

AREA OF STUDY: DISCOVERY



SECTION 1 PRACTICE TEXTS

THE RUBRIC

Taken from BOSTES (2014) 'English Stage 6 Prescriptions: Area of Study, Electives and Texts, Higher School Certificate 2015-20', p. 9.

Area of Study 2015–18

(The Area of Study will be reviewed for the 2019 HSC.)

In the Area of Study, students explore and examine relationships between language and text, and interrelationships among texts. They examine closely the individual qualities of texts while considering the texts' relationships to the wider context of the Area of Study. They synthesise ideas to clarify meaning and develop new meanings. They take into account whether aspects such as context, purpose and register, text structures, stylistic features, grammatical features and vocabulary are appropriate to the particular text.

Area of Study 2015–18: Standard and Advanced

Area of Study: Discovery

This Area of Study requires students to explore the ways in which the concept of discovery is represented in and through texts.

Discovery can encompass the experience of discovering something for the first time or rediscovering something that has been lost, forgotten or concealed. Discoveries can be sudden and unexpected, or they can emerge from a process of deliberate and careful planning evoked by curiosity, necessity or wonder. Discoveries can be fresh and intensely meaningful in ways that may be emotional, creative, intellectual, physical and spiritual. They can also be confronting and provocative. They can lead us to new worlds and values, stimulate new ideas, and enable us to speculate about future possibilities. Discoveries and discovering can offer new understandings and renewed perceptions of ourselves and others.

An individual's discoveries and their process of discovering can vary according to personal, cultural, historical and social contexts and values. The impact of these discoveries can be far-reaching and transformative for the individual and for broader society. Discoveries may be questioned or challenged when viewed from different perspectives and their worth may be reassessed over time. The ramifications of particular discoveries may differ for individuals and their worlds.

By exploring the concept of discovery, students can understand how texts have the potential to affirm or challenge individuals' or more widely-held assumptions and beliefs about aspects of human experience and the world. Through composing and responding to a wide range of texts, students may make discoveries about people, relationships, societies, places and events and generate new ideas. By synthesising perspectives, students may deepen their understanding of the concept of discovery. Students consider the ways composers may invite them to experience discovery through their texts and explore how the process of discovering is represented using a variety of language modes, forms and features.

In their responses and compositions, students examine, question, and reflect and speculate on:

- their own experiences of discovery
- the experience of discovery in and through their engagement with texts
- assumptions underlying various representations of the concept of discovery
- how the concept of discovery is conveyed through the representations of people, relationships, societies, places, events and ideas that they encounter in the prescribed text and other related texts of their own choosing
- how the composer's choice of language modes, forms, features and structure shapes representations of discovery and discovering
- the ways in which exploring the concept of discovery may broaden and deepen their understanding of themselves and their world.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

What initiates discovery?

What forms can discovery take?

What are the effects and outcomes of discovery?

How does context impact upon discovery?

Are discoveries always welcomed?

Why do texts represent discovery?



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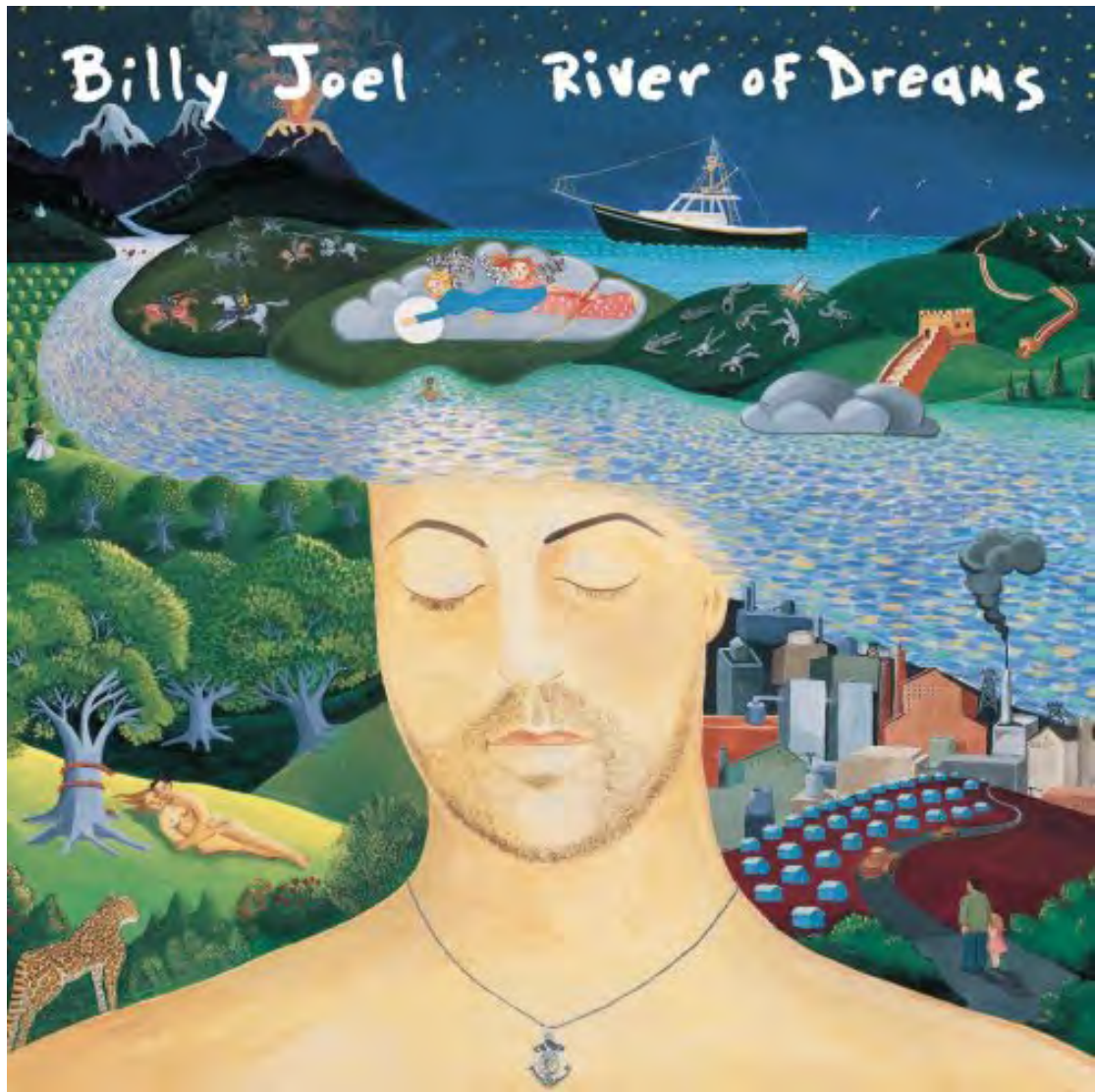
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VISUAL TEXTS



Album Cover



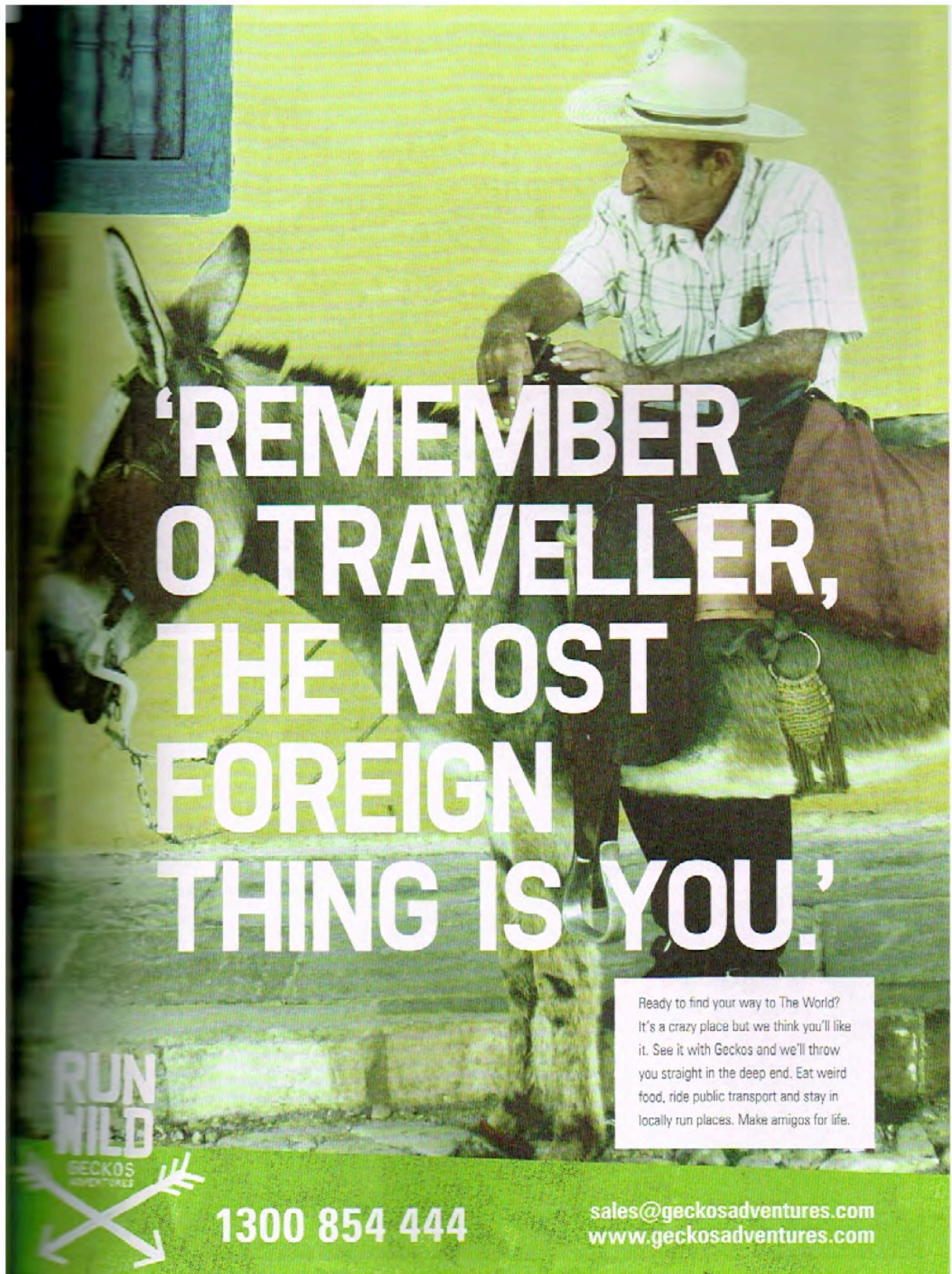
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FICTION TEXTS



Novel extract

State of Wonder by Ann Patchett

In this section of the novel, Marina travels down the Brazilian River Negro, accompanied by the scientist Dr. Swenson, and her adopted deaf son, Easter. The trio are heading to the home of Lakashi tribe in the dense South American jungle. Dr Swenson has lived amongst the Lakashi for many years, but it is Marina's first visit.

