



GCE A LEVEL

A720U30-1



S19-A720U30-1



ENGLISH LITERATURE – A level component 3
Unseen Texts

TUESDAY, 11 JUNE 2019 – AFTERNOON

2 hours

ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink or black ball-point pen. Do not use pencil or gel pen. Do not use correction fluid.

Answer **one** question in Section A and **one** question in Section B.

Write your answers in the separate answer booklet provided, following the instructions on the front of the answer booklet.

Use both sides of the paper. Write only within the white areas of the booklet.

Write the question number in the two boxes in the left hand margin at the start of each answer

e.g.

0	1
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Leave at least two line spaces between each answer.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Section A carries 50 marks and Section B carries 30 marks.

The number of marks is given in brackets at the end of each question or part-question.

You are advised to spend one hour and 15 minutes on Section A and 45 minutes on Section B.

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

Section A: Unseen Prose

Answer **one** question in this section.

Each question consists of an unseen prose passage and supporting extracts. You must use the supporting extracts to answer the question.

In your response, you are required to:

- analyse how meanings are shaped
- demonstrate understanding of the significance and influence of the contexts in which literary texts are written and received
- show how different interpretations have informed your reading of the unseen passage.

Either,

Period 1880-1910

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Analyse the following passage from the novel *Esther Waters* by George Moore, published in 1894. In this opening chapter, George Moore introduces his central character who is about to take up a new position as a servant in a grand household.

You must use the supporting extracts which follow the passage to help you consider contexts and different interpretations. [50]

She stood on the platform watching the receding train. A few bushes hid the curve of the line; the white vapour rose above them, evaporating in the pale evening. A moment more and the last carriage would pass out of sight. The white gates swung forward slowly and closed over the line.

An oblong box painted reddish brown and tied with a rough rope lay on the seat beside her. The movement of her back and shoulders showed that the bundle she carried was a heavy one, the sharp bulging of the grey linen cloth that the weight was dead. She wore a faded yellow dress and a black jacket too warm for the day. A girl of twenty, short, strongly built, with short, strong arms. Her neck was plump, and her hair of so ordinary a brown that it passed unnoticed. The nose was too thick, but the nostrils were well formed. The eyes were grey, luminous, and veiled with dark lashes. But it was only when she laughed that her face lost its habitual expression, which was somewhat sullen; then it flowed with bright humour. She laughed now, showing a white line of almond-shaped teeth. The porter had asked her if she were afraid to leave her bundle with her box. The man lingered, for she was an attractive girl, but the station-master called him away to remove some luggage.

It was a barren country. Once the sea had crawled at high tide half-way up the sloping sides of those downs. It would do so now were it not for the shingle bank which its surging had thrown up along the coast. Between the shingle bank and the shore a weedy river flowed and the little town stood clamped together, its feet in the water's edge. There were decaying shipyards about the harbour, and wooden breakwaters stretched long, thin arms seawards for ships that did not come. On the other side of the railway apple blossoms showed above a white-washed wall; some market gardening was done in the low-lying fields, whence the downs rose in gradual ascents. On the first slope there was a fringe of trees. That was Woodview.

The girl gazed on this bleak country like one who saw it for the first time. She saw without perceiving, for her mind was occupied with personal consideration. She found it difficult to decide whether she should leave her bundle with her box. It hung heavy in her hand, and she did not know how far Woodview was from the station. At the end of the platform the station-master took her ticket, and she passed over the level-crossing still undecided. The lane began with iron railings, laurels, and French windows. She had been in service in such houses, and knew if she were engaged in any of them what her duties would be. But the life in Woodview was a great dream, and she could not imagine herself accomplishing all that would be required

of her. There would be a butler, a footman, and a page; she would not mind the page—but the butler and footman, what would they think? There would be an upper-housemaid and an under-housemaid, and perhaps a lady’s-maid, and maybe that these ladies had been abroad with the family. She had heard of France and Germany. Their conversation would, no doubt, turn on such subjects. Her silence would betray her. They would ask her what situations she had been in, and when they learned the truth she would have to leave disgraced. She had not sufficient money to pay for a ticket to London. But what excuse could she give to Lady Elwin, who had rescued her from Mrs. Dunbar and got her the place of kitchen-maid at Woodview? She must not go back. Her father would curse her, and perhaps beat her mother and her too. Ah! he would not dare to strike her again, and the girl’s face flushed with shameful remembrance. And her little brothers and sisters would cry if she came back. They had little enough to eat as it was. Of course she must not go back. How silly of her to think of such a thing!

