

SESSION 2022

**CAPES
CONCOURS EXTERNE
ET CAFEP**

SECTION LANGUES VIVANTES ÉTRANGÈRES : ANGLAIS

**SECTION LANGUES RÉGIONALES :
BASQUE, BRETON, CATALAN, CRÉOLE,
OCCITAN-LANGUE D'OC**

ÉPREUVE ÉCRITE DISCIPLINAIRE

Durée : 6 heures

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A

INFORMATION AUX CANDIDATS

Vous trouverez ci-après les codes nécessaires vous permettant de compléter les rubriques figurant en en-tête de votre copie. Ces codes doivent être reportés sur chacune des copies que vous remettrez.

► Concours externe du CAPES de l'enseignement public :

• **Langue vivante étrangère Anglais:**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B E	0 4 2 2 E	1 0 1	9 4 0 3

• **Langue régionale Basque :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B E	0 4 4 0 E	1 0 2	9 4 0 3

• **Langue régionale Breton :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B E	0 4 4 1 E	1 0 2	9 4 0 3

• **Langue régionale Catalan :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B E	0 4 4 2 E	1 0 2	9 4 0 3

• **Langue régionale Créole :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B E	0 4 4 9 E	1 0 2	9 4 0 3

• **Langue régionale Occitan-Langue d'Oc :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B E	0 4 4 4 E	1 0 2	9 4 0 3

► Concours externe du CAFEP/CAPES de l'enseignement privé :

• **Langue vivante étrangère Anglais:**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B F	0 4 2 2 E	1 0 1	9 4 0 3

• **Langue régionale Basque :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B F	0 4 4 0 E	1 0 2	9 4 0 3

• **Langue régionale Breton :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B F	0 4 4 1 E	1 0 2	9 4 0 3

• **Langue régionale Catalan :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
E B F	0 4 4 2 E	1 0 2	9 4 0 3

1ère PARTIE : composition en langue étrangère
Compare and contrast the following documents.

Axe : Relation entre l'individu et le groupe

DOCUMENT A

The next day Miss Amelia did not open the store, but stayed locked up inside her premises and saw no one. Now this was the day that the rumour started — the rumour so terrible that the town and all the country about were stunned by it. The rumour was started by a weaver called Merlie Ryan. He is a man of not much account — sallow, shambling, and with no teeth in his head. He has the three-day malaria, which means that every third day the fever comes on him. So on two days he is dull and cross, but on the third day he livens up and sometimes has an idea or two, most of which are foolish. It was while Merlie Ryan was in his fever that he turned suddenly and said:

‘I know what Miss Amelia done. She murdered that man for something in that suitcase.’

He said this in a calm voice, as a statement of fact. And within an hour the news had swept through the town. It was a fierce and sickly tale the town built up that day. In it were all the things which cause the heart to shiver — a hunchback, a midnight burial in the swamp, the dragging of Miss Amelia through the streets of the town on the way to prison, the squabbles over what would happen to her property — all told in hushed voices and repeated with some fresh and weird detail. It rained and women forgot to bring in the washing from the lines. One or two mortals, who were in debt to Miss Amelia, even put on Sunday clothes as though it were a holiday. People clustered together on the main street, talking and watching the store.

It would be untrue to say that all the town took part in this evil festival. There were a few sensible men who reasoned that Miss Amelia, being rich, would not go out of her way to murder a vagabond for a few trifles of junk. In the town there were even three good people, and they did not want this crime, not even for the sake of the interest and the great commotion it would entail; it gave them no pleasure to think of Miss Amelia holding to the bars of the penitentiary and being electrocuted in Atlanta. These good people judged Miss Amelia in a different way from what the others judged her. When a person is as contrary in every single respect as she was and when the sins of a person have amounted to such a point that they can hardly be remembered all at once — then this person plainly requires a special judgement. They remembered that Miss Amelia had been born dark and somewhat queer of face, raised motherless by her father who was a solitary man, that early in youth she had grown to be six feet two inches tall which in itself is not natural for a woman, and that her ways and habits of life were too peculiar ever to reason about. Above all, they remembered her puzzling marriage, which was the most unreasonable scandal ever to happen in this town.

So these good people felt towards her something near to pity. And when she was out on her wild business, such as rushing in a house to drag forth a sewing-machine in payment for a debt, or getting herself worked up over some matter concerning the law — they had towards her a feeling which was a mixture of exasperation, a ridiculous little inside tickle, and a deep, unnameable sadness. But enough of the good people, for there were only three of them; the rest of the town was making a holiday of this fancied crime the whole of the afternoon.

Miss Amelia herself, for some strange reason, seemed unaware of all this. She spent most of her day upstairs. When down in the store, she prowled around peacefully, her hands deep in the pockets of her overalls and her head bent so low that her chin was tucked inside the collar of her shirt. There was no bloodstain on her anywhere. Often she stopped and just stood sombrely looking down at the cracks in the floor, twisting a lock of her short-cropped hair, and whispering something to herself.

