



St Ursula's College

K I N G S G R O V E

English Advanced

Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Stimulus Booklet for Section I

and

List of prescribed texts for Section II

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Section II

- List of prescribed texts 14-15

Text 1: Image



Text 2: Feature Article

Barbara Blackman: Seeing from within

When I asked Barbara Blackman if "this autobiographical film was based on her autobiographical reflections, *Glass after glass*, which made such a splash when it was first published in 1997", the answer was a resounding "no".

"One life has many autobiographies," she says, "it depends on where you place a shaft of memory."

Blackman, now 88, has lived in Canberra since March 2002 and has led a full, yet unconventional life, one where childhood optic atrophy resulted in her becoming legally blind by the age of 21.

"Blindness is not a negative," she says, "It is a different way of seeing, hence the title of the film *Seeing from within*."

"Blindness is not living in a world of total darkness – my world is blue, pink and grey. It is better to see blindness as an eccentricity – seeing is a centricity and blindness is an eccentricity."

The film came about on the initiative of the producer John Swindells: Blackman produced a series of scripts for the film from which Swindells made a selection and the whole film was shot with Blackman seated in her favourite chair in the living room of her house in Canberra relating her life's story. This first-person narrative is punctuated with archival footage and, less successfully, illustrated with little animated characters who play out the narrative.

The film opens with a blank screen with Blackman saying, "I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth, but with something much better – a question mark ... And I have asked 'why'? What is life? How does one live it, then 'why?' As an old woman to be still an explorer with the terrible thought – that one may have the experience, but miss the meaning."

The film then continues as an autobiographical sketch where we trace her life from her birth in Brisbane as one of twin girls born on December 22, 1928. Her sister only lived for 16 days and her father died when she was three, leaving Blackman and her mother living in various homes and boarding houses in Brisbane, while her mother worked as an accountant.

As a child going through the state school system in Brisbane, she embraced literature and music and formed close friendships with writers, particularly Judith Wright. On moving to study in Sydney, she met Charles Blackman on August 12, 1949, at the artist's 21st birthday party, and shortly after that they became lovers. Their marriage lasted almost 30 years, they divorced in 1978 and, as Blackman eloquently describes it with a memorable turn of phrase, "it was one of the great marriages, which lasted as long as possible, and a bit longer".

Text 2 continues page 4

Text 2 (continued)

Charles claimed to have had enough eyes for both of them, while Blackman had the intellect and the organisational ability to give order to his life. He read to her the corpus of great literature, especially the Russian classics, while she supported the family by working as a model for artists and receiving a modest disability pension.

Charles gained recognition in the early 1950s, first with his schoolgirl paintings and then with his Alice series and participated in the controversial Antipodean exhibition in 1959. The following year he was awarded the Helena Rubinstein Travelling Scholarship and the family shifted to London where they not only formed a hub within the Australian expatriate community, but also attracted many European intellectuals, including the wonderful poet Ted Hughes.

What emerges clearly in the film is that Blackman was not simply the wife of a famous artist, but she steered her own ship and is a formidable intellectual. As a writer, poet and essayist, she forged her own identity and had her own strong relationships, such as with the Australian author Ray Mathew.

As Charles' fame grew and his life dissolved into an alcoholic stupor, Blackman guided the development of their children, Auguste, Christabel and Barnaby, and enhanced her own professional standing. By 1979, after she had turned 50, she found herself alone, without a lover, money or a job, and travelled for five months to Central and Western Australia as part of a self-discovery and healing process.

By 1981 she had met the French-born philosopher Marcel Veldhoven, whom she later married, and with whom she settled in a rural retreat that they built on the NSW south coast. After a long relationship, they separated with Marcel going off to pursue Tibetan Buddhism, while Blackman shifted to Canberra.

When I asked her why she chose Canberra, she hesitated, pointing out that for many years she had fruitfully worked for the National Library on their oral histories project and "my two oldest friends lived in Canberra, Judith Wright and Nugget Coombs".

Longevity has meant that she has outlived many of her contemporaries, but she has never tired of extending her horizons and has been a generous benefactor of Australian contemporary music and of Australian museums with gifts of art from her collection.

