

**LOYOLA COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), CHENNAI – 600 034**

**M.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION – ENGLISH LITERATURE**

**FOURTH SEMESTER – APRIL 2010**

**EL 4952 - TRANSLATION**

Date & Time: 24/04/2010 / 9:00 - 12:00 Dept. No.

Max. : 100 Marks

**SECTION-A**

Answer any FIVE of the following with suitable examples in about 300 words each.

(5x10=50)

1. Types of Translation.
2. Translation Equivalences.
3. Responsibilities of a translator.
4. Translation problems and solutions.
5. The art of translating prose texts.
6. Culture and translation.
7. Translation and Sociolinguistics.
8. Translation and ELT.
9. Machine translation.

**SECTION-B**

10) Translate the following poem into English

1x10=10

அன்னையில்லாமல் நானில்லை  
உள்ளம் தனை இழந்தேன் - ஓர்  
உண்மை மாதுவிடம் தொலைத்தேன்.  
உன்னதமான அவள் அழகை - நான்,  
உமையவளாய் கண்டேன்.  
பூவோடு உரசும் பூங்காற்றை  
தாலாட்டும் அவள் குரல்  
நெஞ்சு வெடிக்கும் துன்பத்திலும்  
ஆறதல் பல கூறி எனடனைதட தோற்றும்..  
சோர்ந்து களைத்து நான் வீழ்கையில்  
தாங்கி எனை ஏந்தி, தாகம் தனை தீர்த்து  
தோள் கொடுப்பது அவள் அன்பு  
வாடும் பயிருக்கு மழைபோல - அவள்  
வாட்டும் வெயிலுக்கு குடை போல  
வாழும் உயிருக்கு உயிர் போல - என்  
வாழ்க்கை பயணத்தின் வழிகாட்டி  
அன்பை சொரிபவள் அவளானாள்  
பண்பெணும் அழகைப் பொழிபவள் அவளானால்- என்  
அன்னை எனும் தெய்வம் அவளானால்.

**11) Translate the following poem into Tamil**

**1x10=10**

When I have fears that I may cease to be  
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,  
Before high-piled books, in character,  
Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain;  
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,  
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
And think that I may never live to trace  
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;  
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,  
That I shall never look upon thee more,  
Never have relish in the faery power  
Of unreflecting love;--then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink

**12) Translate the following story into Tamil**

**1x10=10**

We were driving along the road from Treguier to Kervanda. We passed at a smart trot between the hedges topping an earth wall on each side of the road; then at the foot of the steep ascent before Ploumar the horse dropped into a walk, and the driver jumped down heavily from the box. He flicked his whip and climbed the incline, stepping clumsily uphill by the side of the carriage, one hand on the footboard, his eyes on the ground. After a while he lifted his head, pointed up the road with the end of the whip, and said--  
"The idiot!"

The sun was shining violently upon the undulating surface of the land. The rises were topped by clumps of meagre trees, with their branches showing high on the sky as if they had been perched upon stilts. The small fields, cut up by hedges and stone walls that zig-zagged over the slopes, lay in rectangular patches of vivid greens and yellows, resembling the unskilful daubs of a naive picture. And the landscape was divided in two by the white streak of a road stretching in long loops far away, like a river of dust crawling out of the hills on its way to the sea.

"Here he is," said the driver, again.

In the long grass bordering the road a face glided past the carriage at the level of the wheels as we drove slowly by. The imbecile face was red, and the bullet head with close-cropped hair

seemed to lie alone, its chin in the dust. The body was lost in the bushes growing thick along the bottom of the deep ditch.

It was a boy's face. He might have been sixteen, judging from the size--perhaps less, perhaps more. Such creatures are forgotten by time, and live untouched by years till death gathers them up into its compassionate bosom; the faithful death that never forgets in the press of work the most insignificant of its children.

"Ah! there's another," said the man, with a certain satisfaction in his tone, as if he had caught sight of something expected.

There was another. That one stood nearly in the middle of the road in the blaze of sunshine at the end of his own short shadow. And he stood with hands pushed into the opposite sleeves of his long coat, his head sunk between the shoulders, all hunched up in the flood of heat. From a distance he had the aspect of one suffering from intense cold.

"Those are twins," explained the driver.

The idiot shuffled two paces out of the way and looked at us over his shoulder when we brushed past him. The glance was unseeing and staring, a fascinated glance; but he did not turn to look after us. Probably the image passed before the eyes without leaving any trace on the misshapen brain of the creature. When we had topped the ascent I looked over the hood. He stood in the road just where we had left him.

The driver clambered into his seat, clicked his tongue, and we went downhill. The brake squeaked horribly from time to time. At the foot he eased off the noisy mechanism and said, turning half round on his box--

"We shall see some more of them by-and-by."

"More idiots? How many of them are there, then?" I asked.

"There's four of them--children of a farmer near Ploumar here. . . . The parents are dead now," he added, after a while. "The grandmother lives on the farm. In the daytime they knock about on this road, and they come home at dusk along with the cattle. . . . It's a good farm."

We saw the other two: a boy and a girl, as the driver said. They were dressed exactly alike, in shapeless garments with petticoat-like skirts. The imperfect thing that lived within them moved those beings to howl at us from the top of the bank, where they sprawled amongst the tough stalks of furze. Their cropped black heads stuck out from the bright yellow wall of countless small blossoms. The faces were purple with the strain of yelling; the voices sounded blank and cracked like a mechanical imitation of old people's voices; and suddenly ceased when we turned into a lane.

