

2016

(5th Semester)

ELECTIVE ENGLISH

Paper No. : ELENG-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 : $2 \times 6 = 12$
- (a) Write a short note on Plato's view of Art.
 - (b) Who were the classical writers?
 - (c) What is Wordsworth's opinion on metre in poetry?
 - (d) What is the function of a poet, according to William Wordsworth?
 - (e) Who is a critic, according to Matthew Arnold?
 - (f) Comment on Arnold's view of creation and criticism.

2. Answer the following questions : 10×3=30

(a) (i) "Both nature and art", says Longinus, "Contribute to sublimity in literature". Discuss.

Or

(ii) Write a short note on Dryden's contribution to English criticism.

(b) Why does Wordsworth recommend rustic surrounding and rustic language in poetry? Give detailed reasons.

(c) Enumerate the function of criticism at the present time according to Matthew Arnold.

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

Happy is the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
 Thus unlamented let me die;
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

4. Attempt a critical appreciation of the following passage commenting on its theme and style : 14

As the sun rose, a dew drop became aware of its surroundings. There it sat on a leaf, catching the sunlight and throwing it back out. Proud of its simple beauty, it was very content. Around it were other dew drops, some on the same leaf and some on other leaves round about. The dew drop was sure that it was the best, the most special dew drop of them all.

Ah, it was good to be a dew drop. The wind rose and the plant began to shake, tipping the leaf. Terror gripped the dew drop as gravity pulled it towards the edge of the leaf, towards the unknown. Why? Why was this happening? Things were comfortable, things were safe. Why did they have to change? Why? Why?

The dew drop reached the edge of the leaf. It was terrified, certain that it would be smashed into a thousand pieces below sure that this was the end. The day had only just begun and the end had come so quickly. It seemed so unfair. It seemed so meaningless. It tried desperately to do whatever it could to cling to the leaf, but it was no use.

Finally, it let go, surrendering to the pull of gravity. Down, down it fell. Below there seemed to be a mirror. A reflection of itself seemed to be coming up to meet the dew drop, closer and closer they came together until finally

And then the fear transformed into deep joy as the tiny drop merged with the vastness that was the pond. Now the dew drop was no more, but it was not destroyed. It had become one with the whole.
