

UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA
Peperiksaan Semester Kedua
Sidang Akademik 1992/93

April 1993

HEK 302 Bacaan dan Tulisan Kritis

[3 jam]

THIS EXAMINATION PAPER CONTAINS FIVE [5] QUESTIONS IN ELEVEN [11] PAGES.

Answer any FOUR [4] questions. QUESTION 1 is COMPULSORY.

There are 4 appendices. The appendices are there to assist you.

1. Based on your readings in class, write a critique on the article "I Have A Dream" by Martin Luther King, Jr. (APPENDIX A) The following questions can be used as a guide.

- (a) What is the author trying to accomplish in this passage.
- (b) How has the author attempted to accomplish this purpose?
- (c) What are the author's assumptions?

(25 marks)

2. The language of advertisement is said to be simple in order to appeal to the masses; whereas legal language is meant for the selected. Comment.

(25 marks)

3. Compare the article by Martin Luther King with "A Very Basic Decision" by Mary Mebane. (APPENDIX B).
- (a) What are the similarities? (5 marks)
 - (b) What are the differences? (5 marks)
 - (c) In about 500 words synthesise the issues in the two articles. Make sure you have a thesis. (15 marks)
4. With reference to the film "Working Girl", how is the question of gender addressed in the context of the myth that bosses are males? (25 marks)
5. The disjunctive and discursive modes are confined to specific domains. Elaborate with concrete examples. (25 marks)

APPENDIX A

I HAVE A DREAM

Martin Luther King, Jr.

I am happy to join with you today in what will go down in 1
history as the greatest demonstration for freedom in the
history of our nation. Five score years ago, a great American,
in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the
Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a
great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who
had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It
came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their
captivity.

But one hundred years alter, the Negro still is not free. 2
One hundred years alter, the life of the Negro is still sadly
crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of
discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro lives on
a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of
material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is
still languished in the corners of American society and finds
himself an exile in his own land. So we have come here today
to dramatize a shameful condition.

In a sense we have come to our nation's Capitol to cash a 3
check. When the architects of our republic wrote the
magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of
Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which
every American was to fall heir. This note was the promise
that all men, yes, black men as well as white men, would be
guaranteed the unalienable rights of life, liberty, and the
pursuit of happiness.

It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this 4
promissory note insofar as her citizens of color are
concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation,
America has given the Negro people a bad check; a check which
has come back marked "insufficient funds." But we refuse to
believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. We refuse to
believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults
of opportunity of this nation. And so we've come to cash
this check--a check that will give us upon demand the riches
of freedom and the security of justice. We have also come to
this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of
now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off
or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the
time to make real the promises of Democracy. Now is the time
to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to

the sunlit path of racial justice. Now is the time to lift our nation from the quicksands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood. Now is the time to make justice a reality for all of God's children.

It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment. This sweltering summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality, 1963 is not an end, but a beginning. And those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual. There will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges. 5

But there is something I must say to my people who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice. In the process of gaining our rightful place we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred. We must forever conduct our struggle on the high place of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force. The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to a distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny and their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom. We cannot walk alone. 6

And as we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall always march ahead. We cannot turn back. There are those who are asking the devotees of civil rights, "When will you be satisfied?" We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the unspeakable horrors of police brutality. We can never be satisfied as long as our bodies, heavy with the fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities. We cannot be satisfied as long as the Negro's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto to a larger one. We can never be satisfied as long as our children are stripped of their selfhood and robbed of their dignity by signs stating; "for whites only." We cannot be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote. No, no, we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream. 7

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells. Some of you have come from areas 8

where your quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive.

Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to South Carolina, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed. Let us not wallow in the valley of despair. 9

I say to you today, my friends, so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream. 10

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal." 11

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood. 12

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice. 13

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character. 14

I have a dream today. 15

I have a dream that one day, down in Alabama, with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of interposition and nullification; one day, right there in Alabama, little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls and walk together as sisters and brothers. 16

I have a dream today. 17

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, and every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together. 18

This is our hope. This is the faith that I go back to the South with. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our 19

nation into a beautiful symphony of brother-hood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

And this will be the day. This will be the day when all 20 of God's children will be able to sing with new meaning.

My country, tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountainside
Let freedom ring.

And if America is to be a great nation this must become 21 true. So let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire. Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York. Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania!

Let freedom ring from the snowcapped Rockies of Colorado! 22

Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of 23 California!

But not only that; let freedom ring from Stone Mountain 24 of Georgia!

Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee! 25

Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of 26 Mississippi. From every mountainside, let freedom ring.

And when this happens, and we allow freedom to ring, when 27 we let it ring every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual, "Free at last! free at last! thank God almighty, we are free at last!?"

.../7

APPENDIX B

A VERY BASIC DECISION

Mary Mebane

North Carolina College at Durham (it used to carry the words "for Negroes" in its official title--it said so on the sign right on the lawn) is located in the southern part of the town. Its immaculately groomed lawns and neat, squarish, redbrick classroom buildings and dormitories mark it as an oasis of privilege and ease. Looking at the postcard scenes through the low-hanging branches of the surrounding trees, one would not have believed that this was six minutes away from some of the worst slums in the South. The college hadn't forgotten their existence; it simply never acknowledged that they were there. The black dispossessed murmured against the "big dogs," and bided their time. I often thought that if and when "the revolution" came and the black masses in America awakened from their long sleep, their first target was going to be the black professional class and it would be a horrendous bloodbath...

