

AQA 

AS

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.**

[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 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

[Turn over]

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

[Turn over]

That can torment him much, and hold
him long,
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!

[Turn over]

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.

[Turn over]

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

[Turn over]

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)

[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,

[Turn over]

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)

[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

[Turn over]

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.

[Turn over]

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,

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,

[Turn over]

**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

05 **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

[Turn over]

**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)

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]**

[Turn over]

‘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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