

**UNIVERSITY OF SWAZILAND  
FACULTY OF HUMANITIES  
DEPARTMENT OF AFRICAN LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE  
SECOND SEMESTER EXAMINATION  
MAY 2013**

**COURSE NAME: THEMATIC STUDIES IN AFRICAN POETRY AND DRAMA**

**COURSE CODE: AL 415 / IDE AL 415**

**TIME ALLOWED: THREE (3) HOURS**

**INSTRUCTIONS:**

- 1. ANSWER THREE (3) QUESTIONS. CHOOSE ATLEAST ONE QUESTION 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**  
**POETRY**

**QUESTION ONE**

**Eric Mazani’s “My Grandmother is my Love”, Bonus Zimunya’s “Old Granny” and A. L. Henricks’ “An Old Jamaican Woman thinks about the Hereafter”**

Give a comparative perspective on the above three poems in relation to their personas, subject matter and tone.

**QUESTION TWO**

**Kofi Awoonor’s “We Have Found a New Land” and Lenrie Peters’ “Lost Friends”**

“Postcolonial Africa is marked by the destruction of the sound moral ethics of traditional society and the elevation of materialism to an unhealthy and unprecedented height.”

Discuss this statement with illustrations from the above poems.

**QUESTION THREE**

**Kofi Anyidoho’s “Hero and Thief” and Damascus Tuurosong’s “I Don’t Belong Here”**

Comment on the inverted values in postcolonial Africa as depicted by Kofi Anyidoho and Damascus Tuurosong in the above poems. In your answer, highlight the poets’ use of imagery in bringing out the theme. (The poems are attached to this paper)

**SECTION – B****DRAMA****QUESTION FOUR**

**Wole Soyinka: Death and the King's Horseman**

“I know it was this thought that killed me, sapped my powers and turned me into an infant in the hands of unnameable strangers. I made to utter my spells anew but my tongue merely rattled in my mouth. I fingered hidden charms and the contact was damp; there was no spark left to sever the life strings that should stretch from every finger-tip.”

What is the significance of this quotation and how does the “thought that killed me” connect to Elesin’s predicament in the play?

**QUESTION FIVE**

**Athol Fugard: Exits and Entrances**

“I have been left behind by time – relegated to the museum of Afrikaner cultural oddities. You see, my acting style was ‘too old fashioned’, my manner ‘too affected’ – as one critic put it – for the new South African theatre.”

Contrast Andre’s concept of theatre with that of the playwright’s concept of theatre. Show how one replaces the other.

**QUESTION SIX**

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

Discuss the following conventional oppositions with relevant textual illustrations

- a. African Culture and Western Culture
- b. Socialism and Capitalism

**Damascus Tuurosong's "I Don't Belong Here"**

I'm a stranger in this land.  
My father sojourned here years ago.  
I was cultivated here  
Yet I'm not part of these parts.

I don't belong here  
The inhabitants are strange  
The land is mystery.  
With their twisted lies,  
Here where the lion rules  
Where the lamb cannot live.

I can't stay here  
Where the beer-bellied blokes  
Eat the misery meal of the refuge;  
Where drunkards drink the blood  
Of the anaemic child.

How can I stay here  
Where rascals are heroes?  
Where murder and maiming  
Receive loud thunderous acclaim.

I must go home  
To the land of sweet cultures  
Where the hyena eats not meat  
Where doves sleep on streets.

I'm on my way to the land  
Of no orphans or refugees or widows  
A land where prostitutes are hanged  
Where hard work and humility pay.

But why the wailing at home, my home?  
Why the lean cows and hen?  
Where are all those voiceless ones of old?  
No, it's not like home!

Yes here's the Kapok, the famous rock.  
I still see my fathers' graves.  
The dilapidated walls of our ancestors stand.  
But not the people of old;  
I'm a strange face at home.

The murders are here too,  
Here too the malice, the extortions.  
I don't like it here

No shoe fits my foot.

Oh, my people  
 You've let me down badly.  
 Here I stand, head bowed  
 No longer can I sit and eat with you.  
 No longer stand straight and say:

"These are my people  
 I'm a branch of the tall tree."

I'm retracing my steps  
 I've to go with the crab  
 But where?  
 I'm going ...  
 I won't ever be back  
 No, I'm going ...

### **Kofi Anyidoho's "Hero and Thief"**

I was counting time in the heartbeat of the storm  
 when Fui and Enyo came riding through whirlwinds  
 she with the dream beauty of new rainbows and  
 he in his quiet way spoke of how  
 a nervous government sits on our bankrupt stool  
 wearing a gown of fantasy and hope  
 telling tales of foreign aid and godmothers  
 at Christmas time ...

Is it enough we search the private dreams of poets  
 when our lands nightmares give birth  
 to strange desires  
 and our children draw their wishes in quicksands  
 of the Earth?

Is it enough is it enough we probe the pampered  
 dreams of poets  
 while our people scratch the dunghills of this Earth  
 where once the flowers bloomed and poured perfume  
 upon the pestilence of rotten memories?  
 Is it enough is it enough we dream in foreign languages  
 and drink champagne in banquet halls of a proud people  
 while our people crack palm kernels with their teeth?

It is not enough it isn't enough  
 to go in search of the lone hero  
 while the common thief inherits our ancient stools...

There have been thieves before in our land  
when the harvest left enough surplus for the thieving hand  
and the thief never reaped much more than farm owner

But the harvest dance is gone  
Our harvest gatherers crawl on empty granary floors  
picking crumbs from termite's hope  
brushing tears away gathering memories  
from ashes in the sand

Our people Oh our people  
How soon again in our hive  
Shall we swarm around our HoneyComb?

So the thieving hand has reaped much more than farm owner  
and the harvest dream transforms into slow funeral hopes  
the rice harvest has gone to weaverbird  
the corn-on-cob has gone to grasscutter  
the yam-in-the-mound was carried off by rat  
and now we sit and watch the flowering bean  
and the ripened fruit of palm being plucked  
at dawn by slippery hands of night workers . . .

Tomorrow at noon we'll flock the conference hall  
the Academy of Sciences. We will hear learned talk.  
The new guru and his splendid joke the post-mortem  
expertise the learned complex talk upon  
post harvest perspiration of yam tubers  
the who and the what went all wrong with what with whom

Is it enough is it enough to dream the Moon and Stars  
When this Earth we own we can't possess?