

A-level ENGLISH LITERATURE A

Paper 1 Love through the ages

Thursday 21 May 2020

Afternoon

Time allowed: 3 hours

Materials

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.

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.

Section A: Shakespeare

Answer **one** question in this section.

Either

0	1
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***Othello* – William Shakespeare**

‘Iago does not understand love.’

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents Iago’s attitudes to love in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

[25 marks]

RODERIGO I will incontinently drown myself.

IAGO If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

RODERIGO It is silliness to live, when to live is torment: and then we have a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

IAGO O, villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

RODERIGO What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

IAGO Virtue? A fig! ’Tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the beam of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts: whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or scion.

RODERIGO It cannot be.

IAGO It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself? Drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse. Follow thou these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard. I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should

long continue her love to the Moor – put money in thy purse – nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration – put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills – fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts shall be to him shortly as acerbic as the coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body she will find the error of her choice. Therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her – therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! It is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

RODERIGO Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

IAGO Thou art sure of me. Go make money. I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted: thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse! Go, provide thy money. We will have more of this tomorrow. Adieu.

RODERIGO Where shall we meet i'th'morning?

IAGO At my lodging.

RODERIGO I'll be with thee betimes.

IAGO Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

RODERIGO What say you?

IAGO No more of drowning, do you hear?

RODERIGO I am changed.

IAGO Go to; farewell. Put money enough in your purse.

RODERIGO I'll sell all my land. *Exit*

IAGO

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gained knowledge should profane
If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
He's done my office. I know not if't be true
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well:
The better shall my purpose work on him.

(Act 1 Scene 3)

Turn over ►

or

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

'The Induction is an essential part of *The Taming of the Shrew*, crucial to understanding important ideas about love in the play.'

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents ideas about love in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

[25 marks]

SLY

Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight,
And once again a pot o'th'smallest ale.

SECOND SERVINGMAN

Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

SLY

These fifteen years! By my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

FIRST SERVINGMAN

O, yes, my lord, but very idle words,
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no sealed quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

SLY

Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

THIRD SERVINGMAN

Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckoned up,
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were nor no man ever saw.

SLY

Now Lord be thankèd for my good amends.

ALL Amen.

*Enter Page as a lady, with attendants. One gives Sly
a pot of ale*

SLY I thank thee, thou shalt not lose by it.

PAGE How fares my noble lord?

SLY Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough.

He drinks

Where is my wife?

PAGE

Here, noble lord, what is thy will with her?

SLY

Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

My men should call me 'lord', I am your goodman.

PAGE

My husband and my lord, my lord and husband,

I am your wife in all obedience.

SLY I know it well. What must I call her?

LORD Madam.

SLY Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

LORD

Madam and nothing else, so lords call ladies.

SLY

Madam wife, they say that I have dreamed

And slept above some fifteen year or more.

PAGE

Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,

Being all this time abandoned from your bed.

SLY

'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.

Exeunt Lord and Servingmen

Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

PAGE

Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you

To pardon me yet for a night or two,

Or, if not so, until the sun be set.

For your physicians have expressly charged,

In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed.

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

SLY Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again. I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter the Lord as a Messenger

LORD

Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy;

For so your doctors hold it very meet,

Seeing too much sadness hath congealed your blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.

Therefore they thought it good you hear a play

And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,

Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

SLY Marry, I will. Let them play it. Is not a comonty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?

PAGE

No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

SLY What, household stuff?

PAGE It is a kind of history.

SLY Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip, we shall ne'er be younger.

They sit

A flourish of trumpets to announce the play

(Induction 2)

Turn over ►

or

0	3
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Measure for Measure – William Shakespeare

'In *Measure for Measure*, marriage is seen as a punishment and a means of control rather than as a celebration and a reward.'

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents ideas about marriage in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

[25 marks]

ESCALUS

I am sorry one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appeared,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood
And lack of tempered judgement afterward.

ANGELO

I am sorry that such sorrow I procure,
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart
That I crave death more willingly than mercy.
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.
Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudio muffled, and Juliet

DUKE

Which is that Barnardine?

PROVOST

This, my lord.

DUKE

There was a friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemned,
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him:
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

PROVOST

This is another prisoner that I saved,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head,
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

He unmuffles Claudio

DUKE (to Isabella)

If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardoned, and for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand and say you will be mine.
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.
Look that you love your wife, her worth worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
(*To Lucio*) You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman,

Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?

LUCIO 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the
trick. If you will hang me for it, you may. But I had
rather it would please you I might be whipped.

