

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086
(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2008 – 09)

SUBJECT CODE: EL/PC/IT35

M.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2009
BRANCH VII – ENGLISH
THIRD SEMESTER

COURSE : CORE
PAPER : INDIAN LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION
TIME : 3 HOURS MAX. MARKS : 100

I. Write short answers in about 250 words on any Four of the following: (4X5=20)

1. The style in **First Floods**.
2. The title **Rear Verandah**.
3. What is **A pair of glasses** all about?
4. The Dalit predicament as presented in the “Stone masons my Father and Me”.
5. Veneration of Tamizh in Gnana koothan’s poem.
6. Imagery in the poems of war.
7. Theme in **Nachiar Thirumozhi**

II. Write essays on any Three of the following in about 1000 words: (3X20=60)

1. What are the features of Bhakthi poetry? Illustrate with suitable examples from the poems prescribed for your study.
2. Analyse **Ghsiram Kotwal** as a resistance play.
3. How does Mohan Rakesh handle the concept of the halfway house in his play?
4. M.T.Vasudevan Nair’s **Mist** is about insanity behind the sane world – Discuss.
5. Discuss the novel **Yakshi** as an analysis of human psychology.
6. What according to you is the unique feature of Sangam poetry and why?
7. Critically consider the statement, “You Know Sultan, I’m just beginning to understand why they say you are the cleverest man in the world”.

III. Analyse any One of the following from the point of view of theme, language and Style. (1X20=20)

A.

Empty Space

Here suicides are
on the wane now.
In the past every year
one or two --- sometimes more ---
chose these rail tracks :
a deserted, overcast, silent curve
on the bank of paddy fields.
Faster trains meant
more comfortable deaths.

Paddy fields were reclaimed
to build houses. Then came
by lanes and street lamps.
Everything became visible
without the effort of watching.

The betrayed,
the jobless
those afflicted with incurable
diseases or philosophical anguish
found this place a panacea.

This place is the last animal
of the species
to complete extinction,
life grabbing mortal mount.

B.

Malindar: Our bad luck, hers, yours and mine. Once a Bayen she's no longer human. So I tell you, you don't have a mother. Couldn't you see she's no longer human?

Bhagirath: My mother? Without clothes? Without food? Without oil in her hair?

Malindar: She had everything. When she was your mother, my wife. I gave her striped saris to wear, and silver-nickelled jewellery. I fed her, I rubbed oil in her hair, her body.(sighs) She came from a great family. You've heard of Harischandra. Who gave shelter when he lost his kingdom and became a beggar?

Bhagirath: Kalu Dome.

Malindar: When Harischandra became king again, he had gifts for all and sundry. Then it was Kalu Dome who shouted at him: Hey, King, you have things to give to all of those who never cared for you when you were in misery. I gave you food, then, I gave you clothes. What have you for me? Eh? We are the Gangaputtas. What are you going to give to our clan? This is how he shouted. (He comes to the centre of the stage, turns his back to the audience, raises his face and shouts.) What have you for us? For my community?

A rich somber voice makes a formal announcement.

Voice: All the cremation grounds of the world are yours. All the cremation grounds of the world are yours. All the cremation grounds of the world are yours, yours, yours.

Malindar: (smiles, as he explains to his son). Yes, that's how it happened, Bhagirath. Then Kalu Dome danced, like this. (He raises his arms, and dances, screaming continuously.) The Brahmans, the sadhus, the sanyasis get cattle, land and gold, and we get all the cremation grounds of the world. All the cremation grounds of the world for us, for us, for us, for us only. (Stops, turns around, pauses, then in a different tone altogether) your mother was a descendent of Kalu Dome. Her name was Chandidasi Gangadasi, she used to bury children.
