

**GCE A LEVEL**

A720U30-1



Z22-A720U30-1



Part of WJEC

MONDAY, 20 JUNE 2022 – AFTERNOON**ENGLISH LITERATURE – A level component 3****Unseen Texts**

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 gel pen or 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, for example

0	1
---	---

.

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

0	1
---	---

Analyse the following extract from ‘Golden-Brown’, taken from *The Open Air*, a collection of essays on natural history and the countryside (1885) by the writer Richard Jefferies.

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

GOLDEN-BROWN

Three fruit-pickers—women—were the first people I met near the village (in Kent). They were clad in “rags and jags”, and the face of the eldest was in “jags” also. It was torn and scarred by time and weather; wrinkled, and in a manner twisted like the fantastic turns of a gnarled tree-trunk, hollow and decayed. Through these jags and tearings of weather, wind, and work, the nakedness of the countenance—the barren framework—was visible; the cheekbones like knuckles, the chin of brown stoneware, the upper-lip smooth, and without the short groove which should appear between lip and nostrils. Black shadows dwelt in the hollows of the cheeks and temples, and there was a blackness about the eyes. This blackness gathers in the faces of the old who have been much exposed to the sun, the fibres of the skin are scorched and half-charred, like a stick thrust in the fire, and withdrawn before the flames seize it. Beside her were two young women, both in the freshness of youth and health. Their faces glowed with a golden-brown, and so great is the effect of colour that their plain features were transfigured. The sunlight under their faces made them beautiful. The summer light had been absorbed by the skin and now shone forth from it again; as certain substances exposed to the day absorb light and emit a phosphorescent gleam in the darkness of night, so the sunlight had been drunk up by the surface of the skin, and emanated from it.

Hour after hour in the gardens and orchards they worked in the full beams of the sun, gathering fruit for the London market, resting at midday in the shade of the elms in the corner. Even then they were in the sunshine—even in the shade, for the air carries it, or its influence, as it carries the perfumes of flowers. The heated air undulates over the field in waves which are visible at a distance; near at hand they are not seen, but roll in endless ripples through the shadows of the trees, bringing with them the actinic¹ power of the sun. Not actinic—alchemic—some intangible mysterious power which cannot be supplied in any other form but the sun’s rays. It reddens the cherry, it gilds the apple, it colours the rose, it ripens the wheat, it touches a woman’s face with the golden-brown of ripe life—ripe as a plum. There is no other hue so beautiful as this human sunshine tint.

The great painters knew it—Rubens, for instance; perhaps he saw it on the faces of the women who gathered fruit or laboured at the harvest in the Low Countries centuries since. He could never have seen it in a city of these northern climes, that is certain. Nothing in nature that I know, except the human face, ever attains this colour. Nothing like it is ever seen in the sky,

either at dawn or sunset; the dawn is often golden, often scarlet, or purple and gold; the sunset crimson, flaming bright, or delicately grey and scarlet; lovely colours all of them, but not like this. Nor is there any flower comparable to it, nor any gem. It is purely human, and it is only found on the human face which has felt the sunshine continually. There must, too, I suppose, be a disposition towards it, a peculiar and exceptional condition of the fibres which build up the skin; for of the numbers who work out of doors, very, very few possess it; they become brown, red, or tanned, sometimes of a parchment hue—they do not get this colour.

These two women from the fruit gardens had the golden-brown in their faces, and their plain features were transfigured. They were walking in the dusty road; there was as background a high, dusty hawthorn hedge which had lost the freshness of spring and was browned by the work of caterpillars; they were in rags and jags, their shoes had split, and their feet looked twice as wide in consequence. Their hands were black; not grimy, but absolutely black, and neither hands nor necks ever knew water, I am sure. There was not the least shape to their garments; their dresses simply hung down in straight ungraceful lines; there was no colour of ribbon or flower, to light up the dinginess. But they had the golden-brown in their faces, and they were beautiful.

The feet, as they walked, were set firm on the ground, and the body advanced with measured, deliberate, yet lazy and confident grace; shoulders thrown back—square, but not over-square (as those who have been drilled); hips swelling at the side in lines like the full bust, though longer drawn; busts well filled and shapely, despite the rags and jags and the washed-out gaudiness of the shawl. There was that in their cheeks that all the wealth of London could not purchase—a superb health in their carriage princesses could not obtain. It came, then, from the air and sunlight, and still more, from some alchemy unknown to the physician or the physiologist, some faculty exercised by the body, happily endowed with a special power of extracting the utmost richness and benefit from the rudest elements. Thrice blessed and fortunate, beautiful golden-brown in their cheeks, superb health in their gait, they walked as the immortals on earth.

