

UNIVERSITY OF SWAZILAND
FUCULTY OF HUMANITIES
DEPARTMENT OF AFRICAN LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE
FINAL EXAMINATION PAPER, SECOND SEMESTER 2012

TITLE OF PAPER: INTRODUCTION TO POETRY AND DRAMA

COURSE CODE: AL 213/ IDE AL 213

TIME ALLOWED: TWO (3) HOURS

INSTRUCTIONS: (1) ANSWER THREE (3) QUESTIONS IN ALL, INCLUDING AT LEAST ONE QUESTION FROM EACH SECTION.

(2) DO NOT REPEAT MATERIAL IN YOUR ANSWERS.

(3) EACH QUESTION SHOULD BE COMMENCED ON A FRESH SHEET.

(4) CLARITY OF EXPRESSION AND GOOD ORGANIZATION OF CONTENT WILL COUNT IN THE ASSESSMENT OF THIS PAPER.

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

SECTION A

THEORETIC/CRITICAL ISSUES

Question 1

Pick (4) and write short notes on the following

- a. Chinweizu' position on the issue of negrophobia and blancophilia
- b. Negritude poetry
- c. Afrocentricism
- d. Postcolonialism
- e. Simon Gikandi's views on the connection between African literature and colonialism
- f. Ngugi's position on the issue of African writers and politics

(25 points)

Question 2.

Using examples from various poems of your choice (in either siSwati, Zulu or English), discuss the features of poetic language. You are perfectly welcome to improvise or "make up" your own lines of poetry to support your argument. (25 points)

SECTION B

POETRY

Question 3

Do a close reading of the following poem by Wally MonganeSerote. It is titled "My Black Brothers in the Streets."

Oh you black boys,
You thin shadows who emerge like a chill in the night,
You whose heart-tearing footsteps sound in the night,
My brothers in the streets,
Who holiday in jails,
Who rest in hospitals,

Who smile at insults,
Who fear the whites,
Oh you black boys,
You horde-waters that sweep over black pastures,
You bloody bodies that dodge bullets,
My brothers in the streets,
Who booze and listen to records,
Who've tasted rape of mothers and sisters,
Who take alms from white hands,
Who grab bread from black mouths,
Oh you black boys,
Who spill blood as easy as saying 'Voetsek'
Listen!
Come my black brothers in the streets,
Listen,
It's black women who are crying.

(25 points)

Question 4

Read the poem below titled "Ungumfowethu" by M.S.S. Gcumisa and then answer the questions that follow it.

Wempelaungumfowethuwempela!
Ubonakalangokuzenz' iMpumalanga
Min' ungenz' iNtshonalanga.
Ubonakalangokungihlalis' ogqokweni
Ngiqwaqwadwengamakhaza,
Ngigayingweyisangoselanga.
Ngidiqweyizihlambizemvula

Wenanomgodoyiwakho
Ngaphambilinithokomele
Owempelaumfowethunempelaunguye.
Unguyeumfowethungempela!

Ubonakalangokungehlukanisela
Esam' isabeloneyakh' imigodoyi
Uthiangicabeamathambo
Wen' ub' umimilit' ofilethi,
Ubonakalangokungiphuzisela
Kwelikajamiikopiikhofi
Wenaub' uphuzelakwezifayo,
Nowakh' uMangobeexhaphela
Kocwezelay' umcengezi
Nempelaungumfowethungempela!

Mina ngingumfowenungempela!
Uzwakal' oliminilwakho
Ngokungibizangebhoyinegeli.
Yizenginganganangangoyihlo
Ngingangoyihlomkhuluoza' uyihlo,
Uzwakalangolimilwakho
Uthiumaukhuluma name
Lungashubiluphelezelwayibunzi
Elinyukubalis' okwabafazibekhamaamathumbu
Wenaunguyengempelaumfowethuwempela!

Umfowethuomuhlewempelanguwena!

Ubonakalangokungilalisangemigaxambongolo,

Eyakwakhoingcanganowakwab' umangobe

Bahlalekwabakh' osofabalalebathofozele.

Ubonakalangokubaumaimvelo

Ingithumaungithumekwelide

Iqelenelakhoeliqhelelenekubengathi

Elakh' itshelentabakwelamilehlukile,

Lihle, lingamakhaakhangayo.

Nguwen' umfowethuwempel' omuhle.

