



A-level

ENGLISH LITERATURE A

Paper 1 Love through the ages

7712/1

Thursday 7 June 2018

Afternoon

Time allowed: 3 hours

For this paper you must have:

- **an AQA 12-page answer book**
- **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.**

[Turn over]

INSTRUCTIONS

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The PAPER REFERENCE is 7712/1.
- In Section A you will answer ONE question about a Shakespeare play.
- In Section B you will answer the 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.**

DO NOT TURN OVER UNTIL TOLD TO DO SO

SECTION A: Shakespeare

Answer ONE question in this section.

EITHER

0 1 'Othello' – William Shakespeare

“In the literature of love, men control women.”

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents male attitudes towards women in this extract and elsewhere in the play. [25 marks]

OTHELLO

O, my fair warrior!

DESDEMONA My dear Othello!

OTHELLO

It gives me wonder great as my content
 To see you here before me. O, my soul's joy!
 If after every tempest come such calms,
 May the winds blow till they have wakened death,
 And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
 Olympus-high, and duck again as low
 As hell's from heaven. If it were now to die,
 'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
 My soul hath her content so absolute
 That not another comfort like to this
 Succeeds in unknown fate.

DESDEMONA The heavens forbid
 But that our loves and comforts should increase,
 Even as our days do grow.

OTHELLO Amen to that, sweet Powers!
 I cannot speak enough of this content;
 It stops me here; it is too much of joy.

They kiss

And this, and this the greatest discords be
 That e'er our hearts shall make.

IAGO (*aside*) O, you are well tuned now!
 But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
 As honest as I am.

OTHELLO Come, let's to the castle.
 News, friends; our wars are done; the Turks are
 drowned.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
 Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus:
 I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,

[Turn over]

I prattle out of fashion and I dote
 In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,
 Go to the bay and disembark my coffers;
 Bring thou the Master to the citadel;
 He is a good one, and his worthiness
 Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,
 Once more well met at Cyprus!

Exeunt all except Iago and Roderigo

IAGO *(to soldiers, who go off)* Do thou meet me
 presently at
 the harbour. *(To Roderigo)* Come hither. If thou
 be'st
 valiant – as they say base men being in love have
 then a
 nobility in their natures more than is native to them –
 list me. The Lieutenant tonight watches on the court
 of
 guard. First, I must tell thee this: Desdemona is
 directly
 in love with him.

RODERIGO With him? Why, 'tis not possible!

IAGO Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed.
 Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor,
 but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies. And
 will she love him still for prating? Let not thy discreet
 heart think it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight
 shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is
 made dull with the act of sport, there should be,
 again
 to inflame it and give satiety a fresh appetite,
 loveliness
 in favour, sympathy in years, manners and beauties:
 all

which the Moor is defective in. Now for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find

itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor. Very nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted

– as it is a most pregnant and unforced position – who

stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? – a knave very voluble; no further conscion–

able than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection.

(Act 2, Scene 1)

[Turn over]

OR

0 2 ‘The Taming of the Shrew’ – William Shakespeare

“Typically men dominate women in the literature of love, but women always find ways to assert themselves.”

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents Bianca in this extract and elsewhere in the play. [25 marks]

BIANCA

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles –
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

HORTENSIO

You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

LUCENTIO

That will be never. Tune your instrument.

BIANCA Where left we last?

LUCENTIO Here, madam.

(He reads)

*'Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'*

BIANCA Construe them.

LUCENTIO *'Hic ibat'*, as I told you before – *'Simois'*, I am
Lucentio – *'hic est'*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa –

'Sigeia

tellus', disguised thus to get your love – *'Hic steterat'*,
and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing – *'Priami'*, is
my

man Tranio – *'regia'*, bearing my port – *'celsa senis'*,
that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

HORTENSIO Madam, my instrument's in tune.

BIANCA Let's hear. *(He plays)* O fie! The treble jars.

LUCENTIO Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

BIANCA Now let me see if I can construe it. *'Hic ibat*

Simois', I know you not – *'hic est Sigeia tellus'*, I trust
you

not – *'Hic steterat Priami'*, take heed he hear us not –
'regia', presume not – *'celsa senis'*, despair not.

HORTENSIO

Madam, 'tis now in tune.

LUCENTIO

All but the bass.

[Turn over]

HORTENSIO

The bass is right, 'tis the base knave that jars.
(Aside) How fiery and forward our pedant is.
 Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love.
 Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

BIANCA

In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

LUCENTIO

Mistrust it not – for, sure, Aeacides
 Was Ajax, called so from his grandfather.

BIANCA

I must believe my master, else, I promise you,
 I should be arguing still upon that doubt.
 But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you.
 Good master, take it not unkindly, pray,
 That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

HORTENSIO *(to Lucentio)*

You may go walk, and give me leave awhile.
 My lessons make no music in three parts.

LUCENTIO

Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait –
(aside) And watch withal, for, but I be deceived,
 Our fine musician groweth amorous.

HORTENSIO

Madam, before you touch the instrument
 To learn the order of my fingering,
 I must begin with rudiments of art,
 To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
 More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
 Than hath been taught by any of my trade.
 And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

BIANCA

Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

HORTENSIO

Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

BIANCA (*reads*)

'Gamut I am, the ground of all accord –

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion –

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord –

C fa ut, that loves with all affection –

D sol re, one clef, two notes have I –

E la mi, show pity or I die.'

Call you this gamut? Tut, I like it not!

Old fashions please me best. I am not so nice

To change true rules for odd inventions.

