

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON

University of London

EXAMINATION FOR INTERNAL STUDENTS

For The Following Qualification:–

M.A.

M.A. English: Renaissance to Enlightenment 1. Literature and Ideas (written paper)

COURSE CODE : ENGLRE01

DATE : 25-MAY-06

TIME : 10.00

TIME ALLOWED : 3 Hours

M.A. English Renaissance to Enlightenment
1. Literature and Ideas (written paper)

Answer two questions, one from Section A and one from Section B.

Candidates must not present substantially the same material in any two answers, whether in this paper or in other parts of the examination.

SECTION A

Write about one of the following passages in any way which you find interesting, relating them both to their particular contexts and to any wider intellectual concerns and traditions from the period covered by the course which you consider relevant.

TURN OVER

1.

Of the same kidney are those who court immortal fame by writing books. They all owe a great deal to me, especially any who blot their pages with unadulterated rubbish. But people who use their erudition to write for a learned minority and are anxious to have either Persius or Laelius pass judgement don't seem to me favoured by fortune but rather to be pitied for their continuous self-torture. They add, change, remove, lay aside, take up, rephrase, show to their friends, keep for nine years and are never satisfied. And their futile reward, a word of praise from a handful of people, they win at such a cost – so many late nights, such loss of sleep, sweetest of all things, and so much sweat and anguish. Then their health deteriorates, their looks are destroyed, they suffer partial or total blindness, poverty, ill-will, denial of pleasure, premature old age and early death, and whatever remaining disasters there may be. Yet the wise man believes he is compensated for everything if he wins the approval of one or another purblind scholar.

The writer who belongs to me is far happier in his crazy fashion. He never loses sleep as he sets down at once whatever takes his fancy and comes to his pen, even his dreams, and it costs him little beyond the price of his paper. He knows well enough that the more trivial the trifles he writes about the wider the audience which will appreciate them, made up as it is of all the ignoramuses and fools. What does it matter if three scholars can be found to damn his efforts, always supposing they've read them? How can the estimation of a mere handful of savants prevail against such a crowd of admirers? Even better sense is shown by those who publish other men's work as their own, with a few verbal changes in order to transfer to themselves the fame someone else has worked hard to acquire. They buoy themselves up with the thought that even if they're convicted of plagiarism they'll have profited meanwhile by whatever time is gained. Their self-satisfaction's a sight worth seeing whenever they're praised in public and pointed out in a crowd ('That's him, the great man himself!'), or when they're on show in the bookshops, every title-page displaying their three names, which are mostly foreign and evidently intended to be spellbinding, though Heaven knows these are nothing more than names. How few people will ever hear of them, if you consider the vast size of the world, and fewer still will give them a word of praise, since even the ignorant must have their preferences! Then too, those names are invented more often than not, or borrowed from the works of the ancients, so that a man can call himself Telemachus, Stelenus or Laertes. One rejoices in the name of Polycrates, another of Thrasymachus, and it doesn't matter nowadays if you inscribe your book Chameleon or Gourd, or do as the philosophers do and sign it alpha or beta. But the best joke of all is when they praise each other in an exchange of letters, verses and eulogies, one ignorant fool glorifying another. A votes B an Alcaeus, so B votes A a Callimachus; or B thinks A superior to Cicero, so A says B's more learned than Plato. And sometimes they look for an opponent, to add to their reputation as his rivals. Then

The hesitant mob is split in opposite views

until both leaders go off victorious to celebrate their triumphs.

(Desiderius Erasmus, *Praise of Folly*)

CONTINUED

2.

1
A Pilot well expert in perilous waue,
That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mistes, or cloudy tempests haue
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
And couer'd heauen with hideous dreriment,
Vpon his card and compas firmes his eye,
The maisters of his long experiment,
And to them does the stedy helme apply,
Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly:

2
So *Guyon* hauing lost his trusty guide,
Late left beyond that *Tale lake*, proceedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanide;
And euermore himselfe with comfort feedes,
Of his owne vertues, and prayse-worthy deedes.
So long he yode, yet no aduenture found,
Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes:
For still he traueild through wide wastfull ground,
That nought but desert wilderness shew'd all around.

3
At last he came vnto a gloomy glade,
Couer'd with boughes and shrubs from heauens light,
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An vncouth, saluage, and vnciuile wight,
Of griesly hew, and fowle ill fauour'd sight;
His face with smoke was tand, and eyes were bleard,
His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
His cole-blacke hands did seeme to haue beene seard
In smithes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes appeard.

