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UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA

Second Semester Examination  
Academic Session 2006/2007

April 2007

**HXE 109 – ENGLISH LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE**

Duration : 3 hours

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Please check that this examination paper consists of SEVEN pages of printed material before you begin the examination.

Answer FOUR questions: TWO from Section A and TWO from Section B.

**Section A**

1. According to Verdonk (2002), “style is...a distinctive way of using language for some purpose and to (create) some effect.” Explain what this means and illustrate your answer by using examples from the following poem “There’s Been a Death in the Opposite House” by Emily Dickinson.

**There’s Been a Death in the Opposite House**

There’s been a Death in the Opposite House  
As lately as Today –  
I know it by the numb look  
Such Houses have – always –

The Neighbours rustle in and out –  
The Doctor – drives away –  
A Window opens like a Pod –  
Abrupt – mechanically –

Somebody flings a Mattress out –  
The Children hurry by –  
They wonder if It died – on that –  
I used to – when a Boy –

The Minister goes stiffly in –  
As if the House were His –  
And He owned all the Mourners – now  
And little Boys – besides –

And then the Milliner – and the Man  
Of the Apalling Trade –  
To take the measure of the House –  
There’ll be that Dark Parade –

Of tassels – and of Coaches – soon –  
It’s easy as a Sign –  
The intuition of the News  
In just a Country Town.

Emily Dickinson (1830 – 1886)

[100 marks]

...3/-

2. Discuss the impact this poem has on you as a reader. In your answer, consider Wilfred Owen's choice of diction, imagery and tone.

**Dulce Et Decorum Est**

Bent double, like old beggars undersacks,  
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,  
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs  
And towards our distant rest began to trudge  
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots  
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;  
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots  
Of gas shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! GAS! Quick, boys! – An ecstasy of fumbling,  
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;  
But someone was still yelling out and stumbling  
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime –  
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,  
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,  
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams you too could pace  
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,  
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,  
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;  
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood  
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,  
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud  
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues, --  
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest  
To children ardent for some desperate glory,  
The old Lie: *Dulce et decorum est*  
*Pro patria mori.*

Wilfred Owen (1893-1918)

[100 marks]

3. Discuss the central tension/conflict in the following poem and show how it is connected to a larger issue or theme.

**Dover Beach**

The sea is calm tonight.  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light  
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,  
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.  
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!  
Only, from the long line of spray  
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,  
Listen! You hear the grating roar  
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,  
At their return, up the high strand,  
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,  
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago  
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought  
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow  
Of human misery; we  
Find also in the sound a thought,  
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith  
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.  
But now I only hear  
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
Retreating to the breath  
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true  
To one another! For the world, which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
Where ignorant armies clash at night.

Mathew Arnold (1822-1889)

[100 marks]  
...5/-

**Section B**

4. Discuss the usages of *nada* in the following text. Why does the text use *nada* in the way it does?

Turning off the electric light he continued the conversation with himself. It is the light of course but it is necessary that the place be clean and pleasant. You do not want music. Certainly you do not want music. Nor can you stand before a bar with dignity although that is all that is provided for these hours. What did he fear? It was not fear or dread. It was a nothing that he knew too well. It was all a nothing and a man was nothing too. It was only that and light was all it needed and a certain cleanness and order. Some lived in it and never felt it but he knew it all was *nada y pues nada y nada y pues nada*. Our *nada* who art in *nada*, *nada* be thy name kingdom *nada* thy will be *nada* in *nada* as it is in *nada*. Give us this *nada* our daily *nada* and *nada* us our *nada* as we *nada* our *nadas* and *nada* us not into *nada* but deliver us from *nada*; *pues nada*. Hail nothing full of nothing, nothing is with thee. He smiled and stood before a bar with a shining steam of pressure coffee machine.

'What's yours?' asked the barman.

'*Nada*.'

'*Otro loco más*,' said the barman and turned away.

