



# Høgskolen i Østfold

## NY/UTSATT EKSAMEN

Emnekode: SFE10108	Emne: Engelsk: Kulturstudier I
Dato: 03.06.2013	Eksamenstid: kl 9 til kl 14
Hjelpemidler: Godkjent engelsk-engelsk ordbok	Faglærer: Magnus James Ullén/John Todd
<p>Eksamensoppgaven: Oppgavesettet består av 6 sider inklusiv denne forsiden. Kontroller at oppgaven er komplett før du begynner å besvare spørsmålene.</p> <p>Oppgaven består av to deler, kultur og litteratur. Begge teller 50%. Du skal velge én oppgave i kultur og én i litteratur.</p>	
Sensurdato: <u>25.06.2013</u> Karakterene er tilgjengelige for studenter på studentweb senest to dager etter oppgitt sensurfrist. Følg instruksjoner gitt på: <a href="http://www.hiof.no/index.php?ID=7027">http://www.hiof.no/index.php?ID=7027</a>	

**SECTION ONE: CULTURE - 50%**

Write a short essay on one of the topics below:

1. Set out what, in your view, are the positive and negative effects of Margaret Thatcher's time as Prime Minister of the UK.
2. Describe the United Kingdom's role in the Second World War.
3. Discuss the Troubles in Northern Ireland, including the causes of the conflict, its key events and how the conflict ended.
4. Compare and contrast the political system in the United Kingdom with one other European country (e.g. Norway, Spain).
5. Discuss whether or not the class system is still an important part of life in Britain with reference to one or more of the following topics: education, health and social welfare.

## SECTION TWO: LITERATURE – 50%

Choose ONE of the five excerpts/poems attached here and provide a close reading of it, using a What, How, Why-method (described below).

### Excerpt

Begin by briefly situating the excerpt within the narrative/drama as a whole. Describe how it fits into the story by telling us, in as few words as possible, what has happened before and what happens afterwards, in short how the passage can be said to develop the plot. Then comment on relevant stylistic characteristics of the excerpt, for instance such aspects as theme/setting/characterization/style and imagery (you may want to focus on one or two rather than account for all of them), and try to suggest in what way the episode in question resonates with the story as a whole, and in what way the style is typical of the work as a whole. Finally, and to the best of your ability, explain how the text in question fits into the historical period it was written in.

### Poem

Begin by briefly summarizing the situation of the poem, that is, tell us what it is about. Then comment on relevant stylistic characteristics of the excerpt for instance such aspects as theme / metre / rhyme / style and imagery, and try to suggest how these aspects contribute to the effect of the poem. Finally, and to the best of your ability, explain how the poem fits into the historical period it was written in.

Good luck! / Magnus

### 1. Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey*

It was a narrow winding path through a thick grove of old Scotch firs; and Catherine, struck by its gloomy aspect, and eager to enter it, could not, even by the general's disapprobation, be kept from stepping forward. He perceived her inclination, and having again urged the plea of health in vain, was too polite to make further opposition. He excused himself, however, from attending them: "The rays of the sun were not too cheerful for him, and he would meet them by another course." He turned away; and Catherine was shocked to find how much her spirits were relieved by the separation. The shock, however, being less real than the relief, offered it no injury; and she began to talk with easy gaiety of the delightful melancholy which such a grove inspired.

"I am particularly fond of this spot," said her companion, with a sigh. "It was my mother's favourite walk."

Catherine had never heard Mrs. Tilney mentioned in the family before, and the interest excited by this tender remembrance showed itself directly in her altered countenance, and in the attentive pause with which she waited for something more.

"I used to walk here so often with her!" added Eleanor; "though I never loved it then, as I have loved it since. At that time indeed I used to wonder at her choice. But her memory endears it now."

"And ought it not," reflected Catherine, "to endear it to her husband? Yet the general would not enter it." Miss Tilney continuing silent, she ventured to say, "Her death must have been a great affliction!"

"A great and increasing one," replied the other, in a low voice. "I was only thirteen when it happened; and though I felt my loss perhaps as strongly as one so young could feel it, I did not, I could not, then know what a loss it was." She stopped for a moment, and then added, with great firmness, "I have no sister, you know—and though Henry—though my brothers are very affectionate, and Henry is a great deal here, which I am most thankful for, it is impossible for me not to be often solitary."

"To be sure you must miss him very much."

"A mother would have been always present. A mother would have been a constant friend; her influence would have been beyond all other."

