



THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF EASTERN AFRICA

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MAIN EXAMINATION

SEPTEMBER –DECEMBER 2021

FACULTY OF ARTS AND SOCIAL SCIENCES

DEPARTMENT OF LANGUAGES, LITERATURE AND COMMUNICATION

REGULAR PROGRAMME

LIT 401: AFRICAN LITERATURE

Date: DECEMBER 2021

Duration: 2 Hours

INSTRUCTIONS: Answer Question ONE and any TWO Questions

Q1. a. Discuss any THREE contentions in the conceptualization of African Literature. **(10 Marks).**

b. Basing your argument on the works of any South African writer, describe the complementarity of literature and armed struggle in liberating the oppressed. **(20marks)**

Q2. Discuss how any African writer has treated the idea of violent conflict in any of his/ her texts. **(20 Marks)**

Q3. Either

- a. Appraise Peter Abrahams' portrait of the notion of Pan-Africanism in *A Wreath for Udomo*. OR
- b. Refer to any short story read in this course to evaluate its effectiveness in addressing any serious African concern. **(20 Marks)**

Q4. Discuss how Wole Soyinka's artistic craftsmanship brings out the tenacious nature of African culture. Refer to *Death and the King's Horseman*. **(20 Marks)**

Q5. a. Either:

Discuss the role of Biblical stories and Gikuyu myths in Weep Not, Child.

(20 Marks)

b. Or:

Using L.S. Senghor' s poem provided overleaf, discuss his understanding of racial history and the eventual role of the black people in the World's Civilization.

(20 Marks)

Night in Sine

BY LÉOPOLD SÉDAR SENGHOR

Woman, place your soothing hands upon my brow,
Your hands softer than fur.
Above us balance the palm trees, barely rustling
In the night breeze. Not even a lullaby.
Let the rhythmic silence cradle us.
Listen to its song. Hear the beat of our dark blood,
Hear the deep pulse of Africa in the mist of lost villages.

Now sets the weary moon upon its slack seabed
Now the bursts of laughter quiet down, and even the storyteller
Nods his head like a child on his mother's back
The dancers' feet grow heavy, and heavy, too,
Come the alternating voices of singers.

Now the stars appear and the Night dreams
Leaning on that hill of clouds, dressed in its long, milky pagne.
The roofs of the huts shine tenderly. What are they saying
So secretly to the stars? Inside, the fire dies out
In the closeness of sour and sweet smells.

Woman, light the clear-oil lamp. Let the Ancestors
Speak around us as parents do when the children are in bed.
Let us listen to the voices of the Elissa Elders. Exiled like us
They did not want to die, or lose the flow of their semen in the sands.
Let me hear, a gleam of friendly souls visits the smoke-filled hut,
My head upon your breast as warm as tasty *dang* streaming from the fire,
Let me breathe the odor of our Dead, let me gather
And speak with their living voices, let me learn to live
Before plunging deeper than the diver
Into the great depths of sleep.

END