

SESSION 2025

**CAPES
CONCOURS EXTERNE
ET CAFEP**

Attention, le sujet du concours externe étant différent du sujet du troisième concours, merci de vérifier que vous composez bien au titre du recrutement auquel vous concourez.

**SECTION : LANGUES VIVANTES ÉTRANGÈRES
ANGLAIS**

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

ÉPREUVE ÉCRITE DISCIPLINAIRE

Durée : 6 heures

L'usage de tout ouvrage de référence, de tout dictionnaire et de tout matériel électronique (y compris la calculatrice) est rigoureusement interdit.

Il appartient au candidat de vérifier qu'il a reçu un sujet complet et correspondant à l'épreuve à laquelle il se présente.

Si vous repérez ce qui vous semble être une erreur d'énoncé, vous devez le signaler très lisiblement sur votre copie, en proposer la correction et poursuivre l'épreuve en conséquence. De même, si cela vous conduit à formuler une ou plusieurs hypothèses, vous devez la (ou les) mentionner explicitement.

NB : Conformément au principe d'anonymat, votre copie ne doit comporter aucun signe distinctif, tel que nom, signature, origine, etc. Si le travail qui vous est demandé consiste notamment en la rédaction d'un projet ou d'une note, vous devrez impérativement vous abstenir de la signer ou de l'identifier. Le fait de rendre une copie blanche est éliminatoire.

Tournez la page S.V.P.

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

PREMIÈRE PARTIE – COMPOSITION EN LANGUE ÉTRANGÈRE

Compare and contrast the following documents.

Axe : Mise en scène de soi.

Document A

The crowds lapped round me like waves full of eyes until I felt that I was walking through an ocean whose speechless and gesticulating inhabitants, like those with whom medieval philosophers peopled the countries of the deep, were methodical inversions or mirror images of the dwellers on dry land. And I moved through these expressionist perspectives in my black dress as though I was the creator of all and of myself, too, in a black dress, in love, crying, walking through the city in the third person singular, my own heroine, as though the world stretched out from my eye like spokes from a sensitized hub that galvanized all to life when I looked at it.

I think I know, now, what I was trying to do. I was trying to subdue the city by turning it into a projection of my own growing pains. What solipsistic arrogance! The city, the largest city in the world, the city designed to suit not one of my European expectations, this city presents the foreigner with a mode of life that seems to him to have the enigmatic transparency, the indecipherable clarity, of dream. And it is a dream he could, himself, never have dreamed. The stranger, the foreigner, thinks he is in control; but he has been precipitated into somebody else's dream.

You never know what will happen in Tokyo. Anything can happen.

I had been attracted to the city first because I suspected it contained enormous histrionic resources. I was always rummaging in the dressing-up box of the heart for suitable appearances to adopt in the city. That was the way I maintained my defences for, at that time, I always used to suffer a great deal if I let myself get too close to reality since the definitive world of the everyday with its hard edges and harsh light did not have enough resonance to echo the demands I made upon experience. It was as if I never experienced experience *as* experience. Living never lived up to the expectations I had of it – the Bovary syndrome. I was always imagining other things that could have been happening, instead, and so I always felt cheated, always dissatisfied.

Always dissatisfied, even if, like a perfect heroine, I wandered, weeping, on a forlorn quest for a lost lover through the aromatic labyrinth of alleys. And wasn't I in Asia? Asia! But, even though I lived there, it always seemed far away from me. It was as if there were glass between me and the world. But I could see myself perfectly well on the other side of the glass. There I was, walking up and down, eating meals, having conversations, in love, indifferent, and so on. But all the time I was pulling the strings of my own puppet; it was this puppet who was moving about on the other side of the glass. And I eyed the most marvellous adventures with the bored eye of the agent with the cigar watching another audition. I tapped out the ash and asked of events: 'What else can you do?'

So I attempted to rebuild the city according to the blueprint in my imagination as a backdrop to the plays in my puppet theatre, but it sternly refused to be so rebuilt; I was only imagining it had been so rebuilt. On the night I came back to it, however hard I looked for the one I loved, she could not find him anywhere and the city delivered her into the hands of a perfect stranger who fell into step beside her and asked why she was crying.

Angela Carter, "Flesh and the Mirror," *Fireworks: Nine profane Pieces*. London: Vintage, 1988 [1974], pp. 55-56.

Document B

Dorian Gray has been informed that actress Sibyl Vane, to whom he was engaged, has killed herself after he told her she meant nothing to him following her terrible performance in Romeo and Juliet the night before.

Poor Sibyl! what a romance it had all been! She had often mimicked death on the stage. Then Death himself had touched her, and taken her with him. How had she played that dreadful last scene? Had she cursed him, as she died? No; she had died for love of him, and love would always be a sacrament to him now. She had atoned for everything, by the sacrifice she had made of her life. He would not think any more of what she had made him go through, on that horrible night at the theatre. When he thought of her, it would be as a wonderful tragic figure sent on to the world's stage to show the supreme reality of Love. A wonderful tragic figure? Tears came to his eyes as he remembered her childlike look and winsome fanciful ways and shy tremulous grace. He brushed them away hastily, and looked again at the picture.

