Annales des sujets d’examen
Année universitaire
2013/2014

Master Études anglophones et Master Enseignement Anglais

Masters et Concours UFR langues et civilisations
Annales de sujets d'examens

Ces annales sont faites pour aider les étudiants dans leur préparation des examens.

Elles sont constituées de sujets d'examens donnés au cours de l'année universitaire 2013/2014.

Les sujets sont classés par année, semestre, UE puis session Vous trouverez donc à la suite tous les sujets pour une même UE.

Les sujets d'examens sont consultables sur place à la bibliothèque sous forme imprimée ou bien en ligne, dans les fiches de l'offre de formation :
www.u-bordeaux-montaigne.fr
Master Etudes anglophones
Master MEEF Anglais
Comment and contrast the two following American texts:

1) An extract from *The Woman Warrior. Memoir of a Girlhood Among Ghosts* (1975) by Maxine Hong Kingston (page 2)

2) An extract from *Silent Dancing: A Partial Remembrance of a Puerto Rican Childhood* (1990) by Judith Ortiz Cofer (page 3)
When we Chinese girls listened to the adults talking-story, we learned that we failed if we grew up to be but wives or slaves. We could be heroines, swordswomen. Even if she had to rage across all China, a swordswoman got even with anybody who hurt her family. Perhaps women were once so dangerous that they had to have their feet bound. It was a woman who invented white crane boxing only two hundred years ago. She was already an expert pole fighter, daughter of a teacher trained at the Shao-lin temple, where there lived an order of fighting monks. She was combing her hair one morning when a white crane alighted outside her window. She teased it with her pole, which it pushed aside with a soft brush of its wing. Amazed, she dashed outside and tried to knock the crane off its perch. It snapped her pole in two. Recognizing the presence of great power, she asked the spirit of the white crane if it would teach her to fight. It answered with a cry that white crane boxers imitate today. Later the bird returned as an old man, and he guided her boxing for many years. Thus she gave the world a new martial art.

This was one of the tamer, more modern stories, mere introduction. My mother told others that followed swordswomen through woods and palaces for years. Night after night my mother would talk-story until we fell asleep. I couldn’t tell where the stories left off and the dreams began, her voice the voice of the heroines in my sleep. And on Sundays, from noon to midnight, we went to the movies at the Confucius Church. We saw swordswomen jump over houses from a standstill; they didn’t even need a running start.

At last I saw that I too had been in the presence of the great power, my mother talking-story. After I grew up, I heard the chant of Fa Mu Lan, the girl who took her father’s place in battle. Instantly I remembered that as a child I had followed my mother about the house, the two of us singing about how Fa Mu Lan fought gloriously and returned alive from war to settle in the village. I had forgotten this chant that was once mine, given me by my mother, who may not have known its power to remind. She said I would grow up a wife and slave, but she taught me the song of the warrior woman, Fa Mu Lan. I would have to grow up a warrior woman.

The call would come from the bird that flew over our roof. In the brush drawings it looks like the ideograph for ‘human’, two black wings. The bird would cross the sun and lift into the mountains (which look like the ideograph ‘mountain’), there parting the mist briefly that swirled opaque again. I would be a little girl of seven the day I followed the bird away into the mountains. The brambles would tear off my shoes and the rocks cut my feet and fingers, but I would keep climbing, eyes upward to follow the bird. We would go around and around the tallest mountain, climbing ever upward. I would drink from the river, which I would meet again and again. We would go so high the plants would change, and the river that flows past the village would become a waterfall. At the height where the bird used to disappear, the clouds would grey the world like an ink wash.

*The Woman Warrior: Memoir of a Girlhood Among Ghosts* (1975) by Maxine Hong Kingston
Casa

At three or four o’clock in the afternoon, the hour of café con leche, the women of my family gathered in Mamá’s living room to speak of important things and to tell stories for the hundredth time, as if to each other, meant to be overheard by us young girls, their daughters. In Mamá’s house (everyone called my grandmother Mamá) was a large parlor built by my grandfather to his wife’s exact specifications so that it was always cool, facing away from the sun. The doorway was on the side of the house so no one could walk directly into her living room. First they had to take a little stroll through and around her beautiful garden where prize-winning orchids grew in the trunk of an ancient tree she had hollowed out for that purpose. This room was furnished with several mahogany rocking chairs, acquired at the births of her children, and one intricately carved rocker that had passed down to Mamá at the death of her own mother. It was on these rockers that my mother, her sisters and my grandmother sat on these afternoons of my childhood to tell their stories, teaching each other and my cousin and me what it was like to be a woman, more specifically, a Puerto Rican woman. They talked about life on the island, and life in Los Nuevos Yorques, their way of referring to the U.S., from New York City to California: the other place, not home, all the same. They told real-life stories, though as I later learned, always embellishing them with a little or a lot of dramatic detail, and they told cuentos, the morality and cautionary tales told by the women in our family for generations: stories that became a part of my subconscious as I grew up in two worlds, the tropical island and the cold city, and which would later surface in my dreams and in my poetry.

One of these tales was about the woman who was left at the altar. Mamá liked to tell that one with histrionic intensity. I remember the rise and fall of her voice, the sighs, and her constantly gesturing hands, like two birds swooping through her words. This particular story would usually come up in a conversation as a result of someone mentioning a forthcoming engagement or wedding. The first time I remember hearing it, I was sitting on the floor at Mamá’s feet, pretending to read a comic book. I may have been eleven or twelve years old: at that difficult age when a girl is no longer a child who can be ordered to leave the room if the women wanted freedom to take their talk into forbidden zones, or really old enough to be considered a part of their conclave. I could only sit quietly, pretending to be in another world, while absorbing it all in a sort of unspoken agreement of my status as a silent auditor. On this day, Mamá had taken my long, tangled mane of hair into her ever busy hands.