Easter was firm at the wheel now. The child steered the boat out into a low swirl of current, a seriousness in his eyes as he scanned the wide horizon. Dr. Swenson, safe beneath the boat's cover, closed her umbrella. Marina dropped her bag at her feet and held on to the railing.

Marina hadn't understood the enormity of the river until she was on it. The sky was spread over in white clouds that banked and thinned depending on the direction she turned in. Some of the clouds had covered over the sun so for the moment it was cooler, and the breeze of their forward momentum kept the insects down. The birds shot out from the banks and cut over the water. Marina never would have believed it until she was on a boat herself but the water was an enormous relief. "Beautiful," she said to the one member of the party who could hear her.

"We always feel better heading home," Dr Swenson said.

There was traffic on the Negro, barges and tugs, water taxis with rotting thatched roofs where river swallows nested, dugout canoes containing entire families—sisters with babies and brothers and cousins and grandfathers and aunts holding open umbrellas, so many people crammed into one log that the lip of the boat sat nearly level with the surface of the brown water as one man in the back rowed carefully on. The smaller boats stayed near the shore, while a cruise ship, white as a sailor's dress uniform, churned up the centre aisle. Easter remained fiercely alert, his damp hair pushed back by the breeze, his eyes sweeping slowly side to side. He pulled the throttle to cut his wake in deference to the boats that were smaller, and he waved to those larger boats that cut their wake for him. Every appearance was that of an orderly world. Then the boy would turn and look behind him, and when he did he would nod to Marina and Dr. Swenson and they would nod back.

"Does he drive all the way?" Marina asked, not having any idea how far they were going.

Dr. Swenson nodded. "He likes it." She was sitting on a box of canned hash while Marina stood. "What boy wouldn't want to drive the boat? It gives him standing in the tribe. I drive or Easter drives, no one else. A few of the men have outboard motors that they've traded for over the years, but they've never captained a boat like this. It forces them to show respect when they see how much I trust him. He's good with the engine, too. He's figured it out.'

They were quiet for a long time after that, both staring off at different aspects of the jungle as it rolled past them, the same bit of scenery recycled indefinitely. Two hours later, Easter left the protection of the right-hand bank and crossed the width of the Negro to the left. There he turned up a tributary that was in every way similar to the countless other tributaries they had passed, and while it was unmarked, it was the exit ramp for the interstate, the one that would eventually take them to the street where Dr. Swenson lived. No other boats followed them through the entrance from the interstate, the one that would eventually take them to the street where Dr. Swenson lived. No other boats followed them though the entrance was wide at the mouth. In a matter of minutes the nameless river narrowed and the green

dropped behind them like a curtain and the Negro was lost. Marina had thought that the important line that was crossed was between the dock and the boat, the land and the water. She had thought the water was the line where civilisation fell away. But as they glided between two thick walls of breathing vegetation she realised she was in another world entirely, and that she would see civilisation drop away again and again before they reached their final destination. All Marina could see was green. The sky, the water, the bark of the trees: everything that wasn't green became green. *All in green my love went riding.*

Patchett, Ann (2008) *State of Wonder*, London: Bloomsbury, pp.155-67.

Short Story Extract**'To Dream of Stars' by Peter M. Ball**

The first time he sees the Royal Observatory he is three days shy of his twelfth birthday. It's spring, a clear night, the stars unveiling themselves in small groups as the sky overhead grows dark.

The tower rises from the hills, dominating the uneven horizon, a crooked silhouette against the twilight. The glowing dome at the tip points at the emerging stars, the length of the tower twisted like the four-joined finger of a great and alien hand. He feels the strangeness of the building, a discordant note casting echoes in the chambers of his heart, but the otherness calls to him regardless. John Flamsteed is promised to God in both body and spirit, but he knows his heart and mind now belong to that tower forever.

"Eyes off it," his father orders, cuffing the boy across the back of the head, and John falls forward, clinging to the horse's mane to keep himself in the saddle. The older Flamsteed rides on, glaring at the observatory. "It's evil," his father says, "and dangerous yet. You will not look at it. You will not even think of it, or the creatures that dwell within. Do you understand?"

John Flamsteed nods, used to obedience without understanding. His father sees evil where other men see nothing, though perhaps this once John can see the hint of corruption his father fears. He averts his gaze, but the tower remains. It looms on the fringe of his vision, a constant threat. The sight of it pulls at his heart, luring him as though he's been hooked on a silvery strand of twine wrapped around the tower's domed tip.

They have three days of business in town, just long enough for John to hear the stories. He absorbs them, one by one, the details coalescing as he weaves rumour and folk-tale together. There are those that tell him the yellow texture of the tower comes from tiles made of dragon bone, that its twisting mass is held upright by prayer and dark magic. The accusations of magic perturb him, an affront to both God and reason, but he listens and nods and asks again when the moment presents itself. There are folk-tales aplenty to hear, but none to satisfy his thirst for comprehension.

On their final night in town, his birthday, John Flamsteed skulks out of the room he shares with his father. The moon is a thumbnail sliver overhead, a sliver so brief its presence barely registers against the scattered wash of stars. John Flamsteed stumbles through the unfamiliar streets, toes catching the rough cut cobblestones, tripping his way into the open fields and the hills beyond. The air smells fresh and clean, but the aftertaste is sour. He climbs the unfamiliar slopes, his young body straining against the rough terrain hidden by darkness.

The Observatory serves as a compass, allowing him to orient himself against the empty darkness the tower casts against the endless stars. Eventually John stands at the base, staring up at a tower tall enough to brush against sky. John Flamsteed examines the pale shingles, stands close enough that he can reach out and touch their worn exterior with the tips of his young fingers. They feel like the smoothed edge of a predator's incisor, noble, deadly and beautiful in a single moment.

He thinks of the stories the townsfolk tell about children raised to the Astronomers Royal, kidnapped and replaced by changelings, stripped of their humanity by the Astronomer's training. In the lonely light of the thumbnail moon, John Flamsteed makes a promise. He will return here, one day, free from the shackles of his father's assumptions. He will give himself over to the stars and the Others, all in the name of God and his country. Damn the impossibilities, he will enter the tower and join the ranks of the Astronomers Royal.

Ball, Peter M. (2009) 'To Dream of Stars', *Apex Magazine*,

<http://www.apex-magazine.com/to-dream-of-stars-an-astronomers-lament/>, accessed 22/9/14

Novel Extract**Adapted from *Five Bells* by Gail Jones**

Circular Quay: she loved even the sound of it.

Before she saw the bowl of bright water, swelling like something sexual, before she saw the blue, unprecedented, and the clear sky sloping upwards, she knew from the lilted words it would be a circle like no other, key to a new world.

The train swung in a wide arc to emerge alongside sturdy buildings and there it was, the first glimpses through struts of ironwork, and those blurred partial visions were a quiet pleasure. Down the escalator, rumbling with its heavy body-cargo, through the electronic turnstile, which captured her bent ticket, then, caught in the crowd, she was carried outside.

There was confusion at first, the shock of sudden light, all the signs, all the clamour. But the vista resolved and she saw before her the row of ferry ports, each looking like a primary-colour holiday pavilion, and the boats, bobbing, their green and yellow forms toy-like, arriving, absorbing slow lines of passengers, departing. With a trampoline heart she saw the Bridge to her left: its modern shape, its optimistic uparching. Familiar from postcards and television commercials, here now, *here-now*, was the very thing itself, neat and enthralling. There were tiny flags on top and the silhouetted ant forms of people arduously climbing the steep bow. It looked stamped against the sky, as if nothing could remove it. It looked indelible. A *coathanger*, guidebooks said, but it was so much grander than this implied, The coherence of it, the embrace, the span of frozen hard-labour. Those bold pylons at the ends, the multi-millions of hidden rivets.

From somewhere drifted the sound of a busking didgeridoo with an electronic backbeat, *boum-boum, boum-boum; boum-boum, boum-boum*. The didgeridoo dissolved in the air, thick and newly ancient.

For tourists, Ellie thought, with no disparagement. For me. For *all* of us. *Boum-boum, boum-boum*.

In the democratic throng, in the pandemonium of the crowd, she saw sunlight on the heads of Americans and Japanese; she saw small children with ice-creams and tour groups with cameras. She heard how fine weather might liberate a king of relaxed tinkling chatter, There was a newsstand with tiers of papers in several languages trembling in a light breeze and people in booths here and there, selling ferry tickets behind glass. There was a human statue in pale robes, resembling something-or-other classical, and before him a flattened hat in which shone a few coins. A fringe of bystanders stood around, considering the many forms of art.

