

ENGLISH-LITERATURE

SECTION II

Question 1  
(Suggested time—30 minutes)

Read the following poem carefully and then write an essay discussing the differences between the conceptions of "law" in lines 1-34 and those in lines 35-60.

Law Like Love

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|--|---|
| Law, say the gardeners, is the Sun,<br>Law is the one<br>All gardeners obey<br>Tomorrow, yesterday, today.   | (35) If we, dear, know we know no more<br>Than they about the law,<br>If I no more than you<br>Know what we should and should not do<br>Except that all agree                           |
| (5) Law is the wisdom of the old<br>The impotent grandfathers shrilly scold;<br>The grandchildren put out a treble tongue,<br>Law is the senses of the young.  | (40) Gladly or miserably<br>That the law is<br>And that all know this,<br>If therefore thinking it absurd<br>To identify Law with some other word,                                      |
| Law, says the priest with a priestly 100k,<br>(10) Expounding to an unpriestly people,<br>Law is the words in my priestly book,<br>Law is my pulpit and my steeple.<br>Law, says the judge as he looks down his nose,<br>Speaking clearly and most severely, | (45) Unlike so many men<br>I cannot say Law is again,<br>No more than they can we suppress<br>The universal wish to guess<br>Or slip out of our own position                            |
| (15) Law is as I've told you before,<br>Law is as you know I suppose,<br>Law is but let me explain it once more,<br>Law is The Law.  | (50) Into an unconcerned condition.<br>Although I can at least confine<br>Your vanity and mine<br>To stating timidly<br>A timid similarity,   |
| Yet law-abiding scholars write;<br>(20) Law is neither wrong nor right,<br>Law is only crimes<br>Punished by places and by times,<br>Law is the clothes men wear<br>Anytime, anywhere,   | (55) We shall boast anyway:<br>Like love I say.<br><br>Like love we don't know where or why<br>Like love we can't compel or fly<br>Like love we often weep<br>Like love we seldom keep. |
| (25) Law is Good-morning and Good-night.   |   |

- Others say, Law is our Fate;  
Other's say, Law is our State;  
Others say, others say  
Law is no more  
(30) Law is gone away.

—W. H. Auden

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And always the loud angry crowd  
Very angry and very loud  
Law is We,  
And always the soft idiot softly Me.

Question 2  
(Suggested time—45 minutes)

Choose an implausible or strikingly unrealistic incident or character in a work of fiction or drama of recognized literary merit. Write an essay that explains how the incident or character is related to the more realistic or plausible elements in the rest of the work. Avoid plot summary.

The works below are listed as examples. You may select one of them or provide another appropriate work.

King Lear

The Scarlet Letter

David Copperfield

Invisible Man

The Tempest

Wuthering Heights

As I Lay Dying

Moby-Dick

A Passage to India

Lord Jim

The Metamorphosis

The Wild Duck

Jane Eyre

The Homecoming

## Question 3

(Suggested time—45 minutes)

In a philosophical work, an author named Soame Jenyns once tried to explain or justify human suffering by an analogy. In this analogy, Jenyns argued that just as human beings use animals for pleasure and profit, so some higher order of beings may enjoy or benefit from our suffering.

The following passage was written by Samuel Johnson. In it Johnson discusses Jenyns' argument.

Read the passage carefully and then write an essay in which you analyze Johnson's treatment of the argument and his attitude toward the author, Soame Jenyns.

I [Samuel Johnson] cannot resist the temptation of contemplating this analogy, which, I think, he [Soame Jenyns] might have carried further, very much to the advantage of his argument. He might have shown, that these "hunters, whose game is man," have many sports analogous to our own. As we drown whelps and kittens, they amuse themselves, now and then, with sinking a ship. ... As we shoot a bird flying, they take a man in the middle of his business or pleasure, and knock him down with an apoplexy. Some of them, perhaps, are virtuosi, and delight in the operations of an asthma, as a human philosopher in the effects of the air-pump. ... Many a merry bout have these frolic beings at the vicissitudes of an ague, and good sport it is to see a man tumble with an epilepsy, and revive and tumble again, and all this he knows not why. As they are wiser and more powerful than we, they have more exquisite diversions; for we have no way of procuring any sport so brisk and so lasting, as the paroxysms of the gout and stone, which, undoubtedly, must make high mirth, especially if the play be a little diversified with the blunders and puzzles of the blind and deaf. We know not how far their sphere of observation may extend. Perhaps, now and then, a merry being may place himself in such a situation, as to enjoy, at once, all the varieties of an epidemical disease, or amuse his leisure with the tossings and contortions of every possible pain, exhibited together.

One sport the merry malice of these beings has found means of enjoying, to which we have nothing equal or similar. They now and then catch a mortal, proud of his parts, and flattered either by the submission of those who court his kindness, or the notice of those who suffer him to court theirs. A head, thus prepared for the reception of false opinions, and the projection of vain designs, they easily fill with idle notions, till, in time, they make their plaything an author; their first diversion commonly begins with an ode or an epistle, then rises, perhaps, to a political irony, and is, at last, brought to its height, by a treatise of philosophy. Then begins the poor animal to entangle himself in sophisms, and flounder in absurdity, to talk confidently of the scale of being, and to give solutions which himself confesses impossible to be understood. Sometimes, however, it happens, that their pleasure, is without much mischief. The author feels no pain, but while they are wondering at the extravagance of his opinion, and pointing him out to one another, as a new example of human folly, he is enjoying his own applause and that of his companions, and, perhaps, is elevated with the hope of standing at the head of a new sect.

Many of the books which now crowd the world, may be justly suspected to be written for the sake of some invisible order Of beings, for surely they are of no use to any of the corporeal inhabitants of [this] world. . . . The only end of writing is to enable the readers better to enjoy life, or better to endure it; and how will either of those be put more into our power, by him who tells us, that we are puppets, of which some creature, not much wiser than ourselves, manages the wires! That a set of beings, unseen and unheard, are hovering above us, trying experiments upon our sensibility, putting us in agonies, to see our limbs quiver; torturing us to madness, that they may laugh at our vagaries; sometimes obstructing the bile, that they may see how a man looks, when he is yellow; sometimes breaking a traveller's bones, to try how he will get home; sometimes wasting a man to a skeleton, and sometimes killing him fat, for the greater elegance of his hide. . . .

Thus, after having clambered, with great labour, from one step of argumentation to another, instead of rising into the light of knowledge, we are devolved back into the dark ignorance; and all our efforts end in belief, that for the evils of life there is some good reason, and in confession, that the reason cannot be found.

(Samuel Johnson, Review of "A Free Enquiry Into The Nature and Origin of Evil" by Soame Jenyns.)

END OF EXAMINATION

