



Concours externe du Capes et Cafep-Capes
Section langues vivantes étrangères : anglais

Exemples de sujets
(Épreuves d'admissibilité et d'admission)

À compter de la session 2014, les épreuves du concours sont modifiées. L'arrêté du 19 avril 2013, publié au journal officiel du 27 avril 2013, fixe les modalités d'organisation du concours et décrit le nouveau schéma des épreuves.



**Concours externe du Capes et Cafep-Capes
Section langues vivantes étrangères : anglais**

**Exemples de sujets
Première épreuve d'admissibilité : composition en anglais**

**CAPES
CONCOURS EXTERNE
ET CAFEP**

Section : LANGUES VIVANTES ETRANGERES : ANGLAIS

Section : LANGUES REGIONALES

EPREUVE DE COMPOSITION EN ANGLAIS

Durée : 5 heures

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

Dans le cas où un(e) candidat(e) repère ce qui lui semble être une erreur d'énoncé, il (elle) le signale très lisiblement sur sa copie, propose la correction et poursuit l'épreuve en conséquence. De même, si cela vous conduit à formuler une ou plusieurs hypothèses, il vous est demandé de la (ou les) mentionner explicitement.

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Tournez la page S.V.P.

Compare and contrast the two following texts.

Document A

“AND now, Prendick, I will explain,” said Doctor Moreau, so soon as we had eaten and drunk. “I must confess that you are the most dictatorial guest I ever entertained. I warn you that this is the last I shall do to oblige you. The next thing you threaten to commit suicide about, I shan’t do,—even at some personal inconvenience.”

5 He sat in my deck chair, a cigar half consumed in his white, dexterous-looking fingers. The light of the swinging lamp fell on his white hair; he stared through the little window out at the starlight. I sat as far away from him as possible, the table between us and the revolvers to hand. Montgomery was not present. I did not care to be with the two of them in such a little room.

10 “You admit that the vivisected human being, as you called it, is, after all, only the puma?” said Moreau. He had made me visit that horror in the inner room, to assure myself of its inhumanity.

“It is the puma,” I said, “still alive, but so cut and mutilated as I pray I may never see living flesh again. Of all vile—”

15 “Never mind that,” said Moreau; “at least, spare me those youthful horrors. Montgomery used to be just the same. You admit that it is the puma. Now be quiet, while I reel off my physiological lecture to you.”

20 And forthwith, beginning in the tone of a man supremely bored, but presently warming a little, he explained his work to me. He was very simple and convincing. Now and then there was a touch of sarcasm in his voice. Presently I found myself hot with shame at our mutual positions.

The creatures I had seen were not men, had never been men. They were animals, humanised animals,—triumphs of vivisection.

25 “You forget all that a skilled vivisector can do with living things,” said Moreau. “For my own part, I’m puzzled why the things I have done here have not been done before. Small efforts, of course, have been made,—amputation, tongue-cutting, excisions. Of course you know a squint may be induced or cured by surgery? Then in the case of excisions you have all kinds of secondary changes, pigmentary disturbances, modifications of the passions, alterations in the secretion of fatty tissue. I have no doubt you have heard of these things?”

30 “Of course,” said I. “But these foul creatures of yours—”

35 “All in good time,” said he, waving his hand at me; “I am only beginning. Those are trivial cases of alteration. Surgery can do better things than that. There is building up as well as breaking down and changing. You have heard, perhaps, of a common surgical operation resorted to in cases where the nose has been destroyed: a flap of skin is cut from the forehead, turned down on the nose, and heals in the new position. This is a kind of grafting in a new position of part of an animal upon itself. Grafting of freshly obtained material from another animal is also possible,—the case of teeth, for example. The grafting of skin and bone is done to facilitate healing: the surgeon places in the middle of the wound pieces of skin snipped from another animal, or fragments of bone from a victim freshly killed. Hunter’s cock-spur—
40 possibly you have heard of that—flourished on the bull’s neck; and the rhinoceros rats of the Algerian zouaves are also to be thought of,—monsters manufactured by transferring a slip from the tail of an ordinary rat to its snout, and allowing it to heal in that position.”

“Monsters manufactured!” said I. “Then you mean to tell me—”

45 “Yes. These creatures you have seen are animals carven and wrought into new shapes. To that, to the study of the plasticity of living forms, my life has been devoted. I have studied for years, gaining in knowledge as I go. I see you look horrified, and yet I am telling you nothing

new. It all lay in the surface of practical anatomy years ago, but no one had the temerity to touch it. It is not simply the outward form of an animal which I can change. The physiology, the chemical rhythm of the creature, may also be made to undergo an enduring modification,—of which vaccination and other methods of inoculation with living or dead matter are examples that will, no doubt, be familiar to you. A similar operation is the transfusion of blood,—with which subject, indeed, I began. These are all familiar cases. Less so, and probably far more extensive, were the operations of those mediaeval practitioners who made dwarfs and beggar-cripples, show-monsters,—some vestiges of whose art still remain in the preliminary manipulation of the young mountebank or contortionist. Victor Hugo gives an account of them in ‘L’Homme qui Rit.’—But perhaps my meaning grows plain now. You begin to see that it is a possible thing to transplant tissue from one part of an animal to another, or from one animal to another; to alter its chemical reactions and methods of growth; to modify the articulations of its limbs; and, indeed, to change it in its most intimate structure.

