



**LOYOLA COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), CHENNAI – 600 034**

**B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION – FRENCH LITERATURE**

THIRD SEMESTER – NOVEMBER 2017

**16UEL3AL02 - ENGLISH LITERARY CRITICISM**

Date: 09-11-2017  
Time: 09:00-12:00

Dept. No.

Max. : 100 Marks

**PART- A**

**I. Answer any FIVE of the following questions in 100 words each: (5x8=40)**

1. Trace the growth of Moral Criticism in 21<sup>st</sup> century.
2. Write a short note of Ben Jonson's Comedy of Humours with a relevant example.
3. Differentiate I.A. Richard's perception of Sense and Feelings in his '*Four kinds of Meaning*'.
4. Enumerate the principles of psychoanalysis and explain how it is used to interpret literature?
5. 'Negative Capability' is an essential element of poetry – Justify.
6. What role does literature play in constructing the relationship between the country and the city?  
- Explain it with the image of escalator.
7. Describe Coleridge's theory of Fancy.

**PART – B**

**II. Answer the following for about 300 words each: (2x20=40)**

8. a) Elucidate the arguments put forth by the four speakers in *The Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.

**(OR)**

- b) How does Pope exemplify the characteristics of good and bad critics in *Essay on Criticism*?

9. a) Philip Sidney identifies poetry in rational terms. How is this opposing to the views of Plato in his '*Republic*'?

**(OR)**

- b) Discuss the dominant argument in *Preface to Shakespeare*.

**PART – C**

**III. Interpret the following poem using any school of criticism you have been taught: (1x20=20)**

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

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