

General Certificate of Education  
June 2007  
Advanced Level Examination



**ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE  
(SPECIFICATION B)**

**NTB6/PM**

**Pre-release material for Unit 6: Critical Approaches**

**To be issued to candidates on or after Tuesday 12 June 2007 for  
examination on Tuesday 19 June 2007 1.30 pm to 4.00 pm**

**Instructions**

- On receipt of this material, you are advised to check carefully that the booklet is complete and that no pages are missing or illegible. There should be 16 pages. If you experience any problems, you should consult your teacher.
- You should use the time between receiving this material and the examination to familiarise yourself with its contents.
- You are permitted to make **brief** annotations on the preliminary material. Such annotations should amount to no more than cross-references and/or the glossing of individual words or phrases. Highlighting and underlining are permitted. Annotations going beyond individual words or phrases, or amounting to *aides-mémoire* or notes towards the planning of essays, are not permitted. Insertion of pages, loose sheets, 'Post-its' or any other form of notes or additional material is **not** permitted. You are not permitted to bring any additional written material with you into the examination.
- Your teacher is **not** permitted to discuss the pre-release material with you before the examination.
- **Bring the material with you to the examination on Tuesday 19 June. You will be required to answer all questions in the examination.**

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

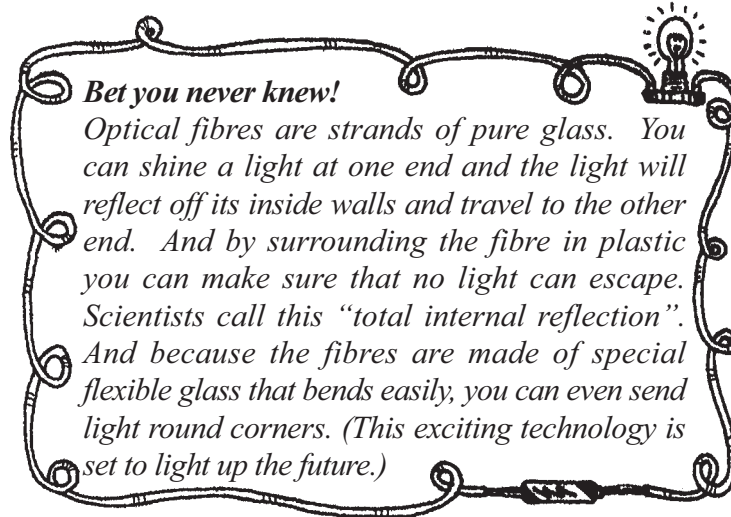
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**Anthology of Texts: June 2007**

Text 1:	from <i>Frightening Light</i> , Nick Arnold, from the <i>Horrible Science</i> series	1999 (Children's text book)
Text 2:	from 'Views In The Looking Glass...', Barbara M. Stengel	1999 (Article)
Text 3:	'Mirror, Mirror, Off the Wall', Jason Love, from the <i>Spirituality &amp; Health</i> website	2005 (Article)
Text 4:	'Mirror', Sylvia Plath	1961 (Poetry)
Text 5:	from <i>The Picture of Dorian Gray</i> , Oscar Wilde	1890 (Prose fiction)
Text 6:	from <i>Richard II</i> , William Shakespeare	1596 (Drama)

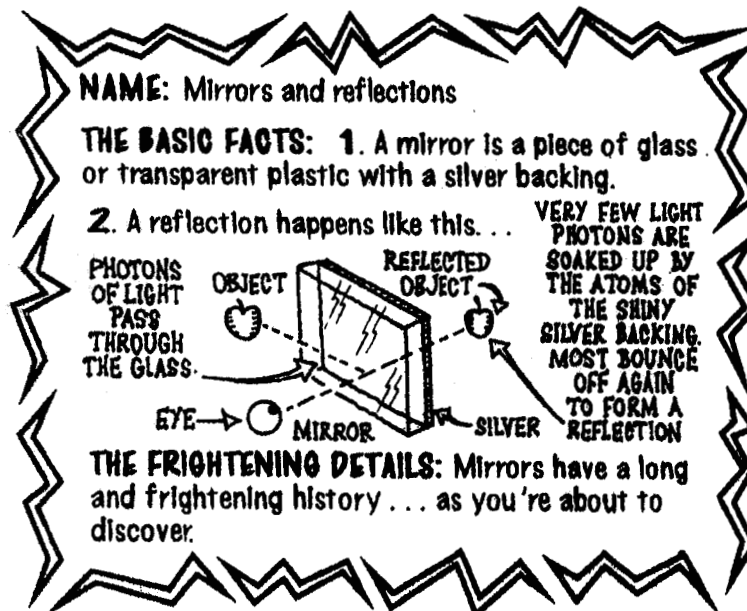
## TEXT 1

An extract from *Frightening Light*, from the *Horrible Science* series, by Nick Arnold (1999)



