



**PB TUTORING**

**Achieve Your Personal Best**

## **Practice Paper 1**

# **Texts and Human Experiences**

## **Section 1**

## Section I

**20 marks**

**Attempt All Questions**

**Allow about 45 minutes for this section**

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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
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Examine texts **1, 2, 3, 4** and **5** in the stimulus booklet and then carefully answer the questions below

### **Question 1** (3 marks)

Use **Text 1** to answer this question:

Explain how the composer uses visual techniques to convey the complexity of human experiences.

### **Question 2** (3 marks)

Use **Text 2** to answer this question:

How does the text reveal the connection between human motivations and behaviours?

### **Question 3** (2 marks)

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

'You still occasionally fall into the old ways of thinking'

What does the text suggest about the importance of memories?

### **Question 4** (6 marks)

Use **Texts 3** and **4** to answer this question:

Compare how **Texts 3** and **4** suggest the value of the imagination to the human experience.

### **Question 5** (6 marks)

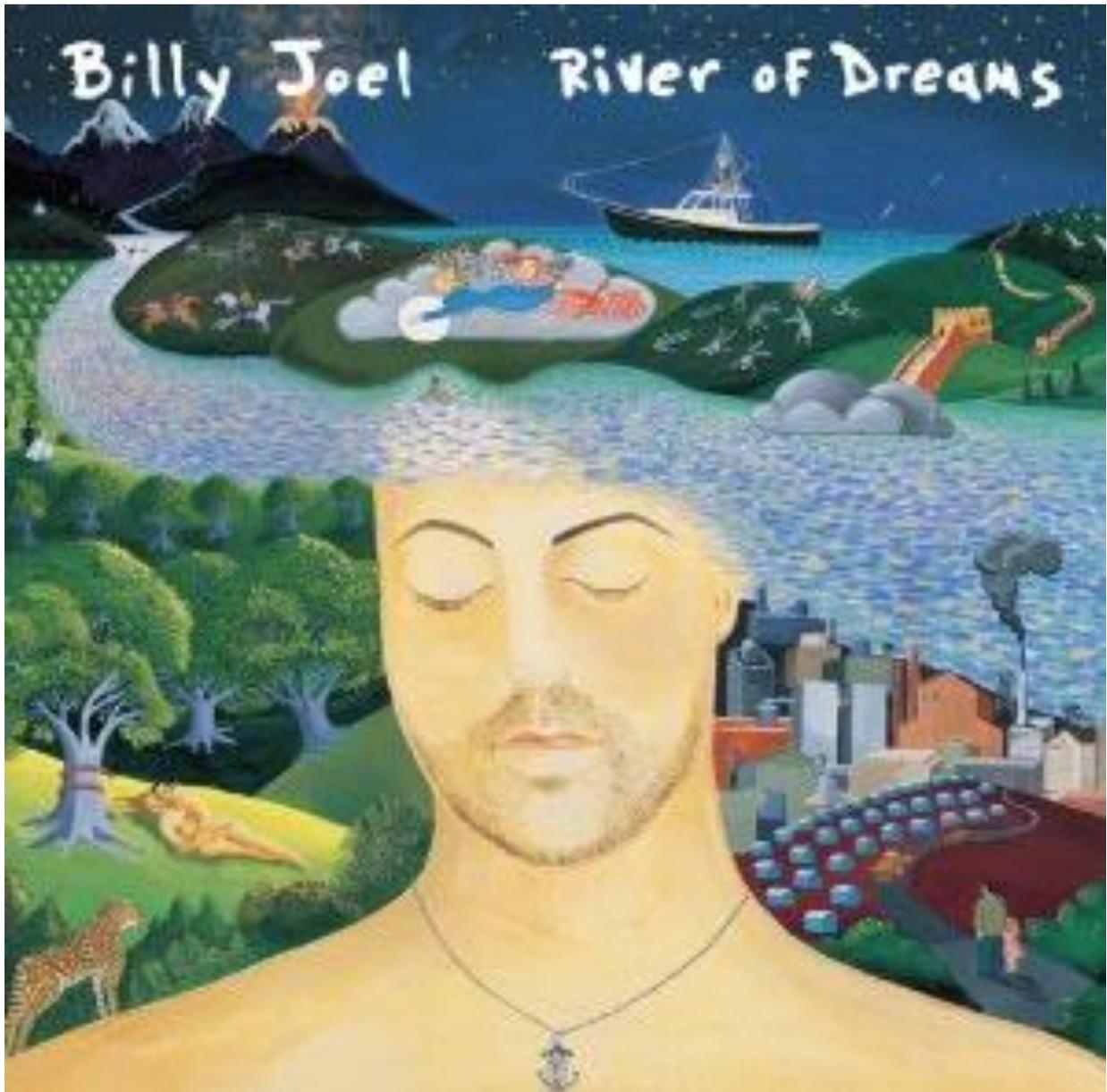
Use **Text 5** to answer this question:

Explain how the text represents the relationship between place and the human experience.