Unmediated joy was nowadays unfashionable. But Ellie's heart opened; she was filled with corny delight and ordinary elation. Behind her, raddled train noise reverberated up high, and the didgeridoo, now barely audible, continued its low soft moaning. A child sounded a squeal. A ferry churned away. From another came the clang of a falling gang-plank and the sound of passengers disembarking. Somewhere behind her the Rolling Stones – 'Jumping Jack Flash' – sounded in a tinny ring-tone. *Boum-boum*, distant now, *boum-boum, boum-boum*, and above it all a melody of voices, which seemed to arise from the water.

Ellie felt herself at the intersection of so many currents of information. Why not be joyful, against all the odds? Why not be child-like? She took a swig from her plastic water-bottle and jauntily raised it: *cheers*.

She began to stride. With her cotton sunhat, and her small backpack, and this unexpected quiver in her chest, Ellie walked out into the livelong Sydney day Sunshine swept around her. The harbour almost

glittered. She lifted her face to the sky and smiled to herself. She felt as if—yes, yes—she was breathing in light.

Jones, Gail (2011), *Five Bells*, North Sydney: Random House, pp.1-4.

Short Story

Extract from 'No Other Country' by Shaun Tan

The green painted concrete out in front of the house, which at first seemed like a novel way to save money on lawn-mowing, was now just plain depressing. The hot water came reluctantly to the kitchen sink as if from miles away, and even then without conviction, and sometimes a pale brownish colour. Many of the windows wouldn't open properly to let flies out. Others wouldn't shut properly to stop them getting in. The newly planted fruit trees died in the sandy soil of a too-bright backyard and were left like grave-markers under the slack laundry lines, a small cemetery of disappointment. It appeared to be impossible to find the right kinds of food, or learn the right way to say even simple things. The children said very little that wasn't a complaint.

"No other country is worse than this one," their mother announced loudly and often, and nobody felt the need to challenge her.

After paying the mortgage, there was no money left to fix anything. "You kids have to do more to help your mother," their father kept saying, and this included going out to find the cheapest plastic Christmas tree available and storing it temporarily in the roof space. Here was something to look forward to at least.

But when they went to get the tree down, they found it was stuck to the ceiling beams – it had been so hot up there that the plastic had actually *melted*. "No other country like this one!" muttered their mother. There was enough tree left to be worth salvaging, though, so the children set about scraping it free with butter knives. This was when the youngest stood on the weakest part of the ceiling, and his foot went straight through. *What a disaster!* Everyone was shouting and waving their hands: they all rushed down the ladder to inspect the damage from below – a hole that would undoubtedly cost a fortune to fix. But they couldn't find it. Confused they rushed from room to room. Everywhere the ceiling was fine, no holes.

They went back up to check again where the foot had gone through – surely either in the laundry or the kitchen? It was then that they were struck by a scent of grass, cool stone, and tree sap that breezed through the attic. They all inspected the hole closely ... It opened into another room altogether, one they didn't know about – an impossible room, somewhere between the others. Furthermore, it appeared to be outside the house.

This was house the family first discovered the place they later came to call "the inner courtyard". It was actually more like an old palace garden, with tall trees much older than any they had ever seen. There were ancient walls decorated with frescoes: the more they looked at them, the more the family recognised aspects of their own lives within these strange, faded allegories.

The seasons in their inner courtyard were reversed: here it was winter in summer, and later they would come to soak up the summer sun during the coldest, wettest part of the year. It was like being back in the home country, but also somewhere else, somewhere altogether different ... And they would ponder this when unusual blossoms floated through the air on still evenings.

It became their special sanctuary. They visited at least twice a week for picnics, bringing everything they needed through the attic and down a permanently installed ladder. They felt no need to question the logic of it, and simply accepted its presence gratefully.

It was decided to keep the inner courtyard a private family secret, although nobody said this explicitly – it just seemed the right thing to do. There was also a feeling that it was not possible to tell anyone else about it.

Tan, Shaun (2009) 'No Other Country', in *Tales from Outer Suburbia* (New York: Scholastic), pp. 56-63.

Novel

Extract adapted from *Miles McGinty* by Tom Gilling

Set in New South Wales during 1856, this novel follows the development of the world's fascination with flight. In this section, Miles McGinty, accompanied by his new wife Isabel, intends to test his new flying machine.

'I've got to know if it flies,' said Miles.

'Come on then,' Isabel said. 'What are we waiting for?'

Finding a cart for hire on the Sabbath was not easy, but a five-point note solved the problem. By midday Miles had the pieces of his biplane #4 loaded onto a dray, and by twenty past he and Isabel and a driver in a leather waistcoat were trundling up Oxford Street. An hour later they came over the brow of the hill that ran down to Clovelly.

Behind the cliffs a small paddock sloped towards the sea. Miles was banking on this to provide the momentum for his flying machine to become airborne. On the far side of a two-rail fence, a wattle wound filigree shadows over the cracked brown soil. A few cattle lay on the grass, slapping blowflies with their tails. The sea was blue and sluggish.

For another five pounds the carter was happy to help them unload. He didn't ask what the stuff was for. Over the years he'd carried everything from pianos to corpses; he'd learnt not to be curious. He stuffed the money in his leather waistcoat and didn't look back.

**

The machine perched on three wheels, nose up, a baggy-throated vulture surveying the ocean. The afternoon was a scorcher, a hundred and ten and not a scrap of shade. A hot wind ruffled the wings. The painted clouds trembled in the haze.

The little beach was deserted. The rotting carcass of a shark had been carried over the rocks at the mouth of the bay and washed up on the sand.

'Wait,' cried Isabel.

A travelling photographer was wheeling his portable darkroom down the hill. He noticed the shark lying on the beach, walked over to it, then turned around and started trudging back towards the cemetery at Waverley. Sunday was always good for mourners.

'We must have a picture,' she said.

The photographer was persuaded to set up his tripod in the corner of the paddock. He was a portrait man and had never had much luck with landscapes.

'We're not after the scenery,' said Isabel.

'The sun's too bloody bright,' the photographer complained. 'The wind's too bloody dry. I'll never get me emulsions down in this heat.' He stared suspiciously at the aeroplane. 'What's it for?' he asked.

'Watch,' said Isabel.

Isabel had given him precise instructions: where to point the camera, when to take the picture, where to deliver it.

Isabel squinted at the sky. There wasn't a cloud in sight.

'Where are you going to land?' she asked,

Miles pointed down the scalloped coastline. The beach at Coogee was wide enough though he didn't fancy the rocks. Perhaps the sand was softer at Maroubra. He was hoping to put the aeroplane down undamaged.

He looked so pale and gangly in a crumpled shirt and moleskin trousers tried like a sack around his thin waist. Fear and excitement had drained the colour from his face.

That was when Isabel decided. 'Kiss me, Miles,' she said. She gripped him tight. She could feel his heart racing.

'Get a move on,' shouted the photographer. 'I've got a bloody plate going off here.'

As Miles wriggled into his harness, Isabel calmly pulled the blocks from the wheels. The machine began to roll downhill. Miles looked over his shoulder. 'What are you doing?'

She lay down beside him. 'I'm coming too,' There was only one harness and Miles was wearing it. The aeroplane was gathering speed. Isabel would a leather strap around her right wrist; her left hand gripped one of the wooden spars. Miles was pedalling as hard as he could. The four canvas flappers beat the air behind him. The hot wind seared his face. Isabel felt the vibrations of the wheels as they bumped along the ground. She held her breath as the wheels went over the edge and the curved wings bowed and filled with air.

For a few moments the machine seemed to hang motionless. Their stomachs heaved as a great gust of wind took them. The canvas flapped around their ears. Isabel looked back at the little photographer hunched under his black cloth. The coastline unfurled beneath them. Miles felt an enormous relief. Isabel held on her life. 'Don't stop,' she whispered.

Far below, the photographer thought he heard laughter.

Gilling, Tom (2001) *Miles McGinty* (London: Hodder Headline), pp.189-95.

Short story**Extract from 'Big World' by Tim Winton**

After five years of high school the final November arrives and leaves as suddenly as a spring storm. Exams. Graduation. Huge beach parties. Biggie and me, we're feverish with anticipation; we steel ourselves for a season of pandemonium. But after the initial celebrations, nothing really happens, not even summer itself. Week after week an endless misting drizzle wafts in from the sea. It beads in our hair and hangs from the tips of our noses while we trudge around town in the vain hope of scaring up some action. The southern sky presses down and the beaches and bays turn the colour of dirty tin. Somehow our crappy Saturday job at the meatworks becomes full-time and then Christmas comes and so do the dreaded exam results. The news is not good. A few of our classmates pack their bags for university and shoot through. Cheryl Button gets into Medicine. Vic Lang, the copper's kid, is dux of the school and doesn't even stay for graduation. And suddenly there we are, Biggie and me, heading to work every morning in a frigid wind in the January of our new lives, still in jeans and boots and flannel shirts, with beanies on our heads and the horizon around our ears.

The job mostly consists of hosing blood off the floors. Plumes of the stuff go into the harbour and old men sit in dinghies offshore to catch herring in the slick. Some days I can see me and Biggie out there as old codgers, anchored to the friggin place, stuck forever. Our time at the meatworks is supposed to be temporary. We're saving for a car, the V-8 Sandman we've been promising ourselves since we were fourteen. Mag wheels, a lurid spray job like something off a Yes album and a filthy great mattress in the back. A chick magnet, that's what we want. Until now we've had a biscuit tin full of twos and fivers but now we're making real money.

