

STUDENT NUMBER

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2020

HIGHER
SCHOOL
CERTIFICATE
TRIAL EXAMINATION

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 1 hour and 30 minutes
- Write using black pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided with this paper
- Write your student number at the top of each section

Total marks: 40

Section I – 20 marks (pages 2 -7)

- Attempt questions 1-5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (page 8)

- Attempt Question 6
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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End of Question 5

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the Section II Writing Booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of human experiences in texts
 - analyse, explain and assess the ways human experiences are represented in texts
 - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
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Question 5 (20 marks)

“There are only two ways to influence human behaviour: you can manipulate it, or you can inspire it”

Simon Sinek

Evaluate this statement in light of your study of Texts and Human Experiences.

In your response, refer to your prescribed text.

The prescribed texts are listed on pages 9 – 10 of the Stimulus Booklet.

End of page



JAMES RUSE AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOL

2020

TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE
EXAMINATION

English (Advanced)
Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet for Section I

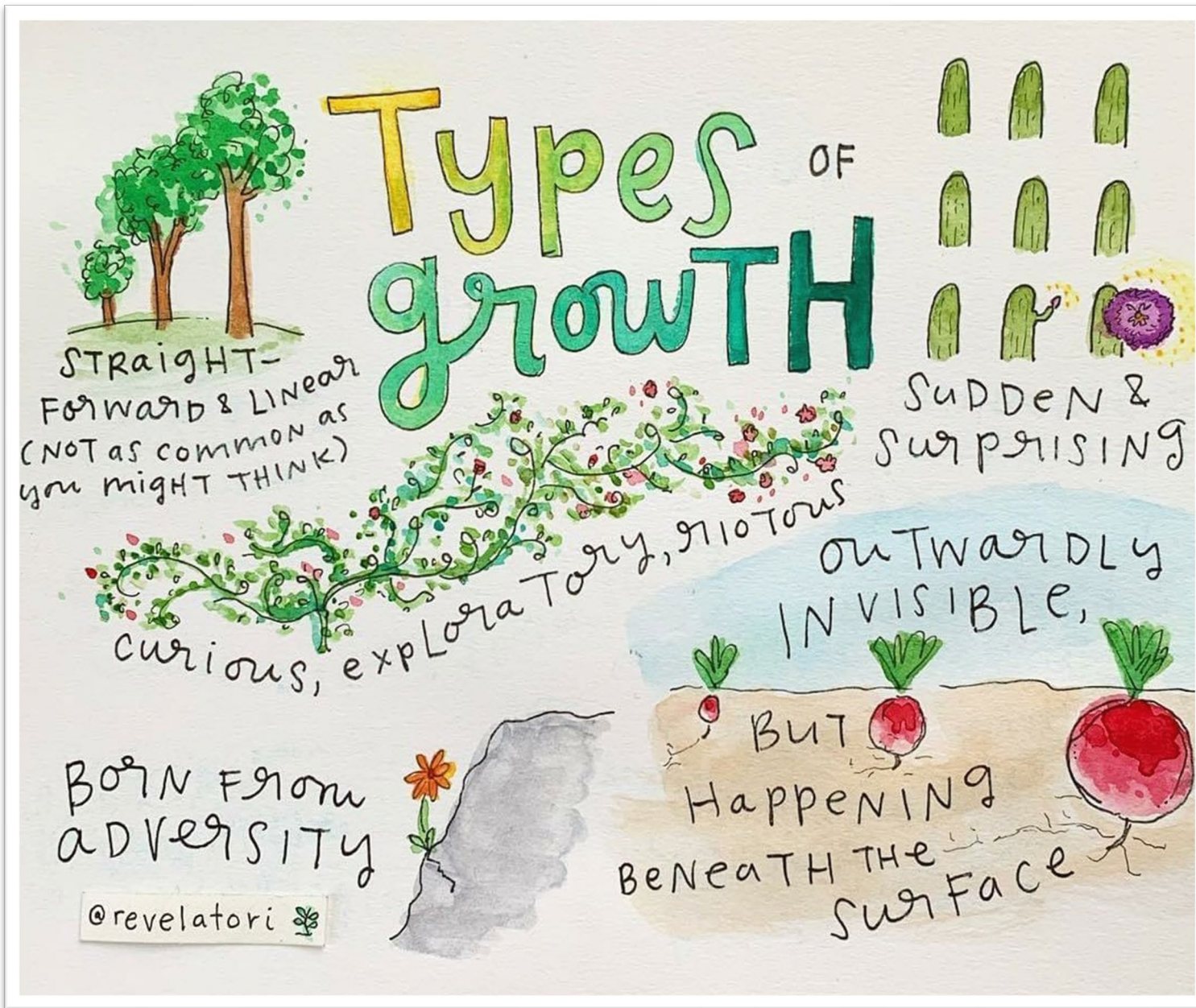
Section I

Pages

• Text 1 Visual.....	2
• Text 2 Poem.....	3
• Text 3 – Non-fiction extract.....	4-5
• Text 4 –Feature Article.....	6-8

