

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2014
BRANCH XII – ENGLISH
FIFTH SEMESTER

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

- I. Analyse any ONE of the following using critical concepts prescribed for your study in not less than 350 words. (1x15=15)

Piano

Softly in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;
Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see
A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings
And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings

Inspite of myself, the insidious mastery of song
Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong
To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside
And hymns in the cozy parlour, the tinkling piano our guide.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour
With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour
Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast
Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past.

OR

Excerpt from
The Heart is the Teacher

One day I came home from the Soup School with a report card for my father to sign. It was during one of these particularly bleak periods. I remember that my friend Vito Salvatore happened to be there, and Mary Accurso had stopped in for a moment to see my mother. With a weary expression my father glanced over the marks on the report card and was about to sign it. However, he paused with the pen in his hand.

“What is this?” he said. “Leonard Covello!” What happened to the *i* in Coviello?”

My mother paused in her mending. Vito and I just looked at each other.

“Well?” my father insisted.

“Maybe the teacher just forgot to put it in,” Mary suggested. “It can happen.” She was going to high school now and spoke with an air of authority, and people always listened to her. This time, however, my father didn’t even hear her.

“From Leonardo to Leonard I can follow,” he said, “a perfectly natural process. In America anything can happen and does happen. But you don’t change a family name. A name is a name. What happened to the *i*?”

“Mrs. Cutter took it out,” I explained. “Every time she pronounced Coviello it came out Covello. So she took out the *i* That way it’s easier for everybody.”

My father thumped Columbus on the head with his fist. “And what has Mrs. Cutter got to do with my name?”

“What difference does it make?” I said. “It’s more American. The *i* doesn’t help anything.” It was one of the very few times that I dared oppose my father. But even at that age I was beginning to feel that anything that made a name less foreign was an improvement.

Vito came to my rescue. “My name is Victor – Vic. That’s what everybody calls me now.”

“Vica, Sticka, Nicka. You crazy in the head!” my father yelled at him.

For a moment my father sat there, bitter rebellion building in him. Then with a shrug of resignation, he signed the report card and shoved it over to me. My mother now suddenly entered the argument. “How is it possible to do this to a name? Why did you sign the card? Narduccio, you will have to tell your teacher that a name cannot be changed just like that....”

“Mamma, you don’t understand.”

“What is there to understand? A person’s life and his honor is in his name. He never changes it. A name is not a shirt or a piece of underwear.”

My father got up from the table, lighted the twisted stump of a Tuscano cigar and moved out of the argument. “Honor!” he muttered to himself.

“You must explain this to your teacher,” my mother insisted, “It was a mistake. She will know. She will not let it happen again. You will see.”

“It was no mistake. On purpose. The *i* is out and Mrs. Cutter made it Covello. You just don’t understand.!”

“Will you stop saying that!” my mother insisted. “I don’t understand. I don’t understand. What is there to understand? Now that you have become Americanized you understand everything and I understand nothing.”

With her in this mood I dared make no answer. Mary went over and put her hand on my mother’s shoulder. I beckoned to Vito and together we walked out of the flat and downstairs into the street.....Mary came and joined us.....She stood there for a moment, while her dark eyes surveyed us questioningly.

“But they don’t understand.” I insisted.

Mary smiled. “Maybe someday, you will realise that you are the one who does not understand.”

II. Answer any THREE of the following in about 250 words each: (3x15=45)

1. What does Cleanth Brooks say about the importance of context, in his essay, “Irony as a Principle of Structure”?

OR

Write a short essay on Cleanth Brooks’ use of the metaphor of the kite in his essay “Irony as a Principle of Structure”.

2. What does Bharata say about the inter relation between *bhava* and *rasa*?

OR

Expound on the following bhavas – Vibhava, Anubhava and Vyabichari-bhavas.

3. Write a brief essay on “the seven common techniques or figures of myth” identified by Roland Barthes.

OR

Explain briefly what Barthes has to say about the “constructedness of myths”.

III. Answer any TWO of the following in not less than 500 words each: (2x20=40)

1. How does Todorov illustrate the variants of Henry James’ “figure in the carpet”?
2. How does Coomaraswamy seek to convince his readers that *rasa* is “the one essential element” in creative composition?
3. What according to I.A. Richards are the four kinds of meaning?
4. How does Wolfgang Iser expound his view that the convergence of the text and the reader brings the literary work into existence?
