

Thursday 19 May 2022: 11am

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Friday 20 May 2022: 11am

Part II Paper 1

PRACTICAL CRITICISM AND CRITICAL PRACTICE II

Answer **three** questions.

Do **not** present the same material twice, **either** in this paper **or** in the examination as a whole.

Irrelevant answers, or answers only tenuously related to the question, will be penalized.

In the case of handwritten scripts, illegible handwriting may place candidates at a disadvantage.

*Include your **number**, not your name, on submitted scripts.*

There will be a word-count range of 800-1200 per essay, which is intended to approximate to the amount that can be written by hand under normal examination conditions.

Examination responses should conform to the following presentation requirements: they should be in minimum 12pt type; should use a sans serif typeface (eg Arial or Calibri); should be 1.5 or double-spaced; and should be submitted as a word-processed document (in .docx or .rtf format).

1. Write a comparative essay about likeness and liking in the following extracts from longer works. Passage (a) is from a prose romance, (b) from an interview with an artist.

(a)

[Zelmane is Prince Pyrocles, disguised as an Amazon princess. He is in love with Philoclea, princess of Arcadia; Gynecia is her mother, who believes she has seen through Zelmane's disguise]

For after that Zelmane had a while lived in the lodge with her, and that her only being a noble stranger had bred a kind of heedful attention, her coming to that lonely place (where she had nobody but her parents) a willingness of conversation, her wit and behaviour a liking and silent admiration, at length, the excellency of her natural gifts joined with the extreme shows she made of most devout honouring Philoclea (carrying thus in one person the only two bands of goodwill, loveliness and lovingness) brought forth in her heart a yielding to a most friendly affection; which when it had gotten so full possession of the keys of her mind that it would receive no message from her senses without that affection were the interpreter, then straight grew an exceeding delight still to be with her, with an unmeasurable liking of all that Zelmane did – matters being so turned in her that, where at first, liking her manners did breed goodwill, now goodwill became the chief cause of liking her manners, so that within a while Zelmane was not prized for her demeanour, but the demeanour was prized because it was Zelmane's. 10

Then followed that most natural effect of conforming oneself to that which she did like, and not only wishing to be herself such another in all things, but to ground an imitation upon so much an esteemed authority; so that the next degree was to mark all Zelmane's doings, speeches, and fashions, and to take them into herself as a pattern of worthy proceeding, which when once it was enacted, not only by the commonalty of passions, but agreed unto by her most noble thoughts, and that by reason itself (not yet experienced in the issues of such matters) had granted his royal assent, then friendship, a diligent officer, took care to see the statute thoroughly observed. Then grew on that not only she did imitate the soberness of her countenance, the gracefulness of her speech, but even their particular gestures; so that, as Zelmane did often eye her, she would often eye Zelmane, and as Zelmane's eyes would deliver a submissive but vehement desire in their look, she, though as yet she had not the desire in her, yet should her eyes answer in like-piercing kindness of a look. Zelmane, as much as Gynecia's jealousy would suffer, desired to be near Philoclea; Philoclea, as much as Gynecia's jealousy would suffer, desired to be near Zelmane. If Zelmane took her hand and softly strained it, she also, thinking the knots of friendship ought to be mutual, would with a sweet fastness show she was loath to part from it. And if Zelmane sighed, she would sigh also. When Zelmane was sad, she deemed it wisdom, and therefore she would be sad too. Zelmane's languishing countenance, with crossed arms, and sometimes cast up eyes, she thought to have an excellent grace, and therefore she also willingly put on the same countenance; till at the last, poor soul, ere she were aware, she accepted not only the band, but the service; not only the sign, but the passion signified. For whether it were that her wit in continuance did find that Zelmane's friendship was full of impatient desire, having more than ordinary limits, and therefore she was content to second Zelmane, though herself knew not the limits, or that in truth true love, well considered, have an infective power, at last she fell in acquaintance with love's harbinger, wishing. 20 30 40

PHILIP SIDNEY, *The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia*, 1590

(b)

AW: Someone said that Brecht wanted everybody to think alike. I want everybody to think alike. But Brecht wanted to do it through Communism, in a way. Russia is doing it under government. It's happening here all by itself without being under a strict government; so if it's working without trying, why can't it work without being Communist? Everybody looks alike and acts alike, and we're getting more and more that way.

