

AS

ENGLISH LITERATURE A

Paper 1 Love through the ages: Shakespeare and poetry

Friday 15 May 2020

Morning

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes

Materials

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer book.

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.

Section A: Shakespeare

Answer **one** question from this section.

Either

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***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 Bianca as a character who says little but plays an important part in the play as a whole.

[25 marks]

Enter Bianca

BIANCA

What is the matter, ho? Who is't that cried?

IAGO

Who is't that cried?

BIANCA

O, my dear Cassio, my sweet Cassio,
O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

IAGO

O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

CASSIO

No.

GRATIANO

I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

IAGO

Lend me a garter: so. O, for a chair
To bear him easily hence!

BIANCA

Alas, he faints!

O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

IAGO

Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.
Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come,
Lend me a light. Know we this face or no?
Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman
Roderigo? No – yes, sure – O heaven, Roderigo!

GRATIANO

What! Of Venice?

IAGO

Even he, sir. Did you know him?

GRATIANO

Know him? Ay.

IAGO

Signor Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon.
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners
That so neglected you.

GRATIANO

I am glad to see you.

IAGO

How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair!

GRATIANO

Roderigo!

IAGO

He, he, 'tis he.

Enter attendants with chair

O, that's well said, the chair!

Some good man bear him carefully from hence.

I'll fetch the General's surgeon. For you, mistress,

Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,

Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

CASSIO

None in the world, nor do I know the man.

IAGO

(*to Bianca*) What, look you pale? O, bear him out
o'th'air.

Cassio is borne in. Roderigo's body is removed

Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

Behold her well; I pray you look upon her.

Do you see, gentlemen? Nay, guiltiness will speak

Though tongues were out of use.

Enter Emilia

EMILIA

'Las, what's the matter? What's the matter, husband?

IAGO

Cassio hath here been set on in the dark

By Roderigo and fellows that are scaped:

He's almost slain and Roderigo quite.

EMILIA

Alas, good gentleman! Alas, good Cassio!

IAGO

This is the fruit of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supped tonight.

What, do you shake at that?

BIANCA

He supped at my house, but I therefore shake not.

IAGO

O, did he so? I charge you go with me.

EMILIA

O, fie upon thee, strumpet!

BIANCA

I am no strumpet, but of life as honest

As you that thus abuse me.

EMILIA

As I? Foh! Fie upon thee!

IAGO

Kind gentlemen, let's see poor Cassio dressed.

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happed.

Will you go on afore? (*Aside*) This is the night

That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. *Exeunt*

(Act 5, Scene 1)

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 Katherina as the winner of the contest with Petruchio.

[25 marks]**PETRUCHIO**

I'll attend her here,
 And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
 Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.
 Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
 As morning roses newly washed with dew.
 Say she be mute and will not speak a word,
 Then I'll commend her volubility,
 And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
 If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
 As though she bid me stay by her a week.
 If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
 When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
 But here she comes, and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katherina

Good morrow, Kate – for that's your name, I hear.

KATHERINA

Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
 They call me Katherina that do talk of me.

PETRUCHIO

You lie, in faith, for you are called plain Kate,
 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst.
 But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
 Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
 For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation –
 Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
 Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
 Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

KATHERINA

Moved, in good time! Let him that moved you hither
 Remove you hence. I knew you at the first
 You were a movable.

PETRUCHIO Why, what's a movable?

KATHERINA

A joint-stool.

PETRUCHIO Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.

KATHERINA

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PETRUCHIO

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATHERINA

No such jade as you, if me you mean.

PETRUCHIO

Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee!

For knowing thee to be but young and light –

KATHERINA

Too light for such a swain as you to catch,

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PETRUCHIO

Should be? Should – buzz!

KATHERINA

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

PETRUCHIO

O slow-winged turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?

KATHERINA

Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

PETRUCHIO

Come, come, you wasp, i'faith, you are too angry.

KATHERINA

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PETRUCHIO

My remedy is then to pluck it out.

KATHERINA

Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PETRUCHIO

Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?

In his tail.

KATHERINA In his tongue.

PETRUCHIO

Whose tongue?

KATHERINA

Yours, if you talk of tales, and so farewell.

She turns to go

PETRUCHIO

What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again.

He takes her in his arms

Good Kate, I am a gentleman –

KATHERINA

That I'll try.

She strikes him

PETRUCHIO

I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

KATHERINA

So may you loose your arms.

If you strike me, you are no gentleman,

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

PETRUCHIO

A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!

KATHERINA

What is your crest – a coxcomb?

PETRUCHIO

A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

KATHERINA

No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

(Act 2, Scene 1)

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, Angelo's behaviour makes it impossible for the audience to sympathise with him.

