

Lecture Series on Contemporary Theories Feminist Criticism: Lecture 8

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Feminist Criticism

Praxis: Text 1

Man for the field and woman for the hearth:

Man for the sword and for the needle she:

Man with the head and woman with the heart:

Man to command and woman to obey;

All else confusion.

Alfred Lord Tennyson

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Praxis: Text 2

Lady Macbeth:

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe topful
Of direst cruelty!

William Shakespeare's *Macbeth* Act 1, scene 5, 38–43

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Praxis: Text 3

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper, [...]

William Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* Act 5, scene 2

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Text 4 “Dolphins” by Carol Ann Duffy

World is what you swim in, or dance, it is simple.

We are in our element but we are not free.

Outside this world you cannot breathe for long.

The other has my shape. The other's movement forms my thoughts. And also mine. There is a man

and there are hoops. There is a constant flowing guilt.

We have found no truth in these waters,
no explanations tremble on our flesh.

We were blessed and now we are not blessed.

After travelling such space for days we began to translate. It was the same space. It is the same space always and above it is the man.

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And now we are no longer blessed, for the world
will not deepen to dream in. The other knows
and out of love reflects me for myself.
We see our silver skin flash by like memory
of somewhere else. There is a coloured ball
we have to balance till the man has disappeared.

The moon has disappeared. We circle well-worn
grooves
of water on a single note. Music of loss forever
from the other's heart which turns my own to
stone.
There is a plastic toy. There is no hope. We sink
to the limits of this pool until the whistle blows.
There is a man and our mind knows we will die
here.