

Épreuves orales

EXPLICATION D'UN TEXTE EXTRAIT DU PROGRAMME

111

Explication du texte : William Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost* [1598], Cambridge University Press 2009, IV.3.205-265, pp. 126-128.

Explication de faits de langue : le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

BEROWNE

Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!

As true we are as flesh and blood can be:

5 The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree:

We cannot cross the cause why we were born;

Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

KING

10 What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

BEROWNE

Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline

That, like a rude and savage man of Ind

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

15 Bows not his vassal head and stricken blind

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty?

20 KING

What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;

She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

BEROWNE

25 My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Berowne.

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the culled sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,

Where several worthies make one dignity,

30 Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues –

Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,

She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.

35 A withered hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:

O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.

40 KING

By heaven, thy love is black as ebony!

BEROWNE

| | |
|----|---|
| | Is ebony like her? O word divine! A wife of such wood were felicity. |
| 45 | O, who can give an oath? where is a book? That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack If that she learn not of her eye to look? No face is fair that is not full so black. |
| | KING |
| 50 | O paradox! Black is the badge of hell, The hue of dungeons and the school of night; And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well. |
| | BEROWNE |
| 55 | Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light. O, if in black my lady's brows be decked, It mourns that painting and usurping hair Should ravish doters with a false aspect; And therefore is she born to make black fair. Her favour turns the fashion of the days, |
| 60 | For native blood is counted painting now; And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise, Paints itself black, to imitate her brow. |
| | DUMAINE |
| | To look like her are chimney-sweepers black. |
| 65 | LONGAVILLE And since her time are colliers counted bright. |
| | KING |
| | And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack. |
| | DUMAINE |
| 70 | Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light. |
| | BEROWNE |
| | Your mistresses dare never come in rain, For fear their colours should be washed away. |
| | KING |
| 75 | 'Twere good yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain, I'll find a fairer face not washed today. |
| | BEROWNE |
| | I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here. |

William Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost* [1598], Cambridge University Press 2009, IV.3.205-265, pp. 126-128.

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EXPLICATION D'UN TEXTE EXTRAIT DU PROGRAMME

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Explication du texte : William Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, II.1.90-176, The New Cambridge Shakespeare, 2014, pp. 85-89.

Explication de faits de langue : le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

KING. Fair Princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

PRINCESS. 'Fair' I give you back again, and 'welcome' I have not yet. The roof of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

5 KING. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

PRINCESS. I will be welcome then. Conduct me thither.

KING. Hear me, dear lady. I have sworn an oath.-

PRINCESS. Our Lady help my lord! He'll be forsworn.

KING. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

10 PRINCESS. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

KING. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

PRINCESS. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear your Grace hath sworn out house-keeping:

15 'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

20 And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

[She gives the King a paper]

KING. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

PRINCESS. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjured if you make me stay.

25 *[King reads]*

BEROWNE. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

ROSALINE. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

BEROWNE. I know you did.

30 ROSALINE. How needless was it then
To ask the question?

BEROWNE. You must not be so quick.

ROSALINE. 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such questions.

BEROWNE. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

ROSALINE. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

35 BEROWNE. What time o' day?

ROSALINE. The hour that fools should ask.

BEROWNE. Now fair befall your mask!

ROSALINE. Fair fall the face it covers!

BEROWNE. And send you many lovers!

40 ROSALINE. Amen, so you be none.

BEROWNE. Nay, then will I be gone.

KING. Madam, your father here doth intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

Being but the one half of an entire sum,

45 Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say that he or we, as neither have,

Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more, in surety of the which

One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,

50 Although not valued to the money's worth.

If then the King your father will restore

But that one half which is unsatisfied,

We will give up our right in Aquitaine

And hold fair friendship with his Majesty.

55 But that, it seems, he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to have repaid

A hundred thousand crowns, and not demands,

On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

To have his title live in Aquitaine,

60 Which we much rather had depart withal,

And have the money by our father lent,

Than Aquitaine, so gelded as it is.

Dear Princess, were not his requests so far

From reason's yielding, your fair self should make

65 A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,

And go well satisfied to France again.

PRINCESS. You do the King my father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,

In so unseeming to confess receipt

70 Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

KING. I do protest I never heard of it;

And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back

Or yield up Aquitaine.

PRINCESS. We arrest your word.

75 Boyet, you can produce acquittances

For such a sum from special officers,

Of Charles his father.

KING. Satisfy me so.

BOYET. So please your grace, the packet is not come

80 Where that and other specialties are bound.

Tomorrow you shall have a sight of them.

KING. It shall suffice me; at which interview

All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand

85 As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness.
You may not come, fair Princess, within my gates,
But here without you shall be so received
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
90 Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell.
Tomorrow shall we visit you again.
PRINCESS. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace.
KING. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place.

William Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, II.1.90-176, The New
Cambridge Shakespeare, 2014, pp. 85-89.

Épreuves orales

EXPLICATION D'UN TEXTE EXTRAIT DU PROGRAMME

112

Explication du texte : William Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost* [1598], Cambridge University Press, 2009, V.2. 254-314, pp. 150-152.

Explication de faits de langue : le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

LONGAVILLE

One word in private with you, ere I die.

5

KATHARINE

Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry.

[They converse apart]

BOYET

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

10

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense; so sensible

Seemeth their conference. Their conceits have wings

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

15

ROSALINE

Not one word more, my maids. Break off, break off!

BEROWNE

By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

KING

20

Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

[Exeunt the King, lords, and attendants]

[The ladies unmask]

PRINCESS

Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.

25

Are these the breed of wits so wondered at?

BOYET

Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puffed out.

ROSALINE

Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

30

PRINCESS

O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves tonight?

Or ever but in vizards show their faces?

This pert Berowne was out of countenance quite.

35

ROSALINE

They were all in lamentable cases.

The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.

PRINCESS

Berowne did swear himself out of all suit.

40 MARIA
Dumaine was at my service, and his sword.
'*Non point*', quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

KATHARINE
Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
45 And trow you what he called me?

PRINCESS
Qualm, perhaps.

KATHARINE
Yes, in good faith.

50 PRINCESS
Go, sickness as thou art!

ROSALINE
Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? The King is my love sworn.

55 PRINCESS
And quick Berowne hath plighted faith to me.

KATHARINE
And Longaville was for my service born.

60 MARIA
Dumaine is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

BOYET
Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear.
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes, for it can never be
65 They will digest this harsh indignity.

PRINCESS
Will they return?

BOYET
They will, they will, God knows,
70 And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows.
Therefore change favours, and when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

PRINCESS
How 'blow'? How 'blow'? Speak to be understood.

75 BOYET
Fair ladies masked are roses in their bud;
Dismasked, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

| | |
|-----|---|
| 80 | PRINCESS Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do, If they return in their own shapes to woo? |
| 85 | ROSALINE Good madam, <u>if by me you'll be advised</u> , Let's mock them still, as well known as disguised. Let us complain to them what fools were here, Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear; And wonder what they were, and to what end Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penned |
| 90 | And their rough carriage so ridiculous, Should be presented at our tent to us. |
| | BOYET Ladies, withdraw. The gallants are at hand. |
| 95 | PRINCESS Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land. |
| | <i>Exeunt [the Princess and ladies]</i> <i>Enter the KING and the rest[, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE,</i> <i>as themselves]</i> |
| 100 | KING Fair sir, God save you; Where's the Princess? |
| | BOYET Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty Command me any service to her thither? |
| 105 | KING That she vouchsafe me audience for one word. |
| | BOYET I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. |
| | <i>Exit [Boyet]</i> |

William Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost* [1598], Cambridge University Press, 2009, V.2. 254-314, pp. 150-152.

