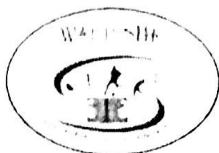


P310/1
LITERATURE
IN ENGLISH
(Prose and Poetry)
PAPER 1
July/August
3 hours



WAKISSHA JOINT MOCK EXAMINATIONS

Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

(Prose and Poetry)

Paper 1

3 hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:

- *All sections are to be attempted.*
- *Candidates are advised to spend **70 minutes** (1hour and 10minutes) on section I and **55 minutes** on each of the section II and III.*
- *Read section I twice and then answer the questions. There is no need to read the whole paper first.*
- *Do the same for section II and then section III.*

SECTION I

1. Read the passage below and answer the questions after it:

So far as I have hitherto gone, I have spoken of the family being a single society. But it was a common place of the older writers on social and political subjects (basing themselves, I fancy, on Aristotle) to speak of the family as a **federal** society which united together three different sorts of groups - the *societas nuptialis* between the husband and wife; the *societas paterna* between parents and children; and the *societas erilis* between the master of the house (*erūs*, as he is called in Latin) and his servants. Some of these older writers were somewhat subtle - and also it must be confessed, rather academic and dry as dust. They were so clear about the existence of these three separate societies that they would not unite the three in one, and refused to recognize the family itself as a society. Leibniz was wiser: he was willing to think that the family system contained four societies, and that it included the family itself, or the family as a whole, as well as the three divisions or provinces of the family. It is better to be a follower of Leibniz in this matter. It is dangerous to jump, as those old dry as dusts did, straight from their three societies to the State, as if there were no intervening family which held the three together independently of the State. That makes too much of the State: and anyhow it flouts our actual experience of life. The three societies **fuse** and intertwine in a single society which colours and controls them all. If I am husband and father and master (not that I like the word master), I am also one; and it is my oneness that really matters. I may divide myself, and the family to which I belong, for the purpose of analysis: but it, and I, always fly together again when the analysis is finished.

‘The nuptial society’ or the consortium of marriage exists in its pure or isolated state only during the days of the honeymoon. It is **palisaded** off for that brief time - Adam and Eve in a garden, from which they must necessarily depart, not because they have done any wrong, but because ‘Time’s winged chariot’ comes and carries them off to do something right, or at any rate, something necessary, in the world that lies outside. (The man never comes back to the garden, except in memory: the woman finds another and almost equally wonderful garden when she has her new-born child in her arms.) After that time, and when those days in the garden are ended, the *societas nuptialis* begins to run **in harness** with other societies. But it still remains itself: it has still its own accommodations to make: it imposes its own discipline and demands its own system of education. The education of marriage goes to the depth of being. It involves the adjustment of two personalities and characters to a common way of life. It is full of delight and difficulty: disagreement and reconciliation: differences and compromise. It is a **microcosm** of the process which works in the great society of the State, where men have to find a common way of life by the same process of give and take. The first and primary democracy, in which debate and compromise are used to settle differences, is the institution of marriage.

Man likes a warm room, with windows happily and firmly shut, a good fire, and a pipe of tobacco. Woman loves the singing air, the open window, and the sight of driving clouds. (The pundits say that man’s blood is different from that of woman, and, in particular, that the process of metabolism is more constant in him and more unstable in her. But that is to whittle the difference down to physiology and prose.) Then, again, man is apt to think that he is dying whenever he is ill: woman takes illness as something which is all in the day’s work, and need not create a fuss. More important still, man is like the Athenians of old: he is always pining to hear or see some new and stirring thing: he has a sovereign and vexing importance. Woman faces the daily round and the common task, and she faces it equably. I often think that women must smile at men - the amusing, exciting, annoying, obstinate playboys of the human world. If they do, they **dissemble** their smile: and they work away steadily at their task of pinning men down to stability and the quiet ways of good sense.

