

Write your name here

Surname

Other names

Centre Number

Candidate Number

Edexcel GCE

English Language and Literature
Advanced
Unit 3: Varieties in Language and Literature

Monday 3 June 2013 – Afternoon
Time: 2 hours 45 minutes

Paper Reference
6EL03/01

You must have:

Source Booklet (enclosed)
Set text (clean copies only)

Total Marks

Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer the question in Section A and **one** question from Section B.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
– *there may be more space than you need.*

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 100.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*
- Quality of written communication will be taken into account in the marking of your answers. Quality of written communication includes clarity of expression, the structure and presentation of ideas and grammar, punctuation and spelling.

Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Keep an eye on the time.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

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PEARSON

Answer TWO questions: The question from Section A and ONE question from Section B.

You must answer on the same topic in each section.

SECTION A: UNPREPARED PROSE

- 1** Read the text in the Source Booklet which accompanies your topic title.

Write a critical analysis of the text you have read.

You should analyse how effectively the writer's or speaker's choices of structure, form and language convey attitudes, values and ideas in the writing.

In your response, you should demonstrate your knowledge and understanding of literary and linguistic concepts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 30)

(Total for Question 1 = 40 marks)



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TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 40 MARKS



SECTION B: PREPARED DRAMA OR POETRY

Answer ONE question from this section.

In Section B, your answer must include detailed reference to one pair of texts.

2 A Sense of Place

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts present people at odds with their surroundings.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment upon and evaluate the contribution made by the contextual factors to your understanding of your chosen texts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 10, AO3 = 40)

(Total for Question 2 = 60 marks)

3 The Individual in Society

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts present individuals causing conflict in society.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment upon and evaluate the contribution made by the contextual factors to your understanding of your chosen texts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 10, AO3 = 40)

(Total for Question 3 = 60 marks)



4 Love and Loss

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts present love as a destructive force.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment upon and evaluate the contribution made by the contextual factors to your understanding of your chosen texts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 10, AO3 = 40)

(Total for Question 4 = 60 marks)

5 Family Relationships

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts present family relationships affected by guilt.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment upon and evaluate the contribution made by the contextual factors to your understanding of your chosen texts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 10, AO3 = 40)

(Total for Question 5 = 60 marks)



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TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 60 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 100 MARKS



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Unit 6EL03/01 focuses on the Assessment Objectives AO1, AO2 and AO3 listed below:

Assessment Objectives	AO%
AO1 Select and apply relevant concepts and approaches from integrated linguistic and literary study, using appropriate terminology and accurate, coherent written expression	20
AO2 Demonstrate detailed critical understanding in analysing the ways in which structure, form and language shape meanings in a range of spoken and written texts	40
AO3 Use integrated approaches to explore relationships between texts, analysing and evaluating the significance of contextual factors in their production and reception	40



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Source Booklet

Paper Reference

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Do not return this Source Booklet with the question paper.

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PEARSON

SECTION A: UNPREPARED PROSE

Materials for Question 1

SENSE OF PLACE

An extract from an article published in the Arts section of *The Times* in September 2011.

'Is the frisson that runs through the audience thanks to Shakespeare, or fear that the actor might be shot?'

A radical version of *The Tempest* is touring the West Bank and Israel.

Lucy Powell went to Bethlehem to See the results.

Site-specific theatre doesn't get much edgier than this, the English company Jericho House is about to open its adaptation of *The Tempest* in Aida: a Palestinian refugee camp in Bethlehem. We are a mile north, but a world away from the tidy streets and twee markets that surround the Church of the Nativity, which is all that most bus-loads of Christian tourists ever see of Bethlehem. 5

The open-air theatre sits immediately next to the 8m country-wide wall that divides the Palestinian territories from neighbouring Israel. Instead of a changing room there's an army watch-tower behind the stage. 10

In lieu of a set, there's a swath of angry street art decorating every contentious inch of wall. And if the production needs lighting, normal procedure at this venue is to back into the domestic supply of neighbouring houses and pay the owners in cash for the privilege. 15

"To make theatre here is a form of beautiful resistance," explains Abdelfattah Abusrour, the ebullient general manager of the theatre. Abusrour, who is also the president of the Palestinian Theatre Association, has rebuilt Aida's theatre twice in the past five years, after it was demolished at the behest of the Israeli Army.