I saw them many times in my wandering about the country. They lived on that road, drifting along its length here and there, according to the inexplicable impulses of their monstrous darkness. They were an offence to the sunshine, a reproach to empty heaven, a blight on the concentrated and purposeful vigour of the wild landscape. In time the story of their parents shaped itself before me out of the listless answers to my questions, out of the indifferent words heard in wayside inns or on the very road those idiots haunted. Some of it was told by an emaciated and sceptical old fellow with a tremendous whip, while we trudged together over the sands by the side of a two-wheeled cart loaded with dripping seaweed. Then at other times other people confirmed and completed the story: till it stood at last before me, a tale formidable and simple, as they always are, those disclosures of obscure trials endured by ignorant hearts.

13) Translate the following story into English

1x10=10

## விருந்து

நேரமாச்சு. இன்னிக்கு லேட்.

இப்பவாவது ஓடினாத்தான் எட்டு ஐம்பது பஸ்ஸைப் புடிக்க முடியும். பவுடர் டப்பா என்கே? ம்...ஐயோ! டப்பா மட்டும் தானிருக்கு. பரவால்ல. திருநீறே இன்னிக்குப் பவுடர்!

இந்தப் பனியன் கைவேற...ஒரேடியா அடம்புடிக்குது. சட்டைக்கு மேல நாய் நாக்கு மாதிரி அப்பப்ப வெளில நீட்டிக்கிட்டு வந்துடுத்து. முழுக்கைச் சட்டையாயிருந்தா பரவாயில்லை. இந்த அரைக் கைச் சட்டையே வருஷத்துக்கு ரெண்டுக்குமேல வாங்க முடியறதில்லை.

மனசுதான் சட்டை, பனியனில் இருக்கே தவிர கையென்னமேர பூட்ஸ் பக்கம் தாவிடுச்சு.

“இந்தாங்க டிபன் பாக்ஸ். ஓ! இதென்ன இன்னிக்கு விசேஷம்: பரணல எலி வீடாயிருந்த பூட்ஸ் லைல்லாம் உங்க கால்ல...அமார்க்களம்!”

கமலாவின் பேச்சு, நினைப்பு எல்லாமே கூர்மை. ஆனாலும் கம் பீ ர ம்! இந்த மனோ தைர்யம்தான் அவளைக் காப்பாத்தி ஒப்பேத்துது. இல்லாமை, வறுமையை எதிர்கொள்ள மனசுத் தைர்யம் எவ்வளவு முக்கியம்! அது தான் கமலாவின் பலம். கமலாதான் இந்த வீட்டின்--குடும்பத்தின் பலம்.

“எங்காபீஸ் மேனேஜர் மாற்றலாகிப் பெங்களூருக்குப் போகப் போறார். அவருக்கு இன்னிக்கு இரவு நாங்க ஃபேர் வல் பார்ட்டி. கொடுக்கப் போறோம்...”

“ஓ அப்ப ராத்திரி வர நாழியாகுமா?”

14) Translate the following essay into Tamil

1x10=10

### Animal Farm

Animal Farm is not just about a story about animals it is about human nature and behaviour.

“Animal Farm” by George Orwell is a novel based on the lives of a society of animals living on the Manor Farm. Although the title of the book suggests the book is merely about animals, the story is a much more in depth analysis of the workings of society in Communist Russia. The animals are used as puppets to illustrate how the communist class system operated, and how Russian citizens responded to this, and how propaganda was used by early Russian leaders such as Stalin, and the effect this type of leadership had on the behaviour of the people of Russia.

One thing which relates to the topic is how the pigs are favoured on Animal Farm. The main source for this was because their leader Napoleon was a pig, the pigs were subject to

favouritism by Napoleon, and were given privileges that other animals were not given, such as sleeping in beds, wearing clothes and drinking beer. The pigs were also the only animals involved in making the vital decisions on Animal Farm.

The fact emulates in a way how our Government tends to operate. The Government Party members are paid an exuberant amount of money, with this money the members of the Government can purchase costly cars and houses, if they wish to do so. They make all the important decisions about the country where as the tax payers rarely have a say in it.

Another thing that “Animal Farm” and today's society have in common is that the powerless people are subject to propaganda. In “Animal Farm” Squealer and Napoleon used propaganda by telling the animals that Snowball was a traitor, and convincing them that he was a criminal. They threatened that if Napoleon was not in leadership Jones may come back. This happens in our society during the election period, the opposing parties all warn the public of the consequences of voting the other party, and how bad it would be if they were in power.

The issue of Boxer the horse represents how people are used for their skills and talents. As soon as they are not needed they are disregarded. Boxer was the hardest worker on the farm, he contributed the most to the development of the windmill. As soon as Boxer was unable to continue working, Napoleon got rid of him. “Boxer's face disappeared at the window...Boxer was never seen again.” This scene illustrates that “Animal Farm” is a story about human nature, as it is a human tendency to use people to achieve certain means, but disregard them as soon as they are no longer needed.

Clover's feelings for Boxer also illustrates how animal farm is about human nature and behaviour, Clover's fondness for Boxer showed when Boxer confided in Clover admitting to her how much his split hoof hurt, Clover treated Boxer's troubled hoof with poultices of herbs. After Boxer's hoof had healed, he worked harder than ever, Clover tried to convince Boxer he shouldn't be working so hard and he should be taking better care of his help, but Boxer paid no attention. When Boxer had his fall Clover was first to come to his aid, for the next two days Boxer had to stay in his stall, Clover would give Boxer medicine, In the evenings Clover would lie in his stall and talk to him. When the Knacker's came to collect Boxer Clover did all in her power to stop the knackers taking Boxer away. This example of behaviour indicates the human quality of love and compassion towards others.

Although “Animal Farm” tells the story of Russian society using animals, the fact that it is a story about real people makes “Animal Farm” a story about human nature and behaviour.

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