Cambridge Assessment International Education

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/22**

Paper 2 Drama **February/March 2022**

1 hour 30 minutes

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions.
- Your answers must be on **two** different set texts.
- You must answer **one** (a) passage-based question and **one** (b) essay question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **12** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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LYNN NOTTAGE: *Crumbs from the Table of Joy*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 1 (a) Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

Lily: Didn't you hear me ringing the bell, nearly froze my ass out there. [*She displays her legs*.] These stockings, thank God for 'em, just ain't no competition for this weather. Remind me, take a note, need for weather-resistant stockings. Period. Stop! [*to* ERMINA] Ernestine, is that my gal?

Ernestine [*to audience*]: And there now is Aunt Lily, the first colored woman we'd seen dressed up like a white lady. Smart looking and posture straight. She'd been to Harlem … For us country folk that is the equivalent of reaching the promised land.

Lily: Ernestine, is that my gal?

Ermina: Ermina! [*Shuts the door*]

Lily: But haven't you grown. Ladyish and whatnot. How's my baby doing? Where's my hug?

Ermina: Don't know who you is. Can't be giving out loving to anybody that ask.

[LILY *laughs.* GODFREY *enters to investigate the noise.*]

Lily: Ain't that the truth. [*Strikes a pose, then takes off her coat and throws it across the chair*]

Ermina: Who you?

Lily: Who I? Precious! If that ain't a question! It's me, your Aunt Lily, Sister.

[ERMINA *takes a long hard look.* GODFREY *gawks.*]

[*Tentatively*] Now Godfrey, ain't you got words for me?

Godfrey: Sister Lily? Sister Lily Ann Green?

Lily: Who else? Never thought you'd bring your country ass on up here. You ole alligator bait. But don't you look … good, Daddy.

[LILY *walks over and embraces* GODFREY*. He stiffens awkwardly, uncomfortable with the display of affection.* GODFREY *takes a few steps backward and looks down at the ground.*]

Godfrey: I'll be damned! This here is your Mama's sister. Remember?

[*The girls do not respond.*]

Lily: That's all right. Memories need maintenance. I won't hold it against y'all. You're still "y'all," 'cause some folks come North get all siddity on [*Relishes*] "y'all."

[GODFREY *sits, then stands.*]

Godfrey: Lawd, I've gotten so used to seeing strangers, barely know what to do with a familiar face. You're looking … smart, Sister Lily.

Lily: Now don't tell me you're surprised!

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Godfrey [*jokes in a familiar way*]: Used up all my surprise on the first day in Brooklyn. Ain't surprised, pleased though. Some pleasures you never stop looking forward to.

Lily [*flirtatiously*]: Well now! That tongue still got a taste of honey.

[*An awkward moment.* GODFREY *looks away from* LILY*, who smiles seductively.*]

Godfrey: Ain't heard no word from you since … since … Well. [*Bows his head, unable to continue*] We tried to track you down up there in Harlem. Ain't like a small town where your bizness is a matter of public record.

Lily [*amused*]: This the big city, Godfrey, don't want everybody to know ya. They got names for women like that. Oh hell, that's why there's the telephone … But I forgot ya from the country, probably don't know how to use the telephone. [*Cackles*] And don't think it was easy to find "y'all." Do like to say it, "y'all." I can smell the orange blossom and the pig roasting on the spit …

(*from* Act 1 Scene 2)

How does Nottage make this such an entertaining introduction to Aunt Lily?

Or **1 (b)** 'Nottage makes striking use of Ernestine as a narrator.'

How does this contribute to your enjoyment of the play?

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ARTHUR MILLER: *The Crucible*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 2 (a) Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

Parris: Prove to us that you can faint by your own will, as you claim.

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[*With a hysterical cry* MARY WARREN *starts to run*.]

(*from* Act 3)

In what ways does Miller make this moment in the play powerfully dramatic?

Or **2 (b)** How does Miller memorably convey Reverend Hale's changing feelings as the play progresses?

R C SHERRIFF: *Journey's End*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 3 (a) Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

Osborne: I expect Stanhope would like to see you before you go.

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It just shows the state he's in.

