



AS

ENGLISH LITERATURE A

Paper 1 Love through the ages: Shakespeare and poetry

7711/1

Thursday 18 May 2023

Morning

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes

MATERIALS

For this paper you must have:

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

[Turn over]

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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

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‘Othello’ – William Shakespeare

Read the extract from ‘Othello’, provided on pages 5 to 7, and respond to the following:

- **How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this extract?**
- **Examine the view that, in this extract and elsewhere in the play, Shakespeare presents Iago as a character whose intelligence makes us like him rather than condemn him.**

[25 marks]

IAGO Come on, come on: you are pictures out of doors,
bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
saints
in your injuries, devils being offended, players in your
housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

DESDEMONA

O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

IAGO

Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play and go to bed to work.

EMILIA

You shall not write my praise.

IAGO

No, let me not.

DESDEMONA

What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise
me?

IAGO

O, gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing if not critical.

DESDEMONA

Come on, assay. There's one gone to the harbour?

IAGO

Ay, madam.

DESDEMONA

(*aside*) I am not merry, but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

[Turn over]

IAGO

I am about it, but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frieze –
It plucks out brains and all. But my muse labours,
And thus she is delivered.

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

DESDEMONA

Well praised! How if she be black and witty?

IAGO

If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

DESDEMONA

Worse and worse.

EMILIA

How if fair and foolish?

IAGO

She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her folly helped her to an heir.

DESDEMONA These are old fond paradoxes to make
fools

laugh i'th'alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou
for

her that's foul and foolish?

IAGO

There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

DESDEMONA O heavy ignorance! Thou praisest the
worst

best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a
deserving

woman indeed? One that in the authority of her merit
did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

IAGO

She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lacked gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said 'Now I may';
She that being angered, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind:
See suitors following and not look behind:
She was a wight, if ever such wight were –

DESDEMONA

To do what?

IAGO

To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

DESDEMONA

O, most lame and impotent conclusion!
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.
How say you, Cassio, is he not a most profane and
liberal counsellor?

CASSIO He speaks home, madam; you may relish him
more
in the soldier than in the scholar.

(Act 2, Scene 1)

[Turn over]

OR

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‘The Taming of the Shrew’ – William Shakespeare

Read the extract from ‘The Taming of the Shrew’, provided on pages 9 to 11, and respond to the following:

- **How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this extract?**
- **Examine the view that, in this extract and elsewhere in the play, Shakespeare presents love as a silly game.**

[25 marks]

Enter Tranio as Lucentio, and Hortensio as Licio

TRANIO

Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

HORTENSIO

Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

They stand aside

Enter Bianca, and Lucentio as Cambio

LUCENTIO

Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

BIANCA

What, master, read you? First resolve me that.

LUCENTIO

I read that I profess, *The Art to Love*.

BIANCA

And may you prove, sir, master of your art.

LUCENTIO

While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

They court each other

HORTENSIO

Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

TRANIO

O despiteful love, unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

[Turn over]

HORTENSIO

Mistake no more, I am not Licio,
Nor a musician as I seem to be,
But one that scorn to live in this disguise
For such a one as leaves a gentleman
And makes a god of such a cullion.
Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

TRANIO

Signor Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca,
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

HORTENSIO

See how they kiss and court! Signor Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flattered her withal.

TRANIO

And here I take the like unfeignèd oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat.
Fie on her! See how beastly she doth court him.

HORTENSIO

Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signor Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,

Shall win my love – and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

Exit

(Act 4, Scene 2)

[Turn over]

OR

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‘Measure for Measure’ – William Shakespeare

Read the extract from ‘Measure for Measure’, provided on pages 13 to 15, and respond to the following:

- **How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this extract?**
- **Examine the view that, in this extract and elsewhere in the play, Shakespeare presents men as self-interested lovers without any honour.**

[25 marks]

ISABELLA

Women, help heaven! Men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

ANGELO

I think it well,

And from this testimony of your own sex –
Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames – let me be bold.
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well expressed
By all external warrants, show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

ISABELLA

I have no tongue but one. Gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

ANGELO

Plainly conceive, I love you.

ISABELLA

My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.

ANGELO

He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

ISABELLA

I know your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

ANGELO

Believe me, on mine honour,

My words express my purpose.

[Turn over]

ISABELLA

Ha! Little honour to be much believed,
 And most pernicious purpose. Seeming, seeming!
 I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for't!
 Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
 Or with an outstretched throat I'll tell the world
 Aloud what man thou art.

