

UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA

Peperiksaan Semester Kedua
Sidang Akademik 2003/2004

Februari/Mac 2004

HXE 109 – English Literature And Language

Time : 3 hours

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. “Stylistics, the study of style, can be defined as the analysis of distinctive expression in language and the description of its purpose and effect” (Verdonk 2002).

Discuss the above statement using specific examples from any of the poems that we have analysed in class.

[100 marks]

2. Identify some of the prominent linguistic patternings that are found in the following poem. How does Hardy use them to convey a sense of utter desolation and lovelessness that exists between the two people in this poem?

Neutral Tones

We stood by a pond that winter day,
And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,
And a few leaves lay on the starving sod;
 --They had fallen from an ash, and were gray.

Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove
Over tedious riddles of years ago;
And some words played between us to and fro
 On which lost the more by our love.

The smile on your mouth was the deadest thing
Alive enough to have strength to die;
And a grin of bitterness swept thereby
 Like an ominous bird a – wing...

Since then, keen lessons that love deceives,
And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me
Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree
 And a pond edged with grayish leaves.

Thomas Hardy (1867)

[100 marks]

...3/-

3. How does Douglas Dunn use sound and imagery to convey the emptiness of modern day living in the following poem?

Modern Love

It is summer, and we are in a house
That is not ours, sitting at a table
Enjoying the minutes of a rented silence,
The upstairs people gone. The pigeons lull
To sleep the under-tens and invalids,
The tree shakes out its shadows to the grass,
The roses rove through the wilds of my neglect,
Our lives flap, and we have no hope of better
Happiness than this, not much to show for love
But how we are, or how this evening is,
Unpeopled, silent and where we are alive
In a domestic love, seemingly alone.
All other lives worn down to trees and sunlight.
Looking forward to a visit from the cat.

Douglas Dunn (1942)

[100 marks]

Section B

4. Analyse in detail the language in the following extract and discuss the writer's attitude to the main character. Describe also the voice the writer is using.

"Now, what I want is Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir.

...4/-

The scene was a plain, bare monotonous vault of a schoolroom, and by the speaker's square forefinger emphasized his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line on the schoolmaster's sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square wall of a forehead, which had its eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodius cellarage in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's mouth, which was wide and thin, and hard set. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's voice, which was inflexible, dry and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse room for the hard facts stored inside.

The speaker's obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders – nay, his very neckcloth, trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp, like a stubborn fact, as it was – all helped by the emphasis.

“In this life, we want nothing but Facts, sir; nothing but Facts!” The speaker, and the schoolmaster, and the third grown person present, all backed a little, and swept with their eyes the inclined plane of little vessels then and there arranged in order, ready to have imperial gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim.

Charles Dickens (1854) – *Hard Times*

[100 marks]

5. How does James Joyce re-create the impression of a child's point of view in the following extract?

Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo...

His father told him that story; his father looked at him through a glass: he had a hairy face.

...5/-

He was baby tuckoo. The moocow came down the road where Betty Bryne lived: she sold lemon platt.

*O, the wild rose blossoms
On the little green place...*

He sang that song. That was his song.

O, the green wothe botheth.

When you wet the bed, first it is warm then it gets cold. His mother put on the oilsheet. That had the queer smell.

His mother had a nicer smell than his father. She played on the piano the sailor's hornpipe for him to dance. He danced.

*Tralala lala
Tralala tralaladdy,
Tralala lala,
Tralala lala.*

Uncle Charles and Dante clapped. They were older than his father and mother but Uncle Charles was older than Dante.

Dante had two bushes in her press. The brush with the maroon velvet back was for Michael Davitt and the brush with the green velvet back was for Parnell. Dante have him a cachou every time he brought her a piece of tissue paper.

The Vances lived in number seven. They had a different father and mother. They were Eileen's father and mother. When they were grown up he was going to marry Eileen. He hid under the table. His mother said:

- O, Stephen will apologise.
- Dante said;
- O, if not, the eagle will come and pull out his eyes –

Pull out his eyes,
Apologise,
Apologise,
Pull out his eyes.

Apologise,
Pull out his eyes,
Pull out his eyes,
Apologise.

James Joyce (1914-1915) -- *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

[100 marks]

6. Write a critical commentary on the language that is used in this text, paying particular attention to its noun and verb phrases, figures of speech, sentence structure and patterns of transitivity. What effects do they help to create?

Sails blew adrift. Things broke loose. Cold and wet, we were washed about the deck while trying to repair damages. The ship tossed about, shaken furiously, like a toy in the hand of a lunatic. Just at sunset there was a rush to shorten sail before the menace of a sombre hail cloud. The hard gust of wind came brutal like the blow of a fist. The ship relieved of her canvas in time received it pluckily; she yielded reluctantly to the violent onset; then coming up with a stately and irresistible motion, brought her spars to windward in the teeth of the screeching squall. Out of the abysmal darkness of the black cloud overhead white hail stream on her, rattled on the rigging, leaped in handfuls off the yards, rebounded on the deck – round and gleaming in the murky turmoil like a shower of pearls. It passed away. For a moment a livid sun shot horizontally the last rays of sinister light between the hills of steep, rolling waves. Then a wild night rushed in – stamped out in a green howl that dismal remnant of a stormy night.

There was no sleep on board that night. Most seamen remembered in their life one or two such nights of a culminating gale. Nothing seems left of the whole universe but darkness, clamour, fury – and the ship. And like the last vestige of a shattered creation she drifts, bearing an anguished remnant of a sinful mankind, through the distress, tumult, and pain of an avenging terror. No one slept in the forecabin. The tin oil-lamp suspended on a long string, smoking described wide circles; wet clothing made dark heaps on the glistening floor; a thin layer of water rushed to and fro. In the bed-places men lay booted, resting on elbows and with open eyes.

Hung-up suits of oil skin swung out and in, lively and disquieting like restless ghosts of decapitated seamen dancing in a tempest. No one spoke and all listened. Outside the night moaned and sobbed to the accompaniment of a continuous loud tremor as of innumerable drums beating far off. Shrieks passed through the air. Tremendous dull blows made the ship tremble while she rolled under the weight of the sea toppling on her deck. At time she soared up swiftly as if to leave this earth forever, then during interminable moments fell through a void with all the hearts on board of her standing still, till a frightful shock, expected with sudden, started them off again with a big thump...Then upon all those prone bodies a stir would pass, a shiver of suspense. A man would protrude his anxious head and a pair of eyes glistened in the sway of light glaring wildly. Some moved their legs a little as if making ready to jump out. But several, motionless on their backs and with one hand gripping hard the edge of the bunk, smoked nervously with quick puffs, staring upwards; immobilized in a great craving for peace.

Joseph Conrad (1897) – *The Nigger of the Narcissus*

[100 marks]

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