

Jadavpur University
Department of English
MASTER OF ARTS Admission Test 2018

Full Marks 100

Time 2 Hours

Answer the following questions. Marks are given in the margin.

1. Write an essay on any one:

40

- a. Colonial Education and the Canon
- b. Is Digital Humanities a Myth?
- c. 18th Century Literature and the Cult of Sensibility
- d. Transgression and the Tragic Plot
- e. Autobiography and the Representation of Memory
- f. The Afterlife of the Arthurian Legends

2. Read the following poems and answer the questions set:

a. The Fisherman

Although I can see him still.
The freckled man who goes
To a grey place on a hill
In grey Connemara clothes
At dawn to cast his flies,
It's long since I began
To call up to the eyes
This wise and simple man.
All day I'd looked in the face
What I had hoped 'twould be
To write for my own race
And the reality;
The living men that I hate,
The dead man that I loved,
The craven man in his seat,
The insolent unreprieved,
And no knave brought to book
Who has won a drunken cheer,
The witty man and his joke
Aimed at the commonest ear,
The clever man who cries
The catch-cries of the clown,
The beating down of the wise
And great Art beaten down.

Maybe a twelvemonth since
Suddenly I began,
In scorn of this audience,
Imagining a man,

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And his sun-freckled face,
 And grey Connemara cloth,
 Climbing up to a place
 Where stone is dark under froth,
 And the down-turn of his wrist
 When the flies drop in the stream;
 A man who does not exist,
 A man who is but a dream;
 And cried, 'Before I am old
 I shall have written him one
 Poem maybe as cold
 And passionate as the dawn.'

b. A Peasant

Iago Prytherch his name, though, be it allowed,
 Just an ordinary man of the bald Welsh hills,
 Who pens a few sheep in a gap of cloud.
 Docking mangels, chipping the green skin
 From the yellow bones with a half-witted grin
 Of satisfaction, or churning the crude earth
 To a stiff sea of clods that glint in the wind
 So are his days spent, his spittled mirth
 Rarer than the sun that cracks the cheeks
 Of the gaunt sky perhaps once in a week.
 And then at night see him fixed in his chair
 Motionless, except when he leans to gob in the fire.
 There is something frightening in the vacancy of his mind.
 His clothes, sour with years of sweat
 And animal contact, shock the refined,
 But affected, sense with their stark naturalness.
 Yet this is your prototype, who, season by season
 Against siege of rain and the wind's attrition,
 Preserves his stock, an impregnable fortress
 Not to be stormed, even in death's confusion.
 Remember him, then, for he, too, is a winner of wars,
 Enduring like a tree under the curious stars.

- i. Comment on the evocation of nature in the two poems. 15
 ii. In what ways are the attitudes of the poets in these two poems towards their human subjects different? 15
 iii. Explain the lines "A man who does not exist,/A man who is but a dream" in "The Fisherman" 5
 iv. Why is the peasant described as "your prototype"? 5

3. Write notes on any two: 10 x 2
chhayavad, the *bildungsroman*, iconography, utopianism, the reality effect, jargon.