

SOUTH EASTERN UNIVERSITY OF SRI LANKA

**THIRD YEAR EXAMINATIONS IN BACHELOR OF ARTS (EXTERNAL) – 2007 / 2008
HELD IN AUGUST - 2008**

ENG 3.21 – PRINCIPLES OF PRACTICAL CRITICISM

Answer any three questions in Section A. Both questions in Section B are compulsory.

Time: 03 hours

SECTION - A

1. How far is it correct to say that Structuralism examines aspects of human society, including language and literature, as integrated structures?
2. "Tradition has to be obtained with great Labour". How does T.S.Eliot establish this idea in his essay 'Tradition and Individual Talent'?
3. "Any work of an artist is open for criticism". Discuss this statement with reference to I.A. Richard's 'Communication and the Artist'.
4. Discuss the main phases of Literary Criticism.
5. Explain how any novelist you have studied exemplifies characteristics of the period in which he or she functioned.

SECTION – B

6. Analyse and evaluate the following poem, paying attention to meaning, techniques and its overall effect.

One Flesh

Lying apart now, each in a separate bed,
He with a book, keeping the light on late,
She like a girl dreaming of childhood,

All men elsewhere – it is as if they wait
Some new event: the book he holds unread,
Her eyes fixed on the shadows overhead.

Tossed up like flotsam from a former passion,
How cool they lie. They hardly ever touch.
Or if they do it is like a confession
Of having little feeling – or too much.
Chastity faces them, a destination,
For which their whole lives were a preparation.

Strangely apart, yet strangely close together,
Silence between them like a thread to hold
And not wind in. And time itself's a feather
Touching them gently. Do they know they're old,
These two who are my father and my mother
Whose fire from which I came has now grown cold?

6. Analyse the following prose passage. What is the author's view of the town described in the following passage? How does he convey it?

It was a town of red brick, or of brick that would have been red if the smoke and ashes had allowed it; but, as matters stood it was a town of unnatural red and black like the painted face of a savage. It was a town of machinery and tall chimneys, out of which interminable serpents of smoke trailed themselves for ever and ever and never got uncoiled. It had a black canal in it, and a river that ran purple with evil-smelling dye, and vast piles of building full of windows where there was a rattling and trembling all day long, and where the pistons of the steam engine worked monotonously up and down, like the head of an elephant in a state of melancholy madness.
