

Procedemento selectivo de ingreso e acceso
ao corpo de profesorado de escolas oficiais de idiomas

Código 592

Especialidade 011 inglés

APELIDOS E NOME:

PRIMEIRA PROBA - PARTE A

(PROBA PRÁCTICA)

ANÁLISE DE TEXTO: OPCIÓN A e B

Indicacións xerais

- Empregue bolígrafo de tinta azul ou negra, indeleble, de material transparente (tipo *bic cristal* ou similar).
- Use lapis e goma unicamente como elemento auxiliar; só se corraxirá o que estea finalmente escrito con bolígrafo.
- Non empregue fitas ou fluídos correctores; de necesitar anular algunha parte do escrito abundará cun X ou cunha liña sobre o escrito.

2. TEXT ANALYSIS

Choose text A or B and then do the tasks proposed:

1. Identify the type of text. Discuss its communicative functions, both primary and secondary, and stylistic resources.
2. Make a morphological, syntactic, phonological and semantic analysis of the text.
3. Explain how you would use this text in class. Describe the tasks you would use and specify which course they would be most appropriate for.

OPTION A

Cheers, Diane, Queen of the Cheeky Mojito

In the good old days, of course, you wouldn't dream of venturing on to the North London line- a trundly old thing connecting Stratford in the east to Richmond in the south-west- without being at least mildly fluttered. Journeys could be long, the atmosphere anywhere between carnival and Beckett-bleak, and you had to hold your nerve if you were travelling, as many of us did, without a ticket; not for nothing was the largely barrier-free and inspectorless route known as the Free Line. But they liked to surprise you (I believe I once saw the comedian Arnold Brown being taken to task, but am happy to correct if it was mistaken identity). With all that going on, a drink or two was a bare necessity.

Anyway, that was then, and now the whole shebang has had a rebrand, subsumed into the labyrinthine London Overground, on which you can zip about between Fritz Lang stations from Dalston to Penge West. But you must do so without an accompanying slug of Teacher's, for which we must thank none other than former mayor Boris Johnson, who deemed a decade ago that Transport for London must become a dry zone.

As unintended consequences go, a booze ban that eventually turns a hideously maligned politician into a folk hero must be right up there. For Diane Abbot, the victim of intense and relentless misogyny, has now found a way to touch the hearts of millions. For who among us has not had a mojito moment?

Her succinct Twitter apology was pitch-perfect for two reasons: the Marks & Spencer's detail, and the deployment of sincerity. She neither went into unnecessary background (I was a bit tired/on my way to a party/grabbed it in error thinking it was fizzy elderflower) nor sought to cast shame on the super-snitch who snapped her. She allowed the bathos of the situation to flourish.

Admittedly, she is the shadow home secretary. True, she broke the law. Yes, the country has a collective drink problem and no, we don't really want our transport system to be crammed with staggering, belligerent vomiters. But a middle-aged public servant quietly sipping from a slender can of minty rum and lime while scrolling through her phone is not Broken Britain. Grassing people up, though, is another matter, as are sententious passengers pretending to be shocked at someone - yes, even a woman who aspires to high office - ignoring signs, Sir or Madam, if that indeed shocks you, wait until you hear about some of the properly naughty things MPs do.

Had she been reading Rainer Maria Rilke, Abbot would likely have been open to charges of elitism and pretension; sifting through official papers could have led to accusations of jeopardising national security; surfing earrings on Etsy would have seen her branded a superficial consumerist.

But as it turns out, downing a cheeky mojito hit the censorious spot. And now, in our bizarrely performative culture, comes a Facebook page inviting Londoners to express their solidarity by following suit on 22 June. One can only imagine the delight in the M&S boardroom.

Like everything else in Britain, there's a heavy class element to the story. One might suspect, for instance, that Alexander Boris de Pfeffel Johnson has rarely had need to fortify himself by slurping from a can en route to an engagement; when you've got that much social confidence, you can easily wait to lift your glass of Pol Roger from the silver tray standing ready for you. Even on your busiest days- when plotting in the Commons collides, perhaps with writing your handsomely remunerated newspaper column- the edges don't need quite so much knocking off as they do for most of us.

And if they do? Well, you wouldn't be déclassé enough to crack open a pre-mixed cocktail in public when a fine Laphroaig sits in the drinks cabinet at home.