Text 2 continues page 5

Text 2 (continued)

Seeing from within is an inspirational film about a brilliant and challenging intellectual who on many fronts has contributed to our thinking about art and music in this country. Her libretto to Peter Sculthorpe's *Eliza Surviva*, her book of correspondence with Judith Wright or her recent, beautifully amusing book *Dog's Doggerel* are but three examples of her brilliant and penetrating intellect.

Blackman is a genuinely interesting person who takes delight in challenging conventional wisdom. In the ninth and concluding section of the film she says, "I have not lived a conventional life, I could not have lived a conventional life as I could not have picked up the rules."

It may not be a conventional life, but it is a rich life, one which she presently shares with her Jack Russell called "Piece of string" (she also answers to Princess). Over the years that I have known her, I have always treasured her insights, aphorisms and her gift of wisdom. When I saw her last, she said as I was leaving, "I go with the angels and they know more than we do – I told them what I wanted and they showed me the way."

Sasha Grishin

Text 3: Poem

Trampolining

The fattest eternity is childhood,
minutes stuffed with waiting
and the just-there world
deferred to an afterlife of joy
where magically we outgrow
what could tell us what to do:

we sat cross-legged on the floor, quiet
as the glad-wrapped biscuits on the supper-table,
a summer school night boiling over
with nightmare prayers
in somebody's Adelaide living room
fed air by a cooler on rollers,

our pastor bellowing at the helm,
hell's ore in his flame-cheeks.
Gorby, Reagan and Thatcher went
chasing round his head with bombs:
explode the world and bring
the roaring-back of God-the-parent!

The grown-ups stamped their thonged
and sandalled feet on the carpet:
the mortgages and what they worked for,
the chip pan bubbling every night at six,
the hand-me-downs all forced to fit
oh take it Satan, it's all yours . . .

Any day we'd be whooshed up to heaven;
and the kids at school, their parents,
cousins, dogs,
sucked up and funnelled
into Hell's gated suburb, far out
where no public transport would travel.

But my brother and I were saving up
for a trampoline: it's coming required
every cent of our faith
that we might allowed to remain
in the human world a bit longer,
to have it and jump on it: to believe

Text 3 continues on page 7

Text 3 (continued)

in the leaden feet sunk in the cool summer grass,
the springy canopy shooting us up
above the apple trees, all day and well into dusk,
touching heaven with our hair,
our tongues, our fingertips, then somersaulting,
shrieking and tumbling

back down into the miracle, or whatever
it was: the thing not yet taken, the present-tense
cast off by the adults for the kids to play with.

End of text 3

Text 4: Fiction Extract

Transcription

The Children's Hour

'Miss Armstrong? Miss Armstrong, can you hear me?'

She could although she didn't seem able to respond. She was badly damaged. Broken. She had been hit by a car. It might have been her own fault, she had been distracted - she had lived for so long abroad that she had probably looked the wrong way when she was crossing Wigmore Street in the midsummer twilight. Between the darkness and the daylight.

'Miss Armstrong?'

A policeman? Or a paramedic. Someone official, someone who must have looked in her bag and found something with her name on it. She had been at a concert – Shostakovich. The string quartets, all fifteen parsed out in servings of three a day at the Wigmore Hall. It was Wednesday – the Seventh, Eighth and Ninth. She supposed she would miss the rest of them now.

'Miss Armstrong?'

In the June of 1942 she had been in the Royal Albert Hall for the concert premiere of the Seventh Symphony, the 'Leningrad'. A man she knew had finessed a ticket for her. The Hall had been packed to the rafters and the atmosphere had been electrifying, magnificent - it had felt as though they were at one with the occupants of the siege. And with Shostakovich too. A collective swelling of the heart. So long ago. So meaningless now.

The Russians had been their enemies and then they were their allies, and then they were enemies again. The Germans the same - the great enemy, the worst of all of them, and now they were our friends, one of the mainstays of Europe. It was all such a waste of breath. War and peace. Peace and war. It would go on forever without end.

'Miss Armstrong, I'm just going to put this neck collar on you.'

She found herself thinking about her son. Matteo. He was twenty-six years old, the result of a brief liaison with an Italian musician – she had lived in Italy for many years. Juliet's love for Matteo had been one of the overwhelming wonders of her life. She was worried for him - he was living in Milan with a girl who made him unhappy and she was fretting over this when the car hit her.

