



General Certificate of Education
Advanced Level Examination
January 2011

English Literature (Specification A)

LITA3

Unit 3 Reading for Meaning
Love Through the Ages

Monday 24 January 2011 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 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.

Planning

It is recommended that, for **each** question, you spend around **30 minutes** reading, thinking and planning.

Answer **both** questions.

Question 1

0	1
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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 Lovelace (in **Item A**) and Larkin (in **Item B**) use form, structure and language to present their thoughts and ideas. You should make relevant references to your wider reading in the poetry of love.

(40 marks)

Question 2

0	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 the pains of love are presented in these **two** extracts.

In your answer you should consider the ways in which Wharton (in **Item C**) and Shakespeare (in **Item D**) use form, structure and language to present 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

Richard Lovelace (1618–1657) was one of a group of writers associated with King Charles I, known as Cavalier poets, who wrote about aspects of upper class life such as gallantry and courtship.

The Scrutiny

Why should you swear I am forsworn¹,
 Since thine I vowed to be?
Lady, it is already morn,
 And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Have I not loved thee much and long,
 A tedious twelve hours' space?
I must all other Beauties wrong,
 And rob thee of a new embrace;
Could I still dote upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy brown hair,
 By others may be found;
But I must search the black and fair,
 Like skilful mineralists that sound
For treasure in un-plowed-up ground.

Then if, when I have loved my round,
 Thou provest the pleasant she;
With spoils of meaner Beauties crowned,
 I laden will return to thee,
Ev'n sated with variety.

¹ I am forsworn: I have sworn falsely, lied, broken a promise.

Item B

Philip Larkin (1922 – 1985) often wrote about everyday events and ordinary people. The following was published in 1964.

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.

Turn over for Item C

Turn over ►

Item C

The Age of Innocence by **Edith Wharton** (1862–1937) was published in 1920. The story is set in New York in the 1870s. The countess Madame Ellen Olenska has left Europe to escape from her brutish husband, and is being given legal advice on her potential divorce by the novel’s protagonist, Newland Archer. Archer is engaged to Olenska’s cousin, May Welland.

In this extract, which takes place in Olenska’s house, Archer has a rare opportunity to speak to her privately.

“May guessed the truth,” he said. “There is another woman—but not the one she thinks.”

Ellen Olenska made no answer, and did not move. After a moment he sat down beside her, and, taking her hand, softly unclasped it, so that the gloves and fan fell on the sofa between them.

She started up, and freeing herself from him moved away to the other side of the hearth. “Ah, don’t make love to me! Too many people have done that,” she said, frowning.

Archer, changing colour, stood up also: it was the bitterest rebuke she could have given him. “I have never made love to you,” he said, “and I never shall. But you are the woman I would have married if it had been possible for either of us.”

“Possible for either of us?” She looked at him with unfeigned astonishment. “And you say that—when it’s you who’ve made it impossible?”

He stared at her, groping in a blackness through which a single arrow of light tore its blinding way.

“I’ve made it impossible—?”

“You, you, *you!*” she cried, her lip trembling like a child’s on the verge of tears. “Isn’t it you who made me give up divorcing—give it up because you showed me how selfish and wicked it was, how one must sacrifice one’s self to preserve the dignity of marriage ... and to spare one’s family the publicity, the scandal? And because my family was going to be your family—for May’s sake and for yours—I did what you told me, what you proved to me that I ought to do. Ah,” she broke out with a sudden laugh, “I’ve made no secret of having done it for you!”

She sank down on the sofa again, crouching among the festive ripples of her dress like a stricken masquerader; and the young man stood by the fireplace and continued to gaze at her without moving.

“Good God,” he groaned. “When I thought—”

“You thought?”

“Ah, don’t ask me what I thought!”

Still looking at her, he saw the same burning flush creep up her neck to her face. She sat upright, facing him with a rigid dignity.

“I do ask you.”

“Well, then: there were things in that letter you asked me to read—”

“My husband’s letter?”

“Yes.”

“I had nothing to fear from that letter: absolutely nothing! All I feared was to bring notoriety, scandal, on the family—on you and May.”

“Good God,” he groaned again, bowing his face in his hands.

The silence that followed lay on them with the weight of things final and irrevocable. It seemed to Archer to be crushing him down like his own grave-stone; in all the wide future he saw nothing that would ever lift that load from his heart. He did not move from his place, or raise his head from his hands; his hidden eyeballs went on staring into utter darkness.

“At least I loved you—” he brought out.

