



ROBERT MUGABE SCHOOL OF HERITAGE & EDUCATION

DEPARTMENT OF LANGUAGES, MEDIA & COMMUNICATION STUDIES

BACHELOR OF EDUCATION PRIMARY IN-SERVICE HONOURS DEGREE LEVEL 1 SEMESTER 1

BACHELOR OF EDUCATION SECONDARY IN-SERVICE HONOURS DEGREE LEVEL 1 SEMESTER 1

EXAMINATION QUESTION PAPER

MODULE CODE	CENP & CENS 112
MODULE NARRATION	LITERATURE AND CRITICISM
DATE	2024
DURATION	3 HOURS

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:

- 1. Answer any THREE questions**
- 2. All questions carry equal marks**

1. Discuss the traditional and modern views of tragedy showing which ones appeal to you most.
2. How important is the knowledge of Feminist Literary Theory for you as a primary or secondary school teacher?
3. Discuss the tenets of Afro-centrism showing how useful such knowledge is for you as a primary or secondary school teacher.
4. 'Psychoanalysis is therapeutic to the sick mind of the author'. Discuss.
5. Compare the following two poems paying particular attention to *tone* and *mood* as functions of meaning.

The Drum (John Scott 1793)

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
 Parading round, and round, and round:
 To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
 And lures from cities and from fields,
 To sell their liberty for charms
 Of tawdry lace and glittering arms;
 And when *Ambition's* voice commands,
 To fight and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
 Parading round, and round, and round:
 To me it talks of ravaged plains,
 And burning towns and ruined swains,
 And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
 And widow's tears, and orphans moans,
 And all that *Misery's* hand bestows,
 To fill a catalogue of woes.

Anthem for Doomed Youth (Wilfred Owen)

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
 — Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
 Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
 Can patter out their hasty orisons.
 No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;
 Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—
 The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
 And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?
 Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
 Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.
 The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
 Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
 And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

END OF QUESTION PAPER