

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Student Number



Ravenswood

2021

**HSC Assessment Task 1
Paper 1 – Texts and Human
Experiences**

Year 12

Ms Martens

English Advanced

Reading Task Answer Booklet

TOTAL MARKS – 20

Time allowed: 45 minutes

General Instructions

- Reading time – 5 minutes
- Writing time – 45 minutes
- Write using black pen
- Attempt all questions
- Write your responses on the lines provided
- A Stimulus Booklet is provided with this paper
- Write your Student Number at the top of this page

Texts and Human Experiences – Reading Task

Your answers will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of human experiences in texts
 - analyse, explain and assess the ways human experiences are represent in texts
-

Text 1

Question 1 (4 marks)

Explain how this text conveys the collective nature of the female experience.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Texts 2 and 3

Question 2 (5 marks)

How do these texts use textual forms and features to suggest the contradictions and paradoxes of childhood imagination?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Text 4

Question 3 (5 marks)

Analyse the ways this text represents transformative experiences.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Related Material

Question 4 (6 marks)

Choose ONE of the two nonfiction texts you were given to answer this question, EITHER:

- ‘The epic style of Kerry James Marshall’ by Calvin Tomkins,
- OR
- ‘Finding ways home’ by Evelyn Araluen from Growing Up Aboriginal in Australia

Analyse how your chosen text tells a story about cultural identity.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Student Number



Ravenswood

2021
HSC Assessment Task 1
Paper 1 – Texts and Human
Experiences

Year 12

Ms Martens

English Advanced

Stimulus Booklet

Section 1

Unseen texts	Pages
• Text 1 – Poem.....	2
• Text 2 – Painting.....	4
• Text 3 – Fiction Extract.....	5
• Text 4 – Autobiographical Extract.....	7
Related material texts	
• Text A – Feature Article.....	9
• Text B – Non-fiction text.....	12

Section I

Text 1 – Poem

“The Bodies” by Elizabeth Spires

the bodies of the women glisten ...

Naked, disproportionate, lush,
hung and burdened with flesh, they open slowly,
like orchids blooming out of season.

and I *am* my body, all shimmering flesh.

Secrets are whispered here. Stories told.

The bodies, alabaster*, abalone*,
relax, give up their pose, to ask,
How shall we be joined?

How shall we know each other?

By doors, by chains and linkages
through which we shall be

loved, possessed.

I see them, row upon row, the rank and file
of generations moving without pause:

— the bodies of the young girls, the willows,
complete unto themselves, androgynous*;

— the great bodies of the mothers,
circled by their little moons, adoring;

— the mothers of the mothers,
the old wise ones, ponderous and slow.

Body of the world! Body of flesh!
We move, we love, we cry out,
we hold or cannot hold to what we are
and finally wake to find ourselves
changed beyond all imagining.
Was it enough to have lived?
In that moment of still approach,
will it be given to us to know?

Glossary:

***alabaster** - a translucent, typically white, soft stone, often carved into ornaments.

***abalone** – an edible sea snail considered a delicacy. Has a shallow ear-shaped shell lined with mother-of-pearl.

***androgynous** - partly male and partly female in appearance; of indeterminate sex.

Text 2 – Painting



“Child’s Imagination” by Garth Laidlaw

Text 3 – Fiction Extract

“Bad Dreams” by Tessa Hadley

A child woke up in the dark. She seemed to swim up into consciousness as if to a surface, which she then broke through, looking around with her eyes open. At first, the darkness was implacable*. She might have arrived anywhere: all that was certain was her own self, lying on her side, her salty smell and her warmth, her knees pulled up to her skinny chest inside the cocoon of her brushed-nylon nightdress. But as she stared into the darkness familiar forms began to loom through it: the pale outline of a window, printed by the street lamp against the curtains; the horizontals on the opposite wall, which were the shelves where she and her brother kept their books and toys.

She struggled to sit up out of the tightly wound nest of sheets and blankets; she was asthmatic and feared not being able to catch her breath. Cold night air struck her shoulders. It was strange to stare into the room with wide-open eyes and feel the darkness yielding only the smallest bit, as if it were pressing back against her efforts to penetrate it. Something had happened, she was sure, while she was asleep. She didn't know what it was at first, but the strong dread it had left behind didn't subside with the confusion of waking. Then she remembered that this thing had happened inside her sleep, in her dream.

