



# **MAASAI MARA UNIVERSITY**

**REGULAR UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS  
2018/2019 ACADEMIC YEAR  
FIRST YEAR FIRST SEMESTER**

**SCHOOL OF ARTS AND SOCIAL SCIENCES  
BACHELOR OF ARTS**

**COURSE CODE: LIT 1106  
COURSE TITLE: READING AND WRITING IN  
LITERATURE**

**DATE: 5<sup>TH</sup> DECEMBER, 2018**

**TIME: 0830 - 1030 HRS**

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**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- Question one is compulsory
- Answer any other two questions

## Questions

1. With close reference to the poem below, define and briefly discuss the following critical terms:

- (a) Appreciation and criticism (10 Mrks)
- (b) Denotative and connotative meaning (10 Mrks)
- (c) Ethos and pathos (10 Mrks)

### Africa by David Diop

Africa my Africa

Africa of proud warriors in ancestral savannahs

Africa of whom my grandmother sings

On the banks of the distant river

I have never known you

But your blood flows in my veins

Your beautiful black blood that irrigates the fields

The blood of your sweat

The sweat of your work

The work of your slavery

Africa, tell me Africa

Is this your back that is unbent

This back that never breaks under the weight of humiliation

This back trembling with red scars

And saying no to the whip under the midday sun

But a grave voice answers me

Impetuous child that tree, young and strong

That tree over there

Splendidly alone amidst white and faded flowers

That is your Africa springing up anew

springing up patiently, obstinately

Whose fruit bit by bit acquires

The bitter taste of liberty

2. (a) Distinguish between theme and leitmotif (5 Mrks)
- (b) Briefly discuss the main theme in the Scene 1 of Wole Soyinka's *Death and the King's Horseman* (6 Mrks)
- (c) Briefly discuss any 3 stylistic features used in this scene. (9 Mrks)

3. (a) Distinguish between close reading and phenomenological reading. (4 Mrks)

(b) Attempt a phenomenological reading of the extract below:

The Magical Tryst

He was looking at her with wonder, his head slightly lowered, and she felt an unfurling inside her. How glorious it was, to be so wanted, and by this man with the rakish metal band around his waist and cleft-chinned handsomeness of models in department store catalogues. She began to like him because he liked her. "You eat so delicately," he told her on their first date, at an Italian restaurant in Old City. There was nothing particularly delicate about her raising a fork to her mouth but she liked that he thought that there was.

"So, I'm a rich white guy from Potomac, but I'm not nearly as much of an asshole as I'm supposed to be," he said, in a way that made her feel he had said that before, and that it had been received well when he did. "Laura always says my mom is richer than God, but I'm not sure she is."

He talked about himself with such gusto, as though determined to tell her everything there was to know, and all at once. His family had been hoteliers for a hundred years. He went to college to escape them. He graduated and travelled through Latin America and Asia. Something began to pull him homewards, perhaps his father's death, perhaps his unhappiness with a relationship. So he moved, a year ago, back to Maryland, started a software business just so that he could not be in the family business, bought an apartment in Baltimore, and went down to Potomac every Sunday to have brunch with his mother. He talked about himself with an uncluttered simplicity, assuming that she enjoyed his stories simply because he enjoyed them himself. His boyish enthusiasm fascinated her. His body was firm as they hugged goodnight in front of her apartment.

"I'm about to move in for a kiss in exactly three seconds," he said. "A real kiss that can take us places, so if you don't want that to happen, you might want to back off right now."

She did not back off. The kiss was arousing in the way that unknown things are arousing. (Source: Chimamanda Ngozi's *Americanah*)

4. Attempt a Formalist reading of the extract below: (20 Mrks)

The road curved, descending among green fields that tumbled to a red sky. This was the land on which the Great God Almighty had first let him see the light of His blessed day. This was the land on which he had first taken unto himself a wife, leaving his mother and father to cleave to her. And it was on the on the green slopes of these struggling hills that his first-born son, Jimmy, had romped and played, growing to a strong, upright manhood. He wagged his head, musing: Lawd, them wuz the good ol days ... There had been plenty to eat; the blessings of God had been overflowing. He had toiled from sunup to sundown, and in the cool of the evenings his wife, May, had taught him to read and write. Then God had spoken to him, a quiet, deep voice coming out of the black night; God had called him to preach His word, to spread it to the four corners of the earth, to save His black people. And he obeyed God and had built a church on a rock which the very gates of Hell could not prevail against. Yes, he had been like Moses, leading his people out of the wilderness into the Promised Land. He sighed, walking and taking his coat from his left arm and tucking it under his right. Yes, things had been clear-cut then. In those days there had stretched before his eyes a straight and narrow path and he had walked in it, and with the help of a Gracious God. On Sundays he had preached God's Word, and on Mondays and Tuesdays and Wednesdays and Thursdays and Fridays and Saturdays he had taken old Bess, his mule, and his plow and had broke God's ground. For a moment while walking through the dust and remembering his hopes of those early years he seemed to feel again the plow handles trembling in his calloused hands and hear the earth cracking and breaking open, black, rich and damp; it seemed he could see old Bess straining forward with the plow, swishing her tail and tossing her head and snorting now and then. Yes, there had been something in those good old days when he had walked behind his plow, between the broad green earth and a blue sweep of sunlit sky; there had been in it all a surge of will, clean, full, joyful; the earth was his and he was the earth's; they were one; and it was that joy and will and oneness in him that God had spoken to when He had called him to preach His Word, to save His black people, to lead them, to be a shepherd to His flock. But now the whole thing was giving way, crumbling in his hands, right before his eyes. And every time he tried to think of some way out, of some way to stop it, he saw wide grey eyes behind icily white spectacles. He mopped his brow again. Mabble Hadley n Greens right ... Lawd, Ah don know whut t do! Ef Ah fight fer things the white folk say Ahma bad nigger stirrin up trouble. N ef Ah don do nothing, we starve ... But something gotta be done! Mabbe ef we hada demonstration like Hadley n Green said, we could scare them white folks inter doin something ...

He looked at the fields again, half wistfully, half curiously. Lawd, we could make them ol fiels bloom ergin. We could make em feed us. Thas whut Gawd put em there fer. Plows could break and hoes could carry ... On and on that could happen and people could eat and feel as he had felt with the plow handles trembling in his hands, following old Bess, hearing the earth cracking and breaking because he wanted it to crack and break; because he willed it; because the earth was his. And they could sing as he had sung when he and May were first married; sing about picking cotton, fishing, hunting, about sun and rain. They could ... But whuts the usa thinkin erbout stuff like this? Its all gone now ... And he had to go and tell his congregation, the folks the Great Almighty had called him to lead to the Promised Land - he had to tell them that the relief would give them no food.

(Source: Richard Right's novella *Fire and Cloud*)

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