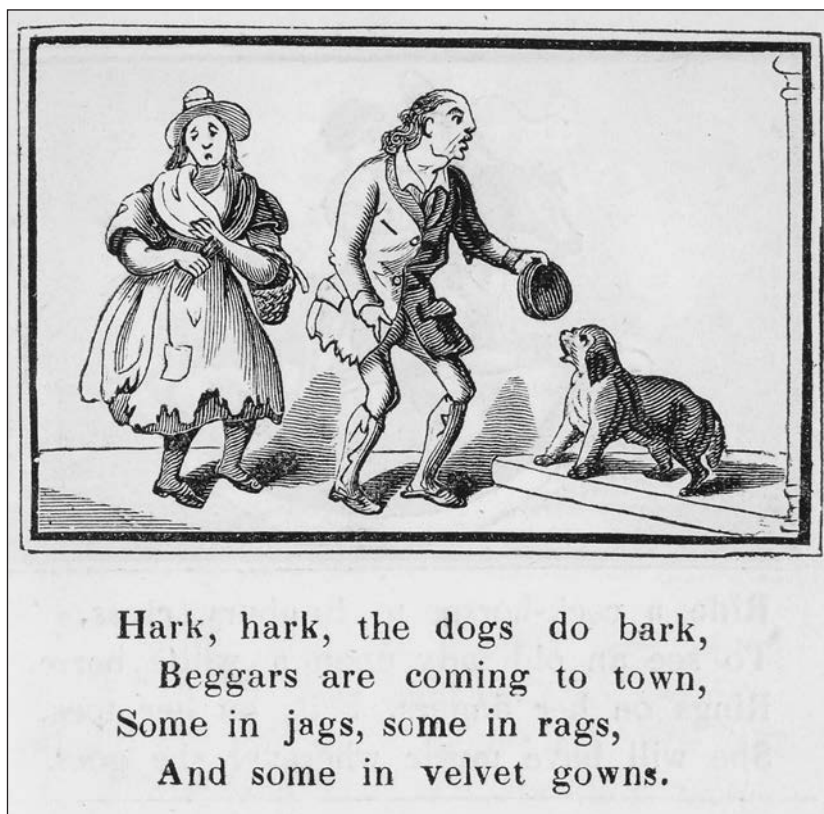
As they passed they regarded me with bitter envy, jealousy, and hatred written in their eyes; they cursed me in their hearts. I verily believe—so unmistakably hostile were their glances—that had opportunity been given, in the dead of night and far from help, they would gladly have taken me unawares with some blow of stone or club, and, having rendered me senseless, would have robbed me, and considered it a righteous act. Not that there was any blood-thirstiness or exceptional evil in their nature more than in that of the thousand-and-one toilers that are met on the highway, but simply because they worked—such hard work of hands and stooping backs, and I was idle, for all they knew.

¹ actinic: a reference to the power and effect of light.

Supporting Extracts:

“For most of the year Gypsies travelled rural roads. Throughout the Summer months the Gypsies went from farm to farm picking fruit, strawberries and cherries in high summer, then peas, beans and other vegetables, hops in September followed by apples and pears, then finally potato picking in early Autumn.”

Evans, S., 2006. *London's Romany Gypsies* | *Culture24*. [online] Culture24.org.uk. Available at: <https://www.culture24.org.uk/history-and-heritage/art38559>



Nursery rhyme with illustration. Exact publication date not known, but known to have been not later than 1857.
 (See <https://catalog.hathitrust.org/Record/100182820>)

“Jefferies valued and cultivated an *intensity* of feeling in his experience of the world around him.”

Richardjefferies.org. 2020. *The Author*. [online] Available at: <https://www.richardjefferies.org/the-author>

“When I first began to read Richard Jefferies, my natural surroundings were magically transformed...nature became all movement, and I was consciously apart from it, observing. I saw, through Jefferies’ eyes, the uniqueness of each living thing and how it is a drop of the inexhaustible stream.”

Hooker, J., 1982. *Poetry Of Place*. Manchester: Carcanet.

Period 1918–1939

Or,

0	2
---	---

Analyse the following extract from the novel *To the North* (1932) by Elizabeth Bowen.

