



# **MASENO UNIVERSITY**

## **UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS 2017/2018**

### **FIRST YEAR FIRST SEMESTER EXAMINATIONS FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS IN LITERATURE**

#### **MAIN CAMPUS**

#### **ALI 803: ADVANCED LITERARY THEORY AND CRITICISM**

Date: 16<sup>th</sup> March, 2018

Time: 9.00 - 12.00pm

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#### **INSTRUCTIONS:**

- Answer Question ONE and any other TWO.
- Avoid unnecessary duplication of material in answer to more than one question
- Importance is given to correct and clear grammatical expression
- All mobile phones MUST BE SWITCHED OFF.

## COMPULSORY

- (1) Abrams classifies theories into mimetic, pragmatic, expressive and objective. Using literary works for illustration, show the extent to which you agree and, or disagree with this classification. (20 marks)
- (2) Jacqueline Bardolphe claims that Conrad has influenced Ngugi wa Thiong'o adding that "Conrad's work is not an "influence" but a fundamental intertext." Discuss this assertion with reference to *A Grain of Wheat* and *Under Western Eyes*. (20 marks)
- (3) Critically analyze Mariama Ba's *So Long a Letter* from a feminist perspective. (20 marks)
- (4) Undertake a critical analysis of Bukenya's *The Bride* from a deconstructionist perspective as well as a psychological perspective pointing out the merits and demerits of such an eclectic approach to literary criticism. (20 marks)
- (5) Critically analyze **two** poems by John Crowe Ransom's from a formalist perspective showing the strengths and weaknesses of the formalist approach in literary criticism. (20 marks)

**The Riverside**

BY JOHN CROWE RANSOM

A great green spread of meadow land,  
(Must rest his weight on an ample base),  
A secret water moving on,  
A clean blue air for his breathing-space,  
A pair of willows bending down  
In double witness to his grace,  
And on the rock his sinner sprawls  
And looks the Strong One face to face.

The sinner's mocking tongue is dry,  
Wonder is on that mighty jeerer,  
He loves, and he never loved before,  
He wants the glowing sky no nearer,  
He likes the willows to be two,  
He would not have the water clearer,  
He thinks that God is perfect once:  
Heaven, rejoice! a new God-fearer.

And now each quiet thing awakes  
And dances madly, wavers, dips;  
These are God's motions on the air,  
His Pulse for the sinner's finger-tips,  
His arrows shot across the blue,  
His love-words dropping from his lips,  
And who ever heard such whisperings,  
Who ever saw such fellowships?

**The Ingrate**

BY JOHN CROWE RANSOM

By night we looked across the field,  
The tasseled corn was fine to see,  
The moon was yellow on the rows  
And seemed so wonderful to me,  
I praised my moonlit Tennessee  
And thought my poor befriended man  
Would never dare to disagree.

He was a frosty Russian man  
And wore a bushy Russian beard;  
He had two faded furtive eyes  
That some old horror once had seared;  
I wondered if they ever would  
Forget the horrors they had feared;  
Yet when I praised my pleasant field  
This stupid fellow almost jeered.

'Your moon shines very well, my friend,  
Your fields are good enough, I know;  
At home our fields in the winter-time  
Were always white, and shining so!  
And bitter cold our winds would blow;  
And I remember how it looked,  
Dear God, my country of the snow!