



**LOYOLA COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), CHENNAI – 600 034**

**M.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION – ENGLISH LITERATURE**

SECOND SEMESTER – APRIL 2017

**EL 2956 - ECOPOETICS**

Date: 04-05-2017  
Time: 01:00-04:00

Dept. No.

Max. : 100 Marks

**PART- A**

**I Answer any SIX of the following questions (three from each section) in about 100 words each:  
(6x5=30 marks)**

**SECTION I**

1. *Ecopoetics* is a futuristic interdisciplinary subject. Elucidate.
2. *Laudato Si*, the Encyclical letter from Pope Francis, is a visionary statement on Planet Earth. Explain.
3. Leonardo Di Caprio's acceptance speech on winning the Oscar for the best actor in 2016 was synchronous with the epic speech of Chief Seattle. Comment.
4. Explicate Gaia Principle.

**SECTION II**

5. What are the principles of Deep Ecology?
6. What are the obligations of human beings towards Mother Earth according to the Declaration?
7. Explain the symbolic significance of the title *Walden* by Thoreau.
8. Discuss the eco-critical concerns in Margaret Atwood's *Surfacing*.

**PART-B**

**II Answer any FOUR of the following questions (atleast two from each section) in about 200-250 words each:  
(4x10=40 marks)**

**SECTION I**

9. Discuss the five types of landscape in Sangam poetry with examples.
10. Write an essay on your field visit to Kodaikanal from an ecological perspective.
11. How do the films *Home* and *Animals are Beautiful People* highlight the theme of interdependence?

**SECTION II**

12. Kalidasa's *Sakuntala* lends itself to many kinds of eco-critical dimensions. Substantiate.
13. The recently deceased Malayalam poet ONV Kurup's *Bhoomikoru Charama Geetham* is a bold statement on the denudation of nature, local and global. Do you agree with this view?
14. Attempt an eco-critical film review of any one of the following feature/docu-films:  
a) Pole to Pole b) Nature's Death c) Avatar d) Life of Pi e) Kumki

## PART-C

### III Applied Criticism:

#### 15. Analyze the given literary text using the Oikopoetic method in about 300 words:

Apply to the given homespun literary text and find the 'oikos' es in it. Connect it to the Chennai Floods, December 2015.

(1 x 15 = 15 marks)

Dear Son,  
The pure air I breathed  
now you don't.  
The beautiful river sand I played on  
now you don't get to.  
The roots of banyan I swung on  
now you don't see anymore.

You may not have even the tamarind trees  
which put out branches  
to tell stories under.  
Those field bunds-  
lined with *murukku* trees  
full of fiery flowers-  
I used to run about  
will be barren house lots.

With the hillocks of scrub jungles  
lying under tar and tracks,  
the mountains tapering off into tea,  
the coasts becoming holiday homes of the rich,  
the fields with no crops and bunds,  
becoming cities with highways and upright granite.  
You may be left only with the desert.

Even the schools  
where I laughed, played and learnt  
are changed son.  
Your education will be provided by malls of money  
where they perfume the corpse of thought.

Even my affection  
is robbed by the small box  
in the parlour.

We have lived in pits dug by our ancestors.  
In the graves we have dug, dear son,  
from now on, you and your people...

Dr. Narasimman in Tamil, translated by Gill Holland and Dr. NirmalSelvamony

**16. Find the Green Density Measurement (GDM) of the following poem, applying the formula. Comment on the Green Attitude of the text in about 300 words:**

(1 x 15 = 15 marks)

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;  
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cell.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, ---  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
Then in a wailful choir, the small gnats mourn  
Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft  
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

*To Autumn* - John Keats

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