When the dividing wall was erected in 2005, Abusrour painted a section of it white and projected the first Palestinian film festival on to it. Since then he's been devising shows with mothers and local children about their lives, which have toured the West Bank and beyond. 20

"Theatre is one of the most powerful means of self-expression," he says. "It's a way for us to narrate our own version of our stories. I wanted to show this other side of being Palestinian, that we are not only blowing ourselves up. We are also human. We do not want to walk at our children's funerals. We need these children alive, creating, happy, in love. That's what this theatre is about. We're in the business here of building hope." 25

This is fine theatrical fighting talk. But how, exactly, might the Bard weigh in? Jonathan Holmes, the 35-year-old director of Jericho House and an erstwhile academic, explains that "*The Tempest* is full of ideas of exile and power, territorialism and resistance." Shakespeare's enigmatic, ambiguous story of Prospero, the autocratic, exiled Duke of Milan, brewing magical storms and shipwrecking his enemies on his island is, says Holmes, "laden with tropes that resonate massively in this place". 30

Holmes's initial contact in the West Bank was Juliano Mer-Khamis, the Arah-Israeli theatre director and founder of the Freedom Theatre in Jenin. "Until one day in April," Holmes recalls, "Juliano walked out of his theatre with his kids, got in his car and was shot dead, we think by fundamentalists. Since then the Freedom has been attacked on all sides and it became impossible for us to play there." But Holmes didn't contemplate abandoning the tour, which will have visited East Jerusalem and Nablus in the West Bank, as well as the Israeli city of Haifa, before pitching its politicised tent in the church of St Giles, Cripplegate, in the City of London, tonight for a month. 35 40

It was important to Holmes that both Palestinians and Israelis could see the production because, he says, "to me, theatre is all about communication, trying to have the most vital, complete and inclusive conversation you can have in any given time and place." His previous productions include the verbatim plays *Fallujah* in 2007, about the Allied troop's seige of the Iraqi city, performed in a disused brewery, and *Katrina*, in 2009, about the aftermath of the New Orleans hurricane, in a warehouse in Southwark, South London. 45

For *The Tempest* Holmes also wanted that conversation to happen between the cast. His production boasts actors of international Muslim, Jewish and Catholic descent, though the production doesn't draw its race lines cleanly. Prospero's servant, the ethereal sprite Ariel, for example, is played by the Jewish actor Ruth Lass, who lived in Israel when she was 19. 50

Standing on the stage in Bethlehem, Lass feels, she says, "extremely privileged to be on this side of the wall because so few Israelis can come here. And of course I also feel terribly sad and frustrated to see what's happening here, as many Jews are."

Rachel Lynes, who plays Prospero's daughter Miranda, is also part Jewish. She was determined to remain "firmly on the fence" in her judgment of the Israeli/Palestinian conflict but, she says, squinting up at the lowering wall abutting the stage, "it's been almost impossible to stay there because, so far, we haven't met a single Israeli outside the airport". 55

THE INDIVIDUAL IN SOCIETY

An extract from a column written by the journalist Suzanne Moore, which appeared in The Guardian newspaper in 2011.

This coalition hasn't forgotten women. It's targeted them.

It's easy enough to do, I guess. You're rushing round trying to keep on top of everything, but you know you might have forgotten something. It'll come back to you later. Oh yes – women. Where did you put them? When did you last see them? Retrace your steps. From the superb leaked memo this week, we see this government has been so busy “messaging about deficit reduction” it has simply forgotten how to get its message through to women. Perhaps more specifically, to women who may vote for them. Please don't confuse these guys and tell them all women are not exactly the same. We don't want to blow their freaky-deaky minds. 5

If I was feeling forgiving I could think, well, it happens in every field – this “whoops, what woman?” deal – why should the government be any different? 10

You think to yourself, let's make a funny, topical show about the news. It will be such a laugh, and so you get something like Mock the Week, where two teams of three men compete, chaired by a man. This is not some deliberate gender apartheid. Relax, people. It's comedy! Or you could edit something like a satirical magazine, and occupy the higher moral ground of Ian Hislop, a place I can barely imagine, and just happen to think that describing all female journalists, whoever they are (Deborah Orr?), as Polly Filler or Glenda Slagg is hilarious. It's a scientific fact that men never write badly or fill up the back half of newspapers with drivel. Ever! 15

