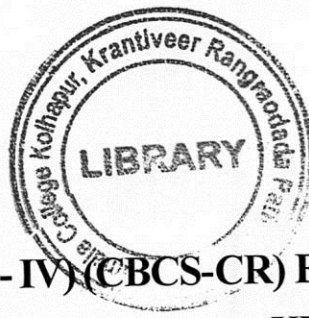


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Total No. of Pages : 4

M.A. (Part - II) (Semester - IV) (CBCS-CR) Examination, April - 2018

ENGLISH (Paper - XVI)

Stylistics (Part - II) (Elective)

Sub. Code : 61605

Day and Date : Thursday, 19 - 04 - 2018

Total Marks : 80

Time : 11.00 a.m. to 02.00 p.m.

- Instructions :**
- 1) All questions are compulsory.
 - 2) Figures to the right indicate full marks.
 - 3) Answer question no. 2 in about 100 lines.

Q1) Tick (✓) the correct alternative of the following: [10]

- a) Who opines that 'style yields a separate intellectual pleasure quite apart from the interest of the subject'?
 - i) Gooman
 - ii) De Quincey
 - iii) Kenneth Burke
 - iv) Shipley
- b) Which metaphor is present in the following line? 'A friendly river'.
 - i) Synaesthetic
 - ii) Animistic
 - iii) Humanizing
 - iv) Concretive
- c) Who of the following is more concerned with 'matters outside text' in the style study?
 - i) linguist
 - ii) literary critic
 - iii) stylistician
 - iv) philologist
- d) How many types of metaphor does Aristotle discuss?
 - i) two
 - ii) four
 - iii) five
 - iv) seven
- e) Who says that style is a link between context and linguistic form?
 - i) Enkvist
 - ii) Shipley
 - iii) Utrecht
 - iv) Cleanth Brooks
- f) Which of the following is not a linking adverbial?
 - i) but
 - ii) however
 - iii) therefore
 - iv) yet

P.T.O.



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The only othersound'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.

b) Attempt a stylistic analysis of the poem given below.

[10]

(listen)

this a dog barks and
how crazily houses
eyes people smiles
faces streets
steeple are eagerly
tumbl
ing through wonder
ful sunlight
-look-
selves, stir:writhe
o-p-e-n-i-n-g
are (leaves;flowers)dreams
come quickly come
run run
with me now
jump shout(laugh
dance cry sing) for
it's Spring
-irrevocably;
and in
earth sky trees
:every
where a miracle arrives
(yes)
you and I may not
hurry it with
a thousand poems
my darling
but nobody will stop it
With All The Policemen In The World
(e e cummings, 73 Poems)



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[10]

Q5) Analyze the passage given below stylistically.

On the sofa Mr Verloc wriggled his shoulders into perfect comfort, and from the fulness of his heart emitted a wish which was certainly as pious as anything likely to come from such a source.

"I wish to goodness," he growled huskily, "I had never seen Greenwich Park or anything belonging to it."

The veiled sound filled the small room with its moderate volume, well adapted to the modest nature of the wish. The waves of air of the proper length, propagated in accordance with correct mathematical formulas, flowed around all the inanimate things in the room, lapped against Mrs Verloc's head as if it had been a head of stone. And incredible as it may appear, the eyes of Mrs Verloc seemed to grow still larger. The audible wish of Mr Verloc's overflowing heart flowed into an empty place in his wife's memory. Greenwich Park. A park! That's where the boy was killed. A park - Smashed branches, torn leaves, gravel, bits of brotherly flesh and bone, all spouting up together in the manner of a firework. She remembered now what she had heard, and she remembered it pictorially. They had to gather him up with the shovel. Trembling all over with irrepressible shudders, she saw before her the very implement with its ghastly load scraped up from the ground. Mrs Verloc closed her eyes desperately, throwing upon that vision the night of her eyelids, where after a rainlike fall of mangled limbs the decapitated head of Stevie lingered suspended alone, and fading out slowly like the last star of a pyrotechnic display. Mrs Verloc opened her eyes.

Her face was no longer stony. Anybody could have noted the subtle change on her features, in the stare of her eyes, giving her a new and startling expression; an expression seldom observed by competent persons under the conditions of leisure and security demanded for thorough analysis, but whose meaning could not be mistaken at a glance. Mrs Verloc's doubts as to the end of the bargain no longer existed; her wits, no longer disconnected, were working under the control of her will. But Mr Verloc observed nothing. He was reposing in that pathetic condition of optimism induced by excess of fatigue. He did not want any more trouble - with his wife too of all people in the world. He had been unanswerable in his vindication. He was loved for himself. The present phase of her silence he interpreted favourably. This was the time to make it up with her. The silence had lasted long enough. He broke it by calling to her in an undertone.