(*from* Act 1)

How does Sherriff make this early moment in the play so revealing?

Or **3 (b)** Explore **two** moments in the play which Sherriff makes particularly shocking for you.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 4 (a) Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

Malvolio: M – Malvolio; M – why, that begins my name.

Fabian: Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.

Malvolio: M – But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fabian: And O shall end, I hope.

Sir Toby: Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry 'O!'

Malvolio: And then I comes behind.

Fabian: Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Malvolio: M. O. A. I. This simulation is not as the former; and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

[*Reads*] 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'

Daylight and champain discovers not more. This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[*Reads*] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

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Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fabian: I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir Toby: I could marry this wench for this device. *50*

Sir Andrew: So could I too.

Sir Toby: And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

(*from* Act 2 Scene 5)

Explore how Shakespeare makes this moment in the play so entertaining.

Or **4 (b)** How far does Shakespeare encourage you to admire Olivia?

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 5 (a) Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

Iago: There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:
One of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves',
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry 'O sweet creature!' then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips – then laid his leg
Over my thigh – and sigh'd, and kiss'd, and then
Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!'

Othello: O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago: Nay, this was but his dream.

Othello: But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

Iago: 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream,
And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

Othello: I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago: Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Othello: I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago: I know not that; but such a handkerchief –
I am sure it was your wife's – did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Othello: If it be that –

Iago: If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Othello: O that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago –
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.
'Tis gone.
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell.
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues.

Iago: Yet be content.

Othello: O, blood, blood, blood!

Iago: Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.

Othello: Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;

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Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. [*He kneels*] Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Iago [*kneeling*]: Do not rise yet.
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service!

(*from* Act 3 Scene 3)

How does Shakespeare make this moment in the play so disturbing?

Or **5 (b)** Iago calls Roderigo a 'silly gentleman'.

How far does Shakespeare's portrayal of Roderigo encourage you to agree?

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Surname	StemUp Model Solution
Answer booklet	Write the question number in the left-hand margin at the start of each answer.

Question number

1a

Nottage makes Aunt Lily's arrival entertaining because she bursts into the quiet, uncertain Crump household like a performer stepping onto a stage. Her loud, bawdy voice, her theatrical gestures and her teasing of Godfrey create comedy, yet beneath the fun Nottage plants tensions, about memory, desire and the gap between "country folk" and the city, that make Lily intriguing as well as amusing.

Lily's very first line is a comic complaint: she has "nearly froze my ass out there". The vulgarity is funny precisely because it is so out of place in the home of the devout Godfrey, and it announces at once that Lily will not tidy herself up for anybody. Her mock-businesslike instruction, "Remind me, take a note, need for weather-resistant stockings. Period. Stop!", parodies the clipped style of a telegram or a secretary's memo. She talks as if dictating to an invisible assistant, which is both ridiculous and revealing: Lily sees herself as a modern, important woman with affairs to manage. The stage direction "She displays her legs" adds physical comedy and a hint of glamour and sexual confidence.

Nottage then freezes the action so that Ernestine can describe Lily directly to the audience. She is "the first colored woman we'd seen dressed up like a white lady", "Smart looking and posture straight". This narration makes us see Lily through the dazzled eyes of a teenage girl, and the hyperbole that reaching Harlem is "the equivalent of reaching the promised land" is gently comic, mocking the innocence of "country folk" while also suggesting how much Lily represents hope and escape. The biblical phrase is a sly touch in a family so shaped by religion.

Much of the humour comes from Ermina's refusal to play along. Lily greets her

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with the warm, gushing "How's my baby doing? Where's my hug?", only to be met with "Don't know who you is. Can't be giving out loving to anybody that ask." The child's blunt suspicion deflates Lily's grand entrance, and Ermina's "Who you?" is answered by Lily's delighted echo, "Who I? Precious! If that ain't a question!" Rather than being offended, Lily laughs, "Ain't that the truth", and strikes a pose. I find this entertaining because Lily treats even rejection as an audience to win over; flinging her coat "across the chair" she makes herself at home immediately.

