

# Dossier Tamara Drewe

Ce dossier comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : extrait de *Tamara Drewe*, Posy Simmonds, 2007
- Document 2 : extrait de *Tamara Drewe*, Stephen Frears, 2009
- Document 3 : extrait de Thomas Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, 1874

Document 1 :

The next evening we're gathered for drinks in the garden at Stockfold.

No, well, I've seen her byline photo with the new nose, but I can't remember the last time I actually SAW her.

Listen, Nick... you keep saying "your president", but I didn't vote for the bastard.

Excuse me, Glen... I've just realised... I've forgotten to do something.



Weird, the kind of glances a pretty woman attracts. I mean, any other beautiful, fecund creature – a great-looking sheep or something – you look at admiringly. But I don't sense any of that. I'm picking up... well, just, certainly, but also surprise, irritation, disapproval. And why did Tamara look at Nick like that as he walked off?



Tamara Drewe Foy Searmons

First published by Jonathan Cape in 2007.

## Document 2 :

Voir annexe – document vidéo

## Document 3 :

4 She came, the pail in one hand, hanging against her knee. The left  
arm was extended as a balance, enough of it being shown bare to make  
Oak wish that the event had happened in summer when the whole would  
have been revealed. There was a bright air and manner about her now,  
5 by which she seemed to imply that the desirability of her existence could  
not be questioned; and this rather saucy assumption failed in being  
offensive because a beholder felt it to be, upon the whole, true. Like  
exceptional emphasis in the tone of a genius, that which would have made  
mediocrity ridiculous was an addition to recognised power. It was with  
10 some surprise that she saw Gabriel's face rising like the moon, behind the  
hedge.

The adjustment of the farmer's hazy conceptions of her charms to the  
portrait of herself she now presented him with was less a diminution than  
a difference. The starting-point selected by the judgment was her height.  
15 She seemed tall, but the pail was a small one, and the hedge diminutive;  
hence making allowance for error by comparison with these, she could  
have been not above the height to be chosen by women as best. All  
features of consequence were severe and regular. It may have been  
observed by persons who go about the shires with eyes for beauty that in  
20 English women a classically formed face is seldom found united with a  
figure of the same pattern, the highly finished features being generally  
too large for the remainder of the frame; that a graceful and proportionate  
figure of eight heads' usually goes off into random facial curves. Without  
throwing a Nymphean' tissue over a milkmaid it may be said that criticism  
25 checked itself in examining details to return to where it began, and looked  
at her proportions with a long consciousness of pleasure. From the contours  
of her figure in its upper part, she must have had a beautiful neck and  
shoulders, but it may be stated that since her infancy nobody had ever  
seen them. Had she been put into a low dress, she would have run and  
30 thrust her head into a bush. Yet she was not a shy girl by any means; it  
was merely her instinct to draw the line dividing the seen from the unseen  
higher than they do it in towns.

That the girl's thoughts hovered about her face and form as soon as  
she caught Oak's eyes conning the same page was natural, and almost  
35 certain. The self-consciousness shown would have been vanity if a little  
more pronounced, and dignity if a little less. Rays of male vision seem to  
have a tickling effect upon virgin faces in rural districts: she hastily brushed  
hers with her hand, as if Gabriel had been irritating its pink surface with  
a long straw, and the free air of her previous movements was reduced at  
40 the same time to a chastened phase of itself. Yet it was the man who  
blushed, the maid not at all.

From : *Far From The Madding Crowd* Thomas Hardy (Penguin Classics - p.16/17)