

# EXAMINATION

<b>Course code:</b> SFE11218-1 19H	<b>Course: Culture Studies 1</b>
<b>Date:</b>	<b>Duration:</b> 5 hours
<b>Permitted aids:</b> English-English dictionary	<b>Lecturer:</b> Melanie Duckworth
<b>The examination:</b>  The examination papers consist of 7 pages including this page. Please check that the examination papers are complete before you start answering the questions.	
<b>Date of announcement of the examination results: xxx</b>  The examination results are available on the Studentweb <a href="http://www.hiof.no/studentweb">www.hiof.no/studentweb</a>	



# Short Answer (50%)

I have provided notes for the answers (indicative, not exhaustive), however, student responses should (apart from question 5) be in sentences and show they understand what they are writing. The final grade reflects the quality of the answers (regarding language fluency and understanding) as well as the quantity of correct answers.

Answer **six** of these questions using complete sentences. 2-4 sentences for each answer should be enough.

1. In what language was “Lanval” originally written, and why was this language used in England at the time? **French; Norman Invasion or anything to that effect**
2. How does Romanticism relate to the Industrial Revolution? **They overlap in time; Romanticism, which celebrates nature, the individual and the imagination, was in some ways a response to conditions created by the Industrial Revolution such as industrialisation and urbanization.**
3. Explain some of the political background to Tony Harrison’s “v”. **Margaret Thatcher, the miner’s strikes, class differences, the IRA. Needs to be a bit more specific than just ‘class differences’ though.**
4. In “Modern Fiction”, Virginia Woolf expressed a desire to create an entirely new style of fiction, which more accurately reflected experiences of being alive in the modern world. How does she achieve this in “Kew Gardens”? **Multiple, fragmented perspectives, no traditional plot, close-up of the snail, etc. (Needs to show an understanding of the ways in which the story is Modernist.)**
5. Here are some of the literary periods we discussed this semester. Can you put them in order, starting with the first? Romantic, Neoclassical, Renaissance, Modernism, Middle Ages.  
For extra credit, name one author or text from each period. **Middle Ages, Renaissance, Neoclassical, Romantic, Modernism. For individual texts and authors see exam revision slides.**
6. “He remembered everything that he was able to learn by listening, and turning it over in his mind like a clean beast that chews the cud, he converted it into sweetest song, which sounded so delightful that he made his teachers, in their turn, his listeners.”

Who is this text about, who wrote it, and what does this passage refer to? **Caedmon, Bede. Caedmon is composing religious poetry and the other monks (who have taught him the stories) are listening to his versions.**

7. What happens to Septimus at the end of *Arcadia*? **Becomes the hermit, tries to solve Thomasina's equations.**
8. Who is Desdemona and what happens to her? **Marries and is murdered by Othello.**
9. In *Northanger Abbey*, what kind of books does Catherine like to read, and how is this important to the plot of the novel? **Gothic novels. They influence her perception of the world, fuel her interest in Northanger Abbey, complicate her relationship with Tilney.**
10. What kind of poem is this and why? **Petrarchan sonnet. 14 lines of iambic pentameter, arranged into an octave and a sestet (ABBA, ABBA, CDCDCD.)**

In An Artist's Studio

Christina Rossetti

One face looks out from all his canvases,  
One selfsame figure sits or walks or leans:  
We found her hidden just behind those screens,  
That mirror gave back all her loveliness.  
A queen in opal or in ruby dress,  
A nameless girl in freshest summer-greens,  
A saint, an angel — every canvas means  
The same one meaning, neither more or less.  
He feeds upon her face by day and night,  
And she with true kind eyes looks back on him,  
Fair as the moon and joyful as the light:  
Not wan with waiting, not with sorrow dim;  
Not as she is, but was when hope shone bright;  
Not as she is, but as she fills his dream.

## Section 2: Essay (50%)

**An excellent essay will do the following:**

**Structure:**

- **Have an introduction with a strong thesis statement**

- Have body paragraphs (indented or spaced to indicate) that relate to the thesis statement, in which the student develops her/his points with evidence from the text provided or the text they must remember (the more specific the examples, the better). And, each point should flow logically from the next.
- Have a conclusion in which the student returns to the thesis statement, and summarizes the findings of the body paragraphs.

Content (with specific examples and development, names are helpful)

- The content should come from the course.
- The subject and argument must be relevant to the question.
- The subject must answer the questions asked.
- If terminology is used, these terms should be defined.
- If historical context is important to the answer, the student should explain it.
- Each point must be developed sufficiently with analysis and examples from the text
- Each point should be balanced (of roughly similar length and development).