She couldn't dispel the taint of it, clinging to her thoughts. When she was younger, she had called to her mother if she woke in the night, but something stopped her from calling out now: she didn't want to tell anyone about her dream. Once the words were said aloud, she would never be rid of them; it was better to keep them hidden. And she was afraid, anyway, that her mother wouldn't understand the awfulness of the dream if she tried to explain it: she might laugh or think it was silly. The child felt as if she were alone in her own home—its rooms spread out about her, invisible in the night, seemed unlike their usual selves. The book touching her leg through the blankets frightened her. Not wanting to lie down in the place where she'd had the dream, she swung over the side rail of the bed and reached with her bare feet for the steps of the ladder—the lower bunk was a cave so dark that she couldn't make out the shape of her sleeping brother. Then she felt the carpet's gritty wool under her toes.

Quietly she opened her bedroom door. The doors to the kitchen and the lounge, which were at the back of the flat, stood open onto the windowless hallway; a thin blue light, falling through them, lay in rectangles on the hall carpet. She had read about moonlight, but had never taken in its reality before: it made the lampshade of Spanish wrought iron, which had always hung from a chain in the hallway, seem suddenly as barbaric as a cage or a portcullis* in a castle.

In the lounge, the child paddled her toes in the hair of the white goatskin rug. Gleaming, uncanny, half reverted to its animal past, the rug yearned to the moon, which was balanced on top of the wall at the back of the paved yard. The silver frame of her parents' wedding photograph and the yellow brass of her father's trumpet—in its case with the lid open, beside the music stand—shone with the same pale light. The chairs in the lounge, formidable in the dimness, seemed drawn up as if for a spectacle, waiting more attentively than if they were filled with people. The reality of the things in the room seemed more substantial to the child than she was herself—and she wanted in a sudden passion to break something, to disrupt this world of her home, sealed in its mysterious stillness, where her bare feet made no sound on the lino or the carpets.

Glossary

***implacable** - unable to be stopped; relentless

***portcullis** - a strong, heavy grating that can be lowered down grooves on each side of a gateway to block it.

Text 4 – Autobiographical Extract

Educated by Tara Westover

That term, I presented myself to the university like resin* to a sculptor. I believed I could be remade, my mind recast. I forced myself to befriend other students, clumsily introducing myself again and again until I had a small circle of friends. Then I set out to obliterate the barriers that separated me from them. I tasted red wine for the first time, and my new friends laughed at my pinched face. I discarded my high-necked blouses and began to wear more fashionable cuts – fitted, often sleeveless, with less restrictive necklines. In photos from this period I’m struck by the symmetry: I look like everyone else.

One afternoon near the end of term, when I was eating lunch in the library cafeteria, I recognised a group of students from my program. I asked if I could join them, and a tall Italian named Nic nodded. From the conversation I gathered that Nic had invited the others to visit him in Rome during the spring holiday. “You can come, too,” he said.

We handed in our final essays for the term, then boarded a plane. On our first evening in Rome, we climbed one of the seven hills and looked out over the metropolis. Byzantine domes hovered over the city like rising balloons. It was nearly dusk; the streets were bathed in amber. It wasn’t the colour of a modern city, of steel, glass and concrete. It was the colour of sunset. It didn’t look real.

At breakfast the next morning, the others talked about their families. Someone’s father was a diplomat; another’s was an Oxford don. I was asked about my parents. I said my father owned a junkyard.

For two days we explored Rome, a city that is both a living organism and a fossil. Bleached structures from antiquity lay like dried bones, embedded in pulsating cables and thrumming traffic, the arteries of modern life. We visit the Pantheon, the Roman Forum, the Sistine Chapel. My instinct was to worship, to venerate*. That was how I felt toward the whole city: that it should be adored from a distance, never touched, never altered. My companions moved through the city differently, aware of its significance but not subdued by it. They were not hushed by the Trevi Fountain; they were not silenced by the Colosseum. There was a kind of symbiosis in their relationship to these grand places, refusing to worship at its altar as if it were a dead thing.