During my first week of classes as a freshman, I was stopped one day in the hall by the chairman's wife, who was indistinguishable in color from a white woman. She wanted to see me, she said.

This woman had no official position on the faculty, except that she was an instructor in English; nevertheless, her summons had to be obeyed. In the segregated world there were (and remain) gross abuses of authority because those at the pinnacle, and even their spouses, felt that the people "under" them had no recourse except to submit--and they were right, except that sometimes a black who got sick and tired of it would go to the whites and complain. This course of action was severely condemned by the blacks, but an interesting thing happened--such action always got positive results. Power was thought of in negative terms: I can deny someone something, I can strike at someone who can't strike back, I can ride someone down; that proves I am powerful. The concept of power as a force for good, for affirmative response to people or situations, was not in evidence.

When I went to her office, she greeted me with a big smile. "You know," she said, "you made the highest mark on the verbal part of the examination." She was referring to the examination that the entire freshman class took upon entering the college. I looked at her but I didn't feel warmth, for in spite of her smile her eyes and tone of voice

were saying. "How could this black-skinned girl score higher on the verbal than some of the students who've had more advantages than she? It must be some sort of fluke. Let me talk to her." I felt it, but I managed to smile my thanks and back off. For here at North Carolina College at Durham, as it has been since the beginning, social class and color were the primary criteria used in determining status on the campus.

First came the children of doctors, lawyers and college teachers. Next came the children of public-school teachers, businessmen, and anybody else who had access to more money than the poor black working class. After that came the bulk of the student population, the children of the working class, most of whom were the first in their families to go beyond high school. The attitude toward them was: You're here because we need the numbers, but in all other things defer to your betters.

The faculty assumed that light-skinned students were more intelligent, and they were always a bit nonplussed when a dark-skinned student did well, especially if she was a girl. They had reason to be appalled when they discovered that I planned to do not only well but better than my light-skinned peers....

When the grades for that first quarter came out, I had the highest average in the freshman class. The chairman's wife called me into her office again. We did a replay of the same scene we had played during the first week of the term. She complimented me on my grades, but her eyes and voice were telling me something different. She asked me to sit down; then she reached into a drawer and pulled out a copy of the freshman English final examination. She asked me to take the exam over again.

At first I couldn't believe what she was saying. I had taken the course under another teacher, and it was so incredible to her that I should have made the highest score in the class that she was trying to test me again personally. For a few moments I knew rage so intense that I wanted to take my fists and start punching her. I have seldom hated anyone so deeply. I handed the examination back to her and walked out.

She had felt quite safe in doing that to me. After all, she was the chairman's wife, and so didn't that give her the right to treat the black farm girl as she chose? (Life is strange. When in the mid 1960s the department started hiring native-born whites, it was she who most bitterly resented their presence.)

It was that incident which caused me to make a very basic decision. I was in the world alone; no one bolstered my ambitions, fed my dreams. I could not quit now, for if I did

I would have no future.... If I was going to get through college, I would have to be bland, non-committal. I would simply hang on. I needed a degree and I would stay until I got it.

APPENDIX C

I

Whereas a proposal to effect with the Society an assurance on the Life Insured named in the Schedule hereto has been duly made and signed as a basis of such assurance and a declaration has been made agreeing that this policy shall be subject to the Society's Registered Rules (which shall be deemed to form part of this policy) to the Table of Insurance printed hereon and to the terms and conditions of the said Table and that the date of entrance stated hereon shall be deemed to be the date of this contract AND such proposal has been accepted by the Society on the conditions as set forth in the proposal

NOW this policy issued by the Society on payment of the first premium stated in the Schedule hereto subject to the Registered Rules of the Society

WITNESSETH that if the Life Insured shall pay or cause to be paid to the Society or to the duly authorised Agent or Collector thereof every subsequent premium at the due date thereof the funds of the Society shall on the expiration of the

APPENDIX D



Location in Tangier, Agadir and Marrakech.

When you choose a holiday there are certain things you expect.

Starting with sun, sea and sand.

And naturally, given Morocco's climate, you're guaranteed plenty of sun, (up to 350 days per year).

While, as for sea and sand, the twin Mediterranean and Atlantic shores of Tangier and the spectacular beaches of Agadir more than take care of those priorities.

So, it's what you don't expect that makes you choose Morocco.

It's the mystery, history, romance and **98** spectacle of over 2,000 years of culture.

EVERYTHING YOU'D EXPECT.

MOROCCO

MORE THAN YOU'D DREAM.

It's the sights, sensations and characters of the Souks and Kasbahs of Marrakech and the Imperial cities.

And it's the way you can move from the many unforgettable spice markets to any of Morocco's luxurious hotels and restaurants.

To taste those spices in some of the world's

finest cuisine. It is the traditional music and modern discotheques.

In fact it's everything you've ever wanted. But always so much more than you'd ever dream.

For the full story contact your travel agent or send the coupon.

Please send me details of Holidays in Morocco #712

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