All right, this is what reflections can do. But how do you make reflections to begin with?

### Frightening light fact file



## Murderous mirrors

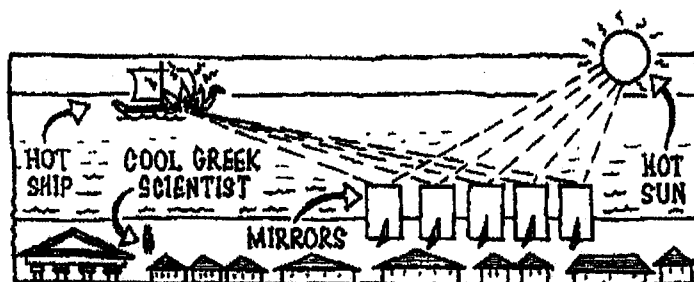
- Early people realized that shiny surfaces were great for seeing yourself in. Very handy for helping you brush your hair properly or spot an embarrassing bogie in your nostril.



- In ancient Egypt all sorts of things were used as mirrors including polished metal, wet slates and bowls of water. But none of them was smooth enough to give a clear, bright image. (In order to see your reflection you need a smooth surface so the photons reflect back together – remember?)
- By the time the Romans came along mirrors were much improved. The Romans used glass to make mirrors with a thin backing of tin. Unfortunately, this invention was to cause a few heated moments. According to legend the Greek scientist Archimedes (287–212 BC) used a bank of mirrors to burn Roman ships that were attacking his home city.

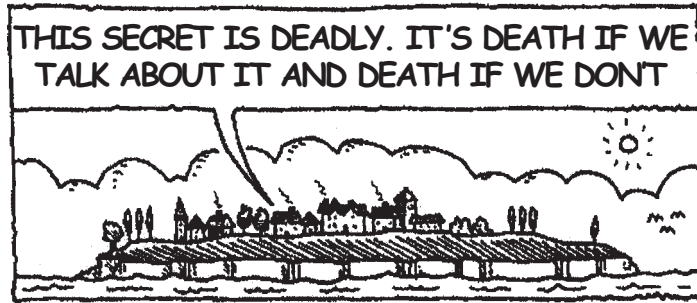


Every mirror reflected sunlight on to a single point on the ship. The wood heated up and burst into flames. This is scientifically possible although there's no proof it happened.

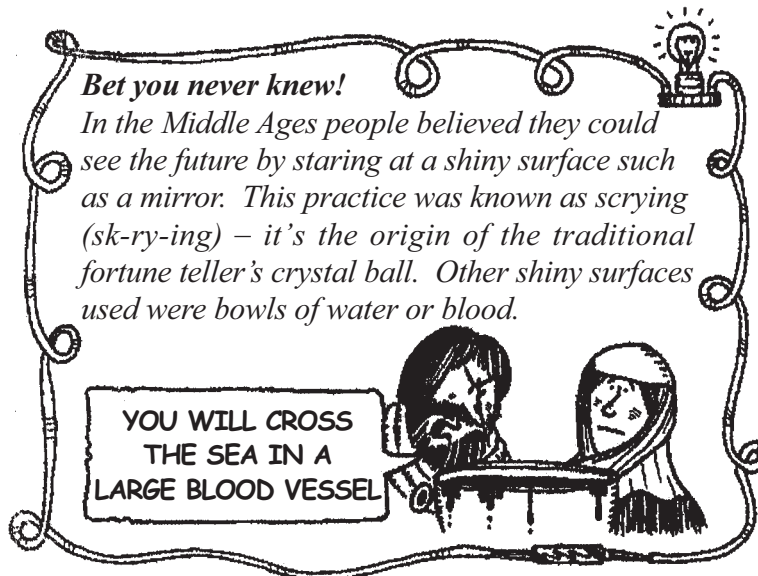


Turn over ►

- In the Middle Ages Venice made the finest mirrors in the world. Venetians had learnt to use a mixture of mercury and tin for the backing which was easy to work without heating. This mixture was top secret. A special island was set aside for this work but the mercury was poisonous and many workers died or were driven mad by it. Nevertheless, they were forbidden to pass on the secret on pain of death.



