Exam TFL 110 Autumn 2019 5/12-19 09.00- 14.00

- Answer 2 (independent) task
- Both tasks must be grade E or better in order to pass the exam.

Task 1 Henrik Ibsen's A Doll's House

In act III of Ibsen's *A Doll's House* (1879) Nora blames her husband Torvald for not understanding her.

Torvald, on the other hand, claims that his wife is naïve.

Discuss both statements and refer to the attached excerpt from the play.

In conclusion reflect on the play's relevance to gender equality in Norway today.

Attachment: Attachment 1 Henrik Ibsen A Doll's House (excerpt)

Task 2 Modern literature

"The Support" from *Tomas F's last Jottings for the General Public* (1983) by Kjell Askildsen.

Askildsen is known for his black humor, irony, and minimalistic style in his writing. How do these features appear in the attached story "The Support"?

Knut Hamsun's novel *Hunger* (1890) is considered to be the first modern novel. Please compare the attached excerpt from the novel with Askilden's story. What similarities do you find?

Attachments:

- Attachment 2 Kjell Askildsen The Support
- Attachment 3 Knut Hamsun Hunger (excerpt)

Task 3 1814 and the Constitution

The year 1814 has been called «the most remarkable year in Norwegian history» and "the year of miracles". The changes in 1814 were caused by multiple, interacting factors. Explain the influence of the following three factors on the events in 1814:

- the Enlightenment,
- the Napoleonic Wars,
- growing national self-awareness.

In conclusion, compare the historical background of the Norwegian *national day of 17th of May* to the historical background of the *national day of your own country*.

Task 4 The influence of oil on the Norwegian society

Discuss the influence of oil on the Norwegian society – consider wealth, welfare, relations to the EU and the environment.

Attachment: Attachment 4 Statistics

Henrik Ibsen

"A Doll's House" (1879)

edge that he has forgiven his wife—forgiven her freely, and with all his heart. It seems as if that had made her, as it were, doubly his own; he has given her a new life, so to speak; and she has in a way become both wife and child to him. So you shall be for me after this, my little scared, helpless darling. Have no anxiety about anything, Nora; only be frank and open with me, and I will serve as will and conscience both to you—. What is this? Not gone to bed? Have you changed your things?

NORA (*in everyday dress*). Yes, Torvald, I have changed my things now.

HELMER. But what for?—so late as this.

NORA. I shall not sleep to-night.

HELMER. But, my dear Nora—

NORA (*looking at her watch*). It is not so very late. Sit down here, Torvald. You and I have much to say to one another. (*She sits down at one side of the table.*)

HELMER. Nora—what is this?—this cold, set face?

NORA. Sit down. It will take some time; I have a lot to talk over with you.

HELMER (*sits down at the opposite side of the table*). You alarm me, Nora!—and I don't understand you.

NORA. No, that is just it. You don't understand me, and I have never understood you either—before to-night. No, you mustn't interrupt me. You must simply listen to what I say. Torvald, this is a settling of accounts.

HELMER. What do you mean by that?

NORA (*after a short silence*). Isn't there one thing that strikes you as strange in our sitting here like this?

HELMER. What is that?

NORA. We have been married now eight years. Does it not occur to you that this is the first time we two, you and I, husband and wife, have had a serious conversation?

HELMER. What do you mean by serious?

NORA. In all these eight years—longer than that—from the very beginning of our acquaintance, we have never exchanged a word on any serious subject.

HELMER. Was it likely that I would be continually and for ever

telling you about worries that you could not help me to bear?

NORA. I am not speaking about business matters. I say that we have never sat down in earnest together to try and get at the bottom of anything.

HELMER. But, dearest Nora, would it have been any good to you?

NORA. That is just it; you have never understood me. I have been greatly wronged, Torvald—first by papa and then by you.

HELMER. What! By us two—by us two, who have loved you better than anyone else in the world?

NORA (*shaking her head*). You have never loved me. You have only thought it pleasant to be in love with me.

HELMER. Nora, what do I hear you saying?

NORA. It is perfectly true, Torvald. When I was at home with papa, he told me his opinion about everything, and so I had the same opinions; and if I differed from him I concealed the fact, because he would not have liked it. He called me his doll-child, and he played with me just as I used to play with my dolls. And when I came to live with you—

HELMER. What sort of an expression is that to use about our marriage?

NORA (*undisturbed*). I mean that I was simply transferred from papa's hands into yours. You arranged everything according to your own taste, and so I got the same tastes as you—or else I pretended to, I am really not quite sure which—I think sometimes the one and sometimes the other. When I look back on it, it seems to me as if I had been living here like a poor woman—just from hand to mouth. I have existed merely to perform tricks for you, Torvald. But you would have it so. You and papa have committed a great sin against me. It is your fault that I have made nothing of my life.

HELMER. How unreasonable and how ungrateful you are, Nora! Have you not been happy here?

NORA. No, I have never been happy. I thought I was, but it has never really been so.

HELMER. Not—not happy!

NORA. No, only merry. And you have always been so kind to

me. But our home has been nothing but a playroom. I have been your doll-wife, just as at home I was papa's doll-child; and here the children have been my dolls. I thought it great fun when you played with me, just as they thought it great fun when I played with them. That is what our marriage has been, Torvald.

