



**MAF-11012**

Seat No. \_\_\_\_\_

**Third Year B. A. (Non CBCS) Examination**

**February - 2018**

**Main English : Paper - VII**

**(Criticism & Critical Appreciation of Poem)**

**(Old Course)**

Time : 3 Hours]

[Total Marks : 100

**Instructions :** (1) Figures to the right indicate marks.  
(2) Mention clearly the options you attempt.

1 "It is necessary to understand the author in order to understand his literary work." Critically evaluate this statement made by Sainte Beuve. **20**

**OR**

1 "Poetry is more philosophical and higher than history." Discuss Aristotle's arguments in defence of poetry. **20**

2 Discuss in detail Longinus's views on the sublime. **20**

**OR**

2 Discuss in detail Aristotle's concept of mimesis. **20**

3 "The literature affects the conduct and morals of the readers." Evaluate this statement in the light of Art and Morality. **20**

**OR**

3 Discuss Sidney's defence of poetry against the Puritan attack. **20**

4. Discuss Northrope Fry's views on 'The Archetypes of literature'. **20**

**OR**

4 Discuss Allen Tate's views on 'Tension in poetry'. **20**

5 (a) Attempt short note on any one of the following : **10**

(i) Primary and Secondary Imagination

(ii) Objective Correlative

(iii) Dante's Illustrious Vernacular

- (b) Critically appreciate any one of the following poems : 10

Whose woods these are I think I know  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods filling up with snow.  
My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.  
He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.  
The woods are lovely dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep  
And miles to go before I sleep

**(Robert Frost)**

**OR**

Tell me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart or in the head ?  
How begot, how nourished?  
Reply, reply.  
It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.  
Let us all ring Fancy's knell:  
I'll begin it,-Ding, dong, bell  
All Ding, dong, bell.

**(William Shakespeare)**