

UNIVERSITY OF SWAZILAND
FACULTY OF HUMANITIES
DEPARTMENT OF AFRICAN LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE
SUPPLEMENTARY EXAMINATION 2010/11

COURSE NAME: MODERN LITERATURE III

COURSE CODE: AL 402 / IDE AL 402

TIME ALLOWED: TWO (2) HOURS

INSTRUCTIONS:

- 1. ANSWER ANY THREE (3) QUESTIONS, ONE FROM EACH SECTION. EACH QUESTION CARRIES 20 MARKS.**
- 2. EACH QUESTION SHOULD BE COMMENCED ON A SEPARATE SHEET.**
- 3. DO NOT REPEAT MATERIAL OR WRITE ABOUT THE SAME TEXT AT LENGTH MORE THAN ONCE.**
- 4. CANDIDATES ARE NOT ALLOWED TO BRING ANY READING MATERIAL INTO THE EXAMINATION HALL.**
- 5. IN THE ASSESSMENT OF THIS PAPER, CORRECT USAGE OF ENGLISH, THE QUALITY OF EXPRESSION AND THE PRESENTATION OF ANSWERS WILL BE TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT.**

THIS PAPER IS NOT TO BE OPENED UNTIL PERMISSION HAS BEEN GRANTED BY THE INVIGILATOR.

SECTION – A
PROSE

QUESTION 1

Buchi Emecheta: The Slave Girl

“Chiago looked helplessly at the little girl who was doing her utmost to cling on to her individuality. She did not yet know that no slave retained any identity. Whatever identity they had was forfeited the day money was paid for them.” Discuss the theme of lost identity in relation to the character of Ojebeta.

QUESTION 2

Ama Ata Aidoo: Changes: A Love Story

Discuss the link between adulterous or polygynous relationships and travel or movement in Aidoo’s novel, Changes.

QUESTION 3

Nawal el Saadawi: Woman at Point Zero

Sharifa is constrained by a patriarchal society in a way in which Firdaus is not and like Firdaus’ mother, she (Sharifa) both supports and undermines Firdaus.” Discuss the relationship between Sharifa and Firdaus and highlight the contrasts between these two characters.

SECTION – B
POETRY

QUESTION 4**David Rubadiri: “Stanley Meets Mutesa”**

Read the following poem and comment on the different moods employed and show how it contributes to the meaning of the poem.

Such a time of it they had;
The heat of the day
The chill of the night
And the mosquitoes that followed.
Such was the time and
They bound for a kingdom.

The thin weary line of carries
With tattered dirty rags to cover their backs;
The battered bulky chests
That kept on falling off their shaven heads.
Their tempers high and hot
The sun fierce and scorching
With it rose their spirits
With its fall their hopes
As each day sweated their bodies dry and
Flies clung in clumps on their sweat scented backs.
Such was the march
And the hot season just breaking.

Each day a weary pony dropped
Left for the vultures on the plains;
Each afternoon a human skeleton collapsed,
But the march trudged on
Its Khaki leader in front
He the spirit that inspired
He the light of hope.

Then came the afternoon of a hungry march,
A hot and hungry march it was;
The Nile and the Nyanza
Lay like two twins
Azure across the green country side.

The march leapt on chaunting
 Like young gazelles to a water hole.
 Heart beat faster
 Loads felt lighter
 As the cool water lapt their sore feet.
 No more the dread of hungry hyenas
 But only tales of valour when
 At Mutesa's court fires are lit.
 No more the burning heat of the day
 But song, laughter and dance.

The village looks on behind banana groves,
 Children peer behind reed fences.
 Such was the welcome
 No singing women to chaunt a welcome
 Or drums to greet the white ambassador;
 Only a few silent nods from aged faces
 And one rumbling drum roll
 To summon Mutesa's court to parley
 For the country was not sure.

The gate of needs is flung open,
 There is silence
 But only a moment's silence-
 A silence of assessment.
 The tall black king steps forward,
 He towers over the thin bearded white man,
 Then grabbing his lean white hand
 Manages to whisper
 "Mtu Mweupe Karibu"
 white man you are welcome.
 The gate of polished reed closes behind them
 And the West is let in.

