

## A-level ENGLISH LITERATURE A

Paper 1 Love through the ages

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Thursday 15 June 2017

Morning

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.

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## Section A: Shakespeare

Answer **one** question in this section.

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**Either**

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***Othello* – William Shakespeare**

‘As lovers, Othello and Desdemona either worship or despise one another. There is no middle ground.’

In the light of this view, discuss how Shakespeare presents Othello’s and Desdemona’s attitudes towards one another in this extract and elsewhere in the play.

**[25 marks]**

OTHELLO Why, what art thou?

DESDEMONA

Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

OTHELLO

Come, swear it; damn thyself;

Lest being like one of heaven, the devils themselves

Should fear to seize thee. Therefore be double-damned:

Swear thou art honest.

DESDEMONA

Heaven doth truly know it.

OTHELLO

Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

DESDEMONA

To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?

OTHELLO

Ah, Desdemon! Away, away, away!

DESDEMONA

Alas, the heavy day! Why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears my lord?

If haply you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me. If you have lost him,

I have lost him too.

OTHELLO

Had it pleased heaven

To try me with affliction, had they rained

All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,

Steeped me in poverty to the very lips,

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience. But alas, to make me

A fixed figure for the time of scorn

To point his slow unmoving finger at!

Yet could I bear that too, well, very well:

But there where I have garnered up my heart,

Where either I must live, or bear no life,

The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up – to be discarded thence

Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads

To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,  
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin,  
 Ay, there look grim as hell!

DESDEMONA

I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

OTHELLO

O, ay! As summer flies are in the shambles,  
 That quicken even with blowing, O, thou weed,  
 Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet  
 That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er  
 been born!

DESDEMONA

Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

OTHELLO

Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,  
 Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed!  
 Committed? O, thou public commoner!  
 I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
 That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
 Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed?  
 Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;  
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,  
 Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth  
 And will not hear it. What committed?  
 Impudent strumpet!

DESDEMONA By heaven, you do me wrong.

OTHELLO

Are you not a strumpet?

DESDEMONA No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord  
 From any other foul unlawful touch,  
 Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

OTHELLO

What! Not a whore?

DESDEMONA No, as I shall be saved.

OTHELLO

Is't possible?

DESDEMONA

O, heaven forgive us!

OTHELLO

I cry you mercy then:  
 I took you for that cunning whore of Venice  
 That married with Othello.

(Act 4, Scene 2)

**Turn over for the next question**

or

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

‘In the literature of love, the more a husband tries to demonstrate power and control, the more he appears powerless and foolish.’

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

[25 marks]

PETRUCHIO

Be merry, Kate. Some water here. What ho!

*Enter one with water*

Where’s my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,  
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither.

*Exit another Servingman*

One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.

Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.

*He knocks the basin out of the Servant’s hands*

You whoreson villain, will you let it fall?

*He strikes the Servant*

KATHERINA

Patience, I pray you, ’twas a fault unwilling.

PETRUCHIO

A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-eared knave!

Come, Kate, sit down, I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?

What’s this? Mutton?

FIRST SERVINGMAN      Ay.

PETRUCHIO                      Who brought it?

PETER                                      I.

PETRUCHIO

’Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

*He throws the food and dishes at them*

You heedless joltheads and unmannered slaves!

What, do you grumble? I’ll be with you straight.

*Exeunt Servants hurriedly*

KATHERINA

I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet.

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

PETRUCHIO

I tell thee, Kate, ’twas burnt and dried away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better ’twere that both of us did fast,

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,  
 Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.  
 Be patient, tomorrow't shall be mended,  
 And for this night we'll fast for company.  
 Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. *Exeunt*

*Enter Servants severally*

NATHANIEL

Peter, didst ever see the like?

PETER

He kills her in her own humour.

*Enter Curtis*

GRUMIO Where is he?

CURTIS

In her chamber,  
 Making a sermon of continency to her,  
 And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,  
 Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,  
 And sits as one new-risen from a dream.  
 Away, away, for he is coming hither. *Exeunt*

*Enter Petruchio*

PETRUCHIO

Thus have I politicly begun my reign,  
 And 'tis my hope to end successfully.  
 My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,  
 And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,  
 For then she never looks upon her lure.  
 Another way I have to man my haggard,  
 To make her come and know her keeper's call,  
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites  
 That bate and beat and will not be obedient.  
 She eat no meat today, nor none shall eat.  
 Last night she slept not, nor tonight she shall not.  
 As with the meat, some undeservèd fault  
 I'll find about the making of the bed,  
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.  
 Ay, and amid this hurly I intend  
 That all is done in reverend care of her.  
 And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night,  
 And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl,  
 And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,  
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.  
 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
 Now let him speak – 'tis charity to show. *Exit*

(Act 4, Scene 1)

**Turn over for the next question**

or

0	3	<b>Measure for Measure – William Shakespeare</b>
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‘The literature of love tends to present women as selfless and compassionate.’