Without looking down at me or interrupting her flow of words, she began braiding my hair, working at it with the quickness and determination which characterized all her actions. My mother was watching us impassively form her rocker across the room. On her lips played a little ironic smile. I would never sit still for her ministrations, but even then, I instinctively knew that she did not possess Mamá’s matriarchal power to command and keep everyone’s attention. This was particularly evident in the spell she cast when telling a story.

Silent Dancing: A Partial Remembrance of a Puerto Rican Childhood (1990) by Judith Ortiz Cofer
UE M1FA3M1 – Traduction : thème et version

Nature de l'épreuve : Traduction : thème ET version
Rendre version et thème sur deux feuilles séparées.
Aucun document n'est autorisé

1 — VERSION

His smile was the same, but everything else about him had deteriorated. He was, if possible, thinner; his jacket sleeves had sprouted a lush new crop of threads, as though to conceal hands now so badly bitten they appeared to have been gnawed by rodents. His hair fell over his eyes, uncut, ungreased; his eyes in the hollowed face, a delicate triangle of skin stretched on bone, jumped behind his glasses like hooded fish. He had the end of a cigarette in the corner of his mouth, and as they walked he lit a new one from it. [...]

As the weekdays passed and he showed no signs of letting up, she began to jog-trot between classes, finally to run. He was tireless, and had an amazing wind for one who smoked so heavily; he would speed along behind her, keeping the distance between them the same, as though he were a pull-toy attached to her by a string. She was aware of the ridiculous spectacle they must make, galloping across campus, something out of a cartoon short, a lumbering elephant stampeded by a smiling, emaciated mouse, both of them locked in a classic pattern of comic pursuit and flight; but she found that to race made her less nervous than to walk sedately, the skin on the back of her neck crawling with the feel of his eyes on it. At least she could use her muscles. She worked out routines, escapes: she would dash in the front door of the Ladies’ Room in the coffee shop and out the back door, and he would lose the trail, until he discovered the other entrance. She would try to shake him by detours through baffling archways and corridors, but he seemed as familiar with the architectural mazes as she was herself. As a last refuge she could head for the women’s dormitory and watch from safety as he was skidded to a halt by the receptionist’s austere voice: men were not allowed past the entrance.

Margaret Atwood, « The Man From Mars » 284-5
2 — THÈME

Les militaires coloniaux peuvent avoir des lettres, et ils ont le temps de lire avec leurs voyages en bateau, et les longues veilles dans des endroits trop chauds on ne peut pas dormir. J’emporte avec moi l’Odyssée, qui raconte une errance, très longue, d’un homme qui essaie de rentrer chez lui mais n’en trouve pas le chemin. Et pendant qu’il erre de par le monde à tâtons, dans son pays tout est livré aux ambitions sordides, au calcul avide, au pillage. Quand il rentre enfin, il fait le ménage, par l’athlétisme de la guerre. Il débarrasse, il nettoie, il met de l’ordre.

« Ce livre, je le lis par morceaux, dans des endroits qu’Homère ne connaissait pas. En Alsace terré dans la neige, à la lueur d’un briquet pour ne pas m’endormir, car dormir dans ce froid m’aurait tué ; la nuit en Afrique dans une case de paille tressée, où par contre j’essaie de dormir, mais il fait si chaud que même la peau on voudrait l’enlever ; je le lis dans l’entrepon d’un bateau de transport, adossé à ma caisse, pour penser à autre chose qu’à vomir ; dans un bunker de troncs de palmiers qui tremblent à chaque coup de mortier, et un peu de terre tombe à chaque fois sur les pages et la lanterne pendue au plafond se balance et brouille les lignes. L’effort que je fais pour suivre les lignes me fait du bien, cet effort fixe mon attention et me fait oublier d’avoir peur de mourir. Il paraît que les Grecs savaient ce livre par cœur, l’apprendre constituait leur éducation ; ils pouvaient en réciter quelques vers ou un chant entier en toutes circonstances de la vie. Alors moi aussi je l’apprends, j’ai l’ambition de le savoir tout entier, et ce sera toute ma culture. »

Alexis Jenni, L’Art français de la guerre, Gallimard, 2011
Three Alabama Slammers later, the winners of the silent auction are announced. Susie Pernell stands behind the podium while people mill about drinking or smoking at the tables, dancing to Glenn Miller and Frankie Valli songs, talking over the din of the microphone. As names are read, items are received with the excitement of someone winning a real contest. […] Tablecloths and nightgowns with the lace tatted by hand bring in high bids. Odd sterling servers are popular. […] Then there are the desserts: cakes, slabs of pralines, divinity fudge. And of course, Minnie’s pie. “… and the winner of Minnie Jackson’s world-famous chocolate custard pie is … Hilly Holbrook!”

— Stockett K., The Help, 2009

the winners of the silent auction (1), the lace (5), Minnie’s pie (7)

[Bonus: the winner of Minnie Jackson’s world-famous chocolate custard pie (8)]

Vous décrirez les marqueurs que comportent les segments ci-dessus. Vous dégagerez les points communs et les différences à l’œuvre dans les formes identiques ou proches qui composent ces segments et vous rendrez compte des effets de sens véhiculés par ces formes dans leur contexte d’apparition ; vous pourrez avoir recours aux manipulations nécessaires pour servir votre analyse. Puis vous justifierez le choix qui vous semble préférable pour traduire chaque segment en adoptant une démarche contrastive.
Nature de l'épreuve : Traduction, traductologie  

Durée de l'épreuve : 2h

Documents non autorisés. Compositer le thème et la version sur deux copies séparées.

