cousin Jessie's right after Margaret's, hers! Why, the Grim Reaper had put up his tent on our doorstep! ... Stella. Belle Reve was his headquarters! Honey – that's how it slipped through my fingers! Which of them left

us a fortune? Which of them left a cent of insurance even? Only poor Jessie – one hundred to pay for her coffin. That was all, Stella! And I with my pitiful salary at the school. Yes, accuse me! Sit there and stare at me, thinking I let the place go! / let the place go? Where were *you*. In bed with your – Polak!

Stella: [*springing*] Blanche! You be still! That's enough! [*She starts out.*]

Blanche: Where are you going?

Stella: I'm going into the bathroom to wash my face.

Blanche: Oh, Stella, Stella, you're crying!

Stella: Does that surprise you?

10 Brian Friel: *Translations*

Explore how Friel presents ideas about language and identity in this extract from *Translations*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

Yolland: I mean – I feel so cut off from the people here. And I was trying to explain a few minutes ago how remarkable a community this is. To meet people like yourself and Jimmy Jack who actually converse in Greek and Latin. And your place names – what was the one we came across this morning? – Termon, from Terminus, the god of boundaries. It – it – it's really astonishing.

Hugh: We like to think we endure around truths immemorially posited.

Yolland: And your Gaelic literature – you're a poet yourself –

Hugh: Only in Latin, I'm afraid.

Yolland: I understand it's enormously rich and ornate.

Hugh: Indeed, Lieutenant. A rich language. A rich literature. You'll find, sir, that certain cultures expend on their vocabularies and syntax acquisitive energies and ostentations entirely lacking in their material lives. I suppose you could call us a spiritual people.

Owen: (*not unkindly; more out of embarrassment before Yolland*) Will you stop that nonsense, Father.

Hugh: Nonsense? What nonsense?

Owen: Do you know where the priest lives?

Hugh: At Lis na Muc, over near ...

Owen: No, he doesn't. Lis na Muc, the Fort of the Pigs, has become Swinefort. (*Now turning the pages of the Name-Book – a page per name.*) And to get to Swinefort you pass through Greencastle and Fair Head and Strandhill and Gort and Whiteplains. And the new school isn't at Poll na gCaorach – it's at Sheepsrock. Will you be able to find your way?

Hugh pours himself another drink. Then:

Hugh: Yes, it is a rich language, Lieutenant, full of the mythologies of fantasy and hope and self-deception – a syntax opulent with tomorrows. It is our response to mud cabins and a diet of potatoes; our only method of replying to ... inevitabilities. (*to Owen*) Can you give me the loan of half-a-crown? I'll repay you out of the subscriptions I'm collecting for the publication of my new book. (*to Yolland*) It is entitled: 'The Pentaglot Preceptor or Elementary Institute of the English, Greek, Hebrew, Latin and Irish Languages; Particularly Calculated for the Instruction of Such Ladies and Gentlemen as may Wish to Learn without the Help of a Master'.

Yolland: (*laughs*) That's a wonderful title!

Hugh: Between ourselves – the best part of the enterprise. Nor do I, in fact, speak Hebrew. And that last phrase – ‘without the Help of a Master’ – that was written before the new national school was thrust upon me – do you think I ought to drop it now? After all you don’t dispose of the cow just because it has produced a magnificent calf, do you?

Yolland: You certainly do not.

