



Høgskolen i Telemark

MIDT-EKSAMEN

2001-001: INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH STUDIES

13.10.2009

Tid: 2 timer og 45 minutter

Målform: Engelsk

Sidetal: 3

Hjelpemiddel: Godkjent engelsk-engelsk ordbok

Merknader:

Vedlegg:

Eksamensresultata blir offentliggjort på nettet, via Arena høgskole. 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

1. Martin Stephen describes what he calls "five reference points in literary and critical theory", i.e. language, the work itself, society and historical background, the author, and the reader. Discuss the ways in which these reference points provide different approaches to the reading and appreciation of literature. Finally, explain how you yourself prefer to approach a literary text, and why.

OR

2. Give an interpretation of Carol Ann Duffy's poem 'Little Red-Cap' (text provided p. 3).

Carol Ann Duffy: 'Little Red-Cap' (from *The World's Wife*, 1999)

At childhood's end, the houses petered out
into playing fields, the factory, allotments
kept, like mistresses, by kneeling married men,
the silent railway line, the hermit's caravan,
till you came at last to the edge of the woods.
It was there that I first clapped eyes on the wolf.

He stood in a clearing, reading his verse out loud
in his wolfy drawl, a paperback in his hairy paw,
red wine staining his bearded jaw. What big ears
he had! What big eyes he had! What teeth!
In the interval, I made quite sure he spotted me,
sweet sixteen, never been, babe, waif, and bought me a drink,

my first. You might ask why. Here's why. Poetry.
The wolf, I knew, would lead me deep into the woods,
away from home, to a dark tangled thorny place
lit by the eyes of owls. I crawled in his wake,
my stockings ripped to shreds, scraps of red from my blazer
snagged on twig and branch, murder clues. I lost both shoes

but got there, wolf's lair, better beware. Lesson one that
night,

breath of the wolf in my ear, was the love poem.
I clung till dawn to his thrashing fur, for
what little girl doesn't dearly love a wolf?
Then I slid from between his heavy matted paws
and went in search of a living bird – white dove –

which flew, straight, from my hands to his open mouth.
One bite, dead. How nice, breakfast in bed, he said,
licking his chops. As soon as he slept, I crept to the back
of the lair, where a whole wall was crimson, gold, aglow with
books.

Words, words were truly alive on the tongue, in the head,
warm, beating, frantic, winged; music and blood.

But then I was young – and it took ten years
in the woods to tell that a mushroom
stoppers the mouth of a buried corpse, that birds
are the uttered thought of trees, that a greying wolf
howls the same old song at the moon, year in, year out,
season after season, same rhyme, same reason. I took an axe

to a willow to see how it wept. I took an axe to a salmon
to see how it leapt. I took an axe to the wolf
as he slept, one chop, scrotum to throat, and saw
the glistening, virgin white of my grandmother's bones.
I filled his old belly with stones. I stitched him up.
Out of the forest I come with my flowers, singing, all alone.