



General Certificate of Education
Advanced Level Examination
January 2012

English Literature (Specification A)

LITA3

Unit 3 Reading for Meaning
Love Through the Ages

Tuesday 24 January 2012 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.

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 Donne (in **Item A**) and Jennings (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 unfaithfulness is presented in these **two** extracts.

In your answer you should consider the ways in which Hardy (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, ensuring that you include references to both **drama** and **prose**.

(40 marks)

END OF QUESTIONS

Turn over for Item A

Turn over ►

Item A

The following poem was written by **John Donne** (1572–1631). Donne's work is characterised by wit, elaborate metaphors and complex and clever arguments.

The Anniversary

All Kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The sun itself, which makes times, as they pass,
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This no tomorrow hath, nor yesterday,
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse¹;
If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas, as well as other Princes, we
(Who Prince enough in one another be)
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears;
But souls where nothing dwells but love
(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
This, or a love increased there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves remove.

And then we shall be throughly blessed;
But we no more than all the rest.
Here upon earth we're Kings, and none but we
Can be such Kings, nor of such subjects be;
Who is so safe as we? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.
True and false fears let us refrain,
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore: this is the second of our reign.

¹corse: corpse; dead body

Item B

Elizabeth Jennings (1926–2001) often wrote using a clear and simple style. Some of the major themes of her work are love, death and religion. The following was published in 1966.

One Flesh

Lying apart now, each in a separate bed,
He with a book, keeping the light on late,
She like a girl dreaming of childhood,
All men elsewhere — it is as if they wait
Some new event: the book he holds unread,
Her eyes fixed on the shadows overhead.

Tossed up like flotsam from a former passion,
How cool they lie. They hardly ever touch,
Or if they do it is like a confession
Of having little feeling — or too much.
Chastity faces them, a destination
For which their whole lives were a preparation.

Strangely apart, yet strangely close together,
Silence between them like a thread to hold
And not wind in. And time itself's a feather
Touching them gently. Do they know they're old,
These two who are my father and my mother
Whose fire from which I came, has now grown cold?

Turn over for Item C

Turn over ►

Item C

Thomas Hardy's *The Woodlanders* (1887) is the story of Grace Melbury who forsakes her childhood sweetheart, Giles Winterborne, to marry Dr Edred Fitzpiers. When Fitzpiers elopes with his mistress, Felice Charmond, Giles and Grace resume their friendship. They do not have a sexual relationship.

Grace discovers that Fitzpiers is returning and leaves home to seek refuge with Giles. Rather than compromise Grace's reputation, Giles sleeps outside his tiny house in the rain. This worsens his already poor health and costs him his life.

The following extract takes place in Giles's house, just after his death. Dr Fitzpiers and Grace are at his bedside.

Then Fitzpiers broke the silence. "Have you lived here long?" he said.

Grace was wild with sorrow – bitter with all that had befallen her – with the cruelties that had attacked her – with life – with Heaven. She answered at random. "Yes. By what right do you ask?"

"Don't think I claim any right," said Fitzpiers sadly. "It is for you to do and say what you choose. I admit, quite as much as you feel, that I am a vagabond – a brute – not worthy to possess the smallest fragment of you. But here I am, and I have happened to take sufficient interest in you to make that inquiry."

"He is everything to me!" said Grace, hardly heeding her husband, and laying her hand reverently on the dead man's eyelids, where she kept it a long time, pressing down their lashes with gentle touches, as if she were stroking a little bird.

He watched her awhile; and then glanced round the chamber, where his eyes fell upon a few dressing necessaries that she had brought.

"Grace – if I may call you so," he said, "I have been already humiliated almost to the depths. I have come back – since you refused to join me elsewhere – I have entered your father's house – and borne all which that cost me without flinching, because I have felt I deserved humiliation. But is there a yet greater humiliation in store for me? You say you have been living here with him – that he was everything to you. Am I to draw from that the obvious, the extremest inference?"

Triumph at any price is sweet to men and women – especially the latter. It was her first and last opportunity of repaying him for the slights which she had borne at his hands so docilely.

"Yes," she answered; and there was that in her subtly compounded nature which made her feel a thrill of pride as she did so.

Yet the moment after she had so mightily belied her character she half repented. Her husband had turned as white as the wall behind him. It seemed as if all that remained to him of hope and spirit had been abstracted at a stroke. Yet he did not move, and in his efforts at self-control closed his mouth together as a vice. His determination was fairly successful, though she saw how very much greater than she had expected her triumph had been. Presently he looked across at Winterborne.

"Would it startle you to hear," he said, as if he hardly had breath to utter words, "that she who was to me what he was to you is dead also?"

"Dead – *she* dead?" exclaimed Grace.

"Yes. Felice Charmond is where this young man is."

"Never!" said Grace vehemently.

He went on without heeding the insinuation: "And I came back to try to make it up with you – but —"

Fitzpiers rose, and moved across the room to go away, looking downwards with the droop of a man whose hope was turned to apathy if not despair. In going round the door his eye fell upon her once more. She was still bending over the body of Winterborne, her face close to his.

"Have you been kissing him during his illness?" asked her husband.

"Yes."

"Since his fevered state set in?"

