

**SUBJECT CODE: 19CE/MC/LC44**

**B. A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, APRIL 2022**  
**ENGLISH AND COMMUNICATION SKILLS**  
**FOURTH SEMESTER**

**COURSE: MAJOR CORE**  
**TITLE: LITERARY CRITICISM**

**TIME: 3 HOURS**  
**MAX. MARKS: 100**

**SECTION A**

**I. Answer any four of the following in about 200 words each. (4x10=40 marks)**

1. Discuss the three aspects mentioned by Aristotle to differentiate the varied kinds of imitations.
2. Why does Coleridge refer to Imagination as “that synthetic and magical power”?
3. Explain the two forms of interest that exist in the thriller genre.
4. How does T.S.Eliot define tradition in his essay ‘Tradition and the Individual Talent’?
5. According to Brooks, for what purpose did the Neoclassical poets use paradox in their poetry?
6. Comment on Raman Selden’s opening statement “Binary oppositions are fundamental to structuralist thought”.

**SECTION B**

**II. Answer any two of the following in about 500 words. (2x20=40 marks)**

7. What drastic alterations occurred in the critical tradition as a result of the primitive proposition of Mill’s theory that ‘Poetry is the expression or uttering forth of feelings’?
8. Trace Sidney’s arguments in defense of poetry as a highly noble profession in the essay “Apology for Poetry”.
9. Elucidate how the two superiorities identified by Arnold are related to each other.
10. How does Eliot expound his view on the interdependency of the past and the present in literary tradition?

**SECTION C**

**III. Analyse the given extract in about 500 words using suitable critical concept/s you have studied. (1x20=20 marks)**

11. “Never,” said my father,  
“Never cut a pomegranate  
through the heart. It will weep blood.  
Treat it delicately, with respect.

Just slit the upper skin across four quarters.  
This is a magic fruit,  
so when you split it open, be prepared  
for the jewels of the world to tumble out,  
more precious than garnets,  
more lustrous than rubies,  
lit as if from inside.  
Each jewel contains a living seed.  
Separate one crystal.  
Hold it up to catch the light.  
Inside is a whole universe.  
No common jewel can give you this.”

Afterwards, I tried to make necklaces  
of pomegranate seeds.  
The juice spurted out, bright crimson,  
and stained my fingers, then my mouth.

I didn't mind. The juice tasted of gardens  
I had never seen, voluptuous  
with myrtle, lemon, jasmine,  
and alive with parrots' wings.

The pomegranate reminded me  
that somewhere I had another home.

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