

**ADVANCED GCE
ENGLISH LITERATURE**

Comparative and Contextual Study (Closed Text)

READING BOOKLET

JANUARY 2008

2713/RB

Afternoon

Time: 2 hours 15 minutes

To be opened on Wednesday 30 January 2008



- **The first fifteen minutes are for reading the passages in this reading booklet.**
- During this time you may make any annotations you choose on the passages themselves.
- The questions for this examination are given in a separate booklet.
- **You must not open the question paper, or write anything in your answer booklet, until instructed to do so.**
- The Invigilator will tell you when the fifteen minutes begin and end.
- You will then be allowed to open the question paper.
- You will have **two hours** to work on the tasks.

This document consists of **11** printed pages and **5** blank pages.

1 Satire

The passage comes from 'Joseph Andrews' (1742) by Henry Fielding.

In this passage the hero, Joseph Andrews himself, has just been beaten up by two thieves whilst travelling alone.

The thief who had been knocked down had now recovered himself, and both together fell to belabouring poor Joseph with their sticks till they were convinced they had put an end to his miserable being. They then stripped him entirely naked, threw him into a ditch, and departed with their booty.

The poor wretch, who lay motionless a long time, just began to recover his senses as a stage-coach came by. The postilion¹, hearing a man's groans, stopped his horses, and told the coachman he was certain there was a dead man lying in the ditch, for he heard him groan. 'Go on, sirrah,' says the coachman, 'we are confounded late, and have no time to look after dead men.' A lady, who heard what the postilion said, and likewise heard the groan, called eagerly to the coachman to stop and see what was the matter. Upon which he bid the postilion alight and look into the ditch. He did so, and returned, 'That there was a man sitting upright, as naked as ever he was born.' – 'O J–sus!' cried the lady. 'A naked man! Dear coachman, drive on and leave him.' Upon this the gentlemen got out of the coach; and Joseph begged them to have mercy upon him, for that he had been robbed, and almost beaten to death. 'Robbed,' cries an old gentleman. 'Let us make all the haste imaginable, or we shall be robbed too.' A young man who belonged to the law answered he wished they had passed by without taking any notice, but that now they might be proved to have been last in his company; if he should die they might be called to some account for his murder. He therefore thought it advisable to save the poor creature's life, for their own sakes, if possible; at least, if he died, to prevent the jury's finding that they fled for it. He was therefore of opinion to take the man into the coach, and carry him to the next inn. The lady insisted that he should not come into the coach. That if they lifted him in, she would herself alight; for she had rather stay in that place to all eternity than ride with a naked man. The coachman objected that he could not suffer him to be taken in unless somebody would pay a shilling for his carriage the four miles. Which the two gentlemen refused to do. But the lawyer, who was afraid of some mischief happening to himself, if the wretch was left behind in that condition, saying, no man could be too cautious in these matters, and that he remembered very extraordinary cases in the books, threatened the coachman, and bid him deny taking him up at his peril; for that, if he died, he should be indicted for his murder; and if he lived, and brought an action against him, he would willingly take a brief in it. – These words had a sensible effect on the coachman, who was well acquainted with the person who spoke them; and the old gentleman above mentioned, thinking the naked man would afford him frequent opportunities of showing his wit to the lady, offered to join with the company in giving a mug of beer for his fare; till, partly alarmed by the threats of the one, and partly by the promises of the other, and being perhaps a little moved with compassion at the poor creature's condition, who stood bleeding and shivering with the cold, he at length agreed; and Joseph was now advancing to the coach, where, seeing the lady, who held the sticks of her fan before her eyes, he absolutely refused, miserable as he was, to enter, unless he was furnished with sufficient covering to prevent giving the least offence to decency – so perfectly modest was this young man.

¹ *postilion*: coach driver

2 The Gothic Tradition

This is the opening of the short story, 'The Ghouls' (1975) by R. Chetwynd-Hayes.

The doorbell rang. A nasty long shrill ring that suggested an impatient caller or a faulty bell-button. Mr Goldsmith did not receive many visitors. He muttered angrily, removed the saucepan of baked beans from the gas ring, then trudged slowly from the tiny kitchen across the even smaller hall and opened the front door. The bell continued to ring.

A tall, lean man faced him. One rigid finger seemed glued to the bell-button. The gaunt face had an unwholesome greenish tinge. The black, strangely dull eyes stared into Mr Goldsmith's own and the mouth opened. 5

'Oosed o love hore ...'