The comedy becomes more uneasy, and more interesting, with Godfrey. The stage directions are full of awkward physical business: he "gawks", "stiffens awkwardly" when she embraces him, "sits, then stands". Nottage uses these restless movements to show a man thrown completely off balance. Lily's insults, "You ole alligator bait", and her "Daddy" are affectionate but provocative, and her flirtation, "That tongue still got a taste of honey", followed by the direction that she "smiles seductively", creates a delicious embarrassment. The audience senses a history between them that is never spoken. When Godfrey cannot finish "since ... since ... Well", and "Bows his head", the pauses hint at grief for the girls' dead mother, and Lily's arrival suddenly carries a shadow of loss.

Lily's language is itself a source of pleasure. She relishes the word "y'all", teasing those who come North and get "siddity", and the stage direction "[Relishes]" tells the actor to savour it. She claims to be urban and sophisticated, mocking Godfrey because he "probably don't know how to use the telephone", yet her own speech is rich with Southern idiom, and her nostalgic final image, "I can smell the orange blossom and the pig roasting on the spit", exposes a longing for the home she pretends to have outgrown. Her "Cackles" and her quip that in the city women who are known by everybody have "names" are funny, but they also suggest a woman who has lived boldly and perhaps paid for it.

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	Nottage therefore makes this introduction entertaining through Lily's outrageous voice, her physical theatricality and the comic clash with the cautious Crumps. What lifts it above simple comedy is the sense that Lily is putting on a show: under the stockings, the poses and the jokes lie loneliness, nostalgia and desire, which make us eager to see what disruption she will bring to the household.
1b	Nottage's use of Ernestine as narrator is striking because it turns the play into a memory, shaped by a young woman who is both inside the story and looking back on it. Her voice gives the audience intimacy, humour and irony, and it allows Nottage to show the Crump family's upheaval in 1950s Brooklyn through the eyes of the person most hungry for change. For me, much of the play's pleasure comes from this double perspective: we watch events happen, and we also hear what they meant.
	From the opening, Ernestine speaks directly to us, breaking the fourth wall to explain how the family came North from Florida after her mother's death. This direct address creates an immediate bond. We are not simply spectators but confidants, and her frankness about her father's grief and his sudden devotion to Father Divine lets us understand the family's situation quickly and sympathetically. Because she is a teenager trying to make sense of adults, her narration often has a wry, gently comic edge, so the sadness at the heart of the play never becomes heavy.
	Ernestine's narration also lets Nottage freeze and frame the action. In Act 1 Scene 2, when Aunt Lily arrives, the dialogue pauses so that Ernestine can describe her to the audience as "the first colored woman we'd seen dressed up like a white

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lady", "Smart looking and posture straight". The interruption works like a close-up in a film: we see Lily through Ernestine's dazzled eyes, and the hyperbole that Harlem is "the promised land" for "country folk" is both funny and telling. We enjoy Lily's flamboyance more because we have been shown how extraordinary she seems to a girl from the South, and we also sense Ernestine's own longing to be like her.

This cinematic quality is central to Ernestine's character. She is devoted to the movies, and at moments the play slips into her fantasies, where she imagines herself or her family behaving like characters on the screen, bolder and more articulate than they are in reality. These sequences are entertaining in themselves, but they also reveal the gap between the glamorous lives Hollywood offers and the cramped, divided world Ernestine actually inhabits. Nottage uses the narrator's imagination to expose her desires: to speak up, to be seen, to escape. I find these moments moving because the fantasy is so often more confident than the girl herself.

Ernestine is not a neutral narrator, and Nottage makes that part of the drama. When her father marries Gerte, the white German woman he meets in the city, Ernestine reports the family's tension and her sister Ermina's open hostility, but her narration also lets us see her own uncertainty. She watches Lily's politics and independence and Gerte's attempts to belong, and through her divided responses we are invited to weigh each adult rather than simply judge them. Her quieter, observing nature contrasts with Ermina's outspokenness, so the narrator's restraint becomes a sign of how much she holds in.