Trouble is, I can't stand it. I just know I won't last long enough to get that car. There's something I've never told Biggie in all our years of being mates. That I dream of escaping, of pissing off north to find some blue sky. Unlike him I'm not really *from* here. It's not hosing blood that shits me off – it's Angelus itself; I'm going nuts here. Until now, out of loyalty, I've kept it to myself, but by the beginning of February I'm chipping away at our old fantasy, talking instead about sitting under a mango tree with a cold beer, walking in a shady banana plantation with a girl in a cheesecloth dress. On our long walks home I bang on about cutting our own pineapples and climbing for coconuts. Mate, I say, can't you see yourself rubbing baby oil into a girl's strapless back on Cable Beach? Up north, mate, think north! I know Biggie loves this town and he's committed to the shared vision of the panel van, but I white-ant him day after day until it starts to pay off.

By the last weeks of February Biggie's starting to come around. He's talking wide open spaces now, trails to adventure, and I'm like this little urger in his ear. Then one grey day he crosses the line. We've been deputised to help pack skins. For eight hours we stand on the line fighting slippery chunks of cow hide into boxes so they can be sold as craybait. Our arms are slick with gore and pasted with orange and black beef-hairs. The smell isn't good but that's nothing compared with the feel of all those severed nostrils and lips and ears between your fingers. I don't make a sound, don't even stop for lunch, can't think about it. I'm just glad all those chunks are fresh because at least my hands are warm. Beside me Biggie's face gets darker and darker, and when the shift horn sounds he lurches away, his last carton half-empty. Fuck it, he says. We're outta here. That afternoon we ditch the Sandman idea and buy a Kombi from a hippy on the wharf. Two hundred bucks each.

We put in last two weeks at the meatworks and collect our pay. We fill the ancient VW with tinned food and all our camping junk and rack off without telling a soul. Monday morning everyone thinks we're off to work as usual, but in ten minutes we're out past the town limits going like hell. Well, going the way a 1967 Kombi will go. Our getaway vehicle is a garden shed on wheels.

It's a mad feeling, sitting up so high like that with the road flashing under your feet. For a couple of hours we're laughing and pointing and shoving and farting and then we settle down a bit. We go quiet and just listen to the Volkswagen's engine threshing away behind us. I can't believe we've done it.

Winton, Tim (2006) 'Big World', from *The Turning* (Scribner: New York), pp.1-4.

NON-FICTION



Memoir

Extract from 'Report from the Interior' by Paul Auster

In the beginning, everything was alive. The smallest objects were endowed with beating hearts, and even the clouds had names. Scissors could walk, telephones and teapots were first cousins, eyes and eyeglasses were brothers. The face of the clock was a human face, each pea in your bowl had a different personality, and the grille on the front of your parents' car was a grinning mouth with many teeth. Pens were airships. Coins were flying saucers. The branches of trees were arms. Stones could think, and God was everywhere.

There was no problem in believing that the man in the moon was an actual man. You could see his face looking down at you from the night sky, and without question it was the face of a man. Little matter that this man had no body—he was still a man as far as you were concerned, and the possibility that there might be a contradiction in all this never once entered your thoughts. At the same time, it seemed perfectly credible that a cow could jump over the moon. And that a dish could run away with a spoon.

Your earliest thoughts, remnants of how you lived inside yourself as a small boy. You can remember only some of it, isolated bits and pieces, brief flashes of recognition that surge up in you unexpectedly at random moments—brought on by the smell of something, or the touch of something, or the way the light falls on something in the here and now of adulthood. At least you think you can remember, you believe you remember, but perhaps you are not remembering at all, or remembering only a later remembrance of what you think you thought in that distant time which is all but lost to you now.

January 3, 2012, exactly one year to the day after you started composing your last book, your now-finished winter journal. It was one thing to write about your body, to catalogue the manifold knocks and pleasures experienced by your physical self, but exploring your mind as you remember it from childhood will no doubt be a more difficult task—perhaps an impossible one. Still, you feel compelled to give it a try. Not because you find yourself a rare or exceptional object of study, but precisely because you don't, because you think of yourself as anyone, as everyone.

The only proof you have that your memories are not entirely deceptive is the fact that you still occasionally fall into the old ways of thinking. Vestiges have lingered well into your sixties, the animism of early childhood has not been fully purged from your mind, and each summer, as you lie on your back in the grass, you look up at the drifting clouds and watch them turn into faces, into birds and animals, into states and countries and imaginary kingdoms. The grilles of cars still make you think of teeth, and the corkscrew is still a dancing ballerina. In spite of the outward evidence, you are still who you were, even if you are no longer the same person.

Auster, Paul (2013) *Report from the Interior* (Henry Holt and Co.: New York), pp.3-5.

**Extract from 'In Deep': The dark and dangerous world of extreme cavers
by Burkhard Bilger, originally published in *The New Yorker***

Atanasio, a cliff-face opening in the Sierra de Juárez mountains of Oaxaca, Mexico. The mountains are home to the Chev  system, some eighty-five hundred feet deep—potentially the deepest cave in the world.

On his thirteenth day underground, when he'd come to the edge of the known world and was preparing to pass beyond it, Marcin Gala placed a call to the surface. He'd travelled more than three miles through the earth by then, over stalagmites and boulder fields, cave-ins and vaulting galleries. He'd spidered down waterfalls, inched along crumbling ledges, and bellied through tunnels so tight that his back touched the roof with every breath. Now he stood at the shore of a small, dark pool under a dome of sulfurous flowstone. He felt the weight of the mountain above him—a mile of solid rock—and wondered if he'd ever find his way back again. It was his last chance to hear his wife and daughter's voices before the cave swallowed him up.

"Base camp, base camp, base camp," he said. "This is Camp Four. Over." His voice travelled from the handset to a Teflon-coated wire that he had strung along the wall. It wound its way through sump and tunnel, up the stair-step passages of the Chev  system to a ragged cleft in a hillside seven thousand feet above sea level. There, in a cloud forest in the state of Oaxaca, Mexico, lay the staging area for an attempt to map the deepest cave in the world—a kind of Everest expedition turned upside down. Gala's voice fell soft and muffled in the mountain's belly, husky with fatigue. He asked his seven-year-old, Zuzia, how she liked the Pippi Longstocking book she'd been reading, and wondered what the weather was like on the surface. Then the voice of Bill Stone, the leader of the expedition, broke over the line. "We're counting on you guys," he said. "This is a big day. Do your best, but don't do anything radical. Be brave, but not too brave."

Chev  has what cavers call a Hollywood entrance: a gaping maw in the face of a cliff, like King Kong's lair on Skull Island. A long golden meadow leads up to it, bordered by rows of pines and a stream that murmurs in from the right. It feels ceremonial somehow, like the approach to an altar. As you walk beneath the overhang, the temperature drops, and a musty, fungal scent drifts up from the cave's throat, where children's bones were once found. The stream passes between piles of rubble and boulders, their shadows thrown into looming relief by your headlamp. Then the walls close in and the wind begins to rise. It's easy to see why the Cuicatec felt that some dark presence abided here—that something in this place needed to be appeased.

Gala had been exploring Chev  with Stone so long that he could nearly navigate it blindfolded. After a while, he said, you start to create a map of the system in your mind, to memorize each contortion and foothold needed to climb through a passage. On the steepest pitches, certain rocks almost seemed to smile and wave at him, and to reach for his hand. He would grab them, thinking, Old friend! And yet the deeper he went the more unfamiliar the territory became. By the thirteenth day, the escalating uncertainty—the risk of a careless stumble or a snapped limb so far from the surface—was starting to weigh on him. "The further in you go, the more you begin to doubt and question yourself," he told me. "What the fuck am I doing here?"

Taken from <http://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2014/04/21/in-deep-2>; accessed 22/09/14.

Visual Arts Review

By Robert Nelson

In this review the writer describes the experience of walking through a large artwork. This artwork is made to look and sound like the inside of a boat.

Studio 12 is the project space of Gertrude Contemporary Art Spaces. Sometimes the works shown there have the air of works in progress; but there are also limitations in the space itself. When you pass through the narrow passage and into the small room, you almost feel as if you're stepping into someone's bedroom and that you shouldn't intrude or impose. Also, it's unusual that artists make effective use of the restricted space.

On this occasion, however, the work breaks out of the intimacy of the gallery. Instead of stepping down into the room you walk on a gentle ramp and encounter a giant, wooden construction almost the size of the interior. There doesn't seem to be much room to the side, so you hazard the daunting task of walking into the artwork.

Initially, the room looks a bit like a skateboard rink; but it doesn't have quite the right shape: there are angles and the rise matches the fall. An eerie sound comes out of the piece, something that you might expect on an old sailing ship; and, as you contemplate the groaning sounds, the image creaks into place: it's the hull of a ship.

Geoff Robinson has created a fine piece of evocation. The 'boat' that you've boarded is suspended in a cradle, almost like a model or a shell in the construction yard of a shipbuilder 300 years ago. The appearance of a model is also suggested by the materials, radiata pine is definitely not the wood of choice for the high seas, or for smelly bilged sloshing around.

Nevertheless, the experience upon entering the thin shell is remarkably convincing, thanks to the sound. Apparently, the recordings were all collected from the Victorian building at 2000 Gertrude Street, which has solid industrial construction, but with all the provisions necessary for the wooden beams to expand and contract in different weather conditions and in response to different weights. Old buildings creak and groan; there are sudden bumps and cracking noises as fibres shift and accommodate pressures (which is why some people get a bit spooked by old houses).

Once inside the hull, however, you don't know that this is the homely source of the amplified noise. It's altogether alien. You're convinced you're underwater, where the chaotic rushing of the currents and the roar of the wind are eerily suppressed by a dampening calm. The only sonic presence is the response of the wooden boat itself, stretching as if it pain and emitting a yawning sound of certain terror.

You experience something of the dreaded blindness under the deck in the nethermost parts of the ship, deep in the hold where the ballast should be, well below steerage class, perfect spot for stowaways or asylum seekers.

