

# CAPES/ CAFEP EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS

## SESSION 2011

### ÉPREUVE SUR DOSSIER

#### PREMIÈRE PARTIE

Vous procéderez en anglais à la mise en relation des documents suivants, en vous appuyant sur la consigne ci-dessous :

**Analyse how royal weddings and their representation allow for political continuity.**

**Document A (Audio):** Royal historian Lady Antonia Fraser and Professor of Government Stephen Haseler discuss the royal wedding announcement (BBC Radio 4 Today Programme, Wednesday 17 November, 2010)

**Document B :** “With his engagement to Kate Middleton, the furnace of Prince William's divine right has been put out” (Zoe Williams, *The Guardian*, Thursday 18 November, 2010)

**Document C :** Two extracts from *Richard III* by William Shakespeare (written in 1591-92; 1<sup>st</sup> published in 1597)

## DOCUMENT A

**Audio :** Royal historian Lady Antonia Fraser and Professor of Government Stephen Haseler discuss the royal wedding announcement.

**Source:**

Royal wedding “should be low key”

BBC Radio 4 Today Programme, Wednesday 17 November, 2010

[http://news.bbc.co.uk/today/hi/today/newsid\\_9197000/9197366.stm](http://news.bbc.co.uk/today/hi/today/newsid_9197000/9197366.stm), from 04:32 to 07:09

## DOCUMENT B

### **With his engagement to Kate Middleton, the furnace of Prince William's divine right has been put out**

Hats off to royal William and commoner Kate. Their wedding will be a nail in the coffin of an obnoxious hierarchy.

So, clearly, it is a very big deal that Prince William is marrying a commoner. The Daily Mail thinks it is a "huge step towards rekindling the love affair between crown and country". And yes, the tabloids have started calling him "Wills", in that over-familiar, quasi-maternal, lickspittle nostalgia for a time when we loved them so much that a Henry would automatically be a Hal. This nicknaming is sort of ironic (conveying ownership, when in fact, at the very most we rent him), and playfully paradoxical (seeming to be chummy, but in fact betokening our humblest respect), but mainly it just makes me want to be sick.

[...] Let's define our terms: royal, we all comprehend. "Commoner" is anybody who holds no title of nobility, so this is probably the least snobbish word to be applied to Middleton since it doesn't even spell out that she's not an aristocrat. She's solidly middle class – curving upwards in her education (she went to Marlborough), and downwards in her family (her grandfather drove lorries, her mother was once an air hostess).

[...] There's a fiction among the middle classes that class no longer exists. There's a fiction among the upper classes that it does exist, but it's all "separate but equal"; we're essentially the same, but our funny little ways are different. It's all dross<sup>1</sup>: the class system is intact – the people at the top think they are the best, the people at the bottom think they're the worst.

[...] The furnace of William's divine right has been put out, because the rights of kings and princes no longer come from God. They come from a different kind of faith, a dogged

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<sup>1</sup> dross = rubbish

conviction that breeding matters. When even the thoroughbred at the top doesn't buy it, maybe the structure won't collapse immediately, but its internal architecture starts to look a little bit experimental (nobody tell Prince Charles). This is brilliant: this is as socially reforming as any British prince has ever been (without abdicating). [...]

[U]niversity was, in this as in so many other cases, the crucible of social change. Nobody really wants to be locked into their own class. A lot of people would give up centuries of entrenched privilege just for a bit of fresh air. But further education is the most, possibly the only, flexible space of a person's life. Schools are segregated rather strictly, and by the time your education is over, your circle is made.

It just remains to be said: republicans, will you stop going on about how much this wedding will cost? It's a nail in the coffin of an obnoxious hierarchy. Are you really going to carp about lending them your hammer?

Zoe Williams, *The Guardian*, Thursday 18 November, 2010 (adapted).  
<http://www.guardian.co.uk/commentisfree/2010/nov/18/furnace-william-divine-right-put-out>

## DOCUMENT C

### Two extracts from *Richard III*

*Queen Elizabeth was the wife of King Edward IV, Richard III's brother. Her two young sons, heirs to the throne, have just been murdered on Richard's orders.*

#### From Act IV, sc 2, 59-64

[KING RICHARD]  
 I must be married to my brother's daughter,  
 Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:--  
 Murder her brothers, and then marry her!  
 Uncertain way of gain! But I am in  
 So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin:  
 Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

#### From Act IV, 4, 199-215 and 291-310.

KING RICHARD.  
 Stay, madam, I must talk a word with you.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.  
 I have no more sons of the royal blood  
 For thee to slaughter: for my daughters, Richard,--  
 They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;  
 And therefore level not to hit their lives.

KING RICHARD.

You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth.  
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

And must she die for this? O, let her live,  
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty:  
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;  
Throw over her the veil of infamy:  
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,  
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

KING RICHARD.

Wrong not her birth; she is of royal blood.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

To save her life I'll say she is not so.

KING RICHARD.

Her life is safest only in her birth.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

And only in that safety died her brothers.

[...]

KING RICHARD.

Look, what is done cannot be now amended:  
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
Which after-hours gives leisure to repent.  
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.  
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,  
To quicken your increase I will beget  
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.  
A grandam<sup>2</sup>'s name is little less in love  
Than is the doating title of a mother;  
They are as children but one step below,  
Even of your metal<sup>3</sup>, of your very blood;  
Of all one pain,--save for a night of groans  
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.  
Your children were vexation to your youth;  
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.  
The loss you have is but a son being king,  
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.  
I cannot make you what amends I would,  
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.

William Shakespeare, *Richard III*,

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<sup>2</sup> = grandmother

<sup>3</sup> = material