**P310/1**

**TIME: 3 HOURS**

**Instructions:**

*Attempt all questions*

**UMTA**

**U.A.C.E**

**Literature in English**

**Prose and Poetry**

**SECTION I**

I believe that a thought system of a people is created by the most powerful, sensitive, and imaginative minds that that society has produced: these are the few men and women, the supreme artists, the imaginative creators of their time, who form the consciousness of their time. They respond deeply and intuitively to what is happening, what has happened and what will happen. Their response is expressed, not in the form of abstract philosophical treatises, not in the form of legislations or decrees or the law as laid down by judges.

The ex-catholic priest, Charles Davis, wrote, ‘An author, if he is big enough, can do so much for his fellow men. He can put words in their mouths and reason into their heads; he can fill sleep with dreams so potent that when they awake they will go on living them’ But how? How do the artists make *laws* for society?

The artist proclaims the laws but expresses them in the most indirect language: through metaphor and symbol, in image and fable. He sings and dances his laws. It is taught, not in the school of law, not at the inns of court, but around the evening fire, where elephants and hares act as men. The body movement, the painting, the sculptures are his law books. The drums, the flutes, the horns, the strumming and plucking on the strings of the musical instruments, are the proclamations of his decrees. He lures his subjects by the sweetness of his song, and the beauty of his works. He punishes the culprits with laughter, and awards the good mannered with praises.

The English poet Percy Bysshe Shelly (1792-1821) suggested that artists were the unacknowledged legislators. But in Africa of tradition they are fully acknowledged, admired and feared for their sharp tongues. Moral science only arranges the elements that the artists have created. That is to say, the artist creates the central ideas around which other leaders, law makers, chiefs, judges, heads of clans, family heads, construct and sustain social institutions. But more, they also compose the festivals in which these ideas are celebrated.

I am insisting that in any society, anywhere, in any age, there are two types of rulers namely the artist who provides and sustain the fundamental ideas, the foundation of the society; and the political chieftain, who comes to power, with the aid of soldier and rich business brethren, who merely puts these ideas into practice in ruling or misruling society. At times, as was the case with Moses, Mohammed and Mao-Tse-Tung the two types are fused in one person. The chief, with or without his council makes his laws or proclaims his decrees, all neatly arranged in chapters, sections and sub-sections for easy reference. Why do men obey these laws? There are the 'security forces', some in uniform, others in plain clothes. Then there are 'courts of law' manned by judges and magistrates of many ranks. Lawyers argue about points of law and of fact; and if found guilty the prisoner is sent to jail, under the charge of a whole army called warders or goalers who ensure that the prisoner does not escape. For some crimes he is hanged.

The chieftain and the rich impress society with their instruments of coercion and wealth. Men and women are forced, tortured, threatened, bribed, bought, killed, to obey. Most times these so called laws do not make sense.

The artist uses his voice, he sings his laws to the accompaniment of the *nanga,* the harp; he twists his body to the rhythm of the drums, to proclaim his rules. He carves his moral standards on wood and stone, and paints his colourful ‘does and don’ts' on walls, and canvas. In these and other ways the artist expresses the joys and sorrows of the people. What is joy? What is sorrow? These questions are meaningless if the philosophy of life as created and celebrated in art, is not clear. What is happiness? What is sadness? Surely, these questions do not make sense unless the human situation is what it should be, *Ber piny.*

It is creative works of the artist that constitute the mental pictures which guide men's lives, which make them human. It is also these works of art that sustain and promote the laws. 'The imagination’, wrote Shelly, 'is the great instrument of moral good, and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the causes'. And commenting on the thin influence of moral philosopher on morality, John Dewey judged, 'The sum total of the effect of all reflective treatises on morals is insignificant in comparison with the influence of architecture, the novel, drama, on life, becoming important when "intellectual" products formulate the tendencies of these arts and provide them with an intellectual base'.'

If there are two types of rulers in every society, that is, those who use physical force to subdue men, and those that employ beautiful things, sweet songs and funny stories, rhythm, shape and colour, to keep individuals and society sane and flourishing then in my view, it is the artist who is the greater ruler.

Every human being is an artist of course, as in every field of endeavour, some are greater than others. There are child artists and seasoned artists and clumsy ones, too. Are there perfect ones? I doubt it. Learners, tutors, and audience: some even perform to themselves, as the girl going to fetch water from the well; or the herdsboy in the pastures. But all are artists. And it is precisely because of this fact that the deepest meanings which a work of art embodies is appreciated. Ordinary language, with all its rules of grammar and logic is too shallow to contain, too weak to convey, too slow to effectively tell, the message. Art is the most direct vehicle; a special language spoken by the clan called artists.

What is the implication of all this? There is a simple lamp made from some old tin. The flame is naked, so while it is burning people around should not cough, as it would go off. And so one of its names is *Anga muono?,* 'Who has coughed?' The light it gives is very weak, so it has to be carried from one spot to another, in order to be used effectively. And so it is also called *la-put,* 'the cripple'. But this humble article has another name, *Arwot ki io da,* ‘I am chief in my home'.

*Arwot,* 'I am chief. What can this devastating declaration mean? What does it imply for the individual as well as the society as a whole? We all know there is the big chief, Rwot, who presides over the council of clan heads. He comes from the chiefly clan, that is, the clan that provides the line of chiefs; no other clan can do this!

