

General Certificate of Education
January 2005
Advanced Level Examination



ENGLISH LITERATURE (SPECIFICATION B)
Unit 6 Exploring Texts

LTB6

Monday 31 January 2005 1.30 pm to 4.30 pm

In addition to this paper you will require:

- a 12-page answer book;
- your copy of the Pre-Release Material.

Time allowed: 3 hours (including 30 minutes' reading time)

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 LTB6.
- Answer **both** questions.

Information

- You will be assessed on your ability to use an appropriate form and style of writing, to organise relevant information clearly and coherently, and to use specialist vocabulary where appropriate. The degree of legibility of your handwriting and the level of accuracy of your spelling, punctuation and grammar will also be taken into account.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 80.
- Both questions carry 40 marks.

Advice

- You should divide your time equally between both questions.

NO QUESTIONS APPEAR ON THIS PAGE

Conflict in LiteratureAnswer **both** questions.

30 minutes are allocated in the examination to the reading and consideration of the material for this paper.

You may make notes during this time if you wish.

In Question 1 you will be tested on your ability to:

- respond with knowledge and understanding to literary texts of different types and periods, exploring and commenting on relationships and comparisons between literary texts;
- show detailed understanding of the ways in which writers' choices of form, structure and language shape meanings.

- 1 Compare and contrast the ways in which D.H. Lawrence, in the extract from *Sons and Lovers*, and David Hare, in the extract from *Amy's View*, present relationships between different generations.

(40 marks)

In Question 2 you will be tested on your ability to:

- communicate clearly the knowledge, understanding and insight appropriate to literary study, using appropriate terminology and accurate and coherent written expression;
- articulate independent opinions and judgements, informed by different interpretations of literary texts by other readers;
- evaluate the significance of cultural, historical and other contextual influences upon literary texts and study.

- 2 On the basis of your reading of Items Two, Three, Four and Five write about:

- how far at least three of the qualities identified by the critics in Items Two and Three are present in the given extract from *Amy's View*;
- how far you agree with Pam Gems in Item Five when she says "all theatre is political in a profound way." In discussing this view you may refer to Item Four, to the extract from *Amy's View* and to any other plays with which you are familiar.

*(40 marks)***END OF QUESTIONS****Turn over ►**

The following extract is from D.H. Lawrence's novel, *Sons and Lovers*, which was first published in 1913. At this point in the novel, the young Paul Morel is becoming involved with Miriam Leivers in a relationship that his mother disapproves of.

It was very still. The tree was tall and straggling. It had thrown its briers over a hawthorn-bush, and its long streamers trailed thick, right down to the grass, splashing the darkness everywhere with great split stars, pure white. In bosses of ivory and in large splashed stars the roses gleamed on the darkness of foliage and stems and grass. Paul and Miriam stood close together, silent, and watched. Point after point the steady roses shone out to them, seeming to kindle something in their souls. The dusk came like smoke around, and still did not put out the roses.

Paul looked into Miriam's eyes. She was pale and expectant with wonder, her lips were parted, and her dark eyes lay open to him. His look seemed to travel down into her. Her soul quivered. It was the communion she wanted. He turned aside, as if pained. He turned to the bush.

'They seem as if they walk like butterflies, and shake themselves,' he said.

She looked at her roses. They were white, some incurved and holy, others expanded in an ecstasy. The tree was dark as a shadow. She lifted her hand impulsively to the flowers; she went forward and touched them in worship.

'Let us go,' he said.

There was a cool scent of ivory roses – a white, virgin scent. Something made him feel anxious and imprisoned. The two walked in silence.

'Till Sunday,' he said quietly, and left her; and she walked home slowly, feeling her soul satisfied with the holiness of the night. He stumbled down the path. And as soon as he was out of the wood, in the free open meadow, where he could breathe, he started to run as fast as he could. It was like a delicious delirium in his veins.

Always when he went with Miriam, and it grew rather late, he knew his mother was fretting and getting angry about him – why, he could not understand. As he went into the house, flinging down his cap, his mother looked up at the clock. She had been sitting thinking, because a chill to her eyes prevented her reading. She could feel Paul being drawn away by this girl. And she did not care for Miriam. 'She is one of those who will want to suck a man's soul out till he has none of his own left,' she said to herself; 'and he is just such a gaby as to let himself be absorbed. She will never let him become a man; she never will.' So, while he was away with Miriam, Mrs Morel grew more and more worked up.

She glanced at the clock and said, coldly and rather tired: 'You have been far enough to-night.'

His soul, warm and exposed from contact with the girl, shrank.

'You must have been right home with her,' his mother continued.

He would not answer. Mrs Morel, looking at him quickly, saw his hair was damp on his forehead with haste, saw him frowning in his heavy fashion, resentfully.

'She must be wonderfully fascinating, that you can't get away from her, but must go trailing eight miles at this time of night.'

He was hurt between the past glamour with Miriam and the knowledge that his mother fretted. He had meant not to say anything, to refuse to answer. But he could not harden his heart to ignore his mother.

'I do like to talk to her,' he answered irritably.

'Is there nobody else to talk to?'

'You wouldn't say anything if I went with Edgar.'

'You know I should. You know, whoever you went with, I should say it was too far for you to go trailing, late at night, when you've been to Nottingham. Besides' – her voice suddenly flashed into anger and contempt – 'it is disgusting – bits of lads and girls courting.'

'It is *not* courting,' he cried.

'I don't know what else you call it.'

'It's not! Do you think we *spoon* and do? We only talk.'

'Till goodness knows what time and distance,' was the sarcastic rejoinder.

Paul snapped at the laces of his boots angrily.

'What are you so mad about?' he asked. 'Because you don't like her.'

'I don't say I don't like her. But I don't hold with children keeping company, and never did.'

'But you don't mind our Annie going out with Jim Inger.'

'They've more sense than you two.'

‘Why?’

‘Our Annie’s not one of the deep sort.’

He failed to see the meaning of this remark. But his mother looked tired. She was never so strong after William’s death; and her eyes hurt her.

‘Well,’ he said, ‘it’s so pretty in the country. Mr Sleath asked about you. He said he’d missed you. Are you a bit better?’

‘I ought to have been in bed a long time ago,’ she replied.

‘Why, mother, you know you wouldn’t have gone before quarter-past ten.’

‘Oh yes, I should!’

‘Oh, little woman, you’d say anything now you’re disagreeable with me, wouldn’t you?’

He kissed her forehead that he knew so well: the deep marks between the brows, the rising of the fine hair, greying now, and the proud setting of the temples. His hand lingered on her shoulder after his kiss. Then he went slowly to bed. He had forgotten Miriam; he only saw how his mother’s hair was lifted back from her warm, broad brow. And somehow, she was hurt.

Then the next time he saw Miriam he said to her:

‘Don’t let me be late to-night – not later than ten o’clock. My mother gets so upset.’

Miriam dropped her head, brooding.

‘Why does she get upset?’ she asked.

‘Because she says I oughtn’t to be out late when I have to get up early.’

‘Very well!’ said Miriam, rather quietly, with just a touch of a sneer.

END OF EXTRACT

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