

Section C – Argument and persuasive language

Instructions for Section C

Section C requires students to write an analysis of the ways in which argument and language are used to persuade others to share a point(s) of view. Read the background information on this page and the material on pages 12 and 13, and write an analytical response to the task below. For the purposes of this task, the term 'language' refers to written, spoken and visual language. Your response will be assessed according to the assessment criteria set out on the last page of this book. Section C is worth one-third of the total marks for the examination

Task: Write an analysis of the ways in which argument and written and visual language are used in the material on the **next pages** to try to persuade others to share the points of view presented.

Background Information

Torquay is a seaside town at the east end of the Great Ocean Road coastal drive, Victoria. A group of men from Torquay have recently planned a model boat race, without seeking permission from the Great Ocean Road Coast and Parks Authority (GORCAPA) which oversees coastal events in the area. Torquay local, Anson Cameron, has written the following article for the local newspaper in response to this event.

Authorities on high alert as old blokes float their boats

Anson Cameron

The ageing men of my town have become insubordinate. They whisper revolt and speak of the freedoms that once were. They will not go gently into that good night. They are making plans, always making plans.

Rebellion fomented in their HQ like mould in a geriatric's sock drawer. It was built as a place to foster camaraderie. No one predicted they would hunker down in there (sans women, natch) to hatch their anarchist schemes.

When I heard they'd planned a regatta I guessed they missed the salt air, the roll of the open sea, duelling with Hardy and Bertram in the wilds of The Pacific beneath taut canvas. Their regatta would be youth momentarily regained, a bracing voyage back into the past. Then I noticed their boats were to be no longer than 60 centimetres. A model boat regatta on the mouth of The Erskine River – old geezers ankle-deep in brine twiddling joysticks the size of cornichons and barking orders at crews no bigger, or realer, than Tinker Bell.



Thankfully, GORCAPA (Great Ocean Road Coast and Parks Authority) got onto them early. Apparently that authority monitors community newsletters and Facebook groups and such, essentially spying on coastal citizens so they can't just willy-nilly swim, sail or sing without permission. GORCAPA sent an event application to the old sailors with six pages of questions to answer. GORCAPA want a risk assessment done. I understand this. In places the delta of The Erskine River is deep enough to bog a corgi, and quite the deathtrap for dachshunds.

GORCAPA's event application asks: **What is the description/purpose of the event. (sic) What are you trying to achieve? Who is your target audience?**

What are you trying to achieve? The question is existential in nature but might be answered simply and truthfully by writing, "I'm trying to beat Bob this year. He's a canny yachtsman, old Bob. And we'll all be trying to beat Louis, who sails a foot-long replica of Australia II that doubles as a hat rack when not afloat. It's galling to be outsailed by a hat rack."

Another question reads: **Have you discusses (sic) your event with any of the following authorities? Dept. of Transport. Vic Police. Ambulance Victoria. DEWLP. Parks Victoria. Marine Safety. Other.**

"Hello, is that the police? Never mind the meth epidemic. Shut up and listen. I want to discuss short boats at length."

GORCAPA claims this septuagenarians' regatta is an "event" for which its permission is required. I know a lawyer who has tried and failed to get a definition of "event" from GORCAPA. If it considers your outing an "event" its permission is required, and you can expect to pay a fee.

The authority is run out of Torquay, a town that has become a type of dude ranch for surfers and a proving ground for bureaucratic monsters. Many a budding public servant comes into their full mastery of perfectly irrelevant matters in Torquay. Every building there is grey. They walk grey dogs and think grey thoughts and when they defecate it is so grey you'd think they'd shat out their brains. Maybe they have.