

General Certificate of Education  
June 2007  
Advanced Level Examination



**ENGLISH LITERATURE (SPECIFICATION A)**  
**Unit 6 Reading for Meaning**

**LTA6**

Monday 11 June 2007 9.00 am to 12 noon

**For this paper you must have:**

- a 16-page answer book

Time allowed: 3 hours

**Instructions**

- Use blue or black ink or 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 LTA6.
- Answer **both** parts of the question.
- Do all rough work in the answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.

**Information**

- Materials from your wider reading **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 40.

**Advice**

- This unit assesses your understanding of the relationships between the different aspects of English Literature.
- You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers. All questions should be answered in continuous prose. Quality of Written Communication will be assessed in all answers.

Please read this advice carefully before you turn to the material.

### 1 Reading

- Here are the materials taken from the prescribed area for study. You will be using this material to answer the questions in the examination which appear on the facing page.
- Alongside the four pieces (**B, C, D, E**) about The First World War (the prescribed area for study) you will find **Extract A**, an extract from a pre-twentieth century poem, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. This also has **war** as its theme.
- Read all five pieces and their introductions carefully and closely several times in the light of the specific questions set.

### 2 Timing

- You should plan to spend about 1 hour and 15 minutes on Question 1(a); this will include reading and planning time.
- You should plan to spend about 1 hour and 45 minutes on Question 1(b); this will include reading and planning time.

### 3 Wider Reading

- Question 1(b) tests your wider reading on the subject of **War in Literature** with specific reference to literature of and about The First World War.
- In your answer, you should take every opportunity to refer to this wider reading and to your knowledge of this specific area of study.

---

Answer **both** parts of Question 1.

---

1 (a) You should spend about 1 hour and 15 minutes on this question.

Basing your answer on **Extract A and Extract B**, you should:

- write a comparison of the ways the poets present a picture of England and the English people
  - say how far you agree with the view that Coleridge seeks to persuade his readers with logical argument whereas Freeman appeals merely to his readers' emotions.
- (20 marks)*

(b) You should spend about 1 hour and 45 minutes on this question.

By comparing **Extracts C, D and E**, and by referring to your **wider reading**, examine how typical in both style and treatment of subject matter these writings are of literature from and about The First World War.

You should consider:

- language, form and structure
- the writers' thoughts and feelings about war and contemporary society
- the influence of the time of composition
- the gender of the writers.

*(20 marks)*

**END OF QUESTIONS**

**Turn over ►**

---

**THE READING**
**Extract A**

In this poem, Coleridge is writing about his fears of a French invasion in 1798.

from *Fears in Solitude*

Thankless too for peace,  
 (Peace long preserved by fleets and perilous seas)  
 Secure from actual warfare, we have loved  
 To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war!  
 Alas! for ages ignorant of all  
 Its ghastlier workings, (famine or blue plague,  
 Battle, or siege, or flight through wintry snows),  
 We, this whole people, have been clamorous  
 For war and bloodshed; animating sports,  
 The which we pay for as a thing to talk of,  
 Spectators and not combatants! No guess  
 Anticipative of a wrong unfelt,  
 No speculation on contingency,  
 However dim and vague, too vague and dim  
 To yield a justifying cause; and forth,  
 (Stuffed out with big preamble, holy names,  
 And adjurations of the God in Heaven,)  
 We send our mandates for the certain death  
 Of thousands and ten thousands! Boys and girls,  
 And women, that would groan to see a child  
 Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,  
 The best amusement for our morning-meal!  
 The poor wretch, who has learnt his only prayers  
 From curses, who knows scarcely words enough  
 To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father,  
 Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute  
 And technical in victories and defeats,  
 And all our dainty terms for fratricide;  
 Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues  
 Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which  
 We join no feeling and attach no form!  
 As if the soldier died without a wound;  
 As if the fibres of this godlike frame  
 Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch,  
 Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,  
 Passed off to Heaven, translated and not killed;  
 As though he had no wife to pine for him,  
 No God to judge him! Therefore, evil days  
 Are coming on us, O my countrymen!  
 And what if all-avenging Providence,  
 Strong and retributive, should make us know  
 The meaning of our words, force us to feel  
 The desolation and the agony  
 Of our fierce doings?

