



GCE A LEVEL

A710U30-1



FRIDAY, 16 JUNE 2023 – AFTERNOON

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
A level component 3
Non-Literary Texts

2 hours

A710U301
01

ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink or black ball-point pen.

Answer **Question 1** in Section A and **one** question in Section B.

Write your answers in the separate answer booklet provided.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Both Section A and Section B carry 40 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 on each section. In Section B, you are advised to spend 35 minutes on part (i) and 25 minutes on part (ii).

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

Section A: Comparative analysis of spoken non-literary texts

Answer Question 1.

This question is based on all three texts below.

Text A: two extracts from a 2018 interview with the actor Will Smith, entitled 'The Truth About Being Famous'.

Text B: an extract from a 2020 edition of the Radio 4 discussion programme *Start the Week*. In the extract, the writer Greg Jenner gives his definition of the term 'celebrity'.

Text C: an extract from a 2019 edition of the TV chat show *The Graham Norton Show*. In this extract, Graham Norton is in discussion with his guests: comedian Ross Noble, actor Emilia Clarke and actor Regina King.

1. Compare and contrast the presentation of attitudes to fame and being famous in Texts A–C.

In your response, you are required to:

- apply concepts and methods from integrated linguistic and literary study
- analyse how meanings are shaped
- explore connections between the texts.

[40]

Key to discourse features

<u>word</u>	underlining indicates a stressed syllable
(.)	a micropause
(1)	a timed pause in seconds
/	rising intonation
\	falling intonation
=	latch-on

Text A: extracts from interview (2018)

the life that I have now is the life that (.) I've always dreamed about (.) I've built and struggled and fought to have it be (.) just like (.) it is I love being famous (1) I love being famous (2) when I moved into acting I was like I wanna be the biggest movie star in the world (1) so Fresh Prince was out so everybody would call me Will (.) Will (.) Will (.) that Monday morning after the box office receipts came out for Independence Day was the first time that somebody called me Mister Smith right so I was like (.) ooh I like I like being Mister Smith I like being Mister Smith (3) some people feel unsafe being famous I feel safe right (1) if something were to happen (.) and we had to go to (.) the hospital (.) I know that we would walk in (.) and the people would put us to the front cause Men in Black was popular you know [laughs] so I feel safe I know people would help

[Edit]

but then there's definitely the other side (.) I get sued (.) probably (.) fifteen times a year (.) I have

lawyers on a monthly retainer just because you get sued so much when you're when you're famous (.) there are absolutely painful aspects of this life

Text B: extract from radio programme (2020)

When I sat down to write this book four years ago, I assumed we all knew what 'celebrity' was, but it turns out it's actually quite tricky and a bit elusive. So I've had to come up with my own working definition. It has five points on it. If you are to be a celebrity, you have to be unique, you've got to have a persona which is identifiably yours, you've got to be widely known to strangers, and that process needs to be achieved through the mass media. Point four would be that you have to have your private life consumed as dramatic entertainment. There needs to be a fascination not just with the kind of work you do, the kind of career you might have, but actually your private life, who you're dating, that kind of thing. And the fifth point is that you, as a celebrity, would generate a commercial economy that doesn't just let you earn money from your fame but other people can earn money from your fame too. There's a sort of parasitic capitalism attached to it.

Text C: extract from TV chat show (2019)

Norton: presumably you got to meet (.) er Jay Z and Beyoncé

Clarke: yeah so I did not expect to see them in (.) you know in the flesh I wasn't expecting that at all I was just like oh my God I'm invited [audience laughter] how has this happened they let us in (.) um and then yes I was there (.) and (.) and (.) Queen Bey (.) came up to me and she obviously looked at me like oh this is you I'd like to talk to you and I just did not respond in the way that I was thinking she thought that I might respond (.) as in she th (.) she obviously came up and was like this'll be cool and I was like oh my God [audience laughter] started crying didn't go well [audience laughter] I'm like literally eyes welling up being I can't handle this it's too intense =

King: =but she is Queen=

Clarke: =yes she is=

King: =Bey I mean she is=

Clarke: =beautifully=

Noble: =but also I'm guessing

probably everyone she meets (.) bursts into tears=

Clarke: =probably [audience laughter] it's the seventh of the night yeah here we go yeah=

Noble: =hello there I'm [imitates crying] [audience laughter] she probably thinks the whole world's insane

Section B: Non-literary text study

Answer **one** question in this section.

Each question is in **two** parts. You must answer both parts.

In **part (i)**, you are required to:

- apply concepts and methods from integrated linguistic and literary study
- analyse how meanings are shaped.

In **part (ii)**, you are required to:

- analyse how meanings are shaped
- demonstrate understanding of the significance and influence of the contexts in which texts are produced and received.

