

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

SUBJECT CODE: 19EL/PC/LS14

M.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2022
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. How does Nellie Wong capture the plight of women under oppressive rule in her poem “My Eyes Follow Them”?
2. Attempt an analysis of Audre Lorde’s Poem “Power” and bring out the significance of the poem against the recent developments in Black Rights movement like “Black Lives Matter”.
3. Elucidate the portrayal of the triple oppression faced by Dalit women in Mahasweta Devi’s *Rudali*.
4. Discuss the “elitist bias” in Indian Historiography as elaborated in Ranajit Guha’s essay.

SECTION- B

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

5. Analyse how Augusto Boal’s *Theatre of the Oppressed* establishes the idea that Drama as a genre is political in nature. Explain with reference to his analysis of Aristotle’s ideas on tragedy.
6. Examine the narrative technique used in Bama’s *Sangati*. How do you think it helps the author to position herself as a Dalit writer?
7. What is the relationship between power and ideology, and disability oppression according to James Charlton?
8. Why do you think Mahesh Dattani’s *On a Muggy Night in Mumbai* should be studied as part of subaltern literature? Elaborate your views based on your understanding of LGBTQIA+ rights
9. Examine the ways in which Dolores Prida’s play *Beautiful Senioritas* explore gender stereotypes in Latin American society.

SECTION- C

- III. Analyse the following poem using the ideas on subalternity you have learnt in class**
(1x20=20 marks)

Portrait of my Village

By Sukirtharani

How can I bear to see
my dry lands, surrounded by rocks and hills,
rent, as if by an earthquake's fissures?
The thick sour smell
of the fermented gruel
paid as wages for grass cut and bundled,
received with palms cupped and raised,
hands already ripped by ulundu plants -
still pervades the body, like a ductless gland.
When the single measure of paddy -
flung to us for carrying away and burying
their dead animals - turned to chaff,
the tormenting hunger that followed
still moves in the memory.
Our bare feet are drenched
by the pain of caste that drips from our lips
as we drink tea from palm-leaf cups,
standing at an untouchable distance,
while the portrait of our village
frames itself at a place of double existence,
always vigilant.
