

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

**SUBJECT CODE: 11EL/MC/LC34**

**B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2014**  
**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)**

- a. Why does Aristotle consider plot as the most important element of tragedy?
- b. Discuss Coleridge's views on poets and poetry, described in *ideal* perfection.
- c. What does Sidney's analysis of the etymology of the words 'vates' and 'poet' foreground?

**II. Answer any TWO of the following in about 600 words each: (2x20=40)**

- a. "The progress of an artist is a continual self- sacrifice". Explain impersonality theory.
- b. Discuss the efficacy of the touchstone method with particular reference to Arnold's analysis of Chaucer.
- c. Why does Dr. Johnson praise Shakespeare as "a poet of nature"?
- d. How does Aristotle systematically investigate tragedy in his *Poetics*?

**III. Choose any one of the following and write your comments following the instructions given: (1x15= 15)**

**A. Analyse the given excerpt from Shakespeare's Othello:**

**OTHELLO** : O, she was foul!

I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,  
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:  
I know this act shows horrible and grim.

**GRATIANO** : Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead:

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief  
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,  
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,  
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,  
And fall to reprobation.

**OTHELLO** : 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows  
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:  
 And she did gratify his amorous works  
 With that recognizance and pledge of love  
 Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:  
 It was a handkerchief, an antique token  
 My father gave my mother.

**EMILIA** :O heaven! O heavenly powers!

**IAGO** : Come, hold your peace.

**EMILIA**: 'Twill out, 'twill out: I peace!

No, I will speak as liberal as the north:

Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

**IAGO** : Be wise, and get you home.

**EMILIA**: I will not.

*IAGO offers to stab EMILIA*

**GRATIANO** :Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

**EMILIA**: O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of

I found by fortune and did give my husband;

For often, with a solemn earnestness,

More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,

He begg'd of me to steal it.

**IAGO**: Villanous whore!

**EMILIA**:She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,

And I did give't my husband.

**IAGO**: Filth, thou liest!

**EMILIA** : By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.

O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool

Do with so good a woman?

**OTHELLO**:Are there no stones in heaven

But what serve for the thunder?--Precious villain!

*He runs at IAGO, IAGO, from behind, stabs EMILIA, and exits*

*Re-enter GRATIANO*

**GRATIANO**

What is the matter?

**OTHELLO**

Behold, I have a weapon;

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,

That, with this little arm and this good sword,

I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain boast!

Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.  
 Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;  
 Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,  
 And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.  
 Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;  
 Man but a rush against Othello's breast,  
 And he retires. Where should Othello go?  
 Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!  
 Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,  
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,  
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!  
 Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave!  
 Whip me, ye devils,  
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!  
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!  
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!  
 O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!  
 Oh! Oh! Oh!

(or)

**B. Analyse the poem with reference to Coleridge's theory of poetry.**

*Kubla Khan ( Or, A Vision in a Dream. A Fragment.)* –S.T. Coleridge

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
 A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
 Through caverns measureless to man  
 Down to a sunless sea.  
 So twice five miles of fertile ground  
 With walls and towers were girdled round;  
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
 A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
 A mighty fountain momently was forced:  
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:  
 And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever

It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war!  
    The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
    Floated midway on the waves;  
    Where was heard the mingled measure  
    From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

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