You're definitely part of a designed environment; and, at times, you might even think you're not inside the dingiest bowels of a boat on the high seas, but rather inside a giant loudspeaker – very dry and delicately mounted – where the tensile membranes resonate with electromagnetic impulses gathered elsewhere.

And so, if the installation evokes refugees and sea madness, it also boasts of the beauty of engineering and nautical models. Robinson's installation is rich in paradoxes and beauty of a stressful kind. **The Age, (Melbourne Australia), 9 February 2005.**

Blog Article**'A New Way of Walking' by Joseph Hart****Artist-explorers called psychogeographers are changing the way we experience the city**

In May, a few dozen conventioners descended upon New York City for the second annual Psy.Geo.Conflux. But they didn't trade business cards over Salisbury steak at a Holiday Inn -- the city itself served as their conference room. Psy.Geo.Conflux gathered artists, writers, urban adventurers, and others from around the world who are interested in "psychogeography," a slightly stuffy term that's been applied to a whole toy box full of playful, inventive strategies for exploring cities. Psychogeography includes just about anything that takes pedestrians off their predictable paths and jolts them into a new awareness of the urban landscape.

A duo of artists from Copenhagen led participants on a tour of the city -- using a map of Copenhagen instead of New York. D. Jean Hester from Los Angeles hung posters and magic markers in public places soliciting answers to questions like "What smell reminds you of home?" and "Where were you the last time you cried?" Another conferee asked his fellows to perform "reverse shoplifting" by placing subtly redesigned products on the shelves of area grocery stores.

Still others practiced "generative psychogeography," or algorithmic walking, pioneered (as far as I can tell) by a Dutch artists' collective called social fiction. Participants walk an algorithm or fixed pattern, such as "first right, second left, first left, repeat." In other words, you head in any direction, take the first right, then go two blocks to the second left, then at one block take a left, and then repeat the pattern as often as you wish. The result is a remarkable style of travel -- neither goal-oriented nor random, structured but always surprising.

I asked Christina Ray, one of the conference organizers, what common thread holds these urban adventures together: Just what *is* psychogeography, in a nutshell? "Break it down into its two parts," she says. "It's the psychological and the geographical. It's about how we're affected by being in certain places -- architecture, weather, who you're with -- it's just a general sense of excitement about a place."

Most of us, she explains, just follow a small set of preprogrammed instructions as we wander through the city: office, day care, grocery store, home. And she's right. If you track your own path through a typical day, you'll soon discover that your journey is habitual, that you're slowly wearing a canyon through the same streets, the same sidewalks, day after day.

Psychogeography encourages us to buck the rut, to follow some new logic that lets us experience our landscape anew, that forces us to truly see what we'd otherwise ignore. "Chance and randomness," says Ray, "are what's exciting."

For Dave Mandl, a photographer and avid psychogeographer who attended the Conflux, this transformative power lies at the heart of what makes psychogeography worthwhile. "When you remake your environment, or find wonderful things in it," he says, "it breaks you out of the machine."

I'm a fan of urban history and adventure and am happiest poking around in the city's blind alleys, forgotten haunts, and dusty corners -- physical and historical. So "generative psychogeography" made sense in light of what I know to be true about the city: Surprises lurk around every corner. In practice, algorithmic walking proved even more interesting and just plain fun than I had expected when I tried it with a group of writer and artist friends.

Hart, Joseph, 'A New Way of Walking', in *UTNE Reader*, July/August 2004, <http://www.utne.com/community/a-new-way-of-walking.aspx#axzz3E8ICs9pA>, accessed 22/09/14

Film Review

'Between Earth and Heaven: a Review of *Gravity*' by A. O. Scott

"Life in space is impossible." That stark statement of scientific fact is one of the first things to appear on screen in "*Gravity*," but before long, it is contradicted, or at least complicated. As our eyes (from behind 3-D glasses) adjust to the vast darkness, illuminated by streaks of sunlight refracted through the Earth's atmosphere, we detect movement that is recognizably human and hear familiar voices. Those tiny figures bouncing around on that floating contraption — it looks like a mobile suspended from a child's bedroom ceiling — are people. Scientists. Astronauts. Movie stars. (Sandra Bullock and George Clooney in spacesuits, as Mission Specialist Ryan Stone and Mission Commander Matt Kowalski; Ed Harris, unseen and unnamed, as "Houston" down below).

The defiance of impossibility is this movie's theme and its reason for being. But the main challenge facing the director, Alfonso Cuarón (who wrote the script with his son Jonás), is not visualizing the unimaginable so much as overcoming the audience's assumption that we've seen it all before. After more than 50 years, space travel has lost some of its luster, and movies are partly to blame for our jadedness. It has been a long time since a filmmaker conjured the awe of "*2001: A Space Odyssey*" or the terror of "*Alien*" or captured afresh the spooky wonder of a trip outside our native atmosphere.

Mr. Cuarón succeeds by tethering almost unfathomably complex techniques — both digital and analog — to a simple narrative. "*Gravity*" is less a science-fiction spectacle than a Jack London tale in orbit. The usual genre baggage has been jettisoned: there are no predatory extraterrestrials, no pompous flights of allegory, no extravagant pseudo-epic gestures. Instead, there is a swift and buoyant story of the struggle for survival in terrible, rapidly changing circumstances.

Quite a bit goes wrong. Straps connecting astronauts to the relative security of their spacecraft are severed. Parachute lines foul engines. Fires break out inside vessels, and stuff outside is smashed to pieces. Not everyone survives. All of it — terrifyingly and marvelously — evades summary and confounds expectations. You have to see it to believe it.

And what you see (through the exquisitely observant lenses of the great cinematographer (Emmanuel Lubezki) defies easy description. Stone and Kowalski's orbital path is perched between the inky infinite and the green, cloud-swept face of home. The perspective is dazzling and jarring, and Mr. Cuarón allows a few moments of quiet, contemplative beauty to punctuate the busy, desperate activity of staying alive. Kowalski, generally an irreverent joker, pauses to savor the sun over the Ganges, and you may find yourself picking out other geographical details. Look, there's Italy, and the Nile Valley. These reference points are as unsettling as they are reassuring, because they are glimpsed from a vantage point that is newly and profoundly alien.

That sense of estrangement owes a lot to Mr. Cuarón's use of 3-D, which surpasses even what James Cameron accomplished in the flight sequences of "*Avatar*." More than that film (and more than "*Hugo*" or "*How to Train Your Dragon*" or any other high-quality recent specimens), "*Gravity*" treats 3-D as essential to the information it wants to share. The reason for that is summed up in the title, which names an obvious missing element. Nothing in the movie — not hand tools or chess pieces, human bodies or cruise-ship-size space stations — rests within a stable vertical or horizontal plane. Neither does the movie itself, which in a little more than 90 minutes rewrites the rules of cinema as we have known them.

For all of Mr. Cuarón's formal wizardry and pictorial grandeur, he is a humanist at heart. Much as "Gravity" revels in the giddy, scary thrill of weightlessness, it is, finally, about the longing to be pulled back down onto the crowded, watery sphere where life is tedious, complicated, sad and possible.

"Gravity" is rated PG-13 (Parents strongly cautioned). Existential terror and the salty language it provokes.

Scott, A. O., 'Between Earth and Heaven: a Review of *Gravity*', in *The New York Times*, 3 October 2013, http://www.nytimes.com/2013/10/04/movies/gravity-stars-sandra-bullock-and-george-clooney.html?_r=0&pagewanted=1, accessed 23/09/14

Speech

Extract from 'The Fringe Benefits of Failure, and the Importance of Imagination, by JK Rowling.

J.K. Rowling achieved fame as the creator of the Harry Potter series of Young Adult fantasy novels. She delivered this speech in 2008 to students graduating from Harvard University in the United States of America.

One of the greatest formative experiences of my life preceded Harry Potter, though it informed much of what I subsequently wrote in those books. This revelation came in the form of one of my earliest day jobs. Though I was sloping off to write stories during my lunch hours, I paid the rent in my early 20s by working at the African research department at Amnesty International's headquarters in London.

There in my little office I read hastily scribbled letters smuggled out of totalitarian regimes by men and women who were risking imprisonment to inform the outside world of what was happening to them. I saw photographs of those who had disappeared without trace, sent to Amnesty by their desperate families and friends. I read the testimony of torture victims and saw pictures of their injuries. I opened handwritten, eye-witness accounts of summary trials and executions, of kidnappings and rapes.

Many of my co-workers were ex-political prisoners, people who had been displaced from their homes, or fled into exile, because they had the temerity to speak against their governments. Visitors to our offices included those who had come to give information, or to try and find out what had happened to those they had left behind.

I shall never forget the African torture victim, a young man no older than I was at the time, who had become mentally ill after all he had endured in his homeland. He trembled uncontrollably as he spoke into a video camera about the brutality inflicted upon him. He was a foot taller than I was, and seemed as fragile as a child. I was given the job of escorting him back to the Underground Station afterwards, and this man whose life had been shattered by cruelty took my hand with exquisite courtesy, and wished me future happiness.

Every day, I saw more evidence about the evils humankind will inflict on their fellow humans, to gain or maintain power. I began to have nightmares, literal nightmares, about some of the things I saw, heard, and read.

And yet I also learned more about human goodness at Amnesty International than I had ever known before.

Amnesty mobilises thousands of people who have never been tortured or imprisoned for their beliefs to act on behalf of those who have. The power of human empathy, leading to collective action, saves lives, and frees prisoners. Ordinary people, whose personal well-being and security are assured, join together in huge numbers to save people they do not know, and will never meet. My small participation in that process was one of the most humbling and inspiring experiences of my life.