## Stimulus Booklet – Section 1

Text 1 – Album Cover

River of Dreams



BILLY JOEL

## Text 2 – Poem

### The Door

Go and open the door.  
Maybe outside there's  
a tree, or a wood,  
a garden,  
or a magic city.

Go and open the door.  
Maybe a dog's rummaging.  
Maybe you'll see a face,  
or an eye,  
or the picture  
of a picture.

Go and open the door.  
If there's a fog  
it will clear.

Go and open the door.  
Even if there's only  
the darkness ticking,  
even if there's only  
the hollow wind,  
even if  
nothing  
is there,  
go and open the door.

At least  
there'll be  
a draught.

MIROSLAV HOLUB

### **Text 3 – Memoir Extract From ‘Report From The Interior’**

In the beginning, everything was alive. The smallest objects were endowed with beating hearts, and even the clouds had names. Scissors could walk, telephones and teapots were first cousins, eyes and eyeglasses were brothers. The face of the clock was a human face, each pea in your bowl had a different personality, and the grille on the front of your parents’ car was a grinning mouth with many teeth. Pens were airships. Coins were flying saucers. The branches of trees were arms. Stones could think, and God was everywhere.

There was no problem in believing that the man in the moon was an actual man. You could see his face looking down at you from the night sky, and without question it was the face of a man. Little matter that this man had no body—he was still a man as far as you were concerned, and the possibility that there might be a contradiction in all this never once entered your thoughts. At the same time, it seemed perfectly credible that a cow could jump over the moon. And that a dish could run away with a spoon.

Your earliest thoughts, remnants of how you lived inside yourself as a small boy. You can remember only some of it, isolated bits and pieces, brief flashes of recognition that surge up in you unexpectedly at random moments—brought on by the smell of something, or the touch of something, or the way the light falls on something in the here and now of adulthood. At least you think you can remember, you believe you remember, but perhaps you are not remembering at all, or remembering only a later remembrance of what you think you thought in that distant time which is all but lost to you now.

January 3, 2012, exactly one year to the day after you started composing your last book, your now-finished winter journal. It was one thing to write about your body, to catalogue the manifold knocks and pleasures experienced by your physical self, but exploring your mind as you remember it from childhood will no doubt be a more difficult task—perhaps an impossible one. Still, you feel compelled to give it a try. Not because you find yourself a rare or exceptional object of study, but precisely because you don’t, because you think of yourself as anyone, as everyone.

The only proof you have that your memories are not entirely deceptive is the fact that you still occasionally fall into the old ways of thinking. Vestiges have lingered well into your sixties, the animism of early childhood has not been fully purged from your mind, and each summer, as you lie on your back in the grass, you look up at the drifting clouds and watch them turn into faces, into birds and animals, into states and countries and imaginary kingdoms. The grilles of cars still make you think of teeth, and the corkscrew is still a dancing ballerina. In spite of the outward evidence, you are still who you were, even if you are no longer the same person.

PAUL AUSTER

#### **Text 4 – Short Story Extract Adapted From ‘To Dream Of Stars’**

The first time he sees the Royal Observatory he is three days shy of his twelfth birthday. It’s spring, a clear night, the stars unveiling themselves in small groups as the sky overhead grows dark.

The tower rises from the hills, dominating the uneven horizon, a crooked silhouette against the twilight. The glowing dome at the tip points at the emerging stars, the length of the tower twisted like the four-joined finger of a great and alien hand. He feels the strangeness of the building, a discordant note casting echoes in the chambers of his heart, but the otherness calls to him regardless. John Flamsteed is promised to God in both body and spirit, but he knows his heart and mind now belong to that tower forever.

“Eyes off it,” his father orders, cuffing the boy across the back of the head, and John falls forward, clinging to the horse’s mane to keep himself in the saddle. The older Flamsteed rides on, glaring at the observatory. “It’s evil,” his father says, “and dangerous yet. You will not look at it. You will not even think of it, or the creatures that dwell within. Do you understand?”

John Flamsteed nods, used to obedience without understanding. His father sees evil where other men see nothing, though perhaps this once John can see the hint of corruption his father fears. He averts his gaze, but the tower remains. It looms on the fringe of his vision, a constant threat. The sight of it pulls at his heart, luring him as though he’s been hooked on a silvery strand of twine wrapped around the tower’s domed tip.

