

B.A. (Honours) Examination, 2015
Part-III
English
Paper – VIII
(Critical Appreciation & Critical Terms)

(For Back Candidates only)

Time: 4 Hours

Full Marks: 80

Questions are of value as indicated in the margin.

Answer *all* questions.

Group-A

1. Attempt a critical appreciation of either the poem or the prose extract given below. 20

- (a) Because I could not stop for Death--
He kindly stopped for me--
The Carriage held but just Ourselves--
And Immortality.
- We slowly drove--He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility--
- We passed the School, where Children strove
At Recess--in the Ring—
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain--
We passed the Setting Sun--
- Or rather--He passed us--
The Dews drew quivering and chill—
For only Gossamer, my Gown--
My Tippet--only Tulle--
- We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground--
The Roof was scarcely visible--
The Cornice--in the Ground—
- Since them--'tis Centuries--and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses' Heads
Were toward Eternity—

P.T.O.

- (b) What a bundle of contradictions is a man! Surely humour is the saving grace of us, for without it we should die of vexation. With me, nothing illustrates the contrariness of things better than the matter of sleep. If, for example, my intention is to write an essay, and I have before me ink and pens and several sheets of virgin paper, you may depend upon it that before I have gone very far I feel an overpowering desire for sleep, no matter what time of the day it is. I stare at the reproachfully blank paper until sights and sounds become dim and confused, and it is only by an effort of will that I can continue at all. Even then, I proceed half-heartedly, in a kind of dream. But let me be between the sheets at a late hour, and I can do anything but sleep. Between chime and chime of the clock I can write essays by the score. Fascinating subjects and noble ideas come pell-mell, each with its appropriate imagery and expression. Nothing stands between me and half a dozen imperishable masterpieces but pens, ink, and paper.

If it be true that our thoughts and mental images are perfectly tangible things, like our books and pictures, to the inhabitants of the next world, then I am making for myself a better reputation there than I am in this place. Give me a restless hour or two in bed and I can solve, to my own satisfaction, all the doubts of humanity. When I am in the humour I can compose grand symphonies and paint magnificent pictures. I am, at once, Shakespeare, Beethoven, and Michael Angelo; yet it gives me no satisfaction; for the one thing I cannot do is to go to sleep.

Once in bed, when it is time to close the five ports of knowledge, most folks I know seem to find no difficulty in plunging their earthly parts into oblivion. It is not so with me, to whom sleep is a coy mistress, much given to a teasing inconsistency and for ever demanding to be wooed – “lest too light winning make the prize light.” I used to read, with wonder, those sycophantic stories of the warlike supermen, the great troublers of the world’s peace, Cromwell, Napoleon, and the like, who, thanks to their “iron wills,” could lie down and plunge themselves immediately into deep sleep, to wake up, refreshed, at a given time. Taking these fables to heart, I would resolve to do likewise, and, going to bed, would clench my teeth, look as determined as possible in the darkness, and command the immediate presence of sleep. But alas! The very act of concentration seemed to make me more wakeful than ever, and I would pass hours in tormenting sleeplessness. I had overlooked the necessity of having an “iron will,” my own powers of will having little or none of this peculiar metallic quality. But how uncomfortable it must have been living with these iron willed folks!

2. Write short notes on *any two* of the following:

10×2=20

Diaspora, Grotesque, Utopia, Melodrama, Author, Epic Simile, Picaresque.

(3)

Group-B

3. Scan the extract given below, identify the meter and write a prosodic note. Also identify and define at least *two* figures of speech in the extract: 5+5=10

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day,
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his you doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well, which thou must leave ere long.

Group-C

4. (a) Write a newspaper report on the need to improve medical facilities in villages and district towns. 10

or

- (b) Write an editorial article on the need for vocational training for unemployed youth in India.

Group-D

5. Write an essay on *any one* of the following: 20

- (a) Towards a More Inclusive Society in India
 - (b) Tagore's Global Presence
 - (c) Literature and Environment
 - (d) Transforming Novels into Films
 - (e) War and Poetry
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