



JARAMOGI OGINGA ODINGA UNIVERSITY OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY
SCHOOL OF HUMANITIES AND SOCIAL SCIENCES
UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION FOR DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF EDUCATION
(ARTS)
3RD YEAR 1ST SEMESTER 2016/2017 ACADEMIC YEAR
KISUMU LEARNING CENTRE

COURSE CODE: ALI 305

COURSE TITLE: CARIBBEAN LITERATURE

EXAM VENUE:

STREAM: (BED Arts)

DATE:

EXAM SESSION:

TIME: 2.00 HOURS

Instructions:

- 1. Answer question 1 (Compulsory) and ANY other 2 questions**
- 2. Candidates are advised not to write on the question paper.**
- 3. Candidates must hand in their answer booklets to the invigilator while in the examination room.**

QUESTION ONE (COMPULSORY)

1. Examine the presentation of the theme of the African heritage in Caribbean society through the texts studied in this course. (30mks)

2. Discuss the exploration of the theme of liberation in Derek Walcott's *Ti-Jean and his Brothers.* (20mks)

3. 'George Lamming's In *the Castle of My Skin* is a record of change in the Caribbean society.' Using relevant illustration from the text, justify this assertion. (20 marks).

4. "*A Brighter Sun* is a voyage of self-discovery and adjustment." Illustrate this statement with reference to any three relationships in the text. (20mks)

5. Basing your argument on Walcott's "*A Far Cry From Africa*", discuss the contours of Walcott's worldview as elucidated in the poem below. (20mks)

A Far Cry From Africa

A wind is ruffling the tawny pelt
Of Africa, Kikuyu, quick as flies
Batten upon the bloodstreams of the veldt.
Corpses are scattered through a paradise.
Only the worm, colonel of carrion, cries:
'Waste no compassion on these separate dead!'
Statistics justify and scholars seize
The salients of colonial policy.
What is that to the white child hacked in bed?
To savages, expendable as Jews?
Threshed out by beaters, the long rushes break
In a white dust of ibises whose cries

Have wheeled since civilizations dawn
From the parched river or beast-teeming plain.
The violence of beast on beast is read
As natural law, but upright man
Seeks his divinity by inflicting pain.
Delirious as these worried beasts, his wars
Dance to the tightened carcass of a drum,
While he calls courage still that native dread
Of the white peace contracted by the dead.

Again brutish necessity wipes its hands
Upon the napkin of a dirty cause, again
A waste of our compassion, as with Spain,
The gorilla wrestles with the superman.
I who am poisoned with the blood of both,
Where shall I turn, divided to the vein?
I who have cursed
The drunken officer of British rule, how choose
Between this Africa and the English tongue I love?
Betray them both, or give back what they give?
How can I face such slaughter and be cool?
How can I turn from Africa and live?