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

Towards the end of April a breath from the north blew cold down Milan platforms to meet the returning traveller. Uncertain thoughts of home filled the station restaurant where the English sat lunching uneasily, facing the clock. The Anglo-Italian express – Chiasso, Lucerne, Basle and Boulogne – leaves at 2.15: it is not a *train de luxe*. To the north there were still the plains, the lakes, the gorges of the Ticino, but, as the glass brass-barred doors of the restaurant flashed and swung, that bright circular park outside with its rushing girdle of trams was the last of Italy.

Cecilia Summers, a young widow returning to London, was among the first to board the express. She had neglected to book a place and must be certain of comfort. She dropped her fur coat into a corner seat, watched the porter heave her dressing-case into the rack, sighed, got out again and for a few minutes more paced the platform. By the time she was seated finally, apathy had set in; when two more women entered she shut her eyes. Getting up steam, the express clanked out through the bleached and echoing Milan suburbs that with washing strung over the streets sustained like an affliction the sunless afternoon glare ... As they approached Como, Cecilia and her companions spread wraps and papers over the empty places; but an English general got in with his wife, creating a stir of annoyance. The general took one long look at Cecilia, then put up *The Times* between them.

At Chiasso they stopped dead, it appeared for ever. Rain fell darkly against the walls of the sheds; Cecilia began to feel she was in a cattle truck shunted into a siding. English voices rang down the corridor; Swiss officials stumped up and down the train. She thought how in Umbria the world had visibly hung in light, and a bird sang in the window of a deserted palace: tears of quick sensibility pricked her eyelids. As the wait prolonged itself and a kind of dull tension became apparent, she sent one wild comprehensive glance round her fellow travellers, as though less happy than cattle, conscious, they were all going to execution.

The St Gothard¹, like other catastrophes, becomes unbearable slowly and seems to be never over. For some time they blinked in and out of minor tunnels; suffocation and boredom came to their climax and lessened; one was in Switzerland, where dusk fell in sheets of rain. Unwilling, Cecilia could not avert her eyes from all that magnificence in wet cardboard: ravines, profuse torrents, crag, pine and snow-smearred precipice, chalets upon their brackets of hanging meadow. Feeling a gassy vacancy of the spirit and stomach she booked a place eagerly for the first service of dinner. She had lunched in Milan too early and eaten little. She pulled a novel out of her dressing-case, picked up her fur coat and ran down-train behind the attendant. The general sighed; he was romantic, it pained him to see a beautiful woman bolt for the dining-car.

In the dining-car it was hot; the earliest vapours of soup dimmed the windows; Cecilia unwound her scarf. She watched fellow passengers shoot through the door and stagger unhappily her way between the tables, not knowing where to settle. The train at this point rocks with particular fury. It seemed possible she might remain alone; this first service, with its suggestion of the immoderate, does not commend itself to the English; also, Cecilia by spreading out gloves, furs and novel, occupied her own table completely, and had the expression, at once alert and forbidding, of a woman expecting a friend.

She was not, however, unwilling to dine in company. Looking up once more, she met the eyes of a young man who, balancing stockily, paused to survey the car. A gleam of interest and half-recognition, mutually flattering, passed between them. They retracted the glance, glanced again: the train lurched, the young man shot into the place opposite Cecilia.

Unnerved by the accident, or his precipitancy, she rather severely withdrew her gloves, handbag and novel from his side of the table. The young man touched his tie, glanced at his nails and looked out of the window. Cecilia picked up the menu and studied it; the young man with careful politeness just did not study Cecilia. When the waiter planked down two blue cups her companion looked at the soup; she just heard him sigh. He was in no way pathetic and not remarkably young: about thirty-three. She was to say later she had looked first – and regretted now she had done so – at his Old Harrovian tie: the only tie, for some reason, she ever recognized. He picked up his spoon and she noted his hands: well-kept, not distinguished-looking. By the end of five minutes he had composed himself for Cecilia, from a succession of these half-glances, as being square and stocky, clean shaven, thickish about the neck and jaw, with a capable, slightly receding forehead, mobile, greedy, intelligent mouth and the impassive bright quick-lidded eyes of an agreeable reptile. Presentable, he might even be found attractive – but not by Cecilia.

The wine-waiter took their two orders, came back and put down the bottles. The train flung itself sideways; the bottles, clashing together, reeled; Cecilia's and his hands flew out to catch them. Their fingers collided; they had to smile.

'Terrible,' said the young man.

She agreed.

With his napkin he polished a hole on the steamy window and looked through. 'Where are we?' he said.