Perhaps the most striking effect is Ernestine's knowledge of the future. Because she speaks from a time after the events, she can occasionally step ahead of the

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action and tell us what will become of people, which creates dramatic irony and a poignant sense of loss. Characters on stage are hopeful or angry in the moment, while the narrator already knows how things turned out. This adds depth to scenes that might otherwise seem simply domestic, and it makes the audience feel the passing of time.

By the close, as Ernestine prepares to graduate and step out into her own adult life, the narrator and the character draw together: the girl who watched and imagined is ready to act. Her narration therefore gives the play its shape, a coming-of-age story told by the person who grew up through it. I enjoy the play more because of her: she makes us laugh at the comedy of family life, see the wider world of race, faith and politics through a young and searching mind, and feel the tenderness of someone remembering the people who formed her.

2b

Miller memorably conveys Reverend Hale's journey from proud certainty to anguished doubt and, finally, to a desperate, guilt-ridden compassion. Hale enters the play as the confident expert who will root out the Devil and leaves it as a broken man pleading with the accused to lie in order to live. Miller charts this change through stage directions, props, Hale's shifting language and his reactions at key moments, so that his transformation becomes one of the most powerful moral arcs in the drama.

In Act One, Miller presents Hale as eager and self-important. The long stage direction describes him as a young, intellectual minister who feels himself to be one of the few who truly understand the invisible world, and it is significant that he arrives carrying an armful of heavy books. The books are a striking visual symbol of his faith in learning, and when he declares that they are "weighted with

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authority" the pun is almost comic: he believes the Devil can be defined, catalogued and caught. His feelings here are excitement and pride; he enjoys being called upon. Yet Miller also makes him dangerous in his zeal. His relentless questioning of Tituba, together with his suggestion that she can be God's instrument, gives her a way out by naming others, and so it is Hale who, with good intentions, helps set the accusations in motion.

By Act Two his confidence has begun to waver. Visiting the Proctors on his own initiative, he admits that he is troubled and that he is trying to understand the people named. His questioning of John about the commandments is still the act of a man testing for evidence, and Proctor's failure to name adultery exposes both the hypocrisy around him and Hale's reliance on outward signs. Yet his uncertainty shows when Proctor confronts him with the truth about the children's pretence and Hale hesitates. When Elizabeth is taken, he insists that the court is just, but the insistence sounds like a man persuading himself. Miller's staging leaves him uneasy and isolated between the outraged Proctor and the officials.

Act Three shows his doubt turning into open opposition. As the court refuses to listen, Hale argues with Danforth that the depositions of the farmers should be heard with lawyers, and he grows increasingly desperate as the hearing descends into hysteria. The climax for him comes when Elizabeth, trying to protect her husband, denies his lechery; Hale pleads that her lie is a natural one and that Abigail has always struck him as false. When Mary Warren turns on Proctor and he is arrested, Hale's response is one of the most memorable moments in the play. He denounces the proceedings and quits the court, slamming the door. The violent exit is a dramatic gesture that says what words can no longer express: his faith in the court has collapsed.

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In Act Four Miller presents a Hale transformed by guilt. He appears exhausted and haunted, and he has returned to Salem to counsel the condemned to confess. His argument to Elizabeth is that life is God's most precious gift and that no principle justifies throwing it away, and he speaks of the blood on his own head with real horror. This is a striking reversal: the man who came to save souls from the Devil now urges people to tell a lie to save their bodies. Some audiences may see this as a loss of faith; others see it as a deeper, more humane understanding that rigid principles can kill. Either way, Miller makes Hale's suffering sincere, and his final despairing plea to Elizabeth to change John's mind as Proctor goes to his death leaves him stranded at the end of the play.

Miller therefore conveys Hale's changing feelings through vivid contrasts between his first and last appearances, his books and his slammed door, his confident authority and his broken pleading. Hale is memorable because he is the only official who learns, and his painful education exposes the cruelty of a system that cannot admit it is wrong.

3b

Sherriff's play is often quiet and restrained, filled with meals, jokes and small talk in a cramped dugout, and this is exactly why its shocking moments hit so hard. Two moments I find particularly shocking are Stanhope's threat to shoot Hibbert in Act Two and the death of Raleigh at the very end. In both, Sherriff tears away the officers' brave, polite surface to expose the terror and loss underneath.

