



Register Number:

Date:

**ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), BANGALORE-27**  
**V SEMESTER BA-EJP: END-SEMESTER EXAMINATION: OCTOBER 2019**  
**WRITING FOR JOURNALISM & CREATIVE WRITING**  
**JN 5315- ARTS & CULTURE JOURNALISM**

**Time- 2 ½ HOURS**

**Max Marks- 70**

**Instructions:**

- 1. This paper has THREE SECTIONS and TWO printed pages.**
- 2. This paper is for the V Semester Journalism students who have opted for the Arts & Culture Elective.**
- 3. You are allowed to use a dictionary.**

**A. Read the following excerpt from a column published in 2018.**

When demonetisation struck us all cashless, I, who had previously resisted app-cabs, went over to the Uber side. Before that I'd always been a votary of Bombay's kaali-peeli auto-taxis, but, all too soon I got used to the air-conditioned business of arriving at a destination with hair in place.

Then, the other day, too rushed to wait for Uber's false promises in which 6 minutes always become 26, I took an auto over a long, sweaty distance. Suddenly I remembered everything I'd forgotten for the last so many months about longer auto travel. It is too noisy to make phone calls, too rattly to text or tweet or even read (especially, when some people — didn't say it's me — are in denial about needing reading glasses). So you do what people alone in autos do — either drift away or look at people in all the other autos alongside.

I remembered then how mesmerising it is to watch other people, in passing rickshaws. I saw the usual quota of cute boys going to work, their earnest shirt sleeves, their scruffy laptop bags, their ubiquitous earphones; rickshaws stuffed with children, a bunch of grapes in raincoats; a girl in a stylish burkha, with dark gold embroidered herring-bone pattern from tight wrist to fitted shoulder and ad-film sharp kajal, totally absorbed in her phone; two older ladies whose once-neat hair had been destroyed, shopping bags on floor, totally immersed in chatter, looking very friendly. As if mirroring their connection, their salwar kameezes were a matchymatchy peach and green. I wondered if they had noticed. I saw a young man knitting. Wait. Did I just see a young man knitting? My eye had passed over him casually and stopped at the unusual sight but he was gone before I could make much of it, one part of many moving parts and stories in a city on the move.

But rickshaw drivers sometimes waving to each other or exchanging hellos when alongside in the traffic jam, suggest a continuity even in the midst of this constant temporariness. This idle people-gazing from autos is similar to another now vanishing Bombay practice — hanging out of the balcony watching the world go by for no good reason except that you are a part of it. In the balcony, as with the auto rickshaw's not-quite window, you are neither inside, nor outside, simultaneously private and public, both watcher and watched, an individual, yet part of a mesh of individuals.

In these in-between liminal spaces, it is quite enough just to be. You are not quite required to account for your presence in any way, nor require to have strong opinions about all

that passes by — although you might well do so. It is a loose connection that simply reminds us of co-existing with diverse people and constantly overturns our expectations. Windows to the world — modular balcony-less high-rises, whose windows let you watch without being seen, the virtual windows on devices and social media — hint at a similar diversity and flow but are fundamentally dissimilar to these other windows inside the world — where the watcher and watched are held together in a certain fleeting intimacy, in constantly shifting contexts, equal or similar just for a moment, before diverging, free of each other's gaze, free to meet other gazes.

**A.I. Answer the following questions in 150-200 words. (3x15=45)**

1. The third paragraph reads like an inventory of lives that the writer notices from inside the auto. What does the people and the things she sees tell us about the city?
2. The writer observes that 'hanging out of the balcony and watching the world go by' is a vanishing Bombay practice. What would you say is the Bangalore expression of a balcony?
3. As a millennial, do you think millennials are easily bored or don't care about intimacies with people just passing by? Are you noticing people lesser or more now? What roles do cities play in such intimacies?

**B. Read the following quote by Pauline Kael.**

A good movie can take you out of your dull funk and the hopelessness that so often goes with slipping into a theatre; a good movie can make you feel alive again, in contact, not just lost in another city. Good movies make you care, make you believe in possibilities again. If somewhere in the Hollywood-entertainment world someone has managed to break through with something that speaks to you, then it isn't all corruption. The movie doesn't have to be great; it can be stupid and empty and you can still have the joy of a good performance, or the joy in just a good line. An actor's scowl, a small subversive gesture, a dirty remark that someone tosses off with a mock-innocent face, and the world makes a little bit of sense. Sitting there alone or painfully alone because those with you do not react as you do, you know there must be others perhaps in this very theatre or in this city, surely in other theatres in other cities, now, in the past or future, who react as you do. And because movies are the most total and encompassing art form we have, these reactions can seem the most personal and, maybe the most important, imaginable. The romance of movies is not just in those stories and those people on the screen but in the adolescent dream of meeting others who feel as you do about what you've seen. You do meet them, of course, and you know each other at once because you talk less about good movies than about what you love in bad movies.

**B.I Kael seems to be suggesting that it is very difficult to be bored by a film. That beyond the comfortable zone of liking/disliking a film, there is the not so comfortable zone of understanding it, of paying attention to it. Do you agree with this approach? Explain with examples from your viewing/re-viewing of films in 200 words. (20 marks)**

**C. How was the stage set-up/used in the last play you watched? What was memorable about it? Write in 70 – 100 words. (5 marks)**

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