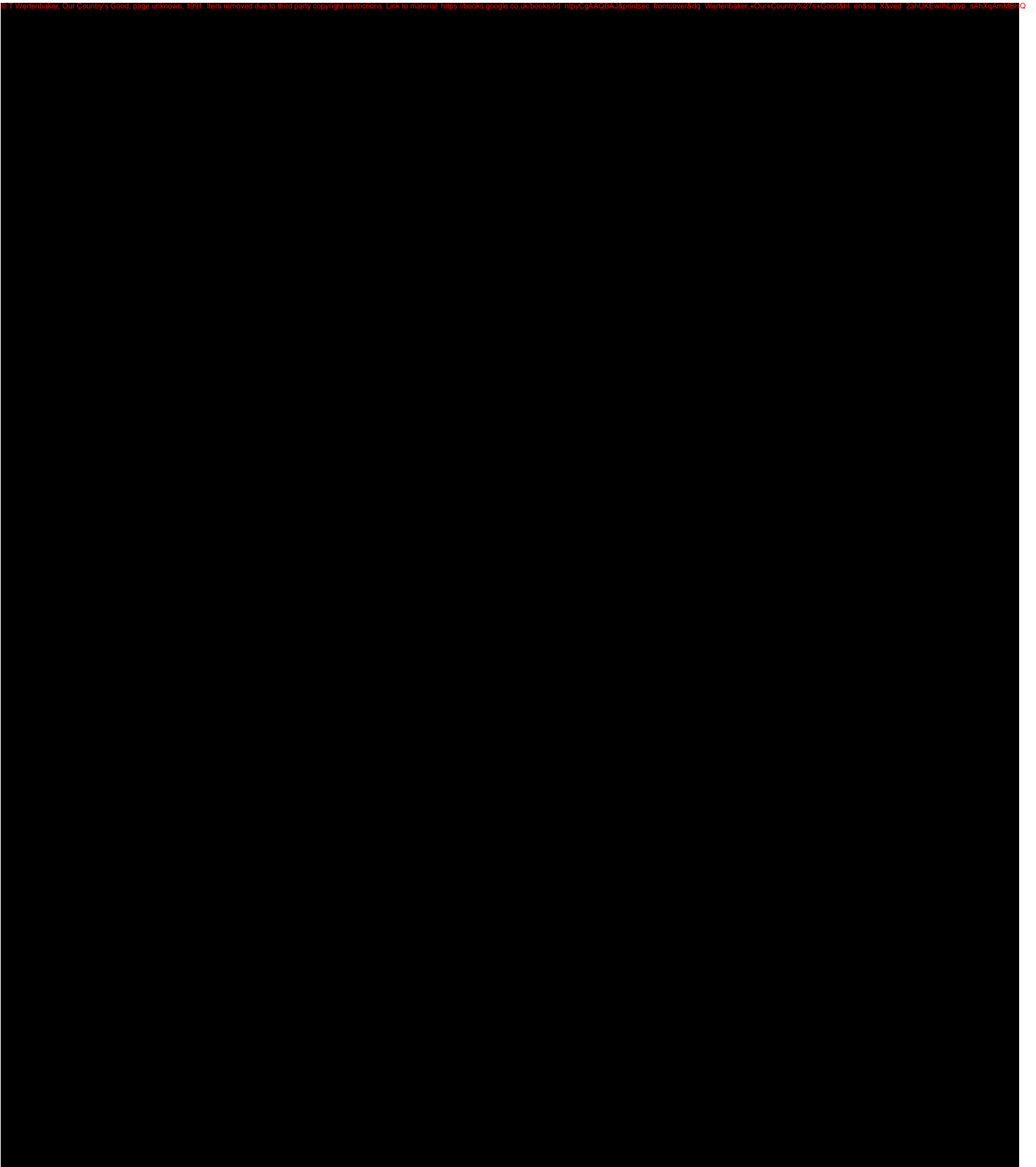
Hugh: The phrase goes. And I’m interrupting work of moment. (*He goes to the door and stops there.*) To return briefly to that other matter, Lieutenant. I understand your sense of exclusion, of being cut off from a life here; and I trust you will find access to us with my son’s help. But remember that words are signals, counters. They are not immortal. And it can happen – to use an image you’ll understand – it can happen that a civilisation can be imprisoned in a linguistic contour which no longer matches the landscape of ... fact. Gentlemen. (*He leaves.*)

