

SESSION 2014

**CAPES
CONCOURS EXTERNE
ET CAFEP**

SECTION LANGUES VIVANTES ÉTRANGÈRES : ANGLAIS

SECTION LANGUES RÉGIONALES

COMPOSITION EN ANGLAIS

Durée : 5 heures

L'usage de tout ouvrage de référence, de tout dictionnaire et de tout matériel électronique (y compris la calculatrice) est rigoureusement interdit.

Dans le cas où un(e) candidat(e) repère ce qui lui semble être une erreur d'énoncé, il (elle) le signale très lisiblement sur sa copie, propose la correction et poursuit l'épreuve en conséquence.

De même, si cela vous conduit à formuler une ou plusieurs hypothèses, il vous est demandé de la (ou les) mentionner explicitement.

NB : La copie que vous rendrez ne devra, conformément au principe d'anonymat, comporter aucun signe distinctif, tel que nom, signature, origine, etc. Si le travail qui vous est demandé comporte notamment la rédaction d'un projet ou d'une note, vous devrez impérativement vous abstenir de signer ou de l'identifier.

Tournez la page S.V.P.

Compare and contrast the following texts:

Document A

5 The next afternoon, about twenty miles from Milton-Northern, they entered on the little
branch railway that led to Heston. Heston itself was one long straggling street, running
parallel to the seashore. It had a character of its own, as different from the little bathing-places
in the south of England as they again from those of the continent. To use a Scotch word, every
10 thing looked more ‘purposelike.’ The country carts had more iron, and less wood and leather
about the horse-gear; the people in the streets, although on pleasure bent, had yet a busy mind.
The colours looked grayer—more enduring, not so gay and pretty. There were no smock-
frocks, even among the country folk; they retarded motion, and were apt to catch on
15 machinery, and so the habit of wearing them had died out. In such towns in the south of
England, Margaret had seen the shopmen, when not employed in their business, lounging a
little at their doors, enjoying the fresh air, and the look up and down the street. Here, if they
had any leisure from customers, they made themselves business in the shop—even, Margaret
fancied, to the unnecessary unrolling and rerolling of ribbons. All these differences struck
upon her mind, as she and her mother went out next morning to look for lodgings.

20 Their two nights at hotels had cost more than Mr. Hale had anticipated, and they were glad
to take the first clean, cheerful rooms they met with that were at liberty to receive them.
There, for the first time for many days, did Margaret feel at rest. There was a dreaminess in
the rest, too, which made it still more perfect and luxurious to repose in. The distant sea,
lapping the sandy shore with measured sound; the nearer cries of the donkey-boys; the
25 unusual scenes moving before her like pictures, which she cared not in her laziness to have
fully explained before they passed away; the stroll down to the beach to breathe the sea-air,
soft and warm on that sandy shore even to the end of November; the great long misty sea-line
touching the tender-coloured sky; the white sail of a distant boat turning silver in some pale
sunbeam: — it seemed as if she could dream her life away in such luxury of pensiveness, in
30 which she made her present all in all, from not daring to think of the past, or wishing to
contemplate the future.

35 But the future must be met, however stern and iron it be. One evening it was arranged that
Margaret and her father should go the next day to Milton-Northern, and look out for a house.
Mr. Hale had received several letters from Mr. Bell, and one or two from Mr. Thornton, and
he was anxious to ascertain at once a good many particulars respecting his position and
40 chances of success there, which he could only do by an interview with the latter gentleman.
Margaret knew that they ought to be removing; but she had a repugnance to the idea of a
manufacturing town, and believed that her mother was receiving benefit from Heston air, so
she would willingly have deferred the expedition to Milton.

