



UNIVERSITY
OF
JOHANNESBURG

<u>FACULTY</u>	: Humanities
<u>DEPARTMENT</u>	: English
<u>CAMPUS</u>	: APK
<u>MODULE</u>	: ENG1BB1/ENG1B21 ENGLISH 1B
<u>SEMESTER</u>	: Second 2020
<u>EXAM</u>	: January 2021

<u>DATE</u>	January : 2021 Dr. V. J. Collis- Buthelezi; Ms. Shameema Sarang; Ms.	<u>SESSION</u>	: 08:30-11:30
<u>ASSESSOR(S)</u>	: Simone Wilcock Dr. V. J. Collis-		
<u>MODERATOR</u>	: Buthelezi		
<u>DURATION</u>	: 3 HOURS	<u>MARKS</u>	: 100

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

Explore the ways in which **Staceyann Chin** uses anger in “Raise the Roof”. Draw on three (3) examples from the poem.

QUESTION 2**Andrew Marvell, “To His Coy Mistress”**

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side

5

Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.

10

My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,

15

But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

20

But at my back I always hear
Time's wingéd chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.

Thy beauty shall no more be found;

25

Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust:

30

The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now, therefore, while the youthful

hue

Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires

35

At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapped power.

40

Let us roll our strength, and all
Our sweetness, up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life:
Thus, though we cannot make our sun

45

Stand still, yet we will make him run.

Andrew Marvell's "To his Coy Mistress" presents an argument designed to convince the speaker's lover to surrender her virginity to him. Write an essay in which you analyse how this argument is conveyed, with special focus on the tone used in each stage of the poem and how these different tones are created.

QUESTION 3

The following extract is from Act 4 of Arthur Miller's play *The Crucible* (137-139). Write an essay in which you **discuss** what the extract reveals about:

- John's internal turmoil,
- the haste of Danforth and the others,
- the theme of power which results in the blurring of lines between God and man, public and private, law and nature.

In your essay **you must analyse** the stage directions, dialogue, and literary devices showing **what and how** they convey John's internal turmoil, the haste of Danforth and the others, the theme of power which results in the blurring of lines between God and man, public and private, law and nature. You must therefore discuss how the character's feel, evidence of haste and how it is used, evidence of power and how it is used to blur the aforementioned lines.

When discussing how stage directions, dialogue and literary devices create and convey emotional state, haste, and power look at the following:

- stage directions
 - contrast in diction such as adjectives and adverbs
 - the movement of the characters in the space and in relation to each other
- the dialogue used by characters
 - tag questions
 - syntax
 - diction
- literary devices
 - irony
 - symbolism

Proctor turns from her (Elizabeth) to Hathorne; he is of the earth, his voice hollow.

Proctor: I want my life.

Hathorne, *electrified, surprised*: You'll confess yourself?

Proctor: I will have my life.

Hathorne, *with a mystical tone*: God be praised! It is providence! *He rushes out the door, and his voice is heard calling down the corridor*: He will confess! Proctor will confess!

Proctor, *with a cry, as he strides to the door*: Why do you cry it? *In great pain he turns back to her*. It is evil, is it not? It is evil.

Elizabeth, *in terror, weeping*: I cannot judge you, John, I cannot!

Proctor: Then who will judge me? *Suddenly clasping his hands*: God in Heaven, what is John Proctor, what is John Proctor? *He moves as an animal, and a fury is riding in him, a tantalized search*. I think it is honest, I think so; I am no saint. *As though she had denied this he calls angrily at her*: Let Rebecca go like a saint; for me it is fraud!

Voices are heard in the hall, speaking together in suppressed excitement.

Elizabeth: I am not your judge, I cannot be. *As though giving him release:* Do as you will, do as you will!

Proctor: Would you give them such a lie? Say it. Would you give them this? *She cannot answer.* You would not; if tongs of fire were sining you you would not! It is evil. Good then – it is evil, and I do it!

Hathorne enters with Danforth, and, with them, Cheever, Parris, and Hale. It is a businesslike, rapid entrance, as though the ice had been broken.

Danforth, *with great relief and gratitude:* Praise to God, man, praise to God; you shall be blessed in Heaven for this. *Cheever has hurried to the bench with a pen, ink, and paper. Proctor watches him.* Now then, let us have it. Are you ready, Mr Cheever?

Proctor, *with a cold, cold horror at their efficiency:* Why must it be written?

Danforth: Why, for the good instruction of the village, Mister; this we shall post upon the church door! *To Parris, urgently:* Where is the marshal?

Parris, *runs to the door and calls down the corridor:* Marshal! Hurry!

Danforth: Now, then, Mister, will you speak slowly, and directly to the point, for Mr Cheever's sake. *He is record now, and is really dictating to Cheever, who writes.* Mr. Proctor, have you seen the Devil in your life? *Proctor's jaws lock.* Come, man, there is light in the sky; the town waits at the scaffold; I would give out this news. Did you see the Devil?

Proctor: I did.

Pariis: Praise God!

Danforth: And when he come to you what were his demand? *Proctor is silent. Danforth helps.* Did he bid you to do his work upon the earth?

Proctor: He did.

Danforth: And you bound yourself to his service? *Danforth turns, as Rebecca Nurse enters, with Herrick helping to support her. She is barely able to walk.* Come in, come in, woman! Rebecca, *brightening as she sees Proctor:* Ah, John! You are well, then, eh?

Proctor turns his face to the wall.

Danforth: Courage, man, courage – let her witness your good example that she may come to God herself. Now hear it, Goody Nurse! Say on, Mr Proctor. Did you bind yourself to the Devil's service?

Rebecca, *astonished:* Why, John!

Proctor, *through his teeth, his face turned from Rebecca:* I did.