

Instructions for Internal Exam (CE) Major and Minor in English:

Listen to the Instructions:

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1QiQYSBR-ddfnGBaVnpilfFe1Waxme-wR/view?usp=sharing>

- **Venue for Written Test** (15 Marks on “Loving in Truth...”
“La Belle Dame sans Merci”, *Lycidas*) on 17.02.2024 at
11:00AM:

College Auditorium

(This may change; please follow :

<https://www.whatsapp.com/channel/0029VaAIUTH2f3EBRO2LCL03> to get updates)

- **Essay for Assignment** (10 Marks; Date of Submission:
20.02.2024 at 11:00AM):
Word Limit: 1500
Topic: Dalit Poetry (See the texts appended)
Structure:

- Title of the Essay
 - Your Name, Your Major Subject, Your Minor Subject, College/University Roll/Registration No.
 - Abstract of the Essay (50-100 Words)
 - Introduction
 - Essay in Paragraphs
 - Conclusion
 - Works Cited (Follow any MLA Style for Citation:
https://owl.purdue.edu/owl/research_and_citation/mla_style/mla_formatting_and_style_guide/mla_in_text_citations_the_basics.html;
<https://guides.libraries.psu.edu/mlacitation/intext>)
-
- Presentation (5 Marks; Oral Test; Date for Major: 22.02.2024; Date for Minor: 23.02.2024; Time: 1:30PM)



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Date 7/2/2024

RefNo. : DWC _____

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

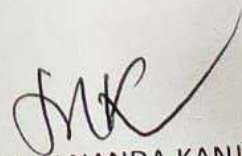
NOTICE

This is to inform the students of 1st semester English Major, English Minor, English MDC and English AEC that their internal examinations will be held as per the schedule and mode given below:

COURSE	PAPER NAME & F.M.	MODE	DATE	TIME	INVIGILATORS
MAJOR & MINOR	Understanding Poetry (30 marks)	Written Exam 5x3=15 marks	17.2.2024	11:00 AM- 12:00 PM	AC, CD
		*Assignment 10x1=10 marks	20.2.2024	11:00 AM- 1:30 PM	AM, AR, AC
		Presentation 5 marks	22.2.2024 (MAJOR) 23.2.2024 (MINOR)	1:30 PM- 3:30 PM	CD, AC, SM, AM, AR, RR
MDC	FILM APPRECIATION 15 MARKS	PPT+Documentary	19.2.2024	12:30PM- 1:30PM	RR, RC
SEC	Grammatical Skills & Composition (15 marks)	Written Exam	19.2.2024	2:00-3:00 PM	AM
AEC	ENGLISH COMMUNICATION(15 marks)	Written Exam (MCQ)	19.2.2024	11:00 AM- 12:00 PM	RC, RR, AM

*POEMS for ASSIGNMENT (Major & Minor) are attached with the NOTICE.

Venue will be decided by the invigilators.


DR. MAHANANDA KANJILAL

3209

*Under My Dark Skin Flows a Red River:
Translations of Dalit Writings from Bengal*
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EKALAVYA

Sujata Biswas

His gaze, solemn as the ocean,
 Has remained incapable of beholding
 The white light of so many sacred spaces.
 At the edge of that darkened forest space
 Where Ekalavya practises his sadhana* alone,
 Fly his fragmented desires on wings outstretched.
 After many centuries of such dreams,
 Today we lose our Ekalavyas.
 Let the strains of eternal supremacy
 Ring again on this feeble, silent earth,
 'Ekalavya, the bright star.'
 Let the primitive naked darkness crumble
 And in the radiant light of possibilities,
 Let the triumphal celebrations of blissful consciousness
 Ring out.
 In the nectarine outpourings of human love,
 Pain, thirst and misery-bringing famines will be stopped.
 The ideal life will shape itself
 In founts of contentment,
 In the golden hue of limitless prosperity
 Let the celebration of green happen on this earth-heaven.

* To pursue something single-mindedly with the utmost devotion and integrity.

Translated by Sipra Mukherjee

Originally published in *Neer*, 13th issue, 17th Year, 2011. By courtesy, Kalyani Thakur Charal.

Sujata Biswas was born in 1944 in Gopalganj (today's Bangladesh). *Naraker Alo* is a collection of her poetry.

HOW MUCH LONGER?

(AAR KOTO KAAL)

Sudhir Ranjan Haldar

How much longer shall I carry the burden on my head?
 In buoyant mood and on golden wings
 Will you fly around?
 How much longer shall I pull the rickshaw, draining my body
 of its blood?
 And reach you to the threshold of heaven?
 How much longer shall we spread out on the pavements?
 Our birth, our death, our peaceful slumber, our deathbed,
 Bearing the dust of everyone's feet.
 On our eyes, face and body
 Shall we mingle into the depths of the soil?

