

LILA Concours normalien-étudiant (juin 2019)  
Epreuve d'admission (écrit)  
Candidats anglicistes

1. Translate the following excerpt into English :

Elle réprime un sourire, s'échappe par la fenêtre, refuse de participer, fait l'église buissonnière.

Le jardin du presbytère est envahi de lilas, ils vous pourchassent bien longtemps après que vous êtes passés à leur hauteur. Ils ne se révèlent, d'ailleurs, que quelques pas plus loin, ils vous apostrophent pour ainsi dire, vous hèlent de leur parfum rétroactif.

Mais à la fin du mois de mai les fleurs ont commencé à pourrir et ce sont autant de branches lépreuses qui balayent le carreau. Les traits de pluie se couchent à l'horizontale, le lilas barbouille cette géométrie à même le pavement. Est-ce le vent ou le presbytère qui tanguent ?

Marion-Muller-Colard, *Le jour où la Durance*, Gallimard, 2018.

2. Which specific entry, in the **bibliography** which you personally compiled for your application, would you find most helpful, from a theoretical, analytical, thematic, etc. point of view, to get your Master's degree project underway ? Say why.

3. Comment on the following text from *The Great Gatsby* (1925). While the commentary should remain mainly **textual**, the broader angle from which you intend to tackle your academic project may be brought to bear on your commentary, should it prove opportune :

It was nine o'clock when we finished breakfast and went out on the porch. The night had made a sharp difference in the weather and there was an autumn flavor in the air. The gardener, the last one of Gatsby's former servants, came to the foot of the steps.

'I'm going to drain the pool today, Mr. Gatsby. Leaves'll start falling pretty soon and then there's always trouble with the pipes.'

'Don't do it today,' Gatsby answered. He turned to me apologetically. 'You know, old sport. I've never used that pool all summer?'

I looked at my watch and stood up.

'Twelve minutes to my train.'

I didn't want to go to the city. I wasn't worth a decent stroke of work but it was more than that—I didn't want to leave Gatsby. I missed that train, and then another, before I could get myself away.

'I'll call you up,' I said finally.

'Do, old sport.'

'I'll call you about noon.'

We walked slowly down the steps.

'I suppose Daisy'll call too.' He looked at me anxiously as if he hoped I'd corroborate this.

'I suppose so.'

‘Well—goodbye.’

We shook hands and I started away. Just before I reached the hedge I remembered something and turned around.

‘They’re a rotten crowd,’ I shouted across the lawn. ‘You’re worth the whole damn bunch put together.’

I’ve always been glad I said that. It was the only compliment I ever gave him, because I disapproved of him from beginning to end. First he nodded politely, and then his face broke into that radiant and understanding smile, as if we’d been in ecstatic cahoots on that fact all the time. His gorgeous pink rag of a suit made a bright spot of color against the white steps and I thought of the night when I first came to his ancestral home three months before. The lawn and drive had been crowded with the faces of those who guessed at his corruption—and he had stood on those steps, concealing his incorruptible dream, as he waved them goodbye.

I thanked him for his hospitality. We were always thanking him for that—I and the others. ‘Goodbye,’ I called. ‘I enjoyed breakfast, Gatsby.’

Up in the city I tried for a while to list the quotations on an interminable amount of stock, then I fell asleep in my swivel-chair. Just before noon the phone woke me and I started up with sweat breaking out on my forehead. It was Jordan Baker; she often called me up at this hour because the uncertainty of her own movements between hotels and clubs and private houses made her hard to find in any other way. Usually her voice came over the wire as something fresh and cool as if a divot from a green golf links had come sailing in at the office window but this morning it seemed harsh and dry.

‘I’ve left Daisy’s house,’ she said. ‘I’m at Hempstead and I’m going down to Southampton this afternoon.’

4. The following passage is to be translated into French :

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3. Comment on the following text from *Voyage in the Dark* (1934), by Jean Rhys. While the commentary should remain mainly **textual**, the broader angle from which you intend to tackle your academic project may be brought to bear on your commentary, should this prove opportune.

4. The passage from "It ought to be stopped, Mrs Polo said". p. 157, to "concertina-music going", p. 157, is to be translated into French.

long-while. Then I shut my eyes and the bed mounted into the air with me. It mounted very high and stayed there suspended – a little slanted to one side, so that I had to clutch the sheets to prevent myself from falling out. And the clock was ticking loud, like that time when I lay looking at the dog in the picture *Loyal Heart* and watching his chest going in and out and I kept saying, 'Stop, stop,' but softly so that Ethel wouldn't hear. 'I'm too old for this sort of thing,' he said; it's bad for the heart.' He laughed and it sounded funny. 'Les émotions fortes,' he said. I said, 'Stop, please stop.' 'I knew you'd say that,' he said. His face was white.