If you are really anti-establishment, you can have a blog named after Guy Fawkes with its regular Totty Watch and encourage your clientele to take part in a really creepy smutfest. That's really one in the face to the system, boys! Or how about selling crappy T-shirts with slogans such as “Nice new girlfriend, what breed is she?”, or ones that provide a list of excuses for domestic violence. Weirdly, just as a new campaign aimed at teenagers starts because, repulsively, many teenage girls are used to being kicked or punched within relationships. Anyone who complains about these things is probably some hairy, humourless ho. That's right, and here I am. 20 25

Because I am too long in the tooth to listen to the excuses any more. I have been in too many situations where someone at the last minute remembers the missing vital ingredient to their plan. And I get the token-woman phone call. TV people, radio people, people giving prizes, people discussing or campaigning often have a great lineup. It's just that they have forgotten the woman thing. By the time they phone someone like me, they are deranged by their newfound passion for the appearance of equality. “We think you'd be really good at it because ...” They cannot say, “Because you are a woman”, so twisted are they by now in their sudden antisexism they can't risk sounding ... sexist. So they just start begging. Perhaps any of us “token women” should be flattered by our exalted status. To be one of the boys. It's what we always wanted! 30 35

It isn't, actually. What we wanted a lot of the time was for it not to matter. For it not always to be an issue. That's the hopeless ideal. In grownup company and in grownup companies, in positions of power and positions of pleasure, some of us are men and some of us are women. Equality would mean the presence of women as simply normal – not abnormal, not tokenistic, not even snigger-worthy. 40

The vaguest notion of any kind of equality would mean you could not govern for a year with a load of policies that create higher unemployment for women, while further impoverishing women on benefits. You could not suggest the so-called work-life balance is simply a female issue, or assume we are all wives and mothers. This leaked, panicky memo shows these guys waking up to the fact that many women are not simply disappointed but bloody livid, that women are not an afterthought; nor are we an interchangeable, homogenous mass to be spun over with some "family-friendly policies".

45

LOVE AND LOSS

An extract taken from a feature in the Family section of The Guardian, published in 2011.

By the time we've reached the last two months of the season, any pretence at tolerance has long gone. All those weekday nights when I had insisted I had to watch a match on TV – "It's really important. Chelsea might get knocked out if Spartak Moscow beat Marseille"; all those nights when I had lost the battle for supremacy of the TV but had still flicked over to the football every time there was an ad break or she left the room; all those nights when I had woken her up at 3am as I scuttled off to Stansted for a godforsaken flight to Milan or Madrid; all those weekends spent in N17 have taken their toll. 5

At this time of year, football is just a constant source of irritation and difference, a symbol of something we don't share. In my defence, it isn't me who doesn't want to do the sharing. I'd be quite happy for Jill to watch loads of football with me on TV. On several occasions I've even suggested she might want to come to a game with me, but every time she's found a good reason – "I've got to feed the cat" – to not go. I'm not sure how I would have felt if she'd said yes, but that's beside the point. Jill can't accuse me of not showing willing. 10

Nor can she claim that football is my way of avoiding spending time with her; it would be tough to argue that I've been going out of my way to avoid spending time with her since I was nine. But football is undeniably my escape from myself, and for that reason it's probably healthier for both of us if she keeps her distance. To have your partner colluding in your madness does tend to normalise and excuse it. So it's for strictly therapeutic reasons, I'm sure, that Jill often makes a point of not asking me the score when I get back from a game. 15

But all therapy has its mental blocks, and neither of us can claim football isn't a source of friction between us. She thinks I'm being casually dismissive when I lose concentration halfway through a conversation; I think she's being deliberately provocative to try to talk to me when I'm checking a football result online. Mostly, though, we negotiate this minefield successfully. 20

Indeed, I've sometimes wondered if there isn't something in it for her, too. Would Jill really want a man who was physically present and emotionally there for her the whole time? I think not. I think she'd get fed up with me pestering to know how she feels every few minutes. She likes her own space, too, and it's convenient for me to be labelled the mentally more unstable partner. Given my history, it's hard to refute. 25

What gets to her as much as the attritional nature of the nine-month football season is the indecision it generates as I find it increasingly hard to commit to anything in case there's a fixture clash. Last season, it was particularly bad because Jill had switched jobs and was taking a break between finishing the old one and starting the new one in May. Her attempts to get us to take a holiday together, just the two of us, were met with stonewalling. "Be spontaneous," she said. 30

That was a bit rich, coming from her.