Men and women, **yoked** together for better, for worse (but with such infinite capacities for working and pulling together for better), have to respect one another's differences. Neither is bound to grow like the other, or to imitate the other. Why should they have married at all, unless they were different from one another, and each needed the other's difference? They have to wed their differences, or to find a golden mean between them. If the man has passion for novelty (which is far from being absent though it may not be so pronounced, in the woman), let them both go out together in search of novelty: they will return together to the old ways with all the greater zest. (There is a great deal of the pendulum in us all, and we are only happy when we are swinging from the old to the new, and then back again, or from the solitude of two to the **gregariousness** of a general company – keeping, and then, once more, back again.) But it is a fault in marriage that the two should always be acting together, whether in search of novelty or in any other search. There is a necessary 'you and I' ('if you take up this, I will take up that, and then between us we shall cover the ground'). Marriages seem to be perfect when there is identity of interests and pursuits; but perhaps they are actually more perfect (if the word 'perfect' has any comparative) when there is a difference of interests and pursuits which is the difference of two complements. Of course the difference must be compatible with sympathy, and even with sharing: either must report to the other about his (or her) particular interest or pursuit, and either must report to the other's report and profit by listening. To hunt apart does not involve separate larders: 'if it did, nearly all the fun of the hunting would be gone. And some part of the hunting should always be in common. There can be no proper communication in marriage unless some things are done together - and among them not only the search for novelty, but also the cultivation of some permanent and regular habit or into the realm of music: it gives a finer edge and flavor to her enjoyment; and even if he were not greatly musical he would be a poor husband, and a poor and thriftless steward of his married days, if he did not gladly go, knowing that he will not only be giving, but may also be gaining himself in the act and moment of giving. Change the name of the habit or interest, and the wife can do the giving, and also receive the gain, in the same degree as her husband. To pursue together novelty (especially in travel); to do some hunting apart, but without forgetting to report to one another on the quarry; to pursue together some steady habit or interest- these are simple counsels, if not of perfection in marriage, at any rate of a quiet and calm **felicity**.

All this may seem to be the substitution of comradeship, co-operation and the steady hue of golden grey for the peacock's wing of romance. There was a time when a glance or a look sent gold into the skies, and made the horizon glow. Does all that come down to this – a calculated and planned rule of life, like the rule of monastery? Yes, it comes down to this in the end, if marriage is to be an institution and not a passion – a way of life, not an **iridescence**. The analogy of the monastery goes deeper than at first sight appears. The monk too has had this vision: he too has seen the horizon glow with a revelation. But he has also recognized the great virtue of stability; and he has worked out a technique of common life - which is based on the secure psychological foundations of observation and experience of human ways, and is designed to secure the permanence of the vision. If as much wisdom went into the making of a rule for the common life of marriage as has gone into the making of the rule for the monastery, there would perhaps be a greater number of happy marriages.

(Source: **Nandini Nayar (2008): Footprints 1: An Anthology of Prose, Poetry and Fiction**, Cambridge University Press India, from an essay by Ernest Barker)

Questions

(02 marks)

a) Give the passage a suitable title.

b) (i) What, according to the older writers, were the three groups that made up a family unit?

(03 marks)

Turn Over

- (ii) How different was Leibniz from these writers and why does the author support him? (03 marks)
- c) (i) What are the contradictions that exist in marriage? (06 marks)
 (ii) Explain the lessons necessary to make marriage work. (06 marks)
- d) "Differences in interests and attitudes are the primary reason for a marriage and an important way of keeping the relationship working." Explain. (04 marks)
- e) Give the meaning of the words and phrases in bold type as used in the passage: (10 marks)
- federal
 - fuse
 - palisaded
 - in harness
 - microcosm
 - dissemble
 - yoked
 - gregariousness
 - felicity
 - iridescence

SECTION II

2. Read the passage below and answer the questions after it.

And yet the wondering and the shaking and the vomiting horror is not all from the inward sickness of the individual soul. Here we have had a kind of movement that should make even good stomachs go sick. What is painful to the thinking mind is not the movement itself, but the dizzying speed of it. It is that which has been horrible. Unnatural, I would have said, had I not stopped myself with asking, unnatural according to what kind of nature? Each movement and each growth, each such thing brings with itself its own nature to frustrate our future judgment. Now, whenever I am able to look past the beauty of the first days, the days of birth, I can see growth. I tell myself that is the way it should be. There is nothing that should break the heart in the progressive movement away from the beauty of the first days. I see growth, that is all I see within my mind. When I can only see, when there is nothing I can feel. I am not troubled. But always these unwanted feelings will come in the end and disturb the tired mind with thoughts that will not go away. How horribly rapid everything has been, from the days when men were not ashamed to talk of souls and of suffering and of hope, to these low days of smiles that will never again be sly enough to hide the knowledge of betrayal and deceit. There is something of an irresistible horror in such quick decay.

