

360

ENGLISH LITERARY APPRECIATION

360

G. C. ROSSER, M.A.

*Senior Lecturer and Head of the English Department,
Bolton Training College; Examiner in English Literature,
University of London*



Univ. Grants Commission

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESS LTD
WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4

Copyright 1954
by G. C. Rosser

Second Edition 1958
Third Edition 1960

24300

0:9

K02

PREFACE

A BOOK of this kind has one clear purpose: it is designed for candidates who are studying for the Advanced Certificate in English and for Scholarship and Entrance Examinations to a university. Each of the twenty-four chapters is divided into two parts: part one contains a carefully selected and substantial extract of prose or poetry to be examined as a piece for comprehension and interpretation; part two is made up of three or four questions on such exercises as the meaning of words and phrases, sentence and paragraph structure, figurative language and figures of speech, the elucidation of difficult expression, style, the reduction of jargon and bombast to simple statements, together with a number of stimulating themes for essays.

On the other hand, it is hoped that some end more worthy of the great tradition of English literature may also be served, namely, the need for pupils at the sixth form level to approach literature sincerely and critically. At this level we cannot too often impress upon our young students that, unless they are ready to develop an individual sensibility to words, to rely on personal reactions to literature, to shape their own literary judgments, there lies before them nothing more exciting than years, perhaps a lifetime, of hobbling from book to book on the crutches of other people's opinions.

I should like to thank Mr Malcolm Titt, B.A., of the University of London Press, for his kind advice and criticism at all stages in the production of this book.

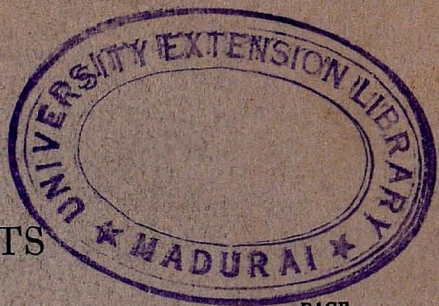
G. C. ROSSER

MANCHESTER, 1954

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

FOR permission to use copyright material grateful acknowledgment is due to the following:

Messrs Harcourt, Brace & Company, Inc., New York, for *Portrait of a Machine* by Louis Untermeyer; the Oxford University Press and Lord David Cecil for an extract from an introductory essay to *Sense and Sensibility*; Lord Dunsany for *From the Mouse's Point of View* from *The Open Window*; Messrs Faber & Faber Ltd. and Mr T. S. Eliot for *Rhapsody on a Windy Night*; Mr Leonard Woolf for the extract from *Orlando* by Virginia Woolf; Messrs Faber & Faber Ltd. and Mr Louis MacNeice for the extract from *Eclogue for Christmas*; Messrs Shepeards & Bingley for the extract from *The Third Circle* by H. W. Nevinson; the Author's representatives and Messrs Sidgwick & Jackson Ltd. for *The Fish* from the *Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke*; Messrs Pearn, Pollinger & Higham Ltd. for the extract from *Picasso* by Gertrude Stein; Sir Francis Meynell for the extract from *The Hound of Heaven* by Francis Thompson; Messrs J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. and the representatives of the late Mr Dylan Thomas for *After the Funeral* from *The Map of Love*; Jonathan Cape Ltd. and Professor C. Day Lewis for the extract from *The Poetic Image*.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	5
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	6
INTRODUCTION	9
CHAP.	
1. RICHARD JEFFERIES, <i>Field and Hedgerow</i>	19
2. CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, <i>Doctor Faustus</i>	23
3. LORD DAVID CECIL, <i>Sense and Sensibility, An Essay</i>	29
4. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, <i>Sonnet</i> : LOUIS UNTERMAYER, <i>Portrait of a Machine</i>	34
5. THOMAS CARLYLE, <i>The French Revolution</i>	39
6. SIR WALTER RALEIGH, <i>The Pilgrimage</i>	44
7. LORD DUNSANY, <i>The Open Window</i>	49
8. LOUIS MACNEICE, <i>An Eclogue for Christmas</i>	54
9. JONATHAN SWIFT, <i>Gulliver's Travels</i>	60
✓ 10. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, <i>Hamlet</i>	65
11. VIRGINIA WOOLF, <i>Orlando</i>	71
12. T. S. ELIOT, <i>Rhapsody on a Windy Night</i>	76
✓ 13. CHARLES LAMB, <i>A Dissertation upon Roast Pig</i>	83
14. ALEXANDER POPE, <i>Essay on Criticism</i>	89
15. H. W. NEVINSON, <i>The Third Circle</i>	95
16. RUPERT BROOKE, <i>The Fish</i>	101
17. JOHN LOCKE, <i>Essay Concerning Human Understanding</i>	108
18. JOHN DONNE, <i>The Ecstasy</i>	113

CHAP.	PAGE
19. GERTRUDE STEIN, <i>Picasso</i>	119
20. FRANCIS THOMPSON, <i>The Hound of Heaven</i>	124
21. IMMANUEL KANT, <i>Critique of Pure Reason (Trans.)</i>	130
22. JOHN MILTON, <i>Paradise Lost</i>	135
23. C. DAY LEWIS, <i>The Poetic Image</i>	141
24. DYLAN THOMAS, <i>After the Funeral</i>	149
APPENDIX: FIGURES OF SPEECH	155
INDEX OF EXERCISES	160

INTRODUCTION

1. *Meaning in Words*

A TRUTH which students of literature must respect at an early stage is that the study of words, far from being a philological affair only, is a matter vital to all aspects of literary criticism. As in painting and sculpture one's work as a creator or critic is constantly involved in the limitations or expressiveness of paint or stone, so in writing one must start from, and return to, the medium itself. For whether the work before us is T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* or Malory's *Le Morte D'Arthur* or Donne's *Sermons*, a writer has sought through the vehicle of words to communicate an experience; and before we can pass to any true comment on the quality of the experience, on the form it has assumed, on the effect of the experience on ourselves, on the writer's attitude to his material or his audience, on mannerisms of expression, on the use of figurative language, or indeed on any of the many items of critical evaluation, we must first grasp the experience in all its implicit detail. That is, we must let our sensibilities so react to words that the writer's thoughts, ideas, emotions, sentiments at the moment of composition may, within the limitations of verbal expression, be induced in our minds at the moment of reading. An act of intelligent, imaginative, sensitive response must precede all acts of evaluation.

But that is easy, says the bluff and obtuse reader to whom words are less eloquent than actions. Without a dictionary a man may not understand all the words in a chosen extract; with a dictionary at his elbow he must, unless the writer is deliberately nonsensical (he here cites Edward Lear and James Joyce), understand all the words and consequently all the meaning. If words were exact, rigid, dead symbols, this might be admissible. Fortunately, they are not. Words are as susceptible to the process of life, decay and death as the beings that utter them, as shadowy, deceptive and elusive as the experiences they seek to encompass: they may reflect

not merely the world of ordered thought and accepted values, but the world of complex and undefined forces as well, the whole incalculable flux of the intellectual and emotional, conscious and unconscious, instinctive and moral life of man. Search for the dictionary sense of the following stanza and you will soon be disillusioned, if you count on a limited and measurable potential in words:

When once the twilight locks no longer
Locked in the long worm of my finger
Nor dammed the sea that sped about my fist,
The mouth of time sucked, like a sponge,
The milky acid on each hinge,
And swallowed dry the waters of the breast.

Indeed, it is not too much to claim that every time we use words some impression of our emotional life is left upon them, and when we try to receive those impressions, when we try to grasp the whole meaning of a group of words, we are reacting not merely to the life of this or that writer, but in some small degree to the lives of all the men and women who have ever used those words.

Now, the dictionary cannot provide for this personal aspect, this moral or emotional life secreted around the inner core of meaning. The dictionary, no matter how voluminous, is wholly taken up with impersonal meaning, a meaning limited enough to serve millions of people over large spans of time. When we look up the word "mother" in the *Oxford Dictionary*, we find:

A woman who has given birth to a child; a female parent; applied to things regarded as giving birth, or standing in the relation of a mother; a woman who exercises control like that of a mother, or who is looked up to as a mother.

We do not (in spite of the occasional lapses of Doctor Johnson) find the editors' subjective reactions. But the word "mother" cannot be used by a human being without betraying something of the user's attitude or relation to this person. In its extended meaning it may touch on associations of tenderness, protection, love, kindness, affection, guidance, self-sacrifice, respect. It may assume other intensely personal associations which cannot so much as be

hinted at in the dictionary. So, words that man has fashioned to express his joys and sorrows, his hopes and disillusion, his anger, contempt, jealousy, prejudices, have acquired in the course of usage a meaning much more complex than the simple objective meaning. They have gathered accretions that may reflect the kind of person using them, the circumstances in which they were spoken, the people addressed, the mood of the speaker, the objects or ideas or other words they evoked. There are words smoothed by the ease and sophistication of genteel people; words cracked and scarred because they are tossed about by uncultured masses in the streets, the football ground and the public-house; words with delicate gradations of sense, haloed by the pale nimbus of an intellectual life amid university dons and professors; words tender, sensuous and refined from female society; words harsh, vigorous and muscular from male society; words which tell of Drury Lane, Elstree and Hollywood by their insincerity and tawdry gloss; words beloved of business magnates and boards of directors; words that flourish in the slick offices of Fleet Street or moulder in the fear-ridden jungles of bureaucracy; and words, too, which are the worn currency of the high and low alike, but which no use or abuse can rob of dignity and integrity and homeliness, because they are rooted in the essential instincts and emotions of life itself. On all these accidental overtones and accretions the dictionary is silent.

But the dictionary has other drawbacks. What attention, we ask, does it pay to the sound of words? Marlowe, Shakespeare, Milton and other poets have clearly shown that whether a word is spoken or printed an aural significance is present which may not only reinforce the impersonal meaning but add, particularly in the company of other words, an element of meaning over and above the objective sense. To the untrained ear Milton's

And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia.

is simply a pedestrian catalogue. To the sensitive ear, the high-sounding names, so carefully marshalled for the sonority of their vowels, suggest all the aristocratic splendour and circumstance of the jousting knights. In a somewhat similar way, certain words have been born from our endeavour to imitate the characteristic sound of certain actions or creatures. The dictionary barely mentions the phenomenon of onomatopœia, but words such as "pop", "bang", "peewit", "quack", "whizz", "hiss", must be heard before one realises that the sound alone is the essence of their expressiveness and consequently of their meaning.

Or again, since the spoken word (and, psychologically, the word read silently is the same in effect) is produced by the action of the vocal chords, or the soft palate, or the tongue, lips or lower jaw, or by various combinations of these, the articulation of a word may itself express a part of the total meaning by displaying some subtle quality of an action, a person or a thing. The effort to pronounce "vigour" points unmistakably to its basic meaning; "hole" demands a fittingly rounded action of the lips; "softly", "placidly", "quietly" are gentle movements of the speech organs; while in the enunciation of "here" and "there" the tongue works like a pointing finger. In these words, total meaning seems to be tied to the articulation of the word no less than to its dictionary statement.

Secondly, the dictionary deals with words as isolated units, whereas in practice they seldom operate alone. Here one must look to the associative quality in words as they work in the larger units of expression, the sentence and the paragraph. Since the single word has its own associations, these may become modified, more intense, more complex, and more subjective in combination with other words. Where the isolated word may have stirred the reason and one sense only, a word in phrase or sentence may appeal to the reason and a number of senses. Some of its associations may be temporarily cut out, others enriched and deepened. So strong indeed may this overlay be of emotive and sensuous meaning that it often overshadows basic meaning. In Gerard Manley Hopkins' line, for example,

. . . rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim,

“rose-moles” and “stipple” are so opulent in sound and colour that the sensuous beauty of the line is everything, the dictionary statement nothing. In poetry, this may be remarkably so. Each word in context modifies and reinforces the associations of other words, and is in turn influenced by the words around it. For this reason, in the final analysis of great poetry (as far as great poetry lends itself to such analysis), we must obviously admit how powerless the dictionary is to cope with the “huge cloudy symbols” of extensive meaning. The reader must find his way by growing his own æsthetic feelers.

To complicate the difficulty, there is the syllabic quality of single words which must be taken in relation to the syllabic quality of the context. Total meaning cannot be arrived at until we consider the general pattern of sound in a sequence of words. Sometimes this pattern may be merely euphonious, extending an indefinable but soothing touch to the sensibility, or stirring æsthetic awareness by beauty of sound only, as in:

anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders.

At other times, conscious effects of speed, energy, quietness, stridency, somnolence, may be embedded in the repetition of expressive sounds at telling intervals. The devices come to mind of alliteration or head-rhyme, and its partner, assonance or vowel-rhyme. But just as vital are those endless combinations of vowels and consonants which suggest meaning by some subtle, almost abstract, pattern of sound. Something of the tangle of grotesque shapes in the following lies in the syllabic arrangement:

A hecatomb of the slaughtered beasts
Is piled; tongues loll from breathless throats;
Round large jet eyes the horsefly feasts . . .
Jet eyes, which now a blue film coats.

while in the lines from Chesterton's *Lepanto*—

The walls are hung with velvet that is black and soft as sin,
And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs creep in

—the second line has all the triteness of sound that forcibly suggests the action of little feet pattering hither and thither on some automatic and sinister business.

Finally, at work with the sound, sometimes not to be separated from it, is the variation of accent or stress which makes the rhythmic pattern not merely of poetry but, with less regularity, of great prose.

Now, if any doubt remains about the incompetence of the dictionary to take care of meaning, let us consider for a moment a line from Shakespeare. In Act III, Scene 2, Macbeth, speaking of Duncan, says:

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

From the dictionary we can extract the primary sense that Duncan is at rest, or interpreting the metaphor, that after the tumult of living he enjoys the peace of the grave. But who will say that this is the full significance of the line, or the predominant meaning, or indeed the unequivocal meaning? "Fever" and "sleeps" call up the associations of the sick-bed. Develop these and there is the sufferer in his delirium, in physical and mental torture, until the crisis passes and he falls into a deep sleep. The literal contrast is between pain and comfort, restlessness and repose, the metaphorical between life and death. But this contrast is implicit not merely in the verbal associations. In sound pattern the line is split into a portion of seven syllables, where the energy of the fricative "f" and the staccato vowels evoke the bustle, torment and suffering of life, and a portion of three syllables, where the long vowels and the smooth gliding "l's" suggest the tranquillity of death. The heavy cæsure after "fever" may further express with its accompanying change of rhythm the abruptness of Duncan's end. But this is not all. Set the line in context, and the meaning becomes more dramatic. Far from stating that life was painful and feverish to Duncan, Macbeth is really betraying what life has become for himself. He is filled with sick thought and oppressive longings. An image is before him not merely of the sleeping Duncan before the murder but of himself afterwards, when he stood in restless anguish over the dead king. Amid such images Macbeth looks at

his own existence objectively, identifies himself with Duncan, and hints at a growing disgust with life and a desire for death.

Not that every line gives up the richness inherent here, but there is clearly enough hidden suggestion to warn us that from glib and uncircumspect reading we may produce all kinds of foolhardy conclusions.

2. *Sense, Feeling, Tone, Intention*

The argument we have offered that there are several kinds or layers of meaning in words is forcibly demonstrated in the important book *Practical Criticism* by Professor I. A. Richards. Professor Richards, dismayed at the inability of intelligent people to read and understand literature, approached it from the psychological angle and introduced a new method of scientific analysis that would guard against the errors he had noted in his students' exercises. He divides what we call the Total Meaning of a piece of literature into the four categories of Sense, Feeling, Tone and Intention. But an examination of his first category of Sense indicates that this kind of meaning is simply another name for the dictionary meaning of which we have spoken, the basic, impersonal meaning which is at the core of a word. "We speak", he says, "to say something, and when we listen we expect something to be said. We use words to direct our hearers' attention upon some state of affairs, to present to them some items for consideration and to excite in them some thoughts about these items." The appeal in this category is to the rational side of our minds, and this is precisely the impersonal aspect of life which is looked after by the dictionary. Or, as Professor Richards says, "to exhibit the sense of a poem . . . requires only an intelligent use of the dictionary, logical acumen, a command of syntax and pertinacity".

His second category is that of Feeling. This layer of meaning comes, he says, from the feelings, bias, accentuation of interest, personal flavour or colouring of feeling that we have about the items for consideration to which we direct the attention of our hearers. "Under 'Feeling'", he says,

"I group for convenience the whole conative-affective aspect of life—emotions, emotional attitudes, the will, desire, pleasure-unpleasure, and the rest. 'Feeling' is shorthand for any or all of this." But again we must recognize that beneath Richards' cumbersome jargon lies nothing more than the truth that words betray the personal, emotional life of the people who have used and continue to use them, that they reveal through their associations the feelings and attitudes of the writer to the objects, persons or qualities he selects for treatment. In other words, Feeling is the personal flavour that results from all the sensuous and emotional associations (visual, aural, tactile, rhythmic, etc.) secreted around Sense, or the inner core of meaning.

We come to the category of Tone, which Richards stipulates is the meaning conveyed through the attitude of the speaker to his listener or audience, an attitude which causes him "to choose or arrange his words differently as his audience varies in automatic or deliberate *recognition of his relation to them*". Here certain qualifications seem necessary if the category is to be valid for general application. In the first place, Tone may be readily transmitted by the voice of the speaker irrespective of arrangement or choice of words, and identical words uttered by various speakers may reveal different attitudes, and therefore somewhat modified meanings, not merely to different audiences but to the same audience. Secondly, there are occasions in literature where no audience is implied, or where the writer's entire consciousness is limited to the expression of something so highly subjective that it could scarcely have much significance for any one beside the writer: so that Tone in this respect must either be absent or inessential to total meaning or must denote some other quality of writing. We are reminded of Pepys, sometimes Shelley and Swinburne, certain of the Symbolist poets, and many of the obscure moderns whose eye is exclusively on themselves. Finally, when Tone is admitted as an element in meaning, the emphasis must clearly lie on the critical activity of the writer, conscious not merely of the flavour that words possess for himself but of what this flavour will be in the minds of his audience. A modern novelist would starve if, heedless of a large public that demands to

be amused at all costs, does not tolerate thoughtfulness and cannot savour delicate verbal associations, he did not aim at vividness, slickness and sentimentality at the expense of accuracy and depth of meaning. So, the tub-thumper at Hyde Park Corner cannot afford to be squeamish over the grossness of his tabloid vocabulary, if he is to arrest and detain a mob of uninterested strollers. In short, where Feeling denotes the writer's sensuous and emotional reaction to the objects, persons or items under consideration, Tone may be termed the rhetorical aspect of Feeling by denoting the writer's awareness of the visual, aural, rhythmic, or sensuous and emotive effect of words upon his audience. Meaning transmitted by Feeling and Tone must therefore imply a division of the associative overtones into those that (a) affect the writer and (b) affect the audience. Sometimes the writer pays more deference to his audience than to himself, sometimes he makes a compromise, but it is easy to see that certain associative values must be common to both (a) and (b).

Finally, the category of Intention. This is the meaning derived from a knowledge of the "speaker's intention, his aim, conscious or unconscious, the effect he is endeavouring to promote. Ordinarily he speaks for a purpose, and his purpose modifies his speech. The understanding of it is part of the whole business of apprehending his meaning". Here we must isolate a part of the total meaning which is diffused through the whole of an extract, and extends over the most expansive of literary forms, the drama, the epic and the novel. But whereas basic sense or emotional overtones may be said to be inherent, Intention or Purpose in writing, though betrayed by Sense and Feeling, is rightly external, since it operates consciously or unconsciously in the mind of the writer or speaker as a critical force to select, modify, or control the nature of his utterance. Thus Intention may exist before a word is spoken or a sentence written, but once a beginning is made, what follows must be related to the effect the writer or speaker has in mind.

Yet, whatever the point of writing, whether it is to convey information to others, or to persuade them to act in a certain way, or merely to have no other end but a rich æsthetic

pleasure, Intention is vital to the full comprehension of meaning—not merely in literature, but in painting, sculpture and art generally. (There would be far less hot critical air about Picasso and Braque, Henry Moore, James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, Gertrude Stein and the other innovators, if Intention were rightly understood and applied to the criticism of works of art.) Unless the writer's aim in expressing himself is correctly grasped, not only will the overall significance of a poem or a novel be misunderstood, but detailed examination will result in travesty. Words which may contain ambiguity of basic meaning in the context, associations outside the sense or emotional argument, figures of speech which appear irrelevant, cannot be criticized unless we fully appreciate Intention. It is thus a corrective, a signpost to total meaning.

We are now in a position to see how the intelligent, imaginative, sensitive response which is the basis of all sound literary appreciation turns on the elucidation of meaning. The words before us must be read and re-read until they have yielded as much of the meaning as it is in our power to extract: we must get hold of the dictionary sense; respond to the sensuous or emotional colour—that is, the Feeling as expressed in the associations; we must sympathize with the author's attitude to his audience and not accuse him of errors of Tone if he is accurately adjusted to the tastes, the emotional and intellectual level of his readers; we must respect his Intention. In other words, much of the difficulty of appreciation is the eternal problem of adopting the correct point of view, of reading the words through the eyes of the author, seeing his audience as he sees or saw it, appreciating his aim in writing, and understanding how this point of view has determined not merely the general appearance of the language, but the vocabulary, the imagery and the style in all their respective detail.

CHAPTER ONE

Part One

IF you will look at a grain of wheat you will see that it seems folded up: it has crossed its arms and rolled itself up in a cloak, a fold of which forms a groove, and so gone to sleep. If you look at it some time, as people in the old enchanted days used to look into a mirror, or the magic ink, until they saw living figures therein, you can almost trace a miniature human being in the oval of the grain. It is narrow at the top, where the head would be, and broad across the shoulders, and narrow again down towards the feet; a tiny man or woman has wrapped itself round about with a garment and settled to slumber. Up in the far north, where the dead ice reigns, our arctic explorers used to roll themselves in a sleeping-bag like this, to keep the warmth in their bodies against the chilliness of the night. Down in the south, where the heated sands of Egypt never cool, there in the rock-hewn tombs lie the mummies wrapped and lapped and wound about with a hundred yards of linen, in the hope, it may be, that spices and balm might retain within the sarcophagus some small fragment of human organism through endless ages, till at last the gift of life revisited it. Like a grain of wheat the mummy is folded in its cloth. And I do not know really whether I might not say that these little grains of English corn do not hold within them the actual flesh and blood of man. Transubstantiation is a fact there.