On the third night there was a rainstorm. I stood on Nic's balcony and watched streaks of lightning race across the sky, claps of thunder chasing them. It was like being home, on Buck's Peak, to feel such power in the earth and sky.

For the rest of the week, I experienced Rome as they did: as a place of history, but also as a place of life, of food and traffic and conflict and thunder. The city was no longer a museum; it was as vivid to me as Buck's Peak. The world it represented – an entire civilization – took on a life that was distinct from the life I had known.

I don't know what caused the transformation. But there was something about that city, with its white marble and black asphalt, crusted with history, ablaze with traffic lights, that showed me I could admire the past without being silenced by it.

Glossary

***resin** – an artificial substance that starts as a liquid and hardens to a solid. Can be put in a mould to create artwork, jewellery, models and even furniture.

***venerate** – great respect, admiration or reverence.

Related Material

Related Text A – Non-Fiction Article

“The Epic Style of Kerry James Marshall” by Calvin Tomkins

For the first thirty years of his career, Kerry James Marshall was a successful but little known artist. His figurative paintings, drawings, sculptures, photographs, and videos appeared in gallery and museum shows here and abroad, and selling them was never a problem. He won awards, residencies, and grants, including a MacArthur Fellowship in 1997, but in the contemporary-art world, which started to look more closely at Black artists in the nineties, Marshall was an outlier, and happy to be one. He had an unshakable confidence in himself as an artist, and the undistracted solitude of his practice allowed him to spend most of his time in the studio.

This is no longer the case. The return to figurative art in the past two decades has been embraced by a new wave of younger Black artists, and for many of them, it is now clear, Kerry James Marshall has been a primary inspiration. “Kerry’s influence expands so far beyond his own project,” Rashid Johnson, who at forty-three is one of the strongest voices in contemporary art, told me. “He’s an electric and dynamic thinker who’s also had an enormous influence on those of us who use abstraction and more conceptual approaches. There are two artists without whom I probably would not have become one—David Hammons and Kerry James Marshall.”

Marshall, whose calm manner and impeccable courtesy put people at ease, talks about his work with clarity and precision. “Everything I do is based on my understanding of art history,” he told me recently. “The foundation of art as an activity among human beings has always been some form of representation, and there isn’t a mode of art-making that I haven’t explored, and put into use when it was necessary.” In 1993, he made two paintings that set him on a course that was entirely his own. He was thirty-eight years old, living in Chicago with his wife, the actress Cheryl Lynn Bruce, and he had recently moved into his first real studio. The new paintings were much bigger than anything he had done for quite a while—nine feet high by ten feet wide. “The Lost Boys” shows two young Black boys, one of whom sits in a dollar-a-ride toy car; the other stands nearby, holding a pink water pistol, beside a tree that has a yellow “Do Not Cross” police tape around its trunk. The boys look directly at the viewer, and there is something unnerving about them, a sense of sadness and vulnerability.

The painting, Marshall said, came partly out of experiences he'd had during his own boyhood, in South Central Los Angeles, where his family lived in the nineteen-sixties. "This was the period when the Crips and the Bloods came into existence and everything changed," Marshall recalled. "The level of violence grew exponentially. Before, gangs were groups of guys who hung out together and now and then they would have a fight, but it was a fight. When the Crips came, it was just shooting, and a lot of young people died. My older brother, Wayne, narrowly escaped a drive-by shooting on our block. 'The Lost Boys' was built around a child who was killed by a police officer because he had a toy pistol that they mistook for a gun. When I finished 'The Lost Boys,' I stood back and said, 'This is the kind of painting I always imagined myself making.' It seemed to me to have the scale of the great history paintings, mixed with the rich surface effects you get from modernist painting. I felt it was a synthesis of everything I'd seen, everything I'd read, everything that I thought was important about the whole practice of painting and making pictures."

