

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

SESSION / SEMESTRE	: 2 / 2
DÉPARTEMENT	: LLCE ANGLAIS
CODE U.E. / ANNÉE	: 21
MATIÈRE	: VERSION
DURÉE de l'ÉPREUVE	: 2 heures
SALLE	: W300
DATE	: 18 JUIN 2010
HEURE	: 8.30
ENSEIGNANT	: M. Heinrich
DOCUMENTS AUTORISÉS	: aucun

I hadn't been in New York in eleven years. Other than for surgery in Boston to remove a cancerous prostate, I'd hardly been off my rural mountain road in the Berkshires in those eleven years and, what's more, had rarely looked at a newspaper or listened to the news since 9/11, three years back; with no sense of loss I had ceased to inhabit not just the great world but the present moment. The impulse to be in it and of it I had long since killed.

But now I'd driven the hundred and thirty miles south to Manhattan to see a urologist at Mount Sinai Hospital who specialized in performing a procedure to help the thousands of men like me left incontinent by prostate surgery.

In the years since the surgery I even thought I'd surmounted the shaming side of wetting oneself, overcome the disorienting shock that had been particularly trying in the first year and a half, during the months when the surgeon had given me reason to think that the incontinence would gradually disappear over time, as it does in a small number of fortunate patients. But I must never truly have become accustomed to wearing the special undergarments and changing the pads and dealing with the "accidents," any more than I had mastered the underlying humiliation, because there I was, at the age of seventy-one, back on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, not many blocks from where I'd once lived as a vigorous, healthy younger man - there I was in the reception area of the urology department of Mount Sinai Hospital, about to be assured that I had a chance of exerting somewhat more control over my urine flow than an infant. Waiting there envisioning the procedure, sitting and flipping through the piled-up copies of *People* and *New York* magazine, I thought, "Entirely beside the point. Turn around and go home".

Philip Roth, *Exit Ghost*, Vintage 2007