

PLC2 / CAPES externe 2013 – X. Lachazette – 2 séances de préparation
à l'Épreuve de Leçon, 1^{ère} partie

Consignes :

- 1) En anglais et en 17 minutes environ, vous procéderez à la présentation, l'étude et la mise en relation des trois documents proposés (A, B et C, non hiérarchisés).
- 2) Documents à la disposition des candidat-e-s lors des 3h de préparation (2^{nde} partie incluse) :
 - 1 dictionnaire unilingue en anglais.
 - 1 *Robert des noms propres*.
 - M. GOFFART et al., *Lexique de civilisation américaine et britannique*, PUF.

Séance 1/2 du mercredi 10 avril 2013 – 13h à 15h

DOCUMENT A

London

I wander through each chartered street,
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,
3 And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,
6 In every infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear:

9 How the chimney-sweeper's cry
Every black'ning church appalls,
And the hapless soldier's sigh
12 Runs in blood down palace walls.

But most through midnight's streets I hear
How the youthful harlot's curse
15 Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.

William BLAKE, *Songs of Experience*, 1793, O.U.P., 1988, p. 274.

DOCUMENT B

Trailer of the 1971 film *Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde* (Hammer Film Productions)

See either: [http://perso.univ-](http://perso.univ-lemans.fr/~xlachaz/6)%20Epreuve%20de%20synthese%20(CAPES%20externe)/2)%20Dossiers%20faits%20en%20classe/2013/Jekyll.wmv)

[lemans.fr/~xlachaz/6\)%20Epreuve%20de%20synthese%20\(CAPES%20externe\)/2\)%20Dossiers%20faits%20en%20classe/2013/Jekyll.wmv](http://perso.univ-lemans.fr/~xlachaz/6)%20Epreuve%20de%20synthese%20(CAPES%20externe)/2)%20Dossiers%20faits%20en%20classe/2013/Jekyll.wmv) or http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LmP_JOUYkS8

DOCUMENT C

***The Daily News*, "An Autumn Evening in Whitechapel", 3 November 1888.**

Source: http://www.casebook.org/victorian_london/autumnev.html

[...] A momentary sense of what human nature may become may here and there flash in upon one as he gazes out upon the dark waters, but it is only when the human monster actually rises for a moment to the surface and disappears again, leaving a victim dead and disembowelled, that one quite realizes that that momentary scene is a dread reality. Just for a few days the mass of the people of Spitalfields and Whitechapel themselves
5 seemed to be realizing the awful possibilities of the nature that belonged to them. Thousands of them were really shocked and sobered, by the last tragedy especially. One could see in the people's faces, and could detect in their tones and answers, an indefinable something which told plainly that they had been horrified by a revelation. Mr. George Holland, whose remarkable work has been going on for so very many years in premises occupying an obscure position in George Yard, Whitechapel - where it will be remembered one of these
10 unfortunate women was found with thirty or forty stabs - says that the sensation has affected his institution very greatly. He has some hundreds of young women connected with his place, and many of them have been afraid to stir out after dark. He is under some anxiety, too, lest ladies who have been wont to come down there on winter evenings to teach and entertain his young people, should be deterred by this latest addition to the evil reputation of Whitechapel, and he is earnestly pushing on alterations in his premises which will give him a frontage out in the main road. On the other hand, Mr. Charrington, whose great place stands out boldly on the
15 Mile End highway a blaze of light and cheerfulness, thinks that people have more than ever thronged out of the dark and silent byways and back lanes into the broad pavement and into the glare of light thrown upon it by shops and public-houses and entertainments, and the innumerable hawkers and salesmen of one sort and another who line the "waste" along the Mile End Road. Since these outrages the dark places of Whitechapel and Spitalfields have undoubtedly been a little darker and stiller, and more depressing. Some streets have presented, even to those familiar with them, quite a desolate and deserted appearance after nightfall. But the nine-days' wonder has passed, the effect of the shock has visibly subsided, and people are beginning to move freely again.

