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Reg. No. :

Name :

Second Semester M.A. Degree Examination, July 2019

English Language and Literature

Core Course : Paper VIII

EL 224 : CRITICAL STUDIES – I

(2017 Admission onwards)

Time : 3 Hours

Max. Marks : 75

I. Answer **any five** of the following in not more than 50 words.

1. Mytheme.
2. Metanarrative.
3. Historical Consciousness.
4. Archetypes of Literature.
5. The male gaze.
6. How does Cixous reclaim Medusa?
7. Define the two basic material preconditions for the communist transformation of society.
8. Polyphony.

(5 × 2 = 10 Marks)

P.T.O.



II. Write short notes on **any four** of the following in about 150 words.

9. Connotation and denotation in semeiotics.
10. What is meant by intertextuality?
11. Antonio Gramsci's concept of civil society.
12. Examine how Freud's Personality Theory structures the psyche into id, ego and superego?
13. Write a brief note on the different waves of Feminism.
14. Discuss how Saussure distinguishes between 'langue' and 'parole'?
15. The future of "modernity" according to Marx.
16. Differentiate between feminism and womanism.

(4 × 5 = 20 Marks)

III. Answer **any three** in **not** more than 500 words choosing one from each section.

SECTION – A

17. Why do critics argue that Saussure's views "revolutionized the study of language and inaugurated modern linguistics"?
18. Consider Post-structuralism as a body of distinct reactions to Structuralism.
19. "Cultural materialism emphasizes the scientific method and objective analysis over the less demonstrable claims of structuralism or the relativism of postmodernism." Elucidate.

SECTION – B

20. Explain how Marxism interprets the natural world around human beings and the society they live in.
21. How does Lacan relate the theories of psychoanalysis to the methods and concepts of modern linguistics?
22. Briefly explain how Helene Cixous urges women to focus on individuality and to write to redefine self identity.



SECTION – C

23. Attempt a theoretical reading of the following using any one of the theoretical premises prescribed for study:

Would she have been a sturdy child

Or sickly like her brother?

Would she have had her father's nose

Or would she have looked like her mother?

Would she have laughed, frowned and cried,

Or flung her toys, or played outside.....

Would she have had the life she chose?

No one knows.

And no one will miss her when she's gone

Because....

She was never allowed to be born.

24. One night, I hardly know whether I had been sleeping or musing, I started wide awake on hearing a vague murmur, peculiar and lugubrious. It ceased, but my heart beat anxiously; my inward tranquillity was broken. The clock, far down in the hall, struck two. Just then my chamber-door was touched as if fingers swept the panels groping a way along the dark gallery outside. I was chilled with fear. Then I remembered that it might be Pilot, and the idea calmed me. But it was fated I should not sleep that night, for at the very keyhole of my chamber, as it seemed, a demoniac laugh was uttered. My first impulse was to rise and fasten the bolt, my next to cry: "Who is there?" Ere long steps retreated up the gallery towards the third floor staircase, and then all was still.



"Was it Grace Poole?" thought I. I hurried on my frock, and with a trembling hand opened the door. There, burning outside, left on the matting of the gallery, was a candle; and the air was filled with smoke, which rushed in a cloud from Mr. Rochester's room. In an instant I was within the chamber. Tongues of fire darted round the bed; the curtains were on fire, and in the midst lay Mr. Rochester, in deep sleep. I shook him, but he seemed stupefied. Then I rushed to his basin and ewer, and deluged the bed with water. He woke with the cry: "Is there a flood? What is it?"

25. In the hardest working part of Coketown; in the innermost fortifications of that ugly citadel, where Nature was as strongly bricked out as killing airs and gases were bricked in; at the heart of the labyrinth of narrow courts upon courts, and close streets upon streets, which had come into existence piecemeal, every piece in a violent hurry for some one man's purpose, and the whole an unnatural family, shouldering, and trampling, and pressing one another to death; in the last close nook of this great exhausted receiver, where the chimneys, for want of air to make a draught, were built in an immense variety of stunted and crooked shapes, as though every house put out a sign of the kind of people who might be expected to be born in it; among the multitude of Coketown, generically called 'the Hands,'— a race who would have found more favour with some people, if Providence had seen fit to make them only hands, or, like the lower creatures of the seashore, only hands and stomachs—lived a certain Stephen Blackpool, forty years of age.

Stephen looked older, but he had had a hard life. It is said that every life has its roses and thorns; there seemed, however, to have been a misadventure or mistake in Stephen's case, whereby somebody else had become possessed of his roses, and he had become possessed of the same somebody else's thorns in addition to his own. He had known, to use his words, a peck of trouble. He was usually called Old Stephen, in a kind of rough homage to the fact

(3 × 15 = 45 Marks)

