



Høgskolen i Telemark

MIDTEKSAMEN

2009-001: The Contemporary English-Speaking World

19.10.2012

Tid: 3 timer

Målform: Engelsk

Sidetal: 4 sider

Hjelpemiddel: Godkjent engelsk-engelsk ordbok

Merknader:

Vedlegg: Extracts from 2 short stories: see pages 3 and 4.

Eksamensresultata blir offentliggjort på nettet, via Studentweb

ANSWER ONLY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

Bernard MacLaverty's *Cal*

1. Write an essay on Bernard MacLaverty's novel *Cal* in which you discuss two or more of the following themes: the conflict in Northern Ireland, love, alienation, and guilt and redemption.

J.M. Coetzee's *Waiting for the Barbarians*

2. J.M. Coetzee's *Waiting for the Barbarians* does not deal specifically with colonialism in any one country, but rather may be read as an allegory in which the ideology and practices of colonialism are depicted, analysed and criticized.

Write an essay on the Coetzee's novel in the light of the above statement.

Sandra Cisneros' "Woman Hollering Creek" and Gloria Anzaldúa's "How to Tame a Wild Tongue"

3. Both Gloria Anzaldúa and Sandra Cisneros write about aspects of being a woman in a Chicano community.

Write an essay in which you discuss how the authors deal with the topics of identity, culture, the role of women in Chicano communities, and language (and consider how these topics are intertwined) in "Woman Hollering Creek" and "How to Tame a Wild Tongue". (Extracts from the two texts are attached).

Extract from: Gloria Anzaldua's "How to Tame a Wild Tongue":

(...) Attacks on one's form of expression with the intent to censor are a violation of the First Amendment. *El Anglo con cara de inocente nos arranco la lengua*. Wild tongues can't be tamed, they can only be cut out.

Overcoming the Tradition of Silence

*Ahogadas, escupimos el oscuro.
Peleando con nuestra propia sombra
el silencio nos sepulta.*

En boca cerrada no entran moscas. "Flies don't enter a closed mouth" is a saying I kept hearing when I was a child. *Ser habladora* was to be a gossip and a liar, to talk too much. *Muchachitas bien criadas*, well-bred girls don't answer back. *Es una falta de respeto* to talk back to one's mother or father. I remember one of the sins I'd recite to the priest in the confession box the few times I went to confession: talking back to my mother, *hablar pa' 'tras*, *repelar*. *Hocicon*, *repelona*, *chismosa*, having a big mouth, questioning, carrying tales are all signs of being *mal criada*. In my culture they are all words that are derogatory if applied to women - - I've never heard them applied to men.

The first time I heard two women, a Puerto Rican and a Cuban, say the word "*nosotras*," I was shocked. I had not known the word existed. Chicanas use *nosotros* whether we're male or female. We are robbed of our female being by the masculine plural. Language is a male discourse.

And our tongues have become
dry the wilderness has
dried out our tongues and
we have forgotten speech.

— Irena Klefisz

Even our own people, other Spanish speakers *nos quieren poner candados en la boca*. They would hold us back with their bag of *reglas de academia*.

Oye como ladra: el lenguaje de la frontera

Quien tiene boca se equivoca.
— Mexican saying

"*Pocho*, cultural traitor, you're speaking the oppressors language by speaking English, you're ruining the Spanish language," I have been accused by various Latinos and Latinas. Chicano Spanish is considered by the purist and by most Latinos deficient, a mutilation of Spanish.

But Chicano Spanish is a border tongue which developed naturally. Change, *evolucion*, *enriquecimiento de palabras nuevas por invencion o adopcion* have created variants of Chicano Spanish, *un nuevo lenguaje*. *Un lenguaje que corresponde a un modo de vivir*. Chicano Spanish is not incorrect it is a living language.

Extract from Sandra Cisneros's "Woman Hollering Creek":

(...)

Felice? It's me, Graciela.

No, I can't talk louder. I'm at work.

Look, I need kind of a favor. There's a patient, a lady here who's got a problem.

Well, wait a minute. Are you listening to me or what?

I can't talk real loud 'cause her husband's in the next room.

Well, would you just listen?

I was going to do this sonogram on her—she's pregnant, right?—and she just starts crying on me. *Hijole*, Felice! This poor lady's got black-and-blue marks all over. I'm not kidding.

From her husband. Who else? Another one of those brides from across the border. And her family's all in Mexico.

Shit. You think they're going to help her? Give me a break. This lady doesn't even speak English. She hasn't been allowed to call home or write or nothing. That's why I'm calling you.

She needs a ride.

Not to Mexico, you goof. Just to the Greyhound. In San Anto.

No, just a ride. She's got her own money. All you'd have to do is drop her off in San Antonio on your way home. Come on, Felice. Please? If we don't help her, who will? I'd drive her myself, but she needs to be on that bus before her husband gets home from work. What do you say?

I don't know. Wait.

Right away, tomorrow even.

Well, if tomorrow's no good for you . . .

It's a date, Felice. Thursday. At the Cash N Carry off I-10. Noon. She'll be ready.

Oh, and her name's Cleofilas.

I don't know. One of those Mexican saints, I guess. A martyr or something.

Cleofilas. C-L-E-O-F-I-L-A-S. Cle. O. Fi. Las. Write it down.

Thanks, Felice. When her kid's born she'll have to name her after us, right?

Yeah, you got it. A regular soap opera sometimes. *Que vida, comadre. Bueno* bye.

All morning that flutter of half-fear, half-doubt. At any moment Juan Pedro might appear in the doorway. On the street. At the Cash N Carry. Like in the dreams she dreamed.

There was that to think about, yes, until the woman in the pickup drove up. Then there wasn't time to think about anything but the pickup pointed toward San Antonio. Put your bags in the back and get in.

But when they drove across the *arroyo*, the driver opened her mouth and let out a yell as loud as any mariachi. Which startled not only Cleofilas, but Juan Pedrito as well.

Pues, look how cute. I scared you two, right? Sorry. Should've warned you. Every time I cross that bridge I do that. Because of the name, you know. Woman Hollering. *Pues*, I holler. She said this in a Spanish pocked with English and laughed. Did you ever notice, Felice continued, how nothing around here is named after a woman? Really. Unless she's the Virgin. I guess you're only famous if you're a virgin. She was laughing again.

That's why I like the name of that *arroyo*. Makes you want to holler like Tarzan, right?

Everything about this woman, this Felice, amazed Cleofilas. The fact that she drove a pickup. A pickup, mind you, but when Cleofilas asked if it was her husband's, she said she didn't have a husband. The pickup was hers. She herself had chosen it. She herself was paying for it. (...)