The first moment comes when Hibbert, who has been complaining for days about his neuralgia, finally tries to leave the line and report sick. Until now Sherriff has let the audience half suspect that Hibbert is a shirker, and Stanhope's contempt for him has seemed harsh but understandable. The confrontation then escalates

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with frightening speed. When Hibbert insists on going and tries to push past, Stanhope draws his revolver and tells him that if he goes he will be shot for desertion, adding that it would save the trouble of a court martial. The sudden presence of a loaded gun between two British officers is genuinely shocking, because the enemy we expect to fear is outside the dugout, not inside it. Sherriff builds the tension through short, clipped exchanges and Stanhope's cold, controlled menace, so that the audience cannot tell whether he will really fire.

What makes the scene even more shocking is its reversal. Once Hibbert collapses into sobbing, Stanhope's manner changes completely: he puts the revolver away, speaks gently and confesses that he feels exactly the same fear himself, that he too longs to escape and that he endures only by forcing himself on. The man we took to be the model of courage admits he is as frightened as the man he has despised. This moment shocked me because it redefines heroism in the play: bravery is not the absence of fear but the daily struggle against it, and Stanhope's drinking suddenly makes terrible sense. Sherriff then cools the scene with Stanhope arranging for Hibbert to go on duty with Osborne, a return to routine that shows how the army absorbs even such a crisis.

The second moment is the death of Raleigh. Sherriff has carefully established Raleigh as innocent and enthusiastic, the schoolboy who idolised Stanhope and asked to be sent to his company. After the raid in which Osborne is killed, Raleigh's spirits are crushed, and Stanhope's furious outburst at him over the dinner shows how close everyone is to breaking. In the final scene, during the German attack, Raleigh is brought down into the dugout badly wounded in the spine. The shock lies partly in the quietness of it. There is no heroic speech; instead Raleigh is bewildered, asks questions about what has happened to him and complains of the cold and the dark, while Stanhope tries to comfort him with

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blankets and water, calling him by his first name, Jimmy, for the first time. The tenderness between them, after so much bitterness, makes his death almost unbearable to watch.

Sherriff's staging intensifies the horror. The candle flickers, the sound of shelling grows, and after Raleigh dies Stanhope is called up to the line. He leaves the dugout, and then a shell strikes, bringing down the entrance in darkness as the sound of machine guns continues. The play ends not with resolution but with destruction, and the implication that everyone above may die too. I find this ending shocking because the play refuses to offer any comfort: the young, the hopeful and the hardened are all swallowed by the war.

Both moments are shocking in different ways. The Hibbert scene shocks through sudden violence and then through the raw honesty of Stanhope's confession; Raleigh's death shocks through its gentleness and its waste. Together they show Sherriff's purpose: to strip away the myths of glory and reveal what the trenches did to ordinary, decent men.

4a

Shakespeare makes this moment entertaining by turning it into a play within a play. Malvolio believes he is alone, privately reading a letter that will change his life, while Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian watch from hiding and comment on every word. The comedy depends on dramatic irony, on Malvolio's absurd vanity and on the explosive reactions of his audience, so that the scene works almost like a trap slowly closing on its victim.

The scene begins with Malvolio puzzling over the letters "M. O. A. I." His painstaking attempt to decode them is funny because he is so determined to find

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himself in them. He seizes on the first letter, "why, that begins my name", then struggles when the order is wrong: "A should follow, but O does." Rather than abandon the theory, he decides "to crush this a little", and the verb exposes how he will bend any evidence to fit his desires. The audience enjoys watching a man who prides himself on his superior intelligence fooling himself with such pompous, legalistic phrases as "no consonancy in the sequel" and "suffers under probation".

The hidden watchers multiply the humour. Fabian mocks him as "The cur is excellent at faults", comparing him to a hunting dog sniffing out a false scent, while Sir Toby's threat that he will "cudgel him, and make him cry 'O!'" puns on Malvolio's letters and on a cry of pain. Fabian's quip that if Malvolio had "any eye behind" him he would see "more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you" plays on the letter I and reminds the audience that Malvolio's downfall is literally standing behind him. On stage, the conspirators' asides and barely controlled outbursts, as they struggle not to be discovered, create an extra layer of physical comedy.

