



Høgskolen i Telemark

Avsluttende eksamen

60% av emnet i

**2001 INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH STUDIES**

10 studiepoeng

**19. mai 2010**

**Sydney, Australia**

Tidsrom: 9:00 – 13:00

Målform: Engelsk

Sidetal: 4 medrekna framside

Antall oppgaver: 1 oppgave

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Avdeling for allmennvitenskaplege fag.



**MID-TERM EXAMINATION**  
ENGLISH I – INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH STUDIES (2001)

Gateway College, Sydney  
19/05/2010

Time: 4 hours  
Language: English

Candidates are allowed to bring dictionaries. Please note that only English-English dictionaries are permitted, not English-Norwegian/Norwegian-English.

This exam counts 40% towards the final mark in 2001 Introduction to British Studies.

Please write your answers on the ordinary answer paper, and arrange your papers so that your answers appear in the same order as the questions. Make sure to fill in your candidate number at the top of each page!

Choose one of the following questions to answer:

1. Alienation is a common theme in post-war literature. Discuss to what extent the protagonists in some of the works you have read in Introduction to British Studies this term are social outcasts, and how successful - or not - they are at finding their place in society.
2. "Arundhati Roy's *The God of Small Things* could only have been set in India." Discuss this statement with regards to how the novel deals with issues like class, politics, religion and tradition.
3. Give an interpretation of Tony Harrison's "Book Ends" (attached).



## Attachment 1

### **Tony Harrison “Book Ends”**

I

Baked the day she suddenly dropped dead  
we chew it slowly that last apple pie.

Shocked into sleeplessness you're scared of bed.  
We never could talk much, and now don't try.

*You're like book ends, the pair of you, she'd say,  
Hog that grate, say nothing, sit, sleep, stare...*

The 'scholar' me, you, worn out on poor pay,  
only our silence made us seem a pair.

Not as good for staring in, blue gas,  
too regular each bud, each yellow spike.

At night you need my company to pass  
and she not here to tell us we're alike!

You're life's all shattered into smithereens.

Back in our silences and sullen looks,  
for all the Scotch we drink, what's still between 's  
not the thirty or so years, but books, books, books.

II

The stone's too full. The wording must be terse.  
There's scarcely room to carve the FLORENCE on it--

*Come on, it's not as if we're wanting verse.  
It's not as if we're wanting a whole sonnet!*

After tumblers of neat *Johnny Walker*  
(I think that both of us we're on our third)



you said you'd always been a clumsy talker  
and couldn't find another, shorter word  
for 'beloved' or for 'wife' in the inscription,  
but not too clumsy that you can't still cut:

*You're supposed to be the bright boy at description  
and you can't tell them what the fuck to put!*

I've got to find the right words on my own.

I've got the envelope that he'd been scrawling,  
mis-spelt, mawkish, stylistically appalling  
but I can't squeeze more love into their stone.