Marshall's most vivid early memory was of looking through a scrapbook of pictures—Christmas cards and Valentine cards, photographs from *National Geographic* and other magazines—that belonged to Miss Hill, his kindergarten teacher and the only Black teacher in the school. She rewarded well-behaved children by letting one of them have the book during nap time. "I was captivated by those images," Marshall told me. "I remember saying to myself, This is what I want to do, I want to make pictures."

Soon after he graduated from Otis University, Kerry's life began to open up. He went to New York for the first time, to see the monumental 1980 Picasso retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art—more specifically, to see "Guernica," which he called "one of the greatest history paintings in modern art". Around that time he read Ralph Ellison's 1952 novel, "Invisible Man," which changed his approach to representation in art. "It allowed me to set a path away from those abstract collages and mixed-media work," he told me. Ellison's piercing insight, that Black people were invisible because white people refused to see them, was a revelation. It also made Marshall realize that he could use the human figure to explore the phenomenon of being present and absent at the same time.

This idea is embodied in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Shadow of His Former Self" (1980), the first figurative painting Marshall had done in several years. Only eight inches tall by six and a half inches wide, on paper, it shows the head and torso of a Black man in a wide-brimmed black hat, against a dark-grey background. His skin is so dark that all we see at first are the dazzling whites of his eyes, a triangle of white shirt, and eighteen teeth in a comically wide, gap-toothed grin. "There's a joke about people being so black that you can't see them at night unless they're smiling," Marshall told me.

“Being Black was a negative, and for me this was the starting point from which I could build an image of Blackness without those negative associations.”

The key to “A Portrait of the Artist as a Shadow of His Former Self,” Marshall told me, “is that every single shape you see in it was calculated in a way that exercises a certain force against the edges. The angle and the crease of the hat, the location of the shirt, the gap in the teeth, all those things are lined up on vectors that either stabilize or add tension to the direction those shapes are going in—it’s plotted like a mathematical equation.” The result is shockingly vivid. He had turned a racist caricature into a powerful, disturbing, and complex work of art. Martha Koplín, who opened her L.A. gallery in 1982, heard about Marshall and asked him to bring in some of his work. He brought “A Portrait,” and she sold it the next day, for eight hundred and fifty dollars, to a Los Angeles collector who donated it, three years ago, to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Several more “Invisible Man” paintings followed.

As his work would demonstrate again and again in the years to come, Marshall was not interested in depicting Black trauma. He wanted to show that there has always been more to the Black experience in America than oppression and humiliation—that somehow, in spite of everything, Black lives have been and can be rewarding, diverse, and full of joy.

The dense, matte, ultra-black skin that he gave to everyone in these paintings is a rhetorical statement about Blackness itself—not realistic but didactic. “When you say Black people, Black culture, Black history, you have to show that,” he remarked, in one of our conversations. “You have to demonstrate that black is richer than it appears to be, that it is not just darkness but a colour.”

Related Text B – Non-Fiction Extract

“Finding ways home” by Evelyn Araluen from Growing Up Aboriginal in Australia

I wasn't a nice kid. I'll be the first to admit that. I was loud and smart-arse, scrappy and scabby, and I didn't sleep. I had eyebrows as thick as your thumb and in the front of my mouth were two rotten front teeth, so I smiled like a carnivorous marsupial. Once I ran my sister over with a bike because I was playing cross-eyed. I mostly ate noodles or crab sticks, and I lived on the dreaded silver detention seats. I was never *officially* expelled, but true god we all knew it was good that I left when I did.

I am twenty-four now, remembering a smaller and sassier me. I was born at the base of the Blue Mountains, the valley of Dharug country, by the Nepean River and Mulgoa Road Maccas. The third child of six, so quintessentially middle-child I had to share even that position with my little sister. Before the dark and stormy night when I came into the world, my father saw waterlilies.