A pretty useful mask that white one watch it and the slobbering tongue of an idiot will stick out – a mask Father said with an idiot behind it I believe the whole damned business is like that – Hester said Gerald the child's listening – oh no she isn't! Father said she's looking out of the window and quite right too – it ought to be stopped somebody said it's not a decent and respectable way to go on it ought to be stopped – Aunt Jane said I don't see why they should stop the Masquerade they've always had their three days Masquerade ever since I can remember why should they want to stop it some people want to stop everything.

I was watching them from between the slats of the jalousies – they passed under the window singing – it was all colours of the rainbow when you looked down at them and the sky so blue – there were three musicians at the head a man with a concertina and another with a triangle and another with a chak-chak playing There's a Brown Girl in a Ring and after the musicians a lot of little boys turning and twisting and dancing and others dragging kerosene-tins and beating them with sticks – the masks the men wore were a crude pink with the eyes squinting near together squinting but the masks the women wore were

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made of close-meshed wire covering the whole face and tied at the back of the head – the handkerchiefs that went over the back of the head hid the strings and over the slits for the eyes mild blue eyes were painted then there was a small straight nose and a little red heart-shaped mouth and under the mouth another slit so that they could put their tongues out at you – I could hear them banging the kerosene-tins.

'It ought to be stopped,' Mrs Polo said.  
'I'm giddy,' I said. 'I'm awfully giddy.'

I was watching them from between the slats of the jalousies dancing along dressed in red and blue and yellow the women with their dark necks and arms covered with white powder – dancing along to concertina-music dressed in all the colours of the rainbow and the sky so blue – you can't expect niggers to behave like white people all the time Uncle Bo said it's asking too much of human nature – look at that fat old woman Hester said just look at her – oh yes she's having a go too Uncle Bo said they all have a go they don't mind – their voices were going up and down – I was looking out of the window and I knew why the masks were laughing and I heard the concertina-music going

'I'm giddy,' I said.

I'm awfully giddy – but we went on dancing forwards and backwards backwards and forwards whirling round and round

The concertina-man was very black – he sat sweating and the concertina went forwards and backwards backwards and forwards one two three one two three four quoin ne pas aimer bonheur supreme – the triangle-man kept time on his triangle and with his foot tapping and the little man who played the chak-chak smiled with his eyes fixed

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Sean Ruyi, Leipzig in the Dark

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3. Comment on the following text from *Dubliners* (1914). While the commentary should remain mainly **textual**, the broader angle from which you intend to tackle your academic project may be brought to bear on your commentary, should it prove opportune :

### **Ivy Day in the Committee Room**

OLD JACK raked the cinders together with a piece of cardboard and spread them judiciously over the whitening dome of coals. When the dome was thinly covered his face lapsed into darkness but, as he set himself to fan the fire again, his crouching shadow ascended the opposite wall and his face slowly reemerged into light. It was an old man's face, very bony and hairy. The moist blue eyes blinked at the fire and the moist mouth fell open at times, munching once or twice mechanically when it closed. When the cinders had caught he laid the piece of cardboard against the wall, sighed and said:

"That's better now, Mr. O'Connor."

Mr. O'Connor, a grey-haired young man, whose face was disfigured by many blotches and pimples, had just brought the tobacco for a cigarette into a shapely cylinder but when spoken to he undid his handiwork meditatively. Then he began to roll the tobacco again meditatively and after a moment's thought decided to lick the paper.

"Did Mr. Tierney say when he'd be back?" he asked in a sky falsetto.

"He didn't say."

Mr. O'Connor put his cigarette into his mouth and began search his pockets. He took out a pack of thin pasteboard cards.

"I'll get you a match," said the old man.

"Never mind, this'll do," said Mr. O'Connor.

He selected one of the cards and read what was printed on it:

#### MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS

#### ROYAL EXCHANGE WARD

Mr. Richard J. Tierney, P.L.G., respectfully solicits the favour of your vote and influence at the coming election in the Royal Exchange Ward.

Mr. O'Connor had been engaged by Tierney's agent to canvass one part of the ward but, as the weather was inclement and his boots let in the wet, he spent a great part of the day sitting by the fire in the Committee Room in Wicklow Street with Jack, the old caretaker. They had been sitting thus since the short day had grown dark. It was the sixth of October, dismal and cold out of doors.

Mr. O'Connor tore a strip off the card and, lighting it, lit his cigarette. As he did so the flame lit up a leaf of dark glossy ivy the lapel of his coat. The old man watched him attentively and then, taking up the piece of cardboard again, began to fan the fire slowly while his companion smoked.

"Ah, yes," he said, continuing, "it's hard to know what way to bring up children. Now who'd think he'd turn out like that! I sent him to the Christian Brothers and I done what I could him, and there he goes boosing about. I tried to make him someway decent."

He replaced the cardboard wearily.

