

Reg. No. : .....

Name : .....

Fourth Semester M.A. Degree Examination, September 2019

English Language and Literature

Core Course : Paper XIV

EL 242 CULTURAL STUDIES

(2017 Admission)

Time : 3 Hours

Max. Marks : 75

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

1. Agency
2. Interpellation
3. Scopophilia
4. Counter culture
5. Ethnicity
6. False consciousness
7. Cultural consumption
8. Ideology

(5 × 2 = 10 Marks)

P.T.O.



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

1. Gaze and cinema
2. The historical and theoretical context of Adorno's essay.
3. The four stage theory put forward by Hall.
4. What is meant by culture industry?
5. Mass culture.
6. Frankfurt School.
7. Representation
8. Cultural artefact.

(4 × 5 = 20 Marks)

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

#### SECTION A

1. Comment on Stuart Hall's insertion of a semiotic paradigm into a social framework.
2. How does Mulvey use psychoanalysis to demonstrate patriarchal subconscious.
3. How does Adorno establish culture industry as a main phenomenon of late capitalism.

#### SECTION B

4. Revisionary reading in the concept of culture.
5. Discuss the dynamics of power in the context of cultural studies.
6. Explain the circuit of culture.



## SECTION C

Provide a theoretical reading of any **one** of the following text. Adopt a theoretical framework prescribed for study.

7. "Spare us of dying beauty," cries out Youth,  
"Of marble gods that moulder into dust-  
Wide-eyed and pensive with an ancient truth  
That even gods will go as old things must."  
Where fading splendorgrays to powered earth,  
And time's slow movement darkens quiet skies,  
Youth weeps the old, yet gives new beauty birth  
And molds again, though the old beauty dies.  
Time plays an ancient dirge amid old places  
Where ruins are a sign of passing strength,  
As is the weariness of aged faces  
A token of a beauty gone at length.  
Yet youth will always come self-willed and gay-  
A sun-god in a temple of decay.
8. The conditions of their life up here were harder than any she could have imagined at home because they were so different. Even the openness she had longed for was a frightening thing. There had been a comfort in crowdedness and old age grime and clutter that she only appreciated when it was gone. If it was easy here to lose yourself in the immensities of the land, under a sky that opened too far in the direction of infinity, you could also do it (every woman knew this) in a space no longer than five paces from wall to wall; to find yourself bargaining about the hut like a trapped bird, clutching at whatever came to hand, a warm teapot, a startled child, a shirt with the smell of sweat on it, to steady yourself against the cyclone that had blown in up the gap between you and the nearest teapot, and threatened to sweep you right out the door into a world where nothing, not a flat iron, not the names of your children on your lips, could hold you down against the vast upward expanse of your breath.



9. At a corner of Sixth Avenue electric lights and cunningly displayed wares behind plate-glass made a shop window conspicuous. Soapy took a cobblestone and dashed it through the glass. People came running round the corner, a policeman in the lead. Soapy stood still, with his hands in his pockets, and smiled at the sight of brass buttons. 'Where's the man that done?' Inquired the officer excitedly. 'Don't you figure out that I might have had something to do with it?' said Soapy, not without sarcasm, but friendly, as one greets good fortune. The policeman's mind refused to accept Soapy even as a clue. Men who smash windows do not remain to parley with the law's minions. They take to their heels. The policeman saw a man halfway down the block running to catch a car. With drawn club he joined in the pursuit. Soapy, with disgust in his heart, loafed along, twice unsuccessful. On the opposite side of the street was a restaurant of no great pretensions. It catered to large appetites and modest purses. Its crockery and atmosphere were thick; its soup and napery thin. Into this place Soapy took his accusive shoes and tell-tale trousers without challenge. At a table he sat and consumed beefsteak, flapjacks, doughnuts and pie. And then to the waiter he betrayed the fact that the minutest coin and himself were strangers. 'Now, get busy and call a cop,' said Soapy. 'And don't keep a gentleman waiting.'

(3 × 15 = 45 Marks)

