

EXAM SHAKESPEARE 2017

Write ONE essay on ONE of the excerpts provided below. (Each excerpt is from one of the plays on your syllabus. TEXTS A, B, and C are provided. *NB*: choose ONE). Identify what you take to be the most interesting and noteworthy qualities of the extract. What are its key themes and sources of dramatic conflict? Discuss aspects of the extract's language, imagery, and characterization in relation to the play as a whole.

Text A) *Twelfth Night* 1.5.163—end of scene.

Text B) *The Merchant of Venice* 1.3.

Text C) *Antony and Cleopatra* 1.1.

TEXT A) *Twelfth Night* 1.5.163—end of scene.

Enter VIOLA, and Attendants

VIOLA

The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA

Speak to me; I shall answer for her.
Your will?

VIOLA

Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,--I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

OLIVIA

Whence came you, sir?

VIOLA

I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

OLIVIA

Are you a comedian?

VIOLA

No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs
of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you
the lady of the house?

OLIVIA

If I do not usurp myself, I am.

VIOLA

Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp
yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours
to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will
on with my speech in your praise, and then show you
the heart of my message.

OLIVIA

Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

VIOLA

Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

OLIVIA

It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you,
keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates,
and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you
than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if
you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of
moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

MARIA

Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

VIOLA

No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little
longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet
lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

OLIVIA

Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when
the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

VIOLA

It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of
war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my
hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

OLIVIA

Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

VIOLA

The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I
learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I

would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears,
divinity, to any other's, profanation.

OLIVIA

Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity.

Exeunt MARIA and Attendants

Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA

Most sweet lady,--

OLIVIA

A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it.
Where lies your text?

VIOLA

In Orsino's bosom.

OLIVIA

In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

VIOLA

To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

OLIVIA

O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

VIOLA

Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA

Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate
with my face? You are now out of your text: but
we will draw the curtain and show you the picture.
Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't
not well done?

Unveiling

VIOLA

Excellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA

'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

VIOLA

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA

O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIOLA

I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

OLIVIA

How does he love me?

VIOLA

With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLIVIA

Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIOLA

If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

OLIVIA

Why, what would you?

VIOLA

Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, You should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

OLIVIA

You might do much.
What is your parentage?

VIOLA

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

OLIVIA

Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

VIOLA

I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

Exit

OLIVIA

'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast:
soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA

Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't: hie thee, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

Madam, I will.

Exit

OLIVIA

I do I know not what, and fear to find
 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
 Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
 What is decreed must be, and be this so.

Exit

TEXT B) *The Merchant of Venice* 1.3.

SCENE III. Venice. A public place.

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK

SHYLOCK

Three thousand ducats; well.

BASSANIO

Ay, sir, for three months.

SHYLOCK

For three months; well.

BASSANIO

For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

SHYLOCK

Antonio shall become bound; well.

BASSANIO

May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I
 know your answer?

SHYLOCK

Three thousand ducats for three months and Antonio bound.

BASSANIO

Your answer to that.

SHYLOCK

Antonio is a good man.

BASSANIO

Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

SHYLOCK

Oh, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a
 good man is to have you understand me that he is
 sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he

hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

BASSANIO

Be assured you may.

SHYLOCK

I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

BASSANIO

If it please you to dine with us.

SHYLOCK

Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO

BASSANIO

This is Signior Antonio.

SHYLOCK

[Aside] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

BASSANIO

Shylock, do you hear?

SHYLOCK

I am debating of my present store,
 And, by the near guess of my memory,
 I cannot instantly raise up the gross
 Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
 Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
 Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
 Do you desire?

To ANTONIO

Rest you fair, good signior;
 Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANTONIO

Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow
 By taking nor by giving of excess,
 Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
 I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
 How much ye would?

SHYLOCK

Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

ANTONIO

And for three months.

SHYLOCK

I had forgot; three months; you told me so.
 Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
 Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
 Upon advantage.

ANTONIO

I do never use it.

SHYLOCK

When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep--
 This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
 As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
 The third possessor; ay, he was the third--

ANTONIO

And what of him? did he take interest?

