

LOYOLA COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), CHENNAI – 600 034

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION – ENGLISH LITERATURE

FIFTH SEMESTER – APRIL 2010

EL 5503 - CRITICAL THEORIES

Date & Time:03/05/2010 / 1:00 - 4:00 Dept. No.

Max. : 100 Marks

PART – A

Answer any FIVE of the following in about 150 words each. Choose at least two from each section: (5 × 8 = 40 marks)

SECTION – A

1. What are the three charges against poetry and how does Sidney refute them?
2. Explain text-based criticism.
3. Write a short note on historical criticism.
4. Discuss the views of Wordsworth on the poetic language.

SECTION – B

5. What are the views of Johnson regarding the manner in which Shakespeare dealt with the three unities in his plays?
6. Identify the salient features of New Criticism.
7. Describe the “Touchstone Method” propounded by Arnold.
8. Delineate the characteristics of the Moralistic approach.

PART – B

Answer the following in about 400 words each: (2 × 20= 40 marks)

9. (a) Show how Johnson’s “Preface to Shakespeare” can be considered as a good illustration of literary criticism.
(Or)
(b) Elucidate the trends of Post-Modernism.
10. (a) “Poetry is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality”. Elaborate how Eliot proposed the dissociation of personality as a requisite for the production of literature.
(Or)
(b) Show how Critical Theory is essential for the interpretation and appreciation of literary texts with specific reference to the prescribed essays.

PART – C

11. Attempt a critical analysis of the following poem:

(20 marks)

Africa

Africa my Africa
Africa of proud warriors in ancestral savannahs
On the banks of whom my grandmother sings
I have never known you
But your blood flows in my veins
Your beautiful black blood that irrigates the fields
The blood of your sweat
The sweat of your work
The work of your slavery
The slavery of your children
Africa tell me Africa
Is this you this back that is bent
This back that breaks under the weight of humiliation
This back trembling with red scars
And saying yes to the whip under the midday sun
But a grave voice answers me
Impetuous son that tree young and strong
That tree there
Is splendid loneliness amidst white and faded flowers
That is Africa your Africa
That grows again patiently obstinately
And its fruit gradually acquire
The bitter taste of liberty.

David Diop

\$\$\$\$\$\$