High-street cocktail tinnies are brilliantly naff, a poke in the eye to the world of mixology and absurdly over-provenanced bar menus. In London, the cognoscenti now favour gin so local that anything not distilled in their actual street is *infra dig*, and roam the neighbourhood in search of craft beer pubs from which bequipped staff would bar you for life if you asked for a pint of Carlsberg. The rest of us, looking merely for a long-haul lager or a G&T that doesn't require doing a diploma and taking out a second mortgage, must hang our heads in shame.

As they are fond of pointing out politicians are people. But people can be terrible. As a general rule, the ones who like cheap and cheerful booze and don't see much wrong with a lunchtime slurp during a boring train ride are likely to be a bit less terrible. Bottoms up.

Clark, Alex. "Cheers, Diane, Queen of the Cheeky Mojito" *The Guardian*, 22 Apr. 2019

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OPTION B

In Which Language is Lost

The extraordinary language of the Outer Hebrides is currently being lost. Gaelic itself is in danger of withering on the tongue: the total number of those speaking or learning to speak Gaelic in Scotland is now around 58,000. Of those, many are understandably less interested in the intricacies of toponymy, or the exactitudes of which the language is capable with regard to landscape. Tim Robinson - the great writer, mathematician and deep-mapper of the Irish Atlantic seaboard - notes how with each generation in the west of Ireland 'some of the place-names are forgotten or becoming incomprehensible'. Often in the Outer Hebrides I have been told that younger generations are losing a literacy of the land. Cox remarks that the previously 'important role' of place-names and 'natural' language in the Carloway culture has 'recently' been sharply diminished. In 2006 Finlay observed that as people's 'working relationship with the moorland [of Lewis] has changed, [so] the keen sense of conservation that went with it has atrophied, as has the language which accompanied that sense'.

What is occurring in Gaelic is, broadly, occurring in English too - and in scores of other languages and dialects. The nuances observed by specialized vocabularies are evaporating from

common usage, burnt off by capital, apathy and urbanization. The terrain beyond the city fringe has become progressively more understood in terms of large generic units ('field', 'hill', 'valley', 'wood'). It has become a landscape. We are *blasé* about place, in the sense that Georg Simmel used that word in his 1903 essay "The Metropolis and Mental Life" - meaning indifferent to the distinctions between things.

It is not, on the whole, that natural phenomena and entities themselves are disappearing, rather that there are fewer people able to name them, and that once they go unnamed they go to some degree unseen. Language deficit leads to attention deficit. As we further deplete our ability to name, describe and figure particular aspects of our places, our competence for understanding and imagining possible relationships with non-human nature is correspondingly depleted. The ethno-linguist K. David Harrison bleakly declares that language death means the loss of 'long-cultivated knowledge that has guided human-environment interaction for millennia... accumulated wisdom and observations of generations of people about the natural world, plants, animals, weather, soil. The loss [is] incalculable, the knowledge mostly unrecoverable.' Or as Tim Dee neatly puts it, 'Without a name made in our mouths, an animal or a place struggles to find purchase in our minds or our hearts.'

[...]

Our language for nature is now such that the things around us do not talk back to us in ways that they might. As we have enhanced our power to determine nature, so we have rendered it less able to converse with us. We find it hard to imagine nature outside a use-value framework. We have become experts in analysing what nature can do *for* us, but lack a language to evoke what it can do *to* us. The former is important; the latter is vital. Martin Heidegger identified a version of this trend in 1954, observing that the rise of technology and the technological imagination had converted what he called 'the whole universe of beings' into an undifferentiated 'standing reserve' (*Bestand*) of energy, available for any use to which humans choose to put it. The rise of 'standing reserve' as a concept has bequeathed to us an inadequate and unsatisfying relationship with the natural world, and with ourselves too, because we have to encounter ourselves and our thoughts as mysteries before we encounter them as service providers. We require things to have their own lives if they are to enrich ours. But allegory as a mode has settled inside us, and thrived: fungibility has replaced particularity.

This is not to suggest that we need adopt either a literal animism or a systematic superstition; only that by instrumentalizing nature, linguistically and operationally, we have largely stunned the earth out of wonder. Language is fundamental to the possibility of re-wonderment, for language does not just register experience, it produces it. The contours and colours of words are inseparable from the feelings we create in relation to situations, to others and to places. Language carries a formative as well as an informative impulse- the power known to theorists as 'illocutionary' or 'illative'. Certain kinds of language can restore a measure of wonder to our relations with nature. Others might offer modest tools for modest place-making. Others still might free objects at least momentarily from their role as moment when the thing- the hill, the tarn, the *lunette*, the kiss tank, the *caliche* flat, the *bajada*- ceases to be a thing and becomes something that knows we are there.