- Somehow by the 1670s the secret had spread to France and then across Europe. In 1840, German chemist, Justus von Liebig (1803-1873) found how to put silver backing on a mirror using heated silver nitrate and other chemicals. And this method is still in use.



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**TEXT 2**

An extract from ‘Views In The Looking Glass: The Mirrors In *The Arnolfini Portrait*, *Las Meninas*, and *A Bar At The Folies-Bergère*’ by Barbara M. Stengel

*The Arnolfini Portrait* can be viewed on the National Gallery website ([nationalgallery.org.uk](http://nationalgallery.org.uk))

Dated 1434, Jan van Eyck’s *The Arnolfini Portrait* is the earlier of these works. Painted in oil on a panel this is the portrait of two individuals, Giovanni di Arrigo Arnolfini and his future wife, Giovanna Cenami, both members of wealthy merchant families active in Flemish commerce. The painting depicts their betrothal ceremony taking place in a well-appointed room. Prominent among the furnishings is a large bed with scarlet hangings which could plausibly be interpreted as a reference to the consummation of the marriage. However, it was common for such beds to be placed in the principal rooms of a house, as is documented by many Flemish paintings of this period. Hung beds, like the one in this picture, indicated status. Because these beds were generally used only for such “dynastic” occasions as childbirth and death, the bed in *The Arnolfini Portrait*, while it contains a symbolic reference to the future children of this union, also references the temporal qualities of human life.

Van Eyck has invested other details of this painting with a similar mixture of temporal and eternal symbolism. One of these is the elaborately framed mirror on the far wall of the room. By the early fifteenth century such convex mirrors were still luxury items but were no longer uncommon. The mirror in *The Arnolfini Portrait* is thus the looking glass one would expect to find in many wealthy homes. But, it also serves as a symbolic device and references religious customs.

Van Eyck’s contemporaries were conversant with the mirror as a vanitas symbol, conveying the transitory nature of mortal humans, and they also associated it with the deadly sins of pride and lust. In the context of betrothal and marriage the spotless mirror was also understood to symbolize virginity and purity. The mirror’s placement on the picture’s vertical axis, just above the couple’s hands joined at the moment of betrothal, indicates that the artist clearly intended this mirror to function as a symbolic device. The passion scenes on the mirror’s frame strengthen this argument. By reflecting the betrothal the mirror witnesses this ceremony similarly to the pilgrims of the Heiltumfahrten. They caught the reflection of a holy reliquary in a mirror and believed that this reflection, even though invisible, continued to be spiritually present in the mirror. Moreover, the mirror’s reflection also shows the betrothal’s “real witnesses,” who share the viewer’s vantage point in front of the picture plane. One of these witnesses is the artist himself, who also testified to his presence in the graffiti on the wall above the mirror, transforming *The Arnolfini Portrait* into a kind of pictorial document.

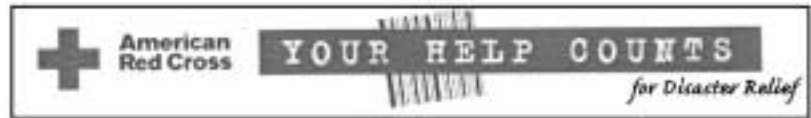
Beginning in the fourteenth century, glass and mirror making improved considerably. Flat mirrors, which produced a clearer and more accurate reflection, began to be made. This foreshadowed the spirit and philosophy of the Renaissance with its emphases on clarity and fidelity, even though the older metaphorical and moral implications continued to be applied. Van Eyck endows the mirror with the ancient symbolism and makes it a clear witness to a contractual relationship.