“And yet this extraordinary branch of knowledge has never been sought as an end, and systematically, by modern investigators until I took it up! Some of such things have been hit upon in the last resort of surgery; most of the kindred evidence that will recur to your mind has been demonstrated as it were by accident,—by tyrants, by criminals, by the breeders of horses and dogs, by all kinds of untrained clumsy-handed men working for their own immediate ends. I was the first man to take up this question armed with antiseptic surgery, and with a really scientific knowledge of the laws of growth. Yet one would imagine it must have been practised in secret before. Such creatures as the Siamese Twins—And in the vaults of the Inquisition. No doubt their chief aim was artistic torture, but some at least of the inquisitors must have had a touch of scientific curiosity.”

“But,” said I, “these things—these animals talk!”

He said that was so, and proceeded to point out that the possibility of vivisection does not stop at a mere physical metamorphosis. A pig may be educated. The mental structure is even less determinate than the bodily. In our growing science of hypnotism we find the promise of a possibility of superseding old inherent instincts by new suggestions, grafting upon or replacing the inherited fixed ideas. Very much indeed of what we call moral education, he said, is such an artificial modification and perversion of instinct; pugnacity is trained into courageous self-sacrifice, and suppressed sexuality into religious emotion. And the great difference between man and monkey is in the larynx, he continued,—in the incapacity to frame delicately different sound-symbols by which thought could be sustained. In this I failed to agree with him, but with a certain incivility he declined to notice my objection. He repeated that the thing was so, and continued his account of his work.

H. G. Wells, *The Island of Dr. Moreau* (1896)

Document B

"And this," said the Director opening the door, "is the Fertilizing Room."

Bent over their instruments, three hundred Fertilizers were plunged, as the Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning entered the room, in the scarcely breathing silence, the absent-minded, soliloquizing hum or whistle, of absorbed concentration. A troop of newly arrived students, very young, pink and callow, followed nervously, rather abjectly, at the Director's heels. Each of them carried a notebook, in which, whenever the great man spoke, he desperately scribbled. Straight from the horse's mouth. It was a rare privilege. The D. H. C. for Central London always made a point of personally conducting his new students round the various departments.

(...)

"I shall begin at the beginning," said the D.H.C. and the more zealous students recorded his intention in their notebooks: *Begin at the beginning*. "These," he waved his hand, "are the incubators." And opening an insulated door he showed them racks upon racks of numbered test-tubes. "The week's supply of ova. Kept," he explained, "at blood heat; whereas the male gametes," and here he opened another door, "they have to be kept at thirty-five instead of thirty-seven. Full blood heat sterilizes." Rams wrapped in thermogene beget no lambs.

Still leaning against the incubators he gave them, while the pencils scurried illegibly across the pages, a brief description of the modern fertilizing process; spoke first, of course, of its surgical introduction—"the operation undergone voluntarily for the good of Society, not to mention the fact that it carries a bonus amounting to six months' salary"; continued with some account of the technique for preserving the excised ovary alive and actively developing; passed on to a consideration of optimum temperature, salinity, viscosity; referred to the liquor in which the detached and ripened eggs were kept; and, leading his charges to the work tables, actually showed them how this liquor was drawn off from the test-tubes; how it was let out drop by drop onto the specially warmed slides of the microscopes; how the eggs which it contained were inspected for abnormalities, counted and transferred to a porous receptacle; how (and he now took them to watch the operation) this receptacle was immersed in a warm bouillon containing free-swimming spermatozoa—at a minimum concentration of one hundred thousand per cubic centimetre, he insisted; and how, after ten minutes, the container was lifted out of the liquor and its contents re-examined; how, if any of the eggs remained unfertilized, it was again immersed, and, if necessary, yet again; how the fertilized ova went back to the incubators; where the Alphas and Betas remained until definitely bottled; while the Gammas, Deltas and Epsilons were brought out again, after only thirty-six hours, to undergo Bokanovsky's Process.

"Bokanovsky's Process," repeated the Director, and the students underlined the words in their little notebooks.

One egg, one embryo, one adult-normality. But a bokanovskified egg will bud, will proliferate, will divide. From eight to ninety-six buds, and every bud will grow into a perfectly formed embryo, and every embryo into a full-sized adult. Making ninety-six human beings grow where only one grew before. Progress.

"Essentially," the D.H.C. concluded, "bokanovskification consists of a series of arrests of development. We check the normal growth and, paradoxically enough, the egg responds by budding."

Responds by budding. The pencils were busy.

He pointed. On a very slowly moving band a rack-full of test-tubes was entering a large metal box, another rack-full was emerging. Machinery faintly purred. It took eight minutes for the tubes to go through, he told them. Eight minutes of hard X-rays being about as much as an

egg can stand. A few died; of the rest, the least susceptible divided into two; most put out four buds; some eight; all were returned to the incubators, where the buds began to develop; then, after two days, were suddenly chilled, chilled and checked. Two, four, eight, the buds in their turn budded; and having budded were dosed almost to death with alcohol; consequently burgeoned again and having budded—bud out of bud out of bud—were thereafter—further arrest being generally fatal—left to develop in peace. By which time the original egg was in a fair way to becoming anything from eight to ninety-six embryos—a prodigious improvement, you will agree, on nature. Identical twins—but not in piddling twos and threes as in the old viviparous days, when an egg would sometimes accidentally divide; actually by dozens, by scores at a time.

"Scores," the Director repeated and flung out his arms, as though he were distributing largesse. "Scores."

But one of the students was fool enough to ask where the advantage lay.

"My good boy!" The Director wheeled sharply round on him. "Can't you see? Can't you see?" He raised a hand; his expression was solemn. "Bokanovsky's Process is one of the major instruments of social stability!"

Major instruments of social stability.