Je ne me rappelais pas quand je l’avais vue pour la première fois. J’habitaie ce quartier depuis vingt ans mais je n’y connaissais que très peu de personnes. Certaines, je les avais croisées plus de dix ans sans échanger avec elles un seul signe de tête. Quand j’entrais dans un magasin, je disais bonjour, un bonjour collectif qui ne s’accompagnait d’aucun regard particulier. C’est le commerçant qui répondait le plus souvent, et comme aucun d’entre eux ne connaissait mon nom, sauf le pharmacien, bien sûr, mais qui appliquait la même réserve discrète pour les noms que pour les traitements et les posologies, j’étais resté à peu près inconnu.

Il est cependant difficile, le temps passant, de ne pas repérer tel ou tel, pour une raison ou pour une autre, un mot répété trop souvent, une manière de traîner les pieds, un incident, une dispute publique, que sais-je… Il y avait un homme au manteau rouge – il le ressortait tous les hivers, un peu plus mité, un peu plus râpé, il y avait le type pressé qui changeait de voiture tous les ans et insultait sa femme à mi-voix, bon, un petit nombre comme ça de ces gens dont on ne connaissait ni le nom ni l’adresse, qu’on croise, voilà tout, et qui vous croisent, mais dont on se souvient.


Down the long concourse they came unsteadily. Enid favored her damaged hip, Alfred padding at the air with loose-hinged hands and slapping the airport carpeting with poorly controlled feet, both of them carrying Nordic Pleasurelines shoulder bags and concentrating on the floor in front of them, measuring out the hazardous distance three paces at a time. To anyone who saw them averting their eyes from the dark-haired New Yorkers careering past them [...] it was obvious that they were Midwestern and intimidated. But to Chip Lambert, who was waiting for them just beyond the security checkpoint, they were killers.

Chip had crossed his arms defensively and raised one hand to pull on the wrought-iron rivet in his ear [...]. From his station by the metal detectors he watched an azure-haired girl overtake his parents, an azure-haired girl of college age, a very wantable stranger with pierced lips and eyebrows. It struck him that if he could have sex with this girl for one second he could face his parents confidently, and that if he could keep on having sex with this girl once every minute for as long as his parents were in town he could survive their entire visit.

Fenella has just lost her mother and she is now going to live with her grandparents, in whose care she has been left. After kissing her father goodbye on the quay, she embarks on a boat trip across the Cook Strait in the company of her grandmother, Mrs. Crane, who has come to fetch her. This extract takes place the following morning.

The lamp was still burning, but night was over, and it was cold. Peering through that round eye she could see far off some rocks. Now they were scattered over with foam; now a gull flipped by; and now there came a long piece of real land.

"It's land, grandma," said Fenella, wonderingly, as though they had been at sea for weeks together.

She hugged herself; she stood on one leg and rubbed it with the toes of the other foot; she was trembling. Oh, it had all been so sad lately. Was it going to change? But all her grandma said was, "Make haste, child. I should leave your nice banana for the stewardess as you haven't eaten it." And Fenella put on her black clothes again and a button sprang off one of her gloves and rolled to where she couldn't reach it. They went up on deck.

But if it had been cold in the cabin, on deck it was like ice. The sun was not up yet, but the stars were dim, and the cold pale sky was the same colour as the cold pale sea. On the land a white mist rose and fell. Now they could see quite plainly dark bush. Even the shapes of the umbrella ferns showed, and those strange silvery withered trees that are like skeletons... Now they could see the landing-stage and some little houses, pale too, clustered together, like shells on the lid of a box. The other passengers tramped up and down, but more slowly than they had the night before, and they looked gloomy.

And now the landing-stage came out to meet them. Slowly it swam towards the Picton boat, and a man holding a coil of rope, and a cart with a small drooping horse and another man sitting on the step, came too.

"It's Mr. Penreddy, Fenella, come for us," said grandma. She sounded pleased. Her white waxen cheeks were blue with cold, her chin trembled, and she had to keep wiping her eyes and her little pink nose.

"You've got my--"

"Yes, grandma." Fenella showed it to her.

The rope came flying through the air, and "smack" it fell on to the deck. The gangway was lowered. Again Fenella followed her grandma on to the wharf over to the little cart, and a moment later they were bowling away. The hooves of the little horse drummed over the wooden piles, then sank softly into the sandy road. Not a soul was to be seen; there was not even a feather of smoke. The mist rose and fell and the sea still sounded asleep as slowly it turned on the beach.

"I seen Mr. Crane yestiddy," said Mr. Penreddy. "He looked himself then. Missus knocked him up a batch of scones last week."

And now the little horse pulled up before one of the shell-like houses. They got down. Fenella put her hand on the gate, and the big, trembling dew-drops soaked through her glove-tips. Up a little path of round white pebbles they went, with drenched sleeping flowers on either side. Grandma's delicate white picotees were so heavy with dew that they were fallen, but their sweet smell was part of the cold morning.

Katherine Mansfield, "The Voyage" (1921)
I do not remember crossing the Missouri River, or anything about the long day's journey through Nebraska. Probably by that time I had crossed so many rivers that I was dull to them. The only thing very noticeable about Nebraska was that it was still, all day long, Nebraska.

I had been sleeping, curled up in a red plush seat, for a long while when we reached Black Hawk. Jake roused me and took me by the hand. We stumbled down from the train to a wooden siding, where men were running about with lanterns. I couldn't see any town, or even distant lights; we were surrounded by utter darkness. The engine was panting heavily after its long run. In the red glow from the fire-box, a group of people stood huddled together on the platform, encumbered by bundles and boxes. I knew this must be the immigrant family the conductor had told us about. The woman wore a fringed shawl tied over her head, and she carried a little tin trunk in her arms, hugging it as if it were a baby. There was an old man, tall and stooped. Two half-grown boys and a girl stood holding oilcloth bundles, and a little girl clung to her mother's skirts. Presently a man with a lantern approached them and began to talk, shouting and exclaiming. I pricked up my ears, for it was positively the first time I had ever heard a foreign tongue.

