



JARAMOGI OGINGA ODINGA UNIVERSITY OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY
SCHOOL OF EDUCATION, HUMANITIES AND SOCIAL SCIENCES
UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION FOR BACHELOR OF EDUCATION ARTS
3rd YEAR 2ND SEMESTER 2023/2024 ACADEMIC YEAR
MAIN CAMPUS

COURSE CODE:	ZLB 9314
COURSE TITLE:	MODERN LITERARY THEORIES
EXAM VENUE:	STREAM: (BED ARTS)
DATE:	EXAM SESSION:
TIME:	2.00 HOURS

Instructions:

- 1. Answer questions ONE and ANY other two.**
- 2. Candidates are advised not to write on the question paper.**
- 3. Candidates must hand in their answer booklets to the invigilator while in the examination room.**

1. a.) Define modernism with adequate literary illustrations from any African novel. (15 marks)
b.) Evaluate the major statements by any of the following identity theory. (15 marks)
 - a) Post-colonial theory
 - b) Feminist theory
 - c) Queer theory
2. a.) "Literature is deviation from normal speech." Assess the validity of this statement with adequate examples from your literary experience.(15 marks)
b.) Attempt a Formalist analysis of the attached poem. (15 marks)
3. Argue for or against the contention that Mariama Ba's *So Long a Letter* or Buchi Emecheta's *Joy of Motherhood* is an echo of the feminist literary theory. (20 marks)
4. Using Marxist tenets, carry out a critical appraisal of *I Will Marry When I Want* or any of Ngugi's fiction
5. Elucidate Postcolonialism in literature with special reference to Achebe's *Things Fall Apart*. (20 marks)

OR

With the aid of textual examples, show how structuralists go about their critical project . (20 marks)

I MET A THIEF By Austin Bukenya

On the beach, on the coast,
Under the idle,
Before the growling, foaming, waves,
I met a thief who guessed I had
An innocent heart for her to steal.

She took my hand and led me under
The intimate cashew boughs which shaded
The downy grass and peeping weeds.
She jumped and plucked the nuts for me to suck;
She sang and laughed and pressed close.

I guessed; her hair was like the wool of a mountain
sheep,
Her eyes, a pair of brown-black beans floating in milk.
Juicy and round as plantain shoots
Her legs, arms and neck;
And like wine-gourds her pillowy breasts;
Her throat uttered fresh banana juice:
Matching her face - smooth and banana-ripe.

I touched-but long before I even tasted,
My heart had flowed from me into her breast;
And then she went - High and South -
And left my carcase roasting in the fire she'd lit.