But there is another proverb which says, *Agoro pe camo kato kulu,* 'The *agoro* termites (the most destructive) do not feed on the other side of the stream',

Adapted from; Artist, The Ruler by Okot P’Bitek.

**Questions**

1. Suggest a suitable title for the passage. (02) marks
2. State the writer’s arguments in the passage. (08)marks
3. Explain the meaning of the proverb as used: “The agoro termites (the most destructive) do not feed on the other side of the stream.” (04) marks
4. How relevant is the passage to our society today? (04)marks
5. What is the writer’s intention? (06) marks
6. Give the meaning of the following words and phrases as used in the passage.
7. intuitively (1) mark
8. potent (1) mark
9. lures (1) mark
10. fused (1) mark
11. manned (1) mark
12. coercion (1) mark
13. treatises (1) mark
14. subdue (1) mark
15. embodies (1) mark
16. vehicle (1) mark

**Total = 34 marks**

**SECTION II**

**“I HAVE A DREAM”**

I am happy to join with you today in what will go down in history as the greatest demonstration for freedom in the history of our nation.

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon of hope to millions of slaves, who had been seared in the flames of whithering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity. But one hundred years later, the colored America is still not free. One hundred years later, the life of the colored American is still sadly crippled by the manacle of segregation and the chains of discrimination.

One hundred years later, the colored American lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the colored American is still languishing in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land So we have come here today to dramatize a shameful condition.

In a sense we have come to our Nation’s Capital to cash a check. When the architects of our great republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir.

This note was a promise that all men, yes, black men as well as white men, would be guaranteed the inalienable rights of life liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given its colored people a bad check, a check that has come back marked “insufficient funds.”

But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation. So we have come to cash this check, a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and security of justice.

We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of Now. This is not time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism.

Now is the time to make real the promise of democracy.

Now it the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice.

Now it the time to lift our nation from the quicksand of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood.

Now is the time to make justice a reality to all of God’s children.

It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment and to underestimate the determination of it’s colored citizens. This sweltering summer of the colored people’s legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality. Nineteen sixty-three is not an end but a beginning. Those who hope that the colored Americans needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual.

There will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the colored citizen is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges.

We can never be satisfied as long as our children are stripped of their selfhood and robbed of their dignity by signs stating “for white only.”

We cannot be satisfied as long as a colored person in Mississippi cannot vote and a colored person in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote.

No, no we are not satisfied and we will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream.

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of your trials and tribulations. Some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom left you battered by storms of persecutions and staggered by the winds of police brutality.

Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to South Carolina go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our modern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed.

Let us not wallow in the valley of despair. I say to you, my friends, we have the difficulties of today and tomorrow.

I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

I have a dream that one day out in the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by their character.

I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day down in Alabama, with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of interposition and nullification; that one day right down in Alabama little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers.

I have a dream today.

This is our hope. This is the faith that I will go back to the South with. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope.

With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood.

With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to climb up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

This will be the day when all of God’s children will be able to sing with new meaning “My country ’tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing. Land where my father died, land of the Pilgrim’s pride, from every mountainside, let freedom ring!”

***Martin Luther King Jr.***

**Questions**

1. Identify the target audience. (03 marks)
2. Analyse the main theme in the piece. (07 marks)
3. Describe the quality of the speaking voice in the piece. (04 marks)
4. Comment on the effectiveness of the speaker’s style of communication. (15 marks)
5. What is the effect of the speech on you? (04 marks)

**Total = 33 marks**

**SECTION III**

**Kampala undressed!**

My poetic eyes

like a pair of scissors

slice thr' the veneer of her beauty,

Lo and behold,

without cosmetics,

It's the silhouette of the naked -

Kampala.

Her roads blessed with potholes as deep as graves

And

sewer pipes vomiting

raw coiled human dung that proudly swims

through the verandah.

Across the street

a pregnant stench assaults our nostrils

as women selling fruits battle the fat flies,

Kampala.

Her boda bodas racing hither and thither

thr' the snail pace traffic

With wrinkled taxis coughing old carbon

that defiles our lungs.

Riders and drivers shouting invectives

at the innocent passengers, "You rotten fish, pay more money...

Kampala.

Her posters yelling over dirty street walls,

" Get rich quick, quick LOANS", "jobs ABROAD",

"Quick SEX"," space to rent", "wedding loans", "Experienced WITCHDOCTOR"," short term marriage", "Libido booster", "single and searching", "Secret LODGE upstairs "," Pastor for RICHES and happy marriages," p.... enlargement ",

Kampala.

Her women, women of all looks,

Some

With tired Fanta faces

and Coca-cola legs

wearing fibre hair from dead bazungu

Others

With red-hot lipstick like

a cat whose mouth is dipped in blood

and make up to make them appear

like a Musambwa at the graveyard,

Kampala.

Her dark streets littered with ladies of the night

wearing come-quench-your-thirst smiles,

Clad in micro-mini skirts

and see thr' tops

Exposing

legs like crooked sausages

and paw-paw breasts enticing eaters,

KAMPALA!!!

(Nakendo Medd).

**Questions**

1. Analyse the subject matter in the poem. (08 marks)
2. Who is speaking in the poem? (03 marks)
3. Describe the speaker’s attitude towards Kampala. (04 marks)
4. How effectively used are the devices in the poem? (15 marks)
5. What is the poet’s intention in the poem? (03 marks)

**Total = 33 marks**