

UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA

Peperiksaan Semester Pertama

Sidang Akademik 1996/97

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HKB 311 Kesusasteraan Afrika Modern

Masa: [3 jam]

KERTAS PEPERIKSAAN INI MENGANDUNGI **TUJUH [7]** SOALAN DI DALAM **SEMBILAN [9]** HALAMAN.

Jawab **EMPAT [4]** soalan sahaja, sekurang-kurangnya **SATU [1]** soalan dari tiap-tiap Bahagian A, B dan C.

Bahagian A

1. Jelaskan berbagai-bagai perilaku dan peristiwa absurd yang menggabungkan unsur realiti magis dan lakaran surrealisme yang berlandaskan mitos dan lagenda Afrika yang diwujudkan oleh Amos Tutuola dalam novel *The Palm-Wine Drinkard* menerusi pengembalaan wiranya, Father of God who can do everything in the world, mencari Tapster.
2. Ramatolaye dan Binetou adalah dua wanita yang saling berkontradik yang ditonjolkan secara jukstaposisi oleh Mariama Ba dalam novel *So Long A Letter*. Dengan memberikan penyorotan kepada citra wanita-wanita berkenaan, jelaskan bagaimana pada akhirnya Ramatolaye telah berhasil merendahkan imej Binetou bagi mengembalikan harga diri sebagai seorang isteri yang diabaikan dan sebagai seorang wanita yang mempunyai pandangan moral yang tinggi.
3. Siapakah Matigari yang menjadi watak utama dalam novel *Matigari* karya Ngugi Wa Tiongo? Dengan hanya memberikan tumpuan anda kepada pendapat orang ramai terhadap Matigari sebagai jelmaan ‘the second coming of Jesus Christ’, jelaskan sejauhmanakah anda dapat menyelusuri tentang adanya kesan kekristianan yang diterapkan di dalam novel tersebut.

Bahagian B

4. Jelaskan bagaimana E.B. Dongala dan Mia Couto secara ironik telah mengembalikan rasa tanggungjawab dan harga diri watak-watak mereka, The Man dalam cerpen 'The Man' (E.B. Dongala) dan Ernesto Timba dalam cerpen 'The Birds Of God' (Mia Couto), sehingga mereka sanggup menerima risiko tinggi menyerahkan jiwa-raga masing-masing kepada Commander-in-Chief ('The Man') dan kepada God (Ernesto Timba).
5. Mother dalam cerpen 'Leaving' oleh M.G. Vassanji dan The Woman dalam cerpen 'The Hotel' oleh Adewale Maja-Pearce telah menampilkan dua jenis perwatakan yang sangat berbeza walaupun kedua-duanya berada dalam situasi yang sama. Bincangkan sejauhmanakah penampilan kedua-dua watak ini memperjelaskan perbezaan-perbezaan tersebut berdasarkan ciri-ciri determinisme diri, usaha meneruskan hidup (survival), pengawalan maruah diri dan kesegaran batiniah.

Bahagian C

6. Telitikan sajak Lenrie Peters yang berjudul 'We Have Come Home' dan sajak Awoonor-William berjudul 'Song of Sorrow' dan bincangkan bagaimana kedua-dua penyair berkenaan menerapkan semangat patriotik terhadap negara dan maruah bangsanya. [Lihat lampiran I.]
7. Kaji sajak 'The Vultures' karya David Diop dan sajak 'Appeal' karya Noemia de Sousa dan huraikan bagaimana kedua-dua penyair berkenaan merendahkan imej penjajah di mata orang Afrika. [Lihat lampiran II.]

LAMPIRAN I

Lenrie Peters

We have Come Home

We have come home
From the bloodless war
With sunken hearts
Our boots full of pride -
From the true massacre of the soul
When we have asked
'What does it cost
To be loved and left alone?'

We have come home,
Bringing the pledge
Which is written in rainbow colours
Across the sky - for burial
But it is not the time
To lay wreaths
For yesterday's crimes
Night threatens
Time dissolves
And there is no acquaintance
With tomorrow
The gurgling drums
Echo the star
The forest howls -
And between the trees
The dark sun appears.

We have come home
When the dawn falters
Singing songs of other lands
The Death March
Violating our ears
Knowing all our lore and tears
Determined by the spinning coin.

LAMPIRAN I

We have come home
To the green foothills
To drink from the cry
Of warm and mellow birdsong

To the hot beaches
Where boats go out to sea
Threshing the ocean's harvest
And the harassing, plunging
gliding gulls shower kisses on the waves.
We have come home

Where through the lightning flash
And thundering rain
The Pestilence, the frougt
The sodden spirit
Lingers on the sandy road
Supporting the tortured remnants
Of the flesh
That spirit which asks no favour
But to have dignity.