The letter itself, written by Maria in imitation of Olivia's hand, is a brilliant parody of romantic and grandiose language. Its most famous line, "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em", is deliberately flattering and inflated, and it feeds precisely the social ambition that Malvolio, a steward, has already revealed. The instructions are cleverly designed to make him ridiculous: to be "opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants", and above all to remember "thy yellow stockings" and to be "cross-garter'd". The audience knows these are things Olivia will detest, so each instruction is a comic time bomb waiting for a later scene. The signature, "THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY", is an oxymoron that sounds romantic but foreshadows Malvolio's own fate.

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Malvolio's response is the climax of the comedy. His prose becomes a breathless list of resolutions: "I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance". The repetition of "I will" shows his ego swelling with every phrase, and his vow to "baffle Sir Toby" is especially funny since Sir Toby is watching him. The supreme irony is his insistence, "I do not now fool myself", when he is being fooled completely. He even finds proof in his memory that Olivia "did commend my yellow stockings of late", which shows his imagination rewriting the past. The postscript's request to smile, and his rapturous "I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me", promise the audience the delicious sight of the solemn, puritanical steward grinning foolishly before his mistress.

The scene ends with the conspirators' delight. Fabian would not give up his share of this "sport" for "a pension of thousands", and Sir Toby says he "could marry this wench for this device", with Sir Andrew's echoing "So could I too" adding a final note of his usual foolish imitation. Their glee confirms the success of the trick and anticipates the comic payoff to come.

This moment is so entertaining because Shakespeare combines verbal wit, dramatic irony and visual comedy. Yet some audiences may feel a flicker of unease, since the prank feeds on Malvolio's private dreams, and the trick will later be pushed into cruelty. In this scene, however, his self-love makes him the perfect target, and we laugh because he so eagerly walks into the trap.

4b

Shakespeare encourages us to admire Olivia to a considerable extent: she is dignified, witty, independent and finally generous. Yet he also makes her faintly ridiculous, since her extravagant mourning and her headlong passion for a disguised

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woman reveal the same self-deception that runs through Illyria. My view is that we admire her most for her capacity to change, and for the honesty with which she pursues what she feels, even when it makes her foolish.

At first Olivia is presented through the eyes of others, and the picture is of excessive grief. Valentine reports that she has vowed to veil herself and weep for her dead brother for seven years, shutting herself away from the world and from Orsino's suit. There is something admirable in this loyalty, but Shakespeare also invites gentle mockery. Feste proves her a fool for mourning a brother whose soul she believes is in heaven, and her amused response shows that she can take a joke against herself. Her defence of Feste against Malvolio is equally telling: she tells the steward that he is "sick of self-love" and tastes everything "with a distempered appetite". Here she shows sharp judgement and a sense of proportion, and the audience warms to her.

Her independence is one of her most attractive qualities. Unlike many women in comedy, she governs her own household and refuses to be pressured into marriage with Orsino, however noble he is. When Viola, disguised as Cesario, delivers Orsino's elaborate praises, Olivia mocks the conventions of courtly love with real wit. Asked to unveil, she treats her own beauty like an inventory, listing items such as "two lips, indifferent red", which deflates the flowery language of the Petrarchan lover. We admire her intelligence and her refusal to be an object of poetic worship.

Yet in the same scene Shakespeare begins to complicate our admiration. Olivia falls instantly in love with Cesario, and her soliloquy shows her surprise at how quickly "the plague" of love has caught her. Her sending Malvolio after Cesario with a ring that was never left is a clever ploy, but it reveals that she, too, is capable of deceit when desire takes hold. The comedy deepens in Act Three when she openly

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confesses her love to Cesario and is rejected. Her lines are moving because she is aware of her own shame at having revealed so much, and her plea is sincere rather than coquettish. We may laugh at the dramatic irony, since we know Cesario is a woman, but Shakespeare does not let the laughter become contempt.

