

UNIVERSITE NANCY 2 – UFR Langues et Cultures Etrangères
Département d'Anglais

Licence LLCE Anglais et LEA – 1^{ère} année
UE102 – Civilisation du Monde Anglophone et Etude de Textes
Session 2 : juin 2008

Durée : 2h – Aucun document autorisé

Partie 1 : Civilisation du Monde Anglophone

1. Questions de cours (10 points)

Répondez aux questions suivantes en français.

a) Donnez les capitales des pays suivants (2 pts).

- a. Afrique du Sud
- b. Royaume-Uni
- c. Nouvelle-Zélande
- d. Canada

b) Quelle est la différence entre le Royaume-Uni et la Grande-Bretagne ? (1 pt)

c) Vrai ou faux : la République d'Irlande fait partie du Commonwealth. (1 pt)

d) Qu'est-ce que la Tasmanie ? (1 pt)

- a. une île
- b. un pays
- c. un désert

e) Quel est l'intrus : Alberta, Ontario, Newfoundland, Alaska ? (justifiez votre réponse) (1 pt).

f) Qui est Pervez Musharraf ? (1 pt)

g) Quel était le nom de la résistance armée à la colonisation britannique au Kenya dans les années 50 ? (1 pt)

h) Qui est Desmond Tutu ? Quel rôle a-t-il joué dans l'Afrique du Sud post-apartheid ? (2 pts)

2. Commentaire (30 points)

Commentez, en français, chacune des affirmations suivantes en 100 mots environ :

a) Expliquez ce qu'est le Good Friday Agreement.

b) Dans quelle mesure peut-on affirmer que la décolonisation britannique fut exemplaire ?

3. Analyse (60 points) (langue /20, contenu / 40).

In a well-constructed essay of about 300 words, compare multiculturalism in India, South Africa and Canada. You may refer to historical, sociological and political aspects of the question.

Partie 2 : Etude de Textes

Hanif Kureshi: 'Face to Face with You.'

Analyse the way in which the first couple is portrayed. How does the representation of their interactions with their doubles contribute to this portrayal?

(The text of the story can be found on the following pages.)

Hanif Kureishi, *Face to Face with You* (2002)

Ann was cooking breakfast when Ed shouted from the window.

– Come and look! New people are moving in!

Ann hurried over to stand beside Ed. Together, they looked down from their window on the first floor; there was a good view of the street and the entrance to their block.

5 A small van was parked outside. Ed and Ann watched as two men carried furniture inside, supervised by a man and a woman of around thirty, the same age as Ed and Ann.

– They look okay, said Ed. – What a relief. Don't you think? Decent, ordinary people.

– We'll see. Ann returned to the tiny kitchen at the other end of the living room. –

10 They'll bring a whole life with them, won't they, which we'll get to learn something about whether we like it or not.

The flat upstairs had been empty for a month. Ed and Ann had enjoyed the silence. Going to bed had become a pleasure again. The previous occupant, a musician, had not only returned home from work at three or four in the morning and played music, but had seemed to enjoy moving furniture at midnight, slaughtering animals and making various other unidentified sounds which tormented the couple from the day they moved in. They were considering renting another place when he left. It would have been a shame, as they liked the flat, the neighbourhood, the look of the people in the street.

20 – Ed, your breakfast's ready, said Ann.

They ate quickly in order to return to their position. It wouldn't take long to empty the van.

– Two well-used armchairs, said Ann.

25 – A jug now, said Ed, craning to look over her shoulder. – A cracked old thing with flowers on it!

– Perhaps, like me, she loves to see things being poured. Milk, water, apple juice!

– Now a guitar!

– A rug. Nice colour. Bit scruffy, like everything else.

30 – Student things, really. But that new toaster must have cost them a bit, as well as the music system. Like us, they've been buying better things recently. Look.

Some of the cardboard boxes had come open; other objects the men and the couple carried in unpacked. It seemed to Ed and Ann that the couple had similar tastes to them in music, books and pictures.

– Eventually we'll have to go and say hello, said Ann.

35 – I suppose so.

– You never like meeting new people.

– Do you?

Ann said – I used to. You never know what interest you will find, or what life-journey they will help you begin.

40 He said, – What life-journey? We'll have to be careful, otherwise they'll be in and out of our place the whole time.

– Do they look like that to you? she said. – Like the sort of people who'd be in and out? What an assumption to make about strangers!

– So far they haven't taken any interest in their surroundings, said Ed. – Even I would

45 look up at the building I was moving into.