EXPLICATION D'UN TEXTE EXTRAIT DU PROGRAMME

122

Explication du texte : Edith Wharton, *The House of Mirth* (1905). Book I, chapter 5, pp. 45-46.

Explication de faits de langue : le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

Miss Bart was a keen reader of her own heart, and she saw that her sudden preoccupation with Selden was due to the fact that his presence shed a new light on her surroundings. Not that he was notably brilliant or exceptional; in his own profession he was surpassed by more than one man who had bored Lily through many a weary dinner. It was rather that he had preserved a certain social detachment, a happy air of viewing the show objectively, of having points of contact outside the great gilt cage in which they were all huddled for the mob to gape at. How alluring the world outside the cage appeared to Lily, as she heard its door clang on her! In reality, as she knew, the door never clanged: it stood always open; but most of the captives were like flies in a bottle, and having once flown in, could never regain their freedom. It was Selden's distinction that he had never forgotten the way out.

That was the secret of his way of readjusting her vision. Lily, turning her eyes from him, found herself scanning her little world through his retina: it was as though the pink lamps had been shut off and the dusty daylight let in. She looked down the long table, studying its occupants one by one, from Gus Trenor, with his heavy carnivorous head sunk between his shoulders, as he preyed on a jellied plover, to his wife, at the opposite end of the long bank of orchids, suggestive, with her glaring good-looks, of a jeweller's window lit by electricity. And between the two, what a long stretch of vacuity! How dreary and trivial these people were! Lily reviewed them with a scornful impatience: Carry Fisher, with her shoulders, her eyes, her divorces, her general air of embodying a "spicy paragraph"; young Silverton, who had meant to live on proof-reading and write an epic, and who now lived on his friends and had become critical of truffles; Alice Wetherall, an animated visiting-list, whose most fervid convictions turned on the wording of invitations and the engraving of dinner-cards; Wetherall, with his perpetual nervous nod of acquiescence, his air of agreeing with people before he knew what they were saying; Jack Stepney, with his confident smile and anxious eyes, half way between the sheriff and an heiress; Gwen Van Osburgh, with all the guileless confidence of a young girl who has always been told that there is no one richer than her father.

Lily smiled at her classification of her friends. How different they had seemed to her a few hours ago! Then they had symbolized what she was gaining, now they stood for what she was giving up. That very afternoon they had seemed full of brilliant qualities; now she saw that they were merely dull in a loud way. Under the glitter of their opportunities she saw the poverty of their achievement. It was not that she wanted them to be more disinterested; but she would have liked them to be more picturesque. And she had a shamed recollection of the way in which, a few hours since, she had felt the centripetal force of their standards. She closed her eyes an instant, and the vacuous routine of the life she had chosen stretched before her like a long white road without dip or turning: it was true she was to roll over it in a carriage instead of trudging it on foot, but sometimes the pedestrian enjoys the diversion of a short cut which is denied to those on wheels.

Edith Wharton, *The House of Mirth* (1905). Book I, chapter 5, pp. 45-46.

EXPLICATION D'UN TEXTE EXTRAIT DU PROGRAMME

123

Explication du texte : Edith Wharton, *The House of Mirth* (1905), Book II, chapter 10, p. 223.

Explication de faits de langue : le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

5 She began to rip the spangles from the frame, listening absently to the buzz of talk which rose and fell with the coming and going of Miss Haines's active figure. The air was closer than usual, because Miss Haines, who had a cold, had not allowed a window to be opened even during the noon recess; and Lily's head was so heavy with the weight of a sleepless night that the chatter of her companions had the incoherence of a dream.

10 "I *told* her he'd never look at her again; and he didn't. I wouldn't have, either—I think she acted real mean to him. He took her to the Arion Ball, and had a hack for her both ways.... She's taken ten bottles, and her headaches don't seem no better—but she's written a testimonial to say the first bottle cured her, and she got five dollars and her picture in the paper.... Mrs. Trenor's hat? The one with the green Paradise? Here, Miss Haines—it'll be ready right off.... That was one of the Trenor girls here yesterday with Mrs. George Dorset. How'd I know? Why, Madam sent for me to alter the flower in that Virot hat—the blue tulle: she's tall and slight, with her hair fuzzed out—a good deal like Mamie Leach, on'y thinner...."

20 On and on it flowed, a current of meaningless sound, on which, startlingly enough, a familiar name now and then floated to the surface. It was the strangest part of Lily's strange experience, the hearing of these names, the seeing the fragmentary and distorted image of the world she had lived in reflected in the mirror of the working-girls' minds. She had never before suspected the mixture of insatiable curiosity and contemptuous freedom with which she and her kind were discussed in this underworld of toilers who lived on their vanity and self-indulgence. Every girl in Mme. Regina's work-room knew to whom the headgear in her hands was destined, and had her opinion of its future wearer, and a definite knowledge of the latter's place in the social system. That Lily was a star fallen from that sky did not, after the first stir of curiosity had subsided, materially add to their interest in her. She had fallen, she had "gone under," and true to the ideal of their race, they were awed only by success—by the gross tangible image of material achievement. The consciousness of her different point of view merely kept them at a little distance from her, as though she were a foreigner with whom it was an effort to talk.

35 "Miss Bart, if you can't sew those spangles on more regular I guess you'd better give the hat to Miss Kilroy."

40 Lily looked down ruefully at her handiwork. The forewoman was right: the sewing on of the spangles was inexcusably bad. What made her so much more clumsy than usual? Was it a growing distaste for her task, or actual physical disability? She felt tired and confused: it was an effort to put her thoughts together. She rose and handed the hat to Miss Kilroy, who took it with a suppressed smile.

EXPLICATION D'UN TEXTE EXTRAIT DU PROGRAMME

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Explication du texte : Edith Wharton, *The House of Mirth* (1905), Book II, chapter 13, pp. 245-246.

Explication de faits de langue : le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

5 She broke off again, and meeting the encouragement in Lily's eyes, went on, with a flush rising under her anaemic skin: "You see I wasn't only just sick that time you sent me off—I was dreadfully unhappy too. I'd known a gentleman where I was employed—I don't know as you remember I did type-writing in a big importing firm—and—well—I thought we were to be married: he'd gone steady with me six months and given me his mother's wedding ring. But I presume he was too stylish for me—he travelled for the firm, and had seen a great deal of society. Work girls aren't looked after the way you are, and they don't always know how to look after themselves. I didn't ... and it pretty near killed me when he went away and left off writing... It was then I came down sick—I thought it was the end of everything. I guess it would have been if you hadn't sent me off. But when I found I was getting well I began to take heart in spite of myself. And then, when I got back home, George came round and asked me to marry him. At first I thought I couldn't, because we'd been brought up together, and I knew he knew about me. But after a while I began to see that that made it easier. I never could have told another man, and I'd never have married without telling; but if George cared for me enough to have me as I was, I didn't see why I shouldn't begin over again—and I did."

