

UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA

Peperiksaan Semester Kedua  
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HKB 310 Kesusasteraan Benua Kecil India

Masa: [3 jam]

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KERTAS PEPERIKSAAN INI MENGANDUNGI TUJUH [7] SOALAN DALAM LAPAN [8] MUKA SURAT.

Jawab EMPAT [4] soalan. SOALAN NO. 1 daripada Bahagian A MESTI dijawab dan SATU [1] soalan daripada setiap Bahagian B dan C. SATU [1] soalan lagi boleh dipilih daripada mana-mana Bahagian B atau C.

Semua soalan membawa nilai markah yang sama.

BAHAGIAN A - SOALAN NO. 1 MESTI dijawab

1. KANWA

(Repeats a prayer in the metre of the Rig-Veda)

Holy flames, that gleam around  
Every alter's hallowed ground;  
Holy flames, whose frequent food  
Is the consecrated wood,  
And for whose encircling bed,  
Sacred Kusta-grass is spread;  
Holy flames, that waft to heaven  
Sweet oblations daily given,  
Mortal guilt to purge away,  
Hear, oh hear me, when I pray...  
Purify my child this day!

Now then, my daughter, set out on thy journey. (Looking on one side.) Where are thy attendants, Sarngarava and the others?

(Kalidasa, Sakoontala, India: Tulsi Pub. House, 79, hal. 93-94).

Berasaskan petikan di atas, jelaskan tentang mitos dan falsafah Hindu yang diterapkan oleh Kalidasa di dalam drama tersebut.

BHAGIAN B

2. Raja Rao di dalam satu wawancara dengan Shiva Ninranjan tentang Kanthapura telah berkata:

"The ultimate aim of man is spiritual or metaphysical, I would say. In the Hindu Dharma, the Hindu conception of Purushartha are Dharma, Artha, Kama and Moksha. If you follow Dharma rightly, Artha and Kama come together, Moksha is the ultimate answer. So, I don't see any need to write about the poor man, because the poor man has his Dharma. (Meenakachi Mukharji, Twice Born Fiction, hal. 21).

Bagaimana pandangan anda tentang pernyataan di atas?

3. Bertolak dari petikan berikut, berikan pandangan anda tentang kehidupan Jaganath, watak utama The Vendor of Sweets oleh R.K. Narayan.

"Narayan's characters are controlled by values and ideas originating in their own culture, though their actual understanding of these values and ideas and their relationship with them reveal a high degree of complexity and demand a variety of modes of expression, ranging from the comic to the serious." (R.K. Dhawan, Modern Indo-English Fiction, hal. 124

4. Huraikan petikan berikut dengan memberikan tumpuan kepada watak-watak penting di dalam Untouchable: Bakha, Sohini dan Pandit Kali Nath.

"There is the double-edged irony that both Bakha and his sister Sohini are victims of a moral code which refuses to acknowledge socially their moral goodness. Sohini's beauty, chastity and modesty contrast with her squalid, ugly environment, and she is the guiltless object of a gluttonous 'holy' man's lustal attentions. (S.C. Harrex, The Fire and the Offering, India Writers Workshop Publication, 1977, hal. 85).

BAHAGIAN C

5. Dengan merujuk kepada dua buah sajak:

- (a) India (Sheshee Chunder Dutt)
- (b) The Song of India (Vinayak Krishna Gokak)

berikan pandangan anda berhubung dengan pernyataan Vinayak Krishna Gokak di dalam petikan berikut:

"Christian, Hindu or Muslim, the Indo-Anglian have a love of India, his mother-land. He believed in spirituality as the dominant note of Indian life, whether he gave only an occasional expression to it like Sarojini Naidu, or was steeped in it like Sri Aurobindo. He yearned for the liberation of India and believed that India had a glorious future waiting for her."  
(The Golden Treasury of Indo-Anglian Poetry, hal. xxiv).

6. Huraikan konsep 'freedom' yang dilihat dari perspektif kesarwajagatan di dalam puisi-puisi berikut:

- (a) "Heaven of Freedom" (Rabindranath Tagore)
- (b) "Voice" (Deb Kumar Das).