I think everybody should be a machine.

I think everybody should like everybody.

Is that what Pop Art is all about?

AW: Yes. It's liking things.

And liking things is like being a machine?

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AW: Yes, because you do the same thing every time. You do it over and over again.

And you approve of that?

AW: Yes, because it's all fantasy. It's hard to be creative and it's also hard not to think what you do is creative or hard not to be called creative because everybody is always talking about that and individuality. Everybody's always being creative. And it's so funny when you say things aren't, like the shoe I would draw for an advertisement was called a 'creation' but the drawing of it was not. But I guess I believe in both ways. All these people who aren't very good should be really good. Everybody is too good now, really. Like, how many actors are there? There are millions of actors. They're all pretty good. And how many painters are there? Millions of painters and all pretty good. How can you say one style is better than another? You ought to be able to be an Abstract-Expressionist next week, or a Pop artist, or a realist, without feeling you've given up something. I think the artists who aren't very good should become like everybody else so that people would like things that aren't very good. It's already happening. All you have to do is read the magazines and the catalogues. It's this style or that style, this or that image of man – but that really doesn't make any difference. Some artists get left out that way, and why should they?

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Is Pop Art a fad?

AW: Yes, it's a fad, but I don't see what difference it makes. I just heard a rumor that G. quit working, that she's given up art altogether. And everyone is saying how awful it is that A. gave up his style and is doing it in a different way. I don't think so at all. If an artist can't do any more, then he should just quit; and an artist ought to be able to change his style without feeling bad. I heard that Lichtenstein said he might not be painting comic strips a year or two from now – I think that would be so great, to be able to change styles. And I think that's what's going to happen, that's going to be the whole new scene. That's probably one reason I'm using silk screens now. I think somebody should be able to do all my paintings for me. I haven't been able to make every image clear and simple and the same as the first one. I think it would be so great if more people took up silk screens so that no one would know whether my picture was mine or somebody else's.

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It would turn art history upside down?

AW: Yes.

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Is that your aim?

AW: No. The reason I'm painting this way is that I want to be a machine, and I feel that whatever I do and do machine-like is what I want to do.

GENE SWENSON, interview with Andy Warhol, *Art News*, 1963

2.

The self is no match for all of this.

It's a dreamy, hovering, not-quite-there thing.

A fabulation that enfolds the intensities it finds itself in. It fashions itself out of movements and situations that are surprising, compelled by something new, or buried in layers of habit.

It can become hyperresponsive – touchy, volatile, and tuned in – or it can grow dull with anxiety. It gets caught in the quick, repetitive cycles of ups and downs—the flights of fancy followed by disappointments, satisfactions, rages, or dreams of rest.

KATHLEEN STEWART, *Ordinary Affects*, 2007

Test these thoughts about selfhood in a comparative reading of **two** of the following complete poems.

(a)

Fallout 3

Rubble scaled by the moonlight and me
somewhere near Rockbreaker's Last Stand
watching a tin-can frisk by the wind
when the texture maps beneath my feet
failed and I shifted to third-person view
taking in my jerky skull and shoulders
while minutely grooved and pitted boulders
blurred and softened by that digital flaw
turned all at once to dollops of cake mix
and the unconvincing walking physics 10
got my stand-in skating in no time
like Wordsworth across what looked to me
like endless moonlit plains of dirty ice
until the system managed to save face

VIDYAN RAVINTHIRAN, 2014

(b)

If ever love had force in humane brest,
If ever he could move in pensive heart:
Or if that he such powre could but impart
To breed those flames whose heat brings joy's unrest,
Then looke on me; I am to these adrest,
I am the soule that feeles the greatest smart:
I am that heartlesse trunck of heart's depart;
And I that one, by love, and grieve opprest
Non ever felt the truth of love's great misse
Of eyes, till I deprived was of blisse; 10
For had he seene, he must have pittie show'd.
I should not have beene made this stage of woe
Where sad disasters have their open show:
O no, more pittie he had sure bestow'd.

