

**Register Number:**

**Date:**

**St. Joseph’s College (Autonomous), Bengaluru - 27**

**End-Semester Examination: July/August 2022**

**M.A. English – Ii Semester**

**EN 8218 - Indian Literature II**

**Time- 2 ½ hrs Max Marks-70**

**SECTION I**

**I. Answer ANY ONE of the following questions in about 200 words (1X15=15)**

1. What does the term Modern mean in the context of Indian Literatures in Translation?
2. If you had to choose between the terms Bhasha Literature, Regional Literature, and Vernacular Literature, which one would you choose to apply to texts such as those discussed this semester? Why?

**SECTION II**

**II. Answer ANY TWO of the following questions in about 150 words. (2X10=20)**

3. How does Shrilal Shukla’s account of rural life in Nehru’s India differ from the views of rural life that are often in circulation around us?

4. Which experience of reading fiction from this semester did you find most rewarding? Explain with instances.

5. Comment on Poornachandra Tejasvi’s construction of the character Kubi.

**SECTION III**

**III. Read the following excerpt and answer the questions that follow in about five sentences each: (3x5=15)**

My mother was the Princess of Karnataka. She was a very beautiful girl. When she came of age, her father decided that she should choose her own husband. So princes of every kingdom in the world were invited— and they all came. From China, from Persia, from Africa. But she didn’t like any of them. The last one to come was the Prince of Araby. My mother took one look at that handsome prince sitting on his great white stallion— and she fainted.

6. Who is the speaker? What js he trying to explain?

7. What is this character’s function in the larger work that this excerpt is taken from?

8. Comment on the language used in this excerpt. How is this connected to the effect the writer is aiming for?

**SECTION IV**

**IV. Read this poem by the Tamizh writer Sukirtharani and attempt an interpretation. Identify two key processes in the poem. Do not exceed 200 words. (20 marks)**

Say you bury me alive.
I will become a green grass-field
and lie outspread, a fertile land.

You may set me on fire;
I will become a flaming bird
and fly about in the wide, wide space.

You may wave a magic wand
and shut me up, a genie in a bottle;
I will vaporize as mercury
and stand upright towards the sky.

You may dissolve me into the wind
like water immersed into water;
from its every direction
I will emerge, like blown breath.

You may frame me, like a picture,
and hang me on your wall;
I will pour down, away past you,
like a river in sudden flood.

I myself will become
earth
fire
sky
wind
water.
The more you confine me, the more I will spill over,
Nature’s fountainhead.