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

[25 marks]

DUKE

For this new-married man approaching here,  
Whose salt imagination yet hath wronged  
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon  
For Mariana’s sake, but as he adjudged your brother,  
Being criminal, in double violation  
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,  
Thereon dependent, for your brother’s life,  
The very mercy of the law cries out  
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,  
‘An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!’  
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,  
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.  
Then, Angelo, thy fault’s thus manifested,  
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage,  
We do condemn thee to the very block  
Where Claudio stooped to death, and with like haste.  
Away with him.

MARIANA                    O, my most gracious lord,  
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

DUKE

It is your husband mocked you with a husband.  
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour  
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,  
For that he knew you, might reproach your life  
And choke your good to come. For his possessions,  
Although by confiscation they are ours,  
We do instate and widow you with all,  
To buy you a better husband.

MARIANA                    O my dear lord,  
I crave no other, nor no better man.

DUKE

Never crave him. We are definitive.

MARIANA

Gentle my liege! –

DUKE

You do but lose your labour.  
Away with him to death. (*To Lucio*) Now, sir, to you.

MARIANA

O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part,  
Lend me your knees, and, all my life to come,  
I’ll lend you all my life to do you service.

DUKE

Against all sense you do importune her.  
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,  
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,  
And take her hence in horror.

MARIANA

Isabel,

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me.  
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.  
They say best men are moulded out of faults,  
And, for the most, become much more the better  
For being a little bad. So may my husband.  
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

DUKE

He dies for Claudio's death.

ISABELLA (kneeling)

Most bounteous sir,

Look, if it please you, on this man condemned  
As if my brother lived. I partly think  
A due sincerity governed his deeds  
Till he did look on me. Since it is so,  
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,  
In that he did the thing for which he died.  
For Angelo,  
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,  
And must be buried but as an intent  
That perished by the way. Thoughts are no subjects,  
Intents but merely thoughts.

MARIANA

Merely, my lord.

DUKE

Your suit's unprofitable. Stand up, I say.

(Act 5, Scene 1)

**Turn over for the next question**





Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,  
Where hast thou been preserved? Where lived? How  
found

Thy father's court? For thou shalt hear that I,  
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle  
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved  
Myself to see the issue.

PAULINA                    There's time enough for that,  
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble  
Your joys with like relation. Go together,  
You precious winners all; your exultation  
Partake to everyone. I, an old turtle,  
Will wing me to some withered bough, and there  
My mate, that's never to be found again,  
Lament till I am lost.

LEONTES                    O peace, Paulina!  
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,  
As I by thine a wife. This is a match,  
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine –  
But how is to be questioned: for I saw her,  
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many  
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far –  
For him, I partly know his mind – to find thee  
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,  
And take her by the hand; whose worth and honesty  
Is richly noted, and here justified  
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.  
(*To Hermione*) What! Look upon my brother. Both your  
   pardons  
That e'er I put between your holy looks  
My ill suspicion. This' your son-in-law,  
And son unto the King, whom heavens directing,  
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,  
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely  
Each one demand and answer to his part  
Performed in this wide gap of time since first  
We were dissevered. Hastily lead away.            *Exeunt*

(Act 5, Scene 3)

**Turn over for Section B**

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### Section B: Unseen Poetry

Answer the following question.

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0	5
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It has been said that Dyer's poem is "a simple poem of grief and devotion" whereas Dunn's is about "the complexity of conflicting emotions".

Compare and contrast the presentation of love in the following poems in the light of this comment.

[25 marks]

#### Epitaph on the Monument of Sir William Dyer at Colmworth 1641

My dearest dust, could not thy hasty day  
 Afford thy drowsy patience leave to stay  
 One hour longer: so that we might either  
 Sit up, or gone to bed together?  
 But since thy finished labour hath possessed  
 Thy weary limbs with early rest,  
 Enjoy it sweetly; and thy widow bride  
 Shall soon repose her by thy slumbering side;  
 Whose business, now, is only to prepare  
 My nightly dress, and call to prayer:  
 Mine eyes wax heavy and the day grows old,  
 The dew falls thick, my blood grows cold.  
 Draw, draw the closed curtains: and make room:  
 My dear, my dearest dust; I come, I come.

Catherine Dyer (1641)

#### The Kaleidoscope

To climb these stairs again, bearing a tray,  
 Might be to find you pillowed with your books,  
 Your inventories listing gowns and frocks  
 As if preparing for a holiday.  
 Or, turning from the landing, I might find  
 My presence watched through your kaleidoscope,  
 A symmetry of husbands, each redesigned  
 In lovely forms of foresight, prayer and hope.  
 I climb these stairs a dozen times a day  
 And, by the open door, wait, looking in  
 At where you died. My hands become a tray  
 Offering me, my flesh, my soul, my skin.  
 Grief wrongs us so. I stand, and wait, and cry  
 For the absurd forgiveness, not knowing why.

Douglas Dunn (1985)

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**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.

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**Either**

**0 6**

Compare how the authors of two texts you have studied present aspects of desire.

You must write about **at least two** poems in your answer **as well as** a prose text you have studied.

**[25 marks]**

**or**

**0 7**

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

You must write about **at least two** poems in your answer **as well as** a prose text you have studied.

**[25 marks]**

**END OF QUESTIONS**

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**There are no questions printed on this page**

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