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ENGLISH LITERATURE A

Paper 1 Love through the ages: Shakespeare and poetry

7711/1

Friday 18 May 2018

Morning

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes

For this paper you must have:

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

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INSTRUCTIONS

- **Use black ink or black ball-point pen.**
- **Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The PAPER REFERENCE is 7711/1.**
- **Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.**
- **Answer ONE question from Section A and ONE question from Section B.**

INFORMATION

- **The maximum mark for this paper is 50.**
- **The marks for questions are shown in brackets.**
- **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 from this section.

EITHER

0 1 'Othello' – William Shakespeare

Read the passage from 'Othello', provided below, and respond to the following:

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this passage?
- Examine the view that, in this passage and elsewhere in the play, Shakespeare presents Othello as a victim.

[25 marks]

OTHELLO

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

IAGO

Demand me nothing; what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.

LODOVICO

What! Not to pray?

GRATIANO

Torments will ope your lips.

OTHELLO

Well, thou dost best.

LODOVICO

Sir, you shall understand what hath befallen,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,
 And here another: the one of them imports
 The death of Cassio, to be undertook
 By Roderigo.

OTHELLO O villain!

CASSIO Most heathenish and most gross!

LODOVICO

Now here's another discontented paper
 Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems
 Roderigo meant to have sent this damnèd villain,
 But that, belike, Iago, in the nick,
 Came in and satisfied him.

OTHELLO O the pernicious caitiff!
 How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
 That was my wife's?

CASSIO I found it in my chamber;
 And he himself confessed but even now
 That there he dropped it for a special purpose
 Which wrought to his desire.

OTHELLO O fool, fool, fool!

CASSIO

There is besides, in Roderigo's letter,
 How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
 Brave me upon the watch, whereon it came
 That I was cast; and even but now he spake
 After long seeming dead – Iago hurt him,
 Iago set him on.

LODOVICO

You must forsake this room and go with us.
 Your power and your command is taken off
 And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
 If there be any cunning cruelty
 That can torment him much, and hold him long,

[Turn over]

It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away.

OTHELLO

Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service and they know't:
No more of that. I pray you in your letters
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate
Speak of me as I am: nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand
Like the base Indian threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by th' throat the circumcised dog
And smote him thus.

He stabs himself

LODOVICO

O bloody period!

GRATIANO

All that's spoke is marred!

OTHELLO

I kissed thee, ere I killed thee: no way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

He falls on the bed and dies

(Act 5, Scene 2)

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[Turn over]

OR

0 2 'The Taming of the Shrew' – William Shakespeare

Read the passage from 'The Taming of the Shrew', provided below, and respond to the following:

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this passage?
- Examine the view that, in this passage and elsewhere in the play, Shakespeare presents Petruchio as a ridiculous fool.

[25 marks]

BAPTISTA Who comes with him?

BIONDELLO O sir, his lackey, for all the world
caparisoned

like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg and a
kersey

boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue
list; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies
pricked

in't for a feather; a monster, a very monster in
apparel,

and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's
lackey.

TRANIO

'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion.

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparelled.

BAPTISTA I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

BIONDELLO Why, sir, he comes not.

BAPTISTA Didst thou not say he comes?

BIONDELLO Who? That Petruchio came?

BAPTISTA Ay, that Petruchio came.

BIONDELLO No, sir. I say his horse comes with him on his back.

BAPTISTA Why, that's all one.

BIONDELLO

Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio

PETRUCHIO Come, where be these gallants? Who's at home?

BAPTISTA You are welcome, sir.

PETRUCHIO And yet I come not well?

BAPTISTA And yet you halt not.

TRANIO Not so well apparelled as I wish you were.

PETRUCHIO

Were it not better I should rush in thus?
But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown.
And wherefore gaze this goodly company
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

BAPTISTA

Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day.
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

TRANIO

And tell us what occasion of import

[Turn over]

Hath all so long detained you from your wife
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

PETRUCHIO

Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear –
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress,
Which at more leisure I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her.
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

TRANIO

See not your bride in these unreverent robes,
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

PETRUCHIO

Not I, believe me. Thus I'll visit her.

BAPTISTA

But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

PETRUCHIO

Good sooth, even thus. Therefore ha' done with
words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear in me
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss.

(Act 3, Scene 2)

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[Turn over]

OR

0 3 'Measure for Measure' – William Shakespeare

Read the passage from 'Measure for Measure', provided below, and respond to the following:

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this passage?
- Examine the view that, in this passage and elsewhere in the play, Shakespeare presents Mariana as passive and submissive.

[25 marks]

MARIANA

Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

DUKE What, are you married?**MARIANA** No, my lord.**DUKE** Are you a maid?**MARIANA** No, my lord.**DUKE** A widow, then?**MARIANA** Neither, my lord.**DUKE** Why, you are nothing, then. Neither maid, widow,
nor wife?**LUCIO** My lord, she may be a punk. For many of them
are
neither maid, widow, nor wife.**DUKE**

Silence that fellow. I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

LUCIO Well, my lord.**MARIANA**

My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married,

And I confess besides I am no maid;
I have known my husband, yet my husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.

LUCIO He was drunk, then, my lord. It can be no better.

DUKE For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too.

LUCIO Well, my lord.

DUKE

This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

MARIANA

Now I come to't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication
In selfsame manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When, I'll depose, I had him in mine arms,
With all th'effect of love.

ANGELO

Charges she more than me?

