

English Literature Admissions Test

4501/01a

Wednesday 31st October 2007

Morning

1 hour 30 minutes

Instructions to Candidates

Please read this page carefully, but do not open the question paper until told to do so.

A separate 8 page answer booklet is provided. Please check you have one.

Write your name, date of birth and centre number in the spaces provided on the answer booklet. Please write very clearly.

You should allow at least 30 minutes for reading this question paper, making notes and preparing your answer.

At the end of the examination, you must hand in both your answer booklet and this question paper. Any rough notes or plans that you make should only be written in your answer booklet.

No texts, dictionaries or sources of reference may be brought into the examination.



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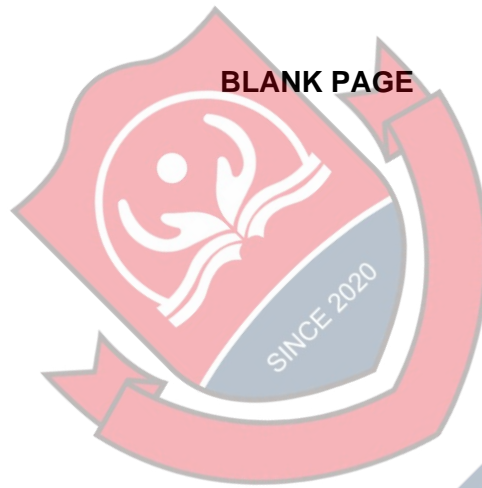
This paper consists of 8 printed pages and 4 blank pages.



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Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes.

You should spend at least 30 minutes reading and annotating the passages and in preparing your answer.

The following poems and extracts from longer texts offer different representations of London. They are arranged chronologically by date of composition or publication. Read all the material carefully, and then complete the task below.

- (a) from the Diary of Samuel Pepys, September 2nd, 1666 *page 4*
- (b) 'London after the Great Fire, 1666', a poem by John Dryden *page 5*
- (c) from the novel *Israel Potter: His Fifty Years of Exile* (1855) by Herman Melville *page 6*
- (d) from the novel *Caught* (1943) by Henry Green *page 7*
- (e) 'Rising Damp' (1982), a poem by U.A. Fanthorpe *page 8*
- (f) from the novel *City of the Mind* (1992) by Penelope Lively *page 9*

Task:

Select two or three of the passages (a) to (f) and compare and contrast them in any ways that seem interesting to you, paying particular attention to distinctive features of structure, language and style. In your introduction, indicate briefly what you intend to explore or illustrate through close reading of your chosen passages.

This task is designed to assess your responsiveness to unfamiliar literary material and your skills in close reading. Marks are not awarded for references to other texts or authors you have studied.

(a) Samuel Pepys, *Diary*, September 2nd, 1666

And again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side; but little was or could
 5 be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttulph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not, by the water-side, what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water; and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but
 10 there was a pair of virginalls in it.

Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park; and there met my wife, and Creed, and Wood, and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still encreasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over
 15 the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true: so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another.

When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark, almost, and saw the fire
 20 grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more; and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire
 25 as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine.

(b) 'London after the Great Fire, 1666', a poem by John Dryden

Methinks already from this chymic* flame
 I see a city of more precious mould,
 Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
 With silver paved and all divine with gold.

- 5 Already, labouring with a mighty fate,
 She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
 And seems to have renewed her charter's date,
 Which Heaven will to the death of time allow.

- 10 More great than human now and more August,
 New deified she from her fires does rise:
 Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
 And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

- Before, she like some shepherdess did show
 Who sat to bathe her by a river's side,
 15 Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
 Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

- Now like a maiden queen she will behold
 From her high turrets hourly suitors come;
 The East with incense and the West with gold
 20 Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
 Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train,
 And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
 With longing eyes to meet her face again.

- 25 The wealthy Tagus and the wealthier Rhine
 The glory of their towns no more shall boast,
 And Seine, that would with Belgian rivers join,
 Shall find her lustre stained and traffic lost.

- The venturous merchant who designed more far
 30 And touches on our hospitable shore,
 Charmed with the splendour of this northern star,
 Shall here unlade him and depart no more.

*chymic: alchemical, transforming

(c) from the novel *Israel Potter: His Fifty Years in Exile* (1855) by Herman Melville

It was late on a Monday morning, in November - a Blue Monday - a Fifth of November — Guy Fawkes' Day! - very blue, foggy, doleful and gunpowdery, indeed, as shortly will be seen, — that Israel found himself wedged in among the greatest every-day crowd which grimy London presents to the curious stranger. That hereditary crowd - gulf-stream of
 5 humanity — which, for continuous centuries, has never ceased pouring, like an endless shoal of herring, over London Bridge.

On his route from Brentford to Paris, Israel had passed through the capital, but only as a courier. So that now, for the first, he had time to linger and loiter, and lounge — slowly absorb what he saw — meditate himself into boundless amazement. For forty years he never
 10 recovered from that surprise — never, till dead, had done with his wondering.

Hung in long, sepulchral arches of stone, the black, besmoked bridge seemed a huge scarf of crape, festooning the river across. Similar funereal festoons spanned it to the west, while eastward, towards the sea, tiers and tiers of jetty colliers lay moored, side by side, fleets of black swans.

15 The Thames, which far away, among the green fields of Berks, ran clear as a brook, here, polluted by continual vicinity to man, curdled on between rotten wharves, one murky sheet of sewerage. Fretted by the ill-built piers, awhile it crested and hissed, then shot balefully through the Erebus arches, desperate as the lost souls of the harlots, who, every night, took the same plunge. Meantime, here and there, like awaiting hearses, the coal-scows drifted
 20 along, poled broadside, pell-mell to the current.

And as that tide in the water swept all craft on, so a like tide seemed hurrying all men, all horses, all vehicles on the land. As ant-hills, the bridge arches crawled with processions of carts, coaches, drays, every sort of wheeled, rumbled thing, the noses of the horses behind touching the backs of the vehicles in advance, all bespattered with ebon mud, ebon mud that
 25 snick like Jews' pitch*. At times the mass, receiving some mysterious impulse far in the rear, away among the coiled thoroughfares out of sight, would start forward with a spasmodic surge. It seemed as if some squadron of centaurs, on the thither side of Phlegethon, with charge on charge, was driving tormented humanity, with all its chattels, across.

* *Jews' pitch*: bitumen, a black tar-like substance

- (d) from the novel *Caught* (1943) by Henry Green (Harvill Press, 1999)

Starting: "'The first night,' he said,..."

Ending: "'Don't talk about people being killed.' 'Well he was.'"



- (e) **‘Rising Damp’ (1982), a poem by U.A. Fanthorpe**

Taken from : *Thames: an anthology of river poems* (ed. Anna Adams, Enitharmon Press 1999, pp.50-51)

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- (f) from the novel *City of the Mind* (1992) by Penelope Lively

Taken from: *City of the Mind* Penguin 1992 pp.66-67

Starting: "Everyone is talking, shouting..."

Ending: "... the imperishable clamour of those who have been here before."



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