

**IDENTIFICATION DU SUJET**

Code UE : D2B20

Intitulé UE : Littérature

Code épreuve : D2B20

Intitulé épreuve : Littérature

Durée : 1h30

Documents autorisés : aucun

Enseignant responsable : Béatrice PIRE

EXAMEN

**INDICATIONS FOURNIES AU CANDIDAT** : celui-ci traite toutes les questions | 1 | question(s) au choix le sujet correspondant aux enseignements suivisLe sujet comporte | 1 | page(s) *h/v*

Oraux : L'épreuve écrite est suivie d'un oral

 OUI NON

Write a detailed commentary on the following text :

**SOLDIER'S HOME***Ernest Hemingway*

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Ernest Hemingway

him feel cool and clear inside himself when he thought of them; the times so long back when he had done the one thing, the only thing for a man to do, easily and naturally, when he might have done something else, now lost their cool, valuable quality and then were lost themselves.

His lies were quite unimportant lies and consisted in attributing to himself things other men had seen, done or heard of, and stating as facts certain apocryphal incidents familiar to all soldiers. Even his lies were not sensational at the pool room. His acquaintances, who had heard detailed accounts of German women found chained to machine guns in the Argonne forest and who could not comprehend, or were barred by their patriotism from interest in, any German machine gunners who were not chained, were not thrilled by his stories.

Krebs acquired the nausea in regard to experience that is the result of untruth or exaggeration, and when he occasionally met another man who had really been a soldier and they talked a few minutes in the dressing room at a dance he fell into the easy pose of the old soldier among other soldiers: that he had been badly, sickeningly frightened all the time. In this way he lost everything.

Krebs went to the war from a Methodist college in Kansas.

There is a picture which shows him among his fraternity brothers, all of them wearing exactly the same height and style collar. He enlisted in the Marines in 1917 and did not return to the United States until the second division returned from the Rhine in the summer of 1919.

There is a picture which shows him on the Rhine with two German girls and another corporal. Krebs and the corporal look too big for their uniforms. The German girls are not beautiful. The Rhine does not show in the picture.

By the time Krebs returned to his home town in Oklahoma the greeting of heroes was over. He came back much too late. The men from the town who had been drafted had all been welcomed elaborately on their return. There had been a great deal of hysteria. Now the reaction had set in. People seemed to think it was rather ridiculous for Krebs to be getting back so late, years after the war was over.

At first Krebs, who had been at Belleau Wood, Soissons, the Champagne, St. Mihiel and in the Argonne did not want to talk about the war at all. Later he felt the need to talk but no one wanted to hear about it. His town had heard too many atrocity stories to be thrilled by actualities. Krebs found that to be listened to at all he had to lie, and after he had done this twice he, too, had a reaction against the war and against talking about it. A distaste for everything that had happened to him in the war set in because of the lies he had told. All of the times that had been able to make

T.S.V.P

**A l'attention du candidat :**

- N'oubliez pas de reporter le code de l'épreuve et le code de l'élément pédagogique dans l'en-tête de la copie.
- Si le sujet comporte plusieurs parties, utilisez une copie par partie et portez le titre de la partie sur chaque copie
- Les résultats seront publiés par l'UFR (ou le département).
- Si l'épreuve est suivie d'un oral, la convocation à cet oral est faite par l'UFR (ou le Département). Renseignez-vous dès maintenant auprès de son secrétariat.

2)

**Bright Star**

Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art —  
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night  
And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,  
The moving waters at their priestlike task  
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,  
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask  
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors —  
No — yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,  
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
To feel for ever its soft swell and fall,  
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,  
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
And so live ever — or else swoon to death.

(1819)

John KEATS