



UNIVERSITY  
OF  
JOHANNESBURG

<b><u>FACULTY</u></b>	: Humanities
<b><u>DEPARTMENT</u></b>	: English
<b><u>CAMPUS</u></b>	: APK
<b><u>MODULE</u></b>	: ENG1BB1/ENG1B21 ENGLISH 1B
<b><u>SEMESTER</u></b>	: Second
<b><u>EXAM</u></b>	: November 2020

<b><u>DATE</u></b>	09 November : 2020	<b><u>SESSION</u></b>	: 08:30-11:30
	Dr. V. J. Collis- Buthelezi; Ms. Shameema Sarang; Ms.		
<b><u>ASSESSOR(S)</u></b>	: Simone Wilcock		
	Dr. V. J. Collis-		
<b><u>MODERATOR</u></b>	: Buthelezi		
<b><u>DURATION</u></b>	: 3 HOURS	<b><u>MARKS</u></b>	: 100

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NUMBER OF PAGES: 5 PAGES

INSTRUCTIONS:

1. Answer TWO (2) of the THREE (3) QUESTIONS provided.
  2. Number your answers clearly and correctly in line with the question number in the exam paper.
  3. Answer each question in separate books/documents.
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## **QUESTION 1**

### **Derek Walcott, “The Sea Is History”**

Where are your monuments, your battles,  
martyrs?

Where is your tribal memory? Sirs,  
in that grey vault. The sea. The sea  
has locked them up. The sea is History.

First, there was the heaving oil,  
heavy as chaos;  
then, like a light at the end of a tunnel,  
the lantern of a caravel,  
and that was Genesis. 10  
Then there were the packed cries,  
the shit, the moaning:

Exodus.  
Bone soldered by coral to bone,  
mosaics  
mantled by the benediction of the shark’s  
shadow,

that was the Ark of the Covenant.  
Then came from the plucked wires  
of sunlight on the sea floor 20

the plangent harps of the Babylonian  
bondage,  
as the white cowries clustered like manacles  
on the drowned women,

and those were the ivory bracelets  
of the Song of Solomon,  
but the ocean kept turning blank pages  
looking for History.

Then came the men with eyes heavy as 30  
anchors

who sank without tombs,  
brigands who barbecued cattle,  
leaving their charred ribs like palm leaves  
on the shore,  
then the foaming, rabid maw

of the tidal wave swallowing Port Royal,  
and that was Jonah,  
but where is your Renaissance?

Sir, it is locked in them sea-sands 40  
out there past the reef’s moiling shelf,  
where the men-o’-war floated down;

strop on these goggles, I’ll guide you there  
myself.

It’s all subtle and submarine,  
through colonnades of coral,

past the gothic windows of sea-fans  
to where the crusty grouper, onyx-eyed,  
blinks, weighted by its jewels, like a bald  
queen;

and these groined caves with barnacles 50  
pitted like stone  
are our cathedrals,

and the furnace before the hurricanes:  
Gomorra. Bones ground by windmills  
into marl and cornmeal,

and that was Lamentations—  
that was just Lamentations,  
it was not History;

then came, like scum on the river’s drying  
lip,  
the brown reeds of villages 60  
mantling and congealing into towns,

and at evening, the midges’ choirs,  
and above them, the spires  
lancing the side of God

as His son set, and that was the New  
Testament.

Then came the white sisters clapping  
to the waves’ progress,  
and that was Emancipation—

jubilant, O jubilation—  
vanishing swiftly 70  
as the sea’s lace dries in the sun,

but that was not History,  
that was only faith,  
and then each rock broke into its own  
nation;

then came the synod of flies,  
then came the secretarial heron,  
then came the bullfrog bellowing for a vote,

fireflies with bright ideas  
and bats like jetting ambassadors  
and the mantis, like khaki police, 80

and the furred caterpillars of judges  
examining each case closely,  
and then in the dark ears of ferns

and in the salt chuckle of rocks  
with their sea pools, there was the sound  
like a rumour without any echo

of History, really beginning.

Identify three (3) allusions in Derek Walcott’s poem, “The Sea Is History”. Use them to explore the two (2) definitions of “history” in the poem.