11 Timberlake Wertenbaker: *Our Country's Good*

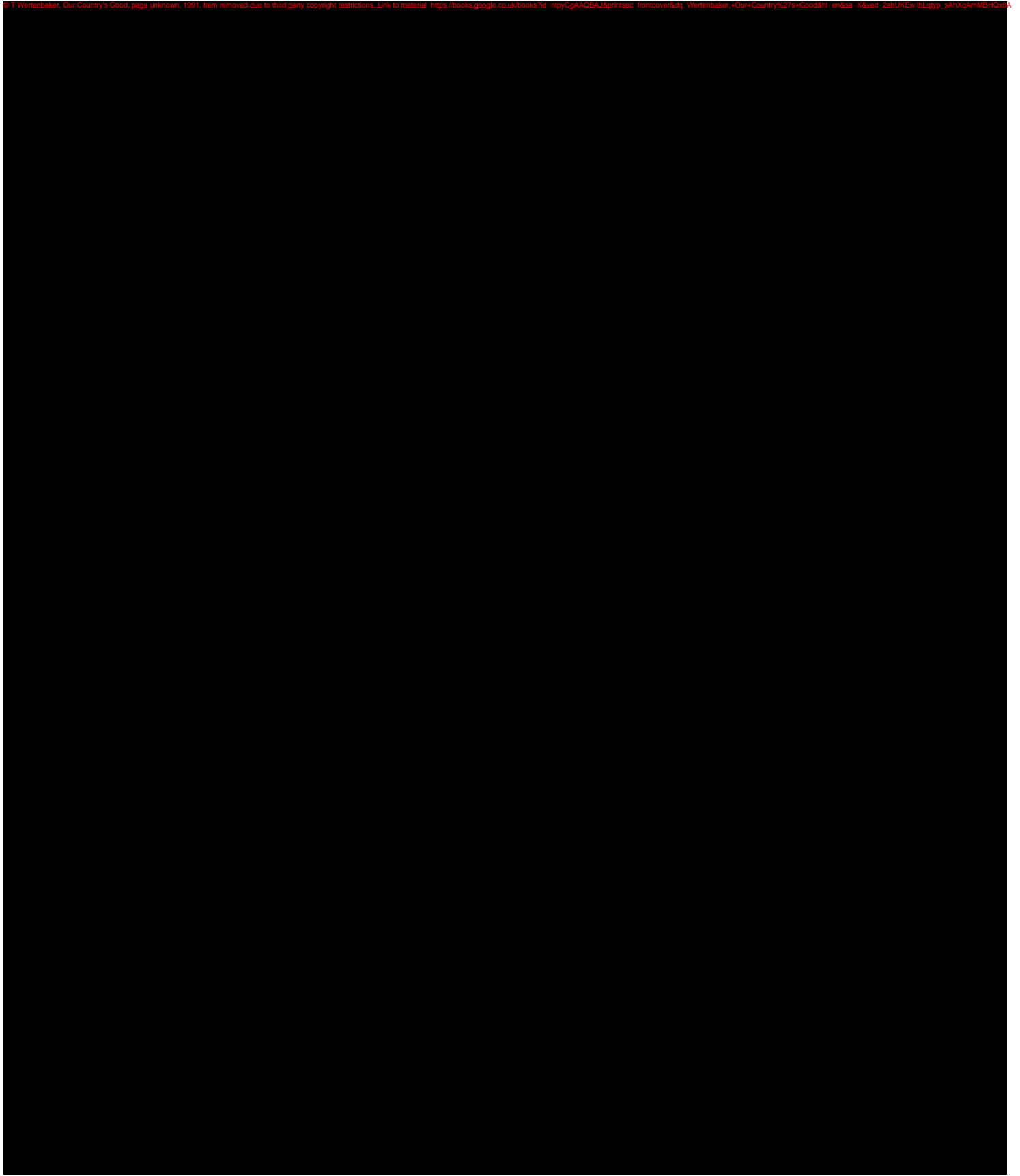
Explore how Wertenbaker presents Ketch in this extract from *Our Country's Good*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]



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12 Jez Butterworth: *Jerusalem*

Explore how Butterworth presents Lee and Davey in this extract from *Jerusalem*.

