

Reg. No. : .....

Name : .....

**Third Semester M.A. Degree Examination, February 2021.**

**English Language and Literature**

**Core Course : Paper X**

**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. Postmodernist discontinuities.
2. Intertextuality
3. Hybridity
4. Textuality of history
5. Self representation.
6. Parody
7. Hegemony
8. Author function

**(5 × 2 = 10 Marks)**

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

9. The unities of discourses is the result of an operation. Explain.
10. Hybridity.

P.T.O.



11. Pastiche.
12. Historiographic metafiction.
13. Archaeology versus generalology.
14. Nativism.
15. Subaltern Studies Group.
16. Grand narratives.

**(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' arguments against postmodernism.
18. Comment on New Historicism and its methods and challenges.
19. Said and Orientalism.

#### SECTION B

20. Examine the various terms and concepts in postcolonial theory.
21. Analyse Spivak's deliberations on the subaltern in "Can the Subaltern Speak?"
22. Attempt a critical reading of the age of the Anthropocene.

#### SECTION C

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

23. When I think about myself,  
I almost laugh myself to death,  
My life has been one great big joke,  
A dance that's walked  
A song that's spoke,  
I laugh so hard I almost choke  
When I think about myself.



Sixty years in these folks' world  
The child I works for calls me girl  
I Say 'Yes ma'am' for working's sake.  
Too proud to break,  
Too poor to break,  
I laugh until my stomach ache,  
When I think about myself.

My folks can make me split my side,  
I laughed so hard I nearly died,  
The tales they tell, sound just like lying,  
They grow the fruit,  
But eat the rind,  
I laugh until I start to crying  
When I think about my folks.

24. That night they camped in a grove of oaks and beeches where a spring ran. The nights were still cool and they had a fire against it, of a rail lifted from a nearby fence and cut into lengths – small fire, neat, niggard almost, a shrewd fire; such fires were his father's habit and custom always, even in freezing weather. Older, the boy might have remarked this and wondered why not a big one; why should not a man had not only seen the waste and extravagance of war, but who had in his blood an inherent voracious prodigality with material not his own, have burned everything in sight? Then he might have gone a step farther and thought that that was the reason: that niggard blaze was the living fruit of nights passed during those four years in the woods hiding from all men, blue or gray, with his strings of horses (captured horses, he called them). And older still, he might have divined the true reason: that the element of fire spoke to some deep mainspring of his father's being, as the element of steel or of powder spoke to other men, as the one weapon for the preservation of integrity, else breath were not worth the breathing, and hence to be regarded with respect and used with discretion.



25. She has a single photograph of him. She tucked it into a brown envelope on which shed written clippings, and hid the envelope between the pages of Perennials for the Rock Garden. where no one else would ever look.

She's preserved this photo carefully, because it's almost all she has left of him. It's black and white, taken by one of those boxy, cumbersome flash cameras from before the war, with their accordion- pleat nozzles and their well-made leather cases that looked like muzzles, with straps and intricate buckles. The photo is of the two of them together. her and this man, on a picnic. Picnic is written on the back, in pencil - not his name or hers. just picnic. She knows the names, she doesn't need to write them down.

They're sitting under a tree; it might have been an apple tree; she didn't notice the tree much at the time. She's wearing a white blouse with the sleeves rolled to the elbow and a wide skirt trucked around her knees. There must have been a breeze, because of the way the shirt is blowing up against her; or perhaps it wasn't blowing, perhaps it was clinging; perhaps it was hot. It was hot. Holding her hand over the picture, she can still feel the heat coming up from it, like the heat from a sun-warmed stone at midnight.

**(3 × 15 = 45 Marks)**

