

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

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, APRIL 2024
ENGLISH AND COMMUNICATION SKILLS
FOURTH SEMESTER

COURSE : ALLIED CORE
COURSE TITLE : LITERATURE AND GENDER
CODE : 19CE/AC/GD45
TIME : 3 HOURS **MAX. MARKS: 100**

SECTION A

I. Answer any two of the following in about 500 words each: (2x20=40 marks)

1. How does Marlene navigate the tension between personal ambition and family responsibility to attain success?
2. Elaborate how Revathi reclaims her agency and dignity in the face of adversity, and what lessons can readers glean from her journey of self-acceptance?
3. Elucidate how Deshpande's *Small Remedies* challenges the societal expectations and constraints placed upon women in their roles as mothers.
4. How does Adrienne Rich poem "Snapshots of a Daughter-in-Law" explore the tension between personal fulfillment and societal conformity in "?"

SECTION B

II. Answer any three of the following in about 400 words each: (3x15=45 marks)

5. Elaborate how Grace Nichols' poem "The Fat Black Woman Goes Shopping" challenges the traditional notions of beauty.
6. Discuss the seminal poem "Snapshots of a Daughter-in-Law" as a testament to the ongoing struggle for gender equality.
7. Comment on the shopping experiences of the title character as a fat black woman as depicted in Grace Nichols' poem.
8. How does Caryl Churchill use the surrealistic dinner party scene to set the thematic tone of *Top Girls*?
9. Describe how Revathi copes with discrimination and violence as a transgender woman.

SECTION C

III. Attempt a critical analysis of the following poem "Snapshots of a Daughter-in-Law" by Adrienne Rich.

(1x15=15 marks)

You, once a belle in Shreveport,
with henna-colored hair, skin like a peachbud,
still have your dresses copied from that time,
and play a Chopin prelude
called by Cortot: "Delicious recollections
float like perfume through the memory."

Your mind now, moldering like wedding-cake,
heavy with useless experience, rich
with suspicion, rumor, fantasy,
crumbling to pieces under the knife-edge
of mere fact. In the prime of your life.
Nervy, glowering, your daughter
wipes the teaspoons, grows another way.

Banging the coffee-pot into the sink
she hears the angels chiding, and looks out
past the raked gardens to the sloppy sky.
Only a week since They said: Have no patience.
The next time it was: Be insatiable.
Then: Save yourself; others you cannot save.
Sometimes she's let the tapstream scald her arm,
a match burn to her thumbnail,
or held her hand above the kettle's snout
right in the woolly steam. They are probably angels,
since nothing hurts her anymore, except
each morning's grit blowing into her eyes
