
A-level ENGLISH LITERATURE A (7712/1)

Paper 1: Love through the Ages

2015

Morning

Time allowed: 3 hours

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer booklet
- a copy of each of the set texts you have studied for Section C. These texts must **not** be annotated and must **not** contain additional notes or materials.

Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The **Examining Body** for this paper is AQA. The **Paper Reference** is 7712/1.
- In Section A you will answer **one** question about a Shakespeare play. In Section B you will answer **one** question about unseen poetry. In Section C you will answer **one** question about **two** texts: one poetry text and one prose text, one of which must be written pre-1900.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.

Information

- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
 - The maximum mark for this paper is 75.
 - You will be marked on your ability to:
 - use good English
 - organise information clearly
 - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.
 - In your response you need to:
 - analyse carefully the writers' methods
 - explore the contexts of the texts you are writing about
 - explore connections across the texts you have studied
 - explore different interpretations of your texts.
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Section A: Shakespeare

Answer **one** question in this section.

Either

0	1
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Othello – William Shakespeare

‘Typically, texts about husbands and wives present marriage from a male point of view.’

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents the relationship between Othello and Desdemona in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

[25 marks]

OTHELLO

I do not think but Desdemona’s honest.

IAGO

Long live she so! And long live you to think so!

OTHELLO

And yet, how nature erring from itself –

IAGO

Ay, there’s the point: as, to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposèd matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends,
Foh! One may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.

OTHELLO

Farewell, farewell.

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more.
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

IAGO

(going) My lord, I take my leave.

OTHELLO

Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless
Sees and knows more, much more than he unfolds.

IAGO

(returning) My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no farther. Leave it to time.
Although ’tis fit that Cassio have his place,
For sure he fills it up with great ability,
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means;
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity –

Much will be seen in that. In the meantime,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
As worthy cause I have to fear I am,
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

OTHELLO

Fear not my government.

IAGO

I once more take my leave. *Exit.*

OTHELLO

This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities with a learnèd spirit
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; or for I am declined
Into the vale of years – yet that's not much –
She's gone: I am abused, and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O, curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativèd are they less than the base.
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forkèd plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:
Enter Desdemona and Emilia.
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!
I'll not believe't.

(Act 3, Scene 3)

or

0 2

The Taming of the Shrew – William Shakespeare

‘Typically, texts about husbands and wives present marriage from a male point of view.’

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents the relationship between Petruchio and Katherine in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

[25 marks]**PETRUCHIO**

Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not.
Off with that bauble, throw it underfoot.
She obeys

WIDOW

Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

BIANCA

Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?

LUCENTIO

I would your duty were as foolish too!
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.

BIANCA

The more fool you for laying on my duty.

PETRUCHIO

Katherine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

WIDOW

Come, come, you're mocking. We will have no telling.

PETRUCHIO

Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

WIDOW

She shall not.

PETRUCHIO

I say she shall. And first begin with her.

KATHERINA

Fie, fie, unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience –
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown.
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot.
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

PETRUCHIO

Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

(Act 5, Scene 2)

or

0 3

Measure for Measure – William Shakespeare

‘Typically, texts present women as essentially passive in the face of male aggression.’

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents the relationship between Angelo and Isabella in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

[25 marks]

LUCIO (*aside to Isabella*)

O, to him, to him, wench; he will relent.

He's coming, I perceive't.

PROVOST (*aside*) Pray heaven she win him.

ISABELLA

We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.

Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them,

But in the less, foul profanation.

LUCIO (*aside to Isabella*)

Thou'rt i' th' right, girl, more o'that.

ISABELLA

That in the captain's but a choleric word

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

LUCIO (*aside to Isabella*)

Art avised o'that? More on't.

ANGELO

Why do you put these sayings upon me?

ISABELLA

Because authority, though it err like others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself

That skins the vice o'th'top. Go to your bosom,

Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know

That's like my brother's fault; if it confess

A natural guiltiness such as is his,

Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue

Against my brother's life.

