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M.A. (Part-II) (Fourth Semester) EXAMINATION, 2017

ENGLISH

(4.6 : Linguistics and Stylistics-II)

(2008 PATTERN)

Time : Three Hours

Maximum Marks : 80

N.B. :— (i) *All* questions are compulsory.

(ii) *All* questions carry equal marks.

1. Attempt any *one* of the following :

- (a) Comment on the relation between practical criticism and stylistics with suitable examples.
- (b) What are the strengths and limitations of stylistics ?

2. Attempt any *one* of the following :

- (a) What are the different narrative strategies in fictional discourse ? Explain with examples.
- (b) Write a note on dramatic discourse and speech act theory. Give examples.

P.T.O.

3. Answer any *four* of the following :

- (a) Explain how rhyme and rhythm contribute to music in poetry.
- (b) Write a note on 'proximal' and 'distal' deixis.
- (c) Write a note on different stages in stylistic analysis.
- (d) Explain different types of 'adjacency pairs' using appropriate examples from dramatic discourse.
- (e) What is the significance of Co-operative Principle in analysis of a literary text ?
- (f) Elucidate the difference between 'dramatic dialogue' and 'everyday conversation'.

4. Answer any *four* of the following :

- (a) What is the role of 'point of view' in fictional discourse ?
- (b) Explain the term 'poetic repetition' with appropriate examples.
- (c) Explain the terms 'linguistic stylistics' and 'literary stylistics'.
- (d) What is the role of Politeness Principle in the interpretation of a literary text ?
- (e) Discuss how stylistic study is an intra-textual study.
- (f) Write a note on 'universe of discourse'.

5. Attempt a stylistic analysis of any *one* of the following :

(a) Now that I, tying thy glass mask tightly,
May gaze thro' these faint smokes curling whitely,
As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's-smithy--
Which is the poison to poison her, prithee ?

He is with her; and they know that I know
Where they are, what they do: they believe my tears flow
While they laugh, laugh at me, at me fled to the drear
Empty church, to pray God in, for them! -- I am here.

Grind away, moisten and mash up thy paste,
Pound at thy powder, -- I am not in haste !
Better sit thus, and observe thy strange things,
Than go where men wait me and dance at the King's.

That in the mortar -- you call it a gum ?
Ah, the brave tree whence such gold oozings come !
And yonder soft phial, the exquisite blue,
Sure to taste sweetly, -- is that poison too ?

Had I but all of them, thee and thy treasures,
What a wild crowd of invisible pleasures !
To carry pure death in an earring, a casket,
A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree-basket !

Soon, at the King's, a mere lozenge to give
And Pauline should have just thirty minutes to live !
But to light a pastille, and Elise, with her head
And her breast and her arms and her hands, should drop
dead !

Quick -- is it finished ? The colour's too grim !
Why not soft like the phial's, enticing and dim ?
Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it and stir,
And try it and taste, ere she fix and prefer !
What a drop! She's not little, no minion like me--
That's why she ensnared him: this never will free
The soul from those masculine eyes, -- say, 'no!'
To that pulse's magnificent come-and-go.

For only last night, as they whispered, I brought
My own eyes to bear on her so, that I thought
Could I keep them one half minute fixed, she would fall,
Shrivelled; she fell not; yet this does it all !
Not that I bid you spare her the pain !
Let death be felt and the proof remain;
Brand, burn up, bite into its grace--
He is sure to remember her dying face !

Is it done? Take my mask off ! Nay, be not morose,
It kills her, and this prevents seeing it close:
The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's fee--
If it hurts her, beside, can it ever hurt me ?
Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to your fill,
You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth if you will !
But brush this dust off me, lest horror it brings
Ere I know it—next moment I dance at the King's !

(b) (*Light on the yard. Sudhir and Anjali are sitting on a stone ledge.*)

ANJALI : How hot it is ! It gets hot as the rain stops.

SUDHIR : Sit near me.

ANJALI : Don't be naughty.

SUDHIR : Naughty ?

ANJALI : What else ? Out here in the open....

SUDHIR : I wasn't even thinking that way. It's all in your mind. (*Pause*)

ANJALI : We are in mourning. You should remember that.

SUDHIR : Have we stopped eating and drinking because we are in mourning ? Hugh ?

ANJALI : Don't get so desperate. (*Laughs*)

SUDHIR (*Fuming*) : What's making you grin ?

ANJALI : Ranju is also another abnormal creature.

SUDHIR : How does Ranju come into this ?

ANJALI : You might think she's stupid, but she's interested in things she shouldn't be at her age. (*Pause.*) She was asking me about birth control today.

SUDHIR : You should have shut her up. *Bhaitaad* !

ANJALI : *Bhaitaad* ! why do you start on this dialect the minute we come here. Only Prabha vansa speaks correct Marathi around here. Because she reads, I suppose.

SUDHIR : Oh you Kokanastha, you ! How will you ever appreciate the sweetness of Warhadi.

ANJALI : Have you really made up your mind about Parag ?

SUDHIR : Let's take him for a few days.

ANJALI : Parag is sweet. I like him too. But Abhay's at an impressionable age. Let's take him for a few days.

SUDHIR : But I've already promised him.

ANJALI : Really, the moment you think of something, you have to blurt it out. No thought for the consequences. Where will you go searching for him if he falls into some gutter, drunk ? The risk of it !

SUDHIR : Do you really take him for a drunkard ? He's been dying to come to Bombay for the last four years. Where will he stay if not with us ?

ANJALI : It's upto you now. I've told you how I feel. I will not be responsible for him.