

CAPES/CAFEP EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS SESSION 2014

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 A (A1/A2) et C.

A partir de ces supports, vous définirez des objectifs communicationnels, culturels et linguistiques pouvant être retenus dans une séquence pédagogique en cycle terminal, 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 1**Now Britain's Men-Only Clubs Have to Let in the Ladies**

It was an unlikely venue for a civil rights sit-in. But on Oct. 1, Lady Antonia Fraser, the formidable Anglo-Irish author and widow of playwright Harold Pinter, walked into the Garrick Club — a plush, “gentlemen-only” member's club in London's West End — and took a seat at the hallowed center table in the coffee room. For its 179-year history, the table had been reserved for men. But there was nothing the members could do to stop Lady Antonia's defiance. Britain's new Equality Act — a law that prohibits establishments from discrimination based on gender — is forcing the country's male-dominated social clubs to overturn many of their cherished traditions.

London's oak-paneled, leather-chaired, jackets-and-ties-only gentlemen's clubs have long been a refuge for the country's ruling class. During the heyday of the British Empire, men from top universities were judged not only on their intellectual merit but also their “clubbability.” In the past 30 years, however, as those who attended university during the social revolution of the 1960s came of age, many clubs have amended their policies. The Reform Club, where Phileas Fogg made his bet that he could travel around the world in 80 days, was one of the first of the prestigious men-only clubs to admit women in 1981. United Oxford and Cambridge Club finally admitted women in 1996 — previously the club was only open to male graduates of those venerated universities — and many others have since followed suit.

A small group of clubs, however, has continued to grant women inferior status. Now the Equality Act is forcing that to change. The Garrick — which was established by dramatists in 1831 — previously required “lady guests” of male members to enter through a back staircase, barred them from the cocktail bar before 9 p.m., and encouraged them to eat in a room named after Winnie the Pooh author A.A. Milne, who left much of his estate to the club. [...] Thanks to the new law, the club has lifted these restrictions, to the chagrin of some of its members.

Due to an idiosyncrasy in the law, single-sex establishments that do not allow those of the opposite gender on the premises — even as guests — can keep their exclusive status. The law only kicks in when one sex is given preferential treatment. That means some gentlemen-only clubs will not be required to tweak their rules to let in the ladies; others are considering complying with the legislation by removing guest privileges to women entirely. [...]

Supporters of men-only clubs have always argued that gender segregation is crucial for upholding decorum and British good manners, according to William Bortrick, Executive and Royal Editor of *Burke's Peerage and Gentry*, a sort of *Who's Who* for the British, Irish and American aristocracy. [...] Even as they are forced to modernize, members clubs are increasingly becoming an anachronism. The landed aristocracy that once was their core constituency is thinning out. In the days of Cool Britannia and Tony Blair's New Labour a decade ago, power in Britain shifted from the hushed rooms of the older clubs to a new, more raucous breed of drinking clubs. The ruling class is now more likely to be found not sipping a claret or scotch at the ultra-private White's club or The Garrick, but downing a chic cocktail at Zanzibar Club, Groucho Club, Soho House or any number of new, trendy co-ed drinking clubs.

Caledonian Club secretary Campbell says that members of the club realized that abolishing gender inequality was an essential step to attracting the country's younger generation of forward-thinking elite: “our best hope to remain relevant.” As Lita Khazaka, a thirtysomething female architect and member of the Caledonian, put it, “Getting young people involved in the club is crucial — and that can be hard to do if the club's policies are so old-fashioned that they cause embarrassment.”

Document C

During my long and intimate acquaintance with Mr. Sherlock Holmes I had never heard him refer to his relations, and hardly ever to his own early life. This reticence upon his part had increased the somewhat inhuman effect which he produced upon me, until sometimes I found myself regarding him as an isolated phenomenon, a brain without a heart, as deficient in human sympathy as he was pre-eminent in intelligence. His aversion to women and his disinclination to form new friendships were both typical of his unemotional character, but not more so than his complete suppression of every reference to his own people. I had come to believe that he was an orphan with no relatives living, but one day, to my very great surprise, he began to talk to me about his brother. [...]

“Mycroft has better powers of observation than I, you may take it that I am speaking the exact and literal truth.”

“Is he your junior?”

“Seven years my senior.”

“How comes it that he is unknown?”

“Oh, he is very well known in his own circle.”

“Where, then?”

“Well, in the Diogenes Club, for example.”

I had never heard of the institution, and my face must have proclaimed as much, for Sherlock Holmes pulled out his watch.

“The Diogenes Club is the queerest club in London, and Mycroft one of the queerest men. He's always there from quarter to five to twenty to eight. It's six now, so if you care for a stroll this beautiful evening I shall be very happy to introduce you to two curiosities.”

Five minutes later we were in the street, walking towards Regent's Circus.

“You wonder,” said my companion, “why it is that Mycroft does not use his powers for detective work. He is incapable of it.”

“But I thought you said—”

“I said that he was my superior in observation and deduction. If the art of the detective began and ended in reasoning from an arm-chair, my brother would be the greatest criminal agent that ever lived. But he has no ambition and no energy. [...] What is to me a means of livelihood is to him the merest hobby of a dilettante. He has an extraordinary faculty for figures, and audits the books in some of the government departments. Mycroft lodges in Pall Mall, and he walks round the corner into Whitehall every morning and back every evening. From year's end to year's end he takes no other exercise, and is seen nowhere else, except only in the Diogenes Club, which is just opposite his rooms. [...] There are many men in London, you know, who, some from shyness, some from misanthropy, have no wish for the company of their fellows. Yet they are not averse to comfortable chairs and the latest periodicals. It is for the convenience of these that the Diogenes Club was started, and it now contains the most unsociable and unclubable men in town. No member is permitted to take the least notice of any other one. Save in the Stranger's Room, no talking is, under any circumstances, allowed, and three offences, if brought to the notice of the committee, render the talker liable to expulsion. My brother was one of the founders, and I have myself found it a very soothing atmosphere.”

We had reached Pall Mall as we talked, and were walking down it from the St. James's end.

Sherlock Holmes stopped at a door some little distance from the Carlton, and, cautioning me not to speak, he led the way into the hall. Through the glass panelling I caught a glimpse of a large and luxurious room, in which a considerable number of men were sitting about and reading papers, each in his own little nook. Holmes showed me into a small chamber which looked out into Pall Mall, and then, leaving me for a minute, he came back with a companion whom I knew could only be his brother.