



DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

**SUPPLEMENTARY EXAMINATION: JULY 2016**

**COURSE:** ENGLISH 2A

**TIME:            3 HOURS**

**COURSE CODE:    ENG2A11 and ENG2AA2**

**MARKS:      300**

**EXAMINERS:**

1. Dr B.M. Grogan  
Prof. K. Scherzinger  
Mr T. Tsehloane  
Ms N-L Wales
2. Dr S. Mngadi

**THIS PAPER CONSISTS OF SIX (6) PAGES**

**INSTRUCTIONS:**

1. THERE ARE NO COMPULSORY QUESTIONS IN THIS PAPER.
2. ANSWER THREE (3) OF THE FOLLOWING FOUR QUESTIONS.
3. EACH ANSWER SHOULD BE APPROXIMATELY THREE TO FOUR (3–4) PAGES IN LENGTH.
4. PLEASE ANSWER EACH QUESTION IN A SEPARATE ANSWER BOOK, AND WRITE THE NUMBER OF THE QUESTION ON THE FRONT OF THE ANSWER BOOK.

**QUESTION 1:**

**TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire***

With close reference to the following extract from *A Streetcar Named Desire*, write an essay that explores the conflict between Blanche and Stanley in the play. Your essay should contextualise the passage and might discuss the following:

1. the significance of Blanche's repeated bathing, and Stanley's reaction to it;
2. the importance of class tension between Blanche and Stanley; and
3. Stanley and Blanche's respective relations to the theme of illusion versus reality.

\*

**Scene VII**

*It is late afternoon in mid-September.*

*The portières are open and a table is set for a birthday supper, with cake and flowers.*

*STELLA is completing the decorations as STANLEY comes in.*

STANLEY: What's all this stuff for?

STELLA: Honey, it's Blanche's birthday.

STANLEY: She here?

STELLA: In the bathroom.

STANLEY: [*mimicking*]: 'Washing out some things'?

STELLA: I reckon so.

STANLEY: How long she been in there?

STELLA: All afternoon.

STANLEY: Temperature 100 on the nose, and she soaks herself in a hot tub.

STELLA: She says it cools her off for the evening.

STANLEY: And you run out an' get her cokes, I suppose? And serve 'em to Her

Majesty in the tub? [STELLA *shrugs*.] Set down here a minute.

STELLA: Stanley, I've got things to do.

STANLEY: Set down! I've got th' dope on your big sister, Stella.

STELLA: Stanley, stop picking on Blanche.

STANLEY: That girl calls *me* common!

STELLA: Lately you been doing all you can think of to rub her the wrong way,

Stanley, and Blanche is sensitive and you've got to realize that Blanche and

I grew up under very different circumstances than you did.

STANLEY: So I been told. And told and told and told! You know she's been feeding us a pack of lies here?

STELLA: No, I don't, and –

STANLEY: Well, she has, however. But now the cat's out of the bag! I found out some things!

[...]

BLANCHE *is singing in the bathroom a saccharine popular ballad which is used contrapunctally with STANLEY's speech.*

STELLA: [to STANLEY]: Lower your voice!

STANLEY: Some canary-bird, huh!

STELLA: Now please tell me quietly what you think you've found out about my sister.

STANLEY: Lie Number One: All this squeamishness she puts on! You should just know the line she's been feeding to Mitch. He thought she had never been more than kissed by a fellow! But Sister Blanche is no lily! Ha-ha! Some lily she is!

STELLA: What have you heard and who from?

STANLEY: Our supply-man down at the plant has been going through Laurel for years and he knows all about her and everybody else in the town of Laurel knows all about her. She is as famous in Laurel as if she was the President of the United States, only she is not respected by any party! This supply-man stops at a hotel called the Flamingo.

BLANCHE: [*singing blithely*]:

'Say, it's only a paper moon, Sailing over a cardboard sea  
But it wouldn't be make-believe if you believed in me!'

STELLA: What about the – Flamingo?

STANLEY: She stayed there, too.

[...]

BLANCHE: [*singing*]

'It's a Barnum and Bailey world, Just as phony as it can be –  
But it wouldn't be make-believe if you believed in me!'

(100)

## **QUESTION 2:**

### **ATHOL FUGARD: *Boesman and Lena***

Write an essay in which you discuss Fugard's characterisation of Lena. Your essay should include close reference to the passage below, from the beginning of Act One.

LENA. Let's have *dop* first. I'm feeling the cold. Please, Boesman!

[*Without another look at her he walks off. Lena gets stiffly to her legs and starts to make a fire. A box is positioned to shield it from the wind, then the bundle of firewood untied, the wood itself broken into pieces, a piece of paper to get it started, etc.*]

LENA. Walk off our legs for this! Piece of bread and black tea. No butter ... not even for bruises.

[*A thought crosses her mind. She straightens up, thinks hard for a few seconds, then shakes her head.*]

No. [*She looks around.*] Maybe he's right. What's the difference. I'm here now.

'Here!' After a long life that's a thin slice. No jam on that one. Or *kondens melk!* There's *soeterigheid* for you. Maybe if we get lots of prawns ...