Language:

- Language should be generally formal and academic
- Syntax, grammar, spelling, capitalization, should be correct
- Transitional words and phrases are used to create allow ideas and sentences to flow

Answer **one** of these questions. There is no specified length for the essay, but make sure it is a complete essay that makes an argument and backs up its claims with examples from the texts.

1. How does the imagery of T.S. Eliot's poem, 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock', emphasise the poem's main themes? Remember to put the poem in the context of its literary period, and quote from the poem itself to support your argument (provided in the appendix).

The students must define what they think the main themes are, and then show how the images encapsulate this. They must also relate this to relevant aspects of modernism.

2. In *A Christmas Carol*, Charles Dickens paints a picture of Victorian Society. What do you believe his goal was in writing this novella? How do his use of Gothic elements, and his depiction of a Victorian Christmas, contribute to this goal?

Essay should show an awareness of the cultural conditions of the Victorian era, and the style and content of the novella. The best essays will do this in a sophisticated way. Knowledge of character names is useful.

3. Shakespeare's sonnets 18 and 130 are in some ways quite different declarations of love, despite the fact that they both make use of similes. What do the two poems say, firstly, about love, and secondly, about the power and the limits of poetry itself?  
The best essays will show an awareness that these two poems are not just about love, they are about poetry itself, and will show that the author understands what the 'power and limits of poetry' might mean. Sonnet 18, for example, epitomizes the power of poetry in attesting that the beloved will live forever in the lines of the poem, whereas sonnet 130 questions the power of poetry by explaining that the love (and the beloved) it speaks of do not fit traditional poetic stereotypes. Good essays will discuss the poems in detail and with confidence, and will not simply repeat key words. An understanding of the role of sonnets in Elizabethan society is also welcome.
  
4. In *Arcadia*, Thomasina and Chloe describe love (or lust) as 'the attraction that Newton forgot'. How does this 'attraction' influence or interfere with the roles of history and science in the play?  
Students should show an understanding of the ways in which romantic and sexual relationships within the play both impede and enhance scientific and historical discoveries. Students should also be aware of the fact that sexual relationships act as a metaphor for the effects of chaos theory (as hinted at in the provided quotation).

## Appendix

### Sonnet 18

William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

### Sonnet 130

William Shakespeare

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress when she walks treads on the ground.  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.

### The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

T. S. Eliot, 1917

Let us go then, you and I,  
When the evening is spread out against the sky

Like a patient etherized upon a table;  
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,  
The muttering retreats  
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels  
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:  
Streets that follow like a tedious argument  
Of insidious intent  
To lead you to an overwhelming question ...  
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"  
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go  
Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,  
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes,  
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,  
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,  
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,  
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,  
And seeing that it was a soft October night,  
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time  
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,  
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;  
There will be time, there will be time  
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;  
There will be time to murder and create,  
And time for all the works and days of hands  
That lift and drop a question on your plate;  
Time for you and time for me,  
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,  
And for a hundred visions and revisions,  
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go  
Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time  
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"  
Time to turn back and descend the stair,  
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair —  
(They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!")  
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,  
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin —  
(They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!")  
Do I dare  
Disturb the universe?  
In a minute there is time

For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all:  
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,  
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;  
I know the voices dying with a dying fall  
Beneath the music from a farther room.  
So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all—  
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,  
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,  
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,  
Then how should I begin  
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?  
And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all—  
Arms that are braceleted and white and bare  
(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)  
Is it perfume from a dress  
That makes me so digress?  
Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.  
And should I then presume?  
And how should I begin?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets  
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes  
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? ...

I should have been a pair of ragged claws  
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!  
Smoothed by long fingers,  
Asleep ... tired ... or it malingers,  
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.  
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,  
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?  
But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,  
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon a platter,  
I am no prophet — and here's no great matter;  
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,  
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,  
And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,  
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,  
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,  
Would it have been worth while,



To have bitten off the matter with a smile,  
To have squeezed the universe into a ball  
To roll it towards some overwhelming question,  
To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,  
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"—  
If one, settling a pillow by her head  
Should say: "That is not what I meant at all;  
That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,  
Would it have been worth while,  
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,  
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor—  
And this, and so much more?—  
It is impossible to say just what I mean!  
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:  
Would it have been worth while  
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,  
And turning toward the window, should say:  
"That is not it at all,  
That is not what I meant, at all."

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;  
Am an attendant lord, one that will do  
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,  
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,  
Deferential, glad to be of use,  
Politic, cautious, and meticulous;  
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;  
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous—  
Almost, at times, the Fool.

I grow old ... I grow old ...  
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?  
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.  
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves  
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back  
When the wind blows the water white and black.  
We have lingered in the chambers of the sea  
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown  
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.