20 The strength of the victory shone forth from her as she lifted her irradiated face from the child on her knees.

25 "But, mercy, I didn't mean to go on like this about myself, with you sitting there looking so fagged out. Only it's so lovely having you here, and letting you see just how you've helped me." The baby had sunk back blissfully replete, and Mrs. Struther softly rose to lay the bottle aside. Then she paused before Miss Bart.

"I only wish I could help *you*—but I suppose there's nothing on earth I could do," she murmured wistfully.

30 Lily, instead of answering, rose with a smile and held out her arms; and the mother, understanding the gesture, laid her child in them.

35 The baby, feeling herself detached from her habitual anchorage, made an instinctive motion of resistance; but the soothing influences of digestion prevailed, and Lily felt the soft weight sink trustfully against her breast. The child's confidence in its safety thrilled her with a sense of warmth and returning life, and she bent over, wondering at the rosy blur of the little face, the empty clearness of the eyes, the vague tendrilly motions of the folding and unfolding fingers. At first the burden in her arms seemed as light as a pink cloud or a heap of down, but as she continued to hold it the weight increased, sinking deeper, and penetrating her with a strange sense of weakness, as though the child entered into her and became a part of herself.

40 She looked up, and saw Nettie's eyes resting on her with tenderness and exultation.

45 "Wouldn't it be too lovely for anything if she could grow up to be just like you? Of course I know she never *could*—but mothers are always dreaming the craziest things for their children."

EXPLICATION D'UN TEXTE EXTRAIT DU PROGRAMME

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Explication du texte : Edith Wharton, *The House of Mirth* (1905), Book I, chapter 3, pp. 24-25.

Explication de faits de langue : le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

Her head was throbbing with fatigue, and she had to go over the figures again and again; but at last it became clear to her that she had lost three hundred dollars at cards. She took out her cheque-book to see if her balance was larger than she remembered, but found she had erred in the other direction. Then she
5 returned to her calculations; but figure as she would, she could not conjure back the vanished three hundred dollars. It was the sum she had set aside to pacify her dress-maker—unless she should decide to use it as a sop to the jeweller. At any rate, she had so many uses for it that its very insufficiency had caused her to play high in the hope of doubling it. But of course she had lost—she who
10 needed every penny, while Bertha Dorset, whose husband showered money on her, must have pocketed at least five hundred, and Judy Trenor, who could have afforded to lose a thousand a night, had left the table clutching such a heap of bills that she had been unable to shake hands with her guests when they bade her good night.

15 A world in which such things could be seemed a miserable place to Lily Bart; but then she had never been able to understand the laws of a universe which was so ready to leave her out of its calculations.

She began to undress without ringing for her maid, whom she had sent to bed. She had been long enough in bondage to other people's pleasure to be
20 considerate of those who depended on hers, and in her bitter moods it sometimes struck her that she and her maid were in the same position, except that the latter received her wages more regularly.

As she sat before the mirror brushing her hair, her face looked hollow and pale, and she was frightened by two little lines near her mouth, faint flaws in the
25 smooth curve of the cheek.

"Oh, I must stop worrying!" she exclaimed. "Unless it's the electric light—" she reflected, springing up from her seat and lighting the candles on the dressing-table.

30 She turned out the wall-lights, and peered at herself between the candle-flames. The white oval of her face swam out waveringly from a background of shadows, the uncertain light blurring it like a haze; but the two lines about the mouth remained.

Lily rose and undressed in haste.

35 "It is only because I am tired and have such odious things to think about," she kept repeating; and it seemed an added injustice that petty cares should leave a trace on the beauty which was her only defence against them.

40 But the odious things were there, and remained with her. She returned wearily to the thought of Percy Gryce, as a wayfarer picks up a heavy load and toils on after a brief rest. She was almost sure she had "landed" him: a few days' work and she would win her reward. But the reward itself seemed unpalatable just then: she could get no zest from the thought of victory. It would be a rest from worry, no more—and how little that would have seemed to her a few years earlier! Her ambitions had shrunk gradually in the desiccating air of failure. But why had she failed? Was it her own fault or that of destiny?
45

Edith Wharton, *The House of Mirth* (1905), Book I, chapter 3, pp. 24-25.

EXPLICATION D'UN TEXTE EXTRAIT DU PROGRAMME

131

Explication du texte : Alice Munro, "Postcard," *Dance of the Happy Shades*, Vintage 2000 [1968], pp. 140-142.

Explication de faits de langue : le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

I kept thinking through the afternoon that Clare would come round, or at least phone me. Then I could start asking him what did he think he had done. I made up in my mind some crazy explanation he might give me, like this poor woman had cancer and only six months to live and she had always been deadly poor (a scrub-woman in his motel) and he wanted to give her a little time of ease. Or that she was blackmailing his brother-in-law about a crooked transaction and he married her to shut her up. But I didn't have time to think up many stories because of the steady stream of customers. Old ladies puffing up the stairs with some story about birthday presents for their grandchildren. Every grandchild in Jubilee must have a birthday in March. They ought to be grateful to me, I thought, haven't I given their day a bit of excitement? Even Alma, she was looking better than she has all winter. I'm not blaming her, I thought, but it's the truth. And who knows, maybe I'd be the same if Don Stonehouse showed up like he threatens to and raped her and left her a mass of purple bruises—his words not mine—from head to foot. I'd be as sorry as could be, and anything I could do to help her, I'd do, but I might think well, awful as it is its something happening and its been a long winter.

There was no use even thinking about not going home for supper, that would finish Momma. There she was waiting with a salmon loaf, cabbage and carrot salad with raisins in it, that I like, and Brown Betty. But halfway through this the tears started sliding down over her rouge. "It seems to me like I'm the one ought to do the crying if anybody has to do it," I said. "What's so terrible happened to you?"

"Well I was just so fond of him," she said. "I was that fond of him. At my age there's not too many people that you look forward to them coming all week."

"Well I'm sorry," I said.

"But once a man loses respect for a girl, he is apt to get tired of her."

"What do you mean by that, Momma?"

"If you don't know am I supposed to tell you?"

"You ought to be ashamed," I said, starting to cry too. "Talking like that to your own daughter." There! And I always thought she didn't know. Never blame Clare, of course, blame me.

"No, I'm not the one that ought to be ashamed," she continued, weeping. "I am an old woman but I know. If a man loses respect for a girl he don't marry her."

"If that was true there wouldn't be hardly one marriage in this town."

"You destroyed your own chances."

"You never said a word of this to me as long as he was coming here and I am not listening to it now," I said, and went upstairs. She didn't come after me. I sat and smoked, hour after hour. I didn't get undressed. I heard her come upstairs, go to bed. Then I went down and watched television for a while, news of car accidents. I put on my coat and went out.

Alice Munro, "Postcard," *Dance of the Happy Shades*, Vintage 2000 [1968], pp. 140-142.

EXPLICATION D'UN TEXTE EXTRAIT DU PROGRAMME

134

Explication du texte : Alice Munro, "A Trip to the Coast," *Dance of the Happy Shades*, Vintage 2000 [1968], pp. 178-179.