45 For several miles before they reached Milton, they saw a deep lead-coloured cloud hanging
over the horizon in the direction in which it lay. It was all the darker from contrast with the
pale gray-blue of the wintry sky; for in Heston there had been the earliest signs of frost.
Nearer to the town, the air had a faint taste and smell of smoke; perhaps, after all, more a loss
of the fragrance of grass and herbage than any positive taste or smell. Quick they were
50 whirled over long, straight, hopeless streets of regularly-built houses, all small and of brick.
Here and there a great oblong many-windowed factory stood up, like a hen among her
chickens, puffing out black ‘unparliamentary’ smoke, and sufficiently accounting for the
cloud which Margaret had taken to foretell rain. As they drove through the larger and wider
streets, from the station to the hotel, they had to stop constantly; great loaded lorries blocked
55 up the not over-wide thoroughfares. Margaret had now and then been into the city in her
drives with her aunt. But there the heavy lumbering vehicles seemed various in their purposes

and intent; here every van, every waggon and truck, bore cotton, either in the raw shape in bags, or the woven shape in bales of calico. People thronged the footpaths, most of them well-dressed as regarded the material, but with a slovenly looseness which struck Margaret as different from the shabby, threadbare smartness of a similar class in London.

50 'New Street,' said Mr. Hale. 'This, I believe, is the principal street in Milton. Bell has often spoken to me about it. It was the opening of this street from a lane into a great thoroughfare, thirty years ago, which has caused his property to rise so much in value. Mr. Thornton's mill must be somewhere not very far off, for he is Mr. Bell's tenant. But I fancy he dates from his

55 warehouse.'

Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South* (1855)

Document B

The girls descended between the houses with slate roofs and blackish brick walls. The heavy gold glamour of approaching sunset lay over all the colliery district, and the ugliness overlaid with beauty was like a narcotic to the senses. On the roads silted with black dust, the rich light fell more warmly, more heavily, over all the amorphous squalor a kind of magic was cast, from the glowing close of day.

‘It has a foul kind of beauty, this place,’ said Gudrun, evidently suffering from fascination. ‘Can't you feel in some way, a thick, hot attraction in it? I can. And it quite stupefies me.’

They were passing between blocks of miners' dwellings. In the back yards of several dwellings, a miner could be seen washing himself in the open on this hot evening, naked down to the loins, his great trousers of moleskin slipping almost away. Miners already cleaned were sitting on their heels, with their backs near the walls, talking and silent in pure physical well-being, tired, and taking physical rest. Their voices sounded out with strong intonation, and the broad dialect was curiously caressing to the blood. It seemed to envelop Gudrun in a labourer's caress, there was in the whole atmosphere a resonance of physical men, a glamorous thickness of labour and maleness, surcharged in the air. But it was universal in the district, and therefore unnoticed by the inhabitants.

To Gudrun, however, it was potent and half-repulsive. She could never tell why Beldover was so utterly different from London and the south, why one's whole feelings were different, why one seemed to live in another sphere. Now she realised that this was the world of powerful, underworld men who spent most of their time in the darkness. In their voices she could hear the voluptuous resonance of darkness, the strong, dangerous underworld, mindless, inhuman. They sounded also like strange machines, heavy, oiled. The voluptuousness was like that of machinery, cold and iron.

It was the same every evening when she came home, she seemed to move through a wave of disruptive force, that was given off from the presence of thousands of vigorous, underworld, half-automatised colliers, and which went to the brain and the heart, awaking a fatal desire, and a fatal callousness.

There came over her a nostalgia for the place. She hated it, she knew how utterly cut off it was, how hideous and how sickeningly mindless. Sometimes she beat her wings like a new Daphne, turning not into a tree but a machine. And yet, she was overcome by the nostalgia. She struggled to get more and more into accord with the atmosphere of the place, she craved to get her satisfaction of it.

She felt herself drawn out at evening into the main street of the town, that was uncreated and ugly, and yet surcharged with this same potent atmosphere of intense, dark callousness. There were always miners about. They moved with their strange, distorted dignity, a certain beauty, and unnatural stillness in their bearing, a look of abstraction and half resignation in their pale, often gaunt faces. They belonged to another world, they had a strange glamour, their voices were full of an intolerable deep resonance, like a machine's burring, a music more maddening than the siren's long ago.

D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love* (1917)