

General Certificate of Education
January 2007
Advanced Level Examination



ENGLISH LITERATURE (SPECIFICATION B) LTB6/PM
Unit 6 Exploring Texts

To be issued to candidates on Wednesday 24 January 2007 for examination
on Wednesday 31 January 2007 1.30 pm to 4.30 pm

Pre-Release Material

- To be given out on or after Wednesday 24 January 2007.
- On receipt of this material, you are advised to check carefully that the booklet is complete and that no pages are missing or illegible. There should be 12 pages. If you experience problems, you should consult your teacher.
- You should use the time between receiving this material and the examination to familiarise yourself with its contents.
- You are permitted to make **brief** annotations on the pre-release material. Such annotation should amount to no more than cross-references and/or the glossing of individual words or phrases. Highlighting and underlining are permitted.
- You are **not** permitted to bring any additional written material with you into the examination.
- Your teacher is **not** permitted to discuss the pre-release material with you before the examination.
- **You must bring this material with you to the examination.**

Pre-Release Material**The Individual and Society****Contents**

- Item One** ‘The Murderer’, from *The Golden Apples of the Sun*, Ray Bradbury, 1952.
- Item Two** Some views on Ray Bradbury’s writing.
- Item Three** Extract from *The Guardian*, Paul Lashmar, 2004.
- Item Four (a)** Extract from *A Dictionary of the Social Sciences*, J. Gould and W. L. Kolb, 1964.
- Item Four (b)** Extract from *The Politics*, Aristotle (384–322 BC).

Item One

The following is taken from a volume of short stories by Ray Bradbury (born in 1920) entitled *The Golden Apples of the Sun*, published in 1952.

THE MURDERER

MUSIC MOVED with him in the white halls. He passed an office door: “The Merry Widow Waltz.” Another door: “Afternoon of a Faun.” A third: “Kiss Me Again.” He turned into a cross corridor: “The Sword Dance” buried him in cymbals, drums, pots, pans, knives, forks, thunder, and tin lightning. All washed away as he hurried through an anteroom where a secretary sat nicely stunned by Beethoven’s Fifth. He moved himself before her eyes like a hand; she didn’t see him.

His wrist radio buzzed.

“Yes?”

“This is Lee, Dad. Don’t forget about my allowance.”

“Yes, son, yes. I’m busy.”

“Just didn’t want you to forget, Dad,” said the wrist radio. Tchaikovsky’s “Romeo and Juliet” swarmed about the voice and flushed into the long halls.

The psychiatrist moved in the beehive of offices, in the cross-pollination of themes, Stravinsky mating with Bach, Haydn unsuccessfully repulsing Rachmaninoff, Schubert slain by Duke Ellington. He nodded to the humming secretaries and the whistling doctors fresh to their morning work. At his office he checked a few papers with his stenographer, who sang under her breath, then phoned the police captain upstairs. A few minutes later a red light blinked, a voice said from the ceiling:

“Prisoner delivered to Interview Chamber Nine.”

He unlocked the chamber door, stepped in, heard the door lock behind him.

“Go away,” said the prisoner, smiling.

The psychiatrist was shocked by that smile. A very sunny, pleasant warm thing, a thing that shed bright light upon the room. Dawn among the dark hills. High noon at midnight, that smile. The blue eyes sparkled serenely above that display of self-assured dentistry.

“I’m here to help you,” said the psychiatrist, frowning. Something was wrong with the room. He had hesitated the moment he entered. He glanced around. The prisoner laughed. “If you’re wondering why it’s so quiet in here, I just kicked the radio to death.”

Violent, thought the doctor.

The prisoner read this thought, smiled, put out a gentle hand. “No, only to machines that yak-yak-yak.”

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Bits of the wall radio's tubes and wires lay on the gray carpeting. Ignoring these, feeling that smile upon him like a heat lamp, the psychiatrist sat across from his patient in the unusual silence which was like the gathering of a storm.

"You're Mr. Albert Brock, who calls himself The Murderer?"

Brock nodded pleasantly. "Before we start ..." He moved quietly and quickly to detach the wrist radio from the doctor's arm. He tucked it in his teeth like a walnut, gritted and heard it crack, handed it back to the appalled psychiatrist as if he had done them both a favor. "That's better."

The psychiatrist stared at the ruined machine. "You're running up quite a damage bill."

"I don't care," smiled the patient. "As the old song goes: 'Don't Care What Happens to Me!'" He hummed it.

The psychiatrist said: "Shall we start?"

"Fine. The first victim, or one of the first, was my telephone. Murder most foul. I shoved it in the kitchen Insinkerator! Stopped the disposal unit in mid-swallow. Poor thing strangled to death. After that I shot the television set!"