Lying on the pavement of Wigmore Street with concerned bystanders all around she knew there was no way out from this. She was just sixty years old, although it had probably been a long enough life. Yet suddenly it all seemed like an illusion, a dream that had happened to someone else. What an odd thing existence was.

There was to be a royal wedding. Even now, as she lay on this London pavement with these kind strangers around her, a sacrificial virgin was being prepared somewhere up the road, to satisfy the need for pomp and circumstance. Union Jacks draped everywhere. There was no mistaking that she was home. At last.

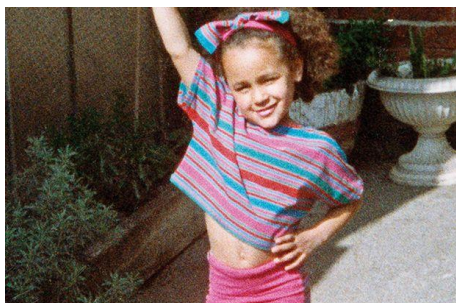
'This England,' she murmured.

Kate Atkinson

Text 5 : Autobiography extract

Jessica Ennis: My story from beating the school bullies to becoming a golden girl

In an exclusive extract from her new autobiography Jessica Ennis describes how she beat the bullies – and ended up meeting David Beckham



Olympic heptathlon champion Jessica Ennis has revealed how a small Sheffield lass fought her way to become a sporting giant.

I am crying. I am a Sheffield schoolgirl writing in her diary about the bullies awaiting me tomorrow.

They stand menacingly by the gates and lurk unseen in my head, mocking my size and status.

They make a small girl shrink, and I feel insecure and frightened.

I pour the feelings out into words on the page, as if exposing them in some way will help, but nobody sees my diary.

It is kept in my room as a hidden tale of hurt.

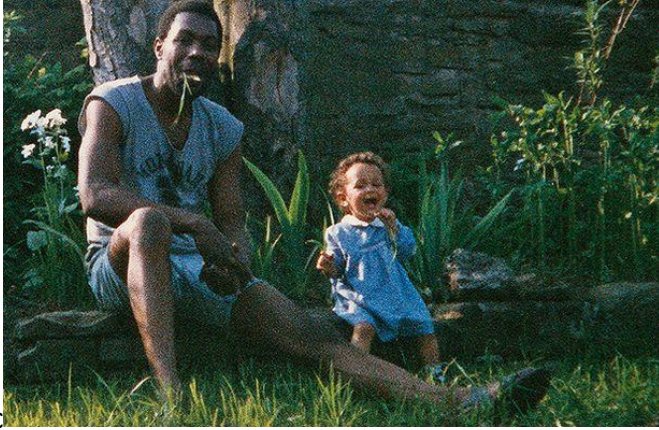
Fast forward two decades and I am crying again. I am standing in a cavernous arena in London.

Suddenly, the pain and suffering and frustration give way to a flood of overwhelming emotion.

In the middle of this enormous arena I feel smaller than ever, but I puff out my chest, look to the flag and stand tall.

It has been a long and winding road from the streets of Sheffield to the tunnel that feeds into the Olympic Stadium like an artery.

Text 5 continues on page 10



Family life: With her dad Vinnie

I am Jessica Ennis. I have been called many things, from tadpole to poster girl, but I have had to fight to make that progression.

I smile and am polite and so people think it comes easily, but it doesn't.

I am not one of those athletes who slap their thighs and snarl before a competition, but there is a competitive animal inside, waiting to get out and fight for survival and recognition.

Cover shoots and billboards are nice, but they are nothing without the work and I have left blood, sweat and tears on tracks all over the world.

It is an age where young people are fed ideas of quick-fix fame and instant celebrity, but the tears mean more if the journey is hard.

So I don't cry crocodile tears; I cry the real stuff.

In 1993 my parents sent me to Sharrow Junior School.

In terms of academic results it was not the best, but Mum was keen for me to go somewhere that had a rich mix of races and cultures.

I was the smallest in the class and I became more self-conscious about it as the years went by.

Swimming was a particular ordeal, and in my mind now, I can still see this young, timid wisp standing by the side of a pool in her red swimming costume quaking with anxiety.

