

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

SUBJECT CODE: 19EL/AC/SW25

B.A DEGREE EXAMINATION, APRIL 2022
BRANCH XII – ENGLISH
SECOND SEMESTER

COURSE: ALLIED CORE
TITLE: SUBALTERN WRITING

TIME: 3 HOURS
MAX. MARKS: 100

SECTION A

I. Answer any three of the following in about 300 words each. (3x15=45)

1. Why does Fanon call decolonisation a “historical process”?
2. Elaborate on the cultural significance of parai with reference to Sukirtharani’s “A Faint Smell of Meat”.
3. Cherrie Moraga in “The Welder” lays emphasis on the importance of inclusivity. Comment.
4. Freire believes that an individual must be a subject who acts and transforms the world. Discuss.
5. Do you think Kunti is also a victim of the power structure existing within the rajavritta? Justify with examples from “Kunti and the Nishadin”.

SECTION B

II. Answer any two of the following in about 400 words each. (2x20=40)

6. Mirza’s “The First Lady and The Terrorist” questions and subverts common perceptions and stereotypes. Discuss.
7. Analyse the confrontation between Kunti and the elderly Nishadin as an example of subaltern resistance.
8. How does the coloniser attempt to dehumanise the colonised masses and how do the colonised respond to it? Discuss with reference to Fanon’s “On Violence”.
9. Nellie Wong iterates that trying to adhere to the patriarchal and Western standards of beauty alienates her from her Asian American self. Discuss with reference to the poem, “When I Was Growing Up”.

SECTION C

III. From a subaltern perspective, attempt an analysis of the following extract in about 300 words. (1x15 =15)

10. when I was growing up, people would ask
If I were Filipino, Polynesian, Portuguese.
They named all colors except white, the shell
of my soul but not my rough dark skin.

when I was growing up, I felt
dirty. I thought that god
made white people clean
and no matter how much I bathed,
I could not change, I could not shed
my skin in the gray water.

when I was growing up, I swore
I would run away to purple mountains,
houses by the sea with nothing over
my head, with space to breathe,
uncongested with yellow people in an area
called Chinatown, in an area I later
learned was a ghetto, one of many hearts
of Asian America.

I know now that once I longed to be white.
How many more ways? you ask.
Haven't I told you enough?
