

UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA

Peperiksaan Semester Pertama
Sidang 1994/95

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HET 403 Analisis Bahasa Kesusasteraan

Masa: [3 jam]

THIS EXAMINATION PAPER CONTAINS FOUR [4] QUESTIONS IN FIVE [5] PAGES.

Answer ALL questions.

You are advised to divide your time equally.

Equal marks are allocated to all questions.

1. Analyse the following passage. Pay particular attention to the use of dialogues, detachment, omniscient narration and irony.

Then write a criticism of the passage in order to clarify what you think is the author's purpose, and how he employs various techniques and devices to achieve his purpose. You do not have to restrict yourself to the four elements mentioned above.

'I do so hate mysteries', Adela announced.

'We English do.'

'I dislike them not because I'm English, but from my own personal point of view', she corrected.

'I like mysteries but I rather dislike muddles', said Mrs Moore.

'A mystery is a muddle.'

'Oh, do you think, so, Mr. Fielding?'

'Mystery is only a high-sounding term for a muddle. No advantage in stirring it up, in either case. Aziz and I know well that India's a muddle.'

'India's--Oh, What an alarming idea!'

'There'll be no muddle when you come to see me', said Aziz, rather out of his depth. 'Mrs Moore and everyone--I invite you all--oh, please.'

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The old lady accepted: she still thought the young doctor excessively nice; moreover, a new feeling, half languor, half excitement bade her turn down any fresh path. Miss Quested accepted out of adventure. She also liked Aziz, and believed that when she knew him better he would unlock his country for her. His invitation gratified her, and she asked him for his address.

Aziz thought of his bungalow with horror. It was a detestable shanty near a low bazaar. There was practically only one room in it, and that infested with small black flies. 'Oh, but we will talk of something else now', he exclaimed. 'I wish I lived here. See this beautiful room! Let us admire it together for a little. See those curves at the bottom of the arches. What delicacy! It is the 'architecture of Question and Answer. Mrs Moore, you are in India; I am not joking.' The room inspired him. It was an audience hall built in the eighteenth century for some high official, and though of wood had reminded Fielding of the Loggia de' Lanzi at Florence. Little rooms, now Europeanized, clung to it on either side, but the central hall was unpapered and unglassed, and the air of the garden poured in freely. One sat in public--on exhibition, as it were--in full view of the gardeners who were screaming at the birds and of the man who rented the tank for the cultivation of water chestnut. Fielding let the mango trees too--there was no knowing who might not come in--and his servants sat on his steps night and day to discourage thieves. Beautiful certainly, and the Englishman had not spoilt it, whereas Aziz in an accidental moment would have hung Maude Goodmans on the walls. Yet there was no doubt to whom the room really belonged....

'I am doing justice here. A poor widow who has been robbed comes along and I give her fifty rupees, to another a hundred, and so on and so on, I should like that.'

Mrs Moore smiled, thinking of the modern method as exemplified in her son. 'Rupees don't last for ever, I'm afraid', she said.

'Mine would. God would give me more when he saw I gave. Always be giving, like the Nawab Bahadur. My father was the same, that is why he died poor.' And pointing about the room he peopled it with clerks and officials, all benevolent because they lived long ago. 'So we would sit giving for ever--on a carpet instead of chairs, that is the chief change between now and then, but I think we would never punish anyone.'

The ladies agreed.

'Poor criminal, give him another chance. It only makes a man worse to go to prison and be corrupted.' His face grew tender--the tenderness of one incapable of

administration, and unable to grasp that if the poor criminal is let off he will again rob the poor widow. He was tender to everyone except a few family enemies whom he did not consider human: on these he desired revenge. He was even tender to the English; he knew at the bottom of his heart that they could not help being so cold and odd and circulating like an ice stream through his land. 'We punish no one, no one,' he repeated, and in the evening we will give a great banquet with a nautch and lovely girls shall shine on every side of the tank with fireworks in their hands, and all shall be feasting and happiness until the next day, when there shall be justice as before--fifty rupees, a hundred, a thousand--till peace comes. Ah, why didn't we live in that time?--But are you admiring Mr Fielding's house? Do look how the pillars are painted blue, and the verandah's pavilions--what do you call them?--that are above us inside are blue also. Look at the carving on the pavilions. Think of the hours it took. Their little roofs are curved to imitate bamboo. So pretty--and the bamboos waving by the tank outside, Mrs Moore! Mrs Moore!

'Well?' she said, laughing.

'You remember the water by our mosque? It come down and fills this tank--a skilful arrangement of the Emperors. They stopped here going down into Bengal. They loved water. Wherever they went they created fountains, gardens, hammams. I was telling Mr Fielding I would give anything to serve them.'

He was wrong about the water, which no Emperor, however skilful, can cause to gravitate uphill; a depression of some depth together with the whole of Chandrapore lay between the mosque and Fielding's house. Ronny would have pulled him up, Turton would have wanted to pull him up, but restrained himself. Fielding did not even want to pull him up; he had dulled his craving for verbal truth and cared chiefly for truth of mood. As for Miss Quested, she accepted everything Aziz said as true verbally. In her ignorance, she regarded him as 'India', and never surmised that his outlook was limited and his method inaccurate, and that no one is India.

2. Discuss with reference to your readings, whether you find acceptable the definition of a short story as "relating usually a single incident and published as article in magazine or as one of a collection" (The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English).

3. SPORTS FIELD

Naked all night the field
breathed its dew until
the great gold ball of day
sprang up from the dark hill.

Now as the children come
the field and they are met.
Their day is measured and marked,
its lanes and tapes are set;

and the children gilt by the sun
shoulder one another;
crouch at the marks to run,
and spring, and run together --

the children pledged and matched,
and built to win or lose,
who grow, while no one watches,
the selves in their sidelong eyes.

The watchers love them in vain.
What's real here is the field,
the starter's gun, the lane,
the ball dropped or held;

and set towards the future
they run like running water,
for only the pride of winning,
the pain the losers suffer,

till the day's great golden ball,
that no one ever catches,
drops; and at its fall
runners and watchers

pick up their pride and pain
won out of the measured field
and turn away again
while the star-dewed night comes cold.

So pride and pain are fastened
into the heart's future,
while naked and perilous
the night and the field glitter

(Judith Wright)

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In this poem, the poet draws a parallel between three types of progression. She uses numerous devices such as alliteration, symbols, metaphors and enjambment (a thought does not stop with the last line of a stanza).

Do a practical criticism of this poem.

4. E.M. Forster's A Passage to India has been called, among other interpretations, a political novel, a nihilistic reading of life, a mirror of cultures in conflict and a humanistic vision of hope.

Do you agree with any of these, or do you see the novel differently? Discuss with specific reference to the novel.

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