

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086
(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2015-16 & thereafter)

SUBJECT CODE: 15EL/ME/CA55

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

**COURSE: MAJOR ELECTIVE
PAPER: LITERATURES OF CANADA,
AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND**

**TIME: 1 ½ hours
MAX. MARKS: 50**

SECTION A

I. Answer any three of the following in about 150 words each. (3x5=15)

1. Comment on the themes of displacement and identity with reference to *No Sugar*.
2. Discuss how “Indian Woman” highlights the cause of First Nation women.
3. Discuss the contribution of Noonuccal and Fogarty to Australian literature.
4. “American Dreams” parodies “world market dominance by United States’ wealth and artistic taste”. Comment.
5. Comment on the relationship between Sunny and Margaret in “The Room”.

SECTION B

II. Answer any two of the following in about 350 words each. (2x10=20)

6. Many of the problems encountered by the protagonists on a micro level in *Truth and Bright Water* are identified as “being rooted in broader—even institutionalized—social evils grounded in the inclusionary/exclusionary dynamics of the hegemonic white community”. Discuss.
7. Witi Ihimaera in *The Whale Rider* describes the Maori universe, “in which the tribe’s legendary ancestors, ancient esoteric learning, and spirituality inform the present”. Discuss.
8. Comment on *The Ecstasy of Rita Joe* as a testimony to the political activism of First Nation Canadian writers who, through their works, sought to resist cultural stereotyping.
9. With reference to the short stories of Alice Munro and Margaret Atwood discuss how provincial ordinariness is only a surface layer that covers a darker world of violence and scandal.

SECTION C

III. Analyse one of the following with reference to the socio-political/literary issues raised by the author. (1x15=15)

10.

But Portia doesn't mind Pamela's indifference; rather, she cherishes it. Once she wanted to be more like Prue, but now it's Pamela. Pamela, considered so eccentric and odd and plain in the fifties, now seems to be the only one of them who got it right. Freedom isn't having a lot of men, not if you think you have to. Pamela does what she wants, nothing more and nothing less.

It's a good thing there's one woman in the universe who can take George or leave him alone. Portia wishes she herself could be so cool. Even after thirty-two years, she's

still caught in the breathlessness, the airlessness of love. It's no different from the first night, when he'd bent to kiss her (down by the boathouse, after an evening paddle) and she'd stood there like a deer in the glare of headlights, paralyzed, while something huge and unstoppable bore down on her, waiting for the scream of brakes, the shock of collision. But it wasn't that kind of kiss: it wasn't sex George wanted out of her. He'd wanted the other thing--the wifely white cotton blouses, the bassinets. He's sad they never had children.

He was such a beautiful man then. There were a lot of beautiful men, but the others seemed blank, unwritten on, compared to him. He's the only one she's ever wanted. She can't have him, though, because nobody can. George has himself, and he won't let go.

This is what drives Prue on: she wants to get hold of him finally, open him up, wring some sort of concession out of him. He's the only person in her life she's never been able to bully or ignore or deceive or reduce. Portia can always tell when Prue's back on the attack: there are tell-tale signs; there are phone calls with no voice attached; there are flights of sincere, melancholy lying from George--a dead giveaway. He knows she knows; he treasures her for saying nothing; she allows herself to be treasured.

There's nothing going on now, though. Not at the moment, not up here, not at Wacousta Lodge. Prue wouldn't dare, and neither would George. He knows where she draws the line; he knows the price of her silence.

Wilderness Tips by Margaret Atwood

11.

REMEMBER SOMETHING LIKE THIS by Lionel Fogarty

Long ago a brown alighted story was told
as a boy looked up on the hall walls
water flowed to his eyes
for Starlight was carrying snake in his shirt
gut belly
and around the fires a tall man
frightened the mobs that black eyes promised
that night at giant tree, way up
bushes crept in the ant hill
was the wild blackfella
from up north, they said.
Soldier chained him down at the waterhole
but as they bent to dip, sip
behind their backs, old man Waterflow
flew clear, magic
undoing the shackles, without keys
or sounds of saw
saw . . . nuh . . . you didn't saw him.

He's old Waterflow, even I'm too young
to remember everything.
Yet clever than pictures them show off
making fun of old Boonah
sitting outside waiting for dreaming
to come in reality.
After that somebody broke into the store.
Oh, the police were everywhere
at every door, roof, in laws
Where's this and that, you know.
So they find out where him came from
by looking at the tracks.
He's headed for the caves
just near Milky Way.
Happy in strength, we took off
but the hills hid this tribal
bull-roaring feather foot
under Jimmy's Scrub
place up deep
where you have to leave smoke
if you want to hunt there
If you don't, you'll get slewed . . .
On earth our people are happy
but we couldn't find that food.