

**STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086**  
**(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2015-16 and thereafter)**

**SUBJECT CODE: 15EL/MC/LC45**

**B. A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, APRIL 2019**  
**BRANCH XII – ENGLISH**  
**FOURTH SEMESTER**

**COURSE : MAJOR – CORE**  
**PAPER : LITERARY CRITICISM - II**  
**TIME : 3 HOURS**

**MAX. MARKS : 100**

**SECTION A**

**I. Write short notes on the following in about 250 words each. (3x15=45)**

1. Bring out the significance of Eliot's statement: "Honest criticism and sensitive appreciation are directed not upon the poet but upon the poetry."  
OR  
Why does Cleanth Brooks identify on the language of paradox as the language of poetry?
2. According to Raman Selden, what is fundamental to structural thought?  
OR  
Why does Roland Barthes consider myth as a 'metalanguage,' that says something using existing language?
3. Comment on the genre of detective fiction as discussed by Todorov in "Typology of Detective Fiction."  
OR  
What are Abrams' views on Stanley Fish?

**SECTION B**

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

1. What is the relationship between 'tradition' and the 'individual talent' according to T.S. Eliot?
2. Discuss the fundamental principles of Structuralism.
3. Comment on M.H. Abrams' critique of the 'Newreaders', who, according to him, "systematically dehumanize all aspects of traditional views about a work of literature."
4. How does Wolfgang Iser establish the reader as an active creator of meaning of texts?

**SECTION C**

**III. Analyse the following poem in about 300 words using a suitable critical or theoretical perspective prescribed for study. (1x15=15)**

**London**

I wander thro' each charter'd street,  
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow.  
And mark in every face I meet  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,  
In every Infants cry of fear,  
In every voice: in every ban,  
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweepers cry  
Every blackning Church appalls,  
And the hapless Soldiers sigh  
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro' midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful Harlots curse  
Blasts the new-born Infants tear  
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

William Blake

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