Standard men and women; in uniform batches. The whole of a small factory staffed with the products of a single bokanovskified egg.

"Ninety-six identical twins working ninety-six identical machines!" The voice was almost tremulous with enthusiasm. "You really know where you are. For the first time in history." He quoted the planetary motto. "Community, Identity, Stability." Grand words. "If we could bokanovskify indefinitely the whole problem would be solved."

Solved by standard Gammas, unvarying Deltas, uniform Epsilons. Millions of identical twins. The principle of mass production at last applied to biology.

Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World* (1932)

**CAPES
CONCOURS EXTERNE
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Section : LANGUES VIVANTES ETRANGERES : ANGLAIS

Section : LANGUES REGIONALES

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Tournez la page S.V.P.

Compare and contrast the following documents.

Document A

1 The historic environment is a shared resource

- 1.1 Our environment contains a unique and dynamic record of human activity. It has been shaped by people responding to the surroundings they inherit, and embodies the aspirations, skills and investment of successive generations.
- 5 1.2 People value this historic environment as part of their cultural and natural heritage. It reflects the knowledge, beliefs and traditions of diverse communities. It gives distinctiveness, meaning and quality to the places in which we live, providing a sense of continuity and a source of identity. It is a social and economic asset and a resource for learning and enjoyment.
- 10 1.3 Each generation should therefore shape and sustain the historic environment in ways that allow people to use, enjoy and benefit from it, without compromising the ability of future generations to do the same.
- 1.4 Heritage values represent a public interest in places, regardless of ownership. The use of law, public policy and public investment is justified to protect that public interest.
- 15 1.5 Advice and assistance should be available from public sources to help owners sustain the heritage in their stewardship.

2 Everyone should be able to participate in sustaining the historic environment

- 2.1 Everyone should have the opportunity to contribute his or her knowledge of the value of places, and to participate in decisions about their future, by means that are accessible, inclusive and informed.
- 20 2.2 Learning is central to sustaining the historic environment. It raises people's awareness and understanding of their heritage, including the varied ways in which its values are perceived by different generations and communities. It encourages informed and active participation in caring for the historic environment.
- 25 2.3 Experts should use their knowledge and skills to encourage and enable others to learn about, value and care for the historic environment. They play a crucial role in discerning, communicating and sustaining the established values of places, and in helping people to refine and articulate the values they attach to places.
- 30 2.4 It is essential to develop, maintain and pass on the specialist knowledge and skills necessary to sustain the historic environment.

3 Understanding the significance of places is vital

- 3.1 Any fixed part of the historic environment with a distinctive identity perceived by people can be considered a place.
- 35 3.2 The significance of a place embraces all the diverse cultural and natural heritage values that people associate with it, or which prompt them to respond to it. These values tend to grow in strength and complexity over time, as understanding deepens and people's perceptions of a place evolve.
- 3.3 In order to identify the significance of a place, it is necessary first to understand its fabric, and how and why it has changed over time; and then to consider:
- 40 who values the place, and why they do so

how those values relate to its fabric
their relative importance
whether associated objects contribute to them
the contribution made by the setting and context of the place
45 how the place compares with others sharing similar values.

3.4 Understanding and articulating the values and significance of a place is necessary to inform decisions about its future. The degree of significance determines what, if any, protection, including statutory designation, is appropriate under law and policy.

4 Significant places should be managed to sustain their values

50 4.1 Change in the historic environment is inevitable, caused by natural processes, the wear and tear of use, and people's responses to social, economic and technological change.

55 4.2 Conservation is the process of managing change to a significant place in its setting in ways that will best sustain its heritage values, while recognising opportunities to reveal or reinforce those values for present and future generations.

55 4.3 Conservation is achieved by all concerned with a significant place sharing an understanding of its significance, and using that understanding to:

60 judge how its heritage values are vulnerable to change
take the actions and impose the constraints necessary to sustain, reveal and reinforce those values

mediate between conservation options, if action to sustain one heritage value could conflict with action to sustain another

ensure that the place retains its authenticity – those attributes and elements which most truthfully reflect and embody the heritage values attached to it.

65 4.4 Action taken to counter harmful effects of natural change, or to minimise the risk of disaster, should be timely, proportionate to the severity and likelihood of identified consequences, and sustainable.

70 4.5 Intervention may be justified if it increases understanding of the past, reveals or reinforces particular heritage values of a place, or is necessary to sustain those values for present and future generations, so long as any resulting harm is decisively outweighed by the benefits.

4.6 New work should aspire to a quality of design and execution which may be valued both now and in the future. This neither implies nor precludes working in traditional or new ways, but should respect the significance of a place in its setting.

Conservation Principles: Policies and Guidance for the Sustainable Management of the Historic Environment (English Heritage, April 2008), p. 19-22

Document B



*2000 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.,
shopping center and eight-story office complex*

The office building was constructed between 1982 and 1983, and incorporates row houses constructed between 1831 and 1896. As the 2000 Block of Eye Street, NW, the houses were added to the National Register of Historic Places in 1977. (Sources: Wikipedia, National Register of Historic Places)

Document C

Monuments deal with notions and representations of history and time, and their present programs and functions are challenged by changes that have occurred in contemporary philosophy of history and, perhaps more drastically, by the recent ideological perception of a decline (or "end") of history itself. Postmodernism did not mean the same in philosophy as in architectural theory when the term came into currency in the late 1970s. This variance may have led to two very different and possibly opposite views of architectural monuments and of their functions. Jean-François Lyotard's *Postmodern Condition*, published only a couple of years after Charles Jencks's *Post-Modern Architecture*, which architects still tend to know better, was mostly about what we now call "the fragmentation of master narratives," including first and foremost history, in Baudrillard's words, "our lost referential." The decay of all centralized systems (ideological, social, and technological) was central to the critique of what was then called the postindustrial society, and after the fall of the Berlin Wall the postmodernists' "end of history" was famously reinterpreted by Francis Fukuyama as the end of ideologies, and the end of the most pervasive of all modern ideologies, Hegel's philosophy of history.

