

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

SUBJECT CODE: 11EL/MC/IE54

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2013
BRANCH XII – ENGLISH
FIFTH SEMESTER

COURSE : MAJOR – CORE
PAPER : INDIAN LITERATURE IN ENGLISH
TIME : 3 HOURS
MAX. MARKS : 100

I. Answer the following in about 600 words each: (3x20=60 marks)

1. a. How does the poem *Background Casually* record the poet's search for an identity?
OR
b. What are the thematic pre-occupations of post-independence Indian English poetry?
Discuss with reference to the poems prescribed for study.
2. a. How does Dattani's play *Final Solutions* bring out diverse attitudes to religious identity?
OR
b. Discuss how Dattani's play explores deep-seated communal and social prejudices.
3. a. How does the interweaving of the past and the present and of multiple narratives afford Amitav Ghosh opportunities to explore cultural, political, social and ecological issues?
OR
b. Discuss the metamorphosis of Raju in *The Guide*.

II. Answer any two of the following in about 250 words each: (2x10=20 marks)

- a. What is the role played by the chorus in *Final Solutions*?
- b. Critically examine the issues of Self brought out in Kamala Das' poem *An Introduction*.
- c. Write a note on the elements of modernist poetry found in Kolatkar's poems.
- d. Comment on the relationship between Piya and Fokir in *The Hungry Tide*.

III. Critically examine the context, theme, tone and style in the following poem:**(20 marks)****Bosnia - A K Ramanujam**

How can one write about Bosnia
Biafra, Bangladesh, just to take only the atrocities that begin with B

alphabetise cruelties,
eating persimmons and sleeping safe
in the arms of a lover, a wet moon

in the mullioned window? How file away
a young friend just dead of ovarian cancer;
a young breast cigarette-burned by a jealous

husband; where shall I put the old man who peers
through office windows looking for a yes
that'll negate all no's, or Bosnia mothers

who lift their babies to strangers
squabbling for a foothold in lorries fleeing
to the borders where only death waits

gun and milk in hand, irony in his narrowed eyes
holding in one thought Bosnia, cancer,
persimmons, widows, serial killers,

and you and me in our precarious safety?