Sometimes the grains are dry and shrivelled and hard as shot, sometimes they are large and full and have a juiciness about them, sometimes they are a little bit red, others are golden, many white. The sack stands open in the market—you can thrust your arm in it a foot deep, or take up a handful and let it run back like a liquid stream, or hold it in your palm and balance it, feeling the weight. They are not very heavy as they lie in the palm, yet these little grains are a ponderous weight that rules man's world. Wherever they are there is empire. Could imperial Rome have only grown sufficient wheat in Italy to have fed her legions Cæsar would still be master of three-fourths of the earth. Rome thought more in her latter days of grapes and oysters and mullets, that change colour as they die, and singing girls and flute-playing,

and cynic verse of Horace—anything rather than corn. Rome is no more, and the lords of the world are they who have mastership of wheat. We have the mastership at this hour by dint of our gold and our hundred-ton guns, but they are telling our farmers to cast aside their corn, and to grow tobacco and fruit and anything else that can be thought of in preference. The gold is slipping away. These sacks in the market open to all to thrust their hands in are not sacks of corn but of golden sovereigns, half-sovereigns, new George and the dragon, old George and the dragon, Sydney mint sovereigns, Napoleons, half-Napoleons, Belgian gold, German gold, Italian gold; gold scraped and scratched and gathered together like old rags from door to door.

RICHARD JEFFERIES, *Field and Hedgerow*

EXERCISES

1. By what figure of speech does the writer anticipate the phrase "a miniature human being" in sentence two?
2. State whether you consider "the gift of life revisited it" a mixed metaphor or not.
3. Pick out in the first paragraph two consecutive sentences where the thought begins as a tentative suggestion and ends as a bold assertion.
4. Do you consider the phrase "mastership of wheat" (a) straightforward, or (b) obscure, or (c) deliberately ambiguous in meaning? Give reasons for your answer.
5. What is the point of (a) the comparison between a grain of wheat and a human being; (b) the references to imperial Rome?
6. The propagandist employs such devices as oblique statement, distortion of fact, irrational argument, over-simplification of human record, appeals to sentiment, etc. How far is the writer a propagandist for the wheat farmer?
7. Explain in your own words what is meant by: "sarco-phagus"; "Transubstantiation is a fact there"; "Wherever they are there is empire"; "cynic verse of Horace"; "mullets"; "The gold is slipping away"; "Sydney mint sovereigns"; "Napoleons".

Part Two

1. Show by definition that you are aware of the difference in meaning between the words in the following pairs:

precept, percept; telepathy, telegraphy; capitation, capitulation; eccentric, egocentric; indict, indite; inornate, inordinate; venal, venial; geography, topography; vedette, vendetta; ordnance, ordinance; muscadine, muscadin; postern, pastern; paraphrase, periphrasis; prospective, perspective; subsidence, subsistence.

2. In the following sentences there is a difference in meaning between the first and second sentence of each pair. Examine these sentences carefully and point out this difference.

- (a) At last, he heard the manager and editor coming slowly down the corridor.
- (a) At last, he heard the manager and the editor coming slowly down the corridor.
- (b) "Are you the young lady", asked the detective, "who got off the plane at Singapore?"
- (b) "You are the young lady", asked the detective, "who got off the plane at Singapore?"
- (c) Don Armado was rich and intellectual.
- (c) Don Armado was rich but intellectual.
- (d) The press published the names of the two first runners.
- (d) The press published the names of the first two runners.
- (e) This book will be appreciated by the French who are artistic.
- (e) This book will be appreciated by the French, who are artistic.
- (f) He only spoke to the men who came to the front of the crowd.
- (f) He spoke only to the men who came to the front of the crowd.
- (g) I did not wait for the change because there was a particularly attractive young lady at the desk.
- (g) I did not wait for the change, because there was a particularly attractive young lady at the desk.

3. The following sentences are in jumbled order. Re-write them in an order which you think constitutes a well-organized paragraph. (*N.B.—The order of the words in each sentence must not be changed.*)

The deaths of cities were as inevitable as those of men. Some drops of rain fell; then a shower, tolerably heavy. I am not sure I did not greet with sullen pleasure a heavy, dark, dense mass of cloud that at that moment canopied the city. At length I adjourned to the Star, somewhat moody, more than half wishing I had not entered the city. I thought that some future Layard might exhume the cornices of the Oxford temples. The mind finds all kinds of congenialities grateful at such moments. I felt that my missing friends had only a priority in mortality, and that the law of the Supreme existed to be obeyed without man's questionings. I could not go out again as I intended doing. I ordered my solitary meal, and began ruminating, as we all do, over the thousandth-time told tale of human destiny by generation after generation. I sat and sipped my wine, thinking of the fate of cities,—of Nineveh the renowned, of the marbles lately recovered from thence with the mysterious arrow-headed characters.

4. Write an essay on *one* of these subjects:

- (a) The newspaper is the opiate of the masses.
- (b) War makes rattling good history, but Peace is poor reading.
- (c) Reading was once a pleasure, but now it is a painful necessity.
- (d) English novelists are obsessed with class distinctions.
- (e) Angry young men.
- (f) Education is what remains after one has forgotten all one has learnt.
- (g) Except for the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in origin.
- (h) The herd instinct in adolescents.
- (i) The only people who derive any benefit or satisfaction from Trade Unionism are its leaders.

CHAPTER TWO

Part One

Faustus : Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I'll leap up to my God!—Who pulls me down?—
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my Christ!—
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No, no!
Then will I headlong run into the earth;
Earth, gape! O, no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring clouds,
That, when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!

[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*]

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.
O God,
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain.

Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!
O, no end is limited to damnèd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!

[*Thunder and lightning.*

O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Enter DEVILS

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistophilis!

[*Exeunt* DEVILS *with* FAUSTUS.

Enter CHORUS

Chorus: Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel-bough,
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

[*Exit.*

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, *Doctor Faustus*

The above is the last speech of Faustus, who has previously bartered his soul to the Devil in return for the realization of all his earthly desires. This is his last hour on earth.

EXERCISES

1. Name and illustrate from the text any *four* rhetorical devices by which Marlowe expresses a highly emotional state of mind.
2. Pick out the word (or words) which by repetition is most significant in this passage. What is the dramatic value of this repetition?
3. Faustus is fully conscious of:
 - (a) the unalterable laws of the universe,
 - (b) his complete isolation in time,
 - (c) the inevitability of his doom.

For each of the above effects quote *one* relevant but short passage.

4. A soliloquy such as this presents special difficulties to the dramatist. What do you think were the difficulties before Marlowe? Comment on the means by which he circumvents them.
5. Throughout this speech Faustus alternates between a realization of his helplessness and a pathetic plea for assistance. Quote *two* passages where this alternation is particularly evident.
6. What is the dramatic effect of the speech of the Chorus?
7. Give in your own words the meaning of the following:

“Whose influence hath allotted death and hell”; “Whose blood hath ransom’d me”; “Pythagoras’ metempsychosis”; “Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight”; “Apollo’s laurel bough.”

Part Two

1. Find the origin of the following phrases and give their meaning:
 - (a) *Et tu, Brute*; (b) *panem et circenses*; (c) *sic transit gloria mundi*; (d) *delenda est Carthago*; (e) *quod erat demonstrandum*; (f) *si monumentum requiris, circumspice*; (g) *dulce et decorum pro patria mori*; (h) *vicisti, Galilæe*; (i) *veni, vidi, vici*; (j) *qualis artifex pereo*.

2. Explain clearly in your own words the full significance of each of the following statements:
- (a) Some people want more Beethoven or Mozart—but the majority simply want more bread and cheese.
 - (b) Honesty is the best policy, but he who is governed by that maxim is not an honest man.
 - (c) Adam was but human—this explains it all. He did not want the apple for the apple's sake; he wanted it only because it was forbidden.
 - (d) People who like this sort of thing will find this the sort of thing they like.
 - (e) A man who really knows cannot be mistaken; and since he knows that he knows, he also knows that he cannot be mistaken.
 - (f) I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.
 - (g) The louder he talked of his honour the faster we counted our spoons.
3. Name the figures of speech in the following, and then explain their effect:
- (a) When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
 - (b) He took his hat, his coat and his leave forthwith.
 - (c) To err is human: to forgive divine.
 - (d) They had in fact nothing to wish for, but the marriage of Colonel Brandon and Marianne, and rather better pasturage for their cows.
 - (e) He was received into the bosom of the Lord on the 23rd of April, 1715.
 - (f) Even at this day a country squire or rector, on landing with his cub under his wing in Oxford, finds himself at sea.
 - (g) Wingsinge she was, as is a joly colt,
Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.

- (h) Keats kept a better length, but Shelley had more pace off the pitch.
- (i) Only one ancient Priest offers the Sacrifice,
Murmuring holy Latin immemorial.
- (j) Like Webster's Dictionary we're Morocco bound!

4. Comment on the use and effectiveness of the figurative language in these quotations:

- (a) She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson barr'd;
And full of silver moons, that, as she breathed,
Dissolv'd, or brighter shone, or interwreathed
Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries.
(A description of a snake.)
- (b) Go, and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me, where all past years are,
Or who cleft the Devil's foot,
Teach me to hear Mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.
- (c) He passed through the trees and along the ridge of the hill. On the extreme summit, where the ends of the two converging hedges were stopped short by meeting the brow of the chalk-pit, he saw the younger dog standing against the sky—dark and motionless as Napoleon at St. Helena.
- (d) A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too near the sands to boast his wit.
- (e) Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran.

(f) A garland of flowers unfurls across the painted flesh.
With quick precision the arterial forceps click.
Yellow threads are knotted with a simple flourish.
Transfused, the blood preserves its rose, though it is sick.

(g) If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune.

(h) Especially when the October wind
With frosty fingers punishes my hair,
Caught by the crabbing sun I walk on fire
And cast a shadow crab upon the land,
By the sea's side, hearing the noise of birds,
Hearing the raven cough in winter sticks.

(i) Jane, Jane,
Tall as a crane,
The morning light creaks down again;

Comb your cockscomb-ragged hair,
Jane, Jane, come down the stair.

(j) Why should I want to go back
To you Ireland, my Ireland?
The blots on the page are so black
That they can't be covered with shamrock.

CHAPTER THREE

Part One

THE most illuminating comment on Jane Austen's work was made by herself. She refused to write the big novel of public life which some of her critics proposed to her; for, she said, it would be unwise for her to leave "her little bit (two inches wide) of ivory". In seven words she reveals what it is that makes her the most consistently successful of English novelists. Alone among them she had the critical mind; she realized her own limitations; and she had the strength of will to keep within them. These limitations were two in number, the length and breadth, as it were, of the bit of ivory. The first was æsthetic, a question of form. Like Molière or Congreve, she was a writer of high comedy. She approached the human nature which was her subject, from the satiric angle. And in consequence she deliberately excluded from her subject-matter any theme or emotion that could ruffle the mood of smiling intelligent detachment in which alone high comedy can be appreciated. She lived through the French and the Industrial revolutions, but she never permits their shadow to darken the clear bright surface of her pages. There are no deaths in her books, no sublime speculations, no mysteries, no adventures, no crimes. "Let other pens dwell on guilt and misery", she said, "I quit such odious subjects as soon as I can."

The second limitation she imposed on herself arose from her social circumstances. No novelist, except a pure romancer, can write convincingly of worlds outside his own experience. Every one remembers what disasters overtook Dickens when he left the middle and lower classes he knew so well, to describe Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Frederick Verisopht, or Henry James when he descended from the drawing-room of the Princess Casamassima to grope delicately through the lurid dens of international anarchists. Now Jane Austen was born a woman, in an age when women were prevented by convention from mixing in any society but that they were born to; and the society she was born to, that of the lesser English gentry, was of all others that most ruled by convention. So that the world of her experience was necessarily a very small one. But she realized the danger of leaving it,

and rigidly kept her stories to the world she knew. They all take place in England, all in her own period, all in her own class. Indeed she imposes further limitations on herself; and keeps carefully to her own age and sex. She never describes a conversation at which no woman was present, and never draws a full-length portrait of any one but a woman of her own age.

Now any art so disciplined and vigilant cannot be perfected in a day. And for this reason *Sense and Sensibility* is not likely to be her best book. For it was her first. And as a matter of fact it is the most technically defective.

Not that it is bad technically. That sense of structure which was to impose on the seething chaos of the English novel of humour an order as lucid as that of a Greek vase, was an integral part of her creative inspiration, and showed itself in everything she wrote from the age of ten on. And the general scheme of *Sense and Sensibility* is as well ordered as those of her later novels. The theme is simple. Elinor and Marianne Dashwood are two sisters, both charming, intelligent and virtuous; but while Elinor's conduct is governed by settled principles drawn from reason and experience, Marianne trusts for guidance to the uninformed good impulses of her exuberant nature. Both fall in love, and both find themselves deceived by the object of their affections. But while Elinor's habit of self-control enables her to rise superior to her disappointment, Marianne collapses beneath hers entirely. In the end Elinor's lover, Edward Ferrars, proves guiltless, and she marries him; while Marianne, convinced by experience of her errors, is united to Colonel Brandon, an old admirer whom she is not in love with but who reason tells her will make her an excellent husband. To this theme Jane Austen adheres faithfully. The story moves from Sussex to Devonshire, from Devonshire to London and Somerset, and a great many characters appear on the stage; but every character and every scene has its justification as contributing to the development of the main plot.

LORD DAVID CECIL, *Sense and Sensibility, An Essay*

EXERCISES

1. Show how paragraphs one and two are the development of an important statement in paragraph one.
2. Paragraph three is a transition paragraph. Why?
3. How far is paragraph four a modification of a statement in paragraph three?

4. Pick out a small error of statement in paragraph one.
5. If the statements about Jane Austen's limitations are accepted, what conclusions may one reasonably draw about the story of *Sense and Sensibility*, its setting, and the characters of Marianne, Elinor, Colonel Brandon and Edward Ferrars?
6. Give in your own words the difference between Marianne and Elinor.
7. Explain the meaning of:
 - (a) The first was æsthetic, a question of form.
 - (b) No novelist, except a pure romancer, can write convincingly of worlds outside his own experience.
 - (c) Marianne trusts for guidance to the uninformed good impulses of her exuberant nature.
8. Give clearly in your own words the meaning of the following words or phrases:

"smiling intelligent detachment"; "high comedy";
 "anarchist"; "technically defective"; "integral";
 "settled principles"; "uninformed".

Part Two

1. Write short definitions of the following words to show that you understand their meaning:

picaresque, theosophy, howitzer, gargoyle, innuendo, euphemism, estaminet, hedonism, debutante, claustrophobia, protoplasm, corolla, syllogism, deism, obligato, suffragette, pointillism, calligraphy, phlebitis, theodolite.
2. Give the English equivalent of these phrases:

ab ovo; coup de théâtre; pons asinorum; le secret de Polichinelle; agent provocateur; nouveau riche; rigor mortis; status quo; deus ex machina; Weltanschauung.
3. State which of the following sentences are loose and which periodic. Convert the loose to periodic and the periodic to loose.
 - (a) This last method which I proposed in my Saturday's paper, for filling up those empty spaces of life which are so tedious and burdensome to idle people, is the employing ourselves in the pursuit of knowledge.

- (b) Shortly before the war a doctor in San Francisco discovered that if a drop of a candidate's blood can be obtained on a piece of blotting-paper it is possible to discover within half an hour what is wrong with him physically.
- (c) The chestnut husks split wide open when they came to the ground, revealing the polished brown of the shy fruit.
- (d) Such exaltation of thought, while it let adrift the spirit, and gave it licence in strange airs, lost it the old patient rule over the body.
- (e) To the memory of Rhodes his countrymen set up the great bronze horse of Watts, which champs and paws beneath a rider who looks eagerly out under his hand across fertile land to the sea beyond; a monument reminiscent of the long inheritance of civilization.
- (f) He passed out of sight, and his step, receding down the other aisle, was heard presently at the bottom of the church again.
- (g) One is drawn back, strangely, to a contemplation of the Falls, at every hour, and especially by night, when the cloud of spray becomes an immense visible ghost, straining and wavering high above the river, white and pathetic and translucent.
- (h) If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered: this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition or elegance.
- (i) When he sits at his door, smoking his water-pipe and through his great horn spectacles reading a newspaper, his eyes must rest with good humour sometimes on the fantastic ornamentation.
- (j) If you are pleased with the complaisance and attention of others to your humours, your tastes, or your weaknesses, depend upon it, the same complaisance and attention, on your part, to theirs, will equally please them.

4. The following sentences are in jumbled order. Read them carefully and answer the questions on them.

Over there somewhere in the heart of the forest an N'goma was being held. At the point where I struck it the water swirled into a deep pool, and the sunlight, which here beat vertically upon its surface through the parting of the trees, showed a bottom of tawny sand dappled with light which tempted me to bathe. I walked a little way into the forest until I became aware of the sound of running water, and at length pushed my way to the bank of a swift stream. While I was standing there entranced with that race of brown water and its noise, another sound came to my ears, the beating of a distant drum. This was the Lumi, a brown river rushing between steep banks. The only thing about its direction that was certain was that it lay somewhere beyond the river. How far away it might be I could not guess, but it was a thrilling sound that would not let me be until I had traced it to its source.

- (a) Two important sounds are mentioned here. Name them and give the order of their importance.
- (b) Re-arrange the sentences into a well-organized paragraph. (*You must not change the order of the words in any sentence.*)
- (c) Give a short title to your re-organized paragraph.

CHAPTER FOUR

Part One

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!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, *Sonnet*

EXERCISES

1. On which of the two main sonnet forms is this poem based?
2. Indicate a natural division in the structure of the poem. Does this coincide with a division in the thought?
3. If you had to choose *three* nouns from the poem to suggest the qualities of the scene depicted, which three nouns would you choose?
4. Comment on the appropriateness of the simile in the fourth and fifth lines.
5. The preponderance of a particular consonantal sound contributes to the main effect of the poem. Indicate this sound and comment on its value in this sonnet.
6. Quote the line which by contrast reinforces the idea of calm and immobility in the poem.

* * *

What nudity as beautiful as this
 Obedient monster purring at its toil;
 Those naked iron muscles dripping oil,
 And the sure-fingered rods that never miss?
 This long and shining flank of metal is
 Magic that greasy labour cannot spoil;
 While this vast engine that could rend the soil
 Conceals its fury with a gentle hiss.

It does not vent its loathing, it does not turn
 Upon its makers with destroying hate.
 It bears a deeper malice; lives to earn
 Its master's bread and laughs to see this great
 Lord of the earth, who rules but cannot learn,
 Become the slave of what his slaves create.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER, *Portrait of a Machine*

EXERCISES

1. State briefly the theme of the above poem.
2. What is the fundamental image in the opening lines? Is this image sustained throughout the poem? Give reasons for your opinion.
3. Certain words have strong pictorial and aural appeal. Pick out these and comment on their effectiveness.
4. How far does this poem conform to the traditional structure of the Petrarchan sonnet?
5. Explain in your own words:

and laughs to see this great
 Lord of the earth, who rules but cannot learn,
 Become the slave of what his slaves create.

6. What, do you gather from the above poem, is the poet's attitude to the age of machines?

Part Two

1. Name the figures of speech in the following and explain their effect:
 - (a) What is a cynic? A man who knows the price of everything, and the value of nothing.

- (b) Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon.
- (c) . . . the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.
- (d) The adventurous Baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
- (e) Only a cock stood on the rooftree
Co co rico co co rico.
- (f) All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little
hand.
- (g) Now labour his reward receives,
For ADORATION counts his sheaves,
To peace, her bounteous prince.
- (h) England won the toss and scored freely for the first
hour before lunch.
- (i) What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,
The feast of vultures, and the waste of life?
The varying fortunes of each separate field,
The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield?
- (j) Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.

2. Comment on the style of each of the passages that follow:

- (a) Up and my wife, a little before four, and to make us ready; and by and by Mrs Turner came to us, by agreement, and she and I stayed talking below, while my wife dressed herself, which vexed me that she was so long about it, keeping us till past five o'clock before she was ready. She ready; and, taking some bottles of wine, and beer, and some cold fowl with us into the coach, we took coach and four horses, which I had provided last night, and so away. A very fine day, and so towards Epsom, talking all the way pleasantly, and particularly of the pride and ignorance of Mrs Lowther, in having of her train carried up. The country very fine, only the way very dusty. To Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the well; where much company, and I drank the water: they did not, but I did drink four pints.

And to the town, to the King's Head; and we hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them: and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the King's house.

- (b) The rocket-car shot forward with terrific acceleration. My head was jolted back against the pads on the back of the seat, and I felt an intense pressure on the inside of my forehead and behind my eyes. My stomach seemed to be tearing itself apart, and from my lungs the air came out in bubbles and grunts. Before my brain could record all the various symptoms, the reverse happened. My head shot forward, my chin bored into the rubber pad on my chest. My body tried to burst the broad straps that encircled it and my arms tried to fly out in front of my body. Internally, I felt almost mutilated. My spine came forward and my vital organs seemed to bump against it. Suddenly all was still except for the pounding blood in my veins and the jangled nerves all over my body. I cautiously opened my eyes and saw a blood-red scene.
- (c) A figure, only visible at Rome in night or solitude, and then only to be seen amid the desolated temples of the Forum, or gliding among the weed-grown galleries of the Coliseum, crossed their path. His form, which, though emaciated, displayed the elementary outlines of exquisite grace, was enveloped in an ancient chlamys, which half concealed his face; his snow-white feet were fitted with ivory sandals, delicately sculptured in the likeness of two female figures, whose wings met upon the heel, and whose eager and half-divided lips seemed quivering to meet. It was a face, once seen, never to be forgotten. The mouth and the moulding of the chin resembled the eager and impassioned tenderness of the statues of Antinous; but instead of the effeminate sullenness of the eye, and the narrow smoothness of the forehead, shone an expression of profound and piercing thought: the brow was clear and open, and his eyes deep, like two wells of crystalline water which reflect

the all-beholding heavens. Over all was spread a timid expression of womanish tenderness and hesitation, which contrasted, yet intermingled strangely, with the abstracted and fearless character that predominated in his form and gestures.

3. Choose *one* of the following works and write short notes on its literary, historical or philosophical significance:

- (a) *The Origin of Species* (Darwin).
- (b) *Lyrical Ballads* (Wordsworth and Coleridge).
- (c) *Ulysses* (James Joyce).
- (d) *Mein Kampf* (Adolf Hitler).
- (e) *The Dictionary of the English Language* (Dr. Johnson).
- (f) *Euphues* (John Lyly).
- (g) *La Nouvelle Héloïse* (Rousseau).

4. Write an essay on *one* of the following themes:

- (a) War and famine are nature's way of controlling the population of the earth.
- (b) The invention of the internal combustion engine marked the beginning of the end of culture.
- (c) Meaning is of the intellect, poetry is not. If it were, the eighteenth century would have been able to write it better.
- (d) Surrealism is the cul-de-sac of painting.
- (e) Of Shakespeare we may say:
Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale
His infinite variety.
- (f) We learn what poetry is—if we ever learn—by reading it.
- (g) Some broadcasts are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.
- (h) If Socrates were living to-day, you would see him more often at Lord's than in the British Museum.