[*Another thought ... She thinks hard ...*]

It was after Redhouse. Collecting prickly pears. Then they found our place here in the bush. *Loop, Hotnot!* So *Hotnot loops* ... to Swartkops. Here. The last time. I was right!

[*Pause.*]

No, we ran! The *boer* had a gun. When he showed us the bullets Boesman dropped his tin and went down that road like a rabbit ...

[*Laughing ... her hands to her backside in an imitation of the scene.*]

... *Moenie skiet, baas!*

Me too, but the other way. Where did I find him ... looking at the mud, the hell-in because we lost all our things again. Just our clothes, and each other. Never lose that. Run your legs off the other way but at the end of it Boesman is waiting. How the hell does that happen?

Redhouse – Swartkops! I was right. He must laugh at himself.

[*Back to her chores.*]

And then? Somewhere else! *Ja*, of course. One of them. Veeplaas. Or Missionvale. Maybe Bethelsdorp. Lena knows them all.

[*Pause.*]

But which one ... that time?

[*She straightens up and looks around.*]

Which way ...?

[*Moving around, trying to orientate herself physically.*]

[...]

It's coming! Korsten! Empties, and the dog. *Hond!* How was it now? Redhouse – Swartkops – Veeplaas – Korsten. Then this morning the bulldozers ... and then ...

[*Pause.*] Here! I've got there!

[*She is very happy.*] 'Here', sister. You ran that last bit. Bundle and all.

[...]

Remember the times I used to sing for us? 'Da ... da ... da ...'

BOESMAN. What's the matter with you?

LENA. Feeling fine, darling. I'm warm. You know why? I've been running. You should have seen me! I'm not as old as I thought. All the way from Redhouse ...

[*The rest of her sentence is lost in laughter at the expression on his face.*]

... and now I'm here. With you.

Da ... da ... da ...

**QUESTION 3:****SOUTH AFRICAN SHORT FICTION****Es'kia Mphahlele: “Mrs Plum”**

In the first year Mrs Plum wanted me to eat at table with her. It was very hard, one because I was not used to eating at table with a fork and knife, two because I heard of no other kitchen worker who was handled like this. I was afraid. Afraid of everybody, of Madam's guests if they found me doing this. Madam said I must not be silly. I must show that African servants can also eat at table. Number three, I could not eat some of the things I loved very much: mealie-meal porridge with sour milk or *morogo*, stamped mealies mixed with butter beans, sour porridge for breakfast and other things. Also, except for morning porridge, our food is nice when you eat with the hand. So nice that it does not stop in the mouth or throat to greet anyone before it passes smoothly down.

Discuss how the figure of a naïve yet perceptive narrator is used in Mphahlele's “Mrs Plum” to highlight the said and unsaid misunderstandings between Mrs Plum and Karabo.

**(100)****QUESTION 4:****PHASWANE MPE: *Welcome To Our Hillbrow***

Using the extract below as your point of departure, write an essay in which you discuss community in Phaswane Mpe's novel, *Welcome to Our Hillbrow*.

You may want to consider, among other things:

- a. The use of second-person narration;
- b. The mapping of place in the novel;
- c. How the sentence structure and use of punctuation in this extract reflects the novel as a whole;
- d. The title of the novel, and the refrain, “Welcome to our Hillbrow”.

And when you finally come to this part of your journey that ends in the blank wall of suicide ... with the spinning of cars the prostitution drug use and misuse the grime and crime the numerous bottles diving from flat balconies giving off sparks of red and yellow from mid-air reflections of street and flat neon lights only to crush on unfortunate souls' skulls the neon welcoming lights

the peace of mind you could see in many Hillbrowans the liveliness of the place and places collapsing while others got renovated new concrete and brick structures standing up where you thought there was no longer any space for anything [...] the Department of Home Affairs moving from downtown Johannesburg into Braamfontein and *Makwerekwere* drifting into and out of Hillbrow and Berea having spilt into Berea from Hillbrow according to many xenophobic South Africans and their glamorizing media and into Braamfontein to sort out their refugee affairs and the streets of Hillbrow and Berea and Braamfontein overflowing with *Makwerekwere* come to pursue green pastures after hearing that the new president Rolihlahla Mandela welcomes guests and visitors unlike his predecessors who erected deadly electric wire fences around the boundaries of South Africa trying to keep out the barbarians from Mozambique Zaïre Nigeria Congo Ivory Coast Zimbabwe Angola Zambia from all over Africa fleeing their war-torn countries populated with starvation like Ethiopia flashing across Cousin's TV screen every now and then *Makwerekwere* stretching their legs and spreading like pumpkin plants filling every corner of our city and turning each patch into a Hillbrow coming to take our jobs in the new democratic rainbowism of African Renaissance that threatened the future of the locals [...]

All these things that you have heard seen heard about felt smelt believed disbelieved shirked embraced brewing in your consciousness would find chilling haunting echoes in the simple words ...

Welcome to our Hillbrow...

(100)

**END OF PAPER**