Another lantern came along. A bantering voice called out: 'Hello, are you Mr. Burden's folks? If you are, it's me you're looking for. I'm Otto Fuchs. I'm Mr. Burden's hired man, and I'm to drive you out. Hello, Jimmy, ain't you scared to come so far west?'

I looked up with interest at the new face in the lantern-light. He might have stepped out of the pages of 'Jesse James.' He wore a sombrero hat, with a wide leather band and a bright buckle, and the ends of his moustache were twisted up stiffly, like little horns. He looked lively and ferocious, I thought, and as if he had a history. A long scar ran across one cheek and drew the corner of his mouth up in a sinister curl. The top of his left ear was gone, and his skin was brown as an Indian's. Surely this was the face of a desperado. As he walked about the platform in his high-heeled boots, looking for our trunks, I saw that he was a rather slight man, quick and wiry, and light on his feet. He told us we had a long night drive ahead of us, and had better be on the hike. He led us to a hitching-bar where two farm-wagons were tied, and I saw the foreign family crowding into one of them. The other was for us. Jake got on the front seat with Otto Fuchs, and I rode on the straw in the bottom of the wagon-box, covered up with a buffalo hide. The immigrants rumbled off into the empty darkness, and we followed them.

I tried to go to sleep, but the jolting made me bite my tongue, and I soon began to ache all over. When the straw settled down, I had a hard bed. Cautiously I slipped from under the buffalo hide, got up on my knees and peered over the side of the wagon. There seemed to be nothing to see; no fences, no creeks or trees, no hills or fields. If there was a road, I could not make it out in the faint starlight. There was nothing but land: not a country at all, but the material out of which countries are made. No, there was nothing but land—slightly undulating, I knew, because often our wheels ground against the brake as we went down into a hollow and lurched up again on the other side. I had the feeling that the world was left behind, that we had got over the edge of it, and were outside man's jurisdiction. I had never before looked up at the sky when there was not a familiar mountain ridge against it. But this was the complete dome of heaven, all there was of it. I did not believe that my dead father and mother were watching me from up there; they would still be looking for me at the sheep-fold down by the creek, or along the white road that led to the mountain pastures. I had left even their spirits behind me. The wagon jolted on, carrying me I knew not whither. I don't think I was homesick. If we never arrived anywhere, it did not matter. Between that earth and that sky I felt erased, blotted out. I did not say my prayers that night: here, I felt, what would be would be.

Willa Cather, *My Ántonia* (1918)
If the bus stopped here, Rose thought, looking down over the side, she would get up. The bus stopped, and she rose. It was a pity, she thought, as she stepped on to the pavement and caught a glimpse of her own figure in a tailor’s window, not to dress better, not to look nicer. Always reach-me-downs, coats and skirts from Whiteleys. But they saved time, and the years after all—she was over forty—made one care very little what people thought. They used to say, why don’t you marry? Why don’t you do this or that, interfering. But not any longer.

She paused in one of the little alcoves that were scooped out in the bridge, from habit. People always stopped to look at the river. [ ... ] As she stood there, looking down at the water, some buried feeling began to arrange the stream into a pattern. The pattern was painful. She remembered how she had stood there on the night of a certain engagement, crying; her tears had fallen, her happiness, it seemed to her, had fallen. Then she had turned—here she turned—and had seen the churches, the masts and roofs of the city. There’s that, she had said to herself. Indeed it was a splendid view... She looked and then again she turned. There were the Houses of Parliament. A queer expression, half frown, half smile, formed on her face and she threw herself slightly backwards, as if she were leading an army.

‘Damned humbugs!’ she said aloud, striking her fist on the balustrade. A clerk who was passing looked at her with surprise. She laughed. She often talked aloud. Why not? That too was one of the consolations, like her coat and skirt, and the hat she stuck on without giving a look in the glass. If people chose to laugh, let them. She strode on. She was lunching in Hyams Place with her cousins.

Virginia WOOLF, The Years, 1937 (Granada, 1982)
2) Thème

Chère Marceline Desbordes-Valmore, vous m’avez pris le cœur à la gare du Nord.


Qu’importe : vous revoilà. Intacte et régnante par votre cœur en torche. La vie avec vous a été d’une brutalité insensée. Plus ses coups étaient violents, plus votre chant s’allégeait. Votre amour a triomphé de vos assassins. Ils ne voyaient pas que vos larmes étaient de feu. Je lisais, je lisais, je lisais. Votre poème avait fait disparaître Paris et le monde. Il n’y a que l’amour pour accomplir ce genre de miracle. La grâce de vos images jetait sur mon visage des reflets de rivières. Et ce rose, ce rose ! Mon dieu comme c’était beau – d’une beauté de noisetier, de soleil dans ses limbes. Si je vous vois en rose c’est parce que cette couleur n’entre jamais en guerre et semble toujours au bord de défaillir dans l’invisible. Vous lirez ainsi, debout, dans le froid d’une gare, c’était une déclaration de vie, une échelle plantée sur le sol, appuyée sur le ciel.

If the bus stopped here, Rose thought, looking down over the side, she would get up. The bus stopped, and she rose. It was a pity, she thought, as she stepped on to the pavement and caught a glimpse of her own figure in a tailor’s window, not to dress better, not to look nicer. Always reach-me-downs, coats and skirts from Whiteleys. But they saved time, and the years after all—she was over forty—made one care very little what people thought. They used to say, why don’t you marry? Why don’t you do this or that, interfering. But not any longer.

