

**B. A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, APRIL 2019**  
**BRANCH XII – ENGLISH**  
**SIXTH SEMESTER**

**COURSE : MAJOR – ELECTIVE**  
**PAPER : LITERATURES OF AUSTRALIA, CANADA AND NEWZEALAND**  
**TIME : 3 HOURS** **MAX. MARKS : 100**

**SECTION A**

**I. Answer any three of the following in about 350 words each. (3x15= 45)**

- 1) Examine the concerns interwoven in postcolonial representations of indigenous communities with reference to Witi Ihimaera's *The Whale Rider*.
- 2) Assess the power relations between the aboriginals and the Whites as presented in Jack Davis' *No Sugar*.
- 3) Comment on the significance of the title of the poem "Integration, Yes!"
- 4) Discuss the character and role of Tecumseh in Thomas King's *Truth and Bright Water*.
- 5) Attempt an interpretation of the perceptions of the past, history and women alluded in the story, "A Wilderness Station"

**SECTION B**

**II. Write essays on any two of the following in about 600 words each: (2 x 20 = 40)**

- 1) How does postcolonial literature and theory critique Eurocentrism? Discuss with reference to literary works of your choice among the texts prescribed.
- 2) How does George Ryga present the implications of the cultural divide between indigenous Canadians and the Whites in *The Ecstasy of Rita Joe*.
- 3) Examine cultural dependency and its consequences as portrayed in Peter Carey's "American Dreams."
- 4) Maurice Shadbolt's story, "The Room" deals with "initiation into adulthood, an initiation perhaps more cultural and historical than individual and psychological" – Elaborate.

**SECTION C**

**III. Critically analyse the following passage: (1 x 15 = 15)**

- 1) The lines  
cut deep

into my aged face  
are not from bitterness

or despair  
at seeing my clan destroyed  
one by one  
they are here  
to be painted or photographed  
sold  
and hung on lawyers wall  
I have no emotions

The husky laughter  
a brush of wings  
behind eyes  
soft and searching  
lightly touching others  
is not from caring  
but from the ravaged  
beat of black wings  
rattling against the bars  
of an insanity  
that tells me  
something is wrong here.

Some one is lying.

(from "Indian Woman" by Jeanette. C. Armstrong)

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