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UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA

Final Examination  
Academic Session 2007/2008

April 2008

**JMK 219E – Selected Works Of Classical Asian Literature**  
*[Karya Terpilih Kesusasteraan Asia Klasik]*

Duration: 3 hours  
*[Masa: 3 jam]*

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Please ensure that this examination paper contains **TWELVE** printed pages before you begin the examination.

Answer **FOUR** questions only. You may answer either in Bahasa Malaysia or in English.

Read the instructions carefully before answering.

Each question is worth 25 marks.

*[Sila pastikan bahawa kertas peperiksaan ini mengandungi **DUA BELAS** muka surat yang bercetak sebelum anda memulakan peperiksaan.]*

*Jawab **EMPAT** soalan sahaja. Anda dibenarkan menjawab sama ada dalam Bahasa Malaysia atau Bahasa Inggeris.*

*Baca arahan dengan teliti sebelum anda menjawab soalan.*

*Setiap soalan diperuntukkan 25 markah.]*

1. *The Bustan of Sa'di* consists of stories aptly illustrating the standard virtues recommended to Muslims: justice, liberality, modesty and contentment. With reference to at least 3 tales (see Appendix A), elaborate on the above statement.

(25 marks)

[*The Bustan of Sa'di* terdiri daripada cerita-cerita yang menggambarkan nilai-nilai yang disyorkan kepada orang Islam, iaitu keadilan, bertoleransi, kesederhanaan dan kepuasan dengan apa yang ada. Dengan merujuk sekurang-kurangnya 3 kisah (sila lihat Lampiran A) huraikan kenyataan ini.]

(25 markah)

2. Comment on the touching scene in ACT 4, Scene 1 in *Shakuntala* in which Shakuntala bids farewell to the whole ashram. How does the scene contribute to heighten the effects and the themes of the play?

(25 marks)

[Berikan komen tentang adegan penuh emosi dan menyayatkan hati dalam Babak 4, Adegan 1 (*Shakuntala*), di mana Shakuntala mengucapkan selamat tinggal sebelum meninggalkan 'ashram'. Jelaskan cara adegan ini menambahkan kesan dan membantu menyampaikan tema-tema tertentu dalam drama ini].

(25 markah)

3. Discuss the issues below in the *Tale of Genji*:

- (a) rape
- (b) spirit possession

(25 marks)

[Bincangkan isu-isu berikut dalam *The Tale of Genji*:

- (a) perkosaan
- (b) dirasuki roh]

(25 markah)

4. One of the values shared between *Shakuntala* and *The Bustan of Sa'di* is forgiveness and generosity. Discuss.

(25 marks)

[Salah satu daripada nilai-nilai yang disyorkan dalam kedua-dua karya *Shakuntala* dan *The Bustan of Sa'di* ialah pengampunan dan kemurahan hati. Bincangkan].

(25 markah)

...3/-

5. Discuss any 3 (three) of the following:

- (a) The Collapse of the Han Dynasty and the Yellow Scarves (*The Three Kingdoms*)
- (b) The Kingdom of Wei (*The Three Kingdoms*)
- (c) The intervention of the gods in human affairs in *Shakuntala*
- (d) Murasaki (*The Tale of Genji*)

(25 marks)

[Bincangkan 3 (tiga) daripada yang berikut:

- (a) Kejatuhan Dinasti Han dan 'Yellow Scarves' (*The Three Kingdoms*)
- (b) Kerajaan Wei (*The Three Kingdoms*)
- (c) Campur tangan dewa-dewi dalam hal-hal duniawi dalam *Shakuntala*
- (d) Murasaki (*The Tale of Genji*)]

(25 markah)

6. Discuss the issue of gender relations in the Heian society as illustrated in *The Tale of Genji*.

(25 marks)

[Bincangkan isu perhubungan antara lelaki dan wanita dalam masyarakat Heian seperti yang digambarkan dalam *The Tale of Genji*].

