



**NAMIBIA UNIVERSITY
OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY**

FACULTY OF HUMAN SCIENCES

DEPARTMENT OF COMMUNICATION

QUALIFICATION: BACHELOR OF ENGLISH HONOURS	
QUALIFICATION CODE: 08BHEN	LEVEL: 8
COURSE CODE: LIT811S	COURSE NAME: LITERARY THEORY
SESSION: JUNE 2019	PAPER: THEORY
DURATION: 3 HOURS	MARKS: 75

FIRST OPPORTUNITY EXAMINATION QUESTION PAPER	
EXAMINER	Dr J.S. Pasi
MODERATOR	Dr N. Mlambo

INSTRUCTIONS	
<ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Answer ALL the questions.2. Write clearly and neatly.3. Number the answers clearly.4. Do not repeat information or texts.	

THIS QUESTION PAPER CONSISTS OF 4 PAGES (Including this front page)

Answer any THREE questions from the following:

Question 1

25 marks

Using literary texts of your choice, critically examine trauma and resilience literary theories.

Question 2

25 marks

Read the following excerpt from the novel *Nervous Conditions* by Tsitsi Dangarembga, a female writer from Zimbabwe. After that, attempt a critical examination of the excerpt, using a feminist literary approach of your choice.

Fortunately, my mother was determined in that year. She began to boil eggs, which she carried to the bus terminus and sold to passengers passing through In this way she scraped together enough money to keep my brother in school. I understood that selling vegetables was not a lucrative business. I understood that there was not enough money for my fees. Yes, I did understand why I could not go back to school, but I loved going to school and I was good at it. Therefore my circumstances affected me badly.

My father thought I should not mind. 'Is that anything to worry about? Ha-a-a, it's nothing,' he assured me, with his usual ability to jump whichever way was easiest. 'Can you cook books and feed them to your husband? Stay at home with your mother. Learn to cook and clean. Grow vegetables.'

His intention was to soothe me with comforting, sensible words, but I could not see sense. This was often the case when my father spoke, but there had not been such concrete cause to question his theories. This time, though, I had evidence. Maiguru was educated, and did she serve Babamukuru books for dinner? I discovered to my unhappy relief that my father was not sensible.

I complained to my mother. 'Baba says I do not need to be educated,' I told her scornfully. 'He says I must learn to be a good wife. Look at Maiguru,' I continued, unaware how viciously. 'She is a better wife than you!'

My mother was too old to be disturbed by my childish nonsense. She tried to diffuse some of it by telling me many things, by explaining that my father was right because even Maiguru knew how to cook and clean and grow vegetables. 'This business of womanhood is a heavy burden,' she said. 'How could it not be? Aren't we the ones who bear children? When it is like that you can't just decide today I want to do this, tomorrow I want to do that, the next day I want to be educated! When there are sacrifices to be made, you are the one who has to make them. And these things are not easy; you have to start learning them early, from an early age. The earlier the better so that it is easy later. Easy! As if it is ever easy. And these days it is worse, with the poverty of blackness on one side and the weight of womanhood on the other. Aiwa! What will help you, my child, is to learn to carry your burdens with strength. (pp 15 – 16)

Question 3

25 marks

The following extracts from Chimamanda's *Purple Hibiscus*, illustrate how post-colonial theory can be adequately applied to contemporary African literature. Using the extracts below to support

your ideas, discuss the basic tenets of post-colonialism and show how these tenets relate to literary texts.

Extract 1

Chapter 1

Papa was staring pointedly at Jaja. "Jaja, have you not shared a drink with us, gbo? Have you no words in your mouth?" he asked, entirely in Igbo. A bad sign. He hardly spoke Igbo, and although Jaja and I spoke it with Mama at home, he did not like us to speak it in public. We had to sound civilized in public, he told us; we had to speak English. Papa's sister, Aunty Ifeoma, said once that Papa was too much of a colonial product. She had said this about Papa in a mild, forgiving way, as if it were not Papa's fault...

"Mba, there are no words in my mouth," Jaja replied.

"What?" There was a shadow clouding Papa's eyes, a shadow that had been in Jaja's eyes. Fear. It had left Jaja's eyes and entered Papa's.

"I have nothing to say," Jaja said

Chapter 4

Papa changed his accent when he spoke, sounding British, just as he did when he spoke to Father Benedict. He was gracious, in the eager-to-please way that he always assumed with the religious, especially with the white religious.

Extract 2

Chapter 10

"Ifeoma, did you call a priest?" Papa asked.

"Is that all you can say, eh, Eugene? Have you nothing else to say, gbo? Our father has died! Has your head turned upside down? Will you not help me to bury our father?"

"I cannot participate in a pagan funeral, but we can discuss with the parish priest and arrange a Catholic funeral."

Aunty Ifeoma got up and started to shout. Her voice was unsteady. "I will put my dead husband's grave up for sale, Eugene, before I give our father a Catholic funeral. Do you hear me? I said I will sell Ifediora's grave first! Was our father a Catholic? I ask you, Eugene, was he a Catholic? Uchu gba gi!" Aunty Ifeoma snapped her fingers at Papa; she was throwing a curse at him. Tears rolled down her cheeks.

Extract 3

Chapter 1

I lay in bed after Mama left and let my mind rake through the past, through the years when Jaja and Mama and I spoke more with our spirits than with our lips. Until Nsukka. Nsukka started it all; Aunty Ifeoma's little garden next to the verandah of her flat in Nsukka began to lift the silence. Jaja's

defiance seemed to me now like Aunty Ifeoma's experimental purple hibiscus: rare, fragrant with the undertones of freedom, a different kind of freedom from the one the crowds waving green leaves chanted at Government Square after the coup. A freedom to be, to do.

"I hear he's very involved in the editorial decisions. The Standard is the only paper that dares to tell the truth these days."

"Yes," Aunty Ifeoma said. "And he has a brilliant editor, Ade Coker, although I wonder how much longer before they lock him up for good. Even Eugene's money will not buy everything."

"I was reading somewhere that Amnesty World is giving your brother an award," Father Amadi said. He was nodding slowly, admiringly, and I felt myself go warm all over, with pride, with a desire to be associated with Papa.

Extract 3

Chapter 10

"Kambili, you are precious." His voice quavered now, like someone speaking at a funeral, choked with emotion. "You should strive for perfection. You should not see sin and walk right into it." He lowered the kettle into the tub, tilted it toward my feet. He poured the hot water on my feet, slowly, as if he were conducting an experiment and wanted to see what would happen. He was crying now, tears streaming down his face... I watched the water leave the kettle, flowing almost in slow motion in an arc to my feet. The pain of contact was so pure, so scalding, I felt nothing for a second. And then I screamed. "That is what you do to yourself when you walk into sin. You burn your feet," he said.

Chapter 11

Ade Coker was at breakfast with his family when a courier delivered a package to him. His daughter, in her primary school uniform, was sitting across the table from him. The baby was nearby, in a high chair. His wife was spooning Cerelac into the baby's mouth. Ade Coker was blown up when he opened the package—a package everybody would have known was from the Head of State even if his wife Yewande had not said that Ade Coker looked at the envelope and said "It has the State House seal" before he opened it.

Question 4

25 marks

Write an essay in which you explain the main features of ecofeminism. Illustrate your answer with examples. (500 words)

END OF QUESTION PAPER