

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086
(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2004 – 05 & thereafter)

SUBJECT CODE: EL/MC/PC64

B. A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, APRIL 2007

BRANCH XII – ENGLISH

SIXTH SEMESTER

COURSE : MAJOR – CORE

PAPER : POST COLONIAL LITERATURE

TIME : 3 HOURS

MAX. MARKS : 100

SECTION – A

I. Discuss any FIVE of the following in about 100 words each: (5 x 5 = 25)

- a. Ambivalence
- b. Identity
- c. Eurocentrism
- d. Diaspora
- e. Marginality
- f. Nation space
- g. Orientalism
- h. Exile
- i. Mimicry
- j. Hybridity

SECTION – B

II. Answer any THREE of the following in about 500 words each: (3x20=60)

- a. Analyse Soyinka's critique of racism in 'Telephone Conversation'.
- b. Comment on the settler experience as seen in 'House and Land'.
- c. Consider Okonkwo as a tragic hero.
- d. Do you think Walcott posits an 'interstitial identity' in 'Crusoe's Island'? Substantiate your answer.
- e. Discuss how Lawler simultaneously valorizes and interrogates 'an urban version of the bush myths' in his play.

SECTION – C

III. Analyse any ONE of the following poems. Identify and discuss post-colonial issues. (1x15=15)

a. **Africa Speaks**

In the pages of the past,
In the faithless days of long ago,
When vision was short, and knowledge scant,
Men called me 'Dark Africa'.

Dark Africa?
I, who raised the regal pyramids,
And held the fortunes
Of conqu'ring Caesars
In my tempting grasp?

Dark Africa?
Who nursed the doubtful child
Of civilization
On the wand'ring banks
Of life-giving Nile,

/2/

And gave to the teeming nations

EL/MC/PC64

Of the West
A Grecian gift!

The dazzling glare of iron and steel
Sometimes obscures non-metal worth;
So when I disdained my pristine
Bows and arrows,
And cared not much for iron and steel,
They called me 'Dark' in all the world.

But dearer far than cold steel and iron
Is the tranquil art
Of thinking together
And living together.

Dark Africa?
Underneath the clotted roots
Of my kingly whistling palms,
I keep a treasure that none can measure.

Dark Africa!
My dawn is here:
Behold, I see
A rich-warm glow in the East,
And my day will soon be here.

Michael Dei-Anang

b

Mek Four

Who seh West Indian creole
Is not a language of love?
Well I tell you ...
When me and she eye
mek four
negative vibration
walk out the door
When me and she eye
mek four
tenderness was a guest
that didn't need invitation
When me and she eye
mek four
the world was neither
more or less
but a moment of rightness
we tongue locked
in a syntax of yes.

John Agard