4
His yron coate all ouergrowne with rust,
Was vnderneath enueloped with gold,
Whose glistring glosse darkned with filthy dust,
Well yet appeared, to haue beene of old
A worke of rich entayle, and curious mould,
Wouen with antickes and wild Imagery:
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turned vpsidowne, to feede his eye
And couetous desire with his huge threasury.

5
And round about him lay on euery side
Great heapes of gold, that neuer could be spent:
Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
Of *Mulcibers* deuouring element;
Some others were new driuen, and distent
Into great Ingoes, and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment;
But most were stampd, and in their metall bare
The antique shapes of kings and kesars straunge and rare.

6
Soone as he *Guyon* saw, in great affright
And hast he rose, for to remoue aside
Those pretious hills from straungers enuious sight,
And downe them poured through an hole full wide,
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.
But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand, that trembled, as one terrifyde;
And though him selfe were at the sight dismayd,
Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull sayd.

7
What art thou man, (if man at all thou art)
That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
And these rich heapes of wealth doest hide apart
From the worldes eye, and from her right vsaunce?
Thereat with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
In great disdain, he answerd; Hardy Elfe,
That darest vew my direfull countenance,
I read thee rash, and heedlesse of thy selfe,
To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

(Edmund Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*)

TURN OVER

Enter Florizel and Perdita

3. FLORIZEL
These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Does give a life; no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

PERDITA Sir, my gracious lord, 5
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me—
O pardon that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like pranked up. But that our feasts 10
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired, swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

FLORIZEL I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across 15
Thy father's ground.

PERDITA Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread—your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father by some accident
Should pass this way, as you did. O, the fates! 20
How would he look to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I in these my borrowed flaunts behold
The sternness of his presence?

FLORIZEL Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, 25
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull and bellowed; the green Neptune
A ram and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, 30
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

PERDITA O, but sir, 35
Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by th' power of the King.
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this
purpose,
Or I my life.

FLORIZEL Thou dear'st Perdita, 40
With these forced thoughts I prithee darken not
The mirth o'th' feast—or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own nor anything to any if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant, 45
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with anything
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming.
Lift up your countenance as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which 50
We two have sworn shall come.

PERDITA O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

(William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*)

CONTINUED

4.

Dominion acquired by Conquest, or Victory in war, is that which some Writers call DESPOTICALL, from *Δεσπότης*, which signifieth a *Lord*, or *Master*, and is the Dominion of the Master over his Servant. And this Dominion is then acquired to the Victor, when the Vanquished, to avoyd the present stroke of death, covenanteth either in expresse words, or by other sufficient signes of the Will, that so long as his life, and the liberty of his body is allowed him, the Victor shall have the use thereof, at his pleasure. And after such Covenant made, the Vanquished is a SERVANT, and not before: for by the word *Servant* (whether it be derived from *Servire*, to Serve, or from *Servare*, to Save, which I leave to Grammarians to dispute) is not meant a Captive, which is kept in prison, or bonds, till the owner of him that took him, or bought him of one that did, shall consider what to do with him: (for such men, (commonly called Slaves,) have no obligation at all; but may break their bonds, or the prison; and kill, or carry away captive their Master, justly:) but one, that being taken, hath corporall liberty allowed him; and upon promise not to run away, nor to do violence to his Master, is trusted by him.

It is not therefore the Victory, that giveth the right of Dominion over the Vanquished, but his own Covenant. Nor is he obliged because he is Conquered; that is to say, beaten, and taken, or put to flight; but because he commeth in, and Submitteth to the Victor; Nor is the Victor obliged by an enemies rendring himselfe, (without promise of life,) to spare him for this his yeelding to discretion; which obliges not the Victor longer, than in his own discretion hee shall think fit.

And that which men do, when they demand (as it is now called) *Quarter*, (which the Greeks called *Ζωγία*, *taking alive*;) is to evade the present fury of the Victor, by Submission, and to compound for their life, with Ransome, or Service: and therefore he that hath Quarter, hath not his life given, but deferred till farther deliberation; For it is not an yeelding on condition of life, but to discretion. And then onely is his life in security, and his service due, when the Victor hath trusted him with his corporall liberty. For Slaves that work in Prisons, or Fetters, do it not of duty, but to avoyd the cruelty of their task-masters.

