

LCU 562
ENS Paris Saclay (langue anglaise)
ENS de Lyon
ENS (Paris)

SESSION 2025

BANQUE D'ÉPREUVES LITTÉRAIRES

COMMENTAIRE D'UN TEXTE EN LANGUE VIVANTE ÉTRANGÈRE
ET TRADUCTION D'UNE PARTIE OU DE LA TOTALITÉ DE CE TEXTE

IMPORTANT

Le commentaire doit être rédigé dans la langue choisie lors de l'inscription.

Durée : 6 heures

L'usage de la calculatrice est interdit

L'usage d'un dictionnaire unilingue est autorisé.

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ANGLAIS

Commenter en anglais le texte suivant et le traduire de [l. 14] « They walked on again... » jusqu'à [l. 30] « ... books you burn. ».

"Do you mind if I walk back with you? I'm Clarisse McClellan."

"Clarisse. Guy Montag. Come along. What are you doing out so late wandering around? How old are you?"

5 They walked in the warm-cool blowing night on the silvered pavement and there was the faintest breath of fresh apricots and strawberries in the air, and he looked around and realized this was quite impossible, so late in the year.

There was only the girl walking with him now, her face bright as snow in the moonlight, and he knew she was working his questions around, seeking the best answers she could possibly give.

10 "Well," she said, "I'm seventeen and I'm crazy. My uncle says the two always go together. When people ask your age, he said, always say seventeen and insane. Isn't this a nice time of night to walk? I like to smell things and look at things, and sometimes stay up all night, walking, and watch the sun rise."

15 They walked on again in silence and finally she said, thoughtfully, "You know, I'm not afraid of you at all."

He was surprised. "Why should you be?"

"So many people are. Afraid of firemen, I mean. But you're just a man, after all ..."

20 He saw himself in her eyes, suspended in two shining drops of bright water, himself dark and tiny, in fine detail, the lines about his mouth, everything there, as if her eyes were two miraculous bits of violet amber that might capture and hold him intact. Her face, turned to him now, was fragile milk crystal with a soft and constant light in it. It was not the hysterical light of electricity but—what? But the strangely comfortable and rare and gently flattering light of the candle. One time, when he was a child, in a power failure, his mother had found and lit a last candle and there had been a brief hour of rediscovery, of such illumination that space lost its vast dimensions and drew comfortably around them, and they, mother and son, alone, transformed, hoping that the power might not come on again too soon...

25 And then Clarisse McClellan said:

"Do you mind if I ask? How long have you worked at being a fireman?"

"Since I was twenty, ten years ago."

30 "Do you ever *read* any of the books you burn?"

He laughed. "That's against the law!"

"Oh. Of course."

"It's fine work. Monday burn Millay, Wednesday Whitman, Friday Faulkner, burn 'em to ashes, then burn the ashes. That's our official slogan."

35 They walked still further and the girl said, "Is it true that long ago firemen put fires *out* instead of going to start them?"

"No. Houses have *always* been fireproof, take my word for it."

"Strange. I heard once that a long time ago houses used to burn by accident and they needed firemen to *stop* the flames."

40 He laughed.
 She glanced quickly over. "Why are you laughing?"
 "I don't know." He started to laugh again and stopped. "Why?"
 "You laugh when I haven't been funny and you answer right off. You never stop to think
 what I've asked you."
 45 He stopped walking. "You *are* an odd one," he said, looking at her. "Haven't you any
 respect?"
 "I don't mean to be insulting. It's just, I love to watch people too much, I guess."
 "Well, doesn't this mean *anything* to you?" He tapped the numerals 451 stitched on his char-
 coloured sleeve.
 50 "Yes," she whispered. She increased her pace. "Have you ever watched the jet cars racing on
 the boulevards down that way?"
 "You're changing the subject!"
 "I sometimes think drivers don't know what grass is, or flowers, because they never see them
 slowly," she said. "If you showed a driver a green blur, Oh yes! he'd say, that's grass! A pink
 55 blur? That's a rose garden! White blurs are houses. Brown blurs are cows. My uncle drove
 slowly on a highway once. He drove forty miles an hour and they jailed him for two days.
 Isn't that funny, and sad, too?"
 "You think too many things," said Montag, uneasily.
 "I rarely watch the 'parlour walls'¹ or go to races or Fun Parks. So I've lots of time for crazy
 60 thoughts, I guess. Have you seen the two-hundred-foot-long billboards in the country beyond
 town? Did you know that once billboards were only twenty feet long? But cars started
 rushing by so quickly they had to stretch the advertising out so it would last."
 "I didn't know that!" Montag laughed abruptly.
 "Bet I know something else you don't. There's dew on the grass in the morning."
 65 He suddenly couldn't remember if he had known this or not, and it made him quite irritable.
 "And if you look"—she nodded at the sky—"there's a man in the moon."
 He hadn't looked for a long time.

Ray BRADBURY (1920-2012), *Fahrenheit 451*, 1953.

¹ Television screens.