7. Nyatakan sejauh manakah keberkesanan penggunaan lambang arketaip di dalam dua buah sajak berikut:

- (a) "Buddha's Death" (Romesh Chunder Dutt)
- (b) "Sita-Rama" (A.F. Khabarda).

INDIA

And shall I to the future turn my gaze?  
The future is a sealed book to man,  
And none so high presumes his sight to raise;  
God's mystic secrets who shall dare to scan?  
But sure it is no mighty sin to dream;  
I dreamt a dream of strange and wild delight,  
Freedom's pure shrine once more illumed did seem,  
The clouds had pass'd beneath the morning light;  
On beauty's cheek I mark'd the tear-drops dry,  
And sighs and groans for ever fled the land;  
Science again aspired to the sky,  
And patriot valour watch'd the smiling strand:  
A dream! a dream! Why should a dream it be?  
Land of my fathers! Canst thou ne'er be free?

Oleh: Shashee Chunder Dutt

THE SONG OF INDIA

'What song shall I sing of you, my Mother?'  
I asked.  
'Shall I sing  
Of the Himalayas with their snow-born peaks,  
Of the three seas that wash your palm?  
Shall I sing  
Of your clear dawn with its pure gold streaks?'  
Said the Mother imperturbable, calm:  
'Sing of the beggar and the leper  
That swarm my streets.  
Sing of the filth and the dirt  
That foul my sylvan retreats.'

'What song shall I sing of you, my Mother?"  
I asked.  
'Shall I sing  
Of your rock-cut temples, epics in stone,  
Of your children that died to call you their own,  
Their very own?  
Of the seers and prophets that hewed the straight path  
For the man that pilgrims alone?'  
Said the Mother in indignant words  
That beat into my ears like gong,  
That flew about me, a pitiful thing,  
Like great white birds:  
'Sing of the millions that toil.  
Sing of the wrinkled face  
Indexing ignorance.  
Sing of the helpless child

Born in a bleak, dark home.'  
Nervous, I yet would ask,  
Deeming it my rask:  
'What song shall I sing of you, my Mother?  
What song?  
Shall I sing of the dam and the lake?  
Of steel mills, the ship-building yard?  
Of the men that work hard  
To technologise, to put you on the page  
Of the Atomic Age?'  
Said the Mother: 'Of these you may sing.  
But sing also of the strikes, early and late,  
Of iron men that come in their wake,  
Of class-war and its correlate.'  
Querulous, I said:  
'Is there no song that I can sing of you,  
Heart-whole, unalloyed?  
A song bathed in the stainless blue  
Unvapouring in the void?'  
At that the Mother rose, draped in blue sky.  
Milk-white oceans heaved round her. Their waves  
Were the entrancing and enthroning light  
On which she sat and wrote the Book of the Morrow.  
Her forehead opened like earth's destiny  
Yielding the sun-god, cancelling all sorrow.  
It was clear dawn. Like a nightmare fled the night  
And the sun-beam was as the Hand that saves.

Oleh: Vinayak Krishna Gokak

### HEAVEN OF FREEDOM

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;  
Where knowledge is free;  
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments  
by narrow domestic walls;  
Where words come out from the depth of truth;  
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards  
perfection;  
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into  
the dreary desert sand of dead habit;  
Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-widening  
thought and action--  
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

Oleh: Rabindranath Tagore

VOICES

Do you hear me, Yuri Gagarin, do you hear me still?  
(And you: Glenn, Titov, Grissom, Tereshkova?)

I was afraid I had lost  
You, or only lost  
Your lost, lost voices as they had spiralled  
Round my greenfield peace, my oceans' blandness:  
My mountains of sixmile-high quiet where  
Violet was as dark as my skies could get:

My forests, meadows, all windwater closed--  
All echo chambers to my known whisperers;  
My grass, dry cricket chirp, or even my skybird  
Voices.