Explication de faits de langue : le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

When May came back to the kitchen her grandmother was still drinking coffee and looking at the want-ad section of the city paper, as if she had no store to open or breakfast to cook or anything to do all day. Hazel had got up and was ironing a dress to wear to work. She worked in a store in Kinkaid which was thirty miles away and she had to leave for work early. She tried to persuade her mother to sell the store and go and live in Kinkaid which had two movie theatres, plenty of stores and restaurants and a Royal Dance Pavilion; but the old woman would not budge. She told Hazel to go and live where she liked but Hazel for some reason did not go. She was a tall drooping girl of thirty-three, with bleached hair, a long wary face and an oblique resentful expression emphasized by a slight cast, a wilful straying of one eye. She had a trunk full of embroidered pillowcases and towels and silverware. She bought a set of dishes and a set of copper-bottomed pots and put them away in her trunk; she and the old woman and May continued to eat off chipped plates and cook in pots so battered they rocked on the stove.

"Hazel's got everything she needs to get married but she just lacks one thing," the old woman would say.

Hazel drove all over the country to dances with other girls who worked in Kinkaid or taught school. On Sunday morning she got up with a hangover and took coffee with aspirin and put on her silk print dress and drove off down the road to sing in the choir. Her mother, who said she had no religion, opened up the store and sold gas and ice-cream to tourists.

Hazel hung over the ironing-board yawning and tenderly rubbing her blurred face and the old woman read out loud, "Tall industrious man, thirty-five years old, desires make acquaintance woman of good habits, non-smoker or drinker, fond of home life, no triflers please."

"Aw, Mom," Hazel said.

"What's triflers?" May said.

"Man in prime of life," the old woman read relentlessly, "desires friendship of healthy woman without encumbrances, send photograph first letter."

"Aw cut it out, Mom," Hazel said.

"What's encumbrances?" May said.

"Where would you be if I did get married?" Hazel said gloomily with a look on her face of irritable satisfaction.

"Any time you want to get married you can get."

"I got you and May."

"Oh, go on."

"Well I have."

"Oh, go on," the old woman said with disgust. "I look after my ownself. I always have." She was going to say a lot more,

50 for this speech was indeed a signpost in her life, but the
moment after she had energetically summoned up that
landscape which was coloured vividly and artlessly like a child's
crayon drawing, and presented just such magical distortions,
she shut her eyes as if oppressed by a feeling of unreality, a
reasonable doubt that any of this had ever existed. She tapped
55 with her spoon on the table and said to Hazel, "Well you never
had such a dream as I had last night."
"I never do dream anyway," Hazel said.
The old woman sat tapping her spoon and looking with
concentration at nothing but the front of the stove.

Alice Munro, "A Trip to the Coast," *Dance of the Happy
Shades*, Vintage 2000 [1968], pp. 178-179.

EXPLICATION D'UN TEXTE EXTRAIT DU PROGRAMME

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Explication du texte : Alice Munro, "The Peace of Utrecht," *Dance of the Happy Shades*, Vintage 2000 [1968], pp. 209-210.

Explication de faits de langue : le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

When I got home Maddy was out in the back kitchen making a salad. Rectangles of sunlight lay on the rough linoleum. She had taken off her high-heeled shoes and was standing there on her bare feet. The back kitchen is a large untidy pleasant room with a view, behind the stove and the drying dishtowels, of the sloping back yard, the CPR station and the golden, marshy river that almost encircles the town of Jubilee. My children who had felt a little repressed in the other house immediately began to play under the table.

"Where have you been?" Maddy said.

"Nowhere. Just to see the Aunts."

"Oh, how are they?"

"They're fine. They're indestructible."

"Are they? Yes I guarantee they are. I haven't been to see them for a while. I don't actually see that much of them any more."

"Don't you?" I said, and she knew then what they had told me.

"They were beginning to get on my nerves a bit, after the funeral. And Fred got me this job and everything and I've been so busy—"She looked at me, waiting for what I would say, smiling a little derisively, patiently.

"Don't be guilty, Maddy," I said softly. All this time the children were running in and out and shrieking at each other between our legs.

"I'm not guilty," she said. "Where did you get that? I'm not guilty." She went to turn on the radio, talking to me over her shoulder. "Fred's got to eat with us again since he's alone. I got some raspberries for dessert. Raspberries are almost over for this year. Do they look all right to you?"

"They look all right," I said. "Do you want me to finish this?"

"Fine," she said. "I'll go and get a bowl."

She went into the dining room and came back carrying a pink cut-glass bowl, for the raspberries.

"I couldn't go on," she said. "I wanted my life."

She was standing on the little step between the kitchen and the dining room and suddenly she lost her grip on the bowl, either because her hands had begun to shake or because she had not picked it up properly in the first place; it was quite a heavy and elaborate old bowl. It slipped out of her hands and she tried to catch it and it smashed on the floor.

Maddy began to laugh. "Oh, hell," she said. "Oh, hell, oh *Hel-en*," she said, using one of our old foolish ritual phrases of despair. "Look what I've done now. In my bare feet yet. Get me a broom."

"Take your life, Maddy. Take it."

5 "Yes I will," Maddy said. "Yes I will."

"Go away, don't stay here."

"Yes I will."

10 Then she bent down and began picking up the pieces of broken pink glass. My children stood back looking at her with awe and she was laughing and saying, "It's no loss to me. I've got a whole shelf full of glass bowls. I've got enough glass bowls to do me the rest of my life. Oh, don't stand there looking at me, go and get me a broom!" I went around the kitchen looking for a broom because I seemed to have forgotten where it was kept and she said, "But why can't I, Helen? *Why can't I?*"

Alice Munro, "The Peace of Utrecht," *Dance of the Happy Shades*, Vintage 2000 [1968], pp. 209-210.

Épreuves orales

EXPLICATION D'UN TEXTE EXTRAIT DU PROGRAMME

211

Explication du texte : Bennett, William. *Narrative of a Recent Journey of Six Weeks in Ireland*. London: Gilpin, 1847, pp. 26-29.

Explication de faits de langue : le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

BENNETT, William. *Narrative of a Recent Journey of Six Weeks in Ireland*. London: Gilpin, 1847, pp. 26-29.

[...] And now language utterly fails me in attempting to depict the state of the wretched inmates. I would not willingly add another to the harrowing details that have been told; but still they are the *facts* of actual experience, for the knowledge of which we stand accountable. I have certainly sought out one of the most remote and destitute corners; but still it is within the bounds of our Christian land, under our Christian Government, and entailing upon us – both as individuals and as members of a human community – a Christian responsibility from which no one of us can escape.

My hand trembles while I write. The scenes of human misery and degradation we witnessed still haunt my imagination, with the vividness and power of some horrid and tyrannous delusion, rather than the features of a sober reality. We entered a cabin.

Stretched in one dark corner, scarcely visible, from the smoke and rags that covered them, were three children huddled together, lying there because they were too weak to rise, pale and ghastly, their little limbs-on removing a portion of the filthy covering – perfectly emaciated, eyes sunk, voice gone, and evidently in the last stage of actual starvation. Crouched over the turf embers was another form, wild and all but naked, scarcely human in appearance. It stirred not, nor noticed us.

On some straw, soddened upon the ground, moaning piteously, was a shrivelled old woman, imploring us to give her something, – baring her limbs partly, to show how the skin hung loose from the bones, as soon as she attracted our attention. Above her, on something like a ledge, was a young woman, with sunken cheeks, – a mother I have no doubt –, who scarcely raised her eyes in answer to our enquiries, but pressed her hand upon her forehead, with a look of unutterable anguish and despair.