Either,

Andrea Ashworth: *Once in a House on Fire* (Picador)

2. In the extract below, taken from Chapter 1, Ashworth describes Andrea and her stepfather Peter Hawkins. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

On Sundays we had to be super-quiet and still so that our stepfather could enjoy what he called his day of rest. He snoozed in front of the gas fire while the rain slapped a wet, grey curtain against the window. The television droned through church services or sports or black-and-white films that left Laurie and me flummoxed: men turning trembly and sweating, screeching about in cars and even grabbing their guns to sort out problems utterly invisible to us. I used to go and lie on the carpet under the dining table, reading with my book propped upside-down, so that the words would seem stranger and more exciting, running back-to-front along the lines. I was hooked on reading this way, but I could only do it under the table, where my stepfather couldn't see me. It got his goat when he caught me – 'flamin' little freak' – with my nose stuck in a book turned the wrong way up.

This Sunday, I was under the table reading the new book my grandmother had bought me out of her pension money. Fairy tales: hardbacked and expensive. I was reading it the right way up, so I could enjoy the pictures. Coming to the end of the first story, where the ugly duckling sprouts wondrous white feathers, I kept skimming forward and peeking into the next story, to see what the little mermaid might do in her watery world. Laurie was fidgeting with our plastic toy basket that bulged full of playthings being saved for our baby sister, now that we had outgrown them all. She pulled out our old red ball and teased it across the carpet to tickle my elbow. I caught it and held it, itching for a throw. I looked at the Chinaman, whose chubby cheeks had been glued to give him back his grin. I looked at my stepfather, dozing on the settee. Then I sat up and tossed the ball to Laurie. It made a small rubber thud. Our stepfather stirred, skipping a snore, and peered at us over his white belly. He spotted the ball through the legs of the dining table.

'Put that bloody thing away before you break summat else!'

His face twisted, furious for a second, then he sank back into the settee's cushions.

I stuffed the ball into the basket with a sigh. 'God, I hate Sundays.'

The words escaped him, but he caught the tone.

'What was that?' He sat up.

Dropping 'God', I told him, 'I hate Sundays.'

My stepfather stood up, tightening his belt a notch.

‘You said you hate me, didn’t you?’

‘I said I hate Sundays, Daddy, not you.’ Looking up at him, I squeezed affection into the word ‘Daddy’.

‘You said you hate me, Andrea. Admit it!’

Behind the hardbacked fairy tales I denied it.

My stepfather grabbed the book. He was going to have to teach me a lesson. Gripping the first page in a hairy fist, he said, ‘Admit that’s what you said: you hate me.’

My lips opened, but nothing came out.

My stepfather ripped the page and crumpled it in his fist. He tossed the pale paper ball on to the carpet. After that I admitted nothing, because I knew the book was gone. He tore out every single page to the end, to the empty spine and the cover that still said *Fairy Tales*, though all the endings had been scrunched into paper fists and scattered over the carpet.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Andrea’s stepfather, and his relationship with her, are presented in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss the presentation of fathers and fatherhood elsewhere in *Once in a House on Fire*. [16]

Or,

Jenny Diski: *Skating to Antarctica (Virago)*

3. In the extract below, taken from the third of the chapters entitled 'At Sea', Diski reflects on her visit to Antarctica. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

To be at the base of an iceberg, rocking on the sea, is a remarkable feeling. The cold radiated off the wall of the berg and I peered into secret crevices that went to the deepest blue heart of the ice. The world was flat and still except for the bergs ranged above us as we wove in and out between them. The ship at anchor, as white and still as another berg, belonged there, another mythic shape in the landscape and didn't seem to impose itself. It was uncanny and peaceful, a near oblivion, but deceptive. This was not a place, though it was a position on a navigation chart. Nothing about this region would be quite the same again, as the floes and bergs floated and melted, winds whipped up the presently calm sea, seals made temporary lodging, and flotillas of penguins porpoised around the ship in the distance like flying fish. Everything about this seascape would change, but it would also remain essentially the same, its elements merely rejigged. It was so untroubled by itself that the heart ached. Other landscapes fidget – rainforests full of plants and creatures clamouring for a living, moors troubled and ruffled by scathing, distorting winds, mountains trembling with the weight of snow – but this was truly a dream place where melting and movement seemed only to increase immutability. Nothing there stays the same, but nothing changes.

