

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, APRIL 2023  
BRANCH XII - ENGLISH  
SIXTH SEMESTER

COURSE: MAJOR CORE

TIME: 3 HOURS

TITLE: LITERATURES OF AUSTRALIA, CANADA  
AND NEW ZEALAND

MAX. MARKS: 100

SECTION A

I. Answer any three of the following in about 500 words each. (3x15=45)

1. How well does Jeanette C. Armstrong articulate the truth of an 'Indian Woman'?
2. Does Oodgeroo Noonuccal offer the possibility of hope for the future of her people in "Integration-Yes!?"? Explain.
3. Attempt an analysis of *The Whale Rider* as a study of the Maori society within the context of changing times?
4. Would you agree that *Truth and Bright Water* is a study of truths and histories that have been hidden, avoided, forgotten (deliberately or otherwise) or altered to suit the perceptions of outsiders? Explain.
5. How is Maurice Shadbolt's form of social realism expressed in "The Room"?

SECTION B

II. Answer any two of the following in about 600 words each. (2x20=40)

6. How does *The Ecstasy of Rita Joe* depict the powerlessness of the individual in the face of large social and political forces such as colonialism?
7. Discuss Jack Davis' *No Sugar* as a commentary on the conditions of marginality that characterised the lives of the Aboriginal communities in Australia.
8. Analyse Alice Munro's "A Wilderness Station" as a study of the construction of history.
9. With reference to any two texts prescribed for study, write an essay on what you consider to be the most significant concerns of writers from Canada, Australia or New Zealand.

SECTION C

III. Attempt a critical analysis of one of the following extracts. (1x15=15)

10. Wouldn't it be great to get away?

From all this I mean. Although the way things are at the moment

It doesn't really look as though we'll be able to.

But perhaps next weekend things will be different,

if there's a high over the Bight

we could take a few days and drive up to the farm

When it will not be, that Time our troubler is?

We could wake up to the sound of the butcher-bird

splashing about in the runoff from the gutter,

his long, intricate phrases taking up where the rain left off

In a dank Spring, see how all those yellow soursobs have swept up the hill?  
 If we're really lucky a sarin bowerbird  
 might fly onto the chamfered window ledge and peer in at us  
 with his violet eyes. . .  
 The screen door might bang shut once or twice  
 but the unendurable sun is a long way off  
 through cool rooms and green climbers.  
 In any case, Bruce and Bronwyn said they might come up later,  
 because we're a little unsure of too much solitude,  
 or at least too much too soon and having to share it.  
 How much experience will it ever take for us to realise?

## OR

11. To tell the truth most of us are pretty sick of the game. They come looking for my father and ask him to stare at the gears of Dyer's bicycle. I watch my father cross the street slowly, his head hung low. He doesn't greet the Americans any more. He doesn't ask them questions about colour television or Washington D.C. He kneels on the footpath in front of Dyer's bike. They stand around him. Often they remember the model incorrectly and try to get my father to pose in the wrong way. Originally he argued with them, but now he argues no more. He does what they ask. They push him this way and that and worry about the expression on his face which is no longer what it was.

Then I know they will come to find me. I am next on the map. I am very popular for some reason. They come in search of me and my petrol pump as they have done for four years now. I do not await them eagerly because I know, before they reach me, that they will be disappointed.

"But this is not the boy."

"Yes," says Phonsey, "this is him alright." And he gets me to show them my certificate.

They examine the certificate suspiciously, feeling the paper as if it might be a clever forgery. "No," they declare. (Americans are so confident.) "No," they shake their heads, "this is not the real boy. The real boy is younger."

"He's older now. He used to be younger." Phonsey looks weary when he tells them. He can afford to look weary.

The Americans peer at my face closely. "It's a different boy."

But finally they get their cameras out. I stand sullenly and try to look amused as I did once. Gleason saw me looking amused but I can no longer remember how it felt. I was looking at Brian Sparrow. But Brian is also tired. He finds it difficult to do his clownish antics and to the Americans his little act isn't funny. They prefer the model. I watch him sadly, sorry that he must perform for such an unsympathetic audience.

The Americans pay one dollar for the right to take our photographs. Having paid the money they are worried about being cheated. They spend their time being disappointed and I spend my time feeling guilty that I have somehow let them down by growing older and sadder.

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