

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

**B. A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, APRIL 2024**  
**BRANCH XII ENGLISH**  
**FOURTH SEMESTER**

**COURSE : MAJOR CORE**  
**TITLE : LITERARY CRITICISM II**  
**SUBJECT CODE : 19EL/MC/LC44**  
**TIME : 3 HOURS** **MAX. MARKS: 100**

**SECTION A**

**I. Answer the following in about 400 words each. (3x15=45)**

1. What are the main arguments in "Keats' Sylvan Historian: History Without Footnotes"?  
Or  
Explain the four kinds of meaning as stated by I A Richards.
2. Describe the significance of codifying features in detective fiction?  
Or  
Elucidate how Barthes considers myth as a second order signifying system?
3. What is M. H. Abrams' contention against the New readers?  
Or  
How does Stanley Fish challenge the conventional notions of textual stability?

**SECTION B**

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

4. Explore the fundamental principles of deep ecology as stated by Naess and Sessions?
5. Discuss how Todorov's work contributes to a deeper understanding of detective fiction?
6. Discuss the central paradox that Brooks identifies in Keats' poem.
7. Explore how Abrams' essay invites us to recognise the agency of texts and our active role in their interpretation.

## SECTION C

**Critically analyse the following poem using any critical/philosophical framework of your choice.** (1x15=15)

**Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802**

*William Wordsworth*

Earth has not any thing to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

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