

Question 1 (15 marks)

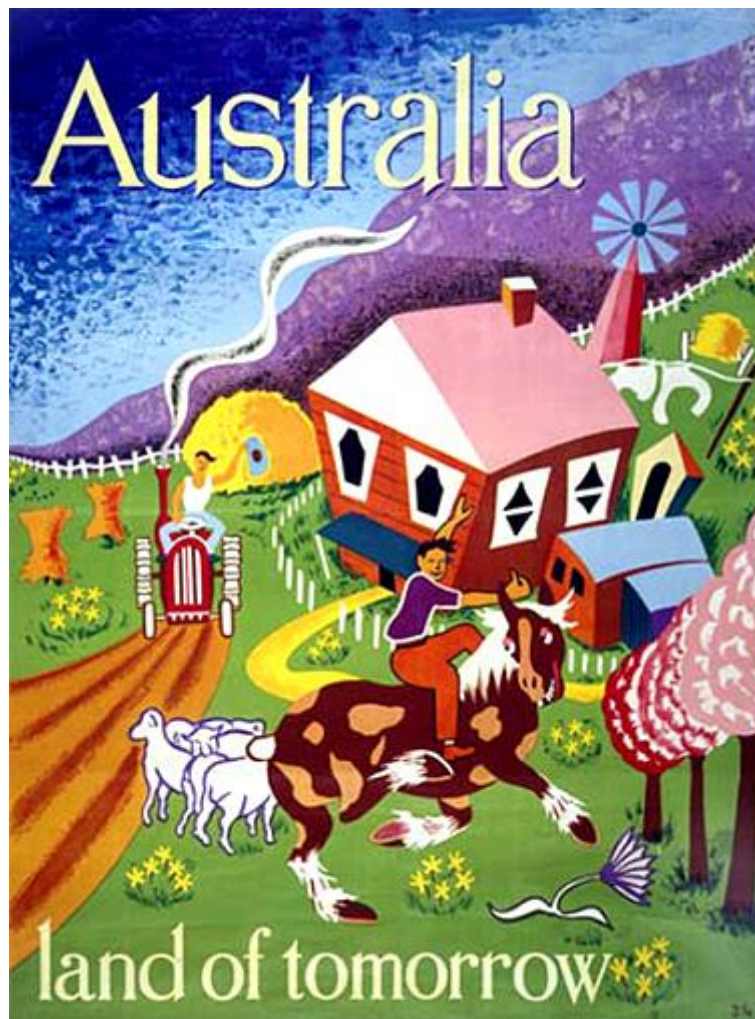
Examine **Texts one, two, three and four** carefully and then answer the questions on page 6.

Text One Immigration Poster **Poster for the Commonwealth Department of Information**

National Archives of Australia

Joe Greenberg

1948



I was lured here by the prospect of finding winters without frostbite, and migrant brochures which showed people basking a lot.

The creator of this colourful and light-hearted poster, Joe Greenberg, was told later by a Czech migrant that it had been displayed in all migrant camps in Europe, and had influenced him to come to Australia

Small stories of the planet

Author:

Sudip Sen

COULD IT BE TRUE? Had we just made the first ever Halal Irish stew?

The lamb's slaughterer could not have predicted such a destiny. I said my thank you in Arabic to the butcher and strolled past the Filipino grocery shops and South African estate agents, past the well-muscled groups of homosexuals and Australians guzzling beer, past the 30-metre Madonna cleavage squashed into a French corset. I am in Earl's Court, south-west London – I doubt the Earl would recognise it now.

I handed the meat to my partner to do her worst. She was born in America and developed a soft spot for Northern Ireland from her time there (hence the stew). I am Australian. We're both of Indian origin.

While the stew slowly bubbled, we visited a market in east London. The Whitechapel Road market is now the heart of a Bangladeshi community. The next day, we visited friends in St Albans, a quaint English village 30 minutes north of London; interplanetary travel is possible on the Northern Line.

My soft spot is for London, where everyone, surely, can find a somewhere to belong. Or at least where a sense of alienation is well distributed. Growing up in Adelaide, I remember feeling alienated by some talk of multiculturalism. I was frequently welcomed into the place where I was born, received commiserations whenever India lost the cricket, which they almost always did, and was accused of supporting cheats, when they won. Headlines declared "six million migrants make us proud". Upon discovering I was one of them, I wondered whether my children would also be counted, and how many generations this would go on.

Tolerance seemed a lazy aspiration. It asked people to get along, but not really. Respect – now there's a challenge.

In London, like in any other mixed-up place, whether a person actually feels he or she belongs is in the mind. That is where people tally small stories of discrimination and alienation, friendship and kindness.

To assess belonging, and the room for it to breathe, I observe less tangible things than the economic contributions from migrants, and the numbers consuming different cuisines (the stew was hearty, but a bit bland for my taste). Rather, I attempt a poll of the "atmosphere": the public space where meaning is formed. For clues, read letters to the editor, note the headlines, watch the politicians.

Seeing difference is one thing and a place is generally better for it, or at least more interesting. But sometimes I wonder what my Lebanese butchers say to each other in their quiet moments, or what goes through the mind of that Bangladeshi stall owner with the best mangoes in London. I wonder how they feel about all this difference: what they think of this "new world" we live in where people will be fingerprinted to cross borders. What sorts of small stories will emerge about belonging?

