



DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

MAIN EXAMINATION: JUNE 2016

COURSE: ENGLISH 1A **TIME: 3 HOURS**

COURSE CODE: ENG1A11/ENG1AA1 **MARKS:** 200

EXAMINERS:

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2. Prof. C. MacKenzie

THIS PAPER CONSISTS OF FOUR (4) PAGES

INSTRUCTIONS:

1. THIS PAPER CONSISTS OF A CHOICE OF THREE (3) QUESTIONS: YOU MUST ANSWER TWO (2) QUESTIONS.
2. THIS PAPER IS THREE (3) HOURS IN LENGTH.
3. PLEASE ANSWER EACH QUESTION IN A SEPARATE ANSWER BOOK, AND WRITE THE NUMBER OF THE QUESTION ON THE FRONT OF THE ANSWER BOOK.
4. EACH ESSAY THAT YOU WRITE SHOULD CONSIST OF FIVE PARAGRAPHS: AN INTRODUCTION, THREE BODY PARAGRAPHS AND A CONCLUSION.

QUESTION 1:

Can Themba, “The Suit”

He grinned and yawned simultaneously, offering his wordless Te Deum to whatever gods for the goodness of life; for the pure beauty of his wife; for the strength surging through his willing body; for the even, unperturbed rhythms of his passage through days and months and years – it must be – to heaven.

Write a five paragraph essay in which you discuss how Can Themba’s “The Suit” uses (a) narrative point of view and alternating focalisation, (b) characterization and (c) plot to highlight how Matilda and Philemon are both responsible for the tragic end of their once blissful marriage.

(100)

OR

QUESTION 2:

J.D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*

Anyway, I keep picturing all these little kids playing some game in this big field of rye and all. Thousands of little kids, and nobody’s around – nobody big, I mean – except me. And I’m standing on the edge of some crazy cliff. What I have to do, I have to catch everybody if they start to go over the cliff – I mean if they’re running and they don’t look where they’re going I have to come out from somewhere and *catch* them. That’s all I’d do all day. I’d just be the catcher in the rye and all. I know it’s crazy, but that’s the only thing I’d really like to be. I know it’s crazy.

(J.D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*, p. 156)

Discuss the ways in which the above passage captures the central preoccupations of Holden’s narrative in the novel as a whole.

(100)

OR

QUESTION 3:

Deon Meyer, *13 Hours*

Long Street, a busy street in the centre of Cape Town, is mentioned very often during the thirteen hours depicted in the novel. Write an essay that shows how the extracts below portray Long Street as an important element of the way in which the novel as a whole represents time and space.

Your essay should comment on the following:

- a. the importance of time in this detective novel;
- b. the importance of controlling space in the novel;
- c. the significance of the underlined phrases and sentences for the portrayal of time and space.

Passage 1: Benny Griessel was not good at sitting and waiting. So he left the radio room, walked through the busy charge office and the security doors out onto Buitenkant Street. His brain was busy and his courage was low. They were not going to find her. He had fourteen patrol vehicles driving in a grid pattern, and one was parked in Long Street with the men waiting at the Cat & Moose. He had ten foot patrols, two of them searching the Company Gardens. The helicopter had returned from Table View and covered the entire bloody city. There was no sign of her [Rachel Anderson].

(p. 239)

[...]

Passage 2: Griessel told the Constables to let no one out of the adventure shop; they didn't know who was involved. Once reinforcements arrived, they were to seal off the offices upstairs, no records were to leave the place, no calls were to be made, to let the phone ring, nobody was to answer it. Anyone who came in must stay.

They nodded keenly.

Out through the door, into the busy normality of Long Street. He pushed the pistol back into his holster, ran fifty metres and stopped suddenly. The traffic. In the police sedan with no siren or lights. He turned back, sidestepping people on the pavement, and banged open the glass doors again. Every eye in the place was on him. Do you have a patrol vehicle with a functioning siren? [...]

The traffic opened up in front of him, past St Martini, the Lutheran Church where everything had begun that morning. It felt like a week ago, what a fucking day. The light was red at the Buitensingel crossing, he drove only marginally slower, the motorists saw him coming. Then he turned left, fighting with the steering wheel, into Upper Orange, more traffic.

(pp. 353–354)

END OF PAPER