



BOWEN UNIVERSITY, IWO
COLLEGE OF COMPUTING AND COMMUNICATION
STUDIES COMMUNICATION ARTS PROGRAMME
FIRST SEMESTER 2022/2023 EXAMINATION

EXAMINATION COURSE TITLE: THEORIES OF COMMUNICATION

COURSE CODE: CMA 303

DATE: February, 2024

TIME ALLOWED: 2 HOURS 30 MINUTES

INSTRUCTION: Attempt Question 1 and any other two.

1. (a) Using a diagram, give a detailed overview on your understanding of “Theories in Communication Arts Studies”. (10 marks)
(b) With reference to the attached passage; read, harvest at least 10 theories and briefly explain all the theories embedded in the passage and how they were applied. (20 marks)

2. Pick any theory of your choice and discuss extensively ensuring to capture the following elements:
 - Propounder(s)
 - Year it was propounded
 - Full details, key assumptions and scope of theory
 - How and Why it came about
 - Situating it among other theories (two similar theories and two contradictory theories)
 - How the theory can be applied (20 marks)

3. Identify Any 4 Media effects theories treated in class and discuss extensively their uses and application with relevant examples (20 marks)

4. Discuss extensively the interconnection between theory, models, and concepts. Ensure to provide relevant examples and situate discussion with the communication arts studies. (20 marks)

ATTACHED PASSAGE:

WHERE ARE YOU FROM?

By

Kunbi Black.

“Mummy, where is this new girl from?” I asked as I stared through the window at the little girl seated quietly outside under our orange tree. She didn’t look happy even as she devoured some sweet oranges she had plucked. Her face remained unchanged. It was blank, motionless and sad. I could see that the sweetness of the orange could in no way neutralise all the bitterness she had in her. But what could make such a little girl so bitter? Me? My mom? Madam Tee? Her own mother? Maybe father? Or could it even be God? I was as lost as she was.

“Togo or Cotonou” My mom responded.

“Oh! She must know how to speak French. I’d surely use her to brush up on my French.”

Use her? Really Kunbi? Use her? Was that it now? Wasn’t there a better word like opportunity? Couldn’t you have just said “I’d use this opportunity to learn from her?” These thoughts were in Mr. P’s voice and they were ringing loud in my head. Mr. P reads meaning to a lot of things and is always angry. Mr. P is my conscience.

“I’m sorry Mr. P. I honestly meant no harm. I’m sorry!” I waited to hear his response but like always he went mute and suddenly became silent like Aisha. Aisha was the new girl’s name.

“I didn’t mean any harm. I just wanted to use you... use the opportunity to learn French.” Aisha began to sob. It felt like I was only making matters worse so I turned and headed back inside. I told mom what happened. She said it was normal because Aisha was new and had not settled in yet.

“She is a small girl and probably misses her mother, father, sisters and brothers.”

“What if she had none? What if they were all dead or she would never see them again? What if, like her, all her brothers and sisters have been sent to different parts of the world?”

Mom said she had parents and they were poor. “Madam Tee is only trying to help them by taking their children to work as maids so they can get money in return.” Mom paid 5,000 naira per month for two years in exchange for Aisha helping around the house. That’s 120,000. *Isn’t that slavery? Like modern day slavery?* I thought. What’s the difference between that and what happened to our ancestors during the Trans-Atlantic slave trade? I was not happy at all so I told my mum how I felt about it.

“That’s the best way we can help them. There’s a lot of poverty in their land. 120,000 converted to their currency would be a lot of money. It would go a really long way for them.” She explained. “The thing is that I just don’t trust Madam Tee. She seems slimy. Not trustworthy at all. She won’t give Aisha’s parents the full amount of money. I fear she might just give them only 20,000 out of everything. She was too quick to collect the money as she was in a hurry to go and deliver the next child to the next client.”

She spoke to Aisha as she was going. I heard Aisha talk finally amidst tears but it wasn’t French. She spoke a different language. Oh! Aisha doesn’t understand French because French is only understood and spoken by the elites in Togo and Cotonou. It’s just the same way English is in Nigeria. So she speaks a local dialect just as we speak Yoruba here.

My mother walks up to her, hugs her and tries to make her feel at home. We bought a cold Fanta drink for her. I hoped this time, it neutralised the bitterness in her. She smiled and my mother smiled. I smile too.

“Would she go to school?” I asked

“She says she wishes she could but her time with us is short and she might not have learnt English well enough to be able to enrol; plus she is over aged and has never been to school before.” It was a tough one but my mother was wrong.

Today makes it two years and Madam Tee is back to take her away. Aisha looks different. She is healthier and more beautiful compared to when she arrived. She is crying again but this time it is not because she doesn't want to stay, but because she doesn't want to go. My mom is crying too. They had become very close over the years. Aisha followed her everywhere and did everything with her. When my sister and I all left for school, Aisha would keep my mother company. People at her shop called Aisha her daughter and mum her mother. Aisha didn't want to leave with Madam Tee because it felt like she was leaving her home and another set of parents and siblings again. She would miss eating with us, praying with us and above all laughing with us.

Aisha came as a different person and was leaving a different person. She came with one identity and was leaving with another. I remember one day at Sunday school, the kids were asked to introduce themselves. Aisha was number five on the list and number 3 and 4 were siblings so they stood up and introduced themselves as Chigozie Okoro and Chinyere Okoro. When it was Aisha's turn, she stood up and said, “My name is Aisha Okoro.” Everybody burst out laughing, including her. She thought they were celebrating her for finally having enough confidence to speak English in public and speak it well, but she was wrong. They laughed at her inability to identify herself properly. Could they really blame her? These girls who come to work as maids hardly introduce themselves with their fathers' names. They hardly ever know the child of whom they are by name. They only know their first name and adopt the surname of whatever family they end up with; if the family is generous enough. I remember when Aisha fell sick one time and mum had to fill in her details at the hospital desk, so she filled it with our surname right behind her name.

My father's name was right behind hers. Such an irony as I had just recently dropped my surname to pick up my middle name as my first name, and my nickname as my new surname. My sisters would also get married and drop the surname as well and here was Aisha dropping it after just two years.

I thought about the new name she would pick up wherever she went with Madam Tee. I prayed that they'd be accommodating and kind to her. Before today, I thought she would be going back home to Togo or Cotonou to finally ask her father his name and pick it up but my mother told me that she was going to another family because Madam Tee asked for a raise and she declined saying she would rather use the raise to put Aisha through school. Madam Tee also declined.

“She doesn't want Aisha to go to school. She wants her to remain a maid. She is even shocked when Aisha speaks English and Yoruba fluently.” Mum said solemnly.

“Brother Kunbi, *odabo!* I'm going home.” Aisha said in a quivering voice.

“Yes you are! You are going to another place you would call home, not your original home but all the same it would become home.” That wasn't me. That was Mr. P. Mr. P, my conscience.

“*Odabo, Aisha.*”