ELE 9

Ministère de l'Éducation Nationale

CAPES EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS

CAFEP EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS

Session 2009

EPREUVE EN LANGUE ETRANGERE

Consigne :

Dans le cadre de votre épreuve, vous procéderez :

- à la présentation, à l'étude, à la mise en relation des trois documents proposés (A, B et C, non hiérarchisés)
(en anglais)

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Document A

Law and Custom. The law courts, though setting their face sternly against the more evil manifestations of witchcraft, uphold the Native customs which are not considered barbaric or inhuman. [...] The Native in his kraal is generally a decent, self-respecting, law-abiding citizen, a good husband according to his lights and usually a devoted father. He is full of respect for and is anxious to learn from the European who treats him well. His great handicaps are poverty and lack of educational facilities. An average in the Union of only one Native child in four goes to school at all, so that in the reserves the school-going proportion is very small indeed.

Natives on European Farms. About two million Natives live and work on European farms as a fairly permanent agricultural-labourer class, and their mode of living is something like that of their brothers in the reserves, though they are probably more civilised through contact with Europeans. [...] But there is an increasing tendency for Natives on the farms to seek work in the towns, as amenities, especially housing, education and medical services, are infinitely better than they are in the rural areas.

Urban Natives. Native labour is the manual base on which domestic service and industry rest, and a population of urban Natives, largely Europeanised, has developed and adapted itself to city life and the European manner of living. [...] The urban native population has increased so rapidly that Native housing is one of the most serious problems in the Union. Since 1936 the Government has made available money for sub-economic Native housing at nominal rates of interest, and rapid though inadequate strides have been made. Around the larger cities the municipalities have built or, in special villages, allowed Natives to build on their own or leased ground small modern houses where they can live with their families under reasonably good conditions. [...]

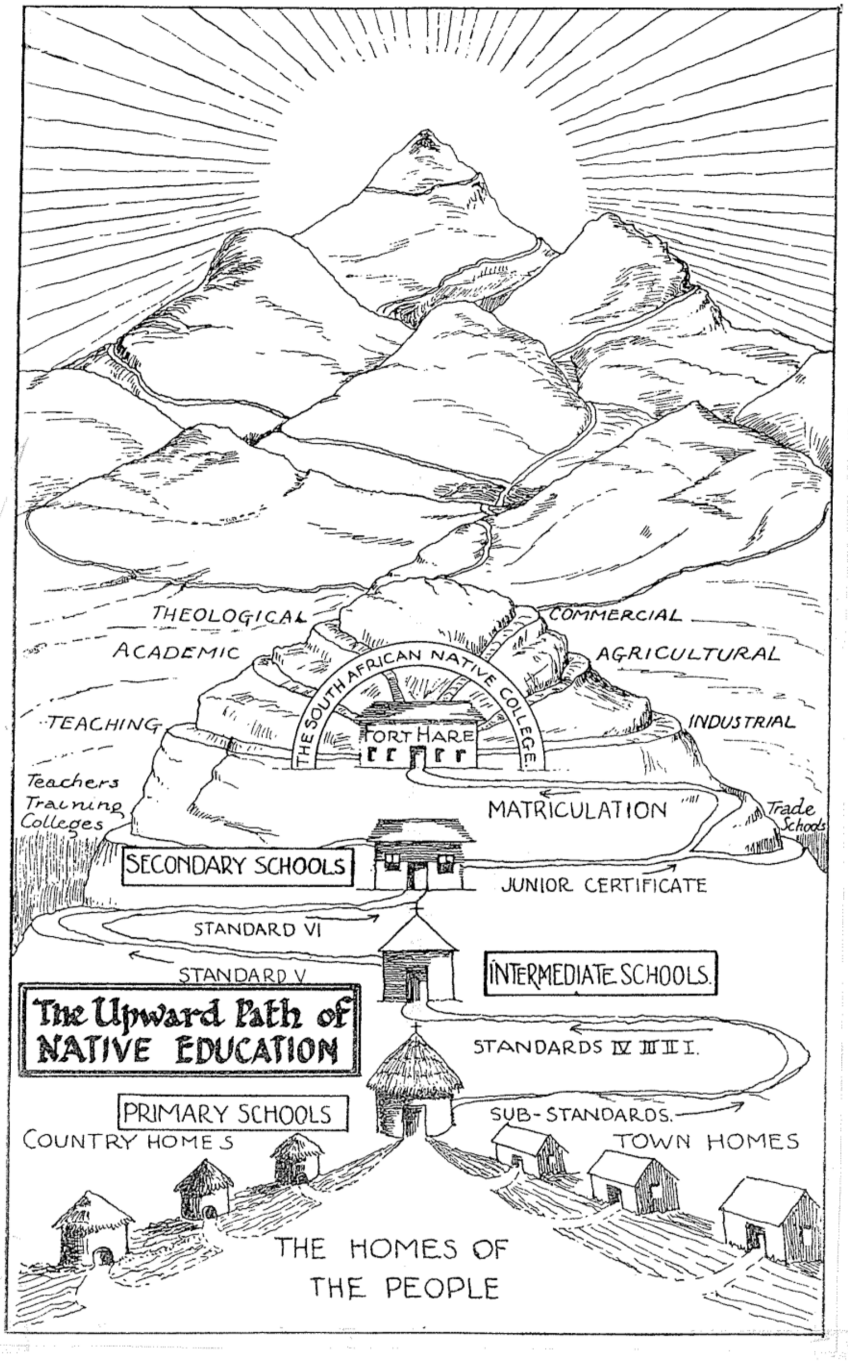
Native policy. [...] Fostered by reports of various commissions and by the needs of industry (as opposed to mining), there is growing up a new concept of Native policy, not yet accepted by any political party, but which has considerable support in industry and in liberal circles, which accepts colour distinctions and white supremacy as a fact, but which considers that in the interests of the country as a whole the Native should be employed in a more efficient manner for industrial production. He should be trained to a higher standard of industrial and mechanical skill, given a better education and better living conditions. Natives would thus replace Europeans as labourers on public works and in the simpler mechanical tasks of industry. All this, of course, implies higher wages and this in turn would provide an enormously increased market for the products of farm and factory, with a corresponding increase in openings for skilled Europeans; that is to say, the present unskilled European would be trained to more skilled and higher-paid work. Thus the European by uplifting the Native would uplift himself.