MARY WROTH, *Pamphilia to Amphilanthus*, 1621

(c)

My own heart let me more have pity on; let
Me live to my sad self hereafter kind,
Charitable; not live this tormented mind
With this tormented mind tormenting yet.

I cast for comfort I can no more get
By groping round my comfortless, than blind
Eyes in their dark can day or thirst can find
Thirst's all-in-all in all a world of wet.

Soul, self; come, poor Jackself, I do advise
You, jaded, let be; call off thoughts awhile 10
Elsewhere; leave comfort root-room; let joy size

At God knows when to God knows what; whose smile
's not wrung, see you; unforeseen times rather – as skies
Betweenpie mountains – lights a lovely mile.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS, written 1885

3. Explore the assumptions and implications for critical practice of the following **two** extracts. Passage (a) is from an essay; (b) is from the preface to an annotated edition of Shakespeare's plays.

(a)

Concentration – indispensable to persuasion – may feel itself crystal clear, yet be through its very compression the opposite, and William Empson's attitude to ambiguity does not extenuate defeat. Graham Greene once said, in reviewing a play of Gorki's, 'Confusion is really the plot. A meat-merchant and a miller are introduced, whom one never succeeds in identifying even in the end.' I myself, however, would rather be told too little than too much. The question then arises, How obscure may one be? And I suppose one should not be consciously obscure at all. In any case, a poem is a concentrate and has, as W. H. Auden says, 'an immediate meaning and a possible meaning; as in the line,

Or wedg'd whole ages in a Bodkin's eye

where you have forever in microscopic space; and when George Herbert says,

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I gave to Hope a watch of mine,
But he an anchor gave to me,

the watch suggests both the brevity of life and the longness of it; and an anchor makes you secure but holds you back.'

I am prepossessed by the impassioned explicitness of the Federal Reserve Board of New York's letter regarding certain counterfeits, described by the Secret Service:

\$20 FEDERAL RESERVE NOTE . . . faint crayon marks have been used to simulate genuine fibre. . . . In the Treasury Seal, magnification reveals that a green dot immediately under the center of the arm of the balance scales blends with the arm whereas it should be distinctly separate. Also, the left end of the right-hand scale pan extends beyond the point where the left chain touches the pan. In the genuine, the pan ends where it touches the chain. The serial numbers are thicker than the genuine, and the prefix letter 'G' is sufficiently defective to be mistaken for a 'C' at first glance, . . . the letters 'ry' in 'Secretary' are joined together. In 'Treasury' there is a tiny black dot just above the first downstroke in the letter 'u.' The back of the note, although of good workmanship, is printed in a green much darker than that used for genuine currency'

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December 13, 1948

Alfred M. Olsen, Cashier

I am tempted to dwell on the infectiousness of such matters, but shall return to verse. You remember, in Edward Lear's 'The Owl and the Pussy-Cat,' they said:

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'Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for a shilling
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'

The word 'piggy' is altered from 'Pig' to 'Piggy' to fit the rhythm but is, even so, a virtue as contributing to gusto; and I never tire of Leigh Hunt's lines about the fighting lions: 'A wind went with their paws.'

MARIANNE MOORE, 'Humility, Concentration, and Gusto', 1949

(b)

[Other commentators] have all been treated by me with candour, which they have not been careful of observing to one another. It is not easy to discover from what cause the acrimony of a scholiast can naturally proceed. The subjects to be discussed by him are of very small importance; they involve neither property nor liberty; nor favour the interest of sect or party. The various readings of copies, and different interpretations of a passage, seem to be questions that might exercise the wit, without engaging the passions. But whether it be, that *small things make mean men proud* and vanity catches small occasions; or that all contrariety of opinion, even in those that can defend it no longer, makes proud men angry; there is often found in commentaries a spontaneous strain of invective and contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the most furious controvertist in politicks against those whom he is hired to defame.