It was unknown dark above my sky that I could not  
Shut out of my instrument earphones:  
The electronic crackle that was  
Free of sky's blueness, of sound's textured backdrop,  
And random sputter only to  
Imperfect human radio that could not understand  
Void.  
Finally, caught in unexpected air, your voices:  
They were my knowledge universe, before a horizon could  
Claim them in their unreal distance.

And now, my ears wide-open, I cannot hear you...  
Do you hear me, Yuri Gagarin? Do you hear me still?  
(And you: Glenn, Titov, Grissom, Tereshkova?)

I am eagle, I am eagle, said a voice  
I had heard only from outside my blanket sky  
I am freedom, said another: I am bigwhite bird  
Said one more. And I, said exultant fourth,  
Am all of you and yet a further voice:  
One more, here for my hour of talking darkness.

Only an hourlong eagle? mocked another  
Voice, trapped in its own mirage earth:  
Only hour-long lives freedom, snowbird, eagle  
Before its spiral down to bluesky, where  
Bird has to grow eggshell, to fight flame  
Journey, dreamdark to skybright re-entry.  
Well, here's my foolproof answer to that voice.  
An hour on edge of all my sky, my pain,  
Is deeper answer than all daybright question  
All the earthly promise in warm rain...

I would forget every longlived hunger  
Summon up all dregs of earthbound will  
To hold my eager ears so very wide open  
That I could catch in electronic sputter  
The random tinkle of an eagle voice...  
If you could hear me, Yuri Gagarin: do you hear me still?  
(And you: Glenn, Titov, Grissom, Tereshkova?)

Oleh: Deb Kumar Das

### BUDDHA'S DEATH

I

Thus in many lands they wandered,  
Buddha and his faithful friend,  
Teaching truth to many nations,  
Till his life approached its end.  
And they say, along the pathway,  
As the saintly Master went,  
Fruit trees blossomed out of season  
And a lovely fragrance lent!  
And that flowers and sandal-powder  
Gently fell on him from high,  
And came strains of heavenly music  
Gently wafted from the sky!

II

But the saintly Master whispered  
To his friend beloved and blest,  
'Tis not thus, O friend Ananda!  
That the Buddha's honoured best.  
Not by flowers or sandal-powder,  
Not by music's heavenly strain,  
Is the soul's true worship rendered,  
Useless are these things and vain!  
But the brother and the sister,  
Man devout and woman holy,--  
Pure in life, in duty faithful,--  
They perform the worship truly!

III

Night came on, and saintly Buddha  
Slept in suffering, sick and wan,  
When a Brahman, seeking wisdom, .  
Came to see the holy man.  
Anxiously Ananda stopped him,  
But spoke Buddha, though in pain,  
'He who comes to seek for wisdom  
Shall not come to me in vain!'

And he to the pious stranger  
Told the truth in language plain,  
Taught the law with dying accents,  
Stopped, and never spoke again!

Oleh: Romesh Chunder Dutt

SITA-RAMA

While the infant hours of morning  
Glide so playful by the door,  
And the village-women hasten  
To the Ganga's holy shore;  
While the maidens gather flowers  
Under fragrant jasmine-bowers  
For the temple-god and go;  
Suddenly a voice there towers  
Over all below:

Sita-Rama, Sita Rama,  
Sita-Rama, Ho!

Like to flying pansies, wheeling  
Flutter while the butterflies,  
And the busy moments gather  
All the fruits of toiling skies;  
While the full-blown flowers are gleaming  
In the noontide's golden dreaming  
Of the hopes that ever grow;  
Hark! the words there loud and streaming  
In the long street flow:

Sita-Rama, Sita-Rama,  
Sita-Rama, Ho!

While the temple bells are ringing

At the slow-departing days,  
And the closing lips o' the lotus  
Kiss the last and lingering ray;  
While the village-wives are burning  
Purest incense with a yearning  
For their joy and peace below;  
Oh! the echoes there returning  
With the breezes blow;

Sita-Rama, Sita-Rama,  
Sita-Rama, Ho!

Oleh: A.F. Khabardar