You should consider the use of dramatic and stylistic techniques in the extract, its significance within the play and any relevant dramatic or other contexts.

[32]

- Lee:** I was supposed to have a quiet one.
- Davey:** 6 a.m. You miss that bus, you're stuck in Flintock for ever. You want another tab?
- Lee:** Fuck off. (*To himself.*) I gotta sober up.
- Davey:** Why do you want to change your name?
- Lee:** I don't want to change my name.
- Davey:** Seriously, why do you –
- Lee:** You wouldn't understand.
- Davey:** Try me, Lee Piper. Try me.
- Lee:** You're David Dean.
- Davey:** Yes, mate.
- Lee:** David Dean from Flintock.
- Davey:** Absolutely.
- Lee:** Nothing else.
- Davey:** Nothing but.
- Lee:** Never nothing else? Just David Dean.
- Davey:** Not ever. Not once. (*Pause.*) My name's David Dean. I work in the abattoir. Get there six in the morning – hungover, hazmat suit, goggles – and I stand there and I slay two hundred cows. Wham. Next contestant. What's your name and where d'you come from? (*Mimes killing a cow.*) Wham! Have lunch. Pot Noodle. Come back. Slay two hundred more. End of the week, I walk out of there. I'll tell you what I ain't thinking. I ain't thinking: 'Perhaps I'll change my name. Get a Celtic tattoo. See this on my arse? That symbolises the Harmony of the Spheres. That's Vishnu, God of Gayness.' I'll tell you what I'm thinking: 'Shag on. It's the weekend. Pay me. Show me the paper, and shag on.' I wish you well on your quest, Frodo. But whatever you change your name to, you're still fucking Lee Piper; and wherever you go in this world, when you get off the plane, boat, train or crawl out of the jungle smeared in paint, the bloke waiting to meet you is also called Lee Piper. Make paper. Make more paper. Shag on.
- Lee:** That's why you're always broke.
- Davey:** What?

Lee: Ever since I've known you. Come Tuesday, you ain't never got a pound for a saveloy. You're broke.

Davey: What's your point, Lee Piper?

Lee: Seriously, though, I'm not being funny, but you... You, mate. You are a sad, fat povvo what thinks he's Alan Sugar. You're going to live your whole life with the same fucking people, going to the same shit pubs, kill two million cows, and die a sad, fat povvo.

Davey: Sounds unimprovable.

LEE laughs. DAVEY throws his arms wide. LEE shakes his head.

Seriously. Where do you want me to sign?

LEE laughs. Pause.

Lee: I don't want to go.

Davey: Yes you do.

Lee: I don't.

Davey: You do.

Lee: I fucking don't.

Davey: Tough. You're going. Yes you are.

Lee: Bollocks. You can't make me.

Davey: I fucking can.

Lee: No you can't.

Davey: If I have to carry you. If I have to carry you to Chippenham. If I have to carry you to Australia. Because that's where you're going. That's where you're going, 6 a.m. tomorrow.

Beat.

Lee: David Dean.

Davey: (*sniffs*). Stop. Smell that. Smell the air.

Lee: What am I smelling?

Davey: That. Smell it.

Beat.

Both: What is that?

Lee: That's beautiful.

- Davey:** Right there. That's it.
- Lee:** That's what I'm talking about.
- Davey:** Just breathe that in. That's it. Right there. One last time.
- Lee:** That's it, mate. That's it.
- Davey:** (*singing*).
With the merry ring, adieu the merry spring –
- Both:** (*singing*).
For summer is a-come unto day,
How happy is the little bird that merrily doth sing,
In the merry morning of May.
- Unite and unite,
For summer is a-come unto day,
And wither we are going, we all unite,
In the merry morning of May!

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