



UNIVERSITY
OF
JOHANNESBURG

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

MAIN EXAMINATION: NOVEMBER 2017

COURSE: ENGLISH 2B TIME: 3 HOURS

COURSE CODE: ENG2B21/ENG2BB2 MARKS: 300

EXAMINERS:

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THIS PAPER CONSISTS OF FIVE (5) PAGES

INSTRUCTIONS:

1. THIS PAPER CONSISTS OF FOUR (4) QUESTIONS. YOU ARE REQUIRED TO ANSWER THREE (3) QUESTIONS. THERE ARE NO COMPULSORY QUESTIONS IN THIS PAPER.
2. THIS PAPER IS THREE (3) HOURS IN LENGTH.
3. PLEASE ANSWER EACH QUESTION IN A SEPARATE EXAM BOOKLET, AND WRITE THE NUMBER OF THE QUESTION ON THE FRONT OF THE BOOKLET.

QUESTION 1: Jane Austen, *Sense and Sensibility*

Write an essay (3-4 pages) in which you discuss **dramatic** and **structural irony** in the extract below. Note that while you are required to focus predominantly on this extract and perform a close-reading, you will need to refer to other events in the novel.

[...] After a few moments chat, John Dashwood, recollecting that Fanny was yet uninformed of his sister's being there, quitted the room in quest of her; and Elinor was left to improve her acquaintance with Robert, who, by the gay unconcern, the happy self-complacency of his manner while enjoying so unfair a division of his mother's love and liberality, to the prejudice of his banished brother, earned only by his own dissipated course of life, and that brother's integrity, was confirming her most unfavourable opinion of his head and heart.

They had scarcely been two minutes by themselves, before he began to speak of Edward; for he too had heard of the living, and was very inquisitive on the subject. Elinor repeated the particulars of it, as she had given them to John; and their effect on Robert, though very different, was not less striking than it had been on *him*. He laughed most immoderately. The idea of Edward's being a clergyman, and living in a small parsonage-house, diverted him beyond measure;—and when to that was added the fanciful imagery of Edward reading prayers in a white surplice, and publishing the banns of marriage between John Smith and Mary Brown, he could conceive nothing more ridiculous.

[...]

"We may treat it as a joke," said [Robert] at last, recovering from the affected laugh which had considerably lengthened out the genuine gaiety of the moment—"but upon my soul, it is a most serious business. Poor Edward! He is ruined for ever. I am extremely sorry for it—for I know him to be a very good-hearted creature; as well-meaning a fellow perhaps, as any in the world. You must not judge of him, Miss Dashwood, from *your* slight acquaintance.—Poor Edward!—His manners are certainly not the happiest in nature.—But we are not all born, you know, with the same powers—the same address.—Poor fellow!—to see him in a circle of strangers!—to be sure it was pitiable enough!—but, upon my soul, I believe he has as good a heart as any in the kingdom; and I declare and protest to you I never was so chocked in my life, as when it all burst forth. I could not believe it.—My mother was the first person who told me of it, and I, feeling myself called upon to act with resolution, immediately said to her, 'My dear madam, I do not know what you may intend to do on the occasion, but as for myself, I must say, that if Edward does marry this young woman, I never will see him again.'"

[...]

"Have you ever seen the lady?" [Elinor asked].

"Yes; once, while she was staying in this house, I happened to drop in for ten minutes; and I saw quite enough of her. The merest awkward country girl, without style, or

elegance, and almost without beauty—I remember her perfectly. Just the kind of girl I should suppose likely to captivate poor Edward.

(Jane Austen, *Sense and Sensibility*, Vol. III, Ch. V, p.211-212)

(100)

OR

QUESTION 2: Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*

Estella being gone and we two left alone, she turned to me, and said in a whisper:

“Is she beautiful, graceful, well-grown? Do you admire her?”

“Everybody must who sees her, Miss Havisham.”

