



FINAL EXAMINATION (3 hours)

PART ONE: Listening

[20 pts]

You will hear part of an interview with an actor called Peter Jameson, who is talking about his career. For questions 1-14, complete the sentences **on this sheet** using between 1-4 words per gap. For questions 15-20, choose the answer which fits best according to what you hear. You will hear the discussion twice. You now have 3 minutes to look at the questions.

- 1 Was it your choice to appear so often in this type of play or the _____ of casting directors?
- 2 Years ago, I wanted to play a _____ unusual detective in a series.
- 3 'He's too posh for commercial television', at which my agent _____, quite rightly so.
- 4 Your voice is, perhaps to your irritation, what people often _____ because its range is unusual.
- 5 The range of my voice, well, it was a _____, but I've had coaching.
- 6 He came three days a week and he _____ voice production with the Alexander Relaxation Technique.
- 7 You also brought out his anger particularly: this is _____ for you, isn't it?
- 8 It's a totally unearned reputation but that's what _____ to the audience.
- 9 Line learning is part of the trade but it _____ me that you must've had thousands of lines in your head at that point.
- 10 As the years have gone by, the photographs have got a bit _____.
- 11 When it first went out, episode one started going _____.
- 12 About ten years later I was...some friends _____ into a house in California and over the weekend made me see the whole thing.
- 13 They're showing _____ of it: there's no escape.
- 14 In a curious way, it was totally contemporary while _____ in ancient Rome.

- 15 What type of roles did Peter want to play when he was younger?
- a He was keen to specialize in famous Shakespearean parts.
 - b He thought working in television would be more rewarding.
 - c He wanted the freedom to explore a wide range of characters.
 - d He felt that classical plays would suit his personality best.
- 16 What do we learn about Peter's voice?
- a He needs a microphone in order to be heard in a large venue.
 - b He makes use of the latest technology to improve it.
 - c He finds it difficult to relax his voice when he is acting.
 - d He has learned to get over problems through voice training.
- 17 According to Peter, when he took on the role of Prospero he was
- a relieved to be playing a challenging character for a change.
 - b apprehensive at having to portray so much anger on stage.
 - c amused by the audience's reaction to his performance.
 - d doubtful as to whether he would enjoy the experience.
- 18 What does Peter say about learning the words in a play?
- a He relies on the natural abilities he was born with.
 - b He is grateful for the training he received as a student.
 - c He finds it easier to remember them scene-by-scene.
 - d He accepts that memorizing long parts is impossible now.
- 19 How does Peter feel about watching his past performances on television?
- a He appreciates the support of friends when doing it.
 - b It is something he would rather avoid doing.
 - c There is little time for it when he is working.
 - d Being forced to do it makes him angry.
- 20 What particularly impressed Peter about *The Romans*?
- a Its relevance to modern times
 - b The accuracy of the historical details
 - c Its original use of language
 - d The strength of the acting



A significant event

Stephen Fry, the author, was sent by his primary school teacher, Miss Meddlar, to bring test results to Mr. Kett, the senior class teacher. Right before opening the door of the classroom, he became frightened, ran away and stuffed the official paper into one of his friends' boots instead of delivering it.

At lunch Mr. Kett came to my table and sat down opposite me. I felt a thousand eyes burning into me.

"Now then, young man. What's this about me not being in the classroom this morning? I never left my classroom."

5 "Well, I knocked, sir, but you didn't answer and I went away."
"Miss Meddlar says you said you left the mark sheet on my desk."
"Oh no, sir. As you didn't answer my knock I went away."
"I see."

A pause, while, hot and prickly, I looked down at my lunch.

10 "Well, if you give me the mark sheet now then..."

"Sir?"

"I'll take it now."

"Oh. I lost it, sir."

"You lost it?"

15 "Sir, in break."

A puzzled look spread over Mr. Kett's face.

Get to know that puzzled look, Stephen Fry. You will see it many times.

20 For Narcissus to find himself desirable, the water he looks into must be clear and calm and sweet. If a person looks into a turbulent pool, his reflection will be dark and disturbed. That was Mr. Kett's face, rippled with dark perturbation. He was being lied at, but lied at so well and for so impenetrable a reason.

I can see his perplexity so clearly. It looms before me now and the turbulence in his eyes makes me look very ugly indeed.

25 Here was a bright boy, very bright. He came from a big house up the road: his parents, although newcomers to Norfolk, seemed nice people – even qualifying for what used to be called awfully nice. Their boy was only here at this little school for a term before he went away to prep school. Kett was a man of his village and therefore a man of the world. He had seen bright children before, he had seen children of the upper middle classes before. This boy seemed presentable enough, charming enough, decent enough and here
30 he was telling the lie direct without so much of a blush or a stammer.

Maybe I'm over-refining.

There is little chance that John Kett remembers that day. In fact, I know he doesn't.

Of course I'm over-refining. I'm reading into the incident what I want to read into it.

