

**EXAMINATION INFORMATION PAGE**

**Written examination**

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| Subject code:  2007N | Subject name:  British Literature and Culture 1600–1980 | |
| Examination date:  12 May 2017 | Examination time from/to: 10–15 | Total hours:  5 |
| Responsible subject teacher:  Peter Fjågesund | | |
| Campus:  Bø | Faculty:  Faculty of Humanities, Sports and Educational Science | |
| No. of assignments: | No. of attachments: | No. of pages incl. front page  and attachments: 7 |
| Permitted aids:  English-English dictionary | | |
| Information regarding attachments: | | |
| Comments:  The candidate is expected to answer ONE of the three questions. | | |

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| Select the type of examination paper | |
| Spreadsheets | Line sheets |

Answer only **ONE** of the questions:

1. The debate between Edmund Burke (*Reflections on the Revolution in France*) and Thomas Paine (*Rights of Man*) has been called "the most crucial ideological debate ever carried on in English". Give a summary of their different positions and discuss how, in their different ways, they are representative of their time.
2. Compare and contrast Virginia Woolf’s “The Legacy” and D.H. Lawrence’s “The Horse-Dealer’s Daughter” with particular reference to the pressures experienced by the female characters and the reasons for their decisions.

Names:

Woolf: Angela Clandon, Gilbert Clandon, Miss Miller, B.M.

Lawrence: Mabel, Joe, Fred Henry, Malcolm, Jack Ferguson

1. “In Irish history, martyrdom and heroism seem to be two sides of the same coin.” Discuss this statement in light of William Butler Yeats’s poem “Easter 1916” and Seamus Heaney’s poem “Casualty” (texts provided).

**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.

**Seamus Heaney: “Casualty”**

I

He would drink by himself

And raise a weathered thumb

Towards the high shelf,

Calling another rum

And blackcurrant, without

Having to raise his voice,

Or order a quick stout

By a lifting of the eyes

And a discreet dumb-show

Of pulling off the top;

At closing time would go

In waders and peaked cap

Into the showery dark,

A dole-kept breadwinner**dole-kept breadwinner** A person who brings in money through "dole": financial help or welfare from the state.

But a natural for work.

I loved his whole manner,

Sure-footed but too sly,

His deadpan sidling**sidling** Not calling attention to one’s self, unobtrusive tact,

His fisherman’s quick eye

And turned observant back.

Incomprehensible

To him, my other life.

Sometimes, on the high stool,

Too busy with his knife

At a tobacco plug**tobacco plug** “Tobacco pressed into a flat oblong cake or stick” (*OED*), which needs to be cut up and separated before smoking

And not meeting my eye,

In the pause after a slug

He mentioned poetry.

We would be on our own

And, always politic

And shy of condescension,

I would manage by some trick

To switch the talk to eels

Or lore of the horse and cart

Or the Provisionals**Provisionals** In 1969 the IRA (Irish Republican Army) split into two groups: the “provisionals” and the “officials”: “At the Army Convention of 1969 the militarists broke away over the issue of abstention and formed the provisional IRA, which became the dominant grouping, while the remainder became known as the officials” .

But my tentative art

His turned back watches too:

He was blown to bits

Out drinking in a curfew

Others obeyed, three nights

After they shot dead

The thirteen men in Derry.

PARAS THIRTEEN, the walls said**PARAS THIRTEEN, the walls said, / BOGSIDE NIL** “Paras” is short for “Parachute Regiment.” According to *A New Dictionary of Irish History from 1800*, “On 30 January 1972 thirteen people were shot dead and seventeen injured within thirty minutes by British soldiers of the Parachute Regiment in the Bogside area of Derry”,

BOGSIDE NIL **PARAS THIRTEEN, the walls said, / BOGSIDE NIL** “Paras” is short for “Parachute Regiment.” According to *A New Dictionary of Irish History from 1800*, “On 30 January 1972 thirteen people were shot dead and seventeen injured within thirty minutes by British soldiers of the Parachute Regiment in the Bogside area of Derry”. That Wednesday

Everyone held

His breath and trembled.

                   II

It was a day of cold

Raw silence, wind-blown

surplice and soutane**surplice and soutane** A priest’s garments, the loose vestment (surplice) over the close-fitting one (soutane); by association, a priest:

Rained-on, flower-laden

Coffin after coffin

Seemed to float from the door

Of the packed cathedral

Like blossoms on slow water.

The common funeral

Unrolled its swaddling band,

Lapping, tightening

Till we were braced and bound

Like brothers in a ring.

But he would not be held

At home by his own crowd

Whatever threats were phoned,

Whatever black flags waved.

I see him as he turned

In that bombed offending place,

Remorse fused with terror

In his still knowable face,

His cornered outfaced stare

Blinding in the flash.

He had gone miles away

For he drank like a fish

Nightly, naturally

Swimming towards the lure

Of warm lit-up places,

The blurred mesh and murmur

Drifting among glasses

In the gregarious smoke.

How culpable was he

That last night when he broke

Our tribe’s complicity?

‘Now, you’re supposed to be

An educated man,’

I hear him say. ‘Puzzle me

The right answer to that one.’

                   III

I missed his funeral,

Those quiet walkers

And sideways talkers

Shoaling**Shoaling** Crowding and moving together as a group, like schools of fish out of his lane

To the respectable

Purring of the hearse...

They move in equal pace

With the habitual

Slow consolation

Of a dawdling engine,

The line lifted, hand

Over fist, cold sunshine

On the water, the land

Banked under fog: that morning

I was taken in his boat,

The Screw purling**Screw purling** “Screw” is short for “screw propeller;” “purling” describes the motion of the propeller and swirling water , turning

Indolent fathoms white,

I tasted freedom with him.

To get out early, haul

Steadily off the bottom,

Dispraise**Dispraise** Opposite of praise, disparage, make little of the catch, and smile

As you find a rhythm

Working you, slow mile by mile,

Into your proper haunt

Somewhere, well out, beyond...

Dawn-sniffing revenant**revenant** In *Stepping Stones: Interviews with Seamus Heaney*, Heaney described a fishing trip with Louis O’Neill and another person using this word: “The shine of morning light on the lough had an otherworldly quality, it reminded me of the dawn scene in Hamlet, when the ghost fades on the crowing of the cock – so in ‘Casualty’ Louis then turns into a ‘dawn-sniffing revenant’” ,

Plodder**Plodder** “One who works slowly and laboriously; a persevering toiler, a drudge” (*Century Dictionary*) through midnight rain,

Question me again.