

LOYOLA COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), CHENNAI – 600 034



M.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION – ENGLISH LITERATURE

THIRD SEMESTER – NOVEMBER 2017

16PEL3MC03 – PHILOSOPHY AND LITERATURE

Date: 06-11-2017

Dept. No.

Max. : 100 Marks

Time: 09:00-12:00

PART A

**I Answer any SIX (minimum 2 from each section) of the following in about 150 words each:
(6 x 5 = 30)**

SECTION I

1. Explain the Aristotelian concept of Hamartia and Mimesis.
2. Analyse Plato's concept of *The Myth of the Cave*.
3. How does Rousseau present his concept of General Will in his political philosophy?
4. Comment on Kant's concept of Pure Reason.

SECTION II

5. Comment on Marxist's ideas of Base and Superstructure with an example.
6. Enumerate the ideas highlighted by Valluvar in *Meiunarthal* (Understanding the Truth).
7. What according to Simone de Beauvoir is the myth of the "eternal feminine"?
8. How do you understand Arne Naess' concept of deep ecology?

PART B

**II Answer any FOUR (minimum 2 from each section) of the following in about 500 words each:
(4x 15 = 60)**

SECTION I

9. Analyse King Lear as a great example of Aristotle's tragic hero.
10. Bring out the influence of Rousseau's thought on English Romanticism.
11. Examine the Hegelian dialectic in W.B. Yeats' "The Second Coming"

SECTION II

12. Explain the following concepts with examples: a) Will b) *ennui* c) *en-soi* and *pour-soi*
13. Discuss the theme of absurdity and nothingness in Beckett's *Endgame*.
14. Reflect on the thought that Gary Snyder's *Piute Creek* is a profound meditation in nature.

PART C

III Analyse the following poem from a philosophical standpoint in about 500 words:

(1x10=10)

15. Daylight would die. Darkness would reign.
We at our hut's door. No single light inside.
Lights burning in houses around.
Kitchen-fires too. Bhakris beaten out.
Vegetables, gruels cooked.
In our nostrils, the smell of food. In our stomachs, darkness.
From our eyes, welling up, streams of tears.
Slicing darkness, a shadow heavily draws near.
On her head, a burden. Her legs a-totter.
Thin, dark of body.....my mother.
All day she combs the forest for firewood.

We wait her return.
When she brings no firewood to sell we go to bed hungry.
One day something happens. How we don't know.
Mother comes home leg bandaged, bleeding.
A large black snake bit her, say two women.
He raised his hood. He struck her. He slithered away.
Mother fell to the ground.
We try charms. We try spells. The medicine man comes.
The day ends. So does her life.
We burst into grief. Our grief melt into air.
Mother is gone. We, her brood, thrown to the winds.
Even now my eyes search for mother. My sadness grows.
When I see a thin woman with firewood on her head,
I go and buy all her firewood.