– They're busy right now. They must be incredibly stressed. Actually, I don't believe you would look up.

Ed and Ann had been living together for three years. She was thirty and he was thirty-two. She was an assistant to a TV producer; he worked for a computer firm. Ed and Ann had intended to go shopping, but this event was more compelling. The couple made coffee, fetched chairs and ate chocolate biscuits beside the window. When nothing much was happening, each of them in turn showered and dressed.

50 The van was empty. After paying the removal men, the new tenants disappeared into their flat. Ed and Ann had never been into the upstairs apartment, or into any of the other three apartments in the building. But it could only have been the same size as theirs, with a similar layout: bedroom, living room with a narrow kitchen at the end, and a bathroom.

Ed and Ann stood there, listening to the couple moving about.

Ann said, – I can tell they're trying to decide what to do with everything.

60 When things are in place they tend to stay where they are. Nothing changes without a real effort. That happened to us.

– Perhaps we should change something now, said Ed. – What d'you think?

– Don't be silly. Listen, she said, looking up at the ceiling as though it were really transparent. – What they're doing is trying to find a way to merge their things, their lives, in other words.

65 – I want to know why we've wasted so much time doing this, he said. – I feel cheated. Let's go and see that Wong Kai-Wei film.

– Oh, no, she said. – I need something lighter.

70 Just as Ann and Ed were getting ready to go to the cinema, still trying to decide which film to see, the couple upstairs seemed to race out of their flat. Ed and Ann heard their feet on the uncarpeted stairs and the crash of the heavy front door.

– Look! called Ann, who had run back to the window.

Ed joined her immediately. – They're standing there in the street. They don't know where to go.

75 – Either they don't know the area or they can't make up their minds what to do.

– Weren't we like that?

– They've decided. At last! There they go.

– What's he reading? Can you see the book he's carrying?

80 – He's going to read! she said. – Aren't they going to talk? You're like that. He only opens books!
– He doesn't know anything except there's a hole in the centre of him! He's hungry for information!
– Doesn't he want information about her?
– That's not enough.

85 Ed and Ann watched the couple walk away, until they turned the corner.
A few hours later, when Ed and Ann returned from the cinema, they looked at each other as if to say, where are they? Almost at that moment the couple from upstairs returned too. Ed and Ann heard the door to the flat upstairs slam; after a while they played a record.

90 – Ah, said Ed. – That's what he likes.
It was a modern jazz record, known to people who liked 'fusion' but not, he guessed, to the general public. It made Ed want to hear it again, as if for the first time. He felt embarrassed to put his copy on, for fear the couple upstairs thought he was imitating them. Yet why should he have his life dictated by theirs? He played the record with the sound low, lying on the floor with his ear against the speaker.
95 – What do you think you're doing? said Ann.

When the record stopped, Ed heard the woman upstairs yawn, then the man laughed and seemed to throw his shoes across the floor.

100 The following week, Ed and Ann were aware of the upstairs couple going to work, to the pub, to the supermarket, and to the second-hand furniture shop to buy a bedside table. The couple left for work at a similar time to Ed and Ann. The man walked to the same tube station as Ed, on the other side of the street. Ann said she'd seen the woman in the bus queue. But they had not actually run into each other face to face yet. They had had no reason to say hello.

105 – But, as Ann said, – it's inevitable. Aren't you looking forward to it? I don't know anyone who has too many friends.

On Sunday Ed and Ann went to their local coffee shop for breakfast. It was a small cafe with only eight tables. They had just sat down when Ed noticed something in the Travel section of the newspaper, written by someone his age. 'Bastard,' he murmured, folding the page and tearing it out, to read later.

110 He looked up to see the couple from upstairs walking towards them. They came into the coffee shop, chose the table in the other alcove and ordered. They ate croissants and, just like Ed and Ann, the woman read the Culture pages and the man looked over the Travel section. He made a face, tore out an article, folded it up and put it in his jacket pocket.

115 Ed was about to comment on this when Ann said, – Is she attractive? Do you like her legs? You were looking at them.

– All I want is to see her cross them. Then I'll get on with my life. Her hair's all over the place. If she cut it and it was spiky, sort of punky, we could see what she was like.

120 Ann pulled back her own hair. – What d'you think? Look at me, Ed. What do you see?

– It's as if the sun's come out on a cloudy day, he replied, returning to his newspaper. Then he said in a low voice, – I guess we should go and say hello. Would you mind . . . going over?