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Perhaps the lightness of the matter may conduce to the vehemence of the agency; when the truth to be investigated is so near to inexistence, as to escape attention, its bulk is to be enlarged by rage and exclamation: that to which all would be indifferent in its original state, may attract notice when the fate of a name is appended to it. A commentator has indeed great temptations to supply by turbulence what he wants of dignity, to beat his little gold to a spacious surface, to work that to foam which no art or diligence can exalt to spirit.

The notes which I have borrowed or written are either illustrative, by which difficulties are explained; or judicial, by which faults and beauties are remarked; or emendatory, by which depravations are corrected.

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The explanations transcribed from others, if I do not subjoin any other interpretation, I suppose commonly to be right, at least I intend by acquiescence to confess, that I have nothing better to propose.

After the labours of all the editors, I found many passages which appeared to me likely to obstruct the greater number of readers, and thought it my duty to facilitate their passage. It is impossible for an expositor not to write too little for some, and too much for others. He can only judge what is necessary by his own experience; and how long soever he may deliberate, will at last explain many lines which the learned will think impossible to be mistaken, and omit many for which the ignorant will want his help. These are censures merely relative, and must be quietly endured. I have endeavoured to be neither superfluously copious, nor scrupulously reserved, and hope that I have made my author's meaning accessible to many, who before were frightened from perusing him, and contributed something to the publick, by diffusing innocent and rational pleasure.

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SAMUEL JOHNSON, Preface, *The Plays of William Shakespeare*, 1765

4. 'A glue of surplus beauty, surplus stylistic investment, unexplained upwellings of threat, contempt, and longing cements together and animates the amalgam of powerful part-objects.'

EVE KOSOFSKY SEDGWICK, 'Paranoid Reading and Reparative Reading', 2002

Take this statement as the starting point for a comparative essay on the following texts:
(a) is from a found poem using an exhibition description of an art object in which a black female figure is present; (b) is a page from a book of poetry.

(a)

xv.
When the Woman's Left Ear
Ring is Pulled

Her Eyes Recede
And a Mechanism Rises

Into Place
Showing the Hour

In the Right Eye
And Minutes

In the Left
The Right Earring

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Was Originally
Designed

To Release
A Musical

Movement
With the Pipe

Organ
In the Base

ROBIN COSTE LEWIS, 'Voyage of the Sable Venus', 2015

(b)

Gabion
Parapet
Traverse canon night siege Constant firing
Escalade
Tranquillity of a garrison
Places to walk out to
Cove
waterbug
mud
shrub
wavelet
cedar cusk grease chip coin
splint
drisk
The Frames should be exactly
fitted to the paper, the Margins
of which will not per[mit] of
a very deep Rabbit
swamp
lily root
disc
Their Plenipo
shen
At this end of the carry
& singing their war song
The French Hatcher
nean
The War Bell
battalion
Messengers say
hieroglyph
Picked up arrowhead
over the lakes
Of the far nations

SUSAN HOWE, 'Thorow', 1990

5. 'It is true that the operations of walking on can be traced on city maps in such a way as to transcribe their paths (here well-trodden, there very faint) and their trajectories (going this way and not that). But these thick or thin curves only refer, like words, to the absence of what has passed by. Surveys of routes miss what was: the act itself of passing by.'

MICHEL DE CERTEAU, *The Practice of Everyday Life*, 1984

With this thought in mind, compare the records left in the following extracts.

Passage (a) is from a modern edition of a private diary, transcribed from the original shorthand; (b) is from a dialogue printed in a pamphlet.

(a)

14 September 1665

[...] And having taken a copy of my Lord's letter, I away back again to the Beare at the Bridge-foot, being full of wind and out of order, and there called for a biscuit and a piece of cheese and gill of sack – being forced to walk over the Bridge toward the Change, and the plague being all thereabouts. Here my news was highly welcome, and I did wonder to see the Change so full, I believe 200 people; but not a man or merchant of any fashion, but plain men all. And Lord, to see how I did endeavour all I could to talk with as few as I could, there being now no observation of shutting up of houses infected, that to be sure we do converse and meet with people that have the plague upon them. I to Sir Rob. Viners, where my main business was about settling the business of Debusty's 5000/ tallys – which I did for the present to enable me to have some money. And so home, buying some things for my wife in the way. So home, and put up several things to carry to Woolwich – and upon serious thoughts, I am advised by W Griffin to let my money and plate rest there, as being as safe as any place, nobody imagining that people would leave money in their houses now, when all their families are gone. So for the present, that being my opinion, I did leave them there still. But Lord, to see the trouble that it puts a man to, to keep safe what with pain a man hath been getting together; and there is good reason for it. Down to the office, and there wrote letters to and again about this good news of our victory, and so by water home late –

