

EAE 0422 A	
Code Sujet	EHP 5
Sujet Jury	
Sujet Candidat	
Page	1 / 5

DOCUMENT A

Sebastian Barry, *Tales of Ballycumber* (premiered at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, on 7 October 2009), London, Faber and Faber, 2009.

SCENE ONE

Everything in place, but darkened. Downstage is a girl about thirteen or older, in a woollen hat and ordinary clothes, and she sings 'Heartbreak Hotel' by Elvis Presley in her own Wicklow accent. Then light away, and:

5 *Nicholas is a dark-haired dark-faced farmer of possibly Cromwellian stock; he could be mid-forties or fifty, hard to say. He wears clothes with no regard at all for anything except their nearness to hand and their usefulness. But he is shaven and fairly clean. He speaks with a Wicklow accent of the district around Tinahely. He is in principle well off, in that he owns the farm he works (perhaps he is the farm). But he left school at leaving-certificate level and is not much concerned*
10 *with books. He needs glasses to read, but mostly for labels and suchlike to do with his farming. He has both sheep and cattle, mainly the latter. His farm is about a hundred acres, mostly steep ground and much of it is ranged along the fringe of the frostline. In his youth he was a well-liked sportsman, but is more isolated now. He has no wife. The nearest neighbour is across the boggy land*
15 *below, the Staffords. His own family is called Farquhar and has been in Ireland since the sixteenth century, although perhaps Nicholas himself is no longer aware of that.*

20 *Music. On the cyc: the neglected garden of the house. It is a promising day in spring outside; the daffodils, planted fifty years ago when his mother was young, are freshly open.*

But he is on his knees before the fireplace – a good chimneypiece, but very chipped and worn. In the room the only picture is an old framed photograph of John F. Kennedy.

25 *Nicholas might be praying, but in fact he is waiting. There is a thumping sound somewhere high above him. Then a deluge of twigs and other dust arrives in the grate. Nicholas lets out a cry of success, reaches for a roll of black plastic bags, starts to stuff the debris into one. He is laughing as he does it.*

Code Sujet	EHP 5
Page	2 / 5

30 *The last thing he does is stick an old black kettle back on to a hook in the fireplace.*

Nicholas Can't be doing without that.

Evans Stafford comes in. He is also laughing. He sits in the well-scooped-out chair by the fire, looking very comfortable. He is about seventeen maybe, a small, thin young man.

35 So I was coming up the hill by the short field, and trying to take a peek up onto the upper garden where I have put the lambs, keeping an eye out for Mr Renard you may be certain, not thinking of anything at all, when I seen those two jackdaws working away, taking advantage of the nice weather. And flinging their dawn twigs down the chimney and every scrap of sheep's wool they can find in
40 the wires, and they couldn't a' had more than three days for the work, because I had fire in the fire Friday just, but that's all they needed, and a big crown of twigs then and muck, and then I seen you coming up along the ridge of the hill, I suppose you are going to Tinahely by the mountain, and I'm calling you then, and now we have done that job, let's have a little scald of our tea.

45 *Nicholas pulls tea into two mugs – he has a plastic kettle on the table. His cup is an Elvis souvenir. He fetches a Club Milk out of the table drawer, and half-fecks it towards Evans.*

Evans Top job. They're late at their nest-building anyhow.

50 **Nicholas** Oh, it's second goes for them you can be sure. White, yellow, blue, snowdrop, daffodil and bluebell, and the birds that go with them, and the jackdaw goes with the yellow flowers at the very least. You might hear one walking on the roof at snowdrop time either.

Evans There must be a gazette in nature somewhere somehow, which the animals are reading carefully, isn't that it, Nicholas?

55 **Nicholas** They seem to know anyhow, however it is done. And the rooks, sure aren't they much worse. They're fighting in the beech trees over the best nests, and God only knows are they fighting husband and wife also, since they are wed to just the one ould bird all their lives, what sort of life is that for them, and then when the chicks are in, there's more just terrible caterwauling, and you don't get
60 a hint of peace up there till May Day, by God. Such a racket was never heard in Christendom. [...]

Code Sujet	EHP 5
Page	3 / 5

DOCUMENT B

Eamon De Valera (*Taoiseach*), “On Language and The Irish Nation”, St Patrick’s Day radio address on Radió Éireann, 17 March 1943.

