

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086
(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2019–2020 and thereafter)

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2023
BRANCH XII – ENGLISH
FIFTH SEMESTER

COURSE : MAJOR – CORE
PAPER : LITERATURES OF EAST AND SOUTH ASIA
SUBJECT CODE : 19EL/MC/ES55
TIME : 3 HOURS **MAX. MARKS: 100**

SECTION A

I Answer any three of the following in about 500 words each. (3 x 15 = 45 marks)

1. Examine the sense of identity in Tenzin Tsundue's "Refugee".
2. How does An Su-Gil's "Green Chrysanthemum" oscillate between cultural traditions and freedom of expression?
3. Analyse Sadat Hasan Manto's "Khol Do" as a piece of writing from a conflict zone.
4. Comment on Xue Mo's portrayal of the harsh realities of life in his story "Old Man Xinjiang".
5. Discuss Khin Myo Chit's "Her Infinite Variety" as a social commentary on Burmese practices.

SECTION B

II Answer any two of the following in about 600 words each. (2 x 20 = 40 marks)

6. Comment on women's agency in Titis Basino's "Her".
7. Shanmugalingam's *Land of our Parents* is a socio-political critique of war and loss. Justify.
8. Elucidate on betrayal and guilt as recurring themes in Khaled Hosseini's *The Kite Runner*.
9. Comment on the significance of the dance of the *tennin* in *Hagoromo*.

SECTION C

III. Analyse any one of the passages given below with reference to the social and political issues portrayed in them. (1 x 15 = 15 marks)

10. this is a small, straight tale
that has not been collected from history's fragments
or picked from the backstage of events.

this fine universe
like the mushroom grows
from freedom and darkness of the soul,
where a drop of rain becomes a world.

what may i add
are mere brittle branches of anxiety

shoots and blossoms of words
- this is the story's tree
wrapped round with meaning.

11. As the excavation team was arranging the bones on a nylon sheet spread out near the excavation site, the head of the delegation checked around for the source of the strange fragrance of incense in the blue smoke floating over the leaves of nearby trees.

Looking around, the American noticed Luy's mother at the end of the garden. She was murmuring a prayer to some ancestor, at least he supposed so, for he couldn't see her face but only the altar. The American stood there, curious. Parting the ginger bushes, he walked towards the altar. He knew a few words of Vietnamese, which he spoke with a heavy accent. "What is this?" The interpreter asked Luy's mother again and then explained. "This is the house and the resting place of the soul of your pilot who died in battle. For the last twenty-five years, she has kept his soul free of hunger and thirst. She lit the incense today to pray for his safe return to his family, so he can rest in peace."

"My God!" the delegation head said.

He asked permission to follow Luy's mother into her home. His face turned pale when he saw the family's altar in centre of the house and, on it, a photograph of a soldier of the Vietnamese People's Army. His hands, with a camera, trembled as the interpreter told him that the woman's son had died in the war and that she still didn't know where he was buried. The mother was seventy-one years old; her last life wish was to bring home whatever remained of her son, to wash his bones in sweetened water, and to make him a proper burial. She hadn't yet been able to do that.

The American followed Asian custom by standing, head bowed, his palms together in prayerful silence. He stood in front of Luy's altar as a representative of dead and living Americans, expressing compassion for the mothers in Viet Nam.
