

**UNIVERSITÉ DE TOULON ET DU VAR**  
**FACULTÉ DES LETTRES ET SCIENCES HUMAINES**

SESSION / SEMESTRE	: 1 semestre 2
DÉPARTEMENT	: LLCE ANGLAIS
CODE UE / ANNÉE	: 21 h
MATIÈRE	: VERSION
DURÉE de l'ÉPREUVE	: 2 heures
SALLE	: Y 002
DATE	: 20 MAI 2009
HEURE	: 14.00
ENSEIGNANT	: M. HEINRICH
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A few days later Morris Devereux came into her office at Transoceanic and handed her a cutting from the *Washington Post*. It was headlined: 'Russian professor commits suicide in DC hotel'. She skimmed through it quickly: the Russian's name was Aleksander Nekich. He had emigrated to the USA in 1938 with his wife and two daughters and had been an associate professor of international politics at John Hopkins University. Police were mystified as to why he should have killed himself in a clearly low-rent hotel.

'Means nothing to me.'

'Ever heard of him?'

'No.'

'Did your friends at Tass<sup>1</sup> ever talk about him?'

'No. But I could ask them.' There was something about the tone of Morris's questioning that was untypical. Something hard had replaced the debonair manner.

'Why's it important?' she asked.

Morris sat down and seemed to relax a little. Nekich, he explained, was a senior NKVD<sup>2</sup> officer who had defected to the States after Stalin's purges in 1937.

'They made him a professor for form's sake - he never taught at all. Apparently he's a mine of information - was a mine of information - about Soviet penetration here in the US . . .' he paused. 'And in Britain. Which is why we were rather interested in him.'

'I thought we were all on the same side now,' Eva said, knowing how naïve she sounded.

'Well, we are. But look at us; What're we doing here?' 'Once a crow always a crow.'

'Exactly. You're always interested in what your friends are up to.'

A thought struck her. 'Why are you concerned about this dead Russian? Not your beat, is it?'

Morris took back the clipping. I was meant to meet him next week. He was going to tell us about what had happened in England. The Americans had got everything they wanted out of him - apparently he had some very interesting news for us.

William Boyd, *Restless*, Bloomsbury, 2006

<sup>1</sup> Tass : official news agency for the Soviet Union. (No translation)

<sup>2</sup> Secret service of the Soviet Union