I was small and scraggy and that was when the bullying started.

Text 5 continues on page 11

Text 5 (continued)

There were two girls who were really nasty to me. They did not hit me, but bullying can take on many forms and the abuse and name-calling hurt.

The saying about sticks and stones breaking bones but words never hurting falls on deaf ears when you are a schoolkid in the throes of a verbal beating.

At that age, girls can be almost paralysed by their self-consciousness, so each nasty little word cut deep wounds.

I went home, cried and wrote in my diary. Perhaps it would be nice to say that one day I fought back and beat the bullies, but I didn't.

It festered away and became a big thing in my life, leaving me wracked with fear about what they would say or do next.

It got to the point that I dreaded seeing them at school.

And then we moved on to secondary school and I found out that they were going there too. The dread got deeper.

Later, I did tell my mum. 'They are only jealous of you,' she replied. But jealous of what? I could not understand it.

I tried to deal with it myself, but that was impossible.

I would rely on my diary and hope for the best, but that was not much of a defence against these scary girls who were dominating my thoughts.

And then, around that time, my mum saw an advert for a summer sports camp at the Don Valley Stadium in Sheffield.

It was my first taste of sport and it would be the first tentative step towards fighting back and getting my own quiet revenge on the bullies.

I started at King Ecgbert's School in the little village of Dore in South Sheffield in September 1997. I was still terrified on the first day.

Text 5 continues on page 12

Text 5 (continued)

I was not a confident child and almost froze when my dad asked me to go and get the paper from the corner shop one day.

‘On my own?’

Dad barely looked at me. ‘Yes, here’s the money.’

He knew I needed to shed some of my inhibitions, but I still remember going to big school and being frightened.

There were two buildings, Wessex and Mercia, separated by a changeover path, and as I was edging along it one day, I heard an older girl say: ‘Oh, look at her, she’s so tiny and cute.’ That made me feel 10 times worse.

Sport, though, was becoming an outlet for the insecurities and I found I was good at it. Gradually, I became more popular.

The two bullies were still there, but if I was talking to anyone going through something similar I would stress things change quickly.

It does not seem like it at the time, of course, with every week an endless agony of groundhog days, but it soon fades.

I slowly made friends and the tide turned. The same girls who had bullied me now wanted to be friends.

It was all part of that whirlpool of hormones and petty jealousies that is part of being a young girl.

Now I do not think they were inherently nasty people, but I know what I have done with my life and I think I am in a better position.

WHEN adidas asked if I would like to go to LA to do a photo-shoot with David Beckham, we said yes immediately.

He was as nice and grounded as anyone you’ll meet.

His music was playing in the house through his iPod. When a song came on that had some swearing in it, he rushed in and told someone to change it because his kids were around.

Text 5 continues on page 13

Text 5 (continued)

I noticed how his kids tore around, pursued by bodyguards, and could not imagine how he managed to live like that and remain so normal.

I had experienced it on a tiny scale, but he could not go anywhere without someone checking the house and watching over his kids. It must be a weird life but I liked him a lot.

I am glad I did not have a coach or parents living out their dreams through me and driving me headlong towards burn-out.

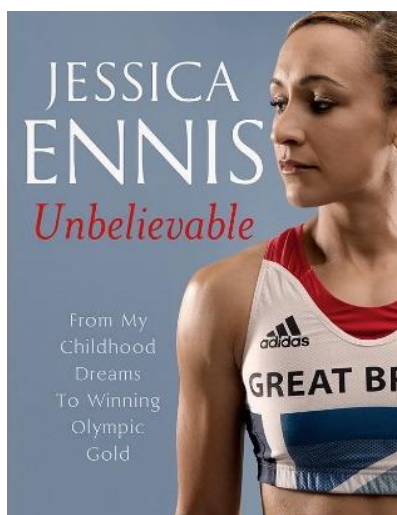
The one time my dad did intervene was when a girl said something racist about me to my friend.

She told me, I told my parents, and Dad went round to the girl's house and shouted at her on the doorstep. It probably unearthed old wounds for him.

My dad, Vinnie, moved to England from Jamaica in 1963, when he was 12. They were hard times.