125 – Me? I'm shocked. Why not you?

– You wanted to meet them. And it's always me, he said.

Nevertheless, Ed got to his feet. The man, too, in the other alcove was already getting up. Ed went to him.

The two men shook hands and introduced themselves.

130 – I'm Ed from the flat downstairs, Ed said. – This is Ann, my wife. Here she is.

Ann had joined them. – I'm sorry, I didn't catch your names, she said.

Ed said, – Ann, these are our new upstairs neighbours, Ed and Ann.

– Hello, Ann, said Ann. – Pleased to meet you. Do you want to hear about the neighbourhood?

135 – We thought you looked a little lost, said Ed.

– We'd love to hear about it, said Ann from upstairs.

Later the four of them walked back together, parting at the door of Ed and Ann's flat.

140 Inside, Ed and Ann didn't speak for a while. Ed watched Ann walking about; she seemed to be shaking her head as if she had water in her ears. Ann watched Ed glancing at the ceiling. They sat at the table, close together.

Ed whispered, – What time did they invite us for?

– Seven-thirty.

– Right. Are you looking forward to it?

145 – I'm wondering what they'll cook and whether they'll do it together.

He said, – Well see. It'll be useful to get a look at their apartment, too. We've been talking about it for a while.

– What shall we wear?

– What? Normal clothes, he said. – Ifs a casual, neighbourly thing, isn't it?

150 – Maybe so, said Ann. – But I don't feel casual at this moment. Do you?

– No, he said. – I don't feel casual. I feel tense. I don't even know what we should do now.

155 When Ed and Ann first met, they developed the habit, on Sunday afternoons, of going to bed to make love. They still did this sometimes; or they lay down and he read while she wrote in her journal of self-discovery. Now they took off their clothes and got into bed as if they were being observed. They had never before been self-conscious about any noise they might make. They had never lain there without touching at all. When Ed glanced at Ann's unmoving body he knew she was listening for footsteps on the wooden floor above. It wasn't until they heard the sound of Ed

160 and Ann making love upstairs that they felt obliged to get down to it themselves, finishing around the same time.

Slowly, they climbed the stairs to Ed and Ann's apartment for supper.

165 At around eleven-thirty they returned home, watched each other drink a glass of water – it was part of their new health regime– and went to bed. Upstairs, Ann and Ed were in bed, too.

Ed and Ann felt it was a tragedy that they knew the layout of Ed and Ann's flat upstairs. It was the same as theirs. But Ed and Ann had also placed their chairs, shelves, table, bed and other furniture in the same position. By the banging of doors, even the flushing of the toilet, the use of the shower, the scraping of chairs on the wooden floor, the selection of music, and the location of their voices and then the silence when they went to bed, they would know where Ed and Ann were in the flat and what they were doing.

175 After work the following day, Ed and Ann went to a local pub to eat and talk. Ed and Ann upstairs were already home. The TV was on and they'd changed out of their work clothes. Ed and Ann guessed the couple upstairs would be making supper. But when Ed and Ann left the pub to walk home, they turned a corner and bumped into Ed and Ann who said, – We're off to that place you said served good food.

180 – Thank you for supper last night, they said. – We enjoyed it.
– We enjoyed having you, said Ed and Ann. – We must do something else together.
– Yes, said Ann, staring at Ann. – We must! We'll come round to you! We'll wait for you to set a date.
– Well do that, said the other Ann.

Ed and Ann watched the other couple go into the pub.

185 When they got home, knowing Ed and Ann upstairs were out, Ed and Ann were able to talk in their normal voices.

– We will have to invite them back.
– Yes, said Ann. – We had better do that. Otherwise we will appear impolite.
– Maybe we should invite someone else, too, said Ed. –Another couple, perhaps.
190 – It'll make it less of a strain.
– Why should it be such a strain anyway? he asked.
– I don't know.

But neither of them thought it a good idea to invite another couple. For some reason they didn't want anyone else to see them with Ed and Ann upstairs. It might mean they had to discuss it.

195 At work, one lunchtime that week, Ed brought up the subject of his neighbours with a friendly colleague. Ed hadn't told Ann that he was intending to talk about this with anyone else, but he had to: the situation seemed to be making him preternaturally tired and paranoid. Sitting on the tube, where he could see the other Ed

200 at the other end of the carriage reading the same book, what could he do but wonder whether anyone else was similarly shadowed?
– Suppose, he told the friend, – that a couple moved in upstairs who were very similar to you.