LAMPIRAN I

Awoonor-William

Song of Sorrow

Dzogbese Lisa has treated me thus
It has led me among the sharps of the forest
Returning is not possible
And going forward is a great difficulty
The affairs of this world are like the chameleon faeces
Into which I have stepped
When I clean it cannot go.*

I am on the world's extreme corner,
I am not sitting in the row with the eminent
But those who are lucky
Sit in the middle and forget
I am on the world's extreme corner
I can only go beyond and forget.

My people, I have been somewhere
If I turn here, the rain beats me
If I turn there the sun burns me
The firewood of this world
Is for only those who can take heart
That is why not all can gather it.
The world is not good for anybody
But you are so happy with your fate;
Alas! the travellers are back
All covered with debt.

Something has happened to me
The things so great that I cannot weep;
I have no sons to fire the gun when I die
And no daughters to wail when I close my mouth
I have wandered on the wilderness
The great wilderness men call life
The rain has beaten me,

* Colloquial: It [the faeces] will not go [come off].

LAMPIRAN I

And the sharp stumps cut as keen as knives
I shall go beyond and rest.
I have no kin and no brother,
Death has made war upon our house;

And Kpeti's great household is no more,
Only the broken fence stands;
And those who dared not look in his face
Have come out as men.
How well their pride is with them.
Let those gone before take note
They have treated their offspring badly.
What is the wailing for?
Somebody is dead. Agosu himself
Alas! a snake has bitten me
My right arm is broken,
And the tree on which I lean is fallen.

Agosu if you go tell them,
Tell Nyidevu, Kpeti, and Kove
That they have done us evil;
Tell them their house is falling
And the trees in the fence
Have been eaten by termites;
That the martels curse them.
Ask them why they idle there
While we suffer, and eat sand,
And the crow and the vulture
Hover always above our broken fences
And strangers walk over our portion.

LAMPIRAN II

Noemia de Sousa

Appeal

Who has strangled the tired voice
of my forest sister?
On a sudden, her call to action
was lost in the endless flow of night and day.
No more it reaches me every morning,
wearied with long journeying,
mole after mile drowned
in the everlasting cry: Macala!

No, it comes no more, still damp with dew,
leashed with children and submission
One child on her back, another in her womb
- always, always, always!
And a face all compassed in a gentle look,
whenever I recall that look I feel
my flesh and blood swell tremulous,
throbbing to revelations and affinities
- But who has stopped her immeasurable look
from feeding my deep hunger after comradeship
that my poor table never will serve to satisfy?

Io mamane, who can have shot the noble voice
of my forest sister?
What mean and brutal rhino-whip
has lashed until it killed her?

- In my garden the seringa blooms.
But with an evil omen in its purple flower,
in its intense inhuman scent;
and the wrap of tenderness spread by the sun
over the light mat of petals
has waited since summer for my sister's child
to rest himself upon it

LAMPIRAN II

In vain, in vain,
a chirico sings and sings perched among the garden reeds,
for the little boy of my missing sister,
the victim of the forest's vaporous dawns.

Ah, I know, I know: at the last there was a glitter
of farewell in those gentle eyes,
and her voice came like a murmur hoarse,
tragic and despairing

O Africa, my motherland, answer me:
What was done to my forest sister,
that she comes no more to the city with her eternal little ones
(one on her back, one in her womb),
with her eternal charcoal-vendor's cry?
O Africa, my motherland,
you at least will not forsake my heroic sister,
she shall live in the proud memorial of your arms!

In splendid loneliness amidst white and faded flowers
That is Africa your Africa
That grows again patiently obstinately
And its fruit gradually acquire
The bitter taste of liberty.

LAMPIRAN II

David Diop

The Vultures

In those days
When civilization kicked us in the face
When holy water slapped our cringing brows
The vultures built in the shadow of their talons
The bloodstained monument of tutelage
In those days
There was painful laughter on the metallic hell of the roads
And the monotonous rhythm of the paternoster
Drowned the howling on the plantations
Of the bitter memories of extorted kisses
Of promises broken at the point of a gun
Of foreigners who did not seem human
Who knew all the books but did not know love
But we whose hands fertilize the womb of the earth
In spite of your songs of pride
In spite of the desolate villages of torn Africa
Hope was preserved in us as in a fortress
And from the mines of Swaziland to the factories of Europe
Spring will be reborn under our bright steps.

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