



KIBABII UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

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UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS

2014 /2015 ACADEMIC YEAR

2ND YEAR 1ST SEMESTER EXAMINATIONS

MAIN EXAMINATION (SCHOOL-BASED)

FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR EDUCATION (ARTS)

COURSE CODE: LIT 200

COURSE TITLE: LITERARY THEORY AND APPLICATION

DATE: DECEMBER, 2014

TIME:

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer three questions in all. Question one is compulsory.
- Attempt any other two questions.

QUESTION ONE (30 marks)

“It is proven that **THEORY** and **CRITICISM** are diametrically different but related concepts in the study of literature hence, they complement each other”. With succinct illustrations from works covered in this course, discuss the validity of this statement.

QUESTION TWO (20 marks)

“Whereas Plato’s theories are a problem to the literary world of criticism, Aristotle’s postulations are a solution”. Write in defense of this statement with examples from poems covered in this course.

QUESTION THREE (20 marks)

Discuss the following literary terms while drawing vivid illustrations from literary texts covered in this course

Rhetoric
Hamartia
Mythos
Catharsis

QUESTION FOUR (20 marks)

Attempt a feminist analysis of Mariam Ba’s *So Long a Letter* or Margaret Ogolla’s *The River and the Source*

QUESTION FIVE (20 marks)

Attempt a Formalist analysis of the poem below

A leopard lives in a muu tree
A leopard lives in a Muu tree
Watching my home
My lambs are born speckled
My wives tie their skirts tight
And turn away-
Fearing mottled offspring.
They bathe when the moon is high
Soft and fecund
Splash cold mountain stream water on their nipples
Drop their skin skirts and call obscenities.
I, besieged
I shall have to cut down the Muu tree
I’m besieged
I walk about stiff

Stroking my loins
A leopard lives outside my homestead
Watching my women
I have called him elder, the one-from-the-same-womb
He peers at me with slit eyes
His head held high
My sword has rusted in the scabbard.
My wives purse their lips
When owls call for mating
I'm besieged
They fetch cold mountain water
They crush the sugar cane
But refuse to touch my beer horn,
My fences are broken
My medicine bags torn
The hair on my loins is singed
The upright post at the gate has fallen
My women are frisky
The leopard arches over my homestead
Eats my lambs
Resuscitating himself.

Jonathan Kariara