But what, I wondered, was the point of witnessing this sublime empty landscape and then passing on? That question was one reason, I suppose, for the rate at which the cameras clicked away. The photograph was evidence for oneself, not others really, that you'd been there. The only proof that anything had once happened beyond an attack of imagination and fallible memory. It also caused there to be an event during the moment of experiencing, as if the moment of experiencing doesn't feel enough all by itself. If you merely looked and left, what, when you returned home, was the point of having been? It was not hard to imagine such a landscape, to build one in your head in the comfort of your own home, and spend unrestricted time there all alone. In real life, you look, you pass through, you leave – you take a photo to make the activity less absurd. It provides something to do with your hands while you are trying to experience yourself experiencing this experience. But how do you become, as I wanted to be, part of this landscape, to be of it, not making a quick tour through it? What I was doing was having a taster of something, watching the trailer of a movie I would never see. I would take this memory of a place in motionless flux back with me, and add it to the Antarctic in my mind. I wondered if it would be a useful addition once the experience was in the past.

But I had forgotten about Cabin 532. That *had* been a new experience, something I hadn't already dreamed up or dreamed of, somewhere I couldn't have visited through pictures taken by someone else. Cabin 532 was something really new to carry back to London and play with.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Jenny Diski presents her attitudes to travel in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to explore how Diski presents different attitudes to travel elsewhere in *Skating to Antarctica*. [16]

Or,

Dave Eggers: *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius* (Picador)

4. In the extract below, taken from Chapter 5, Eggers describes meeting a group of his friends. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

Everyone is here: Brent, Moodie, Jessica, K.C., Pete, Eric, Flagg, John – all these people from high school, from before high school, from grade school, earlier, all from Chicago, all just out of school, all living out here – it's the manifestation of an inexplicable sort of mass migration, about fifteen of us out here, with more of us landing in San Francisco every month, all for different reasons, for no particular reason. Certainly no one has come to take advantage of this job market, which is anything but enticing. For now, we're all scraping by with temping, with anything. Jessica is nannying in Santa Rosa; K.C. teaches sixth grade at a Catholic girls' school; Eric's in grad school at Stanford; and Pete, as part of some dubious Jesuit volunteer corps (cult?) is living with a half-dozen other conscripts in Sacramento, where he works for the Prisoners' Rights Union, editing a popular periodical called *The California Prisoner*.

The presence of all these people is both surreal and immeasurably comforting. They constitute the only ties Toph and I still have to home, because already, less than a year since we left Chicago, we have lost touch with each and every one of our parents' friends, even our mother's friends. Which was odd, Beth and I felt – we expected our progress to be more closely followed, to be checked up on. But it's just as well. Those conversations and epistolary exchanges, when they happened, early on, were always awkward, fraught, their worry for us palpable, poorly hidden, their distrust (we thought) implicit.

These people, though, these friends, they create for us and for Toph a willy-nilly world of faux-cousins, -aunts, -uncles. They eat with us, do the beach with us; the girls, K.C. and Jessica, buy kitchen implements for us, come over to casually straighten up, make beds, clear the dishes from the sink and the bedrooms, are available at any time for questions regarding the boiling of corn, the unthawing of frozen beef. And all have known Toph since he was born, held him when he was bald, and so do not question his presence at movies, barbecues, at any social gathering. And he knows them, too, can discern their voices on the phone, their cars in the driveway, remembers most of the words to our high school talent show act, the one we all rehearsed in the basement for months. At that point Toph was maybe four, five years old, but he was there every time, would beg our mother to stay for every minute, watching us from the stairs, giggling wildly. He knew every word.

And so I try to entice these people out to Berkeley as often as possible, want them around, as much for my own amusement as for continuity, to step in as extended family, to play roles: the aunt who cooks, the aunt who sings, the uncle who can do the trick where he puts the stack of quarters on his bent elbow and catches them in his palm, a snap of the arm. And they do come out, stay out, as much by choice as not.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Eggers presents friendship in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss the presentation of friendship in 1980s America elsewhere in *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius*. [16]

Or,

Truman Capote: *In Cold Blood* (Penguin Modern Classics)

5. In the extract below, taken from 'Chapter 1 – The Last to see Them Alive', Capote describes a telephone conversation between Nancy Clutter and her friend Susan. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

'Tell. Something wrong?'

'No.'

'Nancy. *C'est moi...*' Susan was studying French.

'Well – Daddy. He's been in an awful mood the last three weeks. Awful. At least, around me. And when I got home last night he started *that* again.'