On the other side of the hearth, from the sofa-corner where he supposed that she still crouched, he heard a faint stifled crying like a child’s. He started up and came to her side.

“Ellen! What madness! Why are you crying? Nothing’s done that can’t be undone. I’m still free, and you’re going to be.” He had her in his arms, her face like a wet flower at his lips, and all their vain terrors shrivelling up like ghosts at sunrise. The one thing that astonished him now was that he

should have stood for five minutes arguing with her across the width of the room, when just touching her made everything so simple.

She gave him back all his kiss, but after a moment he felt her stiffening in his arms, and she put him aside and stood up.

“Ah, my poor Newland—I suppose this had to be. But it doesn’t in the least alter things,” she said, looking down at him in her turn from the hearth.

“It alters the whole of life for me.”

“No, no—it mustn’t, it can’t. You’re engaged to May Welland; and I’m married.”

He stood up too, flushed and resolute. “Nonsense! It’s too late for that sort of thing. We’ve no right to lie to other people or to ourselves. We won’t talk of your marriage; but do you see me marrying May after this?”

She stood silent, resting her thin elbows on the mantelpiece, her profile reflected in the glass behind her. One of the locks of her *chignon* had become loosened and hung on her neck; she looked haggard and almost old.

“I don’t see you,” she said at length, “putting that question to May. Do you?”

Turn over for Item D

Turn over ►

Item D

In **William Shakespeare's** *Antony and Cleopatra* (1606), Antony, one of three rulers of Rome, has neglected his responsibilities to follow his passion for Cleopatra, the Queen of Egypt.

After a defeat in battle (inflicted by Caesar), and having been misinformed that Cleopatra has committed suicide, Antony has fallen on his sword. When Cleopatra's servant enters and announces that Cleopatra is alive, Antony, now fatally wounded, asks to be taken to her side.

The following extract, which concludes Act Four, is set in Cleopatra's monument, her place of refuge. Cleopatra, who is with her attendants, refuses to leave this safe place. Instead, she asks that Antony be hoisted up to her.

Enter [below] ANTONY, and the GUARD [bearing him]

CLEOPATRA O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in; darkling stand
The varying shore o'th'world! O Antony,
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help!
Help, friends below! Let's draw him hither.

ANTONY Peace!
Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

CLEOPATRA So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony, but woe 'tis so!

ANTONY I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

CLEOPATRA I dare not, dear –
Dear my lord, pardon – I dare not,
Lest I be taken. Not th'imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Caesar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me. If knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony –
Help me, my women – we must draw thee up.
Assist, good friends.

ANTONY O, quick, or I am gone.

[They begin lifting]

CLEOPATRA Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-winged Mercury should fetch thee up
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little;
Wishers were ever fools. O come, come, come!

They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra

And welcome, welcome! Die when thou hast lived;
Quicken with kissing. Had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

[She kisses him]

ALL A heavy sight!

ANTONY I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

CLEOPATRA No, let me speak, and let me rail so high
That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence.

ANTONY One word, sweet queen:
Of Caesar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

CLEOPATRA They do not go together.

ANTONY Gentle, hear me.
None about Caesar trust but Proculeius.

CLEOPATRA My resolution and my hands I'll trust,
None about Caesar.

ANTONY The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I lived the greatest prince o'th'world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman – a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquished. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.

CLEOPATRA Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care for me? Shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O, see, my women:

[*Antony dies*]

The crown o'th'earth doth melt. My lord!
O, withered is the garland of the war;
The soldier's pole is fall'n! Young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*She starts to faint*]

CHARMIAN O, quietness, lady!

IRAS She's dead too, our sovereign.

CHARMIAN Lady!

IRAS Madam!

CHARMIAN O madam, madam, madam!

IRAS Royal Egypt, Empress!

[*Cleopatra stirs*]

CHARMIAN Peace, peace, Iras.

CLEOPATRA No more but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad. Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what, good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls! Ah, women, women! Look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart.
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do't after the high Roman fashion
And make death proud to take us. Come, away.
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Turn over ►

Ah, women, women! Come, we have no friend
But resolution and the briefest end.

Exeunt, [those above] bearing off Antony's body.

END OF ITEMS

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Item A Source: *The Scrutiny* by Richard Lovelace, from *The New Oxford Book of Love Poetry*, Jon Stallworthy (ed), Penguin, 2003.

Item B Source: *Wild Oats* by Philip Larkin, from *The Whitsun Weddings*, Faber, 1971.

Item C Source: E. Wharton, *The Age of Innocence*, Penguin, 1996.

Item D Source: W. Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, Cambridge University Press, 1990.

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