The psychiatrist said, "Mmm."

"Fired six shots right through the cathode. Made a beautiful tinkling crash, like a dropped chandelier."

"Nice imagery."

"Thanks, I always dreamt of being a writer."

"Suppose you tell me when you first began to hate the telephone."

"It frightened me as a child. Uncle of mine called it the Ghost Machine. Voices without bodies. Scared the living hell out of me. Later in life I was never comfortable. Seemed to me a phone was an impersonal instrument. If it *felt* like it, it let your personality go through its wires. If it didn't *want* to, it just drained your personality away until what slipped through at the other end was some cold fish of a voice all steel, copper, plastic, no warmth, no reality. It's easy to say the wrong thing on telephones; the telephone changes your meaning on you. First thing you know, you've made an enemy. Then, of course, the telephone's such a *convenient* thing; it just sits there and *demand*s you call someone who doesn't want to be called. Friends were always calling, calling, calling me. Hell, I hadn't any time of my own. When it wasn't the telephone it was the television, the radio, the phonograph. When it wasn't the television or radio or the phonograph it was motion pictures at the corner theater, motion pictures projected, with commercials on low-lying cumulus clouds. It doesn't rain rain any more, it rains soap-suds. When it wasn't High-Fly Cloud advertisements, it was music by Mozzek in every restaurant; music and commercials on the busses I rode to work. When it wasn't music, it was inter-office communications, and my horror chamber of a radio wrist watch on which my friends and my wife phoned

every five minutes. What is there about such ‘conveniences’ that makes them so *temptingly* convenient? The average man thinks, Here I am, time on my hands, and there on my wrist is a wrist telephone, so why not just buzz old Joe up, eh? ‘Hello, hello!’ I love my friends, my wife, humanity, very much, but when one minute my wife calls to say, ‘Where are you *now*, dear?’ and a friend calls and says, ‘Got the best off-color joke to tell you. Seems there was a guy —’ And a stranger calls and cries out, ‘This is the Find-Fax Poll. What gum are you chewing at this very *instant!*’ Well!”

“How did you feel during the week?”

“The fuse lit. On the edge of the cliff. That same afternoon I did what I did at the office.”

“Which was?”

“I poured a paper cup of water into the intercommunications system.”

The psychiatrist wrote on his pad.

“And the system shorted?”

“Beautifully! The Fourth of July on wheels! My God, stenographers ran around looking *lost!* What an uproar!”

“Felt better temporarily, eh?”

“Fine! Then I got the idea at noon of stomping my wrist radio on the sidewalk. A shrill voice was just yelling out of it at me, ‘This is People’s Poll Number Nine. What did you eat for lunch?’ when I kicked the Jesus out of the wrist radio!”

“Felt even *better*, eh?”

“It *grew* on me!” Brock rubbed his hands together. “Why didn’t I start a solitary revolution, deliver man from certain ‘conveniences’? ‘Convenient for who?’ I cried. Convenient for friends: ‘Hey, Al, thought I’d call you from the locker room out here at Green Hills. Just made a sockdolager hole in one! A hole in one, Al! A *beautiful* day. Having a shot of whiskey now. Thought you’d want to know, Al!’ Convenient for my office, so when I’m in the field with my radio car there’s no moment when I’m not in touch. In *touch!* *There’s* a slimy phrase. Touch, hell. *Gripped!* Pawed, rather. Mauled and massaged and pounded by FM voices. You can’t leave your car without checking in: ‘Have stopped to visit gas-station men’s room.’ ‘Okay, Brock, step on it!’ ‘Brock, what *took* you so long?’ ‘Sorry, sir.’ ‘Watch it next time, Brock.’ ‘*Yes, sir!*’ So, do you know what I did, Doctor? I bought a quart of French chocolate ice cream and spooned it into the car radio transmitter.”

“Was there any *special* reason for selecting French chocolate ice cream to spoon into the broadcasting unit?”

Brock thought about it and smiled. “It’s my favorite flavor.”

“Oh,” said the doctor.

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“I figured, hell, what’s good enough for me is good enough for the radio transmitter.”

“What made you think of spooning *ice cream* into the radio?”

“It was a hot day.”

The doctor paused.

“And what happened next?”

“Silence happened next. God, it was *beautiful*. That car radio cackling all day, Brock go here, Brock go there, Brock check in, Brock check out, okay Brock, hour lunch, Brock, lunch over, Brock, Brock, Brock. Well, that silence was like putting ice cream in my ears.”

“You seem to like ice cream a lot.”