Historicism was the framework within which Ruskin's¹ and Riegl's² notions of monuments came to light and thrived and indeed a precondition for their very existence. Riegl's definitions of "historical" and "ancient" monuments posit a belief in directional (or teleological) history and presuppose an oriented line of progress (and in the case of Ruskin, an organic simile of rise and decline) within which the modern subject can assess its relative position, take stock of the past, and get ready for the next great leap forward. This once-transparent topography of time may have been lost to postmodern consciousness, but if so, we should also admit that, as a side effect, historical monuments may have been stripped of one of their primary functions. New monuments can have no power of historical orientation because the postmodern vision of history no longer provides any preset line of progress along which historical signs may clearly be situated: as in Fukuyama's Hegelian metaphor of the train, of which some wagons arrive sooner and some later but all on the same track and toward the same destination, it may well be that, as postmodern rails multiply indefinitely, there may be fewer travelers waiting at any station at any given time—or even no travelers at all.

The Eiffel Tower was built—among many other aims—to celebrate technological progress, and as a monument to the seventy-two engineers, scientists, and inventors whose names are inscribed on its metal arches: thinkers whose work, directly or indirectly, made possible the construction of the tower and an iconic indication of more to come following their example and furthering their research. The only twentieth-century monument in Paris that can compare with the Eiffel Tower's popular appeal is, within walking distance of the Tower itself, the so-called memorial to Lady Diana's fatal car accident (a monument that in fact preexisted the event and was recycled as a monument to Lady Diana in the aftermath of the accident). This comparison may suggest that between the times of Gustave Eiffel and those of Lady Diana the ideological and cultural fields where the monument's semantic functions resided may have shifted and that the new field may be objectively reduced in scope and social import.

¹ In *Stones of Venice* (1851-53), British art historian John Ruskin treated the whole city as a monument, in which he saw a warning against decay as well as a model meant to instruct and inspire, and guide Britain towards a better future.

² Alois Riegl (1858-1905), Austrian art historian, author of a book on the 'modern cult of monuments', *Der moderne Denkmalkultus* (1903), in which he argued that making objects from previous ages prettier for the public by means of 'restoring' them was both disingenuous and misleading, and advocated therefore conservation in preference to restoration.

Architectural monuments, which were a vital component of European intellectual life at the end of the nineteenth century, are only marginal cultural players at the end of the twentieth; in true postmodern fashion, their power of incitement to action, insofar as any of it may still exist, seems now reduced to the ambit of micronarratives, microhistories, and microcultures.

(...)

Contrary to their *raison d'être* in the nineteenth century, monuments today seem to be unwilling to provide historical role models, and this abdication of responsibility is in fact already inherent in most of the current memorial practices: contemporary monuments have long stopped celebrating great deeds, as their specialty is to register grave errors; they do not exalt achievement but deplore abomination; and—at least, in non socialist countries—it seems we can hardly honor any act of valor accomplished after the end of World War II: the heroes we now tend to remember are most often the innocent victims of someone else's crimes. Most of today's monuments seem to be reduced to the basic, primeval, and, as Riegl asserted, timeless function of the most ancient of all "intentional" monuments: to mark the graves of the dead, or to remember their burial. Monuments can no longer point to the future because the postmodern construction of history does not provide one, or it provides too many. Historical monuments have no place in posthistorical times.

Mario Carpo, 'The Postmodern Cult of Monuments',
Future Anterior, Volume IV, Number 2 (Winter 2007):
51-54.



**Concours externe du Capes et Cafep-Capes
Section langues vivantes étrangères : anglais**

**Exemples de sujets
Deuxième épreuve d'admissibilité : traduction**

**CAPES
CONCOURS EXTERNE
TROISIEME CONCOURS
ET CAFEP CORRESPONDANTS**

Section : LANGUES VIVANTES ETRANGERES : ANGLAIS

EPREUVE DE TRADUCTION

Durée : 5 heures

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Tournez la page S.V.P.

Voici la vieille Chine, la Chine sans Européens. Sur une eau jaunâtre, chargée de glaise, le canot avance comme dans un canal, entre deux rangs serrés de sampans semblables à des gondoles grossières avec leur toiture d'osier. A l'avant, des femmes, presque toutes âgées, cuisinent sur des trépieds, dans une intense odeur de graisse brûlée; souvent, derrière elles, apparaît un chat, une cage ou un singe enchaîné. Les enfants nus et jaunes passent de l'un à l'autre, faisant sauter comme un plumeau plat la frange unique de leurs cheveux, plus légers et plus animés que les chats malgré leurs ventres en poire de mangeurs de riz. Les tout-petits dorment, paquets, dans un linge noir accroché au dos des mères. La lumière frissante du soleil joue avec des arêtes des sampans et détache violemment de leur fond brun les blouses et les pantalons des femmes, taches bleues, et les enfants grimés sur les toits, taches jaunes. Sur le quai, le profil dentelé des maisons américaines et des maisons chinoises : au-dessus, le ciel sans couleur à force de lumière; et partout, légère comme une mousse, sur les sampans, sur les maisons, sur l'eau, cette lumière dans laquelle nous pénétrons comme dans un brouillard incandescent.

