

SECTION I – 15 marks
SHORT ANSWER

Text One:
Visual

Banksy, 'Trolley Hunters'



Text Two:

Extract of an interview with Charles Perkins, May 5, 1998.

Interviewed by Robin Hughes.

Can you tell us what the Freedom Ride was, to put in context for us, for people who don't know?

Well, the Freedom Ride is a copy of really what happened in America, where people wanted to go out, get in a bus, go out there and go to towns and cities and expose discrimination and prejudice wherever it may be. And racism. And that's what we wanted to do, all of us students. And we thought, well we'll go into the country towns of New South Wales. It was the blind leading the blind. We didn't know where to go. And we were a mixture: there was Jewish students there; there was about three or four communists there; there was Presbyterian lay preachers there. All sorts, you know. As I said, a really motley crew of all sorts of things, but we all had the one common objective, and that was doing something, get out there and do it, do the Freedom Ride, whatever it meant, let's do it... So we set out in the bus, and we said, 'Where will we go?' so we headed for Wellington. 'We'll go to Wellington'. Anybody says, 'Anybody want to go somewhere else?' Nobody had any ideas so we set off for Wellington. It was just ridiculous - the whole thing. But we had one burning desire and that was to expose racism and by whatever means we had available to us - whatever that was... The next one was Walgett and then it hit the fan at Walgett. That's when it all started. And we confronted this great sacred cow of Australia: the RSL. That was when the great sacred cow, I think, started to go downhill from then on, in terms of public prestige and credibility. And we just said, 'No, stuff 'em. We're going to stand in front of the RSL and they can go and get nicked'. And we did that.

Aborigines weren't allowed into RSL clubs at all at that time, were they?

Only on Anzac Day. That's returned soldiers only. If you were a returned soldier and you fought in the war as many of them did in these country towns, they were allowed to go in the RSL on Anzac Day, march down the street, RSL on Anzac Day, get drunk with everybody else, but don't come back.

So what did you do to the RSL Club in Walgett?

Well, we walked into the club, and we said to them ... I said to them, 'I want to go into the bar'. They said, 'Aborigines are not allowed in here. Get out, or we'll have the police remove you. And take your friends with you'. They called them some names, you know. Some of our student friends weren't really what you called respectable looking. They had long hair and, you know, pretty daggy old clothes on and so on. So you know, he said, 'Well throw one out, throw the lot out'. So they said, 'We're going to call the police', and I said, 'Well, call the police. We're not going'. So that same fellow who told me that, when I went back seventeen years later to the RSL, to the same club, he was sitting at the same table, I walked in and I said, 'Can we come into the club?' He said, 'Eh, I know you'. He said, 'You caused trouble here before'. He said, 'You're barred'. And I said, 'What!' He said, 'You're barred', he said, 'You caused trouble here, seventeen or eighteen years ago'. And I said, 'That's right, I did'. I said, 'Here, shake hands mate', I said, 'You're a genius'. I said, 'The only bloke who would have the mindset to remember one person seventeen years ago and bar him again'. I said, 'I congratulate you, and I leave this place without any trouble'. I couldn't believe it. And he said, 'Right, you're barred and so are your friends'. And he carried on writing. I said, 'Nothing's happened in all that time? In all those years?' Whole decades ... two decades have come and gone, and he's sitting at the same table, he sees me walk in the door, and within ten seconds he's told me I'm barred. Can you believe that?

He hadn't changed, but things had changed.

The world had changed around him. He hadn't. He's in the same desk in the same ... going into the club there, same pen and paper and everything before him. The world is different. And he remembered me, of all people, to come in there. Anyway, on the day seventeen years before that occasion, or eighteen years before that occasion, being barred the second time, being barred on the first time, we went outside. We said, 'Righto, we're going to demonstrate against this club'. So we said, 'Okay, let's get some ... what'll we do?' and somebody said, 'Let's get some placards out. Who's got a pen?' So we got a pen out and got some paper. Put it on the paper. What'll we write up? Everybody's saying, 'What'll we write up'. I said, 'Write what you bloody well like. Whatever you want to write, write it up'. So I said, you know, 'RSL are racist'. Somebody said, 'Oh, that's a bit strong'. I said, 'Well, that's mine. You make your own'. So you know, we got our own placards up and stood there. Well, you couldn't believe the reaction of the RSL club members. They were ... you know, they're rednecks, a lot of them, and they thought, you know, they're God's chosen children and they are born to rule. And they ... and they were ruling. And they sort of come to the club, saw this, and were they hostile! Absolutely hostile. They were spitting and everything, you know. 'You're scum of the earth! What are you doing here? Go and have a haircut. Go and have a wash. You're not going to have the blacks around here, are you?' And then the Aborigines on the other side of the street, [are] watching all this. The whole Freedom Ride is not so much for white people, on my mind. My ... my deeper objective was for Aboriginal people to realise, hey listen, second class is not good enough, you know. You don't have to always be first class, but don't always be second class. And don't cop shit, you know, when you don't have to. And you don't want to have to live on river banks and in shanty huts and at the end of a road where there's rubbish tips. Live in town. And you don't have to have cocky white men sneaking around pinching Aboriginal women at night, you know. And the women not being able to say anything. And all these other things that went with it. Sitting down the front of picture theatres; not being able to sit in a restaurant, because nobody will allow you as an Aborigine to sit in a restaurant. That's not on. And you know ... and the timing was right. If I didn't do it, somebody else would have done it.

