

513526

Seat No. _____

Second Year B. A. (External) Examination

April / May – 2003

English (Main) : Paper - V

(Literary Criticism)

(Special)

Time : 3 Hours]

[Total Marks : 100

Instruction : All questions carry **equal** marks.

1 (a) Define criticism and discuss its functions.

OR

(b) What role does a literary critic play in literary criticism ?

OR

(c) What are the important elements of tragedy according to *Aristotle* ?

2 (a) Write an elaborate note on *Aristotle's* ideas on the tragic hero.

OR

(b) Discuss in detail *Plato's* views on poetry.

OR

(c) What was *Aristotle's* answer to *Plato's* objections to poetry ?

3 (a) Discuss in detail the major sources of the sublime described by *Longinus*.

OR

(b) Write an essay on *Aristotle's* views on the emotional appeal of poetry.

OR

(c) Write short notes on any **two** of the following :

- (i) Catharsis
- (ii) *Plato's* views on imitation in poetry
- (iii) The value of *Longinus's* criticism
- (iv) *Aristotle's* concept of comedy.

4 (a) Write notes on any **two** of the following :

- (i) Theatre of the Absurd
- (ii) Classicism
- (iii) Romanticism
- (iv) Existentialism.

(b) Reproduce the following lines and identify and explain the figure of speech : (any **five**)

- (i) I came, I saw, I conquered.
- (ii) Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells !
- (iii) O my Love's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.
- (iv) His honour rooted in dishonour stood.
- (v) Variety is the spice of life.
- (vi) When she smiled, all the world was gay.
- (vii) To err is human, to forgive divine.

5 Analyse and appreciate the following passage :

The following evening was very wet : indeed it poured down till day-dawn; and, as I took my morning walk round the house, I observed the master's window swinging open, and the rain driving straight in. He can not be in bed, I thought : those showers would drench him through. He must either be up or out. But I'll make no more ado, I'll go boldly and look.

Having succeeded in obtaining entrance with another key, I ran to unclose the panels, for the chamber was vacant; quickly pushing them aside, I peeped in. Mr. Heathcliff was there, laid on his back. His eyes met mine so keen and fierce, I started; and then he seemed to smile. I could not think him dead, but his face and throat were washed with rain, the bedclothes dripped and he was perfectly still. The lattice, flapping to and fro, had grazed one hand that rested on the sill, no blood trickled from the broken skin, and when I put my fingers to it, I could doubt no more; he was dead and stark!

I hasped the window; I combed his long black hair from his forehead, I tried to close his eyes; to extinguish, if possible, that frightful, life-like gaze of exultation before any one beheld it. They would not shut : they seemed to sneer at my attempts : and his parted lips and sharp white teeth sneered too !