She smiled, and her face became as bright as the month: it was the first day of June. Still she would be glad when the first week was over. If she had only a dress to wear in the afternoons! The old yellow thing on her back would never do. But one of her cotton prints was pretty fresh; she must get a bit of red ribbon—that would make a difference. She had heard that the housemaids in places like Woodview always changed their dresses twice a day, and on Sundays went out in silk mantles and hats in the newest fashion. As for the lady’s-maid, she of course had all her mistress’s clothes, and walked with the butler. What would such people think of a little girl like her! Her heart sank at the thought, and she sighed, anticipating much bitterness and disappointment. Even when her first quarter’s wages came due she would hardly be able to buy herself a dress: they would want the money at home. Her quarter’s wages! A month’s wages most like, for she’d never be able to keep the place. No doubt all those fields belonged to the Squire, and those great trees too; they must be fine folk, quite as fine as Lady Elwin—finer, for she lived in a house like those near the station.

Supporting Extracts:

“Published in 1894, *Esther Waters* is regarded as Moore’s best and most successful novel. The novel reveals Moore’s awareness of the vulnerability of unprivileged Victorian women and his knowledge of the lifestyles of the lower classes.”

Diniejko, Andrzej (2012). ‘George Moore’s *Esther Waters* as a new woman novel’.
www.victorianweb.org

“Given the era in which *Esther Waters* was written, the most unusual feature of this novel would seem to be that such a woman was chosen as its heroine. Esther is a working class woman being treated sympathetically; she is portrayed as someone worthy of consideration who is trying to do her best despite the difficulties necessarily faced by someone in her position.”

Reeves, Karyn (2013). ‘Penguin no. 23: *Esther Waters* by George Moore’.
<http://apenguinaweek.blogspot.com>

Period 1918-1939

Or,

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Analyse the following opening of a short story *A Hedonist* by John Galsworthy, published in 1921. Galsworthy's narrator, a painter, meditates on his life and his memories of the character, Rupert K. Vaness.

You must use the supporting extracts which follow the passage to help you consider contexts and different interpretations. [50]

Rupert K. Vaness remains freshly in my mind because he was so fine and large, and because he summed up in his person and behaviour a philosophy which, budding before the war, hibernated during that distressing epoch, and is now again in bloom.

He was a New-Yorker addicted to Italy. One often puzzled over the composition of his blood. From his appearance, it was rich, and his name fortified the conclusion. What the K. stood for, however, I never learned; the three possibilities were equally intriguing. Had he a strain of Highlander with Kenneth or Keith; a drop of German or Scandinavian with Kurt or Knut; a blend of Syrian or Armenian with Kahalil or Kassim? The blue in his fine eyes seemed to preclude the last, but there was an encouraging curve in his nostrils and a raven gleam in his auburn hair, which, by the way, was beginning to grizzle and recede when I knew him. The flesh of his face, too, had sometimes a tired and pouchy appearance, and his tall body looked a trifle rebellious within his extremely well-cut clothes; but, after all, he was fifty-five. You felt that Vaness was a philosopher, yet he never bored you with his views, and was content to let you grasp his moving principle gradually through watching what he ate, drank, smoked, wore, and how he encircled himself with the beautiful things and people of this life. One presumed him rich, for one was never aware of money in his presence. Life moved round him with a certain noiseless ease or stood still at a perfect temperature, like the air in a conservatory round a choice blossom which a draught might shrivel.

This image of a flower in relation to Rupert K. Vaness pleases me, because of that little incident in Magnolia Gardens, near Charleston, South Carolina.

Vaness was the sort of a man of whom one could never say with safety whether he was revolving round a beautiful young woman or whether the beautiful young woman was revolving round him. His looks, his wealth, his taste, his reputation, invested him with a certain sun-like quality; but his age, the recession of his locks, and the advancement of his waist were beginning to dim his lustre, so that whether he was moth or candle was becoming a moot point. It was moot to me, watching him and Miss Sabine Monroy at Charleston throughout the month of March. The casual observer would have said that she was "playing him up," as a young poet of my acquaintance puts it; but I was not casual. For me Vaness had the attraction of a theorem, and I was looking rather deeply into him and Miss Monroy.

