LOYOLA COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), CHENNAI – 600 034

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

FIRST SEMESTER – NOVEMBER 2014

EL 1501 - LITERARY FORMS AND LITERARY APPRECIATION

Date : 10/11/2014 Time : 01:00-04:00 Dept. No.

Max.: 100 Marks

<u>PART – A</u>

I. Write short notes on the following in about 50 words each:	(10 x 3 = 30)
1. Epic simile.	
2. Three unities.	
3. Tragic comedy.	
4. Shakespearean sonnet.	
5. Catharsis.	
6. Periodical essay.	
7. Burlesque.	
8. Ode.	
9. One Act Play.	
10. Elegy.	
<u>PART – B</u>	
II. Answer any FIVE of the following in about 150 to 200 words each:	(5 x 8 = 40)
11. What are the salient features of the epic?	
12. What are the effects of the Renaissance on literature?	
13. Write a paragraph on the Oxford Movement.	
14. How did the French Revolution influence literature?	
15. List the features of the Neo-classical Movement.	
16. What are the characteristic features of the ballad?	
17. Discuss the features of the mock epic.	
18. Write a note on the Post War Movements.	
<u>PART – C</u>	
III. Answer any ONE of the following in about 250 to 300 words each:	(1 x 15 = 15)
19. Discuss the main features of the Romantic movement with suitable examples.	
20. Discuss the salient features of Shakespearean tragedy.	

PART – D IV. Attempt an appreciation of the following poem in about 250-300 words: (15 marks) Perhaps the world ends here by Joe Harjo (15 marks) The world begins at a kitchen table. No matter what. We must eat to live. The gifts of earth are brought and prepared, set on the table. So it has been since creation, and it will go on. We chase chickens or dogs away from it. Babies teethe at the corners. They scrape their knees under it. It is here that children are given instructions on what it mean to be Human. We make men at it. We make women. Our dreams drink coffee with us as they put their arms around our Children. They laugh with us at our poor falling-down selves and as We put ourselves back together once again at the table.

This table has been a house in the rain, an umbrella in the sun.

Wars have begun and ended at this table. It is a place to hide in the Shadow of terror. A place to celebrate the terrible victory.

We have given birth on this table and have prepared our Burial here

At this table we sing with joy, with sorrow. We pray of suffering and remorse. We give thanks.

Perhaps the world will end at the kitchen table, while we are laughing crying, eating of the last sweet bite.

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