



SHORE

Exam Number:

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Year 12
English (Advanced) Course
HSC Trial Examination
Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences
Question Booklet
2021

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

Page 3 - 9

20 marks

- Attempt Questions 1 – 4
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II

Page 10

20 marks

- Attempt Question 5
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Note: Any time you have remaining should be spent revising your answers.

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Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet.

- 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

How are poetic devices used to examine the effects of time on the human experience?

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

3

Question 2 (6 marks)

Use **Text 1** and **Text 2** to answer this question.

Analyse how both Text 1 and Text 2 convey ideas about identity.

Section I continues on Page 5

[illegible]

Section I continues on Page 6

Question 3 (5 marks)

Use **Text 3** to answer this question.

To what extent does the composer explore humanity as a complex experience?

[illegible]

Section I continues on Page 7

Section I continues on Page 8

Question 4 (5 marks)

Use **Text 4** to answer this question.

How has the text explored the significance of storytelling as a way to understand the human experience?

[illegible]

Section I continues on Page 9

End of Section 1

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 5

Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet.

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 5 (20 marks)

“Never again will you be capable of love, or friendship, or joy of living, or laughter, or curiosity, or courage, or integrity. You will be hollow. We shall squeeze you empty, and then we shall fill you with ourselves.”

With reference to the above quote, discuss how the representation of characters in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* leads to a deeper understanding of dehumanisation.

The prescribed text for Section II is:

- **Prose Fiction** – George Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

End of Section II

End of Examination

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Stimulus Booklet for Section I

2021

General instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
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Section I

Pages 3 - 8

20 marks

- | | | | | |
|---|------|---|---|-----------------|
| • | Text | 1 | – | Poem |
| • | Text | 2 | – | Fiction Extract |
| • | Text | 3 | – | Fiction Extract |
| • | Text | 4 | – | Non-fiction |

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Section I

20 marks

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
-

Text one – Poem, *An Old Man*

At the noisy end of the cafe, head bent
over the table, an old man sits alone,
a newspaper in front of him.

And in the miserable banality of old age
he thinks how little he enjoyed the years
when he had strength, eloquence, and looks.

He knows he's aged a lot: he sees it, feels it.

Yet it seems he was young just yesterday.

So brief an interval, so brief.

And he thinks of Prudence, how it fooled him,
how he always believed – what madness –
that cheat who said: "Tomorrow. You have plenty of time."

He remembers impulses bridled, the joy
he sacrificed. Every chance he lost
now mocks his senseless caution.

But so much thinking, so much remembering
makes the old man dizzy. He falls asleep,
his head resting on the cafe table.

CONSTANTINE. P. CAVAFY

Section I continues on page 4

Text two – Fiction adapted from, *Herzog*

For instance? Well, for instance, what it means to be a man. In a city. In a century. In transition. In a mass. Transformed by science. Under organised power. Subject to tremendous controls. In a condition caused by mechanization. After the late failure of radical hopes. In a society that was no community and devalued the person. Owing to the multiplied power of numbers which made the self-negligible. Which spent military billions against foreign enemies but would not pay for order at home. Which permitted savagery and barbarism in its own great cities. At the same time, the pressure of human millions who have discovered what concerted efforts and thoughts can do. As megatons of water shape organisms on the ocean floor. As tides polish stones. As winds hollow cliffs. The beautiful supermachinery opening a new life for innumerable mankind. Would you deny them the right to exist? Would you ask them to labour and go hungry while you yourself enjoyed old-fashioned Values? You—you yourself are a child of this mass and a brother to all the rest. or else an ingrate, dilettante, idiot. There, Herzog, thought Herzog, since you ask for the instance, is the way it runs.”

SAUL BELLOW

Section I continues on page 5

Text three - Fiction adapted from, *The Other Man*

Liem's plan was to walk calmly past the waiting crowd after he disembarked, but instead he found himself hesitating at the gate, anxiously scanning the strange faces. In one hand he held his duffel bag, and in the other he clutched the form given to him by Mrs Lindemulder, the woman with the horn-rimmed glasses from the refugee service. When she had seen him off at the San Diego airport, she'd told his sponsor, Parrish Coyne, would be waiting in San Francisco. The flight was only his second trip by air, and he'd passed it crumpling and uncrumpling an empty pretzel bag, until his seatmate asked him if he could please stop. American etiquette confused him, for Americans could sometimes be very polite, and at other times rather rude, jostling by him as they did now in their rush to disembark. The lingering pressure in his ears bewildered him further, making it hard for him to understand the PA system's distorted English. He was wondering if he was missing something important when he spotted the man who must be Parrish Coyne, standing near the back of the crowd and holding up a hand-lettered placard with MR LIEM printed neatly in red. The sight nearly overwhelmed Liem with relief and gratitude, for no one had ever called him "mister" before.