CHAPTER FIVE

Part One

ONE thing an elected Assembly of Twelve Hundred is fit for: Destroying. Which indeed is but a more decided exercise of its natural talent for doing nothing. Do nothing, only keep agitating, debating; and things will destroy themselves.

So and not otherwise proved it with an august National Assembly. It took the name Constituent, as if its mission and function had been to construct or build; which also, with its whole soul, it endeavoured to do: yet, in the fates, in the nature of things, there lay for it precisely of all functions the most opposite to that. Singular, what Gospels men will believe; even Gospels according to Jean Jacques! It was the fixed faith of these National Deputies, as of all thinking Frenchmen, that the Constitution could be made; that they, there and then, were called to make it. How, with the toughness of old Hebrews or Ishmaelite Moslem, did the otherwise light unbelieving People persist in this their *Credo quia impossibile*; and front the armed world with it, and grow fanatic and even heroic, and do exploits by it! The Constituent Assembly's Constitution, and several others, will, being printed and not manuscript, survive to future generations, as an instructive well-nigh incredible document of the Time: the most significant Picture of the then existing France; or at lowest, Picture of these men's Picture of it.

But in truth and seriousness, what could the National Assembly have done? The thing to be done was, actually as they said, to regenerate France; to abolish the old France, and make a new one, quietly or forcibly, by concession or by violence: this by the Law of Nature has become inevitable. With what degree of violence, depends on the wisdom of those that preside over it. With perfect wisdom on the part of the National Assembly, it had all been otherwise; but whether, in any wise, it could have been pacific, nay other than bloody and convulsive, may still be a question.

Grant, meanwhile, that this Constituent Assembly does to the last continue to be something. With a sigh, it sees itself incessantly forced away from its infinite divine task of perfecting "the Theory of Irregular Verbs",—to finite terrestrial tasks, which

latter have still a significance for us. It is the cynosure of revolutionary France, this National Assembly. All work of Government has fallen into its hands, or under its control; all men look to it for guidance. In the middle of that huge revolt of Twenty-five millions, it hovers always aloft as Carroccia or Battle Standard, impelling and impelled, in the most confused way: if it cannot give much guidance, it will seem to give some. It emits pacificatory Proclamations not a few; with more or with less result. It authorises the enrolment of National Guards,—lest Brigands come to devour us, and reap the unripe crops. It missions to quell “effervescences”; to deliver men from the Lanterne. It can listen to congratulatory Addresses, which arrive daily by the sackful; mostly in King Cambyzes’ vein: also to petitions and complaints from all mortals; so that every mortal’s complaint, if it cannot get redressed, may at least hear itself complain. For the rest, an august National Assembly can produce Parliamentary Eloquence; and appoint Committees. Committees of the Constitution, of Reports, of Researches; and of much else: which again yield mountains of Printed Paper; the theme of new Parliamentary Eloquence, in bursts or in plenteous smooth-flowing floods. And so, from the waste vortex whereon all things go whirling and grinding, Organic Laws or the similitude of such, slowly emerge.

With endless debating, we get the Rights of Man written down and promulgated: true paper basis of all paper Constitutions. Neglecting, cry the opponents, to declare the Duties of Man! Forgetting, answer we, to ascertain the Rights of Man;—one of the fatalest omissions!—Nay sometimes, as on the Fourth of August, our National Assembly, fired suddenly by an almost preternatural enthusiasm, will get through whole masses of work in one night. A memorable night, this Fourth of August: Dignitaries temporal and spiritual; Peers, Archbishops, Parlement-Presidents, each outdoing the other in patriotic devotedness, come successively to throw their now untenable possessions on the “altar of the fatherland”. With louder and louder vivats,—for indeed it is “after dinner” too,—they abolish Tithes, Seignorial Dues, Gabelle, excessive Preservation of Game; nay Privilege, Immunity, Feudalism root and branch; then appoint a *Te Deum* for it; and so, finally, disperse about three in the morning, striking the stars with their sublime heads. Such night, unforeseen but forever memorable, was this of the Fourth of August 1789.

THOMAS CARLYLE, *The French Revolution*

EXERCISES

1. Describe in your own words what the writer implies was the real task before the Constituent Assembly.
2. Why did it fail in this task? What did it actually accomplish?
3. The Rights of Man are not the same as the Duties of Man. What is the difference between them?
4. Comment on the attitude of the writer towards the conduct of this National Assembly.
5. Quote instances from the text (*one for each device*) where emphasis is secured by the following rhetorical devices:
 - (a) repetition of a word.
 - (b) repetition of an idea.
 - (c) hyperbole.
 - (d) exclamation.
 - (e) inversion.
 - (f) ellipsis.
 - (g) rhetorical question.
 - (h) litotes.
6. Sir Walter Raleigh once described Carlyle's style as resembling "an epileptic fit". Comment on the truth of this statement.
7. Explain in your own words the meaning of:
 - (a) even Gospels according to Jean Jacques.
 - (b) the cynosure of revolutionary France.
 - (c) mostly in King Cambyzes' vein.
 - (d) true paper basis of all paper Constitutions.
 - (e) striking the stars with their sublime heads.
8. What is the meaning of the following words:
"Constitution"; "terrestrial"; "pacificatory"; "vortex";
"promulgated"; "preternatural"; "Vivats"; "Tithes";
"Gabelle"; "Te Deum"?

Part Two

1. Give the equivalent in modern English of the following:
rheum; billet-doux; scullion; St. Anthony's fire; ruth;
brimstone; leaping-house; alchemy; leman; the king's-evil;
aqua fortis; apothecary; welkin; paynim; weasand;
musketeer; betimes; viol da gamba; perse; hautboy.

2. Give clearly in your own words the full significance of each of these statements:

- (a) It is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
- (b) It was universally agreed that, if he had not become king, he was capable of ruling.
- (c) Know for certain: thou shouldest lead a dying life. And the more any man dies to himself: the more does he begin to live unto God.
- (d) His reputation will ever be on the increase, because he is so little read.
- (e) Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
- (f) Philosophy serves culture, not by the fancied gift of absolute or transcendental knowledge, but by suggesting questions which help one to detect the passion, and strangeness, and dramatic contrasts of life.
- (g) Picasso was always possessed by the necessity of emptying himself, of emptying himself completely, of always emptying himself, he is so full of it that all his existence is the repetition of a complete emptying, he must empty himself, he can never empty himself of being Spanish, but he can empty himself of what he has created. So every one says that he changes but really it is not that, he empties himself and the moment he has completed emptying himself he must recommence emptying himself, he fills himself up again so quickly.

3. Comment on the use and effectiveness of the figurative language in the following passages:

- (a) Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—
So slender Sohrab seem'd, so softly rear'd.

(b)

Designer infinite!—

Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn
with it?

My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;
And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever
From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful branches of my mind.

(c)

The great brand

Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur.

(d) The metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pick-axes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

(e) The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
Of their moon-freezing crystals, the bright chains
Eat with their burning cold into my bones.
Heaven's wingèd hound, polluting from thy lips
His beak in poison not his own, tears up
My heart.

(f) Experience is never limited, and it is never complete; it is an immense sensibility, a kind of huge spider-web of the finest silken threads suspended in the chamber of consciousness, and catching every air-borne particle in its tissue.

CHAPTER SIX

Part One

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
Blood must be my body's balmer;
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like a white palmer,
Travels to the land of heaven;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains:
 There will I kiss
 The bowl of bliss;
And drink mine everlasting fill
On every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before;
But, after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
 I'll take them first
 To quench their thirst
And taste of nectar suckets,
 At those clear wells
 Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blessed paths we'll travel,
Strowed with rubies thick as gravel;
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral and pearly bowers.

From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,
 Where no corrupted voices brawl;
 No conscience molten into gold,
 No forged accuser bought or sold,
 No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
 For there Christ is the King's Attorney,
 Who pleads for all without degrees,
 And he hath angels, but no fees.
 And when the grand twelve-million jury
 Of our sins, with direful fury,
 Against our souls black verdicts give,
 Christ pleads His death, and then we live.

Be Thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
 Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
 Thou givest salvation even for alms;
 Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.
 And this is mine eternal plea
 To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
 That, since my flesh must die so soon,
 And want a head to dine next noon,
 Just at the stroke, when my veins start and spread,
 Set on my soul an everlasting head!
 Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
 To tread those blest paths which before I writ.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, *The Pilgrimage*

EXERCISES

1. The figurative language of the poem is sustained by two basic images. Describe these images and state the sources from which they are drawn.
2. Indicate the exact point at which the transition is made from the first to the second image. Is this transition natural or forced?
3. Where in the poem is the satiric note evident? Has it been previously anticipated?
4. Indicate the human practices that the poet condemns by implication.
5. Comment on the differences in metrical form between the first and second half of the poem.

6. What was the fate of the poet? Quote the lines that seem to reveal a grim and sardonic humour.
7. Where in the poem do you find an example of:
- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| (a) a pun, | (d) bathos, |
| (b) sarcasm, | (e) hyperbole, |
| (c) euphemism, | (f) tautology? |
8. Explain what is meant by:
- “my scallop-shell of quiet”; “a white palmer”; “rags of clay”; “nectar suckets”; “no conscience molten into gold”; “taintless pleader”; “thou givest salvation even for alms”.

Part Two

1. Reduce the following examples of commercial jargon to their simplest and most lucid form:
- (a) The factors which have created the difficulties in the way of making up the company's backlog of orders were still largely present, and in particular the present shortage of skilled and unskilled engineering employees in this particular area presented a practical limit to the extent to which the company's production could be expanded, and the company must consequently mainly look to improved methods of production for the continued expansion of its output.
- (b) From small foundations the present structure has been built, growing steadily from year to year, until to-day you have a large group of companies producing practically every type of product required by the consuming industries not only in the home market but also in most foreign countries where these materials are used.
- (c) Life insurance has for many years been recognised by the people of this country as an attractive and convenient method of regular saving. Particularly does this apply in the ten million homes regularly called on by agents of the industrial life assurance offices, for the periodical visit of the insurance man creates the habit of regular saving: there is no other form of thrift which provides comparable machinery for regularly putting something by.

- (d) Since the close of the financial year approval has been received for increases in selling prices of tobacco and cigarettes which are inadequate to meet the position, particularly as the impact of the recent basic wage increases and the effect upon leaf prices of the currency devaluation, to which I have already referred, is now having its effect upon the manufacturing costs of the subsidiary companies.

2. Give the English equivalent of these words or phrases:

deo volente; affaire d'honneur; ecce signum; carte blanche; sine qua non; Zeitgeist; enfant terrible; tædium vitæ; vis comica; sub rosa; faux pas; quot homines tot sententiæ; le juste milieu; quieta non movere; al fresco; mis en scène; literæ humaniores; lapsus linguæ; comédie larmoyante; recherché.

3. Comment on the style of each of the following passages:

- (a) There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element; but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

- (b) Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd.

- (c) Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Part One

IF you will adopt for a moment that point of view with me you will realize at once the peculiar mystery of those dark places that, cavern after cavern, go down the length of a wainscot, with irregular shafts and corridors winding off to remoter darkness, and every now and then the fairy step of some little errant draught, a child of one of those worshipful, wonderful winds, that prowl the open spaces of the world, and blow, so some have said, wherever they list. Down one of these caverns when all is quiet you pick a well-known way, throwing a word of greeting, perhaps, to the spider as you pass, who is too silent and busy to answer you—for silence and work are in his usurious blood from scores of centuries of generations—and you go blithely on, for from some well-smoothed place in unfathomable corridors you hear the dance of your kin. And, meeting now and again on your way the beauty and menace of light, you, slipping back from it into the safer caverns, come to the dancing ground, and all is merry there for some little while, when suddenly there arises and draws nearer apace a sound like a rush of thunder, and not like thunder as it seems to some civilized race of men, but thunder as it is heard in some sun-burned waste by a frightened African tribe that fear some punitive god; and there strides not far from your caverns a creature undoubtedly living; it is as though those colossi that sit at Memnon with their faces turned from Thebes were to say at last, 'We are weary', colossus to colossus, and were to stretch themselves and stride through the villages. The danger passes away and you dance again, gliding through halls whose ruin is your building, the triumph of fifty generations of your race; and all the while comes beautifully wafted over the dark rocks of your cavernous home from the dangerous carpeted spaces the entrancing scent of the lure. And this lure it is that changes your humble daily life into one of almost Elizabethan adventure, for whenever the quiet time comes and the thunderers are still, you steal away to the lure in the vastness of the house, whether it be the delectable cheese that calls you, or bread-crumbs to be gleaned along furrows of the floor. It is then that you

perceive the hugeness of the house, and the curtains descending in cataracts of silk from dark incredible altitudes, and the pillars that support the tables and chairs going up and up by fours to be lost in the night, or perhaps most wondrous of all, some belated fire, whose one flame leaps and falls, and leaps and falls again, playing catch-as-catch-can with the darkness, and somewhere in the vastness that magical thing the clock which seems neither alive nor dead; you would say that man had contrived it because he feared the silence and had set this tireless, silence-hating thing to defend him from its coming; yet at every beat of the clock the silence that man will never overthrow takes one step nearer to him. And then you seize the lure and hurry away to your home. You might almost fear that at such a moment man might suddenly shout in the stillness and spring upon you and seize the precious bread that supports his life as yours. But it is something quieter than you that you fear upon those carpeted plains when the measureless house is still, something subtle and swift and familiar with the night.

Let us picture a tiger thrice the size of an elephant yet with feet so padded, so soft, that were he to come upon you in the daylight, which he does not, he would come no noisier than his shadow. But let us see the world no more from the . . . point of view, lest the fancy of one of us linger too long on those aubusson plains at midnight, and what she thought was a shadow is a . . . , all crouched, quite close, and one of us suddenly screams as he sits before the fire, and two stern men come in with chains and say: 'We heard you scream as you sat before the fire', and that one is taken away to share their doom with the mad. For what after all is that reason of which we make our boasts? A little fairy dancing, and for ever so short a while, on the narrow, ice-blue ridges that gleam between madness and death.

LORD DUNSANY, *The Open Window*

EXERCISES

1. Comment on the use of the words "mystery", "darkness", and "prowl", in the first sentence as keywords to the atmosphere of the whole extract.
2. Explain the reference in the phrase "the thunderers are still".

3. To what does the phrase "furrows of the floor" refer? Comment on the appropriateness of the verb "glean" in this context.
4. Two words are omitted from the text (as indicated by dotted lines). Supply these two words.
5. Would you say that the allusions to the spider, the African tribe, the colossi at Memnon, are functional or decorative in this passage? Give a detailed answer.
6. Why from this point of view does the clock seem neither alive nor dead?
7. The point of view is dominated by the sense of fear. Show how the writer intensifies this feeling until it is lost in madness.
8. Consider the whole extract as a very carefully modulated climax based on word-association.
9. Give the meaning of "errant"; "usurious"; "punitive"; "delectable"; "belated"; "aubusson".

Part Two

1. Write brief definitions of the following words or phrases:
corps de ballet; *Star Chamber*; *crampon*; *osmotic pressure*; *infra-red ray*; *Big Brother*; *Strontium 90*; *Döppler effect*; *trade cycle*; *calculus*; *alpha particle*; *Enlightened Despotism*; *recessive gene*; *photo-electric cell*; *Dust Devil*; *Tolpuddle Martyrs*; *poetic realism*; *sputnik*; *Le Roi Soleil*; *cyclotron*.
2. Examine the following sentences, pick out the main ideas in them, then break each sentence up into smaller sentences without omitting any point essential to the fundamental meaning. (*You may modernise archaisms or change the order of words or clauses.*)
 - (a) Whilst our general was busied in searching the country and those islands adjacent on the east shore, the ships and barques, having great care not to put far into the sea from him, for that he had small store of victuals, were forced to abide in a cruel tempest, chancing in the night amongst and in the thickest of the ice, which was so

monstrous that even the least of a thousand had been of force sufficient to have shivered our ship and barques into small portions, if God (who in all necessities hath care upon the infirmity of man) had not provided for this our extremity a sufficient remedy, through the light of the night, whereby we might well discern to flee from such imminent dangers, which we avoided with fourteen bourdes in one watch, the space of four hours.

- (b) Montrose was in his nature fearless of danger, and never declined any enterprise for the difficulty of going through with it, but exceedingly affected those which seemed desperate to other men, and did believe somewhat to be in himself which other men were not acquainted with, which made him live more easily towards those who were, or were willing to be, inferior to him (towards whom he exercised wonderful civility and generosity), than with his superiors or equals.
- (c) Lay and slept well till three in the morning, and then waking, and by the light of the moon I saw my pillow (which overnight I flung from me) stand upright, but, not bethinking myself what it might be, I was a little afraid, but sleep overcame all, and so lay still nigh morning, at which time I had a candle brought me, and a good fire made, and in general it was a great pleasure all the time I stayed here to see how I am respected and honoured by all people; and I find that I begin to know now how to receive so much reverence, which, at the beginning, I could not tell how to do.
- (d) Chess-play is a good and witty exercise of the mind for some kind of men, and fit for such melancholy ones, *Rhasis* holds, as are idle, and have extravagant impertinent thoughts, or are troubled with cares, nothing better to distract their mind, and alter their meditations, invented (some say) by the general of an army in a famine, to keep soldiers from mutiny: but if it proceed from over-much study, in such a case it may do more harm than good; it is a game too troublesome for some men's brains, too full of anxiety, all out as bad as study; besides it is a testy choleric game, and very offensive to him that loseth the Mate.

3. Read the following sentences, and answer the questions on them:

However, he looks elsewhere. Now we prefer a match-box and string. Like a cat, he will pounce on small moving objects. He looks everywhere but at the suspicious movement. Yet as soon as he is beside the object he is on it so quickly with his talons that there is no getting used to its suddenness. He is fond of a bit of fun, but only after dark. He pretends that he has been unobservant. We used to play this game by moving our hands under the table-cloth. Then, with his odd walk, that curious rolling gait, like that of a stout and light-hearted seaman, he strides not directly towards the movement, but only obliquely, as though he had just thought of something more important than play. Suppose that you secrete a match-box, tied to a length of string, under the table-cloth, Joey will spy its first effort to get slyly away.

- (a) Pick out the sentence which is the "topic" or "key" sentence in the above disorganized paragraph.
 - (b) Which sentence do you think rounds off the statements of these sentences?
 - (c) Arrange the sentences into a well-organized paragraph.
4. Choose *one* of the following works and write short notes on its literary, historical or philosophical significance:
- (a) *Novum Organum* (Bacon).
 - (b) *The Waste Land* (T. S. Eliot).
 - (c) *The Authorized Version of the Bible*.
 - (d) *An Essay concerning Human Understanding* (J. Locke).
 - (e) *Das Kapital* (Karl Marx).
 - (f) *The Prince* (Machiavelli).
 - (g) *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (Gibbon).

CHAPTER EIGHT

Part One

- A. I meet you in an evil time.
B. The evil bells
Put out of our heads, I think, the thought of everything else.
- A. The jaded calendar revolves,
Its nuts need oil, carbon chokes the valves,
The excess sugar of a diabetic culture
Rotting the nerve of life and literature;
Therefore when we bring out the old tinsel and frills
To announce that Christ is born among the barbarous hills
I turn to you whom a morose routine
Saves from the mad vertigo of being what has been.
- B. Analogue of me, you are wrong to turn to me,
My country will not yield you any sanctuary,
There is no pinpoint in any of the ordnance maps
To save you when your towns and town-bred thoughts collapse,
It is better to die *in situ* as I shall,
One place is as bad as another. Go back where your instincts
call
And listen to the crying of the town-cats and the taxis again,
Or wind your gramophone and eavesdrop on great men.
- A. Jazz-weary of years of drums and Hawaiian guitar,
Pivoting on the parquet I seem to have moved far
From bombs and mud and gas, have stuttered on my feet
Clinched to the streamlined and butter-smooth trulls of the
élite,
The lights irritating and gyrating and rotating in gauze—
Pomade-dazzle, a slick beauty of gewgaws—
I who was Harlequin in the childhood of the century,
Posed by Picasso beside an endless opaque sea,
Have seen myself sifted and splintered in broken facets,
Tentative pencillings, endless liabilities, no assets,
Abstractions scalpelled with a palette-knife
Without reference to this particular life.
And so it has gone on; I have not been allowed to be
Myself in flesh or face, but abstracting and dissecting me
They have made of me pure form, a symbol or a pastiche,

Stylized profile, anything but soul and flesh:
And that is why I turn this jaded music on
To forswear thought and become an automaton.

- B. There are in the country also of whom I am afraid—
Men who put beer into a belly that is dead,
Women in the forties with terrier and setter who whistle and swank

Over down and plough and Roman road and daisied bank,
Half-conscious that these barriers over which they stride
Are nothing to the barbed wire that has grown round their pride.

- A. And two there are, as I drive in the city, who suddenly perturb—

The one sirening me to draw up by the kerb,
The other, as I lean back, my right leg stretched creating speed,
Making me catch and stamp, the brakes shrieking, pull up dead:

She wears silk stockings taunting the winter wind,
He carries a white stick to mark that he is blind.

- B. In the country they are still hunting, in the heavy shires
Greyness is on the fields and sunset like a line of pyres
Of barbarous heroes smoulders through the ancient air
Hazed with factory dust and, orange opposite, the moon's glare,
Goggling yokel-stubborn through the iron trees,
Jeers at the end of us, our bland ancestral ease;
We shall go down like palæolithic man
Before some new Ice Age or Genghiz Khan.

- A. It is time for some new coinage, people have got so old,
Hacked and handled and shiny from pocketing they have made bold

To think that each is himself through these accidents, being blind

To the fact that they are merely the counters of an unknown Mind.

- B. A Mind that does not think, if such a thing can be,
Mechanical Reason, capricious Identity.

LOUIS MACNEICE, *An Eclogue for Christmas*

EXERCISES

1. The use of dialogue in this extract is a mere convention. Show by an examination of their thoughts that A and B represent one and the same person.

2. Select any lines that reveal the poet attacking modern life for (a) its superficiality, (b) its monotony, (c) its decadence, (d) its automatism.
3. What evidence is there in the poet's condemnation of modern civilization that he is (a) cynical, (b) frustrated, (c) hyper-sensitive?
4. Quote one metaphor drawn from medicine, one from painting, one from business, one from geography, and one from the internal combustion engine. Explain each metaphor.
5. From an examination of the metaphorical language of the poem, show clearly that the poet is a modern.
6. "The disillusionment of a post-war period is evident in almost every line." How far is this a true comment on the poem?
7. Show by your explanation of the allusions and the figurative language that you understand the full significance of the following:
 - (a) The excess sugar of a diabetic culture
Rotting the nerve of life and literature.
 - (b) There is no pinpoint in any of the ordnance maps.
 - (c) I who was Harlequin in the childhood of the century,
Posed by Picasso beside an endless opaque sea.
 - (d) Abstractions scalped with a palette-knife.
 - (e) We shall go down like palæolithic man
Before some new Ice Age or Genghiz Khan.

