

UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA

Peperiksaan Semester Pertama  
Sidang Akademik 2001/2002

September 2001

## HKB 213 – Kesusasteraan Afrika Moden

Masa : 3 jam

Sila pastikan bahawa kertas peperiksaan ini mengandungi **LIMA [5]** muka surat yang bercetak sebelum anda memulakan peperiksaan ini.

Kertas peperiksaan ini mengandungi **TUJUH [7]** soalan. Jawab **EMPAT [4]** soalan sahaja.

1. Mengikut pandangan pengarang-pengarang kulit hitam Afrika, fahaman Negritude diertikan sebagai “the philosophy of the man” dan “the search for African cultural roots.”

Dengan memfokuskan kepada puisi-puisi ciptaan Leopold Sedar Senghor dan David Diop [dilampirkan] bincangkan sejauhmana penggunaan genre puisi dapat memainkan peranan untuk menyuntikkan semangat bahawa bangsa kulit hitam Afrika tetap mempunyai tamadun, agama, maruah dan sejarah bangsa.

2. Telitikan petikan berikut:

***Obierika yang merenung tepat pada mayat temannya yang terbuai-buai itu, tiba-tiba menoleh pada Pesuruhjaya Daerah dan dengan garang menyatakan, “Okonkwo ialah seorang yang ternama di Umuofia ini. Kamulah yang telah menolong sehingga dia membunuh dirinya sendiri dan sekarang dia akan ditanam tak ubah seperti menanam bangkai seekor anjing...” Dia kehilangan kalimah untuk meneruskan kata-katanya. Suaranya gemetar dan kata-katanya hilang dalam kerongkong [hlm. 215].***

Berdasarkan petikan dari novel **Okonkwo** [terj.] karya Chinua Achebe, bahaskan dengan bukti-bukti yang kukuh mengapa Okonkwo selaku watak pusat ciptaan Achebe ditamatkan riwayatnya sedemikian rupa? Setakatmanakah anda bersetuju dengan gaya penceritaan Achebe?

..2/-

3. Perjalanan cerita dalam novel **Laungan Kebebasan** [terj.] karya John Briley adalah cantuman peristiwa sejarah dengan jalinan nilai-nilai susastera. Pada pandangan anda, apakah unsur yang paling dominan yang mewarnai seluruh penciptaan teks tersebut? Berikan huraian kritis anda dengan mengemukakan contoh-contoh dan bukti-bukti yang sesuai.
4. Achebe telah menyangkal bahawa novel **Yang Indah Belum Menjelma Lagi** [terj.] yang dikarang oleh Ayie Kwei Armah sebagai “a sick book”, manakala Kingsley Amis berpandangan bahawa novel ini sebagai “the legion of lost.” Dengan berdasarkan kedua-dua pandangan tokoh itu, dan dengan mengambilkira kewajaran-kewajaran Armah memaparkan situasi Ghana selepas merdeka, bahaskan pandangan-pandangan tersebut.
5. Wole Soyinka cuba menyerapkan elemen-elemen budaya Yoruba dalam dramanya **The Swamp Dwellers**. Sejauhmanakah elemen-elemen ini dapat dikesan?
6. Telitikan petikan yang dipetik dari cerpen “Mother Was a Great Man” karya Catherine Obianuju Acholonu.

***“Yes, they want sons, but they always say that to beget a daughter first is a blessing to the family. A daughter caters for the well-being of her parents in their old age, sons only care for their immediate families. They care little for their ageing parents. A son caters for continuity of the family-name and external image, but a daughter caters for love, understanding and unity within the family circle”*** [hlm. 11].

Berdasarkan petikan itu jawab soalan-soalan berikut:

- [a] Tafsirkan secara kritis frasa “mother was a great man”?
- [b] Pada pandangan anda wajarkah Oyidiya diberi gelaran Lolo?
- [c] Bincangkan keunikan dan kekuatan gaya kepengarangan Acholonu yang dapat dikesan dalam cerpen ini?

7. Pilih salah sebuah cerpen berikut:

[a] "Resurrection" oleh Richard Rive.

[b] "Cut Me a Drink" oleh Christina Ama Ata Aidoo.

[c] "Feather Woman of the Jungle" oleh Amos Tutuola.

Dengan mengambil elemen plot dan watak, bincangkan kekuatan dan kelemahan cerpen pilihan anda tersebut.

**Lampiran**

**SNOW ON PARIS**

Lord, you visited Paris on this day of your birth  
Because it was becoming mean and evil  
You have purified it with your incorruptible cold  
With white death.  
This morning, even to the factory smokestacks singing in unison  
Hoisting white flags  
- "Peace to men of good will!"  
Lord, you have offered the snow of your Peace to a divided world to a divided  
Europe  
To Spain torn and tortured  
The Rebel, Jewish and Catholic, has fired his fourteen hundred cannons at  
the mountains of your Peace.  
Lord, I accepted your white cold that burns worse than salt.  
And now my heart melts like snow in the sun.  
I forget  
The white hands that fired the shots that crushed the empires  
The hands that scourged the slaves, that scourged you  
The dusty white hands that slapped you, the painted powdered hands that  
slapped me  
The steady hands that handed me over to solitude and hatred  
The white hands that felled the palm forests that once waved over Africa, in  
the heart of Africa  
Straight and strong, the Saras beautiful as the first men who came from your  
brown hands.  
They felled the black forest to make railway ties  
They felled the forests of Africa to save Civilization, because they lacked  
human raw material.  
Lord, I won't take out my reserve of hate, I know, for the diplomats who show  
their long canine teeth  
And tomorrow will barter black flesh.  
My heart, Lord, has melted like snow on the Paris rooftops  
In the sun of your sweetness.  
It is gentle toward my enemies, toward my white handed brothers without  
snow.  
And also because of the dewy hands, at evening, along my burning cheeks.

...Lampiran/-

...5/-

**Lampiran**

**AFRICA**

Africa my Africa  
Africa of proud warriors in ancestral savannahs  
Africa of whom my grandmother sings  
On the banks of the distant river  
I have never known you  
But your blood flows in my veins  
Your beautiful black blood that irrigates the fields  
The blood of your sweat  
The sweat of your work  
The work of your slavery  
The slavery of your children  
Africa tell me Africa  
Is this you this back that is bent  
This back that breaks under the weight of humiliation  
This back trembling with red scars  
And saying yes to the whip under the midday sun  
But a grave voice answers me  
Impetuous son that tree young and strong  
That tree there  
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.

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