Many cases were widows, whose husbands had recently been taken off by the fever, and thus their only pittance, obtained from the public works entirely cut off. In many the husbands or sons were prostrate, under that horrid disease – the results of long-continued famine and low

40 living –, in which first the limbs, and then the body, swell most frightfully, and finally burst.

We entered upwards of fifty of these tenements. The scene was one and invariable, differing in little but the number of the sufferers, or of the groups, occupying the
45 several corners within. The whole number was often not to be distinguished, until – the eye having adapted itself to the darkness – they were pointed out, or were heard, or some filthy bundle of rags and straw was perceived to move. Perhaps the poor children presented the most
50 piteous and heart-rending spectacle. Many were too weak to stand, their little limbs attenuated – except where the frightful swellings had taken the place of previous emaciation –, beyond the power of volition when moved.

Every infantile expression entirely departed; and in some,
55 reason and intelligence had evidently flown. Many were remnants of families, crowded together in one cabin; orphaned little relatives taken in by the equally destitute, and even strangers, for these poor people are kind to one another to the end. In one cabin was a sister, just dying,
60 lying by the side of her little brother, just dead. I have worse than this to relate, but it is useless to multiply details, and they are, in fact, unfit. They did but rarely complain. When inquired of, what was the matter, the answer was alike in all – “Tha shein ukrosh” –, indeed the
65 hunger. We truly learned the terrible meaning of that sad word “ukrosh”. There were many touching incidents. We should have gone on, but the pitiless storm had now arisen, beating us back with a force and violence against which it was difficult to stand; and a cutting rain, that
70 drove us for shelter beneath a bank, fell on the crowd of poor creatures who continued to follow us unmitigatedly.

My friend the clergyman had distributed the tickets for meal to the extent he thought prudent; and he assured me wherever we went it would be a repetition of the same
75 all over the country, and even worse in the far off mountain districts, as this was near the town, where some relief could reach. It was my full impression that one-fourth of those we saw were in a dying state, beyond the reach of any relief that could now be afforded; and
80 many more would follow.

85 The lines of this day can never be effaced from my memory. These were our fellow-creatures, children of the same Parent, born with our common feelings and affections, with an equal right to live as any one of us, with the same purposes of existence, the same spiritual and immortal natures, the same work to be done, the same judgment-seat to be summoned to, and the same eternal goal. [...]

Épreuves orales

EXPLICATION D'UN TEXTE EXTRAIT DU PROGRAMME

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Explication du texte : Hughes, John. *A Lecture on the Antecedent Causes of the Irish Famine in 1847, delivered under the auspices of the General Committee for the Relief of the Suffering Poor of Ireland, by the Right Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Bishop of New York, at the Broadway Tabernacle, March 20th, 1847.* New York, Edward Dunigan, 1847, pp. 21-22

Explication de faits de langue : le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

HUGHES, John. *A Lecture on the Antecedent Causes of the Irish Famine in 1847, delivered under the auspices of the General Committee for the Relief of the Suffering Poor of Ireland, by the Right Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Bishop of New York, at the Broadway Tabernacle, March 20th, 1847. New York, Edward Dunigan, 1847, pp. 21-22.*

[...] I may be told that I avail myself unfairly of an extraordinary calamity to prove the defects of our present system; I may be told that the famine in Ireland is a
5 mysterious visitation of God's providence, but I do not admit any such plea. I fear there is blasphemy in charging on the Almighty, what is the result of his own doings. Famine in Ireland is, and has been for many years, as the cholera in India, indigenous. As long as it is confined to a
10 comparatively few cases in the obscure and sequestered parts of the country, it may be said that the public administrators of social and political economy are excusable, inasmuch as it had not come under their notice; but in the present instance, it has attracted the
15 attention of the whole world. And yet they call it God's famine! No! no! God's famine is known by the general scarcity of food, of which it is the consequence; there is no general scarcity, there has been no general scarcity of food in Ireland, either the present, or the past year,
20 except in one species of vegetable. The soil has produced its usual tribute for the support of those by whom it has been cultivated; but political economy found the Irish people too poor to pay for the harvest of their own labour, and has exported it to a better market, leaving them to
25 die of famine, or to live on alms; and this same political economy authorizes the provision merchant, even amidst the desolation, to keep his doors locked, and his sacks of corn tied up within, waiting for a better price, whilst he himself is perhaps at his desk, describing the
30 wretchedness of the people and the extent of the misery; setting forth for the eye of the first lord of the treasury, with what exemplary patience the peasantry bear their sufferings, with what admirable resignation they fall down through weakness at the threshold of his warehouse,

35 without having even attempted to burst a door, or break
a window.

Such conduct is praised every where; even Her Majesty,
in a royal speech, did not disdain to approve of it; and it
is, in truth, deserving of admiration: for the sacredness of
40 the rights of property must be maintained at all sacrifices,
unless we would have society to dissolve itself into its
original elements; still the rights of life are dearer and
higher than those of property; and in a general famine
like the present, there is no law of Heaven, nor of nature,
45 that forbids a starving man to seize on bread wherever he
can find it, even though it should be the loaves of
proposition on the altar of God's temple. But, I would say
to those who maintain the sacred and inviolable rights of
property, if they would have the claim respected, to be
50 careful also and scrupulous in recognizing the rights of
humanity. In a crisis like that which is now passing, the
Irish may submit to die rather than violate the rights of
property; but on such a calamity, should it ever happen,
which God forbid, the Scotch will not submit; the English
55 will not submit; the French will not submit; and depend
upon it, the Americans will not submit. Let us be careful,
then, not to blaspheme Providence by calling this God's
famine. Society, that great civil corporation which we call
the State, is bound so long as it has thy power to do so,
60 to guard the lives of its members against being sacrificed
by famine from within, as much against their being
slaughtered by the enemy from without. But the vice
which is inherent in our system of social and political
economy is so subtle that it eludes all pursuit, that you
65 cannot find or trace it to any responsible source. The
man, indeed, over whose dead body the coroner holds the
inquest, has been murdered, but no one has killed him.
There is no external wound, there is no symptom of
internal disease. Society guarded him against all outward
70 violence; it merely encircled him around in order to keep
up what is termed the regular current of trade, and then
political economy, with an invisible hand, applied the air-
pump to the narrow limits within which he was confined,
and exhausted the atmosphere of his physical life. Who
75 did it? No one did it, and yet it has been done. [...]

Épreuves orales

EXPLICATION D'UN TEXTE EXTRAIT DU PROGRAMME

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Explication du texte : Editorial. *The Times of London*.
September 17, 1847.

Explication de faits de langue : le candidat proposera une
analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

Editorial. *The Times of London*. September 17, 1847.