“I just rode around feeling of the silence. It’s a big bolt of the nicest, softest flannel ever made. Silence. A whole hour of it. I just sat in my car, smiling, feeling of that flannel with my ears. I felt *drunk* with Freedom!”

“Go on.”

“Then I got the idea of the portable diathermy machine. I rented one, took it on the bus going home that night. There sat all the tired commuters with their wrist radios, talking to their wives, saying, ‘Now I’m at Forty-third, now I’m at Forty-fourth, here I am at Forty-ninth, now turning at Sixty-first.’ One husband cursing, ‘Well, get *out* of that bar, damn it, and get home and get dinner started, I’m at Seventieth!’ And the transit-system radio playing ‘Tales from the Vienna Woods,’ a canary singing words about a first-rate wheat cereal. Then — I switched on my diathermy! Static! Interference! All wives cut off from husbands grouching about a hard day at the office. All husbands cut off from wives who had just seen their children break a window! The ‘Vienna Woods’ chopped down, the canary mangled! *Silence!* A terrible, unexpected silence. The bus inhabitants faced with having to converse with each other. Panic! Sheer, animal panic!”

“The police seized you?”

“The bus *had* to stop. After all, the music *was* being scrambled, husbands and wives *were* out of touch with reality. Pandemonium, riot, and chaos. Squirrels chattering in cages! A trouble unit arrived, triangulated on me instantly, had me reprimanded, fined, and home, minus my diathermy machine, in jig time.”

“Mr. Brock, may I suggest that so far your whole pattern here is not very – practical? If you didn’t like transit radios or office radios or car business radios, why didn’t you join a fraternity of radio haters, start petitions, get legal and constitutional rulings? After all, this *is* a democracy.”

“And I,” said Brock, “am that thing called a minority. I *did* join fraternities, picket, pass petitions, take it to court. Year after year I protested. Everyone laughed. Everyone else *loved* bus radios and commercials. *I was out of step.*”

“Then you should have taken it like a good soldier, don’t you think? The majority rules.”

“But they went too far. If a little music and ‘keeping in touch’ was charming, they figured a lot would be ten times as charming. I went *wild!* I got home to find my wife hysterical. *Why?* Because she had been completely out of touch with me for half a day. Remember, I did a dance on my wrist radio? Well, that night I laid plans to murder my house.”

“Are you *sure* that’s how you want me to write it down?”

“That’s semantically accurate. Kill it dead. It’s one of those talking, singing, humming, weather-reporting, poetry-reading, novel-reciting, jingle-jangling, rockaby-crooning-when-you-go-to-bed houses. A house that screams opera to you in the shower and teaches you Spanish in your sleep. One of those blathering caves where all kinds of electronic Oracles make you feel a trifle larger than a thimble, with stoves that say, ‘I’m apricot pie, and I’m *done,*’ or ‘I’m prime roast beef, so *baste* me!’ and other nursery gibberish like that. With beds that rock you to sleep and *shake* you awake. A house that *barely* tolerates humans, I tell you. A front door that barks: ‘You’ve mud on your feet, sir!’ And an electronic vacuum hound that snuffles around after you from room to room, inhaling every fingernail or ash you drop. Jesus God, I say, Jesus God!”

“Quietly,” suggested the psychiatrist.

“Remember that Gilbert and Sullivan song – ‘I’ve Got It on My List, It Never Will Be Missed’? All night I listed grievances. Next morning early I bought a pistol. I *purposely* muddied my feet. I stood at our front door. The front door shrilled, ‘Dirty feet, muddy feet! Wipe your feet! Please be *neat!*’ I shot the damn thing in its keyhole. I ran to the kitchen, where the stove was just whining, ‘Turn me *over!*’ In the middle of a mechanical omelet I did the stove to death. Oh, how it sizzled and screamed, ‘I’m *shorted!*’ Then the telephone rang like a spoiled brat. I shoved it down the In-sinkerator. I must state here and now I have *nothing* whatever against the In-sinkerator; it was an innocent bystander. I feel sorry for it now, a practical device indeed, which never said a word, purred like a sleepy lion most of the time, and digested our leftovers. I’ll have it restored. Then I went in and shot the televisor, that insidious beast, that Medusa, which freezes a billion people to stone every night, staring fixedly, that Siren which called and sang and promised so much and gave, after all, so little, but myself always going back, going back, hoping and waiting until — bang! Like a headless turkey, gobbling, my wife whooped out the front door. The police came. Here I *am!*”

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He sat back happily and lit a cigarette.

“And did you realize, in committing these crimes, that the wrist radio, the broadcasting transmitter, the phone, the bus radio, the office intercoms, all were rented or were someone else’s property?”

