



ME (F) 18

**M.A. (Final) Examination, May/June 2011
(DE Scheme) (SIM)
ENGLISH (Course – VIII)
Literary Criticism**

Time : 3 Hours

Max. Marks : 90

- Note :** 1) Answer *five* questions choosing atleast *one* from *each* Section.
2) *All* questions carry *equal* marks.
3) *Do not* omit any *Section*.

SECTION – A

1. a) “Plot is the soul of tragedy”. Discuss with reference to The Poetics.
OR
b) Attempt a critique of “Hamartia” and “Catharsis” in The Poetics.
2. a) Critically comment on Longinus concept of the ‘Sublime’.
OR
b) Compare Aristotle’s contribution to classical criticism with that of Longinus’s.

SECTION – B

3. a) Examine Wordsworth’s views on ‘poetry’ and ‘poetic diction’.
OR
b) Discuss Coleridge’s objections to Wordsworth’s theory of poetry.
4. a) Elucidate Arnold’s views on the function of criticism.
OR
b) Comment on the limitations of ‘Touchstone method’.
5. a) Attempt an estimate of Dryden as the ‘father of practical criticism’.
OR
b) Examine Henry James concepts of “Reality” and “Experience”.

SECTION – C

6. a) Critically comment of T.S. Eliot’s theory of depersonalization and historical sense.
OR
b) What are Eliot’s views on the function of criticism ?

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7. a) Attempt an estimate of I.A. Richards as a pioneer in new criticism.

OR

- b) Summarise the main arguments of Showalter in the prescribed essay.

8. a) What are Leavis' views on the relationship between literature and society ?

OR

- b) Give an account of the basic features of psycho analytic modes of exposition propounded by either Freud or Lacan.

9. a) What is an open-ended text ? Examine this in the context of deconstruction.

OR

- b) How does structuralism describe the relation between the sign, the signifies and the signified ?

OR

- c) Discuss the salient features of "Post Colonial Theory".

SECTION – D

10. Critically analyse the following poem paying attention to the theme, tone, attitude imagery and other distinctive features.

I can still hear her.
She hobbles down stairs to the kitchen.
She is smearing at the dishes.
She slaps her grease rags
Into a basket,
And slings it over her shiny forearm, crooked
With hatred, and stomps outside.
I can hear my father down stairs,
Standing without a coat in the open back door,
Calling to the old hat across the snow.
She's forgotten her black shawl,
But I see her through my window, sneering,
Flapping upward
Toward some dark church on the hill.
She has to meet somebody else, and
It's no use, she won't listen
She's gone.
