

SESSION 2023

**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

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.

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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

• **Langue régionale Catalan :**

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

PREMIERE PARTIE – COMPOSITION EN LANGUE ETRANGERE

Compare and contrast the following documents.

Thème : Rencontres avec d'autres cultures.

Document A

The road climbed upward. On one side the wall of green, on the other a steep drop to the ravine below. We pulled up and looked at the hills, the mountains and the blue-green sea. There was a soft warm wind blowing but I understood why the porter had called it a wild place. Not only wild but menacing. Those hills would close in on you.

5 'What an extreme green,' was all I could say, and thinking of Emile calling to the fishermen and the sound of his voice, I asked about him.

'They take short cuts. They will be at Granbois long before we are.'

Everything is too much, I felt as I rode wearily after her. Too much blue, too much purple, too much green. The flowers too red, the mountains too high, the hills too near. And the woman is a stranger. Her pleading expression annoys me. I have not bought her, she has bought me, or so she thinks. I looked down at the coarse mane of the horse . . . Dear Father. The thirty thousand pounds have been paid to me without question or condition. No provision made for her (that must be seen to). I have a modest competence now. I will never be a disgrace to you or to my dear brother the son you love. No begging letters, no mean requests. None of the furtive shabby manoeuvres of a younger son. I have sold my soul or you have sold it, and after all is it such a bad bargain? The girl is thought to be beautiful, she is beautiful. And yet . . .

Meanwhile the horses jogged along a very bad road. It was getting cooler. A bird whistled, a long sad note. 'What bird is that?' She was too far ahead and did not hear me. The bird whistled again. A mountain bird. Shrill and sweet. A very lonely sound.

20 She stopped and called, 'Put your coat on now.' I did so and realized that I was no longer pleasantly cool but cold in my sweat-soaked shirt.

We rode on again, silent in the slanting afternoon sun, the wall of trees on one side, a drop on the other. Now the sea was a serene blue, deep and dark.

We came to a little river. 'This is the boundary of Granbois.' She smiled at me. It was the first time I had seen her smile simply and naturally. Or perhaps it was the first time I had felt simple and natural with her. A bamboo spout jutted from the cliff, the water coming from it was silver blue. She dismounted quickly, picked a large shamrock-shaped leaf to make a cup, and drank. Then she picked another leaf, folded it and brought it to me. 'Taste. This is mountain water.' Looking up smiling, she might have been any pretty English girl and to please her I drank. It was cold, pure and sweet, a beautiful colour against the thick green leaf.

She said, 'After this we go down then up again. Then we are there.'

Next time she spoke she said, 'The earth is red here, do you notice?'

'It's red in parts of England too.'

35 'Oh England, England,' she called back mockingly, and the sound went on and on like a warning I did not choose to hear.

Soon the road was cobblestoned and we stopped at a flight of stone steps. There was a large screw pine to the left and to the right what looked like an imitation of an English summer house – four wooden posts and a thatched roof. She dismounted and ran up the steps. At the top a badly cut, coarse-grained lawn and at the end of the lawn a shabby white house. 'Now you are at Granbois.' I looked at the mountains purple against a very blue sky.

Jean Rhys, *Wide Sargasso Sea*, London: Penguin, 1993 [1966], pp. 58-60

Document B

Our neighborhood was called Flatbush, my new husband told me, as we walked, hot and sweaty, down a noisy street that smelled of fish left out too long before refrigeration. He wanted to show me how to do the grocery shopping and how to use the bus.

5 ‘Look around, don’t lower your eyes like that. Look around. You get used to things faster that way,’ he said.

I turned my head from side to side so he would see that I was following his advice. Dark restaurant windows promised the BEST CARIBBEAN AND AMERICAN FOOD in lopsided print, a car wash across the street advertised \$3.50 washes on a chalkboard nestled among Coke cans and bits of paper. The sidewalk was chipped away at the edges, like something nibbled at by mice.

10 Inside the air-conditioned bus, he showed me where to pour in the coins, how to press the tape on the wall to signal my stop.

‘This is not like Nigeria, where you shout out to the conductor,’ he said, sneering, as though he was the one who had invented the superior American system.