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

---

**Extract B**

John Freeman (1880–1929) wrote this poem at the beginning of The First World War in 1914.

*Happy is England Now (1914)*

There is not anything more wonderful  
Than a great people moving towards the deep  
Of an unguessed and unfeared future; nor  
Is aught so dear of all held dear before  
As the new passion stirring in their veins  
When the destroying dragon wakes from sleep.

Happy is England now, as never yet!  
And though the sorrows of the slow days fret  
Her faithfullest children, grief itself is proud.  
Ev'n the warm beauty of this spring and summer  
That turns to bitterness turns then to gladness  
Since for this England the beloved ones died.

Happy is England in the brave that die  
For wrongs not hers and wrongs so sternly hers;  
Happy in those that give, give, and endure  
The pain that never the new years may cure;  
Happy in all her dark woods, green fields, towns,  
Her hills and rivers and her chafing sea.

Whate'er was dear before is dearer now.  
There's not a bird singing upon this bough  
But sings the sweeter in our English ears:  
There's not a nobleness of heart, hand, brain,  
But shines the purer; happiest is England now  
In those that fight, and watch with pride and tears.

JOHN FREEMAN

**Turn over for Extract C**

**Turn over ►**

**Extract C**

Extract is not reproduced here due to third-party copyright constraints.

Extract is not reproduced here due to third-party copyright constraints.

**Turn over for Extract D**

**Turn over ►**

---

**Extract D**

This extract is taken from *Goodbye To All That*, an autobiographical account of Robert Graves' experiences in World War One, first published in 1929. Siegfried Sassoon, his close friend, has sent him a copy of his *Declaration* which Graves quotes. Graves then offers his reflections and response.

FINISHED WITH THE WAR  
*A Soldier's Declaration*

*(This statement was made to his commanding officer by Second-Lieutenant S. L. Sassoon, Military Cross, recommended for D.S.O., Third Battalion Royal Welch Fusiliers, as explaining his grounds for refusing to serve further in the army. He enlisted on 3rd August 1914, showed distinguished valour in France, was badly wounded and would have been kept on home service if he had stayed in the army.)*

I am making this statement as an act of wilful defiance of military authority, because I believe that the war is being deliberately prolonged by those who have the power to end it.

I am a soldier, convinced that I am acting on behalf of soldiers. I believe that this war, upon which I entered as a war of defence and liberation, has now become a war of aggression and conquest. I believe that the purposes for which I and my fellow-soldiers entered upon this war should have been so clearly stated as to have made it impossible to change them, and that, had this been done, the objects which actuated us would now be attainable by negotiation.

I have seen and endured the sufferings of the troops, and I can no longer be a party to prolong these sufferings for ends which I believe to be evil and unjust.

I am not protesting against the conduct of the war, but against the political errors and insincerities for which the fighting men are being sacrificed.

On behalf of those who are suffering now I make this protest against the deception which is being practised on them; also I believe that I may help to destroy the callous complacency with which the majority of those at home regard the continuance of agonies which they do not share, and which they have not sufficient imagination to realize.

July, 1917.

S. SASSOON



---

This filled me with anxiety and unhappiness. I entirely agreed with Siegfried about the ‘political errors and insincerities’ and thought his action magnificently courageous. But more things had to be considered than the strength of our case against the politicians. In the first place, he was in no proper physical condition to suffer the penalty which the letter invited: namely to be court-martialled, cashiered, and imprisoned. I found myself most bitter with the pacifists who had encouraged him to make this gesture. I felt that, not being soldiers, they could not understand what it cost Siegfried emotionally. It was wicked that he should have to face the consequences of his letter on top of those Quadrangle and Fontaine-les-Croiselles experiences. I also realized the inadequacy of such a gesture. Nobody would follow his example, either in England or in Germany. The war would inevitably go on and on until one side or the other cracked.