(25 markah)

## Appendix A

**Tale 3***'Umar ibn 'Abd. Al-'Aziz sacrifices a jewel to help the starving*

A leading figure among the men of discernment  
 Tells of Ibn 'Abd. Al-'Aziz  
 That he had a stone set in a ring,  
 One to confound a jeweller for value;  
 At night, you'd have called it the world-lighting globe,  
 By day a pearl in brightness.  
 By fate a year of drought befell,  
 Men's full-mooned countenances all turned to crescents.  
 Seeing in men no ease or strength,  
 He judged it not mainly himself to be at rest  
 (When a person sees poison in mankind's palate,  
 How shall sweet-water pass his gullet?):

The stone he ordered sold for silver,  
 Having compassion on stranger and orphan.  
 In one week he despoiled its cash-value,  
 Giving to the poor, the wretched, and the needy.  
 Then the chiders fell upon him,  
 Saying: Its like you will not get again!  
 I've heard he said, a rain of tears  
 Coursing down his cheeks like wax:  
 'Adornment ill becomes a prince  
 When impotence troubles the heart of the citizen;  
 A ring without a stone becomes me well,  
 But there's nothing becoming in a grieving people's heart!  
 Happy the one who chooses men and women's comfort  
 Before his own adorning:  
 The virtue-cherishers have not desired  
 Their own joy at the cost of others' sorrow!

If upon the throne the king sleeps well,  
 I think not the poor sleep easily;  
 But if he till late the night enlivens,  
 Men sleep reposefully, and even soothed.  
 Praise God! This right course and road  
 Are the Atabeg's, Abu Bakr ibn Sa'd:  
 Of mischief in Pars no other sign  
 Is seen than the moonlike ones' forms!

Pleasantly a quintrain caught my ear,  
 As it was chanted at last night's party:  
 I was at ease with life last night,  
 When that moon-faced one was in my embrace;

When I saw her, her head bemused with sleep,  
 To her I said: "O you, before whom the cypress is low,  
 From sweet sleep wash a while your narciss-eye,  
 Smile like the rose-bush, as the nightingale speak!  
 Why slumber you, O mischief of the age?  
 Come, bring the wine of ruby sweet!"  
 She looked resentfully from sleep and said:  
 "Call you me mischief, yet bid me not to slumber?!"  
 In the reign of the ruler, enlightened of breath,  
 No one sees other trouble waking.

### **Tale 6**

#### ***The hermit Theophilus and the tyrant***

A wise man in Outer Syria  
 Took from the world his bode in a cavern's nook;  
 Through his forbearance in that dark-placed nook,  
 His foot sank in the treasure of contentment.  
 I've heard his name was Theophile,  
 Angel-mannered within a human skin.  
 Great men at his door their heads would bow,  
 For his head came not forth at others' doors.  
 (The clean-gambling gnostic desires  
 By beggary to clear himself of greed:  
 Since hourly his soul says 'Give!,'  
 From village to village, abased, he drives it round!)

On that border where this prudent elder was,  
 The march-lord was a tyrant;  
 Every helpless man he came upon,  
 As though with claws, his paws he twisted:  
 A world-burner, pitiless, want only slaying,  
 A whole world's face sour at the bitterness of him.  
 Some left such tyranny and shame,  
 Carrying his evil name throughout the lands;  
 Some stayed on, wretched, lacerated,  
 Venting their imprecations covertly.  
 (Where tyranny's hand grows lengthy,  
 You'll not see men's lips wide in smiles!)

From time to time he came to see the elder,  
 But not a glance Theophile gave him.  
 One time the king addressed him: 'O auspicious one!  
 Turn not your face from me in loathing, harshly,  
 You know, to you I purpose friendship:  
 Why have you enmity for me?  
 Grant I were not the Marshal of the Realm,

Yet have I no less honour than a *darvish*!  
 I say not, show me preference to any;  
 Be with me as with every man!  
 The prudent and devout man heard these words,  
 Then said, incensed: 'O king! have sense!