Carson McCullers, *The Ballad of the Sad Café*. 1951. Ed. Houghton Mifflin Co.
 London: Penguin Books, 1963, p. 19-21

DOCUMENT B

The bartender placed a pint before him. He paid one-and-eightpence and drank it almost in a single gulp. His strength magically returned, and he shouted out for another, thinking: the thirteenth. Unlucky for some, but we'll see how it turns out. He received the pint and drank a little more slowly, but halfway through it, the temptation to be sick became a necessity that beat insistently against the back of his throat. He fought it off and struggled to light a cigarette.

Smoke caught in his windpipe and he had just time enough to push his way back through the crush — nudging his elbow into standing people who unknowingly blocked his way, half choked by smoke now issuing from mouth and nostrils, feeling strangely taken up by a fierce power that he could not control — before he gave way to the temptation that had stood by him since falling down the stairs, and emitted a belching roar over a middle-aged man sitting with a woman on one of the green leather seats.

'My God!' the man cried. 'Look at this. Look at what the young bogger's gone and done. Would you believe it? My best suit. Only pressed and cleaned today. Who would credit such a thing? Oh dear. It cost me fifteen bob. As if money grows on trees. And suits as well. I wonder how I'll ever get the stains out? Oh dear.'

His whining voice went on for several minutes, and those who turned to look expected him with every word to break down into piteous sobs.

Arthur was stupefied, unable to believe that the tragedy before him could by any means be connected with himself and the temptation to which he had just given way. Yet through the haze and smoke and shrill reproaches coming from the man's lady-friend, he gathered that he was to blame and that he should be feeling sorry for what had happened.

He stood up straight, rigid, swaying slightly, his eyes gleaming, his overcoat open. Automatically he felt for another cigarette, but remembering in time what his attempt to smoke the last one had caused, gave up the search and dropped his hands by his side.

'Look what yer've done, yer young bleeder,' the woman was shouting at him. 'Spewed all over Alf's bes' suit. And all you do is jus' stand there. Why don't yer do something? Eh? Why don't yer't least apologize for what yer've done?'

'Say summat, mate,' an onlooker called, and by the tone of his voice Arthur sensed that the crowd was not on his side, though he was unable to speak and defend himself. He looked at the woman, who continued shouting directly at him, while the victim fumbled ineffectually with a handkerchief trying to clean his suit.

The woman stood a foot away from Arthur. 'Look at him,' she jeered into his face. 'He's senseless. He can't say a word. He can't even apologize. Why don't yer apologize, eh? *Can't* yer apologize? Dragged-up, I should think, getting drunk like this. Looks like one of them Teddy boys, allus making trouble. Go on, apologize.'

From her constant use of the word apologize it seemed as if she had either just learned its meaning — perhaps after a transmission breakdown on television — or as if she had first learned to say it by spelling it out with coloured bricks at school forty years ago.

'Apologize,' she cried, her maniacal face right against him. 'Go on, apologize.'

