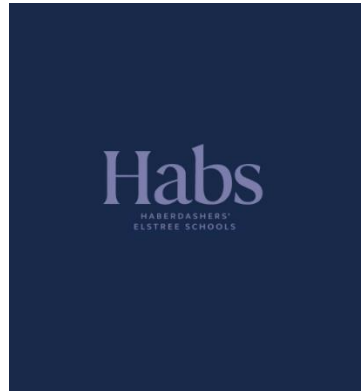


16+ Assessment



Extracts Booklet

Please use this booklet alongside the questions in the questions booklet. You should only answer **ONE** question.

Extract A should be used if you choose Question 1

Extract B should be used if you choose Question 2

Extract C should be used if you choose Question 3

Extract A (to be used with Question 1)

The below is Adapted from “Explaining the 2022 Australian Federal Election Result”, ANU Centre for Social Research and Methods, Professor Nicholas Biddle and Professor Ian McAllister. This study was based on a survey that collected detailed information on 3,556 adult Australians. The survey asked about who they voted for, their views on policy and institutions, leaders, the pandemic and a range of demographic, socioeconomic, and political attitudes.

The Australian population seems generally satisfied with the conduct of the 2022 Federal election. Between mid-April and late-May (the start of the campaign and immediately post-election) there was a large increase in satisfaction with the direction of the country. This cannot be definitively attributed to the election itself, but satisfaction increased for those who voted Labor, Greens, and other parties, whilst declining for those who voted for the National-Liberal. The vast majority of Australians were satisfied with who they voted for, and most also thought that the election was conducted fairly.

Voter volatility in the 2022 election was quite similar to what it was in the 2019 election. A similar proportion of Australians voted for a different party across those two elections as between the 2016 and 2019 election, and there was a remarkably similar proportion across the two elections of Australians who voted for a different party to that which they had intended to vote in the last survey prior to the election.

Split-ticket voting, where someone votes for a different party in the House of Representatives compared to the Senate, was also low but appears to have declined since the last election.

Age and education were once again one of the key factors explaining voting choice.

These two factors were much stronger predictors than gender, country of birth, location, and even household income. For example, 47.1% of those Australians who had not achieving the School Leaving Certificate voting for National-Liberal compared to 29.3% of those who had achieved the School Leaving Certificate. There are similar differences by age, with 49.0% of those aged 65 years and over voting for National-Liberal compared to 26.7% of those aged under 65, and only 18.1% of those aged under 35. Indeed, there were almost twice as many Australians aged under 35 who voted for the Greens (36.0%) compared to those who voted for the Coalition.

The analysis also suggests that these two characteristics – age and education – were the most important demographic characteristics factors explaining the loss in support for National-Liberal. Older Australians were less likely to change their vote, with 34.9% of National-Liberal voters in 2019 aged under 55 years changing their vote compared to 21.1% of those aged 55 years and over. Furthermore 31.0% of National-Liberal voters as of 2019 who had attended university voted for a different party grouping in 2022 compared to 14.8% of those who has not attended university.

In general, voters for the different party groupings shared some characteristics with each other. National-Liberal voters tended to be older, with low education, living outside of the capital cities, and with a household income that puts them outside of the bottom income quintile. The Australian Labor Party achieved a majority government for the first time since 2007, Labor voters tended to have high levels of education and lived in one of the State capital cities. Green Party voters tended to be female, young, born in Australia or another English-speaking country, and without a trade qualification.

Extract B (to be used with Question 2)

The below is an edited extract from *A Voyage to Icaria*, written by the political and social theorist Étienne Cabet, which was first published in France in 1840. It is written in the genre of a novel, and this extract takes the form of a letter from a young visitor to Icaria, Eugène, to his brother, Camille, back home in France. The society of Icaria described in this extract did not exist, and the two brothers are also literary creations. However, Cabet's intention was to write a work of political and social commentary.

O my dear brother Camille, how heart-broken I feel when I think of France and see the happiness enjoyed by the people of Icaria! You will be able to judge for yourself in learning of their institutions concerning food and clothes.

