

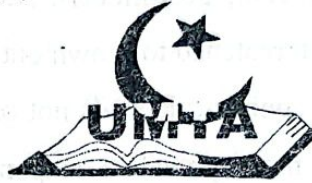
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Literature in English

Paper 1

July - August, 2024

3 Hours



UGANDA MUSLIM TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

UMTA JOINT MOCK EXAMINATIONS - 2024

UGANDA ADVANCED CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

Literature in English

Paper 1

3 Hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES;

- *This paper consists **three** sections **I, II and III.***
- *All questions are **compulsory***

SECTION I

Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow on it.

Applause first needs to be distinguished from responses such as laughter and tears, which tend to greet particular moments within a performance or event. Over weeping has become a **rare phenomenon** in our cool, post-modern audiences, but there were times when the sound of collective sobbing threatened to drown out performances of *The Drunkard* or *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Laughter, by contrast, depends not on identification but on distance, and has therefore become a much more prevalent response in contemporary theatres. Indeed a common complaint today is that younger audiences tend to **laugh nervously at moments of high pathos**, as though unable to surrender to a represented emotion or regard it without irony. Whether or not these responses occur **in sync** with a given performance, they have a purely reflexive quality that separates them from applause, which entails at least a minimal degree of **aesthetic judgement**.

On the other side of applause we encounter that ever more ubiquitous demonstration known as the **standing ovation**. Ostensibly an audience's way of making its approval visible as well as audible, the standing ovation may look like a natural extension and intensification of applause but in fact marks a **fundamental shift** in the dynamics of response. Whereas traditional applause is infinitely elastic, capable of registering, however subtly, thousands of individual modulation in rhythm, volume and zeal, a standing ovation is essentially a **binary code** – it is either on or off, up or down. Of course it sometimes happens that one or two especially enthused spectators will leap to their feet only to find that no one is joining them. Far more common, however, is the tediously predictable and subtly tyrannical progression from a few isolated standers to scattered perpendicular patches and clumps that spread steadily outward, until finally even the most tepid of spectators feels obliged to join in the general uprightness.

Why are standing ovations so coercive? Perhaps because once they achieve a certain **critical mass** anyone who stays seated feels like a spoilt-sport. Your dissent becomes painfully obvious in a way it never does when you simply aren't clapping as loudly as everyone else. Indeed to keep one's seat in the midst of a wildfire, standing ovation seems to convey a distinctly negative judgement rather than a merely less positive one. However loudly you

may clap, cheer, whistle, your very failure to stand acts as the equivalent of a boo, a **thumbs-down**, a churlish withholding of enthusiasm. The sad truth is that standing ovations have become an audience's way of certifying its own wisdom, of collectively driving up the value of its **monetary and aesthetic investment**.

By: Roger Gilbert.

Questions:

- (a) Suggest a title for the passage and justify why you have chosen it. (04 marks)
- (b) Differentiate between 'ovation' and 'standing ovation' as you know it. (04 marks)
- (c) Clearly identify the common characteristics of a standing ovation as given in the passage. (10 marks)
- (d) What aspect of standing ovation does the writer object to in the passage? (06 marks)
- (e) Give the contextual meanings of the following words and expressions
 - (i) rare phenomenon (01 mark)
 - (ii) laugh nervously at moments of high pathos (01 mark)
 - (iii) in sync (01 mark)
 - (iv) aesthetic judgement (01 mark)
 - (v) standing ovation (01 mark)
 - (vi) a fundamental shift (01 mark)
 - (vii) a binary code (01 mark)
 - (viii) critical mass (01 mark)
 - (ix) a thumbs-down (01 mark)
 - (x) monetary and aesthetic investment (01 mark)

SECTION II

I am not cursing you; I am wishing you what I wish myself every year. I therefore repeat, may you have a hard time this year, may there be plenty of troubles for you this year! If you are not so sure what you should say back, why not just say, 'Same to you'? I ask for no more.