Nous accostons. Une auto qui nous attendait nous emmène aussitôt à vive allure. Le chauffeur, vêtu de l'uniforme de l'armée, fait ronfler sans cesse son klaxon, et la foule reflue précipitamment, comme poussée par un chasse-neige. (...) Un instant apparaissent des ruelles aux dalles crevassées qui finissent dans l'herbe, devant quelque bastion à corne ou quelque pagode moisie. Et, dans un coup de vent, nous distinguons, en la croisant, l'auto d'un haut fonctionnaire de la République, avec ses deux soldats, Parabellum au poing, debout sur les marchepieds.

Quittant le quartier commerçant de la ville, l'auto s'engage sur un boulevard tropical bordé de maisons entourées de jardins, sans promeneurs, où l'éclat blanchâtre et mat de la chaussée brûlante n'est taché que de la silhouette clopinante d'un marchand de soupe bientôt disparu dans une ruelle. Klein, qui va chez Borodine, me quitte devant une maison de style colonial – toit débordant des vérandas – entourée d'une grille semblable à celles qui ornent les chalets des environs de Paris : la maison de Garine. La porte de fer est poussée. Je traverse un petit jardin et parviens à une seconde porte gardée par deux soldats cantonnais en uniforme de toile grise. L'un prend ma carte et disparaît. J'attends en regardant l'autre : avec sa casquette plate et son parabellum à la ceinture, il me rappelle les officiers du tsar ; mais sa casquette est rejetée sur l'arrière de sa tête et il est chaussé d'espadrilles. L'autre revient. Je peux monter.

A. Malraux, *Les Conquérants* (1928)

[Les candidats pourront se voir proposer un maximum de trois questions pour chaque texte. On a délibérément limité à deux les questions posées ci-dessous sur ce texte.]

Sujet 1

Vous rendrez compte des différentes possibilités de traduction en anglais de la préposition « de » en contexte inter-nominal, en précisant les contraintes propres à chaque possibilité de traduction. Puis vous justifierez le choix qui vous semble préférable pour traduire respectivement : « la maison de Garine » (l. 13), « la porte de fer » (l. 13), « les officiers du tsar » (l. 16).

Sujet 2

Vous rendrez compte des différentes possibilités de traduction en anglais du pronom relatif « qui » en précisant les contraintes propres à chaque possibilité de traduction. Puis vous justifierez le choix qui vous semble préférable pour traduire respectivement : « Une auto qui nous attendait » (l. 1), « des ruelles (...) qui finissent dans l'herbe » (l. 4), « Klein, qui va chez Borodine » (l. 11).

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Tournez la page S.V.P.

[Les lignes 13-35 de ce texte ont été utilisées à la session 2009.]

Chez nous, on ne causait guère. Les enfants hurlaient et les adultes vaquaient à leurs tâches comme ils l'auraient fait dans la solitude. Nous mangions à notre faim, quoique frugalement, nous n'étions pas maltraités et nos vêtements de pauvres étaient propres et solidement rafistolés de telle sorte que si nous pouvions en avoir honte, nous ne souffrions pas du froid. Mais nous ne nous parlions pas.

La révélation eut lieu lorsqu'à cinq ans, me rendant à l'école pour la première fois, j'eus la surprise et l'effroi d'entendre une voix qui s'adressait à moi et disait mon prénom.

- Renée ? interrogeait la voix tandis que je sentais une main amie qui se posait sur la mienne.

C'était dans le couloir où, pour le premier jour d'école et parce qu'il pleuvait, on avait entassé les enfants.

- Renée ? modulait toujours la voix qui venait d'en haut et la main amicale ne cessait d'exercer sur mon bras – incompréhensible langage – de légères et tendres pressions.

Je levai la tête, en un mouvement insolite qui me donna presque le vertige, et croisai un regard.

Renée. Il s'agissait de moi. Pour la première fois, quelqu'un s'adressait à moi en disant mon prénom. Là où mes parents usaient du geste ou du grondement, une femme, dont je considérais à présent les yeux clairs et la bouche souriante, se frayait un chemin vers mon cœur et, prononçant mon nom, entraînait avec moi dans une proximité dont je n'avais pas idée jusqu'alors. Je regardai autour de moi un monde qui, subitement, s'était paré de couleurs. En un éclair douloureux, je perçus la pluie qui tombait au-dehors, les fenêtres lavées d'eau, l'odeur des vêtements mouillés, l'étroitesse du couloir, mince boyau où vibrerait l'assemblée des enfants, la patine des portemanteaux aux boutons de cuivre où s'entassaient des pèlerines de mauvais drap – et la hauteur des plafonds, à la mesure du ciel pour un regard d'enfant.

Alors, mes mornes yeux rivés aux siens, je m'agrippai à la femme qui venait de me faire naître.

- Renée, reprit la voix, veux-tu enlever ton suroît ?

Et, me tenant fermement pour que je ne tombe pas, elle me devêtit avec la rapidité des longues expériences.

On croit à tort que l'éveil de la conscience coïncide avec l'heure de notre première naissance, peut-être parce que nous ne savons pas imaginer d'autre état vivant que celui-là. Il nous semble que nous avons toujours vu et senti et, forts de cette croyance, nous identifions dans la venue au monde l'instant décisif où naît la conscience. Que, pendant cinq années, une petite fille prénommée Renée, mécanisme perceptif opérationnel doué de vision, d'audition, d'olfaction, de goût et de tact, ait pu vivre dans la parfaite inconscience d'elle-même et de l'univers, est un démenti à cette théorie hâtive. Car pour que la conscience advienne, il faut un nom.

