

i Information about the exam



EXAMINATION

Course code and name: SFE11518 English: Critical Analysis 2

Date and duration: 3.5.19 5 hours

Lecturer: Melanie Duckworth

Aids allowed: English-English dictionary

The examination:

The examination consists of two sections: Answer both questions in Section 1 and one of two questions in Section 2.

Examination results:

The results will be announced on Studentweb **24.5.19**.

1 Section 1: Close Reading or Explication, 50%

Answer **BOTH** question 1 **AND** question 2. Each question in section 1 is worth 25% of the exam. The essay (section 2) is worth 50%. Divide your time accordingly – each question in section one should be roughly equivalent to half an essay: **2-3 paragraphs**.

Janet E. Gardner and Joanne Diaz explain close reading or explication in *Reading and Writing About Literature: A Portable Guide*:

When you write this sort of paper, you will examine a piece of literature very closely, paying special attention to such elements of the language as sentence structure, style, imagery, figurative language (such as similes and metaphors), word choice, and perhaps even grammar and punctuation. The job of an explication is twofold: **to point out** particular, salient elements of style and **to explain the purpose and effect** of these elements in the text.

When assigned an explication or a close-reading, you might be tempted to simply walk through a text line by line, pointing out interesting features of style as they occur. A paper written this way, though, can devolve into little more than summary or restatement of the literature in more prosaic language. **A better idea is to isolate the various features of the literature on which you will focus and then deal separately with the specifics and implications of each.**

Keep this advice in mind when answering the following questions:

Question 1.

Perform a close reading of **one** of the provided poems. Remember to use MLA style in text references and provide a Works Cited. (25%)

Question 2.

Read the opening paragraphs of “Hybrid Aversion: Wolves, dogs and the humans who love to keep them apart”, which function as an introduction to the essay. Identify what the author’s main argument is, and discuss the techniques she uses to introduce her ideas and to convince the reader of her own point of view. Remember to use MLA style in text references and provide a Works Cited. (25%)

Remember to answer question 1 **AND** question 2.

Fill in your answer here

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Maximum marks: 0

2 Section 2: Essay, 50%

Answer **ONE** essay question














The essay needs to have a title, an introduction including a thesis statement, and a conclusion. It needs to make a convincing argument, and quote directly from the novel. I have provided a number of selections of text you can choose from – please make use of at least two of these, but you are welcome to use more. I ask that you **do not quote the entire block of text**, but choose a relevant section of it – remember to introduce each quotation and integrate it correctly into your paragraph. Remember to use MLA in text references. Also provide a Works Cited in which you correctly refer to the novel itself. The essay should be at least five paragraphs long. It can be longer, but does not need to be – I am more interested in quality than quantity.

1. How does language shape Ovid's identity, and how does this change throughout the narrative? Discuss with reference to a selection of the following quotations and your understanding of the novel as a whole.

Or

2. 'The child' is a central figure in *An Imaginary Life*. The novel opens with a description of Ovid's own childhood, and refers to it again at several points in the narrative. Make an argument about the ways in which the concept of 'childhood' is important to the novel.

Fill in your answer here

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Words: 0

Maximum marks: 0

i Appendix: Poems and Extracts

Section 1

Question 1

Migratory

I am the nest that comes and goes,

I am the egg that isn't now,

I am the beach, the food in sand,

the shade with shells and the shade with sticks.
I am the right feeling on washed shine,
in wing-lifting surf, in running about
beak-focused: the feeling of here, that stays
and stays, then lengthens out over
the hill of hills and the feedy sea.
I am the wrongness of here, when it
is true to fly along the feeling
the length of its great rightness, while days
burn from vast to a gold gill in the dark
to vast again, for many feeds
and floating rests, till the sun ahead
becomes the sun behind, and half
the little far days of the night are different.
Right feelings of here arrive with me:
I am the nests danced for and now,
I am the crying heads to fill,
I am the beach, the sand in food,
the shade with sticks and the double kelp shade.

Les Murray. *Collected Poems*, Duffy and Snellgrove, 2002, page 377.

Dürer: Innsbruck, 1495

I had often, cowed in the slumberous heavy air,
Closed my inanimate lids to find it real,
As I knew it would be, the colourful spires
And painted roofs, the high snows glimpsed at the back,
All reversed in the quiet reflecting waters —
Not knowing then that Dürer perceived it too.
Now I find that once more I have shrunk
To an interloper, robber of dead men's dreams,
I had read in books that art is not easy
But no one warned that the mind repeats
In its ignorance the vision of others. I am still
the black swan of trespass on alien waters.

Ern Malley. *Collected Poems*, Angus and Robertson, 1993, page 25.

Question 2.

“Hybrid Aversion: Wolves, Dogs, and the humans who love to keep them apart”, by Emma Maris

The Routledge Companion to the Environmental Humanities, edited by Ursula K. Heise, Jon Christensen and Michelle Neimann, 2014, pages 64-71.

Wolves are, for many people, the living embodiment of wildness. Dogs, on the other hand, are the nonhuman animal we have most closely adopted as one of our own: man's best friend, the apogee of domestication. And yet, the two creatures can and do mate and have fertile offspring. The wolf's scientific name is *Canis lupus*. The dog's scientific name is *Canis lupus familiaris*. That is to say: they are the same species.