And boy, did this hit the fan. The media came from everywhere, all over. And we were sitting in the boiling sun. In Walgett it gets bloody hot, bloody hot, and we were standing there. And we were all just about fainting with it, you know. And the RSL bloke came out, their president, with a big case full of drinks, big noting himself. 'Here, I'll give the students a drink to show the RSL's not against Aborigines or against the students and so on'. I said, 'Excuse me, can you go away?' I said, 'We don't want that'. I said, 'Why don't you stick it up your arse'. I said, 'We don't want your drinks'. I said, 'Nobody's going to drink any'. I said, 'Nobody drinks this drink from this bloke here'. I said, 'Go on, take it back inside'. So he said, 'Oh, is that how you feel, eh? You're smart arses'. I said, 'No, no. We don't want your drink, mate. So get inside with it again'. And did we need a drink. We could have drunk the whole bloody case. Somebody said, 'Gee, that was a silly thing to do. I'm bloody dying of thirst'. I said, 'Yeah, but that's right. We'll get our own drinks. We don't need his drinks'. And so we went back inside, and they got a new respect for us. You know, they came out and they treated us better and they started talking to us. Some were still wanting to be a bit violent in their rhetoric to us, you know, but most of them were starting to say, 'Hey listen, you know, something's on here. There's social change in the air. There's something happening here'. There's a revolution somewhere or other, and it might be here. And all the Aboriginal people were thinking the same, you know, because I could hear them talking. And then they'd come over and talk to me, and so we started relating to them. And then the night came on and we said we were a bit tired, so we broke it off and we went into the church. And the church allowed us to come in the hall, but then after we did that, they didn't want anything to do with us. Oh no, the church leaders got together and moved a resolution that we get booted out of the hall.

You were supposed to sleep there then?

Yeah, and they booted us out... But then the Aborigines started on the white people. They all gathered in the streets, hundreds of them, see. A lot of Aborigines just watching and listening, a lot of kids. And then the women started on them. 'Don't you tell me, you white bastard over there. You're sneaking round, coming round to our house all the time down the shanty town, and making off with all the Aboriginal women in the dark. Why don't you tell your wife what you do at night?' Oh, he took off. And a couple of others took off as well. So it just broke up the whole bloody town: you know, the relationships were all being exposed to one and all. And then you know, it just tore them apart. They couldn't handle it. So it was a whole unravelling of, you know, all of those relationships. And a realisation that they have to re-establish a new set of relationships. Aborigines, one, were not going to cop that situation any more. And the white people have to decide ... have to decide ... have to think again about how they view their relationship with Aboriginal people, you know. We're not in the deep south. It's Australia and so on. And it was a catalyst for social change. In my mind, Walgett, Moree too ... but Walgett was the beginning of the social change for Aboriginal people in Australia, which allowed the referendum in 1967 to be successful. Because it got massive publicity. It laid the ground for, you know, shit, that's not acceptable. Racism is not acceptable. Disadvantaged positions for Aboriginal people in Australian society is not acceptable. Women not being able to buy dresses and try them on in shops - just once they touch them they got to buy them. That sort of stuff's not acceptable. Not being able to sit down at a restaurant, you know, in a delicatessen, whatever, or a restaurant in a country town if white people wanted a seat, is not acceptable, you know. Or not being allowed to sit down anyhow. You can only have takeaways. Only being served in one bar in a hotel and not the lounge or anywhere else. Not being able to sit at the back seats of picture theatres, only in the front. This all happened in Walgett. Walgett was Australia all over. And so it started there and from there it just flowed everywhere. The social change was on, the revolution was on. We were evolving into another sort of society.

With the Freedom Ride really making a change in Australian society, did it also make a change in you, Charlie? Did you feel different after that ride?

