

(Pages : 4)

M – 6888

Reg. No. :

Name :

Third Semester M.A. Degree Examination, March 2022

English Language and Literature

Core Course

EL 232 : CRITICAL STUDIES II

(2017 Admission Onwards)

Time : 3 Hours

Max. Marks : 75

I. Write a paragraph on five of the following, each not exceeding 50 words.

1. Magic realism
2. The theme of fragmentation in modernism and postmodernism
3. Fabulation
4. Mimicry
5. Imagined communities
6. Textuality of history
7. Hyperreality
8. Ethnicity

(5 × 2 = 10 Marks)

P.T.O.



II. Answer **four** of the following, each in not more than **150** words.

9. The problem of oeuvre as put forward by Foucault.
10. Genealogy
11. Thick description
12. Diasporic aesthetics
13. Subalternity
14. Postfeminism
15. Ecocriticism
16. Technoculture

(4 × 5 = 20 Marks)

III. Answer **three** of the following in not more than **450** words, choosing at least one from each section:

SECTION – A

17. Habermas' championing of modernity as the child of Enlightenment.
18. Examine Foucault's deliberations on the unities of discourse.
19. Postcolonialism and nationhood.

SECTION – B

20. Spivak explores the ethical problems associated with the investigation of a different culture based on universal concepts and frameworks. Expatiate.
21. Said's Orientalism remains as a landmark study of Eurocentric universalism and superiority as opposed to its 'other'.
22. New Historicism as an approach to literature.



SECTION – C

Provide a theoretical reading of one of the following texts. Adopt any one of the theoretical frameworks prescribed for study.

23. All round me are words, and words and words,

They grow on me like leaves, they never

Seem to stop their slow growing

From within... But I tell my self, words

Are a nuisance, beware of them, they

Can be so many things, a

Chasm where running feet must pause, to

Look, a sea with paralyzing waves.

A blast of burning air or.

A knife most willing to cut your best

Friend's throat... Words are a nuisance, but.

They grow on me like leaves on a tree,

They never seem to stop their coming,

From a silence, somewhere deep within....

24. After the tenth class, I finished my final exams and went home. My mother was walking from the street of the Naikers with a bundle on her head, made up of mango wood which she had gathered and tied together. I went along with her, back and forth, with two or three head-loads of firewood which I gathered for her. To come to our part of the village from Naiker Street, you had to cross the Nadar Street, the Thevar street, and then come past the oil-press and bazaar. Some people who had seen me carrying the firewood said to my mother in astonishment, 'Your daughter has finished her schooling at the convent, yet she doesn't mind carrying firewood like this'. I don't know why they were so surprised. In those days I really enjoyed that kind of hard physical labour. It is only recently that I find I cannot do it anymore. Because I have been to other places and have been engaged in studying different things. I find that my body isn't as flexible as it used to be.



When I saw our people working so hard night and day, I often used to wonder from where they got their strength. And I used to think, that at the rate they worked, men and women both, every single day, they should really be able to advance themselves. But of course, they never received a payment that was appropriate to their labour. And another thing. Even if they did the same work, men received one wage, women another. They always paid men more. I could never understand why.

25. Every now and then she looked around for tangible evidence of his having ever been there. Where were the butterflies? the blueberries? the whistling reed? She could find nothing, for he had left nothing but his stunning absence. An absence so decorative, so ornate, it was difficult for her to understand how she had ever endured, without falling dead or being consumed, his magnificent presence. The mirror by the door was not a mirror by the door, it was an altar where he stood for only a moment to put on his cap before going out. The red rocking chair was a rocking of his own hips as he sat in the kitchen. Still, there was nothing of his – his own -that she could find. It was as if she were afraid she had hallucinated him and needed proof to the contrary. His absence was everywhere, stinging everything, giving the furnishings primary colors, sharp outlines to the corners of rooms and gold light to the dust collecting on table tops. When he was there he pulled everything toward himself. Not only her eyes and all her senses but also inanimate things seemed to exist because of him, backdrops to his presence. Now that he had gone, these things, so long subdued by his presence, were glamorized in his wake.

Then one day, burrowing in a dresser drawer, she found what she had been looking for: proof that he had been there, his driver's license. It contained just what she needed for verification, his vital statistics Born 1901. height 5'11", weight 152 lbs., eyes brown, hair black, color black. Oh yes, skin-black. Very black. So black that only a steady careful rubbing with steel wool would remove it, and as it was removed there was the glint of gold leaf and under the gold leaf the cold alabaster and deep, deep down under the cold alabaster more black only this time the black of warm loam.

(3 × 15 = 45 Marks)