Part Two

1. Name and explain the effect of the figures of speech in the following examples:
 - (a) She was busy reading tremendous, magnificent
Goethe when I entered.
 - (b) All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice in games.
 - (c) Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!
 - (d) There always is a noise when it is dark!
It is the noise of silence, and the noise
Of blindness.

- (e) I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.
- (f) Will is the prince, and Wit the counsellor,
Which doth for common good in counsel sit.
- (g) I am unable, yonder beggar cries,
To stand, or move; if he say true, he lies.
- (h) A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe.
- (i) Be thou therefore in the van
Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's barb
Before the tense string murmur.
- (j) I feasted like a king, like four kings, like a boy in the fourth form.

2. Characterize the style of the following passages, and give reasons for assigning them to certain periods in the history of English literature:

- (a) . . . I came within a mile of Lichfield, where, in a great field, there were shepherds keeping their sheep. Then I was commanded by the Lord to pull off my shoes; and I stood still (for it was winter); and the word of the Lord was like a fire in me. So I put off my shoes, and left them with the shepherds, and the poor shepherds trembled and were astonished. Then I walked on about a mile till I came into the city, and as soon as I was got within the city, the word of the Lord came to me again, saying, "Cry, Woe unto the bloody city of Lichfield." So I went up and down the streets, crying with a loud voice, "Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield!" And it being market day, I went into the market place, and to and fro in the several parts of it and made stands, crying as before, "Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield!" And no one laid hands on me; but as I went thus crying through the streets, there seemed to me to be a channel of blood running down the streets, and the market place appeared like a pool of blood.

(b) They are dark caves. Even when they open towards the sun, very little light penetrates down the entrance tunnel into the circular chamber. There is little to see, and no eye to see it, until the visitor arrives for his five minutes, and strikes a match. Immediately another flame rises in the depths of the rock and moves towards the surface like an imprisoned spirit: the walls of the circular chamber have been most marvellously polished. The two flames approach and strive to unite, but cannot, because one of them breathes air, the other stone. A mirror inlaid with lovely colours divides the lovers, delicate stars of pink and grey interpose, exquisite nebulae, shadings fainter than the tail of a comet or the midday moon, all the evanescent life of the granite, only here visible. Fists and fingers thrust above the advancing soil—here at last is their skin, finer than any covering acquired by the animals, smoother than windless water, more voluptuous than love. The radiance increases, the flames touch one another, kiss, expire. The cave is dark again, like all the caves.

(c) The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears; they cannot utter the one, nor will they not utter the other. Children sweeten labours, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death. The perpetuity by generation is common to beasts; but memory, merit, and noble works are proper to men: and surely a man shall see the noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men, which have sought to express the images of their minds where those of their bodies have failed; so the care of posterity is most in them that have no posterity. They that are the first raisers of their houses are most indulgent towards their children, beholding them as the continuance, not only of their kind, but of their work; and so both children and creatures. . . .

The illiberality of parents, in allowance towards their children, is a harmful error, makes them base, acquaints them with shifts, makes them sort with mean company, and makes them surfeit more when they come to plenty;

and, therefore, the proof is best when men keep their authority towards their children, but not their purse.

3. Explain the origin and significance of the following words or phrases:

the Chiltern Hundreds; "Angry Young Men"; Sophoclean irony; the Gallup poll; "The Old Contemptibles"; the Dead Sea Scrolls; the Oedipus complex; Gresham's law; Pavlov's dogs; the Derbyshire neck; Spoonerism; the Rosetta Stone; Kohler's apes; Ur of the Chaldees; scholasticism; "heavy water"; automation; pre-Raphaelitism; the Plimsoll line; the signs of the zodiac.

4. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects:

- (a) Fame is the spur.
- (b) The moment a man starts to write, he ceases to live.
- (c) "Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience."
- (d) Journey into space.
- (e) The advocates of culture are those who are most painfully aware that they lack it.
- (f) War is a biological process beyond the comprehension of mankind.
- (g) Realism in the theatre is merely another name for vulgarity.
- (h) The modern novelist who thinks of fine writing and immortality is most certain to go hungry.



24300



CHAPTER NINE

Part One

I BEGAN my discourse by informing his majesty, that our dominions consisted of two islands, which comprised three mighty kingdoms, under one sovereign, besides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil, and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament; partly made up of an illustrious body, called the House of Peers; persons of the noblest blood, and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counsellors born to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, from whence there could be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops; whose peculiar business it is to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives, and the depth of their erudition; who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament consisted of an assembly, called the House of Commons, who were all principal gentlemen freely picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And these two bodies make up the most august assembly in Europe; to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice; over which, the

judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury; the valour and achievements of our forces, by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect, or political party, among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. . . .

When I had put an end to these long discourses, his majesty, in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections, upon every article. He asked, What methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives. What course was taken to supply that assembly, when any noble family became extinct. What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords: whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady, or a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements. What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort. Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them. Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the sanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times, while they were common priests; or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow, after they were admitted into that assembly.

He then desired to know, What arts were practised in electing those whom I called Commoners: whether a stranger, with a strong purse, might not influence the vulgar voters, to choose him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood. How it came to pass, that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension. Because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere. And he desired to know, Whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble

they were at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince, in conjunction with a corrupted ministry.

JONATHAN SWIFT, *Gulliver's Travels*

EXERCISES

1. By an analysis of the argument in the above passage, show what vices of his day Swift was attacking.
2. "An ironical utterance is a veiled attack wherein the sting dependent on truth for its efficacy is enwrapped in a superficial and insincere sympathy." Show by illustration from the above extract the truth of this statement.
3. Of the style of the Brobdingnagians Swift says: "Their style is clear, masculine, and smooth, but not florid, for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unnecessary words, or using various expressions." How far is this an assessment of Swift's own style as illustrated in the above passage?
4. *Gulliver's Travels* was first published in 1726. Consult the history of the period and comment on the significance to Swift's contemporaries of the following sentence: "I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury; the valour and achievements of our forces, by sea and land."
5. Comment on the effect of the following in their particular context:
 - (a) besides our plantations in America.
 - (b) from whence there could be no appeal.
 - (c) by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect, or political party, among us.
 - (d) had never been compliers with the times.
 - (e) or slavish prostitute chaplains.
 - (f) such zealous gentlemen.
6. Give in your own words the meaning of the following words or phrases:

"patrimonies"; "judicature"; "bulwark"; "the depth of their erudition"; "spiritual fathers"; "redound to the honour of"; "the humour of the prince"; "Commoners"; "vicious prince".

Part Two

1. Give the modern equivalent of these words:

cates; buss; swart; Albion; turnkey; a motley; warlock; larboard; costard-monger; a wight; peasecod; periwig; sooth; chandler; whig; prithee; stithy; whilom; turnpike; cony-catcher.

2. Explain clearly in your own words the full significance of:

(a) Reason is the enumeration of quantities already known; imagination is the perception of the value of these quantities, both separately and as a whole.

(b) My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

(c) Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

(d) Mathematics is the language of the highest perfection at its lowest development.

(e) that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

(f) One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

(g) I cannot speak well enough to be unintelligible.

(h) We have defined a story as a narrative of events arranged in their time-sequence. A plot is also a narrative of events, the emphasis falling on causality.

(i) I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat.

(j) We may divide characters into flat and round.

3. Examine the figurative language in the following extracts and comment on its effectiveness:

(a) More beautiful and soft than any moth
With burring furred antennae feeling its huge path
Through dusk, the air-liner with shut-off engines
Glides over suburbs and the sleeves set trailing tall
To point the wind.

- (b) The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
 But that two-handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.
- (c) Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
 Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done.
- (d) What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
 Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
 You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
 A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
 And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
 And the dry stone no sound of water.
- (e) No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
 Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
 No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
 Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
 Of hostile paces.
- (f) For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
 On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoking tide.

CHAPTER TEN

Part One

Laertes: For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Ophelia: No more but so?

Laertes: Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will; but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own,
For he himself is subject to his birth;
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
-And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon;
Virtue herself 'scapes not calumnious strokes;

The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Ophelia: I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reckns not his own rede.

Laertes: O! fear me not.
I stay too long; but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Polonius: Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There, my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear 't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*

EXERCISES

1. Laertes' speeches to Ophelia are highly rhetorical. Give *one* instance from the text of each of the following:

- (a) arresting metaphor.
- (b) alliteration.
- (c) personification.
- (d) elaboration of a simple image.
- (e) argument from analogy.
- (f) repetition by complement (e.g. "flesh and blood").
- (g) climax.

2. Without using figurative language give the gist of Ophelia's second reply.

3. An ironic situation becomes evident when Polonius says:

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character.

Explain this irony.

4. What can you deduce of the character of Polonius from this extract?

5. How far would you say that Laertes' advice to Ophelia arises from the same attitude to life as Polonius' advice to Laertes?

6. From a common tendency it is evident that Polonius, Laertes and Ophelia belong to the same family. Indicate this tendency.

7. "Nothing could be more unworldly or more anti-social than Polonius' advice to his son." Consider this as a judgment of Polonius' speech.

8. Give the modern equivalent of:

- (a) a toy in blood.
- (b) the virtue of his will.
- (c) unmaster'd importunity.
- (d) the canker galls the infants of the spring.
- (e) and recks not his own rede.
- (f) look thou character.

9. Indicate the source of the following metaphors:

- (a) carve for himself.
- (b) out of the shot and danger of desire.
- (c) steep and thorny way to heaven.
- (d) grapple them to thy soul.
- (e) unfledg'd comrade.
- (f) dulls the edge of husbandry.
- (g) my blessing season this in thee.

Part Two

1. Explain the origin and significance of the following phrases:

the Seven Deadly Sins; E pur' si muove; Maxwell's demon; shrapnel; court of piepowder; the Potsdam Giants; timeo Danaos et dona ferentes; to eat humble pie; sailing to Byzantium; lettre de cachet; to out-herod Herod; to play at fast-and-loose; the Illuminati; Flavit Deus et dissipati sunt; good wine needs no bush; beyond the pale; to pander; le mal du siècle; the ivory tower; bowdlerism.

2. Reduce the following statements to their simplest and most lucid form:

- (a) Mr Amis is insufficiently aroused to the facts that the Robin Hood State—whichever party governs—is the clear heir to the future; that socialism like communism (with which it shares an identical vision of the goal for which society should strive) is openly pledged to the use of “social policy” as a weapon for redistribution of income and (hence) gradual removal of class distinctions, whose existence it rightly deems to originate in economic inequality; and that for the residuary legatees of this process the values of imaginative literature mean, rightly mean, and always will mean, nothing. I had merely ventured to point out in my original letter that the middle-class phenomenon of a liberal, lively, curious, disinterested, travelled, cultivated, novel-writing intelligentsia and novel-reading *litterati* was unlikely to be among the amenities provided by this secular heaven.

(b) Nor think to plead the particularities of thy individual character or situation, the solicitations of thy early besetting sin and habitual infirmity, or the difficulties and temptations of thy peculiar circumstances, as affording any ground of exemption. The voice of inspiration has expressly declared, that, with every temptation, he will make a means to escape; and the examples now before thee, are a few amongst the clouds of witnesses, exhibiting how God in his providence, has abundantly fulfilled his word.

3. By examining the diction, imagery, rhythm and tone of the following passages, describe the effect that each produces:

(a) Therewith she spew'd out of her filthy maw
A flood of poison horrible and black,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stank so vilely, that it forc'd him slack
His grasping hold, and from her turn him back:
Her vomit full of books and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toads, which eyes did lack,
And creeping sought way in the weedy grass:
Her filthy parbreak all the place defilèd has.

Maw = stomach; gobbets = little lumps; parbreak = vomiting.

(b) Magnificent, too, is the system of drains,
Exceeding the far-spoken wonders of old:
So lengthen'd and vast in its branches and chains,
That labyrinths pass like a tale that is told:
The sewers gigantic, like multiplied veins,
Beneath the whole city their windings unfold,
Disgorging the source of plagues, scourges, and pains,
Which visit those cities to cleanliness cold.
Well did the ancient proverb lay down this important
text,
That cleanliness for human weal to godliness is next.

(c) There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;

Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful
skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

- (d) My galley chargèd with forgetfulness
Through sharp seas in winter nights doth pass
Between rock and rock, and eke mine enemy alas,
That is my lord, steereth with cruelty.
And every oar a thought in readiness,
As though that death were light in such a case,
An endless wind doth tear the sail apace
Of forced sighs and trusty fearfulness.
A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,
Hath done the wearied cords great hinderaunce:
Wreathed with error and eke with ignoraunce
The stars be hid that led me to this pain.
Drowned is reason that should me comfort,
And I remain despairing of the port.

- (e) As for the grass, it grew as scant as hair
In leprosy; thin dry blades pricked the mud
Which underneath looked kneaded up with blood.
One stiff blind horse, his every bone a-stare,
Stood stupefied, however he came there:
Thrust out past service from the devil's stud!

Alive? he might be dead for aught I know,
With that red, gaunt and colloped neck a-strain,
And shut eyes underneath the rusty mane;
Seldom went such grotesqueness with such woe;
I never saw a brute I hated so;
He must be wicked to deserve such pain.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Part One

THE Great Frost was, historians tell us, the most severe that has ever visited these islands. Birds froze in mid-air and fell like stones to the ground. At Norwich a young countrywoman started to cross the road in her usual robust health and was seen by the onlookers to turn visibly to powder and be blown in a puff of dust over the roofs as the icy blast struck her at the street corner. The mortality among sheep and cattle was enormous. Corpses froze and could not be drawn from the sheets. It was no uncommon sight to come upon a whole herd of swine frozen immovable upon the road. The fields were full of shepherds, ploughmen, teams of horses, and little bird-scaring boys all struck stark in the act of the moment, one with his hand to his nose, another with the bottle to his lips, a third with a stone raised to throw at the raven who sat, as if stuffed, upon the hedge within a yard of him. The severity of the frost was so extraordinary that a kind of petrification sometimes ensued; and it was commonly supposed that the great increase of rocks in some parts of Derbyshire was due to no eruption, for there was none, but to the solidification of unfortunate wayfarers who had been turned literally to stone where they stood. The Church could give little help in the matter, and though some landowners had these relics blessed, the most part preferred to use them either as landmarks, scratching-posts for sheep, or, when the form of the stone allowed, drinking troughs for cattle, which purposes they serve, admirably for the most part, to this day.

But while the country people suffered the extremity of want, and the trade of the country was at a standstill, London enjoyed a carnival of the utmost brilliancy. The Court was at Greenwich, and the new King seized the opportunity that his coronation gave him to curry favour with the citizens. He directed that the river, which was frozen to a depth of twenty feet and more for six or seven miles on either side, should be swept, decorated and given all the semblance of a park or pleasure ground, with arbours, mazes, alleys, drinking booths, etc., at his expense. For himself and the courtiers, he reserved a certain space immediately opposite the Palace gates; which, railed off from the public only by

a silken rope, became at once the centre of the most brilliant society in England. Great statesmen, in their beards and ruffs, despatched affairs of state under the crimson awning of the Royal Pagoda. Soldiers planned the conquest of the Moor and the downfall of the Turk in striped arbours surmounted by plumes of ostrich feathers. Admirals strode up and down the narrow pathways, glass in hand, sweeping the horizon and telling stories of the north-west passage and the Spanish Armada. Lovers dallied upon divans spread with sables. Frozen roses fell in showers when the Queen and her ladies walked abroad. Coloured balloons hovered motionless in the air. Here and there burnt vast bonfires of cedar and oak wood, lavishly salted, so that the flames were of green, orange, and purple fire. But however fiercely they burnt, the heat was not enough to melt the ice which, though of singular transparency, was yet of the hardness of steel. So clear indeed was it that there could be seen, congealed at a depth of several feet, here a porpoise, there a flounder. Shoals of eels lay motionless in a trance, but whether their state was one of death or merely of suspended animation which the warmth would revive puzzled the philosophers. Near London Bridge, where the river had frozen to a depth of some twenty fathoms, a wrecked wherry boat was plainly visible, lying on the bed of the river where it had sunk last autumn, overladen with apples. The old bumboat woman, who was carrying her fruit to market on the Surrey side, sat there in her plaids and farthingales with her lap full of apples, for all the world as if she were about to serve a customer, though a certain blueness about the lips hinted the truth. 'Twas a sight King James specially liked to look upon, and he would bring a troupe of courtiers to gaze with him. In short, nothing could exceed the brilliancy and gaiety of the scene by day. But it was at night that the carnival was at its merriest. For the frost continued unbroken; the nights were of perfect stillness; the moon and stars blazed with the hard fixity of diamonds, and to the fine music of flute and trumpet the courtiers danced.

VIRGINIA WOOLF, *Orlando*

EXERCISES

1. Show how this extract attempts to convey the spirit of the period it depicts.
2. Would you say that a secondary effect is the burlesque of ancient historical writers? Give reasons for your opinion.

3. "The writer imparts an air of authenticity to what is obviously miraculous fiction." Show how she accomplishes this.
4. Comment on the attitude of the writer to her material. How far is this attitude based on a hyperbolic but objective vision?
5. "The flamboyance of detail contrasts with the deliberate platitude of general statements." Justify the truth of this criticism and point out the artistic value of such a contrast.
6. Answer the following questions:
 - (a) What is there significant in parts of Derbyshire to warrant an allusion in paragraph one?
 - (b) Who was the new king?
 - (c) What was the "north-west passage"?
 - (d) Is the porpoise incongruous in paragraph two?
 - (e) What was the truth hinted at by the blueness about the lips of the old bumboat woman?
7. Describe in your own words what is meant by:

"boys all struck stark"; "petrification"; "to curry favour with"; "mazes"; "awning"; "a flounder"; "suspended animation"; "bumboat woman"; "plaids and farthingales"; "the hard fixity of diamonds".

Part Two

1. Write short definitions of the following words to show that you understand their meaning:

saxifrage; gendarme; bassoon; augury; orthopædics; octavo; anacoluthon; gargantuan; fibrositis; sauerkraut; cyclamen; linotype; arpeggio; zodiac; uvula; cambric; pianissimo; alderman; schizophrenia; montage.
2. After examining the following sentences carefully, show precisely (a) where the point or points of emphasis occur(s), and (b) by what means such emphasis is achieved.
 - i. At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down: at her feet he bowed, he fell: where he bowed, there he fell down dead.

- ii. Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king,—Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of Night.
- iii. In Plato's opinion man was made for philosophy: in Bacon's opinion philosophy was made for man; it was a means to an end; and that end was to increase the pleasures and to mitigate the pains of millions who are not and cannot be philosophers.
- iv. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!*
- v. Their thoughts are often new, but seldom natural; they are not obvious, but neither are they just; and the reader, far from wondering that he missed them, wonders more frequently by what perverseness of industry they were ever found.
- vi. We shall fight in France, we shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air; we shall defend our Island, whatever the cost may be.
- vii. Still to his house there came a never-ending string of pilgrims, Arabs and Persians, Turks, Indians, and all sorts and kinds of more or less materialized dwellers in Mesopotamia generally each with his tale of woe and oppression, real or fancied, and all with open palms.
- viii. Shallow and pool, pool and shallow, the river coiled its way through the hollow land.
- ix. A portion of listeners were solitary; and, of the solitary, those who came every Sunday, by habit, could be told from those who had come this Sunday by chance.
- x. He that can discern the loveliness of things we call him poet.

3. The following sentences have been jumbled. Read them carefully, and then arrange them in the order of a well-constructed paragraph.

Mary employed tears, and entreaties, and threatenings, to save her favourite. While the Queen was at supper with the Countess of Argyll, Rizio and a few domestics, the King suddenly entered the apartment by a private passage. Numbers of armed men rushed into the chamber. Three or four of his most trusty accomplices followed him. But, notwithstanding all these, he was torn from her by violence, and before he could be dragged through the next compartment, the rage of his enemies put an end to his life, piercing his body with fifty-six wounds. At his back was Ruthven, clad in complete armour, and with that ghastly and horrid look which long sickness had given him. The conspirators had proceeded too far to be restrained by any considerations of that kind. Such an unusual appearance alarmed those who were present. On the 9th of March, Morton entered the court of the palace with an hundred and sixty men; and without noise, or meeting with any resistance, seized all the gates. Ruthven drew his dagger, and with a furious mien and voice commanded Rizio to leave a place of which he was unworthy, and which he had occupied too long. Rizio instantly apprehended that he was the victim at whom the blow was aimed; and in the utmost consternation retired behind the Queen, of whom he laid hold, hoping that the reverence due to her person might prove some protection to him.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Part One

TWELVE o'clock.

Along the reaches of the street
Held in a lunar synthesis,
Whispering lunar incantations
Dissolve the floors of memory
And all its clear relations,
Its divisions and precisions,
Every street-lamp that I pass
Beats like a fatalistic drum,
And through the spaces of the dark
Midnight shakes the memory
As a madman shakes a dead geranium.

Half-past one,
The street-lamp sputtered,
The street-lamp muttered,
The street-lamp said, 'Regard that woman
Who hesitates toward you in the light of the door
Which opens on her like a grin.
You see the border of her dress
Is torn and stained with sand,
And you see the corner of her eye
Twists like a crooked pin.'

The memory throws up high and dry
A crowd of twisted things;
A twisted branch upon the beach
Eaten smooth, and polished
As if the world gave up
The secret of its skeleton,
Stiff and white.
A broken spring in a factory yard,
Rust that clings to the form that the strength has left
Hard and curled and ready to snap.

Half-past two,
The street-lamp said,
'Remark the cat which flattens itself in the gutter,
Slips out its tongue
And devours a morsel of rancid butter.'
So the hand of the child, automatic,
Slipped out and pocketed a toy that was running along
the quay.

I could see nothing behind that child's eye.
I have seen eyes in the street
Trying to peer through lighted shutters,
And a crab one afternoon in a pool,
An old crab with barnacles on his back,
Gripped the end of a stick which I held him.

Half-past three,
The lamp sputtered,
The lamp muttered in the dark.
The lamp hummed:
'Regard the moon,
La lune ne garde aucune rancune,
She winks a feeble eye,
She smiles into corners.
She smooths the hair of the grass.
The moon has lost her memory.
A washed-out smallpox cracks her face,
Her hand twists a paper rose,
That smells of dust and eau de Cologne,
She is alone
With all the old nocturnal smells
That cross and cross across her brain.'
The reminiscence comes
Of sunless dry geraniums
And dust in crevices,
Smells of chestnuts in the streets,
And female smells in shuttered rooms,
And cigarettes in corridors
And cocktail smells in bars.