She paused in one of the little alcoves that were scooped out in the bridge, from habit. People always stopped to look at the river. [...] 

Virginia WOOLF, The Years, 1937 (Granada, 1982)

Vous décririez les marqueurs que comportent les segments ci-dessus. Vous dégagerez les points communs et les différences à l’œuvre dans les formes identiques ou proches qui composent ces segments et vous rendrez compte des effets de sens véhiculés par ces formes dans leur contexte d’apparition ; vous pourrez avoir recours aux manipulations nécessaires pour servir votre analyse. Puis vous justifierez le choix qui vous semble préférable pour traduire chaque segment en adoptant une démarche contrastive.
Didactique :

A partir de ces supports, vous définirez des objectifs communicationnels, culturels et linguistiques pouvant s’adresser au palier 1 du collège en vous référant aux programmes. Il ne s’agit pas de proposer une séquence didactique, mais seulement de définir, à partir des supports, le type d’activités langagières et culturelles adaptées pour le palier 1 et de justifier vos propositions.
Document A

There was a clearing in the forest, and in this clearing there was a snug cottage built of stone. It was a cottage, although the Wart could not notice this at the time, which was divided into two bits. The main bit was the hall or every-purpose room, which was high because it extended from floor to roof, and this room had a fire on the floor whose smoke came out eventually from a hole in the thatch of the roof. The other half of the cottage was divided into two rooms by a horizontal floor which made the top half into a bedroom and a study, while the bottom half served for a larder, storeroom, stable and barn. A white donkey lived in this downstairs room, and a ladder led to the one upstairs.

There was a well in front of the cottage, and the metallic noise which the Wart had heard was caused by a very old gentleman who was drawing water out of it by means of a handle and chain.

(...)‘By this and by that, added the old gentleman, heaving his bucket out of the well with a malevolent glance, “why can’t they get us the electric light and company’s water?”

He was dressed in a flowing gown with fur tippets which had the signs of the zodiac embroidered over it, with various cabalistic signs, such as triangles with eyes in them, queer crosses, leaves of trees, bones of birds and animals, and a planetarium whose stars shone like bits of looking-glass with the sun on them. He had a pointed hat like a dunce’s cap, or like the headgear worn by ladies of that time, except that the ladies were accustomed to have a bit of veil floating from the top of it. He also had a wand of lignum vitae, which he has laid down in the grass beside him, and a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles like those of King Pellinore. They were unusual spectacles, being without ear pieces, but shaped rather like scissors or like the antennae of the tarantula wasp.

“Excuse me,” said the Wart, “but can you tell me the way back to Sir Ector’s castle, if you don’t mind?”

The aged gentleman put down his bucket and looked at him.

“Your name would be the Wart.”

“Yes, sir, please, sir.”

“My name,” said the old man, “is Merlyn.”

“How do you do?”

“How do.”

T. H. White
*The Once and Future King* (p. 11-12)
Harper-Collins, 1958
Document B

The beguiling of Merlin, Edward Burne-Jones 1874
Hit befel in the dayes of Vther pendragon when he was kynge of all England / and so regned that there was a my3ty duke in Cornewaill that helde warre ageynst hym long tyme / And the duke was called the duke of Tyntagil / and so by meanes kynge Vther send for this duk / chargyng hym to brynge his wyf with hym / for she was called a fair lady / and a passyng wyse / and her name was called Igrayne / So whan the duke and his wyf were comyn vnto the kynge by the meanes of grete lordeis they were accorded bothe / the kynge lyked and loued this lady wel / and he made them grete chere out of mesure / and desyred to haue lyen by her / But she was a passyng good woman / and wold not assente vnto the kynge / And thenne she told the duke her husband and said I suppose that we were sente for that I shold be dishonoureid Wherfor husband I counceille yow that we departe from hens sodenly that we maye ryde all nyghte vnto our owne castell / and in lyke wyse as she saide so they departed / that neyther the kynge nor none of his councell were ware of their departyng Also soone as kynge Vther knewe of theire departyng soo sodenly / he was wonderly wrothe / Thenne he called to hym his pryuy councellie / and told them of the sodeyne departyng of the duke and his wyf /

Thenne they auysed the kynge to send for the duke and his wyf by a grete charge / And yf he wille not come at your somoys / thenne may ye do your best / thenne haue ye cause to make myghty werre vpon hym

*Le morte d’Arthur*
Sir Thomas Malory, Caxton manuscript, 1485, Book 1, page 1
Mise en situation professionnelle

Durée de l'épreuve : 3h

Documents non autorisés

Veuillez rédiger vos réponses aux deux parties sur des copies séparées, en mentionnant clairement sur chacune de vos copies de quelle partie il s'agit.

Première partie.

This part deals with documents A, B, and C. Your answers must be written in English.

1) Present the three documents, paying attention to the nature and the geographical and historical context of the sources, and summarize their content.

2) Discuss the following issues, paying attention to differences and similarities between the documents:
   - tradition and progress,
   - India and other countries,
   - strategies of communication and advertising.

Deuxième partie.

Cette partie porte sur les documents B et C du dossier. Les réponses sont à rédiger en français.

1) Reliez les documents B et C aux Instructions Officielles et au programme de la Terminale Générale et Technologique.

2) Proposez une tâche finale en lien avec les documents et sur le thème suivant : "Fashion".

3) Donnez les étapes principales de la séquence qui aurait votre proposition 2) comme tâche finale.

4) Proposez une évaluation sommative distincte de la tâche finale et justifiez cette évaluation en fonction des étapes proposées dans la question précédente.
Does economic progress clash with real progress? By economic progress, I take it, we mean material advancement without limit and by real progress we mean moral progress, which again is the same thing as progress of the permanent element in us. The subject may therefore be stated thus: “Does not moral progress increase in the same proportion as material progress?”