Or, par un concours de circonstances malheureux, il apparaît que nul n'avait songé à me donner le mien.

Muriel BARBERY, *L'Élegance du hérisson* (2006)

[Les candidats pourront se voir proposer un maximum de trois questions pour chaque texte.]

Sujet 1

Vous rendrez compte des différentes possibilités de traduction en anglais des constructions inter-nominales de la forme *GN de GN* en précisant les contraintes propres à chaque possibilité de traduction. Puis vous justifierez le choix qui vous semble préférable pour traduire respectivement : « l'odeur des vêtements mouillés » (l. 7), « boutons de cuivre » (l. 9), « un regard d'enfant » (l. 10).

Sujet 2

Vous rendrez compte des différentes possibilités de traduction en anglais des groupes verbaux au mode subjonctif en précisant les contraintes propres à chaque possibilité de traduction. Puis vous

justifierez le choix qui vous semble préférable pour traduire respectivement : « pour que je ne tombe pas » (l. 13), « Que, pendant cinq années, une petite fille prénommée Renée [...] ait pu vivre dans... » (l. 18-20), « pour que la conscience advienne » (l. 21).

Sujet 3

Vous rendrez compte des différentes possibilités de traduction en anglais des groupes verbaux à l'imparfait en précisant les contraintes propres à chaque possibilité de traduction. Puis vous justifierez le choix qui vous semble préférable pour traduire respectivement : « quelqu'un s'adressait » (l. 2), « mes parents usaient » (l. 3), « je considérais » (l. 3), « je n'avais pas idée » (l. 5).

SUJET ZÉRO

**CAPES
CONCOURS EXTERNE
TROISIEME CONCOURS
ET CAFEP CORRESPONDANTS**

Section : LANGUES VIVANTES ETRANGERES : ANGLAIS

EPREUVE DE TRADUCTION

Durée : 5 heures

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

Ce sujet comporte une version et des exercices de réflexion linguistique se rapportant au texte proposé à la traduction.

Dans le cas où un(e) candidat(e) repère ce qui lui semble être une erreur d'énoncé, il (elle) le signale très lisiblement sur sa copie, propose la correction et poursuit l'épreuve en conséquence. De même, si cela vous conduit à formuler une ou plusieurs hypothèses, il vous est demandé de la (ou les) mentionner explicitement.

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Tournez la page S.V.P.

Alastair had the purest, most elegant intellect I have ever encountered. His father had been a
docked in Liverpool, and Alastair had come up to Cambridge on a scholarship. In appearance,
he was a fierce, choleric little fellow with big teeth and a spiky bush of black hair standing
5 straight up from his forehead like the bristles of a yard-bush. He favoured hob-nailed boots
and shapeless jackets made from a peculiar kind of stiff, hairy tweed that might have been run
up specially for him. That first year we were inseparable. It was a strange liaison, I suppose;
what we shared most deeply, though we would never dream of speaking of it openly, was that
we both felt keenly the insecurity of being outsiders. One of the wits dubbed us Jekyll and
10 Hyde, and no doubt we did look an ill-assorted pair, I the gangling youth with pointed nose
and already pronounced stoop loping across Great Court pursued by the little man in the
boots, his stumpy legs going like a pair of blunt scissors and tobacco pipe fuming. It was the
theoretical side of mathematics that interested me, but Alastair had a genius for application.
He adored gadgets. At Bletchley Park during the war he found his true and perfect place. 'It
15 was like coming home,' he told me afterwards, his eyes shiny with misery. He had fallen into
an enticement trap in the gents in Piccadilly Circus and was due in court the following week.
The heavies from the Department had been tormenting him, he knew he could expect no
mercy. He would not go to prison: on the eve of his court appearance he injected cyanide into
an apple (a Cox's pippin, the report said) and ate it. Another uncharacteristic flourish. I
20 wonder where he got the poison, not to mention the needle? (...) I imagine him in the weeks
before he died, lying between army-surplus blankets in that dreary bedsit he had off the
Cromwell Road, miserably turning over the ruins of his life. He had broken some of the most
difficult of the German army's codes, thus saving God knows how many Allied lives, yet they
hounded him to death. And they call me a traitor. Could I have done something for him,
25 pulled a few strings, put a word in with the internal security people? The thought gnaws at
me.

John Banville, *The Untouchable* (1997)

[Les candidats pourront se voir proposer un maximum de trois questions pour chaque texte.]

Sujet 1

would (l. 7), *would* (l. 17)

Vous décrierez les marqueurs que comportent les deux segments ci-dessus. Vous dégagerez les points communs et les différences à l'œuvre dans les formes identiques ou proches qui composent ces segments et vous rendrez compte des effets de sens véhiculés par ces formes dans leur contexte d'apparition ; vous pourrez avoir recours aux manipulations nécessaires pour servir votre analyse. Enfin, vous justifierez le choix qui vous semble préférable pour traduire chaque segment en adoptant une démarche contrastive.

Sujet 2

application (l. 12), *home* (l. 14), *cyanide* (l. 17).

Vous décrierez les marqueurs que comportent les segments ci-dessus. Vous dégagerez les points communs et les différences à l'œuvre dans les formes identiques ou proches qui composent ces segments et vous rendrez compte des effets de sens véhiculés par ces formes dans leur contexte d'apparition ; vous pourrez avoir recours aux manipulations nécessaires pour servir votre analyse. Enfin, vous justifierez le choix qui vous semble préférable pour traduire chaque segment en adoptant une démarche contrastive.

Sujet 3

had come up (l. 2), *had been tormenting* (l. 16).

