

John Webster, <i>The Duchess of Malfi</i> [1613-14], Michael Neill, ed., New York, W. W. Norton Critical Editions, 2015, Act V, Scene 3, pp.106-108.	EAE 0422 A	
	Code Sujet	ELT A 1
	Sujet Jury	
	Sujet Candidat	

5.3

[Enter] ANTONIO [and] DELIO.
 DELIO Yond's the Cardinal's window. This fortification
 Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey;
 And to yond side o'th'river lies a wall,
 Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion
 Gives the best echo that you ever heard—
 So hollow and so dismal, and withal
 So plain in the distinction of our words
 That many have supposed it is a spirit
 That answers.
 ANTONIO I do love these ancient ruins:
 We never tread upon them but we set
 Our foot upon some reverend history;
 And questionless, here in this open court,
 Which now lies naked to the injuries
 Of stormy weather, some men lie interred
 Loved the church so well, and gave so largely to't,
 They thought it should have canopied their bones
 Till doomsday; but all things have their end:
 Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,
 Must have like death that we have.
 ECHO [from the DUCHESS's grave.] *Like death that we have.*
 DELIO Now the echo hath caught you.
 ANTONIO It groaned, methought,
 and gave
 A very deadly accent.
 ECHO *Deadly accent.*
 DELIO I told you 'twas a pretty one: you may make it
 A huntsman, or a falconer, a musician,
 Or a thing of sorrow.
 ECHO *A thing of sorrow.*
 ANTONIO Ay, sure, that suits it best.
 ECHO *That suits it best.*

ANTONIO 'Tis very like my wife's voice.
 ECHO *Ay, wife's voice.*
 DELIO Come, let's walk farther from't.
 I would not have you go to th'Cardinal's tonight—
 Do not.
 ECHO *Do not.* 30
 DELIO Wisdom doth not more moderate wasting sorrow
 Than time: take time for't—be mindful of thy safety.
 ECHO *Be mindful of thy safety.*
 ANTONIO Necessity compels me.
 Make scrutiny throughout the passages
 Of your own life; you'll find it impossible 35
 To fly your fate.
 [ECHO] *Oh, fly your fate!*
 DELIO Hark! The dead stones seem to have pity on you
 And give you good counsel.
 ANTONIO Echo, I will not talk with thee,
 For thou art a dead thing.
 ECHO *Thou art a dead thing.* 40
 ANTONIO My duchess is asleep now,
 And her little ones, I hope sweetly. Oh, heaven,
 Shall I never see her more?
 ECHO *Never see her more.*
 ANTONIO I marked not one repetition of the echo
 But that; and on the sudden, a clear light 45
 Presented me a face folded in sorrow.
 DELIO Your fancy, merely.
 ANTONIO Come, I'll be out of this ague;
 For to live thus is not indeed to live—
 It is a mockery and abuse of life.
 I will not henceforth save myself by halves; 50
 Lose all, or nothing.
 DELIO Your own virtue save you!
 I'll fetch your eldest son, and second you. 25

 It may be that the sight of his own blood,
 Spread in so sweet a figure, may beget
 The more compassion. However, fare you well. 55
 Though in our miseries Fortune have a part,
 Yet in our noble suff'rings she hath none;
 Contempt of pain, that we may call our own. *Exeunt.*

John Webster, <i>The Duchess of Malfi</i> [1613-14], Michael Neill, ed., New York, W. W. Norton Critical Editions, 2015, Act I, Sc. 1, pp. 25-28, l. 375-443.	EAE 0422 A	
	Code Sujet	ELT A2
	Sujet Jury	
	Sujet Candidat	

DUCHESS

What good deed shall we first remember? Say.
ANTONIO Begin with that first good deed began i'th'world
After man's creation—the sacrament of marriage.
I'd have you first provide for a good husband:
Give him all.
DUCHESS All? 5
ANTONIO Yes, your excellent self.
DUCHESS In a winding-sheet?
ANTONIO In a couple.
DUCHESS Saint Winifred, that were a strange will!
ANTONIO 'Twere strange if there were no will in you
To marry again.
DUCHESS What do you think of marriage?
ANTONIO I take't as those that deny purgatory: 10
It locally contains or heaven or hell;
There's no third place in't.
DUCHESS How do you affect it?
ANTONIO My banishment, feeding my melancholy,
Would often reason thus—
DUCHESS Pray let's hear it.
ANTONIO Say a man never marry, nor have children— 15
What takes that from him? Only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weak delight
To see the little wanton ride a-cockhorse
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter
Like a taught starling.
DUCHESS Fie, fie, what's all this? 20
One of your eyes is bloodshot—use my ring to't.
[Gives him a ring.]
They say 'tis very sovereign. 'Twas my wedding ring,
And I did vow never to part with it,
But to my second husband.
ANTONIO You have parted with it now.
DUCHESS Yes, to help your eyesight.
ANTONIO You have made me 25
stark blind.
DUCHESS How?
ANTONIO There is a saucy and ambitious devil
Dancing in this circle.
DUCHESS Remove him.
ANTONIO How?
DUCHESS There needs small conjuration when your finger
May do it: thus.
[Gives her ring on his finger.]
Is it fit?
ANTONIO What said you? He kneels.
DUCHESS Sir, 30
This goodly roof of yours is too low built;
I cannot stand upright in't, nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher. Raise yourself,
Or, if you please, my hand to help you: so. [Raises him.]
ANTONIO Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,
That is not kept in chains and close-pent rooms, 35

