

**CONSEILS AUX ETUDIANTS ADMIS EN CLASSE  
PRÉPARATOIRE DE LETTRES, DEUXIÈME ANNÉE, CLASSE SÈVRES-ULM  
ANGLAIS - LANGUE VIVANTE 1**

POUR LA SEMAINE DE LA RENTREE

- lire l'extrait de *Wuthering Heights* et, à l'aide de la fiche d'analyse (voir ci-dessous), rédiger l'introduction ainsi qu'un paragraphe introduisant chaque partie du commentaire.
- lire sur le site de **La Clé des Langues** les commentaires de texte suivants :

''Dramatic illusion in a Midsummer Night's Dream'', Geneviève Lheureux  
[http://cle.ens-lyon.fr/anglais/nay-faith-let-not-me-play-a-woman-i-have-a-beard-coming-mnd-i-ii-41-42-dramatic-illusion-in-a-midsummer-night-s-dream-91616.kjsp?RH=CLE\\_ANG110100](http://cle.ens-lyon.fr/anglais/nay-faith-let-not-me-play-a-woman-i-have-a-beard-coming-mnd-i-ii-41-42-dramatic-illusion-in-a-midsummer-night-s-dream-91616.kjsp?RH=CLE_ANG110100)

''Shakespeare's The Rape of Lucrece: the wound that cannot heal'', Clifford Armion  
[http://cle.ens-lyon.fr/anglais/shakespeare-s-the-rape-of-lucrece-the-wound-that-cannot-heal-103128.kjsp?RH=CLE\\_ANG110100](http://cle.ens-lyon.fr/anglais/shakespeare-s-the-rape-of-lucrece-the-wound-that-cannot-heal-103128.kjsp?RH=CLE_ANG110100)

''The obstinate resistance of Woolf's short story'', Christine Reynier  
<http://cle.ens-lyon.fr/anglais/the-obstinate-resistance-of-woolf-s-short-story-66026.kjsp?STNAV=&RUBNAV=>

- à partir de ces articles, faire une fiche de **vocabulaire de l'analyse littéraire** (une copie double environ) que nous regarderons ensemble en cours.

Pour les étudiants qui souhaitent investir dans un ouvrage de préparation à l'épreuve du commentaire, voir *Le commentaire littéraire anglais* de Robin Wilkinson (PUF, 2011)

En cas de question, contacter [anne.robatel@gmail.com](mailto:anne.robatel@gmail.com)

# **Wuthering Heights**

**by Emily Brontë  
(1847)**

## Chapter 1

1801. - I have just returned from a visit to my landlord - the solitary neighbour that I shall be troubled with. This is certainly a beautiful country! In all England, I do not believe that I could have fixed on a situation so completely removed from the stir of society. A perfect misanthropist's heaven: and Mr. Heathcliff and I are such a suitable pair to divide the desolation between us. A capital fellow! He little imagined how my heart warmed towards him when I beheld his black eyes withdraw so suspiciously under their brows, as I rode up, and when his fingers sheltered themselves, with a jealous resolution, still further in his waistcoat, as I announced my name.

'Mr. Heathcliff?' I said.

A nod was the answer.

'Mr. Lockwood, your new tenant, sir. I do myself the honour of calling as soon as possible after my arrival, to express the hope that I have not inconvenienced you by my perseverance in soliciting the occupation of Thrushcross Grange: I heard yesterday you had had some thoughts - '

'Thrushcross Grange is my own, sir,' he interrupted, wincing. 'I should not allow any one to inconvenience me, if I could hinder it - walk in!'

The 'walk in' was uttered with closed teeth, and expressed the sentiment, 'Go to the Deuce:' even the gate over which he leant manifested no sympathising movement to the words; and I think that circumstance determined me to accept the invitation: I felt interested in a man who seemed more exaggeratedly reserved than myself.

When he saw my horse's breast fairly pushing the barrier, he did put out his hand to unchain it, and then sullenly preceded me up the causeway, calling, as we entered the court, - 'Joseph, take Mr. Lockwood's horse; and bring up some wine.'

