



General Certificate of Education
Advanced Level Examination
January 2010

English Literature (Specification A)

LITA3

Unit 3 Reading for Meaning

Monday 25 January 2010 9.00 am to 11.30 am

For this paper you must have:

- a 16-page answer book.

Time allowed

- 2 hours 30 minutes

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 LITA3.
- Answer **both** questions.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work that you do not want to be marked.

Information

- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 80.
- Material from your wider reading **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
 - use good English
 - organise information clearly
 - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

Advice

- This unit assesses your understanding of the relationships between different aspects of English Literature.

Please read this advice carefully before you turn to the material.

Reading

Here are the materials taken from the prescribed area for study, **Love Through the Ages**. You will be using this material to answer the **two** questions on the page opposite.

Read all **four** items (**A**, **B**, **C** and **D**) and their introductions several times in the light of the questions set. Your reading should be close and careful.

Wider Reading

Both questions test your wider reading in the prescribed area for study, **Love Through the Ages**. In your answers you should take every opportunity, where relevant, to refer to your wider reading.

Ensure that you write about a minimum of **one** wider reading text from **each** of the **three** genres of poetry, drama and prose.

Answer **both** questions.

- 1 Read the **two** poems (**Item A** and **Item B**) carefully, bearing in mind that they were written at different times by different writers and are open to different interpretations.

Write a comparison of these **two** poems.

In your answer you should consider the ways in which Shakespeare (in **Item A**) and MacNeice (in **Item B**) use form, structure and language to present their thoughts and ideas; make relevant references to your wider reading in the poetry of love. *(40 marks)*

- 2 Read the **two** extracts (**Item C** and **Item D**) carefully, bearing in mind that they were written at different times by different writers and are open to different interpretations.

Write a comparison of the ways in which ‘forbidden love’ is presented in these **two** extracts.

In your answer you should consider the ways in which Stoppard (in **Item C**) and Hall (in **Item D**) use form, structure and language to express their thoughts and ideas; make relevant references to your wider reading. *(40 marks)*

END OF QUESTIONS

Turn over for Item A

Turn over ►

THE READING**Item A**

William Shakespeare wrote a sequence of 154 sonnets in the 1590s. In common with most other poems written in this form, Shakespeare's major theme is love.

Sonnet XIX

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets.
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O! carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
 Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Turn over for Item B

Turn over ►

Item B

Louis MacNeice (1907–1963) was born in Belfast, and was one of a group of prominent writers who published in the 1930s. His work is celebrated for the delicacy and power of its descriptions as well as its use of everyday experiences.

Item B cannot be reproduced here due to third-party copyright constraints.

Turn over for Item C

Turn over ►

Item C

The Invention of Love (1997) by Tom Stoppard dramatises events in the life of poet and classical scholar A.E. Housman (1859–1936) by imagining his reminiscences from beyond the grave.

A.E. Housman's one great love was for the sportsman, Moses Jackson, whom he met at Oxford; his love was unrequited.

In the following extract the recently dead 77 year-old A.E. Housman (referred to as 'AEH') speaks to his younger self, now an Oxford undergraduate (referred to as 'Housman'). They discuss aspects of the love that existed between men in ancient Greece.

AEH ... If only an army should be made up of lovers and their loves! – that's not me, that's Plato, or rather Phaedrus in the Master of Balliol's nimble translation: 'although a mere handful, they would overcome the world, for each would rather die a thousand deaths than be seen by his beloved to abandon his post or throw away his arms, the veriest coward would be inspired by love'. Oh, one can sneer – the sophistry of dirty old men ogling beautiful young ones; then as now, ideals become debased. But there was such an army, a hundred and fifty pairs of lovers, the Sacred Band of Theban youths, and they were never beaten till Greek liberty died for good at the battle of Chaeronea. At the end of that day, says Plutarch, the victorious Philip of Macedon went forth to view the slain, and when he came to that place where the three hundred fought and lay dead together, he wondered, and understanding that it was the band of lovers, he shed tears and said, whoever suspects baseness in anything these men did, let him perish.

Housman I would be such a friend to someone.

AEH To dream of taking the sword in the breast, the bullet in the brain –

Housman I would.

AEH – and wake up to find the world goes wretchedly on and you will die of age and not of pain.

Housman (Well –)

AEH But lay down your life for your comrade – good lad! – lay it down like a doormat –

Housman (Oh – !)

AEH Lay it down like a card on a card-table for a kind word and a smile – lay it down like a bottle of the best to drink when your damnfool life is all but done: any more laying-downs we can think of? – oh, above all – *above all* – lay down your life like a pack on the roadside though your days of march are numbered and end with the grave. Love will not be deflected from its mischief by being called comradeship or anything else.

Housman I don't know what love is.