MARIANA

Not that I know.

DUKE

No? You say your husband?

MARIANA

Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

ANGELO

This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.

MARIANA

My husband bids me. Now I will unmask.

She unveils

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on.
This is the hand which, with a vowed contract,
Was fast belocked in thine. This is the body

[Turn over]

That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.

DUKE Know you this woman?

LUCIO

Carnally, she says.

DUKE Sirrah, no more!

LUCIO

Enough, my lord.

ANGELO

My lord, I must confess I know this woman,
And five years since there was some speech of
marriage

Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition, but in chief
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity; since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

MARIANA Noble prince,

As there comes light from heaven and words from
breath,

As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows, and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in's garden-house
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees
Or else forever be confixèd here
A marble monument.

(Act 5, Scene 1)

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[Turn over]

OR

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

Read the passage from 'The Winter's Tale', provided below, and respond to the following:

- How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this passage?
- Examine the view that, in this passage and elsewhere in the play, Paulina's only dramatic function is to expose the very worst aspects of Leontes' character.

[25 marks]

PAULINA

On mine own accord I'll off,
But first I'll do my errand. The good Queen –
For she is good – hath brought you forth a daughter:
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

She lays down the child

LEONTES

Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o'door!
A most intelligencing bawd!

PAULINA

Not so:

I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

LEONTES

Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.
(*To Antigonus*) Thou dotard, thou art woman-tired,
unroosted

By thy Dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard!
Take't up, I say! Give't to thy crone.

PAULINA

For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands if thou
Tak'st up the Princess by that forcéd baseness
Which he has put upon't!

LEONTES

He dreads his wife.

PAULINA

So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children yours.

LEONTES

A nest of traitors!

ANTIGONUS

I am none, by this good light!

PAULINA

Nor I, nor any

But one that's here, and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will
not –

For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compelled to't – once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

LEONTES

A callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her
husband,

And now baits me! This brat is none of mine:
It is the issue of Polixenes.

Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!

PAULINA

It is yours;

And, might we lay th'old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,

[Turn over]

Although the print be little, the whole matter
 And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip;
 The trick of's frown; his forehead; nay, the valley,
 The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
 The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
 And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
 So like to him that got it, if thou hast
 The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
 No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
 Her children not her husband's.

LEONTES **A gross hag!**

And, losel, thou art worthy to be hanged,
 That wilt not stay her tongue.

ANTIGONUS **Hang all the husbands**

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
 Hardly one subject.

LEONTES **Once more, take her hence.**

PAULINA

A most unworthy and unnatural lord
 Can do no more.

LEONTES **I'll ha'thee burned.**

PAULINA **I care not:**

It is an heretic that makes the fire,
 Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
 But this most cruel usage of your queen –
 Not able to produce more accusation
 Than your own weak-hinged fancy – something
 savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
 Yea, scandalous to the world.

(Act 2, Scene 3)

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[Turn over]

SECTION B: POETRY

Answer ONE question from this section.

EITHER

0 5 AQA Anthology of Love Poetry through the ages
pre-1900

Examine the view that the speaker in Marvell's 'To His Coy Mistress' is more interested in demonstrating his intellect than declaring his love.
[25 marks]

'To His Coy Mistress'

Had we but World enough, and Time,
This coyness Lady were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long Loves Day.
Thou by the *Indian Ganges* side
Should'st Rubies find: I by the Tide
Of *Humber* would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood:
And you should if you please refuse
Till the Conversion of the *Jews*.
My vegetable Love should grow
Vaster than Empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze.
Two hundred to adore each Breast:
But thirty thousand to the rest.

An Age at least to every part,
And the last Age should show your Heart.
For Lady you deserve this State;
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I alwaies hear
Times winged Chariot hurrying near:
And yonder all before us lye
Desarts of vast Eternity.
Thy Beauty shall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble Vault, shall sound
My echoing Song: then Worms shall try
That long preserv'd Virginity:
And your quaint Honour turn to dust;
And into ashes all my Lust.
The Grave's a fine and private place,
But none I think do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful glew
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing Soul transpires
At every pore with instant Fires,
Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
Rather at once our Time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapt pow'r.
Let us roll all our Strength, and all
Our sweetness, up into one Ball:
And tear our Pleasures with rough strife,
Through the Iron gates of Life.
Thus, though we cannot make our Sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

Andrew Marvell (1621–1678)

[Turn over]

OR

06

**AQA Anthology of Love Poetry through the ages
post-1900**

**Examine the view that in 'Vergissmeinnicht'
Douglas presents love as meaningless. [25 marks]**

'Vergissmeinnicht'

Three weeks gone and the combatants gone
returning over the nightmare ground
we found the place again, and found
the soldier sprawling in the sun.

The frowning barrel of his gun
overshadowing. As we came on
that day, he hit my tank with one
like the entry of a demon.

Look. Here in the gunpit spoil
the dishonoured picture of his girl
who has put: *Steffi. Vergissmeinnicht.*
in a copybook gothic script.

We see him almost with content,
abased, and seeming to have paid
and mocked at by his own equipment
that's hard and good when he's decayed.

But she would weep to see today
how on his skin the swart flies move;
the dust upon the paper eye
and the burst stomach like a cave.

For here the lover and killer are mingled
who had one body and one heart.
And death who had the soldier singled
has done the lover mortal hurt.

Keith Douglas (1920–1944)

END OF QUESTIONS

There are no questions printed on this page

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