I at once applied to appear before a medical board that sat next day; and asked the doctors to pass me fit for home service. I was not fit, and they knew it but I asked it as a favour. I had to get out of Osborne and attend to this Siegfried business. Next, I wrote to the Hon. Evan Morgan, with whom I had canoed at Oxford a month or two previously, the private secretary to one of the Coalition Ministers. I asked him to do everything possible to prevent republication of, or comment on, the letter; and arrange that a suitable answer should be given to Mr Lees-Smith, the leading pacifist Member of Parliament, when he asked a question about it in the House. I explained to Evan that I was on Siegfried’s side really, but that he should not be allowed to become a martyr to a hopeless cause in his present physical condition. Finally, I wrote to the Third Battalion. I knew that Colonel Jones-Williams was narrowly patriotic, had never been to France, and could not be expected to take a sympathetic view. But the second-in-command, Major Macartney-Filgate, was humane; so I pleaded with him to make the colonel see the affair in a reasonable light. I told him of Siegfried’s recent experiences in France and suggested that he should be medically boarded and given indefinite leave.

**Turn over for Extract E**

**Turn over ►**

**Extract E**

Herbert Read (1893–1968) was a literary and an art critic. He fought in France during World War One. He wrote this poem in 1944.

**To a Conscript of 1940**

A soldier passed me in the freshly fallen snow  
His footsteps muffled, his face unearthly grey;  
And my heart gave a sudden leap  
As I gazed on a ghost of five-and-twenty years ago.

I shouted Halt! and my voice had the old accustomed ring  
And he obeyed it as it was obeyed  
In the shrouded days when I too was one  
Of an army of young men marching

Into the unknown. He turned towards me and I said:  
'I am one of those who went before you  
Five-and-twenty years ago: one of the many who never returned,  
Of the many who returned and yet were dead.

We went where you are going, into the rain and the mud;  
We fought as you will fight  
With death and darkness and despair;  
We gave what you will give – our brains and our blood.

We think we gave in vain. The world was not renewed.  
There was hope in the homestead and anger in the streets  
But the old world was restored and we returned  
To the dreary field and workshop, and the immemorial feud

Of rich and poor. Our victory was our defeat.  
Power was retained where power had been misused  
And youth was left to sweep away  
The ashes that the fires had strewn beneath our feet.  
But one thing we learned: there is no glory in the deed  
Until the soldier wears a badge of tarnished braid;  
There are heroes who have heard the rally and have seen  
The glitter of a garland round their head.

Theirs is the hollow victory. They are deceived.  
But you, my brother and my ghost, if you can go  
Knowing that there is no reward, no certain use  
In all your sacrifice, then honour is reprieved.

To fight without hope is to fight with grace,  
The self reconstructed, the false heart repaired.'  
Then I turned with a smile, and he answered my salute  
As he stood against the fretted hedge, which was like white lace.

HERBERT READ

**END OF EXTRACTS**

---

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

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COPYRIGHT-HOLDERS AND PUBLISHERS

Permission to reproduce all copyright material has been applied for. In some cases, efforts to contact copyright-holders have been unsuccessful and AQA will be happy to rectify any omissions of acknowledgements in future papers if notified.

Extract A Source: 'Fears in Solitude' by SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Extract B Source: 'Happy is England Now' by JOHN FREEMAN, from *Up the Line to Death* (Methuen) 1976

Extract C Source:

Extract D Source: *Goodbye to All That* by ROBERT GRAVES (Jonathan Cape) 1929. A P Watt Ltd on behalf of The Trustees of The Robert Graves Copyright Trust.

Extract E Source: 'To a Conscript of 1940' by HERBERT READ (Cambridge) 2000

Copyright © 2007 AQA and its licensors. All rights reserved.