**Turn over for Text 3**

**Turn over ►**

## TEXT 3

An article from the *Spirituality & Health* website, by Jason Love



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**Issue:** January/February 2005

## Mirror, Mirror, Off the Wall

Jason Love

In the not-so-good old days, I lived in the mirror. Couldn't go 10 minutes without a peek. Weeks were lost to the idea that one eye was bigger than the other. My shrink, Dr. Dan, called it "body dysmorphic disorder" (BDD) – seeing a monster in the mirror. Michael Jackson is what happens when you mix BDD with millions of dollars.

One morning, I stared into the looking glass so long that I had a bad trip. My reflection wouldn't let go. I looked into his eyes, he looked back at mine, and so it went toward some strange expression of pi.

That day I decided to never look in the mirror again. I contact-papered the mirrors and made my poor wife fend for herself with a compact. To shave and comb, I used The Force. I avoided windows, rear view mirrors, and the shiny side of compact discs. I even boxed up all of my photographs.

Dr. Dan said, "Always and never are risky endeavors." I asked him why he couldn't be happy for me, and I took back my brain and went home. Then came the anxiety attacks. They were triggered by pictures, songs, anything that smelled meaningful.

Julia Roberts died in a movie, and boom – I couldn't breathe. Dr. Dan suggested that my issues had relocated: Mirror issues had become panic issues. I told him that the real problem is how ambivalent I was toward his mother.

The titan of all attacks came as I was sifting through our Memories Box, when that void descended like a blanket. *What's it all about? ... Why do we strive as we do?* I called my wife, but she was at lunch.

It felt like I was missing a part. I ran outside to grab a neighbor, the mailman, a stray cat – anything but the void. No one was around. Just when my thoughts turned to the noose, a voice said, "Look at yourself."

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So I did.

I rushed inside and uncovered a mirror. There in the glass stood my old friend Jason. He hadn't gone anywhere. He even looked the same – aside from the bags beneath his eyes. He was the missing part. We had, after all, known each other since spermhood.

*Accept. Approve. Surrender.*

That's what popped into my head. I'm not sure what the words meant, but they steered me to "the middle way." Lao Tzu would be proud. I don't spend hours in the mirror, nor do I shun it altogether. I look when I look. But I can't say that I regret my experiment. We could all spend less time in front of the mirror, and more time looking at ourselves. It was just a hard way to find out that we can't outrun ourselves. My issues are probably relocating as we speak. I just hope they land on Dr. Dan.

**Turn over for Text 4**

**Turn over ►**

**TEXT 4**

A poem, 'Mirror', by Sylvia Plath (23 October, 1961)

**Mirror**

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.  
Whatever I see I swallow immediately  
Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.  
I am not cruel, only truthful –  
The eye of a little god, four-cornered.  
Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.  
It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long  
I think it is a part of my heart. But it flickers.  
Faces and darkness separate us over and over.  
Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,  
Searching my reaches for what she really is.  
Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.  
I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.  
She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.  
I am important to her. She comes and goes.  
Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.  
In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman  
Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.

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**TEXT 5**

An extract from *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, by Oscar Wilde, 1890

The curiously carved mirror that Lord Henry had given to him, so many years ago now, was standing on the table, and the white-limbed Cupids laughed round it as of old. He took it up, as he had done on that night of horror, when he had first noted the change in the fatal picture, and with wild, tear-dimmed eyes looked into its polished shield. Once, some one who had terribly loved him had written to him a mad letter, ending with these idolatrous words: ‘The world is changed because you are made of ivory and gold. The curves of your lips rewrite history.’ The phrases came back to his memory, and he repeated them over and over to himself. Then he loathed his own beauty, and, flinging the mirror on the floor, crushed it into silver splinters beneath his heel. It was his beauty that had ruined him, his beauty and the youth that he had prayed for. But for those two things, his life might have been free from stain. His beauty had been to him but a mask, his youth but a mockery. What was youth at best? A green, an unripe time, a time of shallow moods and sickly thoughts. Why had he worn its livery? Youth had spoiled him.

