

**CAPES/CAFEP EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS SESSION 2021**

**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 et B.

A partir de ces supports, vous définirez des objectifs communicationnels, culturels et linguistiques pouvant être retenus dans une séquence pédagogique en classe de troisième, 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

I go in search of the Peace Line. It is most striking along Bryson Street. Nearly eight metres tall, brown brick topped with metal railing. There are steel doors in the wall here and there but they look as if they haven't been opened in years. At one end the wall angles back and forth, like a stretched-out zig-zag, like a serrated-edge. "Many-toothed" indeed. All along the wall's 275 metre length terraced houses face it. I think it must be a grim way to live, looking out at this wall every day but then I remember that in Dublin I lived opposite a wall of Mountjoy Prison and it didn't bother me too much. One thing I do remember – and perhaps this is the reason it didn't bother me – was how abstract the lives on the other side were to me. The prisoners' daily lives were unimaginable, and I guess they never thought to try and imagine my life either. I step back as far as I can across Bryson Street to look at the tops of the houses on the other side. I see a man on a ladder washing his upper windows and he seems a thousand miles away.

A resident is standing in her doorway, smoking a mild cigarette and taking a mild interest in what I'm doing. I tell her I'm following the wall all the way around her neighbourhood. "It's not much to look at," she says, looking at it.

This stretch is pure 1970's Peace Line, built in reaction to near-daily violence. It is brutal, profoundly discordant, a battlefield amputation conducted without anesthetic. It is too high to throw a bottle over although if you were of a certain age and disposition it might make you want to try. That's the thing with so many of these walls, they put shape on a sectarian tension and don't let anyone forget it. This wall and all the others are due to be dismantled by 2023, the government has made this commitment. From what I've read few expect them to hit the deadline, but the process has begun in other parts of the city.

Further around, where Short Strand meets the Newtownards Road, the Peace Lines are less aggressive. The walls aren't so tall, but look carefully and you notice pillars crowned with concrete pyramids so nobody can stand on them. Older barriers are topped with revolving steel Xs, making them near impossible to climb, but here spinning plastic tubes are fitted instead. Functionally, they do the same thing but their appearance is softer, you'd hardly notice them. The new Peace Line designs go for width rather than height. Fences are backed up by shrubs chosen for their hardiness and dense branching. The result is as much a visual shield as a defense. You wouldn't throw a bottle at the houses over there because you forget there are houses over there at all, and the bushes will deny you the satisfaction of hearing glass shatter. This stretch is 21<sup>st</sup> Century Peace Line. To use the new terminology, the Peace Line has been "reimaged".

Reimaging has reached its utmost expression back out on the Albertbridge Road, near where I began. This is a busy commuter road and the area many people will picture when they hear the name Short Strand. As I mentioned, for years I thought this intersection actually was Short Strand. I study the roadsides and realise that almost every inch of this area contributes to defence. There are shrubs and two-metre fences, the softened Peace Lines, but it is more than that. There is an impenetrability to the whole area that tends against people doing anything here. Not just rioting, anything, any human activity apart from *passing through*. It is a multilane roadway for cars going in and out of the city centre. There are wide pavements for the trickle of pedestrians, all of whom have earphones in and eyes ahead. The area is barren and contains no interest, nobody dawdles. It is not that the area is grotty or crumbling, much of the stone work is new and still gleaming – large granite slabs that are too big to prise out and lob at a police car. Tidy beds of bright green grass in low buffer walls look as if they were grown in a laboratory. There is a five-foot tall mound in the middle of a traffic island covered in this grass, but I bet no one has ever climbed to the top and sat down. The area is depressing, unfriendly to humans, kinder to cars, and hemmed in by barriers, although they don't at first look like barriers. The area is part of what some urban planners have started calling Belfast's Grey Donut, a wide band encircling the city centre, an unpopulated ring of roads and car parking, designed for the ease of motorists but at the expense of people who live in the city, such as the residents of Short Strand.

50 This roadway constitutes the southern rim of Short Strand and part of my excuse for not  
 understanding the area. From here Short Strand is so successfully concealed that instruments of  
 concealment are hidden too. The Peace Lines have crept beyond their linear forms and are now  
 embedded in the landscaping of an area bigger than a football field. Many details are almost  
 pretty; the rows of trees, the bright sandstone capping. Then you notice how uniform the trees are  
 55 and how closely planted. Branches have been cut and woven through shrubbery until not even  
 light can get through. One stretch of shrubs is almost as wide as the Albertbridge road itself. “A  
 deep buffer of vegetation” is how a survey by the Belfast Interface Project described it. This too is  
 Peace Line, reimaged into a strip of inaccessible urban forest, complete with planted undergrowth.

The unapologetic 1970s walls, the hard lines, will be the easiest to remove. The harder they  
 60 are the more cleanly they shatter, the more easily they can be dismantled and trucked away. In  
 addition, they usually have just one owner. It is these softened, widened, barriers that will surely  
 remain long after 2023. Barriers that stretch across properties. Barriers that have been landscaped  
 so deeply into the fabric of the city that you might hardly notice them. You’ll just get the vague  
 sense of a zone as unwelcoming, uninteresting, before you’re funnelled away. If a person is not  
 65 moving too fast though, perhaps if they’re walking, they may get an inkling that some design is at  
 work, willing them to move on as quickly as possible. They will move on, but in the corner of  
 their eye something will briefly stir.

Garrett Carr, “Hardlines, Softlines”, *Freckle* magazine, 2018.  
 <<http://www.frecklenorthernireland.org/>>

## Document B



JR, art installation along the Mexican border wall, Mexican city of Tecate. Photograph by John Francis Peters for the *New York Times* article “The Artist JR Lifts a Mexican Child Over the Border Wall”, 11 September 2017.

## Document C

### Mending Wall

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
 That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,  
 And spills the upper boulders in the sun;  
 And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.  
 5 The work of hunters is another thing:  
 I have come after them and made repair  
 Where they have left not one stone on a stone,  
 But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,  
 To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,  
 10 No one has seen them made or heard them made,  
 But at spring mending-time we find them there.  
 I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;  
 And on a day we meet to walk the line  
 And set the wall between us once again.  
 15 We keep the wall between us as we go.  
 To each the boulders that have fallen to each.  
 And some are loaves and some so nearly balls  
 We have to use a spell to make them balance:  
 'Stay where you are until our backs are turned!'  
 20 We wear our fingers rough with handling them.  
 Oh, just another kind of out-door game,  
 One on a side. It comes to little more:  
 There where it is we do not need the wall:  
 He is all pine and I am apple orchard.  
 25 My apple trees will never get across  
 And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.  
 He only says, 'Good fences make good neighbors.'  
 Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder  
 If I could put a notion in his head:  
 30 'Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it  
 Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.  
 Before I built a wall I'd ask to know  
 What I was walling in or walling out,  
 And to whom I was like to give offense.  
 35 Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
 That wants it down.' I could say 'Elves' to him,  
 But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather  
 He said it for himself. I see him there  
 Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top  
 40 In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.  
 He moves in darkness as it seems to me,  
 Not of woods only and the shade of trees.  
 He will not go behind his father's saying,  
 And he likes having thought of it so well  
 45 He says again, 'Good fences make good neighbors.'

Robert Frost, Mending Wall, *North of Boston*, New York, Holt, 1914.