From *Griffith Review*

Text Three Poem

Home from Berlin

Home from Berlin
it takes a week
for the jet lag to leave my body-
for my senses to readjust
to the southern hemisphere where
'home and heart' belong

Unexpected moments
bring images of Berlin to my mind
with post-card clarity-
a kind of delayed recognition
not experienced while I was there.

How else to explain
that I can still smell the trees
when I walked along
Under den linden-
or the sound of conversations
among shoppers crossing
Alexanderplatz-
the slow grind of tram wheels
outside the Jewish synagogue
written into history on 9/11/1939
in what's become known as
Kristallnacht?

Over and over
they return – smells
tastes, touches,
souvenirs that can't be wrapped
in paper for the long trip
back to Australia:
reminders
of the country
I was born in more than fifty years ago
before emigrating to Australia
with my parents

And why Australia, why not
Canada or South America –
anywhere that a semblance
or affinity of heritage might be found
and laid claim to?

With the jet lag disappearing
memories of warm nights
return, long hours
of daylight, poetry readings,
the inescapable scent of linden trees
sweeter than ever before –
a realisation that somehow,
mysteriously,
I've brought 'home and heart'
Back to Australia with me.

Peter Skryznecki

Text Four Memoir

Two wives in Krakow and a house in Treptow

Author: Peter Skryznecki

In 1989, while on a visit to Poland, I was introduced to Piotr (Peter) Skrzynecki, the famous cabaret and artistic director who lived in the city of Krakow. I had heard of him and knew that his reputation was legendary. That we shared the same name made it all the more intriguing when a meeting was suggested by the government bureaucrats who were responsible for organising my itinerary. We shared meals, drank, discussed literature and art, went on a walking tour of the city and he took me to his cabaret/theatre, Piwnica Pod Baranami, located beneath Krakow Square. In all, our time together over two days was unique. Very special. When it came time for me to leave, the old man became emotional. To my surprise, he started to cry. "Don't go back to Australia, stay here. You're one of us. You belong here."

I explained that I was now an Australian, that I had emigrated to Australia more than 40 years ago and belonged there; that my parents were still alive; that I had a wife and three children.

He composed himself and said, "I can't do anything about the parents and children – but I can find you a wife. In fact, I'll find you two."

As a child I had listened to my parents' conversations and to those of their generation – to other Balts and Slavs who had emigrated to Australia after the war. The best times for these kinds of interactions were when families socialised on Sundays after church, when they gathered at one home or another. Repeatedly the word *zał* would come up – a Polish word meaning sorrow or grief, but having a depth to it that no English equivalent could capture, certainly not in three letters. It carried connotations that were psychological and spiritual as well as physical and mental. These adults spoke of their homelands, the families left behind, what the future held for their children, the hopes and expectations of joy. They cursed the Nazis and the Communists and expressed their gratitude that they had been given a second chance at life – like Lazarus who had been raised from the dead. They were hardworking people and led lives of integrity. My parents also kept in touch with their families in Poland and the Ukraine through letters and parcels sent from Australia.

One of the best examples of the patriotism that these exiles held for their homelands, even after five decades in Australia, occurred at my father's funeral in Rookwood Cemetery on June 30, 1994.

In 1989, when I travelled to Poland, I visited the graves of my father's parents in the cemetery in Raciborow, the village where he'd been born. I returned with a handful of soil that I knew one day I would sprinkle on his coffin. It was thick, heavy soil, almost black, and was kept in a sealed plastic bag. We never spoke about its purpose. Occasionally, however, I would take out the bag and see black grains turning into grey dust.

On the day of the funeral, when the coffin was lowered and the priest announced that *Polska ziemia* – "Polish soil" would be sprinkled, you should have seen the rush towards that plastic bag – and by men, mostly, as if their own lives depended on being able to touch the contents of that bag. They were asked to step back so that I and my family could sprinkle the soil first, and then they followed; but even after the bag was empty many still dipped their fingers into it – as if the air itself were sacred.

Section I Questions

Marks

Text One Poster

- a. Identify one visual feature that highlights an aspect of belonging. 1

Text Two Short Story Extract

- b. Explain briefly how the author uses language to communicate her ideas about belonging to the reader. 2

Text Three Poem

- c. What reflections does the poem offer on returning to your country of origin and belonging? 3

Text Four Memoir

- d. Analyse the language techniques used to emphasise the author's feelings about belonging to culture. 4

Texts One, Two, Three and Four

- e. Discuss which TWO of these texts most strongly represent the uncertainties of belonging. 5

Section II

15 marks Attempt Question 2 Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Start each section on a new page

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

- express understanding of the concept of belonging in the context of your studies
 - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
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Question 2 (15 marks)

A publisher has asked young writers to submit a narrative to be included in an anthology. Choose ONE of the following and write a narrative for the anthology about belonging.

... that was there I belonged.

The act of returning is “an attempt to know oneself.”

The glass reflected an image, clean, crisp, showing clearly now where we belonged.

My pile of belongings was gone; my friends had disappeared; the stretch of sand was completely deserted.

“Home, identity and belonging came with overlapping meanings.”

Section III

15 marks Attempt Question 3 Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question on separate pages

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

- express understanding of the concept of belonging in the context of your studies
 - analyse, explain and assess the ways change is represented in a variety of texts
 - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
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Question 3 (15 marks)

Focus: Belonging

How have the texts you have studied explored ideas about belonging?

In your response, refer to your prescribed text and TWO other related texts of your own choosing.