15 Inside Key Food, we walked from aisle to aisle slowly. I was wary when he put a beef pack in the cart. I wished I could touch the meat, to examine its redness, as I often did at Ogbete Market, where the butcher held up fresh-cut slabs buzzing with flies.

‘Can we buy those biscuits?’ I asked. The blue packets of Burton’s Rich Tea were familiar; I did not want to eat biscuits but I wanted something familiar in the cart.

‘Cookies. Americans call them cookies,’ he said.

20 I reached out for the biscuits (cookies).

‘Get the store brand. They’re cheaper, but still the same thing,’ he said, pointing at a white packet.

‘Okay,’ I said. I no longer wanted the biscuits, but I put the store brand in the cart and stared at the blue packet on the shelf, at the familiar grain-embossed Burton’s logo, until we left the aisle.

25 ‘When I become an Attending, we will stop buying store brands, but for now we have to; these things may seem cheap but they add up,’ he said.

‘When you become a Consultant?’

‘Yes, but it’s called an Attending here, an Attending Physician.’

30 The arrangers of marriage only told you that doctors made a lot of money in America. They did not add that before doctors started to make a lot of money, they had to do an internship and a residency program, which my new husband had not completed. My new husband had told me this during our short in-flight conversation, right after we took off from Lagos, before he fell asleep.

‘Interns are paid twenty-eight thousand a year but work about eighty hours a week. It’s like three dollars an hour,’ he had said. ‘Can you believe it? Three dollars an hour!’

35 I did not know if three dollars an hour was very good or very bad – I was leaning toward very good – until he added that even high school students working part-time made much more.

‘Also when I become an Attending, we will not live in a neighborhood like this,’ my new husband said. He stopped to let a woman with her child tucked into her shopping cart pass by. ‘See how they have bars so you can’t take the shopping carts out? In the good neighborhoods, they don’t have them. You can take your shopping cart all the way to your car.’

40 ‘Oh,’ I said. What did it matter that you could or could not take the carts out? The point was, there *were* carts.

Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, ‘The Arrangers of Marriage,’ *The Thing Around Your Neck*, London: 4th Estate, 2017 [2009], pp. 173-175

Document C



The Wedding of Pocahontas with John Rolfe, lithograph by George Spohni, circa 1867, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.

Les candidats traduiront les deux textes ci-dessous.

1- THEME

Ils levèrent l'ancre au milieu de la nuit. La mer était calme. Les hommes, en sentant la carcasse du navire s'ébranler, reprirent courage. Ils partaient enfin. Le compte à rebours était enclenché. Dans quelques heures, vingt-quatre ou quarante-huit au pire, ils fouleraient le sol d'Europe. La vie allait enfin commencer. On rigolait à bord. Certains chantèrent les chants de leur pays. Elle ne se souvenait plus avec précision de cette première nuit sur le navire – ni de la journée qui suivit. Il faisait chaud. Ils étaient trop serrés. Elle avait faim. Son bébé pleurait. Mais ce n'était pas ce qui comptait. Elle se serait sentie capable de tenir des jours entiers ainsi. Le nouveau continent était au bout. Et la promesse qu'elle avait faite à son enfant de l'élever là-bas était à portée de main. Elle aurait tenu, vaille que vaille, pourvu qu'elle ait pu se raccrocher à l'idée qu'ils se rapprochaient, qu'ils ne cessaient, minute après minute, de se rapprocher.

Laurent Gaudé, *Eldorado*, Actes Sud, 2006

2- VERSION

Inside her own apartment Alice shed her shoes, her blouse, her three-hundred-dollar skirt, poured herself a glass of Luxardo, and slept. When she awoke it was to a fathomless blackness and the plaintive beeping of her phone. Immediately outside her front door a fifth flight of stairs led up to the roof, or rather to a door bearing warning of an alarm that in two years she'd never heard go off; ignoring it now she ascended through the purple rhomboid of sky and in the relief of a feeble breeze walked across the ceiling of her own apartment to stand at the building's prow and look down into the street. A car turning off Amsterdam accelerated west, its headlights pushing through the dark with a new and precious intensity. Candlelight flickered on a fire escape two facades away. To the right, beyond the ribbon of river black as ink, the shore of New Jersey was illuminated as sparsely as if by campfires in the wild.

Lisa Halliday, *Asymmetry*, Granta, 2018