Conclusions. South Africa is still in the stage where the Natives, often in their own protection, are treated by law in many respects as if they were children and therefore under tutelage. [...] But as they advance in civilisation much of this will disappear as inevitably as a child throws off the shackles of infancy, though the process will be a toilsome one and not unattended by trouble. Many of them feel that apart from economic conditions they are subject to certain restrictions which are unjust. The Pass Laws, which require Natives to carry their employer's or a Government official's written permission to go from one place to another and which require them always to be in possession of a "pass", are bitterly resented by some and there has been a great deal of agitation for their abolition. [...] Yet there is no use shutting our eyes to the fact that all our big cities have a large admixture of vagrant and often criminal Natives, and the Pass Laws, it is claimed, help to control them.

These pages would be incomplete if they did not convey something of the likeability, the essential decency of the great bulk of our Native population. They are a fine people, good humoured and loyal, and they respond readily to just treatment. [...] There is no doubt that they are on the march to a better life and there is a large and growing number of the European population, including the Government and a well-administered Native Affairs Department, which is prepared to assist them.

Leslie Blackwell & Henry John May, □□□□□□o□t□ □□□□□, Pietermaritzburg: Shuter & Shooter, 1947 pp. 22-27, Chapter Three: "The Bantu People of South Africa"

Document B



Osmund Victor, C.R., (Priest of the Community of the Resurrection), The Salie *nt o* South Africa, Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, London, 1931, p. 45.

Document C

"What is it, Petrus? What's wrong?" I appealed.

Petrus threw up his hands, bowed his head in a series of hysterical shakes, then thrust his face up at me suddenly. "He says, 'My son was not so heavy.' "

Silence. I could hear the old man breathing; he kept his mouth a little open, as old people do.

"My son was young and thin," he said at last, in English.

Again silence. Then babble broke out. The old man thundered against everybody; his teeth were yellowed and few, and he had one of those fine, grizzled, sweeping moustaches one doesn't often see nowadays, which * must have been grown in emulation of early Empire-builders. It seemed to frame all his utterances with a special validity. He shocked the assembly; they thought he was mad, but they had to listen to him. With his own hands he began to prise the lid off the coffin and three of the men came forward to help him. [...]

In the coffin was someone no one had seen before: a heavily built, rather light-skinned native with a neatly stitched scar on his forehead – perhaps from a blow in a brawl that had also dealt him some other, slower-working injury that had killed him.

