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| <b>EAE 0422 A</b> | <b>Sujet Jury</b> | <b>Sujet Candidat</b> | <b>Code Sujet</b> | <b>CLG 18</b> |
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**Your main commentary should be focused on *tenses*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

Although I had something to acquire in social savvy, looking back I can now say I wasn't immature in my common sense. In fact, from the time of the dinner party I seemed to perceive that the Tooleys felt more confidence in me, not less, as one might  
 5 have expected. It was as if they put me into that reliable category of the nanny or the cook who would never let them down. However, my days with Mackintosh & Tooley were numbered; they were numbered to the extent of two more months. I used those two months well.

10 A large part of an editor's job is rejection. Perhaps nine-tenths. In those days at least, it was not only rejection of manuscripts but of those ideas that seemed to come walking into my office every day in the shape of pensive men and women talking with judicious facial expressions about such mutilated concepts as  
 15 optimist/pessimist, fascist/communist, extrovert/introvert, high-brow/middlebrow/lowbrow; and this claptrap they applied to art, literature and life to the effect that all joy, wit and the pleasures of curiosity were quite squeezed out.

20 But along came Emma Loy. She had decided to publish her new novel with Mackintosh & Tooley, who gave a welcoming cocktail party for her in the office boardroom. Along came Emma with her egocentricity, her capriciousness, and her magic and her charm. About so good a writer it seems pointless to say she might have made an excellent actress, but this was a thought her presence  
 25 evoked.

She had decided to forget her complaints about me to Martin York, and simply presumed that I had decided to forget.

30 Now, my advice to anyone who knows a person with charm, wit, and talent like Emma, and with some wisdom and intelligence, too, and should fall out with them, is to accept any opportunity of making it up. Because life offers only a few of such people.

35 And in fact I was genuinely pleased when Emma Loy said, as soon as she saw me at the party, 'Mrs Hawkins, Mrs Hawkins, I can't tell you how relieved I am that you're here. I don't know another soul. I hope you're going to look after my books.'

'Your books look after themselves,' I said.

40 Which was true. Opinions varied about Emma Loy, but nobody could ever deny that she was a marvellous writer. Ian Tooley had let me read the typescript of her new novel. After the drivel I had been dealing with, Emma's work was a decided relief, it was sheer pleasure, that way of composing a book like a piece of music, that Loy style of ferreting out facts and juxtaposing them with inventions.

45 I told Emma Loy of my admiration while I eked out my one glass of sherry and she sipped her second. She radiated delight. I was glad, then, that my quarrel with Emma Loy was over and forgotten. Whether I could trust her or not was beside the point; in fact, I think she didn't believe in friendship and loyalty beyond a certain limit, and maybe she was right; they are ideals that can  
 50 put too much of a strain on purposes which are perhaps more important. I couldn't see that protecting Hector Bartlett's reputation was much of a purpose, and Emma must have known that he was the *pisseur de copie* that I had called him. But he was her protégé; I imagined the bond between them was sex; and it  
 55 wasn't till much later that she told me, quite by chance, how he had been useful to her. He had helped her with research and brought her the books she needed. Useful, merely... But that explanation was Emma Loy's way of brushing off her own folly. I think she was emotionally lazy, too bound up in her literary  
 60 activities to form a new relationship or fall in love. She had a morbid dependence on Hector Bartlett even while she knew he was a disaster. Years later he tried to do her a lot of damage.