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## M.A. (Part-II) (Fourth Semester) EXAMINATION, 2017 ENGLISH

Paper 4.8: (Multicultural Discourse in Immigrant Fiction-II)
(2008 PATTERN)

Time: Three Hours Maximum Marks: 80

**N.B.** :— (i) All questions are compulsory.

- (ii) Figures to the right indicate full marks.
- 1. Attempt a discourse analysis of any *two* of the following extracts and bring out their pragmatic features: [16]
  - (a) I tell myself that it's only my aunt's storytelling taking root in my overfertile imagination. But I'm sure they happened to me, those sun-filled mornings when I sat at the feet of a woman with a smile sweeter than palm-honey. Her hands were a gentle wind in my hair. When she lifted me into her lap-come, Khuku-awkwardly, around the growing curve of her belly, I never wanted her to set me down. A woman so different from the woman I know that I want to hit out at someone, to shatter something and scream until I have no breath left.
  - (b) I guess I didn't sound like myself either, because Richard's mouth opened in a brief o that made him look astonished and indignant at the same time. I could feel hysterical laughter gathering itself inside me. We were about to have our first fight. I was surprised to find that I was almost looking forward to it.

But of course Richard is too civilized to fight. After a moment he said, his voice carefully controlled, "I can see you're too emotional to think clearly. But this can't go on. For one thing, how long can you keep him holed up in your apartment?"

- Thunder and lightning. It's going to be quite a storm. You remember the monsoons of your childhood. There are no people in this memory, only the sky, rippling with exhilarating light. You know then that when you return to the apartment you will pack your belongings. A few clothes, some music, a favorite book, the hanging. No, not that. You will not need it in your new life, the one you're going to live for yourself. And a word comes to you out of the opening sky. The word *love*. You see that you have never understood it before. It is like rain, and when you lift your face to it, like rain it washes away inessentials, leaving you hollow, clean, ready to begin.
- **2.** Attempt a discourse analysis of any *two* of the following extracts and bring out their pragmatic features: [16]
  - (a) For by now, he's come to hate questions pertaining to his name, hates having constantly to explain. He hates having to tell people that it doesn't mean anything "in Indian." He hates having to wear a name tag on his sweater at Model United Nations Day at school. He even hates signing his name at the bottom of his drawings in art class. He hates that his name is both absurd and obscure, that it has nothing to do with who he is, that it is neither Indian nor American but of all things Russian.

At times his name, an entity shapeless and weightless, manages nevertheless to distress him physically, like the scratchy bag of a shirt he has been forced permanently to wear.

- (*b*) True to the meaning of her name, she will be without borders, without a home of her own, a resident everywhere and nowhere. But it's no longer possible for her to live here now that Sonia's going to be married. The wedding will be in Calcutta, a little over a year from now, on an auspicious January day, just as she and her husband were married nearly thirty-four years ago. Something tells her Sonia will be happy with this boy-quickly she corrects herself this young man. He has brought happiness to her daughter, in a way Moushmi had never brought it to her son. That it was she who had encouraged Gogol to meet Moushmi will be something for which Ashima will always feel guilty. How could she have known? But fortunately they have not considered it their duty to stay married, as the Bengalis of Ashoke and Ashima's generation do. They are not willing to accept, to adjust, to settle for something less than their ideal of happiness. That pressure has given way, in the case of the subsequent generation, to American common sense.
- (c) But Gogol doesn't move. He sits there, still struggling to absorb the information, feeling awkwardly, oddly ashamed, at fault, "I'm sorry, Baba."

His father laughs softly, "You had nothing to do with it." "Does Sonia know?"

His father shook his head, "Not yet, I'll explain it to her one day. In this country only your mother knows. And now you. I've always meant for you to know, Gogol." And suddenly the sound of his pet name, uttered by his father as he had been accustomed to hearing it all his life, meant something completely new, bound up with a catastrophe he has unwittingly embodied for years. "Is that what you think of when you think of me?" Gogol asks him. "Do I remind you of that night?"

"Not at all," his father says eventually, one hand going to his ribs, a habitual gesture that has baffled Gogol until now. "You remind me of everything that followed."

**3.** Answer any *two* of the following:

[16]

- (a) Discuss briefly the effect of the East-West encounter on the male psyche in Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni's anthology of short stories, *Arranged Marriage*.
- (b) Write a note on the symbolic elements in the story, "Bats" by Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni.
- (c) Show how the Story-within-the-story approach used in "The Maid Servant's story" provides a subtle commentary on the "tragic" songs of three women, separated by class, distance, time and values, yet bound by a common fate.
- **4.** Answer any *two* of the following:

[16]

- (a) Examine the character of Gogol as a divided soul in the novel, The Namesake.
- (b) Discuss how JhumpaLahiri's novel, The Namesake deals with
- (c) Show how JhumpaLahiri effectively portrays the conflict between individual pursuits and family loyalties in her novel, The Namesake
- **5.** Answer any *two* of the following:

[16]

- (a) What common aspects of the immigrant experience do we find through the stories in *Arranged Marriage* and the novel, *The Namesake*?
- (b) Comment on the symbolic significance of clothes in the story, "Clothes' by Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni.
- (c) The juxtaposition of the present tense and the past tense in the narrative of JhumpaLahiri's The Namesake.

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