

CAPES/CAFEP EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS SESSION 2015

EPREUVE DE MISE EN SITUATION PROFESSIONNELLE

Première partie :

Vous procéderez à la présentation, à l'étude et à la mise en relation des trois documents proposés (A, B, C non hiérarchisés).

Deuxième partie :

Cette partie de l'épreuve porte sur les documents B et C.

A partir de ces supports, vous définirez des objectifs communicationnels, culturels et linguistiques pouvant être retenus dans une séquence pédagogique au palier 2 du collège, en vous référant aux programmes. En vous appuyant sur la spécificité de ces supports, vous dégagerez des stratégies pour développer les compétences de communication des élèves.

Document A

While Abernethy was consulted by Coleridge in 1812, Lawrence found a much younger but equally demanding literary figure in his consulting rooms in July 1815. This was the twenty-two-year-old Percy Bysshe Shelley, suffering from a cocktail of nervous diseases including abdominal spasms, nephritic pains, suspected tuberculosis and a writing-block.

5 Lawrence—literate, radically minded and well travelled—quickly gained the poet's confidence. 'My health has been considerably improved under Lawrence's care,' Shelley wrote with some surprise in August, 'and I am so much more free from the continual irritation under which I lived, as to devote myself with more effect and consistency to study.' A month later, in September 1815, Shelley was drafting his long poem about travel and self-searching,

10 *Alastor, or The Spirit of Solitude*, and a series of speculative essays about the nature of life, and also of death, as in his 'Essay on a Future State'. These medical consultations would continue regularly over the next three years, until Shelley and his young wife Mary departed for Italy in 1818. They took place during the height of the Vitalism debate, and not unnaturally they developed a literary as well as a medical aspect. It was Lawrence who

15 recommended the warm, smiling Italian climate as 'a certain remedy' for all Shelley's diseases. It was also Lawrence, with his unusual knowledge of French and German experimental medicine, who helped turn the Shelleys' joint scientific speculations along a more controversial path. The natural tendency of most English doctors and surgeons was to avoid too much theory and speculation. This evidently did not apply to Lawrence, or to his intellectual masters on the Continent. The great French naturalist Georges Cuvier approached

20 all animal life as part of a continuous 'successive' development. The celebrated Parisian doctor Professor Xavier Bichat developed a fully materialist theory of the human body and mind in his lectures *Physiological Researches on Life and Death*, translated into English in 1816. Bichat defined life bleakly as 'the sum of the functions by which death is resisted'.

25 Even more radical were the 'Machine-Man' theories of the French physiologist Julien de la Mettrie. He argued that the theologian, with his 'obscure studies', could say nothing intelligible about the soul, and that only physicians and surgeons were in a position to study the evidence. 'They alone, calmly contemplating our soul, have caught it a thousand times unawares, in its misery and its grandeur, without either despising it in one state or admiring it

30 in the other.' William Lawrence was only waiting for the opportunity to bring such radical ideas to bear. As part of his new professorship he was required to give the series of public lectures at the Royal College, starting in spring 1816. These immediately followed on the series given by Abernethy. It was the custom that one Hunterian Lecturer would preface his remarks with an appropriate salute to the endeavours of the previous incumbent. But on

35 entering the lecture hall, after a few elegant throwaway compliments, Lawrence began roundly to attack Abernethy's theories. He stated bluntly that there was absolutely no such thing as a mysterious Life Principle, and that the human body is merely a complex physical organisation. In a phrase that became notorious, he claimed that the development of this physiological organisation could be observed unbroken, 'from an oyster to a man'.

40 Lawrence's references to Abernethy became steadily more aggressive and sardonic. 'To make the matter more intelligible, this vital principle is compared to magnetism, to electricity, and to galvanism; or it is roundly stated to be oxygen. 'Tis like a camel, or like a whale, or like what you please...' This last was a contemptuous, and deliberately literary, allusion to Shakespeare's *Hamlet* mocking the foolish old Polonius. Other smart literary quotations came

45 from the poems of Alexander Pope and John Milton. Lawrence eventually went on to broaden his attack. Science, he argued, had an autonomous right to express its views fearlessly and objectively, without interference from Church or state. It must avoid 'clouds of fears and hopes, desires and aversions'. It must 'discern objects clearly' and shun 'intellectual mist'. It

50 must dispel myth and dissipate ‘absurd fables’. The world of scientific research was wholly independent.

Richard Holmes, *The Age of Wonder: The Romantic Generation and the Discovery of the Beauty and Terror of Science* (2008), Chapter 7: “Doctor Frankenstein and the Soul”

Document B

The thing in the dark repeated in a louder tone, ‘Say the words.’ I had missed its last remark. ‘Not to go on all-Fours; that is the Law’ – it repeated in a kind of singsong.

5 I was puzzled. ‘Say the words,’ said the Ape Man, repeating, and the figures in the doorway echoed this with a threat in the tone of their voices. I realized I had to repeat this idiotic formula. And then began the insanest ceremony. The voice in the dark began intoning a mad litany, line by line, and I and the rest had to repeat it. As they did so, they swayed from side to side, and beat their hands upon their knees, and I followed their example. I could have imagined I was already dead and in another world. The dark hut, these grotesque dim figures, just flecked here and there by a glimmer of light, and all of them swaying in unison and
10 chanting:–

‘Not to go on all-Fours; that is the Law. Are we not Men?

‘Not to suck up Drink; that is the Law. Are we not Men?

‘Not to eat Flesh or Fish; that is the Law. Are we not Men?

‘Not to claw Bark of Trees; that is the Law. Are we not Men?

15 ‘Not to chase other Men; that is the Law. Are we not Men?’

And so from the prohibition of these acts of folly, on to the prohibition of what I thought then were the maddest, most impossible, and most indecent things one could well imagine. A kind of rhythmic fervour fell on all of us; we gabbled and swayed faster and faster, repeating this amazing law. Superficially the contagion of these brute men was upon me, but deep down
20 within me laughter and disgust struggled together. We ran through a long list of prohibitions, and then the chant swung round to a new formula:

‘His is the House of Pain.’

‘His is the Hand that makes.’

‘His is the Hand that wounds.’

25 ‘His is the Hand that heals.’

And so on for another long series, mostly quite incomprehensible gibberish to me, about Him, whoever he might be. I could have fancied it was a dream, but never before have I heard chanting in a dream.

‘His is the lightning-flash,’ we sang. ‘His is the deep salt sea.’

30 A horrible fancy came into my head that Moreau, after animalizing these men, had infected their dwarfed brains with a kind of deification of himself. However, I was too keenly aware of white teeth and strong claws about me to stop my chanting on that account. ‘His are the stars in the sky.’

35 At last that song ended. I saw the Ape Man’s face shining with perspiration, and my eyes being now accustomed to the darkness, I saw more distinctly the figure in the corner from which the voice came. It was the size of a man, but it seemed covered with a dull grey hair almost like a Skye terrier. What was it? What were they all? Imagine yourself surrounded by the most horrible cripples and maniacs it is possible to conceive, and you may understand a little of my feelings with these grotesque caricatures of humanity about me.

H. G. Wells, *The Island of Doctor Moreau* (1896)

Document C



Still from *Frankenstein* (1931), directed by James Whale
(The film is adapted from a play, which in turn is loosely based on the novel of the same name published in 1818 by Mary Shelley.)