205 Once he'd relieved himself of this, Ed awaited his friend's reply. Of course the friend didn't see how this could be a problem. Ed tried to put it more clearly.
– Suppose they were not only quite similar, but were – how shall I put it? – exactly the same. It's as if they're the originals and you're only acting out their lives. Not only that, you thought they were petty, and a bit dim, and that their lives were dull, and that they were not generous enough with each other – they didn't see how much they would benefit from more giving all round – and they had nothing much to say for themselves. . . You know the sort of thing.

210 The friend said, – Naturally, they'd have the same ideas about you, too.
– I guess that's right, said Ed, nervously. – Let me put it like this: what if you met yourself and were horrified?
215 – I wouldn't be horrified but so amused I'd laugh my head off, said the friend. – Am I such a bad person? Is that what this important conversation is about?

Of course what Ed had described was not something of which this friend had had any experience. How could he possibly appreciate how terrible and oppressive such a thing could be? The only people Ed and Ann knew who had had this experience were Ed and Ann upstairs.

220 Ed and Ann tried to forget about their upstairs neighbours. They wanted to go about their lives as normally as possible. But the night following Ed's conversation with his friend, there was a knock on the door of the flat. When Ed opened it, he saw it was Ed. It turned out that both Anns were at evening classes and should be back soon. Ed wanted to borrow a CD he had heard Ed mention at supper. He had lost his own copy and wanted to tape Ed's.
– Come in, said Ed. 'Make yourself at home. I wasn't doing anything important.'

225 Ed offered him a drink. Then Ann phoned to say she was having a drink with a friend. The other Ann did the same. Ed stayed until the bottle was finished. He poured it himself and even asked if Ed minded turning off the TV – it was 'distracting' him. He talked about himself and didn't leave off until both Anns returned, around the same time.

230 When Ed and Ann were under the bedsheets, Ed said, – How could he do it? Just turn up and put me under that kind of pressure? I could have been. . .

235 – What? said Ann.
– Writing a piece about that journey I made to Nepal two years ago.
– Which I bet you weren't doing, said Ann. – Were you?
– Maybe I was about to start washing out my best fountain pens. Ann, you know I've been intending to.

240 – I'm afraid you'll never begin that other journey, the deepest one, inside!

– I don't want to hear that! You make me feel awful!

She said, – What do we do in the evenings but watch TV and bicker? Tell me, what did Ed say?

245 – I learned a lot. He's in the wrong job. Can't get along with the people he works with. He has ambition, but it is unfocused. You go out of your house, people always say – it's the first thing – what do you do? They judge you by what you're achieving and by your importance. Yet to him everyone else seems cleverer and with a much better idea of what's going on. He realizes that whether he feels grown up or not, from the world's point of view he is now an adult.

250 – He knows he's not going to be rich!

– Rich! Nothing is moving forward for him. His fantasy is to be a travel writer. As if! Doesn't know if he'll ever make a living at it. Doesn't even know if he'll ever begin. His friends are making a name for themselves. He gets up in the morning, contemplates his life and can't begin to see how to fix it.

255 – Do they discuss it? Do they talk?

– Talk! He complains that she doesn't know whether to stay with him. She doesn't know whether this is the best of what a life can offer. She really wants to be a teacher, but he won't encourage her. He thinks she's a flake, interested only in her body, wasting their money on fake therapies and incapable of saying anything with any pith in it. There's a man at work who's older, who guides her, who will guide her away from him. I expect he's fucked her already.

– Oh, she wants to be inspired!

– Is that what she calls it?

265 – Wait a minute, she said. – Can you please stop? I have to get a drink of water.

– Go on then, drink! he said. – The couple's sex life has tailed off but they don't know if this is a natural fluctuation. If they have children they'll be stuck with each other in some way or other for good. Neither of them has the resources to make a decision! It's trivial in many ways, but in others it's the most important thing in their lives. All in all, they're going crazy inside.

270 – Some people's lives! said Ann.

For the next two weeks Ann and Ed went out after work, together sometimes, but mostly separately, not returning until late. Ed even took to walking around the streets, or sitting in bars, in order not to go home. He kept thinking there was something he had to do, that there was something significant which had to be changed, but he didn't know what it was. Once, in a pub in which there were many mirrors, Ed thought he saw Ed from upstairs sitting behind him. Thinking he'd seen the devil, he stood up and rushed out, gasping and gesticulating at nothing. He took to spreading out his newspaper and sitting on it beside the pond in a small park near by, wondering what ills could be cured by silence. Except that one evening, under the still surface of the pond, he saw pieces of his own face swimming in the darkness, like bits of a puzzle being assembled by God, and he had to close his eyes.