Oh yeah, I think, you know it was an educational trip for all of us. And it educated Australia, it educated all the people on the trip including myself. It changed my perceptions of white people, quite frankly. It took a lot of the bitterness and a lot of the hatred out of me about white people. And you know, I realised there was quite a few white people that really wanted to do something that were powerless to do it, or were caught up in the system themselves. And what they thought was okay was not okay, you know. Now they'd been shown something different and they're not going to go back to that again. And you know, so it was good for a person like myself and I can only speak for myself about that, where it sort of gave me a different vision of where Australia should be going and what we've got to do about it. It gave me an understanding more clearly about the depth of Aboriginal disadvantage in Australian society and the need for psychological change within the Aboriginal community, so we can confront the issues. Then with white people, it sort of enabled me to see them in a different light, a more understanding light, and a much more sensible way of viewing the predicament they're in and why they say the things that they do and why they act the way that they do. So it was good education for me.

**Text Three:
Poem**

**Originally (1990)
Carol Ann Duffy**

We came from our own country in a red room
which fell through the fields, our mother singing
our father's name to the turn of the wheels.
My brothers cried, one of them bawling *Home,*
Home, as the miles rushed back to the city,
the street, the house, the vacant rooms
where we didn't live any more. I stared
at the eyes of a blind toy, holding its paw.

All childhood is an emigration. Some are slow,
leaving you standing, resigned, up an avenue
where no one you know stays. Others are sudden.
Your accent wrong. Corners, which seem familiar,
leading to unimagined, pebble--dashed estates, big boys
eating worms and shouting words you don't understand.
My parents' anxiety stirred like a loose tooth
in my head. *I want our own country,* I said.

But then you forget, or don't recall, or change,
and, seeing your brother swallow a slug, feel only
a skelf¹ of shame. I remember my tongue
shedding its skin like a snake, my voice
in the classroom sounding just like the rest. Do I only think
I lost a river, culture, speech, sense of first space
and the right place? Now, *Where do you come from?*
strangers ask. *Originally?* And I hesitate.

¹ Skelf – a small splinter of wood.

**Text Four:
Feature Article.**

Veils and Vegemite

The Sydney Morning Herald, February 17, 2007 Good Weekend

Buy a bikini. Go easy on the prayer. Sink a few coldies. Then you'll be true blue, mate. Muslim Australians are being asked to "fit in" but, asks Randa Abdel-Fattah, who has the right to define what is Aussie? And why do we need to?

"Do you ever wish you were fully Aussie?"

This question was posed to me by a teenage girl in a Sydney school last year.

"What do you mean by fully Aussie?" I asked.

"Um ...like Anglo, you know?" There was no malice or sarcasm intended. The girl was sincere, and simply curious as to whether I yearned to be liberated from what she saw as the shackles of my hyphenated identity as an Australian-born Muslim of Palestinian and Egyptian heritage, to take refuge in the more convenient and legitimate hyphenated identity of Anglo-Aussie.

My first reaction was to laugh. Unfortunately, her sentiment could not be attributed to a naive, schoolgirl view of Australian identity and citizenship. It was the kind of construction of Australian identity I have been hearing for some time now -from politicians, journalists, radio hosts, public figures, none of whom can hide behind the excuse of puberty or inexperience in life.

"Muslim" and "Australian" are widely perceived as being mutually exclusive, as polar opposites. One does not need to adopt a victim complex to arrive at this rather obvious conclusion. Muslims- whether Australian-born, migrants or converts of convict ancestry -are the new Public Enemy No 1. Our status as Australians feeds off the un-Australian status of others. We can only feel truly Australian by measuring ourselves against those we deem to be truly not.

As somebody who falls readily into the category of "other", I am curious as to why Muslims -and indeed people who qualify for the crude misnomer "of Middle Eastern appearance" -are on this side of the deep and bitter chasm that has been created in Australia. There is a fracture in our society and, rather than feel optimistic about it healing, I feel increasingly apprehensive about it becoming worse.

However, the way in which the debate plays out demonstrates that it is not a general values debate. How Muslims view labour laws, free trade, the environment or capitalism has never been at the heart of the issue. The values debate has primarily focused on women's dress and attitudes to certain social norms (such as alcohol, a day at the beach or sexuality). Integration, fitting in, assimilation: it doesn't matter whether you belong to a union or recycle your plastic, it's whether you wear a bikini to the beach, date, or can join in a jovial who-got -more-pissed -on -the-weekend Monday morning water cooler conversation that are the pivotal points that rate you on the 1-10 scale of What Makes You Aussie.

That is why that young schoolgirl asked me whether I ever wished I was fully Aussie. I'd just explained that observant Muslims don't drink alcohol or take drugs, don't have

boyfriend/girlfriend relationships and don't wear bikinis or swimsuits to the beach or pools.

There were a lot of don'ts in my talk and the girl, rather than seeing these as a matter of personal choice, took pity on me. But her assessment of me as different and weird accurately reflects a widespread wariness among the general population about overt religion.

