

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086
(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2018– 2019)
COURSE CODE:18CE/MC/IE65

B.A. DEGREE : ENGLISH AND COMMUNICATION SKILLS
END SEMESTER EXAMINATION, APRIL 2021

SIXTH SEMESTER

COURSE: MAJOR CORE
PAPER: INDIAN LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

TIME: 1 ½ HOURS
MAX. MARKS: 50

SECTION A

I. Answer any three of the following questions in about 150 words each.

(3x5=15 marks)

1. How does Jeet Thayil mourn the loss of his grandmother?
2. Discuss the tone of Nissim Ezekiel's poem "Background Casually".
3. Comment on the poet persona in Kolatkar's poems.
4. Examine the theme of violence in A.K. Ramanujan's poem "Bosnia".

SECTION B

II. Answer any two of the following questions in 400 words each. (2x10=20 marks)

5. Analyse Raju's transformation in *The Guide*.
6. How does Madhu deal with her grief in *Small Remedies*?
7. How does Karnad use myth in *The Fire and the Rain*?
8. Discuss the use of intertextuality in "At the Auction of Ruby Slippers"

SECTION C

III. Analyse the following poem in terms of themes, poetic devices and content.

(1x15=15 marks)

The Old Playhouse - Kamala Das

You planned to tame a swallow, to hold her
In the long summer of your love so that she would forget
Not the raw seasons alone, and the homes left behind, but
Also her nature, the urge to fly, and the endless
Pathways of the sky. It was not to gather knowledge
Of yet another man that I came to you but to learn
What I was, and by learning, to learn to grow, but every
Lesson you gave was about yourself. You were pleased
With my body's response, its weather, its usual shallow
Convulsions. You dribbled spittle into my mouth, you poured
Yourself into every nook and cranny, you embalmed
My poor lust with your bitter-sweet juices. You called me wife,
I was taught to break saccharine into your tea and
To offer at the right moment the vitamins. Cowering
Beneath your monstrous ego I ate the magic loaf and
Became a dwarf. I lost my will and reason, to all your

Questions I mumbled incoherent replies. The summer
Begins to pall. I remember the rudder breezes
Of the fall and the smoke from the burning leaves. Your room is
Always lit by artificial lights, your windows always
Shut. Even the air-conditioner helps so little,
All pervasive is the male scent of your breath. The cut flowers
In the vases have begun to smell of human sweat. There is
No more singing, no more dance, my mind is an old
Playhouse with all its lights put out. The strong man's technique is
Always the same, he serves his love in lethal doses,
For, love is Narcissus at the water's edge, haunted
By its own lonely face, and yet it must seek at last
An end, a pure, total freedom, it must will the mirrors
To shatter and the kind night to erase the water.