SECTION I

Text one – Visual



Text Two – Poem

You've Got to Start Somewhere

I had the idea of sitting still
while others rushed by.
I had the thought of a shop
that still sells records.
A letter in the mailbox.
The way that book felt in my hands.
I was always elsewhere.
How is it to have a body today,
to walk in this city, to run?
I wanted to eat an apple so precisely
the tree would make another
exactly like it, then lie
down uninterrupted
in the gadgetless grass.
I kept texting the precipice,
which kept not answering,
my phone auto-making
everything incorrect.
I had the idea. Put down the phone.
Earth, leaves, storm, water, vine.
The gorgeous art of breathing.
I had the idea — the hope

of friending you without electricity.
Of what could be made among the lampposts
with only our voices and hands.

DEBORAH LANDAU

Text Three – Non-Fiction extract

WE TELL OURSELVES STORIES in order to live. The princess is caged in the consulate. The man with the candy will lead the children into the sea. The naked woman on the ledge outside the window on the sixteenth floor is a victim of accidie,* or the naked woman is an exhibitionist, and it would be “interesting” to know which. We tell ourselves that it makes some difference whether the naked woman is about to commit a mortal sin or is about to register a political protest or is about to be, the Aristophanic* view, snatched back to the human condition by the fireman in priest’s clothing just visible in the window behind her, the one smiling at the telephoto lens. We look for the sermon in the suicide, for the social or moral lesson in the murder of five. We interpret what we see, select the most workable of the multiple choices. We live entirely, especially if we are writers, by the imposition of a narrative line upon disparate images, by the “ideas” with which we have learned to freeze the shifting phantasmagoria* which is our actual experience.

Or at least we do for a while. I am talking here about a time when I began to doubt the premises of all the stories I had ever told myself, a common condition but one I found troubling. I suppose this period began around 1966 and continued until 1971. During those five years I appeared, on the face of it, a competent enough member of some community or another, a signer of contracts and Air Travel cards, a citizen: I wrote a couple of times a month for one magazine or another, published two books, worked on several motion pictures; participated in the paranoia of the time, in the raising of a small child, and in the entertainment of large numbers of people passing through my house; made gingham curtain for spare bedrooms, remembered to ask agents if any reduction of points would be *pari passu** with the financing studio, put lentils to soak on Saturday night for lentil soup on Sunday, made quarterly F.I.C.A. payments and renewed my driver’s license on time, missing on the written examination only the question about financial responsibility of California drivers. It was a time of my life when I was frequently “named.” I was named godmother to children. I was named lecturer and panelist, colloquist and conferee. I was even named, in 1968, a *Los Angeles Times* “Woman of the Year,” along with Mrs. Ronald Reagan, the Olympic swimmer Debbie Meyer, and ten other California women who seemed to keep in touch and do good works. I did no good works but I tried to keep in touch. I was responsible. I recognized my name when I saw it. Once in a while I even answered letters addressed to me, not exactly upon receipt but eventually,

particularly if the letters had come from strangers. "During my absence from the country these past eighteen months," such replies would begin.

This was an adequate enough performance, as improvisations go. The only problem was that my entire education, everything I had ever been told or had told myself, insisted that the production was never meant to be improvised: I was supposed to have a script, and had mislaid it. I was supposed to hear cues, and no longer did.

I was meant to know the plot, but all I knew was what I saw: flash pictures in variable sequence, images with no "meaning" beyond their temporary arrangement, not a movie but a cutting room experience. In what would probably be the middle of my life I wanted still to believe in the narrative and in the narrative's intelligibility, but to know that one could change the sense with every cut was to begin to perceive the experience as rather more electrical than ethical.

During this period I spent what were for me the usual proportions of time in Los Angeles and New York and Sacramento. I spent what seemed to many people I knew an eccentric amount of time in Honolulu, the particular aspect of which lent me the illusion that I could any minute order from room service a revisionist theory of my own history, garnished with a vanda orchid. I watched Robert Kennedy's funeral on a verandah at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu, and also the first reports from My Lai. I reread all of George Orwell on the Royal Hawaiian Beach, and I also read, in the papers that came one day late from the mainland, the story of Betty Lansdown Fouquet, a 26-year-old woman with faded blond hair who put her five-year-old daughter out to die on the center divider of Interstate 5 some miles south of the last Bakersfield exit. The child, whose fingers had to be pried loose from the Cyclone fence when she was rescued twelve hours later by the California Highway Patrol, reported that she had run after the car carrying her mother and stepfather and brother and sister for "a long time." Certain of these images did not fit into any narrative I knew.