The Master of the Servant, is Master also of all he hath; and may exact the use thereof; that is to say, of his goods, of his labour, of his servants, and of his children, as often as he shall think fit. For he holdeth his life of his Master, by the covenant of obedience; that is, of owning, and authorising whatsoever the Master shall do. And in case the Master, if he refuse, kill him, or cast him into bonds, or otherwise punish him for his disobedience, he is himselfe the author of the same; and cannot accuse him of injury.

(Thomas Hobbes, *Leviathan*)

TURN OVER

But what concerns it thee when I begin
 My everlasting kingdom, why art thou
 Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition?
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?
 To whom the tempter inly racked replied.
 Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
 Of my reception into grace; what worse?
 For where no hope is left, is left no fear;
 If there be worse, the expectation more
 Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
 I would be at the worst; worst is my port,
 My harbour and my ultimate repose,
 The end I would attain, my final good.
 My error was my error, and my crime
 My crime; whatever for itself condemned,
 And will alike be punished; whether thou
 Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow
 Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
 From that placid aspect and meek regard,
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,
 Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,
 (Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell)
 A shelter and a kind of shading cool
 Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
 If I then to the worst that can be haste,
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
 Happiest both to thyself and all the world,
 That thou who worthiest art shouldst be their king?
 Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detained
 Of the enterprise so hazardous and high;
 No wonder, for though in thee be united
 What of perfection can in man be found,
 Or human nature can receive, consider
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
 At home, scarce viewed the Galilean towns,
 And once a year Jerusalem, few days'
 Short sojourn; and what thence couldst thou observe?
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
 Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
 Best school of best experience, quickest in sight
 In all things that to greatest actions lead.
 The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever
 Timorous and loth, with novice modesty,
 (As he who seeking asses found a kingdom)
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous:
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
 The monarchies of the earth, their pomp and state,
 Sufficient introduction to inform
 Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,
 And regal mysteries; that thou may'st know
 How best their opposition to withstand.

(John Milton, 'Paradise Regained')

CONTINUED

It will possibly be censured as a great piece of *Vanity*, or *Insolence* in me, to pretend to instruct this our knowing *Age*, it amounting to little less, when I own, that I publish this *Essay* with hopes it may be useful to others. But if it may be permitted to speak freely of those, who with a feigned *Modesty* condemn as useless, what they themselves *Write*, methinks it savours much more of *Vanity* or *Insolence*, to publish a *Book* for any other end; and he fails very much of that *Respect* he owes the *Publick*, who prints, and consequently expects *Men* should read that, wherein he intends not they should meet with any thing of *Use* to themselves or others: and should nothing else be found allowable in this *Treatise*, yet my *Design* will not cease to be so; and the *Goodness* of my intention ought to be some *Excuse* for the *Worthlessness* of my *Present*. 'Tis that chiefly which secures me from the *Fear* of *Censure*, which I expect not to escape more than better *Writers*. *Men's Principles*, *Notions*, and *Relishes* are so different, that it is hard to find a *Book* which pleases or displeases all *Men*. I acknowledge the *Age* we live in, is not the least knowing, and therefore not the most easie to be satisfied. If I have not the good luck to please, yet no *Body* ought to be offended with me. I plainly tell all my *Readers*, except half a dozen, this *Treatise* was not at first intended for them; and therefore they need not be at the *Trouble* to be of that number. But yet if any one thinks fit to be angry, and rail at it, he may do it securely: For I shall find some better way of spending my time, than in such kind of *Conversation*. I shall always have the satisfaction to have aimed sincerely at *Truth* and *Usefulness*, though in one of the meanest ways. The *Commonwealth* of *Learning*, is not at this time without *Master-Builders*, whose mighty *Designs*, in advancing the *Sciences*, will leave lasting *Monuments* to the *Admiration* of *Posterity*; But every one must not hope to be a *Boyle*, or a *Sydenham*; and in an *Age* that produces such *Masters*, as the *Great* — *Huygenius*, and the incomparable *Mr. Newton*, with some other of that *Strain*; 'tis *Ambition* enough to be employed as an *Under-Labourer* in clearing *Ground* a little, and removing some of the *Rubbish*, that lies in the way to *Knowledge*; which certainly had been very much more advanced in the *World*, if the *Endeavours* of ingenious and industrious *Men* had not been much cumbered with the learned but frivolous use of uncouth, affected, or unintelligible *Terms*, introduced into the *Sciences*, and there made an *Art* of, to that *Degree*, that *Philosophy*, which is nothing but the true *Knowledge* of *Things*, was thought unfit, or incapable to be brought into well-bred *Company*, and polite *Conversation*. *Vague* and insignificant *Forms* of *Speech*, and *Abuse* of *Language*, have so long passed for *Mysteries* of *Science*; And hard or misapply'd *Words*, with little or no meaning, have, by *Prescription*, such a *Right* to be mistaken for deep *Learning*, and height of *Speculation*, that it will not be easie to persuade, either those who speak, or those who hear them, that they are but the *Covers* of *Ignorance*, and hindrance of true *Knowledge*. To break in upon the *Sanctuary* of *Vanity* and *Ignorance*, will be, I suppose, some *Service* to *Humane Understanding*: Though so few are apt to think, they deceive, or are deceived in the *Use* of *Words*; or that the *Language* of the *Sect* they are of, has any *Faults* in it, which ought to be examined or corrected, that I hope I shall be pardon'd, if I have in the *Third Book* dwelt long on this *Subject*; and endeavoured to make it so plain, that neither the inveterateness of the *Mischief*, nor the prevalency of the *Fashion*, shall be any *Excuse* for those, who will not take *Care* about the meaning of their own *Words*, and will not suffer the *Significancy* of their *Expressions* to be enquired into.

