



Høgskolen i Telemark

MIDT-EKSAMEN (KONTINUASJON)

2001-001: INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH STUDIES

09.12.2008

Tid: kl. 13–15

Målform: Engelsk

Sidetal: 3

Hjelpemiddel: Godkjent engelsk-engelsk ordbok

Merknader:

Vedlegg:

Eksamensresultata blir offentliggjort på nettet, via Arena høgscole. Passordet til Arena har alle studenter fått i eget brev ved semesterstart. I tillegg finn du eksamensresultatslister på utsiden av eksamenskontoret, men da trenger du kandidatnummeret ditt, så du bør notere dette på en lapp og legge den i lommeboka.

ANSWER **ONE** OF THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

EITHER

2. Give an interpretation of the first page of Angela Carter's "The Bloody Chamber", using critical terminology whenever appropriate (text provided p. 3). Then discuss to what extent the story as a whole may be read from a feminist perspective.

OR

2. "The British sense of identity could be seen as a conglomerate of such elements as family, class, education, the past, sports, sexual roles, religion, language(s), geography, nationalism and multiculturalism." Discuss this statement briefly, then focus on two or three of the areas mentioned (or others not mentioned), which you think have been particularly important for the formation of British identity.

The Bloody Chamber

I remember how, that night, I lay awake in the wagon-lit in a tender, delicious ecstasy of excitement, my burning cheek pressed against the impeccable linen of the pillow and the pounding of my heart mimicking that of the great pistons ceaselessly thrusting the train that bore me through the night, away from Paris, away from girlhood, away from the white, enclosed quietude of my mother's apartment, into the ungressable country of marriage.

And I remember I tenderly imagined how, at this very moment, my mother would be moving slowly about the narrow bedroom I had left behind for ever, folding up and putting away all my little relics, the tumbled garments I would not need any more, the scores for which there had been no room in my trunks, the concert programmes I'd abandoned; she would linger over this torn ribbon and that faded photograph with all the half-joyous, half-sorrowful emotions of a woman on her daughter's wedding day. And, in the midst of my bridal triumph, I felt a pang of loss as if, when he put the gold band on my finger, I had, in some way, ceased to be her child in becoming his wife.

Are you sure, she'd said when they delivered the gigantic box that held the wedding dress he'd bought me, wrapped up in tissue paper and red ribbon like a Christmas gift of crystallized fruit. Are you sure you love him? There was a dress for her, too, black silk, with the dull, prismatic sheen of oil on water, finer than anything she'd worn since that adventurous girlhood in Indo-China, daughter of a rich tea planter. My eagle-eyed, indomitable mother, what other student at the Conservatoire would boast that her mother had outfaced a junkful of Chinese pirates, nursed a village through a visitation of the plague, shot a man eating tiger with her own hand and all before she was as old as I.

Are you sure you love him?

I'm sure I want to marry him, I said.

And would say no more. She sighed, as if it was with reluctance that she might at last banish the spectre of poverty from its habitual place at our meagre table. For my mother herself had gladly, scandalously,