

P310/1
LITERATURE
IN ENGLISH
Paper 1
Nov./Dec. 2018
3 hours



UGANDA NATIONAL EXAMINATIONS BOARD

Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH (PROSE AND POETRY)

Paper 1

3 hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:

All the sections are to be attempted.

Candidates are advised to spend 70 minutes (1 hour 10 minutes) on section I and 55 minutes on sections 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.

*Not more than **one** question may be chosen from **one** section.*

SECTION I

Read the passage below and answer the questions that follow.

HOW WE LISTEN TO MUSIC

The simplest way of listening to music is to listen for the sheer pleasure of the musical sound itself. That is the sensuous plane. It is the plane on which we hear music without thinking, without considering it in any way. One turns on the radio while doing something else and absent-mindedly bathes in the sound. A kind of brainless but attractive state of mind is engendered by the mere sound appeal of the music. 5

You may be sitting in a room reading this book. Imagine one note struck on the piano. Immediately that one note is enough to change the atmosphere of the room – providing that the sound element in music is a powerful and mysterious agent, which it would be foolish to deride or belittle. 10

The surprising thing is that many people who consider themselves qualified music lovers abuse that plane in listening. They go to concerts in order to lose themselves. They use music as a consolation or an escape. They enter an ideal world where one doesn't have to think of the realities of everyday life. Of course they aren't thinking about the music either. Music allows them to leave it, and they go off to a place to dream, dreaming because of and apropos of the music yet never quite listening to it. 15

Yes, the sound appeal of music is a potent and primitive force, but you must not allow it to usurp a disproportionate share of your interest. The sensuous plane is an important one in music, a very important one, but it does not constitute the whole story. 20

There is no need to digress further on the sensuous plane. Its appeal to every normal human being is self-evident. There is, however, such a thing as becoming more sensitive to the different kinds of sound stuff as used by various composers. For all composers do not use that sound stuff in the same way. Don't get the idea that the value of music is commensurate with its sensuous appeal or that the loveliest sounding music is made by the greatest composer. If that were so, Ravel would be a greater creator than Beethoven. The point is that the sound element varies with each composer, that his usage of sound forms an integral part of his style and must be taken into account when listening. The reader can see, therefore, that a more conscious approach is valuable even on this primary plane of music listening. 25 30

The second plane on which music exists is what I have called the expressive one. Here, immediately, we tread on controversial ground. Composers have a way of shying away from any discussion of music's expressive side. Did not Stravinsky himself proclaim that his music was an "object," a "thing," with a life of its own, and with no other meaning than its own purely musical existence? This intransigent attitude of Stravinsky's may be due to the fact that so many people have tried to read different meanings 35

into so many pieces. Heaven knows it is difficult enough to say precisely what it is that a piece of music means, to say it definitely, to say it finally so that everyone is satisfied with your explanation. But that should not lead one to the other extreme of denying to music the right to be "expressive". 40

My own belief is that all music has an expressive power, some more and some less, but that all music has a certain meaning behind the notes and that the meaning behind the notes constitutes, after all, what the piece is saying, what the piece is about. The whole problem can be stated quite simply by asking, "Is there a meaning to music?" My answer to that would be, "Yes." And "can you state in so many words what the meaning is?" My answer to that would be. "No". Therein lies the difficulty. 45 50

Simple-minded souls will never be satisfied with the answer to the second of these questions. They always want music to have a meaning, and the more concrete it is the better they like it. The more the music reminds them of a train, a storm, a funeral, or any other familiar conception the more expressive it appears to be to them. This popular idea of music's meaning – stimulated and abetted by the usual run of musical commentator – should be discouraged wherever and whenever it is met. One timid lady once confessed to me that she suspected something seriously lacking in her appreciation of music because of her inability to connect it with anything definite. That is getting the whole thing backward, of course. 55 60

Still, the question remains; How close should the intelligent music lover wish to come to pinning a definite meaning to any particular work? No closer than a general concept, I should say. Music expresses, at different moments, serenity or exuberance, regrets or triumph, fury or delight. It expresses each of these moods, and many others, in a numberless variety of subtle shadings and differences. It may even express a state of meaning for which there exists no adequate word in any language. In that case, musicians often like to say that it has only a purely musical meaning. What they really mean is that no appropriate word can be found to express the music's meaning and that, even if it could, they do not feel the need of finding it. 65 70

But whatever the professional musician may hold, most musical novices still search for specific words with which to pin down their musical reactions. That is why they always find Tchaikovsky easier to "understand" than Beethoven. In the first place, it is easier. Moreover, with the Russian composer, every time you come back to a piece of his it almost always says the same thing to you, whereas with Beethoven it is often quite difficult to put your finger right on what he is saying. And any musician will tell you that is why Beethoven is the greater composer. Because music which always says the same thing to you will necessarily soon become dull music, but music whose meaning is slightly different with each hearing has a greater chance of remaining alive. 75 80

Questions:

- (a) (i) Identify the two levels of listening to music expressed in the passage. (02 marks)
(ii) Distinguish between those two levels of listening to music. (04 marks)
- (b) How do some people abuse the listening to music? (04 marks)
- (c) Why is Beethoven's music considered superior to Tschaikovsky's? (04 marks)
- (d) (i) Why is it difficult for any music to have the same effect on any two people? (03 marks)
(ii) What, according to the writer, is the role of music in our lives? (04 marks)
(iii) What should a professional musician base on to pin a definite meaning to a particular work of music? (03 marks)
- (e) What do the following expressions mean in the context of the passage?
- | | |
|---|-----------|
| (i) . . . bathes in the sound . . . | (line 4) |
| (ii) . . . plane . . . | (line 12) |
| (iii) . . . potent . . . | (line 18) |
| (iv) . . . usurp a disproportionate share . . . | (line 19) |
| (v) . . . commensurate . . . | (line 26) |
| (vi) . . . intransigent . . . | (line 38) |
| (vii) . . . musical commentator . . . | (line 56) |
| (viii) . . . subtle shadings . . . | (line 65) |
| (ix) . . . novices . . . | (line 71) |
| (x) . . . put your finger right on . . . | (line 76) |
- (10 marks)

SECTION II

MISTA COURIFER

Not a sound was heard in the coffin-maker's workshop, that is to say no human sound. Mista Courifer, a solid citizen of Sierra Leone, was not given to much speech. His apprentices, knowing this, never dared address him unless he spoke first. Then they only carried on their conversation in whispers. Not that Mista Courifer did not know how to use his tongue. It was incessantly wagging to and fro in his mouth at every blow of the hammer. But his shop in the heart of Freetown was a part of his house. And, as he had once confided to a friend, he was a silent member of his own household from necessity. His wife, given to much speaking, could outtalk him.

'It's no use for argue wid woman,' he said cautiously. 'Just like'e no use for teach woman carpentering; she nebba sabi for hit de nail on de head. If 'e argue, she'll hit eberything but de nail; and so wid de carpentering.'

So, around his wife, with the exception of his tongue's continual wagging like a pendulum, his mouth was kept more or less shut. But whatever self-control he exercised in this respect at home was completely sent to the wind in his official capacity as the local preacher at the chapel, for Mista Courifer was one of the pillars of the church, being equally at home in conducting a prayer meeting, superintending the Sunday school or occupying the pulpit.

His voice was remarkable for its wonderful gradations of pitch. He would insist on starting most of his tunes himself; consequently they nearly always ended in a solo. If he happened to pitch in the bass, he descended in such a *de profundis* that his congregations were left to flounder in a higher key; if he started in the treble, he soared so high that the children stared at him openmouthed and their elders were lost in wonder and amazement. As for his prayers, he roared and volleyed and thundered to such an extent that the poor little mites were quickly reduced to a state of collapse and started to whimper from sheer fright.

But he was most at home in the pulpit. It is true, his labours were altogether confined to the outlying village districts of Regent, Gloucester and Leicester, an arrangement with which he was by no means satisfied. Still, a village congregation is better than none at all.

His favourite themes were Jonah and Noah and he was forever pointing out the great similarity between the two, generally finishing his discourse after this manner: 'You see, my beloved Brebren, dem two man berry much alike. All two live in a sinful and adulterous generation. One get inside am ark; de odder get inside a whale. Day bof seek a refuge from de swelling waves.

'And so it is today, my beloved Bebren. No matter if we get inside a whale or get inside an ark, as long as we get inside some place of safety- as long as we can find some refuge, some hiding place from de wiles ob de debil.'

But his congregation was by no means convinced. Mr Courifer always wore black. He was one of the Sierra Leone gentlemen who consider everything

European to be not only the right thing, but the only thing for the African, and having read somewhere that English undertakers generally appeared in sombre attire, he immediately followed suit.

He even went so far as to build a European house. During his short stay in England, he had noticed how the houses were built and furnished and had forthwith erected himself one after the approved pattern- a house with stuffy little passages, narrow little staircases and poky rooms, all crammed with saddlebags and carpeted with Axminsters. No wonder his wife had to talk. It was so hopelessly uncomfortable, stuffy and insanitary.

So Mr Courifer wore black. It never struck him for a single moment that red would have been more appropriate, far more becoming, far less expensive and far more national. No! It must be black. He would have liked blue black, but he wore rusty black for economy.

There was one subject upon which Mr Courifer could talk even at home, so no one ever mentioned it: his son, Tomas. Mista Courifer had great expectations of his son; indeed in the back of his mind he had hopes of seeing him reach the high-water mark of red-tape officialism, for Tomas was in the government service. Not very high up, it is true, but still he was in it. It was an honour that impressed his father deeply, but Tomas unfortunately did not seem to think quite so much of it.

(From Mista Courifer, by A. Casely-Hayford.)

Questions:

- (a) What is the passage about? (06 marks)
- (b) Describe the narrator's attitude towards Mr. Courifer? (06 marks)
- (c) What techniques does the writer use to bring out his message? (12 marks)
- (d) Do you find this passage humorous? Give reasons for your answer. (06 marks)
- (e) Describe the tone of the passage. (03 marks)

SECTION III

THE GAMBLER

A cockerel crows
as a broken axe
Falls at your feet.
Disarmed by time
You stand unashamed,
Crying 'It is not fair'.
Tied by your own hate-traps
And fouled by the urine
of your flag-bearers,
You have gambled away
the labours of our motherland;
entered trade with death
to batter humanity
with the wave of a flywhisk.
You have locked up the fires
Of living youth,
Damned in the torrents
of conscience
and drenched your entrails
with greed and with pride.

But you have lost the bet
and your line shall we
ostracise
Bury the stool of your mother's house
for vengeance is unleashed
and contempt is in our spittle.
And as public office
zigzags corrupt
like the trail of a drunken whore
that menstruates,
and as gunmen freely execute
insane commands
We know that the time
has come to kill,
To cleanse,
To free our motherland
From the grip of a gambler.

By (OPINYA H.W.OKOTH-OGENDO)