But in fair, lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noise of prattling visitants,
Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure.
Conceive not I am so stupid but I aim
Whereto your favors tend; but he's a fool 40
That, being a-cold, would thrust his hands i'th'fire
To warm them.
DUCHESS So, now the ground's broke,
You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you lord of.
ANTONIO Oh, my unworthiness! 45
DUCHESS You were ill to sell yourself.
This dark'ning of your worth is not like that
Which tradesmen use i'th'city: their false lights
Are to rid bad wares off; and I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a complete man— 50
I speak it without flattery—turn your eyes
And progress through yourself.
ANTONIO Were there nor heaven
nor hell,
I should be honest. I have long served virtue,
And ne'er ta'en wages of her.
DUCHESS Now she pays it. 55
The misery of us that are born great!
We are forced to woo, because none dare woo us;
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearfully equivocates, so we
Are forced to express our violent passions
In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path 60
Of simple virtue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brag
You have left me heartless! Mine is in your bosom:
I hope 'twill multiply love there—you do tremble:
Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh 65
To fear more than to love me. Sir, be confident.
What is't distracts you? This is flesh and blood, sir;
'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster
Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man!

George Eliot, <i>Middlemarch</i> [1871-72], David Carroll and David Russell, eds., Oxford, Oxford World's Classics, 2019, Book II, Chapter XV, p. 132-133.	EAE 0422 A	
	Code Sujet	ELT B 1
	Sujet Jury	
	Sujet Candidat	

A GREAT historian, as he insisted on calling himself,* who had the happiness to be dead a hundred and twenty years ago, and so to take his place among the colossi* whose huge legs our living pettiness is observed to walk under, glories in his copious remarks and digres-
5 sions as the least imitable part of his work, and especially in those initial chapters to the successive books of his history, where he seems to bring his arm-chair to the proscenium and chat with us in all the lusty ease of his fine English. But Fielding lived when the days were longer (for time, like money, is measured by our needs), when sum-
10 mer afternoons were spacious, and the clock ticked slowly in the winter evenings. We belated historians must not linger after his example; and if we did so, it is probable that our chat would be thin and eager, as if delivered from a camp-stool in a parrot-house. I at least have so much to do in unravelling certain human lots, and
15 seeing how they were woven and interwoven, that all the light I can command must be concentrated on this particular web, and not dispersed over that tempting range of relevancies called the universe.

At present I have to make the new settler Lydgate better known to any one interested in him than he could possibly be even to those
20 who had seen the most of him since his arrival in Middlemarch. For surely all must admit that a man may be puffed and belauded, envied, ridiculed, counted upon as a tool and fallen in love with, or at least selected as a future husband, and yet remain virtually unknown—known merely as a cluster of signs for his neighbours'
25 false suppositions. There was a general impression, however, that Lydgate was not altogether a common country doctor, and in Middlemarch at that time such an impression was significant of great things being expected from him. For everybody's family doctor was remarkably clever, and was understood to have immeasurable skill in
30 the management and taming of the most skittish or vicious diseases. The evidence of his cleverness was of the higher intuitive order, lying in his lady-patients' immovable conviction, and was unassailable by any objection except that their intuitions were opposed by others equally strong; each lady who saw medical truth in Wrench
35 and 'the strengthening treatment' regarding Toller and 'the lowering system' as medical perdition. For the heroic times of copious bleeding and blistering* had not yet departed, still less the times of thoroughgoing theory, when disease in general was called by some bad name, and treated accordingly without shilly-shally—as if, for
40 example, it were to be called insurrection, which must not be fired on with blank-cartridge, but have its blood drawn at once. The strengtheners and the lowerers were all 'clever' men in somebody's opinion, which is really as much as can be said for any living talents. Nobody's imagination had gone so far as to conjecture that Mr
45 Lydgate could know as much as Dr Sprague and Dr Minchin, the two physicians, who alone could offer any hope when danger was extreme, and when the smallest hope was worth a guinea. Still, I repeat, there was a general impression that Lydgate was something rather more uncommon than any general practitioner in Middle-
50 march. And this was true. He was but seven-and-twenty, an age at which many men are not quite common—at which they are hopeful of achievement, resolute in avoidance, thinking that Mammon* shall never put a bit in their mouths and get astride their backs, but rather that Mammon, if they have anything to do with him, shall draw their
55 chariot.

