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APEX™



UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA

Second Semester Examination
2017/2018 Academic Session

May/June 2018

**HET525 - Perspectives in English Language
Studies: Literacy and Literature**

Duration : 2 hours

Please check that this examination paper consists of FIVE (5) pages of printed material before you begin the examination.

Answer **THREE (3)** questions. Answer **ONE (1)** question from Section A, **ONE (1)** question from Section B and **ONE (1)** question from EITHER Section A OR Section B.

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Section A

1. International debates concerning the meanings of literacy have generated a lot of discussion in refining the domains of literacy, a subject that informs educational, human rights and development of discourse. To what extent do you agree with Street's (2006) attempt to scope the meaning of literacy by compartmentalising his discussion into five key aspects?

[100 marks]

2. The Multiliteracies framework (The New London Group, 1996) makes use of four pedagogical aspects that aim to supplement various existing teaching practices. Elaborate on these aspects and discuss how teachers can use these designs in their teaching and learning contexts when situating the link between theory and practice in ESL/EFL classrooms.

[100 marks]

3. Lankshear and Knobel (2006) claim that central to new literacies is that they mobilize very different kinds of values, priorities and sensibilities than the literacies we are familiar with. Discuss this with reference to the two categories of new literacies that they propose i.e. paradigm cases of new literacies and peripheral cases of new literacies.

[100 marks]

Section B

4. Discuss how 21st century technological advancements have impacted developments in the teaching as well as learning of Literature in English in the Malaysian ESL context.

[100 marks]

5. Based on the following excerpts from O' Connor's "Everything that Rises Must Converge" (1965) and Steinbeck's "Breakfast" (1938), analyse the respective passages using the Fowler-Uspensky point of view model (1996).

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Julian rose, crossed the aisle, and sat down in the place of the woman with the canvas sandals. From this position, he looked serenely across at his mother. Her face had turned an angry red. He stared at her, making his eyes the eyes of a stranger. He felt his tension suddenly lift as if he had openly declared war on her. He would have liked to get in conversation with the Negro and to talk with him about art or politics or any subject that would be above the comprehension of those around them, but the man remained entrenched behind his paper. He was either ignoring the change of seating or had never noticed it. There was no way for Julian to convey his sympathy.

His mother kept her eyes fixed reproachfully on his face. The woman with the protruding teeth was looking at him avidly as if he were a type of monster new to her.

"Do you have a light?" he asked the Negro.

Without looking away from his paper, the man reached in his pocket and handed him a packet of matches.

"Thanks," Julian said. For a moment he held the matches foolishly. A **NO SMOKING** sign looked down upon him from over the door. This alone would not have deterred him; he had no cigarettes. He had quit smoking some months before because he could not afford it. "Sorry," he muttered and handed back the matches. The Negro lowered the paper and gave him an annoyed look. He took the matches and raised the paper again. His mother continued to gaze at him but she did not take advantage of his momentary discomfort. Her eyes retained their battered look. Her face seemed to be unnaturally red, as if her blood pressure had risen. Julian allowed no glimmer of sympathy to show on his face. Having got the advantage, he wanted desperately to keep it and carry it through. He would have liked to teach her a lesson that would last her a while, but there seemed no way to continue the point. The Negro refused to come out from behind his paper.

Julian folded his arms and looked stolidly before him, facing her but as if he did not see her, as if he had ceased to recognize her existence. He visualized a scene in which, the bus having reached their stop, he would remain in his seat and when she said, "Aren't you going to get off?" he would look at her as at a stranger who had rashly addressed him. The corner they got off on was usually deserted, but it was well lighted and it would not hurt her to walk by herself the four blocks to the Y. He decided to wait until the time came and then decide whether or not he would let her get off by herself. He would have to be at the Y at ten to bring her back, but he could leave her wondering if he was going to show up. There was no reason for her to think she could always depend on him.

(O'Connor, "Everything that Rises Must Converge", 1965).

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This thing fills me with pleasure. I don't know why, I can see it in the smallest detail. I find myself recalling it again and again, each time bringing more detail out of a sunken memory, remembering brings the curious warm pleasure.

It was very early in the morning. The eastern mountains were blue-black, but behind them the light stood up faintly colored at the mountain rims with a washed red, growing colder, grayer and darker as it went up and overhead until, at a place near the west, it was merged with pure night.

And it was cold, not painfully so, but cold enough so that I rubbed my hands and shoved them deep into my pockets, and I hunched my shoulders up and scuffed my feet in the ground. Down in the valley where I was, the earth was that lavender gray of dawn. I walked along a country road and ahead of me I saw a tent that was only a little lighter gray than the ground. Beside the tent there was a flash of orange fire seeping out of the cracks of an old rusty iron stove. Gray smoke spurted up and out of the stubby stovepipe, spurted up a long way before it spread out and dispersed.

I saw a young woman beside the stove, really a girl. She was dressed in a faded cotton skirt and waist. As I came close I saw that she carried a baby in a crooked arm and the baby was nursing, its head under her waist out of the cold. The mother moved about, poking the fire, shifting the rusty lids of the stove to make a greater draft, opening the oven door; and all the time the baby was nursing, but that didn't interfere with the mother's work, not with the gracefulness of her movements. There was something very precise and practiced about her movements. The orange fire flicked out of the cracks in the stove and threw dancing reflections on the tent.

I was close now and I could smell frying bacon and baking bread, the warmest, pleasantest odors I know. From the east the light grew swiftly. I came near the stove and stretched my hands out to it and shivered all over when the warmth struck me. Then the tent flap jerked up and a young man came out and an older man followed him. They were dressed in new blue dungarees and in new dungaree coats with the brass buttons shining. They were sharp-faced men, and they looked much alike.

(Steinbeck, "Breakfast", 1938)

[100 marks]

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6. Answer EITHER [a] OR [b].

EITHER

- [a] Western feminism may have been designed to liberate but ironically it reproduces the problems it seeks to remedy.

Based on Morton's (2003) *Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak*, discuss how Spivak asserts the above view and stipulates means to rectify this complication.

[100 marks]

OR

- [b] Postcolonial literature is undeniably reliant on imperial residues.

With reference to Marx's (2004) *Postcolonial literature and the Western literary canon*, discuss how Naipaul's (2007) *A Writer's People: Ways of Looking and Feeling* reinforces the above statement.

[100 marks]