

**OPTION INTERNATIONALE DU BACCALAUREAT
SESSION DE JUIN 2008**

SECTION : BRITANNIQUE

EPREUVE : LANGUE ET LITTERATURE

DUREE TOTALE : 4 HEURES

SUJETS PRINCIPAUX

**OPTION INTERNATIONALE DU BACCALAUREAT
Juin 2008**

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

Christopher Marlowe: *Doctor Faustus*

1. How far does the play escape from being a simple struggle between good and evil?
2. The episodic structure of this play is its major weakness. How far do you agree with this complaint?

Edward Albee: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

1. What is the significance of games in the play?
2. How important are the unseen or absent characters in the play?

Harold Pinter: *The Birthday Party*

1. *The Birthday Party* keeps its characters and audience 'in the dark' through much of the play. How is blindness a defining metaphor in this drama?
2. 'What makes *The Birthday Party* a comedy?

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. What use does Blake make of urban and rural settings in his poetry?
2. Analyse the rhetorical devices used by Blake to convey energy in his poetry.

Robert Frost: *Selected Poems*

1. Frost wanted poetry 'that talked'. How does the 'talk' qualify as poetry?
2. Explore Frost's poetry as a celebration of the ordinary.

TS Eliot: *Selected Poems*

1. 'These fragments I have shored against my ruins'. Discuss the use of fragments in Eliot's poetry.
2. How far can one identify a distinctive 'voice' in Eliot's poetry?

Section C: Prose

Mary Shelley: *Frankenstein*

1. How far and in what ways does Shelley challenge traditional male dominance through her novel *Frankenstein*?
2. Does Mary Shelley see nature and nurture as opposing forces in her novel *Frankenstein*?

DH Lawrence: *Sons and Lovers*

1. To what extent is *Sons and Lovers* a novel about 'breaking away'?
2. 'I shall do my work for women', Lawrence had said – and yet he was to become the target of feminist attacks. In the light of this, give your own view of Lawrence's portrayal of women in the novel.

Virginia Woolf: *Mrs Dalloway*

1. Do you agree that London can be almost considered as a character in *Mrs Dalloway*?
2. How important is the patterning of time and place in *Mrs Dalloway*?

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

Answer **ONE** question.

1. The following poem, written by Philip Larkin and describing an accident at a coal mine, was published in 1974. Write a critical appreciation of the poem, paying particular attention to the effects created by features of language and tone.

The Explosion

On the day of the explosion
Shadows pointed towards the pithead:
In the sun the slagheap slept.

- 5 Down the lane came men in pitboots
Coughing oath-edged talk and pipe-smoke,
Shouldering off the freshened silence.

One chased after rabbits; lost them;
Came back with a nest of lark's eggs;
Showed them; lodged them in the grasses.

- 10 So they passed in beards and moleskins,
Fathers, brothers, nicknames, laughter,
Through the tall gates standing open.

- At noon, there came a tremor; cows
Stopped chewing for a second; sun,
15 Scarfed as in a heat-haze, dimmed.

*The dead go on before us, they
Are sitting in God's house in comfort,
We shall see them face to face –*

- 20 Plain as lettering in the chapels
It was said, and for a second
Wives saw men of the explosion

Larger than in life they managed –
Gold as on a coin, or walking
Somehow from the sun towards them.

- 25 One showing the eggs unbroken.

- 1 Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, from *Grocer's Daughter* (1987) in which the American writer Marianne Wiggins writes about her father. How effectively does she convey the struggle to recapture what her father was like?

I remember what his footsteps sounded like: heavier on one leg than the other, which made the change rattle in his pocket. He always carried change, most grocers did, because the kids would come in to buy cookies from the bin with pennies and their pennies crowded up the cash drawer. Year in, year out, he wore pleated pants in dark colors. He had three good suits
5 - one grey, one black, one brown. I see him in them in the photographs. The grey one took a lot of coaxing from my mother and wasn't often worn. Every year for Christmas he received:

six new pairs of black socks
six new undershirts
six pairs of boxer shorts
10 two new sweater vests
six white shirts
six aprons
one subdued pastel shirt from me
one knit tie from my sister

- 15 The year I knew there was no Santa Claus was the year he fell asleep beneath the Christmas tree assembling my sister's tricycle.

I wonder if he ever dreamed that he could change things. He taught me how to pitch a softball. We played croquet in the front yard. He taught me how to spot a plant called preacher-in-the-pulpit along the country roads. He taught me harmony to 'Jingle Bells'. He
20 taught me how to drive a car. He unscrewed the training wheels and taught me how to ride a bike. He told me strange, portending things: if I ate too much bread, I'd get dandruff. He read *Reader's Digest*, *Coronet* and *Pageant* and didn't believe in evolution. There were times I didn't like him. He left abruptly. He left me much unfinished business.

He visited New York City four times in his lifetime. He was in Times Square, a tourist, on
25 VJ Day*. Somehow, I'm glad for him, as a believer is for a novitiate, that he was there: celebration needs a crowd. He thought not badly of large cities, after that: but, he never lived in one.

He never sailed, his life was land-locked. I think he clammed once, with my uncle, at
30 Virginia Beach. I cannot say for certain that he knew his body's way in water. Water was not an element he knew, except as rain on crops. He was a farmer's son. Without the farmer's land, his legacy was vending farmer's goods. I planted a garden last week, north of where he lived and died, on an island where all roads lead to water. 'Now, when you plant a small plot,' he once said, 'plant what you and yours can eat, or plant what makes you happy, like a
35 sunflower, and offer your surplus to the ones who want. Don't waste. For God's sake, don't waste.'

*VJ Day. 15th August 1945; the end of the Second World war after the surrender of Japan.