



Høgskolen i Telemark

AVSLUTTENDE EKSAMEN (kontinuasjon)

2002-002: BRITISH LITERATURE AND CULTURE 1600–1950

02.12.2011

Tid: 9–13

Målform: Engelsk

Sidetal: 4

Hjelpemiddel: Godkjent engelsk-engelsk ordbok

Merknader:

Vedlegg:

Eksamensresultata blir offentliggjort på nettet, via Studentweb

ANSWER ONE OF THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

1. Compare and contrast the two short stories "The Horse-Dealer's Daughter" by D.H. Lawrence and "The Garden Party" by Katherine Mansfield, focusing particularly on the two main characters, Mabel and Laura.

OR

2. The Easter Rising of 1916 was an important turning point in the centuries-old struggle for Irish independence. Discuss the dilemmas of Irish nationalism as they are presented in William Butler Yeats's poem "Easter 1916" (text provided pp. 3–4).

OR

3. Discuss to what extent Joseph Conrad's novel *Heart of Darkness* should be read as a general critique of nineteenth-century imperialism, and to what extent you agree with Chinua Achebe's criticism of Conrad in his essay "An Image of Africa: Racism in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*". Key characters: Marlow, Mr Kurtz.

W.B. Yeats: "Easter 1916"

I have met them at close of day
Coming with vivid faces
From counter or desk among grey
Eighteenth-century houses.
I have passed with a nod of the head
Or polite meaningless words,
Or have lingered awhile and said
Polite meaningless words,
And thought before I had done
Of a mocking tale or a gibe
To please a companion
Around the fire at the club,
Being certain that they and I
But lived where motley is worn:
All changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

That woman's days were spent
In ignorant good-will,
Her nights in argument
Until her voice grew shrill.
What voice more sweet than hers
When, young and beautiful,
She rode to harriers?
This man had kept a school
And rode our winged horse;
This other his helper and friend
Was coming into his force;
He might have won fame in the end,
So sensitive his nature seemed,
So daring and sweet his thought.
This other man I had dreamed
A drunken, vainglorious lout.
He had done most bitter wrong
To some who are near my heart,
Yet I number him in the song;
He, too, has resigned his part
In the casual comedy;
He, too, has been changed in his turn,
Transformed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

Hearts with one purpose alone
Through summer and winter seem
Enchanted to a stone
To trouble the living stream.
The horse that comes from the road.
The rider, the birds that range

From cloud to tumbling cloud,
Minute by minute they change;
A shadow of cloud on the stream
Changes minute by minute;
A horse-hoof slides on the brim,
And a horse plashes within it;
The long-legged moor-hens dive,
And hens to moor-cocks call;
Minute by minute they live:
The stone's in the midst of all.

Too long a sacrifice
Can make a stone of the heart.
O when may it suffice?
That is Heaven's part, our part
To murmur name upon name,
As a mother names her child
When sleep at last has come
On limbs that had run wild.
What is it but nightfall?
No, no, not night but death;
Was it needless death after all?
For England may keep faith
For all that is done and said.
We know their dream; enough
To know they dreamed and are dead;
And what if excess of love
Bewildered them till they died?
I write it out in a verse -
MacDonagh and MacBride
And Connolly and Pearse
Now and in time to be,
Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.