Unlike any other creature on this planet, humans can learn and understand, without having experienced. They can think themselves into other people's places.

Of course, this is a power, like my brand of fictional magic, that is morally neutral. One might use such an ability to manipulate, or control, just as much as to understand or sympathise.

And many prefer not to exercise their imaginations at all. They choose to remain comfortably within the bounds of their own experience, never troubling to wonder how it would feel to have been born

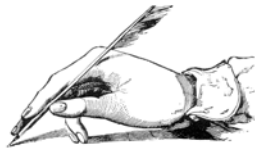
other than they are. They can refuse to hear screams or to peer inside cages; they can close their minds and hearts to any suffering that does not touch them personally; they can refuse to know.

I might be tempted to envy people who can live that way, except that I do not think they have any fewer nightmares than I do. Choosing to live in narrow spaces leads to a form of mental agoraphobia, and that brings its own terrors. I think the wilfully unimaginative see more monsters. They are often more afraid.

What is more, those who choose not to empathise enable real monsters. For without ever committing an act of outright evil ourselves, we collude with it, through our own apathy.

Rowling, J. K., 'The Fringe Benefits of Failure, and the Importance of Imagination', 5 June 2008,
<http://news.harvard.edu/gazette/story/2008/06/text-of-j-k-rowling-speech/>, accessed 24/09/14

POETRY



The Door**Miroslav Holub**

Go and open the door.
Maybe outside there's
A tree, or a wood,
A garden,
Or a magic city.
Go and open the door.
Maybe a dog's rummaging,
Maybe you'll see a face,
or an eye,
or the picture
of a picture.
Go and open the door,
If there's a fog
It will clear.
Go and open the door.
Even if there's only
The darkness ticking,
Even if there's only
The hollow wind,
even if
nothing
is there,
go and open the door.
at least
there'll be
a draught.

For the Traveller
John O'Donohue

Every time you leave home,
Another road takes you
Into a world you were never in.

New strangers on other paths await.
New places that have never seen you
Will startle a little at your entry.
Old places that know you well
Will pretend nothing
Changed since your last visit.

When you travel, you find yourself
Alone in a different way,
More attentive now
To the self you bring along,
Your more subtle eye watching
You abroad; and how what meets you
Touches that part of the heart
That lies low at home:

How you unexpectedly attune
To the timbre in some voice,
Opening in conversation
You want to take in
To where your longing
Has pressed hard enough
Inward, on some unsaid dark,
To create a crystal of insight
You could not have known
You needed
To illuminate
Your way.

When you travel,
A new silence
Goes with you,
And if you listen,
You will hear
What your heart would
Love to say.

A journey can become a sacred thing:
Make sure, before you go,
To take the time
To bless your going forth,
To free your heart of ballast
So that the compass of your soul
Might direct you toward
The territories of spirit
Where you will discover
More of your hidden life,
And the urgencies
That deserve to claim you.

May you travel in an awakened way,
Gathered wisely into your inner ground;
That you may not waste the invitations
Which wait along the way to transform you.

May you travel safely, arrive refreshed,
And live your time away to its fullest;
Return home more enriched, and free
To balance the gift of days which call you.

The New Experience**Suzanne Buffam**

I was ready for a new experience.
All the old ones had burned out.

They lay in little ashy heaps along the roadside
And blew in drifts across the fairgrounds and fields.

From a distance some appeared to be smouldering
But when I approached with my hat in my hands

They let out small puffs of smoke and expired.
Through the windows of houses I saw lives lit up

With the otherworldly glow of TV
And these were smoking a little bit too.

I flew to Rome. I flew to Greece.
I sat on a rock in the shade of the Acropolis

And conjured dusky columns in the clouds.
I watched waves lap the crumbling coast.

I heard wind strip the woods.
I saw the last living snow leopard

Pacing in the dirt. Experience taught me
That nothing worth doing is worth doing

For the sake of experience alone.
I bit into an apple that tasted sweetly of time.

The sun came out. It was the old sun
With only a few billion years left to shine.

Suzanne Buffam, "The New Experience" from *The Irrationalist*. Copyright © 2010 by Suzanne Buffam

Extract from 'Ulysses'**Alfred, Lord Tennyson**

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

The Dungay Creek Postman

Richard Hillman

never imagined i'd be delivering mail
but they needed a postman on short notice
for the pre-xmas parcel and card rush

three hundred kilometres of bush road
potholes the shape of small creeks and
dust turning to mud in sun showers

now my tyres slide on loose shale surface
eyes drawn to dancing branches that drop
like stone falls in freak midday storms

i follow the dungay creek postman's tracks
recall how his body wasn't found for hours
after trees rained down upon his car

on the road out to eight mile creek post
boxes stand silent and someone has laid
a wreath and a wooden cross by the way

twenty-four years on the job something kept
calling him back, not this wildflower wreath
amid a wreck of torn trees and crushed rock

from broken gravel to peach-cheeked pebble
shadows in post-rain snapshot move about
as if what came here never meant to stay

for me, the sky is never blue nor grey
constantly it is becoming something else
a summons, a demand, a need

small things mirror the large, reflect
an intense need to hold in place
a country split from ear to ear

i search in every image of devotion
in every nuance of shade and light
for the sirens and shapes that beckon

rusted number boxes and plastic containers
collect in roadside undergrowth nailed to
posts or wedged into tree forks like koalas

occasional rock to hold things down

snakes curled upon unclaimed letters
heavy spider shapes just out of reach

corroded wire and wasted stone faces
wattle bird's spray of wing wrapped
in scratching walls of weathered leaf

a presence in this place won't let go,
like the hand of a dying man
it will not release the hand it holds

with every mile travelled and with each
letter delivered, i prise the fingers back
only to see what he holds in his hand

Hillman, Richard, 'The Dungay Creek Postman', in *Island* (107, Summer 2006), pp. 103-4

Death of a Young Son by Drowning
Margaret Atwood

He, who navigated with success
 the dangerous river of his own birth
 once more set forth

on a voyage of discovery
 into the land I floated on
 but could not touch to claim.

His feet slid on the bank,
 the currents took him;
 he swirled with ice and trees in the swollen water

and plunged into distant regions,
 his head a bathysphere¹;
 through his eyes' thin glass bubbles

he looked out, reckless adventurer
 on a landscape stranger than Uranus
 we have all been to and some remember.

There was an accident; the air locked,
 he was hung in the river like a heart.
 They retrieved the swamped body,

cairn² of my plans and future charts,
 with poles and hooks
 from among the nudging logs.

It was spring, the sun kept shining, the new grass
 leapt to solidity;
 my hands glistened with details.

After the long trip I was tired of waves.
 My foot hit rock. The dreamed sails
 collapsed, ragged.

I planted him in this country
 like a flag.

Margaret Atwood, "Death of a Young Son by Drowning" from *The Journals of Susanna Moodie* (Don Mills, ON: Oxford University Press, 1969).

¹ a manned spherical chamber for deep-sea observation, lowered by cable from a ship

² a mound of rough stones built as a memorial or landmark

MULTIMEDIA/OTHER



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Ancestry.com Homepage



The banner features a vintage car with a person sitting on the hood, set against a scenic background. The text is overlaid on a dark rectangular area.

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Webpage

The Smithsonian Museum, 'Mission Statement'

<http://www.si.edu/About/Mission>

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Our Mission

The increase and diffusion of knowledge

Our Vision

Shaping the future by preserving our heritage, discovering new knowledge, and sharing our resources with the world

Our Values

Discovery: Explore and bring to light new knowledge and ideas, and better ways of doing business

Creativity: Instill our work with imagination and innovation

Excellence: Deliver the highest-quality products and services in all endeavors

Diversity: Capitalize on the richness inherent in differences

Integrity: Carry out all our work with the greatest responsibility and accountability

Service: Be of benefit to the public and our stakeholders

Our Priorities

Four Grand Challenges: Focus on the four grand challenges outlined in the [Smithsonian Strategic Plan](#)

Broadening Access: Digitizing our collections, [exploring next-generation technologies](#) and improving the visitor experience

Revitalizing Education: Serve as a laboratory to create models and methods of innovative informal education and [link them to formal education system](#)


Crossing Boundaries: Establish [interdisciplinary consortia](#) around each of the four grand challenges

Strengthening Collections: Develop collections plan to support Institution-wide initiatives

Organizational Excellence: Strengthen organizational services that allow us to deliver on our mission


Measuring Performance: Establish performance indicators that will specifically and annually measure progress toward our goals

Four Grand Challenges




Unlocking the Mysteries of the Universe

We will continue to lead in the quest to understand the fundamental nature of the cosmos, using next-generation technologies to explore our own solar system, meteorites, the Earth's geological past and present, and the paleontological record of our planet.




Understanding and Sustaining a Biodiverse Planet

We will use our resources across scientific museums and centers to significantly advance our knowledge and understanding of life on Earth, respond to the growing threat of environmental change, and sustain human well-being.



Valuing World Cultures

As a steward and ambassador of cultural connections, with a presence in some 100 countries and expertise and collections that encompass the globe, we will build bridges of mutual respect, and present the diversity of world cultures and the joy of creativity with accuracy, insight, and reverence.



Understanding the American Experience

America is an increasingly diverse society that shares a history, ideals, and an indomitable, innovative spirit. We will use our resources across disciplines to explore what it means to be an American and how the disparate experiences of individual groups strengthen the whole, and to share our story with people of all nations.

Webpage

Mars One Homepage (continued overleaf)

MARS ONE [ABOUT MARS ONE](#) [MISSION](#) [NEWS](#) [PARTNERS](#) [DONATE](#) [FAQ](#) [WEBSHOP](#) [COMMUNITY](#)

Human Settlement on Mars

Mars One will establish a permanent human settlement on Mars. Crews of four will depart every two years, starting in 2024. Our first unmanned mission will be launched in 2018. Join the Global Mars One Community and participate in our mission to Mars.