HELMER. There is some truth in what you say—exaggerated and strained as your view of it is. But for the future it shall be different. Playtime shall be over, and lesson-time shall begin.

NORA. Whose lessons? Mine, or the children's?

HELMER. Both yours and the children's, my darling Nora.

NORA. Alas, Torvald, you are not the man to educate me into being a proper wife for you.

HELMER. And you can say that!

NORA. And I—how am I fitted to bring up the children?

HELMER. Nora!

NORA. Didn't you say so yourself a little while ago—that you dare not trust me to bring them up?

HELMER. In a moment of anger! Why do you pay any heed to that?

NORA. Indeed, you were perfectly right. I am not fit for the task. There is another task I must undertake first. I must try and educate myself—you are not the man to help me in that. I must do that for myself. And that is why I am going to leave you now.

HELMER (*springing up*). What do you say?

NORA. I must stand quite alone, if I am to understand myself and everything about me. It is for that reason that I cannot remain with you any longer.

HELMER. Nora, Nora!

NORA. I am going away from here now, at once. I am sure Christine will take me in for the night—

HELMER. You are out of your mind! I won't allow it! I forbid you!

NORA. It is no use forbidding me anything any longer. I will take with me what belongs to myself. I will take nothing from you, either now or later.

HELMER. What sort of madness is this!

NORA. To-morrow I shall go home—I mean, to my old home. It will be easiest for me to find something to do there.

HELMER. You blind, foolish woman!

NORA. I must try and get some sense, Torvald.

HELMER. To desert your home, your husband and your children! And you don't consider what people will say!

NORA. I cannot consider that at all. I only know that it is necessary for me.

HELMER. It's shocking. This is how you would neglect your most sacred duties.

NORA. What do you consider my most sacred duties?

HELMER. Do I need to tell you that? Are they not your duties to your husband and your children?

NORA. I have other duties just as sacred.

HELMER. That you have not. What duties could those be?

NORA. Duties to myself.

HELMER. Before all else, you are a wife and a mother.

NORA. I don't believe that any longer. I believe that before all else I am a reasonable human being, just as you are—or, at all events, that I must try and become one. I know quite well, Torvald, that most people would think you right, and that views of that kind are to be found in books; but I can no longer content myself with what most people say, or with what is found in books. I must think over things for myself and get to understand them.

HELMER. Can you not understand your place in your own home? Have you not a reliable guide in such matters as that?—have you no religion?

NORA. I am afraid, Torvald, I do not exactly know what religion is.

HELMER. What are you saying?

NORA. I know nothing but what the clergyman said, when I went to be confirmed. He told us that religion was this, and that, and the other. When I am away from all this, and am alone, I will look into that matter too. I will see if what the clergyman said is true, or at all events if it is true for me.

HELMER. This is unheard of in a girl of your age! But if religion

cannot lead you aright, let me try and awaken your conscience. I suppose you have some moral sense? Or—answer me—am I to think you have none?

NORA. I assure you, Torvald, that is not an easy question to answer. I really don't know. The thing perplexes me altogether. I only know that you and I look at it in quite a different light. I am learning, too, that the law is quite another thing from what I supposed; but I find it impossible to convince myself that the law is right. According to it a woman has no right to spare her old dying father, or to save her husband's life. I can't believe that.

HELMER. You talk like a child. You don't understand the conditions of the world in which you live.

NORA. No, I don't. But now I am going to try. I am going to see if I can make out who is right, the world or I.

HELMER. You are ill, Nora; you are delirious; I almost think you are out of your mind.

NORA. I have never felt my mind so clear and certain as to-night.

HELMER. And is it with a clear and certain mind that you forsake your husband and your children?

NORA. Yes, it is.

HELMER. Then there is only one possible explanation.

NORA. What is that?

HELMER. You do not love me any more.

NORA. No, that is just it.

HELMER. Nora!—and you can say that?

NORA. It gives me great pain, Torvald, for you have always been so kind to me, but I cannot help it. I do not love you any more.

HELMER (*regaining his composure*). Is that a clear and certain conviction too?

NORA. Yes, absolutely clear and certain. That is the reason why I will not stay here any longer.

HELMER. And can you tell me what I have done to forfeit your love?

NORA. Yes, indeed I can. It was to-night, when the wonderful thing did not happen; then I saw you were not the man I had thought you.

HELMER. Explain yourself better. I don't understand you.

NORA. I have waited so patiently for eight years; for, goodness knows, I knew very well that wonderful things don't happen every day. Then this horrible misfortune came upon me; and then I felt quite certain that the wonderful thing was going to happen at last. When Krogstad's letter was lying out there, never for a moment did I imagine that you would consent to accept this man's conditions. I was so absolutely certain that you would say to him: Publish the thing to the whole world. And when that was done—

HELMER. Yes, what then?—when I had exposed my wife to shame and disgrace?

NORA. When that was done, I was so absolutely certain, you would come forward and take everything upon yourself, and say: I am the guilty one.

HELMER. Nora—!

NORA. You mean that I would never have accepted such a sacrifice on your part? No, of course not. But what would my assurances have been worth against yours? That was the wonderful thing which I hoped for and feared; and it was to prevent that, that I wanted to kill myself.

