

A-level ENGLISH LITERATURE (SPECIFICATION A)

Unit 3 Reading for Meaning Love Through the Ages

Friday 17 June 2016 Morning Time allowed: 2 hours 30 minutes

Materials

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 16-page answer book.

Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The **Paper Reference** is LITA3.
- Answer **both** questions.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work 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** 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 Millay (in **Item A**) and Dunn (in **Item B**) use form, structure and language to present their thoughts and ideas. You should make relevant references to your wider reading in **poetry**.

[40 marks]

Question 2

- 0 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 the early stages of love are presented in these **two** extracts.

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

Item A

The following poem was written by **Edna St Vincent Millay** in 1923.

What lips my lips have kissed

What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain
Under my head till morning; but the rain
Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh
Upon the glass and listen for reply,
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain
For unremembered lads that not again
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.
Thus in the winter stands the lonely tree,
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,
Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:
I cannot say what loves have come and gone;
I only know that summer sang in me
A little while, that in me sings no more.

Item B

Stephen Dunn (born 1939) is a poet and academic. The following poem was published in 2006.

THE KISS

She pressed her lips to mind.
—a typo

How many years I must have yearned
for someone's lips against mind.
Pheromones, newly born, were floating
between us. There was hardly any air.

She kissed me again, reaching that place
that sends messages to toes and fingertips,
then all the way to something like home.
Some music was playing on its own.

Nothing like a woman who knows
to kiss the right thing at the right time,
then kisses the things she's missed.
How had I ever settled for less?

I was thinking this is intelligence,
this is the wisest tongue
since the Oracle got into a Greek's ear,
speaking sense. It's the Good,

defining itself. I was out of my mind.
She was in. We married as soon as we could.

Turn over for Item C

Item C

The Tempest, by **William Shakespeare** (1564–1616), was first performed in 1611. Miranda, who has lived on an island under the close protection of her father, Prospero, has fallen in love with Ferdinand. Ferdinand is a prince, who has been shipwrecked and fears his father has drowned. Prospero has been testing Ferdinand's love and makes him do the job normally done by his slave: carrying heavy logs.

ACT 3, SCENE 1: Before PROSPERO'S Cell.

MIRANDA You look wearily.

FERDINAND No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you –
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers –
What is your name?

MIRANDA Miranda. — O my father,
I have broke your hest¹ to say so.

FERDINAND Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration, worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear. For several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

MIRANDA I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glass, mine own. Nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father. How features are abroad
I am skillless of; but by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

FERDINAND I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king –
I would not so – and would no more endure

¹ hest – behest; command

This wooden slavery than to suffer
 The flesh-fly blow my mouth². Hear my soul speak.
 The very instant that I saw you did
 My heart fly to your service; there resides
 To make me slave to it, and for your sake
 Am I this patient log-man.

MIRANDA Do you love me?

FERDINAND O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
 And crown what I profess with kind event
 If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
 What best is boded me to mischief! I,
 Beyond all limit of what else i'th'world,
 Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRANDA I am a fool
 To weep at what I am glad of.

PROSPERO (*aside*) Fair encounter
 Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
 On that which breeds between 'em.

FERDINAND Wherefore weep you?

MIRANDA At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
 What I desire to give, and much less take
 What I shall die to want. But this is trifling,
 And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
 The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning,
 And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
 I am your wife, if you will marry me;
 If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow
 You may deny me, but I'll be your servant
 Whether you will or no.

FERDINAND (*kneels*) My mistress, dearest,
 And I thus humble ever.

MIRANDA My husband then?

FERDINAND Ay, with a heart as willing
 As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

MIRANDA And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell
 Till half an hour hence.

FERDINAND A thousand thousand!
Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda, in different directions

PROSPERO So glad of this as they I cannot be,
 Who are surprised withal, but my rejoicing
 At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
 For yet ere supertime must I perform
 Much business appertaining.

Exit

² to suffer the flesh-fly blow my mouth – to tolerate flies laying eggs in my mouth

Item D

The American novel *Stoner*, by **John Williams** (1922–1994), was published in 1965. William Stoner is a lonely university teacher who is estranged from his wife. He had been enjoying a friendship with Katherine, an instructor in his department, who once sat in on one of his seminars. Later, feeling that his attentions to her are perhaps unwelcome, or inappropriate, he stops calling to see her. After she fails to turn up at some of her classes, Stoner goes to visit her. The reason for her absence, she tells him, is not illness, but unhappiness.

She did not move; two tears welled over her lashes and ran down her cheeks; she did not brush them away.

‘I was perhaps selfish. I felt that nothing could come of this except awkwardness for you and unhappiness for me. You know my—circumstances. It seemed to me impossible that you could—that you could feel for me anything but—’

‘Shut up,’ she said softly, fiercely. ‘Oh, my dear, shut up and come over here.’

He found himself trembling; as awkwardly as a boy he went around the coffee table and sat beside her. Tentatively, clumsily, their hands went out to each other; they clasped each other in an awkward, strained embrace; and for a long time they sat together without moving, as if any movement might let escape from them the strange and terrible thing that they held between them in a single grasp.

Her eyes, that he had thought to be a dark brown or black, were a deep violet. Sometimes they caught the dim light of a lamp in the room and glittered moistly; he could turn his head one way and another, and the eyes beneath his gaze would change color as he moved, so that it seemed, even in repose, they were never still. Her flesh, that had at a distance seemed so cool and pale, had beneath it a warm ruddy undertone like light flowing beneath a milky translucence. And like the translucent flesh, the calm and poise and reserve which he had thought were herself, masked a warmth and playfulness and humor whose intensity was made possible by the appearance that disguised them.

In his forty-third year William Stoner learned what others, much younger, had learned before him: that the person one loves at first is not the person one loves at last, and that love is not an end but a process through which one person attempts to know another.

They were both very shy, and they knew each other slowly, tentatively; they came close and drew apart, they touched and withdrew, neither wishing to impose upon the other more than might be welcomed. Day by day the layers of reserve that protected them dropped away, so that at last they were like many who are extraordinarily shy, each open to the other, unprotected, perfectly and unselfconsciously at ease.

Nearly every afternoon, when his classes were over, he came to her apartment. They made love, and talked, and made love again, like children who did not think of tiring at their play. The spring days lengthened, and they looked forward to the summer.

In his extreme youth Stoner had thought of love as an absolute state of being to which, if one were lucky, one might find access; in his maturity he had decided it was the heaven of a false religion, toward which one ought to gaze with an amused disbelief, a gently familiar contempt, and an embarrassed nostalgia. Now in his middle age he began to know that it was neither a state of grace nor an illusion; he saw it as a human act of becoming, a condition that was invented and modified moment by moment and day by day, by the will and the intelligence and the heart.

END OF ITEMS

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