“Yes.”

“On his lips?”

“Yes.”

“Then you will do well to take a few drops of this in water as soon as possible.” He drew a small phial from his pocket, and returned to offer it to her.

Grace shook her head.

“If you don’t do as I tell you, you may soon be like him.”

“I don’t care. I wish to die.”

“I’ll put it here,” said Fitzpiers, placing the bottle on a ledge beside him. “The sin of not having warned you will not be upon my head at any rate, amongst my other sins. I am now going, and I will send somebody to you. Your father does not know that you are here, so I suppose I shall be bound to tell him?”

“Certainly.”

Fitzpiers left the cot, and the stroke of his feet was soon immersed in the silence that pervaded the spot. Grace remained kneeling and weeping, she hardly knew how long, and then she sat up, covered poor Giles’s features, and went towards the door where her husband had stood. No sign of any other comer greeted her ear, the only perceptible sounds being the tiny cracklings of the dead leaves, which, like a feather bed, had not yet done rising to their normal level where indented by the pressure of her husband’s receding footsteps. It reminded her that she had been struck with the change in his aspect; the extremely intellectual look that had always been in his face was wrought to a finer phase by thinness; and a careworn dignity had been superadded.

Turn over for Item D

Turn over ►

Item D

Troilus and Cressida (1602), by **William Shakespeare**, is set during the wars between the Greeks and the Trojans. Troilus and Cressida are Trojans, who have promised to be faithful to each other and have exchanged love tokens: Cressida gave Troilus a glove and Troilus gave Cressida a sleeve. The lovers are separated when Cressida is given to the Greeks in exchange for the return of a Trojan commander.

The following extract, which comes from Act 5, Scene 2, takes place in the Greek camp. A Greek commander, Ulysses, has hidden Troilus in a safe place from which he can observe Cressida with her new Greek lover, Diomedes. Thersites, a scandal-loving Greek, also looks on.

ULYSSES [*to Troilus, aside*]

You have sworn patience.

TROILUS [*to Ulysses, aside*] Fear me not, sweet lord.

I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel. I am all patience.

Enter Cressida [with a sleeve: the token that Troilus gave her as a symbol of his love].

THERSITES [*aside*] Now the pledge; now, now, now!

CRESSIDA Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

[*She gives him the sleeve.*]

TROILUS [*aside*] O beauty, where is thy faith?

ULYSSES [*to Troilus, aside*] My lord –

TROILUS [*to Ulysses, aside*]

I will be patient; outwardly I will.

CRESSIDA

You look upon that sleeve? Behold it well.
He loved me – O false wench! – Give't me again.
[*She snatches the sleeve.*]

DIOMEDES Whose was't?

CRESSIDA

It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you tomorrow night.
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

THERSITES [*aside*] Now she sharpens. Well said, whetstone!

DIOMEDES I shall have it.

CRESSIDA What, this?

DIOMEDES Ay, that.

CRESSIDA

O all you gods! – O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking on his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it –
As I kiss thee. [*He grabs the sleeve; she tries to get it back.*]

DIOMEDES Nay, do not snatch it from me.

CRESSIDA

He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

DIOMEDES

I had your heart before. This follows it.

TROILUS [*aside*] I did swear patience.

CRESSIDA

You shall not have it, Diomed, faith, you shall not.
I'll give you something else.

DIOMEDES I will have this. Whose was it?

CRESSIDA It is no matter.

DIOMEDES Come, tell me whose it was.

CRESSIDA

'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
But now you have it, take it.

DIOMEDES

Whose was it?

CRESSIDA

By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

DIOMEDES

Tomorrow will I wear it on my helm
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

TROILUS [*aside*]

Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challenged.

CRESSIDA

Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past. And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.

DIOMEDES

Why then, farewell.

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again. [*He starts to leave.*]

CRESSIDA

You shall not go. One cannot speak a word
But it straight starts you.

DIOMEDES

I do not like this fooling.

TROILUS [*aside*]

Nor I, by Pluto; but that that likes not you
Pleases me best.

DIOMEDES

What, shall I come? The hour?

CRESSIDA

Ay, come. – O Jove! – Do, come. – I shall be plagued.

DIOMEDES

Farewell till then.

Exit.

CRESSIDA

Good night. I prithee, come. –
Troilus, farewell! One eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! This fault in us I find:
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads must err. O, then conclude:
Minds swayed by eyes are full of turpitude².

Exit.

Turn over ►

THERSITES [*aside*]

A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, 'My mind is now turned whore'.

ULYSSES

All's done, my lord.

TROILUS

It is.

ULYSSES

Why stay we, then?

TROILUS

To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance³ so obstinately strong,
That doth invert th'attest of eyes and ears,
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate⁴.
Was Cressid here?

ULYSSES

I cannot conjure, Trojan.

TROILUS

She was not, sure.

ULYSSES

Most sure she was.

TROILUS

Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

ULYSSES

Nor mine, my lord. Cressid was here but now.

TROILUS

Let it not be believed, for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers. Do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule. Rather think this not Cressid.

² turpitude: wickedness; depravity

³ An esperance: a hope; an expectation

⁴ to calumniate: to slander; to make untrue and insulting comments

END OF ITEMS

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