SHYLOCK

No, not take interest, not, as you would say,
 Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
 When Laban and himself were compromised
 That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
 Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
 In the end of autumn turned to the rams,
 And, when the work of generation was
 Between these woolly breeders in the act,
 The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,

And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
 He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
 Who then conceiving did in eaning time
 Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
 This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
 And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

ANTONIO

This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
 A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
 But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
 Was this inserted to make interest good?
 Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

SHYLOCK

I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
 But note me, signior.

ANTONIO

Mark you this, Bassanio,
 The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
 An evil soul producing holy witness
 Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
 O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

SHYLOCK

Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
 Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate--

ANTONIO

Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

SHYLOCK

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
 In the Rialto you have rated me
 About my moneys and my usances:
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
 You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is mine own.
 Well then, it now appears you need my help:
 Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
 'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so;
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
 And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold: moneys is your suit
 What should I say to you? Should I not say
 'Hath a dog money? is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' Or
 Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,

With bated breath and whispering humbleness, Say this;
 'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
 You spurn'd me such a day; another time
 You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
 I'll lend you thus much moneys'?

ANTONIO

I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
 As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
 A breed for barren metal of his friend?
 But lend it rather to thine enemy,
 Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
 Exact the penalty.

SHYLOCK

Why, look you, how you storm!
 I would be friends with you and have your love,
 Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
 Supply your present wants and take no doit
 Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
 This is kind I offer.

BASSANIO

This were kindness.

SHYLOCK

This kindness will I show.
 Go with me to a notary, seal me there
 Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
 If you repay me not on such a day,
 In such a place, such sum or sums as are
 Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
 Be nominated for an equal pound
 Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
 In what part of your body pleaseth me.

ANTONIO

Content, i' faith: I'll seal to such a bond
 And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

BASSANIO

You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
 I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

ANTONIO

Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
 Within these two months, that's a month before
 This bond expires, I do expect return
 Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

SHYLOCK

O father Abram, what these Christians are,
 Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
 The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
 If he should break his day, what should I gain
 By the exaction of the forfeiture?
 A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
 Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
 As flesh of muttens, beefs, or goats. I say,
 To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
 If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
 And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

ANTONIO

Yes Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHYLOCK

Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
 Give him direction for this merry bond,
 And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
 See to my house, left in the fearful guard
 Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
 I will be with you.

ANTONIO

Hie thee, gentle Jew.

Exit Shylock

The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

BASSANIO

I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

ANTONIO

Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
 My ships come home a month before the day.

Exeunt

TEXT C) Antony and Cleopatra 1.1

SCENE I. Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA's palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO

PHILO

Nay, but this dotage of our general's
 O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
 That o'er the files and musters of the war
 Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,

The office and devotion of their view
 Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
 Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
 The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
 And is become the bellows and the fan
 To cool a gipsy's lust.

Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her Ladies, the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her

Look, where they come:
 Take but good note, and you shall see in him.
 The triple pillar of the world transform'd
 Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

CLEOPATRA

If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

MARK ANTONY

There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

CLEOPATRA

I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

MARK ANTONY

Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant

Attendant

News, my good lord, from Rome.

MARK ANTONY

Grates me: the sum.

CLEOPATRA

Nay, hear them, Antony:
 Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows
 If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent
 His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;
 Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
 Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

MARK ANTONY

How, my love!

CLEOPATRA

Perchance! nay, and most like:
 You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
 Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony.
 Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's I would say? both?
 Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
 Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
 Is Caesar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
 When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

MARK ANTONY

Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
 Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.
 Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
 Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
 Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair

Embracing

And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
 On pain of punishment, the world to weet
 We stand up peerless.

CLEOPATRA

Excellent falsehood!
 Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
 I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
 Will be himself.

MARK ANTONY

But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
 Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
 Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
 There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
 Without some pleasure now. What sport tonight?

CLEOPATRA

Hear the ambassadors.

MARK ANTONY

Fie, wrangling queen!
 Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
 To weep; whose every passion fully strives
 To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
 No messenger, but thine; and all alone
 To-night we'll wander through the streets and note
 The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
 Last night you did desire it: speak not to us.

Exeunt MARK ANTONY and CLEOPATRA with their train

DEMETRIUS

Is Caesar with Antonius prized so slight?

PHILO

Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
 He comes too short of that great property
 Which still should go with Antony.

DEMETRIUS

I am full sorry
 That he approves the common liar, who
 Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
 Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

Exeunt