

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 2008

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. Diaspora
- b. Hybridity
- c. Migrancy
- d. Cultural diversity
- e. Nation-state
- f. Imperialism
- g. Marginalization
- h. Negritude
- i. Identity
- j. Racism

SECTION – B

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

- a. Critically analyse Hope's 'Australia' as a postcolonial poem.
- b. Discuss Lawler's treatment of national myths and stereotypes in his play.
- c. Consider Soyinka's Telephone Conversation as an indictment of racism.
- d. Justify the title 'Things Fall Apart'.
- e. Analyse Kath Walker's 'Integration-Yes' as a political poem.
- f. Command on Curnow's critique of the settler experience in 'House and Land'.

SECTION – C

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

The Weaver Bird

The weaver bird built in our house
And laid its eggs on our only tree
We did not want to send it away
We watched the building of the nest
And supervised the egg-laying.
And the weaver returned in the guise of the owner
Preaching salvation to us that owned the house
They say it came from the west
Where the storms at sea had felled the gulls
And the fishers dried their nests by lantern light
Its sermon is the divination of our selves
And our new horizons limit at its nest
But we cannot join the prayers and answers of the communicants
We look for new homes every day,
For new altars we strive to re-build
The old shrines defiled from the weaver's excrement.

Kofi Awoonor

Africa

I once saw a maiden dark and comely,
Sitting by the wayside, sad and lonely.
Oh, pretty maiden, so dark and comely,
Why sit by the wayside, sad and lonely?
I am neither sad nor lonely, she said,
But living, sir, among the deaf and dumb;
Relentlessly watching these shameless dead,
Makes my warm heart grow very cold and numb.

R.E.G. Armattoo
