

UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA
Peperiksaan Semester Pertama
Sidang 1994/95

Oktober/November 1994

HKB 211 Kesusasteraan Afrika Moden

Masa: [3 jam]

KERTAS PEPERIKSAAN INI MENGANDUNGI TUJUH [7] SOALAN DI DALAM LIMA [5] HALAMAN.

Jawab EMPAT [4] soalan, sekurang-kurangnya SATU [1] soalan daripada setiap Bahagian A, B dan C.

Semua soalan membawa nilai markah yang sama.

BAHAGIAN A

1. Sejauh manakah tradisi keafrikaan telah dijadikan landasan oleh Elechi Amadi menerusi novel The Concubine dan James Ngugi menerusi novel A Grain of Wheat bagi melahirkan rasa nostalgik terhadap kehidupan pra-kolonialisme orang-orang Afrika, bincangkan.
2. Protes dan konflik merupakan satu persoalan penting di dalam novel Chinua Achebe, A Man of the People dan novel T.M. Aluko, One Man One Machet. Dengan merujuk kepada latar pergolakan politik yang terdapat di dalam kedua buah novel ini, bincangkan bagaimanakah kedua orang pengarang menerapkan persoalan tersebut.
3. "This is a clever and uncomfortable moral fable, handling human values without withholding sympathy from the clumsy ones and those whom weakness impells to a pursuit of power." (The Guardian)
Aye Kwei Armah, The Beautiful Ones Are Not Yet Born, 1972.

Merujuk kepada novel Aye Kwei Armah, The Beautiful Ones Are Not Yet Born, bincangkan pernyataan di atas.

.../2

BAHAGIAN B

4. Bincangkan bagaimana kombinasi masa silam, masakini dan masa akan datang digunakan oleh Wole Soyinka di dalam dramanya A Dance of the Forest bagi memperjelaskan pengalaman hidup rakyat Nigeria yang kompleks.

5. "A Dance of the Forest in particular, Soyinka attempts a comprehensive examination in symbolic terms of the total African situation caught at a significant point in time - for which Nigerian independence stands as an appropriate paradigm - reference to a definite scheme of moral values." (Abiola Irele 1981: hal. 199).

Bincangkan pernyataan di atas.

BAHAGIAN C

6. Telitikan sajak 'Night Encounter' oleh Ken Tsaro-Wiwa dan 'August 21st. 1968' oleh Choonara dan nyatakan bagaimanakah kedua-dua penyair membuat takrifan terhadap peperangan di dalam karya masing-masing.

7. Bincangkan bagaimana Eric Mazani di dalam sajaknya 'African Dancing' dan Leopold Sedar Senghor di dalam sajaknya 'In Memoriam' melahirkan rasa nostalgik orang Afrika terhadap tradisi kehidupan Afrika.

NIGHT ENCOUNTER

Coming up the stairs
Through the light drizzle
One dark night, I met him
One with the darkness.
I stopped for a moment,
Frighted, tense.

He laughed gently and I relaxed,
Happy to find
In spite of the gun
He was still a man.

It lit the dark
That gentle laugh
In the pith of night...

Deeper that night
The skies wept heavy tears
But I heard only the low laugh
Of the soldier on patrol duty,
The man who was about to die.

CHOONARA

AUGUST 21ST, 1968

Yesterday we had a picnic
On the common.

Today is baby's birthday.

The forecast said
It would be fine and sunny.
Did the radio say that
As the tanks rolled in?

Big fish eats little fish
And the world looks on
Like a frightened fisherman.

AFRICAN DANCING

Where are the old men and the old women?
Dead, are they?
Those old savage dancers!
Half-naked, half-mad, and a quarter-drunk!
At the beginning beer was brought but not drunk.
After a long time it was all finished.
They were great drunkards but bound by custom.
Today it has all gone--destroyed!
Our grandparents jive, rock and twist!
What can we do?
Look for skins, drums, feathers and ropes?
My grandmother is a specialist,
A dancer who can leap six feet.
What can amuse us more than this?
This cruel, physical, savage dancing--
There is no more of it today.
We now drink orange juice and forget.

Our muscles, brains and blood cry for our own dancing.
I remember five girls whom I saw--
Their breasts hanging towards the ground,
Their backs well-oiled with milk-fat
Their feet anointed and of sweet colour.
My eyes never changed direction.
That was African dancing!

Where are the drums and the drummers?
Where are the huge clay pots of beer?
Where are the beautifully decorated faces of the women?
Can we let all these things pass?
I shall not. I am in need of them.
I am shy to tell my friends that I love them.
May the spirits on mountains descend.
We are your sons and your daughters.
Come upon us and heal the dying tradition--
The dying tribal dancing of you, our first fathers!

IN MEMORIAM

Sunday.

The crowding stony faces of my fellows make me afraid.
Out of my tower of glass haunted by headaches and my restless
Ancestors

I watch the rooves and hills wrapped in mist
Wrapped in peace ... the chimneys are heavy and stark.
At their feet my dead are sleeping, all my dreams made dust
All my dreams blood freely spilt along the streets, mingled
with blood from butcheries.

And now, from this observatory, as if from the outskirts of
the town

I watch my dreams listless along the streets, sleeping at the
foot of the hills

Like the forerunners of my race on the banks of the Gambia
and Salum

Now of the Seine, at the foot of the hills.

Let my mind turn to my dead!

Yesterday was All Saints, the solemn anniversary of the sun
In all the cemeteries, were was no one to remember.

O dead who have always refused to die, who have resisted
death

From the Sine to he Seine, and in my fragile veins you my
unyielding blood

Guard my dreams as you have guarded your sons, your slender-
limbed wanderers.

O dead, defend the rooves of Paris in this sabbath mist

Rooves that guard my dead

That from the dangerous safety of my tower, I may go down
into the street

To my brothers whose eyes are blue
Whose hands are hard.

(Chants d'Ombre)

-oooOoooo-

