GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE
(8700)

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two Sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century non-fiction

An extract from Hollie Williams' article *The Day I Came Out.*

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

An extract from *Falling in Love* – an essay by Grant Allen.

Please turn the page over
to see the Source

Source A - 21st Century non-fiction

The Day I Came Out

This extract appeared as part of a group of interviews in 2012 by the journalist Hollie Williams in *The Independent* entitled 'The Day I Came Out'. This extract is from the interview with the comedian Zoe Lyons.

A stand-up comic, Lyons, aged 40, won the funniest joke of the Edinburgh Fringe in 2008, and has appeared on 'Mock the Week' and 'Michael McIntyre's Comedy Roadshow'

When I was about 12 years old, I started to suspect I was gay. It's a cliché, but I was always a bit of a tomboy. I grew up in rural Ireland, my only friend was Robert next door and he didn't want to play with dolls, so we hit each other with sticks and ran around.

When I hit puberty I started to register that something was going on; by 16 I was like, "Yeeeeah...". I used to read the problem pages in magazines and the advice [to people who thought they were gay] was always, "It's probably just a phase" – so I thought it might just go away. You get different advice today, thankfully.

At the age of 12 you desperately don't want to be different. I wasn't shy at school but I probably wasn't the most confident either and I thought, "Well, this isn't going to help!". I didn't tell anyone until I was about 16 years old. I had a lovely small group of friends, I was living in Glasgow, and it was one of those nights you have when you're a teenager and a few ciders have been drunk; I said, "I think I might be bisexual," and my friends were like, "That's totally cool".

But once you've said it, it is out there. It was quite a big deal, I was really scared, actually. This was 20 years ago; there really wasn't much on the telly or in the press for me to hang on to, so I felt quite isolated.

I was only 17 years old when I went to university, and there were gay and lesbian societies there but I wasn't really that confident or involved with it. It wasn't until I was aged 21 that I came out to my parents; by then I was like, "This really isn't a phase...". My parents are divorced, but my step-mum had gay friends so that helped. My dad bought a self-help book on how to cope with having a gay child. My mum worried that my life would be really difficult. She had a sliding scale: I said to her, "Mum, I've got something to tell you", and she went "You're pregnant". Then she said, "You're on heroin", and then it was like, "Oh my God, you're gay" – and I was like, "Yeah!". Being gay: one below being on heroin. It has got easier – my girlfriend and my mum get on really well now. When I brought my first girlfriend home, it really threw my mum, though. I thought she was going to faint.

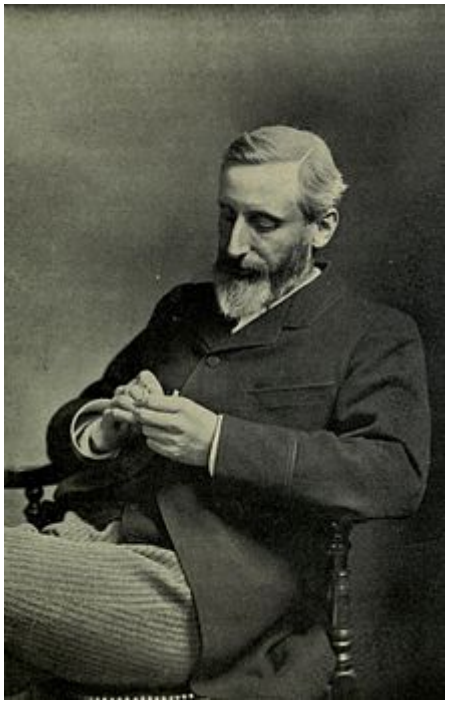
Being a comedian, everyone tries to label you. Initially you're a female comedian, then a gay female comedian. My material is not directed by my sexuality, though it does have a slightly different perspective because of it.

It's easier for young people now, but we could still definitely do with more gay women on telly, and in comedy. There's a tradition of camp comedy, drag acts and borderline effeminate men – that's part of our slightly panto-y history of comedy. But there's not such a tradition for gay women.

Source B – 19th Century non-fiction

Falling in Love

Grant Allen, scientist and proponent of the theory of evolution, writes about falling in love in this 1889 essay.



We cannot fall in love with everybody alike. Some of us fall in love with one person, some with another. This instinctive and deep-seated differential feeling we may regard as the outcome of complementary features, mental, moral, or physical, in the two persons concerned; and experience shows us that, in nine cases out of ten, it is a reciprocal affection, that is to say, in other words, an affection roused in unison by varying qualities in the respective individuals.

Of its eminently conservative and even upward tendency very little doubt can be reasonably entertained. We *do* fall in love, taking us in the lump, with the young, the beautiful, the strong, and the healthy; we do *not* fall in love, taking us in the lump, with the aged, the ugly, the feeble, and the sickly.

The prohibition of the Church is scarcely needed to prevent a man from marrying his grandmother. Moralists have always borne a special grudge to pretty faces; but, as Mr. Herbert Spencer admirably put it, 'the saying that beauty is but skin-deep is itself but a skin-deep saying.' In reality, beauty is one of the very best guides we can possibly have to the desirability, so far as race-preservation is concerned, of any man or any woman as a partner in marriage. A fine form, a good figure, a beautiful bust, a round arm and neck, a fresh complexion, a lovely face, are all outward and visible signs of the physical qualities that on the whole conspire to make up a healthy and vigorous wife and mother; they imply soundness, fertility, a good circulation, a good digestion.

Conversely, sallowness and paleness are roughly indicative of dyspepsia[1] and anæmia[2]; a flat chest is a symptom of deficient maternity; and what we call a bad figure is really, in one way or another, an unhealthy departure from the central norma and standard of the race. Good teeth mean good deglutition[3]; a clear eye means an active liver; scrubbiness and undersizedness mean feeble virility[4]. Nor are indications of mental and moral efficiency by any means wanting as recognised elements in personal beauty. A good-humoured face is in itself almost pretty. A pleasant smile half redeems unattractive features. Low, receding foreheads strike us unfavourably. Heavy, stolid, half-idiotic countenances can never be beautiful, however regular their lines and contours. Intelligence and goodness are almost as necessary as health and vigour in order to make up our perfect ideal of a beautiful human face and figure. The Apollo Belvedere [5]is no fool; the murderers in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's[6] are for the most part no beauties.

[1] Dyspepsia - indigestion
[2] Anaemia – iron deficiency
[3] Deglutition – ability to swallow
[4] Virility – a strong sex drive (in a man)
[5] The Apollo Belvedere – a Greek masterpiece – an attractive sculpture
[6] Madame Tussaud's – a famous wax museum in London, now called Madame Tussauds (without the apostrophe)

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