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( 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 : 2×6=12

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

(b) What is the function of criticism according to Alexander Pope?

(c) What is Wordsworth's opinion on metre in poetry?

- (d) What is the function of poetry according to William Wordsworth?
- (e) Comment on Arnold's view of creation and criticism.
- (f) What is the 'Touchstone' method according to Arnold?

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

- (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

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing  
course; untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

4. Attempt a critical appreciation of the following prose commenting on the content 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.

"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 their light 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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