
UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA

Peperiksaan Akhir
Sidang Akademik 2007/2008

April 2008

JMK 417 – Kesusasteraan Baru Berbahasa Inggeris Dari Asia Pasifik

Masa: 3 jam

Sila pastikan bahawa kertas peperiksaan ini mengandungi TUJUH muka surat yang bercetak sebelum anda memulakan peperiksaan.

Jawab EMPAT soalan sahaja.

Baca arahan dengan teliti sebelum anda menjawab soalan.

Setiap soalan diperuntukkan 25 markah.

1. Bagaimanakah K.S. Maniam dalam *The Return* menyampaikan tema-tema yang mencerminkan budaya dan aspirasi kaum pendatang dalam masyarakat pasca-kolonial Malaysia?
(25 markah)
2. Buat satu analisis perbandingan antara *The Return* dan *Green Is the Colour*, dengan memfokuskan pada latar, tema dan perwatakan kedua-dua karya tersebut.
(25 markah)
3. Bagaimanakah cerpen-cerpen terpilih dalam koleksi *22 Malaysian Short Stories* menggambarkan nilai-nilai masyarakat majmuk Malaysia dalam tahun-tahun 1960-an?
(25 markah)
4. Berdasarkan sekurang-kurangnya 2 daripada puisi-puisi terpilih Arthur Yap (sila lihat Lampiran 1) huraikan teknik-teknik yang digunakan oleh beliau untuk menyampaikan kritikan tajam terhadap masyarakat Singapura serta hubungan individu dengan pihak berkuasa Singapura.
(25 markah)
5. Salah satu tema utama dalam cerpen-cerpen terpilih dari koleksi *The Merlion and the Hibiscus* ialah rintihan tentang isu-isu budaya, migrasi dan penyisihan. Bincangkan.
(25 markah)
6. Bincangkan isu ketidakadilan terhadap wanita dalam cerpen-cerpen “Taw”, dan “The Operation” oleh Pensri Kiengsiri dan “Champooon” oleh Dhep Mahapaurya dalam *Taw and Other Thai Stories*.
(25 markah)

Lampiran 1

2 mothers in a h d b playground

ah beng is so smart
already he can watch tv & know the whole story.
your kim cheong is also quite smart,
what boy is he in the exam?
this playground is not too bad, but i'm always
so worried, car here, car there.

at exam time, it's worse.

because you know why?

kim cheong eats so little.

give him some complan. my ah beng was like that,
now he's different. if you give him anything
he's sure to finish it all up.

sure, sure. cheong's father buys him
vitamins but he keeps it inside his mouth
& later gives it to the cat.
i scold like mad but what for?
if i don't see it, how can i scold?

on saturday, tv showed a new type,
special for children. why don't you call
his father buy some? maybe they are better.

money's no problem. it's not that
we want to save. if we buy it
& he doesn't eat it, throwing money
into the jamban is the same.
ah beng's father spends so much,
takes out the mosaic floor & wants
to make terazzo or what.

we also got new furniture, bought from diethelm.
the sofa is so soft. i dare not sit. they all
sit like don't want to get up, so expensive.
nearly two thousand dollars, sure must be good.

that you can't say. my toa-soh
bought an expensive sewing machine,
after 6 months, it is already spoilt.
she took it back but beng,
come here, come, don't play the fool.
your tuition teacher is coming.
wah! kim cheong, now you're quite big.

come, cheong, quick go home & bathe.
ah pah wants to take you chya-hong in new motor-car.

a scrool painting

the mountains are hazy with timeless passivity
sprawling monotonously in the left-hand corner
while cloud diffuse and fill the entire top half
before bumping daintily into a bright red parakeet
perched suicide-like on a beautifully gnarled branch
arched by the weight of fruit and one ripe peach
hung a motionless inch from the gaping beak

here is transient beauty
caught in permanence
but of what avail is such perpetual unattainment?

i know the stupid bird can never eat the stupid peach

dramatic personae**i. public park**

along the bench we're variations of a line
 that watch the many flowers grow
 into our understanding, and die
 because we are not to pick them.
 they are for the public,
 we in public are private figures
 humanising the landscape
 on the little hill. under the trees
 we listen for the millenium
 while following the turn of the floral clock
 with the knock of a new plastic heart.
 this part is self-centred
 it takes and it rejects.

this park is self-centred
 and outsiders just get in the way.
 today you are in the park
 waiting for us, watching us
 young men and women, old boys and girls,
 parking ourselves. (how we laugh).
 how we laugh and then cry,
 since we bring you some happiness
 you should also have some of our sadness

ii. public beach

where does the road end and the beach begin?
 it is not easy to say, so closely
 do the two forms intermingle
 blending the neat sharp smell of petrol
 with the warm scent of dirty sand.

here is the sand,
 and further from the sand
 (can you see?)
 here is the sea.
 sand and sea are less today
 as there is more of life.

webbed up here by the sewer
sewn to the hardness of cement
trapped by piss-moss, little landcrabs
are more crust than crab and salt.
and caught here, we would never have been
more than all these things we have seen.
that cemented here, as we are not,
we run away before the waves arrive
with a little last fresh collapse

iii. **public pond**

coming down to the very bank
the soil is very old and crumbly.
you would not laugh
seeing it so, for it is yours.
today you are a pond, a still pond
hoping for the little boys to happen
there with their jars, here with their nets.
they drown
because you are too abstract
when they bend over you
searching among weeds for what they want
before they turn to conceits, the lesson
on fish and waterlife and diagrams,
with no waterdrops of agitation on their hands.

it is important they come each Sunday
replacing the week's gloom with their faces.
in you they drown, an old familiarity,
and they will rise again day after day
after this, like some terrible fish.
for their simplicity is your certainty

old house at ang siang hill

an unusual house this is
dreams are here before you sleep
tread softly
into the three-storeyed gloom
sit gently
on the straits-born furniture
imported from china
speak quietly
to the contemporary occupants

they are not afraid of you
waiting for you to go
before they dislocate your intentions
so what if this is
your grandfather's house
his ghost doesn't live here anymore
your family past is
superannuated grime
which increases with time
otherwise nothing adds or subtracts
the bricks and tiles
until re-development
which will greatly change
this house-that-was
dozens like it along the street
the next and the next as well

nothing much will be missed
eyes not tradition tell you this