

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086
(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2019 – 2020)

SUBJECT CODE: 19EL/PC/LS14

M.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2019
BRANCH VII – ENGLISH
FIRST SEMESTER

COURSE: MAJOR CORE
PAPER: LITERATURE AND SUBALTERNITY

TIME: 3 HOURS
MAX. MARKS: 100

SECTION- A

I. Answer any two of the following in about 300 words each. (2x10=20)

1. On what grounds does Augusto Boal indict Aristotle's system of tragedy as being coercive?
2. How does Audre Lorde establish that power in society is in the hands of the "white male"?
3. How does *Beautiful Senoritas* represent the world of women?
4. Comment on the plight of the 'curfew man'.
5. Identify and comment on aspects of subaltern experience portrayed in "Rudali".

SECTION- B

II. Answer any three of the following in about 750 words each. (3x20=60)

6. Attempt a juxtaposition of the approaches adopted by Guha and Spivak towards "the politics of the people" in relation to the historiography of Indian nationalism.
7. Nellie Wong's "Their Eyes" is an evocative piece about 'remembering' the suppression of women in patriarchal societies. Explain.
8. How does Mahesh Dattani's *On a Muggy Night in Mumbai* highlight subalternity with reference to sexual minorities?
9. The stories in Bama's *Sangati* are illustrative of Dalit feminism. Explain.
10. Elaborate on the political, economic, cultural and psychological dimensions of disability to which the world needs to be sensitised.

SECTION- C**III. Analyse the following poem.****(1x20=20)**

10. Do I want to remember?
The peaceful ghetto, before the raid:
Children shaking like leaves in the wind.
Mothers searching for a piece of bread.
Shadows, on swollen legs, moving with fear.
No, I don't want to remember, but how can I forget?
Do I want to remember, the creation of hell?
The shouts of the Raiders, enjoying the hunt.
Cries of the wounded, begging for life.
Faces of mothers carved with pain.
Hiding Children, dripping with fear.
No, I don't want to remember, but how can I forget?
Do I want to remember, my fearful return?
Families vanished in the midst of the day.
The mass grave steaming with vapor of blood.
Mothers searching for children in vain.
The pain of the ghetto, cuts like a knife.
No, I don't want to remember, but how can I forget?
Do I want to remember, the wailing of the night?
The doors kicked ajar, ripped feathers floating the air.
The night scented with snow-melting blood.
While the compassionate moon, is showing the way.
For the faceless shadows, searching for kin.
No, I don't want to remember, but I cannot forget.
Do I want to remember this world upside down?
Where the departed are blessed with an instant death.
While the living condemned to a short wretched life,
And a long tortuous journey into unnamed place,
Converting Living Souls, into ashes and gas.
No. I Have to Remember and Never Let You Forget.
