

UNIVERSITY OF SWAZILAND
FACULTY OF HUMANITIES
DEPARTMENT OF AFRICAN LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE
SECOND SEMESTER EXAMINATION
MAY 2016

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 AT LEAST 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 EXPRESSIONS 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

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 (The poems are attached at the end of the paper).

QUESTION TWO

“..... it isn’t enough
to go in search of the lone hero
while the common thief inherits our ancient stools...” (Anyidoho’s “Hero and Thief”)

“How can I stay here
Where rascals are heroes?
Where murder and maiming
Receive loud thunderous acclaim.” (Tuurosong’s “I Don’t Belong Here”)

Compare and contrast the thematic concerns in Kofi Anyidoho’s “Hero and Thief” and Damascus Tuurosong’s “I Don’t Belong Here” paying particular attention to the given extracts above.

QUESTION THREE

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 personae, subject matter and tone.

SECTION – B
DRAMA

QUESTION FOUR

Wole Soyinka: Death and the King's Horseman

Praise-Singer: "... but this young shoot has poured its sap into the parent stalk and we know this is not the way of life..." (Sc. 5)

Iyaloja: "The gods demanded only the old expired plantain but you cut down the sap-laden shoot to feed your pride..." (Sc. 5)

What is the significance of the image of the plantain tree and how does it portray the great "offence against nature" in the play?

QUESTION FIVE

Athol Fugard: Exits and Entrances

"She opened my eyes to a different world when she floated out in to the blue light on the stage I know that I was looking at a world where I would be safe, where I would be able to escape being vervloekte Gerhardus Petrus Borstlap ..."

- a. Who speaks the above words and who opened his eyes to a "different world"? (2 marks)
- b. Why is it important for the speaker to escape from being who he is? (3 marks)
- c. Does the speaker find safety and security in the new world into which he escaped? (15 marks)

“We have found a new land”

The smart professionals in three piece
 Sweating away their humanity in dribblets
 And wiping the blood from their brow

We have found a new land
 This side of eternity
 Where our blackness does not matter
 And our songs are dying on our lips.

Standing at hell-gate you watch those who seek admission
 Still the familiar faces that watched and gave you up
 As the one who had let the side down,
 “Come on, old boy, you cannot dress like that”
 And tears well in my eyes for them
 Those who want to be seen in the best company
 Have abjured the magic of being themselves
 And in the new land we have found
 The water is drying from the towel
 Our songs are dead and we sell them dead to the other side
 Reaching for the Stars we stop at the house of the Moon
 And pause to relearn the wisdom of our fathers.

Kofi Awoonor (Ghana)

Lost Friends

They are imprisoned
 In dark suits and air-conditioned offices
 Alsatians ready at the door
 On the saliva carpeted floor

They spend their nights
 In jet airlines –
 Would change them in mid-air
 To show how much they dare

Drunk from the vertigo
 Of never catching their tails
 They never seem to know
 When not to bite their nails

Their new addiction
Fortifies their livers
They are getting there
While the going's good
They have no time for dreamers.

Lenrie Peters (Gambia)