MEN (F)-08

Sl.No. :

Total No. of Pages : 3

Final Year M.A.Degree Examination, May - 2026

(SLM Scheme) (NON - CBCS)

ENGLISH

Course - VIII : Literary Criticism

Time : 3 Hours **Max. Marks : 80**

Instruction : All sections are compulsory.

SECTION - A

Answer **any Four** questions : **[4 × 5 = 20]**

Q1) Aristotle's views on Mimesis.

Q2) Affective and Intentional fallacy.

Q3) The key principles of structuralism.

Q4) Hybridity in Post-colonial discourse.

Q5) Marxism.

Q6) The role of the 'unconscious mind' in Freud's psychoanalytic theory.

SECTION - B

Answer **any Three** questions : **[3 × 10 = 30]**

Q7) Discuss the six parts of tragedy as outlined in *Aristotle's Poetics*.

Q8) Examine how rhetorical devices contribute to the Sublime in Longinus's *On the Sublime*.

Q9) Comment on the roles of Crites, Eugenius, Lisideius and Neander in presenting different critical perspectives on drama in *An Essay on Dramatic Poesy*.

Q10) "Preface to *Lyrical Ballads* reflects the key principles of Romanticism". Elaborate

Q11) How does Coleridge differentiate between Primary and Secondary Imagination in *Biographia Literaria*. Elucidate.

SECTION - C

Answer **any Three** questions and question **16** is compulsory: **[3 × 10 = 30]**

Q12) Discuss the criteria Matthew Arnold employs to evaluate poetic excellence in "The Study of Poetry".

Q13) How does Henry James perceive the novelist's responsibility and approach to storytelling in "The Art of Fiction"? Elucidate.

Q14) Examine Eliot's views on the 'historical sense' and its role in evaluating a literary work, as discussed in "Tradition and the Individual Talent".

Q15) Comment on how Leavis addresses the role of literature in shaping social consciousness and cultural norms in "Literature and Sociology".

Q16) Analyze the poem focusing on its theme, language and literary devices.

I was angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears.
Night and morning with my tears:
And I sunned it with smiles.
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night.
Till it bore an apple bright.
And my foe beheld it shine.
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole.
When the night had veild the pole;
In the morning glad I see;
My foe outstretchd beneath the tree.