JOAN DIDION-Extract from *The White Album*

* **accidie**- spiritual or mental sloth; apathy.

* **Aristophanic**-Athenian comic dramatist.

* **phantasmagoria**- a sequence of real or imaginary images like that seen in a dream.

* **pari passu**- side by side; at the same rate or on an equal footing.

Thomas Keneally's 2020s vision: We must abandon the language of the market to reclaim our humanity

Thomas Keneally

In the last 30 years we have been transmuted from pilgrims and patients and students to become, as our primary identification, consumers and clients



It is OK with me if all the world is a stage and we are mere actors, because that assertion has a humane coloration to it. But I resist the idea that all the world's a market.' Photograph: Jonny Weeks/The Guardian

It is easy for punters to send up economists. First of all, they often adopt the gargling pomposity of an archbishop talking dogma. Their argot of terms like “quantitative easing” – which sounds like something we do after Christmas lunch – always suggests something grand whose wheels will run over us.

And since the new economics made the market the supreme entity in our world, all the world has become a market, and the status of humans and citizens has thereby declined. We can laugh when the late Gary Becker, neo-conservative of the Chicago School, defined marriage as a contract between “two utility maximising agents” in which “love as default” is identified as a “non-marketable household commodity”. We imagine lovers whispering “you maximise my utility like no one else can, honey” or “no, the stories I’ve been trading my non-marketable household commodity with him/her are absolute lies!”

But our laughter is cheap, and words used in the new economics have a huge heft to them. When it comes to health, education and welfare, we are no longer members of

a human compact. We are no longer students, patients, battlers down on our luck. We are not members of a common wealth any more. We are clients of a system.

If you don't believe, look at the website of the Department of Health and Human Services. The word "clients" is the blanket term. It is OK with me if all the world is a stage and we are mere actors, because that assertion has a humane coloration to it. But I resist the idea that all the world's a market, including health, in which our reality is to achieve the role of consumer, customer, client. For there is an obvious difference in human imagination and experience between a human undergoing cancer surgery and one buying a SUV. But not in the perception of market economics.

Admittedly "client" was used by psychiatrists in good faith as recognising a less elitist way of recognising people who asked for their help, and acknowledging the patient was never passive in his own recovery. But when it came into use in the 1970s, it was marshalled to serve the ends of market economics. A client, after all, was until then used chiefly by lawyers and real estate agents, and in both cases it had economic meaning – "one who pays".

The new nomenclature we've been subjected to alters our relationship to human services. Indeed, the trickle-down effect of the new economics was supposed by now to have replaced human services provided by government.

Funny that it hasn't. Funny that it has increased divisions and that its jargon is abominated by ordinary people, who then look for love in all the wrong places amongst modern demagogues. If one looks at the long history of human experience, it is only in the last 30 years that we have been transmuted from pilgrims and patients and students to become, as our primary identification, consumers and clients.

Unemployment is a misdemeanour to be drug-tested and subject to delay in benefits, since the unemployed are a blot on the market, redeeming themselves only when they pay for things. This poisonous re-definition has allowed conservative prime ministers to see our universities, for example, as vocational schools in which the humanities, which used to be the whole point of university education, are an indulgence and must be pared down.

Hence, we can't afford a professor of Australian literature at Sydney University now. And of course, the long-term awards to research bodies are not serving the market quickly enough, so cut that as yet un-applied stuff down too! In the words of Joe Hockey, chief architect of the notorious 2014 budget, research tends to "lean" with no guarantee that it will ever "lift".

Thus, on his own obscure grounds, Simon Birmingham when education minister presumed to rule out a number of humanities research grants, and Dan Tehan, his successor, has declared that all research grant applications should explain how the research is in "the national interest". Really, and decided by whom? To hell with you Mr Erasmus, Kant and Kierkegaard, because you would all fail such a test.

While I'm on the rant, as old guys like me love to be, may I confess to a similar distaste for the word "inevitable". User-pays is inevitable in health services, we are told, and it is inevitable that pensions will become unsustainable because of age imbalance.

Challenging, sure. But the new economics are not new, and what was once called political economy was applied in famines throughout the empire, notably Bengal and Ireland, after prophets like Malthus had told politicians famine was inevitable, and they took that belief into their policy. Millions died, not for lack of food resources but because politicians considered their deaths inevitable. And because as a gifted economist of famine Amartya Sen said, they lacked, in government's eyes, "entitlement" to the food they grew.

Politicians will steal your future with that word "inevitable". So let us reclaim our self-definition as a start.

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*Thomas Keneally is an Australian novelist

End of Text 4