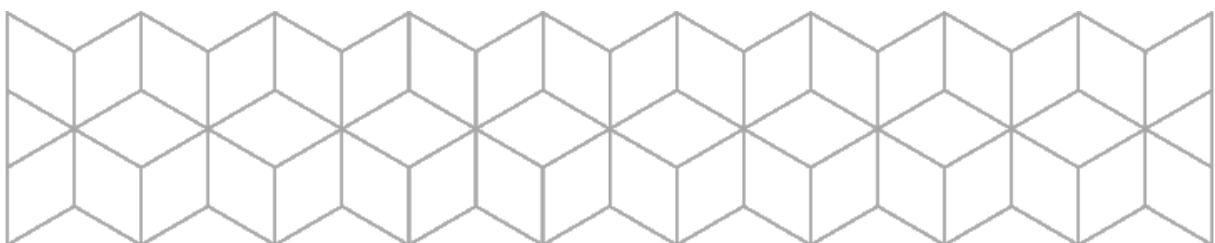


# EXAMINATION

<b>Course code:</b> SFE21213	<b>Course:</b> Introduction to Colonial and Postcolonial Literature / Innføring i kolonial og postkolonial litteratur
<b>Date:</b> 1 December 2016	<b>Duration:</b> Five Hours
<b>Permitted sources:</b> English/English dictionary	<b>Lecturer:</b> Dr Melanie Duckworth
<b>The examination:</b>  The examination papers consist of five pages inclusive this page. Please check that the examination papers are complete before you start answering the questions.	
<b>Date of announcement of the examination results: 3 January 2017</b>  The examination results are available on the Studentweb no later than two workdays after the announcement of the examination results <a href="http://www.hiof.no/studentweb">www.hiof.no/studentweb</a>	



**The Exam consists of two sections. Answer both parts.**

### **Section One: Short Answer Questions (50 %)**

Answer **five** of the following questions. Mark them clearly with the question number. Answers should be 3-4 sentences long. (But can be slightly shorter or longer if you wish.)

1. In *The Heart of Darkness*, what, where, or who is the ‘heart of darkness’?
2. ‘Proverbs were the palm oil with which words were eaten.’ Comment on the use of proverbs in Chinua Achebe’s *Things Fall Apart*.
3. What is the significance of the moon woman in *Dream on Monkey Mountain*?
4. According to Ngũgĩ wa Thiong’o, why are indigenous languages so important?
5. What does John McCleod mean when he writes: ‘Colonial discourses form the intersections where language and power meet’?
6. According to Edward Said, what is the connection between culture and Imperialism?
7. Explain Stuart Hall’s conception of essential and diasporic identity.
8. Explain this quotation from Frantz Fanon: ‘As I begin to recognize that the Negro is a symbol of sin, I catch myself hating the Negro. But then I recognize that I am a Negro.’
9. How is Toko’s disability relevant to *Potiki*?
10. In ‘Unsettling the Settler’, Kate Grenville explains: ‘The writing experience, then, was a very confronting shift of identity, but it did also feel like an authentic experience in a way all that barefoot-in-the-bush stuff had never felt authentic.’ How does she challenge her own identity by writing *The Secret River*?

## Section Two: Essay (50 %)

Answer **one** of the following questions.

**As part of your answer, refer to at least one theory or theoretical text we have discussed this semester.** The essay does not need to be a certain length, but must develop your points sufficiently to make your argument.

1. In several texts we have studied this semester, history is personified, challenged or rewritten. Using a careful reading of the provided quotation from *Waiting for the Barbarians* as a starting point, discuss why ‘history’ is regarded as having so much power, and how at least two texts on our syllabus negotiate with history in order to attempt to ‘tell the truth’.
2. Explain what the provided quotation from Derek Walcott’s ‘The Muse of History’ means, and discuss how it relates to *Dream on Monkey Mountain*.
3. Children are important characters in several of the texts we have discussed this semester. With reference to at least two literary texts (but NOT *The Secret River*), discuss how and why children are significant in postcolonial literature.

## Extract for section two, question 1.

It seems right that, as a gesture to the people who inhabited the ruins in the desert, we too ought to set down a record of settlement to be left for posterity buried under the walls of our town; and to write such a history no one would seem to be better fitted than our last magistrate. But when I sit down at my writing-table, wrapped against the cold in my great old bearskin, with a single candle (for tallow too is rationed) and a pile of yellowed documents at my elbow, what I find myself beginning to write is not the annals of an Imperial outpost or an account of how the people of that outpost spent their last year composing their souls as they waited for the barbarians.

‘No one who paid a visit to this oasis,’ I write, ‘failed to be struck by the charm of life here. We lived in the time of the seasons, of the harvests, of the migrations of the waterbirds. We lived with nothing between us and the stars. We would have made any concession, had we only known what, to go on living here. This was paradise on earth.’

For a long time I stare at the plea I have written. It would be disappointing to know that the poplar slips I have spent so much time on contain a message as devious, as equivocal, as reprehensible as this.

‘Perhaps by the end of winter,’ I think, ‘when hunger truly bites us, when we are cold and starving, or when the barbarian is truly at the gate, perhaps then I will abandon the locutions of a civil servant with literary ambitions and begin to tell the truth.’

I think: ‘I wanted to live outside history. I wanted to live outside the history that Empire imposes on its subjects, even its lost subjects. I never wished it for the barbarians that they should have the history of Empire laid upon them. How can I believe that this is a cause for shame?’

J. M. Coetzee, *Waiting for the Barbarians*, p. 169.

## **Extract for section two, question 2.**

I accept this archipelago of the Americas. I say to the ancestor who sold me, and to the ancestor who bought me, I have no father, I want no such father, although I can understand you, black ghost, white ghost, when you both whisper 'history,' for if I attempt to forgive you both I am falling into your idea of history which justifies and explains and expiates, and it is not mine to forgive, my memory cannot summon any filial love, since your features are anonymous and erased and I have no wish and no power to pardon. You were when you acted your roles, your given, historical roles of slave seller and slave buyer, men acting as men, and also you, father in the filth-ridden gut of the slave ship, to you they were also men, acting as men, with the cruelty of men, your fellowman and tribesman not moved or hovering with hesitation about your common race any longer than my other bastard ancestor hovered with his whip, but to you, inwardly forgiven grandfathers, I, like the more honest of my race, give a strange thanks. I give the strange and bitter yet ennobling thanks for the monumental groaning and soldering of two great worlds, like the halves of a fruit seamed by its own bitter juice, that exiled from your own Edens you have placed me in the wonder of another, and that was my inheritance and your gift.

Derek Walcott, 'The Muse of History.'