HELMER. I would gladly work night and day for you, Nora—bear sorrow and want for your sake. But no man would sacrifice his honour for the one he loves.

NORA. It is a thing hundreds of thousands of women have done.

HELMER. Oh, you think and talk like a heedless child.

NORA. Maybe. But you neither think nor talk like the man I could bind myself to. As soon as your fear was over—and it was not fear for what threatened me, but for what might happen to you—when the whole thing was past, as far as you were concerned it was exactly as if nothing at all had happened. Exactly as before, I was your little skylark, your doll, which you would in future treat with doubly gentle care, because it was so brittle and fragile. (*Getting up.*) Torvald—it was then it dawned upon me that for eight years I had been living here with a strange man, and had borne him three children—. Oh, I can't bear to think of it! I could tear myself into little bits!

HELMER (*sadly*). I see, I see. An abyss has opened between us—there is no denying it. But, Nora, would it not be possible to fill it up?

NORA. As I am now, I am no wife for you.

HELMER. I have it in me to become a different man.

NORA. Perhaps—if your doll is taken away from you.

HELMER. But to part!—to part from you! No, no, Nora, I can't understand that idea.

NORA (*going out to the right*). That makes it all the more certain that it must be done. (*She comes back with her cloak and hat and a small bag which she puts on a chair by the table.*)

HELMER. Nora, Nora, not now! Wait till to-morrow.

NORA (*putting on her cloak*). I cannot spend the night in a strange man's room.

HELMER. But can't we live here like brother and sister—?

NORA (*putting on her hat*). You know very well that would not last long. (*Puts the shawl around her.*) Good-bye, Torvald. I won't see the little ones. I know they are in better hands than mine. As I am now, I can be of no use to them.

HELMER. But some day, Nora—some day?

NORA. How can I tell? I have no idea what is going to become of me.

HELMER. But you are my wife, whatever becomes of you.

NORA. Listen, Torvald. I have heard that when a wife deserts her husband's house, as I am doing now, he is legally freed from all obligations towards her. In any case I set you free from all your obligations. You are not to feel yourself bound in the slightest way, any more than I shall. There must be perfect freedom on both sides. See, here is your ring back. Give me mine.

HELMER. That too?

NORA. That too.

HELMER. Here it is.

NORA. That's right. Now it is all over. I have put the keys here. The maids know all about everything in the house—better than I do. To-morrow, after I have left her, Christine will

come here and pack my own things that I brought with me from home. I will have them sent after me.

HELMER. All over! All over!—Nora, shall you never think of me again?

NORA. I know I shall often think of you and the children and this house.

HELMER. May I write to you, Nora?

NORA. No—never. You must not do that.

HELMER. But at least let me send you—

NORA. Nothing—nothing—

HELMER. Let me help you if you are in want.

NORA. No. I can receive nothing from a stranger.

HELMER. Nor—can I never be anything more than a stranger to you?

NORA (*taking her bag*). Ah, Torvald, the most wonderful thing of all would have to happen.

HELMER. Tell me what that would be!

NORA. Both you and I would have to be so changed that—. Oh, Torvald, I don't believe any longer in wonderful things happening.

HELMER. But I will believe in it. Tell me! So changed that—?

NORA. That our life together would be a real wedlock. Good-bye. (*She goes out through the hall.*)

HELMER (*sinks down on a chair at the door and buries his face in his hands*). Nora! Nora! (*Looks round, and rises.*) Empty. She is gone. (*A hope flashes across his mind.*) The most wonderful thing of all—?

(*The sound of a door shutting is heard from below.*)

From: "Thomas F's last jottings for the general public"

1983

Kjell Askildsen:

Askildsen

The Support

A few months ago I had a visit from the new landlord. He rang three times before I got to the door, even though I walked as fast as I could. I didn't know that it was him anyway. It is so seldom that anyone comes, and nearly all of them are representatives of religious sects who ask if I have been saved. That amuses me a bit, but I never let them in, people who believe in eternal life are not rational, you never know what they might think of. Anyway, this time it was the landlord. I had written to him nearly a year ago and drawn his attention to the fact that the bannister on the staircase was broken, and I thought that was why he had come, so I let him in. He looked around. "Nice place you've got here," he said, and it was such a provocative statement that I realised I'd better be on my guard. "The bannister on the staircase is broken," I said. "Yes, I noticed, are you the one who has broken it?" "No, why should it be me?" "Well, you're probably the only one who uses it, otherwise there are only young people on the staircase, and it can't have got broken all by itself." It was clear that he was not an amenable person, and I didn't want to enter into a discussion with him about how and why things get broken, so I just said shortly: "Well, whatever happened, I need that bannister, and I have a right to it." He made no answer to that, instead he said that the rent would be going up by 20 per cent from and including next month. "Again," I said, "and by 20 per cent — that makes quite a difference." "It should have been more," he answered, "this property doesn't pay its own way, I'm losing money on it." It is a long time since I stopped discussing finance with people who say they are losing money on something they could get rid of, it must be thirty years ago, so I said nothing. But he didn't need any comment in order to continue, he was one of those types who run on automatic motor. He expounded on all his other properties which were also not paying their way, it was pitiful to hear, he must have been a dreadfully poor capitalist. But I said nothing, and eventually the complaints ceased, it was high time. Instead he asked for no apparent reason whether I believed in God. I was on the verge of asking which God he was referring to, but I contented myself with shaking my head. "But you must," he said; so I had let one of them into my flat after all. Actually I was not really surprised, it is after all normal that people with a lot of property believe in God. However, I didn't want to let him get launched on a new topic, I have once and for all consigned evangelists to the doorstep, so I didn't let him get any further. "So the rent is going up by 20 per cent," I said, "I believe that is what you came to tell me." My resistance must have come as a surprise to him, for he opened and closed his mouth twice without any sound coming out of it, I can imagine that that was not a normal thing for him to do. "And I hope you will make sure that that bannister is repaired," I continued. He became red in the face. "Bannister, bannister," he said impatiently, "you're making a great deal of fuss about that bannister." I thought that was a stupid thing to say, and I got a bit worked up. "But don't you understand," I said, "that on certain occasions that bannister is my only support in life." I regretted immediately that I had said that, precise formulations should be directed at reflective people, otherwise you just get into a mess. And a mess it was. I can't be bothered to repeat what he said, but it was principally about the next life. Finally he talked about standing on the brink of the grave, it was me he meant, and then I got angry. "Now you'd better stop plaguing me about your finances," I said, for that was really what this whole thing was about, and when he didn't immediately make up his mind to go, I took the liberty of banging once on the floor with my stick. Then he went. It was a relief, I felt happy and free for several minutes afterwards, and I remember I said to myself, inside myself of course, "Don't give up, Thomas, don't give up."

