

SESSION 2009

**CONCOURS EXTERNE
DE RECRUTEMENT DE PROFESSEURS AGRÉGÉS**

**Section : LANGUES VIVANTES ÉTRANGÈRES
ANGLAIS**

COMPOSITION DE LINGUISTIQUE

Durée : 6 heures

L'usage de tout ouvrage de référence, de tout dictionnaire et de tout matériel électronique 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 : Hormis l'en-tête détachable, 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.

I was twelve years old the first time I walked on water. The man in the black clothes taught me how to do it, and I'm not going to pretend I learned that trick overnight. Master Yehudi found me when I was nine, an orphan boy begging nickels on the streets of Saint Louis, and he worked with me steadily for three years before he let me show my stuff in public. That was in 1927, the year of Babe Ruth and Charles Lindbergh, the precise year when night began to fall on the world forever. I kept it up until a few days before the October crash, and what I did was greater than anything those two gents could have dreamed of. I did what no American had done before me, what no one has ever done since.

Master Yehudi chose me because I was the smallest, the dirtiest, the most abject. "You're no better than an animal," he said, "a piece of human nothingness." That was the first sentence he spoke to me, and even though sixty-eight years have passed since that night, it's as if I can still hear the words coming from the master's mouth. "You're no better than an animal. If you stay where you are, you'll be dead before winter is out. If you come with me, I'll teach you how to fly."

"Ain't nobody can fly, mister," I said. That's what birds do, and I sure as hell ain't no bird."

"You know nothing," Master Yehudi said. "You know nothing because you are nothing. If I haven't taught you to fly by your thirteenth birthday, you can chop off my head with an axe. I'll put it in writing if you like. If I fail to deliver on my promise, my fate will be in your hands."

It was a Saturday night in early November, and we were standing in front of the Paradise Cafe, a slick downtown gin mill with a colored jazz band and cigarette girls in transparent dresses. I used to hang around there on weekends, cadging handouts and running errands and hustling cabs for the swells. At first I thought Master Yehudi was just another drunk, a rich booze hound stumbling through the night in a black tuxedo and a silk top hat. His accent was strange, so I figured him to be from out of town, but that was as far as I took it. Drunks say stupid things, and the business about flying was no stupider than most.

"You get too high in the air," I said, "you could break your neck when you come down."

"We'll talk about technique later," the master said. "It's not an easy skill to learn, but if you listen to me and obey my instructions, we'll both wind up millionaires."

"You're already a millionaire," I said. "What do you need me for?"

"Because, my wretched little thug, I barely have two dimes to rub together. I might look like a robber baron to you, but that's only because you have sawdust for brains. Listen to me carefully. I'm offering you the chance of a lifetime, but you only get that chance once. I'm booked on the *Blue Bird Special* at six thirty a.m., and if you don't haul your carcass onto that train, this is the last you'll ever see of me."

"You still haven't answered my question," I said.

"Because you're the answer to my prayers, son. That's why I want you. Because you have the gift."

"Gift? I ain't got no gift. And even if I did, what would you know about it, Mr Monkey Suit? You only started talking to me a minute ago."

"Wrong again," said Master Yehudi. "I've been watching you for a week. And if you think your aunt and uncle would be sorry to see you gone, then you don't know who you've been living with for the past four years."

"My aunt and uncle," I said, suddenly realizing that this man was no Saturday-night drunk. He was something worse than that: a truant officer or a cop, and sure as I was standing there, I was up to my knees in shit.

"Your Uncle Slim is a piece of work," the master continued, taking his time now that he had my attention. "I never knew an American citizen could be that dumb. Not only does he smell bad, but he's mean and ugly to boot. No wonder you turned into such a weasel-faced guttersnipe. We had a long conversation this morning, your uncle and I, and he's willing to let you go without a penny changing hands. Imagine that, boy. I didn't even have to pay for you. And that dough-fleshed sow he calls his wife just sat there and never said a word in your defense. If that's the best you can do for a family, then you're lucky to be rid of those two. The decision is yours, but even if you turn me down, it might not be such a good idea to go back.

They'd be plenty disappointed to see you again, I can tell you that. Just about dumbstruck with sorrow, if you know what I mean."