The shrill clatter of the doorbell mingled with the hoarse gibberish and Mr Goldsmith experienced a blend of fear and anger. He shouted at the unwelcome intruder. 10

'Stop ringing the bell.'

'Oosed o love hore ...' the stranger repeated.

'Stop ringing the bloody bell.' Mr Goldsmith reached round the door frame and pulled the dirt-grimed hand away. It fell limply down to its owner's side, where it swung slowly back and forth, four fingers clenched, the fifth – the index finger – rigid, as though still seeking a bell-button to push. In the silence that followed, Mr Goldsmith cleared his throat. 15

'Now, what is it you want?'

'Oosed o love hore.' The stranger said again unintelligibly, then pushed by Mr Goldsmith and entered the flat. 20

'Look here ...' The little man ran after the intruder and tried to get in front of him, but the tall, lean figure advanced remorselessly towards the living-room, where it flopped down in Mr Goldsmith's favourite armchair and sat looking blankly at a cheap Gauguin print that hung over the fireplace.

'I don't know what your little game is,' Mr Goldsmith was trying hard not to appear afraid, 'but if you're not out of here in two minutes flat, I'll have the law around. Do you hear me?' 25

The stranger had forgotten to close his mouth. The lower jaw hung down like a lid with a broken hinge. His threadbare, black overcoat was held in place by a solitary, chipped button. A frayed, filthy red scarf was wound tightly round his scrawny neck. He presented a horrible, loathsome appearance. He also smelt. 30

The head came round slowly and Mr Goldsmith saw the eyes were now watery, almost as if they were about to spill over the puffy lids and go streaming down the green-tinted cheeks.

'Oosed o love hore.' 35

The voice was a gurgle that began somewhere deep down in the constricted throat and the words seemed to bubble like stew seething in a saucepan.

'What? What are you talking about?'

The head twisted from side to side. The loose skin round the neck concertinaed and the hands beat a tattoo on the chair arms. 40

'O-o-sed t-o-o l-o-v-e h-o-r-e.'

'Used to live here!' A blast of understanding lit Mr Goldsmith's brain and he felt quite pleased with his interpretative powers. 'Well, you don't live here now, so you'll oblige me by getting out.'

The stranger stirred. The legs, clad in a pair of decrepit corduroy trousers, moved back. The hands pressed down on the chair arms, and the tall form rose. He shuffled towards Mr Goldsmith and the stomach-heaving stench came with him. Mr Goldsmith was too petrified to move and could only stare at the approaching horror with fear-glazed eyes. 45

'Keep away,' he whispered. 'Touch me and ... I'll shout ...' 50

The face was only a few inches from his own. The hands came up and gripped the lapels of his jacket and with surprising strength, he was gently rocked back and forth. He

heard the gurgling rumble; it gradually emerged into speech.

'Oi ... um ... dud ... Oi ... um ... dud ...'

Mr Goldsmith stared into the watery eyes and had there been a third person present he might have supposed they were exchanging some mutual confidence. 55

'You're ... what?'

The bubbling words came again.

'Oi ... um ... dud.'

'You're bloody mad,' Mr Goldsmith whispered. 60

'Oi ... um ... dud.'

Mr Goldsmith yelped like a startled puppy and pulling himself free, ran for the front door. He leapt down the stairs, his legs operating by reflex, for there was no room for thought in his fear-misted brain.

Shop fronts slid by; paving stones loomed up, their rectangular shapes painted yellow by lamplight; startled faces drifted into his blurred vision, then disappeared and all the while the bubbling, ill-formed words echoed along the dark corridors of his brain. 65

'Oi ... um ... dud.'

'Just a moment, sir.'

A powerful hand gripped his arm and he swung round as the impetus of his flight was checked. A burly policeman stared down at him, suspicion peeping out of the small, blue eyes. 70

'Now, what's all this, sir. You'll do yourself an injury, running like that.'

Mr Goldsmith fought to regain his breath, eager to impart the vital knowledge. To share the burden. 75

'He's ... he's dead.'

The grip on his arm tightened.

'Now, calm yourself. Start from the beginning. Who's dead?'

'He ...' Mr Goldsmith gasped ... 'he rang the bell, wouldn't take his finger off the button ... used to live there ... then he sat in my chair ... then got up ... and told me ... he was dead ...' 80

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3 Writing of the Romantic Era

The poem comes from 'Peter Grimes' (1810) by George Crabbe.

Peter Grimes is a poor fisherman, outcast from his community. The setting is on the Suffolk coast of East Anglia.