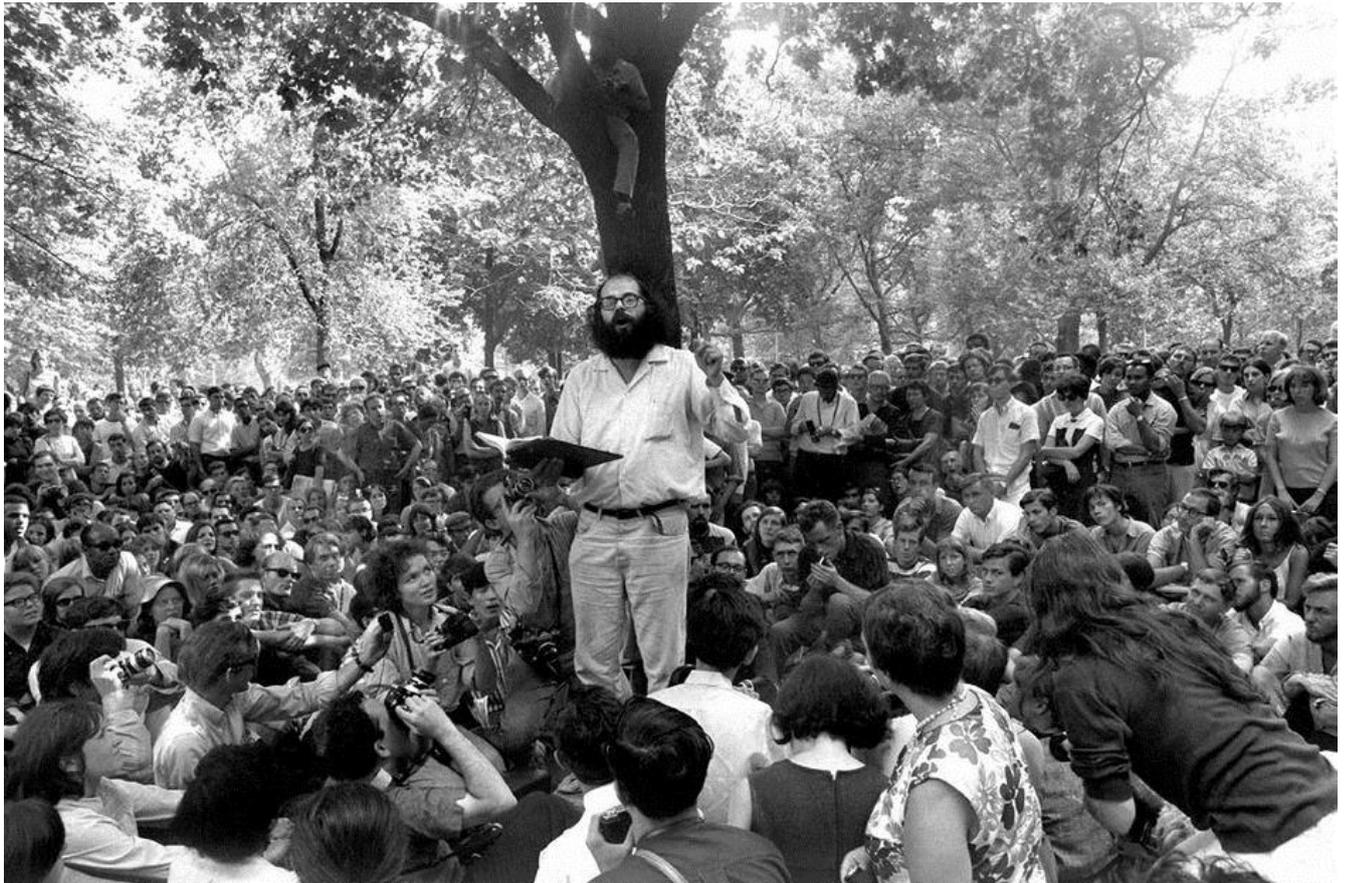
The beast inside Arthur's stomach gripped him again, and suddenly, mercilessly, before he could stop it or move out of the way, or warn anybody that it was coming, it leapt out of his mouth with an appalling growl.

She was astonished. Through the haze her face clarified. Arthur saw teeth between open lips, narrowed eyes, claws raised. She was a tigress.

He saw nothing else. Before she could spring he gathered all his strength and pushed through the crowd, impelled by a strong sense of survival towards the street-door, to take himself away from a scene of ridicule, disaster, and certain retribution.

Alan Sillitoe, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, 1958. W.H. Allen & Co.
London: Harper Perennial, 2008, p. 15-16

DOCUMENT C



Poet Allen Ginsberg reading his work to a crowd in Washington Square Park, 1966.

Photo by Dan Farrell/ Getty Images

2ème PARTIE : traduction

Les candidats traduiront les deux textes ci-dessous.

1 - THEME

À l'époque, il dirigeait déjà le plus prestigieux cercle de golf de Belgique, le Ravenstein, où il ne cessait d'organiser des événements mondains. À défaut d'être riche, il jouissait d'une réputation excellente. Mais sa vie sentimentale était une succession de fiascos et il se sentait condamné à finir célibataire.

5 - Tu choisis toujours des femmes beaucoup trop belles pour toi, lui disaient ses amis.

Il n'y pouvait rien si la beauté exerçait sur lui un empire aussi considérable. Il avait essayé de s'éprendre de filles au physique un peu quelconque comme le sien, en vain.

La beauté féminine était sa drogue dure : en présence d'une très belle femme, Neville entrait en lévitation, il la contemplait sans discontinuer et sans jamais connaître d'accoutumance.

10 Alexandra était encore plus saisissante de beauté que toutes les jeunes personnes auxquelles il avait succombé. Il pensait n'avoir aucune chance avec elle, il se trompait. Au deuxième rendez-vous, elle s'exclama :

- Vous me plaisez ! On se dit tu ?

Amélie Nothomb, *Le Crime du comte Neville*, Albin Michel, 2015

2 - VERSION

THREE-QUARTERS OF A CENTURY dances by in a five-second flip. Nicholas Hoel thumbs through the stack of a thousand photos, watching for those decades' secret meaning. At twenty-five, he's back for a moment on the farm where he has spent every Christmas of his life. He's lucky to be there, given the cancellations. Snowstorms sweep in from the west, grounding planes all over the country.

5 He and his folks have driven out to be with his grandmother. Tomorrow, more family will arrive from all over the state. With a flip through the photos, the farm memories come back to him: the holidays of his childhood, the entire clan gathering for turkey or carols, midsummer flags and fireworks. It's all encoded somehow in that animated tree, the gatherings in each season, joining
10 his cousins for days of exploration and corn-bound boredom. Flipping backward through the photos, Nicholas feels the years peel off like steamed wallpaper.

Richard Powers, *The Overstory*, Norton, 2018