



KENYATTA UNIVERSITY

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS 2015/2016

SECOND SEMESTER EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF EDUCATION AND BACHELOR OF ARTS

ALT 201: EAST AFRICAN POETRY AND DRAMA

DATE: Wednesday, 6th April, 2016

TIME: 8.00 a.m. - 1.00 p.m.

INSTRUCTIONS:

Answer **THREE** questions. Question **ONE** is **Compulsory**.

1. Using relevant texts, respond to the statement that East African drama and poetry are characterized by hybrid form. (30 marks)
2. Critically discuss the depiction and appropriateness of Lawino as the spokesperson of cultural nationalism in Okot P'Bitek's *SONG OF LAWINO*. (20 marks)
3. Analyze the significance of the role played by History in the realization of themes in EITHER Ebrahim Hussein's *KINJEKITILE* or Ngugi wa Thiong'o's and Micere Mugo's *THE TRIAL OF DEDAN KIMATHI*. (20 marks)
4. Examine how John Ruganda exploits folklore in his treatment of postcolonial political issues in East Africa. (20 marks)
5. Using illustrations from texts studied in this course, comment on the way at least **THREE** East African poets handle the theme of gender relations. (20 marks)
6. Attempt a critical analysis of David Rubadiri's 'Stanley Meets Mutesa'. See the poem attached below. (20 marks)

Stanley Meets Mutesa - by David Rubadiri

Such a time of it they had;
The heat of the day
The chill of the night
And the mosquitoes that followed.
Such was the time and
They bound for a Kingdom.

The thin weary line of carries
With tattered rags to cover their backs;
The battered bulky chests
That kept on falling off their shaven heads.
Their tempers high and hot
The sun fierce and scorching
With it rose their spirits
With its fall their hopes
As each day sweated their bodies dry and
Flies clung in clumps on their sweat scented backs.
Such was the march
And the hot season just breaking.

Each day a weary pony dropped
Left for the vulture on the plains;
Each afternoon a human skeleton collapsed,
But the march trudged on
Its Khaki leader in front
He the spirit that inspired
He the light of hope.

Then came the afternoon of a hungry march,
A hot and hungry march it was;
The Nile and the Nyanza
Lay like to twins
Azure across the green country side.
The march leapt on chaunting
Like young gazelles to a water hole.
Heart beat faster
Loads felt lighter
As the cool water lapt their sore feet.
No more the dread of hungry hyenas
But only tales of valour when
At Mutesa's court fires are lit.
No more the burning heat of the day
But son, laughter and dance.

The village looks on behind banana groves,
Children peer behind reed fences.
Such was the welcome
No singing women to chaunt a welcome
Or drums to greet the white ambassador;
Only a few silent nods from aged faces
And one rumbling drum roll
To summon Mutesa's court to parley
For the country was not sure.

The gate of needs is flung open,
There is silence
But only a moment's silence-
A silence of assessment.
The tall black king steps forward,
He towers over the thin bearded white man,
Then grabbling his lean white hand
Manages to whisper
"Mtu Mweupe Kabiru"
white man you are welcome.
The gate of polished reed closes behind them
And the West is let in.