

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

DOCUMENT A

5 An early dusk was falling when we got to Coldharbour, a humped little town clinging to a rocky foreland facing the Atlantic. The houses shone whitely in the failing light and smoke swirled up from chimney-pots, mussel-blue against the paler blue of evening, and beyond the harbour wall the thick sea heaved like a jumble of big, empty iron boxes bobbing and jostling. I seemed to hear melodeon music and smell kippers being smoked. Billy parked outside a large pub that looked like a ranch and we went in for a drink. We sat before a turf fire in a low room with fake rafters and smoked yellow walls and listened to the wireless muttering to itself. Horse-brasses, plastic ivy, an astonished, stuffed fish in a glass case. We were the only customers. The publican was a big, slow man; he stood behind the bar ruminatively polishing a pint glass, frowning vacantly as if he were trying in vain to remember something very important. What did he make of us, I wonder? He seemed a decent sort. (Mind you, there are probably times when even I seem a decent sort). His daughter, a skinny little thing with a pinched face and bitten fingernails and his eyes, came down from upstairs, still in her green school uniform, and said he was to help her with her sums, her mammy had said so. While he muttered over her jotter, a fat tongue-tip stuck in the corner of his mouth, she leaned against the bar and hummed a tune whiningly and made a great show of not looking in our direction. He showed her the solved sums and spoke to her softly, teasing her, and she kept saying: 'Oh, da!' and sighing, throwing up her eyes and making an El Greco face. We crouched over our grog, Billy and I, and watched them covertly, our noses pressed to the briefly lit window of all we had forfeited, and Billy, prompted I suppose by something in the example of this little familial scene, suddenly 25 launched into a halting confession, keeping his head down and speaking in a stumbling monotone. He had no girl, he said. He had made it all up, the hairdressing salon, the wedding plans, everything. There was no job either, no iffy brother-in-law in the delivery business; he had been on the dole since he got out. Even the stuff about his Mam was an invention: she had not been at home 30 keeping his dinner hot for him, she was in the hospital, dying of a rotted liver. And now his parole officer would be after him for leaving the city without telling him.

We were silent for a long time, as if listening to the reverberations after an enormous crash, and then I heard myself in a flat voice say:

35 'Where did you get the gin?'

Hardly what you would call an adequate response, I know, but it was an awkward moment. Billy shrugged.

'Robbed', he said.

'Ah. I see.'

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	2 / 5

40 I was not surprised by all this – I think in my heart I had known all along
that the whole thing was a fantasy – and certainly I did not disapprove: after all,
why shouldn't he make up a life for himself? I confess, though, that I was cross,
not because he had lied to me but, on the contrary, precisely because he had
45 changed his mind and owned up, damn it. Had I asked for honesty? I had not. In
my opinion the truth, so-called, is a much overrated quantity. The trouble with it is
that it is closed: when you tell the truth, that's the end of it; lies, on the other
hand, ramify in all sorts of unexpected directions, complicating things, knotting
them up in themselves, thickening the texture of life. Lying makes a dull world
more interesting. To lie is to create. Besides, fibs are more fun, and liars, I am
50 convinced, live longer. Yes, yes, I am an enthusiastic advocate of the whopper.

John BANVILLE, *Ghosts* (p. 189-190), 1993

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	3 / 5

DOCUMENT B

'Shakespeare's lost play' no hoax, says expert

New evidence that *Double Falsehood* was, as 18th-century playwright Lewis Theobald claimed, based on Bard's *Cardenio*

by Mark Brown, arts correspondent (*The Guardian*, Monday 15 March 2010 18.10 GMT)

It has thrills, spills, sword fights, violent sexual assault and – to modern ears – a terrible ending, but the little-known 18th century play *Double Falsehood* was propelled into the literary limelight today when it was claimed as a lost Shakespeare.

5 Professor Brean Hammond of Nottingham University will publish compelling new evidence next week that the play, a romantic tragi-comedy by Lewis Theobald is – as the author always maintained it was – substantially based on a real Shakespeare play called *Cardenio*.

10 Hammond has been backed in his assertion by the Shakespeare publisher Arden and there are unconfirmed rumours that the play will open at the Royal Shakespeare Company's Swan Theatre in Stratford when the venue reopens after its three-year closure.

15 The claim represents 10 years of literary detective work by Hammond. "I don't think you can ever be absolutely 100% but, yes, I am convinced that it is Shakespeare," he said. "It's fair to say it's been something of an obsession. You need to ask my wife but a fair few of my waking hours have been devoted to this subject."

20 Theobald's *Double Falsehood, or The Distrest Lovers* was first performed in 1727 at the Drury Lane theatre in London, along with the remarkable claim that it was based on Shakespeare's "lost play" *Cardenio*, which was first performed in 1613. Theobald claimed to have three original texts of *Cardenio*.

25 *Double Falsehood* went down well with audiences, but it was badly received by expert observers who dismissed Theobald as a hoaxer. Alexander Pope, in particular, was scornful but the two were committed enemies. "Theobald was the author of a volume in 1726 called *Shakespeare Restored* which was a hatchet job on Pope's editing of Hamlet," said Hammond. "In that volume Theobald made it pretty clear that he considered himself superior to Pope."

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	4 / 5

30 The denunciation became accepted as fact: Theobald was little more than a hoaxer, albeit an audacious one. The play then went largely to ground apart from a performance in 1846 when - after the audience shouted "author? author?" - a plaster bust of Shakespeare was brought out. It was laughed off stage.

40 The play reads like Shakespeare, but reworked Shakespeare. Hammond called *Double Falsehood* a "flawed play", adding: "This version of the Shakespeare play has been doctored. Theobald cut out material that he didn't think appropriate, but this was quite common. Shakespeare was very frequently rewritten in the 17th and 18th centuries."

45 The play is much shorter and more bitty than a normal Shakespeare play and there are no long speeches. But there is plenty of action that centres on two men and two women, including an aristocratic villain called Henriquez who ravishes the virtuous young girl *Violante*. By the end he has repented and is strikingly forgiven by all.

50 The Arden Shakespeare's general editor, Richard Proudfoot, said the play was being made accessible for the first time in 250 years. "I think Brean Hammond's detective work has been superb. He is quite open to the obvious fact that there is an element of speculation, but both of us believe that the balance of doubt lies in favour of its claim being authentic rather than a total fabrication."

60 Over the years some 77 plays have been attributed in whole or in part to Shakespeare, about half of them wrongly. There are also plenty of theories and books published claiming Shakespeare's plays were written by Edward de Vere, Sir Francis Bacon or Christopher Marlowe.

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	5 / 5

DOCUMENT C



Jonathan **WATERIDGE**, *The Architect's House*, 2009,
oil on canvas, 270 x 400 cm