The lamp said,
'Four o'clock,
Here is the number on the door.
Memory!
You have the key,
The little lamp spreads a ring on the stair.

Mount.

The bed is open; the tooth-brush hangs on the wall,
Put your shoes at the door, sleep, prepare for life.'

The last twist of the knife.

T. S. ELIOT, *Rhapsody on a Windy Night*

EXERCISES

1. Examine the following similes for their effectiveness in the poem:
 - (a) Midnight shakes the memory
As a madman shakes a dead geranium.
 - (b) the corner of her eye
Twists like a crooked pin.
2. In the fourth stanza three distinct acts of (a) a cat, (b) a child, (c) a crab are introduced by the poet. Show how these acts differ in their symbolic value, and point out their significance in the poem.
3. Explain the source of:
 - (a) the pathos in the image of the distracted moon.
 - (b) the irony of:
Put your shoes at the door, sleep, prepare for life.
4. "Genuine poetry", says T. S. Eliot, "can communicate before it is understood." Apply this to the above poem.
5. Rust that clings to the form that the strength has left
Hard and curled and ready to snap.
How far is the poet's mood contained in these lines?
6. Comment on the metre of the above poem.
7. "The sequence in the poem is emotional rather than logical." Discuss.
8. Give in your own words the meaning of:
 - (a) Along the reaches of the street
Held in a lunar synthesis.
 - (b) As if the world gave up
The secret of its skeleton.
 - (c) She smiles into corners.
 - (d) The last twist of the knife.

Part Two

1. Characterize the style of the following passages:

- (a) Love is a chameleon, which draweth nothing into the mouth but air, and nourisheth nothing in the body but lungs. Believe me, Eumenides, desire dies in the same moment that beauty sickens, and beauty fadeth in the same instant that it flourisheth. When adversities flow, then love ebbs; but friendship standeth stiffly in storms. Time draweth wrinkles in a fair face, but addeth fresh colours to a fast friend, which neither heat, nor cold, nor misery, nor place, nor destiny, can alter or diminish. O friendship, of all things the most rare, and therefore most rare because most excellent, whose comfort in misery is always sweet, and whose counsels in prosperity are ever fortunate! Vain love, that, only coming near to friendship in name, would seem to be the same or better in nature!
- (b) Call it a rubbish-heap, if you wish—it is nothing more to the European. But to the Delta Arab it is his ancestral market-place. Where the loam of the many-fingered river has rotted to powder underneath tufts of scrawny palms and the air seems to hold the putrefaction of centuries, a tracery of dust-tracks, cork-screwing from fly-blown alleys and mud-plastered hovels, closes on the macadam of a swing-bridge—there on the left bank, amid the anarchy of stalls, rickety chairs, baskets, camels, sheep, donkeys, goats, mongrel dogs, flies and insects, a mass of gagging Moslems jostle one another in squalid intimacy. Lining the tracks, their goods scattered over blanket or canvas square, vendors invite you to a handful of dates from oozing pannier-baskets, a cluster of oily bananas, or a pyramid of oranges. Over there a rice-seller sieves yellow grain through gnarled fingers. Here, some green water-melons have been slashed red to tempt the dry-mouthed fellahin. In a shop without windows on the edge of the confusion,

rag of pink bullock fat or tatters of buffalo carcass drape from the hooks of the butcher's shop. And on the opposite bank, where the mud is littered with rushes, fringes of crimson but dusty *flamboyants* look down on the black-robed women: they are sousing their day's washing in the hot chocolate that bubbles through the lock gates.

- (c) The eye, most illustrious sons of the Muses, most learned Oxonians, whose fame I have heard celebrated in all parts of the globe, the eye, that most amazing, that stupendous, that comprehending, that miraculous organ, the eye is the Proteus of the passions, the herald of the mind, the interpreter of the heart, and the window of the soul. The world was made for the eye and the eye for the world.

My subject is light, most illustrious sons of literature, intellectual light. Ah, my philosophical, metaphysical, my classical, mathematical, mechanical, my theological, my critical audience, my subject is the eye. You are the eye of England!

England has two eyes, Oxford and Cambridge. They are the two eyes of England, and two intellectual eyes. You are the right eye of England, the elder sister in Science.

The eye is indefatigable. The eye is an angelic faculty. The eye in this respect is female.

2. Comment on the use of figurative language in the following passages:

- (a) Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe.
- (b) That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.

- (c) I caught this morning morning's minion, king-
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn
Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air,
And striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a
wimpling wing
In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend:
the hurl and gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird,—the achieve of, the mastery of
the thing!

- (d) his ponderous shield
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At ev'ning from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.

- (e) On a huge hill,
Cragged and steep, Truth stands, and he that will
Reach her, about must, and about must go.

- (f) The fox drags its wounded belly
Over the snow, the crimson seeds
Of blood burst with a mild explosion,
Soft as excrement, bold as roses.

Over the snow that feels no pity,
Whose white hands can give no healing,
The fox drags its wounded belly.

3. Choose *one* of the following works and write short notes on its literary, historical or philosophical significance:

- (a) *Pamela* (Richardson).
- (b) *Critique of Pure Reason* (Kant).
- (c) *Wealth of Nations* (Adam Smith).
- (d) *Apologie for Poetrie* (Philip Sidney).
- (e) *Discours de la méthode* (Descartes).
- (f) *Alice in Wonderland* (Lewis Carroll).
- (g) *The Aeneid* (Virgil).

4. Write an essay on *one* of the following:

- (a) Poetry is emotion put into measure.
- (b) "Let the truth be said outright: there are no synonyms, and the same statement can never be repeated in a changed form of words."
- (c) "Two things are essential to a restful holiday. The first is not to possess a map. The second is not to possess a car."
- (d) All moral activity should concern itself with the promotion of happiness.
- (e) If scientists realized their responsibility to human society, there would be no war.
- (f) The most pernicious phrase in the history of human thought is the dogma of the equality of man.
- (g) The twentieth century is the century of the common man and the vulgar woman.
- (h) What we dislike in others is a sure guide to our own shortcomings.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Part One

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think.

He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling*! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord!"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a

little tedious), both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had finished all that remained of the litter.

CHARLES LAMB, *A Dissertation upon Roast Pig*

EXERCISES

1. What evidence is there in the opening sentences that Lamb is pulling the reader's leg?
2. From hints and suggestions here sketch briefly the characters of Ho-ti and Bo-bo.
3. Do you consider that the humorous effect of the sentence beginning "What could it proceed from? . . ." is marred by the addition of the latter part, which begins "indeed, this was by no means the first . . ."?
4. "Some of Lamb's humorous effect springs from his choice of words." By quotation from this extract, establish the truth of this statement.
5. "Whatever effort may have gone to fashion the fastidious elegance of his style, he is careful to conceal all his labour." By what devices does Lamb convey an impression of ease and spontaneity in his writing?
6. What do you think would have been Lamb's defence against a modern writer who suggested that the first paragraph in this extract is too long and cumbersome?
7. "A writer such as Lamb must, even in a farrago of nonsense, convince the reader in one way or another." Do you consider the above extract a farrago of nonsense? Do you think that Lamb convinces the reader in any way?
8. Explain in your own words the meaning of the following:
"Mundane Mutations"; "mast"; "a great lubberly boy";
"younkers"; "a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building";
"new-farrowed pigs"; "a premonitory moistening";
"retributory cudgel"; "callous"; "barbarous ejaculations".

Part Two

1. Give the modern equivalent of:

yare; eek; foison; a shriver; bawcock; fardel; nayword; welladay!; tapster; yclept; a natural; avault!; sooth-fastness; wanhope; tiring-house; maugre; a peeler; cozier; albeit; scrivener.

2. Explain clearly in your own words the full significance of the following statements:

- (a) We know what they have to say, and that they have nothing to say is merely a proof of it.
- (b) To love oneself is the beginning of a lifelong romance.
- (c) So far as we are human, what we do must be either evil or good; so far as we do evil or good, we are human; and it is better, in a paradoxical way, to do evil than to do nothing: at least, we exist.
- (d) I am never less alone than when alone.
- (e) I have discovered, by a long series of observations, that invention and elocution suffer great impediments from dense and impure vapours, and that the tenuity of a defecated air at a proper distance from the surface of the earth, accelerates the fancy, and sets at liberty those intellectual powers which were before shackled by too strong attraction, and unable to expand themselves under the pressure of a gross atmosphere.
- (f) When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
But sigh'st my soul away,
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'st me, as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
Thou art the best of me.

- (g) As a thing apart and by itself, the design of his novels, I hold, is of a finer order than many people allow: and who knows but that the sickly passages alluded to help to observe throughout the book an abstract function of integral balance which is of actual æsthetic service to it.
3. What characteristics of Shakespeare's style are revealed in the following quotations? Allocate each to a particular stage in his development.

(a) For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antick sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable.

(b) Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain
Which, with pain purchas'd doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light seeking light doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

(c) All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me;
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;

(d) These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Part One

OTHERS for language, all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still,—the style is excellent:
The sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found,
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th'unchanging sun, }
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon, }
It gilds all objects, but it alters none. }
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th'unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play, }
These sparks with awkward vanity display }
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday; }
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires, in their doublets drest.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new, or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
 And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong:
 In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds; as some to church repair, }
 Not for the doctrines, but the music there. }
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join;
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
 Where-e'er you find "the cooling western breeze",
 In the next line, it "whispers through the trees":
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep",
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep":
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother number flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow;
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the
 main.

Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love,
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:

Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound!
 The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

ALEXANDER POPE, *Essay on Criticism*

EXERCISES

1. Pick out the first five similes in this extract and comment on their effectiveness. Which simile (or similes) has an edge of satire?
2. State in your own words the practices in writing that Pope condemns in this extract.
3. By analysing Pope's illustrations show by what common devices he achieves the effect of:

(a) slowness.	(d) heaviness.
(b) monotony.	(e) speed.
(c) vigour.	(f) loudness.
4. "The rhythm, the balance, the insistent rhyme, all tend towards epigram." Consider this as a criticism of Pope's versification as illustrated in this extract.
5. "The originality of such writing lies not in the thought but in the point and polish which Pope gave to the commonplaces of English literary tradition." Give your reasons for agreeing or disagreeing with this statement.
6. "Some of Pope's witticisms are too shallow or false to bear analysis." Consider the following aphorisms in the light of this statement:
 - (a) Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent as more suitable.
 - (b) Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
 - (c) True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 - (d) 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
7. Comment on the original force and meaning of:
 "still"; "decent"; "conceit"; "pretence"; "numbers".

Part Two

1. Without sacrificing the basic meaning re-write the following passages in your own words and in as lucid and simple a manner as possible:

(a) I will hereupon confess I am in love; and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised curtsy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

(b) Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must a' be,
A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

(c) Feeling this continual war, I thought rather by parley to yield than by certain danger to perish. I unfolded to Tellus the depth of my affections, and framed my tongue to utter a sweet tale of love, that was wont to sound nothing but threats of war. She, too fair to be true and too false for one so fair, after a nice denial, practised a notable deceit, commanding me to remove Endymion from this cabin, and carry him to some dark cave; which I, seeking to accomplish, found impossible; and so by fairies or fiends have been thus handled.

(d) So spake our sire, and by his count'nance seem'd
Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve
Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,

Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
 Her nursery; they at her coming sprang
 And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her ear
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,
 Adam relating, she sole auditress;
 Her husband the relater she preferr'd
 Before the angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather: he, she knew would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
 With conjugal caresses, from his lip
 Not words alone pleas'd her.

2. Give the English equivalent of the following words or phrases:

*soupçon; fata Morgana; fracas; vox et præterea nihil;
 peignoir; flagrante delicto; laissez-allér; rez-de-chaussée;
 sesquipedalia verba; sotto voce; feuilleton; baroque; felo-
 de-se; enfant perdu; memento mori; parvenu; charivari;
 entrechat; per saltum; ruse de guerre.*

3. Compare the two passages that follow from the point of view of (a) theme, (b) imagery, (c) style:

(a) What thing is in this outward form of man
 To be belov'd? We account it ominous,
 If nature do produce a colt, or lamb,
 A fawn, or goat, in any limb resembling
 A man, and fly from't as a prodigy.
 Man stands amaz'd to see his deformity
 In any other creature but himself.
 But in our own flesh though we bear diseases
 Which have their true names only ta'en from beasts,—
 As the most ulcerous wolf and swinish measles,—
 Though we are eaten up of lice and worms,
 And though continually we bear about us
 A rotten and dead body, we delight
 To hide it in rich tissue: all our fear,
 Nay, all our terror, is, lest our physician
 Should put us in the ground to be made sweet.

(b) I have of late,—but wherefore I know not,—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

4. Explain clearly in your own words the full significance of the following statements:

- (a) A man cannot be too careful in the choice of his enemies.
- (b) The greater the novel, the less like reality it is, because it is itself more of a reality.
- (c) There is no truth, but merely truths.
- (d) Although all good things are pleasant, their goodness is not in proportion to their pleasantness, and more often something is pleasant because it is good than good because it is pleasant.
- (e) He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool; and he that dare not reason is a slave.
- (f) Similarity to known experience is no criterion of truth in fiction.
- (g) A society is a system which loves itself.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Part One

It was Saturday night, and to English people there is always something a little voluptuous in the thought. Even the classes that never work then feel a sanctified right to relaxation.

Down the Strand the audiences were pouring out of the theatres, and one of the fashionable restaurants began to fill rapidly. Passing through wide entrance courts and down marble steps covered with crimson carpet, the men and women vanished into cloak-rooms and issued out again in undisguised splendour to face the grave managers standing ready to exclude any one whose dress did not comply with the recognized fashion. The salon was built on two levels, with a low flight of steps between. Pillars and a glass partition further divided it, giving a sense of quiet and privacy, but revealing long vistas of faint and various lights. The chief feeling of colour was pale yellow, but this was mitigated by white marble, white paint, the white cloths on the separate tables, and the delicate greys and pinks of large square shades that hung over each electric lamp. On the higher level, near the entrance, a string band played quiet music from time to time—so quiet and unobtrusive that its insignificance harmonized with the conversation rather than interrupted it. At the furthest end of the lower salon, the outer wall was of glass, so that the pale beauty of the interior was carried on into the dark, among plane trees glimmering to the arc lamps of a broad road, and through the plane trees the water of the black river could here and there be seen, flowing under a large but waning moon.

Tables had been engaged beforehand, and as each party arrived in twos, or threes, or fours, they could read their title clear upon a long list prepared by the head waiter. Standing at the central entrance, he allotted the numbers, inexorable as a judge among the shades. Where each party was set, there it fed, for weal or woe. The hour had come, the food was ready, the napkins were opened. Supper began, and from table to table waiters in gold-braided uniforms bore the separate dishes, while the music gave out a soft but encouraging strain.

Like profound emotion, the theatre induces hunger, and though since morning light this was the fifth meal to every one

there, and the seventh to many, it was none the less welcome to all. Only three of the previous meals had been as large, and only one larger. The early tea and bread-and-butter in bed, the little something about eleven, and the afternoon tea with sandwiches and cake hardly deserved to rank as meals in comparison. But indeed the supper itself was light and simple compared to the dinner of nearly four hours earlier. Just some soup refined from oxen, fish served in a sauce of other sea things, the most delicate parts of a flock of sheep with peas, a choice of various birds and animals cold, and paper baskets filled with creams of peculiar flavours—that was all. Champagne to drink, coffee to finish; it would be hard for a chef to devise a work of art more classic in simplicity. To have offered more might have seemed a little gross, almost insolent, as though suggesting a previous insufficiency.

Rose bushes covered with blossom stood in the light and warmth of the entrance lounge beside the band, and on each of the tables was a glass vase of fresh-cut flowers—carnations, sweet peas, and other things of faint and harmonious hues. Round them sat men and women, pale or dark or red. At some tables the people were distinctive and of obvious types. A party of youths, conscious of maturity, and determined to drink life to the dregs, sat primly on their chairs and talked as they had heard their elders talk before. A young girl in high-breasted gown, with the Greek-key pattern round the edge and golden fillets in her yellow hair, sat opposite an oldish man, dark and bald, who watched another girl at a far-off table, with simple high-breasted gown and golden fillets in her hair. At another table sat a monstrous woman in silks, whose little green eyes glittered above her bulging cheeks. Opposite was her monstrous mate. His little eyes glittered too, and on the back of his neck the ridges of fat rose like waves. Between them ate their little daughter, fit offspring of a table d'hôte. Her pale hair was tied with a pale bow, her frock cut like a child's pinafore, and, in silence unrelieved, she ran the course that was set before her. These were personalities distinct and immediately perceived, but over the rest there hung a common resemblance such as pervades an Asiatic race or the cattle of our different counties. They were not exactly alike, and they could tell each other apart quite easily, just as the Chinese can. But in men and women could be seen the underlying type—solid, large-limbed, and large-featured. Their eyes were rather prominent, their noses high, their jaws heavy, and mouths rather like a horse's mouth. The men were early bald, the women full-figured, and at the meeting-point of

their dresses in front diamonds shone. Round their necks they had wound strings of pearls or rough little lumps of pearly stuff, and even the plainest tried to win beauty by binding her hair with bands and glittering things. They talked without vivacity, and laughed under compulsion, maintaining without effort the vacant look of leisure.

H. W. NEVINSON, *The Third Circle*

EXERCISES

1. What is the source and significance of the title of this extract?
2. To what extent does the second sentence set the tone of the whole passage?
3. What difference can you detect in the writer's treatment of the setting and his treatment of the human figures? Is there any reason for this difference?
4. Satire is most effective when it is restrained. How far do you think the satire is effective here?
5. A deliberate vagueness is introduced at certain points in the description. Pick out sentences where this device is employed and comment on the reason for its employment.
6. Inner mental characteristics may be suggested by external appearances. Is there evidence of this tendency in this extract? Illustrate by quotation.
7. Comment on the following so as to bring out the full significance of any hidden meaning:
 - (a) so quiet and unobtrusive that its insignificance harmonized with the conversation rather than interrupted it.
 - (b) A young girl in high-breasted gown, with the Greek-key pattern round the edge and golden fillets in her yellow hair, sat opposite an oldish man, dark and bald, who watched another girl at a far-off table, with simple high-breasted gown and golden fillets in her hair.
 - (c) Between them ate their little daughter, fit offspring of a table d'hôte.
 - (d) They were not exactly alike, and they could tell each other apart quite easily, just as the Chinese can.
 - (e) . . . even the plainest tried to win beauty by binding her hair with bands and glittering things.

8. Explain the meaning of the following words and phrases:

“voluptuous”; “sanctified right”; “mitigated”; “inexorable”; “classic in simplicity”; “Greek-key pattern”; “fillets”; “table d’hôte”; “laughed under compulsion”.

Part Two

1. By definition establish the difference in reference between the words in the following pairs or groups:

monocle, lorgnette; tatting, crocheting; plankton, amœba; enfilade fire, defilade fire; salvo, barrage, concentration; terra-cotta, porcelain, earthenware; grouse, pheasant, partridge; monody, soliloquy, monologue; sarcophagus, mausoleum; Wesleyan, Presbyterian; pastiche, pasquinade; vermicelli, macaroni, spaghetti; liquor, liqueur; lithograph, etching; the “slips”, the “gully”; frieze, bas-relief; circumlocution, tautology, pleonasm.

2. For each group of related short sentences that follows write one sentence, either loose or periodic, that reads well and contains all the ideas of the respective group:

(a) To-day, for the most part, in Europe and America one sect can live beside another in peace. A century or two ago there would have been fierce hatreds, wars, massacres and burnings. Why? Not because the modern population is more learned in theology. (We may indeed say it is probably less so.) The reason is that, on the contrary, theological theory has given place to lay judgment in the ordinary facts of life.

(b) Beyond this bridge were the roofs of eighteenth-century Wednesford. They showed through the yellowish veil of smoke spread from spouting chimneys. Upon the ford sacred to Woden the Mercian Saxons had once built wooden buildings. These roofs were the successors of those former dwellings. Now they rose, warped and fantastically distorted. They thus resembled a mediæval castle. They rose towards the crowning pinnacle of the church tower.

- (c) The volume is entitled the Fourth Book of Maccabees. Yet nowhere does it mention the Maccabees. It relates, however, the amazing fortitude first of an old man, then of seven young brothers. After being tortured, they were burnt by Antiochus. The mother, who was present at the scene, exhorted her sons to stand firm.
- (d) In the Campo Santo at Pisa a shipload of sacred earth was mingled with the common clay. This earth had come from the soil of Jerusalem. When it was mingled a new flower grew up from it. It was the anemone. It had concentric rings of strangely blended colour—a flower unlike any flower men had seen before. Those who search long enough for it to-day can still find it in the long grass of the Maremma.

3. Write brief definitions of the following literary terms and give an example of each from your reading:

- (a) *pathetic fallacy*, (b) *poetic cliché*, (c) *eye rhyme*, (d) *Homeric simile*, (e) *compound epithet*, (f) *otiose epithet*, (g) *half rhyme*, (h) *the heroic couplet*, (i) *false antithesis*, (j) *cæsura*, (k) *kenning*, (l) *end-stopped line*, (m) *dramatic irony*, (n) *polysyllabic humour*, (o) *sustained metaphor*.

4. Name and explain the figure or figures of speech in each of the following quotations:

- (a) Dialogue is the thin bridge which must, from time to time, carry the entire weight of the novel.

- (b) Is it Winter the Huntsman
Who gallops through his iron glades,
Cracking his cruel whip
To the gathering shades?

- (c) Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

- (d) A character is interesting as it comes out, and by the process and duration of that emergence; just as a procession is effective by the way it unrolls, turning to a mere mob if all of it passes at once.

- (e) Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments.
- (f) Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown.
- (g) And when they list their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.
- (h) Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
- (i) But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll.
- (j) . . . altar, sword, and pen
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness.
- (k) The rain came down like glass bead curtains, glittering
across the black arches.
- (l) Ke-uk, ke-uk, ke-uk, ki-kwaik
The broun hens keckle and bouk.
- (m) In the dead waste and middle of the night.
- (n) Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Part One

IN a cool curving world he lies
And ripples with dark ecstasies,
The kind luxurious lapse and steal
Shapes all his universe to feel
And know and be; the clinging stream
Closes his memory, glooms his dream,
Who lips the roots o' the shore, and glides
Superb on unreturning tides.
Those silent waters weave for him
A fluctuant mutable world and dim,
Where wavering masses bulge and gape
Mysterious, and shape to shape
Dies momentarily through whorl and hollow,
And form and line and solid follow
Solid and line and form to dream
Fantastic down the eternal stream;
An obscure world, a shifting world,
Bulbous, or pulled to thin, or curled,
Or serpentine, or driving arrows,
Or serene slidings, or March narrows.
There slipping wave and shore are one,
And weed and mud. No ray of sun,
But glow to glow fades down the deep
(As dream to unknown dream in sleep);
Shaken translucency illumines
The hyaline of drifting glooms;
The strange soft-handed depth subdues
Drowned colour there, but black to hues,
As death to living, decomposes—
Red darkness of the heart of roses,
Blue brilliant from dead starless skies,
And gold that lies behind the eyes,
The unknown unnameable sightless white
That is the essential flame of night,
Lustreless purple, hooded green,
The myriad hues that lie between
Darkness and darkness!

