MINISTÈRE
DE L'ÉDUCATION
NATIONALE,
DE LA JEUNESSE
ET DES SPORTS

Liberté
Égalité
Fraternité

Concours externe du Capes et Cafep-Capes

Section langues vivantes étrangères : anglais

Exemple de sujet pour l'épreuve écrite disciplinaire

À compter de la session 2022, les épreuves du concours externe du Capes et du Cafep-Capes sont modifiées.

L'arrêté du 25 janvier 2021, publié au journal officiel du 29 janvier 2021, fixe les modalités d'organisation du concours et décrit le nouveau schéma des épreuves.

1ère PARTIE : composition en langue étrangère

Compare and contrast the following documents.

Axe : Voyages et migrations

DOCUMENT A

By January of 1848, the rumour that the landlords were to send a number of cottiers and their families to British North America began to circulate, in various forms, from cabin to cabin. Some said that every Catholic in County Antrim was to be evacuated, along with their donkeys, chickens, and tools. Others announced that since the county was a sinking ship from which decency demanded they be removed, only the women and children would be going. Another rumour, one closest to the truth, suggested that families would be handpicked for the adventure by the landlords, the rest left to work the fields until they dropped of starvation, harvesting food destined for the surfaces of British tables.

As the talk increased, the word "Canada" was spoken hundreds of times a day – on the roads, in the fields, near the doors of dismal cabins, at firesides – and pictures of the country, itself, began to be assembled by those who claimed to know something of the terrain or those who had once spoken to someone who had received a letter from across the sea. The optimists maintained that all who went there became rich, that golden nuggets tumbled in the streams, that vegetable crops were acclimatized to grow in snow, that fruit trees bore blossoms and fruit all year round – the latter being preserved, always fresh, by a thin coating of ice. The inhabitants, they said, lived in beautiful houses made of unmeltable ice in which they moved on skates from room to room on ice floors. When questioned, these sages said that the cold was another kind of cold altogether, a cold unlike anything ever experienced in Ireland. More like a dryness of the air, this cold, which froze everything around it, produced comfort. The settlers, they said, were so comfortable that they skated about with bare arms protruding from light cotton shifts, plucking the fruit (which was a different kind of fruit altogether – transparent and jewel-like) from the unstoppable orchards. Snowshoes were described, to an assembly struck dumb with amazement, as boots with baskets on the bottom or shoes with frozen nets encircling them. These, they claimed, were issued to every settler on arrival; arrival itself being determined by the moment when the ocean stopped and the comfortable ice began. One was then expected to tramp away from the ship in search of the perfect home of ice (of which there were thousands – empty and waiting), the thatch on their roofs in perfect frozen repair.

The pessimists, as is often the case, spouted theories that bore more, though not much more, resemblance to reality. They scoffed at the tales of the optimists, saying that, although the cold was extreme, there was little, if any, ice at all. This was because the country was too new and, as result, like all new things, in a state of great agitation. Nothing, they said, ever held still long enough to freeze. The water in all the lakes and rivers (of which there were many) tumbled and cascaded and climbed mountains and flung itself over cliffs and hungrily gobbled boats with more appetite than the waters of the Moyle. Everything was growing, they asserted, all the time, and a man who stood still for too long was likely to be pinned to the ground by rambunctious vines eagerly seeking light. Because of this growth, the pessimists continued, everything became, or had already become too large. The mountains were unclimbable, the rivers unfordable, the forests impenetrable, and the trees in them unchoppable.

Jane Urquhart, *Away*. 1993. London: Bloomsbury, 2002, pp. 114-115

DOCUMENT B

Dad had had an idyllic childhood, and as he told me of his adventures with Anwar I often wondered why he'd condemned his own son to a dreary suburb of London of which it was said that when people drowned they saw not their lives but their double-glazing flashing before them.

It was only later, when he came to England, that Dad realized how complicated practical life could be. He'd never cooked before, never washed up, never cleaned his own shoes or made a bed. Servants did that. Dad told us that when he tried to remember the house in Bombay he could never visualize the kitchen: he'd never been in it. He remembered, though, that his favourite servant had been sacked for kitchen misdemeanours; once for making toast by lying on his back and suspending bread from between his toes over a flame, and on a second occasion for cleaning celery with a toothbrush – his own brush, as it happened, not the Master's but that was no excuse. These incidents had made Dad a socialist, in so far as he was ever a socialist.

