

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086  
(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2015–2016)

SUBJECT CODE: 15EL/MC/ES55

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2017  
BRANCH XII – ENGLISH  
FIFTH SEMESTER

COURSE : MAJOR – CORE  
PAPER : EAST AND SOUTH EAST ASIAN LITERATURES  
TIME : 3 HOURS MAX. MARKS: 100

SECTION A

I. Answer any three of the following in about 350 words each: (3x15=45 marks)

1. How does Sadat Hasan Manto highlight the crimes against humanity during the partition?
2. Khaleda Salaluddin's "Relief Camp" is a powerful narrative about those worst affected by natural calamities. Elaborate.
3. How does Titus Basino deal with the issue of polygamy in "Her?"
4. Comment on the pathos in the story "Old Man Xingjang."
5. Explain with suitable illustrations the form and structure of the haiku.

SECTION B

II. Answer any two of the following in about 600 words each: (2x20=40 marks)

1. Write an essay on the political background to *The Kite Runner*.
2. What does "An Altar For Young Gion" convey about the spirituality in Vietnam?
3. Highlight the irony in the play "Land of our Parents."
4. What does "Her Infinite Variety" reveal about the status of Myanmar's Marionette Theatre?

SECTION C

III. Analyse the passage given below. (1x15=15 marks)

U Sein Khine combed the marionette's hair with a tiny tortoise shell comb and tied it into knot so that the fringe hung gracefully on one side of her shoulder.

"Of course her hair's real. I should know; because it's my own hair. My hair used to be black and glossy in my younger days"

"Then you have had this marionette for many years?"

"Now, young lady, will you do me a favour by not calling my *minthami* 'this marionette.' She is every inch a *minthami*. I fashioned her with my own hands and gave her my own hair. She has my heart too."

He looked quite livid and I almost feared he must be crazy. As if he sensed my thoughts, he smiled and said:

“Don’t be afraid. I’m not mad or anything of that sort. You see, I love her, for she is the likeness of the woman I once loved.”

I was instantly alive. Now, for a good story--- a story of the bygone days when marionette troupes travelled in big barges along the river. They were artistes who brought entertainment, fun and magic wherever they stopped.

“ I was just about fifteen when I got into the marionette troupe. I was the oldest in a family of six children. I had to help my family by selling tamarind leaves. I went down to the riverbank every morning and climbed the trees to collect leaves. One day I was up in the tree singing my lungs out. I just let myself go when I sang and I was so lost in the thrill of my own performance that I did not hear someone yelling at me from underneath. Only when I came to the triumphant close of my song did I hear someone calling: “Hey you, are you deaf? Don’t you hear me calling? Come down at once.”

“I was scared, for I thought it was the headman of our village. Only the day before, I had stealthily plucked some guavas from his trees. I stayed silent for a while and looked down at the ground. It was not the headman. It was someone I had never seen before. There was a big barge moored to the bank and I figured he must be one of the men from there. But why should he be calling me? ‘Come down, young man, don’t be afraid. I like your singing,’ he called again. It was indeed news to me that anyone should like my singing. My stepmother always scolded me for waking the children from their nap and frightening the backyard fowls. ‘Come down, I’m not going to eat you. I only want to hear you sing,’ he called again.

“So I came down. Then sitting right under the tree on the gnarled roots that lay like coils of a huge serpent, I sang to him,”

That was how young Sein Khine got into the marionette troupe. The stranger who called him down from the tree was the leader of the troupe. He was the owner of the barge and props.

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