

<p>OPTION INTERNATIONALE DU BACCALAUREAT SESSION DE JUIN 2006</p>

SECTION : **BRITTANIQUE**

EPREUVE : LANGUE ET LITTERATURE

DUREE TOTALE : 4 HEURES

SUJETS PRINCIPAUX

OPTION INTERNATIONALE DU BACCALAUREAT Juin 2006

Section Britannique

Epreuve de Langue et Littérature

Four Hours.

Answer both Part One and Part Two. You are advised to spend 1 hour 20 minutes on EACH question in Part One and 1 hour 20 minutes on Part Two.

Reminder to all candidates: you will have prepared three works for the oral examination. You must not use any of these as the basis for an answer in this written paper.

Part One (two thirds of total marks)

Answer **TWO** questions. The two questions may not be taken from the same section.

Section A: Drama

John Webster: *The Duchess of Malfi*

1. Would you agree that the strength of this play is the sympathy created for the tragic heroine as a woman struggling in a world controlled by men?
2. '*The Duchess of Malfi* convincingly portrays a world without any balance between order and chaos.' How far do you agree with this view of the play?

Richard Sheridan: *School for Scandal*

1. How far do you feel that language is more important than action in *The School for Scandal*?
2. If the play defines a 'school', what are the lessons, and how effectively – in dramatic terms – are they taught?

Tennessee Williams: *The Glass Menagerie*

1. How successfully does this play balance the melodramatic and the tragic?
2. To what extent do setting, lighting and music contribute to the dramatic effects of *The Glass Menagerie*?

Section B: Poetry

In your answer in this section you should refer to at least **two** poems; consider the effects of the writing in the poems you discuss.

William Wordsworth: *Selected Poems*

1. 'Wordsworth's poetry aims for consolation rather than celebration.' How far would you agree?
2. What role does solitude play in the poetry of Wordsworth?

W B Yeats: *Selected Poems*

1. Discuss Yeats' poetic representation of Ireland.
2. Explore the importance of myths and mythology in Yeats' poetry.

Sylvia Plath: *Selected Poems*

1. In what ways can Plath's poetry be said to be concerned with the intimate?
2. How far, and in what ways, does Plath's poetry explore and balance tenderness and cruelty?

Section C: Prose

Emily Brontë: *Wuthering Heights*

1. 'The link between generations is vital to the effects of the novel.' How far would you agree?
2. Examine the tensions between exteriors and interiors in the novel.

Charles Dickens: *Hard Times*

1. 'Sowing, reaping, garnering.' Discuss the significance of the titles of the three books in the novel.
2. 'The novel's serious messages are conveyed successfully through its comic aspects.' How far would you agree?

Ian McEwan: *Atonement*

1. 'Come back.' Explore the significance of this phrase in the novel.
2. Discuss the significance of the title *Atonement* to the novel as a whole.

Part Two: Critical Appreciation (one third of total marks)

Answer **ONE** question.

1. Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, discussing the effects created by the poet's use of language, tone and poetic form as he speaks to his dying father.

DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

2. Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, paying particular attention to the narrative effects created by the way this unexpected meeting is presented.

Quiet descended on her, calm, content, as her needle, drawing the silk smoothly to its gentle pause, collected the green folds together and attached them, very lightly, to the belt. So on a summer's day waves collect, overbalance, and fall; collect and fall; and the whole world seems to be saying "that is all" more and more ponderously, until even the heart in the body which lies in the sun on the beach says too, That is all. Fear no more, says the heart. Fear no more, says the heart, committing its burden to some sea, which sighs collectively for all sorrows, and renews, begins, collects, lets fall. And the body alone listens to the passing bee; the wave breaking; the dog barking, far away barking and barking.

"Heavens, the front-door bell!" exclaimed Clarissa, staying her needle. Roused, she listened.

10 "Mrs. Dalloway will see me," said the elderly man in the hall. "Oh yes, she will see *me*," he repeated, putting Lucy aside very benevolently, and running upstairs ever so quickly. "Yes, yes, yes," he muttered as he ran upstairs. "She will see me. After five years in India, Clarissa will see me."

15 "Who can—what can," asked Mrs. Dalloway (thinking it was outrageous to be interrupted at eleven o'clock on the morning of the day she was giving a party), hearing a step on the stairs. She heard a hand upon the door. She made to hide her dress, like a virgin protecting chastity, respecting privacy. Now the brass knob slipped. Now the door opened, and in came—for a single second she could not remember what he was called! so surprised she was to see him, so glad, so shy, so utterly taken aback to have Peter Walsh come to her unexpectedly in the morning! (She had not read his letter.)

20 "And how are you?" said Peter Walsh, positively trembling; taking both her hands; kissing both her hands. She's grown older, he thought, sitting down. I shan't tell her anything about it, he thought, for she's grown older. She's looking at me, he thought, a sudden embarrassment coming over him, though he had kissed her hands. Putting his hand into his pocket, he took out a large pocket-knife and half opened the blade.

25 Exactly the same, thought Clarissa; the same queer look; the same check suit; a little out of the straight his face is, a little thinner, dryer, perhaps, but he looks awfully well, and just the same.

"How heavenly it is to see you again!" she exclaimed. He had his knife out. That's so like him, she thought.

He had only reached town last night, he said; would have to go down into the country at once; and how was everything, how was everybody—Richard? Elizabeth?

30 "And what's all this?" he said, tilting his pen-knife towards her green dress.

He's very well dressed, thought Clarissa; yet he always criticises *me*.

35 Here she is mending her dress; mending her dress as usual, he thought; here she's been sitting all the time I've been in India; mending her dress; playing about; going to parties; running to the House and back and all that, he thought, growing more and more irritated, more and more agitated, for there's nothing in the world so bad for some women as marriage, he thought; and politics; and having a Conservative husband, like the admirable Richard. So it is, so it is, he thought, shutting his knife with a snap.

"Richard's very well. Richard's at a Committee," said Clarissa.

40 And she opened her scissors, and said, did he mind her just finishing what she was doing to her dress, for they had a party that night?

"Which I shan't ask you to," she said. "My dear Peter!" she said.

But it was delicious to hear her say that—my dear Peter! Indeed, it was all so delicious—the silver, the chairs; all so delicious!

Why wouldn't she ask him to her party? he asked.

45 Now of course, thought Clarissa, he's enchanting! perfectly enchanting! Now I remember how impossible it was ever to make up my mind—and why did I make up my mind—not to marry him, she wondered, that awful summer?