

UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA

Peperiksaan Semester Kedua  
Sidang Akademik 2000/2001

Februari/Mac 2001

**HXE 109 – English Literature and Language**

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. What is stylistics? How useful is a stylistic analysis in your attempts at understanding a literary text? Illustrate your answer with specific examples.

[100 marks]

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2. Discuss how Browning uses sound and metrical patterning in his poem "Meeting at Night" to allow his readers to experience what he means.

**Meeting at Night**

The grey sea and long black land;  
And the yellow half-moon large and low;  
And the startled little waves that leap  
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,  
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,  
And quench its speed l' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;  
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;  
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch  
And blue spurt of a lighted match,  
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears.  
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

[100 marks]

3. The following poem by Ted Hughes involves several different kinds of cohesion. Identify them as specifically as you can. What purposes do they serve?

**November**

The month of the drowned dog. After long rain the land  
Was sodden as the bed of an ancient lake,  
Treed with iron and birdless. In the sunk lane  
The ditch - a seep silent all summer -

Made brown foam with a big voice: that, and my boots  
On the lane's scrubbed stones, in the gulleys leaves,  
Against the hill's hanging silence;  
Mist silvering the droplets on the bare thorns

...3/-

Slower than the change of daylight.  
In a let of the ditch a tramp was bundled asleep:  
Face tucked down into beard, drawn in  
Under its hair like a hedgehog's. I took him for dead,

But his stillness separated from the death  
Of the rotting grass and the ground. A wind chilled,  
And a fresh comfort tightened through him,  
Each hand stuffed deeper into the other sleeve.

His ankles, bound with sacking and hairy band,  
Rubbed each other, resettling. The wind hardened;  
A puff shook a glittering from the thorns,  
And again the rains' dragging grey columns

Smudged the farms. In a moment  
The fields were jumping and smoking; the thorns  
Quivered, riddled with the glassy verticals  
I stayed on under the welding cold.

Watching the tramp's face glisten and the drops on his coat  
Flash and darken. I thought what strong trust  
Slept in him - as the trickling furrows slept,  
And the thorn-roots in their grip on darkness;

[100 marks]

## **SECTION B**

4. Discuss the usages of *we* in the following texts. Why do the passages use *we* in the way they do?

### **Text A**

I said I supposed I would not drink beer again and the prospect saddened me. My teacher then laid a damp hand on mine and said, "There, there, it's hard, poor child, but we musn't cry," and though she was not, of course, referring to the beer, I decided that my life would be unendurable without it. "We" had had until now no urge to cry, but her words, so mushy and

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stale and yet so tender and personal, started up a torrent of tears, and each time my inquisitive tongue received a drop, I was reminded, bitterly, of the way my father had put salt in his beer. I suffered her to lay her moist fingers on my head and arms and to come quite close to me in an embrace in which all the unhealthy odours she dispensed rose and eddied about me at the slightest movement on the part of either one of us.

“We must be *brave* and not be a burden to Mother who is bringing a baby into the world just for *us*,” and then, to distract me, she said, in a fun-loving way, “I’ll tell you what. I’ll bet you a dollar to a doughnut it’s a boy.”

Jean Stafford, *Boston Adventure*, p. 73.

### **Text B**

She said, “We think God fixed everything in India so it can’t alter. The English despise us but need us. We despise the Indians, but we need them. So it’s all been fixed - the English say where the trains are to go to, we take them there, and the Indians pay for them and travel in them.”

Now she was getting excited, and her eyes sparkled, and she didn’t talk la-di-da, she talked the way we do. She said, “I’ve been four years among only Englishmen and Indians. Do you realise that they hardly know there is such a thing as an Anglo-Indian community? Once I heard an old English colonel talking to an Indian - he was a young fellow, a financial adviser. The colonel said, “What are you going to do about the Anglo-Indians when we leave?” “We’re not going to do anything, Colonel,” the Indian said. “Their fate is in their own hands. They’ve just got to look around and see where they are and who they are - after you’ve gone.”

John Masters, *Bhowani Junction*, p. 24

5. Identify the premodifiers in the noun phrases in the following text and discuss the reasons why the writer makes use of them.

It was an old temple, a small one, in the city, which she had taken and was turning into a dwelling house. It had been built for a very holy monk by his admirers three hundred years before, and here in great piety, practising innumerable austerities, he had passed his declining days. For long after in memory of his virtue the faithful had come to worship, but in

course of time funds had fallen very low and at last the two or three monks that remained were forced to leave. It was weather-beaten and the green tiles of the roof were overgrown with weeds. The raftered ceiling was still beautiful with its faded gold dragons on a faded red; but she did not like a dark ceiling, so she stretched a canvas across and papered it. Needing air and sunlight, she cut two large windows on one side. She very luckily had some blue curtains which were just the right size. Blue was her favourite colour: it brought out the colour of her eyes. Since the columns great, sturdy columns, oppressed her a little she papered them with a very nice paper which did not look Chinese at all. She was lucky also with the paper with which she covered the walls. It was bought in a native shop, but really it might have come from Sandersons'; it was a very nice pink stripe and it made the place look cheerful at once. At the back was a recess in which had stood a great lacquer table and behind it an image of the Buddha in his eternal meditation. Here generations of believers had turned their tapers and prayed, some for this temporal benefit or that, some for release from the returning burden of earthly existence; and this seemed to her the very place for an American stove. She was obliged to buy her carpet from China, but she managed to get one that looked so like an Axminster that you would hardly know the difference.

Somerset Maugham, "My Lady's Parlour" from *On a Chinese Screen*, p. 14-16.

[100 marks]

6. Examine the transitivity structures of the text below and show how they help to construct a portentous and threatening atmosphere.

As Melmoth leaned against the window, whose dismantled frame, and pieced and shattered panes, shook with every gust of wind, his eye encountered but that most cheerless of all prospects, a miser's garden - walls broken down, grass-grown walks whose grass was not even green, dwarfish, doddered, leafless trees, and a luxurious crop of nettles, and weeds rearing their unlovely heads where there had once been flowers, all waving and bending in capricious and unsightly forms, as the wind sighed over them. It was the verdure of the churchyard, the garden of death. He turned for relief to the room, but no relief was there - the wainscotting dark with dirt, and in so many places cracked and starting from the walls - the rusty grate, so long unconscious of a fire, that nothing but a sullen smoke could be coaxed to issue from its dingy bars, - the crazy chairs, their torn

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bottoms of rush drooping inwards, and the great leathern seat displaying the stuffing round its worn edges, while the nails, though they kept their places, had failed to keep the covering they once fastened, the chimney piece, tarnished more by time than by smoke, displayed for its garniture half a pair of snuffers, a tattered almanack of 1750, a time keeper dumb from want of repair, and a rusty fowling piece without a lock...

Charles Marturin, *Melmoth the Wanderer* (1820)

[100 marks]