

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

SUBJECT CODE: EL/MC/IW54

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2008

BRANCH XII – ENGLISH

FIFTH SEMESTER

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

- I. **Answer in about 300 words.** (1x10=10)
a) Bring out the mystic element in the poetry of Sri Aurobindo.
OR
b) Write an essay on Toru Dutt's contribution to Indo-Anglian poetry.
- II. **Answer in about 300 words.** (1x10=10)
a) Consider Dhananjaya as a prototype of Gandhi.
OR
b) Critically examine Raja Rao's narrative technique in 'Kanthapura'.
- III. **Write an essay on any three of the following in about 500 words each**
(3x20=60)
a) Discuss the key features of pre Independence Indian Poetry in English.
b) What are the main themes that are woven into Tagore's 'Gitanjali'?
c) Critique Mulk Raj Anand's novel 'The Untouchable' as a novel of 'social protest'.
d) Write an essay on R. K. Narayan's use of irony in 'The Guide'.
e) Give a critical appreciation of Tagore's 'Mukta-dhara'.
- IV. **Critically comment on the context, theme, tone and technique of any ONE of the passages given below.** (1x20=20)
Sanjaya: But don't you see also, Yuvaraja, how the machine tower thrusts itself into the heart of the sunset? The flying bird's breast is pierced by an arrow; its wings droop; it falls into the valley of night. I don't like that omen. It is time for rest, Yuvaraja, let us go to the palace.
Abhijit: Can one rest, if one is in prison?
Sanjaya: How is it that you now feel the palace to be a prison, after all this time?
Abhijit: It was when I heard that they had dammed up Mukta-dhara – then I knew.
Sanjaya: I don't understand what you mean.
Abhijit: Somewhere or other in the external world, God writes for us the secret mystery of each man's spirit. Mukta-dhara is His word to me, bearing the secret of my inner being. When her feet were bound in the iron fetters, I was startled out of a dream. I realized the truth – the throne of Uttarakut is the dam that binds my spirit. I have taken the road in order to set it free.

OR

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His beard now caressed his chest, his hair covered his back, and around his neck he wore a necklace of prayer-beads. His eyes shone with softness and

compassion, the light of wisdom emanated from them. The villagers kept bringing in so many things for him that he lost interest in accumulation. He distributed whatever he had to the gathering at the end of the day. They brought him huge chrysanthemum garlands, jasmine and rose petals in baskets. He gave them all back to the women and children. He protested to Velan one day, "I'm a poor man and you are poor men; why do you give me all this? You must stop it." But it was not possible to stop the practice; they loved to bring him gifts. He came to be called Swami by his congregation, and where he lived was called the Temple.
