



KENYATTA UNIVERSITY

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS 2016/2017

THIRD SEMESTER EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS

ALT 300 : STYLISTICS AND LITERARY TECHNIQUES

DATE: TUESDAY 25TH JULY 2017

TIME: 8.00 A.M. - 10.00 A.M.

INSTRUCTIONS

Answer Question ONE and any other TWO questions

1. Read the following passage and answer the questions on it

Now I am counting inside my head; this way I will not sleep. Nobody knows that sometime I do not sleep. I am the hare. Even If I want to sleep I cannot because if I sleep, the dream will come, and I don't want it to come. I am afraid of the bulldozers and those men and the police, afraid that if I let the dream come, they will get out of it and become real. I dream about what happened back at our house before we came to Paradise. I try to push it away but the dream keeps coming and coming and coming like bees, like rain, like graves at Heavenway.

In my dream, which is not a dream-dream because it is also the truth that happened, the bulldozers appear boiling. But first, before we see them, we hear them. Me and Thamu and Josephat and Ncane and Mudiwa and Verona are outside playing with More's new soccer ball, and then we hear thunder. Then Ncane says, What is that? Then Josephat says, It's the rain. I say, No, it's the planes. Then Maneru's grandfather comes sprinting down Freedom Street without his walking stick, shouting, They are coming, Jesus Christ, they are coming! Everybody is standing on the street, neck craned, waiting to see. Then mother shouts, Darlingcomeintothehousenow! but then the bulldozers are already near, big and yellow and terrible and metal teeth and spinning dust.

Then men driving the bulldozers are laughing. I hear the adults saying, Why why why, what have we done, what have we done, what have we done? Then the lorries come carrying the police with those guns and baton sticks and we run and hide inside the houses, but it's no use hiding because the bulldozers start bulldozing and bulldozing and bulldozing and we are screaming and screaming. The fathers are throwing hands in the air and saying angry things and kicking stones. The women are screaming the names of the children to see where we are and they are grabbing things from the houses: plates, clothes, a Bible, food, just grabbing whatever they can grab. And there is dust all over from crumbling walls; it gets into our hair and mouths and noses and makes us cough and cough.

The men knock down our house and Ncane's house and Josephat's house and Bongi's house and Sibo's house and many houses. Knockiyani knockiyani: men driving metal, metal slamming brick, brick crumbling. When they get to Mai Tari's house she throws herself in front of a bulldozer and says, Kwete! You'll have to bulldoze me first before I see my house go down, you dog shit. One ugly policeman points a gun to her head to make her move and she says Kill me, kill me now, for you have no shame, you could even kill your own mother and eat her up, imbwa! The policeman does not kill Mai Tari, he only hits her with a fun on the head, because all eyes are on him and maybe he has to do something important. Blood gushes from Mai Tari's head and turns the policeman's boots red-red.

When the bulldozers finally leave, everything is broken, everything is smashed, everything is wrecked. It is sad faces and everywhere, choking dust everywhere, broken walls and bricks everywhere tears. Gayigusu kicks broken bricks with his bare feet and rips his shirt off and jabs at the terrible scar running across his back and bellows, I got this from the liberation war, saliwelilizwe leli, we fought for this fucking lizwe mani, we put them in power, and today they turn on us like a snake, mputhu, and he spits. Musa's father stands with his hands in his pockets and does not say anything but the front of his trousers is wet. Little Tendai points at him and laughs.

Then Nomviyo comes running from the bus stop in her red high-heeled shoes, because she is just returning from town. She sees all the broken houses and she throws down all her groceries and bags down, screaming, My son, my son! What happened? I left my Freedom sleeping in there! Then they are helping her dig through the broken slabs and then Makubongwe appears carrying Freedom, and his small body is so limp and covered in dust you think it is just a thing and not a baby. Nomviyo looks at the thing that is also her son and throws herself on the ground and rolls and rolls, tearing at her clothes until the only things she has on are her black bra and knickers. The mothers scream to put our hands over our eyes and we put them there but me, I spread my fingers so that I can still see; Nomviyo weeps, beats the earth with her head and hands until somebody wraps her in a gray blanket and carries her away.

Then later the people with cameras and T-shirts that say BBC and CNN come to shake their heads and look and take our pictures like we are pretty, and one of them says, It's like a tsunami tore through this place. Jesus, it's like a fucking tsunami tore this up. I say to Verona, What's a fucking tsunami? and she says, a fucking tsunami walks on water, like Jesus, only it's a devil, didn't you see that time on TV, how it came out of the water and left all those people dead in that other country?

It is a bad dream, and I don't want it to come, which is why I am being the hare. Now Mother's man is snoring; I hate people who snore because it's an ugly sound, how are we even supposed to sleep? Now MotherLove is singing out there. Nobody sings like that in Paradise, voice swinging like ripe fruit you can pick and put in your mouth and taste its sweetness. When you hear MotherLove, you know that her Shebeen is now open for people to go and drink.

- i) Comment on at least three of the author's syntactic choices in this passage and assess their effectiveness. (15 marks)
 - ii) What, in your view, is the relationship between diction, the events narrated and the types of narrator in this passage? (15 marks)
2. By referring to Wole Soyinka's *Kongi's Harvest*, show a stylistic analysis of the play's dialogue can help us understand its characterization. (20 marks)
3. "The evolution of stylistics has equipped it with tools that would enable a critic to balance between linguistic description and the kind of literary appreciation that relates the text to the society that is based on, for example the analysis of gender" Debate this statement (20 marks)

4. Stylistically appreciate the following poem. Pay particular attention to semantic deviation and the poem's exploitation of phonological features. (20 marks)

A Dream within a Dream (Edgar Allan Poe)

Take this kiss upon the brow!
And, in parting from you now,
Thus much let me avow--
You are not wrong, who deem
That my days have been a dream;
Yet if hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less gone?
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand--
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep--while I weep!
O God! Can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
Oh God! Can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

5. Discuss four ways in which an author can create cohesion in a novel. Make reference to a specific text. (20 marks)