Translated by Janet Garton

In the eye of the storm all is still

Kjell Askildsen's short stories

By Jahn Thon

With the publication of Kjell Askildsen's selected short stories, **En plutselig frigjørende tanke** (1987) (''A suddenly liberating thought''), it was possible to trace quite clearly the lines of development in the work of an original prose writer. Kjell Askildsen, born in Mandal in 1929, made his literary debut in 1953 with the short story collection **Heretter følger jeg deg helt hjem** (''From now on I shall take you all the way home''). This first book was followed by the collections **Herr Leonard Leonard** (1955), **Davids bror** (1957) (''David's brother''), **Kulisser** (1966) (''In the wings''), **Ingenting for ingenting** (1982) (''Nothing for nothing'') and **Thomas F's siste nedtegnelser til almenheten** (1983) (''Thomas F's last jottings for the general public'').

The originality of Askildsen's prose lies first and foremost in his style. In his way of expressing himself we find reflected our own inner desperation, often obscured by the trivialities of everyday life, but nevertheless the fear is nearly always closely connected to hope and longing.

The whole of Askildsen's writing is about personal relationships, and a large part of it is about love. Few other authors in Norway have created such a finely-tuned dialogue as an instrument for measuring the consequences of what we do to each other — our defeats, our misdeeds and misunderstandings, our power and powerlessness.

Two forms of collision are consistently present in these books: between man and woman, and between children and parents. Askildsen is not frightened to penetrate into the most private areas where wounds are most painful and where our longings and dreams stem from our defeats. In many of the stories there is a sudden dramatic

occurrence in which the surface of everyday reality is broken. It is these cracks and deeply emotional moments around which the stories are built.

In Askildsen's stories, people's meetings with each other nearly always involve an element of *power* — particularly that form of exercising power which lies in bending other people to your own will and imposing your view of reality on them. People are all imbued with a longing for equality and an intense desire to be able to meet one another as whole individuals. In his stories Askildsen presents a determined defence for the dignity of the individual and attacks with biting but understated irony those who trample on other people by invading their personal boundaries. Askildsen's prose conveys an enormous sense of obstinacy on behalf of the individual. In his earliest stories it is especially women and young people whom the author defends; against sexual repressiveness, narrow conventionality, religious prejudice and oppression. In the later stories the central theme is often the dignity and integrity of elderly people. The ironic twist becomes a dig at the power-seekers, who seldom appear directly, but more often in the form of prejudices and conventional thought patterns.

Characteristic of Askildsen's short story technique is a mininalist stylistic precision and sobriety. Essential information is indirectly conveyed. In fact, the central issue is often not even named. The dialogue is the essence of the story, and expresses an attitude to life which is fundamentally Norwegian: terseness and tough endurance. Admittedly a large number of the stories show that people do not manage to reach each other, but the author never abandons the thought that language nevertheless can convey empathy and insight. The dialogue expresses people's obstinacy and pride.

After the first collection of stories in 1953, the following collections appeared at intervals of 13, 16, 1 and 4 years respectively. Such irregularity stirs the curiosity. What happened in the pauses between the collections?

Even though Askildsen is a short-story writer by temperament, he published three important novels between 1966 and 1982. Much of the explanation of his mastery today lies concealed precisely in these three works. His strength consists in the fact that he has always been prepared for confrontation with social conflicts and the prevailing ethos of the day. The fact that Kjell Askildsen in the 1980s, in the midst of a time characterized by a great deal of noise about literature, can sit and create a short story form characterized by a great calm and quietness — like a literary centre in the midst of the day's storm — derives from the fact that he manages like few other authors to incorporate not only the 50s and the 60s but also the 70s and the 80s into his writing. His themes and basic attitudes are amazingly consistent, but the differing insights and philosophies of those four decades give his latest stories an entirely new depth. His novel-writing period between 1969 and 1976, with the modernist **Omgivelser** (1969) (''Surroundings'') and the two political novels **Kjære, kjære Oluf** (1974) (''Dear, dear Oluf'') and **Hverdag** (1976) (''Everyday''), has sharpened the eye of the short story writer.

