

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086
(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2011 – 12)

SUBJECT CODE: 11EL/PC/PC34
M.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2012
BRANCH VII – ENGLISH
THIRD SEMESTER

COURSE : MAJOR – CORE
PAPER : POSTCOLONIAL STUDIES
TIME : 3 HOURS
MAX. MARKS : 100

SECTION-A

1. Answer any two of the following in about 1000 words each. (2x20=40 marks)

- How does Zadie Smith's novel *On Beauty* explore hybridity with respect to racial and national identities?
- How is personal, familial and cultural history revealed through Emily's journal which functions as a parallel narrative in "Obasan"?
- Discuss Walcott's use of memory as a site of resistance in "Ruins of a Great House"?
- "*Death and the King's Horseman* is a metaphor for the whole history of Africa and its collision with colonial Europe." Discuss.
- Discuss *Heart of Darkness* as a critique of colonialism.

SECTION-B

2. Answer any four of the following in about 350 words each. (4x10=40 marks)

- How does "The Train from Rhodesia" critique the dichotomies that inform the colonial agenda?
- Comment on the conflicting claims of tradition and change dealt with in Ihimaera's story.
- Discuss the concept of "writing for resistance" (Slemon).
- How does Robert Young explore the concepts of hybridity and subaltern agency?
- Discuss Adichie's engagement with political/religious/ethnic violence and displacement issues in "The Thing Around Your Neck."
- Comment on the depiction of colonial violence in Diop's poem "The Vultures."
- Examine the themes of alienation and loneliness in John Blight's poem "Down from the Country."

SECTION-C

3. Analyse the following poem: (800 words) (1x20=20 marks)

The Promised Land

Antigone Kefala

I

The roads were of candy
the house of ice-cream
the cattle of liquorice.

..2..

Pretty, we said,
drinking the green air,
as in a fairy tale, we said,
eating the green water, brackish,
breathing the smoke that rose
from the greenstone hills
and the moon alone
nailed at the bottom of the sky.

II

The people carved in wood
the mark of the knife still on them
a Nordic dream whittled to knick-knacks
with glass beads in their sockets
which they washed every night
in detergents
to bleach away the weight
and travel light.

We, still walking on the high seas
drunk on the light
cobalt blue falling in tinsel drops
on the verdigris statue of the queen
stout, with a night cap on
and an orb.

III

In time
the rain closed in on us
the night like a black liquid
we fell in it
travelled down through the oil
drains of resonance
while they drank it away
in the tiled tombs
with the wingless birds on the walls
heraldic birds, with long monkey hair
and blind eyes.

IV

When our eyes failed
we used our hands
to finger the light
but the bones of the dead
were not there
eaten away by the wet
rising like breath from the leaves
the feathers of birds

a plumage the colour of mud.
Others before had read all
the signs and buried the magic
left only the wild grass
pushing bold everywhere

V

At the tables
the plastic flowers marked by flies
and the cutlery limp
they were serving our marrow
with the boiled peas
chewing it patiently with their dentures
and singing
– For he's a jolly good fellow –

The spirit of the land
which they had slain
moved in their dreams
with eyes of burning coal
the thrust of wild beasts
coming at night with the full moon
to grip them by the throat
change the course of their appetites
give them strange diets.