Turn down this side street out of the main Whitechapel Road. It may be well to tuck out of view any bit of jewellery that may be glittering about; the sight of means to do ill-deeds makes ill-deeds done. The street is
25 oppressively dark, though at present the gloom is relieved somewhat by feebly lighted shopfronts. Men are lounging at the doors of the shops, smoking evil-smelling pipes. Women with bare heads and with arms under their aprons are sauntering about in twos and threes, or are seated gossiping on steps leading into passages dark as Erebus. Now round the corner into another still gloomier passage, for there are no shops here to speak of. This is the notorious Wentworth Street. The police used to make a point of going through this only in couples, and possibly may do so still when they go there at all. Just now there are none met with. It is getting on into the
30 night, but gutters, and doorways, and passages, and staircases appear to be teeming with children. See there in that doorway of a house without a glimmer of light about it. It looks to be a baby in long clothes laid on the floor of the passage, and seemingly exhausted with crying. Listen for a moment at this next house. There is a scuffle going on upon the staircase - all in the densest darkness - and before you have passed a dozen yards there is a rush down-stairs and an outsurging into the street with fighting and screaming, and an outpouring of such horrible blackguardism that it makes you shudder as you look at those curly-headed preternaturally sharp-witted children who leave their play to gather around the *mêlée*. God help the little mortals! How can they become anything but savages, "pests of society," the "dangerous classes," and so on? How black and unutterably gloomy all the houses look! How infinitely all the moral and physical wretchedness of such
40 localities as these is intensified by the darkness of the streets and the houses. It is wise and astute of Mr. Barnett to give emphatic expression to the cry that has so often been raised for "more light" for lower London. If in this one matter of light alone, the streets and houses of the West End were reduced to the condition of the East, what would life become there? Oh, for a great installation of the electric light, with which, as the sun goes down, to deluge the streets and lanes, the dark alleys and passages, the staircases and rooms of this nether world. Homes would become cleaner, and more cheerful and attractive; life would become healthier, whole masses of crime would die out like toadstools under sunlight, and what remained would be more easily dealt with. The Cimmerian darkness of lower London indoors and out constitutes no small part of its wretchedness, and the brilliant lighting of the public-house gives it much of its attraction. Even the repute of many of these shady localities is due in great measure to their impenetrable gloom after nightfall. There are many of these doorways and staircases into which a stranger might venture with perfect impunity, and many of the people are harmless, well-meaning sort of folk, but they are all enshrouded in that murky obscurity which in the apprehension of
50 adventurers from more favored regions converts them all into possible assassins and thieves. It is a relief to get out of this vile little slum and to work one's way back into the life and light of the great highway, with its flaunting shops, its piles of glowing fruit, its glittering jewellery, its steaming cook-shops, its flaring gin-palaces and noisy shows, and clubs and assembly rooms, and churches and mission halls, its cheap jacks and shooting galleries, its streaming naphtha lights and roar and rattle, and hurrying throngs and noisy groups, and little assemblies gathered together under the stars and the street-lamps to listen to some expounder of the mysteries of the universe or of the peculiar merits of a new patent pill. Here are the newspaper contents-bill spread out at large with some of the news vendor's own additions and amplifications, telling of new murders or further details of the old ones. [...]

DOCUMENT A

Rebecca and Ivanhoe are prisoners in a besieged castle.

5 “Alas,” said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, “this impatient yearning after action—this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health—How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?”

10 “Rebecca,” he replied, “thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honour around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live—the dust of the *melee* is the breath of our nostrils! We live not—we wish not to live—longer than while we are victorious and renowned—Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear.”

15 “Alas!” said the fair Jewess, “and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vain glory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch?—What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled—of all the travail and pain you have endured—of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?”

“What remains?” cried Ivanhoe; “Glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name.”

20 “Glory?” continued Rebecca; “alas, is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb—is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the enquiring pilgrim—are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable? Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness, are so wildly bartered, to become the hero of those ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?”

25 “By the soul of Hereward!” replied the knight impatiently, “thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou wouldst quench the pure light of chivalry, which alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the churl and the savage; which rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honour; raises us victorious over pain, toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca; and to thee are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of emprise* which sanctions his flame. Chivalry!—why, maiden, she is the nurse of pure and high affection—the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant—Nobility were but an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her lance and her sword.”

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Walter SCOTT. *Ivanhoe*. 1819. London: Penguin, 1984. Pp. 317-18.

* *Emprise*: an adventurous, daring, or chivalric enterprise (Webster)

DOCUMENT B

[Chivalry in the 18th century] did not amount to very much. So much else had happened to overshadow the chivalric tradition, or make it seem barbarous and absurd. The literature, art and architecture of classical Greece and Rome and of Renaissance Italy had provided an alternative culture which dominated most aspects of European civilisation. New discoveries in science or movements in thought had upset the structures of belief on which the Middle Ages had rested. Chivalry had little relevance to ordinary gentlemen living in security and comfort and leaving war to professionals. What meaning could it have for an average Georgian landowner busily planting parks and turnips, building temples, enclosing commons, looking for an heiress, or cementing political alliances? He might be proud of mediaeval ancestors, in so far as they contributed to the status of his family, but that he should in any way imitate them would have seemed absurd to him. Many of the most important elements of chivalry now conflicted with the conviction of the upper and most of the middle classes that anything that savoured of 'enthusiasm' should be avoided, and the belief of progressive people that society could and should be remodelled according to the dictates of reason. Loyalty to a king or leader, however disastrous the result, faithful love, however little requited, readiness to fight for one's honour, however slight the slur on it, or truth to one's word, however rashly given, were qualities which the literature of chivalry singled out for praise, but which eighteenth-century opinion tended to consider stupid rather than noble. Chivalry had no more typical or famous expression than the Crusades; but Hume, in his *History of Great Britain* (1761), wrote them off in a much-quoted phrase as 'the most signal and durable monument of human folly that has yet appeared in any age or nation'.

Thirty years later, in his *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790), Edmund Burke talked of chivalry as dead, but in a different mood to that of Hume. In a moving and memorable passage he described his only meeting with Marie Antoinette and lamented her fall. 'Surely', he wrote, 'never alighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, –glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy... Little did I dream that I should have lived to see disasters fallen upon her in a nation full of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of England is extinguished for ever.'

In fact, even as he lamented, the age of chivalry was on the way back. The signs of its return were numerous, but one of the most striking can be used to stand for the rest. In 1788 Benjamin West had painted a huge and panoramic picture depicting Edward III's meeting with the Black Prince after the Battle of Crecy. Bareheaded, modest, with eyes downcast, the Black Prince (Plate III) is shown as the epitome of the chivalrous young knight, whose sword would surely have leapt from his scabbard to avenge any wrong to a beautiful woman in distress.

Mark GIROUARD. *The Return to Camelot: Chivalry and the English Gentleman*.
New Haven and London: Yale UP, 1981. Pp. 18-19.

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Edmund Blair Leighton, "God Speed!" 1900. Oil on canvas.

Source: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edmund_Blair_Leighton