It was better not to think of the past. Nothing could alter that. It was of himself, and of his own future, that he had to think. James Vane was hidden in a nameless grave in Selby churchyard. Alan Campbell had shot himself one night in his laboratory, but had not revealed the secret that he had been forced to know. The excitement, such as it was, over Basil Hallward’s disappearance would soon pass away. It was already waning. He was perfectly safe there. Nor, indeed, was it the death of Basil Hallward that weighed most upon his mind. It was the living death of his own soul that troubled him. Basil had painted the portrait that had marred his life. He could not forgive him that. It was the portrait that had done everything. Basil had said things to him that were unbearable, and that he had yet borne with patience. The murder had been simply the madness of a moment. As for Alan Campbell, his suicide had been his own act. He had chosen to do it. It was nothing to him.

A new life! That was what he wanted. That was what he was waiting for. Surely he had begun it already. He had spared one innocent thing, at any rate. He would never again tempt innocence. He would be good.

As he thought of Hetty Merton, he began to wonder if the portrait in the locked room had changed. Surely it was not still so horrible as it had been? Perhaps if his life became pure, he would be able to expel every sign of evil passion from the face. Perhaps the signs of evil had already gone away. He would go and look.

He took the lamp from the table and crept upstairs. As he unbarred the door a smile of joy flitted across his strangely young-looking face and lingered for a moment about his lips. Yes, he would be good, and the hideous thing that he had hidden away would no longer be a terror to him. He felt as if the load had been lifted from him already.

He went in quietly, locking the door behind him, as was his custom, and dragged the purple hanging from the portrait. A cry of pain and indignation broke from him. He could see no change, save that in the eyes there was a look of cunning, and in the mouth the curved wrinkle of the hypocrite. The thing was still loathsome – more loathsome, if possible, than before – and the scarlet dew that spotted the hand seemed brighter, and more like blood newly spilt. Then he trembled. Had it been merely vanity that had made him do his one good deed? Or the desire for a new sensation, as Lord Henry had hinted, with his mocking laugh? Or that passion to act a part that sometimes makes us do things finer than we are ourselves? Or, perhaps, all these? And why was the red stain larger than it had been? It seemed to have crept like a horrible disease over the wrinkled fingers. There was blood on the painted feet, as though the thing had dripped – blood even on the hand that had not held the knife. Confess? Did it mean that he was to confess? To give himself up, and be put to

**Turn over ►**

death? He laughed. He felt that the idea was monstrous. Besides, even if he did confess, who would believe him? There was no trace of the murdered man anywhere. Everything belonging to him had been destroyed. He himself had burned what had been below-stairs. The world would simply say that he was mad. They would shut him up if he persisted in his story..... Yet it was his duty to confess, to suffer public shame, and to make public atonement. There was a God who called upon men to tell their sins to earth as well as to heaven. Nothing that he could do would cleanse him till he had told his own sin. His sin? He shrugged his shoulders. The death of Basil Hallward seemed very little to him. He was thinking of Hetty Merton. For it was an unjust mirror, this mirror of his soul that he was looking at. Vanity? Curiosity? Hypocrisy? Had there been nothing more in his renunciation than that? There had been something more. At least he thought so. But who could tell? ... No. There had been nothing more. Through vanity he had spared her. In hypocrisy he had worn the mask of goodness. For curiosity's sake he had tried the denial of self. He recognized that now.

But this murder – was it to dog him all his life? Was he always to be burdened by his past? Was he really to confess? Never. There was only one bit of evidence left against him. The picture itself – that was evidence. He would destroy it. Why had he kept it so long? Once it had given him pleasure to watch it changing and growing old. Of late he had felt no such pleasure. It had kept him awake at night. When he had been away, he had been filled with terror lest other eyes should look upon it. It had brought melancholy across his passions. Its mere memory had marred many moments of joy. It had been like conscience to him. Yes, it had been conscience. He would destroy it.

He looked round, and saw the knife that had stabbed Basil Hallward. He had cleaned it many times, till there was no stain left upon it. It was bright, and glistened. As it had killed the painter, so it would kill the painter's work, and all that that meant. It would kill the past, and when that was dead he would be free. It would kill this monstrous soul-life, and, without its hideous warnings, he would be at peace. He seized the thing, and stabbed the picture with it.

There was a cry heard, and a crash. The cry was so horrible in its agony that the frightened servants woke, and crept out of their rooms. Two gentlemen, who were passing in the Square below, stopped, and looked up at the great house. They walked on till they met a policeman, and brought him back. The man rang the bell several times, but there was no answer. Except for a light in one of the top windows, the house was all dark. After a time, he went away and stood in an adjoining portico and watched.

