



**NAMIBIA UNIVERSITY
OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY**

DEPARTMENT OF COMMUNICATION

QUALIFICATION: BACHELOR OF ENGLISH	
QUALIFICATION CODE: 07BAEN	LEVEL: 6
COURSE CODE: TPP621S	COURSE NAME: THEORY AND PRACTICE OF WORLD POETRY 2B
SESSION: JANUARY 2020	PAPER: THEORY
DURATION: 3 HOURS	MARKS: 100
SECOND OPPORTUNITY / SUPPLEMENTARY EXAMINATION QUESTION PAPER	
EXAMINER(S)	Mr. A. BREWIS
MODERATOR:	Mr. M. MHENE
INSTRUCTIONS	
<ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Answer ALL the questions.2. Write clearly and neatly.3. Number the answers clearly.4. Indicate whether you are a FM,PM or DI student on the cover of your answer booklet.5. Up to 10% will be deducted from your final mark for language errors.	

THIS QUESTION PAPER CONSISTS OF 12 PAGES (Including this front page)

Answer ALL the questions.

Question 1

[35 MARKS]

Compare and contrast the following poems , paying particular emphasis to the main theme of the poems and how the poet carries this theme across to the readers.

Keamogetsi Molapong

Reconciliation

With Independence knocking

On my forbidden door

I learned a new word

Reconciliation

Reconciliation is an insult

To our Black integrity

A humiliating smack

On innocent black faces

Look at this skin

I once glorified my colour

But now the skin I carry

Brings pain to my haunted life

Yet, I am made to be blind

Listen, the pale I see

Reminds me of the Blackness

I started to hate

The face I was given

The typical flat nose

And extra big mouth

Has been savagely destroyed

Now it's just another Black face

Filling an empty space

No shape, no identity

Look at us, our African pride

Has been hypnotised by reconciliation

No time constructed by chance

The cultures of my people

Reconciliation has been

Pushed down my brain

Like gunpowder in a barrel
And the tension is quite high

Once anger snaps
Death will claim through pain
Smoke screen another Black life
From the eyes of man

With Independence idling
In front of my broken door

Justice shall never prevail

With Independence knocking
On my forbidden door
I learned a new word
Reconciliation

(Come Talk Your Heart 2005:98-99)

A.L. Nghifikua : Reconciliation

Reconciliation keeps Namibia together

Every Namibian should support it

Console yourselves with a belief in new peace

Only through it can we have hope

Namibians all, together we can compromise

Capital punishment holds no solution

Only peace brings stability

Let us strive for calm and unity

It is our duty, Namibian people

Affirm this harmony for composure and oneness

Embrace it for equilibrium

Tolerate it for amnesty

Namibians , do reconcile!

Secure Namibia from wanton destruction

People of Namibia, reconcile to survive

Encourage your neighbour to support this initiative

Mobilise your region to defend this belief

Improve your relations with friends and with strangers

Organise yourselves to construct a new wholeness

Admit your mistakes and build up your future

Learning a lesson from others before us

Harmony or chaos, the choice is our own

“united we stand, divided we fall”

Yes, Namibians, we can reconcile!

Question 2

[35 MARKS]

Do a detailed analysis of the poem *The Angry Young Man* by Thaniseb. In your analysis make reference to imagery, what message is the poet bringing to the reader and the techniques he uses.

The Angry Young Man

He stumbles past

the carnival in celebration of New Year's Eve,

armed with the *school-leaving-certificate...ungraded*

In a soiled brown envelope...

worn to the edges and adorned here and there

with patches of sweat and odour of a lesser fancy.

He pauses momentarily;

his unpractised eyes sweep gingerly

over the mass of soiled, flapping paper

pinned to the weathered noticeboard,

his mind tripping over consonants and

vowels, punctuation and diction:

with his lips twisted in a tortured grimace

(his hands tighten on the envelope),

he slowly turns and trudges away

on his battered *tekkies*(1)

of make and shape long lost...

Into the chattering lunch hour traffic.

With no space for expression in the transition

trudging his way through the mist of our future.

At the other end of Independence Avenue,
at the statue of 'an unknown soldier',
sits a young man with an idiotic grin and eyes wide shut,
 conversing with the spirits invisible to a naked eye;
Che sneering at the world from his blood red T-shirt
'Look, he who calls himself an artist in his soiled jacket,
creased pair of worn jeans and loafers,
 of a label unknown on his feet,
the rebellious dreads , peeping in all directions
under his rainbow-coloured wooly...'

'Hah, he surely is no Picasso, nor Mozart', quips the elderly woman
 walking a posh dog.

*With no space for expression in the transition
the young man trudges his way through the mist of our dreams.*

The angry young man declared 'the Cadre' yesterday
 and the *enemy of the people* today walks past the library-
the anthology of 'freshly-ground',
angry free verse clutched under his arm.
'The revolution is over',
sighs the *empowered* thirty-something publisher.

'Whoever reads that trash with no rhyme,
reason nor rhythm', grunts the English professor.

*With no space for expression in the middle of transition,
the angry young man trudges his way through the mists of our dreams.*

At the entrance to the Nice Restaurant with a state banquet,
of all sorts of pleasantries in progress,
...on Independence Day,
stands a young lad with empty eyes
and the smell of all the failed promises
clinging to his scarecrow body,
reaching out a weathered ,practiced hand

'Please Meneer(2), a one dollar for bread'.

'Please Ausie(3), your leftovers for a homeless boy'.

'Nee man, Voetsek, Namibia is free. Get a job. Where are your parents?'

Grunt the immaculately dressed couple coldly.

*With no space for expression in the transition,
the little homeless lad trudges his way through the mist of our
transformation.*

There, waiting on the edge
with his prodigal heart hovering on the edge of sanity,
 looking for someone to save him from himself
stands a young man – his mind a burning furnace-
his lover’s heart still pulsing in his hand,
With no space for expression lost in translation.

(A visit to Zoo Park, Windhoek, May 2005)

- 1) sneakers
- 2) Madam or Auntie

Question 3

[30 MARKS]

Discuss the effective use of imagery and the concept of “time” as used by Issiek Zimba in his poem *The Voice of Namibia*, below.

THE VOICE OF NAMIBIA

There will come a day
When the voice, the voice
Of the people will be heard,
the voice will be that of

free children of Namibia.

The hour is approaching
for the children of Namibia
to take up the throne of
freedom and justice,
and once the clock, strikes
one, a change of wind
will blow across Namibia.

Comrades of Namibia
pick up your arms,
forge ahead to strike a
blow, a blow that will
create a new nation of
peace, freedom and of tranquillity.

March on Namibian children
march on to Windhoek,
for this is the only time to strike
hard, to strike a blow and fight
for the beloved country.

The struggle should continue,
for, not later than now, a wave
of freedom and justice will
roll across Namibia.

TOTAL:100