
UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA

Final Examination
2015/2016 Academic Session

May/June 2016

JMK 219E – Selected Works Of Classical Asian Literature
[Karya Terpilih Kesusasteraan Asia Klasik]

Duration: 3 hours
[Masa : 3 jam]

Please ensure that this examination paper contains **ELEVEN** printed pages before you begin the examination.

*[Sila pastikan bahawa kertas peperiksaan ini mengandungi **SEBELAS** muka surat yang bercetak sebelum anda memulakan peperiksaan.]*

Answer **FOUR** questions only. You may answer either in Bahasa Malaysia or in English.

*[Jawab **EMPAT** soalan sahaja. Anda dibenarkan menjawab sama ada dalam Bahasa Malaysia atau Bahasa Inggeris.]*

Read the instructions carefully before answering.

[Baca arahan dengan teliti sebelum anda menjawab soalan.]

Each question is worth 25 marks.

[Setiap soalan diperuntukkan 25 markah.]

Instruction: Answer **4** questions only.
[Arahan: Jawab **empat** soalan sahaja]

1. Writers from around the world speak from their own experiences and write about themes that are related to their own land yet they can be applicable to readers from all over the world.

With reference to **two texts** in this course, discuss **the importance of communicating across cultures** as an important characteristic of Classical Asian Literature in the development of the themes.

[Penulis sebenarnya menulis berdasarkan pengalaman mereka dan persekitaran mereka, namun demikian tema yang dibicarakan oleh mereka sesuai kepada pembaca dari seluruh dunia.]

*Berdasarkan **dua buah teks** dalam kursus ini, bincangkan **kepentingan elemen komunikasi merentasi budaya** sebagai salah satu ciri penting dalam Kesusasteraan Asia Klasik dalam konteks perkembangan tema.]*

(25 marks/markah)

2. One of the dominant themes of *The Dream of the Red Chamber* is **corruption and abuse of power**.

Discuss.

*[Salah satu tema yang dominan dalam karya *The Dream of the Red Chamber* ialah rasuah dan penyalahgunaan kuasa.]*

Bincangkan.]

(25 marks/markah)

3. Discuss the role of the clown with clear examples based on the drama of *Shakuntala*.

*[Berdasarkan drama *Shakuntala* bincangkan peranan badut dengan contoh-contoh yang jelas]*

(25 marks/markah)

4. Elaborate on **2 (two)** of the following:
[Huraikan tentang **2 (dua)** daripada yang berikut:
- (a) The theme of love in *The Dream of the Red Chamber*
[Tema cinta dalam *The Dream of the Red Chamber*]
 - (b) Comparison between Sanskrit and Greek dramas
[Bandingkan drama Sanskrit dan drama Greek]
 - (c) the idea of sacrifice in selected tales of *The Bustan of Saadi*
(see Appendix)
[idea pengorbanan dalam kisah-kisah terpilih *The Bustan of Saadi*
(sila lihat Lampiran)]
 - (d) Buddhist teachings in *The Tale of Genji*
[pengajaran Buddhisme dalam *The Tale of Genji*]
- (25 marks/markah)
5. One of the dominant themes of *The Dream of the Red Chamber* and *The Tale of Genji* is the spiritual dimension. Discuss in brief the spiritual dimension based on the point of view of **Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism**.
[Salah satu tema dominan dalam *The Dream of the Red Chamber* dan *The Tale of Genji* ialah dimensi spiritual. Bincangkan secara ringkas tentang dimensi kerohanian (spiritual) berdasarkan fahaman Confusianisme, Buddhisme dan Taoisme.]
- (25 marks/markah)
6. Discuss the themes illustrated in *The Bustan of Sa'di* with reference to at least **two** of the tales which are given in the Appendix.
[Bincangkan tema-tema yang dipaparkan dalam *The Bustan of Sa'di*, dengan merujuk sekurang-kurangnya dua cerita yang terdapat dalam Lampiran].
- (25 marks/markah)

Appendix**Tale 3****'Umar Ibn 'Abd. Al'Aziz sacrifices a jewel to help the starving**

