

Ministère de l'Éducation Nationale

**CAPES EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS**

**CAFEP EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS**

**Session 2004**

**ÉPREUVE EN LANGUE ÉTRANGÈRE**

**Consigne**

Dans le cadre de votre épreuve, vous procéderez :

- à la présentation, à l'étude et à la mise en relation des trois documents proposés  
**(en anglais)**
  
- à l'explication des trois faits de langue soulignés dans le document  
**(en français)**
  
- à la restitution du document sonore que le jury vous proposera  
**(en français)**



**Real Deal : David Beckham poster in Japan**  
**David beckham : My Side**  
**London : Harper & Collins Publishers, 2003**

Picturesque fakery, of course, doesn't stop at the museum's exit or the art collector's back door: it is embedded in many aspects of British life, just as that stub of spruce is wound into the Agincourt spur. The British are good at tradition; they're also good at the invention of tradition (from the ploughman's lunch to the clan tartan). And like any other nation, they aren't too keen on having those invented traditions exposed as bogus: they react like the boggling Harry of *When Harry Met Sally* in the face of a faked public orgasm. If we can't believe *that*, what can we believe? And since individual identity depends in part upon

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national identity, what happens when those symbolic props to national identity turn out to be no more authentic or probable than a fur-bearing trout? What happens if the Queen turns out to be a foreigner (which to some extent she is, the royal House of Windsor having been the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha until a diplomatic name change in 1917), or if we can't rely upon the British Christmas (which to some extent we can't, it being largely a Victorian invention)? Even the British crown jewels are not above suspicion: a forthcoming report commissioned by the Lord Chamberlain's Office reveals, for instance, that the Black Prince's Ruby, which tourists admire at the Tower of London, had little connection with the Black Prince and is, in any case, a spinel of inferior quality. This need for authenticity, this lust for integrity, applies equally to the commercial world – or, rather, to how the commercial world is perceived by those outside it. When I was a child in the early Fifties, I was much attached to my local Woolworth's. I liked its variety of goods, its cheapness, its user-friendly shelves (which facilitated a few illegal additions to my stamp collection); most of all, I liked its reliable fascia, 'F. W. WOOLWORTH & CO.'. Wherever in England you went, there in the High Street would be that gilt lettering on a burgundy background – F. W. Woolworth & Co., part of the very fabric of England. One day, when I was ten or so, I was informed that Woolworth's was an American business. Of course, I declined to believe it. I would have had to redefine Englishness (beyond my childish capacity) if I had believed that.

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This sense of puzzlement and vague betrayal has been more widely felt during one of the longest and most Byzantine commercial sagas of recent times: the sale of the most famous shop in England, Harrods. For as long as Mrs Thatcher has been in power, there has been a continuing and less than dignified scuffle for ownership of this Knightsbridge store. In fact, Harrods was only one of more than a hundred shops

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owned by the parent group and purchasee, the House of Fraser, but such was and is its enduring power as a British symbol that for prospective owners and the gawping public alike the battle has been about 'who owns Harrods'. The British middle classes may be able to afford to shop there only during the biannual sale (when some of the goods are bought in, and therefore not authentically Harrodian), but this increases rather than diminishes the mystique. Even those who have never stepped inside its doors proudly quote the supposed reply of the Harrods assistant faced with a fantastical inquiry: 'The impossible takes a little longer, sir.'

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Julian Barnes

Letters From London, 1990-1995

London Picador, 1995

Hannah and Bernard are two academics visiting Sidley Park, the Crooms' estate in Derbyshire. Hannah is a landscape gardening specialist...

HANNAH: The Sidley hermit.  
 BERNARD: Ah. Who's he?  
 HANNAH: He's my peg for the nervous breakdown of the Romantic Imagination. I'm doing landscape and literature 1750 to 1834.  
 BERNARD: What happened in 1834?  
 HANNAH: My hermit died.  
 BERNARD: Of course.  
 HANNAH: What do you mean, of course?  
 BERNARD: Nothing.  
 HANNAH: Yes, you do.  
 BERNARD: No, no... However, Coleridge also died in 1834.  
 HANNAH: So he did. What a stroke of luck. (*Softening.*) Thank you, Bernard.  
 (*She goes to the reading stand and opens Noakes's sketch book.*)  
 Look – there he is.  
 (*BERNARD goes to look.*)  
 BERNARD: Mmm.  
 HANNAH: The only known likeness of the Sidley hermit.  
 BERNARD: Very biblical.  
 HANNAH: Drawn in by a later hand, of course. The hermitage didn't yet exist when Noakes did the drawings.  
 BERNARD: Noakes... the painter?  
 HANNAH: Landscape gardener. He'd do these books for his clients, as a sort of prospectus. (*She demonstrates.*) Before and after, you see. This is how it all looked until, say, 1810 – smooth, undulating, serpentine – open water, clumps of trees, classical boat-house –  
 BERNARD: Lovely. The real England.  
 HANNAH: You can stop being silly now, Bernard. English landscape was invented by gardeners imitating foreign painters who were evoking classical authors. The whole thing was brought home in the luggage from the grand tour. Here, look – Capability Brown doing Claude, who was doing Virgil. Arcadia! And here, superimposed by Richard Noakes, untamed nature in the style of Salvator Rosa. It's the Gothic novel expressed in landscape. Everything but vampires.

The point is, the Crooms, of course, had the hermit under their noses for twenty years so hardly thought him worth remarking. As I'm finding out. The Peacock letter is still the main source, unfortunately. When I read this (*the magazine in her hand*) well, it was one of those moments that tell you what your next book is going to be. The hermit of Sidley Park was my...  
 BERNARD: Peg.  
 HANNAH: Epiphany.  
 BERNARD: Epiphany, that's it.  
 HANNAH: The hermit was *placed* in the landscape exactly as one might place a pottery gnome. And there he lived out his life as a garden ornament.  
 BERNARD: Did he do anything?  
 HANNAH: Oh, he was very busy. When he died, the cottage was stacked solid with paper. Hundreds of pages. Thousands. Peacock says he was suspected of genius. It turned out, of course, he was off his head. He'd covered every sheet with cabalistic proofs that the world was coming to an end. It's perfect, isn't it? A perfect symbol, I mean.  
 BERNARD: Oh, yes. Of what?  
 HANNAH: The whole Romantic sham, Bernard! It's what happened to the Enlightenment, isn't it? A century of intellectual rigour turned in on itself. A mind in chaos suspected of genius. In a setting of cheap thrills and false emotion. The history of the garden says it all, beautifully. There's an engraving of Sidley Park in 1730 that makes you want to weep. Paradise in the age of reason. By 1760 everything had gone – the topiary, pools and terraces, fountains, an avenue of limes – the whole sublime geometry was ploughed under by Capability Brown. The grass went from the doorstep to the horizon and the best box hedge in Derbyshire was dug up for the ha-ha so that the fools could pretend they were living in God's countryside. And then Richard Noakes came in to bring God up to date. By the time he'd finished it looked like this (*the sketch book*). The decline from thinking to feeling, you see.

Tom Stoppard, Arcadia, Act I, scene 2

London, Faber & Fbar, 1993