DUKE

Whipped first, sir, and hanged after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman wronged by this lewd fellow –
As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child – let her appear,
And he shall marry her. The nuptial finished,
Let him be whipped and hanged.

LUCIO I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a
whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a
duke. Good my lord, do not recompense me in making
me a cuckold.

DUKE

Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

LUCIO Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death,
whipping, and hanging.

DUKE

Slandering a prince deserves it.

Exeunt Officers with Lucio

She, Claudio, that you wronged, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana. Love her, Angelo.
I have confessed her and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness.
There's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy.
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's.
Th'offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So, bring us to our palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

Exeunt

(Act 5, Scene 1)

Turn over ►

or

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

'Hermione is merely a passive victim of Leontes' jealousy.'

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

[25 marks]

HERMIONE

You, my lord, best know –
 Who least will seem to do so – my past life
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
 As I am now unhappy; which is more
 Than history can pattern, though devised
 And played to take spectators. For behold me,
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
 The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
 To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honour,
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
 And only that I stand for. I appeal
 To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so; since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I
 Have strained t'appear thus: if one jot beyond
 The bound of honour, or in act or will
 That way inclining, hardened be the hearts
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
 Cry fie upon my grave!

LEONTES I ne'er heard yet
 That any of these bolder vices wanted
 Less impudence to gainsay what they did
 Than to perform it first.

HERMIONE That's true enough,
 Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

LEONTES
 You will not own it.

HERMIONE More than mistress of
 Which comes to me in name of fault I must not
 At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
 With whom I am accused, I do confess
 I loved him as in honour he required:
 With such a kind of love as might become
 A lady like me; with a love even such,
 So and no other, as yourself commanded;
 Which not to have done I think had been in me
 Both disobedience and ingratitude
 To you and toward your friend, whose love had spoke

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
 That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
 I know not how it tastes, though it be dished
 For me to try how. All I know of it
 Is that Camillo was an honest man;
 And why he left your court the gods themselves,
 Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

LEONTES

You knew of his departure, as you know
 What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

HERMIONE

Sir,
 You speak a language that I understand not.
 My life stands in the level of your dreams,
 Which I'll lay down.

LEONTES

Your actions are my dreams.
 You had a bastard by Polixenes,
 And I but dreamed it. As you were past all shame –
 Those of your fact are so – so past all truth;
 Which to deny concerns more than avails: for as
 Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
 No father owning it – which is indeed
 More criminal in thee than it – so thou
 Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
 Look for no less than death.

HERMIONE

Sir, spare your threats!
 The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
 To me can life be no commodity:
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
 I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went. My second joy,
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
 I am barred, like one infectious. My third comfort,
 Starred most unluckily, is from my breast –
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth –
 Haled out to murder. Myself on every post
 Proclaimed a strumpet; with immodest hatred
 The childbed privilege denied, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i'th'open air, before
 I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive
 That I should fear to die. Therefore proceed.
 But yet hear this – mistake me not: no life,
 I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,
 Which I would free – if I shall be condemned
 Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
 But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
 'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,
 I do refer me to the oracle:
 Apollo be my judge!

(Act 3, Scene 2)

Turn over ►

In the light of this view, compare and contrast how love is presented in these two poems. **[25 marks]**

IB/G/Jun20/7712/1

But then finally
 she too lay down flat
 and just lay there looking up
 at nothing
 yet fingering the old flute
 which nobody played
 and finally looking over
 at him
without any particular expression
 except a certain awful look
 of terrible depression

Lawrence Ferlinghetti (b. 1919)

Glossary:

¹In American English 'suspenders' are elasticated braces to support trousers

Turn over for the next poem

Turn over ►

Strawberries

There were never strawberries
like the ones we had
that sultry afternoon
sitting on the step
of the open french window
facing each other
your knees held in mine
the blue plates in our laps
the strawberries glistening
in the hot sunlight
we dipped them in sugar
looking at each other
not hurrying the feast
for one to come
the empty plates
laid on the stone together
with the two forks crossed
and I bent towards you
sweet in that air
in my arms
abandoned like a child
from your eager mouth
the taste of strawberries
in my memory
lean back again
let me love you

let the sun beat
on our forgetfulness
one hour of all
the heat intense
and summer lightning
on the Kilpatrick hills

let the storm wash the plates

Edwin Morgan (1920–2010)

Section C: Comparing Texts

Answer **one** question in this section.

Either

0	6
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'In the literature of love, separation intensifies feelings of love.'

In the light of this view compare how the authors of **two** texts you have studied present the effects of separation.

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
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'Pain is part of love.'

In the light of this view compare how the authors of **two** texts you have studied present the pains of love.

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

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