Parrish Coyne was middle-aged and, except for his grey ponytail, distinguished-looking, his deep-set green eyes resting above a thin, straight nose. He wore a brown fedora and a black leather jacket, unbuttoned over a generous belly. After Liem shyly approached him, but before Liem could say a word, he said Liem's name twice. "Liem, I presume?" Parrish spoke with an English accent as he clasped Liem's hand and mispronounced his name, using two syllables instead of one. "Li-am is it?"

"Yes," Liem said, guessing that his foreignness was evident to all. "That is me." He meant to correct Parrish's pronunciation, but before he could do so, Parrish unexpectedly hugged him, leaving him to pat the man's shoulder awkwardly, aware of other people watching them and wondering, no doubt, about their relationship. Then Parrish stepped back and gripped his shoulders, staring at him with an intensity that made Liem self-conscious, unused as he was to being the object of such scrutiny.

"Stop it," the young man next to Parrish said, also with an English accent. "You're embarrassing him." Just then the pressure in Liem's eardrums popped, and the muffled sounds of the terminal swelled to a normal volume and clarity.

"This is Marcus Chan," Parrish said, "my good friend."

With Marcus carrying the duffel bag and trailing behind, Parrish guided Liem through the terminal, hand on elbow. "It must seem very overwhelming to you," Parrish said, waving in a way that rook in the crowds, the terminal, and presumably all of San Francisco. "I can only imagine how strange this all appears. Coming here from England was enough of a culture shock for me. In any case," Parrish said, squeezing Liem's elbow and bending his head to speak more confidentially into Liem's ear, "you must have had an awful time of it."

"No, not very bad." Liem spoke with nonchalance, even though the prospect of rehearsing his story one more time flooded him with dread. In the four months since he'd fled Saigon, he'd been asked his story again and again, by sailors, marines, and social workers, their questions becoming all too predictable. What was it like? How do you feel? Isn't it all so *sad*? Casting himself as just one more anonymous refugee, he recalled a drama that began with leaving his parents in Long Xuyen last summer...

VIET THANH NGUYEN

Section I continues on page 6

Text four: Feature article adapted from *The New Yorker*, *Why I Wrote The Crucible*

An artist's answer to politics.

As I watched *The Crucible* taking shape as a movie over much of the past year, the sheer depth of time that it represents for me kept returning to mind. As those powerful actors blossomed on the screen, and the children and the horses, the crowds and the wagons, I thought again about how I came to cook all this up nearly fifty years ago, in an America almost nobody I know seems to remember clearly. In a way, there is a biting irony in this film's having been made by a Hollywood studio, something unimaginable in the fifties. But there they are—Daniel Day-Lewis (John Proctor) scything his sea-bordered field, Joan Allen (Elizabeth) lying pregnant in the frigid jail, Winona Ryder (Abigail) stealing her minister-uncle's money, majestic Paul Scofield (Judge Danforth) and his righteous empathy with the Devil-possessed children, and all of them looking as inevitable as rain.

I remember those years—they formed *The Crucible's* skeleton—but I have lost the dead weight of the fear I had then. Fear doesn't travel well; just as it can warp judgment, its absence can diminish memory's truth. What terrifies one generation is likely to bring only a puzzled smile to the next. I remember how in 1964, only twenty years after the war, Harold Clurman, the director of "Incident at Vichy," showed the cast a film of a Hitler speech, hoping to give them a sense of the Nazi period in which my play took place. They watched as Hitler, facing a vast stadium full of adoring people, went up on his toes in ecstasy, hands clasped under his chin, a sublimely self-gratified grin on his face, his body swivelling rather cutely, and they giggled at his overacting. Likewise, films of Senator Joseph McCarthy are rather unsettling—if you remember the fear he once spread. Buzzing his truculent sidewalk brawler's snarl through the hairs in his nose, squinting through his cat's eyes and sneering like a villain, he comes across now as nearly comical, a self-aware performer keeping a straight face as he does his juicy threat-shtick.

McCarthy's power to stir fears of creeping Communism was not entirely based on illusion, of course; the paranoid, real or pretended, always secretes its pearl around a grain of fact. From being our wartime ally, the Soviet Union rapidly became an expanding empire. In 1949, Mao Zedong took power in China. Western Europe also seemed ready to become Red—especially Italy, where the Communist Party was the largest outside Russia, and was growing. Capitalism, in the opinion of many, myself included, had nothing more to say, its final poisoned bloom having been Italian and German Fascism. McCarthy—brash and ill-mannered but to many authentic and true—boiled it all down to what anyone could understand: we had "lost China" and would soon lose Europe as well, because the State Department—staffed, of course, under Democratic Presidents—was full of treasonous pro-Soviet intellectuals. It was as simple as that.

