

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

SUBJECT CODE: 15EL/PC/IL34

M.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2017  
BRANCH VII – ENGLISH  
THIRD SEMESTER

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

SECTION- A

I. Answer any three in about 500 words each: (3x10=30)

1. Explicate the wisdom of Buddha as embodied in “The Rod.”
2. Appreciate Khusro’s verses on the intoxicating goblet of love.
3. Discuss Shikoh’s ideas on the interrelationship between the body and the soul.
4. Study the character of Aravaan as “a quintessential victim.”
5. Comment on the feminist undertones in BalamaniAmma’s “To My Daughter.”

SECTION- B

II. Answer any two in about 1000 words each:  
(2x25=50)

1. Discuss Verse X from *Paripadal* as an epitome of Tamil Aham Poetry.
2. Write an essay on LalDed’s subversive spirituality with particular reference to the vakhs you have studied.
3. Tagore weaves a complex tapestry of human relationships in *Choker Bali*. Comment.
4. “Labels are restrictive... They exclude and essentialise,” says Janice Pariat. Attempt a critique of geographical markers with reference to the poems from ‘the North East’ prescribed for study.

SECTION- C

III. Analyse the following passage in about 750 words using the hints given: (1x20=20)

(Duryodhana’s transformation-Literary transmigration- Evolution through literary texts, Adbhuta or wonder, nataka tradition and narration of battlefield sequences)

**Duryodhana:** Durjaya, you should also listen... You should show the same respect towards the Pandavas as to me. You should always follow the directions of Mother Kunti. You should respect Abhimanyu’s mother and Draupadi like your own mother.

Give up your grief! Your father of glory, fame, proud of heart

Fought with an equal foe facing him in battle and fell.

Touching Yudhisthira's shrouded right arm you should bestow

Water to me with Pandus after my name is uttered.

**Baladeva:** Oh, wonder! Hatred has given way to repentance. Oh, what is it? Some noise, it seems!

The battle drums are rolling no more and quiet prevails,

Arrows and armour, chowries, umbrellas are all removed

With no more warriors or chariots, who is twanging the bow

Making the frightened flocks of crows fly about in the sky.

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