

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON**

*University of London*

**EXAMINATION FOR INTERNAL STUDENTS**

*For The Following Qualification:-*

**M.A.**

**M.A. English: Issues in Modern Culture: Authors Take-home**

**COURSE CODE : ENGLG001**

**DATE : 06-MAY-03**

**TIME : 10.00**

**TIME ALLOWED : Hours**

**M.A. in English (Issues in Modern Culture)**  
**Authors Take-Home Examination**

**Timetable**

Collect papers from the English Departmental Office on 10am on Tuesday 6<sup>th</sup> May (Monday is a Bank Holiday); return them to the Departmental Office by 5pm on Thursday 8<sup>th</sup> May.

You should answer two questions. One answer should be on a single author and one question on two or more authors.

Your discussion should be based on writers studied in the Authors Seminars, although you may, if you wish, refer to other writers.

The questions consist of quotations to be discussed with reference to appropriate material. Your discussion need not refer to the authors of the quotations you choose, or to the authors discussed in the quotations.

Each answer should be typed or word-processed and should be no longer than 2,500 words, including footnotes, and excluding quotations of two lines or more of verse, or twenty words or more of prose: all such quotations should be indented. A word count should be given.

Quotations should be referenced and a bibliography of works mentioned should be provided.

1. The reflective narrator is always a narrator preventing the wrong sort of interpretation.

Edward Said, 1983

2. Very rarely does the complexity of a human character, driven hither and thither by dynamic forces, submit to a choice between simple alternatives, as our antiquated morality would have us believe.

Sigmund Freud, 1900, trans. James Strachey

3. Love is the power to see similarity in the dissimilar.

Theodor Adorno, 1951

4. Comparison, one of the many different ways in which poems signify, has become a sign for poetry: for the entire scope and value of the art.

David Trotter, 1984

5. Tolstoy conceived of time as something regular, against which a chronicle could be stretched; to Proust it is almost as intermittent as memory and affection, and it is easier in such a cosmogony to picture the human race as always decaying and never being renovated.

E.M. Forster, 1929

6. Browning is pre-eminently a modern poet - a poet of the self-pondering, perfectly educated, modern world, which having come to the end of all direct and purely external experiences, must necessarily turn for its entertainment to the world within.

Walter Pater, 1896

7. The postmodern spirit lies coiled within the great corpus of modernism.

Ihab Hassan, 1971

8. Every writer thinks he is a realist.

Alain Robbe-Grillet, 1962

9. Place means nothing.

Richard Ford, 1995

10. Only a catastrophe gets our attention.

Don DeLillo, 1984

11. The feeling lately has been that we live in an unprecedented inescapability from clichés. All around us is a rising tide of them; we shall drown and no one will save us.

Christopher Ricks, 1984

12. If there is a victory in the form of the lyric – the stunning articulation of the isolated moment – despair underlies it. It is despair of the possibility of complete stories, stories whose conclusions are known, and consequently it is despair of complete knowledge.

Sharon Cameron, 1979

13. Many ambitious ventures – those of Proust, Woolf and Musil as well as Mann and Joyce – can be seen as inhabiting the ruins of a genre, reinventing life for a form from which, as one knows, life has vanished.

Michael Wood, 2003

14. Most reckless things are beautiful in some way and recklessness is what makes experimental art beautiful, just as religions are beautiful because of the strong possibility that they're founded on nothing.

John Ashbery, 1982

15. In much modern literature silence represents the claims of the ideal; to speak is to say less.

George Steiner, 1966

16. To study the primitive is to enter an exotic world which is also a familiar world.

Marianna Torgovnick, 1990

17. How they grip us through thick and thin  
These barnacle dead!

Sylvia Plath, 'All the Dead Dears', 1957

18. In America there is baseball instead of society; instead of the old landscape which has moved men to emotion for endless summers and springs, a new land, its tin cans, its prairies, its cornfields flung disorderly about, like a mosaic of incongruous pieces waiting order at the artist's hands; while the people are equally diversified into fragments of many nationalities.

Virginia Woolf, 1925