Concerning food, this first need of man, like all the others, everything in our unfortunate country is abandoned to chance and corrupt abuses. Here, on the contrary, everything is regulated according to the most enlightened reason and the most generous care.

First imagine, my dear brother, that everything concerning food has been regulated by the law. It is the law which accepts or rejects every type of nourishment. A committee of scientists, set up by the national representatives, with the aid of all the citizens, has made a list of all known foods, indicating which are good, and of these which are most necessary and agreeable, and they have had this list printed in several volumes and each family is given a copy. They have done still more: they have indicated the most suitable ways of preparing each food, and each family has also the Cookery Guide.

Once the list of good foods has been agreed upon, the Republic undertook the task to have them produced by its agricultural workers, gathered in great republican storehouses, and distributed using extremely ingenious street-cars¹ to each family, with

¹ The 'street-cars' referred to here had not been invented at the time that *Voyage to Icaria* was written.

an equal share to everybody. Where there is not enough for everyone, each section of the population will receive it in turn. At every meal they begin with a toast, *to the glory of the good Icar, benefactor of the workers, benefactor of the families, benefactor of the citizens*. And they also have what they call the common dinner, which is taken in superb, elegant halls, and which can contain up to two thousand people, and they surpass the magnificence of anything you have ever seen. The best restaurants and cafes of Paris are nothing, in my opinion, compared with the abundance and delicacy of these meals, the quality of their decorations and flowers, and the delicious music which charms the ear while the nose enjoys the delicious perfumes.

And yet you must realise that these common meals present a great economy compared with separate meals and can therefore afford better fare. You will also realise that this community of meals among workers and neighbours has other great advantages, particularly of encouraging the workers to fraternise and also to simplify the housework for women.

As with food, so it is with the law which regulates clothes. A committee has consulted everyone, has examined the clothes worn in every country, has made a list of them with their shapes and colours (a magnificent book which every family possesses), has indicated which should be adopted and which must be avoided, and has classified them according to their necessity, utility, and pleasure. Everything that was extravagant or tasteless has been carefully banned.

Everyone possesses the same clothes, so there is no room for envy or pride. And yet one should not think that uniformity here is not without variety. Not only are the two sexes dressed differently, but each of them changes clothes frequently, according to age and

condition. Childhood and youth, adolescence and maturity, the condition of celibacy or marriage, or widowhood and remarriage, as well as the various professions are indicated by the clothes. Thus, all the individuals belonging to the same essential condition wear the same uniform; but a thousand various uniforms correspond to a thousand various conditions. Consider that one colour might be chosen for girls with brunette hair and another colour more fitting for blondes, and that a worker might have one set of clothes for the home, another for work, another for public meetings, and yet another for common meals – in such a way you can see that the variety in costumes is almost infinite.

The shape of each garment has been fixed in such a manner that it can be manufactured in the most easy, rapid and economic way possible. They are nearly all done by machine, and so the workers have little to do to finish them. And practically all the clothes, hats and shoes are elastic, in such a way that can suit people of different sizes. All of the clothes are manufactured in enormous quantities, and are afterwards deposited in immense storehouses where everyone is always sure to find immediately all that they need and is due unto them according to the law. I have talked to you in this letter of the women: O my dear Camille, how you would love these Icarians, if you saw how they surround women with attention, respect and homages, how they concentrate all their thoughts and happiness upon them, and how they constantly endeavour to please them. Happy women! Happy Icaria! Unhappy France!

Your brother, Eugène

Key words

1. **Institutions** - Established laws or practices in a society.
2. **Enlightened** - Having or showing a rational, modern, and well-informed outlook.
3. **Committee** - A group of people appointed for a specific function.
4. **Republic** - A state in which supreme power is held by the people and their elected representatives.
5. **Ingenious** - Clever, original, and inventive.
6. **Fraternise** - Associate or form a friendship with someone, especially when one is not supposed to.
7. **Uniformity** - The quality or state of being the same.
8. **Celibacy** - The state of abstaining from marriage and sexual relations.
9. **Elastic** - Able to resume its normal shape spontaneously after contraction, dilatation, or distortion.
10. **Homages** - Special honour or respect shown publicly.

