Shore

Exam Number:

Year 12
English (Standard) and English (Advanced)
Paper 1 - Area of Study
Trial Examination
2015

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 2 hours
- Write using black or blue pen

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

Total marks – 45

Section I **Pages 3 - 8**

15 marks

- Attempt Question 1
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section II **Page 9**

15 marks

- Attempt Question 2
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section III **Page 10**

15 marks

- Attempt Question 3
- Allow about 40 minutes for this section

DO NOT REMOVE THIS PAPER FROM THE EXAMINATION ROOM

Section I

15 marks
Attempt Question 1
Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet.

In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of discovery are shaped in and through texts
- describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context.

Question 1 (15 marks)

Examine **Texts One, Two, and Three** carefully and then answer the questions that follow.

Text One – Speech adapted from *Art, Truth and Politics* (*Nobel Lectures*)

In 1958 I wrote the following:

'There are no hard distinctions between what is real and what is unreal, nor between what is true and what is false. A thing is not necessarily either true or false; it can be both true and false.' I believe that these assertions still make sense and do still apply to the exploration of reality through art. So as a writer I stand by them, but as a citizen I cannot. As a citizen I must ask: What is true? What is false?

Truth in drama is forever elusive. You never quite discover it but the search for it is compulsive. The search is clearly what drives the endeavour. The search is your task. More often than not you stumble upon the truth in the dark, colliding with it or just glimpsing an image or a shape which seems to correspond to the truth, often without realising that you have done so. But the real truth is that there never is any such thing as one truth to be found in dramatic art. There are many. These truths challenge each other, recoil from each other, reflect each other, ignore each other, tease each other, are blind to each other. Sometimes you feel you have the truth of a moment in your hand, then it slips through your fingers and is lost.

I have often been asked how my plays come about. I cannot say. Nor can I ever sum up my plays, except to say that this is what happened. That is what they said. That is what they did.

Most of the plays are engendered by a line, a word or an image. The given word is often shortly followed by the image. I shall give an example of a line which came right out of the blue into my head, followed by an image, followed by me.

The play is *The Homecoming* and the first line is 'What have you done with the scissors?' I had no further information.

In this case someone was obviously looking for a pair of scissors and was demanding their whereabouts of someone else he suspected had probably stolen them. But I somehow knew that the person addressed didn't give a damn about the scissors or about the questioner either, for that matter.

I always start a play by calling the characters A, B and C.

Question 1 continues on page 4

In the play that became *The Homecoming* I saw a man enter a stark room and ask his question of a younger man sitting on an ugly sofa reading a racing paper. I somehow suspected that A was a father and that B was his son, but I had no proof. This was however confirmed a short time later when B says to A, 'Dad, do you mind if I change the subject? I want to ask you something. The dinner we had before, what was the name of it? What do you call it? Why don't you buy a dog? You're a dog cook. Honest. You think you're cooking for a lot of dogs.' So since B calls A, 'Dad' it seemed to me reasonable to assume that they were father and son. A was also clearly the cook and his cooking did not seem to be held in high regard. Did this mean that there was no mother? I didn't know. But, as I told myself at the time, our beginnings never know our ends.

It's a strange moment, the moment of creating characters who up to that moment have had no existence. What follows is fitful, uncertain, even hallucinatory, although sometimes it can be an unstoppable avalanche. The author's position is an odd one. In a sense he is not welcomed by the characters. The characters resist him, they are not easy to live with, they are impossible to define. You certainly can't dictate to them. To a certain extent you play a never-ending game with them, cat and mouse, blind man's buff, hide and seek. But finally you discover that you have people of flesh and blood on your hands, people with will and an individual sensibility of their own, made out of component parts you are unable to change, manipulate or distort.

So language in art remains a highly ambiguous transaction, a quicksand, a trampoline, a frozen pool which might give way under you, the author, at any time.

But as I have said, the search for the truth can never stop. It cannot be adjourned, it cannot be postponed. It has to be faced, right there, on the spot.

When we look into a mirror we think the image that confronts us is accurate. But move a millimetre and the image changes. We are actually looking at a never-ending range of reflections. But sometimes a writer has to smash the mirror - for it is on the other side of that mirror that we discover the truth stares at us.

HAROLD PINTER

Question 1 continues on page 5

Text Two – Prose Extract from *The Word Shed* (*New Yorker Magazine*)

Every afternoon, when my father arrived home from his job as the features editor at a newspaper in Dublin, he disappeared into his writing shed. To get there, you had to squeeze your way past the coal bin, the lawnmower, cans of petrol and paint, ancient bicycle parts. The shed always smelled damp inside, as if the rain rose up out of the carpet. The bookshelves sagged. The low-slung roof had a murky skylight with a hat of grey Irish cloud.

From the house, I could hear the tattoo of two-fingered typing. The ping of the bell. The slam of the carriage return. It all sounded like a faint form of applause. My father's books— *The World of Sean O'Casey*, *The Wit of Oscar Wilde*, *All the World's Roses*, *The Fighting Irish* — sat on the coffee table in what we called the D. & D. room: reserved for the dead and the dignified. The books didn't mean much to me. I wanted to be what every other boy wanted to be: a professional soccer player.

In his youth, my father had been a semi-professional goalkeeper. Nothing very glamorous. He played second-string for Charlton Athletic, in London, and got paid ten shillings and sixpence a week. What he remembered most vividly was having to polish the boots of the first-team players, and sweeping the rat shit out of the canteen in the morning. He never played for the first team, but he didn't see this as a failure so much as an adventure in limitations. He came back to Dublin, had a family, and began to write.