It startles us that two kinds of creatures we perceive to be in polar opposition as symbols are in fact the same species. I am

curious about what we can learn from the cultural confusion, anxiety, and strange human behavior that results when wolves and dogs do mate.

Human reaction to the event seems to depend partially on whether the mating was controlled and wished for by humans or the result of the animals' own actions and desires. In the case of human-mediated matings, the resulting hybrid "wolf-dog" is generally sold as a pet. In this case opinion divides, but the majority of people seem unnerved and distrustful of the result. For matings outside of human control, the disapproval seems nearly unanimous.

Why such aversion? I believe the answer lies in our fetishizing the wolf as the preeminent icon of wildness. As the symbol of wildness, wolves must be absolutely free of human influence – pure. By mating them with dogs, we sully this wild purity with grubby DNA from the dog, the icon of domestication.

Wolves as symbols of wildness are so culturally important that we humans will go to great lengths to protect their purity, even if doing so involves restricting the freedom of actual animals. Thus, we create a paradox: in order to protect the wildness of the wolf, it must be controlled, but wildness is often defined as that which is not controlled.

Conservationists, in particular, seem to value what we might call "wild DNA" – a genome untainted with domesticated genes – above behavioral or functional wildness of the actual animals. The very existence of the field of "wildlife management" suggests that we are remarkably comfortable exerting some kind of control over organisms and places we designate as "wild".

I will present some case studies involving free-ranging and captive wolfdogs below, many of which pit different kinds of wildness – behavioral freedom, DNA wildness, aesthetic wildness – against one another. Behavioral freedom never seems to come out on top. When push comes to shove, we prefer animals that look wild to those we can not control. Page 65

Finally, I will discuss the ethics of purity policing in animals. It is likely that the value that humans place upon "wildness" has hurt many individual animals. Page 66

Section 2

Extracts from *An Imaginary Life*, by David Malouf, Vintage, 1996.

When I first saw the child I cannot say. I see myself – I might be three or four years old – playing under the olives at the edge of our farm, just within call of the goatherd, and I am talking to the child, whether for the first time or not I cannot tell at this distance. The goatherd is dozing against an olive bole, his head rolled back to show the dark line of his jaw and the sinews of his scraggy neck, the black mouth gaping. Bees shift amongst the herbs. The air glitters. It must be late summer. There are windblown poppies in the grass. A black he-goat is up on his hind legs reaching for vineshoots.

The child is there. I am three or four years old. It is late summer. It is spring, I am six,. I am eight. The child is always the same age. We speak to one another, but in a tongue of our own devising. My brother, who is a year older, does not see him, even when he moves close between us.

He is a wild boy. Page 9.

Have you heard my name? Ovid? Am I still known? Has some line of my writing escaped the banning of my books from all the libraries and their public burning, my expulsion from the Latin tongue? Has some secret admirer kept one of my poems and so preserved it, or committed it to memory? Do my lines still pass secretly somewhere from mouth to mouth? Has some phrase of mine slipped through as a quotation, unnoticed by the authorities, in another man's poem? Or in a letter? Or in a saying that has become part of common speech and cannot now be eradicated?

Have I survived? Page 19

I had never much contact with the creatures before this, not even with dogs or cats. Now I find something oddly companionable about them. Like me, they too cannot speak. They move about in the cracks, in the gaps in our lives, and are harmless. Even the spiders, poor creatures. Do they have a language of their own, I wonder? If so, I might try to learn it. As easy do that as master the barbarous guttural tongue my neighbors speak. Page 20

Must it all be like this from now on? Will I have to learn everything all over again like a child? Discovering the world as a small child does, through the senses, but with all things deprived of the special magic of their names in my own tongue? Page 22

I try to precipitate myself into his consciousness of the world, his consciousness of me, but fail. My mind cannot contain him. I try to imagine the sky with all its constellations, the Dog, the Bear, the Dragon and so on, as an extension of myself, as part of my further being. But my knowing that it is sky, that the stars have names and a history, prevents my being the sky. It rains and I say, *it rains*. It thunders and I say, *it thunders*. The Child is otherwise. I try to think as he must: I am raining, I am thundering, and am immediately struck with panic, as if, in losing hold of my separate and individual soul, in shaking the last of it off from the tip of my little finger, I might find myself lost out there in the multiplicity of things, and never get back. page 96

The earth, now that I am about to leave it, seems so close at last. I wake, and there, so enormous in their proximity to my eyeball that I might be staring through tree trunks to an unknown forest, are the roots of the grass, and between the roots, holding them together, feeding them, the myriad round grains of the earth, so minute, so visible, that I suddenly grasp the process by which their energy streams up through the golden stems. They are almost transparent, these fine long stalks. One can stare right through them and see the sap mounting in bubbles. They are columns of light, upright channels by which the earth feeds itself to the sky. And at their summit, so far-off they seem unreachable, the feathery grass heads plumping and nodding in the breeze, into whose sweet seeds all the richness of the earth ascends. Page 146

It is summer. It is spring. I am immeasurably, unbearably happy. I am three years old. I am sixty. I am six.

I am there. Page 152