



LOYOLA COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), CHENNAI – 600 034

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION – ENGLISH LITERATURE

FIFTH SEMESTER – NOVEMBER 2017

EL 5504 – LITERARY CRITICISM: CLASSICAL TO MODERN

Date: 03-11-2017

Dept. No.

Max. : 100 Marks

Time: 09:00-12:00

PART-A

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

SECTION-A

1. Function of Poetry, according to Horace.
2. Ben Jonson's theory of comedy
3. Tragedy and Tragi-comedy
4. Wordsworth's observations on Poetry

SECTION-B

5. Pope's take on Criticism
6. Merits of Shakespeare as viewed by Johnson
7. Art for Art's sake
8. Paradox in poetry

PART-B

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

9. (a) Give an account of Aristotle's *Mimesis* and three unities (Or)
(b) Elaborate on Touchstone Theory
10. (a) Describe the techniques followed by Dryden in his critique 'Essay on Dramatic Poesy'. (Or)
(b) What, according to T.S.Eliot, are functions of Criticism?

PART-C

11. Attempt a critical analysis of the following poem: (20 Marks)

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.
Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purred applause.

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The genii of the stream;
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw;
A whisker first and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretched in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled)
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in.
Eight times emerging from the flood
She mewed to every watery god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No dolphin came, no Nereid stirred;
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard;
A Favourite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that glitters, gold.
