 LOYOLA COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), CHENNAI – 600 034

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

SECOND SEMESTER – APRIL 2011

# EL 2954 - ECOPOETICS

 Date : 07-04-2011 Dept. No. Max. : 100 Marks

 Time : 1:00 - 4:00

 **SECTION –A**

**I Answer ANY FOUR of the following questions in about 50-75 words each: (4 x 5 = 20)**

1. Trace eco-spirituality in the lines,

“I asked the tree

Speak to me about God

And it bloomed” - Tagore

1. What are the basic tenets of deep ecology?
2. Explain the inter-disciplinary nature of the subject, ‘Ecopoetics’.
3. There is a symbiotic relationship between women and nature. Comment.
4. How eco-sensitive will you be, when there is all-round development in the country?
5. Define Eco-criticism.

**SECTION-B**

**II** **Answer ANY FOUR of the following questions in about 150-200 words each:**

 **(4 x 10 = 40)**

1. What are the five bioregions according to Tamil Sangam poetry?
2. Make an eco-critical reading of Kalidasa’s ‘Sakuntala’.
3. “Simplify, simplify” and “In the wilderness is our future”. How do you connect these pithy sayings by Thoreau with our modern life style?
4. Discuss ‘Chaos Theory’ (‘The Butterfly Effect’). Give illustrations.
5. What are the three ‘oikoses’ and explain atleast one oikos in detail?
6. Back project ecocriticism into some of the poems of William Wordsworth.

**SECTION-C**

**III Find the Oikos in the given poem: (1 x 20 = 20)**

A Bird came down the Walk—
He did not know I saw—
He bit an angle-worm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw,

And then he drank a Dew
From a convenient Grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall
To let a Beetle pass—

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all abroad—
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought—
He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger, Cautious,
I offered him a Crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home—

Than Oars divide the Ocean,
Too silver for a seam—
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon,
Leap, plashless as they swim. - Emily Dickinson

**IV** **Apply Green Density Measurement to the following poem:**  **(1 x 20 = 20)**

Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers to-day;
And give us not to think so far away
As the uncertain harvest; keep us here
All simply in the springing of the year.

Oh, give us pleasure in the orchard white,
Like nothing else by day, like ghosts by night;
And make us happy in the happy bees,
The swarm dilating round the perfect trees.

And make us happy in the darting bird
That suddenly above the bees is heard,
The meteor that thrusts in with needle bill,
And off a blossom in mid air stands still.

For this is love and nothing else is love,
The which it is reserved for God above
To sanctify to what far ends He will,
But which it only needs that we fulfil. - Robert Frost

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