We too have longings.
 In the dream surrounded gardens, our pleasures dance about.
 In the depths of our minds the seeds of desires and wishes
 Bud, and hesitantly glance around.
 Remember, we too have two hands.
 One day those hands will be clenched fists.
 We have feet, our bent bodies shall stand erect.
 Remember—everyone has an end.
 One day surely the tables will turn
 Our warm blood too plays in our veins,
 Our heads raise their heads and roar in rage.

Translated by Debi Chatterjee

From Manohar Mouli Biswas and Shyamal Kumar Pramanik, eds.,
Satabarsher Bangla Dalit Sahitya, Chaturtha Duniya, Kolkata, 2011: 140.
 By courtesy.

Sudhir Ranjan Haldar was born in 1946, in Maishani village in Firozpur, Barisal district (today's Bangladesh) in a Namasudra peasant family. He writes poems, short stories and novels.

33

JHEE SPECIAL

('JHEE SPECIAL' EXTRACT)

Upen Biswas

Sealdah Railway Station.
Indomitable.
Effort to survive
South and North
Jhees come
In Jhee Specials
In Sealdah South.

Who are they?
Who knows?
The cheroot,
Cigarette puffing
Bhadraloks have no time to
listen
To the tales of woes on
The Jhee Special. . . .
.
They are Dalits.
oppressed.
depressed.
Yet called for.

If the Jhee Special does not
come
Who will sweep
Bhadralok's room?
Why will Bhadrlok wash his
utensils?

At break of dawn,
Having eaten stale-watered-
rice
The jhees of Jhee Special
Are the babus' maids in
Kolkata.
From one house to another,
Scrubbing the floors,
Cleaning the utensils,
Getting shaken up,
They return home
Late in the night.

Translated by Debi Chatterjee.

From Upen Biswas's book of poems *Talaash*, in Manohar Mouli Biswas and Shyamal Kumar Pramanik, eds., *Satabarsher Bangla Dalit Sahitya*. Chaturtha Duniya, Kolkata, 2011: 113-15. By courtesy.

Upen Biswas was born in Ulpur village in Gopalgunj in 1941. He

received his M.A. from Calcutta University in English and taught at a college for some time. Thereafter he joined the Indian Police Service and held high positions in the service. He retired as the additional director of India's Central Bureau of Investigation (CBI), which he served as an officer of the Indian Police Service (West Bengal cadre, 1968 batch). He was elected from the Bagda constituency on an Trinamul Congress ticket, in the West Bengal State Assembly election, 2011. He was Minister for Backward Class Welfare in the Government of West Bengal from 2011 to 2016. A Buddhist, he was awarded an Asiatic Society gold medal for his contribution to cultural anthropology.

34

RICE SLAVES

(ANNA DASH)

Kalyani Thakur Charal

As the cause and the consequence of the famine,
 The king and his subjects are face to face.
 The king picks some rice grains
 From his treasury and scatters them towards his subjects.
 They begin to eat.
 And some so lick their fingers
 That they quite forget
 To raise their clenched fists to the skies
 In protest.

Translated by Sipra Mukherjee

Published in *Je Meye Aadhar Goney* (Kolkata: Chaturtha Duniya, 2008, 29).

Kalyani Thakur Charal is the editor of *Neer Ritupatra*, among her poetry collections are *Dhorlei Juddho Sunischit* and *Chandalinir Kabita*. She is a short story writer and has published a novella, *Andhar Beel*. She has co-edited with Sayantan Dasgupta: *Dalit Lekhika: Writings from Bengal* (Stree, 2020). See also p332.

35

POETRY OF THE OUTCASTE

(BRATYA JANER KOBITA)

Anil Sarkar

O mother, in my whole body,
 Throughout life, I bear the pain of my birth.
 Yet, I know not why you seek to convince me
 I am, it seems, a prince.
 Shall be happy some day,
 Shall get back the royal staff, land and estates.

I do not understand, I only know
 Under my dark skin flows a red river
 Carrying the stream of intolerable tears.
 I know, my mother is a slave girl
 My father was a non-Aryan Chandal
 So from birth I am an outcaste
 Why ?
 There is no answer, save the rule of heaven.

So many rivers of pity have dried up for me
 Like the weeds in the master's garden,
 My birth is in the womb of the fertile soil.
 Outcaste am I, forbidden in the temple as the
 Flowers fallen on the grass.
 O mother, I do not understand, yet you say,
 On my forehead is the mark of the king.
 I only know, at the point of birth,
 On the forehead of the born
 The holy god of the lords
 Had placed his pair of feet.
 From then was written my destiny.

Translated by Debi Chatterjee

From Manohar Mouli Biswas and Shyamal Kumar Pramanik, eds., *Satabarsher Bangla Dalit Sahitya* (Chaturtha Duniya, Kolkata, 2011, 104-06.). By courtesy.

Anil Sarkar was born in 1939 in a Namasudra family in Lakshmipur village in Comilla district in pre-Partition Bengal. Amongst his writings are *Shesh Paltan*, *Swajaner Mukh*, *Kaal Bodoler Chhora*, *Prison Van*, *Bratyajoner Kobita* and *Nirbachit Kobita*.