George Eliot, <i>Middlemarch</i> [1871-72], David Carroll and David Russell, eds., Oxford, Oxford World's Classics, 2019, Book VIII, Chapter 72, pp. 692-693	EAE 0422 A	
	Code Sujet	ELT B2
	Sujet Jury	
	Sujet Candidat	

Dorothea's tone and manner were not more energetic than they had been when she was at the head of her uncle's table nearly three years before, and her experience since had given her more right to express a decided opinion. But Sir James Chettam was no longer the diffident and acquiescent suitor: he was the anxious brother-in-law, with a devout admiration for his sister, but with a constant alarm lest she should fall under some new illusion almost as bad as marrying Casaubon. He smiled much less; when he said 'Exactly' it was more often an introduction to a dissentient opinion than in those submissive bachelor days; and Dorothea found to her surprise that she had to resolve not to be afraid of him—all the more because he was really her best friend. He disagreed with her now. 5

'But, Dorothea,' he said, remonstrantly, 'you can't undertake to manage a man's life for him in that way. Lydgate must know—at least he will soon come to know how he stands. If he can clear himself, he will. He must act for himself.' 15

'I think his friends must wait till they find an opportunity,' added Mr Farebrother. 'It is possible—I have often felt so much weakness in myself that I can conceive even a man of honourable disposition, such as I have always believed Lydgate to be, succumbing to such a temptation as that of accepting money which was offered more or less indirectly as a bribe to insure his silence about scandalous facts long gone by. I say, I can conceive this, if he were under the pressure of hard circumstances—if he had been harassed as I feel sure Lydgate has been. I would not believe anything worse of him except under stringent proof. But there is the terrible Nemesis following on some errors, that it is always possible for those who like it to interpret them into a crime: there is no proof in favour of the man outside his own consciousness and assertion.' 20

'Oh, how cruel!' said Dorothea, clasping her hands. 'And would you not like to be the one person who believed in that man's innocence, if the rest of the world belied him? Besides, there is a man's character beforehand to speak for him.' 25

'But, my dear Mrs Casaubon,' said Mr Farebrother, smiling gently at her ardour, 'character is not cut in marble—it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do.' 30

'Then it may be rescued and healed,' said Dorothea. 'I should not be afraid of asking Mr Lydgate to tell me the truth, that I might help

him. Why should I be afraid? Now that I am not to have the land, James, I might do as Mr Bulstrode proposed, and take his place in providing for the Hospital; and I have to consult Mr Lydgate, to know thoroughly what are the prospects of doing good by keeping up the present plans. There is the best opportunity in the world for me to ask for his confidence; and he would be able to tell me things which might make all the circumstances clear. Then we would all stand by him and bring him out of his trouble. People glorify all sorts of bravery except the bravery they might show on behalf of their nearest neighbours.' Dorothea's eyes had a moist brightness in them, and the changed tones of her voice roused her uncle, who began to listen. 40

'It is true that a woman may venture on some efforts of sympathy which would hardly succeed if we men undertook them,' said Mr Farebrother, almost converted by Dorothea's ardour. 45

50

Herman Melville, <i>The Confidence-Man: His Masquerade</i> [1857], Hershel Parker and Mark Niemeyer, eds., New York, W. W. Norton Critical Editions, 2006, "Chapter 9", pp. 58-59.	EAE 0422 A	
	Code Sujet	ELT C 1
	Sujet Jury	
	Sujet Candidat	

- 4 "Stay, stay, here come some uproarious fellows—this way, this way."
- And with off-handed politeness the man with the book escorted his companion into a private little haven removed from the brawling swells without.
- 5 Business transacted, the two came forth, and walked the deck.
- "Now tell me, sir," said he with the book, "how comes it that a young gentleman like you, a sedate student at the first appearance, should dabble in stocks and that sort of thing?"
- 10 "There are certain sophomorean errors in the world," drawled the sophomore, deliberately adjusting his shirt-collar, "not the least of which is the popular notion touching the nature of the modern scholar, and the nature of the modern scholastic sedateness."
- "So it seems, so it seems. Really, this is quite a new leaf in my experience."
- 15 "Experience, sir," originally observed the sophomore, "is the only teacher."
- "Hence am I your pupil; for it's only when experience speaks, that I can endure to listen to speculation."
- 20 "My speculations, sir," dryly drawing himself up, "have been chiefly governed by the maxim of Lord Bacon;⁹ I speculate in those philosophies which come home to my business and bosom—pray, do you know of any other good stocks?"
- "You wouldn't like to be concerned in the New Jerusalem,¹ would you?"
- 25 "New Jerusalem?"
- "Yes, the new and thriving city, so called, in northern Minnesota. It was originally founded by certain fugitive Mormons. Hence the name. It stands on the Mississippi.² Here, here is the map," producing a roll. "There—there, you see are the public buildings—here the landing—there the park—yonder the botanic gardens—and this, this little dot here, is a perpetual fountain. You understand. You observe there are twenty asterisks. Those are for the lyceums. They have lignum-vitæ rostrums."³
- 30 "And are all these buildings now standing?"
- "All standing—bona fide."⁴
- "These marginal squares here, are they the water-lots?"
- "Water-lots in the city of New Jerusalem? All terra firma—you don't seem to care about investing, though?"
- 40 "Hardly think I should read my title clear,⁵ as the law students say," yawned the collegian.
- "Prudent—you are prudent. Don't know that you are wholly out, either. At any rate, I would rather have one of your shares of coal stock than two of this other. Still, considering that the first settlement was by two fugitives,⁶ who had swum over naked from the opposite shore—it's a surprising place. It is, *bona fide*.—But dear me, I must go. Oh, if by possibility you should come across that unfortunate man—"
- 45 "—In that case," with drawling impatience, "I will send for the steward, and have him and his misfortunes consigned overboard."
- 50 "Ha ha!—now were some gloomy philosopher here, some theological bear, forever taking occasion to growl down the stock of human nature (with ulterior views, d'ye see, to a fat benefice in the gift of the worshipers of Arimanius),⁷ he would pronounce that the sign of a hardening heart and a softening brain. Yes, that would be his sinister construction. But it's nothing more than the oddity of a genial humor—genial but dry. Confess it. Good-bye."
- 55

