

UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA

Peperiksaan Semester Kedua

Sidang Akademik 1999/2000

Februari 2000

HXE 104 - Kesusasteraan dan Bahasa Inggeris

Masa: [3 jam]

THIS EXAMINATION PAPER CONTAINS SIX [6] QUESTIONS ON SIX [6] PAGES.

Answer FOUR [4] questions. Choose any TWO [2] questions from Section A and TWO [2] from Section B.

SECTION A

1. Discuss how a basic knowledge of descriptive grammar can help you to examine and interpret the language of a literary text. Illustrate your answer with specific examples.

[100 marks]

2. When we read texts, we respond actively to them by looking for grammatical patterns and by developing hypotheses. What kinds of patterns can you find in the text below and what purposes do they serve?

The small locomotive engine, Number 4, came clanking, stumbling down from Selston with seven full waggons. It appeared round the corner with loud threats of speed, but the colt that it startled from among the gorse, which still flickered indistinctly in the raw afternoon, outdistanced it at a canter. A woman, walking up the railway line to Underwood, drew back into the hedge, held her basket aside, and watched the footplate of the engine advancing. The trucks

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thumped heavily past, one by one, with slow inevitable movement, as she stood insignificantly trapped between the jolting black wagons and the hedge; then they curved away towards the coppice where the withered oak leaves dropped noiselessly, while the birds, pulling at the scarlet hips beside the track, made off into the dusk that had already crept into the spinney. In the open, the smoke from the engine sank and cleaved to the rough grass. The fields were dreary and forsaken, and in the marshy strip that led to the whimsey, a reedy pit-pond, the fowls had already abandoned their run among the alders, to roost in the tarred fowl-house. The pit-bank loomed up beyond the pond, flames like red sores licking its ashy sides, in the afternoon's stagnant light. Just beyond rose the tapering chimneys and the clumsy black headstocks of Brinsley Colliery. The two wheels were spinning fast up against the sky, and the winding-engine rapped out its little spasms. The miners were being turned up.

The engine whistled as it came into the wide bay of railway lines beside the colliery, where rows of trucks stood in harbour.

Miners, single trailing and in groups, passed like shadows diverging home. At the edge of the ribbed level of sidings squat a low cottage, three steps down from the cinder track. A large bony vine clutched at the house, as if to claw down the tiled roof. Round the bricked yard grew a few wintry primroses. Beyond, the long garden sloped down to a bush-covered brook course. There were some twiggy apple trees, winter-crack trees, and ragged cabbages. Beside the path hung dishevelled pink chrysanthemums, like pink cloths hung on bushes. A woman came stooping out of the felt-covered fowl-house, half-way down the garden.

From D.H. Lawrence, *Odour of Chrysanthemums*

[100 marks]

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3. Compare the verb forms that are used in Text A and B. What do they tell us about the subject of the verb?

Text A

He knelt down and found the tuna under the stern with the gaff and drew it toward him keeping it clear of the coiled lines. Holding the line with his left shoulder again, and bracing on his left hand and arm, he took the tuna off the gaff hook and put the gaff back in place. He put one knee on the fish and cut strips of dark red meat longitudinally from the back of the head to the tail. They were wedge-shaped strips and he cut them from next to the backbone down to the edge of the belly. When he had cut six strips he spread them out in the wood of the bow, wiped his knife on his trousers, and lifted the carcass of the bonito by the tail and dropped it overboard.

From Ernest Hemingway, *The Old Man and the Sea*

Text B

I'm finding out that a lot of what I thought had been bonfired, Oxfam-ed, used for land-fill, has in fact been tidied away in sound archives, still libraries, image banks, memorabilia mausoleums, tat troves, mug morgues.

It's an odd experience to find yourself catalogued, card-indexed, museumised, a speck of data for the information professionals to bounce around.

It seems that as long as you're in print or on film or a name on a buff envelope in an archive somewhere, you're never truly dead now. You can be electronically colourised, emulsified, embellished, enhanced, coaxed towards some state of virtual reality.

You can be reactivated or reembodied; simulated and hologrammed. In just the last two years my voice has been artificially reprocessed for stereo effect and reincarnated in half-speed remasterings and on digital compact-disc.

The spare-parts that make this possible are housed in a proliferating number of non-invasive environments in London, where they may be viewed (fingered, sniffed, listened to) by appointment.

From Gordon Burn, *Alma Cogan*

[100 marks]

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Section B:

4. Discuss how Hardy uses sound (segmental and supra-segmental language features) in his poem "The upper birch-leaves" to allow his readers to experience what he means.

The upper birch-leaves

Warm yellowy-green
In the blue serene,
How they skip and sway
On this autumn day!
They cannot know
What has happened below, -
That their boughs down there
Are already quire bare,
That their own will be
When a week has passed,-
For they jig as in glee
To this very last.

But no; there lies
At times in their tune
A note that cries
When at first I fear
I did not hear:
"O we remember
At each wind's hollo -
Though life holds yet -
We go hence soon,
For tis November;
- But that *you* follow
You may forget!"

Thomas Hardy

[100 marks]

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5. Define the concepts of intertextuality and allusion. How relevant are these concepts in our attempts at understanding the opening lines of Alexander Pope's "The Rape of the Lock" (1712/14) and Edna St. Vincent Millay's sonnet "I, being born a woman and distressed" (1923) below.

The Rape of the Lock

What dire offense from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing - This verse to Caryll, Muse! is due.

Alexander Pope

I, being born a woman and distressed

I, being born a woman and distressed
By all the needs and notions of my kind,
Am urged by your propinquity to find
Your person fair, and feel a certain zest
To bear your body's weight upon my breast;
So subtly is the fume of life designed,
To clarify the pulse and cloud the mind,
And leave me once again undone, possessed.
Think not for this, however, the poor treason
Of my stout blood against my staggering brain,
I shall remember you with love, or season
My scorn with pity, - let me make it plain:
I find this frenzy insufficient reason
For conversation when we meet again

Edna St. Vincent Millay

[100 marks]

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6. Analyse the language of the text below to determine from whose viewpoint the story of "Eveline" is being told. Pay particular attention to deixis and the use of Free Indirect Discourse.

She sat at the window watching the evening invade the avenue. Her head was leaned against the window curtains, and in her nostrils was the odour of dusty cretonne. She was tired.

Few people passed. The man out of the last house passed on his way home; she heard his footsteps clacking along the concrete pavement and afterwards crunching on the cinder path before the new red houses. One time there used to be a field there in which they used to play every evening with other people's children. Then a man from Belfast bought the field and built houses in it - not like their little brown houses, but bright brick houses with shining roofs. The children of the avenue used to play together in that field - the Devines, the Waters, the Dunns, little Keogh the cripple, she and her brothers and sisters. Ernest, however, never played: he was too grown up. Her father used to often hunt them in out of the field with his blackthorn stick; but usually little Keogh used to keep nix and call out when he saw her father coming. Still they seemed to have been rather happy then. Her father was not so bad then; and besides, her mother was alive. That was a long time ago; she and her brothers and sisters were all grown up; her mother was dead. Tizzie Dunn was dead, too, and the Waters had gone back to England. Everything changes. Now she was going to go away like the others, to leave her home,

From James Joyce, *Dubliners* stories (1914)

[100 marks]

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