ANGELO (*aside*) She speaks, and 'tis

Such sense that my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.

ISABELLA

Gentle my lord, turn back.

ANGELO

I will bethink me. Come again tomorrow.

ISABELLA

Hark how I'll bribe you. Good my lord, turn back.

ANGELO

How? Bribe me?

ISABELLA

Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

LUCIO (*aside to Isabella*)

You had marred all else.

ISABELLA

Not with fond sicles of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rate are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sunrise: prayers from preservèd souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

ANGELO Well, come to me tomorrow.

LUCIO (*aside to Isabella*)

Go to, 'tis well; away.

ISABELLA

Heaven keep your honour safe.

ANGELO (*aside*) Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

ISABELLA At what hour tomorrow

Shall I attend your lordship?

ANGELO At any time 'forenoon.

ISABELLA

God save your honour.

Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost

ANGELO From thee: even from thy virtue.

What's this? What's this? Is this her fault or mine?

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?

Ha?

Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I

That, lying by the violet in the sun,

Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,

Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be

That modesty may more betray our sense

Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary

And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!

What dost thou? Or what art thou, Angelo?

Dost thou desire her foully for those things

That make her good?

(Act 2, Scene 2)

or

0 4

The Winter's Tale – William Shakespeare

'Paradoxically, texts often present jealousy as springing from the very deepest kind of love.'

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents Leontes' feelings for Hermione in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

[25 marks]**CAMILLO**

.....But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass
By its own visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

LEONTES

Ha' not you seen, Camillo –
But that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn – or heard –
For to a vision so apparent rumour
Cannot be mute – or thought – for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think –
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess –
Or else be impudently negative
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought – then say
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.

CAMILLO

I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so without
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

LEONTES

Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? – a note infallible
Of breaking honesty. Horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? Wishing clocks more swift?
Hours minutes? Noon midnight? And all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked – Is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

CAMILLO

Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.

LEONTES

Say it be, 'tis true.

CAMILLO

No, no, my lord!

LEONTES

It is. You lie, you lie!

I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

CAMILLO

Who does infect her?

LEONTES

Why, he that wears her like er medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia; who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing. Ay, and thou,
His cupbearer – whom I from meaner form
Have benched and reared to worship; who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven
How I am galled – mightst bespice a cup
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

(Act I, Scene 2)

Section B: Unseen Poetry

Answer the following question.

0	5
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It has been said that Rossetti's poem is conventional and celebratory, whereas Millay's poem offers a very different view of love.

Compare and contrast the presentation of love in the following poems in the light of this comment.

[25 marks]

A Birthday

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair¹ and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

Christina Rossetti (1861)

¹ bluish grey and white squirrel fur, prized for its ornamental use in medieval times

Love is Not All

Love is not all: it is not meat nor drink Nor
slumber nor a roof against the rain; Nor
yet a floating spar to men that sink And
rise and sink and rise and sink again;
Love can not fill the thickened lung with breath,
Nor clean the blood, nor set the fractured bone;
Yet many a man is making friends with death
Even as I speak, for lack of love alone.
It well may be that in a difficult hour,
Pinned down by pain and moaning for release,
Or nagged by want past resolution's power,
I might be driven to sell your love for peace,
Or trade the memory of this night for food.
It well may be. I do not think I would.

Edna St. Vincent Millay (1931)

Section C: Comparing Texts

Answer **one** question in this section.

You must write about **two** texts: **one** prose text and **one** poetry text (at least **two** poems must be covered). **One** of these texts must be written pre-1900.

Either

0	6
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 Compare how the authors of **two** texts you have studied present ideas about passion.

[25 marks]

or

0	7
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 Compare how the authors of **two** texts you have studied present barriers to love.

[25 marks]

END OF QUESTIONS

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Question 4: from *The Winter's Tale* by William Shakespeare, Penguin

Question 5: *A Birthday* by Christina Rossetti, Everyman Poetry, 1861

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