He felt that the time had really come for making his choice. Or had his choice already been made? Yes, life had decided that for him – life, and his own infinite curiosity about life. Eternal youth, infinite passion, pleasures subtle and secret, wild joys and wilder sins – he was to have all these things. The portrait was to bear the burden of his shame: that was all.

A feeling of pain crept over him as he thought of the desecration that was in store for the fair face on the canvas. Once, in boyish mockery of Narcissus, he had kissed, or feigned to kiss, those painted lips that now smiled so cruelly at him. Morning after morning, he had sat before the portrait wondering at its beauty, almost enamoured of it, as it seemed to him at times. Was it to alter now with every mood to which he yielded? Was it to become a monstrous and loathsome thing, to be hidden away in a locked room, to be shut out from the sunlight that had so often touched to brighter gold the waving wonder of its hair? The pity of it! the pity of it!

For a moment he thought of praying that the horrible sympathy that existed between him and the picture might cease. It had changed in answer to a prayer; perhaps in answer to a prayer it might remain unchanged. And, yet, who, that knew anything about Life, would surrender the chance of remaining always young, however fantastic that chance might be, or with what fateful consequences it might be fraught? Besides, was it really under his control? Had it indeed been prayer that had produced the substitution? Might there not be some curious scientific reason for it all? If thought could exercise its influence upon a living organism, might not thought exercise an influence upon dead and inorganic things? Nay, without thought or conscious desire, might not things external to ourselves vibrate in unison with our moods and passions, atom calling to atom in secret love or strange affinity? But the reason was of no importance. He would never again tempt by a prayer any terrible power. If the picture was to alter, it was to alter. That was all. Why inquire too closely into it?

For there would be a real pleasure in watching it. He would be able to follow his mind into its secret places. This portrait would be to him the most magical of mirrors. As it had revealed to him his own body, so it would reveal to him his own soul. And when winter came upon it, he would still be standing where spring trembles on the verge of summer. When the blood crept from its face, and left behind a pallid mask of chalk with leaden eyes, he would keep the glamour of boyhood. Not one blossom of his loveliness would ever fade. Not one pulse of his life would ever weaken. Like the gods of the Greeks, he would be strong, and fleet, and joyous. What did it matter what happened to the coloured image on the canvas? He would be safe. That was everything.

Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. London: Penguin Classics, 2000 [1890], Chapter VIII, pp. 102-103.

Document C



James Sant, *Self Portrait*, oil on canvas, 60 cm x 54.3 cm, 1844, National Portrait Gallery.

DEUXIÈME PARTIE – TRADUCTION

Les candidats traduiront les deux textes ci-dessous.

1 – THÈME

On a quitté l'école, il n'était pas cinq heures et déjà vers l'ouest, le ciel s'obscurcissait. De l'autre côté des voies ferrées, la rue grimpait vers l'horizon barré d'immeubles. La maison en occupait l'extrémité, avec son crépi lézardé on l'aurait dite posée là au hasard, après ce n'étaient plus que des blocs monochromes qui s'agglutinaient sans fin vers les réseaux autoroutiers. Manon marchait à pas lents, progressait à contrecœur et redoutait la suite. Le long du trottoir, un camion grand ouvert lui donnait raison. S'y entassaient la plupart de nos meubles, tout juste cachés par les cartons. La petite a laissé échapper un cri. J'ai pris sa main et l'ai guidée à l'intérieur de la maison. Tout y était vide et lépreux, de notre vie ne demeuraient que des traces. Sur les murs jaunis les cadres avaient laissé leur empreinte, rectangles blancs aux formats divers, contours brunis par les années, le tabac, la poussière. Cinq ans plus tôt nous entrions là et Clément courait au beau milieu des pièces repeintes.

Olivier Adam, *Des vents contraires*, Éditions de l'Olivier, 2008.

2 – VERSION

'Try again.' She said it on a rising tone of warning. She was musical, he was not. He knew that her mind was elsewhere and that he bored her with his insignificance – another inky boy in a boarding school. His fingers were pressing down on the tuneless keys. He could see the bad place on the page before he reached it, it was happening before it happened, the mistake was coming towards him, arms outstretched like a mother, ready to scoop him up, always the same mistake coming to collect him without the promise of a kiss. And so it happened. His thumb had its own life.

Together, they listened to the bad notes fade into the hissing silence.

'Sorry,' he whispered to himself.

Her displeasure came as a quick exhalation through her nostrils, a reverse sniff he had heard before. Her fingers found his inside leg, just at the hem of his grey shorts, and pinched him hard. That night there would be a tiny blue bruise.

Ian McEwan, *Lessons*, Vintage Publishing, 2022.