But it is the only time I have ever encountered anything like that.

I was amazed when I saw on Twitter: 'Jessica Ennis's dad is black – I can't believe it.' What couldn't they believe?



End of text 5

Section II

The prescribed texts for Section II are:

***Prose Fiction** – Anthony Doerr, *All the Light We Cannot See*

- Amanda Lohrey, *Vertigo*
- George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*
- Favel Parrett, *Past the Shallows*

***Poetry** – Rosemary Dobson, *Rosemary Dobson Collected*

The prescribed poems are:

- * *Young Girl at a Window*
- * *Over the Hill*
- * *Summer's End*
- * *The Conversation*
- * *Cock Crow*
- * *Amy Caroline*
- * *Canberra Morning*

– Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*

The prescribed poems are:

- * *Wild Grapes*
- * *Gulliver*
- * *Out of Time*
- * *Vesper-Song of the Reverend Samuel Marsden*
- * *William Street*
- * *Beach Burial*

***Drama** – Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*, from Vivienne Cleven et al.,
Contemporary Indigenous Plays
– Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*

Section II continues on page 15

Section II prescribed texts (continued)

***Shakespearean**

Drama – William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*

*** Nonfiction** – Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*

* *Havoc: A Life in Accidents*

* *Betsy*

* *Twice on Sundays*

* *The Wait and the Flow*

* *In the Shadow of the Hospital*

* *The Demon Shark*

* *Barefoot in the Temple of Art*

– Malala Yousafzai and Christina Lamb, *I am Malala*

***Film** – Stephen Daldry, *Billy Elliot*

***Media** – Ivan O’Mahoney

* *Go Back to Where You Came From*

– *Series 1: Episodes 1, 2 and 3*

and

* *The Response*

– Lucy Walker, *Waste Land*

End of Section II



St Ursula's College

KINGSGROVE

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

Total marks: 40

Section I – 20 marks (page 3) • Attempt Questions 1–5

- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II – 20 marks (page 4)

- Attempt Question
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section I

20 marks

Attempt Questions 1–

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Your answers 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
-

Examine Texts 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 in the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions below.

Use **Text 1** to answer this question

Marks

1. How does the visual give insight into the anomalies in human behaviour?

3

Use **Text 2** to answer this question

2. How does this passage convey the challenges experienced by Barbara Blackman ?

3

Use **Text 3** to answer this question

3. Analyse how the poem represents the contrasting experiences of the adults and the children.

4

Use **Text 4** to answer this question

4. Explain how this passage explores the complexity of the human experience.

4

Use **Text 5 and Text 1 or 2 or 3 or 4** to answer this question

5. Compare how **Text 5 and Text 1 or 2 or 3 or 4** represent a perspective of an individual human experience

6

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

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
-

Question (20 marks)

Stories enable us to learn about the experiences of others as a collective race of beings and also to engage with our own sense of self as unique individuals.

Explore this statement with close reference to your prescribed text.

Sample 1

Section III – Module C: The Craft of Writing

20 marks

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Your answer will be assessed on how well you:

- craft language to address the demands of the question
 - use language appropriate to audience, purpose and context to deliberately shape meaning
-

Question 3 (20 marks)

“Sometimes fate is like a small sandstorm that keeps changing directions. You change direction but the sandstorm chases you. You turn again, but the storm adjusts. Over and over you play this out, like some ominous dance with death just before dawn. Why? Because this storm isn’t something that blew in from far away, something that has nothing to do with you. This storm is you. Something inside of you. So all you can do is give in to it, step right inside the storm, closing your eyes and plugging up your ears so the sand doesn’t get in, and walk through it, step by step. There’s no sun there, no moon, no direction, no sense of time. Just fine white sand swirling up into the sky like pulverized bones. That’s the kind of sandstorm you need to imagine.

HARUKI MURAKAMI, from *Kafka on the Shore*
©Haruki Murakami (Vintage, London)

- (a) In this extract, the writer crafts his text with a variety of powerful techniques, including an extended metaphor. 12

Write a short piece of effective persuasive text that includes an extended metaphor to express your perspective about a significant concern or idea that you have engaged with in ONE of your prescribed texts from Module C.

- (b) Justify the crafting decisions you have made in your writing in part (a). 8