Our successes are conditioned by the amount of risk we are ready to take. Earlier on today I visited a local farmer about three miles from where I live. He could not have been more than fifty-five, but he said he was already too old to farm vigorously. He still suffered, he said,

from the physical energy he displayed as a farmer in his younger days. Around his hut were two pepper bushes. There were kokoyams growing round him. There were snail shells which had given him meat. There must have been more around the banana trees I saw. He hardly ever went to town to buy things. He was self-sufficient. The car or the bus, the television or the telephone, the newspaper, Vietnam or Red China were nothing to him. He had no ambitions whatsoever, he told me. I am not sure if you are already envious of him, but were we all to revert to such a life, we would be practically driven back to cave dwelling. On the other hand, try to put yourself into the position of the Russian or the America astronaut. Any moment now the count, 3, 2, 1, is going to go, and you are going to be shot into the atmosphere and soon you will be whirling round our earth at the speed of six miles per second. If you get so fired into the atmosphere and you forget what to do to ensure return to earth, one of the things that might happen to you is that you could become forever satellite, going round the earth until you die of starvation and even then your body would continue the gyration!

When, therefore, you are being dressed up and padded to be shot into the sky, you know only too well that you are going on the roughest road man had ever trodden. The Americans and Russians who have gone were armed with the great belief that they would come back. But I cannot believe that they did not have some slight foreboding on the contingency of their non-return. It is their courage for going in spite of these apprehensions that makes the world hail them so loudly today.

The big fish is never caught in shallow waters. You have to go into the open sea for it. The biggest businessmen make decisions with lightning speed and carry them out with equal celerity. They do not dare delay or dally. Time would pass them by if they did. The biggest successes are preceded by the greatest of heart-burnings. You should read the stories of the bomber pilots of World War II. The Russian pilot, the German pilot, the American or the British pilot suffered exactly the same physical and mental tension the night before a raid on enemy territory. There were no alternative routes for those who most genuinely believed in victory for their side.

You cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs, throughout the world, there is no paean without pain. Jawaharlal Nehru has put it so well. I am paraphrasing him. He wants to meet

his troubles in a frontal attack. He wants to see himself tossed into the aperture between the two horns of the bull. Being there, he determines he is going to win and, therefore, such a fight requires all his faculties.

When my sisters and I were young and we slept on our small mats round our mother, she always woke up at 6a.m. for morning prayers. She always said prayers on our behalf but always ended with something like this: 'May we not enter into any dangers or get into any difficulties this day.' It took me almost thirty years to dislodge the canker-worm in our mother's sentiments. I found, by hard experience, that all that is noble and laudable was to be achieved only through difficulties and trials and tears and dangers. There are no other roads.

If I was born into a royal family and should one day become a constitutional king, I am inclined to think I should go crazy. How could I, from day to day, go on smiling and nodding approval at somebody else's successes for an entire lifetime? When Edward the Eighth (now Duke of Windsor) was a young, sprightly Prince of Wales, he went to Canada and shook so many hands that his right arm nearly got pulled out of its socket. It went into a sling and he shook hands thenceforth with his left hand. It would appear he was trying his utmost to make a serious job out of downright sinecurism.

Life, if it is going to be abundant, must have plenty of hills and vales. It must have plenty of sunshine and rough weather. It must be rich in obfuscation and perspicacity. It must be packed with days of danger and of apprehension.

When I walk into the dry but certainly cool morning air of every January 1st, I wish myself plenty of tears and of laughter, plenty of happiness and unhappiness, plenty of failures and successes. Plenty of abuse and praise. It is impossible to win ultimately without a rich measure of intermixture in such a menu. Life would be worthless without the lot. We do not achieve much in this country because we are all so scared of taking risks. We all want the smooth and well-paved roads. While the reason the Americans and others succeeded so well is that they took such great risks.

If, therefore, you are out in this New Year 1964, to win any target you have set for yourself, please accept my prayers and your elixir. May your road be rough!

Questions:

- (a) State the speaker's main argument. (08 marks)
- (b) Describe the quality of the speaking voice in the piece. (04 marks)
- (c) What is the speaker's intention in the piece? (06 marks)
- (d) To what effect is style used? (15 marks)

SECTION III

Still I Rise

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops.
Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.
Leaving behind nights of terror and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.
I rise
I rise
I rise.

By: MAYA ANGELOU

Questions:

- (a) What is the message in the poem? (08 marks)
- (b) In what state of mind is the speaker? (04 marks)
- (c) What is the effect of the poem on you? (06 marks)
- (d) How is the message delivered in the poem? (15 marks)

END