Thus by himself compell'd to live each day,
 To wait for certain hours the Tide's delay;
 At the same times the same dull views to see,
 The bounding Marsh-bank and the blighted Tree;
 The Water only, when the Tides were high, 5
 When low, the Mud half-cover'd and half-dry;
 The Sun-burn'd Tar that blisters on the Planks,
 And Bank-side Stakes in their uneven ranks;
 Heaps of entangled Weeds that slowly float,
 As the Tide rolls by the impeded Boat. 10

When Tides were neap¹, and, in the sultry day,
 Through the tall bounding Mud-banks made their way,
 Which on each side rose swelling, and below
 The dark warm Flood ran silently and slow;
 There anchoring, *Peter* chose from Man to hide, 15
 There hang his Head, and view the lazy Tide
 In its hot slimy Channel slowly glide;
 Where the small Eels that left the deeper way
 For the warm Shore, within the Shallows play;
 Where gaping Muscles², left upon the Mud, 20
 Slope their slow passage to the fallen Flood; –
 Here dull and hopeless he'd lie down and trace
 How sidelong Crabs had scrawl'd their crooked race;
 Or sadly listen to the tuneless cry
 Of fishing *Gull* or clanging *Golden-Eye*³; 25
 What time the Sea-Birds to the marsh would come,
 And the loud *Bittern*³, from the Bull-rush home,
 Gave from the Salt-ditch side the bellowing Boom:
 He nurs⁴ the Feelings these dull Scenes produce,
 And loved to stop beside the opening Sluice; 30
 Where the small Stream, confin'd in narrow bound,
 Ran with a dull, unvaried, sad'ning sound;
 Where all presented to the Eye or Ear,
 Oppress'd the Soul with Misery, Grief and Fear.

¹ *neap*: low tide

² *Muscles*: alternative spelling of mussels (the shellfish)

³ *Golden-Eye*, *Bittern*: birds

⁴ *nurst*: nursed

4 20th Century American Prose

The passage comes from 'The Ballad of the Sad Café' (1951) by Carson McCullers. This is the opening of the novella.

The town itself is dreary; not much is there except the cotton-mill, the two-room houses where the workers live, a few peach trees, a church with two coloured windows, and a miserable main street only a hundred yards long. On Saturdays the tenants from the near-by farms come in for a day of talk and trade. Otherwise the town is lonesome, sad, and like a place that is far off and estranged from all other places in the world. The nearest train stop is Society City, and the Greyhound and White Bus Lines use the Forks Falls Road which is three miles away. The winters here are short and raw, the summers white with glare and fiery hot. 5

If you walk along the main street on an August afternoon there is nothing whatsoever to do. The largest building, in the very centre of the town, is boarded up completely and leans so far to the right that it seems bound to collapse at any minute. The house is very old. There is about it a curious, cracked look that is very puzzling until you suddenly realize that at one time, and long ago, the right side of the front porch had been painted, and part of the wall – but the painting was left unfinished and one portion of the house is darker and dingier than the other. The building looks completely deserted. Nevertheless, on the second floor there is one window which is not boarded; sometimes in the late afternoon when the heat is at its worst a hand will slowly open the shutter and a face will look down on the town. It is a face like the terrible dim faces known in dreams – sexless and white, with two grey crossed eyes which are turned inward so sharply that they seem to be exchanging with each other one long and secret gaze of grief. The face lingers at the window for an hour or so, then the shutters are closed once more, and as likely as not there will not be another soul to be seen along the main street. These August afternoons – when your shift is finished there is absolutely nothing to do; you might as well walk down to the Forks Falls Road and listen to the chain gang. 10 15 20

However, here in this very town there was once a café. And this old boarded-up house was unlike any other place for many miles around. There were tables with cloths and paper napkins, coloured streamers from the electric fans, great gatherings on Saturday nights. The owner of the place was Miss Amelia Evans. But the person most responsible for the success and gaiety of the place was a hunchback called Cousin Lymon. One other person had a part in the story of this café – he was the former husband of Miss Amelia, a terrible character who returned to the town after a long term in the penitentiary, caused ruin, and then went on his way again. The café has long since been closed, but it is still remembered. 25 30