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Where when I come home, I spent some thoughts upon the occurrences of this day, giving matter for as much content on one hand and melancholy on another, as any day in all my life – for the first, the finding of my money and plate and all safe at London, and speeding in my business of money this day – the hearing of this good news, to such excess after so great a despair of my Lord's doing anything this year – adding to that, the decrease of 500 and more, which is the first decrease we have yet had in the sickness since it begun – and great hopes that the next week it will be greater. Then on the other side – my finding that though the Bill in general is abated, yet the City within the walls is encreased, and likely to continue so, and is close to our house there – my meeting dead corpses of the plague, carried to be buried close to me at noonday through the City in Fanchurch-street – to see a person sick of the sores, carried close by me by Grace-church in a hackney-coach – my finding the Angell tavern, at the lower end of Tower-hill shut up; and more than that, the alehouse at the Tower-stairs; and more than that, that the person was then dying of the plague when I was last there, a little while ago at night, to write a short letter there, and I overheard the mistress of the house sadly saying to her husband somebody was very ill, but did not think it was of the plague – to hear that poor Payne my water[man], hath buried a child, and is dying himself.

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The Diary of Samuel Pepys, 1660-69

Change]

Here my news was highly welcome]

The Royal Exchange

The diarist, a naval administrator, has received news of success in an encounter between the British and Dutch fleets

(b)

Quick. Revolve all humane nature: Here you may see a man puff't up with the winde of popular applause, climbing to the top of Honour, but being once touch't with the breath of Justice, oh in what a moment doth he tumble downe. There you may see one oppressed with the tyranny of disgrace, and groaning under the burden of calamity, but being smil'd upon by Justice, oh how suddainly is he mounted up with the wings of Fame. There you may perceive women lamenting the deaths of their poore Husbands; here one deploring the Churches Anarchie: there one grieving at Fortunes malignity: so that in the whole world such diverse streames of sorrow doe flow every where: that if they should meet: they would easily make up an Ocean.

Light. You speake of the Epidemicall cause, that produceth universall grieffe, but you shall not need, for we our selves have cause enough to mourne for our owne mis-fortune, and not to participate with the grieffe of the whole world. 10

Quick. Well! wee must submit our selves to Gods All-disposing providence, who in his owne time will give a period to our irregular teares. But our cause of sorrow, is the cause of the whole world: For i'me perswaded that there's never a *What lack you Sir* in all the City, but is sensible of our calamity too, although we seeme to them to beare the greatest burden thereof

Light. I beleeeve thee: therefore I thinke, they may well commiserate our cause with their own, and not account us so ridiculous to the vulgar spectacle of the world. For when we rejoyce, they doe all rejoyce with us; but when wee lament, they have all cause to lament too: wherefore let not that thing trouble you so much. 20

Quick. Ay, come, let us omit this patheticall passion, and thinke on the brave times which wee have had heretofore: Oh, the times, when wee have vapoured in the streets like Courtiers.

Light. A pritty comparison! like Courtiers indeed; for I thinke our pockets were as empty as the proudest of them.

Quick. Oh the times, when my tongue have ranne as fast upon the Scæne, as a *Windebankes* pen over the Ocean.

Light. Oh the times, when my heeles have capoured over the Stage as light as a *Finches* Feather. 30

Quick. But (alas) we must looke for no more of these times I feare.

Light. Why so? Dost thou thinke because a cloud sometimes may cover and obnubilate the Sun, that it will therefore shine no more? Yes I'll warrant you, and that more bright too: so never feare Boy, but we shall get the day agen for all this.