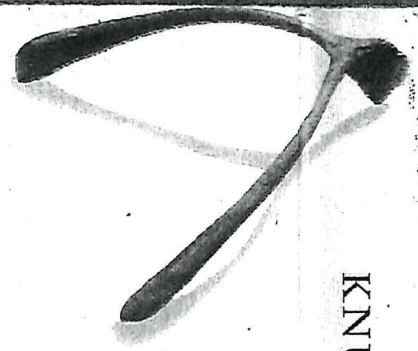
It is the linguistic and political insights of the 60s and 70s which give him a broader base and greater freedom of manoeuvre in his latest short story collections. The black humour is more marked, the irony sharper, the absurd more apparent and the burning indignation stronger, but yet somehow milder. His characters seem to have resigned themselves to loneliness, but despite this they are not tragic. Thomas F is a sharp-witted, bitter old man who has seen a great deal, and who therefore rarely goes out. It is no longer necessary to use so many words, for ''there are far too many words in circulation in the world, and he who says too much cannot keep his words.'' But in the midst of the transforming whirlwinds of contemporary society one finds the following insight:

''The world is full of stupidity and confusion, lack of freedom has deep roots, all hope of equality and impartiality is vanishing, tyranny is too strong, that is how it looks. We must be glad that we have it so good, people say, most people are worse off. So they take a pill to ward off sleeplessness. Or depression. Or life.''

The mysterious thing about Askildsen's writing is that a statement like the above rarely makes the reader discouraged or depressed. Feelings of loneliness and melancholy are present, but it is nevertheless cheerful and stubborn defiance which comes out on top.

The following two short stories, ''Carl'' and ''The Support'', are taken from the short story collection **Thomas F's siste nedtegnelser til almenheten** (1983).

Translated by Janet Garton



'I had arrived at the joyful insanity hunger was: I was empty and free of pain, and my thoughts no longer had any check . . .'

Scandinavia's acclaimed novelist Knut Hamsun is one of the founding fathers of modernist literature. In *Hunger*, he created one of the most psychologically complex characters in existence.

'*Hunger* is the crux of Hamsun's claim to mastery. This is the classic novel of humiliation, even beyond Dostoyevsky' *OBSERVER*

'One of the most disturbing novels in existence' *TIME OUT*

'An excellent new translation . . . this *Hunger* deserves to be the standard English version' *TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT*

'Hamsun has the qualities that belong to the very great, a complete omniscience on human nature' REBECCA WEST

www.canongate.tv

the canons 3

9 780857 861795

eBook

ISBN 978 0 85786 179 5

KNUT HAMSUN

the canons 3

HUNGER

With an introduction by Jo Nesbø
and an afterword by Paul Auster

the canon 3

It was in those days when I wandered about hungry in Kristiania, that strange city which no one leaves before it has set its mark upon him. . . .

Lying awake in my attic room, I hear a clock strike six downstairs. It was fairly light already and people were beginning to walk up and down the stairs. Over by the door, where my room was papered with old issues of *Morgenbladet*, I could see, very clearly, a notice from the Director of Lighthouses, and just left of it a fat, swelling ad for freshly baked bread by Fabian Olsen, Baker.

As soon as I opened my eyes I started wondering, by force of habit, whether I had anything to look forward to today. I had been somewhat hard up lately; my belongings had been taken to 'Uncle' one after the other, I had grown nervous and irritable, and a couple of times I had even stayed in bed for a day or so because of dizziness. Every now and then, when I was lucky, I managed to get five kroner for an article from some newspaper or other.

As it grew lighter and lighter I started reading the ads over by the door; I could even make out the thin, grinning letters concerning 'Shrouds at Madam Andersen's, main

entrance to the right'. This occupied me for quite a while – I heard the clock strike eight downstairs before I rose and got dressed.

I opened the window and looked out. From where I stood I had a view of a clothesline and an open field; in the distance was a forge, left over from a burned-down blacksmith's shop where some workers were busy cleaning up. I leaned forward with my elbows on the windowsill and gazed at the sky. It promised to be a clear day. Autumn had arrived, that lovely, cool time of year when everything changes colour and dies. The streets had already begun to get noisy, tempting me to go out. This empty room, where the floor rocked up and down at every step I took, was like a horrible, broken-down coffin. There was no proper lock on the door and no stove in the room; I used to sleep in my socks at night so they would dry a little before morning. The only thing I had to amuse myself with was a small red rocking chair where I used to sit in the evening, dozing and musing on all manner of things. When the wind blew hard and the doors downstairs were open, all sorts of eerie, whistling sounds floated up through the floor and out from the walls, and the *Morgenbladet* over by the door would get tears in it the length of my hand.

I stood up and searched through a bundle over in the corner by the bed for a bit of breakfast, but found nothing and went back again to the window.

