

CONCOURS GÉNÉRAL DES LYCÉES

—

SESSION 2018

—

COMPOSITION EN LANGUE ANGLAISE

(Classes de terminale toutes séries générales et technologiques)

Durée : 5 heures

L'usage de tout dictionnaire est interdit

Consignes aux candidats

- Ne pas utiliser d'encre claire
- N'utiliser ni colle, ni agrafe
- Numéroté chaque page en bas à droite (numéro de page / nombre total de pages)
- Sur chaque copie, renseigner l'en-tête + l'identification du concours :

Concours / Examen : CGL

Section/Spécialité/Série : ANGLA

Epreuve : 101

Matière : ANGL

Session : 2018

Tournez la page S.V.P.

Stephen Dedalus is a young Irish boy who goes to school at Clongowes Wood College, a Jesuit-run boarding school.

He sat in a corner of the playroom pretending to watch a game of dominos and once or twice he was able to hear for an instant the little song of the gas. The prefect was at the door with some boys and Simon Moonan was knotting his false sleeves. He was telling them something about Tullabeg.

5 Then he went away from the door and Wells came over to Stephen and said:

“Tell us, Dedalus, do you kiss your mother before you go to bed?”

Stephen answered:

“I do.”

Wells turned to the other fellows and said:

10 “O, I say, here’s a fellow says he kisses his mother every night before he goes to bed.”

The other fellows stopped their game and turned round, laughing. Stephen blushed under their eyes and said:

“I do not.”

Wells said:

15 “O, I say, here’s a fellow says he doesn’t kiss his mother every night before he goes to bed.”

They all laughed again. Stephen tried to laugh with them. He felt his whole body hot and confused in a moment. What was the right answer to the question? He had given two and still Wells laughed. But Wells must know the right answer for he was in third of grammar. He tried to think of Wells’s mother but he did not dare to raise his eyes to Wells’s face. He did not like
20 Wells’s face. It was Wells who had shouldered him into the square ditch the day before because he would not swop his little snuffbox for Wells’s seasoned hacking chestnut¹, the conqueror of forty. It was a mean thing to do; all the fellows said it was. And how cold and slimy the water had been! And a fellow had once seen a big rat jump plop into the scum.

The cold slime of the ditch covered his whole body; and when the bell rang for study and the
25 lines filed out of the playrooms, he felt the cold air of the corridor and staircase inside his clothes. He still tried to think what was the right answer. Was it right to kiss his mother or wrong to kiss his mother? What did that mean, to kiss? You put your face up like that to say goodnight and then his mother put her face down. That was to kiss. His mother put her lips on his cheek; her lips were soft and they wetted his cheek; and they made a tiny little noise: kiss. Why did
30 people do that with their two faces?

Sitting in the studyhall he opened the lid of his desk and changed the number pasted up inside from seventy-seven to seventy-six. But the Christmas vacation was very far away: but one time it would come because the earth moved round always.

There was a picture of the earth on the first page of his geography: a big ball in the middle of
35 clouds. Fleming had a box of crayons and one night during free study he had coloured the earth green and clouds maroon. That was like the two brushes in Dante’s press², the brush with the green velvet back for Parnell and the brush with the maroon velvet back for Michael Davitt³. But he had not told Fleming to colour them those colours. Fleming had done it himself.

He opened the geography to study the lesson; but he could not learn the names of places in
40 America. Still they were all different places that had those different names. They were all in different countries and the countries were in continents and the continents were in the world and the world was in the universe.

¹ In the game called ‘conkers’, Irish children attach dried chestnuts to strings and swing them sharply against one another: the child whose chestnut does not break is the winner.

² Aunt Dante is Stephen Dedalus’s governess. A press is a cupboard.

³ Charles Stewart Parnell (1846-1891) and Michael Davitt (1846-1906) were Irish nationalist leaders.

He turned to the flyleaf of the geography and read what he had written there: himself, his name and where he was.

45 *Stephen Dedalus*
 Class of Elements
 Clongowes Wood College
 Sallins
 County Kildare
50 *Ireland*
 Europe
 The World
 The Universe

That was in his writing: and Fleming one night for a cod had written on the opposite page:

55 *Stephen Dedalus is my name,*
 Ireland is my nation.
 Clongowes is my dwellingplace
 And heaven my expectation.

60 He read the verses backwards but then they were not poetry. Then he read the flyleaf from the bottom to the top till he came to his own name. That was he: and he read down the page again. What was after the universe? Nothing. But was there anything round the universe to show where it stopped before the nothing place began? It could not be a wall but there could be a thin thin line there all round everything. It was very big to think about everything and everywhere. Only God could do that. He tried to think what a big thought that must be but he could think only of
65 God. God was God’s name just as his name was Stephen. *Dieu* was the French for God and that was God’s name too; and when anyone prayed to God and said *Dieu* then God knew all at once that it was a French person that was praying. But though there were different names for God in all the different languages in the world and God understood what all the people who prayed said in their different languages still God remained always the same God and God’s real name was
70 God.

It made him very tired to think that way. It made him feel his head very big. He turned over the flyleaf and looked wearily at the green round earth in the middle of the maroon clouds. He wondered which was right, to be for the green or for the maroon, because Dante had ripped the green velvet back off the brush that was for Parnell one day with her scissors and had told him
75 that Parnell was a bad man. He wondered if they were arguing at home about that. That was called politics.

James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, 1916.

I. Questions

1. Study Stephen’s personality and his relationship with his schoolmates. What image of boarding-school life is offered in the excerpt?
2. How is the question of identity tackled? Pay particular attention to the role of language.
3. What techniques are used to convey Stephen’s perception of the world?
4. Using examples of your choosing, study how the process of growing up is depicted in English-language literature, theatre, and/or film.

II. Translation

Translate into French from “The cold slime ...” (line 24) to “... and clouds maroon” (line 36).

