

**STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086**  
**(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2011-12 & thereafter)**

**SUBJECT CODE: 11EL/PC/CT24**

**M. A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, APRIL 2013**  
**BRANCH VII – ENGLISH**  
**SECOND SEMESTER**

**COURSE : CORE**

**PAPER : CONTEMPORARY CRITICAL THEORY**

**TIME : 3 HOURS**

**MAX. MARKS : 100**

**I. Attempt any TWO questions in approximately 1000 words. (2x20=40)**

- a) What is Victor Shklovsky's contribution to Formalism?
- b) Discuss The Intentional Fallacy as a landmark article in modern literary criticism.
- c) Write an essay on Semiotics with Umberto Eco's essay as a point of reference.

**II. Attempt any ONE question in 1000 words. (1x20=20)**

- a) Define Postmodernism.
- b) Give an account of Post Structuralism from your reading of Barthes' essay "The Death of the Author".
- c) What are the main elements of Deconstruction?

**III. Attempt any ONE question in about 1000 words. (1x20=20)**

- a) Discuss the Reader Response Theory with reference to Stanley Fish's essay "Is There a Text in this Class?"
- b) "Marlowe's heroes fashion themselves not in loving submission to an absolute authority but in self-conscious opposition". Explain with reference to Greenblatt's analysis of Faustus.
- c) How does Rob Nixon represent the conflict that has developed between environmental and postcolonial studies?

**IV. Attempt a critical analysis of any one poem given below in about 1000 words. Identify the critical theory that you are selecting and ensure that you demonstrate how meaning is produced. (1x20=20)**

1) The Rhodora

On being asked, Whence is the flower?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,  
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook,

The purple petals fallen in the pool,  
 Made the black water with their beauty gay;  
 Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,  
 And court the flower that cheapens his array,  
 Rhodora! If the sages ask thee why  
 This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,  
 Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
 Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:  
 Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!  
 I never thought to ask, I never knew:  
 But, in my simple ignorance, suppose  
 The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

## **Do not go Gentle into that Goodnight**

by Dylan Thomas

2) Do not go gentle into that good night,  
 Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
 Because their words had forked no lightning they  
 Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
 Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
 And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
 Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
 Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
 Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
 Do not go gentle into that good night.  
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

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