The place was not always a café. Miss Amelia inherited the building from her father, and it was a store that carried mostly feed, guano¹, and staples such as meal and snuff. Miss Amelia was rich. In addition to the store she operated a still three miles back in the swamp, and ran out the best liquor in the county. She was a dark, tall woman with bones and muscles like a man. Her hair was cut short and brushed back from the forehead, and there was about her sunburned face a tense, haggard quality. She might have been a handsome woman if, even then, she was not slightly cross-eyed. There were those who would have courted her, but Miss Amelia cared nothing for the love of men and was a solitary person. Her marriage had been unlike any other marriage ever contracted in this county – it was a strange and dangerous marriage, lasting only for ten days, that left the whole town wondering and shocked. Except for this queer marriage, Miss Amelia had lived her life alone. Often she spent whole nights back in her shed in the swamp, dressed in overalls and gum-boots, silently guarding the low fire of the still. 35 40 45

With all things which could be made by the hands Miss Amelia prospered. She sold chitterlings² and sausage in the town near-by. On fine autumn days she ground sorghum³, and the syrup from her vats was dark golden and delicately flavoured. She built the brick privy behind her store in only two weeks and was skilled in carpentering. It was only with 50

people that Miss Amelia was not at ease. People, unless they are willy-nilly or very sick, cannot be taken into the hands and changed overnight to something more worthwhile and profitable. So that the only use that Miss Amelia had for other people was to make money out of them. And in this she succeeded. Mortgages on crops and property, a sawmill, money in the bank – she was the richest woman for miles around. She would have been rich as a congressman if it were not for her one great failing, and that was her passion for lawsuits and the courts. She would involve herself in long and bitter litigation over just a trifle. It was said that if Miss Amelia so much as stumbled over a rock in the road she would glance around instinctively as though looking for something to sue about it. Aside from these lawsuits she lived a steady life and every day was very much like the day that had gone before.

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¹ *guano*: fertiliser made from bird-droppings

² *chitterlings*: a dish made from animal intestines (usually pigs)

³ *sorghum*: a grain crop from which syrup can be extracted

5 Post-1945 Drama

The passage comes from 'Look Back in Anger' (1956) by John Osborne.

Jimmy and Alison are married and the scene takes place in the living room of their flat. Cliff is their lodger.

- JIMMY: I had a flat underneath a couple of girls once. You heard every damned thing those bastards did, all day and night. The most simple, everyday actions were a sort of assault course on your sensibilities. I used to plead with them. I even got to screaming the most ingenious obscenities I could think of, up the stairs at them. But nothing, nothing, would move them. With those two, even a simple visit to the lavatory sounded like a medieval siege. Oh, they beat me in the end – I had to go. I expect they're still at it. Or they're probably married by now, and driving some other poor devils out of their minds. Slamming their doors, stamping their high heels, banging their irons and saucepans – the eternal flaming racket of the female. *Church bells start ringing outside.* 5
- JIMMY: Oh, hell! Now the bloody bells have started! *He rushes to the window.* Wrap it up, will you? Stop ringing those bells! There's somebody going crazy in here! I don't want to hear them! 15
- ALISON: Stop shouting! (*Recovering immediately.*) You'll have Miss Drury up here.
- JIMMY: I don't give a damn about Miss Drury – that mild old gentlewoman doesn't fool me, even if she takes in you two. She's an old robber. She gets more than enough out of us for this place every week. Anyway, she's probably in church, (*points to the window*) swinging on those bloody bells! *Cliff goes to the window, and closes it.* 20
- CLIFF: Come on now, be a good boy. I'll take us all out, and we'll have a drink.
- JIMMY: They're not open yet. It's Sunday. Remember? Anyway, it's raining.
- CLIFF: Well, shall we dance? *He pushes Jimmy round the floor, who is past the mood for this kind of fooling.* 25
- JIMMY: Do you come here often?
- JIMMY: Only in the mating season. All right, all right, very funny. *He tries to escape, but Cliff holds him like a vice.* Let me go.
- CLIFF: Not until you've apologised for being nasty to everyone. Do you think bosoms will be in or out, this year? 30
- JIMMY: Your teeth will be out in a minute, if you don't let go! *He makes a great effort to wrench himself free, but Cliff hangs on. They collapse to the floor, below the table, struggling. Alison carries on with her ironing. This is routine, but she is getting close to breaking point, all the same. Cliff manages to break away, and finds himself in front of the ironing board. Jimmy springs up. They grapple.* 35
- ALISON: Look out, for heaven's sake! Oh, it's more like a zoo every day! *Jimmy makes a frantic, deliberate effort, and manages to push Cliff on to the ironing board, and into Alison. The board collapses. Cliff falls against her, and they end up in a heap on the floor. Alison cries out in pain. Jimmy looks down at them, dazed and breathless.* 40
- CLIFF: (*picking himself up*) She's hurt. Are you all right?
- ALISON: Well, does it look like it!
- CLIFF: She's burnt her arm on the iron. 45
- JIMMY: Darling, I'm sorry.
- ALISON: Get out!
- JIMMY: I'm sorry, believe me. You think I did it on pur–
- ALISON: (*her head shaking helplessly*) Clear out of my sight!

