



General Certificate of Education
Advanced Level Examination
June 2010

English Literature (Specification A)

LITA3

Unit 3 Reading for Meaning
Love Through the Ages

Tuesday 15 June 2010 1.30 pm to 4.00 pm

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.

In total, across both questions, you should write about a minimum of **one** wider reading text from **each** of the three genres of poetry, drama and prose.

Answer **both** questions.

Question 1

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Read the two prose extracts (**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** extracts.

In your answer you should consider the ways in which Carter (in **Item A**) and Sterne (in **Item B**) use form, structure and language to present their thoughts and ideas. You should make relevant references to your wider reading in prose.

(40 marks)

Question 2

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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 views about the nature of love are presented in these **two** extracts.

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

(40 marks)

END OF QUESTIONS

Turn over for Item A

Turn over ►

Item A

Angela Carter's *The Magic Toyshop* (1967) is the story of fifteen year-old orphan, Melanie, who is sent from her comfortable rural home to live with her uncle, Philip, a toymaker, and his family in a shabby part of London. Uncle Philip's household includes his wife and her nineteen-year-old brother, Finn.

In this extract Finn has taken Melanie on a walk to a park that contains, according to him, all that is left of a famous Victorian exhibition.

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Turn over for Item B

Turn over ►

Item B

A Sentimental Journey (1768) by Laurence Sterne describes the travels of Mr Yorick and his encounters along the way. In a bookshop in Paris, Yorick meets an attractive *fille de chambre* (a maid who cleans bedrooms). He walks with her, praises her innocent-looking beauty and gives her a gold crown.

The following extract comprises the last part of one section of the novel and the whole of the following section. The *fille de chambre* has come to Yorick's hotel room to take a message from him to her employer.

THE TEMPTATION

PARIS

The fair *fille de chambre* came up close to the bureau where I was looking for a card—took up first the pen I cast down, then offered to hold me the ink: she offered it so sweetly, I was going to accept it—but I durst not—I have nothing, my dear, said I, to write upon.—Write it, said she, simply, upon any thing.—

I was just going to cry out, Then I will write it, fair girl! upon thy lips.—

—If I do, said I, I shall perish—so I took her by the hand, and led her to the door, and begged she would not forget the lesson I had given her—She said, indeed she would not—and as she uttered it with some earnestness, she turned about, and gave me both her hands, closed together, into mine—it was impossible not to compress them in that situation—I wished to let them go; and all the time I held them, I kept arguing within myself against it—and still I held them on.—In two minutes I found I had all the battle to fight over again—and I felt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we were standing—I had still hold of her hands—and how it happened I can give no account, but I neither asked her—nor drew her—nor did I think of the bed—but so it did happen, we both sat down.

I'll just show you, said the fair *fille de chambre*, the little purse I have been making today to hold your crown. So she put her hand into her right pocket, which was next me, and felt for it for some time—then into the left—'She had lost it.'—I never bore expectation more quietly—it was in her right pocket at last—she pulled it out; it was of green taffeta, lined with a little bit of white quilted satin, and just big enough to hold the crown—she put it into my hand—it was pretty; and I held it ten minutes with the back of my hand resting upon her lap—looking sometimes at the purse, sometimes on one side of it.

A stitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my stock—the fair *fille de chambre*, without saying a word, took out her little hussive, threaded a small needle, and sewed it up—I foresaw it would hazard the glory of the day; and, as she passed her hand in silence across and across my neck in the manoeuvre, I felt the laurels shake which fancy had wreathed about my head.

A strap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her shoe was just falling off—See, said the *fille de chambre*, holding up her foot—I could not, for my soul but fasten the buckle in return, and putting in the strap—and lifting up the other foot with it, when I had done, to see both were right—in doing it too suddenly, it unavoidably threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her centre—and then—

THE CONQUEST

YES—and then—Ye whose clay-cold heads and luke-warm hearts can argue down or mask your passions, tell me, what trespass is it that man should have them? or how his spirit stands answerable to the father of spirits, but for his conduct under them?

If Nature has so wove her web of kindness, that some threads of love and desire are entangled with the piece, must the whole web be rent in drawing them out?—Whip me such stoics, great governor of nature! said I to myself—Wherever thy providence shall place me for the trials of my virtue—whatever is my danger—whatever is my situation—let me feel the movements which rise out of it, and which belong to me as a man, and if I govern them as a good one, I will trust the issues to thy justice—for thou hast made us, and not we ourselves.

As I finished my address, I raised the fair *fille de chambre* up by the hand, and led her out of the room—she stood by me till I locked the door and put the key in my pocket—and then—the victory being quite decisive—and not till then, I pressed my lips to her cheek, and taking her by the hand again, led her safe to the gate of the hotel.

Turn over for Item C

Turn over ►

Item C

Andrew Marvell (1621–1678) was writing at a time of important developments in many areas of human thought including astronomy, mathematics and philosophy.

‘The Definition of Love’

My love is of a birth as rare
As ’tis, for object, strange and high:
It was begotten by Despair
Upon Impossibility.

Magnanimous Despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble Hope could ne’er have flown
But vainly flapped its tinsel wing.

And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended soul is fixed,
But Fate does iron wedges drive,
And always crowds itself betwixt.

For Fate with jealous eye does see
Two perfect loves, nor lets them close:
Their union would her ruin be,
And her tyrannic power depose.

And therefore her decrees of steel
Us as the distant Poles have placed,
(Though Love’s whole world on us doth wheel)
Not by themselves to be embraced.

Unless the giddy heaven fall,
And earth some new convulsion tear;
And, us to join, the world should all
Be cramped into a planisphere¹.

As lines, so loves oblique, may well
Themselves in every angle greet:
But ours, so truly parallel,
Though infinite, can never meet.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,
But Fate so enviously debars,
Is the conjunction of the mind,
And opposition of the stars.

¹ planisphere: a type of map made by projecting a sphere onto a flat surface.

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Turn over for Item D

Turn over ►

Item D

In *Love's Labour's Lost* (1594) by William Shakespeare the King of Navarre and three of his lords, Berowne, Longaville and Dumain, have sworn to study, fast and keep away from women for three years. When the Princess of France and her attendant ladies pay an official visit, the men are obliged to meet them. Despite their vows, each of them falls in love.

KING But what of this? Are we not all in love?
 BEROWNE Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn².
 KING Then leave this chat, and, good Berowne, now prove
 Our loving lawful and our faith not torn.
 DUMAIN Ay, marry, there, some flattery for this evil.
 LONGAVILLE O, some authority how to proceed;
 Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.
 DUMAIN Some salve for perjury.
 BEROWNE O, 'tis more than need.
 Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms!
 Consider what you first did swear unto:
 To fast, to study, and to see no woman –
 Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
 Say, can you fast? Your stomachs are too young,
 And abstinence engenders maladies.
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
 In leaden contemplation have found out
 Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
 Of beauty's tutors have enriched you with?
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain,
 And therefore, finding barren practicers,
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the brain,
 But with the motion of all elements
 Courses as swift as thought in every power,
 And gives to every power a double power
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye:
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopped.
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.
 For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
 Subtle as Sphinx, as sweet and musical
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair.
 And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.

² Forswear: to break or go back on an oath; to give up or reject; to deny or refuse to admit.

Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were tempered with Love's sighs.
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish, all the world,
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear,
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for Love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?
KING Saint Cupid, then! And, soldiers, to the field!

END OF ITEMS

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Item A Source: A Carter, *The Magic Toyshop*, Virago 1991.

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