God knows, I thought, if there is any point to my looking for work any more! All those refusals, those half promises and flat 'No's, hopes cherished only to be dashed, fresh attempts that always came to nothing – all this had killed my courage. Finally I had applied for a job as a bill collector but been too

late; besides I couldn't post a fifty-kroner bond. There was always something or other in the way. I also signed up for the fire brigade. There we stood, a half-hundred of us, in the entrance hall, throwing our chests out to give an impression of strength and fearlessness. A deputy chief went around inspecting these applicants, feeling their arm muscles and asking a question or two, and me he passed over, merely shaking his head and saying I was unfit because of my glasses. I showed up again, without glasses, standing there with knitted brows and making my eyes sharp as razors, but again the man passed over me, and he smiled – he must have recognised me. The worst of it was, my clothes were getting to be so shabby that I could no longer present myself for a position like a respectable person.

It had been going steadily downhill for me all along, and how! In the end, strange to say, I was stripped of everything under the sun, I didn't even have a comb any more or a book to read when life became too dreary. All summer long I had haunted the cemeteries and Palace Park, where I would sit and prepare articles for the newspapers, column after column about all sorts of things – strange whimsies, moods, caprices of my restless brain. In my desperation I had often chosen the most far-fetched subjects, which cost me hours and hours of effort and were never accepted. When a piece was finished I began a fresh one, and I wasn't very often discouraged by the editor's no; I kept telling myself that, some day, I was bound to succeed. And indeed, when I was lucky and it turned out well, I would occasionally get five kroner for an afternoon's work.

Getting up from the window again, I stepped over to the

wash-stand and sprinkled a bit of water on the shiny knees of my trousers, to darken them and make them look newer. This done, I put paper and pencil in my pocket, as usual, and went out. I stole quietly down the stairs to avoid attracting the attention of my landlady; my rent had been due a few days ago and I had nothing to pay her with any more.

It was nine o'clock. The air was filled with voices and the rumble of carriages, an immense morning chorus that mingled with the footsteps of the pedestrians and the cracks of the coachmen's whips. This noisy traffic everywhere put me in a brighter mood immediately, and I started feeling more and more contented. Nothing was further from my mind than just taking a morning walk in the fresh air. What did my lungs care about fresh air? I was strong as a giant and could stop a coach with my bare shoulders. A strange, delicate mood, a feeling of cheerful nonchalance, had taken possession of me. I began to observe the people I met or passed, read the posters on the walls, caught a glance cast my way from a passing streetcar, and laid myself open to every trivial occurrence – all the little fortuitous things that crossed my path and disappeared.

If only one had a bite to eat on such a clear day! Overwhelmed by the impression of the happy morning, I experienced an irrepressible sense of well-being and started humming for joy for no particular reason. A woman with a basket on her arm stood outside a butcher shop pondering sausages for dinner; she glanced at me as I walked past. She had only a single tooth in the front of her mouth. Nervous and susceptible as I had become during the last few days, the woman's

face made a repellent impression on me right off; that long yellow tooth looked like a little finger sticking up from her jaw, and her eyes were still full of sausage as she turned toward me. I lost my appetite instantly and felt nauseated. When I reached the Arcades I went over to the fountain and drank some water. I looked up – the clock in the tower of Our Saviour's showed ten.

Continuing through the streets, I roamed about without a care in the world, stopped at a corner without having to, turned and went down a side street without an errand there. I went with the flow, borne from place to place this happy morning, rocking serenely to and fro among other happy people. The sky was clear and bright, and my mind was without a shadow.

For ten minutes now I had constantly had a limping old man ahead of me. In one hand he carried a bundle, and he walked with his whole body, using all his strength to press ahead. I could hear how he panted from the effort, and it occurred to me that I could carry his bundle; still, I didn't try to catch up with him. On Grænsen Street I ran into Hans Pauli, who greeted me and hurried past. Why was he in such a hurry? I certainly didn't mean to ask him for a handout, and I would also presently return a blanket I had borrowed from him a few weeks ago. Once I had pulled through, I certainly didn't want to owe anybody a blanket; I might start an article this very day about the crimes of the future or the freedom of the will, anything whatever, something worth reading, something I would get at least ten kroner for. . . . And at the thought of this article I instantly felt an onrush of desire to begin right away, tapping my chock-full brain. I would find

myself a suitable place in Palace Park and not rest till it was finished.

But the old cripple was still making the same wriggling movements up the street ahead of me. In the end I was getting increasingly irritated by having this decrepit creature in front of me all the time. His journey would never end, it seemed; maybe he was going to the exact same place as I, and I would have him before my eyes all the way. Agitated as I was, he appeared to me to slow down a little at each side street and somehow waited to see what direction I would take, whereupon he swung his bundle high in the air once more and walked on with all his might to gain distance on me. I go on watching this bustling fellow and feel my resentment toward him swelling within me. I felt he was slowly ruining my cheery mood and dragging this pure, lovely morning down with him, into ugliness, as well. He looked like a large hobbling insect bent on grabbing a place in the world through brute force and keeping the sidewalk all for itself. When we had reached the top of the hill I refused to put up with it any longer and, turning toward a shop window, stopped to give him an opportunity to slip away. But when I started off again after a few minutes, the man popped up in front of me once more: he too had stood stock-still. Without thinking, I took three or four furious strides forward, caught up with him and tapped him on the shoulder.

