

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600086
(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2015-16 & thereafter)

SUBJECT CODE: 15EL/MC/WA65

B. A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, MAY 2021
BRANCH XII - ENGLISH
SIXTH SEMESTER

COURSE: MAJOR CORE
PAPER: WEST ASIAN LITERATURE

TIME: 1 ½ HOURS
MAX. MARKS: 50

SECTION A

- I. Answer any three of the following in about 150 words each. (3x5=15)**
1. How is the experience of a refugee depicted in Emily Nasrallah's story "The Green Bird"?
 2. How does the discovery of oil fields transform the lives of the people in Saudi Arabia? Discuss with reference to Hassan Alwan's "Oil Field".
 3. Dunya Mikhail states that "we resort to poetry as a possibility for survival". Discuss this statement with reference to "I was in a Hurry".
 4. How does the graphic novel form of *Persepolis* help Satrapi communicate her experience as an Iranian teenager better?
 5. Analyse Adonis's poetry as a response to the Syrian socio-political reality.

SECTION B

- II. Answer any one of the following in about 400 words. (2x10=20)**
6. How does Yehuda Amichai's poetry show an understanding of the Palestinian experience?
 7. In Amos Oz's *A Tale of Love and Darkness*, how are the personal and the political intertwined?
 8. How does Mahin Banoo respond to displacement and exile in "A House in Heaven".
 9. Examine Falastine Dwikat's poems as works of witness literature.

SECTION C

- III. Analyse the poem given below with specific reference to the socio-political issues in the region. (1x15=15)**

10.

Passport

By Mahmoud Darwish

They did not recognize me in the shadows
That suck away my color in this Passport
And to them my wound was an exhibit
For a tourist Who loves to collect photographs
They did not recognize me,
Ah... Don't leave

The palm of my hand without the sun
Because the trees recognize me
Don't leave me pale like the moon!

All the birds that followed my palm
To the door of the distant airport
All the wheat fields
All the prisons
All the white tombstones
All the barbed Boundaries
All the waving handkerchiefs
All the eyes
were with me,
But they dropped them from my passport
Stripped of my name and identity?
On soil I nourished with my own hands?
Today Job cried out
Filling the sky:
Don't make an example of me again!
Oh, gentlemen, Prophets,
Don't ask the trees for their names
Don't ask the valleys who their mother is
From my forehead bursts the sword of light
And from my hand springs the water of the river
All the hearts of the people are my identity
So take away my passport!