36

UNTOUCHABLE POETRY

(ASPRISHYA KOBITA)

Sudhir Mallik

My poetry
 Daily comes and halts at the corner
 Of the platform of this suburb.
 No, not in the hope of any local train
 Or any mail train.
 My poetry shall not go to lands afar, ever.
 Beholding her, the Sun hides his face
 Behind the cave of the dark mountain,
 Broken clouds cover up the moon as well.
 The Shimla mountains of the distance
 Are not for her.
 She will stay here
 On this platform, on a dusty bare corner,
 Tied to her anchal
 A handful of pebble-mixed, coarse, broken rice
 And a pest-eaten potato.
 A chilli, bearing the stamp of feet

And a bit of salt.

[She] has collected and fetched dry hay and leaves.

She has no melody, only a stink

The ills of the babus;

She has hair, no oil, no teeth, no smile.

Yet, the unstinting breeze of spring

Has kept alive my untouchable poetry.

Translated by Debi Chatterjee,

Published in Manohar Mouli Biswas and Shyamal Kumar Pramanik, eds., *Satabarsher Bangla Dalit Sahitya* (Chaturtha Duniya, Kolkata, 2011: 130). By courtesy.

Sudhir Mallik (1923-2010) was born in a Vaishya-Kapali caste family in village Bakoshpol in Jessore district of East Bengal (today's Bangladesh). He has written several books on Dalit society. Among them are five novels, six books of short stories, nine books of poems, seven books of essays. He was a former headmaster of a school.

37

THE STORM

(JHOR)

by Sudhir Mallik

A tremendous turbulent storm
 Which will upset all.
 But they have not
 Yet announced on the radio
 And so we are uncertain
 Where it will strike.
 Perhaps at another distant end

In the far corner of the sky
 From where will come walking
 The sun of the new day,
 Not red, but blue with pain.

Translated by Sipra Mukherjee.

Published in *Chaturtha Duniya*, Kolkata, December, 1998, 44. By
 courtesy, editor Manohar Mouli Biswas.

Note on author above.

38

COZ WE ARE ILLITERATE

(VIDYAHEEN BOLEY MORA)

Mahananda Haldar

Conversing and consulting,
 All the Brahmins,
 Sent two men to meet him.
 With utmost politeness, they spoke a great deal,
 'For some special reason, the Brahmins summon thee.
 'All the Bhattacharyas, residents of Fukra
 'Wish to see thee, for once they yearn.'

Simple, believer, Girish, the rich gentleman
 Went with them along to Fukra, where
 Around him sat the Pundit group,
 Said, 'Basu sir, listen to what we have to say.'

'Your love for your motherland is immense,
 'There, it seems, you shall make your school
 'And, it seems, you want a clinic too.'

'Of the blessings of Lakshmi,
 'No dearth have you,
 'But a few words we care to share.
 'A clinic you wish, do as you choose.
 'We shall not seek to render abuse.
 'But, school you wish, we know not why.
 'Where are the Brahmins, Kayasthas nearby?
 'You live, Mister, amidst the Namas.
 'Namas, you know, are unlettered fellows.
 Coz of that, we drive them at our will
 'With a school, they will not be so still.
 'And then Mister, no longer will our honor remain!'

Translated by Debi Chatterjee,

Published in Manohar Mouli Biswas and Shyamal Kumar Pramanik, eds., *Satabarsher Bangla Dalit Sahitya*, Chaturtha Duniya, Kolkata, 2011: 99. By courtesy.

Mahananda Haldar (1899-1972) was born in a Namasudra caste, peasant family in Betkata village in Khulna district (today's Bangladesh). He graduated with distinction from Calcutta University. He wrote the well-known *Sri Sri Guruchand Charit*.

39

IDENTITY

(PORICHOY)

Lily Haldar

House on the fringe of the village
 Like flowers abandoned
 Amidst the plants and shrubs and bushes.

By what name does the sun call him at dawn?

Winter...summer...head held high to the sky.

Like a trivial life,
The rest of the time is barren.
Green light the light of the night—

Siuli sows the grains, across the fields.*
Some call him landless.
Eternal life,
Seeds sown in the soil.
The month of Sravan will come.

*Siuli is the name of a Dalit community who cut the date palmyra and palm trees in order to obtain its juice and sell it. The work is seasonal and they have no steady income.

Translated by Debi Chatterjee.

First published in Lily Halder, 'Kichhu Phool Kurotey Hoy, Shiuli Jemon', Kobi Teertha, Kolkata, 2014. By courtesy, author.

Lily Halder was born in 1957 in Kathaliya, south Barisal, in East Pakistan (today's Bangladesh). Amidst great financial hardships, she did her M. A. in Political Science from Rabindra Bharati University. Thereafter, she worked in the Indian Railways till her retirement. She is a well-known Dalit poet, and has published eleven books of poems. Her writings are published in both Dalit and non-Dalit periodicals. *Bhanga Berar Panchali*, her autobiography, was published in 2019.