From your existence comes distress of men,  
 And men's distress I like not!  
 You're an enemy to him with whom I'm friendly,  
 I think you not to be a friend of mine:  
 Why, vainly, should I take you for a friend,  
 Knowing God takes you for an enemy?  
 Kiss not my hand in friendly style;  
 Go, take my friends to friend!  
 They may have Theophile's hide:  
 The friend's enemy will never be his friend!  
 I wonder how the stony-hearted sleep,  
 On whose account mankind sleeps tight at heart!'

Great one! Do no violence to those less than you,  
 For not of one stamp does the world remain;  
 Twist not the claw of the infirm man,  
 For if he gain the upper hand you'll come to naught!  
 The foeman, one should not belittle,  
 For I've seen huge mountains made of tiny stones:  
 'Have you not seen how, when ants forgather,  
 They produce agitation in warlike lions?  
 No ant are you, but a hair – and that's less still:  
 But, multiplied, it's firmer than a chain!  
 Dislodge not, I've told you, any man's foot,  
 Lest, if you lose your footing you be at a loss.  
 Friends with hearts collected are better than treasure;  
 An empty treasury is better than men in toil.  
 Think no man's business at your feet:  
 Of it may befall at his feet you fall!

Bear, infirm one!, With the powerful,  
 For one day you'll be more powerful than he!  
 Agitate the brawler with your loftiness of mind,  
 For better highmindedness' arm than violence' hand.  
 Tell the oppressed man's sad lips to smile,  
 For the oppressor's teeth will be torn out!  
 The burgess who wakes at the beat of the drum,  
 What knows he how the watchman's night has passed?  
 The caravaner bears his own burden's worry,  
 Not for the torn-backed donkey burns his heart!

Granted you be not one of the fallen,  
 Why, seeing one fallen do you stand?  
 Anent this to you a story I will tell,  
 For it were slack to pass this matter over.

### Tale 7

#### *A noble man suffers with the victims of a famine*

Such a dearth one year befell in Damascus  
 That friends forgot their affection;  
 So stingy did heaven grow to earth  
 That neither crop nor palm did wet their lips;  
 Ancient springs ran dry,  
 No water was left save that from orphans' eyes;  
 Naught was it but the widow-woman's 'Ah!  
 Whenever smoke-plume from a vent-hole rose.  
 The trees unprovisioned I saw, like a *darvish*,  
 Strong-armed men slack and sorely at a loss;  
 No green on the mountain, the orchard was branchless;  
 Locusts had consumed the garden, and men the locusts!  
 In such state came to me a friend,  
 On his bones a skin of him remaining –  
 Though he had in authority been strongly-circumstanced,  
 Possessing station, gold, and property.  
 I said to him: 'O friend, of pure temper!  
 What misery's befallen you? Say!'  
 At me he thundered: 'Where's your mind?  
 It's wrong to ask a question when you know the answer!  
 See you not that hardship has gone to extremes,  
 And distress has attained the ultimate limit?  
 No rain comes from the sky,  
 Nor does the plaintive smoke rise up on high!'  
 To him I said: 'But what's *your* fear?  
 Poison kills only where the antidote is lacking!  
 Though another may perish from having nothing,  
*You* have: what fear has the duck of a tempest?'  
 The learned man, incensed, upon me looked  
 As a sage looks at an idiot,  
 Saying: 'My friend, though a man be safe on shore,  
 He will not rest while friends are drowned!  
 I am not pale of face from indigence,  
 But indigent men's grief has made my face pale!  
 No prudent man desires to see laceration  
 Whether on another's members or his own!  
 I myself, to be sure, am one of the sound,  
 But when I see laceration my body shivers!

May that sound man's pleasure troubled be  
 Who's slack beside the man infirm!  
 When I see a wretched *darvish* eating nothing,  
 The morsel on my palate turns to poison, torment:  
 When a man's friends lie in prison,  
 How shall there be left him pleasure in the garden?'

