

**STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086**  
**(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2004-2005 & thereafter)**

**SUBJECT CODE: EL/MC/IW54**

**B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2009**  
**BRANCH XII – ENGLISH**  
**FIFTH SEMESTER**

**COURSE : MAJOR – CORE**  
**PAPER : INDIAN WRITING IN ENGLISH**  
**TIME : 3 HOURS** **MAX. MARKS : 100**

**I. Answer in about 300 words. (1x10=10)**

- a. How does Sri Aurobindo explore the theme of terror/peace in his poetry?

**Or**

- b. Comment on the “rhythmic variety” and “melodic richness” of Sarojini Naidu’s poetry.

**II. Answer in about 300 words. (1x10=10)**

- a. Explain the significance of the title ‘Mukta dhara’.

**Or**

- b. Discuss the influence of Gandhian ideals in ‘Kanthapura’.

**III. Write an essay on any three of the following in about 500 words each (3x20=60)**

- a. Comment on Tagore’s use of symbolism in “Muktadhara”.
- b. Discuss the Divine-devotee relationship in “Gitanjali”.
- c. Identify themes of Oppression and Exploitation in Mulk Raj Anand’s “Untouchable”.
- d. Attempt a thematic study of R.K Narayan’s “The Guide”.
- e. What are the features of Indian Romantic poetry in English?

**IV. Critically comment on the context, theme, tone and technique of any ONE of the passages given below. (1x20=20)**

**Abhijit:** I must pay my debt, the debt of my birth. Mukta –dhara was my nurse. I must set her free.

**Visvajit:** There will be time enough for that, but not today.

**Abhijit:** The time has come now, and no one can tell whether it will ever come again.

**Visvajit:** We too will help you.

**Abhijit:** No, the same work is not for all. What has fallen to me is mine alone?

**Visvajit:** The people of Shiv-tarai are devoted to you.

They are eager to lend you a hand. Won't you call them?

**Abhijit:** If they had heard the call that I did, they would not wait for me. If they follow my call they will lose their way.

**Or**

Raju felt cornered. 'I have to play the part expected of me; there is no escape.' He racked his head secretly, wondering where to start. Could he speak about tourist's attractions in Malgudi, or should it be moral lessons? How once upon a time there was a so-and-so, so good or bad that when he came to do such-and-such a thing he felt so utterly lost that he prayed, and so on and so forth? He felt bored. The only subject on which he could speak with any authority now seemed to be jail life and its benefits, especially for one mistaken for a saint. They waited respectfully for his inspiration.

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