'*That*' needed no amplification; it was a subject that the two friends had discussed completely, and upon which they agreed. Susan, summarising the problem from Nancy's viewpoint, had once said, 'You love Bobby now, and you need him. But deep down even Bobby knows there isn't any future in it. Later on, when we go off to Manhattan, everything will seem a new world.' Kansas State University is in Manhattan, and the two girls planned to enrol there as art students, and to room together. 'Everything will change, whether you want it to or not. But you can't change it now, living here in Holcomb, seeing Bobby every day, sitting in the same classes – and there's no *reason* to. Because you and Bobby are a very happy thing. And it will be something happy to think back about – if you're left alone. Can't you make your father understand that?' No, she could not. 'Because,' as she explained it to Susan, 'whenever I start to *say* something, he looks at me as though I must not love him. Or as though I loved him *less*. And suddenly I'm tongue-tied; I just want to be his daughter and do as he wishes.' To this Susan had no reply; it embodied emotions, a relationship, beyond her experience. She lived alone with her mother, who taught music at the Holcomb School, and she did not remember her own father very clearly, for years ago, in their native California, Mr Kidwell had one day left home and not come back.

'And, anyway,' Nancy continued now, 'I'm not sure it's *me*. That's making him grouchy. Something else – he's really worried about something.'

'Your mother?'

No other friend of Nancy's would have presumed to make such a suggestion. Susan, however, was privileged. When she had first appeared in Holcomb, a melancholy, imaginative child, willowy and wan and sensitive, then eight, a year younger than Nancy, the Clutters had so ardently adopted her that the fatherless little girl from California soon came to seem a member of the family. For seven years the two friends had been inseparable, each, by virtue of the rarity of similar and equal sensibilities, irreplaceable to the other. But then, this past September, Susan had transferred from the local school to the vaster, supposedly superior one in Garden City. It was the usual procedure from Holcomb students who intended going on to college, but Mr Clutter, a die-hard community booster, considered such defections an affront to community spirit; the Holcomb School was good enough for his children, and there they would remain. Thus, the girls were no longer always together, and Nancy deeply felt the daytime absence of her friend, the one person with whom she need be neither brave nor reticent.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Capote presents the relationship between Nancy and Susan in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss how Capote presents different types of friendship elsewhere in *In Cold Blood*. [16]

Or,

George Orwell: *Homage to Catalonia* (Penguin Modern Classics)

6. In the extract below, taken from Chapter 1, Orwell describes his first impressions of the class system in Barcelona. Read the extract below and complete the tasks which follow.

I had come to Spain with some notion of writing newspaper articles, but I had joined the militia almost immediately, because at that time and in that atmosphere it seemed the only conceivable thing to do. The Anarchists were still in virtual control of Catalonia and the revolution was still in full swing. To anyone who had been there since the beginning it probably seemed even in December or January that the revolutionary period was ending; but when one came straight from England the aspect of Barcelona was something startling and overwhelming. It was the first time I had ever been in a town where the working class was in the saddle. Practically every building of any size had been seized by the workers and was draped with red flags or with the red and black flag of the Anarchists; every wall was scrawled with the hammer and sickle and with the initials of the revolutionary parties; almost every church had been gutted and its images burnt. Churches here and there were being systematically demolished by gangs of workmen. Every shop and café had an inscription saying that it had been collectivized; even the bootblacks had been collectivized and their boxes painted red and black. Waiters and shop-walkers looked you in the face and treated you as an equal. Servile and even ceremonial forms of speech had temporarily disappeared. Nobody said 'Señor' or 'Don' or even 'Usted'; everyone called everyone else 'Comrade' and 'Thou' and said 'Salud!' instead of 'Buenos días'. Almost my first experience was receiving a lecture from an hotel manager for trying to tip a lift-boy. There were no private motor cars, they had all been commandeered, and all the trams and taxis and much of the other transport were painted red and black. The revolutionary posters were everywhere, flaming from the walls in clean reds and blues that made the few remaining advertisements look like daubs of mud. Down the Ramblas, the wide central artery of the town where crowds of people streamed constantly to and fro, the loudspeakers were bellowing revolutionary songs all day and far into the night. And it was the aspect of the crowds that was the queerest thing of all. In outward appearance it was a town in which the wealthy classes had practically ceased to exist. Except for a small number of women and foreigners there were no 'well-dressed' people at all. Practically everyone wore rough working-class clothes, or blue overalls or some variant of the militia uniform. All this was queer and moving. There was much in it that I did not understand, in some ways I did not even like it, but I recognized it immediately as a state of affairs worth fighting for. Also I believed that things were as they appeared, that this was really a workers' State and that the entire bourgeoisie had either fled, been killed, or voluntarily come over to the workers' side; I did not realize that great numbers of well-to-do bourgeois were simply lying low and disguising themselves as proletarians for the time being.

- (i) Use integrated linguistic and literary approaches to explore how Orwell presents his impressions of the class system in Barcelona in this extract. [24]
- (ii) Go on to discuss how Orwell presents social class elsewhere in *Homage to Catalonia*. [16]

END OF PAPER

BLANK PAGE

BLANK PAGE