The great Irish famine and pestilence will have a place in that melancholy series of similar calamities to which historians and poets have contributed so many harrowing details and touching expressions. Did Ireland possess a writer endowed with the laborious truth of Thucydides, the graceful felicity of Virgil, or the happy invention of DeFoe, the events of this miserable year might be quoted by the scholars of the age to come together with the sufferings of the pent-up multitudes of Athens, the distempered plains of northern Italy, or the hideous ravages of our own great plague. But Time is ever improving on the past. There is one horrible feature of the recent, not to say the present, visitation which is entirely new. The fact of more than a hundred thousand souls flying from the very midst of the calamity into insufficient vessels, scrambling for a footing on a deck and a berth in a hold, committing themselves to these worse than prisons, while their frames were wasted with ill-fare and their blood infected with disease, fighting for months of unutterable wretchedness against the elements without and pestilence within, giving almost hourly victims to the deep, landing at length on shores already terrified and diseased, consigned to encampments of the dying and of the dead, spreading death wherever they roam, and having no other prospect before them than a long continuance of these horrors in a still farther flight across forests and lakes under a Canadian sun and a Canadian frost – all these are circumstances beyond the experience of the Greek historian or the Latin poet, and such as an Irish pestilence alone could produce.

By the end of the season there is little doubt that the immigration into Canada alone will have amounted to 100,000; nearly all from Ireland. We know the condition in which these poor creatures embarked on their perilous adventure. They were only flying from one form of death. On the authority of the Board of

40 Health we are enabled to state that they were allowed
to ship in numbers two or three times greater than the
same vessels would have presumed to carry to a United
States port. The worst horrors of the slave trade which
it is the boast of the ambition of this empire to
45 suppress at any cost have been reenacted in the flight
of British subjects from their native shores. In only ten
of the vessels that arrived at Montreal in July, four from
Cork and six from Liverpool, out of 4,427 passengers,
804 had died on the passage, and 847 were sick on
50 their arrival; that is, 847 were visibly diseased, for the
result proves that a far larger number had in them the
seeds of disease. "The Larch", says the Board of Health
on August 12, "reported this morning from Sligo, sailed
with 440 passengers, of whom 108 died on the
55 passage, and 150 were sick. The Virginius sailed with
496 - 158 died on the passage, 186 were sick, and the
remainder landed feeble and tottering - the captain,
mates, and crew were all sick. The Black Hole of
Calcutta was a mercy compared to the holds of these
60 vessels. Yet simultaneously, as if in reproof of those on
whom the blames of all this wretchedness must fall
foreigners, Germans from Hamburgh and Bremen, are
daily arriving, all health, robust and cheerful". This vast
unmanageable tide of population thus thrown upon
65 Montreal, like the fugitives from some bloody defeat, or
devastated country, has been greatly augmented by
the prudent, and, we must add, most necessary
precautions adopted in time by the United States,
where more stringent sanitary regulations, enforced by
70 severer penalties, have been adopted to save the ports
of the Union from those very horrors which a paternal
Government has suffered to fall upon Montreal. Many of
these ships have been obliged to alter their destination,
even while at sea, for the St. Lawrence. At Montreal a
75 large proportion of these outcasts have lingered from
sheer inability to proceed. The inhabitants have of
course been infected. From the official return of burials
at Montreal, for the weeks ending August 7, it appears
that in the city there died during that period 924
residents and 896 emigrants, making a total of 1,730

80 deaths. Besides these, 1,510 emigrants died there at
the sheds, making a grand total of 3,240 in the city of
Montreal and its ex tempore Lazaretto; against only
488, including residents and emigrants, for the
85 corresponding weeks last year. A still more horrible
sequel is to come. The survivors have to wander forth
and find homes. Who can say how many will perish on
the way, or the masses of houseless, famished, and
half-naked wretches that will be strewed on the
90 inhospitable snow when a Canadian winter once sets
in?

Épreuves orales

EXPLICATION D'UN TEXTE EXTRAIT DU PROGRAMME

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Explication du texte : Charles E. Trevelyan, *The Irish Crisis*, London: Longman, Brown, Green & Longmans, 1848, pp. 85-89.

Explication de faits de langue : le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

The check principally relied on, therefore, was, that the expenditure should be conducted, either immediately or proximately, out of the produce of the rates. No loan was to be made to any Board of Guardians until the Inspecting Officer had certified that they had passed a resolution to make the rate upon which it was to be secured, and that, to the best of his belief, they were proceeding with all possible dispatch to make and levy such rate. This principle, although still imperfectly applied, and consequently irregular in its action, exercised a pervading influence over the working of this system of relief. In forming the lists of persons to be relieved, and making their demands upon the Commissioners, few committees altogether rejected the idea that it was their own money which they were spending; and in some districts the farmer rate-payers assembled, and insisted on large numbers of persons being struck off the lists, who they knew were not entitled to relief. The tests applied to the actual recipients of relief were, that the personal attendance of all parties requiring relief was insisted on, exceptions being made in favour of the sick, impotent, and children under nine years of age, and that the relief was directed to be given only in the shape of cooked food, distributed in portions declared by the best medical authorities to be sufficient to maintain health and strength. The "cooked food test"¹ was found particularly efficacious in preventing abuse; and the enforcement of it in some parts of the country cost a severe struggle. Undressed meal might be converted into cash by those who did not require it as food; and even the most destitute often disposed of it for tea, tobacco, or spirits ; but stirabout, which becomes sour by keeping, has no value in the market, and persons were therefore not likely to apply for it, who did not want it for their own consumption. Attempts were made to apply the labour test to this system of relief; but, besides the practical difficulty of want of tools and

¹ The ration consisted of one pound of biscuit, meal, or flour ; or one quart of soup thickened with meal, with a quarter ration of bread, biscuit or meal. When bread was issued, one pound and a-half was allowed. It was found by experience that the best form in which cooked food could be given, was " stirabout," made of Indian meal and rice steamed, which was sufficiently solid to be easily carried away by the recipients. The pound ration thus prepared, swelled by the absorption of water to three or four pounds.

proper superintendence, the Commissioners considered
40 that, owing to the absence of any adequate motive, it
would "lead to a want of exertion on the part of the
men which would perhaps be more demoralising than
relief without any work." It was therefore left to the
45 Relief Committees in large towns and other situations
favourable to such a mode of proceeding, to take their
own course upon it; and the result was, that some light
kinds of labour, such as cleaning the streets and
whitewashing the cabins, were exacted by a few of the
more zealous and active committees. Relief in aid of
50 wages was strenuously insisted on by many of the
Relief Committees, and was steadily and successfully
resisted by the Commission; but it was not considered
right, in the administration of a temporary measure, to
require the surrender of the land held by applicants,
55 provided they were proved to be at the time in a state
of destitution.

This system reached its highest point in the month
of July, 1847, when out of 2,049 electoral divisions,
into which Ireland is divided, 1,826 had been brought
60 under the operation of the Act, and 3,020,712 persons
received separate rations, of whom 2,265,534 were
adults, and 755,178 were children. This multitude was
again gradually and peaceably thrown on its own
resources at the season of harvest, when new and
65 abundant supplies of food became available, and the
demand for labour was at its highest amount. Relief
was discontinued to fifty-five unions on the 15th
August, and the issues to the remaining unions entirely
ceased on the 12th September. The latest date allowed
70 by the Act for advances to be made, was the 1st
October.

This was the second occasion on which upwards of
three millions of people had been fed "out of the hands
of the magistrate,—" but this time it was effectual. The
75 Relief Works had been crowded with persons who had
other means of subsistence, to the exclusion of the
really destitute; but a ration of cooked food proved less
attractive than full money wages, and room was thus
made for the helpless portion of the community. The
80 famine was stayed.

Charles E. Trevelyan, *The Irish Crisis*, London:
Longman, Brown, Green & Longmans, 1848, pp. 85-89.

