

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086
(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2011 – 2012)

SUBJECT CODE: 11EL/MC/LC34

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2012
BRANCH XII – ENGLISH
THIRD SEMESTER

COURSE : MAJOR – CORE
PAPER : LITERARY CRITICISM – I
TIME : 3 HOURS MAX. MARKS : 100

- I. Answer the following in about 200 words each: (3x15=45)
- Comment on Aristotle's observations on the purpose of tragedy.
 - Show how Johnson's *Preface to Shakespeare* contributes to the immortality of both the critic and the poet/dramatist.
 - To what extent does tradition influence the shape of individual talent?
- II. Answer any TWO of the following in about 600 words each: (2x20=40)
- What, according to Aristotle are the elements of tragedy?
 - Comment on Sydney's defence of the twin responsibilities of the poet.
 - Discuss the impact of the touchstone method in literary criticism.
 - How, according to Coleridge might Fancy and Imagination serve the cause of poetic truth?
- III. Choose any one of the following and write your comments following the instructions given: (1x15= 15)
- Comment on the diction and other poetic features in the following poem, applying any of the theoretical concepts prescribed for study:

The One Who Goes Away

To help the journey
Coconuts were flung
From Juhu Beach
Into the Arabian Sea-
But I saw beggars jump in
After those coconuts- a good catch
For dinner. And in the end
Who gets the luck
From those sacrificed coconuts?
We weren't allowed
To take much
But I managed to hide
My home behind my heart.
While the earth calls
And the hearth calls

Come back, come back-
 Because I must-
 With my home intact
 But always changing
 So the windows don't match
 The doors anymore- the colours
 Clash in the garden-
 And the ocean lives in the bedroom.
 I am the one
 Who always goes away from home
 Which can only stay inside
 in my blood-my home which does not fit any geography.

- J. Analyse the following passage with reference to Aristotle's discussion on the tragic hero:

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter

LADY MACBETH

They met me in the day of success: and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whilst I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
 What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
 To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
 Art not without ambition, but without
 The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
 That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,
 That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do
 Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger

What is your tidings?

Messenger

The king comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH

Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? Who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Messenger

So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

LADY MACBETH

Give him tending;
He brings great news.

Exit Messenger

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH

Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

MACBETH

My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH

And when goes hence?

MACBETH

To-morrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH

O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACBETH

We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH

Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me.