35 Like all teachers, John Kett overlooked and pardoned those thousands of revelatory moments in which the children under his care exposed the animal inside them. Everyday he must bid good morning to men and women, parents now themselves, whom once he witnessed thrashing about in mad tantrum, bullied, whom once he saw bursting into terrified screams at the sight of a tiny spider or the sound of distant thunder, whom once he saw torturing ladybirds. True, a cold lie is worse than animal savagery or hot fright, but that lie is
40 and always was, my problem, not John Kett's.



This Affair of the Test Results in Mary Hench's Wellington Boot is a big episode for me simply because I remember it so clearly: it is significant, in other words, because I have decided that it is significant and that in itself is of significance to me. I suppose it seems to mark in my mind the beginning of what was to become a pattern of lonely lies and public exposures. The virtue of this particular lie was that it was pointless, a pure lie, its vice that it was so consciously, so excellently done. When Kett sat down at the lunch table I had been nervous – mouth dry, heart thumping, hands clammy – but the moment I began to speak I found I became more than simply nerveless, I became utterly confident and supremely myself. It was as if I had discovered my very purpose in life. To put one over, to dupe: to deceive not only without shame, but with real pride. Private pride, that was always the problem. Not a pride I could share in the playground, but a secret pride to hug to myself like miser's gold. The hours leading up to exposure would have me sweating with fear, but the moment itself would define me: I became charged, excited and happy, while at the same time maintaining absolute outward calm and confidence, able to calculate in microseconds. Telling lies would bring about in me that state the sportsman knows when he is suddenly in form, when the timing becomes natural and rhythmic, the sound of the bat/racket/club/cue sweet and singing: he is simultaneously relaxed and in deepest concentration I could almost claim that the moment the police snapped the cuffs about my wrists eleven years later was one of the happiest of my life.

Of course, someone might try to make the connection between all this and acting. When acting is going well, the same feeling of mastery of time, of rhythm, of control and timing comes over one. Acting, after all, is lying, lying for the pure exquisite joy of it, you might think. Only acting isn't that, not to me at any rate. Acting is telling the truth for the pure, agonising hell of it.

Stephen FRY, *Moab is my Washpot* (1997)

PART TWO: Comprehension

USE A SEPARATE ANSWER SHEET

[20 pts]

Questions 1-3 only require rather short answers. Yet make sure you answer questions 4-6 in about 70 words (i.e. about 7 lines) each. Base your answers on textual evidence whenever it is possible (use quotation marks). Otherwise use your own words.

- 1 Briefly comment on the literary genre of the passage. [1 pt]
- 2 Why does the narrator allude to the notion of "private pride"? (1.50) [1 pt]
- 3 Taking lines 24-30 into consideration, in how far is Fry's attitude rather unexpected? [1 pt]
- 4 How can you interpret the reference to Narcissus in relation to Fry? [3 pts]
- 5 To what extent can an actor, a sportsman and a shoplifter be associated in a literary context? [3 pts]



- 6 In which ways does this school episode represent a “significant” moment for the young man and actor-to-be? [3 pts]
- 7 **Creative writing** : imagine the young Stephen facing the door, frightened and unable to knock. Now write a **monologue** explaining the reasons why he first hesitates, then decides not to fulfil his mission. [8 pts]

PART THREE: Translation

USE A SEPARATE ANSWER SHEET

[20 pts]

Je n’ai pas vraiment de souvenirs d’enfance. Jusqu’à ma douzième année à peu près, mon histoire personnelle peut être résumée en quelques lignes : j’ai perdu mon père à quatre ans, ma mère à six ; j’ai passé la guerre dans divers lieux. En 1945, la sœur de mon père et son mari décidèrent de m’adopter. Ce manque d’histoire m’a longtemps rassuré. Pendant des années, je réussis à éviter tout détail précis, toute anecdote potentiellement dérangeante. Un tel comportement me permit évidemment de me protéger en feignant l’innocence.

« Je n’ai pas du tout de souvenirs d’enfance » : je l’affirmais clairement, avec une sorte de défi. On n’avait pas à m’interroger sur cette question. Ni un fidèle ami, ni un enseignant curieux ne le sauraient jamais puisque ce sujet ne faisait pas partie de mon programme. Plus on pensait que je me souvenais d’avoir été enfant, plus j’étais convaincu que la tâche était inutile. Je pouvais donc m’en passer, puisqu’une autre Histoire, avec sa grande hache, avait déjà répondu à ma place : la guerre, les camps.

À treize ans cependant, j’inventai, racontai et dessinai une histoire que j’oubliai plus tard. Il y a sept ans, un soir, à Venise, je me souvins tout à coup d’avoir conçu une intrigue. Elle s’appelait « W » et était, d’une certaine façon, sinon l’histoire, du moins une manière d’envisager mon enfance.

Une fois de plus, il ne fallut que peu de temps pour que les pièges de l’écriture apparaissent. Une fois de plus, je fus comme un enfant qui joue à cache-cache et qui ne sait pas ce dont il a vraiment peur ou ce qu’il désire le plus : rester caché ou être découvert.

Je retrouvai plus tard quelques-uns des dessins que j’avais faits vers treize ans. Grâce à eux, je réinventai « W » et l’écrivis, le publiant progressivement dans un magazine littéraire.

Freely adapted from Georges PEREC, W ou le souvenir d'enfance (1975)



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A N G L A I S

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