He stopped short. We both stared at each other.

'A bit of change for milk!' he finally said, cocking his head.

Well, now I was really in for it! I fumbled in my pockets and said, 'For milk, right. Hmm. Money is scarce these days, and I don't know how badly you may need it.'

'I haven't eaten since yesterday, in Drammen,' the man said. 'I don't have a penny and I'm still out of work.'

'Are you an artisan?'

'Yes, I am a welter.'

'A what?'

'A welter. For that matter, I can make shoes, too.'

'That alters the case,' I said. 'Just wait a few minutes and I'll go and get some money for you, a few øre anyway.'

I hastened down Pilestrædet Lane, where I knew of a pawnbroker on the second floor, someone I had never been to before. When I got inside the gate I quickly took off my waistcoat, rolled it up and stuck it under my arm; then I walked up the stairs and knocked on the door to the shop. I made a bow and threw the waistcoat on the counter.

'One krone and a half,' the man said.

'All right,' I said. 'If it weren't for the fact that it's getting a bit tight for me, I wouldn't have parted with it.'

I got the money and the slip and retraced my steps. All things considered, this business with the waistcoat was an excellent idea; there would even be money to spare for an ample breakfast, and by evening my monograph about the crimes of the future would be ready. Life began to look sunnier right away, and I hastened back to the man to get rid of him.

'Here you are,' I said to him. 'I'm glad you came to me first.'

He took the money and began to look me up and down. What did he stand there staring at? I had the impression that he examined especially the knees of my trousers, and I found this piece of impudence tiresome. Did that louse imagine I

was really as poor as I looked? Hadn't I just about started writing a ten-krone article? On the whole, I had no apprehensions about the future, I had many irons in the fire. So, what business was it of this total stranger if I handed out a gratuity on such a bright morning? The man's stare annoyed me, and I decided to give him a piece of my mind before leaving him. Shrugging my shoulders, I said, 'My dear man, you have fallen into a nasty habit of staring at a man's knees when he gives you a krone's worth of money.'

He leaned his head back against the wall, all the way, and opened his mouth wide. Something was stirring behind that tramp's forehead of his; thinking, no doubt, that I meant to trick him in some way, he handed the money back to me.

I stamped my feet, swearing he should keep it. Did he imagine I had gone to all that trouble for nothing? When all was said and done, maybe I owed him this krone – I had a knack for remembering old debts, he was in the presence of a person of integrity, honest to his very fingertips. In short, the money was his. . . . No need for thanks, it had been a pleasure. Goodbye.

I left. I was rid at last of this paralytic nuisance and could feel at ease. I went down Pilestrædet Lane again and stopped outside a grocer's. The window was packed with food, and I decided to go in and get myself something for the road.

'A piece of cheese and a white loaf!' I said, smacking my half krone down on the counter.

'Cheese and bread for all of it?' the woman asked ironically, without looking at me.

'For all of fifty øre, yes,' I replied, unruffled.

I got my things, said goodbye to the fat old woman with

the utmost politeness, and started up Palace Hill to the park without delay. I found a bench for myself and began gnawing greedily at my snack. It did me a lot of good; it had been a long time since I'd had such an ample meal, and I gradually felt that same sense of satiated repose you experience after a good cry. My courage rose markedly; I was no longer satisfied with writing an article about something so elementary and straightforward as the crimes of the future, which anybody could guess, or simply learn by reading history. I felt capable of a greater effort and, being in the mood to surmount difficulties, decided upon a three-part monograph about philosophical cognition. Needless to say, I would have an opportunity to deal a deathblow to Kant's sophisms. . . . When I wanted to get out my writing materials to begin work, I discovered I didn't have a pencil on me any more – I had left it in the pawnshop, my pencil was in the vest pocket.

God, how everything I touched seemed bent on going wrong! I reeled off a few curses, got up from the bench and strolled along the paths, back and forth. It was very quiet everywhere; way over at the Queen's Pavilion a couple of nursemaids were wheeling their baby carriages about, otherwise not a single person could be seen anywhere. I felt extremely angry and paced like a madman up and down in front of my bench. Strange how badly things were going for me wherever I turned! A three-part article would come to nothing simply because I didn't have a ten-øre pencil in my pocket! What if I went down to Pilestrædet Lane again and got my pencil back! There would still be time to complete a sizable portion before the park began to be overrun by pedestrians. So much

depended on this monograph about philosophical cognition, maybe several people's happiness, you never knew. I told myself that it might turn out to be a great help to many young people. On second thoughts, I would not attack Kant; it could be avoided, after all – I just had to make an imperceptible detour when I came to the problem of time and space; but I wouldn't answer for Renan, that old parson. . . . At all events, what had to be done was to write an article filling so and so many columns; the unpaid rent and my landlady's long looks when I met her on the stairs in the morning tormented me all day and popped up even in my happy moments, when there wasn't another dark thought in my head. This had to be stopped. I walked rapidly out of the park to pick up my pencil at the pawnbroker's.

