

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

WAKISSHA

Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

(Prose and Poetry)

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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 1

1. Read the passage below and answer the questions after it:
Is Love An Art?

Erich Fromm

Is love an art? Then it requires knowledge and effort. Or is love a pleasant sensation, which to experience is a matter of chance, something one 'falls into' if one is lucky? This little book is based on the former premise, while undoubtedly the majority of people today believe in the latter.

Not that people think that love is not important. They are starved for it; they watch endless numbers of films about happy and unhappy love stories, they listen to hundreds of trashy songs about love- yet hardly anyone thinks that there is anything that needs to be learned about love.

This peculiar attitude is based on several premises which either singly or combined tend to uphold it. Most people see the problem of love primarily as that of *being loved*, rather than that of *loving*, of one's capacity to love. Hence the problem to them is how to be loved, how to be lovable. In pursuit of this aim they follow several paths. One, which is especially used by men, is to be successful, to be as powerful and rich as the social margin of one's position permits. Another, used especially by women, is to make oneself attractive, by cultivating one's body, dress, etc. Other ways of making oneself attractive, used both by men and women, are to develop pleasant manners, interesting conversation, to be helpful, modest, inoffensive. Many of the ways to make oneself lovable are the same as those used to make oneself successful, 'to make friends and influence people'. As a matter of fact, what most people in our culture mean by being lovable is essentially a mixture between being popular and having sex appeal.

A second premise behind the attitude that there is nothing to be learned about love is the assumption that the problem of love is the problem of an *object*, not the problem of a faculty. People think that to love is simple, but that to find the right object to love – or to be loved by – is difficult. This attitude has several reasons rooted in the development of modern society. One reason is the great change which occurred in the twentieth century with respect to the choice of a 'love object'. In the Victorian Age, as in many traditional cultures, love was mostly not a spontaneous personal experience which then might lead to marriage. On the contrary, marriage was contracted by convention – either by the respective families, or by a marriage broker or without the help of such intermediaries; it was concluded on the basis of social considerations, and love was supposed to develop once the marriage had been concluded. In the last few generations the concept of romantic love has become almost universal in the Western world. In the United States, while considerations of a conventional nature are not entirely absent, to a vast extent people are in search of 'romantic love' of the personal experience of love which then should lead to marriage. This new concept of freedom in love must have greatly enhanced the importance of the object as against the importance of the function.

Closely related to this factor is another feature characteristic of contemporary culture. Our whole culture is based on the appetite for buying, on the idea of a mutually favourable exchange. Modern man's happiness consists in the thrill of looking at the shop windows, and in buying all that he can afford to buy either for cash or on installments. He (or she) looks at people in a similar way. For the man an attractive girl- and for the woman an attractive man - are the prizes they are after. 'Attractive' usually means a nice package of qualities which are popular and sought after on the personality market. What specifically makes a person attractive depends on the fashion of the time, physically as well as mentally makes a person attractive; today the fashion demands more domesticity and coyness. At the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of this

century, a man had to be aggressive and ambitious – today he has to be social and tolerant – in order to be an attractive ‘package’. At any rate, the sense of falling in love develops usually only with regard to such human commodities as are within reach of one’s own possibilities for exchange. I am out for a bargain; the object should be desirable from the stand – point of its social value, and at the same time should want me, considering my overt and hidden assets and potentialities. Two persons thus fall in love when they feel they have found the best object available on the market, considering the limitations of their own exchange values. Often, as in buying real estate, the hidden potentialities which can be developed play a considerable role in this bargain. In a culture in which the marketing orientation prevails, and in which material success is the outstanding value, there is little reason to be surprised that human love relations follow the same pattern of exchange which governs the commodity and the labour market.

