

Anglais, Khâgne Lyon, Tronc Commun (ENS Lyon 1 : Spécialités Anglais, Histoire-Géographie, Théâtre)

1. Pour améliorer l'aisance de la lecture :

Lire ce qu'on a envie de lire. La lecture de nouvelles est généralement motivante. Il existe un grand nombre de recueils, y compris avec une aide pour les étudiants français (par exemple, la série *Lire en anglais*, chez *Livre de Poche*.)

2. Pour travailler le commentaire (le fond et la forme) :

- Robin Wilkinson, *Le commentaire littéraire anglais: close readings*, PUF, 2011 (30 textes suivis de commentaires en anglais, d'encadrés (outils critiques), de vocabulaire ; 17 au moins recouvrent le champs du concours ENS (fiction en prose ou 'essay', 19e siècle jusqu'à aujourd'hui).
- Grammaire : *Grammaire raisonnée 2*, de Persec et Burgué, chez Ophrys. Une révision systématique pendant les vacances est indispensable si l'on a beaucoup de lacunes, recommandée dans tous les cas.

3. Pour travailler la version :

Traduire en français le texte suivant, pour la semaine de la rentrée (ce travail n'est pas à rendre, mais à voir en classe) :

She was a fair young woman in blue, her arms and legs tanned, ready for grappling with the enormous problems of life he had gone blind to, her voice attractively raspy and yet professional, her blond hair pulled back like his wife's, though not as nice as his wife's – she eyed him with a small universal smile and said, "Do you prefer toothpaste or tooth powder?" He thought this over, giving it more thought than he should have. The two of them – the girl, a stranger to him, and the man, a kindly and amused stranger to himself – were standing in his side yard, a handsome green yard well-kept and unthreatening, on a Saturday afternoon when everyone else was out. He wanted to congratulate her on her pretty smile – did she prefer toothpaste herself? What was her secret? But her smile was not pretty, only coaxing, and he had a vision of his wife's quick excited smile, superimposed on hers; the girl suddenly seemed uninteresting.

"Toothpaste", he said. He did not know if this were true, but it was not quite a lie.

She checked something off on a paper stuck to her clipboard. Yes, her seriousness made her uninteresting. Life was a joke she hadn't caught. "About how many hours a week do you watch television?"

Though he was a *convalescent*, which is not to say an *invalid*, he did not watch television many hours a week. He did not watch television at all. His own catastrophe had been followed by the catastrophe of a leading American politician, and the networks had been crowded with dour° [fake-reluctant°] news and old film-clips and reports and prophecies he had not wanted to note. (...)

He smiled with the smile he had learned in imitation of his own smile in snapshots. To be polite, he said "Oh, maybe ten hours a week?"

"Only ten?" The girl was disappointed.

"More likely twenty."

"Twenty." She checked something off.

And so while he fooled around with the hose and cast an admiring eye on the lawn, on the girl, and on the houses across the street with their new coats of paint and their newly sanded brick and their relaxed, welcoming air of approval, the girl went through a litany of mechanical raspy questions: Do you smoke? How many packs a day? Filter-tip or plain? Regular or king-size? Which magazines do you subscribe to? Do you own an American car? (...) Does your car have an air conditioner and if not, would you be interested in one? Do you prefer beer in bottles or in cans? Do you have an automatic can opener? Are you for, against, undecided concerning the Vietnam war?

Joyce Carol OATES, *The Wheel of Love*, 1965