



Year 10 English Sample Resources



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Identity - Poems

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Looking in the Album

Here the formal times are surrendered
to the camera's indifferent gaze: weddings,
graduations, births and official portraits taken
every ten years to falsify appearances.
Even snapshots meant to gather afternoons
with casual ease are rigid. Smiles
are too buoyant. Tinny laughter echoes
from the staged scene on an artificial
beach. And yet we want to believe
this is how it was: The children's hair
always bore the recent marks of combs;
that trousers, even at picnics, were always
creased and we travelled years with the light
but earnest intimacy of linked hands or arms
arranged over shoulders. This is the record
of our desired life: Pleasant, leisurely on vacations,
wryly comic before local landmarks, competent
auditors of commencement speakers, showing
in our poses that we believed what we were told.
But this history contains no evidence
of aimless nights when the wilderness of ourselves
sprang up to swallow the outposts of what
we thought we were. Nowhere can we see
tears provoked by anything but joy. There
are no pictures of our brittle, lost intentions.
We burned the negatives* that we felt did not give a true
account and with others made this abridgement of our lives.

VERN RUTSALA

1. 'This is the record of our desired life.' Explore the speaker's attitude to the family photo album as a record of identity. 3 marks.



The Past

Let no one say the past is dead.
The past is all about us and within.
Haunted by tribal memories, I know
This little life now, this accidental present
Is not the all of me, whose long making
Is so much of the past.
Tonight here in suburbia as I sit
In easy chair before electric heater,
Warmed by the red glow, I fall into dream:
I am away
At the camp fire in the bush, among
My own people, sitting on the ground,
No walls about me, The stars over me,
The tall surrounding trees that stir in the wind
Making their own music,
Soft cries of the night coming to us, there
Where we are one with all old
Nature's lives Known and unknown,
In scenes where we belong but have now forsaken.
Deep chair and electric radiator
Are but since yesterday,
But a thousand thousand camp fires in the forest
Are in my blood.
Let none tell me the past is wholly gone.
Now is so small a part of time, so small a part
Of all the race years that have moulded me.

OODGEROO NOONUCCAL

1. In life, we must negotiate between the self and the other. How favourable is the self with reference to the poem 'The Past'? 3 marks.



Othello Notes

Year 10 Comparative Study

Comparative Study

Considerations

- Use words such as dated, obsolete, anachronistic, one-dimensional, definitive, etc when describing the values used in Shakespeare's time.
- Shakespeare provides a pragmatic reassurance of old values and conventions in the face of moral uncertainty.
- Our era, we are far more accepting of complexity and one definitive truth in texts, or moral codes in society. We value the capacity for individuals to determine meaning for themselves, both textually and morally.
- Movies and our adaptations, are usually far more fragmented both in meaning and in representation. Texts in our time tend not to communicate a singular meaning. We have far more interpretive freedom, rejecting totalising narratives. We have moral relativism as a foundation for contemporary society.

Racism

Othello despite being an eloquent and powerful figure, is plagued by insecurities. The deterministic racial and cultural boundaries leave him feeling self-conscious, regardless of his achievements.

- **OTHELLO**
Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face. (3.3.441-443)

The visceral imagery, 'now begrimed and black', highlights a dated value, that a wife's fidelity is an extension of a man's entire reputation and livelihood. Sadly, Othello's declarative language and racial discourse highlights his own insecurities, as he aligns his proud reputation with Dian's white face, and his damaged reputation as 'black'.

- **IAGO**
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe.

Othello's deteriorating self-esteem, is worsened by his community whom continually detest Othello's bi-racial marriage.

Lago uses racist innuendos when he wakens Brabantio with the news that his daughter, Desdemona, has eloped with Othello. Lago's metaphor an 'old black ram', plays on the Elizabethan notions that black men have animal-like, hyper-



sexuality. Lago antagonises Brabantio's fear of African and European children, by contrasting Othello as an old black ram, to his daughter as a 'white ewe'.

- **BRABANTIO**

**She, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she feared to look on!
It is a judgment maimed and most imperfect**

- **IAGO**

**Ay, there's the point. As, to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposèd matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends—
Foh! One may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion thoughts unnatural—**



Gender Stereotypes

- **IAGO**
Awake! What ho, Brabantio! Thieves, thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves, thieves! (1.1.86-88)

When Iago attempts to stir up trouble for Othello, he awakens Brabantio with the news that Othello has eloped with Desdemona. However, the paternal discourse is highly anachronistic. The repetition of 'thieves' implies that Desdemona is ascribed as her father's property, and that marriage is a privilege controlled by parenthood.