'Whose house is that, constable?' asked the elder of the two gentlemen.

'Mr Dorian Gray's, sir,' answered the policeman.

They looked at each other, as they walked away, and sneered. One of them was Sir Henry Ashton's uncle.

Inside, in the servants' part of the house, the half-clad domestics were talking in low whispers to each other. Old Mrs Leaf was crying and wringing her hands. Francis was as pale as death.

After about a quarter of an hour, he got the coachman and one of the footmen and crept upstairs. They knocked, but there was no reply. They called out. Everything was still. Finally, after vainly trying to force the door, they got on the roof, and dropped down on to the balcony. The windows yielded easily: their bolts were old.

When they entered they found, hanging upon the wall, a splendid portrait of their master as they had last seen him, in all the wonder of his exquisite youth and beauty. Lying on the floor was a dead man, in evening dress, with a knife in his heart. He was withered, wrinkled, and loathsome of visage. It was not till they had examined the rings that they recognized who it was.

**TEXT 6**

An extract from Act IV Scene I, *Richard II*, by William Shakespeare (1596)

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord, dispatch. Read o'er these articles.

RICHARD

Mine eyes are full of tears. I cannot see.  
 And yet salt water blinds them not so much  
 But they can see a sort of traitors here.  
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself  
 I find myself a traitor with the rest.  
 For I have given here my soul's consent  
 To'undeck the pompous body of a king;  
 Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave;  
 Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord –

RICHARD

No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man;  
 Nor no man's lord. I have no name, no title –  
 No, not that name was given me at the font –  
 But 'tis usurped. Alack the heavy day,  
 That I have worn so many winters out  
 And know not now what name to call myself!  
 O that I were a mockery king of snow,  
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
 To melt myself away in water-drops!  
 Good king; great king – and yet not greatly good –  
 An if my word be sterling yet in England  
 Let it command a mirror hither straight  
 That it may show me what a face I have  
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

BOLINGBROKE

Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

*Exit attendant*

NORTHUMBERLAND

Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

RICHARD

Fiend, thou torments me ere I come to hell.

BOLINGBROKE

Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

NORTHUMBERLAND

The commons will not then be satisfied.

RICHARD

They shall be satisfied. I'll read enough  
 When I do see the very book indeed  
 Where all my sins are writ; and that's myself.

*Enter attendant with a glass*

**Text 6 continues on the next page**

**Turn over ►**

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.  
 No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck  
 So many blows upon this face of mine  
 And made no deeper wounds? O, flattering glass,  
 Like to my followers in prosperity,  
 Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face  
 That every day under his household roof  
 Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face  
 That like the sun did make beholders wink?  
 Is this the face which faced so many follies,  
 That was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?  
 A brittle glory shineth in this face.  
 As brittle as the glory is the face,  
*(he throws the glass down)*  
 For there it is, cracked in an hundred shivers.  
 Mark, silent King, the moral of this sport:  
 How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.

BOLINGBROKE

The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed  
 The shadow of your face.

RICHARD

Say that again!

'The shadow of my sorrow' – ha, let's see.  
 'Tis very true. My grief lies all within,  
 And these external manner of laments  
 Are merely shadows to the unseen grief  
 That swells with silence in the tortured soul.  
 There lies the substance; and I thank thee, King,  
 For thy great bounty, that not only givest  
 Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way  
 How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,  
 And then be gone and trouble you no more.  
 Shall I obtain it?

BOLINGBROKE

Name it, fair cousin.

RICHARD

'Fair cousin'? I am greater than a king;  
 For when I was a king my flatterers  
 Were then but subjects; being now a subject  
 I have a king here to my flatterer.  
 Being so great, I have no need to beg.

BOLINGBROKE

Yet ask.

RICHARD

And shall I have?

BOLINGBROKE

You shall.

RICHARD

Then give me leave to go.

BOLINGBROKE

Whither?

RICHARD

Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

BOLINGBROKE

Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

RICHARD

O, good, 'convey!' – Conveyors are you all,  
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

**END OF TEXTS**

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**Text 5:** *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, by Oscar Wilde, published by Everyman, 1993.

**Text 6:** *Richard II*, by William Shakespeare, published by New Penguin Shakespeare, 1969.

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