

6/H-1 (vii) Syllabus-2015

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(May-June)

ENGLISH

(Honours)

(**Literary Criticism**)

Marks : 75

Time : 3 hours

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

1. Answer any *three* of the following questions :

5×3=15

- (a) Elaborate upon the concept of Hamartia as outlined by Aristotle in *Poetics*.
- (b) How does Dryden define drama in *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*?
- (c) Briefly comment on Wordsworth's views on poetic diction as expressed in the *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads*.
- (d) Why does Matthew Arnold consider it important for a critic to be 'disinterested'?

- (e) In what way does Eliot compare the mind of the poet to the shred of platinum?

2. Answer any *three* of the following questions :

15×3=45

- (a) According to Aristotle, plot is the soul of tragedy. Do you agree? Give a reasoned answer with suitable textual references.
- (b) Elaborate on the nature of the argument between Eugenics and Critics in Dryden's *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.
- (c) What, according to Wordsworth, is the proper subject matter of poetry? Discuss.
- (d) What, in Arnold's views, are the conditions necessary for great literature to come into being? What does he mean when he states, "the man is not enough without the moment"? 10+5=15
- (e) According to T. S. Eliot, poetry is organization rather than inspiration. Critically analyse this statement in the context of his essay, *Tradition and the Individual Talent*.

3. Define any *four* of the following terms with examples :

2×4=8

- (a) Elegy
(b) Hyperbole
(c) Alliteration
(d) Irony
(e) Parable
(f) Simile
(g) Soliloquy
(h) Oxymoron

4. Scan any *one* of the following verses and indicate the metrical scheme with variations, if any :

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- (a) It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

(b) To give it my loving friends to keep!
Nought man could do, have I left undone :
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
Just a palsied few at the windows set :
For the best of the sight is all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate... or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot I trow.

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