Olivia's treatment of Malvolio also shapes our response. When he appears smiling in yellow stockings, she is bewildered and concerned, believing him mad, and she asks that he be looked after rather than punished. At the end, when the truth of the letter emerges, she sympathises with him, acknowledging that he has been "most notoriously abused". She is one of the few characters to show compassion to the steward, which raises her in our estimation.

Her impulsive marriage to Sebastian, whom she mistakes for Cesario, is the moment that most tests our admiration. She proposes and hurries him to a priest with a speed that contrasts sharply with her vow of seven years' mourning. Some audiences may find this comic and slightly undignified; others see it as joyful proof that she has rejected sterile grief in favour of life. When the twins appear together and the truth is revealed, Olivia accepts the situation with grace and welcomes Viola as a sister, showing generosity rather than embarrassment.

Overall, Shakespeare encourages us to admire Olivia far more than to criticise her. She is not flawless: her mourning is excessive and her love is blind. But her wit, her authority, her kindness to Feste and Malvolio and her willingness to risk humiliation for love make her one of the most humane figures in the play. Her follies are those of the whole of Illyria, and she is admirable precisely because she learns to move beyond them.

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This moment is profoundly disturbing because we watch Othello's love being converted into murderous hatred in a matter of lines, entirely through Iago's invented evidence. Shakespeare makes us witness the manipulation in close detail, so that we see both how skilfully Iago works and how terrifyingly quickly a noble mind collapses. The scene ends in a perverse ceremony, a "sacred vow" of revenge, which makes the horror feel ritualised and fixed.

Iago's account of Cassio's dream is disturbing first in its content. He claims that Cassio murmured "Sweet Desdemona, / Let us be wary, let us hide our loves", and then describes how Cassio would "gripe and wring my hand", "kiss me hard", and lay "his leg / Over my thigh". The sensual, physical detail is designed to place pictures in Othello's mind, and the grotesque image of Cassio who "pluck'd up kisses by the roots" turns love into something violent and invasive. The verse itself is broken by dashes and runs on in breathless lists, "sigh'd, and kiss'd, and then", mimicking the urgency of the scene he describes. What disturbs me is that every word is a lie told with such vivid conviction, and the final cry, "Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!", slides in a sneer at Othello's race and marriage.

Iago's cleverness lies in seeming to hold back. When Othello cries "O monstrous! monstrous!", Iago immediately responds, "Nay, this was but his dream", appearing to defend Cassio while actually leaving Othello to draw the worst conclusion. He even says "She may be honest yet", the adjective "honest" echoing the epithet so often attached to Iago himself, which is darkly ironic. He then introduces the handkerchief "Spotted with strawberries", a precise, homely detail that makes the lie feel real. Othello's poignant reply, "'twas my first gift", reminds us of the love it symbolised, which makes Iago's claim that Cassio used it to "wipe his beard" all the more degrading. The tentative phrasing, "If it be that, or any that was hers", is a masterpiece of vagueness: Iago offers no proof, yet Othello treats it as proof.

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Othello's reaction is the most disturbing element. His language moves from noble restraint to savage violence: "I'll tear her all to pieces" is shockingly physical, and his wish that Cassio had "forty thousand lives" shows his revenge swelling beyond any limit. In the lines "All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven. / 'Tis gone", the gesture of blowing love away is chillingly simple, and the short line "'Tis gone" sounds like a door closing. He then summons "black vengeance, from the hollow hell" and calls on love to yield its "crown" to "tyrannous hate". The imagery of heaven and hell, together with "aspics' tongues", shows his mind invaded by poison, echoing Iago's earlier plans to pour poison into his ear. The broken cry "O, blood, blood, blood!" reduces the eloquent general to bare, repeated monosyllables.

Shakespeare then gives Othello the extended simile of the "Pontic sea", whose "icy current and compulsive course" never feels a "retiring ebb". It is disturbing that this flowing, majestic verse, so typical of Othello's grandeur, is now in the service of "bloody thoughts". The image of an unstoppable tide suggests that he has surrendered his will to an irreversible course, and the repeated "ne'er" seals his decision.