[Support our Human Mission to Mars](#)

CHECK OUT THE COMPETING PAYLOADS IN MARS ONE'S UNIVERSITY COMPETITION

THE NEXT GIANT LEAP FOR MANKIND

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Human Settlement on Mars

Mars One designed a mission using only existing technology. In the coming years, a demonstration mission, communication satellites, two rovers and several cargo missions will be sent to Mars. A reliable living environment will be waiting for the astronauts when they leave Earth.

[The Mission Plan](#)

Astronaut Selection and Preparation

The global search has begun for the first humans to set foot on Mars and make it their home. In an extensive training period, candidates will learn the skills they will need on Mars and on their journey there. The combined skill set of each astronaut team member will cover a very wide range of disciplines.

In 1000 years, everyone on Earth will still remember who the first humans on Mars were. More than 200,000 men and women from around the world responded to the first call for astronauts.

[Applicants](#)

You Make It Happen

The whole world will watch and experience this journey. We are all explorers. Everyone, including you, can participate in space exploration. This can be your mission to Mars!

Join our global effort by sharing our vision with your friends, supporting us and perhaps becoming a Mars astronaut yourself.

[Join Our Global Community](#)



THE NEXT GIANT LEAP STARTS RIGHT HERE ON EARTH

[Join the Movement](#)

Latest News

- Mars One Announces Chance To Win Two-Way Trip to Space
- Mars One launches Mars Exchange; an interactive component of the Mars One Community Platform
- Mars One announces Request for Proposals for 2018 Mars lander payloads
- Mars One Teams with Endemol for Worldwide TV Event
- 705 potential Mars settlers remain in Mars One's astronaut selection process
- Mars One Begins Work on Simulation Mars Home for Crew

[Press Releases](#)

Mars One Videos



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ABOUT MARS ONE

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TECHNOLOGY

- Mars Transit Vehicle
- Living Unit
- Life Support Unit
- Rover
- Mars Suit
- Communications System
- Roadmap
- more...

ASTRONAUT SELECTION

- First group of astronauts
- Astronaut preparation
- Multiple groups in training
- Astronaut Selection Process
- Astronaut Requirements
- more...

FINANCE & FEASIBILITY

- Mission Time Schedule
- Mars One Revenues
- Support Mars One
- Mission Cost
- Mars One Business Model
- more...

Webpage

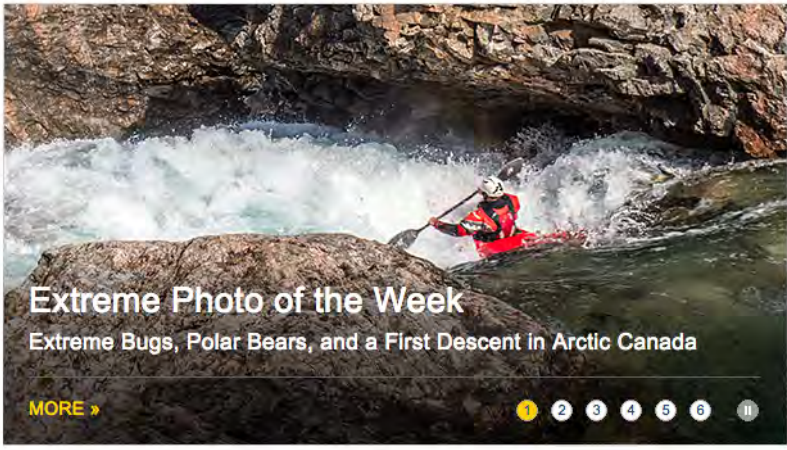
National Geographic, 'Adventure'

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Adventure



Extreme Photo of the Week


Extreme Bugs, Polar Bears, and a First Descent in Arctic Canada

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- [Video Series Zero to 60](#)
- [Long Weekend Adventure Guide](#)
- [20 Hikers' Dream Trails](#)
- [Adventurers of the Year Week](#)


Top National Geographic Adventures Trips



Grand Canyon Hike



Machu Picchu Hike




Alaska by Sea Kayak

[All Upcoming Trips >](#)


Beyond the Edge Blog

- [Paddle to DC: Visiting Basswood Lake's Ancient Cedar](#)
- [New Film Valley Uprising Depicts a Colorful Slice of Yosemite Climbing History](#)
- [Adventurer Shannon Galpin's Memoir Explores Women's Rights and Bikes in Afghanistan](#)
- [Montana by Dirt: Hiking Into the Wild in Glacier National Park](#)
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100 Best American Adventures



Zion Narrows




Tahoe Rim Trail




The Lost Coast

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Your Adventure Photos




Your Nepal Trekking Photos




Surfing




Skiing and Snowboarding



Climbing




Hiking




Biking

Video of the Week




Zero to 60

Extreme Photo of the Week



Kayaking the Nachvak River, Torgat Mountains, Canada

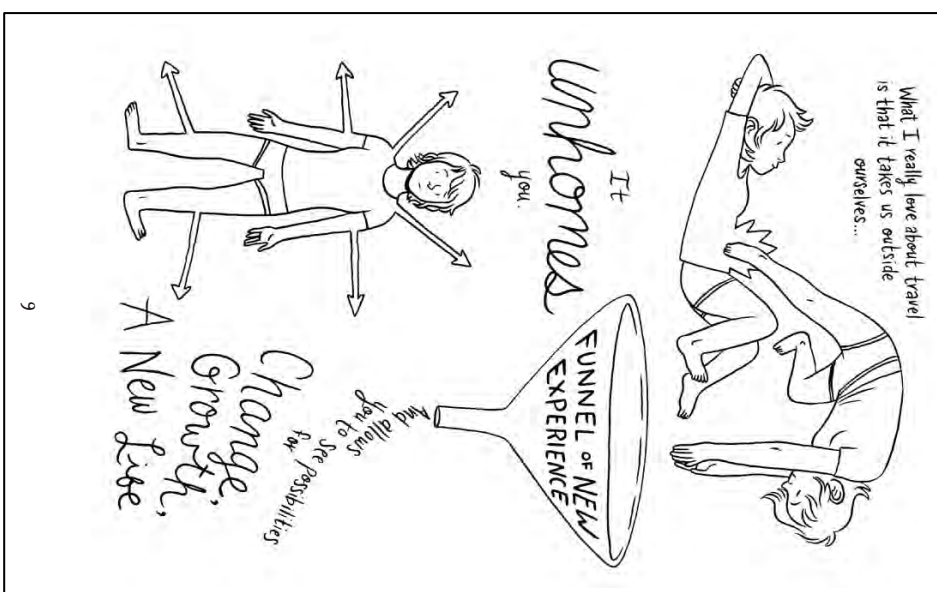
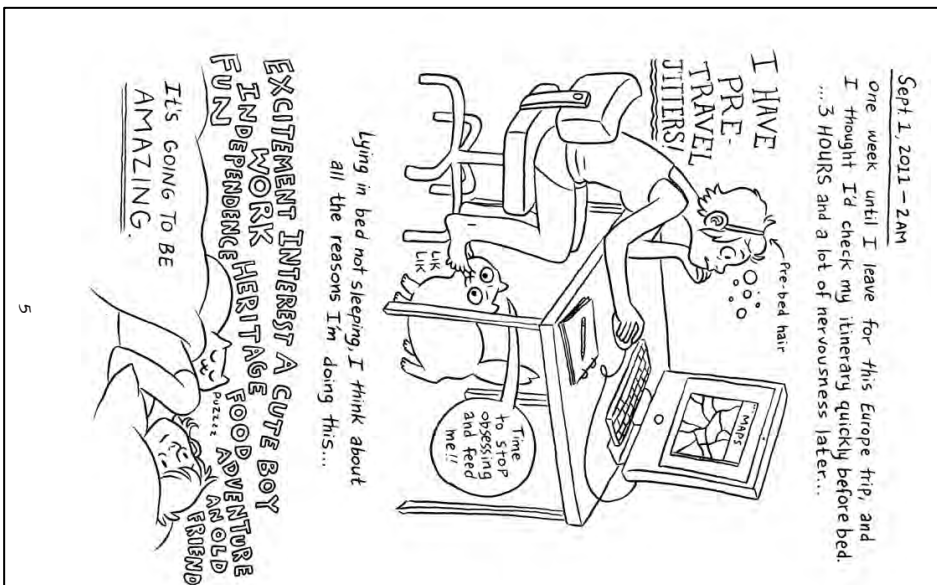
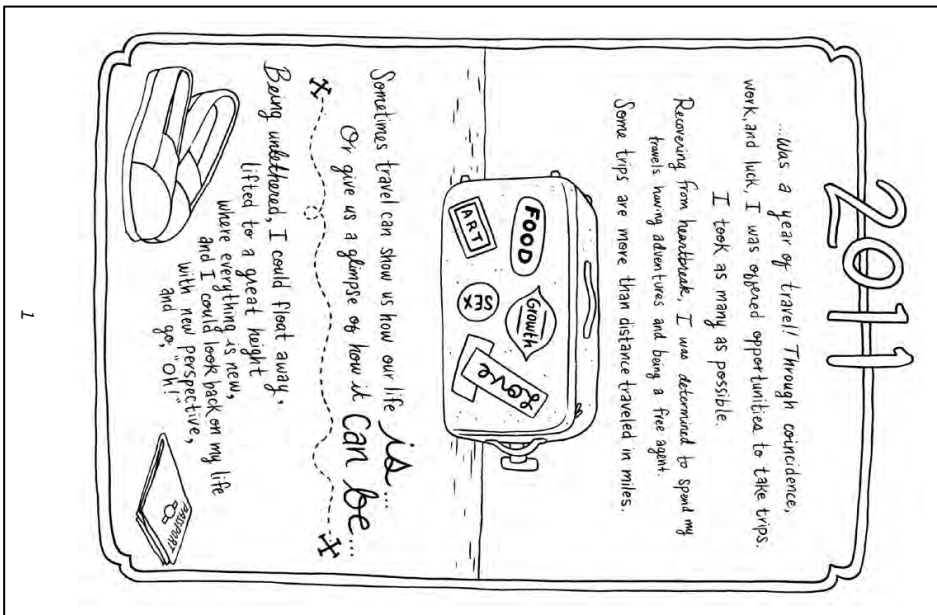
Ultimate Adventure Bucket List