"Was she a very charming woman? Was she handsome? Was there any picture of her in the abbey? And why had she been so partial to that grove? Was it from dejection of spirits?"—were questions now eagerly poured forth; the first three received a ready affirmative, the two others were passed by; and Catherine's interest in the deceased Mrs. Tilney augmented with every question, whether answered or not. Of her unhappiness in marriage, she felt persuaded. The general certainly had been an unkind husband. He did not love her walk: could he therefore have loved her? And besides, handsome as he was, there was a something in the turn of his features which spoke his not having behaved well to her.

## 2. Virginia Woolf, *Mrs Dalloway*

She walked to the window.

It held, foolish as the idea was, something of her own in it, this country sky, this sky above Westminster. She parted the curtains; she looked. Oh, but how surprising!--in the room opposite the old lady stared straight at her! She was going to bed. And the sky. It will be a solemn sky, she had thought, it will be a dusky sky, turning away its cheek in beauty. But there it was--ashen pale, raced over quickly by tapering vast clouds. It was new to her. The wind must have risen. She was going to bed, in the room opposite. It was fascinating to watch her, moving about, that old lady, crossing the room, coming to the window. Could she see her? It was fascinating, with people still laughing and shouting in the drawing-room, to watch that old woman, quite quietly, going to bed. She pulled the blind now. The clock began striking. The young man had killed himself; but she did not pity him; with the clock striking the hour, one, two, three, she did not pity him, with all going on. There! the old lady had put out her light! The whole house was dark now with this going on, she repeated, and the words came to her, Fear no more the heat of the sun. She must go back to them. But what an extraordinary night! She felt somehow very like him--the young man who had killed himself. She felt glad that he had done it; thrown it away. The clock was striking. The leaden circles dissolved in the air. He made her feel the beauty; made her feel the fun. But she must go back. She must assemble. She must find Sally and Peter. And she came in from the little room.

3. William Wordsworth, **Composed Upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802**

Earth has not anything to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This City now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

4. W.H. Auden, **Musée des Beaux Arts**

About suffering they were never wrong,  
The old Masters: how well they understood  
Its human position: how it takes place  
While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along;  
How, when the aged are reverently, passionately waiting  
For the miraculous birth, there always must be  
Children who did not specially want it to happen, skating  
On a pond at the edge of the wood:  
They never forgot  
That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course  
Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot  
Where the dogs go on with their doggy life and the torturer's horse  
Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

In Breughel's Icarus, for instance: how everything turns away  
Quite leisurely from the disaster; the ploughman may  
Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,  
But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone  
As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green  
Water, and the expensive delicate ship that must have seen  
Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,  
Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.

### 5. Tom Stoppard, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*

*One by one the PLAYERS emerge, impossibly, from the barrel, and form a casually menacing circle round ROS and GUIL, who are still appalled and mesmerised.*

GUIL (*quietly*): Where we went wrong was getting on a boat. We can move, of course, change direction, rattle about, but our movement is contained within a larger one that carries us along as inexorably as the wind and current...

ROS: They had it in for us, didn't they? Right from the beginning. Who'd have thought that we were so important?

GUIL: But why? Was it all for this? Who are we that so much should converge on our little deaths? (*In anguish to the PLAYER.*) Who are we?

PLAYER: You are Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. That's enough.

GUIL: No-it is not enough. To be told so little--to such an end and still, finally, to be denied an explanation

PLAYER: In our experience, most things end in death.

GUIL: (*fear, vengeance, scorn*): Your experience!-Actors!

*He snatches a dagger from the PLAYER's belt and holds the point at the PLAYER'S throat: the PLAYER backs and GUIL advances, speaking more quietly.*

I'm talking about death-and you've never experienced that. And you cannot act it. You die a thousand casual deaths-with none of that intensity which squeezes out life... and no blood runs cold anywhere. Because even as you die you know that you will come back Is a different hat. But no one gets up after death-there is no applause-there is only silence and some second-hand clothes and that's-death--

*And he pushes the blade in up to the hilt. The PLAYER stands with huge, terrible eyes, clutches at the wound as the blade withdraws: he makes small weeping sounds and falls to his knees, and then right down. While he is dying, GUIL, nervous, high, almost hysterical, wheels on the TRAGEDIANS.*

If we have a destiny, then so had he-and if this is ours, then that was his-and if there are no explanations for us, then let there be none for him.

*The TRAGEDIANS watch the PLAYER die: they watch with some Interest. The PLAYER finally ties still. A short moment of silence. Then the TRAGEDIANS start to applaud with genuine admiration.*

*The PLAYER stands up, brushing himself down.*

PLAYER (*modestly*): Oh, come, come, gentlemen-no flattery-it was merely competent.