60 I might have been an animal, but even the lowest animal has feelings, and when the master sprang this news on me, I felt as if I'd been punched. Uncle Slim and Aunt Peg were nothing to write home about, but their home was where I lived, and it stopped me in my tracks to learn they didn't want me. I was only nine years old, after all. Tough as I was for that age, I wasn't half as tough as I pretended to be, and if the master hadn't been looking down at me with those dark eyes of his just then, I probably would have started bawling right there on the street.

Paul AUSTER, *Vertigo*,
London: Faber and Faber, 1994, pp. 3-5.

PHONOLOGIE

(Les réponses seront rédigées en anglais)

In this section, candidates are asked to provide phonemic transcriptions (also known as "broad phonetic transcriptions") of isolated word units or larger extracts from the text attached. Regardless of the origin of the text, candidates are free to base their transcriptions either on Southern British English (RP / BBC English) or on General American, to the exclusion of any other variety of English. The chosen standard should be explicitly stated from the start, and deviations clearly justified with reference to the text.

Transcriptions are expected to conform to the standards set out in either of the following books: J.C. Wells, *Longman Pronunciation Dictionary*, Longman, 2nd edition, 2000 or D. Jones (rev. P. Roach & J. Hartman), *English Pronouncing Dictionary*, 16th edition, CUP, 2003.

Please note that, when applicable, stress is to be indicated in all transcriptions. Unless explicitly required, no mention of intonation pattern is expected in the transcriptions.

Candidates must organise and structure their answers so as to avoid unnecessary repetition.

QUESTIONS

1. Give a phonemic transcription of the following passage: "*I've been watching you for a week. And if you think your aunt and uncle would be sorry to see you gone, then you don't know who you've been living with for the past four years.*" (ll. 42-44). Use weak forms when appropriate.

2. Determine and justify the stress patterns of *weasel-faced guttersnipe* (ll. 50-51), *thirteenth birthday* (l. 18). Use 1 for primary stress, 2 for secondary stress, and 0 for zero stress.

3. Give narrow phonetic transcriptions for the following words: *trick* (l. 2), *piece* (l. 10), *hustling* (l. 23), *skill* (l. 29), *carefully* (l. 34), *question* (l. 37). Do not justify your answer.

4. Determine and justify briefly the value of < u > in *stumbling* (l. 24), *figured* (l. 25), *stupid* (l. 26), *business* (l. 26), *sure* (l. 46), *turned* (l. 50).

5. Connected speech processes:

a. Account for the value of < -ed > in *colored* (l. 21), *wretched* (l. 32), *punched* (l. 59).

b. Discuss the number of syllables in *cigarette* (l. 21), *offering* (l. 34), *family* (l. 54).

6. Give phonemic transcriptions for the following words: *technique* (l. 29), *precise* (l. 5), *promise* (l. 19), *millionaires* (l. 30), *conversation* (l. 51), *disappointed* (l. 56), and indicate their stress patterns. Use 1 for primary stress, 2 for secondary stress, and 0 for zero stress.

7. a. Determine tone-unit boundaries, tonics (nuclei) and tones in the following utterances: "You're already a millionaire," I said. "What do you need me for?" (l. 31)

b. To what extent do you think the following intonation patterns would be appropriate for the given context (l. 52)? Justify your answers briefly.

/ *Imagine that, / boy.* / : two tone-units, a fall tone on that, a fall tone on boy.

/ *I didn't even have to pay for you.* / : one tone-unit, a fall-rise tone on pay.

ANALYSE LINGUISTIQUE

(Les réponses seront rédigées en français)

1. Le candidat analysera les segments de texte indiqués ci-après par un soulignage :

a. "We'll talk about technique later," the master said. "It's not an easy skill to learn, but if you listen to me and obey my instructions, we'll both wind up millionaires." (ll. 29-30);

b. I might look like a robber baron to you, but that's only because you have sawdust for brains. (ll. 32-33);

c. "My aunt and uncle," I said, suddenly realizing that this man was no Saturday-night drunk. He was something worse than that: a truant officer or a cop, and sure as I was standing there, I was up to my knees in shit. (ll. 45-47).

2. À partir d'exemples choisis dans l'ensemble du texte, le candidat traitera la question suivante:

Les formes de comparaison.

Aussi bien pour l'analyse des segments soulignés que pour le traitement de la question, le candidat fondera son argumentation sur une étude précise de formes tirées du texte. Il procédera, à partir de ces formes, à toutes les manipulations et comparaisons jugées utiles, en se référant à leur contexte.