



**NAMIBIA UNIVERSITY
OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY**

FACULTY OF COMMERCE, HUMAN SCIENCE AND EDUCATION

DEPARTMENT OF COMMUNICATION AND LANGUAGES

QUALIFICATION: BACHELOR OF ENGLISH AND LINGUISTICS (HONOURS)	
QUALIFICATION CODE: 08BAEN	LEVEL: 8
COURSE CODE: LIT811S	COURSE NAME: LITERARY THEORY
SESSION: JUNE 2024	PAPER: THEORY
DURATION: 3H00	MARKS: 75

FIRST OPPORTUNITY EXAMINATION QUESTION PAPER	
EXAMINER(S)	DR. ALETTA MWENENI HAUTEMO
MODERATOR:	DR. A. SIMATAA

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



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This section is compulsory, and it consists of two sub-questions. You must answer all the questions.

QUESTION 1**25 MARKS**

The following extracts from Adichie 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, Igbo? 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, Auntie 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." Auntie 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 4

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 and 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 highchair. 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.

SECTION B ELECTIVE QUESTIONS

[50MARKS]

This section consists of three questions. You are required to select TWO questions to answer.

QUESTION 2

25 MARKS

Define ecocriticism as an “earth-centered approach to literary studies,” and as the study of the relationship between literature and the physical environment.

Explain this with examples drawn from any of the texts you have studied in this course.

QUESTION 3

25 MARKS

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

QUESTION 4

25 MARKS

Using the following poems and any other works of fiction or drama to support your answer, critically evaluate Marxist literary theory.

It is we who ploughed the prairies,
built the Cities where they trade,
Dug the mines and built the workshops,
Endless miles of railroad laid,
Now we stand outcast and starving.
Mid the wonders we have made ...

(Solidarity by Ralph Chaplin)

Equality?
There's no equality!
You see the tyranny of the heart,
The hands that exploit, the mind that steals, From the hands that make,
From the minds that conceive, The little ones and the old.
All cease
After time capitalised.

(Equality by Muhammad Shahab)