A leading figure among the men of discernment
 Tells of Ibn 'Abd. Al-'Aziz
 That he had a stone set in a ring,
 One to confound a jeweller for value;
 At night, you'd have called it the world-lighting globe,
 By day a pearl in brightness.
 By fate a year of drought befell,
 Men's full-mooned countenances all turned to crescents.
 Seeing in men no ease or strength,
 He judged it not mainly himself to be at rest
 (When a person sees poison in mankind's palate,
 How shall sweet-water pass his gullet?):

The stone he ordered sold for silver,
 Having compassion on stranger and orphan.
 In one week he despoiled its cash-value,
 Giving to the poor, the wretched, and the needy.
 Then the chiders fell upon him,
 Saying: Its like you will not get again!,
 I've heard he said, a rain of tears
 Coursing down his cheeks like wax:
 'Adornment ill becomes a prince
 When impotence troubles the heart of the citizen;
 A ring without a stone becomes me well,
 But there's nothing becoming in a grieving people's heart!
 Happy the one who chooses men and women's comfort
 Before his own adorning:
 The virtue-cherishers have not desired
 Their own joy at the cost of others, sorrow!

If upon the throne the king sleeps well,
 I think not the poor sleep easily;
 But if he till late the night enlivens,
 Men sleep repose fully, and even soothed.
 Praise God! This right course and road
 Are the Atabeg's, Abu Bakr ibn Sa'd:
 Of mischief in Pars no other sign
 Is seen than the moonlike ones' forms!

Pleasantly a quatrain caught my ear,
 As it was chanted at last night's party:
 I was at ease with life last night,
 When that moon-faced one was in my embrace;

When I saw her, her head bemused with sleep,
 To her I said: "O you, before whom the cypress is low,
 From sweet sleep wash a while your narcissi-eye,
 Smile like the rose-bush, as the nightingale speak!
 Why slumber you, O mischief of the age?
 Come, bring the wine of ruby sweet!"
 She looked resentfully from sleep and said:
 "Call you me mischief yet bid me not to slumber?!"
 In the reign of the ruler, enlightened of breath,
 No one sees other trouble waking.

Tale 5

The Emperor Of Rum Enjoined To Endure His Burdens

I've heard that Rum's ruler wept,
 Saying to a good and learned man:
 'No achievement's left me by the enemy's hand,
 Nothing's left me but this fort and city!
 Much have I striven that my son
 Should be the people's captain after me;
 But now the enemy of evil race has gained the upper hand,
 Twisting the wrist of my manhood and striving.
 What shall I devise, what remedy apply,
 For my soul within me's fretted by care,
 For life is best-and most-part gone!
 While you remain, this dignity suffices you:
 Once gone, the world is someone else's place.
 Let him be prudent, wisdom let him lack:

His care consume not, for he'll consume his own!
 To hold the world's not worth the toil,
 To take it by the sword and let it go;
 Relax not in this five-day dwelling,
 Prepare with thought your plans to go!
 Whom know you, of the Persians' Khusraus,
 From Faridun's days, Zohak's and Jam's,
 Unto whose throne and rule came no decline?
 Alone remains the rule of God Almighty!
 To whom remains the hope forever to remain,
 When you see no one remaining forever?
 Silver and gold may remain a man's, treasure and resources:
 A little after his time, and they're made away with;
 But the man whose good deeds current remain
 Ever and anon gains mercy for his spirit.
 When of a great man the good name remains,
 With the men of heart you may say "He remains!"

Come, cultivate liberality's tree,
 If you would hope to eat its fruits!
 Practise liberality, for tomorrow, when Court is held,
 Stations will be given in accord with beneficence:
 He whose footstep's foremost in endeavour
 Has greater station at the Court of Truth;
 The one in rear, all furtive and ashamed,
 Fears the reward of work not-done!
 Leave him to gnash his teeth upon his hand's back:
 So hot an oven, and no loaf came of it!
 At grain-lifting time you'll know the right well
 That it was sluggard not to sow the seed!'

Tale 7

A noble man suffers with the victims of famine

Such a dearth one year befell in Damascus
 That friends forgot their affection;
 So stingy did heaven grow to earth
 That neither crop nor palm did wet their lips;
 Ancient springs ran dry,
 No water was left save that from orphans' eyes;
 Naught was it but the widow-woman's 'Ah'!