I wrangled with the authorities for a week over that body. I had the feeling that they were shocked, in a laconic fashion, by their own mistake, but that in the confusion of their anonymous dead they were helpless to put it right. They said to me, "We are trying to find out," and "We are still making inquiries." It was as if at any moment they might conduct me into their mortuary and say, "There! Lift up the sheets; look for him – your poultry boy's brother. There are so many black faces – surely one will do?"

And every evening when I got home, Petrus was waiting in the kitchen. "Well, they're trying. They're still looking. The baas is seeing to it for you, Petrus," I would tell him. "God, half the time I should be in the office * I'm driving around the back end of the town chasing after this affair," I added aside, to Lerice, one night.

She and Petrus both kept their eyes turned on me as I spoke, and, oddly, for those moments they looked exactly alike, though it sounds impossible: my wife, with her high, white forehead and her attenuated Englishwoman's body, and the poultry boy, with his horny bare feet below, khaki trousers tied at the knee with string and the peculiar rankness of his nervous sweat coming from his skin.

"What makes you so indignant, so determined about this now?" said Lerice suddenly.

I stared at her. "It's a matter of principle. Why should they get away with a swindle? It's time these officials had a jolt from someone who'll bother to take the trouble."

She said "Oh." And as Petrus slowly opened the kitchen door to leave, sensing that the talk had gone beyond him, she turned away, too.

I continued to pass on assurances to Petrus every evening, but although what I said was the same and the voice in which I said it was the same, every evening it sounded weaker. At last, it became clear that we would never get Petrus's brother back, because nobody really knew where he was. Somewhere in a graveyard as uniform as a housing scheme, somewhere under a number that didn't belong to him, or in the medical school, perhaps, laboriously reduced to layers of muscle and strings of nerve? Goodness knows. He had no identity in this world anyway.

It was only then, and in a voice of shame, that Petrus asked me to try and get the money back.

"From the way he asks, you'd think he was robbing his dead brother," I said to Lerice later. But as I've said, Lerice had got so intense about this business that she couldn't even appreciate a little ironic smile.

I tried to get the money; Lerice tried. We both telephoned and wrote and argued, but nothing came of it. It appeared that the main expense had been the undertaker, and after all he had done his job. So the whole thing * was a complete waste, even more of a waste for the poor devils than I had thought it would be.

The old man from Rhodesia was about Lerice's father's size, so she gave him one of her father's old suits, and he went back home rather better off, for the winter, than he had come.

Nadine Gordimer, "Six Feet of the Country"
in □□□□*t□d □to*□□□□London: Penguin, 1983 (1956), pp. 78-80

ELE 10

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DOCUMENT A

Four stills from □□□*t*□□□*d*, starring Elizabeth Montgomery and Dick York
Season 1, episode 2 “Be It Ever So Mortgaged”

DOCUMENT B

"Aurai, Hanlii, Thamcii, Tilinos, Athamas, ianor, Auonail," Alexandra recited.

"Tzabaoth, Messiach, Emanuel, Elchim, Eibor, od, He, ou, He!" ane chanted in crisp sacrilege.

"Astachoth, Adonai, Agla, n, El, Tetragrammaton, Shema," Sukie said, "Ariston, Anaphaxeton, and then I forget what's next."

Breasts and head, hips and belly, in the points went. Distant indistinct shots and cries drifted into their ears as the television program's violence climaxed. The simulacrum had taken on a festive encrusted look the bristle of a campaign map, the fey gaudiness of a Pop Art hand grenade, a voodoo glitter. The shaving mirror swam with reflected color. Jane held up the long needle, of a size to work thick thread through suede. "Who wants to poke this through the heart?"

" ou may," Alexandra said, gazing down to place a yellow-headed thumbtack symmetrical with another, as if this art were abstract. Though the neck and cheeks had been pierced, no one had dared thrust a pin into the eyes, which gazed expressionless or full of mournful spirit, depending on how the shadows fell.

" h no, you don't shove it off on me," ane Smart said. "It should be all of us, we should all three put a finger on it."

Left hands intertwining like a nest of snakes, they pushed the needle through. The wax resisted, as if a lump of thicker substance were at its center. "□□□," said one red mouth, and another, "□□□□*t*□□*t*!" before giggling overtook them. The needle eased through. Alexandra's index finger showed a blue mark about to bleed. "Should have worn a thimble," she said. *

"Lexa, now what?" Sukie asked. She was panting, slightly.

A little hiss arose from Jane as she contemplated their strange achievement.

"We must seal the malignancy in," Alexandra said. " ane, do you have Reynolds Wrap?"

