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DOCUMENT A

William Shakespeare, *The Tragedy of Macbeth* (c1599-1602), Act 2, scene 2, Harmondsworth: Penguin (1981), pp. 75-77.

- 1 **MACBETH** : I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?
LADY MACBETH : I heard the owl-scream and the cricket's cry.
Did not you speak?
MACBETH : When?
LADY MACBETH : Now.
MACBETH : As I descended?
LADY MACBETH : Ay.
- 5 **MACBETH** : Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
LADY MACBETH : Donalbain.
MACBETH [*Looks at his hands*]: This is a sorry sight.
LADY MACBETH : A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
MACBETH : There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'
10 That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them.
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.
LADY MACBETH : There are two lodged together.
MACBETH : One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
15 Listening their fear I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us.'
LADY MACBETH : Consider it not so deeply.
MACBETH: But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
20 Stuck in my throat.
LADY MACBETH : These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACBETH : Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep – the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
25 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.'

LADY MACBETH : What do you mean?

MACBETH : Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house;
'Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
30 Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

LADY MACBETH : Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
35 Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH: I'll go no more.
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH : Infirm of purpose!
40 Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures. 'Tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

Exit. Knock within

MACBETH : Whence is that knocking?
45 How is't with me when every noise appals me?
What hands are here! Ha – they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas in incarnadine,
50 Making the green one red.

Enter LADY MACBETH

LADY MACBETH : My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white.

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DOCUMENT B

Jonathan Crary. *24/7: Late Capitalism and the Ends of Sleep*. London and New York: Verso, 2013, pp. 8-11.

5 This particular constellation of recent events provides a prismatic vantage point onto some of the plural consequences of neoliberal globalization and of longer processes of Western modernization. I do not intend to give this grouping any privileged explanatory significance; rather it makes up a provisional opening onto some of the expanding, non-
10 stop life-world of twenty-first-century capitalism – paradoxes that are inseparable from shifting configurations of sleep and waking, illumination and darkness, justice and terror, and from forms of exposure, unprotectedness and vulnerability. It might be objected that I have singled out exceptional or extreme phenomena, but if so, they are not disconnected from what have become normative trajectories and conditions elsewhere. One of those
15 conditions can be characterized as a generalized inscription of human life into duration without breaks, defined by a principle of continuous functioning. It is a time that no longer passes, beyond clock time.

15 Behind the vacuity of the catchphrase, *24/7* is a static redundancy that disavows its relation to the rhythmic and periodic textures of human life. It connotes an arbitrary, uninflected schema of a week, extracted from any unfolding of variegated or cumulative experience. To say “*24/365*”, for example, is simply not the same, for this introduces an unwieldy suggestion of an extended temporality in which something might actually change, in which unforeseen events might happen. As I indicated initially, many
20 institutions in the developed world have been running *24/7* for decades now. It is only recently that the elaboration, the modelling of one’s personal and social identity, has been reorganised to conform to the uninterrupted operation of markets, information networks and other systems. A *24/7* environment has the semblance of a social world, but it is actually a non-social model of machinic performance and a suspension of living that does not disclose the human cost required to sustain its effectiveness. It must be distinguished
25 from what Lukács and others in the early twentieth century identified as the empty, homogeneous time of modernity, the metric or calendar time of nations, of finance or industry, from which individual hopes or projects are excluded. What is new is the sweeping abandonment of the pretense that time is coupled to any long-term undertakings, even to fantasies of “progress” or development. An illuminated *24/7* world without
30 shadows is the final capitalist mirage of post-history, of an exorcism of an otherness that is the motor of historical change.

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35 24/7 is a time of indifference, against which the fragility of human life is increasingly
inadequate and within which sleep has no necessity or inevitability. In relation to labor, it
renders plausible, even normal, the idea of working without pause, without limits. It is
aligned with what is inanimate, inert, or unaging. As an advertising exhortation it decrees
the absoluteness of availability, and hence the ceaselessness of needs and their incitement,
but also their non-fulfilment. The absence of restraints on consuming is not simply
temporal. We are long past an era in which mainly things were accumulated. Now our
40 bodies and identities assimilate an ever-expanding surfeit of services, images, procedures,
chemicals, to a toxic and often fatal threshold. The long-term survival of the individual is
always dispensable if the alternative might even indirectly admit the possibility of
interludes with no shopping or its promotion. In related ways, 24/7 is inseparable from
environmental catastrophe in its declaration of permanent expenditure, of endless
wastefulness for its sustenance, in its terminal disruption of the cycles and seasons on
45 which ecological integrity depends.

In its profound uselessness and intrinsic passivity, with the incalculable losses it causes in
production time, circulation and consumption, sleep will always collide with the demands
of a 24/7 universe. The huge portion of our lives that we spend asleep, freed from a morass
of simulated needs, subsists as one of the great human affronts to the voraciousness of
50 contemporary capitalism. Sleep is an uncompromising interruption of the theft of time
from us by capitalism. Most of the seemingly irreducible necessities of human life –
hunger, thirst, sexual desire, and recently the need for friendship – have been remade into
commodified or financialized forms. Sleep poses the idea of a human need and interval of
time that cannot be colonized and harnessed to a massive engine of profitability, and thus
55 remains an incongruous anomaly and site of crisis of the global present. In spite of all the
scientific research in this area, it frustrates and confounds any strategies to exploit or
reshape it. The stunning, inconceivable reality is that nothing of value can be extracted
from it.

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DOCUMENT C : Arthur Rackham, *Titania asleep*, illustration for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1908 (pen, India ink and watercolour, reproduced photographically)