In so far as we have made the modern materialistic craze our goal, in so far are we going downhill in the path of progress. I hold that economic progress in the sense I have put it is antagonistic to real progress. Hence the ancient ideal has been the limitation of activities promoting wealth. This does not put an end to all material ambition. We should still have, as we have always had, in our midst people who make the pursuit of wealth their aim in life. But we have always recognised that it is a fall from the ideal. It is a beautiful thing to know that the wealthiest among us have often felt that to have remained voluntarily poor would have been a higher state for them. That you cannot serve God and Mammon is an economic truth of the highest value. We have to make our choice. Western nations today are groaning under the heel of the monster-god of materialism. Their moral growth has become stunted. They measure their progress in pounds, shillings and pence. American wealth has become the standard. It is the envy of the other nations. I have heard many of our countrymen say that we will gain American wealth but avoid its methods. I venture to suggest that such an attempt if it were made is foredoomed to failure.

[...] Under the British aegis, we have learnt much, but it is my firm belief that there is little to gain from Britain in intrinsic morality, that if we are not careful, we shall introduce all the vices that she has been a prey to, owing to the disease of materialism. We can profit by that connection only if we keep our civilization, and our morals, straight, i.e., if instead of boasting of the glorious past, we express the ancient moral glory in our own lives and let our lives bear witness to our past.

"Vogue's India fashion shoot sparks disgust", *The Independent*, 2 September 2008

They could be roadside beggars; a gaunt toothless old woman thrusting her hungry toddler towards the camera, while her ragged, sad older daughter looks on with matted hair and dark circles around her eyes.

It's the kind of picture Oxfam uses to prick our consciences to dig deep for the hungry, but the giveaway is the toddler's Fendi designer bib: It costs £50 - more than two month's income for an impoverished rural Indian family.

The photographs are from the August issue of India's *Vogue* magazine, and the latest example of 'Third World' chic. Earlier this summer clothes designed by India's poorest and
most downtrodden women - 'night-soil carriers' from the country's untouchable caste - were modeled on a New York catwalk.

This latest example in Indian Vogue provoked an outcry today as leading commentators denounced the magazine for exploiting the poor and trivialising their plight by using them as props in a fashion shoot for British designers Alexander McQueen and Burberry.

The magazine featured 16 pages of photographs of India's poorest peasants - many of whom live on 65 pence a day according to figures released last week by the World Bank - draped with impossibly luxurious accessories they could never dream of being able to afford.

Tonight India's leading social commentators denounced the shoot as 'distasteful' and 'callous.' Pavan K Varma, former diplomat and author of 'The Great Indian Middle Class,' said the feature highlighted how India's increasingly wealthy elite enjoyed its privileges without sparing a care for the poor around them.

"Right now in India money is fashionable," he said. "India is a very hierarchical society and people feel the need to flaunt their wealth as they feel it enhances their status. People who have money or who aspire to have money become totally immune to the deprivation around them. The problem is that the wealthy in our country have become blind to the poverty."

According to one leading newspaper columnist, Kanika Gahlot, the feature was "not just tacky but downright distasteful". Using a rural mud hut as a backdrop for Burberry accessories, she said was not "fun or funny," when hundreds of Indian farmers commit suicide every year as a result of failing crops and mounting debts.

Their anger was further fuelled by the contrast between the detailed prices and shop locations listed for the designer bags and accessories and the fact that the 'models' were identified only as 'man' or 'woman.'

A spokeswoman for Indian Vogue editor Priya Tanna tonight said the magazine had been taken aback by reaction to the photographs but defended the decision to publish them, and said the poor 'models' had been paid 'a significant amount.'

Their critics should 'lighten up.' Fashion thrives on 'fantasy, aspirations and above all, fun," she said.
Nature de l'épreuve : Restitution de dossiers

Documents non autorisés

In English, present the following written document showing its structure and interest and how it could be used as a didactic tool with secondary school pupils.

But first - he's one of the most powerful people in media - a multi billionaire who owns countless papers, TV stations and even a movie studio - well today Rupert Murdoch will appear in front of British politicians and answer questions about the phone hacking scandal that has engulfed his British newspaper - the News of the World. Members of Parliament want to find out whether he knew that journalists were hacking into people's mobile phones. His son, James, who's a big boss in his dad's company, will also be questioned, as well as one of his former top executives, Rebekah Brooks. This is a story that has caused a massive amount of interest all around the world, particularly in the UK. Here's what some Brits think about the events of the last couple of weeks...

CLIP: "It's nice to see that, you know, something is being done about it and something decisive for a change."
"It's outrageous actually. People hacking into telephone conversations and things like that. What happens now has to change the way the press system operates."

Next, the American space shuttle, Atlantis, has undocked from the International Space Station for the final time and is heading to Earth...

CLIP: "Undocking confirmed..... At 1.28 am central time."

The astronauts left behind a year's worth of food, as well as gifts for the station crew - they also had these words for their fellow space explorers...

CLIP: "To the Expedition 28 crew, again, thank you very much for your hospitality, on behalf of the 135 crew."
"Well thanks, Fergie, it's been an honour having you guys on board, it's been great having you guys on board, it's been great being a part of this really important and historic mission."

When Atlantis arrives back on earth it will mark the end of thirty years of the US space shuttle programme. It's now up to private companies to send shuttles into space.

And for today's question we want to know the name of the closest planet to Earth? Yesterday we asked you what year Nelson Mandela became South Africa's leader? And the answer is...1994!

More news now and Japan has banned all cattle from the area around the Fukushima nuclear plant. It's because they're worried about radiation getting into the meat. The scare began earlier this month when eleven animals were found to have eaten food that had come into contact with radiation. Since then it's become clear that hundreds of cows had been given the same feed.