(John Locke, *An Essay concerning Human Understanding*)

TURN OVER

7.

The sale of this poem was always mentioned by Mr Savage with the utmost elevation of heart, and referred to by him as an incontestable proof of a general acknowledgement of his abilities. It was indeed the only production of which he could justly boast a general reception.

But though he did not lose the opportunity which success gave him of setting a high rate on his abilities, but paid due deference to the suffrages of mankind when they were given in his favour, he did not suffer his esteem of himself to depend upon others, nor found any thing sacred in the voice of the people when they were inclined to censure him; he then readily showed the folly of expecting that the public should judge right, observed how slowly poetical merit had often forced its way into the world; he contented himself with the applause of men of judgement, and was somewhat disposed to exclude all those from the character of men of judgement who did not applaud him.

But he was at other times more favourable to mankind than to think them blind to the beauties of his works, and imputed the slowness of their sale to other causes; either they were published at a time when the town was empty, or when the attention of the public was engrossed by some struggle in the Parliament, or some other object of general concern; or they were by the neglect of the publisher not diligently dispersed, or by his avarice not advertised with sufficient frequency. Address, or industry, or liberality, was always wanting; and the blame was laid rather on any person than the author.

By arts like these, arts which every man practises in some degree, and to which too much of the little tranquillity of life is to be ascribed, Savage was always able to live at peace with himself. Had he indeed only made use of these expedients to alleviate the loss or want of fortune or reputation, or any other advantage which it is not in man's power to bestow upon himself, they might have been justly mentioned as instances of a philosophical mind, and very properly proposed to the imitation of multitudes who, for want of diverting their imaginations with the same dexterity, languish under afflictions which might be easily removed.

It were doubtless to be wished that truth and reason were universally prevalent; that every thing were esteemed according to its real value; and that men would secure themselves from being disappointed in their endeavours after happiness by placing it only in virtue, which is always to be obtained; but if adventitious and foreign pleasures must be pursued, it would be perhaps of some benefit, since that pursuit must frequently be fruitless, if the practice of Savage could be taught, that folly might be an antidote to folly, and one fallacy be obviated by another.

But the danger of this pleasing intoxication must not be concealed; nor indeed can any one, after having observed the life of Savage, need to be cautioned against it. By imputing none of his miseries to himself, he continued to act upon the same principles, and to follow the same path; was never made wiser by his sufferings, nor preserved by one misfortune from falling into another. He proceeded throughout his life to tread the same steps on the same circle; always applauding his past conduct, or at least forgetting it, to amuse himself with phantoms of happiness which were dancing before him; and willingly turned his eyes from the light of reason, when it would have discovered the illusion and shown him, what he never wished to see, his real state.

(Samuel Johnson, *Life of Savage*)

CONTINUED

Then my charmer opened the door, and blazed upon me, as it were in a flood of light, like what one might imagine would strike a man who, born blind, had by some propitious power been blessed with his sight, all at once, in a meridian sun.