The third error leading to the assumption that there is nothing to be learned about love lies in the confusion between the initial experience of ‘*falling*’ in love, and the permanent state of *being* in love, or as we might better say, or ‘standing’ in love. If two people who have been strangers, as all of us are, suddenly let the wall between them break down, and feel close, feel one, this moment of oneness is one of the most **exhilarating**, most exciting experiences in life. It is all the more wonderful and miraculous for persons who have been shut off, isolated, without love. This miracle of sudden intimacy is often facilitated if it is combined, or initiated by, sexual attraction and consummation. However, this type of love is by its very nature not lasting. The two persons become well acquainted, their intimacy loses more and more its miraculous character, until their **antagonism**, their disappointments, their mutual boredom kill whatever is left of the initial excitement. Yet, in the beginning they do not know all this: in fact, they take the intensity of the infatuation, this being ‘crazy’ about each other, for proof of the intensity of their love, while it may only prove the degree of their preceding loneliness.

This attitude – that nothing is easier than to love- had continued to be the prevalent idea about love in spite of the overwhelming evidence to the contrary. There is hardly any activity, any enterprise, which is started with such tremendous hopes and expectations, and yet which fails so regularly, as love. If this were the case with any other activity, people would be eager to know the reasons for the failure, and to learn how one could do better – or they would give up the activity. Since the latter is impossible in the case of love, there seems to be only one adequate way to overcome the failure of love – to examine the reasons for this failure, and to proceed to study the meaning of love.

The first step to take is to become aware *that love is an art*, just as living is an art; if we want to learn how to love we must proceed in the same way we have to proceed if we want to learn any other art, say music, painting, carpentry, and the art of medicine or engineering. What are the necessary steps in learning any art?

The process of learning an art can be divided conveniently into two parts: One, the mastery of the theory; the other, the mastery of the practice. If I want to learn the art of medicine, I must first know the facts about the human body, and about various diseases. When I have all this theoretical knowledge, I am by no means competent in the art of medicine. I shall become a master in this art only after a great deal of practice, until eventually the results of my theoretical knowledge and the results of my practice are blended into one- my **intuition**, the essence of the mastery of any art. But, aside from learning the theory and practice, there is a third factor necessary to becoming a master in any art - the mastery of the art must be a matter of ultimate concern; there must be nothing else in the world more important than the art. This holds true for music, for medicine, for carpentry – and for love. And, maybe, here lies the answer to the question

Turn Over

of why people in our culture try so rarely to learn this art, in spite of their obvious failures: in spite of the deep – seated craving for love; almost everything else is considered to be more important than love: success, prestige, money, power – almost all our energy is used for the learning of how to achieve these aims, and almost none to learn the art of loving.

Questions

- a) i) What is the relevance of the title, “Is Love an Art” to the passage? (03 marks)
ii) What argument is the writer making in this passage? (06 marks)
- b) i) How does the author link the idea of shopping with that of looking for a person to love? (03 marks)
ii) How has the process of finding the right person to love changed over the years? (04 marks)
- c) i) How do men and women prepare themselves to be loved by someone? (04 marks)
ii) What distinctions does the author make between ‘falling’ in love and being in love? (04 marks)
- d) Give the meaning of the words and phrases in bold type as used in the passage: (10 marks)
- i) Pleasant sensation
 - ii) Premises
 - iii) Pursuit
 - iv) Faculty
 - v) Spontaneous
 - vi) Convention
 - vii) Coyness
 - viii) Exhilarating
 - ix) Antagonism
 - x) Intuition

SECTION II

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

‘Somebody fetch her note,’ Pa whispered, as if he’d lost his strength now, and was suddenly as old as Grandpa.

Silently, with vicious pleasure, I stepped toward the highest shelf, where we placed our valuables that were so few, and from a chipped sugar bowl granny had once told me Pa had bought new for his angel, I took out the brief note, folded four times into a tiny hard wad.

‘Read it to me,’ ordered Pa, gone numb and strange looking.

‘Dear husband (I read),

Can’t stay no longer with a man who just don’t

Care enough about anything. Going where it’s better.

Good luck and good-bye.

Much as I loved ya, hate ya now.