Vous décrirez les marqueurs que comportent les segments ci-dessus. Vous dégagerez les points communs et les différences à l'œuvre dans les formes identiques ou proches qui composent ces segments et vous rendrez compte des effets de sens véhiculés par ces formes dans leur contexte d'apparition ; vous pourrez avoir recours aux manipulations nécessaires pour servir votre analyse. Enfin, vous justifierez le choix qui vous semble préférable pour traduire chaque segment en adoptant une démarche contrastive.

SUJET ZÉRO

**CAPES
CONCOURS EXTERNE
TROISIEME CONCOURS
ET CAFEP CORRESPONDANTS**

Section : LANGUES VIVANTES ETRANGERES : ANGLAIS

EPREUVE DE TRADUCTION

Durée : 5 heures

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Tournez la page S.V.P.

'You won't be late?' There was anxiety in Marjorie Carling's voice, there was something like entreaty.

'No, I won't be late,' said Walter, unhappily and guiltily certain that he would be. Her voice annoyed him. It drawled a little, it was too refined — even in misery.

5 'Not later than midnight.' She might have reminded him of the time when he never went out in the evenings without her. She might have done so; but she wouldn't; it was against her principles; she didn't want to force his love in any way.

10 'Well, call it one. You know what these parties are.' But as a matter of fact, she didn't know, for the good reason that, not being his wife, she wasn't invited to them. She had left her husband to live with Walter Bidlake; and Carling, who had Christian scruples, was feebly a sadist and wanted to take his revenge, refused to divorce her. It was two years now since they had begun to live together; and now, already, he had ceased to love her, he had begun to love someone else. (...)

15 'Half-past twelve,' she implored, though she knew that her importunity would only annoy him, only make him love her the less. But she could not prevent herself from speaking; she loved him too much, she was too agonizingly jealous. The words broke out in spite of her principles. It would have been better for her, and perhaps for Walter too, if she had had fewer principles and given her feelings the violent expression they demanded. But she had been well brought up in habits of the strictest self-control. Only the uneducated, she knew, made 'scenes'. An imploring 'Half-past
20 twelve, Walter' was all that managed to break through her principles. Too weak to move him, the feeble outburst would only annoy. She knew it, and yet she could not hold her tongue.

'If I can possibly manage it.' (There; she had done it. There was exasperation in his tone.) 'But I can't guarantee it; don't expect me too certainly.' For of course, he was thinking (with Lucy Tantamount's image unexorcizably haunting him), it certainly wouldn't be half-past twelve.

25 He gave the final touches to his white tie. From the mirror her face looked out at him, close beside his own. It was a pale face and so thin that the down-thrown light of the electric lamp hanging above them made a shadow in the hollows below the cheekbones. Her eyes were darkly ringed. Rather too long at the best of times, her straight nose protruded bleakly from the unfleshed face. She looked ugly, tired and ill. Six months from now her baby would be born.

Aldous HUXLEY, *Point Counter Point* (1928)

[Les candidats pourront se voir proposer un maximum de trois questions pour chaque texte.]

Sujet 1

he would be (l. 3), *she wouldn't* (l. 6), *It would have been better* (l. 15-16)

Vous décrirez les marqueurs que comportent les segments ci-dessus. Vous dégagerez les points communs et les différences à l'œuvre dans les formes identiques ou proches qui composent ces segments et vous rendrez compte des effets de sens véhiculés par ces formes dans leur contexte d'apparition ; vous pourrez avoir recours aux manipulations nécessaires pour servir votre analyse. Puis vous justifierez le choix qui vous semble préférable pour traduire chaque segment en adoptant une démarche contrastive.

Sujet 2

anxiety (l. 1), *misery* (l. 4), *Christian scruples* (l. 10).

Vous décrirez les marqueurs que comportent les segments ci-dessus. Vous dégagerez les points communs et les différences à l'œuvre dans les formes identiques ou proches qui composent ces segments et vous rendrez compte des effets de sens véhiculés par ces formes dans leur contexte d'apparition ; vous pourrez avoir recours aux manipulations nécessaires pour servir votre analyse. Puis vous justifierez le choix qui vous semble préférable pour traduire chaque segment en adoptant une démarche contrastive.

Sujet 3

The words (l. 15), *the violent expression they demanded* (l. 17), *the uneducated* (l. 18).

Vous décrirez les marqueurs que comportent les segments ci-dessus. Vous dégagerez les points communs et les différences à l'œuvre dans les formes identiques ou proches qui composent ces segments et vous rendrez compte des effets de sens véhiculés par ces formes dans leur contexte d'apparition ; vous pourrez avoir recours aux manipulations nécessaires pour servir votre analyse. Puis vous justifierez le choix qui vous semble préférable pour traduire chaque segment en adoptant une démarche contrastive.

SUJET ZÉRO



**Concours externe du Capes et Cafep-Capes
Section langues vivantes étrangères : anglais**

**Exemple de sujet
Première épreuve d'admission : mise en situation professionnelle**

CAPES/CAFEP EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS

ÉPREUVE 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 et C, non hiérarchisés).

Seconde partie :

Cette partie de l'épreuve porte sur les documents A et B.

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

As soon as he was dressed, he went into the library and sat down to a light French breakfast that had been laid out for him on a small round table close to the open window. It was an exquisite day. The warm air seemed laden with spices. A bee flew in and buzzed round the blue-dragon bowl that, filled with sulphur-yellow roses, stood before him. He felt perfectly happy.