And finally, yesterday we told you that Tevez had been sold to the Brazilian club, Corinthians - well now it seems that there are some problems with the deal. It's thought City want to know exactly how the Brazilian team
plan to pay the fee of up to 40 million pounds. There are also suggestions that Manchester City want to be sure that Tevez won't leave them then come back and play for another European club any time soon.

OK, that's all from the World News for Schools team. We're back tomorrow.

http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/school_report/9345726.stm
Nature de l'épreuve : Analyse de dossiers

Durée de l'épreuve : 2h

Documents non autorisés

En lien avec le thème retenu, vous procéderez à la présentation et l’analyse des documents B1, et B2.

Ces documents sont d’authentiques productions d’élèves.

Vous vous demanderez :

— Dans quelle mesure elles répondent aux objectifs recherchés par le professeur, compte tenu du contexte humain, scolaire, réglementaire et institutionnel (documents C1 à C4) où il convient de les replacer ;

— Dans quelle mesure les compétences linguistiques, culturelles et pragmatiques y sont mobilisées au service de la production du sens, et quelle(s) action(s) pédagogiques (s) il serait possible et souhaitable d’entreprendre afin de consolider les acquis des élèves. Pour cela, vous pouvez, si vous le souhaitez, vous appuyer sur le document A.

Document B1
Ce document est la transcription d’un enregistrement d’élève intitulé ELEVE1

Hallo, I want to call from an advertising agency to give you an advertising of cosmetics making dangerous for animals. The idea I had is a woman with a cosmetics that is an animal that she is holding to her face. The animal is like a cosmetics and shows that when a woman takes a cosmetics to her face she takes an animals. This is for the protection of animals. We can see a young woman who sprays perfume on neck. She has got closed eyes. She don’t take a bottle in her hands but a little dog. This dog is vaporising on the nude woman. He is compared to a bottle and he is a guinea-pig because products are tested on them before to marketing the cosmetics.

Document B2
Ce document est la transcription d’un enregistrement d’élève intitulé ELEVE2

This document is an advertisement. In this ad there are two characters. In the upper left hand corner I see a woman and towards the middle I see a dog. We do not to know where the scene takes place but it make dark. In this advert the perfume is spraying out of the mouth of the dog. The dog looks disgusted while the woman looks too late. The logo of this is a blue cross in a circle with the letters BNGL. He is a society for the protections of animals.

Les documents B sont les productions originales de deux élèves d’une même classe de troisième. Ils sont extraits d'une évaluation sommative à l'intérieur d'une séquence intitulée « Advertising ».
La consigne est la suivante :

**Tâche finale  ADVERTISING**

Pretend you are an advertiser and leave a message to an advertising agency to finance your ad. You need to describe the ad, explain it, and give your opinion about it. You must use infinitive clauses.

OR (if you do not like the ad)

Pretend you are an advertiser and leave a message to an advertising agency to prevent them from financing the ad. You need to describe the ad, explain it, and give your negative opinion about it. You must use infinitive clauses.

- Your message should last **at least** 2 minutes.
- Speak clearly – articulate and do not speak too fast.
- **REMEMBER:**
  - I- Description
  - II- Interpretation/Analysis
  - III- Opinion
- You can write down your text. But be careful: when we read, we tend to speak like machines.

**To record yourself:**
- use the freeware Audacity (you can download it here: http://audacity.sourceforge.net/?lang=fr ; just click download Audacity and install it) and a microphone
- use a telephone

Send your recordings to teacher@hotmail.fr before TUESDAY, OCTOBER, the 15th. Write your name, form, and the title of your ad as subject of the email

**Grille d’évaluation**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fluidité et prononciation</th>
<th>Qualité et clarté de la présentation</th>
<th>Argumentation et pertinence du point de vue</th>
<th>Utilisation des propositions infinitives</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>/4</td>
<td>/6</td>
<td>/6</td>
<td>/4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
La publicité décrite par les productions B1 et B2
Mise en situation professionnelle

Durée de l'épreuve : 3h

Documents non autorisés

Veuillez rédiger vos réponses aux deux parties sur des copies séparées, en mentionnant clairement sur chacune de vos copies de quelle partie il s'agit.

Première partie.

This part deals with documents A, B, and C. Your answers must be written in English.

1) Present the three documents, paying attention to the nature and the geographical and historical context of the sources, and summarize their content.

2) Discuss the following issues, paying attention to differences and similarities between the documents:
   - tradition and progress,
   - India and other countries,
   - strategies of communication and advertising.

Deuxième partie.

Cette partie porte sur les documents B et C du dossier. Les réponses sont à rédiger en français.

1) Reliez les documents B et C aux Instructions Officielles et au programme de la Terminale Générale et Technologique.

2) Proposez une tâche finale en lien avec les documents et sur le thème suivant : "Fashion".

3) Donnez les étapes principales de la séquence qui aurait votre proposition 2) comme tâche finale.

4) Proposez une évaluation sommative distincte de la tâche finale et justifiez cette évaluation en fonction des étapes proposées dans la question précédente.
Does economic progress clash with real progress? By economic progress, I take it, we mean material advancement without limit and by real progress we mean moral progress, which again is the same thing as progress of the permanent element in us. The subject may therefore be stated thus: "Does not moral progress increase in the same proportion as material progress?" [...] 