- **OTHELLO, *striking her***
Devil!

For both Othello and Desdemona, their actions are, in part, dictated by the highly conventionalised groups they belong to. When Othello confronts Desdemona for her supposed infidelity, he proclaims 'Devil' and strikes her. The conflict not only symbolises Othello's tragic downfall, but we are again exposed to the callousness of the men in Desdemona's life. While Desdemona is strong, confident and defiant initially, she inevitably is passive, obedient and blames herself for Othello's violent behaviour. Her resignation, is characterised when Emilia asks Desdemona who has harmed her, to her reply "Nobody; I myself. Farewell".

- **Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;**
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure.

Name



Year 10 English

Identity Short Answer Response 2017

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 40 minutes
- Write using blue or black pen
- Write your name at the top of this page

Total marks – 15 marks



Text 1: Poem about Isolationism

Written by John Donne published in the 17th Century

No Man is an Island

No man is an island entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as any manner of thy friends or of thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind.

Text 2: Static image about our community

By Vero Navarro (2010)





Text 4: Novel excerpt from Fahrenheit 451 - Society's impact on our identity

By Ray Bradbury (1953)

She turned to face the sidewalk going toward their homes. "Do you mind if I walk back with you? I'm Clarisse McClellan."

"Clarisse. Guy Montag. Come along. What are you doing out so late wandering around? How old are you?"

They walked in the warm-cool blowing night on the silvered pavement and there was the faintest breath of fresh apricots and strawberries in the air, and he looked around and realized this was quite impossible, so late in the year.

There was only the girl walking with him now, her face bright as snow in the moonlight, and he knew she was working his questions around, seeking the best answers she could possibly give. "Well," she said, "I'm seventeen and I'm crazy. My uncle says the two always go together. When people ask your age, he said, always say seventeen and insane. Isn't this a nice time of night to walk? I like to smell things and look at things, and sometimes stay up all night, walking, and watch the sun rise."

They walked on again in silence and finally she said, thoughtfully, "You know, I'm not afraid of you at all."

He was surprised. "Why should you be?"

"So many people are. Afraid of firemen, I mean. But you're just a man, after all..." He saw himself in her eyes, suspended in two shining drops of bright water, himself dark and tiny, in fine detail, the lines about his mouth, everything there, as if her eyes were two miraculous bits of violet amber that might capture and hold him intact. Her face, turned to him now, was fragile milk crystal with a soft and constant light in it. It was not the hysterical light of electricity but-what? But the strangely comfortable and rare and gently flattering light of the candle.... And then Clarisse McClellan said: "Do you mind if I ask? How long have you worked at being a fireman?"

"Since I was twenty, ten years ago."

"Do you ever read any of the books you burn?"

He laughed. "That's against the law!"

"Oh. Of course."

"It's fine work. Monday burn Millay, Wednesday Whitman, Friday Faulkner, burn 'em to ashes, then burn the ashes. That's our official slogan."

They walked still further and the girl said,

"Is it true that long ago firemen put fires out instead of going to start them?"

"No. Houses. have always been fireproof, take my word for it."

"Strange. I heard once that a long time ago houses used to burn by accident and they needed firemen to stop the flames."

He laughed.

She glanced quickly over. "Why are you laughing?"

"I don't know." He started to laugh again and stopped "Why?"

"You laugh when I haven't been funny and you answer right off. You never stop to think what I've asked you."

He felt his body divide itself into a hotness and a coldness, a softness and a hardness, a trembling and a not trembling, the two halves grinding one upon the other.



Identity – Short Answer Response Exam

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Examine Texts 1, 2, 3 and 4 in this booklet carefully and then answer the questions below.

- Ensure you answer the question
- Answer with reference with techniques and quotes
- Identify how the technique accentuates meaning (the effect of the technique)
- You can reuse answers in other questions if applicable

Text 1 – Poem ‘No Man is an Island’

- (a) The poem explores how we need external factors to influence our identity. What external factors is the poet referring to and why are they important in shaping our identity? *(3 marks)*

Text 2 – Painting by Vero Navarro

- (b) Explain how a language technique **or** film/static image technique conveys an idea about identity. *(2 marks)*

Text 3 – Poem by Rupi Kaur

- (c) In what ways does the author’s identity feel influenced by her name? *(3 marks)*

Text 4 – Novel by Ray Bradbury

- (d) In what ways can society negatively influence our identity? *(3 marks)*

Text 1, 2, 3 and 4

- (e) Select any two texts and discuss how external factors influence our identity *(4 marks)*