

**OPTION INTERNATIONALE DU BACCALAUREAT
SESSION DE JUIN 2007**

SECTION : BRITANNIQUE

EPREUVE : LANGUE ET LITTERATURE

DUREE TOTALE : 4 HEURES

SUJETS PRINCIPAUX

OPTION INTERNATIONALE DU BACCALAUREAT
Juin 2007

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. How does Webster's use of language contribute to the dramatic intensity of the play?
2. "I am the Duchess of Malfi still." Explore the significance of this quotation in the play as a whole.

Tennessee Williams: *The Glass Menagerie*

1. Discuss the interaction between the worlds outside and inside the Wingfields' flat.
2. The original screen play was called 'The Gentleman Caller'. Consider the appropriateness of the play's first title in the light of your understanding of *The Glass Menagerie*.

Harold Pinter: *The Birthday Party*

1. How does Pinter exploit both the visual and the verbal in *The Birthday Party*?
2. 'Comedy of menace'. How far do you agree with this description of the play?

Section B: Poetry

In your answer in this section you should consider carefully the effects of the writing in the poems you discuss.

William Blake: *Selected Poems*

1. "Without Contraries is no progression." How effectively does Blake weave his 'Argument' into the fabric of his poetry?
2. Comment on the attitudes to education and organised religion that Blake expressed in his Poetry.

WB Yeats: *Selected Poems*

1. Explore the tension between the personal and the political in Yeats' poetry.
2. How far does Yeats' poetry both celebrate and mourn the passing of time?

TS Eliot: *Selected Poems*

1. One of the key features of Eliot's poetry is his fragmented style. Do you consider this a virtue or a defect?
2. What role do different voices play in the poetry of Eliot?

Section C: Prose

Mary Shelley: *Frankenstein*

1. Discuss the specific functions of explorations and expeditions in *Frankenstein*.
2. What effects are achieved by the use of the various narrative frames in *Frankenstein*?

DH Lawrence: *Sons and Lovers*

1. How true is it that the female characters in *Sons and Lovers* can only define themselves in relation to men?
2. How, and with what effects, does Lawrence present the industrial and rural worlds of the novel?

Ian McEwan: *Atonement*

1. 'Atonement is ultimately a book of manipulation, both of the characters and of the reader.' Would you agree with this assessment of the novel?
2. Consider the effects of McEwan's interweaving fictional and historical elements together in the novel.

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

Answer **ONE** question.

1. The following poem, written by Alun Lewis, was published after his death in battle in 1944, during the Second World War. Write a critical appreciation of the poem, paying particular attention to the effects created by features of language and style.

GOODBYE

- So we must say Goodbye, my darling,
And go, as lovers go, for ever;
Tonight remains, to pack and fix on labels
And make an end of lying down together.
- 5 I put a final shilling in the gas,
And watch you slip your dress below your knees
And lie so still I hear your rustling comb
Modulate the autumn in the trees.
- And all the countless things I shall remember
10 Lay mummy-cloths of silence round my head;
I fill the carafe with a drink of water;
You say 'We paid a guinea for this bed,'
- And then, 'We'll leave some gas, a little warmth
For the next resident, and these dry flowers,'
15 And turn your face away, afraid to speak
The big word, that Eternity is ours.
- Your kisses close my eyes and yet you stare
As though god struck a child with nameless fears;
Perhaps the water glitters and discloses
20 Time's chalice and its limpid useless tears.
- Everything we renounce except our selves;
Selfishness is the last of all to go;
Our sighs are exhalations of the earth,
Our footprints leave a track across the snow.
- 25 We made the universe to be our home,
Our nostrils took the wind to be our breath,
Our hearts are massive towers of delight,
We stride across the seven seas of death.
- Yet when all's done you'll keep the emerald
30 I placed upon your finger in the street;
And I will keep the patches that you sewed
On my old battledress tonight, my sweet.

3. Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, which is the opening of *The Light of Day* (2003), a novel by Graham Swift. How effectively does the author introduce the characters to the reader here?

'Something's come over you.' That's what Rita said, over two years ago now, and now she knows it wasn't just a thing of the moment.

Something happens. We cross a line, we open a door we never knew was there. It might never have happened, we might never have known. Most of life, maybe, is only time served.

- 5 Morning traffic in Wimbledon Broadway. Exhausts steaming. I turn the key in the street door, my own breath coming in clouds.

'Something's come over you, George.'

But she knew even before I did. She's not in this job for nothing, she can pick up a scent. And soon she's going to leave me, any day now, I can tell. I can pick up a scent as well.

- 10 She's here before me of course. When isn't she? She doesn't sleep these days, she says. 'These days' have lasted years. Always awake with the dawn, so why not? Always something to be done. And I pitch up after her. Boss's privilege. Though it's not yet half-past eight, and last night I was out on a job till gone two. And today's a special day.

As I reach the top of the stairs I hear the click and hiss of an already warm kettle being switched on.

- 15 The computer in her little compartment (we call it the 'reception area' but area's a generous word) is already up and running. It feels like she might have been here all night.

'Cold,' she says, with a shiver at the air I've brought in and a little nod to the outside world.

'But beautiful,' I say.

- 20 She'll have been here before the sun hit the streets. 'Coffee or tea?' she says, ignoring my smile - and that word - as if insisting I'll have had a rough start.

But I don't have a sleep problem, not now. Though maybe I should. I can grab it when I can, cat-nap, get by on little. An old trick of the trade. And Rita's sleep problem, if she's honest about it (and sometimes she is) isn't really a sleep problem either.

'An empty bed, George, that's all it is. If there was someone there . . .'

- 25 'Tea, I think, Reet. Nice and strong.' She's wearing the pale pink top, soft wool, above a charcoal skirt. Round her neck a simple silver chain. The small twinkly stud earrings, a waft of scent. She always gets herself up well, Rita. We have to meet the public, after all.

But the pale pink is like a flag, her favourite colour. A very pale pink - more like white with a blush. I've seen her wearing it many times. I've seen her wearing a fluffy bathrobe of the same soft pink colour, loosely tied, tits nuzzling inside. Bringing in morning tea. I go into my office, leaving the door open. The sun is streaming through my first-floor window, the low, blinding sun of a cold November morning, the sun Rita never gets in her compartment, except through the frosted glass of my door.

- 30 She follows me in with the tea, and a mug for herself, a bundle under her arm. There's always this morning conference — my office door open — even as I settle myself in, take off my coat, switch on my own computer, sit down. The sun's warm through the glass, even if outside the air's icy.

She puts down my tea, already sipping her own, eyeing me over the rim. She slips the bundle on to my desk, pulls round the other chair — the 'client's chair'. She steps through bars of bright light.

It's like a marriage really. We've both thought it. It's better than a lot of marriages (we know this).

- 40 Rita — my assistant, my associate, my partner, or not-quite partner. Her job description has never exactly been set in stone. But I wouldn't dream of calling her my receptionist (though she is that too) or even my secretary.

'Be an angel, Reet.'

'I am an angel, George.'

Where would I be without her?