

Your main commentary should be focused on *causal and concessive constructions*. Other topics may also be addressed.

"It drives me absolutely wild that he cannot appreciate what is under his nose unless I start behaving like a prima donna. It just makes me feel so terribly cross that you get put through all this for nothing, really. It's just heartbreaking that if you're nice to people, if you're reasonable, if you're modest, they tread all over you. It just drives me absolutely insane. Don't you think it's a cruel thing that all the virtues that we've been brought up with are nothing, absolutely nothing, in marriage, at work, everywhere? It was the same at the magazine in London. What a load of bullies there are in the world! I find it absolutely outrageous." Then, characteristically: "Never mind. I shouldn't really simplify like that. The frenzy I get into invariably disperses, and I slide into my usual Slough of Despond. I really don't know why, but it goes and I lose the impetus to move."
"Judea, Judea."
"Yes. Isn't that strange?"
"The Promised Land versus the Green Tweed Suit."
The night before her husband comes back I conduct an investigation lasting to dawn. The transcript here, heavily abridged, omits to mention those demi-intimacies that disrupted the questioning, and the attendant despair that's transformed everything.
I imagine that the more I ask her, the less likely I will be to make a terrible mistake, as though misfortune can be contained by *knowing*.
"Why do you stay in this?" I begin. "With me in this condition."
"Do you think that women only stay in relationships for sex? It usually comes to be the last thing. Why do I stay? Because you're intelligent, because you're kind, because you seem to love me (to use the terrible word), because you tell me I'm beautiful, whether I am or not-because you're an escape. Of course I'd like to have the other as well, but we don't."
"How frustrated are you?"
"It's frustrating ... but not dangerous."
"What do you mean by that? It's under control?"
"Yes, yes, I do. I mean that without the physical commitment, somehow a woman like me feels stronger. I suppose most women feel stronger once they think they've got you physically addicted to them. But that's when I begin to feel most vulnerable. This way I still in a way have the upper hand. I have the control and the choice. Or feel I have. It's even *I* that am refusing *you* marriage. It is frustrating, but it gives me a power that in an ordinary relationship I would never

40 have, because you'd have power over me. I find it somehow exciting. You want me to be candid, I am."
"He still sleeps with you. Your husband."
"I take back what I said about candor. This is the point where I retire into polite discretion."
45 "You can't. How often? Not at all, infrequently, sometimes, often."
"Often."
"Very often?"
"Very often."
"Nightly?"
50 "Not quite. But nearly."
"You fight over everything, you don't speak for days, he throws the crockery, and yet he wants you that much."
"I don't know what that much is."
"I mean all this cruelty obviously turns him on. I mean his sexual enthusiasm, if nothing else, appears to be undiminished."
55 "He's very highly sexed. He'd happily boff me all day and all night. He doesn't particularly want me for anything more."
"Do you get satisfaction yourself?"
"It's all complicated by my being so furious and resentful. We go to bed negotiating all sorts of degrees of hostility. In any case, it's very impersonal. As though it isn't happening. He never thinks of me."
"Why don't you tell him no then?"
"I don't want that kind of trouble. Sexual tension like that is all we need to make it completely impossible to live together."
60 "So you remain sexually available to a very nasty man."
"You could put it that way if you like."
"And still you see me every afternoon. Why do you continue to show up?"
"Because I wouldn't be anywhere else. Because I'm welcome."
70 "Because if I don't see you I miss you. Up here it's cold and we're always fighting and jarring each other's nerves. But when I come downstairs, I come into a lovely room with books and the fireplace and the music and the coffee and your affection. Who wouldn't go there, if they're given that?"

SUJET JURY

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