(Act 3, Scene 1)

[Turn over]

OR

0 3 'Measure for Measure' – William Shakespeare

“In ‘Measure for Measure’ Isabella does little to sustain her relationship with her brother.”

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

[25 marks]

ISABELLA Dost thou think, Claudio,
 If I would yield him my virginity,
 Thou might'st be freed?

CLAUDIO O heavens, it cannot be.

ISABELLA
 Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank
 offence,
 So to offend him still. This night's the time
 That I should do what I abhor to name,
 Or else thou diest tomorrow.

CLAUDIO Thou shalt not do't.

ISABELLA
 O, were it but my life,
 I'd throw it down for your deliverance
 As frankly as a pin.

CLAUDIO Thanks, dear Isabel

ISABELLA
 Be ready, Claudio, for your death tomorrow.

CLAUDIO
 Yes. Has he affections in him
 That thus can make him bite the law by th'nose,
 When he would force it? Sure it is no sin,
 Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

ISABELLA
 Which is the least?

CLAUDIO
 If it were damnable, he being so wise,
 Why would he for the momentary trick
 Be perdurably fined? O Isabel!

ISABELLA
 What says my brother?

[Turn over]

Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perish. Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

CLAUDIO

Nay, hear me, Isabel.

ISABELLA

O, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd,
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

(Act 3, Scene 1)

[Turn over]

OR

0 4 'The Winter's Tale' – William Shakespeare

“In the literature of love, jealous characters are never presented as worthy of sympathy.”

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents Leontes in this extract and elsewhere in the play. [25 marks]

LEONTES

(To Hermione) Give me the boy. I am glad you did not nurse him;

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

HERMIONE

What is this? Sport?

LEONTES

Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her.
Away with him, and let her sport herself
With that she's big with: for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Mamillius is led out

HERMIONE

But I'd say he had not,
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to th'nayward.

LEONTES

You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well: be but about
To say she is a goodly lady and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity she's not honest, honorable.'
Praise her but for this her without-door form –
Which, on my faith, deserves high speech – and
straight
The shrug, the 'hum' or 'ha', these petty brands
That calumny doth use – O, I am out!
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself – these shrugs, these 'hum's and 'ha's,
When you have said she's goodly, come between
Ere you can say she's honest. But be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adult'ress.

HERMIONE

Should a villain say so,
The most replenished villain in the world,

[Turn over]

He were as much more villain. You, my lord,
Do but mistake.

LEONTES You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar. I have said
She's an adult'ress; I have said with whom.
More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is
A fedary with her, and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal – that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

HERMIONE No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have published me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then to say
You did mistake.

LEONTES No: if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top. Away with her to prison.
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

HERMIONE There's some ill planet reigns.
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex

Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
 Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have
 That honourable grief lodged here which burns
 Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,
 With thoughts so qualified as your charities
 Shall best instruct you measure me; and so
 The King's will be performed!

LEONTES

Shall I be heard?

HERMIONE

Who is't that goes with me? Beseech your highness
 My women may be with me, for you see
 My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools:
 There is no cause. When you shall know your
 mistress

Has deserved prison, then abound in tears
 As I come out. This action I now go on
 Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord.
 I never wished to see you sorry: now
 I trust I shall. My women, come, you have leave.

LEONTES

Go, do our bidding: hence!

(Act 2, Scene 1)

[Turn over]

SECTION B: Unseen Poetry

Answer the following question.

0 5 Compare and contrast the significance of parting in the following love poems. [25 marks]

‘Goodbye’

**So we must say Goodbye, my darling,
And go, as lovers go, for ever;
Tonight remains, to pack and fix on labels
And make an end of lying down together.**

**I put a final shilling in the gas,
And watch you slip your dress below your knees
And lie so still I hear your rustling comb
Modulate the autumn in the trees.**

**And all the countless things I shall remember
Lay mummy-cloths of silence round my head;
I fill the carafe with a drink of water;
You say ‘We paid a guinea for this bed,’**

**And then, ‘We’ll leave some gas, a little warmth
For the next resident, and these dry flowers,’
And turn your face away, afraid to speak
The big word, that Eternity is ours.**

**Your kisses close my eyes and yet you stare
As though God struck a child with nameless fears;
Perhaps the water glitters and discloses**

Time's chalice and its limpid useless tears.

**Everything we renounce except our selves;
Selfishness is the last of all to go;
Our sighs are exhalations of the earth,
Our footprints leave a track across the snow.**

**We made the universe to be our home,
Our nostrils took the wind to be our breath,
Our hearts are massive towers of delight,
We stride across the seven seas of death.**

**Yet when all's done you'll keep the emerald
I placed upon your finger in the street;
And I will keep the patches that you sewed
On my old battledress tonight, my sweet.**

Alun Lewis (1915–1944)

[Turn over]

'To Lucasta, Going to the Wars'

**Tell me not (Sweet) I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.**

**True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.**

**Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee (Dear) so much,
Lov'd I not Honour more.**

Richard Lovelace (1617–1657)

SECTION C: Comparing Texts

Answer ONE question in this section.

EITHER

0 6 Compare how ideas about enduring love are presented in **TWO** texts you have studied.

You must write about AT LEAST TWO poems in your answer AS WELL AS the prose text you have studied. [25 marks]

OR

0 7 Compare how the loss of love is presented in **TWO** texts you have studied.

You must write about AT LEAST TWO poems in your answer AS WELL AS the prose text you have studied. [25 marks]

END OF QUESTIONS

There are no questions printed on this page.

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