'Here we have the whole establishment of domestics, I suppose,' was the reflection suggested by this compound order. 'No wonder the grass grows up between the flags, and cattle are the only hedge- cutters.'

Joseph was an elderly, nay, an old man: very old, perhaps, though hale and sinewy. 'The Lord help us!' he soliloquised in an undertone of peevish displeasure, while relieving me of my horse: looking, meantime, in my face so sourly that I charitably conjectured he must have need of divine aid to digest his dinner, and his pious ejaculation had no reference to my unexpected advent.

Wuthering Heights is the name of Mr. Heathcliff's dwelling. 'Wuthering' being a significant provincial adjective, descriptive of the atmospheric tumult to which its station is exposed in stormy weather. Pure, bracing ventilation they must have up there at all times, indeed: one may guess the power of the north wind blowing over the edge, by the excessive slant of a few stunted firs at the end of the house; and by a range of gaunt thorns all stretching their limbs one way, as if craving alms of the sun. Happily, the architect had foresight to build it strong: the narrow windows are deeply set in the wall, and the corners defended with large jutting stones.

Before passing the threshold, I paused to admire a quantity of grotesque carving lavished over the front, and especially about the principal door; above which, among a wilderness of crumbling griffins and shameless little boys, I detected the date '1500,' and the name 'Hareton Earnshaw.' I would have made a few comments, and requested a short history of the place from the surly owner; but his attitude at the door appeared to demand my speedy entrance, or complete departure, and I had no desire to aggravate his impatience previous to inspecting the penetralium.

One stop brought us into the family sitting-room, without any introductory lobby or passage: they call it here 'the house' pre- eminently. It includes kitchen and parlour, generally; but I believe at Wuthering Heights the kitchen is forced to retreat altogether into another quarter: at least I distinguished a chatter of tongues, and a clatter of culinary utensils, deep within; and I observed no signs of roasting, boiling, or baking, about the huge fireplace; nor any glitter of copper saucepans and tin cullenders on the walls. One end, indeed, reflected splendidly both light and heat from ranks of immense pewter dishes, interspersed with silver jugs and tankards, towering row after row, on a vast oak dresser, to the very roof. The latter had never been under-drawn: its entire anatomy lay bare to an inquiring eye, except where a frame of wood laden with oatcakes and clusters of legs of beef, mutton, and ham, concealed it. Above the chimney were sundry villainous old guns, and a couple of horse-pistols: and, by way of ornament, three gaudily-painted canisters disposed along its ledge. The floor was of smooth, white stone; the chairs, high-backed, primitive structures, painted green: one or two heavy black ones lurking in the shade. In an arch under the dresser reposed a huge, liver-coloured bitch pointer, surrounded by a swarm of squealing puppies; and other dogs haunted other recesses.

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## Preliminary analysis

- Comment on the treatment of time in the passage (look at the tense and aspect of verbs + indications of time). What does it suggest about the way this novel is going to handle chronology ?
- What do these first pages suggest about Mr Lockwood ? (social status, life, personality ...) What kind of narrator is the reader led to expect from this passage ?
- What is the nature of the relationship between Lockwood and Heathcliff ? Check the meaning of "landlord". Look at the images that are used to describe each of the character's attitude and compare them.
- How are we to interpret Lockwood's comment that Heathcliff and himself make "such a suitable pair" ? And what about his remark "I charitably conjectured he [Joseph] must have need of divine aid to digest his dinner ? What can we suggest about the author's attitude to the narrator ?
- What are the elements reminiscent of Gothic literature in this extract ?
- Explain why this passage can be seen as a metaphor for the act of reading itself. What does it say about the act of reading ? How does Lockwood fit into this metaphor ?
- Comment on the setting.

## In your introduction

describe the passage under study  
raise the question of the narrator's authority  
don't forget to mention the reader

Then develop the following parts :

- I. A seemingly traditional incipit
- II. A more complicated narrative than it seemed
- III. An unusual incipit