Cecilia, doing the same, said: 'It looks like a lake.'

'Yes, doesn't it: terribly.'

'Don't you like lakes?' said Cecilia, with irrepressible curiosity.

'No,' he said briefly, and lakes disappeared.

'This must be Lucerne.'

'Do you think so?' the young man said, impressed, and looked through again. Woolly white mists covered the lake: through rifts in the mist the dark inky water appeared, forbidding: they ran along an embankment. Malevolence sharpened his features; he seemed pleased to catch Switzerland en déshabillé² – some old grudge, perhaps, from a childish holiday. 'Why,' thought Cecilia, 'can I never travel without picking someone up?'

¹ St Gothard: a railway tunnel in the Alps.

² en déshabillé (French): a metaphor suggesting careless or casual dress.

Supporting Extracts:

“In her crystalline descriptive prose Bowen recreates both momentary light-effects and a sense of cultural transience. At any rate the mobility of her own prose, as it shifts between social comedy and ‘impressionist’ painting, is able to map both external and intimate space in the subtlest ways. It registers the stumbling, frictional attempts at intimate talk between people almost incapable of intimate talk.

The very title, *To the North*, like that of Woolf’s *To the Lighthouse* (1927) suggests motion. The idea is set up from the first sentences: ‘Towards the end of April a breath from the north blew cold down Milan platforms to meet the returning travel’. The relation between travel and ‘uncertain thoughts of home’ is played out throughout the story that follows.”

Houghton, H., Introduction to Bowen, E., 1999. *To the North*. London: Vintage.

This period saw more women walking alone or in unaccompanied groups, which some men found either morally affronting or desperately alluring. Unchaperoned women began to experience sexual harassment on the street or on public transportation more than ever before.

Frost, N., 2017. *In The 19th Century, Women Used Hatpins To Defend Themselves From Street Harassment*. [online] Atlas Obscura. Available at: <https://www.atlasobscura.com/articles/hatpins-mashers-self-defense-history-women-hats-fashion>

“Railways promoted domestic as well as international tourism, including short visits to the coast, city, and countryside which might last less than a day but fell clearly into the ‘tourism’ category. Rail travel also made grand tour destinations more widely accessible, reinforcing existing tourism flows while contributing to tensions and clashes between classes and cultures among the tourists.”

K Walton, J., 2010. *Tourism | Definition, History, Types, Importance, & Industry*. [online] Encyclopedia Britannica. Available at: <https://www.britannica.com/topic/tourism>

Section B: Unseen Poetry

Answer **one** question in this section.

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

Either,

0	3	Analyse in detail the following poem.	[30]
----------	----------	---------------------------------------	------

Bird Of Hope

Soar not too high, O bird of Hope! Because the skies are fair; The tempest may come on apace And overcome thee there.	1
When far above the mountain tops Thou soarest, over all – If, then, the storm should press thee back, How great would be thy fall!	5
And thou wouldst lie here at my feet, A poor and lifeless thing, – A torn and bleeding birdling, With limp and broken wing.	10
Sing not too loud, O bird of Hope! Because the day is bright; The sunshine cannot always last – The morn precedes the night.	15
And if thy song is of the day, Then when the day grows dim, Forlorn and voiceless thou wouldst sit Among the shadows grim.	20
Oh! I would have thee soar and sing, But not too high, or loud, Remembering that day meets night – The brilliant sun the cloud.	

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Or,

0 4

Analyse in detail the following poem.

[30]

The Surfer

He thrust his joy against the weight of the sea; climbed through, slid under those long banks of foam--	1
(hawthorn hedges in spring, thorns in the face stinging). How his brown strength drove through the hollow and coil of green-through weirs of water!	5
Muscle of arm thrust down long muscle of water; and swimming so, went out of sight where mortal, masterful, frail, the gulls went wheeling in air as he in water, with delight.	10
Turn home, the sun goes down; swimmer, turn home. Last leaf of gold vanishes from the sea-curve. Take the big roller's shoulder, speed and serve; come to the long beach home like a gull diving.	
For on the sand the grey-wolf sea lies, snarling, cold twilight wind splits the waves' hair and shows the bones they worry in their wolf-teeth. O, wind blows and sea crouches on sand, fawning and mouthing; drops there and snatches again, drops and again snatches its broken toys, its whitened pebbles and shells.	15 20

Judith Wright**END OF PAPER**

BLANK PAGE

BLANK PAGE