



THIRD YEAR EXAMINATIONS IN ARTS (EXTERNAL) – 2011/2012  
HELD IN NOVEMBER / DECEMBER-2013

ENG 3.21 PRINCIPLES OF PRACTICAL CRITICISM

Answer **five** questions, choosing at least **two** from each section.  
All questions carry equal marks.

Time : 03 Hours

SECTION – I

1. Critically analyse the poem in terms of its meaning and techniques.

**Scenario**

The theater of war. Offstage  
A cast of thousands weeping.

Left center, well-lit, a mound  
of unburied bodies,

or parts of bodies. Right,  
near some dead bamboo that serves as wings,

a whole body, on which  
a splash of napalm is working.

Enter the Bride.

She has one breast, one eye,  
half of her scalp is bald.

She hobbles towards center front.  
Enter the Bridegroom,

a young soldier, thin, but without  
visible wounds. He sees her.

Slowly at first, then faster and faster,  
he begins to shudder, to shudder,

to ripple with shudders. Curtain.

- Denise Levertov



2. Analyse and evaluate the following poem in terms of its meaning and techniques.

### Out Out

The buzz saw snarled and rattled in the yard  
And made dust and dropped stove-length sticks of wood,  
Sweet-scented stuff when the breeze drew across it.  
And from there those that lifted eyes could count  
Five mountain ranges one behind the other  
Under the sunset far into Vermont.  
And the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled,  
As it ran light, or had to bear a load.  
And nothing happened: day was all but done.  
Call it a day, I wish they might have said  
To please the boy by giving him the half hour  
That a boy counts so much when saved from work.  
His sister stood beside him in her apron  
To tell them "Supper." At the word, the saw,  
As if it meant to prove saws know what supper meant,  
Leaped out at the boy's hand, or seemed to leap -  
He must have given the hand. However it was,  
Neither refused the meeting. But the hand!  
Half in appeal, but half as if to keep  
The life from spilling. Then the boy saw all -  
Since he was old enough to know, big boy  
Doing a man's work, though a child at heart -  
He saw all was spoiled. "Don't let him cut my hand off -  
The doctor, when he comes. Don't let him, sister!"  
So. The hand was gone already.  
The doctor put him in the dark of ether.  
He lay and puffed his lips out with his breath.  
And then - the watcher at his pulse took a fright.  
No one believed. They listened to his heart.  
Little - less - nothing! - and that ended it.  
No more to build on there. And they, since they  
Were not the one dead, turned to their affairs.

- Robert Frost



3. Read the following extract from the short story 'Mrs. Sen's' by Jumpa Lahiri and critically comment on it.

She told Eliot to put on his shoes and his jacket, and then she called Mr. Sen at the university. Eliot tied his sneakers by the bookcase and waited for her to join him, to choose from her row of slippers. After a few minutes untied his sneakers and returned to the living room, where he found her on the sofa, weeping. Her face was in her hands and tears dripped through her fingers. Through them she murmured something about a meeting Mr. Sen was required to attend. Slowly she stood up and rearranged the cloth over the telephone. Eliot followed her, walking for the first time in his sneakers across the pear-coloured carpet. She stared at him. Her lower eyelids were swollen into thin pink crests. "Tell me, Eliot, is it too much to ask?" Before he could answer, she took him by the hand and led him to the bedroom, whose door was normally kept shut. Apart from the bed, which lacked a headboard, the only other things in the room were a side table with a telephone on it, an ironing board, and a bureau. She flung open the drawers of the bureau and the door of the closet, filled with saris of every imaginable texture and shade, brocaded with gold and silver threads. Some were transparent, tissue thin, others as thick as drapes, with tassels knotted along the edges. In the closet they were on hangers, in the drawers they were folded flat, or wound tightly like thick scrolls. She sifted through the drawers, letting saris spill over the edges. "When have I ever worn this one? And this? And this?" She tossed the saris one by one from the drawers, and then pried several from their hangers. They landed like a pile of tangled sheets on the bed. The room was filled with an intense smell of mothballs.

"'Send pictures,' they write. 'Send pictures of your new life.' What picture can I send?" She sat, exhausted, on the edge of the bed, where there was now barely room for her. "They think I live the life of a queen, Eliot." She looked around the blank walls of the room. "They think I press buttons and the house is clean. They think I live in a palace." The phone rang. Mrs. Sen let it ring several times before picking up the extension by the bed. During the conversation she seemed only to be replying to things, and wiping her face with the ends of one of the saris. When she got off the phone she stuffed the saris without folding them back into the drawers, and then she and Eliot put on their shoes and went to the car, where they waited for Mr. Sen to meet them.



## SECTION – II

4. "The progress of an artist is a continual self-sacrifice, a continual extinction of personality."  
Discuss this statement with reference to Eliot's theory of Impersonality of poetry.
5. Examine critically the salient features of Aristotle's theory of imitation, and contrast these views with those of Plato's.
6. a) Examine critically Aristotle's definition of tragedy. What according to him are the formative elements of tragedy?  
**OR**  
b) Illustrate Coleridge's theory of Fancy and Imagination.
7. What are the functions of criticism?
8. Explain the features of an ideal critic.