Before the present war began I was accustomed on St Patrick’s Day to speak to our kinsfolk in foreign lands, particularly those in the United States, and to tell them year by year of the progress being made towards building up the Ireland of their dreams and ours – the Ireland that we believe is destined to play, by its example and its inspiration, a great part as a nation among the nations.

Acutely conscious though we all are of the misery and desolation in which the greater part of the world is plunged, let us turn aside for a moment to that ideal Ireland that we would have. That Ireland which we dreamed of would be the home of a people who valued material wealth only as the basis of right living, of a people who were satisfied with frugal comfort and devoted their leisure to the things of the spirit—a land whose countryside would be bright with cosy homesteads, whose fields and villages would be joyous with the sounds of industry, with the romping of sturdy children, the contests of athletic youths and the laughter of comely maidens, whose firesides would be forums for the wisdom of serene old age. It would, in a word, be the home of a people living the life that God desires that man should live.

With the tidings that make such an Ireland possible, St Patrick came to our ancestors 1,500 years ago, promising happiness here as well as happiness hereafter. It was the pursuit of such an Ireland that later made our country worthy to be called the Island of Saints and Scholars. It was the idea of such an Ireland, happy, vigorous, spiritual, that fired the imagination of our poets, that made successive generations of patriotic men give their lives to win religious and political liberty, and that will urge men in our own and future generations to die, if need be, so that these liberties may be preserved.

One hundred years ago the Young Irelanders, by holding up the vision of such an Ireland before the people, inspired our nation and moved it spiritually as it had hardly been moved since the golden age of Irish civilisation. Fifty years after the Young Irelanders, the founders of the Gaelic League similarly inspired and moved the people of their day, as did later the leaders of the Volunteers. We of this time, if we have the will and the active enthusiasm, have the opportunity to inspire and move our generation in like manner. We can do so by keeping this thought of a noble future for our country constantly before our minds, ever seeking in action to bring that future into being, and ever remembering that it is to our nation as a whole that future must apply.

Thomas Davis, laying down the national programme for his generation, spoke first of the development of our material resources as he saw them, of the wealth that lay in our harbours, our rivers, our bogs and our mines. Characteristically, however, he passed on to emphasize the still more important development of the resources of the spirit:

Our young artisans must be familiar with the arts of design and the natural sciences connected with their trade; and so of our farmers;

Code Sujet	EHP 5
Page	4 / 5

45 and both should, beside, have that general information that refines and expands the mind, that knowledge of Irish history and statistics that makes it national and those accomplishments and sports which make leisure profitable and home joyous.
Our cities must be stately with sculpture, pictures and buildings, and our fields glorious with peaceful abundance.

‘But this is an utopia!’ he exclaimed, but then questioned, ‘is it?’ he answered:

50 No; but the practicable (that is, the attainable) object of those who know our resources. To seek it is the solemn, unavoidable duty of every Irishman.

55 Davis’ s answer should be our answer also. We are aware that Davis was mistaken in the extent of some of the material resources which he catalogued, but we know, none the less, that our material resources are sufficient for a population much larger than we have at present, if we consider their use with a due appreciation of their value in a right philosophy of life. And we know also that the spiritual resources which Davis asked the nation to cultivate are inexhaustible.

60 For many the pursuit of the material is a necessity. Man, to express himself fully and to make the best use of the talents God has given him, needs a certain minimum of comfort and leisure. A section of our people have not yet this minimum. They rightly strive to secure it, and it must be our aim and the aim of all who are just and wise to assist in the effort. But many have got more than is
65 required and are free, if they choose, to devote themselves more completely to cultivating the things of the mind, and in particular those which mark us out as a distinct nation.

70 The first of these latter is the national language. It is for us what no other language can be. It is our very own. It is more than a symbol; it is an essential part of our nationhood. It has been moulded by the thought of a hundred generations of our forebears. In it is stored the accumulated experience of a people, our people, who even before Christianity was brought to them were already cultured and living in a well-ordered society. The Irish language spoken in Ireland today is the direct descendant without break of the language our
75 ancestors spoke in those far-off days. [...]

Code Sujet	EHP 5
Page	5 / 5

DOCUMENT C

**Rita Duffy, *The Cailleach* 2016, oil on linen, 111 x 142 cm, 2016.
Royal Ulster Academy.**