And all's one,
Gentle, embracing, quiet, dun,
The world he rests in, world he knows,
Perpetual curving. Only—grows
An eddy in that ordered falling,
A knowledge from the gloom, a calling
Weed in the wave, gleam in the mud—
The dark fire leaps along his blood;
Dateless and deathless, blind and still,
The intricate impulse works its will;
His woven world drops back; and he,
Sans providence, sans memory,
Unconscious and directly driven,
Fades to some dark sufficient heaven.

O world of lips, O world of laughter,
Where hope is fleet and thought flies after,
Of lights in the clear night, of cries
That drift along the wave and rise
Thin to the glittering stars above,
You know the hands, the eyes of love!
The strife of limbs, the sightless clinging,
The infinitive distance, and the singing
Blown by the wind, a flame of sound,
The gleam, the flowers, and vast around
The horizon, and the heights above—
You know the sigh, the song of love!

But there the night is close, and there
Darkness is cold and strange and bare;
And the secret deeps are whisperless;
And rhythm is all deliciousness;
And joy is in the throbbing tide,
Whose intricate fingers beat and glide
In felt bewildering harmonies
Of trembling touch; and music is
The exquisite knocking of the blood.
Space is no more, under the mud;
His bliss is older than the sun.
Silent and straight the waters run.
The lights, the cries, the willows dim,
And the dark tide are one with him.

RUPERT BROOKE, *The Fish*

EXERCISES

1. What suggestions of the movement or appearance of water can you discover in the following lines:
 - (a) And ripples with dark ecstasies.
 - (b) And glides
 Superb on unreturning tides.
 - (c) And form and line and solid follow
 Solid and line and form to dream
 Fantastic down the eternal stream.
 - (d) Shaken translucency illumines
 The hyaline of drifting glooms.
 - (e) Whose intricate fingers beat and glide
 In felt bewildering harmonies.
2. Is it true to say that the poet insists upon the plastic quality of the world under water? Base your answer on illustrations from the text.
3. The poet uses two major contrasts in the poem. Point out these contrasts and explain the dominant effect of each.
4. Explain what you understand by preciousity in style. Are there any traces of preciousity in (a) the vocabulary, (b) the insistent alliteration and assonance, (c) the rhymes, (d) the epithets, (e) the artifices of syntax in this poem?
5. "The poet is more concerned with the sound of words than with their sense." Examine the truth of this statement, and support your answer with quotations from the text.
6. "This poem is also in some degree a love poem." Do you agree with this statement? Justify your answer.
7. "More is revealed of the nature of the poet than the nature of the fish in this poem." Give your own opinion of this remark about the poem.
8. Explain in your own words the meaning of:
 "fluctuant"; "whorl"; "March narrows"; "hyaline";
 "hooded green"; "ordered falling"; "sans providence".

1. Compare in respect of intention and achievement the following passages from (a) Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, and (b) Shakespeare's *Macbeth*:

(a) Shortly after happened a strange and uncouth wonder, which afterward was the cause of much trouble in the realm of Scotland, as ye shall after hear. It fortun'd as *Makbeth* and *Banquho* journeyed towards *Fores*, where the king as then lay, they went sporting by the way together without other company save only themselves, passing through the woods and fields, when suddenly in the midst of a laund, there met them three women in strange and ferly apparel, resembling creatures of an elder world, whom when they attentively beheld, wondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said: 'All hail *Makbeth*, Thane of *Glammiss*' (for he had lately entered into that dignity and office by the death of his father *Sinell*). The second of them said: 'Hail *Makbeth*, Thane of *Cawder*.' But the third said: 'All hail *Makbeth*, that hereafter shalt be King of *Scotland*.'

Then *Banquho*: 'What manner of women (saith he) are you that seem so little favourable unto me, whereas to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assign also the kingdom, appointing forth nothing for me at all?' 'Yes' (saith the first of them), 'we promise greater benefits unto thee than unto him; for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end; neither shall he leave any issue behind him to succeed in his place, where contrarily thou indeed shalt not reign at all, but of thee those shall be born which shall govern the Scottish kingdom by long order of continual descent.' Herewith the foresaid women vanished immediately out of their sight. This was reputed at the first but some vain fantastical illusion by *Makbeth* and *Banquho*, insomuch that *Banquho* would call *Makbeth* in jest, king of Scotland; and *Makbeth* again would call him in sport likewise, father of many kings. But afterwards

the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the Goddesses of destiny, or else some Nymphs or Fairies, indued with knowledge of prophecy by their Necromantical science, because everything came to pass as they had spoken.

(b)

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO

Macbeth: So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Banquo: How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macbeth: Speak, if you can: what are you?

1st Witch: All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2nd Witch: All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3rd Witch: All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter!

Banquo: Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak, then, to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

1st Witch: Hail!

2nd Witch: Hail!

3rd Witch: Hail!

1st Witch: Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2nd Witch: Not so happy, yet much happier.

3rd Witch: Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1st Witch: Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[WITCHES *vanish*.]

2. In the original the following sentences, here in jumbled order, make up *three* paragraphs. Read these sentences and arrange them in what you think was their original form. (N.B.—*You must not change the order of the words in the sentence.*)

This was the unluckiest noise that ever I made in my life. It was my first idea to have crawled, and then I thought speed was the main thing, and stood half up to make a rush. The Winchester cracked again, and down she went. I scarcely knew where I was hurt, or whether I was hurt or not, but turned right over on my face to crawl after my weapon. There was one bad point in my game. I seemed to fly in the air, then came down by the run and lay half a minute, silly; and then I found my hands empty, and my gun had flown over my head as I fell. Up to then Uma had stuck to her tree like a sensible woman, knowing she would be only in the way; but as soon as she heard me sing out, she ran forward. It makes a man mighty wide awake to be in the kind of box that I was in. One of the blessed graven images had come down all afire, hair and clothes and body, not four yards away from me. The same moment from somewhere between me and the sea there came a flash and a report, and a rifle bullet screeched in my ear. Unless you have tried to get about with a smashed leg you don't know

what pain is, and I let out a howl like a bullock's. I swung straight round and up with my gun, but the brute had a Winchester, and before I could as much as see him his second shot knocked me over like a ninepin. I cast a mighty noticing glance all round; there was still no Case, and I made up my mind I must get rid of that burning stick before he came, or I should be shot there like a dog.

3. Write an essay on *one* of the following:

- (a) The "Balance of Power" has been the curse of Europe.
- (b) "A film is a distinct art form: it is a major critical error to assess it by canons applicable to literature or the theatre."
- (c) "Man is as God made him and sometimes even better."
- (d) No man can advocate "apartheid" and call himself civilized.
- (e) Only the exhibitionist is socially successful.
- (f) A liberal education.
- (g) "Religion cannot live without myth."
- (h) "In nature there is neither colour nor line, only sun and shade."
- (i) "Old age and adolescence have one thing in common at least: they are both ages of sentimentality."
- (j) "A house is a machine to live in."
- (k) "Where do we go from here?"
- (l) "There is no sin except stupidity."
- (m) "History is past politics and politics present history."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Part One

THIS faculty of perception seems to me to be that which puts the distinction betwixt the animal kingdom and the inferior parts of nature. For however vegetables have, many of them, some degrees of motion, and upon the different application of other bodies to them, do very briskly alter their figures and motions, and so have obtained the name of sensitive plants, from a motion which has some resemblance to that which in animals follows upon sensation: yet, I suppose, it is all bare mechanism, and no otherwise produced, than the turning of a wild oat-beard, by the insinuation of the particles of moisture; or the shortening of a rope, by the affusion of water. All which is done without any sensation in the subject, or the having or receiving any ideas.

Perception, I believe, is in some degree in all sorts of animals; though in some, possibly, the avenues provided by nature for the reception of sensations are so few, and the perception they are received with so obscure and dull, that it comes extremely short of the quickness and variety of sensation which are in other animals; but yet it is sufficient for, and wisely adapted to, the state and condition of that sort of animals who are thus made. So that the wisdom and goodness of the Maker plainly appear in all the parts of this stupendous fabric; and all the several degrees and ranks of creatures in it.

We may, I think, from the make of an oyster, or cockle, reasonably conclude that it has not so many nor so quick senses, as a man, or several other animals; nor if it had, would it, in that state and incapacity of transferring itself from one place to another, be bettered by them. What good would sight and hearing do to a creature that cannot move itself to or from the objects wherein at a distance it perceives good or evil? and would not quickness of sensation be an inconvenience to an animal that must lie still where chance has once placed it, and there receive the afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul water, as it happens to come to it?

But yet I cannot but think there is some small dull perception, whereby they are distinguished from perfect insensibility. And that this may be so, we have plain instances even in mankind

itself. Take one, in whom decrepid old age has blotted out the memory of his past knowledge, and clearly wiped out the ideas his mind was formerly stored with, and has, by destroying his sight, hearing, and smell quite, and his taste to a great degree, stopped up almost all the passages for new ones to enter; or, if there be some of the inlets yet half open, the impressions made are scarce perceived, or not at all retained. How far such an one (notwithstanding all that is boasted of innate principles) is in his knowledge, and intellectual faculties, above the condition of a cockle or an oyster, I leave to be considered. And if a man has passed sixty years in such a state, as it is possible he might, as well as three days; I wonder what difference there would have been, in any intellectual perfections, between him and the lowest degree of animals.

Perception then being the first step and degree towards knowledge, and the inlet of all the materials of it; the fewer senses any man, as well as any other creature, hath, and the fewer and duller the impressions are that are made by them; the more remote are they from that knowledge which is to be found in some men. But this being in great variety of degrees (as may be perceived amongst men) cannot certainly be discovered in the several species of animals, much less in their particular individuals. It suffices me only to have remarked here, that perception is the first operation of all our intellectual faculties, and the inlet of all knowledge in our minds. But I am apt too to imagine that it is perception, in the lowest degree of it, which puts the boundaries between animals and the inferior ranks of creatures. But this I mention only as my conjecture by the by, it being indifferent to the matter in hand which way the learned shall determine of it.

JOHN LOCKE, *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*

EXERCISES

1. What does Locke mean by:
 - (a) the faculty of perception,
 - (b) the inferior parts of nature,
 - (c) knowledge,
 - (d) the inferior ranks of creatures?
2. In paragraph two the second sentence does not rightly belong to the paragraph. Why do you think Locke inserted it?

3. Locke's observations on the cockle and the oyster are far from accurate. Point out the errors in his statements.
4. From Locke's argument here how many of the following inferences, would you say, are valid:
 - (a) Man is an animal but a rope is a vegetable.
 - (b) If a cockle has no knowledge, it has at least the means of acquiring it.
 - (c) The number and quality of an animal's senses are determined by its environment.
 - (d) All human knowledge is acquired through the operation of the senses.
5. What observations can you make on the construction of the paragraphs in this extract?
6. If one of Locke's main purposes as a philosopher was to reject the theory of innate ideas, pick out the most important sentence for this thesis.
7. "Locke cared nothing for the niceties of language—but if he expressed himself without vigour, it was always clearly and correctly." Apply this statement to the above extract.

Part Two

1. Write brief definitions of the following words or phrases:
academic art; prehensile tail; placenta; dialectic materialism; aerial perspective; obscurantism; the id; foreshortening; pas de deux; physiology; the umbilical cord; the super-ego; tourniquet; fellow-travellers; necromancy; kleptomania; enjambement; a quadratic equation; representational art; psychosis; senior wrangler; the missing link; sentimentality; behaviourism; dissociation of sensibility.
2. Explain clearly in your own words the full significance of the following statements:
 - (a) Better a plausible impossibility than an improbable possibility.
 - (b) That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,

That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on.

- (c) The world of intelligence and conscious volition is not abandoned to chance, but must show itself in the light of the self-cognizant Idea.
- (d) Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.
- (e) He commenced the long struggle not to express what he could see but not to express the things he did not see, that is to say the things everybody is certain of seeing but which they do not really see.
- (f) The only way of expressing emotion in the form of art is by finding an "objective correlative"; in other words, a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that *particular* emotion; such that when the external facts, which must terminate in sensory experience, are given, the emotion is immediately evoked.

3. Comment on what you think are the characteristics of Shakespeare's style in the following extracts. To what stage in his development would you assign each passage? Give reasons.

(a) There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our venture.

(b) The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

- (c) She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.
- (d) It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
- (e) Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once
That make ingrateful man!

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Part One

WHERE, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swell'd up, to rest
The violet's reclining head,
Sat we two, one another's best.
Our hands were firmly cemented
With a fast balm, which thence did spring,
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
Our eyes, upon one double string;
So t'intergraft our hands, as yet
Was all the means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.
As 'twixt two equal Armies, Fate
Suspends uncertain victory,
Our souls (which to advance their state,
Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me.
And whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay;
All day, the same our postures were,
And we said nothing, all the day.
If any, so by love refin'd,
That he soul's language understood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
Within convenient distance stood,
He (though he knew not which soul spake,
Because both meant, both spake the same)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.
This Ecstasy doth unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love,
We see by this, it was not sex,
We see, we saw not what did move:
But as all several souls contain
Mixture of things, they know not what,
Love, these mix'd souls doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this and that.

A single violet transplant,
 The strength, the colour, and the size,
 (All which before was poor, and scant,)
 Redoubles still, and multiplies.
 When love, with one another so
 Interinanimates two souls,
 That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
 Defects of loneliness controls.
 We then, who are this new soul, know,
 Of what we are compos'd, and made,
 For, th' Atomies of which we grow,
 Are souls, whom no change can invade.
 But O alas, so long, so far
 Our bodies why do we forbear?
 They are ours, though they are not we. We are
 The intelligences, they the spheres.
 We owe them thanks, because they thus,
 Did us, to us, at first convey,
 Yielded their forces, sense, to us,
 Nor are dross to us, but allay.
 On man heaven's influence works not so,
 But that it first imprints the air,
 So soul into the soul may flow,
 Though it to body first repair.
 As our blood labours to beget
 Spirits, as like souls as it can,
 Because such fingers need to knit
 That subtle knot, which makes us man:
 So must pure lovers' souls descend
 T' affections, and to faculties,
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,
 Else a great Prince in prison lies.
 To our bodies turn we then, that so
 Weak men on love reveal'd may look;
 Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
 But yet the body is his book,
 And if some lover, such as we,
 Have heard this dialogue of one,
 Let him still mark us, he shall see
 Small change, when we're to bodies gone.

JOHN DONNE, *The Ecstasy*

EXERCISES

1. To what would you attribute the obscurity (if any) of this poem—(a) to individual words, (b) to the imagery, (c) to the syntax?
2. What is a conceit in the literary sense? Are there any instances here of conceit?
3. Donne has been classed as a "metaphysical poet". In what sense do you think this term was originally applied to him? How far is it justified?
4. "Donne's poetry is the poetry of talk, vigorous and direct." Consider the above poem in the light of this statement.
5. Coleridge said of Donne's poetry that it contained "the most fantastic and out-of-the-way thoughts, but in the most pure and genuine mother English". To what extent do you agree with this statement?
6. Give your own views of the metre of this poem.
7. In what sense is Donne an original love poet? Base your answer on an analysis of the above poem.

Part Two

1. Reduce the following statements to their simplest and most lucid form.
 - (a) If the corroboration of psycho-analytic findings from these wider fields has done much to establish the scientific respectability of psycho-analysis, the wide vistas that have been opened up have shown in clearest fashion the immense importance of the psycho-analytic view-point for an understanding of the whole structure and function of human culture.
 - (b) The second objective, which can only be attempted after the first is more or less successfully attained, is the development of the power thus acquired to benefit the child as a social being, and to help him to take his place as a thinking individual and a wise citizen.

Ability to communicate with clarity and intelligence has a vocational value which is too evident to need emphasis, particularly for those whose work will be in the world of books and papers, documents and files. But it should also lead to an ease in social relationships, a desire to know facts, and an ability to think clearly, which are essential elements in the education of the citizen of a democracy.

- (c) From this inspiring saga there emerges one dominating and inescapable conclusion, buttressed by the sanctions of history, which is that Man, uninhibited by environment, is inevitably progressive. His capacity for integrating his basic functional needs with the availability of materials and the consequent evolutionary processes of industrial technique is apparent at every step he has made on the long road which has led to the economic and cultural standards he now enjoys.
- (d) I made an earlier reference to the armament programme, and as our products play a vital and important part in such a programme, our task of allocating supplies in accordance with our system becomes increasingly difficult every month, and I should not like this opportunity to pass of bringing to the notice of our customers, especially those with whom we can record a happy and long-standing relationship, our acute disappointment that we cannot, in spite of our wishes, always fulfil their requirements as completely or as adequately as we would like to do, or as they themselves would desire, were they in our position.
- (e) This, then, is the core of the educational system related to industry, not perhaps superficially as imposing as the large scale schemes of full-time education such as are found in many foreign countries, but related closely to the needs and characteristics of the individual industry and the individual student, and reacting rapidly to changing industrial conditions. These relations and reactions are helped by the common practice of setting up advisory committees, representative of the industry or trade, to work with the various departments of a technical college.

2. Give the English equivalent of the following words or phrases:

dementia præcox; res ipsa loquitur; revenons à nos moutons; passage d'armes; arrière-pensée; laudator temporis acti; hors de combat; rara avis; croquette; abattoir; prima facie; lares et penates; prie-Dieu; feræ naturæ; canaille; bric-à-brac; de trop; opera bouffe; champs de Mars; chiaroscuro.

3. Examine critically the style of each of the following passages:

(a) Thinketh, He made thereat the sun, this isle,
Trees and the fowls here, beast and creeping thing.
Yon otter, sleek-wet, black, lithe as a leech;
Yon auk, one fire-eye in a ball of foam,
That floats and feeds; a certain badger brown
He hath watched hunt with that slant white-wedge eye
By moonlight; and the pie with the long tongue
That pricks deep into oakwarts for a worm,
And says a plain word when she finds her prize,
But will not eat the ants; the ants themselves
That build a wall of seeds and settled stalks
About their hole—He made all these and more,
Made all we see, and us, in spite: how else?

(b) If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O Nymph reserved,—while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts
With brede ethereal wove
O'erhang his wavy bed;

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,—
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As musing slow I hail
Thy genial loved return.

- (c) The impulses of April, the rain-gems, the rose-cloud,
The frilling of flowers in the westering love-wind!
And here through the Park come gentlemen riding,
And there through the Park come gentlemen riding,
And behind the glossy horses Newfoundland dogs follow.
Says one dog to the other, "This park, sir, is mine, sir."
The reply is not wanting: hoarse clashing and mouthing
Arouses the masters.
Then Colonel Montgomery, of the Life-Guards,
dismounts.
"Whose dog is this?" The reply is not wanting,
From Captain Macnamara, Royal Navy: "My dog."
"Then call your dog off, or by God he'll go sprawling."
"If my dog goes sprawling, you must knock me down
after."
"Your name?" "Macnamara, and yours is ——"
"Montgomery."
"And why, sir, not call your dog off?" "Sir, I chose
Not to do so, no man has dictated to me yet,
And you, I propose, will not change that."

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Part One

So the great war continued but it was nearing its end, and the war of cubism, it too was commencing to end, no war is ever ended, of course not, it only has the appearance of stopping. So Picasso's struggle continued but for the moment it appeared to have been won by himself for himself and by him for the world.

It is an extraordinary thing but it is true, wars are only the means of publicising the things already accomplished, a change, a complete change, has come about, people no longer think as they were thinking but no one knows it, no one recognises it, no one really knows it except the creators. The others are too busy with the business of life, they cannot feel what has happened, but the creator, the real creator, does nothing, he is not concerned with the activity of existing, and as he is not active, that is to say as he is not concerned with the activity of existence he is sensitive enough to understand how people are thinking, he is not interested in knowing how they were thinking, his sensitive feeling is concerned in understanding how people live as they are living. The spirit of everybody is changed, of a whole people is changed, but mostly nobody knows it and a war forces them to recognise it because during a war the appearance of everything changes very much quicker, but really the entire change has been accomplished and the war is only something which forces everybody to recognise it. The French revolution was over when war forced everybody to recognise it, the American revolution was accomplished before the war, the war is only a publicity agent which makes every one know what has happened, yes, it is that.

So then the public recognises a creator who has seen the change which has been accomplished before a war and which has been expressed by the war, and by the war the world is forced to recognise the entire change in everything, they are forced to look at the creator who, before any one, knew it and expressed it. A creator is not in advance of his generation but he is the first of his contemporaries to be conscious of what is happening to his generation.

A creator who creates, who is not an academician, who is not some one who studies in a school where the rules are already

known, and of course being known they no longer exist, a creator then who creates is necessarily of his generation. His generation lives in its contemporary way but they only live in it. In art, in literature, in the theatre, in short in everything that does not contribute to their immediate comfort they live in the preceding generation. It is very simple, to-day in the streets of Paris, horses, even tramcars can no longer exist but horses and tramcars are only suppressed when they cause too many complications, they are suppressed but sixty years too late. Lord Grey said when the war broke out that the generals thought of a war of the nineteenth century even when the instruments of war were of the twentieth century and only when the war was at its height did the generals understand that it was a war of the twentieth century and not a war of the nineteenth century. That is what the academic spirit is, it is not contemporary, of course not, and so it can not be creative because the only thing that is creative in a creator is the contemporary thing. Of course.

As I was saying, in the daily living it is another thing. A friend built a modern house and he suggested that Picasso should have one built. But, said Picasso, of course not, I want an old house. Imagine, he said, if Michael Angelo would have been pleased if some one had given him a fine piece of Renaissance furniture, not at all. He would have been pleased if he had been given a beautiful Greek intaglio, of course.

So that is the way it is, a creator is so completely contemporary that he has the appearance of being ahead of his generation and to calm himself in his daily living he wishes to live with the things in the daily life of the past, he does not wish to live as contemporary as the contemporaries who do not poignantly feel being contemporary. This sounds complicated but it is very simple.