"Only I'm an old man now I'd change his tune for him. I'd take the stick to his back and beat him while I could stand over him — as I done many a time before. The mother, you know, she cocks him up with this and that. . . ."

"That's what ruins children," said Mr. O'Connor.

"To be sure it is," said the old man. "And little thanks you get for it, only impudence. He takes th'upper hand of me whenever he sees I've a sup taken. What's the world coming to when sons speaks that way to their fathers?"

"What age is he?" said Mr. O'Connor.

"Nineteen," said the old man.

"Why don't you put him to something?"

"Sure, amn't I never done at the drunken bowsy ever since he left school? 'I won't keep you,' I says. 'You must get a job for yourself.' But, sure, it's worse whenever he gets a job; he drinks it all."

4. The passage from "Old Jack raked the cinders" to "That's better now, Mr. O'Connor.", is to be translated into French.

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3. Comment on the following text from *The Sound and The Fury* (1929). While the commentary should remain mainly **textual**, the broader angle from which you intend to tackle your academic project may be brought to bear on your commentary, should it prove opportune :

Through the fence, between the curling flower spaces, I could see them hitting. They were coming toward where the flag was and I went along the fence. Luster was hunting in the grass by the flower tree. They took the flag out, and they were hitting. Then they put the flag back and they went to the table, and he hit and the other hit. Then they went on, and I went along the fence. Luster came away from the flower tree and we went along the fence and they stopped and we stopped and I looked through the fence while Luster was hunting in the grass.

"Here, caddie." He hit. They went away across the pasture. I held to the fence and watched them going away.

"Listen at you, now." Luster said. "Aint you something, thirty three years old, going on that way. After I done went all the way to town to buy you that cake. Hush up that moaning. Aint you going to help me find that quarter so I can go to the show tonight."

They were hitting little, across the pasture. I went back along the fence to where the flag was. It flapped on the bright grass and the trees.

"Come on." Luster said. "We done looked there. They aint no more coming right now. Les go down to the branch and find that quarter before them niggers finds it."

It was red, flapping on the pasture. Then there was a bird slanting and tilting on it. Luster threw. The flag flapped on the bright grass and the trees. I held to the fence.

"Shut up that moaning." Luster said. "I cant make them come if they aint coming, can I. If you dont hush up, mammy aint going to have no birthday for you. If you dont hush, you know what I going to do. I going to eat that cake all up. Eat them candles, too. Eat all them thirty three candles. Come on, les go down to the branch. I got to find my quarter. Maybe we can find one of they balls. Here. Here they is. Way over yonder. See." He came to the fence and pointed his arm. "See them. They aint coming back here no more. Come on.

We went along the fence and came to the garden fence, where our shadows were. My shadow was higher than Luster's on the fence. We came to the broken place and went through it.

"Wait a minute." Luster said. "You snagged on that nail again. Cant you never crawl through here without snagging on that nail."

*Caddy incaught me and we crawled through. Uncle Maury said to not let anybody see us, so we better stoop over. Caddy said. Stoop over, Benjy. Like this, see. We stooped over and crossed the garden, where the flowers rasped and rattled against us. The ground was hard. We climbed the fence, where the pigs were grunting and snuffing. I expect they're sorry because one of them got killed today, Caddy said. The ground was hard, churned and knotted. Keep your hands in your pockets, Caddy said. Or they'll get froze. You dont want your hands froze on Christmas, do you.*

"It's too cold out there." Versh said. "You dont want to go outdoors."

"What is it now." Mother said.

"He want to go out doors." Versh said.

"Let him go." Uncle Maury said.

"It's too cold." Mother said.

"He'd better stay in. Benjamin. Stop that, now."

"It wont hurt him." Uncle Maury said.

"You, Benjamin." Mother said. "If you dont be good, you'll have to go to the kitchen."

"Mammy say keep him out the kitchen today." Versh said. "She say she got all that cooking to get done."

"Let him go, Caroline." Uncle Maury said. "You'll worry yourself sick over him."

"I know it." Mother said. "It's a judgment on me. I sometimes wonder."

"I know, I know." Uncle Maury said. "You must keep your strength up. I'll make you a toddy."

"It just upsets me that much more." Mother said. "Dont you know it does."

"You'll feel better." Uncle Maury said. "Wrap him up good, boy, and take him out for a while."

Uncle Maury went away. Versh went away.

"Please hush." Mother said. "We're trying to get you out as fast as we can. I dont want you to get sick."

Versh put my overshoes and overcoat on and we took my cap and went out. Uncle Maury was putting the bottle away in the sideboard in the diningroom.

"Keep him out about half an hour, boy." Uncle Maury said. "Keep him in the yard, now."



"Yes, sir." Versh said. "We dont never let him get off the place."

We went out doors. The sun was cold and bright.

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