

CSM – 47/21
Indian Language and Literature in English
Paper – II

Time : 3 hours

Full Marks : 300

The figures in the right-hand margin indicate marks.

*Candidates should attempt Q. No. 1 from
Section – A and Q. No. 5 from Section – B
which are compulsory and any **three** of
the remaining questions, selecting
at least **one** from each Section.*

SECTION – A

1. Answer any **three** questions of the following :

20×3 = 60

(a) Discuss "The Waste Land" as a central work
of modernist poetry.

(b) "Look Back in Anger" focuses on the life and

marital struggles of an intelligent and educated but disaffected young man of working-class origin". Do you agree ? Give a reasoned answer.

(c) "Nissim Ezekiel's "Night of the Scorpion" makes fun of culture and superstition." Do you agree ? Give a reasoned answer.

(d) Brenda Maddox suggests that William Butler Yeats' "A Prayer for My Daughter" is "designed deliberately to offend women." Do you agree ? Give a reasoned answer.

2. Jayanta Mahapatra has managed to carve a quiet, tranquil poetic voice of his own, different from those of his contemporaries. Discuss with suitable illustrations. 60

3. In Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* "Estragon is inert and Vladimir restless." Discuss. 60

4. Henrik Ibsen's *A Doll's House* questions the traditional roles of men and women in 19th Century marriage. Discuss. 60

SECTION – B

5. Write a critical commentary on the following passage : 60

That was many years ago, twenty years or more, and during this time Okonkwo's fame had grown like a bush-fire in the harmattan. He was tall and huge, and his bushy eyebrows and wide nose gave him a very severe look. He breathed heavily, and it was said that, when he slept, his wives and children in their houses could hear him breathe. When he walked, his heels hardly touched the ground and he seemed to walk on springs, as if he was going to pounce on somebody. And he did pounce on people quite often. He had a slight stammer and whenever he was angry and could

not get his words out quickly enough, he would use his fists. He had no patience with unsuccessful men. He had no patience with his father.

Unoka, for that was his father's name, had died ten years ago. In his day he was lazy and improvident and was quite incapable of thinking about tomorrow. If any money came his way, and it seldom did, he immediately bought gourds of palm-wine, called round his neighbours and made merry. He always said that whenever he saw a dead man's mouth he saw the folly of not eating what one had in one's lifetime.

Unoka was, of course, a debtor, and he owed every neighbour some money, from a few cowries to quite substantial amounts. He was tall but very thin and had a slight stoop. He wore a haggard and mournful look except when he was drinking or playing on his flute. He was very good on his

flute, and his happiest moments were the two or three moons after the harvest when the village musicians brought down their instruments, hung above the fireplace. Unoka would play with them, his face beaming with blessedness and peace. Sometimes another village would ask Unoka's band and their dancing egwugwu to come and stay with them and teach them their tunes. They would go to such hosts for as long as three or four markets, making music and feasting. Unoka loved the good hire and the good fellowship, and he loved this season of the year, when the rains had stopped and the sun rose every morning with dazzling beauty. And it was not too hot either, because the cold and dry harmattan wind was blowing down from the north. Some years the harmattan was very severe and a dense haze hung on the atmosphere. Old men and children

would then sit round log fires, warming their bodies. Unoka loved it all, and he loved the first kites that returned with the dry season, and the children who sang songs of welcome to them. He would remember his own childhood, how he had often wandered around looking for a kite sailing leisurely against the blue sky. As soon as he found one he would sing with his whole being, welcoming it back from its long, long journey, and asking it if it had brought home any lengths of cloth. (503 words).

6. Discuss V. S. Naipaul's *A House for Mr Biswas* in the light of Postcolonial Theory. 60
7. Ernest N. Emenyonu commented, "*Things Fall Apart* is indeed a classic study of cross-cultural misunderstanding and the consequences to the rest of humanity." Discuss. 60

8. "Gopinath Mohanty's *The Ancestor* examines the importance of traditional knowledge and Eco-cultural practices for bringing forth unity and integrity in the tribal world." Do you agree ? Give a reasoned answer. 60