Herman Melville, <i>The Confidence-Man: His Masquerade</i> [1857], Hershel Parker and Mark Niemeyer, eds., New York, W. W. Norton Critical Editions, 2006, "Chapter 30", "Chapter 31", "Chapter 32", pp. 184-185.	EAE 0422 A	
	Code Sujet	ELT C 2
	Sujet Jury	
	Sujet Candidat	

- 1 "Be not so impetuous, my dear Charlie. Let me explain. You see, naturally, I am a man not overgifted with assurance; in general, I am, if anything, diffidently reserved; so, if I shall presently seem otherwise, the reason is, that you, by the geniality you have evinced
- 5 in all your talk, and especially the noble way in which, while affirming your good opinion of men, you intimated that you never could prove false to any man, but most by your indignation at a particularly illiberal passage in Polonius' advice—in short, in short,"
- 10 with extreme embarrassment, "how shall I express what I mean, unless I add that by your whole character you impel me to throw myself upon your nobleness; in one word, put confidence in you, a generous confidence?"
- "I see, I see," with heightened interest, "something of moment you wish to confide. Now, what is it, Frank? Love affair?"
- 15 "No, not that."
- "What, then, my dear Frank? Speak—depend upon me to the last. Out with it."
- "Out it shall come, then," said the cosmopolitan. "I am in want, urgent want, of money."

Chapter 31.

A METAMORPHOSIS MORE SURPRISING THAN ANY IN OVID.³

- 20 "In want of money!" pushing back his chair as from a suddenly-disclosed man-trap or crater.
- "Yes," naïvely assented the cosmopolitan, "and you are going to loan me fifty dollars. I could almost wish I was in need of more, only for your sake. Yes, my dear Charlie, for your sake; that you
- 25 might the better prove your noble kindness, my dear Charlie."
- "None of your dear Charlies," cried the other, springing to his feet, and buttoning up his coat, as if hastily to depart upon a long journey.
- "Why, why, why?" painfully looking up.
- 30 "None of your why, why, whys!" tossing out a foot, "go to the devil, sir! Beggar, impostor!—never so deceived in a man in my life."

Chapter 32.

SHOWING THAT THE AGE OF MAGIC AND MAGICIANS IS NOT YET OVER.

- While speaking or rather hissing those words, the boon companion underwent much such a change as one reads of in fairy-books. Out of old materials sprang a new creature. Cadmus glided into the
- 35 snake.⁴
- The cosmopolitan rose, the traces of previous feeling vanished; looked steadfastly at his transformed friend a moment, then, taking ten half-eagles from his pocket, stooped down, and laid them, one by one, in a circle round him; and, retiring a pace, waved his long tasseled pipe with the air of a necromancer, an air heightened by his costume, accompanying each wave with a solemn murmur of cabalistical words.
- 40 Meantime, he within the magic-ring stood suddenly rapt, exhibiting every symptom of a successful charm—a turned cheek, a fixed attitude, a frozen eye; spellbound, not more by the waving wand than by the ten invincible talismans on the floor.
- "Reappear, reappear, reappear, oh, my former friend! Replace this hideous apparition with thy blest shape, and be the token of thy return the words, 'My dear Frank.'"
- 50 "My dear Frank," now cried the restored friend, cordially stepping out of the ring, with regained self-possession regaining lost identity, "My dear Frank, what a funny man you are; full of fun as an egg of meat. How could you tell me that absurd story of your being in need? But I relish a good joke too well to spoil it by letting
- 55 on. Of course, I humored the thing; and, on my side, put on all the cruel airs you would have me. Come, this little episode of fictitious estrangement will but enhance the delightful reality. Let us sit
- 58 down again, and finish our bottle."

Edward Morgan Forster, <i>Howards End</i> [1910], David Lodge, ed., London, Penguin Classics, 2000, Chapitre XXVI, p. 197-198.	EAE 0422 A	
	Code Sujet	ELT D1
	Sujet Jury	
	Sujet Candidat	

Oniton, like herself, was im- 1
perfect. Its apple trees were stunted, its castle ruinous. It, too, had
suffered in the border warfare between the Anglo-Saxon and the
Celt, between things as they are and as they ought to be. Once
more the west was retreating, once again the orderly stars were dot- 5
ting the eastern sky. There is certainly no rest for us on the earth.
But there is happiness, and as Margaret descended the mound on
her lover's arm she felt that she was having her share.

