

2022

(5th Semester)

ELECTIVE ENGLISH

Paper No. : EL ENG-501

(Literary Criticism)

Full Marks : 70

Pass Marks : 45%

Time : 3 hours

*The figures in the margin indicate full marks
for the questions*

1. Answer the following questions briefly : 2×6=12

- (a) Compare and contrast the views of Plato and Aristotle on the nature and function of poetry.
- (b) What is the function of criticism according to Alexander Pope?
- (c) What, according to Wordsworth, is the relationship between poetry and science?
- (d) Comment on Arnold's view of creation and criticism.

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(Turn Over)



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(e) What are the five sources of 'sublime' according to Longinus?

(f) What is the 'Touchstone' method according to Arnold?

2. Answer the following questions : $10 \times 3 = 30$

(a) (i) Discuss, in your own words, Aristotle's definition of tragedy as the imitation of an action, serious, complete and of a certain magnitude.

Or

(ii) Attempt a brief exposition of Coleridge's concept of the power of imagination.

(b) (i) Wordsworth's *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads* marks a crucial turning point in the way critics look at poetry. Summarize the salient features of Wordsworth's criticism.

Or

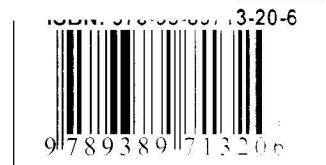
(ii) For Wordsworth, "a poet differs from other men because he is endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness." Elucidate.

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- (c) (i) Arnold believes that criticism must be 'disinterested and unconcerned with practice'. What does he mean? Give reasons for your answer.

Or

- (ii) Estimate Matthew Arnold as a critic with reference to the function of criticism at the present time.

3. Attempt a critical appreciation of the following poem commenting on the theme and style : 14

Remember, no men are strange, no countries
foreign
Beneath all uniforms, a single body breathes
Like ours: the land our brothers walk upon
Is earth like this, in which we all shall lie.
They, too, aware of sun and air and water,
Are fed by peaceful harvests, by war's long
winter starv'd.

Their hands are ours, and in their lines we read
A labour not different from our own.
Remember they have eyes like ours that wake
Or sleep, and strength that can be won
By love. In every land is common life
That all can recognize and understand.

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Let us remember, whenever we are told
To hate our brothers, it is ourselves
That we shall dispossess, betray, condemn.
Remember, we who take arms against each other
It is the human earth that we defile.
Our hells of fire and dust outrage the innocence
Of air that is everywhere our own,
Remember, no men are foreign, and no
countries strange.

4. Attempt a critical appreciation of the following passage commenting on its theme and style :

14

I never believed in Santa Claus. None of us kids did. Mom and Dad refused to let us. They couldn't afford expensive presents and they didn't want us to think we weren't as good as other kids who, on Christmas morning, found all sorts of fancy toys under the tree that were supposedly left by Santa Claus.

Dad had lost his job at the gypsum, and when Christmas came that year, we had no money at all. On Christmas Eve, Dad took each one of us kids out into the desert night one by one.

"Pick out your favourite star", Dad said.

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"I like that one!" I said. Dad grinned, "that's Venus", he said. He explained to me that planets glowed because reflected light was constant and stars twinkled because they pulsed.

"I like it anyway". I said.

"What the hell", Dad said.

"It's Christmas. You can have a planet if you want." And he gave me Venus.

Venus didn't have any moons or satellites or even a magnetic field, but it did have an atmosphere sort of similar to Earth's, except it was super hot—about 500 degrees or more. "So", Dad said. "When the sun starts to burn out and Earth turns cold, everyone might want to move to Venus to get warm. And they'll have to get permission from your descendants first."

We laughed about all the kids who believed in the Santa myth and got nothing for Christmas but a bunch of cheap plastic toys. "Years from now, when all the junk they got is broken and long forgotten", Dad said, "you'll still have your stars."

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