



MINISTÈRE  
DE L'ÉDUCATION  
NATIONALE,  
DE L'ENSEIGNEMENT  
SUPÉRIEUR  
ET DE LA RECHERCHE

*Liberté  
Égalité  
Fraternité*

# Concours externe BAC + 3 du CAPES

Cafep-Capes

Section Langues vivantes étrangères : Anglais

- 1) Exemple de sujet pour la première épreuve d'admissibilité
- 2) Extrait de l'arrêté du 17 avril 2025

Les épreuves des concours externes du Capes et du Cafep-Capes BAC +3 sont déterminées dans [l'arrêté du 17 avril 2025 fixant les modalités d'organisation du concours externe du certificat d'aptitude au professorat de l'enseignement du second degré](#), publié au Journal Officiel du 19 avril 2025, qui fixe les modalités d'organisation du concours et décrit le schéma des épreuves.

**CAPES BAC + 3**  
**Sujet 0 / Première épreuve d'admissibilité**

**Remarque concernant la première épreuve d'admissibilité**

*Le Document A du dossier pourra être, au choix du jury, un extrait de l'œuvre littéraire au programme de l'épreuve ou un texte relevant de la question de civilisation au programme de l'épreuve. La consigne de l'analyse du texte pourra être complétée, au choix du jury, de suggestions d'axes d'études.*

*Quand le Document A portera sur un extrait de l'œuvre littéraire, un ou plusieurs autres documents du dossier évalueront les connaissances du candidat sur la question de civilisation, et inversement.*

*Après avoir pris connaissance du dossier composé des documents A et B ci-dessous,*

1. *vous proposerez, en anglais, une analyse littéraire du Document A, qui comprendra une introduction, un développement structuré et une conclusion ;*

2. *vous répondrez, en anglais, à la consigne suivante, portant sur le Document B :*

Discuss consumer culture and mass consumption in the USA of the 1920s using your analysis of document B to illustrate your remarks.

**Document A**

There was music from my neighbor's house through the summer nights. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars. At high tide in the afternoon I watched his guests diving from the tower of his raft, or taking the sun on the hot sand of his beach while his two motor-boats slit the waters of the Sound, drawing aquaplanes over cataracts of foam. On weekends his Rolls-Royce became an omnibus, bearing parties to and from the city between nine in the morning and long past midnight, while his station wagon scampered like a brisk yellow bug to meet all trains. And on Mondays eight servants, including an extra gardener, toiled all day with mops and scrubbing brushes and hammers and garden shears, repairing the ravages of the night before.

Every Friday five crates of oranges and lemons arrived from a fruiterer in New York—every Monday these same oranges and lemons left his back door in a pyramid of pulpless halves. There was a machine in the kitchen which could extract the juice of two hundred oranges in half an hour if a little button was pressed two hundred times by a butler's thumb.

At least once a fortnight a corps of caterers came down with several hundred feet of canvas and enough colored lights to make a Christmas tree of Gatsby's enormous garden. On buffet tables, garnished with glistening hors d'oeuvre, spiced baked hams crowded against salads of harlequin designs and pastry pigs and turkeys bewitched to a dark gold. In the main hall a bar with a real brass rail was set up, and stocked with gins and liquors and with cordials so long forgotten that most of his female guests were too young to know one from another.

By seven o'clock the orchestra has arrived, no thin five-piece affair, but a whole pitful of oboes and trombones and saxophones and viols and cornets and piccolos, and low and high drums. The last swimmers have come in from the beach now and are dressing upstairs; the cars from New York are parked five deep in the drive, and already the halls and salons and verandas are gaudy with primary colors, and hair bobbed in strange new ways, and shawls beyond the dreams of Castile. The bar is in full swing, and floating rounds of cocktails permeate the garden outside, until the air is alive with chatter and laughter, and casual innuendo and introductions

forgotten on the spot, and enthusiastic meetings between women who never knew each other's names.

30 The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun, and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music, and the opera of voices pitches a key higher. Laughter is easier minute by minute, spilled with prodigality, tipped out at a cheerful word. The groups change more swiftly, swell with new arrivals, dissolve and form in the same breath; already there are wanderers, confident girls who weave here and there among the stouter and more stable, become for a sharp, joyous moment the center of a group, and then, excited with triumph, glide 35 on through the sea-change of faces and voices and color under the constantly changing light.

Suddenly one of these gypsies, in trembling opal, seizes a cocktail out of the air, dumps it down for courage and, moving her hands like Frisco, dances out alone on the canvas platform. A momentary hush; the orchestra leader varies his rhythm obligingly for her, and there is a burst of chatter as the erroneous news goes around that she is Gilda Gray's understudy from the 40 Follies. The party has begun.

I believe that on the first night I went to Gatsby's house I was one of the few guests who had actually been invited. People were not invited—they went there. They got into automobiles which bore them out to Long Island, and somehow they ended up at Gatsby's door. Once there they were introduced by somebody who knew Gatsby, and after that they conducted themselves 45 according to the rules of behavior associated with an amusement park. Sometimes they came and went without having met Gatsby at all, came for the party with a simplicity of heart that was its own ticket of admission.

I had been actually invited. A chauffeur in a uniform of robin's-egg blue crossed my lawn early that Saturday morning with a surprisingly formal note from his employer: the honor would 50 be entirely Gatsby's, it said, if I would attend his "little party" that night. He had seen me several times, and had intended to call on me long before, but a peculiar combination of circumstances had prevented it—signed Jay Gatsby, in a majestic hand.

Francis Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*  
London, Penguin Books, 2021 [1925], Chapter 3



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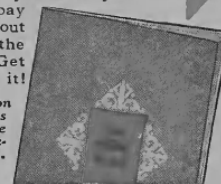
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Advertisement for the Ford Motor Company, *Motion Picture Magazine*, July 1925

## CAPES BAC + 3

### Réglementation de la première épreuve d'admissibilité

Extrait de l'annexe de l'arrêté du 17 avril 2025 fixant les modalités d'organisation du concours externe du certificat d'aptitude au professorat de l'enseignement du second degré, publié au Journal Officiel du 19 avril 2025

#### A. - Epreuves d'admissibilité

##### 1° Première épreuve d'admissibilité.

L'épreuve consiste en une composition en langue étrangère à partir d'un sujet s'appuyant sur un dossier constitué de documents de nature variée. L'épreuve porte sur une question inscrite au programme.

Elle vise à la vérification des connaissances disciplinaires du candidat. Elle permet d'évaluer la maîtrise de la langue et la connaissance des cultures de l'aire linguistique concernée.

Durée : cinq heures.

Coefficient 3.

L'épreuve est notée sur 20. Une note globale égale ou inférieure à 5 est éliminatoire ;