To her annoyance, Mrs Bast was still in the garden; the husband
and Helen had left her there to finish her meal while they went to 10
engage rooms. Margaret found this woman repellent. She had felt,
when shaking her hand, an overpowering shame. She remembered
the motive of her call at Wickham Place, and smelt again odours
from the abyss—odours the more disturbing because they were in-
voluntary. For there was no malice in Jacky. There she sat, a piece of 15
cake in one hand, an empty champagne-glass in the other, doing no
harm to anybody.

'She's overtired,' Margaret whispered.

'She's something else,' said Henry. 'This won't do. I can't have
her in my garden in this state.' 20

'Is she—' Margaret hesitated to add 'drunk'. Now that she was
going to marry him, he had grown particular. He discountenanced
risqué conversations now.

Henry went up to the woman. She raised her face, which
gleamed in the twilight like a puff-ball. 25

'Madam, you will be more comfortable at the hotel,' he said
sharply.

Jacky replied: 'If it isn't Hen!'

'Ne crois pas que le mari lui ressemble,' apologized Margaret. 'Il
est tout à fait différent.' 30

'Henry!' she repeated, quite distinctly.

Mr Wilcox was much annoyed. 'I can't congratulate you on your
protégés,' he remarked.

'Hen, don't go. You do love me, dear, don't you?'

'Bless us, what a person!' sighed Margaret, gathering up her 35
skirts.

Jacky pointed with her cake. 'You're a nice boy, you are.' She
yawned. 'There now, I love you.'

'Henry, I am awfully sorry.'

'And pray why?' he asked, and looked at her so sternly that she 40
feared he was ill. He seemed more scandalized than the facts de-
manded.

'To have brought this down on you.'

'Pray don't apologize.'

The voice continued. 45

'Why does she call you "Hen"?' said Margaret innocently. 'Has
she ever seen you before?'

'Seen Hen before!' said Jacky. 'Who hasn't seen Hen? He's serv-
ing you like me, my dear. These boys! You wait—still, we love 'em.'

'Are you now satisfied?' Henry asked. 50

Margaret began to grow frightened. 'I don't know what it is all
about,' she said. 'Let's come in.'

Edward Morgan Forster, <i>Howards End</i> [1910], David Lodge, ed., London, Penguin Classics, 2000, Chapter VI, p. 41-42.	EAE 0422 A	
	Code Sujet	ELT D 2
	Sujet Jury	
	Sujet Candidat	

As Leonard was kicking off his boots he jarred the three-legged table, and a photograph frame, honourably poised upon it, slid sideways, fell off into the fireplace, and smashed. He swore in a colourless sort of way, and picked the photograph up. It represented a
5 young lady called Jacky, and had been taken at the time when young ladies called Jacky were often photographed with their mouths open. Teeth of dazzling whiteness extended along either of Jacky's jaws, and positively weighed her head sideways, so large were they and so numerous. Take my word for it, that smile was
10 simply stunning, and it is only you and I who will be fastidious, and complain that true joy begins in the eyes, and that the eyes of Jacky did not accord with her smile, but were anxious and hungry.

Leonard tried to pull out the fragments of glass, and cut his fingers and swore again. A drop of blood fell on the frame, another
15 followed, spilling over onto the exposed photograph. He swore more vigorously, and dashed into the kitchen, where he bathed his hands. The kitchen was the same size as the sitting-room; through it was a bedroom. This completed his home. He was renting the flat furnished: of all the objects that encumbered it none were his own
20 except the photograph frame, the Cupids and the books.

'Damn, damn, damnation!' he murmured, together with such other words as he had learned from older men. Then he raised his hand to his forehead and said, 'Oh, damn it all—' which meant something different. He pulled himself together. He drank a little
25 tea, black and silent, that still survived upon an upper shelf. He swallowed some dusty crumbs of a cake. Then he went back to the sitting-room, settled himself anew, and began to read a volume of Ruskin.

'Seven miles to the north of Venice—'
30 How perfectly the famous chapter opens! How supreme its command of admonition and of poetry! The rich man is speaking to us from his gondola.

'Seven miles to the north of Venice, the banks of sand, which nearer the city rise little above low-water mark, attain by degrees a
35 higher level, and knit themselves at last into fields of salt morass, raised here and there into shapeless mounds, and intercepted by narrow creeks of sea.'

Leonard was trying to form his style on Ruskin: he understood him to be the greatest master of English Prose. He read forward
40 steadily, occasionally making a few notes.

'Let us consider a little each of these characters in succession; and first (for of the shafts enough has been said already), what is very peculiar to this church, its luminousness.'

Was there anything to be learned from this fine sentence? Could
45 he adapt it to the needs of daily life? Could he introduce it, with modifications, when he next wrote a letter to his brother, the lay-reader? For example—

'Let us consider a little each of these characters in succession; and first (for of the absence of ventilation enough has been said already),
50 what is very peculiar to this flat, its obscurity.'