EXPLICATION D'UN TEXTE EXTRAIT DU PROGRAMME

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Explication du texte : Franklin Delano Roosevelt, "Fireside Chat n°7: On the Works Relief Program," April 28, 1935.

Explication de faits de langue : le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

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I have felt it to be essentially wise and prudent to avoid, so far as possible, the creation of new governmental machinery for supervising this work. The National Government now has at least sixty different agencies with the staff and the experience and the competence necessary to carry on the two hundred and fifty or three hundred kinds of work that will be undertaken. These agencies, therefore, will simply be doing on a somewhat enlarged scale the same sort of things that they have been doing. This will make certain that the largest possible portion of the funds allotted will be spent for actually creating new work and not for building up expensive overhead organizations here in Washington.

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For many months preparations have been under way. The allotment of funds for desirable projects has already begun. The key men for the major responsibilities of this great task already have been selected. I well realize that the country is expecting before this year is out to see the "dirt fly", as they say, in carrying on the work, and I assure my fellow citizens that no energy will be spared in using these funds effectively to make a major attack upon the problem of unemployment.

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Our responsibility is to all of the people in this country. This is a great national crusade to destroy enforced idleness which is an enemy of the human spirit generated by this depression. Our attack upon these enemies must be without stint and without discrimination. No sectional, no political distinctions can be permitted. It must, however, be recognized that when an enterprise of this character is extended over more than three thousand counties throughout the Nation, there may be occasional instances of inefficiency, bad management, or misuse of funds. When cases of this kind occur, there will be those, of course, who will try to tell you that the exceptional failure is characteristic of the entire endeavor. It should be remembered that in every big job there are some imperfections. There are chisellers in every walk of life; there are those in every industry who are guilty of unfair practices, every profession has its black sheep, but long experience in government has taught me that the exceptional instances of wrong-doing in

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government are probably less numerous than in almost every other line of endeavor. The most effective means of preventing such evils in this work relief program will be the eternal vigilance of the American people themselves. I call upon my fellow citizens everywhere to cooperate with me in making this the most efficient and the cleanest example of public enterprise the world has ever seen. It is time to provide a smashing answer for those cynical men who say that a democracy cannot be honest and efficient. If you will help, this can be done. I, therefore, hope you will watch the work in every corner of this Nation. Feel free to criticize. Tell me of instances where work can be done better, or where improper practices prevail. Neither you nor I want criticism conceived in a purely fault-finding or partisan spirit, but I am jealous of the right of every citizen to call to the attention of his or her government examples of how the public money can be more effectively spent for the benefit of the American people.

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I now come, my friends, to a part of the remaining business before the Congress. It has under consideration many measures which provide for the rounding out of the program of economic and social reconstruction with which we have been concerned for two years. I can mention only a few of them tonight, but I do not want my mention of specific measures to be interpreted as lack of interest in or disapproval of many other important proposals that are pending. The National Industrial Recovery Act expires on the sixteenth of June. After careful consideration, I have asked the Congress to extend the life of this useful agency of government. As we have proceeded with the administration of this Act, we have found from time to time more and more useful ways of promoting its purposes. No reasonable person wants to abandon our present gains – we must continue to protect children, to enforce minimum wages, to prevent excessive hours, to safeguard, define and enforce collective bargaining, and, while retaining fair competition, to eliminate so far as humanly possible, the kinds of unfair practices by selfish minorities which unfortunately did more than anything else to

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bring about the recent collapse of industries. There is likewise pending before the Congress legislation to provide for the elimination of unnecessary holding companies in the public utility field.

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Franklin Delano Roosevelt, "Fireside Chat n°7: On the Works Relief Program," April 28, 1935.

EXPLICATION D'UN TEXTE EXTRAIT DU PROGRAMME

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Explication du texte : Obituary, *New York Times*, September 11, 1935.

Explication de faits de langue : le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

5 Of Huey Long personally it is no longer
necessary to speak except with charity. His
motives, his character, have passed beyond
human judgment. People will long talk of his
picturesque career and extraordinary individual
10 qualities. He carried daring to the point of
audacity. He did not hesitate to flaunt his great
personal vainglory in public. This he would
probably have defended both as a form of self-
confidence, and a means of impressing the
15 public. He had a knack of always getting into the
picture, and often bursting out of its frame.
There would be no end if one were to try to
enumerate all his traits, so distinct and so full of
color. He succeeded in establishing a legend
20 about himself – a legend of invincibility – which
it will be hard to dissipate.

25 It is to Senator Long as a public man, rather
than as a dashing personality, that the thoughts
of Americans should chiefly turn as his tragic
death extinguished the envy. What he did and
what he promised to do are full of political
instruction and also of warning. In his own State
of Louisiana he showed how it is possible to
30 destroy self-government while maintaining its
ostensible and legal form. He made himself an
unquestioned dictator, though a State
Legislature was still elected by a nominally free
people, as was also a Governor, who was,
35 however, nothing but a dummy for Huey Long.
In reality. Senator Long set up a Fascist
government in Louisiana. It was disguised, but
only thinly. There was no outward appearance of
a revolution, no march of Black Shirts upon
Baton Rouge, but the effectual result was to
40 lodge all the power of the State in the hands of
one man.

45 If Fascism ever comes in the United States it will
come in something like that way. No one will set
himself up as an avowed dictator, but if he can
succeed in dictating everything, the name does
not matter. Laws and Constitutions guaranteeing
liberty and individual rights may remain on the
statute books, but the life will have gone out of
them. Institutions may be designated as before,

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but they will have become only empty shells. We thus have an indication of the points at which American vigilance must be eternal if it desires to withstand the subtle inroads of the Fascist spirit. There is no need to be on the watch for a revolutionary leader to rise up and call upon his followers to march on Washington. No such sinister figure is likely to appear. The danger is, as Senator Long demonstrated in Louisiana, that freedom may be done away with in the name of efficiency and a strong paternal government.

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Senator Long's career is also a reminder that material for the agitator and the demagogue is always ample in this country. He found it and played upon it skillfully, first of all in what may be called the lower levels of society in Louisiana. Afterward, when he began to swell with national ambition, and cast about for a fetching cry, he found it, or thought he did, in his vague formulas, never worked out, about the "distribution of wealth." For a time he seemed in this way to be about to fascinate and capture a great multitude of followers, or at least endorsers, mainly in the cities of this country. There is reason to believe that his hold upon them was relaxing before his assassination. Many observers thought that he had already passed the peak of his national influence. Be that as it may, the moral of his remarkable adventure in politics remains the same. It is that in the United States we have to re-educate each generation in the fundamentals of self government and in the principles of sound finance. And we must have leaders able to defend the faith that is in them. When such masses of people are all too ready to run after a professed miracle-worker, it is essential that we have trained minds to confront the ignorant, to show to the credulous the error of their ways, and to keep alive and fresh the true tradition of democracy in which this country was cradled and brought to maturity.

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Obituary, *New York Times*, September 11, 1935.

EXPLICATION D'UN TEXTE EXTRAIT DU PROGRAMME

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Explication du texte : Eleanor Roosevelt, "A Challenge to American Sportsmanship," *Collier's* 112 (16 October 1943): 21-22.

