

# **english extension 2**

## **student perspective**

by ada luong

**researching into form & concept**

Émilie du Châtelet



Ada Lovelace



Hedy Lamarr



**summary of my major work**

**step 1:**

open up lots of tabs in  
your brain



spoken word

 Private

[VIEW FULL PLAYLIST](#)

## THOUGHT PROCESS

1. Wow, this is neat \*saves into playlist\*
2. Why did I like it?
3. Why didn't I like the other one?
4. Is this similar to anything else I know?

## THINGS I PAID ATTENTION TO

- Structure
- Word choice
- Content

# LET THEM EAT CHAOS BY KATE TEMPEST

## LIONMOUTH DOOR KNOCKER

At any given moment  
In the middle of a city — *move into as well as*  
There's a million epiphanies occurring  
And the blurring of the world beyond the curtain  
And the world within the person  
There's a quiver in the litter  
In the alleyway, he's singing

People meet by chance — *detached voices*  
Fall in love, drift apart again  
Underaged drinkers walk the park  
And watch the dark descend  
The workers watch the clocks  
Fiddle with their Parker pens  
While the grandmothers  
Haggle with the market men  
Here, where the kids play and laugh until they fall apart  
As kiss chase and dancing 'til it's mistakes and darkened rooms  
Too fast, too soon  
Too slow, too long  
Move around all day  
But we can't move on

Is anybody else awake?  
Will it ever be day again?  
Is anybody else awake?  
Will it ever be day again?

Overflowing plant pots  
Fence posts  
Decorated door numbers  
Motor black beneath a tarp  
Beaten up Punto  
Goal posts, painted on that green garage door  
There's a rainbow on that wheelie bin  
There's stickers in that window  
Smart flats, rough flats  
Can't-get-enough-cat flats you know

New flats, old flats  
Luxury bespoke flats  
And 'this has got to be a joke' flats  
Pensioners, toddlers  
Immigrants and Englishmen  
Families of six kids  
Single business woman  
Look, everybody's here trying to make or scrape a living  
A fox freezes on the alley wall and stands still sniffing  
Bare branches sway in the front garden  
The lionmouth door knocker flaps in the breeze  
Street lights glint on the 'beware of the dog' signs  
The beer cans and crisp packets dance with the dead leaves  
It's 04:18 AM  
At this very moment, on this very street  
Seven different people in seven different flats  
Are wide awake, they can't sleep  
Now, of all these people, in all these houses  
Only these seven are awake  
And they shiver in the middle of the night  
Counting their sheepish mistakes

Is anybody else awake?  
Will it ever be day again?  
Is anybody else awake?  
Will it ever be day again?

We start on the corner  
With our backs against the wall  
Next to the old phone box  
Where the tramp leaves his bedding  
The road runs ahead of you  
Houses and flats either side, walk down  
Go past the yard with the caravans  
There, behind the hedges



PLAYLIST

X2

Created by 90 songs, 5 hr 45 min

PLAY

Q Filter

	TITLE	ARTIST	ALBUM
♥	Meat Grinder	EXPLICIT Madvillain, Madlib,...	Madvillainy
♥	Sing About Me, I'm Dying Of T...	EXPLICIT Kendrick Lamar	good kid, m.A.A.d ...
♥	Lose Yourself	EXPLICIT Eminem	SHADYXV
♥	Countdown	Beyoncé	4
♥	More - Outtake	Marcy Harriell	Moana (Original M...
♥	The Confrontation	Hugh Jackman, Ru...	Les Misérables: Th...
♥	Patiently Waiting	EXPLICIT 50 Cent, Eminem	Get Rich Or Die Try...

# Émilie du Châtelet

Where are we? When are we?  
How do we know what we know?  
This is the Age of Enlightenment  
And this is the way the story goes:  
With a bruised apple in hand,  
I sit and I think, and therefore I am  
But if I speak and no-one but me is around to hear it  
Do I still make a sound?

Regarde! Émilie du Châtelet –  
sitting at the edge of the table,  
eyebrows furrowed, scribbling rapidly,  
writing day and night till night turned to day  
quill dragged so fast across the page that her words  
are whirling into history.