Something told him that the modifications would not do; and that something, had he known it, was the spirit of English Prose. 'My flat is dark as well as stuffy.' Those were the words for him.

John Ashbery, <i>Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror</i> [1975], Carcanet Poetry, Carcanet Press, 2007, "Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror", p. 76-77 (l. 311- 347).	EAE 0422 A	
	Code Sujet	ELT E 1
	Sujet Jury	
	Sujet Candidat	

A breeze like the turning of a page
 Brings back your face: the moment
 Takes such a big bite out of the haze
 Of pleasant intuition it comes after.
 5 The locking into place is "death itself,"
 As Berg said of a phrase in Mahler's Ninth;
 Or, to quote Imogen in *Cymbeline*, "There cannot
 Be a pinch in death more sharp than this," for,
 Though only exercise or tactic, it carries
 10 The momentum of a conviction that had been building.
 Mere forgetfulness cannot remove it
 Nor wishing bring it back, as long as it remains
 The white precipitate of its dream
 In the climate of sighs flung across our world,
 15 A cloth over a birdcage. But it is certain that
 What is beautiful seems so only in relation to a specific
 Life, experienced or not, channeled into some form
 Steeped in the nostalgia of a collective past.
 The light sinks today with an enthusiasm
 20 I have known elsewhere, and known why
 It seemed meaningful, that others felt this way
 Years ago. I go on consulting
 This mirror that is no longer mine
 For as much brisk vacancy as is to be
 25 My portion this time. And the vase is always full
 Because there is only just so much room
 And it accommodates everything. The sample
 One sees is not to be taken as
 Merely that, but as everything as it
 30 May be imagined outside time—not as a gesture
 But as all, in the refined, assimilable state.
 But what is this universe the porch of
 As it veers in and out, back and forth,
 Refusing to surround us and still the only
 35 Thing we can see? Love once
 Tipped the scales but now is shadowed, invisible,
 Though mysteriously present, around somewhere.

John Ashbery, <i>Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror</i> [1975], Carcanet Poetry, Carcanet Press, 2007, "The One Thing That Can Save America", p.44-45.	EAE 0422 A	
	Code Sujet	ELT E 2
	Sujet Jury	
	Sujet Candidat	

- 1 Is anything central?
Orchards flung out on the land,
Urban forests, rustic plantations, knee-high hills?
Are place names central?
- 5 Elm Grove, Adcock Corner, Story Book Farm?
As they concur with a rush at eye level
Beating themselves into eyes which have had enough
Thank you, no more thank you.
And they come on like scenery mingled with darkness
- 10 The damp plains, overgrown suburbs,
Places of known civic pride, of civil obscurity.
- These are connected to my version of America
But the juice is elsewhere.
This morning as I walked out of your room
- 15 After breakfast crosshatched with
Backward and forward glances, backward into light,
Forward into unfamiliar light,
Was it our doing, and was it
The material, the lumber of life, or of lives
- 20 We were measuring, counting?
A mood soon to be forgotten
In crossed girders of light, cool downtown shadow
In this morning that has seized us again?
- I know that I braid too much my own
- 25 Snapped-off perceptions of things as they come to me.
They are private and always will be.
Where then are the private turns of event
Destined to boom later like golden chimes
Released over a city from a highest tower?
- 30 The quirky things that happen to me, and I tell you,
And you instantly know what I mean?
What remote orchard reached by winding roads
Hides them? Where are these roots?
- It is the lumps and trials
- 35 That tell us whether we shall be known
And whether our fate can be exemplary, like a star.
All the rest is waiting
For a letter that never arrives,
Day after day, the exasperation
- 40 Until finally you have ripped it open not knowing what it is,
The two envelope halves lying on a plate.
The message was wise, and seemingly
Dictated a long time ago.
Its truth is timeless, but its time has still
- 45 Not arrived, telling of danger, and the mostly limited
Steps that can be taken against danger
Now and in the future, in cool yards,
In quiet small houses in the country,
Our country, in fenced areas, in cool shady streets.

Nadine Gordimer, <i>Jump</i> [1991], London, Bloomsbury Publishing (paperback edition), 2003, "Comrades", p. 94-6.	EAE 0422 A	
	Code Sujet	ELT F 1
	Sujet Jury	
	Sujet Candidat	

They are sitting round the table, silent, and there is no impression that they stopped an undertone exchange when they heard her approaching. She doles out plates, cups. They stare at the food but their eyes seem focused on something she can't see; something that overwhelms. She urges

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—Just cold meat, I'm afraid, but there's chutney if you like it... milk everybody? ... is the coffee too strong, I have a heavy hand, I know. Would anyone like to add some hot water?—

They eat. When she tries to talk to one of the others, he says *Ekskuus?* And she realizes he doesn't understand English, of the white man's languages knows perhaps only a little of that of the Afrikaners in the rural town he comes from. Another gives his name, as if in some delicate acknowledgement of the food. —I'm Shadrack Nsutsha.— She repeats the surname to get it right. But he does not speak again. There is an urgent exchange of eye-language, and the spokesman holds out the emptied sugar-bowl to her. —Please.— She hurries to the kitchen and brings it back refilled. They need carbohydrate, they are hungry, they are young, they need it, they burn it up. She is distressed at the inadequacy of the meal and then notices the fruit bowl, her big copper fruit bowl, filled with apples and bananas and perhaps there is a peach or two under the grape leaves with which she likes to complete an edible still life. —Have some fruit. Help yourselves.—

