LOYOLA COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), CHENNAI - 600 034



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

THIRD SEMESTER - NOVEMBER 2018

16/17UEL3AL02 - ENGLISH LITERARY CRITICISM

| Date: 29-10-2018 | Dept. No. | Max. : 100 Marks |
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| Time: 01:00-04:00 | ' | 1 |

PART A

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

SECTION A

- 1. Explain Keats' Negative Capability.
- 2. Critically comment on Formalistic Approach in criticism.
- 3. Summarize Eugineus's main arguments on Superiority of Moderns over the Ancients.
- 4. Discuss the relation between Sense and Feeling.

SECTION B

- 5. How does Sidney defend the attacks on poetry in 'An Apology for Poetry'?
- 6. Explain Walter Pater's Theory of Art for Art's Sake.
- 7. Elaborate on Wordsworth's concept of poetry.
- 8. What are the characteristics of a good critic according to Alexander Pope?

PART-B

II. Answer the following in about 400 words each:

(2x20=40)

9(a) How does Dr. Johnson criticize Shakespeare in 'A Preface to Shakespeare'?

 $\cap R$

- 9(b) Attempt an analysis on I.A. Richards' 'Four Kinds of Meaning'.
- 10(a) Discuss in detail Coleridge's Theory of Fancy.

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10(b) Critically comment on the relevance and limitations of the Psychological approach to Criticism.

PART C

11. Attempt a critical analysis of the following poem.

(20 marks)

Life is Fine

I went down to the river, I set down on the bank. I tried to think but couldn't, So I jumped in and sank. I came up once and hollered!
I came up twice and cried!
If that water hadn't a-been so cold
I might've sunk and died.

But it was Cold in that water! It was cold!

I took the elevator Sixteen floors above the ground. I thought about my baby And thought I would jump down.

I stood there and I hollered! I stood there and I cried! If it hadn't a-been so high I might've jumped and died.

But it was High up there! It was high!

So since I'm still here livin', I guess I will live on.
I could've died for love—
But for livin' I was born

Though you may hear me holler, And you may see me cry— I'll be dogged, sweet baby, If you gonna see me die.

Life is fine! Fine as wine! Life is fine!

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