“I would do it all over again, so help me God.”

The psychiatrist sat there in the sunshine of that beatific smile.

“You don’t want any further help from the Office of Mental Health? You’re ready to take the consequences?”

“This is only the beginning,” said Mr. Brock. “I’m the vanguard of the small public which is tired of noise and being taken advantage of and pushed around and yelled at, every moment music, every moment in touch with some voice somewhere, do this, do that, quick, quick, now here, now there. You’ll see. The revolt begins. My name will go down in history!”

“Mmm.” The psychiatrist seemed to be thinking.

“It’ll take time, of course. It was all so enchanting at first. The very *idea* of these things, the practical uses, was wonderful. They were almost toys, to be played with, but the people got too involved, went too far, and got wrapped up in a pattern of social behavior and couldn’t get out, couldn’t admit they were *in*, even. So they rationalized their nerves as something else. ‘Our modern age,’ they said. ‘Conditions,’ they said. ‘High-strung,’ they said. But mark my words, the seed has been sown. I got world-wide coverage on TV, radio, films; *there’s* an irony for you. That was five days ago. A billion people know about me. Check your financial columns. Any day now. Maybe today. Watch for a sudden spurt, a rise in sales for French chocolate ice cream!”

“I see,” said the psychiatrist.

“Can I go back to my nice private cell now, where I can be alone and quiet for six months?”

“Yes,” said the psychiatrist quietly.

“Don’t worry about me,” said Mr. Brock, rising. “I’m just going to sit around for a long time stuffing that nice soft bolt of quiet material in both ears.”

“Mmm,” said the psychiatrist, going to the door.

“Cheers,” said Mr. Brock.

“Yes,” said the psychiatrist.

He pressed a code signal on a hidden button, the door opened, he stepped out, the door shut and locked. Alone, he moved in the offices and corridors. The first twenty yards of his walk were accompanied by “Tambourine Chinois.” Then it was “Tzigane,” Bach’s Passacaglia and Fugue in something Minor, “Tiger Rag,” “Love Is Like a Cigarette.” He took his broken wrist radio from his pocket like a dead praying mantis. He turned in at his office. A bell sounded; a voice came out of the ceiling, “Doctor?”

“Just finished with Brock,” said the psychiatrist.

“Diagnosis?”

“Seems completely disorientated, but convivial. Refuses to accept the simplest realities of his environment and work *with* them.”

“Prognosis?”

“Indefinite. Left him enjoying a piece of invisible material.”

Three phones rang. A duplicate wrist radio in his desk drawer buzzed like a wounded grasshopper. The intercom flashed a pink light and click-clicked. Three phones rang. The drawer buzzed. Music blew in through the open door. The psychiatrist, humming quietly, fitted the new wrist radio to his wrist, flipped the intercom, talked a moment, picked up one telephone, talked, picked up another telephone, talked, picked up the third telephone, talked, touched the wrist-radio button, talked calmly and quietly, his face cool and serene, in the middle of the music and the lights flashing, the two phones ringing again, and his hands moving, and his wrist radio buzzing, and the intercoms talking, and voices speaking from the ceiling. And he went on quietly this way through the remainder of a cool, air-conditioned, and long afternoon; telephone, wrist radio, intercom, telephone, wrist radio, intercom, telephone, wrist radio, intercom, telephone, wrist radio, intercom, telephone, wrist radio, intercom, telephone, wrist radio ...

Turn over for Item Two

Turn over ►

Item Two**Some views on Ray Bradbury's writing**

- (a) 'Instead of ray guns, interplanetary wars, and glass-domed demons, Bradbury found real people and circumstances which, while only mildly scientific, soared far above what I expected from science fiction.' (Calvin Miller in *Ray Bradbury: Hope in a Doubtful Age*)
- (b) David Mogen, in *Ray Bradbury*, sees Bradbury as belonging to a tradition of science fiction writing that goes back to early twentieth century writers who were concerned with warning people about the consequences of misusing new technologies.
- (c) Mogen also argues that the increasing interest in Bradbury's work by academic critics has resulted in a focus on Bradbury's skills as a writer rather than as a writer of science fiction.
- (d) One of Bradbury's devices that Mogen comments on is his use of sometimes lengthy descriptive passages that interrupt the flow of his plot but are often the most memorable aspects of his stories.
- (e) Steven Kagle, an academic critic, categorised Bradbury's work as 'science fantasy', rather than realist fiction.
- (f) Bradbury has said that the author's purpose lies in finding 'fresh ways of presenting basic truths.'
- (g) Critics tend to agree that Bradbury's style is very distinctive and that an important aspect of it is his lyricism, although that quality is variable in its effect, sometimes leading to a tendency to be sentimental.