That girl had charm. She came, I think, from Baltimore, with a strain in her, they said, of old Southern French blood. Tall and what is known as willowy, with dark chestnut hair, very broad, dark eyebrows, very soft, quick eyes, and a pretty mouth—when she did not accentuate it with lip-salve,—she had more sheer quiet vitality than any girl I ever saw. It was delightful to watch her dance, ride, play tennis. She laughed with her eyes; she talked with a savouring vivacity. She never seemed tired or bored. She was, in one hackneyed word, attractive. And Vaness, the connoisseur, was quite obviously attracted. Of men who professionally admire beauty one can never tell offhand whether they definitely design to add a pretty woman to their collection, or whether their dalliance is just matter of habit. But he stood and sat about her, he drove and rode, listened to music, and played cards with her; he did all but dance with her, and even at times trembled on the brink of that. And his eyes, those fine, lustrous eyes of his, followed her about.

How she had remained unmarried to the age of twenty-six was a mystery till one reflected that with her power of enjoying life she could not yet have had the time. Her perfect physique was at full stretch for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four every day. Her sleep must have been like that of a baby. One figured her sinking into dreamless rest the moment her head touched the pillow, and never stirring till she sprang up into her bath.

I was philosophically in some distress just then. The microbe of fatalism, already present in the brains of artists before the war, had been considerably enlarged by that depressing occurrence. Could a civilization, basing itself on the production of material advantages, do anything but insure the desire for more and more material advantages? Could it promote progress even of a material character except in countries whose resources were still much in excess of their population? The war had seemed to me to show that mankind was too combative an animal ever to recognize that the good of all was the good of one. The coarse-fibred, pugnacious, and self-seeking would, I had become sure, always carry too many guns for the refined and kindly.

The march of science appeared, on the whole, to be carrying us backward. I deeply suspected that there had been ages when the populations of this earth, though less numerous and comfortable, had been proportionately healthier than they were at present. So, I was searching right and left for something to believe in, willing to accept even Rupert K. Vaness and his basking philosophy. But could a man bask his life right out? Could just looking at fine pictures, tasting rare fruits and wines, the mere listening to good music, the scent of azaleas and the best tobacco, above all the society of pretty women, keep salt in my bread, an ideal in my brain? Could they? That's what I wanted to know.

Supporting Extracts:

“Galsworthy’s later stories have greater charm, greater care for characterization, and less satiric force than the earlier novels...they are better products of the novelist’s art, since here the artist comes nearer to confining himself to the real business of the serious story-teller – the interpretation of character through action.”

Boynton, Henry Walcott (1912), *John Galsworthy: Critical and Biographical Introduction*.
www.bartleby.com

“Women of the wartime generation had generally not dated, waiting instead to marry a suitable partner. However, almost an entire generation of young men had lost their lives in the Great War. The next generation of women wanted to enjoy life and had what was considered a casual attitude towards men. Gaiety and youth became the themes of the new decade...”

Meehan, Ciara (2013). *1920s America: The Lowering of Morals and Raising of Hemlines*.
<https://ciarameehan.com>

Section B: Unseen Poetry

Answer **one** question in this section.

In your response you are required to analyse how meanings are shaped.

Either,

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Analyse in detail the following poem.

[30]

Celandine

Thinking of her had saddened me at first,	1
Until I saw the sun on the celandines lie	
Redoubled, and she stood up like a flame,	
A living thing, not what before I nursed,	
The shadow I was growing to love almost,	5
The phantom, not the creature with bright eye	
That I had thought never to see, once lost.	

She found the celandines of February	
Always before us all. Her nature and name	
Were like those flowers, and now immediately	10
For a short swift eternity back she came,	
Beautiful, happy, simply as when she wore	
Her brightest bloom among the winter hues	
Of all the world; and I was happy too,	
Seeing the blossoms and the maiden who	15
Had seen them with me Februarys before,	
Bending to them as in and out she trod	
And laughed, with locks sweeping the mossy sod.	

But this was a dream: the flowers were not true,	
Until I stooped to pluck from the grass there	20
One of five petals and I smelt the juice	
Which made me sigh, remembering she was no more,	
Gone like a never perfectly recalled air.	

Edward Thomas

Or,

0	4	Analyse in detail the following poem.	[30]
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The Poplar Field

The poplars are fell'd, farewell to the shade And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade, The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves, Nor Ouse ¹ on his bosom their image receives.	1
Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a view Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew, And now in the grass behold they are laid, And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade.	5
The blackbird has fled to another retreat Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat, And the scene where his melody charm'd me before Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.	10
My fugitive years are all hasting away, And I must ere long lie as lowly as they, With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head, Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.	15
'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can, To muse on the perishing pleasures of man; Short-liv'd as we are, our enjoyments, I see, Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.	20

William Cowper

¹Ouse: an English river

END OF PAPER