

SESSION 2021

ÉPREUVE À OPTION

COMMENTAIRE COMPOSÉ DE LITTÉRATURE ÉTRANGÈRE
ET COURT THÈME

L'usage de la calculatrice n'est pas autorisé

Les candidats doivent **obligatoirement** traiter le sujet correspondant à la langue qu'ils ont choisie au moment de l'inscription.

DURÉE : 6 heures

ALLEMAND

ANGLAIS

CHINOIS

ESPAGNOL

ITALIEN

Tournez la page S.V.P.

COMMENTAIRE COMPOSÉ DE LITTÉRATURE ANGLAISE
ET COURT THÈME

Commentez, en anglais, le texte suivant :

I know there are readers in the world, as well as many other good people in it, who are no readers at all,—who find themselves ill at ease, unless they are let into the whole secret from first to last, of every thing which concerns you.

5 It is in pure compliance with this humour of theirs, and from a backwardness in my nature to disappoint any one soul living, that I have been so very particular already. As my life and opinions are likely to make some noise in the world, and, if I conjecture right, will take in all ranks, professions, and denominations of men whatever,—be no less read than the *Pilgrim's Progress* itself—and, in the end, prove the very thing which *Montaigne* dreaded his essays should turn out, that is, a book for a parlour-window;—I find it necessary to consult every one
10 a little in his turn; and therefore must beg pardon for going on a little further in the same way: For which cause, right glad I am, that I have begun the history of myself in the way I have done; and that I am able to go on tracing every thing in it, as *Horace* says, *ab Ovo*.

Horace, I know, does not recommend this fashion altogether: But that gentleman is speaking only of an epic poem or a tragedy;—(I forget which)—besides, if it was not so, I should beg
15 Mr. *Horace's* pardon;—for in writing what I have set about, I shall confine myself neither to his rules, nor to any man's rules that ever lived.

To such, however, as do not choose to go so far back into these things, I can give no better advice, than that they skip over the remaining part of this Chapter; for I declare before hand, 'tis wrote only for the curious and inquisitive.

20 ————— Shut the door. —————

I was begot in the night, betwixt the first *Sunday* and the first *Monday* in the month of *March*, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighteen. I am positive I was.—But how I came to be so very particular in my account of a thing which happened before I was born, is owing to another small anecdote known only in our own family, but now made public for the
25 better clearing up this point.

My father, you must know, who was originally a *Turky* merchant, but had left off business for some years, in order to retire to, and die upon, his paternal estate in the country of ———, was, I believe, one of the most regular men in every thing he did, whether 'twas matter of business, or matter of amusement, that ever lived. As a small specimen of this extreme exactness of his, to
30 which he was in truth a slave,—he had made it a rule for many years of his life,—on the first *Sunday night* of every month throughout the whole year,—as certain as ever the *Sunday night* came,—to wind up a large house-clock which we had standing upon the back-stairs head, with his own hands:—And being somewhere between fifty and sixty years of age, at the time I have been speaking of,—he had likewise gradually brought some other little family
35 concernments to the same period, in order, as he would often say to my uncle *Toby*, to get them all out of the way at one time, and be no more plagued and pester'd with them the rest of the month.

It was attended but with one misfortune, which, in a great measure, fell upon myself, and the effects of which I fear I shall carry with me to my grave; namely, that, from an unhappy
40 association of ideas which have no connection in nature, it so fell out at length, that my poor mother could never hear the said clock wound up,—but the thoughts of some other things unavoidably popp'd into her head,—& *vice versâ*:—which strange combination of ideas, the sagacious *Locke*, who certainly understood the nature of these things better than most men, affirms to have produced more wry actions than all other sources of prejudice whatsoever.

45 But this by the bye.

Now it appears, by a memorandum in my father's pocket-book, which now lies upon the table, "That on *Lady-Day*, which was on the 25th of the same month in which I date my geniture,—

50 my father set out upon his journey to *London* with my eldest brother *Bobby*, to fix him at *Westminster* school;” and, as it appears from the same authority, “That he did not get down to his wife and family till the *second week* in *May* following,”—it brings the thing almost to a certainty. However, what follows in the beginning of the next chapter puts it beyond all possibility of doubt.

——But pray, Sir, What was your father doing all *December*,—*January*, and *February*?——
Why, Madam,—he was all that time afflicted with a *Sciatica*.

Laurence Sterne, *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman*, Vol. I, chap. IV, 1759-67.

COURT THÈME

Par les beaux jours d’été, il nous emmenait parfois, après le dîner, faire un tour au Luxembourg ; nous mangions des glaces, à une terrasse de la place Médicis, et nous traversions à nouveau le jardin dont la sonnerie d’un clairon annonçait la fermeture. J’enviais aux habitants du Sénat leurs rêveries nocturnes, dans les allées désertes. La routine de mes journées avait autant de rigueur que le rythme des saisons : le moindre écart me jetait dans l’extraordinaire. Marcher dans la douceur du crépuscule, à l’heure où d’habitude maman verrouillait la porte d’entrée, c’était aussi surprenant, aussi poétique qu’au cœur de l’hiver une aubépine en fleur.

Simone de BEAUVOIR, *Mémoires d’une jeune fille rangée* (1958).