However compelling the silence by the pond, it didn't follow that they could not hear Ed and Ann upstairs in the morning, and it didn't obviate the problem of the weekends, or the fact that they had promised to invite Ed and Ann for supper, something they had to get past, unless it was to remain a troublesome, undischarged obligation.

285

Meanwhile, Ed and Ann bought new clothes and shoes; Ann had her hair cut. Ed started to exercise, in order to change the shape of his body. One night, Ann decided she wanted to get a cat but decided a tattoo would be less trouble. A badger, say, on her thigh, would be unique, a distinguishing mark.

290

Ed said, – Thai would be going too far, Ann!

– You won't let me be different! screamed Ann.

– They're driving you crazy! This is really getting to you.

– And it's not to you?

295

– That's it! he said, staring up at the ceiling. – They will have heard everything now!

– I don't care! she said. – I'm inviting them in here, then we'll know the truth!

She took a sheet of paper from the drawer, wrote on it, and took it upstairs, pushing it under the door. A few minutes later, it was returned with thanks.

– They can't wait to see us, said Ann, holding up the piece of paper.

300

The following weekend, Ed and Ann moved the table into the living room and put out glasses and cutlery; they shopped, cooked and talked things over. They both agreed that this event was the hardest thing they'd had to get through.

At a quarter to eight they opened the champagne and drank a glass each. At eight o'clock there was a knock on the door.

305

The two Anns and the two Eds kissed and embraced. Ed was looking healthy – he'd been swimming a lot. His Ann was wearing a long white dress which clung to her. She had nothing on underneath. It was so tight that to sit down she had to pull it up to her knees. She showed them her new tattoo.

310

It was late, almost morning, when the party broke up. Ed and Ann had left, and Ed and Ann were blowing out the candles and clearing a few things away when they fell upon each other and had sex on the rug, which they pulled under the table.

– We did it. I enjoyed the evening, said Ann, as they lay there.

– It wasn't so bad. said Ed.

– What was the best bit, for you?

315

– I'm thinking of it now, he said.

– I'll stroke your face, then, she said, – while you go over it in your mind.

320

The two Anns had been talking about their careers. Ed from upstairs, seated near the window and leaning back, had been looking out over the dark street, enjoying the small cigar Ed had given him. Ed had asked him a question, which the other Ed had chosen to answer at length, but only in his mind, though his lips smacked occasionally. Ed had watched his upstairs neighbour smoke, his impatience subsiding, trying to see what he liked and disliked about this familiar stranger. He had thought, 'I

know I can't take all of him in now. All I have to do is look at him, face him, without turning away. If I turn away now, everything will be worse and I could be done for.'

325 As he had continued to look, with pity, with affection, with curiosity, until the two of them had seemed alone together, Ed had found himself thinking. – He's not so bad. He's lost hope, that's all. He has everything else, he's alive, and there's nothing wrong with him or her, or any of us here now. We only have to see this to grasp something valuable.

330 – And did you like her tonight? Ann said.

– I did, he said. – Very much so.

– What did you like?

– Her kindness, her intelligence, her energy and her soul. The fact she listens to others. She looks for good things about others to pick up on.

335 – Wonderful, she said. – What else?

He told her more; she told him what she had thought.

A fortnight later, on a Saturday morning Ann went to the window.

– Ed, the van is here, she said.

– Good, said Ed, joining her. – There's the guitar, the rug, everything.

340 The van was parked outside. The familiar objects were being carried in the opposite direction by the same two men. Ed and Ann from upstairs had given up their flat; they were going to Rio for six months and would leave their things with their parents. While they were away, they would think about what to do on their return.

345 When the van was packed, Ed and Ann went downstairs to wish their neighbours good luck. On the pavement, the couples said goodbye, wished each other well and exchanged phone numbers, sincerely hoping they would never have to see each other again.

The apartment upstairs was empty once more. Ed and Ann went back into their own flat. The silence seemed sublime.

350 – What shall we do now? said Ann,

– I don't know yet. Then he said, – Oh, but now I do.

– What?

355 He offered her his hand. In the bathroom, she undressed and stood there with her foot up on the side of the bath, to let him look at her, before she sat down. He filled the jug from the sink taps and went to her and let water fall over her hair, body and legs. Her face was upturned and her eyes were eager and bright, looking at him and into the water, cascading.