Explain what the following mean

- "kuzenz' iMpumalanga/Min' ungenz' iNtshonalanga" (3 points)
- "ungehlukanisela/Esam' isabeloneyakh' imigodoyi" (3 points)
- "Lungashubiluphelezelwayibunzi/Elinyukubalis' okwabafazibekhamaamathumbu" (3 points)
- "Elakh' itshelentabakwelamilehlukile,/Lihle, lingamakhaakhangayo." (3 points)

(ii) How would you characterize the relationship between the persona and his brother? Use the poem as evidence for your answer. **(13 points)**

SECTION C

DRAMA

Question 5

Madman and Specialists by Wole Soyinka

Read the accompanying excerpt overleaf (pp. 218 – 219) from the play and answer the following questions

- Define dramatic dialogue and identify two examples of such from the excerpt. (2 points)
- Identify and discuss examples of a play in a play in the excerpt. (3 points)
- "Part of Soyinka's richness lies not so much on a tight and palpable plot, but on the sheer drama and tension between the characters on the stage. It is the rapport between them and the verbal play that opens up all sorts of worlds of meaning. That, surely, is the genius of Soyinka." (Anonymous critic). Support this view with examples from the excerpt **and beyond the excerpt.** **(25 points)**

Question 6

Discuss how suspense and foreboding are the two most important ingredients that sustain interest in this otherwise "crazy" play.

(25 points)

BLINDMAN: You have nothing left to stake.
CRIPPLE: You're just a rubber ball, Goyi. You need a hand to throw with, anyway.
GOYI: I can use my mouth.
AAFAA: To throw dice? You'll eat sand my friend.
BLINDMAN: Sooner or later we all eat sand.
CRIPPLE: Hey, you're beginning to sound like the Old Man.
AAFAA [*voice change.*]: Did you eat sand, my friend? We'll make you the Ostrich in our touring circus.
BLINDMAN: The limbless acrobat will now perform his wonderful act—how to bite the dust from three classic positions.
GOYI: Upright, take off, and prone.
CRIPPLE: We'll never go on that tour.
AAFAA: Roll up—roll up. Presenting the Creatures of As in the timeless parade.
BLINDMAN: Think we'll ever make that tour?
AAFAA: We will. But until the millions start rolling in, we better not neglect the pennies. [*He nudges them, pointing to Si Bero.*] [*Si Bero approaches, carrying a small bag from which protrude some twigs with leaves and berries. The Mendicants begin their performance as soon as they sense her approach. Blindman is alms collector, Goyi repeats a single acrobatic trick, Aafaa is the 'dancer'. Blindman shakes the rattles while the Cripple drums with his crutches and is lead singer.*]
SI BERO [*as Aafaa moves to intercept her.*]: Don't try that nonsense with me. I live in this neighbourhood, remember?
AAFAA [*His spasms ceasing abruptly. The others also stop playing.*]: Don't they say charity begins at home?
SI BERO: Your preaching is so good it's a wonder you can't find yourself a congregation.
AAFAA [*stiffening.*]: What congregation, woman? Who said I was ever a preacher?
SI BERO: You were never anything. Go and find some decent work to do.
AAFAA: With this affliction of mine?
SI BERO: It comes and goes, not so? You can work in between.
AAFAA: And this one? And that? And that? [*Pointing lastly to Goyi.*] If it weren't for the iron rod holding up his spine he

would collapse like a toad you step on. Just what sort of work do you want him to do?
GOYI: A penny or two, Si Bero. We haven't eaten today.
BLINDMAN: And that is God's truth. Aafaa, why do you pick a quarrel with her? Just ask her for a few pennies, you know she treats us well.
CRIPPLE: The lane is deserted. Nobody comes and goes any more.
GOYI: Something is driving them away from here. If there isn't something going on, then this isn't an iron I have in my back.
AAFAA: It is your neighbourhood, you say, Si Bero. What are you doing to drive people away?
SI BERO: Perhaps your mother's ghost is haunting the place. Why don't you ask her the next time she visits you?
AAFAA: Why do you always pick on me, old woman? What has my mother done to you?
SI BERO: She gave birth to you for a start. [*She throws a penny to the Cripple who tosses it into the gourd.*] If you want more than that, you know where to come. I still need people to sort out my herbs.
AAFAA: Herbs! Herbs! Herbs! Always—come and sort out herbs to earn yourself a decent coin.
SI BERO: And eat. You can have work and eat. The two go together.
[*She goes out.*]
CRIPPLE [*rattling the coin in the gourd, calls after her.*]: God bless you, Si Bero.
BLINDMAN: He shall, he will, he must.
GOYI: He'd better or I'll know the reason why.
CRIPPLE: Your turn, Aafaa.
AAFAA: What for?
CRIPPLE: A penny is something.
AAFAA: Not for me.
GOYI: Give her a pennyworth, then.
AAFAA: Can't be bothered.
BLINDMAN: Go on. Don't be mean.
CRIPPLE: You're the priest, after all.
AAFAA [*suddenly grinning.*]: A penny's worth, you say?
CRIPPLE: That's only fair.