Whenever smoke-plume from a vent-hole rose.
 The trees un provisioned I saw, like a *darvish*,
 Strong-armed men slack and sorely at a loss;
 No green on the mountain, the orchard was branchless;
 Locusts had consumed the garden, and men the locusts!
 In such state came to me a friend,
 On his bones a skin of him remaining -
 Though he had in authority been strongly-circumstanced,
 Possessing station, gold, and property.
 I said to him: 'O friend, of pure temper!
 What misery's befallen you? Say!'
 At me he thundered: 'Where's your mind?
 It's wrong to ask a question when you know the answer!
 See you not that hardship has gone to extremes,
 And distress has attained the ultimate limit?
 No rain comes from the sky,
 Nor does the plaintive smoke rise up on high!'
 To him I said: 'But what's *your* fear?
 Poison kills only where the antidote is lacking!
 Though another may perish from having nothing,
 You have: what fear has the duck of a tempest?'
 The learned man, incensed, upon me looked
 As a sage looks at an idiot,

Saying: 'My friend, though a man be safe on shore,
 He will not rest while friends are drowned!
 I am not pale of face from indigence,
 But indigent men's grief has made my face pale!
 No prudent man desires to see laceration
 Whether on another's members or his own!
 I myself, to be sure, am one of the sound,
 But when I see laceration my body shivers!

May that sound man's pleasure troubled be
 Who's slack beside the man infirm!
 When I see a wretched *darvish* eating nothing,
 The morsel on my palate turns to poison, torment:
 When a man's friends lie in prison,
 How shall there be left him pleasure in the garden?,

Tale 8
The selfish man and the Baghdad Fire

One night the smoke of men a fire ignited,
 I've heard Baghdad was half burnt-down!
 One 'mid that dust and smoke gave thanks
 That to his store no harm had come.
 One wordly-wise said: ,you flighty fool!
 Do you then care for self alone?
 Do you approve a city consumed by fire,
 While to one side stands your own a bode?,
 Who but a stone-heart will tighten his bowels,
 Seeing men bind a stone on their belly?
 How shall the rich man eat his morsel,
 When he sees the poor man swallowing blood?
 Call not the grief-comforter sound
 When, like one grieving, he writhes from sorrow!
 The tender-hearted, when his friends reach the inn,
 Still sleeps not for laggards left behind;
 Emperors' hearts become bearers of loads
 When they see a thorn-bearing ass in the mud!
 If any be in the a bode of felicity,
 One jot of Sa'di's utterance suffices him;
 This will suit you if you'll hear it:
 'If you sow thorns you'll not reap jasmine!,

Do you hear of the Persians' Khusraus
 Who practised oppression against their subjects?
 That grandeur, that kingship do not endure:
 Nor endures that tyranny over one single peasant!
 See the error committed by the tyrant:

The world endures, but he and his tyrannies have gone!
 Blessed, on Congregation Day, the just-dealing body
 That has its station in the shadow of the Throne!
 To a people whom God holds in goodly esteem,
 He gives a Khusrau just and judicious;
 But when He wills a world to ruin,
 He places dominion in a tyrant's grasp;
 Good men think on circumspection before Him,

For the wrath of God is the unjust man!
 Know greatness is from Him, and acknowledge His favour
 For the grace of the ungrateful declines:
 But give thanks for such empire and possessions,
 And possessions and empire you'll gain, undeclining!
 If you practise cruelty in your rule as king,
 You'll ply after kingship the beggar's trade!
 Sweet sleep's forbidden to the emperor,
 When the weak man bears a load for the mighty.
 Oppress not the common man by one mustard-seed,
 For the ruler's a shepherd, the commons his flock:
 If they should see strife and injustice from him,
 No shepherd is he: cry 'Wolf ! from him!
 To a bad end he's come and bad thoughts he's had -
 The one who traded hard with his subjects:
 Harshly, remissly, he passes thus away,
 But an evil name remains to him for years!