## **QUESTION 2**

### **Christina Rossetti, “In an Artist’s Studio”**

One face looks out from all his canvases,

One selfsame figure sits or walks or leans:

We found her hidden just behind those screens,

That mirror gave back all her loveliness.

A queen in opal or in ruby dress, 5

A nameless girl in freshest summer-greens,

A saint, an angel—every canvas means

The same one meaning, neither more or less.

He feeds upon her face by day and night,

And she with true kind eyes looks back on him, 10

Fair as the moon and joyful as the light:

Not wan with waiting, not with sorrow dim;

Not as she is, but was when hope shone bright;

Not as she is, but as she fills his dream.

Write an essay in which you discuss how Christina Rossetti’s “In an Artist’s Studio” conveys, through poetic techniques, the contrast between art and reality, and how this contrast complicates the concept of the artist’s muse.

### **QUESTION 3**

The following extract is from Act 2 of Arthur Miller's play *The Crucible* (61-62). Write an essay in which you discuss what the extract reveals about the theme of duplicity, distrust, and deception.

You may use the following guide to structure the essay since your essay **must discuss how** this extract depicts:

- John's duplicity,
- Elizabeth's distrust of John, and
- Abigail's deceit in fooling the court.

In so doing, you **must analyse** the dialogue, stage directions, and punctuation used in this extract in order to show **what and how** these features of the extract reveal John's duplicity, Elizabeth's distrust of John, and Abigail's deceit in fooling the court. In so doing you will discuss the characters, how the characters are connected.

- When discussing how dialogue shapes meaning you may look at any of the following:
  - repetition, diction, syntax, tone, contrast, metaphor, symbolism
- In discussing the way punctuation has been used **look only** at the following:
  - dash, exclamation marks, and question marks

Proctor: Fear nothing. I'll find Ezekiel Cheever. I'll tell him she said it were all sport.

Elizabeth: John, with so many in the jail, more than Cheever's help is needed now, I think. Would you favor me with this? Go to Abigail.

Proctor, *his soul hardening as he senses...* : What have I to say to Abigail?

Elizabeth, *delicately*: John – grant me this. You have a faulty understanding of young girls. There is a promise made in any bed –

Proctor, *striving against his anger*: What promise!

Elizabeth: Spoke or silent, a promise is surely made. And she may dote on it now – I am sure she does – and thinks to kill me, then to take my place.

*Proctor's anger is rising: he cannot speak.*

Elizabeth: It is her dearest hope, John, I know it. There be a thousand names; why does she call mine? There be a certain danger in calling such a name – I am no Goody Good that sleeps in the ditches, nor Osburn, drunk and half-witted. She'd dare not call out such a farmer's wife but there be monstrous profit in it. She thinks to take my place, John.

Proctor: She cannot think it! *He knows it is true.*

Elizabeth, *"reasonably"*: John, have you ever shown her some-what of contempt? She cannot pass you in the church but you will blush –

Proctor: I may blush for my sin.

Elizabeth: I think she sees another meaning in that blush.

Proctor: And what see you? What see you, Elizabeth?

Elizabeth, “*conceding*”: I think you be somewhat ashamed, far I am there, and she so close.

Proctor: When will you know me, woman? Were I stone I would have cracked for shame this seven month!

Elizabeth: Then go and tell her that she’s a whore. Whatever promise she may sense – break it, John, break it.

Proctor, *between his teeth*: Good, then. I’ll go. *He starts for his rifle.*

Elizabeth, *trembling fearfully*: Oh, how unwillingly!

Proctor, turning on her, rifle in hand: I will curse her hotter than the oldest cinder in hell. But pray, begrudge me not my anger!

Elizabeth: Your anger! I only ask you –

Proctor: Woman, am I so base? Do you truly think me base?

Elizabeth: I never called you base.

Proctor: Then how do you charge me with such a promise? The promise that a stallion gives a mare I gave that girl!

Elizabeth: Then why do you anger with me when I bid you break it?

Proctor: Because it speaks deceit, and I am honest! But I’ll plead no more! I see now your spirit twists around the single error of my life, and I will never tear it free!

Elizabeth, *crying out*: You’ll tear it free – when you come to know that I will be your only wife, or no wife at all! She has an arrow in you yet, John Proctor, and you know it well!