



**Høgskolen i Telemark**

**AVSLUTTENDE EKSAMEN (KONTINUASJON)**

**2001-002: INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH STUDIES**

**26.05.2009**

Tid: 9–13

Målform: Engelsk

Sidetal: **4**

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 QUESTIONS:

4. George Orwell's novel *Nineteen Eighty-Four* has just been published in a new edition, and you have been asked to write a review of the book for a British newspaper. The newspaper editor wants you to present the main issues discussed in the book and to discuss critically to what extent the novel is still relevant in 2009. Finally, the editor wants you to discuss what aspects of society you think Orwell would have focused on if he had written the novel today.
  
5. Give an interpretation of Dylan Thomas's poem 'Fern Hill' (text provided pp. 3–4).
  
6. John Braine's *Room at the Top*, Peter Shaffer's *Equus* and Arundhati Roy's *The God of Small Things* were written in the 1950s, the 1970s and the 1990s respectively. Avoiding plot summaries, discuss differences and similarities in the ways in which these works portray the relationship between the individual and society. To what extent do you see the differences as related to the fact that they were written in different historical periods?

## Dylan Thomas: "Fern Hill"

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs  
About the lilting house and happy as the grass was green,  
The night above the dingle starry,  
Time let me hail and climb  
Golden in the heydays of his eyes,  
And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple towns  
And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves  
Trail with daisies and barley  
Down the rivers of the windfall light.

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns  
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,  
In the sun that is young once only,  
Time let me play and be  
Golden in the mercy of his means,  
And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the calves  
Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold,  
And the sabbath rang slowly  
In the pebbles of the holy streams.

All the sun long it was running, it was lovely, the hay  
Fields high as the house, the tunes from the chimneys, it was air  
And playing, lovely and watery  
And fire green as grass.  
And nightly under the simple stars  
As I rode to sleep the owls were bearing the farm away,  
All the moon long I heard, blessed among stables, the nightjars  
Flying with the ricks, and the horses  
Flashing into the dark.

And then to awake, and the farm, like a wanderer white  
With the dew, come back, the cock on his shoulder: it was all  
Shining, it was Adam and maiden,  
The sky gathered again  
And the sun grew round that very day.  
So it must have been after the birth of the simple light  
In the first, spinning place, the spellbound horses walking warm  
Out of the whinnying green stable  
On to the fields of praise.

And honoured among foxes and pheasants by the gay house  
Under the new made clouds and happy as the heart was long,  
In the sun born over and over,  
I ran my heedless ways,  
My wishes raced through the house high hay  
And nothing I cared, at my sky blue trades, that time allows  
In all his tuneful turning so few and such morning songs

Before the children green and golden  
Follow him out of grace.

Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would take me  
Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my hand,  
In the moon that is always rising,  
Nor that riding to sleep  
I should hear him fly with the high fields  
And wake to the farm forever fled from the childless land.  
Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means,  
Time held me green and dying  
Though I sang in my chains like the sea.