

Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a writing booklet. Extra writing booklets are available.

In your answers you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of belonging are shaped in and through texts
- describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context

Question 1 (15 marks)

Examine **Texts one, two, three and four** carefully and then answer the questions on page 8.

Text one — Visual text



Question 1 continues on page 4

Question 1 (continued)

Text two — Poem

LOOKING BACK

We never had the money or the land
we lived in rented rooms
from day to day
from hand to hand
5 we knew the gifts that still arise unplanned

we were never mainstream anyway
we had no background past a weekly pay
and then the dole and then a pension of a kind
and though things were not right we were not wronged
10 we learned how not to mind
we never belonged

peripheries at most times were our line
living on the outskirts half the time
or down a lane
15 my father said, "Don't read too much
it will affect your brain".

our vegetables were grown in backyard lots
my mother grew her flowers in old pots
and trees in kerosene tins near the door
20 we were what you call the urban poor

VIVIAN SMITH

Question 1 continues on page 5

Question 1 (continued)

Text three — Prose extract — *The Chosen* by David Ireland

She began to love the silence, which clever people tell us is the absence of ritual. Though in those hills it was more. It was tense silence, there was a buzzing of unseen movement. There were small waterfalls flowing with fish, with no water sound, only fish . . . She watched the retreating backs of showers as they climbed the next hill. She listened to see if she could hear the crops growing . . . She was a different person . . . She began to see the soil differently . . . She imagined the thin topsoil digesting her thoughts as they fell from her head. She found herself thinking people were ugly and they'd made the world sad. Once or twice she looked over the high fence of the kindergarten feeling she'd like to have been a teacher of little kids. She was emptying of one life, filling with another.

More than anything else she loved to be alone with fields of grass and go up into the belts of trees that crowned all the ridges, to search out secret places. Once she climbed a steep hill and between two trees discovered a green landscape she hadn't known existed . . .

She would lie out in the open like a patient gazing upwards at the blue ceiling, fall asleep, and wake to a sky full of grand canyons and mountain ranges of white cloud . . . She imagined she could lift her hand, hold it over blue peaks, valleys, ranges, touching them gently, feeling their folds, textures, warmth and sudden coolness with her fingers and her palm, which was big as a shire. Once she stayed out all night and saw at dawn a stand of white-barked gums wet with light, and shivered, while around her the silence and stillness rang with invisible bells. Sunsets entranced her. She walked straight towards them, large vague symphonies of colour, eyes open, trying to enter the radiance . . .

Gradually her feelings approached the commitment of words . . . a kind of in-breathing, perhaps, the basic taste and sound of the world entering into her and feeling at home, making her feel at home among the hills and sunsets; at home in the landscape which she felt she put on like an overcoat, which fitted. At home among the leaves of trees touching high overhead, speaking quietly to each other and silently with her . . .

. . . Indoors, the windows were too full of cloud, too little sky . . . Often she stared up into the sky trying to get past the blue, and it seemed the whole sky suddenly swooped down with big blue arms to pick her up and take her to a place of music in words and pictures. Other times, she tried to read the answer in the writings on the scribbly gums. She wanted to know . . .

Question 1 continues on page 6

Question 1 (continued)

Text four — Nonfiction extract – *Home: The Heart of the Matter* by Peter Read

Homes, like other places, are mentally constructed. What we identify as 'home' is not only a different location from everyone else's, it occupies a different space. Home can be an area as big as half of Sydney:

Dad knew the city tracks. Not just the steps and pathways round the Cross, for example, but he had a mental picture like a map. The shortcuts all the way from the coast to Parramatta which makes me think of Sydney as like a middle-eastern city, multi-layered and only readily knowable by people with that ancient knowledge.

Home can be the inner city:

But still the centre of gravity is the inner city, and oddly enough it is here, in my corner house, with traffic on two sides of me, that I've begun to learn how to be still, and to accept that changes can come in small and undramatic ways.

Home can be a suburb:

It's me. Footscray is me. I know I'm happier here than I've been for years . . . I felt as if I've come home . . . I like it very much, I do, and I won't be leaving here.

Home can be a house:

Well, it may sound a bit corny, but to put it this way, when Helen and I went down to our place in Cherwell fifty-odd years ago, I thought that was the loveliest place that anybody could ever have. It was a nice brick home that I had and I think home is everything; you've got to put a lot into it and you get a heck of a lot out of it.

Home can be a room in a house:

[When someone was in the kitchen] it kept the family in contact throughout the day. When they're home, everybody knows where to find other people, or at least to find Mum and Dad or whoever's doing the cooking — there's usually somebody in the kitchen.

Question 1 continues on page 7

Question 1 (continued)

Text four — Nonfiction extract (continued)

Home can be a single plant in a garden:

[My attachment] is to houses. The big weatherboard house in Campsie which we sold and was knocked down to put up units. It's not even the house, I think it's actually the back yard. And the flowers in the back yard that I'm attached to. So it's bluebells and snowdrops.

As well as the space it occupies, people conceptualise their home as the functions it performs. To some, home is a comfortably bounded enclosed space, defining an 'other' who is outside. Others, more socially attuned to their neighbourhood and friends, see 'home' not as a place but an area, formed out of a particular set of social relations which happen to intersect at the particular location known as 'home'. 'Home' can be a focus of memory, a building, a way of mentally enclosing people of great importance, a reference point for widening circles of significant people and places and a means of protecting valued objects.

'Home', as T.S. Eliot remarked, 'is where one starts from.' The loss of a loved place sharpens perceptions of what is most valuable in the shaped and fashioned space. The affection for a home, in western cultures, is the point where griefs for lost countries, towns, properties, gardens and suburbs seem to meet. Home is the ultimate focus of all lost places.

Question 1 continues on page 8