

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086
(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2012 –13 & thereafter)

SUBJECT CODE: 11EL/AC/LI44

B. A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, APRIL 2015

BRANCH XII – ENGLISH

FOURTH SEMESTER

COURSE : ALLIED – CORE

PAPER : LITERATURE AND IDEAS

TIME : 3 HOURS

MAX. MARKS : 100

SECTION A

I. Write short notes (about 100 words each) on any four of the following: (4x5=20)

1. Rousseau's notion of Civil Society
2. The interface between natural selection and survival of the fittest
3. Schopenhauer idea of Subject, Object and the World.
4. Feminist or feminism as a political label
5. Metaphysics as speculative knowledge through reason
6. Sartre's idea of freedom

II. Write essays on any three of the following in about 750 words each: (3x20=60)

1. "Hegel argues that reality of the world around us is determined by our mind"
Comment.
2. How does Karl Marx distinguish between Base and Superstructure?
3. Discuss the terms Apollonian and Dionysian as modes of perception.
4. Comment on bell hooks' *Black Women: Shaping Feminist Theory* as a radical departure from stereotypical feminism.
5. Trace the inextricable connection between Romanticism and Rousseau's *The Social Contract*.

III. Analyse the following poem by Philip Larkin using existentialism as your frame of critical reference: (20x1=20)

I work all day, and get half-drunk at night.
Waking at four to soundless dark, I stare.
In time the curtain-edges will grow light.
Till then I see what's really always there:
Unresting death, a whole day nearer now,
Making all thought impossible but how
And where and when I shall myself die.
Arid interrogation: yet the dread
Of dying, and being dead,
Flashes afresh to hold and horrify.

The mind blanks at the glare. Not in remorse
—The good not done, the love not given, time
Torn off unused—nor wretchedly because
An only life can take so long to climb
Clear of its wrong beginnings, and may never;

But at the total emptiness for ever,
The sure extinction that we travel to
And shall be lost in always. Not to be here,
Not to be anywhere,
And soon; nothing more terrible, nothing more true.

This is a special way of being afraid
No trick dispels. Religion used to try,
That vast moth-eaten musical brocade
Created to pretend we never die,
And specious stuff that says No rational being
Can fear a thing it will not feel, not seeing
That this is what we fear—no sight, no sound,
No touch or taste or smell, nothing to think with,
Nothing to love or link with,
The anaesthetic from which none come round.

And so it stays just on the edge of vision,
A small unfocused blur, a standing chill
That slows each impulse down to indecision.
Most things may never happen: this one will,
And realisation of it rages out
In furnace-fear when we are caught without
People or drink. Courage is no good:
It means not scaring others. Being brave
Lets no one off the grave.
Death is no different whined at than withstood.

Slowly light strengthens, and the room takes shape.
It stands plain as a wardrobe, what we know,
Have always known, know that we can't escape,
Yet can't accept. One side will have to go.
Meanwhile telephones crouch, getting ready to ring
In locked-up offices, and all the uncaring
Intricate rented world begins to rouse.
The sky is white as clay, with no sun.
Work has to be done.
Postmen like doctors go from house to house.
