

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

SECTION : BRITANNIQUE

EPREUVE : LANGUE ET LITTERATURE

DUREE TOTALE : 4 HEURES

SUJETS PRINCIPAUX

OPTION INTERNATIONALE DU BACCALAUREAT
Septembre 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 is the notion of imprisonment explored in the play?
2. 'In the play our attention is drawn not to the horrors but to the characters' reactions to them.' How far would you agree?

Tennessee Williams: *The Glass Menagerie*

1. How far are notions of duty and sacrifice parodied in *The Glass Menagerie*?
2. 'In spite of its domestic focus, the play is characterized by a sense of homelessness and solitude.' How far do you agree?

Harold Pinter: *The Birthday Party*

1. How does this play disturb our ideas of victims and victimizers?
2. How far do you agree that the play centres on 'the issue of territory' and who has control over it?

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. Explore Blake's use of animal imagery. How does Blake poeticise the condition of man through his bestiary?
2. Explore Blake's portrayal of children and childhood in his poetry.

WB Yeats: *Selected Poems*

1. How does Yeats offer us more than one Ireland in his poetry?
2. How far would you agree that Yeats' poetry is primarily concerned with loss and disappointment?

TS Eliot: *Selected Poems*

1. How important is a sense of search and quest in Eliot's poetry?
2. Discuss the importance of time in Eliot's poetry.

Section C: Prose

Mary Shelley: *Frankenstein*

1. What kinds of horror does *Frankenstein* offer, and what is their effect?
2. Discuss the ways in which Shelley makes use of the device of the 'double' in *Frankenstein* and explain its significance.

DH Lawrence: *Sons and Lovers*

1. Discuss the relationship between environment and character in *Sons and Lovers*.
2. How far does this novel present family relationships as both destructive and empowering?

Ian McEwan: *Atonement*

1. Discuss the significance of stories and storytelling in McEwan's novel.
2. How far, and in what ways, does the book explore the ideas suggested by the title?

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

Answer **ONE** question.

1. Write a critical appreciation of the following poem by the American poet Elizabeth Bishop (1911-1979). Pay particular attention to the ways in which language, tone and structure help shape the reader's response to the poem and its subject.

One Art

The art of losing isn't hard to master;
so many things seem filled with the intent
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

5 Lose something every day. Accept the fluster
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:
places, and names, and where it was you meant
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

10 I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or
next-to-last, of three beloved houses went.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

15 I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

— Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident
the art of losing's not too hard to master
though it may look like (Write it!) a disaster.

1. Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, paying particular attention to the narrative effects created by the way William Thackeray presents the Battle of Waterloo (1815) in his novel *Vanity Fair* (1847).

All that day, from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden.

5 All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth; and you and I, who were children when the great battle was won and lost, are never tired of hearing and recounting the history of that famous action. Its remembrance rankles still in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day. They pant for an opportunity of revenging that humiliation; and if a contest, ending in a victory on their part, should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame, and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which 10 two high-spirited nations might engage. Centuries hence, we Frenchmen and Englishmen might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the Devil's code of honour.

All our friends took their share and fought like men in the great field. All day long, whilst the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were ploughing up 15 their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Towards evening, the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last: the columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day, and spite of all. Unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which 20 hurled death from the English line, the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled.

25 No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.