Sarah’

'And that's all?' bellowed Pa, snatching the note from my hand and trying to read the scratchy, childish handwriting.

'She runs off and leaves me with five kids, and she wishes me good luck?' he balled up her note and hurled it into the open door of the stove. His long fingers raked through his dark mane of hair. 'Goddamn her to hell!' he said dully, before he jumped up and bellowed, shaking his fist at the cabin ceiling. 'When I find her I'm gonna wring her damned neck, or cut out her heart – if I can find it. To go when there is no woman here, to live little children on their own – damn you, Sarah, I expected better, I did!'

In a flash he was out the door, leaving me to think he was going this very minute to hunt up Sarah and kill her, but in a minute or two he was back, hurling down on our table more supplies. He brought in two sacks of flour, salt, slab bacon, beans, dried peas, a huge tin of lard, bundles of tied spinach, apples, potatoes, orange yams, bags of rice, and lots more we'd never had before, such as boxes of crackers and cookies, and peanut butter and grape jelly.

Our tabletop was covered, seeming enough to last a year. And when he had it spread out, he turned to all of us and spoke to no one in particular.

'I'm sorry your granny is dead. Sorrier your ma ran out on me, and that means all of you as well. I'm sure she is sorry to hurt you just to get to me.' He paused before he continued. 'I am going this day and not coming back until I'm cured of what I've got. I'm almost well, and would like to stay and take care of ya, but staying would do more harm to ya than my leaving. And I've got a job that suits my condition. So you go easy on this food, for there won't be more coming from me until I get back.'

Aghast, I wanted to cry out and tell him not to leave, that we just couldn't survive the rest of this bitterly cold autumn, much less the winter, without him.

(Source: Virginia Andrew (1985): *Heaven*)

Questions

- a) What is the passage about? (07 marks)
- b) Identify the narrator in the passage. (03 marks)
- c) Describe the character of the following: (04 marks)
 - i) Sarah
 - ii) Pa
- 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:

Lost Sister

1

In China,
even the peasants
named their first daughters
Jade –
the stone that in the far fields
could moisten the dry season
could make men move mountains
for the healing green of the inner hills

glistening like slices of winter melon.
And the daughters were grateful:
They never left home.
To move freely was a luxury
stolen from them at birth.
Instead, they gathered patience;
learning to walk in shoes
the size of teacups,
without breaking –
the arc of their movements
as dormant as the rooted willow,
As redundant as the farmyard hens.
But they traveled far
in surviving,
learning to stretch the family rice,
to quiet the demons,
the noisy stomachs.

2

There is a sister
across the ocean,
who relinquished her name,
diluting jade green
with the blue of the Pacific.
Rising with a tide of locusts,
she swarmed with others
to inundate another shore.
In America,
there are many roads
and women can stride along with men.

But in another wilderness
the possibilities
the loneliness,
can strangulate like jungle vines.
The meager provisions and sentiments
of once belonging –
fermented roots, Mah -Jong tiles and firecrackers – set but
a filmsy household
in a forest of nightless cities.
A giant snake rattles above
spewing black clouds into your kitchen.
Dough – faced landlords
slip in and out of your keyholes,
making claims you don't understand,
tapping into your communication systems
of laundry lines and restaurant chains.

You find you need China:
your one fragile identification,
a jade link

handcuffed to your wrist.
You remember your mother
who walked for centuries,
footless –
and like her,
you have left no footprints,
but only because
there is an ocean in between,
the unremitting space of your rebellion.

Cathy Song

Question

- a) What is the subject matter of the poem? (08 marks)
- b) Explain the meaning of the following lines as used in the poem: (04 marks)
 - i) And the daughters were grateful:
They never left home.
 - ii) Rising with a tide of locusts,
she swarmed with others to inundate another shore.
- c) Comment on the effectiveness of the poetic devices used in the poem. (15 marks)
- d) What is the attitude of the speaker towards the lost sister? (06 marks)

END