Item Three

The following extract is the opening of a piece by Paul Lashmar from a supplement published by *The Guardian* in September 2004. The author imagines life in 2020.

You are at work. The morning coffee break has occasioned a need to visit the loo. As you get back to your desk a red-tinged internal company email message flashes on your computer screen. “Analysis of your urine deposit at 11.24am shows that you have consumed excessive alcohol in the past 24 hours. This is the fourth time in the past month that urine sampling has registered you at excess of 140mg of alcohol per 100ml of blood. This is a formal company notice. You must immediately register for the company alcohol abuse management scheme. Failure to do so will result in the termination of your contract.”

A few seconds later another message pops up on your screen. This time it is from the police.

“Under the mandatory requirement your employers have notified us of your excessive alcohol consumption in the past 24 hours. Your car has been recorded by roadside cameras using the numberplate recognition system as having travelled between your registered home address and your place of work at 8.03–8.31am today. The camera images were checked with the national facial recognition system and it has been confirmed you were the driver.”

It continues: “You are believed to be in breach of current drink-driving legislation, which permits a maximum of 80mg of alcohol per 100ml of blood. Your car will be immobilised using the integral satellite-to-vehicle communication system until we have further investigated the matter. Your company will now provide us with blood sample analysis. Please contact your local police station. Do not drive.”

It is a bad morning already, but it is set to get worse. A message from the NHS Genetic Monitoring Authority pops up in your email inbox (snail mail ceased to operate years ago). “From your recent blood sample we have detected serious flaws in one of your genes. You are hereby notified that you are to cease any sexual relations until you have undergone genetic

rectification therapy. Failure to comply is an imprisonable offence.”

It sounds a bit far-fetched, doesn't it? But maybe it's not such a leap. Much of this surveillance technology is already in place or under development. And this scenario is just one example of the power of data matching – the sharing of someone's personal data across different computer systems to draw up a complete detailed picture of their lifestyle.

A Japanese company has already developed a toilet – targeted for use in large companies – that can analyse whether an employee has recently used illegal recreational drugs such as cocaine or heroin. Numberplate recognition cameras are in place in a number of key British motorways, enabling police to track stolen or suspect vehicles. Facial recognition for CCTV is still in the early stages of development but has already been tried out in the London borough of Newham and other locations. The trials were not wholly successful, but the technology will improve. Leeds University's Institute for Transport Studies has developed a communication box that could be fitted to all vehicles to regulate traffic speed and flow. Immobilisers will be no great problem.

As for gene surveillance, experts only need a tiny piece of hair or other cells from our bodies to draw all sorts of conclusions about our genetic inheritance, our parentage, the diseases we are prone to and what is likely to cause our eventual death.

All that technology will be at the service of the government, and by 2020 its use will force us to consider the delicate balance between the freedom of the individual and intrusion into our daily lives by the state.

Item Four (a)

The following definition is taken from *A Dictionary of the Social Sciences* by J. Gould and W. L. Kolb (1964).

Citizenship

Citizenship may be defined (a) as a status of relationship existing between a natural person and a political society, known as the state, by which the former owes allegiance and the latter protection. This status or relationship between the individual and the state is determined by municipal law, and recognised by the law of nations; (b) as the status of the citizen in a society based upon the rule of law and the principle of equality.

Item Four (b)

The following extract is taken from Aristotle's *The Politics*. Aristotle lived from 384 BC to 322 BC.

... A citizen is one of a community, as a sailor is one of a crew; and although each member of the crew has his own function and a name to fit it – rower, helmsman, look-out, and the rest – and has therefore his goodness at that particular job, there is also a type of goodness which all the crew must have, a function in which they all play a part – the safe conduct of the voyage; for each member of the crew aims at securing that. Similarly the aim of all the citizens, however dissimilar they may be, is the safety of the community, that is, the constitution of which they are citizens ... I think that we might say that the goodness of the citizen is just this – to know well how to rule and be ruled ... and the good citizen must have the knowledge and ability both to rule and be ruled.

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- Item One** RAY BRADBURY, *The Golden Apples of the Sun*, 1952.
Item Two CALVIN MILLER, *Ray Bradbury: Hope in a Doubtful Age*, 1990.
Item Three PAUL LASHMAR, *The Guardian*, 2004
Item Four (a) J. GOULD AND W. L. KOLB, *A Dictionary of the Social Sciences*, 1964.
Item Four (b) ARISTOTLE, *The Politics*.

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