

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2013  
BRANCH XII – ENGLISH  
THIRD SEMESTER

COURSE : MAJOR – CORE  
PAPER : LITERARY CRITICISM – I  
TIME : 3 HOURS  
MAX. MARKS : 100

I. Answer the following in about 200 words each: (3x15=45)

- a. According to Aristotle, what are the essential constituents of plot?
- b. Why does Coleridge refer to Imagination as a 'magical power' and how does he distinguish Imagination from Fancy?
- c. Discuss the efficacy of the method that Arnold proposes to arrive at real estimate of poetry.

II. Answer any TWO of the following in about 600 words each: (2x20=40)

- a. "Shakespeare has no heroes". Elaborate.
- b. Discuss the characteristic features of tragedy as outlined by Aristotle.
- c. "The emotion of art is impersonal". Discuss Eliot's theory of impersonality.
- d. "The world of Nature is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden." Substantiate Sidney's claim with your own examples.

III. Choose any one of the following and write your comments following the instructions given: (1x15= 15)

A. Analyse the passage from Sophocles' *Antigone* with reference to Aristotle's discussion of character.

ANTIGONE. Look—what's Creon doing with our two brothers? He's honouring one with a full funeral and treating the other one disgracefully! Eteocles, they say, has had his burial according to our customary rites, to win him honour with the dead below. But as for Polyneices, who perished so miserably, an order has gone out throughout the city—that's what people say. He's to have no funeral or lament, but to be left unburied and unwept, a sweet treasure for the birds to look at, for them to feed on to their heart's content. That's what people say the noble Creon has announced to you and me—I mean to me—and now he's coming to proclaim the fact, to state it clearly to those who have not heard. For Creon this matter's really serious. Anyone who acts against the order will be stoned to death before the city. Now you know, and you'll quickly

demonstrate whether you are nobly born, or else a girl unworthy of her splendid ancestors.

**ISMENE.** Oh my poor sister, if that's what's happening, what can I say that would be any help to ease the situation or resolve it?

**ANTIGONE.** Think whether you will work with me in this and act together.

**ISMENE.** In what kind of work? What do you mean?

**ANTIGONE.** Will you help these hands take up Polyneices' corpse and bury it?

**ISMENE.** What? You're going to bury Polyneices, when that's been made a crime for all in Thebes?

**ANTIGONE.** Yes. I'll do my duty to my brother— and yours as well, if you're not prepared to. I won't be caught betraying him.

**ISMENE.** You're too rash. Has Creon not expressly banned that act?

**ANTIGONE.** Yes. But he's no right to keep me from what's mine.

**ISMENE.** O dear. Think, Antigone. Consider how our father died, hated and disgraced, when those mistakes which his own search revealed forced him to turn his hand against himself and stab out both his eyes. Then that woman his mother and his wife—her double role— destroyed her own life in a twisted noose. Then there's our own two brothers, both butchered in a single day—that ill-fated pair with their own hands slaughtered one another and brought about their common doom. Now, the two of us are left here quite alone. Think how we'll die far worse than all the rest, if we defy the law and move against the king's decree, against his royal power. We must remember that by birth we're women, and, as such, we shouldn't fight with men. Since those who rule are much more powerful, we must obey in this and in events which bring us even harsher agonies. So I'll ask those underground for pardon— since I'm being compelled, I will obey those in control. That's what I'm forced to do. It makes no sense to try to do too much.

**ANTIGONE.** I wouldn't urge you to. No. Not even if you were keen to act. Doing this with you would bring me no joy. So be what you want. I'll still bury him. It would be fine to die while doing that. I'll lie there with him, with a man I love, pure and innocent, for all my crime. My honours for the dead must last much longer than for those up here. I'll lie down there forever. As for you, well, if you wish, you can show contempt for those laws the gods all hold in honour.

**ISMENE.** I'm not disrespecting them. But I can't act against the state. That's not in my nature.

**ANTIGONE.** Let that be your excuse. I'm going now to make a burial mound for my dear brother.

**ISMENE.** Oh poor Antigone, I'm so afraid for you.

**ANTIGONE.** Don't fear for me. Set your own fate in order.

**ISMENE.** Make sure you don't reveal to anyone what you intend. Keep it closely hidden. I'll do the same.

**ANTIGONE.** No, no. Announce the fact\_ if you don't let everybody know, I'll despise your silence even more.

**ISMENE.** Your heart is hot to do cold deeds.

**ANTIGONE.** But I know I'll please the ones I'm duty bound to please.

**ISMENE.** Yes, if you can. But you're after something which you're incapable of carrying out.

**ANTIGONE.** Well, when my strength is gone, then I'll give up.

**ISMENE.** A vain attempt should not be made at all.

**ANTIGONE.** I'll hate you if you're going to talk that way. And you'll rightly earn the loathing of the dead. So leave me and my foolishness alone—we'll get through this fearful thing. I won't suffer anything as bad as a disgraceful death.

**ISMENE.** All right then, go, if that's what you think right. But remember this—even though your mission makes no sense, your friends do truly love you.

(or)

**B. Analyse the excerpt from the poem *Tintern Abbey* with reference to Wordsworth's theory of poetry.**

LINES

WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE

TINTERN ABBEY,

ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING

A TOUR,

*July 13, 1798.*

William Wordsworth

Five years have past; five summers, with the length  
 Of five long winters! and again I hear  
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs  
 With a sweet inland murmur.—Once again  
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
 Which on a wild secluded scene impress  
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect  
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.  
 The day is come when I again repose  
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,  
 Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
 Among the woods and copses lose themselves,  
 Nor, with their green and simple hue, disturb  
 The wild green landscape. Once again I see

