

Sixth Semester B.A Degree Examinations

APRIL/MAY 2019

OPTIONAL ENGLISH

(2017 – 18 Syllabus)

[SAF 441] Paper – VIII: LITERARY THEORY

(Text: Literary Theory, Concepts and Practical Criticism)

(Feminism – Fiona Tolan, Post Colonialism – Ania Loomba Indian

Literary Criticism – Krishnamurthy New Criticism – Cleanth Brooks)

Time: 3 hrs]

[Max. Marks: 80

I. Explain briefly any FIVE of the following concepts:

5 x 5 = 25

- a) Popular Culture
- b) Sex and Gender
- c) Patriarchy
- d) Formalism
- e) Hybridity
- f) Free Verse
- g) Orientalism
- h) Subaltern

II. Answer any THREE of the following:

3 x 10 = 30

- a) Discuss the concept of New Criticism as propounded by Cleanth Brooks in his essay.
- b) How does Ania Loomba examine the key features of Colonialism and Post – Colonialism? Explain.
- c) Explain the theory of Rasa in the context of Indian Literary Criticism as proposed by K.Krishnamurthy.
- d) Bring out the Major features of Feminism.

III. Write short notes on any THREE of the following:

3 x 5 = 15

- a) First Wave feminism
- b) Ecriture feminism
- c) Colonialism
- d) Close reading
- e) Rasavesha

Contd.....2

IV. Write a critical analysis of any ONE of the following poems:

1 x 10 = 10

i) I do not understand this child
Though we have lived together now
In the same house for years. I know
Nothing of him, so try to build
Up a relationship from how
He was when small.
Yet have I killed
The seed I spent or sown it where
The land in his and none of mine
We speak like strangers, there's no sign
Of understanding in the air.
This child is built to my design
Yet what he loves I cannot share.
Silence surrounds us. I would have
Him prodigal, returning to
His father's house. The home he knew,
Rather than see him make and move
His world. I would forgive him too,
Shaping from sorrow a new love.
Father and son, we both must live
On the same globe and the same land,
He speaks: I cannot understand
Myself, why anger grows from grief.
We each put out an empty hand,
Longing for something to forgive.

ii) I cannot remember my mother
Only sometimes in the midst of my play
A tune seems to hover over my playthings,
The tune of some song that she used to
Hum while rocking my cradle.
I cannot remember my mother
But when in the early autumn morning
The smell of shiuli flowers floats in the air
The scent of the morning service in the temple
Comes to me as the scent of my mother.
I cannot remember my mother
Only when from my bedroom window I send
My eyes into the blue of the distant sky,
I feel that the stillness of my mother's gaze on
my face
Has spread all over the sky.

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