XUNTA DE GALICIA | CONSELLERÍA DE CULTURA, EDUCACIÓN E UNIVERSIDADE

Xacobeo 21·22

19 de xuño de 2022
Procedemento selectivo de ingreso
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: OPCIÓNS A e B

Tempo: 85 minutos

Indicacións xerais

- Empregue o bolígrafo que lle foi entregado.
- Poderá usar papel de borrador.
- Non empregue cintas ou fluídos correctores; de necesitar anular algunha parte do escrito abondará cun X ou cunha liña sobre o escrito.
- Ao finalizar, introduza a proba completada no sobre e indique no exterior o seu nome e “Opción A” ou “Opción B”. Peche o sobre e asine a lapela.

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

Excerpt from: *Dead Man Laughing*

My father had few enthusiasms, but he loved comedy. He was a comedy nerd, though this is so common a condition in Britain as to be almost not worth mentioning. Like most Britons, Harvey gathered his family around the defunct hearth each night to watch the same half-hour comic situations repeatedly, in reruns and on video. We knew the "Dead Parrot" sketch by heart. We had the usual religious feeling for "Monty Python's Life of Brian." If we were notable in any way, it was not in kind but in extent. In our wood-cabinet music center, comedy records outnumbered the Beatles. The Goons' "I'm Walking Backward for Christmas" got an airing all year long. We liked to think of ourselves as particular, on guard against slapstick's easy laughs—Benny Hill was beneath our collective consideration. I suppose the more precise term is "comedy snobs."

Left unchecked, comedy snobbery can squeeze the joy out of the enterprise. You end up thinking of comedy as Hemingway thought of narrative: structured like an iceberg, with all the greater satisfactions fathoms under water, while the surface pleasure of the joke is somehow the least of it. In my father, this tendency was especially pronounced. He objected to joke merchants. He was wary of the revue-style bonhomie of the popular TV double act Morecambe and Wise, and disapproved of the cheery bawdiness of their rivals, the Two Ronnies. He was allergic to racial and sexual humor, to a far greater degree than any of the actual black people or women in his immediate family. Harvey's idea of a good time was the BBC sitcom "Steptoe and Son," the grim tale of two mutually antagonistic "rag-and-bone men" who pass their days in a Beckettian pile of rubbish, tearing psychological strips off each other. Each episode ends with the son (a philosopher manqué, who considers himself trapped in the filthy family business) submitting to a funk of existential despair. The sadder and more desolate the comedy, the better Harvey liked it.

His favorite was Tony Hancock, a comic wedded to despair, in his life as much as in his work. (Hancock died of an overdose in 1968.) Harvey had him on vinyl: a pristine, twenty-year-old set of LPs. The series was "Hancock's Half Hour," a situation comedy in which Hancock plays a broad version of himself and, to my mind, of my father. A quintessentially English, poorly educated, working-class war veteran with social and intellectual aspirations, whose fictional address—23 Railway Cuttings, East Cheam—perfectly conjures the aspirant bleakness of London's suburbs (as if Cheam were significant enough a spot to have an East.) Harvey, meanwhile, could be found in 24 Athelstan Gardens, Willesden Green (a poky housing estate named after the ancient king of England), also by a railway. Hancock's heartbreaking inability to pass as a middle-class beatnik or otherwise pull himself out of the hole he was born in was a source of great mirth to Harvey, despite the fact that this was precisely his own situation. He loved Hancock's hopefulness, and loved the way he was always disappointed. He passed this love on to his children, with the result that we inherited the comic tastes of a previous generation. Smith, Zadie. The New Yorker. December 14, 2008

OPTION B

Old dog, new tricks – Review of "Death of a Salesman" by Arthur Miller

Is there a greater wasted opportunity in theatre than the character of Linda Loman played deadly straight? It used to be said that Ginger Rogers could do anything Fred Astaire did, only backwards and in high heels. Linda faces the same problems as her husband – ageing, financial insecurity, estrangement from their sons – with the added strain of jollying Will along too. She could be a great counterpoint. Instead, in this production, she is a one-dimensional cheerleader.

The genius of Arthur Miller is to find grandeur in ordinary lives, and *Death of a Salesman* elevates Willy Loman to an emblem of shattered masculine pride. He returns constantly to the theme of manhood. "A man oughta come in with a few words." "A man who can't handle tools is not a man." "A man is not a piece of fruit." "A man has got to add up to something."

But Linda is humiliated too. And yet she insists on Will's nobility, offsetting the flaws he demonstrates elsewhere. As the critic Rhoda Loenig once wrote, Miller has a tendency to write women as two types: the "wicked slut" or a "combination of good waitress and a slipper-bearing retriever." Does a woman have to add up to something? Not on this evidence. (Head across the road to Miller's earlier play *All My Sons* at the Old Vic, and Sally field's Kate Keller is at least intriguingly complicit in her husband's secret torture.)

Linda's best speech is in praise of Willy. "I don't say he's a great man," she tells her sons. "But he's a human being, and a terrible thing is happening to him. So attention must be paid. He's not allowed to fall into his grave like an old dog." This presents an intriguing question for the director – or in this case, the two directors, Marianne Elliot and Miranda Cromwell: how much irony should be applied to this scene, given that we already know Willy has cheated on Linda? The answer here seemed to be none. It was a straightforward paean.

That affects the reading of other scenes. I was already thrown by the audience's titters at Willy's early tics, which are an ominous indication of the mental crisis to come. Then they laughed at his repeated refusals to let Linda speak, even though that scene culminates in Biff confronting his father for shutting her down: "Don't yell at her, Pop, will ya?"

I mention this not just to mount my feminist hobby horse – can you be a truly great dramatist if you can't write 51 per cent of the population? - but because the play's central tension is over Willy's character. His fate is tragic. But which of the flaws that precipitate his fall belong to him and which to society? His relationship with Linda is central to that calculation.

My desire for Linda-revisionism is also influenced by the fact that this production has been heavily marketed as a fresh interpretation. Here, the Lomans are an African-American family, a casting decision that really works. The four lead actors – Wendell Pierce as Willy, Sharon D Clarke as Linda, Arinzé Kene as Biff and Marins Imhangbe as Happy – produce strong performances on their own merits, as well as investing the story with extra layers of meaning. In this version, the flaws of society that hold Willy back clearly include racism.

Excerpt from: www.newstatesman.com