The scene closes with both men kneeling. Othello swears "by yond marble heaven", and Iago kneels beside him, calling on the "ever-burning lights above" to witness his dedication of "wit, hands, heart" to "wrong'd Othello's service". Visually this resembles a marriage or a religious oath, a dark parody of the bond between Othello and Desdemona. The audience knows Iago's devotion is utterly false, so the image of the villain kneeling beside his victim is profoundly unsettling. Shakespeare makes this moment so disturbing because it shows how easily love, trust and even faith can be twisted into instruments of destruction.

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5b	Iago's contemptuous label, "silly gentleman", is largely accurate: Shakespeare presents Roderigo as foolish, vain and endlessly gullible, a man whose purse is emptied as easily as his mind is filled. Yet I do not think the play lets us simply laugh at him. Shakespeare uses Roderigo as a comic foil who exposes Iago's methods, and by the end the "silly" gentleman becomes a pitiable victim, even, briefly, the one character who sees Iago clearly. I agree with Iago's judgement, then, but only up to a point. From the opening line Roderigo is cast as a dupe. "Tush, never tell me! I take it much unkindly / That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse / As if the strings were thine" is a complaint that immediately reveals the absurdity of his position: he knows he is being used, yet he keeps paying. The image of the purse strings becomes a structural thread through the play, and it is telling that Shakespeare begins his tragedy not with the hero but with a fool being managed. Roderigo is also the voice of noisy, ineffective rivalry, shouting up at Brabantio's window while Iago hides in the dark and supplies the crude animal imagery. Even here Roderigo is a mouthpiece, and Iago's "I am not what I am" is spoken to a man who will never take the warning. The moment Iago calls him a "silly gentleman" shows why the phrase sticks. After the Senate scene Roderigo melodramatically announces "I will incontinently drown myself", and his reasoning, "It is silliness to live when to live is torment", unconsciously applies the very word to himself. Shakespeare makes his despair comic because it is so shallow and so quickly cured: within moments Iago's repeated refrain "put money in thy purse" has him ready to sell his land. The scene closes with Iago's soliloquy, "Thus do I ever make my fool my purse", and the bluntness of "fool" confirms what the audience has watched. Roderigo's silliness lies in his complete lack of self-knowledge: he mistakes infatuation for love and

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cash for courtship, imagining that jewels can buy Desdemona.

Yet Shakespeare gives him flashes of resistance that make him more than a cartoon. In Cyprus, when Iago claims that Desdemona desires Cassio, Roderigo protests, "I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blessed condition." Ironically, the "silly gentleman" is right about Desdemona when Othello, the noble general, is not. Later he speaks with rueful self-awareness, comparing himself to a hound that only "fills up the cry", and admitting that he will return to Venice with "no money at all and a little more wit." In Act 4 Scene 2 he finally confronts Iago, complaining that he has wasted his money and that the jewels would "half have corrupted a votarist." The prose is plain and almost dignified, and for a moment we hope he will break free. Shakespeare then shows how quickly Iago reclaims him with flattery, "Why, now I see there's mettle in thee", and the hope collapses. His silliness is therefore less pure stupidity than a fatal weakness for being told what he wants to hear, a weakness he shares, disturbingly, with Othello himself.

This parallel is, I think, Shakespeare's real purpose. Roderigo is a comic rehearsal of the tragedy: both men are manipulated through their desire for Desdemona, both are turned to violence, and both are destroyed. In Act 5 Scene 1 Roderigo admits he has "no great devotion to the deed", yet follows Iago's "satisfying reasons", just as Othello will. Iago dismisses him as a "young quat" rubbed raw, a contemptuous image of a pimple, before stabbing him in the dark. Roderigo's dying cry, "O damned Iago! O inhuman dog!", is the first time anyone names Iago's evil, and the letters found in his pocket help to expose the plot. The fool's last act is one of unwitting truth-telling.

Overall, Shakespeare's portrayal largely supports Iago's verdict: Roderigo is gullible,

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self-pitying and ridiculous. However, because his folly mirrors Othello's and his death is so brutal, the audience's laughter turns to discomfort, and "silly" comes to seem too light a word for a man so cruelly used.