



SHORE

Exam Number:

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Year 12

English (Advanced) Course

HSC Trial Examination

Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences

Question Booklet

2023

General instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 90 minutes
- Write using black pen
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided with this paper

Total marks – 40

Section I

Page 3-8

20 marks

- Attempt Question 1
- Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Section II

Page 10

20 marks

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

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

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Section I
20 marks
Attempt Question 1-5
Allow about 45 minutes for this section

Read the texts on pages 3-8 of the Stimulus Booklet carefully and then answer the questions in the spaces provided. These spaces provide guidance for the expected length of response.

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

Text 1 – Magazine cover (3 marks)

1. How does the illustration convey a feeling of anxiety?

Text 1 – Magazine cover and Text 2 – Nonfiction (6 marks)

2. Compare the ways both texts represent varied interactions between humans and their world.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Section I continues on page 6

Text 3 – Poem (3marks)

3. Explain how Louise Gluck conveys the experience of change.

Section I continues on page 7

Text 4 – Prose fiction extract (4 marks)

4. Analyse how Jhumpa Lahiri represents the narrator's attitude to different groups of people at P's parties.

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

Text 5 – Feature article (4 marks)

5. Analyse how Adam Kirsch explores different ways of thinking about humanity.

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End of Section I

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English Advanced
Paper 1 — Texts and Human Experiences

Section II

20 marks

Attempt Question 6

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
-

Question 6

How has Miller's representation of human experiences in *The Crucible* deepened your understanding of justice?

The prescribed text for Section II is:

- **Drama** – Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*

End of Section II

End of Examination

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Year 12
English (Advanced) Course
HSC Trial Examination
Paper 1 – Texts and Human Experiences
Stimulus Booklet for Section I
2023

	Pages
Section I	
• Text 1 – Magazine cover.....	3
• Text 2 – Nonfiction extract.....	4
• Text 3 – Poem.....	5
• Text 4 – Prose fiction extract.....	6
• Text 5 – Feature article.....	7

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

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Text 1 – Magazine cover



Text 2 – Nonfiction extract

Like all institutions, Fremantle Hospital managed to be bigger than the sum of its parts. It wasn't just a health facility. At times it was more like a furnace or a power plant. In summer the air around it was thick with screams and sirens and the drone of cooling towers, and in winter its beige mass blocked out the sun. It was a constant, implacable presence.

Whether their problems were large, inconsequential or totally imaginary, the people who visited the building functioned in an unrelievedly histrionic register. It seemed as if the hospital brought out something peculiar, something that altered folk from their workaday selves, as if hospital didn't just license them to behave differently, it required it.

Fremantle Hospital was not the discrete health campus of the suburbs, set in awesome isolation like a hyper-mall and bounded by a vast moat of carparking. This was the inner city, a neighbourhood of narrow streets and workers' cottages, and the establishment had long outgrown its original footprint. The old Victorian building was buried amidst hulking modernist slabs. It didn't just tower over the surrounding streets, it projected outward.

The place had its own microclimate. But it ran to more than just the steaming and the shimmering and the roof-rattling down-draughts. Within a block or two you could feel the atmosphere around it become feverish and the closer you got to the foot of those towers and their yawning electric doors, the more you noticed the vortex of suffering and need that sucked and boiled around you. There was electricity in the air, latent havoc. Within a few moments our street could change from being a circus to a battlefield. With its aura of hope and dread, it was peculiarly volatile, especially at night and on weekends. Negotiating it required vigilance.

On any street in any city, there's a human story walking past you every moment but it's usually withheld. In the lee of a hospital the social camouflage slips away, and what's usually disguised is on display. Where else do people bear their own narratives so openly? Body language is heightened, almost balletic. Patients who step out for a fag by the taxi rank will pace and smoke and weep like actors in a *film noir*. Down on the forecourt, visitors, frightened relatives and self-admitters exist in a zone well and outside their usual reserve. All discretion deserts them, and their basic competencies forsake them, too: they drive as if in a trance, park like rubes who've never been at the wheel before. At times they don't even park, they simply abandon the car across or even in your driveway, keys and all. People literally carry their troubles on the pavement before you: their sick and shrieking child, their disoriented parent, the demon hissing in their ear. From all those sliding doors – the locked ward, the A&E, the palliative unit – the anguished spill onto the street in haunted shifts, dazed by news good, bad or incomprehensible. They stagger into the traffic, they stumble, they faint. At the kerbside, shocked and grieving families unravel in public, sometimes erupting in vituperative brawls. I've seen people flog each other with cardigans, shoes, bunches of flowers.

TIM WINTON

adapted from *In the Shadow of the Hospital*

Text 3 – Poem

Crossroads

My body, now that we will not be traveling together much longer
I begin to feel a new tenderness toward you, very raw and unfamiliar,
like what I remember of love when I was young—
love that was so often foolish in its objectives
but never in its choices, its intensities.
Too much demanded in advance, too much that could not be promised—
My soul has been so fearful, so violent:
forgive its brutality.
As though it were that soul, my hand moves over you cautiously,
not wishing to give offense
but eager, finally, to achieve expression as substance:
it is not the earth I will miss,
it is you I will miss.

LOUISE GLUCK

Text 4 – Prose fiction extract

I should note straightaway that P's parties took place every year at her house, on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon, during the mild winters we typically enjoy in this city.

