

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, SEPTEMBER 2020
BRANCH XII – ENGLISH
SIXTH SEMESTER

COURSE: MAJOR-CORE

COURSE CODE: 15EL/MC/WA65

COURSE TITLE: WEST ASIAN LITERATURE

TIME: 1 ½ hours

MAX. MARKS: 50

SECTION - A

I. Answer any two of the following in about 250 words: (2 x 10=20)

1. Goli Taraqqi's story "A House in Heaven" traces the plight of Mahin Banoo who suffers in many ways after the Revolution in Iran. Comment.
2. How does Hassan Blasim's story "The Reality and the Record" highlight the importance of the "story" for the Iraqi refugee who seeks asylum in a new country?
3. Comment on the impact of western technology in Saudi Arabia with special reference to the boy's obsession in Mohammed Hassan Alwan's story "Oil Field".
4. "The book is at once the personal and private account of a family tragedy and a vivid and rich historical account of the emergence of the new state." - Eran Kaplan. Discuss Amos Oz's memoir *A Tale of Love and Darkness* as a revelation of Oz's personal history as well as the history of his generation.

SECTION - B

II. Answer any one of the following in about 500 words: (1 x 20=20)

5. Discuss *Persepolis* as a graphic novel that portrays the impact of the Iranian Revolution and the Iran-Iraq War on the life of Marji and her family.
6. Discuss the trauma of the refugee with special reference to the texts written by Adonis and Emily Nasrallah that are prescribed for study.
7. Write about the effect of the formation of the state of Israel and the 1948 war on the life
and writings of any two poets prescribed for study.

SECTION - C

III. Analyse the poem given below with special reference to socio-political issues in Iraq: (1 x 10=10)

8. I Was in a Hurry -Dunya Mikhail

Yesterday I lost a country.
I was in a hurry,
and didn't notice when it fell from me
like a broken branch from a forgetful tree.
Please, if anyone passes by
and stumbles across it,
perhaps in a suitcase
open to the sky,
or engraved on a rock
like a gaping wound,
or wrapped
in the blankets of emigrants,
or canceled
like a losing lottery ticket,
or helplessly forgotten
in Purgatory,
or rushing forward without a goal
like the questions of children,
or rising with the smoke of war,
or rolling in a helmet on the sand,
or stolen in Ali Baba's jar,
or disguised in the uniform of a policeman
who stirred up the prisoners
and fled,
or squatting in the mind of a woman
who tries to smile,
or scattered
like the dreams
of new immigrants in America.
If anyone stumbles across it,
return it to me please.
Please return it, sir.
Please return it, madam.
It is my country...
I was in a hurry
when I lost it yesterday.