Immortalised in ink, but not in memory – who is she?

You won't find her portrait in your textbooks,  
but when she's in the flow she stays in motion,  
meddles in the middle of 18th century commotion  
between Newton and Descartes  
published papers with no head start.  
This is where our story starts

They've erased every trace of her name from the mainstream

Tucked her in the appendage as the “muse and mistress of Voltaire.”

She's a fading footnote.

Here to reclaim her voice....

# BRAINSTORM: why do I even like English? (and what did I actually learn?)

## Narratives That Shape Our World + Texts and Human Experiences

- Why do we tell stories?
- The Handmaid's Tale and "History"

## Literary Worlds

- Reader/Author dynamic

## Literary Mindscapes







- How can we represent the interior world of characters with wordzzzzzzzzzz

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English textual concepts and learning processes | 3



# Ada Lovelace

The drumming of hand-held heart beats play non-stop non-stop

The tick hypnotic tock of a clock goes on non-stop non-stop

I stagger backwards backwards backwards in fast forwards

A stranger's dream –

Perilous and dangerous. –

Cards played, hands shaking –

There's a dead insect collected in the between the pages of an old magazine

A splashed moth trapped in a bathroom sink. So it goes.

The flipping of dominos

Falling one after the other

Tumbling DOWN

DOWN

DOWN

DOWN

Spiring into hourglasses  
Woven into blueprints  
A luminous flash sprints through the abyss  
A domino flipped. A domino flipped. An atom split.

Mother, I dreamed of the future!

In the future,  
I helped scattered ash into Hiroshima's lungs  
Felt toppled cities burning with a flash and a thrum  
Burning, yearning for oblivion until obsidian comes  
I am an instrument in the shape of a woman—  
Strings, plucked apart, woven into nooses  
Wrapped around hearts and damages iridium hung.

Do you remember when you told me that I was made from history?  
That the heartbeat of a pulsar pulses through my veins  
It was them that pulled the trigger  
But look at my hands! A sorry sight.

You told me not to read poetry, because it taints the rational mind  
Because science is only ever objective  
But I am instrument in the shape of a woman

This is my instrument.  
I am thinking being.  
Armed with a quill.  
Look at what I have made  
Everything I know.



come on brain think of things



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# step 2: walk & think



**step 3:**  
**write something**  
**(and get feedback)**



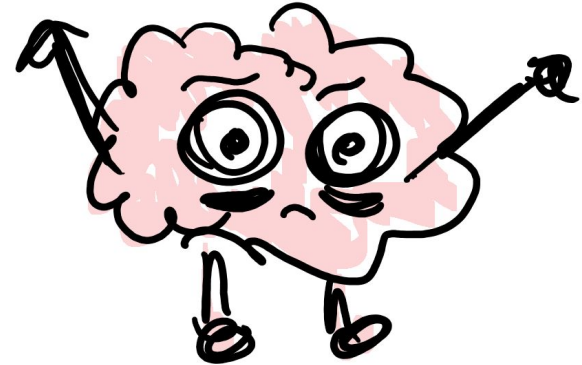
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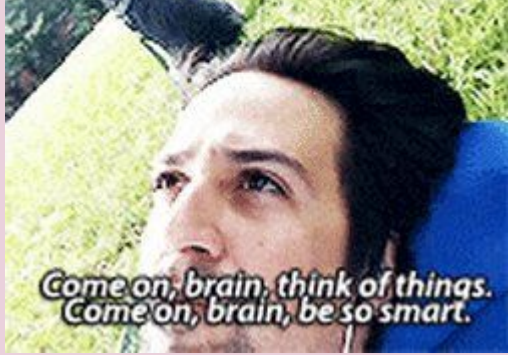
working on an essay and have a quick question: how do you put the right words in the correct order so that it is good, rather than bad

5:50 AM - 22 Apr 2018



# recording

- Phone & School Microphone
- Recorded in my room
- Edited it with Audacity
- Save and backup drafts!
- Listen to the recording in full
- Stand-up while presenting



# top tips

1. Trust yourself (and know when to ignore your teacher)
2. Procrastinate effectively
3. Enjoy the process!