Tale 12

A holy man cures a ruler of sickness, physical and spiritual

Of a certain king they tell a tale,
 That the 'sickness of the thread' had made him like a spindle!
 Weakness of body had so cast him down
 That he would harbour envy of his subjects:
 For however renowned a king upon the chess-board,
 When weakness befalls him he's less than a pawn!
 A companion kissed the ground before the king,
 Saying: 'May my lord's dominion be eternal!
 There is in this city a blessed-breathed man,
 Like whom are few in holiness;
 Never did he go an upright road,
 Clear is his heart, his prayer answered;
 None before him have brought their concerns
 But their goal was achieved in an instant's breath.
 Invoke him to invoke a blessing on your state,
 That mercy may come down from Heaven onto earth!
 Thereupon the king ordered his senior retainers
 To summon the elder of blessed footsteps:

They went and spoke; and the poor man came,
 An honoured body in a paltry robe!
 'Make a prayer!' said the king, O prudent one!
 For I like a needle am fettered by, the thread. O"
 On hearing which words, the bent-backed elder
 Sharply raised a harsh-sounding cry,
 Saying: 'God Himself is kind to the just man;
 Look to the forgiving and giving of God!
 How shall my prayer profit you,
 When needy prisoners lie in pit and fetter?

You who never once forgave mankind _
 How shall you see ease from fortune?
 First for your errors you must seek pardon,
 And then ask the pious elder for prayers!
 How shall his prayers give you a hand,
 When the prayers of the oppressed are at your heels?,
 Hearing these words, the Persian prince
 Took sore offence in rage and shame;
 But after his annoyance he said within his heart:
 'Why be annoyed, for what the poor man said is true?,
 'He ordered that whoever was in fetters,
 By his orders, should be quickly freed.
 Then the man of experience, performing two rak'as of prayer,
 Raised to the Just Judge the hands of supplication,

Saying: 'O You Erector of the skies on high!
 In war You took him: now leave him in peace!,
 The saint in this same manner held his hands to prayer,
 And suddenly the emperor raised his head and sprang upon his feet:
 For joy, you'd say, he was about to fly,
 Like a peacock seeing no thread on his leg;
 He ordered that his treasury of jewels
 Be scattered at the poor man's feet, and gold upon his head!
 But truth for vanity must not be hid,
 And so he shook of all that stuff his skirt quite free, and said:
 "Take up your former threads no more,
 Lest once again "the thread" should raise its head!
 When once you've fallen guard your footing,
 That it once more should not slip from its place!,
 Listen to Sa'di, for these words are right:
 Not all who've fallen once have risen again!
 The world, my son, 's no property for ever:
 Hope not for good-faith from the universe!
 Did not there go, morn and eventide, upon the winds

The throne of Solomon (upon whom peace!)?
 Yet see you not how finally he went upon th`e wind
 (Happy the one who went in knowledge and justice!)?
 He takes hence the ball of fortune

Who has been bound to mankind's ease;
 That which men took away with them had value,
 Not what they here amassed and left!

I've heard of a splendid prince in Egypt,
 At whose days Fate did urge its forces;
 Beauty left his heart-lighting cheek,
 Pale like the sun he grew, when short of days.
 The learned bit the hand of failure,
 Seeing in medicine no remedy for death:
 All thrones and dominions are subject to decline
 Save the dominion of the Undeclining Overlord!
 As near to night his life's day drew,
 They heard him say beneath his breath:
 'No mighty one like me was there in Egypt,
 But since the end is thus, 'twas all for naught!
 The world I garnered, but its fruit I ate not;
 And, even as the helpless, I leave it all behind!'
 The man of well-regarded judgment, bestowing and consuming,
 Gathers up the world in his wake;
 Strive for this, that with you it may abidingly endure;
 For all that after you endures is fear and regret.

The master on his soul-fusing mattress
 Draws one hand back and puts the other forth:
 In that instant's breath he shows you by his hand
 (Terror having tied his tongue from talking)
 That liberally, generously, one hand you should put forth,
 But draw the other back from tyranny and greed!
 Now, while things are in your hands, dig out a thorn:
 How, later, shall you bring your hand forth from the shroud?
 Moon and Pleiades and Sun will blaze for many a day
 Ere you can raise your head from the pillow of the grave!