

i Information

University of Oslo

Department of Literature, Area Studies and European Languages

Spring 2021

ENG1303 – British Literature (postponed exam)

June 16, 09.00-13.00

The exam has several questions, and you choose ONE to write an essay about.

The exam must be answered in English.

The exam should be written in Word or an equivalent program, and converted into **ONE PDF document before submitting.** You should allow yourself 3-5 minutes before the time runs out to convert to a PDF and submit your assignment.

You can read more about how to convert your file into a PDF

here: <https://www.uio.no/english/studies/examinations/submissions/submit-answer/submit-file-upload.html>

You can use an online dictionary if needed, we recommend <https://www.macmillandictionary.com/>

You are allowed to use your copies of the primary texts (i.e. the syllabus/pensum texts) to look up quotations. You should not use the internet to look up other information, or use any other notes/revision materials.

There is no need to cite secondary sources or add a bibliography, however, if you do use any secondary sources, you must cite the author or title of the text in brackets so as to avoid possible plagiarism issues

Contact information

If you have technical questions for instance regarding your computer, internet or updates of browsers, please contact IT Helpdesk: <https://www.uio.no/english/services/it/digital-teaching/helpdesk.html>

If you are experiencing technical difficulties during your examination or have further questions, please call 22 84 10 70 or 22 85 83 92.

Good luck with your exam!

1 Exam questions and submission

Choose **ONE** to write an essay about.

Extracts A and B are in the same attached PDF document.

1. Give an interpretation of Gerard Manley Hopkins' 'The Windhover' (Extract A), paying particular attention to the use of sound effects and/or imagery in the poem.
2. Explore the representation of memory in ONE or TWO texts from the syllabus.
3. Write an essay on Extract B (from *Mrs Dalloway*), considering the significance of this extract in relation to what you take to be the main themes of the novel.



Upload your file here. Maximum one file.

The following file types are allowed: **.pdf** Maximum file size is **2 GB**

 Select file to upload

Maximum marks: 0

Question 1
Attached



Extract A. 'The Windhover', by Gerard Manley Hopkins.

To Christ our Lord

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!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

No wonder of it: shéer plód makes plough down sillion
Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.

Extract B. From *Mrs Dalloway*, by Virginia Woolf.

She would have been, in the first place, dark like Lady Bexborough, with a skin of crumpled leather and beautiful eyes. She would have been, like Lady Bexborough, slow and stately; rather large; interested in politics like a man; with a country house; very dignified, very sincere. Instead of which she had a narrow pea-stick figure; a ridiculous little face, beaked like a bird's. That she held herself well was true; and had nice hands and feet; and dressed well, considering that she spent little. But often now this body she wore (she stopped to look at a Dutch picture), this body, with all its capacities, seemed nothing – nothing at all. She had the oddest sense of being herself invisible, unseen; unknown; there being no more marrying, no more having of children now, but only this astonishing and rather solemn progress with the rest of them, up Bond Street, this being Mrs. Dalloway; not even Clarissa any more; this being Mrs. Richard Dalloway.

Bond Street fascinated her; Bond Street early in the morning in the season; its flags flying; its shops; no splash; no glitter; one roll of tweed in the shop where her father had bought his suits for fifty years; a few pearls; salmon on an iceblock.

“That is all,” she said, looking at the fishmonger's. “That is all,” she repeated, pausing for a moment at the window of a glove shop where, before the War, you could buy almost perfect gloves. And her old Uncle William used to say a lady is known by her shoes and her gloves. He had turned on his bed one morning in the middle of the War. He had said, “I have had enough.” Gloves and shoes; she had a passion for gloves; but her own daughter, her Elizabeth, cared not a straw for either of them.

Not a straw, she thought, going on up Bond Street to a shop where they kept flowers for her when she gave a party. Elizabeth really cared for her dog most of all. The whole house this morning smelt of tar. Still, better poor Grizzle than Miss Kilman; better distemper and tar and all the rest of it than sitting mewed in a stuffy bedroom with a prayer book! Better anything, she was inclined to say. But it might be only a phase, as Richard said, such as all girls go through. It might be falling in love. But why with Miss Kilman? who had been badly treated of course; one must make allowances for that, and Richard said she was very able, had a really historical mind. Anyhow they were inseparable, and Elizabeth, her own daughter, went to Communion; and how she dressed, how she treated people who came to lunch she did not care a bit, it being her experience that the religious ecstasy made people callous (so did causes); dulled their feelings, for Miss Kilman would do anything for the Russians, starved herself for the Austrians, but in private inflicted positive torture, so insensitive was she, dressed in a green mackintosh coat. Year in year out she wore that coat; she perspired; she was never in the room five minutes without making you feel her superiority, your inferiority; how poor she was; how rich you were; how she lived in a slum without a cushion or a bed or a rug or whatever it might be, all her soul rusted with that grievance sticking in it, her dismissal from school during the War – poor embittered unfortunate creature! For it was not her one hated but the idea of her, which

undoubtedly had gathered in to itself a great deal that was not Miss Kilman; had become one of those spectres with which one battles in the night; one of those spectres who stand astride us and suck up half our life-blood, dominators and tyrants; for no doubt with another throw of the dice, had the black been uppermost and not the white, she would have loved Miss Kilman! But not in this world. No.

It rasped her, though, to have stirring about in her this brutal monster! to hear twigs cracking and feel hooves planted down in the depths of that leaf-encumbered forest, the soul; never to be content quite, or quite secure, for at any moment the brute would be stirring, this hatred, which, especially since her illness, had power to make her feel scraped, hurt in her spine; gave her physical pain, and made all pleasure in beauty, in friendship, in being well, in being loved and making her home delightful rock, quiver, and bend as if indeed there were a monster grubbing at the roots, as if the whole panoply of content were nothing but self love! this hatred!

Nonsense, nonsense! she cried to herself, pushing through the swing doors of Mulberry's the florists.