If our losing China seemed the equivalent of a flea's losing an elephant, it was still a phrase—and a conviction—that one did not dare to question; to do so was to risk drawing suspicion on oneself. Indeed, the State Department proceeded to hound and fire the officers who knew China, its language, and its opaque culture—a move that suggested the practitioners of sympathetic magic who wring the neck of a doll in order to make a distant enemy's head drop off. There was magic all around; the politics of alien conspiracy soon dominated political discourse and bid fair to wipe out any other issue. How could one deal with such enormities in a play?

The Crucible was an act of desperation. Much of my desperation branched out, I suppose, from a typical Depression-era trauma—the blow struck on the mind by the rise of European Fascism and the brutal anti-Semitism it had brought to power. But by 1950, when I began to think of writing about the hunt for Reds in America, I was motivated in some great part by the paralysis that had set in among many liberals who, despite their discomfort with the inquisitors' violations of civil rights, were fearful, and with good reason, of being identified as covert Communists if they should protest too strongly.

Section I continues on page 7

In any play, however trivial, there has to be a still point of moral reference against which to gauge the action. In our lives, in the late nineteen-forties and early nineteen-fifties, no such point existed anymore. The left could not look straight at the Soviet Union's abrogations of human rights. The anti-Communist liberals could not acknowledge the violations of those rights by congressional committees. The far right, meanwhile, was licking up all the cream. Gradually, all the old political and moral reality had melted like a Salvador Dali watch. Nobody but a fanatic, it seemed, could really say all that he believed.

President Truman was among the first to have to deal with the dilemma, and his way of resolving it—of having to trim his sails before the howling gale on the right—turned out to be momentous. At first, he was outraged at the allegation of widespread Communist infiltration of the government and called the charge of “coddling Communists” a red herring dragged in by the Republicans to bring down the Democrats. But such was the gathering power of raw belief in the great Soviet plot that Truman soon felt it necessary to institute loyalty boards of his own. The Red hunt, led by the House Committee on Un-American Activities and by McCarthy, was becoming the dominating fixation of the American psyche. It reached Hollywood when the studios, after first resisting, agreed to submit artists' names to the House Committee for “clearing” before employing them. This unleashed a veritable holy terror among actors, directors, and others, from Party members to those who had had the merest brush with a front organisation.

In those years, our thought processes were becoming so magical, so paranoid, that to imagine writing a play about this environment was like trying to pick one's teeth with a ball of wool: I lacked the tools to illuminate miasma. Yet I kept being drawn back to it.

On the play's opening night, January 22, 1953, I knew that the atmosphere would be pretty hostile. The coldness of the crowd was not a surprise; Broadway audiences were not famous for loving history lessons, which is what they made of the play. It seems to me entirely appropriate that on the day the play opened, a newspaper headline read “*ALL THIRTEEN REDS GUILTY*”—a story about American Communists who faced prison for “conspiring to teach and advocate the duty and necessity of forcible overthrow of government.” The critics were not swept away. “Arthur Miller is a problem playwright in both senses of the word,” wrote Walter Kerr of the *Herald Tribune*, who called the play “a step backward into mechanical parable.” The *Times* was not much kinder, saying, “There is too much excitement and not enough emotion in ‘The Crucible.’” But the play's future would turn out quite differently.

I am not sure what *The Crucible* is telling people now, but I know that its paranoid centre is still pumping out the same darkly attractive warning that it did in the fifties. For some, the play seems to be about the dilemma of relying on the testimony of small children accusing adults of sexual abuse, something I'd not have dreamed of forty years ago. For others, it may simply be a fascination with the outbreak of paranoia that suffuses the play—the blind panic that, in our age, often seems to sit at the dim edges of consciousness. Certainly, its political implications are the central issue for many people; the Salem interrogations turn out to be eerily exact models of those yet to come in Stalin's Russia, Pinochet's Chile, Mao's China, and other regimes. But below its concerns with justice the play evokes a lethal brew of illicit sexuality, fear of the supernatural, and political manipulation, a combination not unfamiliar these days. The film, by reaching the broad American audience as no play ever can, may well unearth still other connections to those buried public terrors that Salem first announced on this continent.

One thing more—something wonderful in the old sense of that word. I recall the weeks I spent reading testimony by the tome, commentaries, broadsides, confessions, and accusations. And always the crucial damning event was the signing of one's name in “the Devil's book.” This Faustian agreement to hand over one's soul to the dreaded Lord of Darkness was the ultimate insult to God. But what were these new inductees supposed to have *done* once they'd signed on? Nobody seems even to have thought to ask. But, of course, actions are as irrelevant during cultural and religious wars as they are in nightmares. The thing at issue is buried intentions—the secret allegiances of the alienated heart, always the main threat to the theocratic mind, as well as its immemorial quarry.

ARTHUR MILLER

End of Question 1

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