Upon my soul, I never was so strangely affected before. I had much ado to forbear discovering myself that instant: but, hesitatingly, and in great disorder, I said, looking into the closet, and around it, There is room, I see, for my wife's cabinet; and it has many jewels in it of high price; but, upon my soul (for I could not forbear swearing, like a puppy:—habit is a cursed thing, Jack)—nothing so valuable as the lady I see, can be brought into it!—

She started, and looked at me with terror. The truth of the compliment, as far as I know, had taken dissimulation from my accent.

I saw it was impossible to conceal myself longer from her, any more than (from the violent impulses of my passion) to forbear manifesting myself. I unbuttoned therefore my cape, I pulled off my flapped, slouched hat; I threw open my great-coat and, like the devil in Milton (an odd comparison though!),

I started up in my own form divine,
Touched by the beam of her celestial eye,
More potent than Ithuriel's spear!—

Now, Belford, for a similitude—now for a likeness to illustrate the surprising scene, and the effect it had upon my charmer and the gentlewoman!—But nothing was like it, or equal to it. The plain fact can only describe it, and set it off. Thus then take it.

She no sooner saw who it was, than she gave three violent screams; and, before I could catch her in my arms (as I was about to do the moment I discovered myself), down she sunk at my feet in a fit; which made me curse my indiscretion for so suddenly, and with so much emotion, revealing myself.

The gentlewoman, seeing so strange an alteration in my person, and features; and voice, and dress, cried out, Murder, help! Murder, help! by turns, for half a dozen times running. This alarmed the house, and up ran two servant-maids, and my servant after them. I cried out for water and hartshorn, and everyone flew a different way, one of the maids as fast down as she came up; while the gentlewoman ran out of one room into another, and by turns up and down the apartment we were in, without meaning or end, wringing her foolish hands, and not knowing what she did.

(Samuel Richardson, *Clarissa*)

TURN OVER

SECTION B

Answer one of the following questions. Unless the question you are attempting specifies otherwise your answer should refer to at least two of the works taught in the seminars on the course.

9. 'What hath Athens to do with Jerusalem, or the Stoa with the porch of Solomon?' (Tertullian). Consider the interrelations of paganism and Christianity in the literature of the period.
10. 'Constructing a golden world could be a means of criticizing the given world' (David Norbrook). Discuss idealization in writing of the period.
11. 'So man, while he aspired to be like God in knowledge, digressed and fell' (Gilbert Watts, translating Bacon's *De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum*). What kinds of knowledge does digression lead to in the literature of this period?
12. 'He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him' (John Dryden on Ben Jonson). How do writers of the period take possession of other writers?
13. Still in Constraint your suffring Sex remains,
 Or bound in formal, or in real Chains.

(Alexander Pope, 'Epistle to Miss Blount, with the Works
of Voiture')

How do any authors of the period explore female constraints?

14. 'Of all the terms that we employ in treating of human affairs, those of *natural* and *unnatural* are the least determinate in their meaning' (Adam Ferguson, 1767). Is this true of the literature you have studied in this course?
15. A number of commentators have suggested that 'private life' was invented during this period. On the evidence of your reading for the course, was it?

CONTINUED

16. 'Sanity', as a term, has had its uses; but it has always lived in the shadow of madness, as the weak antagonist. It has always found it difficult to match the infernal dramas and melodramas of madness; our torments have made us more imaginative than our consolations.

(Adam Phillips)

Does your reading for the course bear out these claims?

17. 'We polish one another and rub off our corners and rough sides by a sort of amicable collision' (Third Earl of Shaftesbury). How do any writers of the period represent or enact sociability?
18. 'It is an old and true Distinction, that Things may be above our Reason without being contrary to it' (Jonathan Swift). How do writers of the period test the limits of Reason?
19. Philosophers, political theorists and religious radicals in this period spent a lot of time denouncing 'abuses of language'. Did any of their arguments make a difference to literature?
20. Les paroles sur le papier sont comme un corps mort qui est étendu par terre. Dans la bouche de celui qui les profère, elles vivent, elles sont efficaces: sur le papier elles sont sans vie, incapables de produire les memes effets.

[Words on paper are like a corpse stretched out on the ground. In the mouth of the speaker who utters them, they are alive, they make an impact: on paper they are lifeless, incapable of producing the same effects.]

(Bernard Lamy, *La rhétorique, ou l'art de parler*)

Consider the relationship between orality and literacy in the literature of the period.

END OF PAPER