### **Tale 8**

#### *The selfish man and the Baghdad fire*

One night the smoke of men a fire ignited,  
 I've heard Baghdad was half burnt-down!  
 One 'mid that dust and smoke gave thanks  
 That to his store no harm had come.  
 One wordly-wise said: 'You flighty fool!  
 Do you then care for self alone?  
 Do you approve a city consumed by fire,  
 While to one side stands your own a bode?'  
 Who but a stone-heart will tighten his bowels,  
 Seeing men bind a stone on their belly?  
 How shall the rich man eat his morsel,  
 When he sees the poor man swallowing blood?  
 Call not the grief-comforter sound  
 When, like one grieving, he writhes from sorrow!  
 The tender-hearted, when his friends reach the inn,  
 Still sleeps not for laggards left behind;  
 Emperors' hearts become bearers of loads  
 When they see a thorn-bearing ass in the mud!  
 If any be in the a bode of felicity,  
 One jot of Sa'di's utterance suffices him;  
 This will suit you if you'll hear it:  
 'If you sow thorns you'll not reap jasmine!'

Do you hear of the Persians' Khusraus  
 Who practised oppression against their subjects?  
 That grandeur, that kingship do not endure:  
 Nor endures that tyranny over one single peasant!  
 See the error committed by the tyrant:  
 The world endures, but he and his tyrannies have gone!  
 Blessed, on Congregation Day, the just-dealing body  
 That has its station in the shadow of the Throne!  
 To a people whom God holds in goodly esteem,  
 He gives a Khusrau just and judicious;  
 But when He wills a world to ruin,  
 He places dominion in a tyrant's grasp;  
 Good men think on circumspection before Him,

For the wrath of God is the unjust man!  
 Know greatness is from Him, and acknowledge His favour  
 For the grace of the ungrateful declines:  
 But give thanks for such empire and possessions,  
 And possessions and empire you'll gain, undeclining!  
 If you practise cruelty in your rule as king,  
 You'll ply after kingship the beggar's trade!  
 Sweet sleep's forbidden to the emperor,  
 When the weak man bears a load for the mighty.  
 Oppress not the common man by one mustard-seed,  
 For the ruler's a shepherd, the commons his flock:  
 If they should see strife and injustice from him,  
 No shepherd is he: cry 'Wolf'! from him!  
 To a bad end he's come and bad thoughts he's had –  
 The one who traded hard with his subjects:  
 Harshly, remissly, he passes thus away,  
 But an evil name remains to him for years!

#### **Tale 10**

##### *The Downfall of an Unjust Official*

Into a pit had fallen a high-ranking officer,  
 In terror of whom a male lion turned to female!  
 He who thought evil to others saw naught but evil now;  
 Falling, he saw none more helpless than himself;  
 All night he slept not for crying aloud and moaning,  
 Till one smashed a stone down on him, saying:  
 'You never answered any cry for help,  
 You who today are asking for a helper!  
 Every unmanly seed you sowed:  
 See now what fruit you must be picking!  
 Who on your lacerated heart will put a plaster,  
 When hearts still grieve at lacerations made by you?  
 Pits in our path you were always digging:  
 At length you were bound to fall into a pit!'
   
 Two sorts dig pits for men of all conditions,  
 One of goodly temper, the other vile of name:  
 One to refresh the thirsty man's gullet,  
 The other for mankind to fall in – to the neck!  
 If evil you do, look not unto good,  
 For the tamarisk never bears grapes for fruit;  
 I think not, my friend sowing barley in autumn,  
 That you will lift wheat at harvest-time!  
 Cultivate the *zaqqum*-tree with never such devotion,  
 But think not ever to eat fruit thereof;  
 Oleander-wood will not produce a fruit of ripe dates;  
 As the seed you sow, so look unto the fruit!