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They are stacking their plates and cups, not knowing what they are expected to do with them in this room which is a room where apparently people only eat, do not cook, do not sleep. While they finish the bananas and apples (Shadrack Nsutsha had seen the single peach and quickly got there first) she talks to the spokesman, whose name she has asked for: Dumile. —Are you still at school, Dumile?— Of course he is not at school—*they* are not at school; youngsters their age have not been at school for several years, they are the children growing into young men and women for whom school is a battleground, a place of boycotts and demonstrations, the literacy of political rhetoric, the education of revolt against having to live the life their parents live. They have pompous titles of responsibility beyond childhood: he is chairman of his branch of the Youth Congress, he was expelled two years ago—for leading a boycott? Throwing stones at the police? Maybe burning the school down? He calls it all—quietly, abstractly, doesn't know many ordinary, concrete words but knows these euphemisms—'political activity'. No school for two years? No. —So what have you been able to do with yourself, all that time?—

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She isn't giving him a chance to eat his apple. He swallows a large bite, shaking his head on its thin, little-boy neck. —I was inside. Detained from this June for six months.—

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She looks round the others. —And you?—

Shadrack seems to nod slightly. The other two look at her. She should know, she should have known, it's a common enough answer from youths like them, their colour.

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Nadine Gordimer, <i>Jump</i> [1991], London, Bloomsbury Publishing (paperback edition), 2003, "Once Upon a Time", pp. 23-25.	EAE 0422 A	
	Code Sujet	ELT F 2
	Sujet Jury	
	Sujet Candidat	

4 Someone has written to ask me to contribute to an anthology of stories for children. I reply that I don't write children's stories; and he writes back that at a recent congress/book fair/seminar a certain novelist said every writer
5 ought to write at least one story for children. I think of sending a postcard saying I don't accept that I 'ought' to write anything.

And then last night I woke up—or rather was wakened without knowing what had roused me.

10 A voice in the echo-chamber of the subconscious?

A sound.

A creaking of the kind made by the weight carried by one foot after another along a wooden floor. I listened. I felt the apertures of my ears distend with concentration.

15 Again: the creaking. I was waiting for it; waiting to hear if it indicated that feet were moving from room to room, coming up the passage—to my door. I have no burglar bars, no gun under the pillow, but I have the same fears as people
20 who do take these precautions, and my windowpanes are thin as rime, could shatter like a wineglass. A woman was murdered (how do they put it) in broad daylight in a house two blocks away, last year, and the fierce dogs who guarded an old widower and his collection of antique clocks were
25 dismissed without pay.

I was staring at the door, making it out in my mind rather than seeing it, in the dark. I lay quite still—a victim already—but the arrhythmia of my heart was fleeing, knocking this way and that against its body-cage. How finely
30 tuned the senses are, just out of rest, sleep! I could never listen intently as that in the distractions of the day; I was reading every faintest sound, identifying and classifying its possible threat.

But I learned that I was to be neither threatened nor
35 spared. There was no human weight pressing on the boards, the creaking was a buckling, an epicentre of stress. I was in it. The house that surrounds me while I sleep is built on undermined ground; far beneath my bed, the floor, the house's foundations, the stopes and passages of gold mines
40 have hollowed the rock, and when some face trembles, detaches and falls, three thousand feet below, the whole house shifts slightly, bringing uneasy strain to the balance and counterbalance of brick, cement, wood and glass that hold it as a structure around me. The misbeats of my heart tailed
45 off like the last muffled flourishes on one of the wooden xylophones made by the Chopi and Tsonga migrant miners who might have been down there, under me in the earth at that moment. The stope where the fall was could have been disused, dripping water from its ruptured veins; or
50 men might now be interred there in the most profound of tombs.

I couldn't find a position in which my mind would let go of my body—release me to sleep again. So I began to tell myself a story; a bedtime story.

Toni Morrison, <i>Song of Solomon</i> [1977], New York, Vintage, 2004, Chapter 10, p. 219-220.	EAE 0422 A	
	Code Sujet	ELT 61
	Sujet Jury	
	Sujet Candidat	

When Hansel and Gretel stood in the forest and saw the house in the clearing before them, the little hairs at the nape of their necks must have shivered. Their knees must have felt so weak that blinding hunger alone could have propelled them forward. No one was there to warn or hold them; their parents, chastened and grieving, were far away. So they ran as fast as they could to the house where a woman older than death lived, and they ignored the shivering nape hair and the softness in their knees. A grown man can also be energized by hunger, and any weakness in his knees or irregularity in his heartbeat will disappear if he thinks his hunger is about to be assuaged. Especially if the object of his craving is not gingerbread or chewy gumdrops, but gold.

