



22130061



ENGLISH A: LITERATURE – HIGHER LEVEL – PAPER 1
ANGLAIS A : LITTÉRATURE – NIVEAU SUPÉRIEUR – ÉPREUVE 1
INGLÉS A: LITERATURA – NIVEL SUPERIOR – PRUEBA 1

Thursday 2 May 2013 (morning)

Jeudi 2 mai 2013 (matin)

Jueves 2 de mayo de 2013 (mañana)

2 hours / 2 heures / 2 horas

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Do not open this examination paper until instructed to do so.
- Write a literary commentary on one passage only.
- The maximum mark for this examination paper is *[20 marks]*.

INSTRUCTIONS DESTINÉES AUX CANDIDATS

- N'ouvrez pas cette épreuve avant d'y être autorisé(e).
- Rédigez un commentaire littéraire sur un seul des passages.
- Le nombre maximum de points pour cette épreuve d'examen est *[20 points]*.

INSTRUCCIONES PARA LOS ALUMNOS

- No abra esta prueba hasta que se lo autoricen.
- Escriba un comentario literario sobre un solo pasaje.
- La puntuación máxima para esta prueba de examen es *[20 puntos]*.

Write a literary commentary on **one** of the following:

1.

Text removed for copyright reasons

The extract is available at: http://books.google.co.uk/books?id=xK-YJ_YMaDUC&pg=PA229&lpg=PA229&dq=william+gass+the+tunnel+%22lime+slush%22&source=bl&ots=UoENVuXwVZ&sig=Em4rSnBNyHwdQ1Q_5o-qHfdadNE&hl=en&sa=X&ei=5I_2UfqFK-Sc0wXyqIHYAg&sqi=2&ved=0CC0Q6AEwAA#v=onepage&q=william%20gass%20the%20tunnel%20%22lime%20slush%22&f=false

William Gass, *The Tunnel* (1995)

From “Lime slush” to “You don’t know what you want”.

¹ sherbet: a type of water-ice

² Culp: another character in the novel who is known to make rude jokes

³ moued: “pouted”

⁴ batiks and tie-dyes: coloured designs and patterns on textiles

2.

Language as an Escape from the Discrete¹

I came upon two wasps
with intricate legs all occupied.
If it was news communicated,
or if they mated or fought,
5 it was difficult to say of that clasp.

And a cold fear because I did not know
struck me apart from them, who moved,
whose wasp-blood circulated,
who, loveless, mated, who moved;
10 who moved and were not loved.

When the cat puts its furred illiterate
paw on my page and makes a starfish,
the space between us drains my marrow
like a roof's edge. It drinks milk,
15 as I do; one of its breaths is final.

And even the young child, whose eyes
follow what it speaks, to see in yours
what it will mean, is running away
from what it sent its secret out to prove.
20 And the illiterate body says hush,

in love, says hush; says, whatever
word can serve, it is not here.
All the terrible silences listen always; and hear
between breaths a gulf we know is evil.
25 It is the silence that built the tower of Babel².

Jacobsen, Josephine. *In the Crevice of Time: New and Collected Poems*.
“Language as an Escape from the Discrete.” pp. 167. (c) 1995 Josephine Jacobsen.
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¹ Discrete: individually separate and distinct

² tower of Babel: a tower, described in the Book of Genesis in the Bible, where the confusion of multiple languages originated