Our Auntie Gloria gave him my name, Araluen. She's from Yorta Yorta country, Cummeragunja Reserve. They left before the walk-off in 1939, and because her father was a preacher she got to go to school. In fact, she went to every mission school in New South Wales. She has the softest voice and tells stories the sweetest you'll ever hear. But we're not from Cummeragunja. We're not from Dharug, either. We've been here a long time, but not for eternal time. Not for time immemorial. Growing up I didn't know what it meant to have ancestral country; Dad never spoke about anything in possessives, much less place. I knew that Aboriginal meant we were here before the tall ships came. Bits of us. But bits of us came on those tall ships too. I was a teenager when big sis finally told me “The Story”. Our great-grandparents. Evelyn. Eva. Harry. Douglas. Harry. Baryulgil. Bundjalung. Then other side, maybe Wiradjuri? And what about Moonahcullah? Unslipping silence and denial through the generations. “It's not simple,” she told me, black-gold-red-painted gumnuts rattling from her rear-view mirror. “We're never going to be one of those families that knows everything.”

My siblings and I were taught two worlds pressing in on each other. We were taught immemorial time. We were taught to look for little bodies in bushes and for dog spirits by water. The desalination plant means we can't swim in the Nepean anymore, or the Grose or the Hawkesbury. Those are the rivers that wrap around Gundangarra-Booroberongal-Dharug-Eora, flowing down from Darkinjung, where Mum's side lives. I was probably a bit of a shit on those long drives through the sandstone walls of the Pacific Highway every time we went up to stay, always fighting and asking when we're

gonna get to the farm. The farm is at first the hot thick smell of week-old bread and everything after is green, green swampy grass. Billabong and the threat of bunyips. Nan and Pop bred cattle. Or they just had cattle hanging around. They also had ancient ironbarks and a brown dam, and descending crow caws, and cans of expired soft drink in the outside fridge. Our cousins, blond and indifferent. Most don't identify.

I don't think anyone in my family has ever had a lot of money and I don't think any of us would know what to do with it if we did. When Dad's mum passed away we could afford to move to a nicer part of town, to get our own rooms. Dad's mum had lemonade in big bottles in the kitchen fridge that we filled up to the top of the old Nutella glasses, and always a jar of sugared jubes. She loved us, so she pretended she could see the fairy lights that followed us around. I remember the storm that came to take her spirit away. I remember a lot of things like that.

In high school, Aboriginal didn't mean time immemorial as much as it meant the boys calling me *shit-skin* and *Abo*. Aboriginal meant I was always angry in History class, and fridge magnets and beaded bracelets at NAIDOC, and the digging stick in the study and *nangarra* above our door. It meant saying hello wherever we went. It meant that sometimes we saw things round the house and sometimes we smoked the house, that we could never kill a black snake. It meant *Respect Responsibility Reciprocity* and don't you forget it, *full-name*. It meant everyone always seemed to know my parents, knew what they did around the community. It meant that not everyone always liked my parents.

And now here I am at twenty-four, moving between Dharug and Eora for uni, for work, for friends and politics and poems, still finding ways home. Growing up, nothing seemed wrong about the kind of Aboriginal I am. Fair and a bit outcast, away from country but still in country, still caring for country, still listening to ancestors. Doing our best. Now I'm not so sure that's enough. Now I worry I am getting too big and loud, taking up too much space. I worry people want my words because of their neatness – because, in the end, I did well at school. I worry I will never have enough to give to my nieces and nephews. But Mum and Dad taught us how to manage that, how to be humble and respectful. I will always want more, but I am grateful for the culture I have. I am grateful for what has been shared with us by other families, from other nations. I am grateful for how I have been welcomed and protected across so much country.

It took me a long time to learn what I was missing. Difference never bothered me – it was absence that clawed anxious into my life as I grew older, got bigger. My teenage anxiety was the colour of earth, of big sis' skin that I so longed for. I spend a lot of time dreaming of the big black family photo, for dozens of cousins and oodles of aunties. All those brown faces like mine. Sometimes that desire blinded me to what we do have. Aunty Gloria and her kids and their kids, Uncle Greg, Uncle Wes, Aunty Charlotte: some gone now, but all remembered. Everything they have taught us. Our stories. Our spirit. Our ceremony. Big sis and I learning language. Soon we're going up north, to find the way we came to be here.

We've never been alone, and we have each other. Not everyone gets everything, and we are so lucky for so much. I'm learning my place, my responsibilities. I will always be learning who I am. We are Warragul Kia Araluen Eurobin Gwirra Guriyal. We are black snake, and our parents' best. We are the dream of our ancestors.