Milkman ducked under the boughs of black walnut trees and walked straight toward the big crumbling house. He knew that an old woman had lived in it once, but he saw no signs of life there now. He was oblivious to the universe of wood life that did live there in layers of ivy grown so thick he could have sunk his arm in it up to the elbow. Life that crawled, life that slunk and crept and never closed its eyes. Life that burrowed and scurried, and life so still it was indistinguishable from the ivy stems on which it lay. Birth, life, and death—each took place on the hidden side of a leaf. From where he stood, the house looked as if it had been eaten by a galloping disease, the sores of which were dark and fluid.

One mile behind him were macadam and the reassuring sounds of an automobile or two—one of which was Reverend Cooper's car, driven by his thirteen-year-old nephew.

Noon, Milkman had told him. Come back at noon. He could just as easily have said twenty minutes, and now that he was alone, assaulted by what city people regard as raucous silence, he wished he had said five minutes. But even if the boy hadn't had chores to do, it would be foolish to be driven fifteen miles outside Danville on "business" and stay a hot minute.

He should never have made up that elaborate story to disguise his search for the cave; somebody might ask him about it. Besides, lies should be very simple, like the truth. Excessive detail was simply excess. But he was so tired after the long bus ride from Pittsburgh, coming right after the luxury of the flight, he was afraid he wouldn't be convincing.

The airplane ride exhilarated him, encouraged illusion and a feeling of invulnerability. High above the clouds, heavy yet light, caught in the stillness of speed ("Cruise," the pilot said), sitting in intricate metal become glistening bird, it was not possible to believe he had ever made a mistake, or could. Only one small thought troubled him—that Guitar was not there too. He would have loved it—the view, the food, the stewardesses. But Milkman wanted to do this by himself, with no input from anybody. This one time he wanted to go solo. In the air, away from real life, he felt free, but on the ground, when he talked to Guitar just before he left, the wings of all those other people's nightmares flapped in his face and constrained him.

Toni Morrison, <i>Song of Solomon</i> [1977], New York, Vintage, 2004, "Chapter 5", p. 126-28.	EAE 0422 A	
	Code Sujet	ELT 62
	Sujet Jury	
	Sujet Candidat	

The "thank you" cut her to the quick, but it was not the 4
reason she ran scurrying into cupboards looking for weapons.
That had been accomplished by the sight of Milkman's arms
around the shoulders of a girl whose silky copper-colored hair
cascaded over the sleeve of his coat. They were sitting in 5
Mary's, smiling into glasses of Jack Daniel's on the rocks. The
girl looked a little like Corinthians or Lena from the back, and
when she turned, laughing, toward Milkman, and Hagar saw her
gray eyes, the fist that had been just sitting in her chest since
Christmas released its forefinger like the blade of a skinning 10
knife. As regularly as the new moon searched for the tide,
Hagar looked for a weapon and then slipped out of her house
and went to find the man for whom she believed she had been
born into the world. Being five years older than he was and his
cousin as well did nothing to dim her passion. In fact her matu- 15
rity and blood kinship converted her passion to fever, so it was
more affliction than affection. It literally knocked her down at
night, and raised her up in the morning, for when she dragged
herself off to bed, having spent another day without his pres-
ence, her heart beat like a gloved fist against her ribs. And in the 20
morning, long before she was fully awake, she felt a longing so
bitter and tight it yanked her out of a sleep swept clean of
dreams.

She moved around the house, onto the porch, down the
streets, to the fruit stalls and the butchershop, like a restless 25
ghost, finding peace nowhere and in nothing. Not in the first
tomato off the vine, split open and salted lightly, which her
grandmother put before her. Not the six-piece set of pink glass
dishes Reba won at the Tivoli Theater. And not the carved wax
candle that the two of them made for her, Pilate dipping the 30
wick and Reba scratching out tiny flowers with a nail file, and
put in a genuine store-bought candleholder next to her bed. Not
even the high fierce sun at noon, nor the ocean-dark evenings.
Nothing could pull her mind away from the mouth Milkman
was not kissing, the feet that were not running toward him, the 35
eye that no longer beheld him, the hands that were not touching
him.

She toyed, sometimes, with her unsucked breasts, but at some
point her lethargy dissipated of its own accord and in its place
was wilderness, the focused meanness of a flood or an avalanche 40
of snow which only observers, flying in a rescue helicopter,
believed to be an indifferent natural phenomenon, but which the
victims, in their last gulp of breath, knew was both directed and
personal. The calculated violence of a shark grew in her, and
like every witch that ever rode a broom straight through the 45
night to a ceremonial infanticide as thrilled by the black wind as
by the rod between her legs; like every fed-up-to-the-teeth
bride who worried about the consistency of the grits she threw
at her husband as well as the potency of the lye she had stirred
into them; and like every queen and every courtesan who was 50
struck by the beauty of her emerald ring as she tipped its poison
into the old red wine, Hagar was energized by the details of her
mission. She stalked him. Whenever the fist that beat in her chest
became that pointing finger, when any contact with him at all
was better than none, she stalked him. She could not get his love 55
(and the possibility that he did not think of her at all was intol-
erable), so she settled for his fear.