

UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA

Peperiksaan Semester Pertama

Sidang Akademik 2000/2001

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HKB 213 - Kesusasteraan Afrika Moden

[Masa: 3 jam]

KERTAS PEPERIKSAAN INI MENGANDUNGI ENAM [6] SOALAN DI
DALAM TUJUH [7] HALAMAN.

Jawab EMPAT [4] soalan. SEMUA soalan membawa nilai markah yang sama.

SAMA ADA:

1. Pilih dua buah puisi ciptaan Senghor yang dilampirkan.

[i] "Black Woman".

[ii] "Black Mask".

[iii] "Snow On Paris".

[iv] "In Memoriam".

Berdasarkan puisi pilihan anda itu, nilaikan secara kritis penggunaan citra alam, diksi, simbol dan imej yang digunakan oleh penyair Senghor. Kemudian bincangkan sejauh manakah unsur-unsur binaan puisi tersebut membantu khalayak untuk memahami konsep "Negritude."

ATAU:

2. Pengertian “Negritude” secara umumnya diertikan sebagai “the sum total of the cultural values of black Africa” dan kerap juga dikatakan sebagai “the search for African cultural roots.”

Pada pandangan anda, setakat manakah pemahaman “Negritude” tersebut dapat membina dan memupuk harapan dan keinginan bangsa kulit hitam terhadap pembentukan identiti jatidiri dan semangat nasionalisme bangsa Afrika? Hujah-hujah anda perlu disokong dengan pandangan pelopor-pelopor awal “Negritude” dan hasil-hasil karya mereka.

3. Bincangkan kelemahan dan kekuatan watak Okonkwo sebagai watak pusat dalam novel *Okonkwo* [terj.] karya Chinua Achebe. Kemukakan komentar yang kritis terhadap kematian watak ini. Jelaskan juga setakat manakah Achebe berjaya menggunakan perkembangan watak Okonkwo untuk mengkritik yang dijajah dan yang menjajah?
4. Telitikan ungkapan dialog-dialog di bahagian akhir drama The Swamp Dwellers karya Wole Soyinka seperti yang tertera di bawah:

Beggar: You are not going now, master?

Igwezu: I must not be here when the people call for blood.

Begger: But the water is high. You should wait until the floods subside.

Igwezu: No. I want to paddle as I go.

Begger: Is it not right? Is it not dark outside?

Igwezu: It is.

Begger: Then I shall come with you. I know the dark. Let me come with you over the swamp, as far as the river's edge.

Igwezu: Two blind men grouping in the dark? No.

Beggar: And how would you cross the river? There is no ferryman to be found after dark.

Igwezu: Only the children and the old stay here, bondsman. Only the innocent and the dotards [Walks slowly off].

Beggar: But you will return, master ? [Igwezu checks briefly, but does not stop]

Beggar: The swallows find their nest again when the cold is over. Even the bats desert dark holes in the trees and flap wet leaves with wings of leather. There were wings everywhere as I wiped my feet against your threshold. I heard the cricket scratch himself beneath the armpit as the old man said to me...I shall be here to give account.

Dengan merujuk kepada kutipan dialog di atas dan keseluruhan intipati drama *The Swamp Dwellers* serta mengambilkira falsafah kepengarangan Wole Soyinka, bincangkan secara kritis pengertian tersirat yang cuba disampaikanya melalui drama tersebut.

5. Jelaskan makna frasa “yang indah belum menjelma lagi” seperti yang dikemukakan oleh Ayi Kwei Armah melalui novelnya *Yang Indah Belum Menjelma Lagi* [terj.]. Perlihatkan secara kritis keselarian makna frasa tersebut dengan pandangan Armah yang menganggap bumi Ghana sebagai “land of the spiritually dead” [Eustce Palmer]. Kemukakan hujah-hujah anda beserta contoh-contoh yang relevan yang boleh dikutip daripada novel tersebut.
6. Jalinan cerita novel *Cry Freedom* karya John Brillely diadun daripada sebuah kisah benar yang dikarang oleh Donald Woods dengan judulnya *Biko* dan *Asking For Trouble*. Justeru itu, fakta sejarah dikatakan mewarnai setiap ruang dan episod novel tersebut sehingga menenggelamkan elemen-elemen susastera di dalamnya. Huraikan secara kritis dengan bukti-bukti yang konkrit untuk mewajarkan bahawa novel ini masih unggul sebagai sebuah karya sastera.

Lampiran

Puisi I

BLACK WOMAN

Naked woman, black woman
Clothed in your color that is life, in your form that is beauty!
I grew up in your shadow, the softness of your hands shielded my eyes.
And now at the height of Summer and of Noon, I descry you Promised Land,
from the height of a high parched pass
And your beauty strikes lightning in the depths of my heart, like an eagle's
flash.

Naked woman, dark woman
Ripe fruit of firm flesh, dark ecstasies of black wine, mouth that makes my
mouth sing
Savannah of clear horizons, savannah that thrills to the fervent caresses of the
East Wind
Sculptured tom-tom, taut tom-tom that murmurs under the Victor's fingers
Your deep contralto voice is the spiritual song of the Beloved.

Naked woman, dark woman
Oil that no breath ripples, serene oil on the athlete's flanks, on the flanks of
the princes of Mali
Gazelle with celestial limbs, pearls are stars on the night of your skin
Joys of enigmas, reflections of red gold on your shimmering skin
In the shade of your hair, my despair is suffused with the light of the close
suns of your eyes.

Naked woman, black woman
I sing your fleeting beauty, form that I fix in the Eternal,
Before jealous Fate can crumble you to dust to nourish the roots of life.

Lampiran

Puisi II

BLACK MASK

TO PABLO PICASSO

She sleeps resting on the innocence of the sand.
Cloumba Tam sleeps. A green palm veils the fever of her hair, bronzes the
rounded brow
The eyelids are closed, twin goblets and sealed springs.
That delicate crescent, that blacker lip barely full – where is the smile of the
accomplice?
The cheeks like patens, the line of the chin sing in mute harmony.
Mask face closed to the ephemeral, eyes without substance
Perfect bronze head and its patina of time
Defiled by neither powder nor paint nor lines, nor trace of tears nor of kisses
Oh face as God created you before even the memory of time
Face of the dawn of the world, do not reveal yourself like a tender passage to
rouse my flesh.
I adore you, oh Beauty, with my one-stringed eye!

Lampiran

Puisi III

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

.../7

Lampiran

Puisi IV

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, there was no one to remember.

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

From the Sine to the 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