"I'll see what I can do."

Not very much as it turned out, apart from a great day out at the garden centre; it wasn't my fault I had a lot on at work and couldn't be certain Spurs weren't going to make it to the Champions League semi-final. And though Jill did later admit she had a much better time 40

walking in Andalucia with a couple of her women friends than she would have done with me, it still rankled.

"You owe me," she said later.

"Fair enough. What do you want?"

"You can book the summer holiday."

45

"Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere. You decide."

"When do you want to go?"

"End of July, beginning of August."

Great – the time of year when there's no football. Half an hour later, I had the holiday sorted. It's amazing what you can do when you are sure of your dates.

50

John Crace

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

An extract from Uncle Tungsten – Memories of a Boyhood, by Oliver Sacks.

We had meals in the breakfast room next to the kitchen; the dining room, with its long table, was reserved for shabbas meals, festivals, and special occasions. There was a similar distinction between the lounge and the drawing room – the lounge, with its sofa and dilapidated, comfy chairs, was for general use; the drawing room, with its elegant, uncomfortable Chinese chairs and lacquered cabinets, was for large family gatherings. Aunts, uncles, and cousins in the neighborhood would walk over on Saturday afternoons, and a special silver tea service would be pulled out and small crustless sandwiches of smoked salmon and cod's roe served in the drawing room – such dainties were not served at any other time. The chandeliers in the drawing room, originally gasoliers, had been converted to electric light sometime in the 1920s (but there were still odd gas jets and fittings all over the house so that, in a pinch, we could go back to gas lighting). The drawing room also contained a huge grand piano, covered with family photos, but I preferred the soft tones of the upright piano in the lounge. 5 10

Though the house was full of music and books, it was virtually empty of paintings, engravings, or artwork of any sort; and similarly, while my parents went to theaters and concerts frequently, they never, as far as I can remember, visited an art gallery. Our synagogue had stained glass windows depicting biblical scenes, which I often gazed at in the more excruciating parts of the service. There had been, apparently, a dispute over whether such pictures were appropriate, given the interdiction of graven images, and I wondered whether this was a reason we had no art in the house. But it was rather, I soon realized, that my parents were completely indifferent to the decor of the house or its furnishings. Indeed, I later learned that when they had bought the place, in 1930, they had given my father's older sister Lina their checkbook, carte blanche, saying, "Do what you want, get what you want." 15 20

Lina's choices – fairly conventional, except for the chinoiserie in the drawing room – were neither approved nor contested; my parents accepted them without really noticing or caring. My friend Jonathan Miller, visiting the house for the first time – this was soon after the war – said it seemed like a rented house to him, there was so little evidence of personal taste or decision. I was as indifferent as my parents to the decor of the house, though I was angered and bewildered by Jonathan's comment. For, to me, 37 was full of mysteries and wonders – the stage, the mythic background, on which my life was lived. 25

There were coal fires in almost every room, including a porcelain coal stove, flanked by fish tiles, in the bathroom. The fire in the lounge had large copper coal scuttles to either side, bellows, and fire irons, including a slightly bent poker of steel (my eldest brother, Marcus, who was very strong, had managed to bend it, when it was almost white-hot). If an aunt or two visited, we would all gather in the lounge, and they would hitch up their skirts and stand with their backs to the fire. All of them, like my mother, were heavy smokers, and after warming themselves by the fire, they would sit on the sofa and smoke, lobbing their wet fag ends into the fire. They were, by and large, terrible shots, and the damp butts would hit the brick wall surrounding the fire-place and adhere there, disgustingly, until they finally burned away. 30 35

I have only fragmentary, brief memories of my youngest years, the years before the war, but I remember being frightened, as a child, by observing that many of my aunts and uncles had coal black tongues – would my own, I wondered, turn black when I grew up? I was greatly relieved when Auntie Len, divining my fears, told me that her tongue was not really black, that its black-ness came from chewing charcoal biscuits, and that they all ate these because they had gas. 40

Of my Auntie Dora (who died when I was very young), I remember nothing except for the color orange – whether this was the color of her complexion or hair, or of her clothes, or whether it was the reflected color of the firelight, I have no idea. All that remains is a warm, nostalgic feeling and a peculiar fondness for orange. 45

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