ANGELO

Who will believe thee, Isabel?

My unsoiled name, th'austereness of my life,
 My vouch against you, and my place i'th'state,
 Will so your accusation overweigh
 That you shall stifle in your own report
 And smell of calumny. I have begun,
 And now I give my sensual race the rein.
 Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
 Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
 That banish what they sue for. Redeem thy brother
 By yielding up thy body to my will,
 Or else he must not only die the death,
 But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
 To lingering sufferance. Answer me tomorrow,
 Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
 I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
 Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. *Exit*

ISABELLA

To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
 Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
 That bear in them one and the selfsame tongue,
 Either of condemnation or approof,
 Bidding the law make curtsy to their will,
 Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,

To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother.
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorred pollution.

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die.
More than our brother is our chastity.

I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

Exit

(Act 2, Scene 4)

[Turn over]

OR

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‘The Winter’s Tale’ – William Shakespeare

Read the extract from ‘The Winter’s Tale’, provided on pages 17 to 19, and respond to the following:

- **How does Shakespeare present aspects of love in this extract?**
- **Examine the view that, in this extract and elsewhere in the play, the relationship between Florizel and Perdita is presented as idealised and perfect.**

[25 marks]

POLIXENES (*To Florizel*) How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks. I would have ransacked
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have poured it
To her acceptance: you have let him go
And nothing mated with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

FLORIZEL Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are packed and locked
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not delivered. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, whom, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, this hand
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fanned snow that's bolted
By th'northern blasts twice o'er –

POLIXENES What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out.
But to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.

FLORIZEL Do, and be witness to't.

[Turn over]

POLIXENES

And this my neighbour too?

FLORIZEL

And he, and more

Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:

That were I crowned the most imperial monarch,

Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth

That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize them

Without her love; for her employ them all;

Commend them and condemn them to her service

Or to their own perdition.

POLIXENES

Fairly offered.

CAMILLO

This shows a sound affection.

SHEPHERD

But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

PERDITA

I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better.

By th'pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out

The purity of his.

SHEPHERD

Take hands, a bargain!

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't.

I give my daughter to him, and will make

Her portion equal his.

FLORIZEL

O, that must be

I'th'virtue of your daughter. One being dead,

I shall have more than you can dream of yet;

Enough then for your wonder. But come on:

Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

SHEPHERD

And, daughter, yours.

Come, your hand;

(Act 4, Scene 4)

[Turn over]

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 ‘Who so list to hount I knowe
where is an hynde’, provided on page 21, Wyatt’s
speaker is more interested in power, control and
ownership rather than love. [25 marks]**

‘Who so list to hount I knowe where is an hynde’

**Who so list to hount I knowe where is an hynde,
 But as for me, helas, I may no more;
 The vayne travaill hath weried me so sore,
 I ame of them that farthest cometh behinde;
 Yet may I by no meanes, my weried mynde
 Drawe from the Deere, but as she fleeth afore
 Faynting I followe. I leve of therefore
 Sithens in a nett I seke to hold the wynde.
 Who list her hount, I put him owte of dowbte,
 As well as I may spend his tyme in vain.
 And graven with Diamondes in letters plain
 There is written her faier neck rounde abowte:
 ‘*Noli me tangere* for Cesars I ame
 And wylde for to hold though I seme tame.’**

Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503–1542)

[Turn over]

OR

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| 0 | 6 |
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**AQA Anthology of love poetry through the ages
post-1900**

**Examine the view that in ‘One Flesh’, provided on
page 23 the couple now have no connection with each
other. [25 marks]**

‘One Flesh’

Lying apart now, each in a separate bed,
He with a book, keeping the light on late,
She like a girl dreaming of childhood,
All men elsewhere – it is as if they wait
Some new event: the book he holds unread,
Her eyes fixed on the shadows overhead.

Tossed up like flotsam from a former passion,
How cool they lie. They hardly ever touch,
Or if they do, it is like a confession
Of having little feeling – or too much.
Chastity faces them, a destination
For which their whole lives were a preparation.

Strangely apart, yet strangely close together,
Silence between them like a thread to hold
And not wind in. And time itself’s a feather
Touching them gently. Do they know they’re old,
These two who are my father and my mother
Whose fire from which I came, has now grown cold?

Elizabeth Jennings (1926–2001)

END OF QUESTIONS

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