Ultimate Adventure Bucket List 2014

@ngadventure Twitter Feed

Graphic Novel
 Extract from *An Age of License* by Lucy Knisley



QUESTIONS



VISUAL TEXTS

Album cover: <i>River of Dreams</i> by Billy Joel	7
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Identify ONE visual feature and explain how it represents the concept of self-discovery. (1) 2. Explain the connection between the album's title and its images. (2) 3. How does the text explore the role of imagination in self-discovery? (3) 	
Print advertisement: Discovery Channel	8
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Explain the purpose of this text with reference to its images and composition. (1) 2. Identify ONE visual feature and explain how it represents the concept of discovery. (2) 3. Analyse the use of contrast in this print advertisement. (3) 	
Cartoon: 'Self-Help' by Michael Leunig	9
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Explain how ONE visual feature represents the concept of self-discovery. (1) 2. Why is black and white an appropriate choice for this cartoon? (2) 3. Identify the composer's attitude towards self-discovery in the cartoon. (3) 	
Print advertisement: Geckos Adventures	10
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Identify the target audience of this advertisement. (1) 2. Discuss the connection made between travel and self-discovery in this advertisement. (2) 3. How does the visual image build upon the ideas expressed in the written text? (3) 	
Book jacket: <i>Paper Towns</i> by John Green	11
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Why does the book's blurb begin with a rhetorical question? (1) 2. Identify ONE visual feature of the book jacket and explain how it represents the concept of discovery. (2) 3. How does the book's blurb evoke the experience of discovery? (3) 	
Print advertisement: travelplanet24.com	12
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Explain how the landscape image is used to evoke the concept of discovery. (1) 2. Identify ONE technique (either language or visual) used to represent the concept of discovery. (2) 3. How does the visual image and words work together to convey the idea of discovery? (3) 	

FICTION

Novel: Extract from *State of Wonder* by Ann Patchett **14-15**

1. 'The smaller boats stayed near the shore, while a cruise ship, white as a sailor's dress uniform, churned up the centre aisle'.
Identify the language technique used in this line. **(1)**
2. Explain the writer's use of sensory imagery in evoking the concept of discovery. **(2)**
3. How does the writer reveal Marina's feelings towards experiencing the new environment? **(3)**

Short Story: Extract from 'To Dream of Stars' by Peter M. Ball **16**

1. Identify the father's attitude towards the observatory and give one possible reason for it. **(1)**
2. Explain how ONE aspect of the story represents the concept of discovery. **(2)**
3. Explain how the author creates a strong sense of wonder and imagination in the story. **(3)**

Novel: Extract from *Five Bells* by Gail Jones **17-18**

1. 'But Ellie's heart opened; she was filled with corny delight and ordinary elation'.
Identify the language technique used in this line. **(1)**
2. Discuss the connection made between travel and discovery in the extract. **(2)**
3. How are personal insights into discovery of new places conveyed in the text? **(3)**

Short Story: Extract from 'No Other Country' by Shaun Tan **19-20**

1. How does the discovery of the 'inner courtyard' affect the family? **(1)**
2. Analyse the writer's use of contrast in this extract. **(2)**
3. How does the writer use sensory imagery to evoke the concept of discovery in the extract? **(3)**

Novel: Extract from *Miles McGinty* by Tom Gilling **21-22**

1. 'The machine was perched on three wheels, nose up, a baggy-throated vulture surveying the ocean.'
Identify the language technique used in this line. **(1)**
2. Comment on how the writer conveys a sense of new possibilities through language use. **(2)**
3. Analyse how the experience of discovery is brought to life by the writer. **(3)**

Short Story: Extract from 'Big World' by Tim Winton **23-24**

1. What inspires the narrator's desire to discover new environments? **(1)**
2. Explore the narrator's attitude towards discovery. **(2)**
3. Explain the connection made between travel and discovery in the extract. **(3)**

NON-FICTION

Memoir: Extract from 'Report from the Interior' by Paul Auster **26**

1. Explain the use of second person in this text. **(1)**
2. How is a strong image of childhood imagination evoked in this text? **(2)**
3. How is the concept of discovery revealed through a representation of memory in this text? **(3)**

Feature article: Extract from 'In Deep' by Burkhard Bilger **27**

1. What are some of the potential challenges associated with physical discovery outlined in this article? **(1)**
2. How does the writer's use of verbs help to evoke a sense of discovery? **(2)**
3. Discuss the use of sensory imagery to evoke a sense of the new place in the third paragraph. **(3)**

Visual arts review by Robert Nelson **28**

1. What does the writer identify as the purpose of this artwork? **(1)**
2. Discuss the use of second person in this extract. **(2)**
3. Analyse how the experience of discovery offered by the artwork is brought to life by the writer. **(3)**

Blog article: 'A New Way of Walking' by Joseph Hart **29**

1. What is psychogeography? **(1)**
2. Discuss the connection made between exploration, landscape and discovery in this article? **(2)**
3. Discuss ONE way this article offers a perspective on discovery. **(3)**

Film Review: 'Between Heaven and Earth: a review of Gravity' by A.O. Scott **30-31**

1. Briefly describe the review's opinion of the film. **(1)**
2. What does the reviewer identify as one of the problems facing the director's desire to provide for the audience a new sense of wonder at the discovery of space travel? **(2)**
3. The reviewer maintains that this film allows the audience to glimpse the familiar in unfamiliar ways. How is this notion conveyed? **(3)**

Speech: Extract from 'The Fringe Benefits of Failure, and the Importance of Imagination' by JK Rowling **32-33**

1. How did the experience of working at Amnesty International affect the speaker? **(1)**
2. Identify and explain the connection made between discovery and empathy in this speech. **(2)**
3. This speech suggests that discovery of new and alternate ways of life is essential. Explain how this notion is conveyed. **(3)**

POETRY

'The Door' by Miroslav Holub**35**

1. Explain the use of repetition in this poem. **(1)**
2. Identify TWO poetic techniques and explain how they represent the concept of discovery. **(2)**
3. How does the line arrangement of the poem contribute to conveying the poem's meaning? **(3)**

'For the Traveler' by John O' Donohue**36-37**

1. Analyse the writer's use of enjambment in this poem. **(1)**
2. Discuss the connection between travel and self-discovery made in this poem. **(2)**
3. Discuss one way in which this poem offers a perspective on discovery. **(3)**

'The New Experience' by Suzanne Buffam**38**

1. How does the writer establish that she is ready to discover new possibilities? **(1)**
2. How do verbs and use of the personal voice evoke a strong sense of the persona's quest to discover new possibilities? **(2)**
3. What does the writer discover about the worth of new experiences as a result of her journeys? **(3)**

Extract from 'Ulysses' by Alfred, Lord Tennyson**39**

1. Which lines in the poem call listeners to continue to explore and go forward despite the temptation to give up the struggle? **(1)**
2. Discuss the poem's use of metaphor to describe battling life's hardships to continue moving forward and making discoveries. **(2)**
3. How does the poet create a strong sense of the speaker's insatiable need to discover new places and possibilities? **(3)**

'The Dungay Creek Postman' by Richard Hillman**40-41**

1. Discuss the importance of enjambment to creating tone in this poem. **(1)**
2. How does the poet's use of descriptive imagery contribute to its representation of the rediscovery of things lost or forgotten? **(2)**
3. Explain how ONE aspect of the poem represents the concept of discovery. **(3)**

'Death of a Young Son by Drowning' by Margaret Atwood**42**

1. 'He, who navigated with success
the dangerous river of his own birth'.
Identify ONE poetic technique used in this line. **(1)**
2. How does the son's death provide the persona with new insights about her place in the world? **(2)**

3. Discuss the writer's use of images of discovery in describing the son's journey. **(3)**

MULTIMEDIA/OTHER

Webpage: ancestry.com**44**

1. Describe the purpose of this text. **(1)**
2. How does the visual image suggest a sense of discovery? **(2)**
3. How does the visual image work with the words to convey a sense of rediscovery of the past? **(3)**

Webpage: The Smithsonian Museum, 'Mission Statement'**45**

1. Why is it important for the Museum to associate itself with a sense of discovery?
2. Discuss the use of verbs in conveying a strong sense of innovation. **(2)**
3. Analyse the ways in which this text communicates the concept of discovery. **(3)**

Webpage: Mars One Home Page**46-47**

1. Select one visual aspect of the text and explain how it offers a perspective on discovery. **(1)**
2. Discuss the use of pronouns in fostering a link between the audience and the text's purpose. **(2)**
3. How does this text work to inspire a thirst for discovery in its audience? **(3)**

Webpage: National Geography, 'Adventure'**48**

1. What is the purpose of this text? **(1)**
2. Comment on the significance of landscape in discovery created in the text. **(2)**
3. Analyse how the experience of discovery is brought to life in this text. **(3)**

Graphic Novel: Extract from *An Age of License* by Lucy Knisley**49**

1. 'Some trips are more than distance travelled in miles'.
What does the writer mean by this? **(1)**
2. How are personal insights into self-discovery conveyed by the writer's use of language? **(2)**
3. How does the visual aspect of this text complement and extend the written narrative's representation of the effects of discovery? **(3)**