Unlike the slog of other winter holidays spent with family, always arduous, P's birthday, at the beginning of the New Year, was an unpredictable gathering, languorous and light. I looked forward to the commotion of the crowded house, the pots of water on the verge of boiling, the smartly dressed wives always ready to lend a hand in the kitchen. I waited for the first few glasses of prosecco before lunch to go to my head, sampled the various appetizers. Then I liked to join the other adults out on the patio for a little fresh air, to smoke a cigarette and comment on the soccer game the kids played without interruption in the yard.

The atmosphere at P's party was warm but impersonal, owing to the number of people invited, who knew one another either too well or not at all. You'd encounter two distinct groups, like two opposing currents that crisscross in the ocean, forming a perfectly symmetrical shape, only to cancel each other out a moment later. On one side, there were those like me and my wife, old friends of P and her husband who came every year, and on the other, our counterparts: foreigners who'd show up for a few years, or sometimes just once.

They came from different countries, for work or for love, for a change of scenery, or for some other mysterious reason. They were a nomadic population that piqued my interest – prototypes, perhaps, for one of my future stories, the kind of people I'd have the chance to meet and casually observe only at P's house. In no time at all they'd manage to visit nearly all parts of our country, tackling the smaller towns on the weekends, skiing our mountains in February, and swimming in our crystalline seas in July. They'd pick up a decent smattering of our language, adapt to the food, forgive the daily chaos. Overnight, they'd become minor experts in the historical events we'd memorized as kids and had all but forgotten – which emperor succeeded which, what they accomplished. They had a strategic relationship with this city without ever fully being a part of it, knowing that sooner or later their trip would end and one day they'd be gone.

They were so different from the group I belonged to: those of us born and raised in Rome, who bemoaned the city's alarming decline but could never leave it behind. The type of people for whom just moving to a new neighborhood in their thirties – going to a new pharmacy, buying the newspaper from a different newsstand, finding a table at a different coffee bar – was the equivalent of departure, displacement, complete rupture.

JHUMPA LAHIRI

Adapted from *P's Parties*

THE PEOPLE CHEERING FOR HUMANITY'S END

A disparate group of thinkers says we should welcome our demise.

“Man is an invention of recent date. And one perhaps nearing its end.”

With this declaration in *The Order of Things* (1966), the French philosopher Michel Foucault heralded a new way of thinking that would transform the humanities and social sciences. Foucault's central idea was that the ways we understand ourselves as human beings aren't timeless or natural, no matter how much we take them for granted. Rather, the modern concept of “man” was invented in the 18th century, with the emergence of new modes of thinking about biology, society, and language, and eventually it will be replaced in turn.

As Foucault writes in the book's famous last sentence, one day “man would be erased, like a face drawn in the sand at the edge of the sea.” The image is eerie, but he claimed to find it “a source of profound relief,” because it implies that human ideas and institutions aren't fixed. They can be endlessly reconfigured, maybe even for the better. This was the liberating promise of postmodernism: The face in the sand is swept away, but someone will always come along to draw a new picture in a different style.

But the image of humanity can be redrawn only if there are human beings to do it. Even the most radical 20th-century thinkers stop short at the prospect of the actual extinction of *Homo sapiens*, which would mean the end of all our projects, values, and meanings. Humanity may be destined to disappear someday, but almost everyone would agree that the day should be postponed as long as possible, just as most individuals generally try to delay the inevitable end of their own life.

In recent years, however, a disparate group of thinkers has begun to challenge this core assumption. From Silicon Valley boardrooms to rural communes to academic philosophy departments, a seemingly inconceivable idea is being seriously discussed: that the end of humanity's reign on Earth is imminent, and that we should welcome it.

This view finds support among very different kinds of people: engineers and philosophers, political activists and would-be hermits, novelists and paleontologists. Not only do they not see themselves as a single movement, but in many cases they want nothing to do with one another. Indeed, the turn

against human primacy is being driven by two ways of thinking that appear to be opposites.

The first is Anthropocene anti-humanism, inspired by revulsion at humanity's destruction of the natural environment. The notion that we are out of tune with nature isn't new; it has been a staple of social critique since the Industrial Revolution. More than half a century ago, Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, an exposé on the dangers of DDT, helped inspire modern environmentalism with its warning about following “the impetuous and heedless pace of man rather than the deliberate pace of nature.”

But environmentalism is a meliorist movement, aimed at ensuring the long-term well-being of humanity, along with other forms of life. Carson didn't challenge the right of humans to use pesticides; she simply argued that “the methods employed must be such that they do not destroy us along with the insects.”

In the 21st century, Anthropocene anti-humanism offers a much more radical response to a much deeper ecological crisis. It says that our self-destruction is now inevitable, and that we should welcome it as a sentence we have justly passed on ourselves. Like all truly radical movements, Anthropocene anti-humanism begins not with a political program but with a philosophical idea. It is a rejection of humanity's traditional role as Earth's protagonist, the most important being in creation.

Transhumanism, by contrast, glorifies some of the very things that anti-humanism decries—scientific and technological progress, the supremacy of reason. But it believes that the only way forward for humanity is to create new forms of intelligent life that will no longer be *Homo sapiens*. Some transhumanists believe that genetic engineering and nanotechnology will allow us to alter our brains and bodies so profoundly that we will escape human limitations such as mortality and confinement to a physical body. Others await, with hope or trepidation, the invention of artificial intelligence infinitely superior to our own. These beings will demote humanity to the rank we assign to animals—unless they decide that their goals are better served by wiping us out completely.

ADAM KIRSCH

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