-
- AEH** Oh, but you do. In the Dark Ages, in Macedonia, in the last guttering light from classical antiquity, a man copied out bits from old books for his young son, whose name was Septimius; so we have one sentence from *The Loves of Achilles*. Love, said Sophocles, is like the ice held in the hand by children. A piece of ice held fast in the fist. I wish I could help you, but it's not in my gift.
- Housman** Love it is, then, and I will make the best of it. I'm sorry that it made you unhappy, but it's not my fault, and it can't be made good by unhappiness in another. Will you shake hands?
- AEH** Gladly. (*He shakes Housman's offered hand.*)

TOM STOPPARD

Turn over for Item D

Turn over ►

Item D

The Well of Loneliness by Radclyffe Hall (1880–1943) was banned from its publication in 1928 until 1948. Named Stephen by her father who longed for a boy, the novel's female protagonist grows up with a strong sense that she is 'different to other girls'. Soon after the death of her father, and now a young adult, Stephen becomes attracted to Angela Crossby, a married woman. The following extract comprises the ending of Chapter Eighteen and the beginning of Chapter Nineteen.

'Look,' said Stephen, and she pointed to the swan called Peter, who had come drifting past on his own white reflection. 'Look,' she said, 'this is Morton¹, all beauty and peace – it drifts like that swan does, on calm, deep water. And all this beauty and peace is for you, because now you're a part of Morton.'

Angela said: 'I've never known peace, it's not in me – I don't think I'd find it here, Stephen.' And as she spoke she released her hand, moving a little away from the girl.

But Stephen continued to talk on gently; her voice sounded almost like that of a dreamer: 'Lovely, oh, lovely it is, our Morton. On evenings in winter these lakes are quite frozen, and the ice looks like slabs of gold in the sunset, when you and I come and stand here in the winter. And as we walk back we can smell the log fires long before we can see them, and we love that good smell because it means home, and our home is Morton – and we're happy, happy – we're utterly contented and at peace, we're filled with the peace of this place—'

'Stephen – don't!'

'We're both filled with the old peace of Morton, because we love each other so deeply – and because we're perfect, a perfect thing, you and I – not two separate people but one. And our love has lit a great, comforting beacon, so that we need never be afraid of the dark any more – we can warm ourselves at our love, we can lie down together, and my arms will be round you –'

She broke off abruptly, and they stared at each other.

'Do you know what you're saying?' Angela whispered.

And Stephen answered: 'I know that I love you, and that nothing else matters in the world.'

Then, perhaps because of that glamorous evening, with its spirit of queer, unearthly adventure, with its urge to strange, unendurable sweetness, Angela moved a step nearer to Stephen, then another, until their hands were touching. And all that she was, and all that she had been and would be again, perhaps even tomorrow, was fused at that moment into one mighty impulse, one imperative need, and that need was Stephen. Stephen's need was now hers, by sheer force of its blind and uncomprehending will to appeasement.

Then Stephen took Angela into her arms, and she kissed her full on the lips, as a lover.

¹ Morton Hall is Stephen's family's large country house, which is set in its own parkland.

Through the long years of life that followed after, bringing with them their dreams and disillusion, their joys and sorrows, their fulfilments and frustrations, Stephen was never to forget this summer when she fell quite simply and naturally in love, in accordance with the dictates of her nature.

To her there seemed nothing strange or unholy in the love that she felt for Angela Crossby. To her it seemed an inevitable thing, as much a part of herself as her breathing; and yet it appeared transcendent of self, and she looked up and onwards towards her love – for the eyes of the young are drawn to the stars, and the spirit of youth is seldom earth-bound.

She loved deeply, far more deeply than many a one who could fearlessly proclaim himself a lover. Since this is a hard and sad truth for the telling; those whom nature has sacrificed to her ends – her mysterious ends that often lie hidden – are sometimes endowed with a vast will to loving, with an endless capacity for suffering also, which must go hand in hand with their love.

But at first Stephen's eyes were drawn to the stars, and she saw only gleam upon gleam of glory. Her physical passion for Angela Crossby had aroused a strange response in her spirit, so that side by side with every hot impulse that led her at times beyond her own understanding, there would come an impulse not of the body; a fine, selfless thing of great beauty and courage – she would gladly have given her body over to torment, have laid down her life if need be, for the sake of this woman whom she loved. And so blinded was she by those gleams of glory which the stars fling into the eyes of young lovers, that she saw perfection where none existed; saw a patient endurance that was purely fictitious, and conceived of a loyalty far beyond the limits of Angela's nature.

RADCLYFFE HALL

END OF ITEMS

Turn over ►

There are no questions printed on this page

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Item B Source: *Meeting Point* by Louis MacNeice, from *Collected Poems: Louis MacNeice*, Peter McDonald (ed), Faber, 2007.

Item C Source: T Stoppard, *The Invention of Love*, Faber and Faber, 1997.

Item D Source: R Hall, *The Well of Loneliness*, Virago Press Ltd, 1982, with thanks to the Estate of Radclyffe Hall.

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