He stares at her uncertainly. Cliff nods to him, and he turns and goes out of the door. 50

CLIFF: Come and sit down.

He leads her to the armchair.

You look a bit white. Are you all right?

ALISON: Yes. I'm all right now. 55

CLIFF: Let's have a look at your arm. (*Examines it.*) Yes, it's quite red. That's going to be painful. What should I do with it?

ALISON: Oh, it's nothing much. A bit of soap on it will do. I never can remember what you do with burns.

CLIFF: I'll just pop down to the bathroom and get some. Are you sure you're all right? 60

ALISON: Yes.

CLIFF: (*crossing to door*) Won't be a minute.

Exit.

She leans back in the chair, and looks up at the ceiling. She breathes in deeply, and brings her hands up to her face. She winces as she feels the pain in her arm, and she lets it fall. She runs her hand through her hair. 65

ALISON: (*in a clenched whisper*) Oh, God!

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6 Post-Colonial Literature

The passage comes from 'A Bend in the River' (1979) by V. S. Naipaul.

The passage takes place in Congo, West Africa. The speaker, Indar, who has an English university background, is talking to his childhood friend, Salim.

'I had done a little acting at the university – that had begun with a walk-on part in a little film somebody had made about a boy and girl walking in a park. I fell in with the remnants of that group in London and began to do a certain amount of acting. Not in any important way. London is full of little theatrical groups. They write their own plays, and they get grants from firms and local councils here and there. A lot of them live on the dole. 5
Sometimes I played English parts, but usually they wrote parts for me, so that as an actor I found myself being the kind of person I didn't want to be in real life. I played an Indian doctor visiting a dying working-class mother; I did another Indian doctor who had been charged with rape; I was a bus conductor no one wanted to work with. And so on. Once I did Romeo. Another time there was an idea of rewriting *The Merchant of Venice* as *The Malindi Banker*, so that I could play Shylock. But it became too complicated. 10

'It was a Bohemian¹ life, and it was attractive at first. Then it became depressing. People dropped out and took jobs and you understood that they had had pretty solid connections all along. That was always a let-down, and there were times during those two years when I felt lost and had to fight hard to hold on to that mood that had come to me beside the river. Among all those nice people I was the only real drop-out. And I didn't want to be a drop-out at all. I'm not running these people down. They did what they could to make room for me, and that is more than any outsider can say for us. It's a difference in civilization. 15

'I was taken one Sunday to lunch at the house of a friend of a friend. There was nothing Bohemian about the house or the lunch, and I discovered that I had been invited for the sake of one of the other guests. He was an American and he was interested in Africa. He spoke about Africa in an unusual way. He spoke of Africa as though Africa was a sick child and he was the parent. I later became very close to this man, but at that lunch he irritated me and I was rough with him. This was because I had never met that kind of person before. He had all this money to spend on Africa, and he desperately wanted to do the right thing. I suppose the idea of all that money going to waste made me unhappy. But he also had the simplest big-power ideas about the regeneration of Africa. 20

'I told him that Africa wasn't going to be saved or won by promoting the poems of Yevtushenko² or by telling the people about the wickedness of the Berlin Wall³. He didn't look too surprised. He wanted to hear more, and I realized I had been invited to the lunch to say the things I had been saying. And it was there that I began to understand that everything which I had thought had made me powerless in the world had also made me of value, and that to the American I was of interest precisely because I was what I was, a man without a side. 25 30 35

'That was how it began. That was how I became aware of all the organizations that were using the surplus wealth of the western world to protect that world. The ideas I put forward, aggressively at that lunch, and more calmly and practically later, were quite simple ones. But they could only have come from someone like myself, someone of Africa, but with no use at all for the kind of freedom that had come to Africa.' 40

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¹ *Bohemian*: unconventional (often associated with life in the artistic world)

² *Yevtushenko*: Yevgeny Yevtushenko: a major 20th century Russian poet

³ *Berlin Wall*: the wall (1961–1989) which divided East and West Berlin before Germany was re-unified. It symbolised the division between the capitalist West and the Communist Eastern Bloc.

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