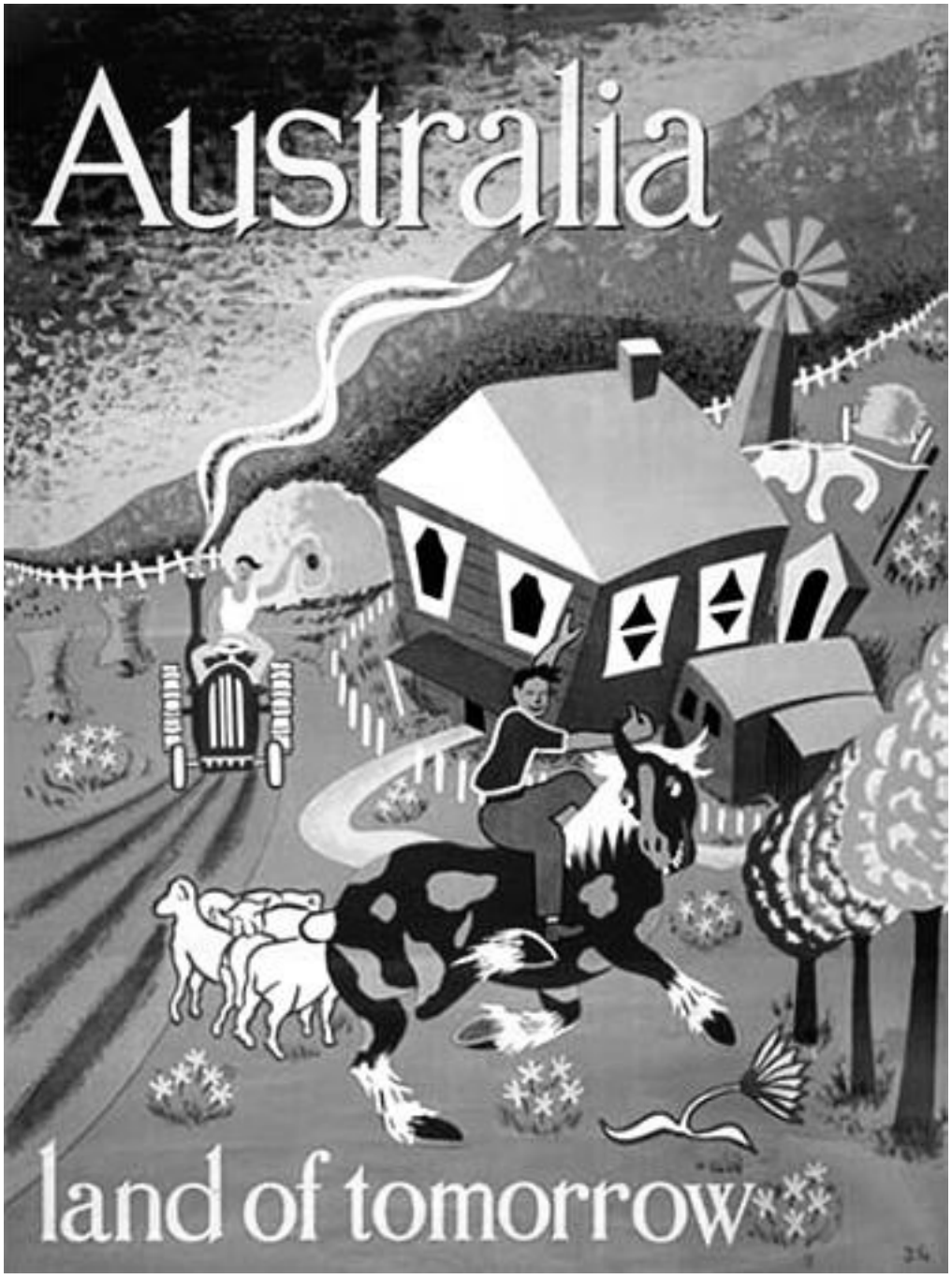
If Mum was irritated by Dad's aristocratic uselessness, she was also proud of his family. 'They're higher than the Churchills,' she said to people. 'He went to school in a horse-drawn carriage.' This ensured there would be no confusion between Dad and the swarms of Indian peasants who came to Britain in the 1950s and 1960s, and of whom it was said they were not familiar with cutlery and certainly not with toilets, since they squatted on the seats and shat from on high.