They have three days of business in town, just long enough for John to hear the stories. He absorbs them, one by one, the details coalescing as he weaves rumour and folk-tale together. There are those that tell him the yellow texture of the tower comes from tiles made of dragon bone, that its twisting mass is held upright by prayer and dark magic. The accusations of magic perturb him, an affront to both God and reason, but he listens and nods and asks again when the moment presents itself. There are folk-tales aplenty to hear, but none to satisfy his thirst for comprehension.

On their final night in town, his birthday, John Flamsteed skulks out of the room he shares with his father. The moon is a thumbnail sliver overhead, a sliver so brief its presence barely registers against the scattered wash of stars. John Flamsteed stumbles through the unfamiliar streets, toes catching the rough cut cobblestones, tripping his way into the open fields and the hills beyond. The air smells fresh and clean, but the aftertaste is sour. He climbs the unfamiliar slopes, his young body straining against the rough terrain hidden by darkness. The Observatory serves as a compass, allowing him to orient himself against the empty darkness the tower casts against the endless stars. Eventually John stands at the base, staring up at a tower tall enough to brush against sky. John Flamsteed examines the pale shingles, stands close enough that he can reach out and touch their worn exterior with the tips of his young fingers. They feel like the smoothed edge of a predator’s incisor, noble, deadly and beautiful in a single moment.

He thinks of the stories the townsfolk tell about children raised to the Astronomers Royal, kidnapped and replaced by changelings, stripped of their humanity by the Astronomer’s training. In the lonely light of the thumbnail moon, John Flamsteed makes a promise. He will return here, one day, free from the shackles of his father’s assumptions. He will give himself over to the stars and the Others, all in the name of God and his country. Damn the impossibilities, he will enter the tower and join the ranks of the Astronomers Royal.

PETER M. BALL

## Text 5 – Visual Arts Review

*In this review the writer describes the experience of walking through a large artwork. This artwork is made to look and sound like the inside of a boat.*

Studio 12 is the project space of Gertrude Contemporary Art Spaces. Sometimes the works shown there have the air of works in progress; but there are also limitations in the space itself. When you pass through the narrow passage and into the small room, you almost feel as if you're stepping into someone's bedroom and that you shouldn't intrude or impose. Also, it's unusual that artists make effective use of the restricted space.

On this occasion, however, the work breaks out of the intimacy of the gallery. Instead of stepping down into the room you walk on a gentle ramp and encounter a giant, wooden construction almost the size of the interior. There doesn't seem to be much room to the side, so you hazard the daunting task of walking into the artwork.

Initially, the room looks a bit like a skateboard rink; but it doesn't have quite the right shape: there are angles and the rise matches the fall. An eerie sound comes out of the piece, something that you might expect on an old sailing ship; and, as you contemplate the groaning sounds, the image creaks into place: it's the hull of a ship.

Geoff Robinson has created a fine piece of evocation. The 'boat' that you've boarded is suspended in a cradle, almost like a model or a shell in the construction yard of a shipbuilder 300 years ago. The appearance of a model is also suggested by the materials, radiata pine is definitely not the wood of choice for the high seas, or for smelly bilged sloshing around.

Nevertheless, the experience upon entering the thin shell is remarkably convincing, thanks to the sound. Apparently, the recordings were all collected from the Victorian building at 2000 Gertrude Street, which has solid industrial construction, but with all the provisions necessary for the wooden beams to expand and contract in different weather conditions and in response to different weights. Old buildings creak and groan; there are sudden bumps and cracking noises as fibres shift and accommodate pressures (which is why some people get a bit spooked by old houses).

Once inside the hull, however, you don't know that this is the homely source of the amplified noise. It's altogether alien. You're convinced you're underwater, where the chaotic rushing of the currents and the roar of the wind are eerily suppressed by a dampening calm. The only sonic presence is the response of the wooden boat itself, stretching as if in pain and emitting a yawning sound of certain terror.

You experience something of the dreaded blindness under the deck in the nethermost parts of the ship, deep in the hold where the ballast should be, well below steerage class, perfect spot for stowaways or asylum seekers.

You're definitely part of a designed environment; and, at times, you might even think you're not inside the dingiest bowels of a boat on the high seas, but rather inside a giant loudspeaker – very dry and delicately mounted – where the tensile membranes resonate with electromagnetic impulses gathered elsewhere.

And so, if the installation evokes refugees and sea madness, it also boasts of the beauty of engineering and nautical models. Robinson's installation is rich in paradoxes and beauty of a stressful kind.

ROBERT NELSON