One winter evening, when I was nine years old, he came into my bedroom, carrying under his arm a sheaf of papers, some of them two or three feet long. (Like Kerouac, he used large rolls of industrial paper in his Olivetti.) It was a carbon copy of what he had been writing for the previous few weeks: a book for kids titled *Goals for Glory*.

"Read it for me, will you? Tell me if it's awful or not."

I read it by flashlight. Georgie Goode was a sullen Gypsy boy, fifteen years old, with long black hair. He travelled around the fens of England in a battered caravan, with a father who was sometimes there, sometimes absent. Georgie had no money for soccer boots, so he slipped around in the muck in his plimsolls. It was the stuff of children's myth—Georgie had an eye for the back of the net and a left foot like chain lightning—but it all seemed plausible.

Question 1 continues on page 6

Years later, I would read James Joyce and came to realise that literature could "re-create life out of life," but back then what stunned me was that another boy could emerge from my father's ramshackle shed, as real to me as the dirt that caked on my own soccer boots. This was new territory: the imagined coming to life. My father's typewriter sounded different to me now. More and more, I disappeared into books.

When *Goals for Glory* was published, the following year, I took the hardcover to school. My teacher, Mr. Kells, read a chapter aloud every Friday afternoon, that time of the school week when the world promises escape. We sat in our prefab classroom and waited for him to crack the spine.

In the last chapter, Georgie's team had to beat the rival team, Dale Rovers. Georgie had been given a new pair of soccer boots. The championship was at stake. I knew the ending already, but my classmates didn't. They were latched to their desks. Of course, Georgie started the game off badly, and of course he got rid of his new boots, and of course his father arrived late to cheer him on, and of course doom loomed, as doom so often does in a good story.

I will never forget Christopher Howlett, my red-headed desk mate, jumping around like a prayer in an air raid as Mr Kells reached the final page. Georgie scored the winning goal. The classroom erupted. The kid from my father's shed—that tangle of hair that had somehow sprung up from behind a typewriter ribbon—was carried with us outside the school gates, down Mart Lane, through the swamp, and into the field at the back of Dunnes Stores, where, with a soggy leather ball at our feet, we all became Georgie, at least for a minute or two.

I discovered that such euphoria seldom lasts, but the nostalgia for it remains. My world had changed enough for me to know that I would try to write a character into it one day—not a Georgie, necessarily, but perhaps a father, or a son.

A few years on, when I was a teen-ager, my father sat me in the shed and recited, from memory, Philip Larkin's "This Be the Verse": "They mess you up, your mum and dad. / They may not mean to, but they do." Fair enough, and I knew what he was trying to say, but I also knew that sometimes — just sometimes — the father you get is the father you want.

COLUM McCANN

Question 1 continues on page 7

Text Three – Poem adapted from *Poetry*

And it was at that age ... Poetry arrived
in search of me. I don't know, I don't know where
it came from, from winter or a river.
I don't know how or when,
no, they were not voices, they were not
words, nor silence,
but from a street I was summoned,
from the branches of night,
abruptly from others,
among violent fires
or returning alone,
there I was without a face
and it touched me.

I did not know what to say, my mouth
had no way
with names,
my eyes were blind,
and something started in my soul,
fever or forgotten wings,
and I made my own way,
deciphering
that fire,
and I wrote the first faint line,
faint, without substance, pure
nonsense,
pure wisdom
of someone who knows nothing,
and suddenly I discovered
the heavens
unfastened
and open,
planets,
palpitating plantations,
shadow perforated,
riddled
with arrows, fire and flowers,
the winding night, the universe.

And I, infinitesimal being,
drunk with the great starry
void,
likeness, image of
mystery,
for myself a pure part of the abyss,
I wheeled with the stars,
my heart broke loose on the wind.

PABLO NERUDA

Question 1 continues on page 8

In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of discovery are shaped in and through texts
- describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context.

Question 1 (continued) **Marks**

Text One – Speech

(a) Explain how the composer highlights the uncertainties involved in the process of discovery. **3**

Text Two –Prose Extract

(b) How does the author convey the ways that relationships with others can lead to discovery? **3**

Text Three – Poem

(c) Explore how the poem portrays insights into self-discovery. **3**

Texts one, two, and three – Speech, Prose Extract, and Poem

(d) Explain how the complex nature of discovery is portrayed in ONE text. **6**

Answer with reference to Text One **or** Text Two **or** Text Three

End of question 1

Section II

15 marks
Attempt Question 2
Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet.

In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- express understanding of discovery in the context of your studies
- organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context.

Question 2 (15 marks)

Compose an original imaginative piece of writing that demonstrates how relationships lead to provocative discoveries.

You may write in any form other than poetry.

End of question 2

Section III

15 marks
Attempt Question 3
Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE writing booklet.

In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the concept of discovery in the context of your study
- analyse, explain and assess the ways discovery is represented in a variety of texts
- organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context.

Question 3 (15 marks)

To what extent does one's relationship with people and places lead to the discovery of provocative and confronting ideas? In your answer refer to your prescribed text and ONE other related text of your own choosing?

The Prescribed Texts are:

English (Standard) Course

Poetry– Gray, Robert

- *'Journey: the North Coast'*
- *'The Meatworks'*
- *'North Coast Town'*
- *'Late Ferry'*
- *'Flames and Dangling Wire'*
- *'Diptych'*

- **English (Advanced) Course**

Nonfiction – Guevara, Ernesto 'Che', *The Motorcycle Diaries*

End of question 3
End of examination