

## ANGLAIS

### TRADUCTION DE FRANÇAIS EN ANGLAIS

Le jeune homme se tut. Je l'aurais écouté jusqu'à la fin des temps.

- Ça vous va, belle jeune fille ? Maintenant rendez-moi mes lunettes. L'Europe doit s'être réveillée. Au boulot !

Il prononçait le moindre mot français avec une très soigneuse gourmandise. En conséquence, son histoire avait duré des heures. L'après-midi était largement entamé. Je le suivis dans le rez-de-chaussée où il habitait, une seule pièce qui donnait sur une cour pleine de bidons d'huile.

- Quel est votre métier ?
- Je me trompe ou vous prononcez drôlement ?
- Un petit problème d'accents, je vous expliquerai. En attendant, je répète : comment gagnez-vous votre vie ?
- Je suis... une sorte de policier.

Il alluma son ordinateur. Et s'exclama :

- Elles sont arrivées !
- Qui donc ?
- Les contraventions du week-end : feux rouges grillés, stationnements interdits, voies de bus empruntées...
- Je n'ai pas vu beaucoup de feux en ville.
- Normal, je m'occupe des contraventions de Brest, une ville de chez vous, dans une région qui s'appelle la Bretagne, je crois.
- Et pourquoi vous, pourquoi en Inde ?

Je travaille trois fois plus vite qu'un Français. Je coûte sept fois moins cher.

Erik Orsenna *La révolte des accents*, Editions Stock, 2007 (pp 68-9)

201 mots

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### TRADUCTION D'ANGLAIS EN FRANCAIS

'Pretty good joke, pretty good joke,' said Bullard, amiably. Suddenly he clapped the stranger on his knee. 'Sa-ay, you aren't in plastics, are you? Here I've been blowing off about plastics, and for all I know that's your line.'

'My line?' said the stranger crisply, laying down his book. 'Sorry – I've never had a line. I've been a drifter since the age of nine, since Edison set up his laboratory next to my home, and showed me the intelligence analyser.'

'Edison?' said Bullard. 'Thomas Edison, the inventor?'

'If you want to call him that, go ahead,' said the stranger.

'If I *want* to call him that?' – Bullard guffawed – 'I guess I just will! Father of the light bulb and I know what all.'

'If you want to think he invented the light bulb, go ahead. No harm in it.' The stranger resumed his reading.

'Say what is this?' said Bullard, suspiciously. 'You pulling my leg? What's this about an intelligence analyser? I never heard of that.'

'Of course you haven't,' said the stranger. 'Mr Edison and I promised to keep it a secret. I've never told anyone. Mr Edison broke his promise and told Henry Ford, but Ford made him promise not to tell anybody else – for the good of humanity.'

Bullard was entranced. 'Uh, this intelligence analyser,' he said, 'it analysed intelligence, did it?'

'It was an electric butter churn,' said the stranger.

'Seriously now,' Bullard coaxed.

Kurt Vonnegut Jr, *Tom Edison's Shaggy Dog*, in *American Short Stories of Today*, Editions Penguin, 1988 (p. 130-131)

238 mots

## ANGLAIS

### Expression écrite – 1<sup>ère</sup> langue

#### Lire soigneusement le texte ci-dessous :

My first memory of being Indian in America was being called an “injun.” This was around 1980. I was visiting my grandparents in rural Minnesota. The boy who called me an “injun” punched me in the stomach; later, his friends would call me a “communist.”

Those were particularly crude reactions but they were characteristic of the distance that separated India and America for much of my life. I grew up between both countries, the son of an Indian father and an American mother, but my two homes always felt very far apart. For much of my childhood and early adulthood, India and America were literally — but also culturally, socially, politically and experientially — on opposite sides of the planet.

When I moved to America in the early 1990s, India was little more than a cipher in the American imagination. Many of my new friends were uninterested in and uninformed about the country that I desperately missed. India was defined by the broadest, and usually most unflattering, of brush strokes — stereotypes about poverty and corruption, images of crowds, maybe a vague sense of what Indians in America used to call the “three C’s”: caste, cows and curry.

I’ve been thinking about those early years in America, because I just spent a few weeks back in the country, in New York. [...]

Most of all, I’m struck by the new optimism and enthusiasm that seem to have attached themselves to India, and especially to its economic prospects. More than a century ago, Mark Twain called India “an incredible aggregate of poverty.” Today the media extol it as a “roaring capitalist success story” and “the next economic superpower”.

Across America, I meet taxi drivers, shopkeepers and businessmen who speak admiringly about the opportunities and promise of a new India. The “three C’s” have been replaced by an altogether more modern — and certainly more prosperous — set of associations: technology, outsourcing, billionaires, Bollywood.

In Harlem recently, I met a newspaper vendor who operated a kiosk down the road from where I was staying. He asked where I was from. “India?” he said. “You must be really smart, or rich — or both.”

I thought about his reaction for a while, and then I returned to ask him what he really knew about India. “Not much,” he confessed. “I don’t really follow the international news.”

He told me about the young Indian sisters — quadruplets — who lived next door to his house. He said they were beautiful; they had an “American swagger.” He noticed they did not wear the “red dot” on their foreheads. He figured it was a sign that India was changing.[...]

He talked about the Indians he often found at the other end of the line when he telephoned customer service. He knew that “Wall Street” was scared of those Indians; they were taking American jobs.

These types of experiences — fleeting, individualized — had added up to a general image of India in his mind. It was an image of a thriving, modernizing nation that was strikingly at odds with the one I had encountered when I first moved to America.

Indians, the newspaper vendor told me, citing the example of another vendor, a man named Muhammad who worked 14-hour days, had a knack for success. They worked hard, they knew how to chase down opportunities. [...]

It's hard to deny the feeling of gratification that such pronouncements give me. India is a country on the move now, a nation that is increasingly — and correctly — being recognized for its economic prowess and achievements.

When I visit cities like Bangalore or Mumbai, I see swarms of young American interns and workers, all in the country to chase professional opportunities, escaping the economic stagnation at home. Their sight inspires a certain thrill, and perhaps a little schadenfreude: Who would have ever imagined that India would be creating opportunities for economic refugees from the land of opportunity?

Yet when I talk to men like that newspaper vendor, I can't help but wonder a little, too, about India's new global image.

For all its achievements, it's hard to accept India as an example of a roaring capitalist success story. I know there's a lot more to the country than smart and rich technology workers who are stealing American jobs and buying box seats at the U.S. Open.

Sometimes I feel that one set of stereotypes has just replaced another — that the old, negative simplifications have been replaced by new, positive ones.

Back in India now after my time in New York, I'm grateful for all that this country has achieved over the last couple of decades — all the external signs of success (the gleaming technology parks, the new roads, the shopping malls) and all the other, less tangible transformations that I know are expanding horizons and opportunities for hundreds of millions of people.

But I am reminded, too, of all that remains to be done: the poverty that exists despite the new economic success, the islands of deprivation that have in many respects only grown more resilient since the start of India's boom.

Mostly, I'm reminded of just what an intricate, layered country this is, and of how complex is the process of change and development it is undergoing. I'm happy that stereotypes of India have turned positive. But I'd be a lot happier if the stereotypes could give way to an acknowledgement of that complexity.

896 words

Akash Kapur, *The New York Times*, November 6, 2009

Répondre en **ANGLAIS** aux questions suivantes :

(environ 250 mots pour chaque réponse)

1. What changes has the writer noticed in the perceptions Americans have of India, and what is his own perception?

***Answer the question in your own words.***

2. To what extent can the United States still be considered a “land of opportunity” for immigrants? Justify your answer with relevant examples.