Unlike them, Dad was sent to England by his family to be educated. His mother knitted him and Anwar several itchy woollen vests and waved them off from Bombay, making them promise never to be pork-eaters. Like Gandhi and Jinnah before him, Dad would return to India a qualified and polished English gentleman lawyer and an accomplished ballroom dancer. But Dad had no idea when he set off that he'd never see his mother's face again. This was the great undiscussed grief of his life, and, I reckon, explained his helpless attachment to women who would take care of him, women he could love as he should have loved the mother to whom he never wrote a single letter.

London, the Old Kent Road, was a freezing shock to both of them. It was wet and foggy; people called you 'Sunny Jim'; there was never enough to eat, and Dad never took to dripping on toast. 'Nose drippings more like,' he'd say, pushing away the staple diet of the working class. 'I thought it would be roast beef and Yorkshire pudding all the way.' But rationing was still on, and the area was derelict after being bombed to rubble during the war. Dad was amazed and heartened by the sight of the British in England, though. He'd never seen the English in poverty, as roadsweepers, dustmen, shopkeepers and barmen. He'd never seen an Englishman stuffing bread into his mouth with his fingers, and no one had told him the English didn't wash regularly because the water was so cold – if they had water at all. And when Dad tried to discuss Byron in local pubs no one warned him that not every Englishman could read or that they didn't necessarily want tutoring by an Indian on the poetry of a pervert and a madman.

Hanif Kureishi, *The Buddha of Suburbia*. London: Faber and Faber, 1990, pp. 23-25

DOCUMENT C



Joe Greenberg (designer), *Australia Land of Tomorrow*, circa 1948, produced by the Department of Immigration. Originally in colour.

2ème PARTIE : traduction

Les candidats traduiront les deux textes ci-dessous.

1 - THEME

Ma mère était belle tout en s'efforçant de paraître ordinaire. Selon elle, les critères physiques participaient des jugements a priori dont une femme moderne devait se libérer. Pour autant, elle restait très féminine en se donnant en même temps des allures de femme nord-américaine, la voix placée dans les graves, son accent irlandais gommé. Rien ne pouvait l'empêcher de rayonner, pas même ses disputes avec mon père, de plus en plus fréquentes au fil du temps, au point que les deux dernières années de leur vie je dormais dans la maison de Maine pour les fuir. J'aurais préféré qu'ils se disputent devant moi. Quand elle n'en pouvait vraiment plus, ma mère s'ouvrait à Maine de l'indifférence croissante de son mari à son égard. Les deux femmes se retrouvaient alors sur le banc qui faisait face à la crique et discutaient sans se regarder. Maine essayait de réconforter ma mère dont je voyais à quel point cette situation la dévastait. Mais le lendemain, il n'en paraissait rien, elle redevenait l'éblouissante rousse irlandaise aux yeux bleus.

Marc Dugain, *Ils vont tuer Robert Kennedy*, Gallimard, 2017

2 - VERSION

On the corner, across the road from her, there was a church. She had glanced at it only. It was a big church, obscured a little by the tall trees which surrounded it, but stretching above them in a square tower of grey stone darkened by the city smoke. As she stood at the corner her gaze rested there, in the sooty granite of the tower. It loomed up. It rose. Grace was startled to find herself staring. Shocked at what it brought back to her. It clutched at her shoulders and her back as if it reached over and took hold of her, and reminded her suddenly and coldly, like a piece of ice slipped beneath her scalp, of the place where her husband was buried. The picture formed in her mind, as if carved, engraved, of the church outside Cootehill, of the cold air that she breathed hanging there above his grave. The church in front of her, and the church where he was. They were covered by the same sky. The same air. She breathed him in.

Grace turned and fled.

She hurried back down Stamer Street, this time with her head down, looking only at the pavement, the cracks and the dirt.

Keith Ridgway, *The Long Falling*, Faber and Faber, 1998