The other two giggled again. They were scared, Alexandra realized. Why? Nature kills constantly, * and we call her beautiful. Alexandra felt drugged, immobilized, huge like a queen ant or bee; the things of the world were pouring through her and re-emerging tinged with her spirit, her will.

Jane fetched too large a sheet of aluminum foil, torn off raggedly in panic. It crackled and shivered in the speed of her walk. Children's footsteps were pounding down the hall. "Each spit," Alexandra quickly commanded, having bedded enny upon the trembling sheet. "Spit so the seed of death will grow," she insisted, and led the way.

Jane spitting was like a cat sneezing; Sukie hawked a bit like a man. Alexandra folded the foil, bright side in, around and around the charm, softly so as not to dislodge the pins or stab herself. The result looked like a potato wrapped to be baked.

Two of ane's children, an obese boy and a gaunt little girl with a dirty face, crowded around curiously. "What's *t*□□*t*?" the girl demanded to know. Her nose wrinkled at the smell of evil. Both her upper and lower teeth were trussed in a glittering fretwork of braces. She had been eating something sweet and greenish.

ane told her, "A pro ect of Mrs. Spofford's that she's been showing us. It's very delicate and I * know she doesn't want to undo it again so please don't ask her."

"I'm □*t*□□ving," the boy said. "And we *don't* want hamburgers from Nemo's again, we want a home-cooked meal like other kids get."

The girl was studying Jane closely. In embryo she had ane's hatchet profile. "Mother, are you drunk?"

Jane slapped the child with magical quickness, as if the two of them, mother and daughter, were parts of a single wooden toy that performed this action over and over. Sukie and Alexandra, whose own starved children were howling out there in the dark, took this signal to leave. They paused on the brick walk outside the house, from whose wide lit windows spilled the spiralling tumult of a family quarrel.

Alexandra asked Sukie, "Want custody of this?"

John Updike, □□□□ □*t*□□□□*o*□□□□*t*□□□□, New York: Penguin, 1984, pp. 256-8

DOCUMENT C

Tituba's Anglicized facade could never obliterate the Puritan feelings about the devilish Indians the outsiders in their midst. Mary Sibley's public renunciation of her guilt helped to restore her as an Englishwoman to the community of saints. Tituba's only halfway acceptance into the Puritan fold left her in a limbo, even after her confession of guilt and repentance. There was no way for her to be reunited with the community. Her penitence may have made her a credible witness, but it could not restore her to the body of God's people. Nor could she take upon herself the collective guilt of the community a ritual that if performed by members of the community could well have permitted forgiveness and prevented the profound disruption of Puritan society. The "Indian woman," as she is repeatedly identified in the records, would always be set apart, a stranger in their midst.

Tituba's physical appearance, so long associated with Satanic practices, not only predisposed her tormentors to accept her confession as truth but it also encouraged others to incorporate selective elements of her exotic fantasy into their own confessions and beliefs of an evil presence. In her fantasies of an evil power, Tituba seemed to confirm that the Devil was now among them. That story supplied the initial legal evidence to begin the process of communal exorcism to root out the witches and purge the community of its collective sin. Her testimony, at first, was deemed essential to ferreting out the conspirators. As others, under the threat of execution, confessed and confirmed her testimony, Tituba's corroboration was no longer needed. She was left to contemplate her own misdeeds in the Boston jail, as the trials and convictions culminated in the tragedy she had inspired.

The intense impact of the demonized American Indian image permeated the legal proceedings in the Salem of 2. Tituba's physical presence as well as her convincing words and behavior contributed to that impact. Her credibility as a witness was as much a project of her womanly "conversations" as it was her association with devilish Indians. As a result, the Massachusetts magistrates, captives of their own cultural milieu, did not see Tituba's testimony as an artful diplomatic tactic or a manipulation of their fears. They misunderstood her notions of evil, adjusted them to match their own preconceptions, and were overwhelmed by the results confirmation of a predicted, but terrifying, conspiracy. Her confession, with its aura of repentance and renunciation of a devilish alliance, allowed the Puritans (as most historians have since) to see her as a simple slave bewitched by forces beyond her control and, therefore, unworthy of further attention. The unconscious but creative use of Tituba's testimony in 1692 propelled the witchhunt for months, prompting a profound disruption of New England society.