Extract C (to be used with Question 3)

The extract below is the opening of a short story.

The Knowers

There are those who wish to know, and there are those who don't wish to know. At first Tem made fun of me in that condescending way of his (a flick of my nipple, a grape tossed at my nose) when I claimed to be among the former; when he realized I meant it, he grew anxious, and when he realized I really did mean it, his anxiety morphed into terror.

"*Why?*" he demanded tearfully in the middle of the night. "Why why *why?*"

I couldn't answer. I had no answer.

"This isn't only about you, you know," he scolded. "It affects me too. Hell, maybe it affects me more than it affects you. I don't want to sit around for a bunch of decades awaiting the worst day of my life."

Touched, I reached out to squeeze his hand in the dark. Grudgingly, he squeezed back. I would have preferred to be like Tem, of course I would have! If only I could have known it was possible to know and still have been fine with ignorance. But now that the technology had been mastered, the knowledge was available to every citizen for a nominal fee.

Tem stood in the doorway as I buttoned the blue wool coat he'd given me for, I think, our four-year anniversary a couple years back.

“I don’t want to know where you’re going,” he said. He glared.

“Fine,” I said, matter-of-factly checking my purse for my keys, my eye-drops. “I won’t tell you.”

“I forbid you to leave this apartment,” he said.

“Oh honey,” I sighed. I did feel bad. “That’s just not in your character.”

With a tremor, he fell away from the doorway to let me pass. He slouched against the wall, arms crossed, staring at me, his eyes wet and so very dark. Splendid Tem.

After I stepped out, I heard the deadbolt sliding into place.

“So?” Tem said when I unlocked the deadbolt, stepped back inside. He was standing right there in the hallway, his eyes darker than ever, his slouch more pronounced. I was willing to believe he hadn’t moved in the 127 minutes I’d been gone.

“So,” I replied forcefully. I was shaken, I’ll admit it, but I refused to shake him with my shakiness.

“You ...?” He mouthed the question more than spoke it.

I nodded curtly. No way was I going to tell him about the bureaucratic office with its pale yellow walls that either smelled like urine or brought it so strongly to mind that one’s own associations created the odor. It never ceases to amaze me that, even as our country forges into the future with ever more bedazzling devices and technologies, the archaic infrastructure rots away beneath our feet, the pavement and the rails, the schools and the DMV. In any case: Tem would not know, today or ever, about the place I’d gone, about the humming machine that looked like a low-budge ATM (could they

really do no better?), about the chilly metal buttons of the keypad into which I punched my social security number after waiting in line for over forty-five minutes behind other soon-to-be Knowers. There was a silent, grim camaraderie among us; surely I was not the only one who felt it. Yet carefully, deliberately, desperately, I avoided looking at their faces as they stepped away from the machine and exited the room. Grief, relief—I didn't want to know. I had to do what I'd come to do. And what did my face look like, I wonder, as I glanced down at the paper the slot spat out at me, as I folded it up and stepped away from the machine?

Tem held his hand out, his fingers spread wide, his palm quivering but receptive.

“Okay, lay it on me,” he said. The words were light, almost jovial, but I could tell they were the five hardest words he'd ever uttered. I swore to never again accuse Tem of being less than courageous. And I applauded myself for going straight from the bureaucratic office to the canal, for standing there above the sickly greenish water, for glancing once more at the piece of paper, for tearing it into as many scraps as possible though it was essentially a scrap to begin with, for dropping it into the factory-scented breeze. I'd thought it was the right thing to do, and now I knew it was. Tem should not have to live under the same roof with that piece of paper.

“I don't have it,” I said brightly.

“You don't?” he gasped, suspended between joy and confusion. “You mean you changed your - ”

Poor Tem.

“I got it,” I said, before he could go too far down that road. “I got it, and then I got rid of it.”

He stared at me, waiting.

“I mean, after memorizing it, of course.”

I watched him deflate.