When I was at school, in Standard Five, one of us, a boy who took a special pleasure in showing us true but unexpected sides of our world, came and showed us something I am sure none of us has forgotten. We called him Aboliga the Frog. His eyes were like that. Aboliga the Frog one day brought us a book of freaks and oddities, and showed us his favorite among the weird lot. It was a picture of something the caption called an old manchild. It had been born with all the features of a human baby, but within seven years it had completed the cycle from babyhood to infancy to youth, to maturity and old age, and in its seventh year it had died a natural death. The picture Aboliga the Frog showed us was of the manchild in its gray old age, completely old in everything save the smallness of its size, a thing that deepened the element of the grotesque. The manchild looked more irretrievably old, far more thoroughly decayed, than any ordinary old man could ever have looked. But of course, it, too, had a nature of its own, so that only those who have found some solid ground they can call the natural will feel

free to call it unnatural. And where is my solid ground these days? Let us say just that the cycle from birth to decay has been short. Short, brief. But otherwise not at all unusual. And even in the decline into the end there are things that remind the longing mind of old beginnings and hold out the promise of new ones, things even like your despair itself. I have heard this pain before, only then it was multiplied many, many times, but that may only be because at that time I was not so alone, so far apart. Maybe there are other lonely voices despairing now. I will not be entranced by the voice, even if it should swell as it did in the days of hope. I will not be entranced, since I have seen the destruction of the promises it made. But I shall not resist it either. I will be like a cork.

It is so surprising, is it not, how even the worst happenings of the past acquire a sweetness in the memory. Old harsh distresses are now merely pictures and tastes which hurt no more, like itching scars which can only give pleasure now. Strange, because when I can think soberly about it all, without pushing any later joys into the deeper past, I can remember that things were terrible then. When the war was over the soldiers came back to homes broken in their absence and they themselves brought murder in their hearts and gave it to those nearest them. I saw it, not very clearly, because I had no way of understanding it, but it frightened me. We had gone on marches of victory and I do not think there was anyone mean enough in spirit to ask whether we knew the thing we were celebrating. Whose victory? Ours? It did not matter. We marched, and only a dishonest fool will look back on his boyhood and say he knew even then that there was no meaning in any of it. It is so funny now, to remember that we all thought we were welcoming victory. Or perhaps there is nothing funny here at all, and it is only that victory itself happens to be the identical twin of defeat.

(Source: **Ayi Kwei Armah (1968): *The Beautiful Ones Are Not Yet Born***; Heinmann Educational Books, London)

Questions

- | | |
|--|------------|
| a) What is the passage about? | (07 marks) |
| b) Identify the narrator in the passage. | (03 marks) |
| c) Why is the narrator remembering Aboliga the Frog? | (04 marks) |
| d) Examine the aspects of style used in the passage. | (15 marks) |
| e) Analyze the tone and mood of the passage. | (04 marks) |

SECTION III

3. Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow:

Song to Mukokoteni

Mukokoteni

Mukokoteni

O my mukokoteni –

My chariot of fame

My Apollo 9 to the stars

My VC 10 to global capitals

My concord jet-liner

To dream continents and oceans

Miraculous automobile

From discarded timber

And junkyard tyre rim

Ingeniously fabricated

By Kafumba-Mutwe Afro Works

Turn Over

O my legs of vegetable and metal
My perennial Mercedes Benz
My ever-ready cargo plane
My sputnik to brand new planets

My elephant of the metropolis
My donkey of the suburbs
My ass of the slums

O you my all-weather masterpiece
My champion of panya roads
My roadmaster of side-ways and backyards
Venturing where amphibious tanks dare not
Surviving where bulldozers break down

Ambulance of the crippled
Taxi-cab of the dying poor –
Into what kitchen have you not glimpsed
Offloading opulent merchandise
Too greasy for the blameless boot
Of the family limousine

What matooke shambas have you not ferried
To mansions of executive stomachs
What miles of forest not spirited away
To cities of charcoal mountains

O mukokoteni
Mukokoteni
My mukokoteni

My only granary
Of chance cassava for supper

My ray of cosmic hope for tomorrow
My springhead of endurance yesterday
Never to be outdated
By man or robot or politics –

Long live you
Under Mukokoteni Operations' Union!
- Timothy Wangusa (Uganda)

Questions

- a) Comment on the appropriateness of the title to the poem. (03 marks)
- b) What is the subject matter of the poem? (06 marks)
- c) Explain the meaning of the following lines as used in the poem: (04 marks)
 - i) Miraculous automobile
From discarded timber
 - ii) My only granary
Of chance cassava for supper
- d) Comment on the effectiveness of the poetic devices used in the poem. (15 marks)
- e) What is the attitude of the speaker towards Mukokoteni? (05 marks)

END