Elaine G. Breslaw, *t nt t o nd n nd t n nt*
New York: New York University Press, 1996, pp.169-70

ELE 31

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In the beginning was the sea. There was once a music-hall song entitled 'Why Can't We Have the Sea in London?', but the question is redundant; the site of the capital, fifty million years before, was covered by great waters.

The waters have not wholly departed, even yet, and there is evidence of their life in the weathered stones of London. The Portland stone of the Customs House and St Pancras Old Church has a diagonal bedding which reflects the currents of the ocean; there are ancient oyster shells within the texture of Mansion House and the British Museum. Seaweed can still be seen in the greyish marble of Waterloo Station, and the force of hurricanes may be detected in the 'chatter-marked' stone of pedestrian subways. In the fabric of Waterloo Bridge, the bed of the Upper Jurassic Sea can also be observed. The tides and storms are still all around us, therefore, and as Shelley wrote of London 'that great sea . . . still howls on for more.' *

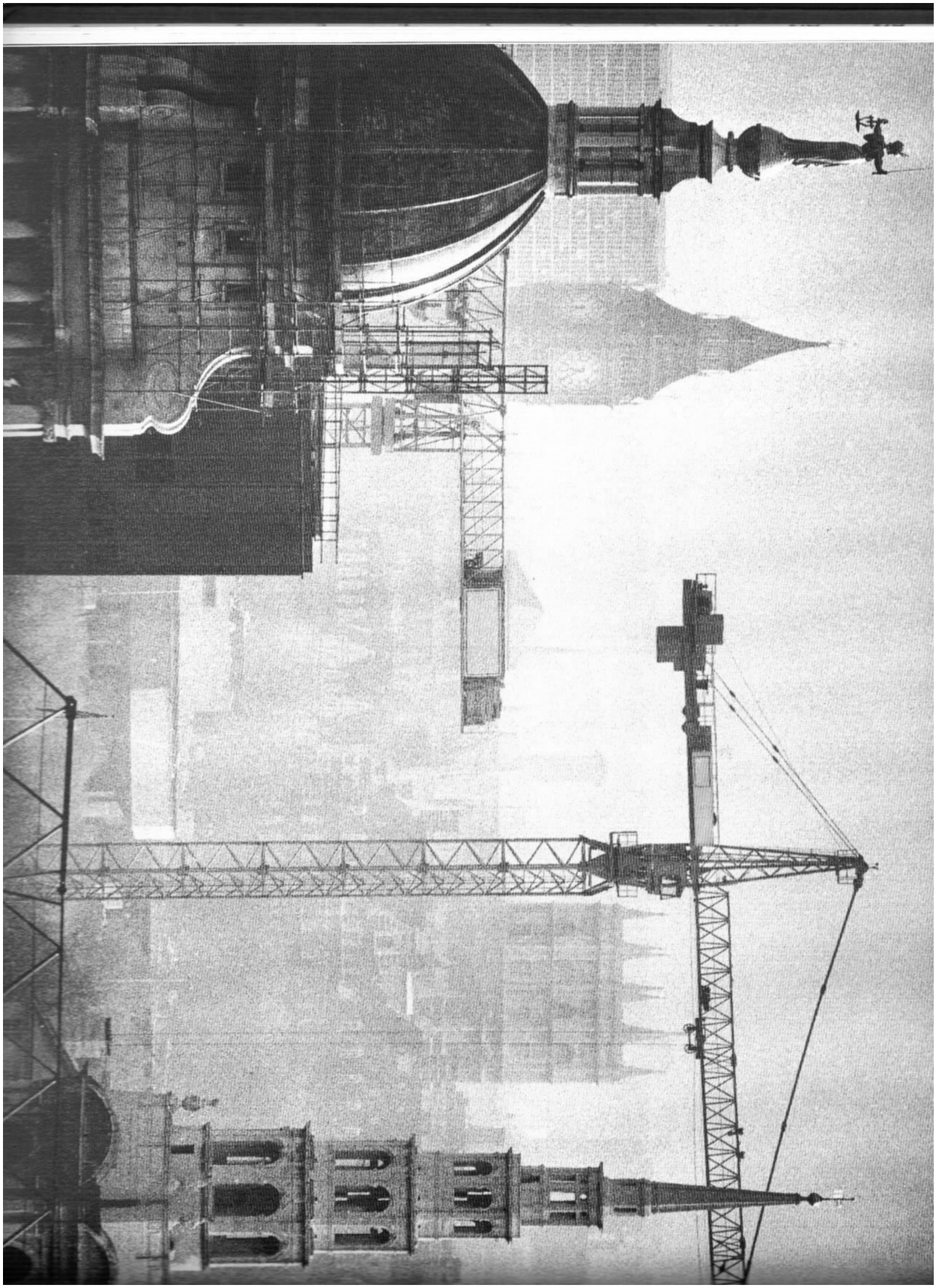
London has always been a vast ocean in which survival is not certain. The dome of St Paul's has been seen trembling upon a 'vague troubled sea' of fog, while dark streams of people flow over London Bridge, or Waterloo Bridge, and emerge as torrents in the narrow thoroughfares of London. The social workers of the mid-nineteenth century spoke of rescuing 'drowning' people in Whitechapel or Shoreditch and Arthur Morrison, a novelist of the same period, invokes a 'howling sea of human wreckage' crying out to be saved. Henry Peacham, the seventeenth-century author of *The Art of Living in London*, considered the city as 'a vast sea, full of gusts, fearful-dangerous shelves and rocks', while in 1810 Louis Simond was content to 'listen to the roar of its waves, breaking around us in measured time'. *