**Tale 12*****A holy man cures a ruler of sickness, physical and spiritual***

Of a certain king they tell a tale,  
 That the 'sickness of the thread' had made him like a spindle!  
 Weakness of body had so cast him down  
 That he would harbour envy of his subjects:  
 For however renowned a king upon the chess-board,  
 When weakness befalls him he's less than a pawn!  
 A companion kissed the ground before the king,  
 Saying: 'May my lord's dominion be eternal!  
 There is in this city a blessed-breathed man,  
 Like whom are few in holiness;  
 Never did he go an unright road,  
 Clear is his heart, his prayer answered;  
 None before him have brought their concerns  
 But their goal was achieved in an instant's breath.  
 Invoke him to invoke a blessing on your state,  
 That mercy may come down from Heaven onto earth!'  
 Thereupon the king ordered his senior retainers  
 To summon the elder of blessed footstep:  
 They went and spoke; and the poor man came,  
 An honoured body in a paltry robe!  
 'Make a prayer!' said the king, 'O prudent one!  
 For I like a needle am fettered by "the thread."  
 On hearing which words, the bent-backed elder  
 Sharply raised a harsh-sounding cry,  
 Saying: 'God Himself is kind to the just man;  
 Look to the forgiving and giving of God!  
 How shall my prayer profit you,  
 When needy prisoners lie in pit and fetter?

You who never once forgave mankind –  
 How shall you see ease from fortune?  
 First for your errors you must seek pardon,  
 And then ask the pious elder for prayers!  
 How shall his prayers give you a hand,  
 When the prayers of the oppressed are at your heels?  
 Hearing these words, the Persian prince  
 Took sore offence in rage and shame;  
 But after his annoyance he said within his heart:  
 'Why be annoyed, for what the poor man said is true?'  
 'He ordered that whoever was in fetters,  
 By his orders, should be quickly freed.  
 Then the man of experience, performing two *rak'as* of prayer,  
 Raised to the Just Judge the hands of supplication,

Saying: 'O You Erector of the skies on high!  
 In war You took him: now leave him in peace!'  
 The saint in this same manner held his hands to prayer,  
 And suddenly the emperor raised his head and sprang upon his feet:  
 For joy, you'd say, he was about to fly,  
 Like a peacock seeing no thread on his leg;  
 He ordered that his treasury of jewels  
 Be scattered at the poor man's feet, and gold upon his head!  
 But truth for vanity must not be hid,  
 And so he shook of all that stuff his skirt quite free, and said:  
 "Take up your former threads no more,  
 Lest once again "the thread" should raise its head!  
 When once you've fallen guard your footing,  
 That it once more should not slip from its place!'  
 Listen to Sa'di, for these words are right:  
 Not all who've fallen once have risen again!

The world, my son, 's no property for ever:  
 Hope not for good-faith from the universe!  
 Did not there go, morn and eventide, upon the winds  
 The throne of Solomon (upon whom peace!)?  
 Yet see you not how finally he went upon the wind  
 (Happy the one who went in knowledge and justice!)?  
 He takes hence the ball of fortune  
 Who has been bound to mankind's ease;  
 That which men took away with them had value,  
 Not what they here amassed and left!

I've heard of a splendid prince in Egypt,  
 At whose days Fate did urge its forces;  
 Beauty left his heart-lighting cheek,  
 Pale like the sun he grew, when short of days.  
 The learned bit the hand of failure,  
 Seeing in medicine no remedy for death:  
 All thrones and dominions are subject to decline  
 Save the dominion of the Undeclining Overlord!  
 As near to night his life's day drew,  
 They heard him say beneath his breath:  
 'No mighty one like me was there in Egypt,  
 But since the end is thus, 'twas all for naught!  
 The world I garnered, but its fruit I ate not;  
 And, even as the helpless, I leave it all behind!'  
 The man of well-regarded judgment, bestowing and consuming,  
 Gathers up the world in his wake;  
 Strive for this, that with you it may abidingly endure;  
 For all that after you endures is fear and regret.

The master on his soul-fusing mattress  
Draws one hand back and puts the other forth:  
In that instant's breath he shows you by his hand  
(Terror having tied his tongue from talking)  
That liberally, generously, one hand you should put forth,  
But draw the other back from tyranny and greed!  
Now, while things are in your hands, dig out a thorn:  
How, later, shall you bring your hand forth from the shroud?  
Moon and Pleiades and Sun will blaze for many a day  
Ere you can raise your head from the pillow of the grave!

- oooOooo -