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.
Section A: Shakespeare

Answer one question in this section.

Either

0 1

**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]

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>OTHELLO</th>
<th>I do not think but Desdemona’s honest.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>IAGO</td>
<td>Long live she so! And long live you to think so!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OTHELLO</td>
<td>And yet, how nature erring from itself –</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IAGO</td>
<td>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.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OTHELLO</td>
<td>Farewell, farewell. If more thou dost perceive, let me know more. Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IAGO</td>
<td>(going) My lord, I take my leave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OTHELLO</td>
<td>Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless Sees and knows more, much more than he unfolds.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IAGO</td>
<td>(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 –</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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;
Prerogatived 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

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 Katherina in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

[25 marks]

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PETRUCHIO</th>
<th>Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not. Off with that bauble, throw it underfoot.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WIDOW</td>
<td>Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh Till I be brought to such a silly pass!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BIANCA</td>
<td>Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LUCENTIO</td>
<td>I would your duty were as foolish too! The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BIANCA</td>
<td>The more fool you for laying on my duty.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PETRUCHIO</td>
<td>Katherine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WIDOW</td>
<td>Come, come, you’re mocking. We will have no telling.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PETRUCHIO</td>
<td>Come on, I say, and first begin with her.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WIDOW</td>
<td>She shall not.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PETRUCHIO</td>
<td>I say she shall. And first begin with her.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| 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 blotst 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)
‘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 preserved 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 fouly for those things
   That make her good?

   (Act 2, Scene 2)
'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 a 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.

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

[25 marks]

or

0 7 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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