



Høgskolen i Telemark

Avdeling for allmennvitenskaplege fag

SLUTTEKSAMEN

Emnekode:	2009
Emnenamn:	The Contemporary English-Speaking World
Studiepoeng for emnet:	10
Omfang av denne eksamenen i % av heile emnet:	60%
Eksamensdato:	5. desember 2011
Eksamensstad:	Sydney
Lengde/tidsrom:	4 timer: 0900-1300
Målform:	Nynorsk/engelsk
Ant. sider inkl. framside	4 sider inkludert vedlegg på 2 sider
Tillatne hjelpemiddel:	Engelsk-engelsk ordbok
Merknader:	
Ant. vedlegg:	1 (inkludert i oppgavens 4 sider): Et utdrag fra novellen “Lullaby” er på sider 3 og 4.

Eksamensresultat finn du etter sensurfall ved å logge deg inn med brukarnamn og passord på StudentWeb (hit.no)



Write an essay on ONE of the following questions:

1. *Waiting for the Barbarians* by J.M. Coetzee.

‘Although such texts [for example, *Waiting for the Barbarians*] do not deal directly with specific colonial situations, they present a powerful allegory of underlying colonial ideology.’¹

Write an essay in which you discuss the above statement.

2. *Top Girls* by Caryl Churchill.

‘The play is original in presenting so many kinds of women and letting them speak for themselves.’

To what extent do you agree with this statement? Explore the range of women represented in the play and the extent to which they can still speak to a modern audience.²

3. “Lullaby” by Leslie Marmon Silko.

‘One of Silko’s most haunting postcolonial stories, “Lullaby” speaks the joy of mothering and the harsh truth of a native mother’s life in a milieu damaged by white ways’.³

Write an essay in which you discuss the above statement. Your essay should focus on one or more of the following aspects: culture, ethnicity, language, gender and / or socio-economic class.

(An extract from the short story “Lullaby” is included here).

¹ Ashcroft, B. et al. 1988. *In Post-Colonial Studies: The Key Concepts*. London: Routledge (p.8).

² Churchill, Caryl. 1991. *Top Girls*. London: Methuen (p. 101).

³ Snodgrass, Mary, Ellen. 2011. *Leslie Marmon Silko: A Literary Companion*. Jefferson: McFarland (p. 198).



Extract from: 'Lullaby':

(...)

It snowed steadily and the luminous light from the snow gradually diminished into the darkness. Somewhere in Cebolleta a dog barked and other village dogs joined with it. Ayah looked in the direction she had come, from the bar where Chato was buying the wine. Sometimes he told her to go on ahead and wait; and then he never came. And when she finally went back looking for him, she would find him passed out at the bottom of the wooden steps to Azzie's Bar. All the wine would be gone and most of the money too, from the pale blue check that came to them once a month in a government envelope. It was then that she would look at his face and his hands, scarred by ropes and the barbed wire of all those years, and she would think, this man is a stranger; for forty years she had smiled at him and cooked his food, but he remained a stranger. She stood up again, with the snow almost to her knees, and she walked back to find Chato.

It was hard to walk in the deep snow and she felt the air burn in her lungs. She stopped a short distance from the bar to rest and readjust the blanket. But this time he wasn't waiting for her on the bottom step with his old Stetson hat pulled down and his shoulders hunched up in his long wool overcoat.

She was careful not to slip on the wooden steps. When she pushed the door open, warm air and cigarette smoke hit her face. She looked around slowly and deliberately, in every corner, in every dark place that the old man might find to sleep. The bar owner didn't like Indians in there, especially Navajos, but he let Chato come in because he could talk Spanish like he was one of them. The men at the bar stared at her, and the bartender saw that she left the door open wide. Snowflakes were flying inside like moths and melting into a puddle on the oiled wood floor. He motioned to her to close the door, but she did not see him. She held herself straight and walked across the room slowly, searching the room with every step. The snow in her hair melted and she could feel it on her forehead. At the far corner of the room, she saw red flames at the mica window of the old stove door; she looked behind the stove just to make sure. The bar got quiet except for the Spanish polka music playing on the jukebox. She stood by the stove and shook the snow from her blanket and held it near the stove to dry. The wet wool smell reminded her of new-born goats in early March, brought inside to warm near the fire. She felt calm.

In past years they would have told her to get out. But her hair was white now and her face was wrinkled. They looked at her like she was a spider crawling slowly across the room. They were afraid; she could feel the fear. She looked at their faces steadily. They reminded her of the first time the



white people brought her children back to her that winter. Danny had been shy and hid behind the thin white woman who brought them. And the baby had not known her until Ayah took her into her arms, and then Ella had nuzzled close to her as she had when she was nursing. The blonde woman was nervous and kept looking at a dainty gold watch on her wrist. She sat on the bench near the small window and watched the dark snow clouds gather around the mountains; she was worrying about the unpaved road. She was frightened by what she saw inside too: the strips of venison drying on a rope across the ceiling and the children jabbering excitedly in a language she did not know. So they stayed for only a few hours. Ayah watched the government car disappear down the road and she knew they were already being weaned from these lava hills and from this sky. The last time they came was in early June, and Ella stared at her the way the men in the bar were now staring. Ayah did not try to pick her up; she smiled at her instead and spoke cheerfully to Danny. When he tried to answer her, he could not seem to remember and he spoke English words with the Navajo. But he gave her a scrap of paper that he had found somewhere and carried in his pocket; it was folded in half, and he shyly looked up at her and said it was a bird. She asked Chato if they were home for good this time. He spoke to the white woman and she shook her head. "How much longer?" he asked, and she said she didn't know; but Chato saw how she stared at the boxcar shack. Ayah turned away then. She did not say good-bye.

(...)