

UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA

Peperiksaan Semester Pertama

Sidang Akademik 1997/98

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HET 122 Analisis Bahasa Kesusasteraan

Masa: [3 jam]

THIS EXAMINATION PAPER CONTAINS FOUR [4] QUESTIONS IN THREE [3] PAGES.

Answer ALL questions. Each question carries equal marks of 25.

Questions THREE [3] and FOUR [4] expect you to follow the methodology taught to in this course.

1. **Either**

[a] Do you agree with a critic who claimed that Chopin's "The Awakening" is merely a novel about sex? Discuss.

Or

b) Is it adequate to dismiss "A Passage to India" as being a "skewered picture of the colonised, seen through the lens of the imperial colonial?" Discuss.

2. Do you agree with the statement that a short story should tell a story? Is such a statement adequate?

Discuss with reference, primarily, to the stories that you studied on the course.

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3. Analyse the following poem in the way that you have been taught on this course.

OZYMANDIAS

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: 'Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert... Near them on the sand
Half - sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on those lifeless things
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear:
My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair.
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

(Shelley)

4. Analyse the following passage in the way that you have been taught on this course.

No One Writes to the Colonel

The colonel took the top off the coffee can and saw that there was only one little spoonful left. He removed the pot from the fire, and poured half the water onto the earthen floor, and scraped the inside of the can with a knife until the last scrapings of the ground coffee, mixed with a bit of rust, fell into the pot.

While he was waiting for it to boil, sitting next to the stone fireplace with an attitude of confident and innocent expectation, the colonel experienced the feeling that fungus and poisonous lilies were taking root in his gut. It was October. A difficult morning to get through, even for a man like himself, who had survived so many mornings like this one. For nearly sixty years - since the end of the last civil war - the colonel had nothing else but wait. October was one of the few things which arrived.

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His wife raised the mosquito netting when she saw him come into the bedroom with the coffee. The night before, she had suffered an asthma attack, and now she was in a drowsy state. But she sat up to take the cup.

"And you?" she said.

"I've had mine," the colonel lied. "There was still a big spoonful left."

The bells began ringing at that moment. The colonel had forgotten about the funeral.

(Gabriel Garcia Marquez)

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