

<b>EAE 0422 A</b>	<b>Sujet Jury</b>	<b>Sujet Candidat</b>	<b>Code Sujet</b>	<b>CLG 31</b>
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**Your main commentary should be focused on *TO and TO-clauses*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

Jenny looked up at the great whirling picture on the wall of Anna le Page's room. There was a lot of red and green and yellow and blue and orange in it, and the artist had evidently had plenty of colour to spare, for as Jenny saw when she went closer there were big flakes and ridges of paint standing out from the canvas. That made it certain that here was a real picture, not a copy or anything. But what it was a picture of was less certain. Some parts of it seemed to be of a forest during a hurricane, only most of the things that might have been trees were too simple to be really trees; they were more like those shiny weeds that grew on lawns. And here and there were ones that were apparently growing in the sky. Jenny said 'Mm' once or twice, finishing up with: 'I'm afraid I don't know anything much about pictures.'

Anna le Page tossed back her funnily shaped mop of brownish hair, keeping her eyes shut. 'Oh, you English girls,' she said. 'There's nothing to be known about pictures. You must simply respond to them with your whole being. With your eyes, your heart, your soul' – her own eyes came open and gazed at Jenny – 'and your body. Now say something, say at once what you feel.'

'I don't know,' Jenny said. 'I think it makes me feel puzzled.' But without minding much one way or the other, she wanted to add. 'Good, it's intended to do this, to challenge you and shake you out of your complacency. To make you feel free, even if only for a moment. Today none of us is free. Don't you feel this, Jenny?'

'I hadn't noticed it,' Jenny said, 'Anna.'

'Of course you hadn't noticed it. That's the power of this thing, that most of the time we don't notice it. But when we think about it we can see we're not free. We're all being made the same, very very quickly. Your glorious Welfare State exists to do this, to turn us all into little cogs in the machine. What is it you call it – individuality? We're all losing our individuality. Soon they'll be breeding us from test-tubes.'

'Er... who painted the picture? Do you know the artist?'

'Know him isn't quite right, perhaps. He's a young man who calls sometimes at the shop where I work. I expect you knew that I work in the so-called art shop in the High Street?'

'Mr Thompson told me. What's he like, the young man?'

'Oh, he's a crazy person. But I think he has talent. He's serious about his work if not about anything else. He has no money and never thinks of it. That's good. People should learn to be independent of money.'

'What's he like to look at?'

'He dresses up a little as an artist. Like all of you, he's on the defensive about questions of art; he can't quite regard art as a normal thing, as a mode of life like any other, no more curious than being a roadmender or a worker in the drains. It's strange that he paints so well.'

'Is he good-looking?'

'He's got a sensual face. But he doesn't know much about women, I think. He talks all the time, and this isn't necessary, as we women soon learn.'

Resigning herself to not finding out so much as the colour of the young man's hair, Jenny sat down on an unpainted wooden stool near the centre of the room. Perhaps if she just hung on, the conversation would turn of its own accord into the good gossip she was beginning to hope for. She had been too thunderstuck to hope for anything in particular when Anna, speaking to her directly for almost the first time after nearly four weeks, and calling her *Jenny dear*, had invited her up to her bedroom to be shown something.

The picture was the something. In itself it was probably not enough to fill up a whole Sunday morning, but never mind; early days yet. Her eye fell on a bottle of pretty turquoise glass on the mantelpiece; it must be a French wine bottle, there to remind Anna of home.