We are considered outsiders because some of our social norms and moral codes are undeniably different. One could say we are old-fashioned, but we are proudly so. I don't think the divide that has made Muslims feel like "the other" is based on race, colour or culture. It is a divide based on religious observance.

The effect of this marginalisation on Australian Muslims frightens me. It is simply naive to think that the political discourse and Aussie! Aussie! Aussie! Oil Oil Oi! rhetoric is aimed at empowering Muslims -migrants and the Australian-born -or inspiring a sense of citizenship in them. The result is alienation, defensiveness and, among young Australian Muslims, confusion about one's identity and place in the only country one knows as home.

I know of such confusion because I have felt it many times. The kind of identity politics that has been thrown up by the pressure to define Australian values and identity hit me straight in the eye on a trip I took to Sweden last year. I was invited to speak at the Gothenburg Book Festival in September 2006, and it was there that I befriended a Swedish journalist and rap artist, Nabila, who was raised in Sweden but born in Lebanon to a Kurdish mother and Lebanese father. As we mingled with other international guests, one person asked Nabila: "Do you feel Swedish?"

"Yes," she replied. "Until you asked me."

When we reflected on her response later that day, I asked her: "What about your Kurdish and Lebanese background? How does it impact on your identity?" She gave me a nonchalant smile and then shrugged. "To be honest, I'm tired of defining myself. Am I Swedish? Am I Kurdish? Am I Lebanese? I'm all of these things, and none. Sometimes I'm more Swedish than Kurdish, sometimes I'm more Lebanese than Swedish. In the end, I'm just me."

Her answer resonated with me. It so perfectly encapsulated an ideal space within which to position one's sense of self. As idealistic and naive as her expression of self-definition was, I longed for the freedom to detach myself from hyphens and labels and the need to prove loyalty to one part of my identity at the expense of the other. At times I felt intensely Australian; my chest swelled with pride at the sound of an Australian accent in the streets of Gothenburg. Listening to Palestinian writer Suad Amiry talk about her marvellous book, *Sharon and My Mother-in-Law*, I felt intensely Palestinian and craved to walk the streets of Jerusalem again. Eating at an Egyptian restaurant in Stockholm, I instantly connected with the owner and reminisced with him about the chaos and magic of Cairo.

The inconsistency in my emotions and devotions used to faze me. It used to arouse in me a sense of disloyalty and insincerity. But Nabila showed me that there is no weakness in loving many things with equal strength. I returned to Australia conscious, for the first time, of the utter fluidity of my identity. I don't need to feel "fully Aussie". Not because I am not of Anglo background (I don't believe Anglo equals Australian), but because it is an impossible demand of a country founded on immigration to expect a pure demarcation between citizenship and heritage. One's past, whether ancestral or as a migrant, necessarily shapes one's present. The issue is the place of this construction of self in Australia's future.

Questions:

TEXT ONE (Visual)

1. Explain how one visual technique is used to convey an element of belonging. (1 mark)

TEXT TWO (Interview)

2. How does the interview convey connections between belonging and identity? (3 marks)

TEXT THREE (Poem)

3. How important is the persona's physical location to her sense of belonging? (1 mark)
4. What is her attitude towards the importance of belonging and how is this conveyed? (2 marks)

TEXT FOUR (Feature Article)

5. What comment does the composer make about not belonging and how this relates to her identity? (3 marks)

TEXTS TWO, THREE AND FOUR

6. Choose TWO texts and discuss how these texts support or challenge assumptions about belonging. Include language techniques and examples in your response. (5 marks)

SECTION II – 15 marks
CREATIVE WRITING

Use one of the following as a starting point for a piece of writing that explores the concept of belonging.

‘ Since I can remember, I have always felt I belonged in the house where I grew up as a child. I remembered it fondly ...’

OR

‘It was raining, and the steady tapping on the tin roof was hypnotic. I couldn’t get out of bed ...’

OR

‘She was beautiful in a way that I had never seen her before. A vision in flowing satin and perfect, mannequin-like make up...’

SECTION III – 15 marks
ESSAY

Choose ONE of the following questions to write your essay response:

‘Change is highly dependent on an individual’s experiences.’

Discuss this statement with close reference to your study of ‘*A Thousand Splendid Suns*’ (Khaled Hosseini) and at least ONE of your own texts.

OR

‘Texts can both reflect and challenge the values of the particular historical and cultural contexts in which they were composed.’

Discuss this statement in relation to your study of ‘*The Taming of the Shrew*’ and ‘*10 Things I Hate About You*’.

OR

‘The power of language lies in its ability to effectively communicate strong viewpoints to a wide audience.’

Discuss this statement with reference to at least TWO of the texts studied in the unit ‘*Language of Power and Politics*’. In your answer you must consider language forms and features, audience, purpose, and how the text type either supports or hinders the intended viewpoint.