Explication de faits de langue : le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

Now we come to Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941. There was no time to investigate families or to adhere strictly to the American rule that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty. These people were not convicted of any crime, but emotions ran too high. Too
5 many people wanted to wreak vengeance on Oriental-looking people. Even the Chinese, our allies, were not always safe from insult on the streets. The Japanese had long been watched by the F.B.I., as were other aliens, and several hundred were apprehended at once on the outbreak of war and sent to detention
10 camps.

Approximately three months after Pearl Harbor, the Western Defense Command ordered all persons of Japanese ancestry excluded from the coastal area, including approximately half of Washington, Oregon and California, and the southern portion of
15 Arizona. Later, the entire state of California was added to the zone from which Japanese were barred.

At first, the evacuation was placed on a voluntary basis; the people were free to go wherever they liked in the interior of the country. But the evacuation on this basis moved very slowly, and
20 furthermore, those who did leave encountered a great deal of difficulty in finding new places to settle. In order to avoid serious incidents, on March 29, 1942, the evacuation was placed on an orderly basis, and was carried out by the Army.

A civilian agency, the War Relocation Authority, was set up to work
25 with the military in the relocation of the people. Because there was so much indication of danger to the Japanese unless they were protected, relocation centers were established where they might live until those whose loyalty could be established could be gradually reabsorbed into the normal life of the nation.

30 To many young people this must have seemed strange treatment of American citizens, and one cannot be surprised at the reaction that manifested itself not only in young Japanese-Americans, but in others who had known them well and had been educated with them, and who asked bitterly, "What price American citizenship?"

35 Nevertheless, most of them realized that this was a safety measure. The Army carried out its evacuation, on the whole, with remarkable skill and kindness. The early situation in the centers was difficult. Many of them were not ready for occupation. The setting up of large communities meant an amount of organization
40 which takes time, but the Japanese, for the most part, proved to be patient, adaptable and courageous.

There were unexpected problems and, one by one, these were discovered and an effort was made to deal with them fairly. For instance, these people had property and they had to dispose of it;
45 often at a loss. Sometimes they could not dispose of it, and it

remained unprotected, deteriorating in value as the months went by. Business had to be handled through agents, since the Japanese could not leave the camps.

50 Understandable bitterness against the Japanese is aggravated by the old-time economic fear on the West Coast and the unreasoning racial feeling which certain people, through ignorance, have always had wherever they came in contact with people who were different from themselves.

55 This is one reason why many people believe that we should have directed our original immigration more intelligently. We needed people to develop our country, but we should never have allowed any groups to settle as groups where they created little German or Japanese or Scandinavian "islands" and did not melt into our general community pattern. Some of the South American countries
60 have learned from our mistakes and are now planning to scatter their needed immigration.

Gradually, as the opportunities for outside jobs are offered to them, loyal citizens and law-abiding aliens are going out of the relocation centers to start independent and productive lives again.
65 Those not considered reliable, of course, are not permitted to leave. As a taxpayer, regardless of where you live, it is to your advantage, if you find one or two Japanese-American families settled in your neighborhood, to try to regard them as individuals and not to condemn them before they are given a fair chance to
70 prove themselves in the community.

"A Japanese is always a Japanese" is an easily accepted phrase and it has taken hold quite naturally on the West Coast because of some reasonable or unreasonable fear back of it, but it leads nowhere and solves nothing. Japanese-Americans may be no more
75 Japanese than a German-American is German, or an Italian-American is Italian. All of these people, including the Japanese-Americans, have men who are fighting today for the preservation of the democratic way of life and the ideas around which our nation was built.

Eleanor Roosevelt, "A Challenge to American Sportsmanship," *Collier's* 112 (16 October 1943): 21-22.

EXPLICATION D'UN TEXTE EXTRAIT DU PROGRAMME

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Explication du texte : Franklin Delano Roosevelt, "Annual Message to Congress," January 3, 1936.

Explication de faits de langue : le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

In these latter years we have witnessed the domination of government by financial and industrial groups, numerically small but politically dominant in the twelve years that succeeded the World War. The present group of which I speak is indeed
5 numerically small and, while it exercises a large influence and has much to say in the world of business, it does not, I am confident, speak the true sentiments of the less articulate but more important elements that constitute real American business.

In March, 1933, I appealed to the Congress of the United States
10 and to the people of the United States in a new effort to restore power to those to whom it rightfully belonged. The response to that appeal resulted in the writing of a new chapter in the history of popular government. You, the members of the Legislative branch, and I, the Executive, contended for and established a
15 new relationship between Government and people.

What were the terms of that new relationship? They were an appeal from the clamor of many private and selfish interests, yes, an appeal from the clamor of partisan interest, to the ideal of the public interest. Government became the representative
20 and the trustee of the public interest. Our aim was to build upon essentially democratic institutions, seeking all the while the adjustment of burdens, the help of the needy, the protection of the weak, the liberation of the exploited and the genuine protection of the people's property.

It goes without saying that to create such an economic constitutional order, more than a single legislative enactment was called for. We, you in the Congress and I as the Executive,
25 had to build upon a broad base. Now, after thirty-four months of work, we contemplate a fairly rounded whole. We have returned
30 the control of the Federal Government to the City of Washington.

To be sure, in so doing, we have invited battle. We have earned the hatred of entrenched greed. The very nature of the problem that we faced made it necessary to drive some people from power and strictly to regulate others. I made that plain when I
35 took the oath of office in March, 1933. I spoke of the practices of the unscrupulous money-changers who stood indicted in the court of public opinion. I spoke of the rulers of the exchanges of mankind's goods, who failed through their own stubbornness and their own incompetence. I said that they had admitted their
40 failure and had abdicated.

Abdicated? Yes, in 1933, but now with the passing of danger they forget their damaging admissions and withdraw their abdication.

45 They seek the restoration of their selfish power. They offer to lead us back round the same old corner into the same old dreary street.

50 Yes, there are still determined groups that are intent upon that very thing. Rigorously held up to popular examination, their true character presents itself. They steal the livery of great national constitutional ideals to serve discredited special interests. As guardians and trustees for great groups of individual stockholders they wrongfully seek to carry the property and the interests entrusted to them into the arena of partisan politics. They seek this minority in business and industry—to control and often do control and use for their own purposes legitimate and highly honored business associations; they engage in vast propaganda to spread fear and discord among the people—they would "gang up" against the people's liberties.

60 The principle that they would instill into government if they succeed in seizing power is well shown by the principles which many of them have instilled into their own affairs: autocracy toward labor, toward stockholders, toward consumers, toward public sentiment. Autocrats in smaller things, they seek autocracy in bigger things. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

65 If these gentlemen believe, as they say they believe, that the measures adopted by this Congress and its predecessor, and carried out by this Administration, have hindered rather than promoted recovery, let them be consistent. Let them propose to this Congress the complete repeal of these measures. The way is open to such a proposal.

70 Let action be positive and not negative. The way is open in the Congress of the United States for an expression of opinion by yeas and nays. Shall we say that values are restored and that the Congress will, therefore, repeal the laws under which we have been bringing them back? Shall we say that because national income has grown with rising prosperity, we shall repeal existing taxes and thereby put off the day of approaching a balanced budget and of starting to reduce the national debt? Shall we abandon the reasonable support and regulation of banking? Shall we restore the dollar to its former gold content?

80 Franklin Delano Roosevelt, "Annual Message to Congress," January 3, 1936.