

LOYOLA COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), CHENNAI – 600 034

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION – ENGLISH LITERATURE

FIFTH SEMESTER – November 2009

EL 5503 - CRITICAL THEORIES

Date & Time: 10/11/2009 / 9:00 - 12:00 Dept. No.

Max. : 100 Marks

PART- A

SECTION – A

I. Answer any FIVE of the following in about 150 words each. Choose at least two from each section: (5x8 = 40 marks)

1. Discuss the function of criticism?
2. List out the features of archetypal criticism.
3. What is impressionistic criticism?
4. What is new criticism?

SECTION – B

5. How does Philip Sidney defend poets in his “Apology for Poetry”?
6. Elucidate the elements of sublimity as listed by Longinus.
7. What is the defense put up by Wordsworth to defend his poetry in his Preface?
8. Elaborate on Arnold’s “Touchstone Method”.

PART – B

II. Answer the following in about 400 words each: (2x20=40 marks)

9. a) Discuss the salient features of Samuel Johnson’s “Preface to Shakespeare”.

(OR)

- b) What are the main features of Mathew Arnold’s “The Study of Poetry”?

10. a) How does Samuel Johnson elucidate the merits of Shakespeare?

(OR)

- b) Describe how T.S. Eliot elucidates the best way to create art in his “Tradition and Individual Talent”.

PART - C

Attempt a critical analysis of the following poem:

(20 marks)

Jaguar by Ted Hughes

The apes yawn and adore their fleas in the sun.
The parrots shriek as if they were on fire, or strut
Like cheap tarts to attract the stroller with the nut.
Fatigued with indolence, tiger and lion
Lie still as the sun. The boa-constrictor's coil
Is a fossil. Cage after cage seems empty, or
Stinks of sleepers from the breathing straw.
It might be painted on a nursery wall.
But who runs like the rest past these arrives
At a cage where the crowd stands, stares, mesmerized,
As a child at a dream, at a **jaguar** hurrying enraged
Through prison darkness after the drills of his eyes
On a short fierce fuse. Not in boredom—
The eye satisfied to be blind in fire,
By the bang of blood in the brain deaf the ear—
He spins from the bars, but there's no cage to him
More than to the visionary his cell:
His stride is wildernesses of freedom:
The world rolls under the long thrust of his heel.
Over the cage floor the horizons come.

