

**UNIVERSITY OF SWAZILAND
FACULTY OF HUMANITIES
DEPARTMENT OF AFRICAN LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE
SUPPLEMENTARY EXAMINATION
JULY 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

How does Kofi Anyidoho use the metaphor of a 'long distance runner' to indict the white American civilization in his poem, "Long Distance Runner"?

QUESTION TWO

Comment on David Rubadiri's and J. P. Clark's use of imagery, onomatopoeia and alliteration in depicting the rainstorm in their poems, "An African Thunderstorm" and "Night Rain" respectively.

(The poems are attached to this paper)

SECTION – B

DRAMA

QUESTION THREE

Athol Fugard: Exits and Entrances

"The calamity of too long a life. His creativity was exhausted and he knew it. Poor Eugene! He's been a lot in my thoughts lately."

Whose words are these in the play? How does the above quotation relate to the speaker's character?

QUESTION FOUR

Wole Soyinka: Death and the King's Horseman

Soyinka, in his essay, "The Fourth Stage" on the tragic element in Yoruba art seeks to demonstrate that "in a tragic situation both the challenging figure – the tragic hero – and the challenged order – nature, society- are equally to be respected and that each must play its role if man is to experience life as it should be experienced: integrally and wholly."

Discuss this theory in relation to the tragic hero and his society in Soyinka's play.

“Night Rain”**J. P. Clark (Nigeria)**

What time of night it is
I do not know
Except that like some fish
Doped out of the deep
I have bobbed up bellywise
From stream of sleep
And no cocks crow.
It is drumming hard here
And I suppose everywhere
Droning with insistent ardour upon
Our roof thatch and shed
And thro' sheaves slit open
To lightening and rafters
I cannot quite make out overhead
Great water drops are dribbling
Falling like orange or mango
Fruits showered forth in the wind
Or perhaps I should say so
Much like beads I could in prayer tell
Them on string as they break
In wooden bowls and earthenware
Mother is busy now deploying
About our roomlet and floor.
Although it is so dark
I know her practiced step as
She moves her bins, bags and vats
Out of the run of water
That like ants filing out of the wood
Will scatter and gain possession
Of the floor. Do not tremble then
But turn, brothers, turn upon your side

Of the loosening mats
To where the others lie.
We have drunk tonight of a spell
Deeper than the owl's or bat's
That wet of wings may not fly.
Bedraggled up on the iroko, they stand
Emptied of hearts, and
Therefore will not stir, no, not
Even at dawn for then
They must scurry in to hide
So let us roll over on our back
And again roll to the beat
Of drumming all over the land

And under its ample soothing hand
 Joined to that of the sea
 We will settle to sleep of the innocent and free.

Doped: Poisoned
 Iroko: a sacred tree which counteracts all evil

David Rubadiri's "An African Thunderstorm" (Malawi)

From the west
 Clouds come hurrying with the wind
 Turning
 Sharply
 Here and there
 Like a plague of locusts
 Whirling
 Tossing up things on its tail
 Like a madman chasing nothing

Pregnant clouds
 Ride stately on its back
 Gathering to perch on hills
 Like dark sinister wings;
 The Wind whistles by
 And trees bend to let it pass.

In the village
 Screams of delighted children
 Toss and turn
 In the din of the whirling Wind.
 Women –
 Babies clinging on their backs –
 Dart about
 In and out
 Madly
 The Wind whistles by
 Whilst trees bend to let us pass.
 Clothes wave like tattered flags
 Flying off
 To expose dangling breasts
 As jagged blinding flashes
 Rumble, tremble, and crack
 Amidst the smell of fired smoke
 And the pelting march of the storm.