

**OPTION INTERNATIONALE DU BACCALAURÉAT
SESSION 2017**

Vendredi 2 juin 2017

SECTION : BRITANNIQUE

EPREUVE : LANGUE ET LITTÉRATURE

DURÉE TOTALE : 4 HEURES

Answer both Part One and Part Two.

You may answer the questions in any order.

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 additional texts for the oral examination. You must not use any of these as the basis for an answer in this written paper.

Les dictionnaires sont interdits.

Part One (two thirds of total marks)

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

Section A: Drama

Aphra Behn: *The Rover*

1. How successfully does Aphra Behn dramatise concerns about male and female identity?
2. How successful did you find the ending of the play?

G. B. Shaw: *Saint Joan*

1. To what extent does Shaw challenge audience expectations in *Saint Joan*?
2. Explore the notion of duty in *Saint Joan*.

Samuel Beckett: *Waiting for Godot*

1. How far would you agree that the visual is as important as the verbal in *Waiting for Godot*?
2. In what ways is *Waiting for Godot* both highly disturbing and oddly comforting?

Section B: Poetry

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

John Donne: *Selected Poems*

1. 'Wit and wordplay are never entirely absent from Donne's poetry.' How far do you agree?
2. How is death treated in Donne's poetry?

Christina Rossetti: *Selected Poems*

1. Explore the effects achieved by Rossetti's creation of distinct and different worlds.
2. 'Passionate, contradictory and fearless.' How far would you share this view with regard to Rossetti's *Selected Poems*?

Jo Shapcott: *Of Mutability*

1. 'An uplifting book about mortality.' How far, and in what ways does Shapcott's poetry fit this description?
2. Explore how, and to what effect Shapcott uses different voices in *Of Mutability*.

Section C: Prose

Thomas Hardy: *Far from the Madding Crowd*

1. To what purpose, and to what advantage does Hardy use the omniscient narrative viewpoint in *Far from the Madding Crowd*?
2. In what ways is *Far from the Madding Crowd* a lesson in morality?

Alice Munro: *Lying Under the Apple Tree*

1. Explore how Alice Munro manages to find the extraordinary within the ordinary in *Lying Under the Apple Tree*. You should refer to at least two stories from the collection in your answer.
2. How do Alice Munro's endings challenge the reader? You should refer to at least two stories from the collection in your answer.

W. G. Sebald: *Austerlitz*

1. What does the novel suggest are the personal and social consequences of war?
2. Sebald has commented that 'places seem to me to have some kind of memory.' How important is this idea in *Austerlitz*?

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

Answer **ONE** question.

1. Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, '*Solitude*' by Harold Monro, a British poet who died in 1932. In your answer, pay particular attention to the poet's use of voice and tone, imagery and poetic effects as he describes his experience of being alone.

Solitude

When you have tidied all things for the night,
And while your thoughts are fading to their sleep,
You'll pause a moment in the late firelight,
Too sorrowful to weep.

- 5 The large and gentle furniture has stood
In sympathetic silence all the day
With that old kindness of domestic wood;
Nevertheless the haunted room will say:
'Someone must be away.'
- 10 The little dog rolls over half awake,
Stretches his paws, yawns, looking up at you,
Wags his tail very slightly for your sake,
That you may feel he is unhappy too.
- 15 A distant engine whistles, or the floor
Creaks, or the wandering night-wind bangs a door

Silence is scattered like a broken glass.
The minutes prick their ears and run about,
Then one by one subside again and pass
Sedately in, monotonously out.
- 20 You bend your head and wipe away a tear.
Solitude walks one heavy step more near.

2. Write a critical comparison of the following passages. Passage (a) is from *Skyfaring* written by a British Airways pilot, Mark Vanhoenacker, in 2015. The poem (b) is by John Gillespie Magee, an American pilot who died in 1941 aged nineteen. In your answer compare carefully the tone and techniques adopted by the writers as they describe the experience of flying.

- (a) Then we blink and suddenly we see again the earth we are flying over. From the window seat our focal point crosses between the personal and the planetary so smoothly that such movement seems to hint at a new species of grace, that we would come to only in the sky. Whatever our idea of the sacred, our simplest questions – how the one relates to the many, how time equates to distance, how the present rests on the past as simply as our lights lie on each night's darkened sphere – are rarely framed as clearly as they are by the oval window of an aeroplane. We look through it, over snow-capped cordilleras in the last red turn of the day, or upon the shining night-palmistry of cities, and we see that the window is a mirror, briefly raised above the world.

The journey, of course, is not quite the destination. Not even for pilots. Still, we are lucky to live in an age in which many of us, on our busy way to wherever we are going, are given these hours in the high country, when lightness is lent to us, where the volume of our home is opened and a handful of our oldest words – 'journey', 'road', 'wing', 'water'; 'earth' and 'air', 'sky' and 'city' and 'night' are made new. From aeroplanes we occasionally look up and are briefly held by the stars or the firmament of blue. But mostly we look down, caught by the sudden gravity of what we've left, and by thoughts of reunion, drifting like clouds over the half-bright world.

(b) **High Flight**

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds, – and done a hundred things
5 You have not dreamed of – wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air...

Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
10 I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark or even eagle flew –
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.