[25 marks]

Enter Angelo

ANGELO

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
 To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words,
 Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
 Anchors on Isabel: God in my mouth,
 As if I did but only chew His name,
 And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
 Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
 Is like a good thing, being often read,
 Grown seared and tedious; yea, my gravity,
 Wherein, let no man hear me, I take pride,
 Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume
 Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
 How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
 Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
 To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood;
 Let's write 'good Angel' on the devil's horn,
 'Tis not the devil's crest. How now? Who's there?

Enter Servant

SERVANT

One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

ANGELO

Teach her the way.

Exit Servant

O heavens,

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
 Making both it unable for itself,
 And dispossessing all my other parts
 Of necessary fitness?
 So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons,
 Come all to help him, and so stop the air
 By which he should revive; and even so
 The general, subject to a well-wished king,
 Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
 Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
 Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella

How now, fair maid!

ISABELLA

I am come to know your pleasure.

ANGELO

That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

ISABELLA

Even so. Heaven keep your honour.

ANGELO

Yet may he live a while; and it may be
As long as you or I, yet he must die.

ISABELLA

Under your sentence?

ANGELO

Yea.

ISABELLA

When, I beseech you? That in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

ANGELO

Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin God's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made
As to put metal in restrainèd means
To make a false one.

ISABELLA

'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

ANGELO

Say you so? Then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life, or to redeem him
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stained?

ISABELLA

Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

ANGELO

I talk not of your soul. Our compelled sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

ISABELLA

How say you?

ANGELO

Nay, I'll not warrant that, for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life;
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?

ISABELLA

Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul;
It is no sin at all, but charity.

ANGELO

Pleased you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

This extract continues on the next page

Turn over ►

ISABELLA

That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it: you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine
And nothing of your answer.

ANGELO

Nay, but hear me;
Your sense pursues not mine. Either you are ignorant,
Or seem so crafty; and that's not good.

ISABELLA

Let be ignorant, and in nothing good
But graciously to know I am no better.

ANGELO

Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself, as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed. But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

(Act 2, Scene 4)

Not dry.

CAMILLO

My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry. Scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But killed itself much sooner.

POLIXENES

Dear my brother,

Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

PAULINA

Indeed, my lord,

If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you – for the stone is mine –
I'd not have showed it.

LEONTES

Do not draw the curtain.

PAULINA

No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

LEONTES

Let be, let be!

Would I were dead but that methinks already –
What was he that did make it? See, my lord:
Would you not deem it breathed, and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

POLIXENES

Masterly done!

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

LEONTES

The fixture of her eye has motion in't
As we are mocked with art.

PAULINA

I'll draw the curtain.

My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.

LEONTES

O sweet Paulina,

Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

PAULINA

I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you; but
I could afflict you farther.

LEONTES

Do, Paulina:

For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still methinks
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

PAULINA

Good my lord, forbear.

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet:
You'll mar it if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

LEONTES

No, not these twenty years.

PERDITA

So long could I

Stand by, a looker-on.

(Act 5, Scene 3)

Section B: Poetry

Answer **one** question from this section.

Either

0	5
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AQA Anthology of love poetry through the ages pre-1900

Examine the view that in *Sonnet 116* Shakespeare presents love as an ideal, totally lacking in romance or passion.

[25 marks]

Sonnet 116

Let me not to the marriage of true mindes
Admit impediments, love is not love
Which alters when it alteration findes,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no, it is an ever fixed marke
That lookes on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandring barke,
Whose worths unknowne, although his high be taken.
Lov's not Times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickles compasse come,
Love alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
But beares it out even to the edge of doome:
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

Turn over ►

or

0 6

AQA Anthology of love poetry through the ages post-1900Examine the view that in *Wild Oats* Larkin's speaker does not take love seriously.**[25 marks]*****Wild Oats***

About twenty years ago
 Two girls came in where I worked –
 A bosomy English rose
 And her friend in specs I could talk to.
 Faces in those days sparked
 The whole shooting-match off, and I doubt
 If ever one had like hers:
 But it was the friend I took out,

And in seven years after that
 Wrote over four hundred letters,
 Gave a ten-guinea ring
 I got back in the end, and met
 At numerous cathedral cities
 Unknown to the clergy. I believe
 I met beautiful twice. She was trying
 Both times (so I thought) not to laugh.

Parting, after about five
 Rehearsals, was an agreement
 That I was too selfish, withdrawn,
 And easily bored to love.
 Well, useful to get that learnt.
 In my wallet are still two snaps
 Of bosomy rose with fur gloves on.
 Unlucky charms, perhaps.

Philip Larkin (1922–1985)

END OF QUESTIONS**Copyright information**

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