GERTRUDE STEIN, *Picasso*

EXERCISES

1. Point out the relationship which the writer adduces between wars and the creative artist.
2. What qualities does the writer attribute to Picasso as distinct from his contemporaries?
3. Give in your own words the purport of the argument which concludes with: "This sounds complicated but it is very simple."

4. Explain the following paradoxical statements:

- (a) no war is ever ended, of course not, it only has the appearance of stopping.
- (b) the creator, the real creator, does nothing, he is not concerned with the activity of existing.
- (c) the rules are already known, and of course being known they no longer exist.
- (d) he does not wish to live as contemporary as the contemporaries who do not poignantly feel being contemporary.

5. "In spite of the absence of orthodox pauses, the punctuation is adequate and there is no ambiguity of meaning." To what extent is this observation true for the above passage?
6. What do you understand by mannerism in writing? Is there any evidence here of this characteristic? Illustrate your answer by quotation.
7. "The expression has the naïvety and point of a sophisticated conversationalist talking to herself." Apply this comment to the style of the above extract.

Part Two

1. Write brief definitions of the following terms:

significant form; fin-de-siècle; holism; sprung rhythm; a socratic question; elephantiasis; cubism; kinetic energy; the theory of probability; determinism; neo-platonism; metathesis; strophe and antistrophe; the four humours; the law of diminishing returns; nihilism; gongorism; the sansculottes; dadaism; catalyst; feminine rhyme; post-impressionism; euphuism; the survival of the fittest; Neanderthal man; the paradoxes of Zeno.

2. From each of the following sections A to D pick out what you consider is the authentic statement by the respective writers. Give reasons for your choice.

Section A

- (a) She died young,—I would you might cover her face,—
It dazzles mine eyes.
- (b) She died young; mine eyes dazzle; cover her face.
- (c) As she died young, please cover her face:
Mine eyes are dazed.
- (d) Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle: she died young.
- (e) Cover, cover her face; so young did she die;
Mine eyes are dazzled.

Section B

- (a) Time, like a dome of many-tinted glass,
Stains the pure radiance of eternity.
- (b) Life, like a dome of myriad-coloured glass,
Shatters the white splendour of eternity.
- (c) Time, like an arch of myriad-coloured glass,
Shatters the splendour of eternity.
- (d) Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.
- (e) Time, like an arch of prismatic glass,
Tincts the pure splendour of eternity.

Section C

- (a) Hear all ye angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, virtues, princedoms, dominations, powers,
Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.
- (b) Hear all ye angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,
Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.
- (c) Hear all ye angels, progeny of light,
Dominations, thrones, virtues, princedoms, powers,
Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.
- (d) Hear all ye angels, progeny of light,
Princedoms, virtues, dominations, powers, thrones,
Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.

Section D

- (a) Do not forget God in the days of youth, when the evil
day comes not, nor the year draws near when thou
shalt say, I have little joy in living.

- (b) In the days of youth thou must remember thy creator—yea, before the years draw near or the evil days come, when thou shalt cry, I have little pleasure in them.
 - (c) Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.
3. Without changing the order of the words in each sentence, re-write the following confused sentences in the order which you think constitutes a well-written paragraph:

Pursuant to which their next enterprise was to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good drink, to spirit and comfort their hearts. Instead of granting this request he called them rogues, traitors, and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. In short, Peter grew so scandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to say he was no better than a knave. In the midst of all this clutter and revolution, in comes Peter with a file of dragoons at his heels, and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after several millions of scurrilities and curses, not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicked them both out of doors, and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill-usage, resolved at last to leave him; but first they humbly desired a copy of their father's will, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the will, and took a *copiam vera*, by which they presently saw how grossly they had been abused; their father having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded that whatever they got should lie in common among them all.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Part One

I FLED Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
 Up vistaed hopes, I sped;
 And shot, precipitated
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.

 But with unhurrying chase,
 And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
 They beat—and a Voice beat
 More instant than the Feet—
“All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.”

 I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities;
(For, though I knew His love Who followèd,
 Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside.)
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to.
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars;
 Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
I said to dawn: Be sudden—to eve: Be soon—
With thy young skyey blossoms heap me over
 From this tremendous Lover!
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
I tempted all His servitors, but to find

My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the blue;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They clanged His chariot 'thwart a heaven,
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their
feet:—

Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.

Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat—
“Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me.”

I sought no more that after which I strayed
In face of man or maid;
But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that replies,
They at least are for me, surely for me!
I turned me to them very wistfully;
But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.
“Come then, ye other children, Nature's—share
With me” (said I) “your delicate fellowship;

Let me greet you lip to lip,
Let me twine with you caresses,
Wantoning
With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,
Banqueting
With her in her wind-walled palace,
Underneath her azured daïs,
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
From a chalice
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring.”

So it was done:
I in their delicate fellowship was one—
Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.

FRANCIS THOMPSON, *The Hound of Heaven*

EXERCISES

1. Describe in your own words the substance of the religious experience the poet is seeking to convey.
2. Would you say that this experience is conveyed vividly or obscurely? Give detailed reasons for your answer.
3. "There is ample evidence in this extract that Francis Thompson was endowed with a rich poetic sensibility." Prove by detailed illustration from the text the truth of this statement.
4. Show how with Thompson the music of associated words is frequently more important than their basic meaning.
5. An epithet may be decorative or functional. From this extract select six of each kind. Comment on the preponderance of either in this extract.
6. "The poet belonged to an age that loved decoration for its own sake." Apply this statement to the above extract.
7. From this extract quote instances of:
 - (a) oxymoron.
 - (b) neologism.
 - (c) archaism.
 - (d) onomatopœia.
 - (e) antithesis.
 - (f) compound epithet.
8. Explain what is meant by:
 - (a) I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red.
 - (b) Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
 - (c) I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy.
 - (d) I sought no more that after which I strayed
In face of man or maid.

Part Two

1. Compare in detail the following passages for their treatment of similar themes, pointing out any particular effects that strike you:
 - (a) Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew.
In quiet she reposes;
Ah! would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabined, ample spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath;
Tonight it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death.

- (b) O snatch'd away in beauty's bloom!
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year,
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That Death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will thus unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

- (c) And once upon a time, Reader—a long, long while ago—I knew a schoolmaster; and that schoolmaster had a wife. And she was young, and fair, and learned; like that princess-pupil of old Ascham; fair and learned as Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother. And her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, Reader: an excellent thing in woman. And her fingers were quick at needle-work, and nimble in all a housewife's cunning. And she

could draw sweet music from the ivory board; and sweeter, stranger music from the dull life of her school-master husband. And she was slow of heart to understand mischief, and her feet ran swift to do good. And she was simple with the simplicity of girlhood, and wise with the wisdom that cometh only of the Lord,—cometh only to the children of the Kingdom. And her sweet, young life was as a Morning Hymn, sung by child-voices to rich organ music. Time shall throw his dart at Death, ere Death has slain such another.

For she died, Reader: a long, long while ago. And I stood once by her grave; her green grave, not far from dear Dunedin. Died, Reader: for all she was so fair and young, and learned, and simple, and good. And I am told it made a great difference to that school-master.

- (d) Stay for me there; I will not faile
To meet thee in that hollow Vale.
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And ev'ry houre a step towards thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my West
Of life, almost by eight houres sail,
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy gale . . .
But heark! My Pulse, like a soft drum
Beats my approach, tells Thee I come;
And slow howere my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by Thee.

2. Pick out and explain the effect of the figures of speech in the following:

- (a) I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it, and turning it upside down.
(b) O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

- (c) It was apparent to all at the fair that the farmer was a veritable Hercules.
- (d) Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
- (e) I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore.
- (f) What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?
- (g) The knightly growth that fringed his lips.
- (h) The years like great black oxen tread the world,
And God the herdsman goads them on behind,
And I am broken by their passing feet.
- (i) To be a leader of men one must turn one's back on men.
- (j) You are the thorn of cactus in my thoughts,
You are the leaven in my bread of days.

3. Write an essay on *one* of the following:

- (a) Einstein is the greatest poet of the twentieth century.
- (b) It is the little hypocrisies of everyday life that make social intercourse possible.
- (c) The knowledge of the ancient languages is mainly a luxury.
- (d) What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.
- (e) Psycho-analysis exposes the dirty linen of mankind, but ignores the formidable task of washing it.
- (f) England, with all thy faults, I love thee still.
- (g) No nation can lose another war.
- (h) The greater part of juvenile delinquency starts in boredom.
- (i) It is no use travelling faster, if we are going in the wrong direction.
- (j) Man is a tool-making animal.
- (k) Thought with the majority of men is just a reflex action.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Part One

THAT all our knowledge begins with experience there can be no doubt. For how is it possible that the faculty of cognition should be awakened into exercise otherwise than by means of objects which affect our senses, and partly of themselves produce representations, partly arouse our powers of understanding into activity, to compare, to connect, or to separate these, and so to convert the raw material of our sensuous impressions into a knowledge of objects, which is called experience? In respect of time, therefore, no knowledge of ours is antecedent to experience, but begins with it.

But, though all our knowledge begins with experience, it by no means follows, that all arises out of experience. For, on the contrary, it is quite possible that our empirical knowledge is a compound of that which we receive through impressions, and that which the faculty of cognition supplies from itself (sensuous impressions giving merely the *occasion*), an addition which we cannot distinguish from the original element given by sense, till long practice has made us attentive to, and skilful in separating it. It is, therefore, a question which requires close investigation, and is not to be answered at first sight—whether there exists a knowledge altogether independent of experience, and even of all sensuous impressions? Knowledge of this kind is called *a priori*, in contradistinction to empirical knowledge, which has its sources *a posteriori*, that is, in experience.

But the expression "*a priori*" is not as yet definite enough, adequately to indicate the whole meaning of the question above started. For, in speaking of knowledge which has its sources in experience, we are wont to say that this or that may be known *a priori*, because we do not derive this knowledge immediately from experience, but from a general rule, which, however, we have itself borrowed from experience. Thus, if a man undermined his house, we say, "he might know *a priori* that it would have fallen"; that is, he needed not to have waited for the experience that it did actually fall. But still, *a priori*, he could not know even this much. For, that bodies are heavy, and, conse-

quently, that they fall when their supports are taken away, must have been known to him previously, by means of experience.

By the term "knowledge *a priori*", therefore, we shall in the sequel understand, not such as is independent of this or that kind of experience, but such as is absolutely so of *all* experience. Opposed to this is empirical knowledge, or that which is possible only *a posteriori*, that is, through experience. Knowledge *a priori* is either pure or impure. Pure knowledge *a priori* is that with which no empirical element is mixed up. For example, the proposition, "Every change has a cause", is a proposition *a priori*, but impure, because change is a conception which can only be derived from experience.

IMMANUEL KANT, *Critique of Pure Reason* (Trans.)

EXERCISES

1. How far, as the basis of his argument, does Kant accept the hypothesis that all knowledge arises from the activity of the senses?
2. Explain what Kant means by the phrase "empirical knowledge" in paragraph two.
3. Give in your own words the distinction that Kant draws between knowledge *a priori* and knowledge *a posteriori*.
4. How far is it true to say that, in spite of his question whether a knowledge altogether independent of experience exists, Kant tacitly assumes that this knowledge does exist?
5. Kant is not really concerned with the existence of "*a priori*" knowledge but with the nature of this knowledge. Quote a sentence in paragraph four that proves or disproves this statement.
6. What evidence is there from this extract that Kant was aware that if he proved the nature of knowledge *a priori*, its existence was necessarily implied?
7. Of Kant, his translator Meiklejohn said that he was a man of "clear, vigorous, and trenchant thought", but he had "never studied the art of expression". How much evidence to support this criticism can you gather from the above extract?

Part Two

1. Write brief definitions of the following terms:

original sin; the stream of consciousness; Geiger-counter; existentialism; euthanasia; visual purple; marginal utility; stomata; Thomism; virginals; methyl orange; the Annunciation; masochism; patrician; shillelagh; spelæology; catalepsy; gamboe; astigmatism; casein; choreographer; soufflé; asymptote; curaçao; aposiopesis.

2. Explain in your own words the meaning of the following:

- (a) Instinct alone is knowledge at a distance; it has the same relation to intelligence that vision has to touch.
- (b) My subject is War, and the pity of War.
The Poetry is in the pity.
- (c) The science of mathematics presents the most brilliant example of the extension of the sphere of pure reason without the aid of experience.
- (d) Corruption could not spread with so much success, though reduced into a system, and though some ministers, with equal impudence and folly, avowed it by themselves and their advocates to be the principal expedient by which they governed; if a long and almost unobserved progression of causes and effects did not prepare the conjuncture.
- (e) In considering the study of physical phenomena, we find its noblest and most important result to be a knowledge of the chain of connection, by which all natural forces are linked together, and made mutually dependent upon each other: and it is the perception of these relations that exalts our views and ennobles our enjoyments.
- (f) And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even Pagans could doubt whether thus to live, were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with

dying mementoes, and time that grows old itself bids us hope no long duration: diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

3. Explain the origin and significance of the following phrases:

the King's Shilling; the heel of Achilles; primum mobile; marginal land; the categorical imperative; the Brownian Movement; élan vital; cogito, ergo sum; a polymorphous pervert; the music of the spheres; a conditioned reflex; the golden mean; Buridan's ass; the Six Gag Acts; to cross the Rubicon; Cartesian doubt; Maunday money; the Bloomsbury Set; Boyle's law; Strength through Joy.

4. Write a critical evaluation of each of the following styles:

- (a) The figure seated on a large boulder at the foot of a round tower was that of a broadshouldered deepchested stronglimbed frankeyed redhaired freely freckled shaggy-bearded widemouthed largenosed longheaded deepvoiced barekneed brawnyhanded hairylegged ruddyfaced sinewyarmed hero. From shoulder to shoulder he measured several ells and his rocklike mountainous knees were covered, as was likewise the rest of his body wherever visible, with a strong growth of mountain gorse (*Ulex Europeus*). The widewinged nostrils, from which bristles of the same tawny hue projected, were of such capaciousness that within their cavernous obscurity the fieldlark might easily have lodged her nest. The eyes in which a tear and a smile strove ever for the mastery were of the dimensions of a goodsized cauliflower. A powerful current of warm breath issued at regular intervals from the profound cavity of his mouth while in rhythmic resonance the loud strong hale reverberations of his formidable heart thundered rumblingly . . .
- (b) She was dressed in a caftán of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to advantage the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, green and silver, her slippers white, finely embroidered; her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging

a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, but I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For me, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

- (c) It was half-past six, too dark to paint, turning very cold. Clouds all streaming away like ghost fish under the ice. Evening sun turning reddish. Trees along the hard like old copper. Old willow leaves shaking up and down in the breeze, making shadows on the ones below, reflections on the ones above. Need a tricky brush to give the effect and what would be the good. Pissarro's job, not mine. Not nowadays. Lyric, not epic.

Stopped at the corner and put on Coker's socks. Silk and wool; must have cost seven and six. But the trouble was, I had holes in my bootsoles and the pavement struck through. Went to a rubbish basket and got some evening newspapers. Shoved 'em in my boots. Shoved 'em up my trousers, stuffed 'em down my waistcoat. As good as leather against an east wind. Thank God for the press, the friend of the poor. Then I went in and lit a match to have a look at the picture. I had a feeling it mightn't be there. And it wasn't there, only a piece of dirty yellow paint. It gave me a shock. There, I said to myself, I've spoilt my night's rest. Why couldn't I take it on trust? Act of faith. That's all it is really.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Part One

I SHOULD be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? the Towers of Heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heav'ns purest Light, yet our great Enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair; we must exasperate
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more; sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through Eternity.
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,

Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed,
Reserv'd and destin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook
With Heav'ns afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires
Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeless end; this would be worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? he from Heav'n's height
All these our motions vain, sees and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.

JOHN MILTON, *Paradise Lost*

The above is the main part of Belial's speech in the debate that takes place in Hell between Satan and his Fallen Angels after they have been overthrown and cast out of Heaven. Belial gives his opinion on the situation and the policy for future action.

EXERCISES

1. Give in your own words the gist of Belial's arguments against the continuation of the war against God.
2. Discuss the psychology of the defeatist as revealed by Belial's speech.
3. What do you understand by cadence? Quote any instances here that are particularly effective.
4. Pick out examples of the following devices which contribute towards the grand style of Milton's blank verse:
 - (a) Periodic sentences, architecturally grouped in massive ensembles.
 - (b) A fastidious choice of words to exclude any associations of the commonplace or colloquial.
 - (c) A dense, elliptical syntax.
 - (d) The coincidence of speech and metrical stress at important points in the line.
 - (e) The preponderance of open vowels and vigorous consonants.
 - (f) Polysyllabic or latinised words to give sonority.
 - (g) Short Anglo-Saxon words to give contrast with (f) and (b).
5. "Belial plays on the human weaknesses of the Fallen Angels." Show by an analysis of his speech the truth of this statement.
6. Give in your own words the meaning of:
 - (a) As not behind in hate.
 - (b) Ominous conjecture.
 - (c) With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable.
 - (d) Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd.
 - (e) for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view?
 - (f) Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.

Part Two

1. Write brief definitions of the following words or phrases:

Appleton Layer; co-axial cable; double-think; Uranium 235; mandarin style; moment of inertia; pot-holing; Fraunhofer lines; Suffragette Movement; the three-field system; amnesia; danse macabre; mach number; toad-in-the-hole; U and non-U; liquid oxygen; The Divine Right of Kings; anti-cyclone; balletomane; Blitzkrieg; cumulus cloud; League of Nations; The Hungry Forties; Mendelian theory; Leclanché cell.

2. Give the English equivalent of the following:

seriatim; consommé; savoir faire; tour de force; pro se quisque; ballon d'essai; ad usum; alter ego; demi-mondaine; nil desperandum; ignis fatuus; girandole; coup d'état; mésalliance; en déshabille.

3. From the variations of statement in each of the sections A, B, C, D, choose what you consider is the original sentence and give reasons for your choice.

Section A

- (a) Temperate was the air, serene the sky, and the silver orb of the moon was reflected in the waters, and all nature was silent.
- (b) All nature was silent: the air was temperate, the sky serene, and the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters.
- (c) The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent.
- (d) While the air was temperate, while the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected in the waters, and all nature was silent.

Section B

- (a) Abroad throughout England is the angel of death, and you can almost hear her wings beating.
- (b) The death-angel is flying over the land; you can almost hear the flapping of her wings.
- (c) The angels of death are flying over England: you may almost perceive the beatings of their wings.

- (d) The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings.

Section C

- (a) Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.
- (b) Over field, over city, down came the darkness; and Amelia was then praying for her George, though he was lying with an evil bullet through his great heart—dead!
- (c) Over green field and populous city came the enveloping darkness; and lovely Amelia was praying for her poor George, who was lying prone on his face, dead, irrecoverably dead, with a bullet through his noble heart.
- (d) Down came the darkness over field and foreign city; and poor Amelia was praying for her soldier George, who lay with a bullet through his heart and his face towards the earth—dead!

Section D

- (a) But conquering Time marches on, and by and by the descending sun has compassed the heaven and now softly touches your right arm and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia.
- (b) But conquering Time marches onward, and the descending sun has by and by encompassed the heavens and softly touches you now on the right arm and throws your thin shadow across the desert on the sand that leads to Persia.
- (c) But conquering Time marches on until presently the sun that is descending has done his journey across the skies, and touching softly your right arm, throws your thin shadow across the desert in the direction of Persia.

4. Appreciate the style of the following extracts:

- (a) His palace bright
Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,

And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks,
 Glar'd a blood-red through all its thousand courts,
 Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries;
 And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
 Flush'd angrily: while sometimes eagle's wings,
 Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
 Darken'd the place; and neighing steeds were heard,
 Not heard before by Gods or wondering men.
 Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
 Of incense, breath'd aloft from sacred hills,
 Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
 Savour of poisonous brass and metal sick.

- (b) Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
 With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned,
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band
 Of white-robed Scholars only, this immense
 And glorious work of fine intelligence.
 Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
 Of nicely-calculated less or more;
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
 Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
 That they were born for immortality.

- (c) The Temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
 Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
 With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
 Of bright, transparent beryl were the walls,
 The friezes gold, and gold the capitals:
 As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
 The sage Historians in white garments wait;
 Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Part One

ONE thing is certain, the poet will not become truly modern by any act of will. Modernity may be exhibited in diction, in image, or in theme. We perceive, looking back over the poetry of the past, how this poet's idiom differs from that of his predecessors and what it has in common with that of his contemporaries, and we may detect in the general poetic idiom of any given period a greater or lesser approximation to the contemporary rhythms and character of common speech. We perceive, again, how certain poets of the past were original in their choice and use of imagery, while others were derivative. And it is not difficult to distinguish between the poet who infused an old subject with contemporary meaning, thus creating a new theme, and the poet who was writing no more than graceful variations of an old theme, and the poet who took a new subject but made nothing of it. At this distance, the modernity of the past is clearly distinguishable; we put it to ourselves, quite simply, that certain poems still live for us vigorously, others but tickle our fancy, others again are dead. Professor Livingston Lowes has admirably said that 'Poets of low vitality ensconce themselves like hermit-crabs, generation after generation, in the cast-off shells of their predecessors.' What comes through is vitality. The poet of high vitality, and he alone, is strong enough to live in the present, to wrestle with its Protean nature and pin it down to an original form. He alone, therefore, is truly modern; and because it images the patterns that in his time are still forming, still inchoate, his work also holds good for posterity, may indeed hold more meaning for later times than for his own. But this poetic vitality cannot be consciously developed, like the muscles in a Sadow advertisement, and therefore no poet can become modern by an act of will.

He may, of course, deliberately sit down to write in the contemporary idiom. But to use assonance to-day, for example, or to cut prose up into more or less irregular lengths, or to fill his verse with images of machines, or to drone on about the Death Will—none of this can make a poet modern. For it is the paradoxical truth that one cannot know what is truly modern, except

in the most superficial sense, until it has ceased to be modern. The 'immense, moving, confused spectacle' of our own times must sort itself out; posterity alone can judge which of our poets, by penetrating most deeply into our life and most sensitively recording our values, really represent us.

This is the pretext reactionary critics use to-day who tell poets that they ought to get back to the old changeless subjects of poetry—love, death, nature. In doing so, they make two mistakes: they confuse subject with theme, and they ignore history. Bradley said that 'Whatever its "subject" may be', a poem must express something living. Now, the subject of Tennyson's *Tithonus* is the legend of Tithonus and the Dawn Goddess; and had Tennyson merely versified that legend, as he merely versified those in the *Idylls of the King*, the poem would not have expressed, as it does, 'something living in the mind from which it comes and the minds to which it goes'. But Tennyson put into *Tithonus* a personal conflict, the conflict between his fear of death and his fear of immortality; this marriage of personal meaning with set subject created a theme, and by virtue of this theme the poem is a living image—it reveals to us something that is alive in our own minds. The poignancy of the poem comes, however, not simply from Tennyson's own mental agony but also from certain tendencies of his age, from the material security of the Victorians which made death by so much the more dreadful to them, and from the weakening of belief in personal immortality. We cannot imagine a seventeenth-century poet creating such an image out of the legend of Tithonus, and still less can we imagine a seventeenth-century reader accepting it. Conversely, we may think that the poetry of Beddoes fails to reach the heights one might have expected from so powerful an imagination, because the poet's attitude to death was anachronistic, was purely Elizabethan. To me, at any rate, *Tithonus* is a truly modern poem, and *Death's Jest Book* is not.