If you look from a distance, you observe a sea of roofs, and have no more knowledge of the dark streams of people than of the denizens of some unknown ocean. But the city is always a heaving and restless place, with its own torrents and billows, its foam and spray. The sound of its streets is like the murmur from a sea shell and in the great fogs of the past the citizens believed themselves to be lying on the floor of the ocean. Even amid all the lights it may simply be what George Orwell described as 'the ocean bottom, among the luminous, gliding fishes'. This is a constant vision of the London world, particularly in the novels of the twentieth century, where feelings of hopelessness and despondency turn the city into a place of silence and mysterious depths.

Yet, like the sea and the gallows, London refuses nobody. Those who venture upon its currents look for prosperity or fame, even if they often founder in its depths. Jonathan Swift depicted the jobbers of the Exchange as traders waiting for shipwrecks in order to strip the dead, while the commercial houses of the City often used a ship or boat as a weather-vane and as a sign of good fortune. Three of the most common emblems in urban cemeteries are the shell, the ship and the anchor.

The starlings of Trafalgar Square are also the starlings who nest in the cliff faces of northern Scotland. The pigeons of London are descended from the wild rock-doves who lived among the steep cliffs of the northern and western shores of this island. For them the buildings of the city are cliffs still, and the streets are the endless sea stretching beyond them. But the real confluence lies in this – that London, for so long the arbiter of trade and of the sea, should have upon its fabric the silent signature of the tides and waves. *

From Chapter 1 of London, The Biography
by Peter Ackroyd (Chatto & Windus, 2000)



HRH The Prince of Wales, A □□□□on o□□□□t□□n, A Per□on□l View o□ Arch□tec□ure
London: Doubleday, 1989.

DOCUMENT C

When I told the clerk that I would take a turn in the air while I waited, he advised me to go round the corner and I should come into Smithfield. So, I came into Smithfield; and the shameful place, being all asmear with filth and fat and blood and foam, seemed to stick to me. So, I rubbed it off with all possible speed by turning into a street where I saw the great black dome of Saint Paul's bulging at me from behind a grim stone building which a bystander said was Newgate Prison. Following the wall of the jail, I found the roadway covered with straw to deaden the noise of passing vehicles; and from this, and from the quantity of people standing about, smelling strongly of spirits and beer, I inferred that the trials were on.

While I looked about me here, an exceedingly dirty and partially drunk minister of justice asked me if I would like to step in and hear a trial or so: informing me that he could give me a front place for half-a-crown, whence I should command a full view of the Lord Chief Justice in his wig and robes – mentioning that awful personage like waxwork, and presently offering him at the reduced price of eighteen pence. As I declined the proposal on the plea of an appointment, he was so good as to take me into a yard and show me where the gallows was kept, and also where people were publicly whipped, and then he showed me the ebtors' Door, out of which culprits came to be hanged: heightening the interest of that dreadful portal by giving me to understand that "four on 'em" would come out at that door the day after tomorrow at eight in the morning, to be killed in a row. This was horrible, and gave me a sickening idea of London: the more so as the Lord Chief ustice's proprietor wore (from his hat down to his boots and up again to his pocket-handkerchief inclusive) mildewed clothes, which had evidently not belonged to him originally, and which, I took it into my head, he had bought cheap of the executioner. Under these circumstances I thought myself well rid of him for a shilling.

Charles Dickens, □□□□ □□□□□□□, London: Penguin, 1989 (1861)