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Reg. No. : .....

Name : .....

Fourth Semester M.A. Degree Examination, May 2020

Branch : English Language and Literature

Core Course : Paper XIV

EL 242 – CULTURAL STUDIES

(2017 Admission onwards)

Time : 3 Hours Max. Marks : 75

I. Answer **any five** of the following in about 50 words each.

1. Discourse.
2. Hegemony.
3. Culture capital.
4. Sub culture.
5. Historical bloc.
6. Stereo typing.
7. Subjectivity.
8. Visual ethics.

(5 × 2 = 10 Marks)

P.T.O.

II. Write short notes on **any four** of the following each in about 150 words.

1. Gender in popular culture.
2. Explain the concept of discourse.
3. What does Adorno say about the stunting of mass media?
4. Comment on the theoretical approach in the essay of stuart hall.
5. Birmingham school.
6. Concept of 'Text'.
7. Spectacle.
8. Commodification of culture eradicates autonomous thinking. Explain.

(4 × 5 = 20 Marks)

III. Write an essay on **any three** of the following choosing one from each section.

SECTION A

1. Adorno on entertainment industry and the autonomy of art.
2. How does Laura Mulvey depict the various aspects of gaze and seeing in her essay?
3. Discuss the semiotics of cultural text in the context of "cricket fiction and fictional cricket".

SECTION B

4. Cultural hybridity.
5. Commodity fetish.
6. Examine the association between power and popular culture.

SECTION C

7. Provide a theoretical reading of any one of the following text. Adopt a theoretical frame work prescribed for study.

I sit with my thermos of coffee on the mall:

a mile-long promenade, arcades of elms

flanking a generous aliquot of benches.

But at this early hour it starts to dawn:

I am the only one without a dog.

So, a Witness to an ancient symbiosis

as it's evolved with in a modern city:

The dogs, I note, are smaller, the owners

less ferocious. The former sniff then poop,

the latter, like Potty-training parents, pat their heads,

gather it in plastic doggy-bags.

It's no longer for the hunt or for protection;

both species have adapted to survive

hard loneliness inside a small apartment.

8. "Eyes mark the shape of the City. Through the eyes of a high-flying night bird, we take in the scene from midair. In our broad sweep, the city looks like a single gigantic creature-or more like a single collective entity created by many intertwining organisms. Countless arteries stretch to the ends of its elusive body, circulating a continuous supply of fresh blood cells, sending out new data and collecting the old, sending out new consumables and collecting the old, sending out new contradictions and collecting the old, To the rhythm of its pulsing, all parts of the body flicker and flare up and squirm. Midnight is approaching, and while the peak of activity has passed, the basal metabolism that maintains life continues undiminished, producing the basso continuo of the city's moan, a monotonous Sound that neither rises nor falls but is pregnant with foreboding.

Our line of sight chooses an area of concentrated brightness and, focusing there, silently descends to it-a sea of neon colors. They call this place an "amusement district." The giant digital screens fastened to the sides of buildings fall silent as midnight approaches, but loudspeakers on storefronts keep pumping out exaggerated hip-hop bass lines. A large game center crammed with young people; wild electronic sounds; a group of college students spilling out from a bar; teenage girls with brilliant bleached hair, healthy legs thrusting out from micromini skirts; dark-suited men racing across diagonal crosswalks for the last trains to the suburbs".

9. I am an only child. When I was real small, I thought I was the only child there ever was, because I didn't know there were any others. When I finally started going to school, some kids from big families would tell me how lucky I was. To be the only child. They would have so many kids in their families that it was hard for them to get any attention, or have any privacy. I never told them the truth. I would just nod, like I understood what they were saying.

A lot of kids thought I was stupid at first, because I nodded a lot when they talked. But the teachers knew different, because I could read and write faster-I mean, I learned to read and write faster-before the other kids did. Math too, I was quicker.

I did understand what the other kids were saying. About being an only child. By then, I knew I wasn't the only child. And I listened to other children, so I knew that we weren't all alike. But even the ones who were wrong about me were half right. I did have a lot of privacy. Even when I was very, very small. I remember the privacy, I used to cry and cry for my mother, but she never came. It wasn't until I was older that I understood she wouldn't come. She wasn't even in the house. When she was in the house, she usually had a man with her. They didn't want to see me. If I kept them from seeing me, I would be okay. If they saw me, one of them would hurt me, usually her. One time, this man-all I remember about him was he had red hair-he told my mother not to slap me. He said I was just a baby and I wanted my mother That was a natural thing, he said. My mother told him to mind his own business. She said I wasn't his kid, so shut the fuck up. The red-haired man slapped her then. Real hard-she went flying. He grabbed her by the hair and dragged her back and slapped her again. He asked her, did that feel good? Did she like that? My mother licked her lips Where they were bloody and said something to the man I didn't understand She was On her knees. The man turned around and went out the door. He never came back. I remember that night especially Well. It Was the first time my mother ever burned me with a cigarette.

(3 × 15 = 45 Marks)