C. DAY LEWIS, *The Poetic Image*

EXERCISES

1. Show clearly that you understand why a poet cannot become modern by an act of will.
2. Which sentence in paragraph one and which phrase in paragraph two best establish the distinction between subject and theme in poetry?

3. From the illustration in paragraph two show clearly that you appreciate the difference in vitality between Tennyson's *Tithonus* and his *Idylls of the King*.
4. The writer implies that modernity in its most superficial sense is modernity in diction and image, but in its fundamental sense it is modernity in theme. How far do you agree with this statement?
5. Say whether you agree with the following statements as relevant to the writer's argument and give reasons for your answer:
 - (a) A contemporary poet cannot be modern unless he is derivative in his poetic idiom.
 - (b) It is posterity not we who must judge whether our contemporaries are modern.
6. Show that you understand why:
 - (a) a poet's work may hold more meaning for later times than for his own;
 - (b) reactionary critics ignore history;
 - (c) we cannot imagine a seventeenth-century poet creating such an image out of the legend of Tithonus.
7. Explain the significance of:

"to wrestle with its Protean nature"; "a Sandow advertisement"; "to cut prose up into more or less irregular lengths"; "to drone on about the Death Will"; "had Tennyson merely versified that legend".
8. Give in your own words the meaning of:

"derivative"; "ensconce"; "inchoate"; "assonance"; "paradoxical"; "pretext"; "reactionary"; "poignancy"; "conversely"; "anachronistic".

Part Two

1. Comment on the use and effectiveness of the figurative language in the following passages:
 - (a) Death is an ancient cross by an inland shore,
 Death the sophisticated district-visitor,
 Death is a rusty broken-ribbed umbrella,
 Death is a bright and poisonous miasma.

- (b) And in England the crack-willows, their
wet leaves reversed by the wind; and
the swallows sitting different ways like
notes of music between the black poles on
the five telephone wires.
- (c) So, when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved
maze.
- (d) On the chalk cliff edge struggles the final field
Of barley smutted with tares and marbled
With veins of rusted poppy as though the plough had
bled.
The sun is drowned in bird-wailing mist,
The sea and sky meet outside distinction,
The landscape glares and stares—white poverty
Of gaslight diffused through frosted glass.
- (e) Let *Sporus* tremble—*A.* What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
- (f) White founts falling in the Courts of the sun,
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run;
There is laughter like fountains in that face of all men
feared,

It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard,
It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips,
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his
ships.

2. Reduce the following statements to their simplest and most lucid form:

- (a) The panorama of investments continues to be overshadowed by growing apprehensions of inflation or contrariwise of expectations of improved profits and dividends. As day by day passes evidence is gradually accumulating that there is a firm basis for both these apprehensions and expectations. But the opposing strains of these market-raising emotions have been recently reinforced by a developing belief that an extension of American policies towards more liberal ideas in the international field will do much to blunt the keen edge of the shortages in raw materials.
- (b) These are questions which we shall afterwards have to discuss: I only refer to them now by way of illustration; and in order to warn the reader that, in my opinion, no questions of this kind—regarded as practical problems presented for solution to a particular nation at a particular time—can be absolutely and finally determined by the method which I shall try to work out in subsequent chapters. At the same time, this general treatment of the subject cannot fail, in my opinion, to be useful, provided that we are not misled into regarding it as complete and final; useful, not merely as a preparatory exercise, but because considerations of the general kind with which we shall be concerned must always form an important part of the discussion of any question of practical politics, though they have to be combined with—and to a varying extent overruled by—considerations of a more special kind.
- (c) Every male British subject who has, at any time since the fourteenth day of August, nineteen hundred and fifteen, been, or who for the time being is, in Great

Britain, and who at the date of the passing of this Act has attained the age of eighteen years and has not attained the age of fifty-one years, or who at any subsequent date attains the age of eighteen years, shall, unless he is for the time being within the exceptions set out in the First Schedule to this Act, be deemed, as from the date of the passing of this Act, or as from that subsequent date, or, if having been within those exceptions he subsequently ceases so to be, as from the date on which he so ceases, as the case may be, to have been duly enlisted in his Majesty's regular forces for general service with the colours or in the reserve for the period of the war, and to have been forthwith transferred to the reserve.

3. Compare in respect of (a) intention and (b) achievement these two versions of the same incident by Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

(a) Whilst I was writing these last sentences, I heard her (the nurse) calling me—Wilson was out and Robert at the Post Office —“Signora — Signora — *ecco i Tedeschi!*” The Austrians had arrived. We ran out on the terrace together—and up from the end of the street and close under our windows came the artillery, and baggage wagons—the soldiers sitting upon the cannons motionless. Slowly the hateful procession filed under our windows. The people shrank back to let them pass, in the deepest silence—not a word spoken, scarcely a breath drawn.

“Ah, signora,” said our nurse, “*fa male di vedere questi. Sono brutti questi Tedeschi.*”

- (b) From Casa Guidi windows, gazing, then,
I saw and witness how the Duke came back.

The regular tramp of horse and tread of men
Did smite the silence like an anvil black

And sparkless. With her wide eyes at full strain,
Our Tuscan nurse exclaimed, “Alack, alack,

Signora! these shall be the Austrians.” “Nay,
Be still,” I answered, “do not wake the child!”

For so my two-months baby sleeping lay
 In milky dreams upon the bed and smiled,
 And I thought, "He shall sleep on while he may,
 Through the world's baseness. Not being yet defiled,
 Why should he be disturbed by what is done?"
 Then, gazing, I beheld the long-drawn street
 Live out from end to end, full in the sun
 With Austria's thousands. Sword and bayonet,
 Horse, foot, artillery—cannons rolling on,
 Like blind slow storm-clouds gestant with the heat
 Of undeveloped lightnings, each bestrode
 By a single man, dust-white from head to heel,
 Indifferent as the dreadful thing he rode,
 Like sculptured Fate serene and terrible.

4. Without changing the order of the words in each sentence, re-write the following sentences as a well-organized paragraph:

The incident, in fact, throws back, over the whole of his character as it has so far been (somewhat enigmatically) presented, a sudden and brilliantly transforming illumination. An admirable but not very lovable psychology: and drawn to perfection when this incident of the rejection of Falstaff concludes and retrospectively illuminates the whole series of previous incidents. For we now understand what the scape-grace prince has been all through the two parts of *Henry IV*. Now its interpretation seems not only possible but inevitable, if we look for it in the right place: not in the mechanics of play-construction, namely, but in the character of Henry. But to come to a concrete instance. Some such revelation as this Shakespeare had indeed more than once unobtrusively warned his audience to expect; but scarcely to expect anything like so remarkable and complete a transfiguration. Avid of experience, he is so sure of his own integrity, that he can mix with cheerful scoundrels, and like them enjoy the most reprehensible behaviour, knowing that he will finally emerge untarnished. When, at the end of *Henry IV*, the prince, on his way to his coronation, so brutally and yet, all things considered, so justly, rejects Falstaff, we have an incident that most readers find startling, and many shocking: an incident,

at any rate, which, if the play is to be criticized at all, cries out for comment and, if possible, interpretation. He is the kind of person who can touch pitch without being defiled; or rather he is the kind of personality that can no more be smirched by circumstance than white-hot iron by dust.

5. Explain in your own words the meaning of the following:

- (a) Our intellect does not draw its laws from nature, but imposes its laws upon nature.
- (b) If the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear to man as it is, infinite.
- (c) Speech is the small change of silence.
- (d) It is the customary fate of new truths to begin as heresies and to end as superstitions.
- (e) The spirit of contradiction is the lowest form of the creative spirit; and the creative spirit is the highest form of the spirit of contradiction.
- (f) Every great and original writer, in proportion as he is great or original, must create the taste by which he is to be relished.
- (g) Science is organized knowledge.
- (h) No intelligent man will ever be so bold as to put into language those things which his reason has contemplated.
- (i) It is certain because it is impossible.
- (j) The cruellest lies are often told in silence.
- (k) If it had not been for these things, I might have lived out my life, talking at street corners to scornful men. I might have died, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life can we hope to do such work for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of man, as now we do by accident. Our words,—our lives—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph!

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Part One

AFTER the funeral, mule praises, brays,
Windshake of sailshaped ears, muffle-toes tap
Tap happily of one peg in the thick
Grave's foot, blinds down the lids, the teeth in black,
The spittled eyes, the salt ponds in the sleeves,
Morning smack of the spade that wakes up sleep,
Shakes a desolate boy who slits his throat
In the dark of the coffin and sheds dry leaves,
That breaks one bone to light with a judgment clout,
After the feast of tear-stuffed time and thistles
In a room with a stuffed fox and a stale fern,
I stand, for this memorial's sake, alone
In the snivelling hours with dead, humped Ann
Whose hooded, fountain heart once fell in puddles
Round the parched worlds of Wales and drowned each sun
(Though this for her is a monstrous image blindly
Magnified out of praise; her death was a still drop;
She would not have me sinking in the holy
Flood of heart's fame; she would lie dumb and deep
And need no druid of her broken body).
But I, Ann's bard on a raised hearth, call all
The seas to service that her wood-tongued virtue
Babble like a bellbuoy over the hymning heads,
Bow down the walls of the ferned and foxy woods
That her love sing and swing through a brown chapel,
Bless her bent spirit with four, crossing birds.
Her flesh was meek as milk, but this skyward statue
With the wild breast and blessed and giant skull
Is carved from her in a room with a wet window
In a fiercely mourning house in a crooked year.
I know her scrubbed and sour humble hands
Lie with religion in their cramp, her threadbare
Whisper in a damp word, her wits drilled hollow,
Her fist of a face died clenched on a round pain;
And sculptured Ann is seventy years of stone.

These cloud-sopped, marble hands, this monumental
 Argument of the hewn voice, gesture and psalm
 Storm me for ever over her grave until
 The stuffed lung of the fox twitch and cry Love
 And the strutting fern lay seeds on the black sill.

DYLAN THOMAS, *After the Funeral*

EXERCISES

1. What impression does the poem give you of the poet's attitude to (a) the business of burial, (b) the dead servant Ann?
2. What are the characteristics of sprung-rhythm? With whom did it originate? How far is the above poem a successful example of this kind of rhythm?
3. Show (a) that the rhyme scheme of the poem is based on half-rhyme, (b) that alliteration and assonance are deliberate and emphatic, (c) that they are used to replace the music of full rhymes.
4. Discuss the poet's use of epithet as illustrated in the following phrases: (a) sailshaped ears, (b) spittled eyes, (c) judgment clout, (d) tear-stuffed time, (e) snivelling hours, (f) sour humble hands, (g) hewn voice.
5. "The first half of the poem is an impressionistic description of burial, the second half the contrapuntal fusion of the image of the real dead woman with the monumental figure of the poet's imagination." How far is this a true criticism of the poem?
6. Estimate the emotional value in the poem of the following lines:
 - (a) Shakes a desolate boy who slits his throat
 In the dark of the coffin and sheds dry leaves.
 - (b) I know her scrubbed and sour humble hands
 Lie with religion in their cramp.
 - (c) The stuffed lung of the fox twitch and cry Love
 And the strutting fern lay seeds on the black sill.
7. Explain what effect the poet endeavours to achieve in each of the following phrases:

“the thick grave’s foot”; “a monstrous image blindly magnified out of praise”; “wood-tongued virtue”; “babble like a bellbuoy”; “that her love sing and swing”; “her wits drilled hollow”.

Part Two

1. Explain clearly in your own words the full significance of:

- (a) Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness.
- (b) All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible, by reaction.
- (c) The imagination may be compared to Adam’s dream—he awoke and found it truth.
- (d) But a degree of heterogeneity of material compelled into unity by the operation of the poet’s mind is omnipresent in poetry.
- (e) Wherein lies happiness? In that which becks
Our ready minds to fellowship divine,
A fellowship with essence; till we shine
Full alchemiz’d and free of space.
- (f) What the creator of character needs is not so much knowledge of motives as keen sensibility; the dramatist need not understand people; but he must be exceptionally aware of them.
- (g) That praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox; or those, who, being forced by disappointment upon consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard which is yet denied by envy, will be at last bestowed by time.
- (h) The primary Imagination I hold to be the living power and prime agent of all human perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I AM.

- (i) Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind. And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.
- (j) I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind.

2. Write brief definitions of the following terms:

Angst; "egg-heads"; nuclear fission; crime passionnel; paradoxical symbolism; derivative art; chromosome; invisible exports; Sturm und Drang; platonic love; plastic surgery; Gestalt; time-and-motion study; hæmophilia; kinæsthetic imagery; the three unities; cheap money; the Death-wish; doppelgänger; bourgeois mentality.

3. Characterize the style of each of the following passages from Shakespeare and assign each to a particular stage in his development:

- (a) It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul;
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
 It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
 And smooth as monumental alabaster.
 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
 Put out the light, and then put out the light:
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat
 That can thy light relume.
- (b) The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow
 That never words were music to thine ear,
 That never object pleasing to thine eye,
 That never touch well welcome to thy hand,

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O! how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah! do not tear away thyself from me,
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself and not me too.

- (c) I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

- (d) So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners; that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,

Their virtue's else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault.

- (e) No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
As gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too.
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon 's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sets of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon.

4. Write an essay on *one* of the following:

- (a) To popularize usually means to oversimplify.
(b) A second Elizabethan Age?
(c) "Experience is the name everyone gives to his mistakes."
(d) "Art has no special or necessary concern with what is beautiful."
(e) All civilized men are neurotic, but some are more neurotic than others.
(f) "The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is."
(g) "The price of a new freedom is an immediate new bondage."
(h) "In painting and sculpture Italy is the home of tradition, France of revolution."
(i) "Leisure is nothing more than a genteel term for physical and mental inertia".

APPENDIX

FIGURES OF SPEECH

Allegory: sustained metaphor or personification. Where direct argument on moral, religious or political issues may be too abstract for a naïve audience, or may offend religious or political authority, the allegorist conveys his meaning or argument indirectly in terms of a story or description. Spenser's *Faerie Queene* and Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress* are well-known allegories.

Alliteration: repetition of consonantal sounds at telling intervals. Certain effects (*e.g.* effort, noise) may occasionally be intended by alliteration, but excessive use generally produces humour.

Antithesis: clear-cut opposition or contrast of ideas, *e.g.*
Few, few shall part where many meet.

Antonomasia: use of the name of a prominent person in history or fiction to denote the class this person typifies.
An housholdere, and that a greet, was he;
Seint Julian he was in his contree.

Assonance: repetition of vowel sounds at telling intervals. If not handled carefully, assonance may lead to monotony and flatness. The following sentence from Sir Thomas Browne illustrates the subtle and effective use of both alliteration and assonance:

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy,
and deals with the memory of men without distinction
to merit of perpetuity.

Bathos (or anti-climax): the arrangement of words or ideas so that there is a distinct lessening of interest, or a sudden fall from the sublime to the ridiculous. The drop in emotional temperature which results from this figure has generally a witty or humorous effect. Pope was a master of bathos.

Grains of red Afric dust are we,
And our mysterious destiny:
To time the egg Jane boils for tea.

Climax: the opposite of bathos, a sequence of words or ideas to produce a distinct heightening of interest or increasing intensity. It may be compared with the *crescendo* in music.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.

Epigram: a terse and pointed saying, conveying much meaning in few words. It often contains antithesis. Of the epigram Coleridge said:

Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

Euphemism: the expression of something bald or harsh in a mode that softens the impact of a bare statement. Commonly the figure is associated with death, as one may see from tombstones and obituary notices. By this figure, 'He died' becomes 'He fell asleep'.

Hyperbole: deliberate exaggeration or overstatement for the sake of emphasis. But it is a figure to be used sparingly, otherwise its effect is lost. Both Carlyle and the early film industry abused this trope.

I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist.

Innuendo: an insinuation, a kind of irony in which an observation (usually depreciatory) is hinted at rather than directly stated. Women use this figure expertly. Thus, a young girl who wanted her boy friend to take her to the pictures might say: 'There's a grand picture at the Palace to-night!'

Inversion: dislocation of the normal order of words to throw a word or phrase into an emphatic position. The commonest form of inversion is where the subject comes after the verb instead of before it.

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come.

Irony: a statement which, from suggestions implicit in the situation or in the subsequent development of events, must not be taken at face value, since the intended meaning is hidden and frequently opposite to the surface meaning. At the beginning of *Pride and Prejudice* Jane Austen says: "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife." As one reads one realises that this statement really means: *a single woman in possession of no fortune must be in want of a husband.*

Dramatic irony: occurs when a statement in a play has one meaning for the actors or characters and another meaning, often highly dramatic, for the audience. In *Macbeth* the drunken porter's reference to 'hell-gate' is an instance of dramatic irony.

► *Socratic irony*: the feigning of ignorance in debate in order to entice an opponent into error or self-contradiction. Socrates, as the name implies, used this weapon very frequently in argument.

Litotes: equally effective as hyperbole for securing emphasis, but more subtle, is the opposite device of deliberate understatement. With hyperbole far less, with litotes far more, is implied than is stated. The English with their innate reserve are masters of understatement.

She was no spring chicken, I can tell you.

Metaphor: word or phrase used in a sense in which it cannot be literally applicable. When a word is first coined, its meaning denotes a specific thing or quality or action or manner. Later this meaning may be transferred. The word is then said to be used metaphorically. The justification of such verbal development lies, of course, in some resemblance between the thing, quality, action or manner denoted by the literal use and that denoted by the metaphorical use. Thus, the 'tongue' of a shoe resembles the human tongue in shape and pliability; the 'leg' of a chair the human leg in function. But this resemblance is also the basis of the simile; the difference, therefore, is that while the simile says that one thing is *like* another, the metaphor says that one thing is another.

Mixed metaphor: in this, two distinct images that are not congruous are mixed with either an illogical or a ridiculous effect. A former Prime Minister once referred to 'The torrent of marching feet'.

Metonymy: closely allied to synecdoche, this is a figure in which one thing is substituted for another with which it is associated. He had no intention of attacking the *crown* (for *king*.)

Onomatopœia: the sound of a word or a combination of words suggesting the thing denoted. Words such as 'pop' and 'crack' are onomatopœic. In French the word *glouglou* is particularly expressive of the gurgling sound of water. But onomatopœia, however striking, is an adjunct, not a necessity, in great poetry.

Oxymoron: two words or phrases with contradictory significance, in other words, a compressed paradox, *e.g.* bitter sweet.

Paradox: arrests attention by seeming to contradict an accepted truth or a platitude. Yet the contradiction is more apparent than real. When a paradox is analysed, the meaning may reveal a subtle and penetrating observation. But as with certain other figures of speech, excessive use wearies the reader and suggests verbal gymnastics rather than profound or original thinking. Oscar Wilde and G. K. Chesterton were masters of paradox.

To die is to begin to live.

Personification: attribution of human qualities or characteristics to lifeless things or abstractions. The figure is often marked by the use of a capital letter. But a capital letter in itself does not produce personification. If a congruous and vivid image is not present in the context, the figure is invalid. (Eighteenth-century verse is strewn with 'the easy loans of capital letters').

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

Pun: a play upon words. The particular use of one word suggests another with the same or similar sound, both being equally applicable in the context. The interplay of two, or possibly more, meanings frequently produces an incongruity which is witty or humorous. Although the pun was a favourite figure with Elizabethan dramatists, its use is now the monopoly of popular comedians on television and in the music-hall.

An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for
the good of his country.

Repetition: repetition of a word or phrase for emphasis.

He had not gone a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out of the good ship's side,
And the salt sea it came in.

Repetition by complement (e.g. flesh and blood) is another form of the figure.

Rhetorical question: a question so framed that the answer is self-evident or not required. A rhetorical question is really a statement disguised as a question in order to arouse emotion or secure emphasis.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?

Simile: direct comparison of one thing to another as a result of a common quality. A simile may be (a) simple, or (b) epic or Homeric. In (a) the comparison is brief and vivid, in (b) it is extended and developed through a long sentence or a series of sentences. As the name implies, (b) belongs to epic poetry and is common in *Paradise Lost*. Both kinds of simile are introduced by 'like' or 'as'.

The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres.

Syllepsis: a condensed or economic sentence where a word that appears once only is used in more than one sense.

He broke his duck and the refectory window.

Synecdoche: a part used for the whole or the whole for the part; e.g. sixty head of cattle, 'All hands on deck!'

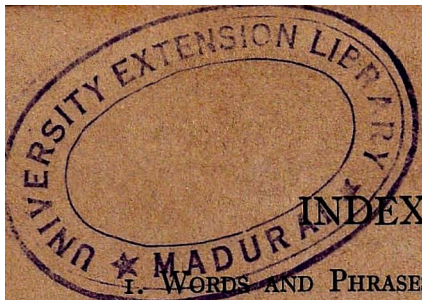
Transferred epithet: descriptive word taken from the noun to which it logically belongs and placed next to another closely associated with the first noun.

The man raised a suspicious eyebrow.

Zeugma: a figure in which the structure of a sentence yokes a verb or adjective to two or more nouns, though this verb or adjective is logically applicable to one noun only—another word being understood.

Kill the boys and (*sc.* destroy) the luggage!

Zeugma should not be confused with the closely related figure of syllepsis.



INDEX OF EXERCISES

1. WORDS AND PHRASES:
Chapters 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 24.
2. THE SENTENCE:
Chapters 1, 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 22.
3. THE PARAGRAPH:
Chapters 1, 3, 7, 11, 16, 19, 23.
4. SIMPLIFICATION OF JARGON AND BOMBAST:
Chapters 6, 10, 14, 18, 23.
5. ELUCIDATION OF MEANING:
Chapters 2, 5, 9, 13, 14, 17, 21, 23, 24.
6. FIGURES OF SPEECH:
Chapters 2, 4, 8, 15, 20.
7. FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE:
Chapters 2, 5, 9, 12, 23.
8. STYLE AND LITERARY CRITICISM:
Chapters 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24.
9. THEMES FOR ESSAYS:
Chapters 1, 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24.
10. MISCELLANEOUS:
Chapters 4, 7, 12.

Univ. Grants Commission

