**Bangor University**

**School of English Literature**

**Scholarship Exam Paper 2018**

**Time Allowed: 2 hours**

**You must answer two questions.**

**Answer one question from Section A and one question from Section B.**

**Section A**

**Write a close critical analysis on one of the following prose extracts.**

**Extract One**

Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo...

 His father told him that story: his father looked at him through a glass: he had a hairy face.

 He was baby tuckoo. The moocow came down the road where Betty Byrne lived: she sold lemon platt.

*O, the wild rose blossoms
On the little green place.*

He sang that song. That was his song.

*O, the green wothe botheth.*

 When you wet the bed first it is warm then it gets cold. His mother put on the oilsheet. That had the queer smell.

 His mother had a nicer smell than his father. She played on the piano the sailor's hornpipe for him to dance. He danced:

*Tralala lala,
Tralala tralaladdy,
Tralala lala,
Tralala lala.*

 Uncle Charles and Dante clapped. They were older than his father and mother but uncle Charles was older than Dante.

 Dante had two brushes in her press. The brush with the maroon velvet back was for Michael Davitt and the brush with the green velvet back was for Parnell. Dante gave him a cachou every time he brought her a piece of tissue paper.

**James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916)**

[This is the opening passage of Joyce’s novel.]

**Extract Two**

**An Evening in Cwmardy**

Big Jim, known to civil servants and army authorities as James Roberts, stopped abruptly and let his eyes roam over the splendour of the mountain landscape. A coat hung uncouthly from his arm and a soft breeze played on the hairy chest that showed beneath his open red-flannel shirt.

 His small son, Len, stood near by wondering what had caused this sudden halt. He saw Big Jim open his mouth as if about to say something, but instead of words came a smacking sound and a large mass of tobacco stained saliva.

 The lad, whose wavy hair shadowed his sad eyes, watched the spittle twirl in the air before it fouled the grass at his feet. Len looked at the massive body that made his own feel puny while Big Jim remained pensively motionless.

 Father and son remained silent for some minutes, the former looking like a Wild West desperado with the red silk scarf dangling loosely from his neck. His soap-stiffened moustaches gave him a fierce, reckless appearance which Len thought traumatic.

 The lad eventually grew impatient with the silence.

 ‘What be you waiting for, dad?’ he asked, his wistful eyes searching for the face that towered above him.

 The plaintive voice rose to Big Jim’s ears like a bubble. He looked down on his son and sighed. ‘I be just thinking, Len bach,’ he started, his deep voice tinged with pathos, ‘’bout the days long ago, when I did used to walk the fields of the North before ever I come down here to work in the pits.’

 The man sighed again, bit his moustache, and sat on a little mound nearby. Len wormed his way to his father’s knee, and the pair silently looked before them at the miles of undulating highland which buried itself in the shimmering haze that marked the encircling distant sea. Here and there the landscape was splashed with patches of purple heather and rich brown bracken whose blended colours stood out boldly in the telescopic clarity of the midsummer evening.

**Lewis Jones *Cwmardy* (1937)**

[This is the opening passage from Lewis Jones’s novel, set in the fictional Welsh industrial town of Cwmardy]

**Extract Three**

**Chapter I**

The summer she was fifteen, Melanie discovered she was made of flesh and blood. O, my America, my new found land. She embarked on a tranced voyage, exploring the whole of herself, clambering her own mountain ranges, penetrating the moist richness of her secret valleys, a physiological Cortez, da Gama or Mungo Park. […]

 She also posed in attitudes, holding things. Pre-Raphaelite, she combed out her long, black hair to stream straight down from a centre parting and thoughtfully regarded herself as she held a tiger-lily from the garden under her chin, her knees pressed close together. A la Toulouse Lautrec, she dragged her hair sluttishly across her face and sat down in a chair with her legs apart and a bowl of water and a towel at her feet. She always felt particularly wicked when she posed for Lautrec, although she made up fantasies in which she lived in his time (she had been a chorus girl or a model and fed a sparrow with crumbs from her Paris attic window). In these fantasies, she helped him and loved him because she was sorry for him, since he was a dwarf and a genius.

**Angela Carter, *The Magic Toyshop* (1967)**

[This is the opening passage of Carter’s novel.]

**[End of Section A]**

**Section B**

**Write a close critical analysis of one of the following poems.**

**In your answers you may wish to discuss some of the following aspects in each poem (but you are not limited to them): love; desire; death; gender; order and chaos; the speaker; tone and mood; style and technique; imagery.**

**Poem One**

**‘Like Rain it sounded till it curved’**

Like Rain it sounded till it curved

And then I knew ‘twas Wind –

It walked as wet as any Wave

But swept as dry as sand –

When it had pushed itself away

To some remotest Plain

A coming as of Hosts was heard

That was indeed the Rain –

It filled the Wells, it pleased the Pools

It warbled in the Road –

It pulled the spigot from the Hills

And let the Floods abroad –

It loosened acres, lifted seas

The sites of Centres stirred

Then like Elijah rode away

Upon a Wheel of Cloud.

**Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)**

**Poem Two**

**In My Craft or Sullen Art**

In my craft or sullen art

Exercised in the still night

When only the moon rages

And the lovers lie abed

With all their griefs in their arms,

I labour by singing light

Not for ambition or bread

Or the strut and trade of charms

On the ivory stages

But for the common wages

Of their most secret heart.

Not for the proud man apart

From the raging moon I write

On these spindrift pages

Nor for the towering dead

With their nightingales and psalms

But for the lovers, their arms

Round the griefs of the ages,

Who pay no praise or wages

Nor heed my craft or art.

**Dylan Thomas (1914-53)**

**Poem Three**

**Not Waving but Drowning**

Nobody heard him, the dead man,

But still he lay moaning:

I was much further out than you thought

And not waving but drowning.

Poor chap, he always loved larking

And now he’s dead

It must have been too cold for him his heart gave way,

They said.

Oh, no no no, it was too cold always

(Still the dead one lay moaning)

I was much too far out all my life

And not waving but drowning.

**Stevie Smith (1902-1971)**

**[End of Exam Paper]**