

UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA

Peperiksaan Semester Pertama
Sidang 1993/94

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HET 403 - Analisis Bahasa Kesusasteraan

Masa: [3 jam]

THIS EXAMINATION PAPER CONTAINS NINE [9] QUESTIONS IN SEVEN [7] PAGES.

Answer FOUR [4] questions, TWO [2] from Section A, ONE [1] each from Sections B and C.

Equal marks are allocated to all questions.

SECTION A - Answer TWO [2] questions only

1. How successfully has Joyce used atmosphere and setting in "The Dead" to reinforce and enrich his theme?
2. The use of a first-person narrator helps us to understand the hidden life. Discuss, showing clearly what the young captain learns from his encounter with Leggatt.
3. Is it possible to speak of the development of a character in a short story where the time frame can be as brief as hours? Analyse Laura's growth in "The Garden Party".
4. In speaking of plot, Forster mentions the importance of "life by values" over "life by time". What values has Mrs. Bates learnt at the end of "Odour of Chrysanthemums" and how successfully is this new knowledge conveyed in Lawrence's prose?

SECTION B - Answer ONE [1] question only

5. Analyse the use of figurative language (images, metaphors) in Arnold's "To Marguerite" and "The Last Word" showing how successful Arnold is.

6. With a close analysis of the diction and sounds (assonance, alliteration, onomatopoeia) in "The Kraken" and "Pied Beauty" show how effectively Tennyson and Hopkins have used these elements.
7. With reference to Yeats's "The Second Coming" and Tennyson's "Ulysses" analyse how the use of allusions enriches the poem's meaning.

SECTION C - Answer ONE [1] questions only

8. In her criticism of Arnold Bennett, Woolf says:

"Can it be that Mr. Bennett has come down with his magnificent apparatus for catching life just an inch or two on the wrong side? ... Look within and life, it seems, is very far from being 'like this'. Examine an ordinary mind on an ordinary day. The mind receives a myriad impressions - trivial, fantastic, evanescent, or engraved with the sharpness of steel. From all sides they come, an incessant shower of innumerable atoms; and as they fall, as they shape themselves into the life of Monday or Tuesday, the accent falls differently from of old; the moment of importance comes not here but there."

Focusing on Lily Briscoe's development show how Virginia Woolf reveals the inner life in a manner characteristically her own.

9. Woolf's stream of consciousness method, uniquely her own, enriches her exploration of permanence and flux in human experience. Discuss.

.../APPENDIX

.../3

TO MARGUERITE

Yes! in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions life alone.
The Islands feel the enclasping flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights,
And they are swept by balms of spring,
And in their glens, on starry nights,
The nightingales divinely sing;
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
Across the sounds and channels pour--

Oh! then a longing like despair
Is to their farthest caverns sent;
For surely once, they feel, we were
Parts of single continent!
Now round us spreads the watery plain--
Oh might our marges meet again!

Who order'd, that their longing's fire
Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd?
Who renders vain their deep desire?--
A God, a God their severance ruled!
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

(Mathew Arnold)

THE LAST WORD

Creep into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said!
Vain thy onset! all stands fast;
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease! 5
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired; best be still!

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee. 10
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
Hotly charged--and broke at last.

.../4

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall, 15
Find thy body by the wall!

THE KRAKEN

Below the thunders of the upper deep,
Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea.
His ancient, dreamless uninvaded sleep
The Kraken sleepeth; faintest sunlights flee 5
About his shadowy sides; above him swell
Huge sponges of millennial growth and height;
And far away into the sickly light,
From many a wondrous grot and secret cell
Unnumbered and enormous polypi
Winnow with giant arms the slumbering green. 10
There hath he lain for ages, and will lie
Battening upon huge sea worms in his sleep,
Until the latter fire shall heat the deep;
Then once by man and angels to be seen,
In roaring he shall rise and on the surface die. 15

(Tennyson)

PIED BEAUTY

Glory be to God for dappled things--
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;
For rose moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced--fold, fallow, and plough; 5
And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change: 10
Praise him.

(Gerard Manley Hopkins)

.../5

THE SECOND COMING

TURNING and turning in the widening gyre
 The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
 Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
 Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
 The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
 The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
 The best lack all conviction, while the worse
 Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
 Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
 The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
 When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi
 Troubles my sight; somewhere in sands of the desert
 A shape with lion body and the head of a man
 A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
 Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
 Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
 The darkness drops again; but now I know
 That twenty centuries of stony sleep.
 Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
 And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
 Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

(W.B. Yeats)

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me. 5

I cannot rest from travel, I will drink
 Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
 Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
 Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10
 Vexed the dun sea. I am become a name;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known--cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honored of them all- 15
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,

.../6

Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades 20
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end.
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me 25
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire 30
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the scepter and the isle--
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill 35
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners, 45
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me--
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads--you and I are old,
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil. 50
Death closes all, but something ere the end.
Some work of noble note, may yet be done.
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep 55
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths 60
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though 65
We are not now that strength which in old days

.../7

Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are--
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

70

(Alfred, Lord Tennyson)

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