In so far as we have made the modern materialistic craze our goal, in so far are we going downhill in the path of progress. I hold that economic progress in the sense I have put it is antagonistic to real progress. Hence the ancient ideal has been the limitation of activities promoting wealth. This does not put an end to all material ambition. We should still have, as we have always had, in our midst people who make the pursuit of wealth their aim in life. But we have always recognised that it is a fall from the ideal. It is a beautiful thing to know that the wealthiest among us have often felt that to have remained voluntarily poor would have been a higher state for them. That you cannot serve God and Mammon is an economic truth of the highest value. We have to make our choice. Western nations today are groaning under the heel of the monster-god of materialism. Their moral growth has become stunted. They measure their progress in pounds, shillings and pence. American wealth has become the standard. It is the envy of the other nations. I have heard many of our countrymen say that we will gain American wealth but avoid its methods. I venture to suggest that such an attempt if it were made is foredoomed to failure.

[...] Under the British aegis, we have learnt much, but it is my firm belief that there is little to gain from Britain in intrinsic morality, that if we are not careful, we shall introduce all the vices that she has been a prey to, owing to the disease of materialism. We can profit by that connection only if we keep our civilization, and our morals, straight, i.e., if instead of boasting of the glorious past, we express the ancient moral glory in our own lives and let our lives bear witness to our past.

Photograph of Gandhi at a spinning wheel, taken by Margaret Bourke-White in 1946.

Document C

"Vogue's India fashion shoot sparks disgust", The Independent, 2 September 2008

They could be roadside beggars; a gaunt toothless old woman thrusting her hungry toddler towards the camera, while her ragged, sad older daughter looks on with matted hair and dark circles around her eyes.

It's the kind of picture Oxfam uses to prick our consciences to dig deep for the hungry, but the giveaway is the toddler's Fendi designer bib: It costs £50 - more than two month's income for an impoverished rural Indian family.

The photographs are from the August issue of India's Vogue magazine, and the latest example of 'Third World' chic. Earlier this summer clothes designed by India's poorest and
most downtrodden women - 'night-soil carriers' from the country's untouchable caste - were modeled on a New York catwalk.

This latest example in Indian Vogue provoked an outcry today as leading commentators denounced the magazine for exploiting the poor and trivialising their plight by using them as props in a fashion shoot for British designers Alexander McQueen and Burberry.

The magazine featured 16 pages of photographs of India's poorest peasants - many of whom live on 65 pence a day according to figures released last week by the World Bank - draped with impossibly luxurious accessories they could never dream of being able to afford.

Tonight India's leading social commentators denounced the shoot as 'distasteful' and 'callous.' Pavan K Varma, former diplomat and author of 'The Great Indian Middle Class,' said the feature highlighted how India's increasingly wealthy elite enjoyed its privileges without sparing a care for the poor around them.

"Right now in India money is fashionable," he said. "India is a very hierarchical society and people feel the need to flaunt their wealth as they feel it enhances their status. People who have money or who aspire to have money become totally immune to the deprivation around them. The problem is that the wealthy in our country have become blind to the poverty."

According to one leading newspaper columnist, Kanika Gahlaut, the feature was "not just tacky but downright distasteful". Using a rural mud hut as a backdrop for Burberry accessories, she said was not "fun or funny," when hundreds of Indian farmers commit suicide every year as a result of failing crops and mounting debts.

Their anger was further fuelled by the contrast between the detailed prices and shop locations listed for the designer bags and accessories and the fact that the 'models' were identified only as 'man' or 'woman.'

A spokeswoman for Indian Vogue editor Priya Tanna tonight said the magazine had been taken aback by reaction to the photographs but defended the decision to publish them, and said the poor 'models' had been paid 'a significant amount.'

Their critics should 'lighten up.' Fashion thrives on "fantasy, aspirations and above all, fun," she said.
Nature de l'épreuve : Traduction, traductologie

Documents non autorisés. Composer le thème et la version sur deux copies séparées.

Je ne me rappelais pas quand je l’avais vue pour la première fois. J’habitais ce quartier depuis vingt ans mais je n’y connaissais que très peu de personnes. Certaines, je les avais croisées plus de dix ans sans échanger avec elles un seul signe de tête. Quand j’entrais dans un magasin, je disais bonjour, un bonjour collectif qui ne s’accompagnait d’aucun regard particulier. C’est le commerçant qui répondait le plus souvent, et comme aucun d’entre eux ne connaissait mon nom, sauf le pharmacien, bien sûr, mais qui appliquait la même réserve discrète pour les noms que pour les traitements et les posologies, j’étais resté à peu près inconnu.

Il est cependant difficile, le temps passant, de ne pas repérer tel ou tel, pour une raison ou pour une autre, un mot répété trop souvent, une manière de traîner les pieds, un incident, une dispute publique, que sais-je... Il y avait un homme au manteau rouge – il le ressortait tous les hivers, un peu plus mité, un peu plus râpé, il y avait le type pressé qui changeait de voiture tous les ans et insultait sa femme à mi-voix, bon, un petit nombre comme ça de ces gens dont on ne connaît ni le nom ni l’adresse, qu’on croise, voilà tout, et qui vous croisent, mais dont on se souvient.

Paul Andreu, Enfin (2014)

Down the long concourse they came unsteadily. Enid favored her damaged hip, Alfred paddling at the air with loose-hinged hands and slapping the airport carpeting with poorly controlled feet, both of them carrying Nordic Pleasurelines shoulder bags and concentrating on the floor in front of them, measuring out the hazardous distance three paces at a time. To anyone who saw them averting their eyes from the dark-haired New Yorkers careering past them [...] it was obvious that they were Midwestern and intimidated. But to Chip Lambert, who was waiting for them just beyond the security checkpoint, they were killers.

Chip had crossed his arms defensively and raised one hand to pull on the wrought-iron rivet in his ear [...]. From his station by the metal detectors he watched an azure-haired girl overtake his parents, an azure-haired girl of college age, a very wantable stranger with pierced lips and eyebrows. It struck him that if he could have sex with this girl for one second he could face his parents confidently, and that if he could keep on having sex with this girl once every minute for as long as his parents were in town he could survive their entire visit.