The Stage-Players Complaint in a Pleasant Dialogue Between CANE of the Fortune and REED of the Friars Deploring their Sad and Solitary Conditions for want of Imployment in the Heavie and Contagious Time of the Plague in LONDON, 1641

Quick, Light] nicknames of the players: 'Quick' because one of Cane's talents was engaging in improvisatory repartee with his audience, and 'Light' because Reed was very good at jiggling.

6. 'Inasmuch as a list characterizes a (even dissimilar) series of objects belonging to the same context or seen from the same point of view (for example, Jesus, Caesar, Cicero, Louis IX, Raymond Lully, Jeanne d'Arc, Gilles de Rais, Damians, Lincoln, Hitler, Mussolini, Kennedy, and Saddam Hussein constitute a homogeneous whole if we consider them as people who did not die in their beds) it confers order (and hence a hint of form) to an otherwise disordered set.'

UMBERTO ECO, *The Infinity of Lists*, 2009

In response to this claim, consider the list among other kinds of order in **two or three** of the following texts: (b) is a complete poem; (a), (c), and (d) are extracted from longer works.

(a)

And ther as ye blamen alle wommen and hir resouns, I shal shewe yow by manye ensamples that many a womman hath ben ful good, and yet been, and hir conseils ful hoolsome and profitable. Eek som men han seyde that the conseillynge of wommen is outhur to deere or elles to litel of pris. But al be it so that ful many a womman is badde and hir conseil vile and noght worth, yet han men founde ful many a good womman, and ful discret and wis in conseillynge.

Loo, Jacob by good conseil of his mooder Rebekka wan the benysoun of Ysaak his fader and the lordshipe over alle his bretheren. Judith by hire good conseil delivered the citee of Bethulie, in which she dwelled, out of the handes of Olofernus, that hadde it biseged and wolde have al destroyed it. Abygail delivered Nabal hir housbonde fro David the kyng, that wolde have slayn hym, and apayed the ire of the kyng by hir wit and by hir good conseillynge. Hester by hir good conseil enhaunced greetly the peple of God in the regne of Assuerus the kyng. And the same bountee in good conseillynge of many a good womman may men telle. And mooreover, whan oure Lord hadde creat Adam, oure forme fader, he seyde in this wise: 'It is nat good to been a man alloone; make we to hym an helpe semblable to hymself.' Heere may ye se that if that wommen were nat goode, and hir conseils goode and profitable, oure Lord God of hevene wolde nevere han wrought hem, ne called hem help of man, but rather confusioun of man.

10

And ther seyde oones a clerk in two vers, 'What is bettre than gold? Jaspre. What is bettre than jaspre? Wisedoom. And what is better than wisedoom? Womman. And what is bettre than a good womman? Nothyng.' And, sire, by manye of othre resons may ye seen that manye wommen been goode, and hir conseils goode and profitable. And therfore, sire, if ye wol triste to my conseil, I shal restoore yow youre doghter hool and sound. And eek I wol do to yow so muche that ye shul have honour in this cause.

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GEOFFREY CHAUCER, 'The Tale of Melibee', c. 1388-92

(b)

The Argument of his Book

I Sing of *Brooks*, of *Blossomes*, *Birds*, and *Bowers*:
Of *April*, *May*, of *June*, and *July-Flowers*.
I sing of *May-poles*, *Hock-carts*, *Wassails*, *Wakes*,
Of *Bride-grooms*, *Brides*, and of their *Bridall-cakes*.
I write of *Youth*, of *Love*, and have *Accesse*
By these, to sing of cleanly-*Wantonnesse*.
I sing of *Dewes*, of *Raines*, and piece by piece
Of *Balme*, of *Oyle*, of *Spice*, and *Amber-Greece*.
I sing of *Times trans-shifting*; and I write
How *Roses* first came *Red*, and *Lilies White*.
I write of *Groves*, of *Twilights*, and I sing
The Court of *Mab*, and of the *Fairie-King*.
I write of *Hell*; I sing (and ever shall)
Of *Heaven*, and hope to have it after all.