QUESTION 5

Read the following poem and answer the questions below:

Bonus Zimunya: "Old Granny"

A little freezing Spider
 Legs and arms gathered in her chest

Rocking with flu,
I saw old Granny
At Harare Market;
It was past nine of the night
When I saw the dusty crumpled Spider –
A torn little blanket
Was her web.

- a. What do the adjectives 'dusty' and 'crumpled' and the words 'torn web' tell you about the fate of the spider and the situation of the woman? (10 marks).
- b. Explain the causes for the old woman's distress (10 marks).

QUESTION 6

Eric Mazani: "My Grandmother is My Love" and A. L. Hendriks: An Old Jamaican Woman thinks About the Hereafter"

Compare and contrast the subject, persona, setting and tone in the two above mentioned poems. (The poems are attached at the end of the paper).

SECTION – C

DRAMA

QUESTION 7

Wole Soyinka: Death and the King's Horseman

"Elesin is rejected by the world of the play because he allows himself to be diverted by selfish individualism from the sacrificial death that his Yoruba religion prescribes."

Explain why you agree or disagree with this statement.

QUESTION 8

Ngugi wa Thiong'o and Ngugi wa Mirii: I Will Marry When I Want

Discuss how religion is shown to be a tool of exploitation in Ngugi's play.

QUESTION 9

Athol Fugard: Exits and Entrances

"My greatest security, my most certain sense of myself lies in pretending to be someone else." Discuss Andre as an actor for whom the stage is a place where he lives out lives and dreams that he does not necessarily have in his real life.

My Grandmother is my Love

Eric Mazani (Zimbabwe)

I love my grandmother with the whole of my heart.
 Now she is an old, ancient girl her face has changed, of course.
 My grandmother of ninety years is my love.
 She is a teller of tales.
 She is old, bold and always cold.
 Indeed, she is never far from a fire-place.
Makadzoka she is called, for she once died.
 After some time she rose from death.
 Mushakabvudimbu they call her in Shona – half-dead.
 My life is in her hands and the life of my family too.
 She is a half-witch, having been taught to cure with herbs.
 Her eyes are out but the sense of touch is strong.
 The sense of smell is there, for she can smell herbs.
 Little, thin grandmother of mine!
 Looking so young because of so many sweets!
 Sugar-sucker! Ten teaspoons full in each cup of tea!
 My old *Ambuya!* *Makadzoka* is my goddess.
 She hates dirt, noise, quarrels and dry food.
 She is ever sitting on her mat in the sun
 Or otherwise hunting for herbs.

She is ever smiling, but an egg grows in her mouth when
 One annoys her.
 'I wish to die and rest' she says. 'When will this world end?'
 'I am tired.'

Beside her is a packet of sugar, a sweet sauce of peppered corn.
 Her teeth are brown with rust; her nose is sooty with black snuff.

Makadzoka is my love, I shall look into her dimples
 The laughing dimples on her chin. They were supposed to be
 Two but there are now a hundred! There are holes where stagnant waeter
 Was scooped out.

Lovely *Mushakabvu*
 My grandmother
 Is my love.

An Old Jamaican Woman Thinks About the Hereafter
A. L. Hendriks (Jamaica)

What would I do forever in a big place, who
 have lived all my life in a small island?
 The same parish holds the cottage I was born in, all
 my family, and the cool churchyard.
 I have looked
 up at the stars from my front verandah and have been afraid
 of their pathless distances. I have never flown
 in the loud aircraft not have I seen palaces,
 so I would prefer not to be taken up high nor
 rewarded with a large mansion.
 I would like
 to remain half-drowsing through an evening light
 watching bamboo trees sway and ruffle for a valley-wind,
 to remember old times but not to live them again;
 occasionally to have a good meal with no milk
 not honey for I don't like them, and now and then to walk
 by the grey sea-beach with two old dogs and watch
 men bring up their boats from the water.
 For all this,
 for my hope of heaven, I am willing to forgive my debtors
 and to love my neighbour...
 although the wretch throws stones
 at my white rooster and makes too much noise in her damn
 backyard.