

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086
(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2019– 2020 and thereafter)

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2023
BRANCH XII – ENGLISH
THIRD SEMESTER

COURSE : ALLIED – CORE
SUBJECT CODE : 19EL/AC/LI35
PAPER : LITERATURE AND IDEAS
TIME : 3 HOURS **MAX. MARKS:100**

SECTION – A

I. Answer any four of the following in about 100 words each. (4x5 = 20 marks)

1. Explain Sartre's concept of freedom.
2. Briefly explain how Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung looked at the subconscious and personality.
3. Discuss briefly the link between superstructure and base.
4. Why does Rousseau celebrate the Noble Savage?
5. Explain the Apollonian and Dionysian principles.
6. How are White women and Black men oppressed?

SECTION – B

II. Answer any three of the following in about 500 words each. (3x20 = 60 marks)

7. Discuss Hegel's contention that true self-consciousness can only be achieved through mutual recognition.
8. What are the two sides to aesthetic experience according to Schopenhauer?
9. Discuss the philosophical implications of Gregor's transformation into an insect.
10. Describe the conscious, preconscious, *and* unconscious as postulated by Sigmund Freud.
11. Elucidate on the State of Nature, Civil State and The Social Contract as described by Jean Jacques Rousseau.

SECTION – C

III. Critically analyse any one of the following literary texts using any critical/philosophical framework of your choice. (1x20 = 20 marks)

12.

My Heart Leaps Up
by William Wordsworth

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;

So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
 The Child is father of the Man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

OR

13.

A Brook in the City
By Robert Frost

The farmhouse lingers, though averse to square
 With the new city street it has to wear
 A number in. But what about the brook
 That held the house as in an elbow-crook?
 I ask as one who knew the brook, its strength
 And impulse, having dipped a finger length
 And made it leap my knuckle, having tossed
 A flower to try its currents where they crossed.
 The meadow grass could be cemented down
 From growing under pavements of a town;
 The apple trees be sent to hearth-stone flame.
 Is water wood to serve a brook the same?
 How else dispose of an immortal force
 No longer needed? Staunch it at its source
 With cinder loads dumped down? The brook was thrown
 Deep in a sewer dungeon under stone
 In fetid darkness still to live and run -
 And all for nothing it had ever done
 Except forget to go in fear perhaps.
 No one would know except for ancient maps
 That such a brook ran water. But I wonder
 If from its being kept forever under,
 The thoughts may not have risen that so keep
 This new-built city from both work and sleep.
