

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

SUBJECT CODE: 11EL/MC/IE54

**B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2014**  
**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. Compare the poetic worlds of A.K. Ramanujan and Nissim Ezekiel, with reference to the poems prescribed for study.

(or)

b. Kolatkar's *Jejuri* is much more than a quest poem. Elaborate with particular reference to "Between Jejuri and The Railway Station".

2 a. How does Dattani bind the individual and the community in *Final Solutions*?

(or)

b. "The demons of communal hatred are not out on the street... They are lurking inside ourselves." Substantiate with instances from *Final Solutions*.

3. a. Discuss the ethics of conservation and dispossession in *The Hungry Tide*.

(or)

b. Critically appreciate the sad-comic world of Narayan's *The Guide*.

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

1. Comment on the narrative strategy employed by Narayan in *The Guide*.

2. Discuss the unconventional characteristics of confessional poetry, using the prescribed poems of Kamala Das as points of reference.

3. The 'tide country' is as important as the characters in *The Hungry Tide* - Elaborate.

4. Read Thayil's "At Kabul Zoo, the Lion" as a poem which does not embody any specific 'Indianness'.

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

*Poet, Lover, Birdwatcher* - Nissim Ezekiel

To force the pace and never to be still  
Is not the way of those who study birds  
Or women. The best poets wait for words.  
The hunt is not an exercise of will  
But patient love relaxing on a hill  
To note the movement of a timid wing;  
Until the one who knows that she is loved  
No longer waits but risks surrendering -  
In this the poet finds his moral proved  
Who never spoke before his spirit moved.

The slow movement seems, somehow, to say much more.  
To watch the rarer birds, you have to go  
Along deserted lanes and where the rivers flow  
In silence near the source, or by a shore  
Remote and thorny like the heart's dark floor.  
And there the women slowly turn around,  
Not only flesh and bone but myths of light  
With darkness at the core, and sense is found  
But poets lost in crooked, restless flight,  
The deaf can hear, the blind recover sight.

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