



LOYOLA COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), CHENNAI – 600 034

M.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION - ENGLISH LITERATURE

FIRST SEMESTER – NOVEMBER 2013

EL 1810 - FEMINIST THEORY AND PRACTICE

Date : 11/11/2013
Time : 1:00 - 4:00

Dept. No.

Max. : 100 Marks

I Attempt any three of the following in about 400-500 words each: (3x15=45 marks)

1. Do you agree that in spite of the many changes in life style and opportunities liberal feminism has brought women (and men) have a long way to go before they enjoy real equality?
2. Discuss the importance of reproduction controlling technologies in women's liberation.
3. Discuss the implications of the double oppression in Black feminism. What are some of the road blocks the black woman must overcome to reclaim identity and find a place in history?
4. "Trees are living symbols of peace and hope. A tree has roots in the soil yet reaches to the sky. It tells us that in order to aspire we need to be grounded and that no matter how high we go it is from our roots that we draw sustenance. It is a reminder to all of us who have had success that we cannot forget where we came from." -Wangari Maathai. Critically comment.
5. How do the women writers address the feminist concerns in their works?
6. What is the significance of men in feminism?

II Attempt any three of the following in about 400-500 words each, choosing at least one from each group: (3x15=45 marks)

Group I

7. Bring out the feminist themes in *Paper Nautilus*.
8. Show how Tess pays the price for the hypocrisy of society.
9. Discuss the importance of chick lit in re-defining the female hero.

Group II

10. Comment on themes of oppression and suffering in Maya Angelou's *The Caged Bird*.
11. Explain the symbolic significance of the title *Unbowed*.
12. How does Jean Rhys subvert *Jane Eyre* in *Wide Sargasso Sea*?

III Attempt a feminist analysis of the following poem in about 250-300 words:

(1x10=10 marks)

Daylight would die. Darkness would reign.
We at our hut's door. No single light inside.
Lights burning in houses around.
Kitchen-fires too. Bhakris beaten out.
Vegetables, gruels cooked.
In our nostrils, the smell of food. In our stomachs, darkness.
From our eyes, welling up, streams of tears.
Slicing darkness, a shadow heavily draws near.
On her head, a burden. Her legs a-totter.
Thin, dark of body.....my mother.
All day she combs the forest for firewood.
We wait her return.
When she brings no firewood to sell we go to bed hungry.
One day something happens. How we don't know.
Mother comes home leg bandaged, bleeding.
A large black snake bit her, say two women.
He raised his hood. He struck her. He slithered away.
Mother fell to the ground.
We try charms. We try spells. The medicine man comes.
The day ends. So does her life.
We burst into grief. Our grief melt into air.
Mother is gone. We, her brood, thrown to the winds.
Even now my eyes search for mother. My sadness grows.
When I see a thin woman with firewood on her head,
I go and buy all her firewood.