'A little cup,' said the waiter.

The barman poured it for him.

'The light is very bright and pleasant but the bar is unpolished,' the waiter said.

The barman looked at him but did not answer. It was too late for a night conversation.

'You want another *copita*?' the barman asked.

'No, thank you,' said the waiter and went out. He disliked bars and *bodegas*. A clean, well-lighted café was a very different thing. Now, without thinking further, he could go home to his room. He would lie in the bed and finally, with daylight, he would go to sleep. After all, he said to himself, it is probably only insomnia. Many must have it.

Ernest Hemingway (1933) - "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place"

[100 marks]

5. Write a critical commentary on the language that is used in the following text, paying particular attention to its nouns, adjectives, verbs, adverbs and figures of speech. What effects do they help to create?

It was December—a bright frozen day in the early morning. Far out in the country there was an old Negro woman with her head tied in a red rag, coming along a path through the pinewoods. Her name was Phoenix Jackson. She was very old and small and she walked slowly in the dark pine shadows, moving a little from side to side in her steps, with the balanced heaviness and lightness of a pendulum in a grandfather clock. She carried a thin, small cane made from an umbrella, and with this she kept tapping the frozen earth in front of her. This made a grave and persistent noise in the still air, that seemed meditative like the chirping of a solitary little bird.

She wore a dark striped dress reaching down to her shoe tops, and an equally long apron of bleach sugar shacks, with a full pocket: all neat and tidy, but every time she took a step she might have fallen over her shoelaces, which dragged from her unlaced shoes. She looked straight ahead. Her eyes were blue with age. Her skin had a pattern all its own numberless branching wrinkles and as though a whole little tree stood in the middle of her forehead, but a golden color run underneath, and the two knobs of her cheeks were illumined by a yellow burning under the dark. Under the red rag her hair came down on her neck in the frailest of ringlets, still black, and with an odor like copper.

Eudora Welty (1941) - "A Worn Path"

[100 marks]

6. Examine the language in the following text, in particular the speech acts and decide what kind of a man the protagonist is.

'Won't you smoke?'

'Yes, I will.' She hovered over them. 'They look very good.'

'I think they are. I get them made for me by a little man in St. James's Street. I don't smoke very much. I'm not like you—but when I do, they must be delicious, very fresh cigarettes. Smoking isn't a habit with me; it's a luxury—like perfume. Are you still so fond of perfumes? Ah, when I was in Russia...'

She broke in: 'You've really been to Russia?'

'Oh, yes. I was there for over a year. Have you forgotten how we used to talk of going there?'

'No, I've not forgotten.'

...7/-

Have gave a strange half laugh and leaned back in his chair. 'Isn't it curious. I have really carried out all those journeys that we planned. Yes, I have been to all those places that we talked of, and stayed in them long enough to say—as you used to say, "air oneself" in them. In fact, I have spent the last three years of my life traveling all the time. Spain, Corsica, Siberia, Russia, Egypt. The only country left is China, and I mean to go there, too, when the war is over.'

As he spoke, so lightly, tapping the end of his cigarette against the ash-tray, she felt the strange beast that had slumbered so long within her bosom stir, stretch itself, yawn, prick up its ears, and suddenly bound to its feet, and fix its longing, hungry stare upon those far away places. But all she said was, smiling gently: 'How I envy you.'

He accepted that. 'It has been,' he said, 'very wonderful—especially Russia. Russia was all that we had imagined, and far, far more. I even spent some days on a river boat on the Volga. Do you remember that boatman's song that you used to play?'

'Yes.' It began to play in her mind as she spoke.

'Do you ever play it now?'

"No, I've no piano.'

He was amazed at that. 'But what has become of your beautiful piano?'

She made a little grimace. 'Sold. Ages ago.'

'But you were so fond of music,' he wondered.

'I've no time for it now,' she said.

Katherine Mansfield (1917) "A Dill Pickle"

[100 marks]