

Register Number:

Date:

**ST. JOSEPH’S COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), BANGALORE- 27**

**BA - EJP - OPTIONAL ENGLISH - II SEMESTER**

**END-SEMESTER EXAMINATION - APRIL 2019**

**OE 218: Optional English**

**Time: 21/2 hours Max. Marks: 70**

**Instructions:**

**1. You are allowed to use a dictionary.**

**2. This Question paper has THREE sections and FOUR printed sheets.**

**3. You will lose marks for exceeding the suggested word-limits.**

1. **Read this excerpt from a story by Ursula Le Guin:**

It was named the City of Lights. It had known other names in the long history of Earth, in the years before the sun turned wan and plague-ridden, before the moon hung vast and lurid in the sky, before the ships from the stars grew few and the reasons for ambition grew fewer still. It stretched as far as the eye could see . . . if one saw it from the outside, as the inhabitants never did. It was so vast that a river flowed through it, named the Sin, which in the unthinkable past had flowed through a forest of primeval beauty, and then through a countless succession of cities, through ancient ages of empires. The City grew about the Sin, and enveloped it, so that, stone-channeled, it flowed now through the halls of the City, thundering from the tenth to the fourteenth level in a free fall, and flowing meekly along the channel within the fourteenth, a grand canal which supplied the City and made it self-sufficient. The Sin came from the outside, but it was so changed and channeled that no one remembered that this was so. No one remembered the outside. No one cared. The City was sealed, and had been so for thousands of years.

**I. A. Answer the following in no more than five sentences each: (4 x 5 = 20)**

1. What does the repetition of the pronoun ‘it’ do to the experience of reading this excerpt?
2. There is a little pause hidden away somewhere inside the excerpt. Locate it, and explain what it is meant to do.
3. List out all the adjectives in the excerpt. Is there anything that these adjectives have in common, apart from the fact that they are, indeed, adjectives?
4. Would you describe this story as science fiction? Why?

**I. B. Answer this question in about 300 words: (15 marks)**

What have been some of the ideas you came across in the discussion of science fiction this semester? How useful are these ideas in making sense of an excerpt such as the one above? Demonstrate.

1. **Read this translation of a Sangam-era poem by A.K. Ramanujan:**

**What Her Girl-Friend Said to Her**

Come, let's go climb on that jasmine-mantled rock

and look

 if it is only the evening cowbells

 of the grass-fed contented herds

 returning with the bulls

 or the bells of his chariot

 driving back through the wet sand of the forest ways,

 his heart full of the triumph of a job well done

 with young archers driving by his side.

 **II. A. Answer the following questions in about 150 words each: (2 x 10 = 20)**

1. The jasmine lends its name to one of the landscapes associated with love in Sangam poetry, namely, Mullai. The term refers to forest landscapes, and to a specific emotion or mood. Identify the dominant emotion in this poem, and establish how it is different from the Kurinji poems you have read. Do factors such as the shape of the poem and the way stanzas are organised contribute anything to the reading experience?
2. Sight is definitely one of the senses that the poem appeals to. What other sense does it call into play? Give evidence. How does this other sense contribute to understanding the poem?
3. **Read this excerpt from a longer piece by Virginia Woolf:**

But to tell you my story — it is a simple one. You have only got to figure to yourselves a girl in a bedroom with a pen in her hand. She had only to move that pen from left to right — from ten o’clock to one. Then it occurred to her to do what is simple and cheap enough after all — to slip a few of those pages into an envelope, fix a penny stamp in the corner, and drop the envelope into the red box at the corner. It was thus that I became a journalist; and my effort was rewarded on the first day of the following month — a very glorious day it was for me — by a letter from an editor containing a cheque for one pound ten shillings and sixpence. But to show you how little I deserve to be called a professional woman, how little I know of the struggles and difficulties of such lives, I have to admit that instead of spending that sum upon bread and butter, rent, shoes and stockings, or butcher’s bills, I went out and bought a cat — a beautiful cat, a Persian cat, which very soon involved me in bitter disputes with my neighbours.

What could be easier than to write articles and to buy Persian cats with the profits? But wait a moment. Articles have to be about something. Mine, I seem to remember, was about a novel by a famous man. And while I was writing this review, I discovered that if I were going to review books I should need to do battle with a certain phantom. And the phantom was a woman, and when I came to know her better I called her after the heroine of a famous poem, The Angel in the House. It was she who used to come between me and my paper when I was writing reviews. It was she who bothered me and wasted my time and so tormented me that at last I killed her. You who come of a younger and happier generation may not have heard of her — you may not know what I mean by the Angel in the House. I will describe her as shortly as I can. She was intensely sympathetic. She was immensely charming. She was utterly unselfish. She excelled in the difficult arts of family life. She sacrificed herself daily. If there was chicken, she took the leg; if there was a draught she sat in it — in short she was so constituted that she never had a mind or a wish of her own, but preferred to sympathize always with the minds and wishes of others. Above all — I need not say it —-she was pure. Her purity was supposed to be her chief beauty — her blushes, her great grace. In those days — the last of Queen Victoria — every house had its Angel. And when I came to write I encountered her with the very first words. The shadow of her wings fell on my page; I heard the rustling of her skirts in the room. Directly, that is to say, I took my pen in my hand to review that novel by a famous man, she slipped behind me and whispered: “My dear, you are a young woman. You are writing about a book that has been written by a man. Be sympathetic; be tender; flatter; deceive; use all the arts and wiles of our sex. Never let anybody guess that you have a mind of your own. Above all, be pure.” And she made as if to guide my pen. I now record the one act for which I take some credit to myself, though the credit rightly belongs to some excellent ancestors of mine who left me a certain sum of money — shall we say five hundred pounds a year? — so that it was not necessary for me to depend solely on charm for my living. I turned upon her and caught her by the throat. I did my best to kill her. My excuse, if I were to be had up in a court of law, would be that I acted in self-defence. Had I not killed her she would have killed me. She would have plucked the heart out of my writing. For, as I found, directly I put pen to paper, you cannot review even a novel without having a mind of your own, without expressing what you think to be the truth about human relations, morality, sex. And all these questions, according to the Angel of the House, cannot be dealt with freely and openly by women; they must charm, they must conciliate, they must — to put it bluntly — tell lies if they are to succeed. Thus, whenever I felt the shadow of her wing or the radiance of her halo upon my page, I took up the inkpot and flung it at her. She died hard. Her fictitious nature was of great assistance to her. It is far harder to kill a phantom than a reality. She was always creeping back when I thought I had despatched her. Though I flatter myself that I killed her in the end, the struggle was severe; it took much time that had better have been spent upon learning Greek grammar; or in roaming the world in search of adventures. But it was a real experience; it was an experience that was bound to befall all women writers at that time. Killing the Angel in the House was part of the occupation of a woman writer.

**III. A. Answer the following in about 300 words: (15 marks)**

Contrast Woolf the essayist with Woolf the novelist. Which one do you prefer? Why? Does Woolf succeed in killing the Angel in the House in *To the Lighthouse*? Explain.

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