She drew an arm around my neck, and drew my head close down to hers as she sat in the chair. “Love her, love her, love her! If she favours you, love her. If she wounds you, love her. If she tears your heart to pieces – and as it gets older and stronger, it will tear deeper – love her, love her, love her!”

Never had I seen such passionate eagerness as was joined to her utterance of these words. I could feel the muscles of her thin arm round my neck, swell with the vehemence that possessed her.

“Hear me, Pip! I adopted her to be loved. I bred her and educated her, to be loved. I developed her into what she is, that she might be loved. Love her!”

She said the word often enough, and there could be no doubt that she meant to say it; but if the often repeated word had been hate instead of love – despair – revenge – dire death – it could not have sounded from her lips more like a curse.

“I’ll tell you,” said she, in the same hurried passionate whisper, “what real love is. It is blind devotion, unquestioning self-humiliation, utter submission, trust and belief against yourself and against the whole world, giving up your whole heart and soul to the smiter – as I did!” (*Great Expectations* 184, Norton Critical Edition)

Great Expectations presents the reader with many different forms of love. Taking the extract above as a starting point, compare and contrast some of the characters’ approaches to love. Although the decision of which characters you consider is up to you, your essay might discuss, for example, Miss Havisham’s conception of love, Joe’s steadfast version of love, and Pip’s developing understanding of love over the course of the novel.

(100)

QUESTION 3: Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*

He retired to rest early, but his sleep was fitful from the sense that Sue was so near at hand. At some time near two o'clock, when he was beginning to sleep more soundly, he was aroused by a shrill squeak that had been familiar enough to him when he lived regularly at Marygreen. It was the cry of a rabbit caught in a gin. As was the little creature's habit, it did not soon repeat its cry; and probably would not do so more than once or twice; but would remain bearing its torture till the morning, when the trapper would come and knock it on the head.

Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*, 1999: 169

Using the above quotation from "Part Fourth" of the novel as your starting point, discuss the symbolism of entrapment and freedom in Thomas Hardy's treatment of the characters of Jude Fawley and Sue Bridehead.

(100)

QUESTION 4: Virginia Woolf, *Mrs Dalloway*

By means of a critical analysis of these passages, discuss *Mrs Dalloway* as a midlife novel of development. Your essay should include comment on the insights that Clarissa Dalloway gains while reflecting on her earlier life as she prepares to gather friends and acquaintances together for a party.

How many million times she had seen her face, and always with the same imperceptible contraction! She pursed her lips when she looked in the glass. It was to give her face point. That was her self--pointed; dartlike; definite. That was her self when some effort, some call on her to be her self, drew the parts together, she alone knew how different, how incompatible and composed so for the world only into one centre, one diamond, one woman who sat in her drawing-room and made a meeting-point, a radiancy no doubt in some dull lives, a refuge for the lonely to come to, perhaps;

(*Mrs Dalloway*, 1925 & 1976: 34)

[...]

Sinking her voice, drawing Mrs. Dalloway into the shelter of a common femininity, a common pride in the illustrious qualities of husbands and their sad tendency to overwork, Lady Bradshaw (poor goose--one didn't dislike her) murmured how, "just as we were starting, my husband was called up on the telephone, a very sad case. A young man (that is what Sir William is telling Mr. Dalloway) had killed himself. He had been in the army." Oh! Thought Clarissa, in the middle of my party, here's death, she thought.

(*Mrs Dalloway*, 1925 & 1976: 162)

She had once thrown a shilling into the Serpentine, never anything more. But he had flung it away. They went on living (she would have to go back; the rooms were still crowded; people kept on coming). They (all day she had been thinking of Bourton, of Peter, of Sally), they would grow old. A thing there was that mattered; a thing, wreathed about with chatter, defaced, obscured in her own life, let drop every day in corruption, lies, chatter. This he had preserved. Death was defiance. Death was an attempt to communicate; people feeling the impossibility of reaching the centre which, mystically, evaded them; closeness drew apart; rapture faded, one was alone. There was an embrace in death.

(Mrs Dalloway, 1925 & 1976: 163)

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TOTAL: 300

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