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ROBERT HERRICK, *Hesperides*, 1648

(c)

The True Effigies of a Certain Squire: Inscribed to Clemena

Some generous painter now assist my pen,
And help to draw the most despised of men:
Or else, oh Muse! do thou that charge supply,
Thou that art injured too as well as I;
Revenge thyself, with satire arm thy quill,
Display the man, yet own a justice still.

First, paint a large, two-handed, surly clown,
In silver waistcoat, stockings sliding down,
Shoes (let me see) a foot and half in length,
And stoutly armed with sparables for strength.
Ascend! and let a silver string appear,
Which seems to cry 'A golden watch is here.'
O'er all a doily stuff, to which belongs
One pocket charged with citron peel and songs;
T'other contains, more necessary far,
A snuffbox, comb, a glass, and handkercher,
Three parts of which hangs dangling by his side,
The fourth is wisely to a button tied:
Just as it was in former days a rule
To tie young children's muckenders at school.
Forget not, Muse, gold buttons at the wrist,
Nor Mechlin lace to shade the clumsy fist;

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Two diamond rings thy pencil next must show,
 Always in sight like Prim's, the formal beau;
 But if rude company their notice spare,
 Then draw that hand elated to his ear,
 And at one view let diamond ring and golden bob appear.
 A steenkirk next, of paltry needle stuff,
 Which cost eleven guineas (cheap enough).
 Next draw the giant-wig of shape profuse,
 Larger than Foppington's or Overdo's.
 The greasy front pressed down with essence lies,
 The spreading elf-locks cover half his eyes;
 But when he coughs or bows, what clouds of powder rise!

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Enough, O Muse! thou hast described him right,
 Th' emetic's strong, I sicken at the sight:
 A fop is nauseating, howe'er he's dressed,
 But this too fulsome is to be expressed.
 Such hideous medley would thy work debase,
 Where rake and clown, where ape and knave, appear with open face.

40

ELIZABETH THOMAS, 1722

<i>Clemina</i>	Anne Osborne, the author's cousin
<i>sparables</i>	nails
<i>doily</i>	woollen
<i>muckenders</i>	handkerchiefs
<i>Mechlin</i>	from Belgium
<i>bob</i>	ear-ring
<i>steenkirk</i>	neck cloth
<i>elf-locks</i>	tangled hair

(d)

Of decent old gold, old silver, old bronze, of old chased and jewelled artistry, were the objects that, successively produced, had ended by numerously dotting the counter, where the shopman's slim, light fingers, with neat nails, touched them at moments, briefly, nervously, tenderly, as those of a chess-player rest, a few seconds, over the board, on a figure he thinks he may move and then may not: small florid ancientries, ornaments, pendants, locket, brooches, buckles, pretexts for dim brilliants, bloodless rubies, pearls either too large or too opaque for value; miniatures mounted with diamonds that had ceased to dazzle; snuffboxes presented to – or by – the too-questionable great; cups, trays, taper-stands, suggestive of pawn-tickets, archaic and brown, that would themselves, if preserved, have been prized curiosities. A few commemorative medals, of neat outline but dull reference; a classic monument or two, things of the first years of the century; things consular, Napoleonic, temples, obelisks, arches, tinily re-embodied, completed the discreet cluster; in which, however, even after tentative reinforcement from several quaint rings, intaglios, amethysts, carbuncles, each of which had found a home in the ancient sallow satin of some weakly-snapping little box, there was, in spite of the due proportion of faint poetry, no great force of persuasion. They looked, the visitors, they touched, they vaguely pretended to consider, but with scepticism, so far as courtesy permitted, in the quality of their attention. It was impossible they shouldn't, after a little, tacitly agree as to the absurdity of carrying to Maggie a token from such a stock. It would be – that was the difficulty – pretentious without being 'good'; too usual, as a treasure, to have been an inspiration of the giver, and yet too primitive to be taken as tribute welcome on any terms. They had been out more than two hours and, evidently, had found nothing. It forced from Charlotte a kind of admission. 10 20

'It ought, really, if it should be a thing of this sort, to take its little value from having belonged to one's self.'

HENRY JAMES, *The Golden Bowl*, 1904

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