When I got as far as Palace Hill I overtook and passed two ladies. As I walked by I brushed the sleeve of one of them; I looked up – she had a full, somewhat pale face. Suddenly she blushes and becomes wonderfully beautiful, I don't know why, maybe from a word she'd heard spoken by a passer-by, maybe only because of some silent thought of her own. Or could it be because I had touched her arm? Her high bosom heaves visibly several times, and she presses her hand firmly around the handle of her parasol. What was the matter with her?

I stopped and let her get ahead of me again – I couldn't continue just then, it all seemed so strange. I was in an irritable mood, annoyed with myself because of the mishap with the pencil and highly stimulated by all the food I had put away on an empty stomach. All at once my thoughts, by a fanciful whim, take an odd direction – I'm seized by a strange

desire to frighten this lady, to follow her and hurt her in some way. I overtake her once more and walk past her, then abruptly turn around and meet her face to face to observe her. I stand there looking her straight in the eye, and immediately a name comes to me, one I had never heard before, a name with a nervous, gliding sound: Ylajali. Once she is close enough to me, I straighten up and say urgently, 'Miss, you're losing your book.'

I could hear the sound of my heartbeat as I said it.

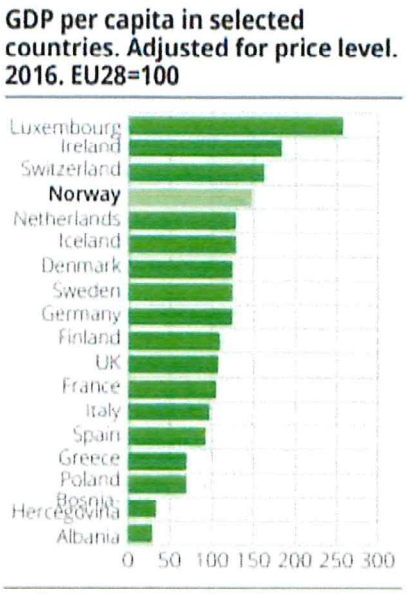
'My book?' she asks her companion. And she walks on.

My malice increased and I followed the lady. I was at that moment fully conscious of playing a mad prank, without being able to do anything about it; my confused state was running away with me, giving me the most insane ideas, which I obeyed one after the other. No matter how much I kept telling myself that I was behaving like an idiot, it was no use; I made the stupidest faces behind the lady's back and coughed furiously several times as I walked past her. Strolling on thus at a slow pace, always with a few steps' lead, I could feel her eyes on my back and instinctively ducked with shame at having pestered her. Gradually I began to have an odd sensation of being far away, in some other place; I vaguely felt that it wasn't I who was walking there on the flagstones with bowed head.

A few minutes later the lady has reached Pascha's Bookshop. I'm already standing at the first window, and as she walks by I step out and say again, 'Miss, you're losing your book.'

'What book?' she asks, scared. 'Can you understand what book he's talking about?'

Attachment 4 Statistics

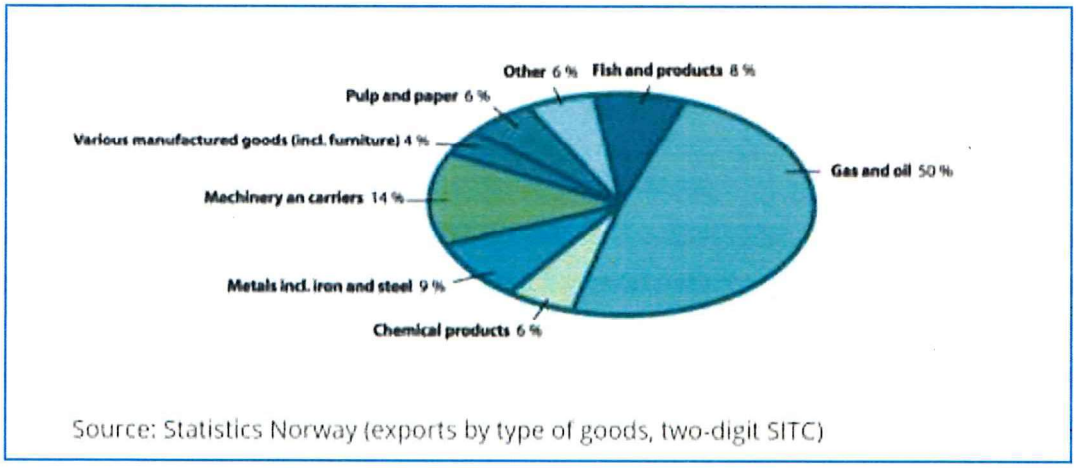


Source: www.ssb.no/en/ppp

GDP per capita above the EU average

When comparing countries, it is useful to consider GDP in relation to the number of inhabitants in the country. Norway has gradually become one of the world's richest countries. In a European context, Norway had a GDP per capita of 48 per cent above the EU average in 2016 (taking into account differences in price levels between countries).

The figure for Luxembourg here is particularly high because many of the country's workers live in neighbouring countries. These workers contribute to GDP, but are not included in the per capita calculation.



Source: Statistics Norway (exports by type of goods, two-digit SITC)

"The aim of the oil fund is to ensure responsible and long-term management of revenue from Norway's oil and gas resources in the North Sea so that this wealth benefits both current and future generations. The fund's formal name is the Government Pension Fund Global."
https://www.nbim.no/en/