Pearson Edexcel Level 1/Level 2 GCSE (9–1)

English Language

Paper 2: Non-fiction and Transactional Writing

Friday 8 June 2018 – Morning
Section A: Reading Texts Insert

Paper Reference
1EN0/02

Do not return the insert with the question paper.

Advice

- Read the texts before answering the questions in Section A of the question paper.

Turn over ▶

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Read the text below and answer Questions 1–3 on the question paper.

TEXT 1

Extract from 'Little Milton' by Tony Russell (2005).

This is an extract from an obituary written by Tony Russell and published in the Guardian newspaper. It describes the musical career of an American singer, "Little" Milton Campbell.

Although he started out in music in the same place and at the same time as BB King, Ike Turner and Elvis Presley, "Little" Milton Campbell, who has died aged 70, escaped the confines of blues or rock 'n' roll to become a spokesman, through soul music, for the entire African-American community.

He was born in Inverness, Mississippi, a town less than 10 miles from Indianola, and near Leland. His first public appearances, singing and playing guitar, were in the clubs of Leland and nearby Greenville's notorious Nelson Street. At 16, he followed the example of BB King, who was nine-years-older, and tried his luck in Memphis.

Before he was 20, Milton had made several records for Sam Phillips's Sun label. They were a heady* brew of shameless imitation and lawless bravado; several of his vocals were blatantly modelled on King, but he also seemed to have an ear cocked to another local contemporary, Bobby Bland.

Milton's guitar playing was decidedly original, all spiky lines and muddy tone. Like Ike Turner, who had produced and played on those records, he moved on to East St Louis, where there were grooming stables of blues and soul artists.

Milton's seven releases on Bobbin were well received, but it was his move, in 1962, to the larger Chess label, in Chicago, that accelerated his progress through the ranks of up-and-coming blues singers. Milton neither wished nor intended to be typecast as a blues singer.

"In order to be successful at this," he noted in an interview with *Living Blues* magazine, "you have to be versatile." When *We're Gonna Make It* went to the top of the R&B chart in the spring of 1965 – Milton was established as one of the leading figures in soul blues.

In the early 1970s, Milton made a logical move for anyone working to the templates of soul and blues, and signed with Stax Records. During a five-year period, he produced numerous records that were both artistically satisfying and quite successful in the R&B charts, but he cannily** retained the affection of older and more blues-inclined listeners with the passionate blues preaching of *Blue Monday* or *The Thrill Is Gone*.

Milton had always kept close ties with the region where he grew up, and would regularly appear both at small clubs and festivals in Mississippi and Arkansas. In 1984, he joined Malaco, the southern soul label based in Jackson, Mississippi. During the next 20 years, he recorded more than a dozen albums.

Like BB King, too, Milton presided over a recorded conference with younger artists, titling it *Welcome To Little Milton* and pleasing his English fans by including a photograph of the roadsign for that quiet Oxfordshire village. His last album, *Think Of Me*, was issued recently, and one of his last performances was earlier this year at the Barbican, London.

He suffered two strokes last month and had been in hospital in Memphis ever since. His wife, Pat, survives him.

- Milton Campbell, blues and soul singer, born September 7 1934; died August 4 2005

*heady** - strong
*cannily*** - cleverly

Read the text below and answer Questions 4–7 on the question paper.

TEXT 2

Extract from 'Really the Blues' by "Mezz" Mezzrow and Bernard Wolfe (1946).

This extract is taken from the section 'Got the Heebies, Got the Jeebies'. In this extract Mezz describes taking his friend Dave to see the jazz singer Bessie Smith perform.

Bessie had such a ringing vibration in that voice of hers, and her tones boomed out so clear and clanging full, you could hear her singing all the way down the street. There was a traffic jam out in front of that café; cats and their kittens* blocked up the side-walk, hypnotized** by the walloping blues that came throbbing out of Bessie's throat. She was putting away *Young Woman Blues*, one of her greatest numbers, when we eased in …

Dave and I just melted together in the blaze of Bessie's singing; that wasn't a voice she had, it was a flame-thrower licking out across the room.

Bessie was a real woman, all woman, all the femaleness the world ever saw in one sweet package. She was tall and brown-skinned, with great big dimples creasing her cheeks, dripping good looks – voluptuous, buxom and massive but stately too, shapely as an hour-glass, with a high-voltage magnet for a personality. When she was in a room her vitality flowed out like a cloud and stuffed the air till the walls bulged. She didn't have any mannerisms, she never needed any twirls and twitches to send those golden notes of hers on their sunshiny way. She just stood there and sang, letting the love and the laughter run out of her, and the heaving sadness too; she felt everything and swayed just a little with the glory of being alive and feeling, and once in a while, with a grace that made you want to laugh and cry all at once, she made an eloquent little gesture with her hand. Bessie maybe never practised her scales in any conservatory of music, wrestling with arpeggios***, but she was an artist right down to her fingertips – a very great artist, born with silver strings for vocal cords and a foaming, churning soul to keep them a-quiver.

Her style was so individual that nobody else ever grasped it. The way she let her rich music tumble out was a perfect example of improvisation – the melody meant nothing to her, she made up her own melody to fit the poetry of her story, phrasing all around the original tune if it wasn't just right, making the vowels come out just the right length, dropping the consonants that might trip up her story, putting just enough emphasis on each syllable to make you really know what she was getting at. She *lived* every song she sang; she was just telling you how it happened to her.

… one day in 1937 she was in an automobile crash … and her arm was almost torn out of its socket. They brought her to the hospital but it seemed like the people there didn't care for the color**** of her skin. The car turned around and drove away, with Bessie's blood dripping on the floor-mat. She was finally admitted to another hospital … but she had lost so much blood that they couldn't operate on her, and a little later she died.

*cats and their kittens** – jazz slang for men and women
*hypnotized*** – American spelling of *hypnotised*
*arpeggios**** – a sequence of musical notes
*color***** – American spelling of *colour*

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Sources:

Text 1: *Little Milton*, Tony Russell, 2005; Guardian.

Text 2: *Really the Blues*, Milton "Mezz" Mezzrow and Bernard Wolfe, 1946; Random House, Inc.

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