5 Suddenly his eye fell on the screen that he had placed in front of the portrait, and he started. "Too cold for the Monsieur?" asked his valet, putting an omelette on the table. "I shut the window?"

Dorian shook his head. "I am not cold," he murmured.

10 Was it all true? Had the portrait really changed? Or had it been simply his own imagination that had made him see a look of evil where there had been a look of joy? Surely a painted canvas could not alter? The thing was absurd. It would serve as a tale to tell Basil some day. It would make him smile.

15 And, yet, how vivid was his recollection of the whole thing! First in the dim twilight, and then in the bright dawn, he had seen the touch of cruelty round the warped lips. He almost dreaded his valet leaving the room. He knew that when he was alone he would have to examine the portrait. He was afraid of certainty. When the coffee and cigarettes had been brought and the man turned to go, he felt a wild desire to tell him to remain. As the door was closing behind him he called him back. The man stood waiting for his orders. Dorian looked at him for a moment. "I am not at home to any one, Victor," he said with a sigh. The man bowed and retired.

20 Then he rose from the table, lit a cigarette, and flung himself down on a luxuriously cushioned couch that stood facing the screen. The screen was an old one, of gilt Spanish leather, stamped and wrought with a rather florid Louis-Quatorze pattern. He scanned it curiously, wondering if ever before it had concealed the secret of a man's life.

25 Should he move it aside, after all? Why not let it stay there? What was the use of knowing? If the thing was true, it was terrible. If it was not true, why trouble about it? But what if, by some fate or deadlier chance, eyes other than his spied behind and saw the horrible change? What should he do if Basil Hallward came and asked to look at his own picture? Basil would be sure to do that. No; the thing had to be examined, and at once. Anything would be better than this dreadful state of doubt.

30 He got up and locked both doors. At least he would be alone when he looked upon the mask of his shame. Then he drew the screen aside and saw himself face to face. It was perfectly true. The portrait had altered.

35 As he often remembered afterwards, and always with no small wonder, he found himself at first gazing at the portrait with a feeling of almost scientific interest. That such a change should have taken place was incredible to him. And yet it was a fact. Was there some subtle affinity between the chemical atoms that shaped themselves into form and colour on the canvas and the soul that was within him? Could it be that what that soul thought, they realized?—that what it dreamed, they made true? Or was there some other, more terrible reason? He shuddered, and felt afraid, and, going back to the couch, lay there, gazing at the picture in sickened horror.

40 One thing, however, he felt that it had done for him. It had made him conscious how unjust, how cruel, he had been to Sibyl Vane. It was not too late to make reparation for that. She could still be his wife. His unreal and selfish love would yield to some higher influence, would be transformed into some nobler passion, and the portrait that Basil Hallward had painted of him would be a guide to him through life, would be to him what holiness is to some, and conscience to others, and the fear of God to us all. There were opiates for remorse, drugs that could lull the moral sense to sleep. But here was a visible symbol of the degradation of sin. Here was an ever-present sign of the ruin men brought upon their souls.

45 Three o'clock struck, and four, and the half-hour rang its double chime, but Dorian Gray did not stir. He was trying to gather up the scarlet threads of life and to weave them into a pattern; to find his way through the sanguine labyrinth of passion through which he was wandering. He did not

5 know what to do, or what to think. Finally, he went over to the table and wrote a passionate letter to the girl he had loved, imploring her forgiveness and accusing himself of madness. He covered page after page with wild words of sorrow and wilder words of pain. There is a luxury in self-reproach. When we blame ourselves, we feel that no one else has a right to blame us. It is the confession, not the priest, that gives us absolution. When Dorian had finished the letter, he felt that he had been forgiven.

Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891)

DOCUMENT B



Francis Bacon, *Self-Portrait*, oil on canvas, 1969

DOCUMENT C

By the time the train pulls into the Silver Spring station, I am one of only four people left in the car. We're spread out evenly between the rear and the front, as if we have chosen sides in some childish debate and are refusing to meet in the middle. I wish empty trains inspired more recklessness in the people forced to share them. There's a solitude and isolation that come with knowing that out of everyone you had begun your journey with, only you and the few faces across the aisle are left. That alone seems enough to make a connection, but as it stands, the opposite is always true. The empty space, whether it's only a few feet or the entire car, becomes impassable. Perhaps it's the embarrassment of being alone, the fear of being exposed, and the risk of losing one's anonymity that make us shy away from one another precisely when we should feel emboldened. I can't even bring myself to look at the woman facing me from the other end of the car. That's how naked a nearly empty train can make me feel.

It's still the middle of the day, and despite the growing heat I've decided to walk to my uncle's apartment. The walk to the apartment complex is a hostile one. The sidewalk narrows to a silver streak of cracked concrete that runs adjacent to a four-lane road densely populated with extended city buses and a continuous stream of cars. I always feel like a sad, pathetic creature while walking along this road. The world seems entirely unfit to handle my skinny, long-legged body, and the curious, often hostile glares of the drivers in their cars confirm it. Today, though, I've decided to seek pleasure wherever I can, which means finding comfort in the exhaust-choked air, and in the strain I feel while struggling up the steep incline that leads to the Silver Rock complex where my uncle lives.

I can imagine his surprise and gratitude at my unexpected visit. He will want to make tea for the both of us. He will insist on feeding me whatever he has in his refrigerator, even though he won't have anything to offer besides leftovers from whatever Ethiopian restaurant he ate at the night before. Before I can tell him anything about my life, he will want to hear everything he can about my mother and brother. He will want the details of their health and about my brother's plans for the future now that he has graduated college. When I tell him that they are both doing well, he will kiss the air and thank God, at least twice, for His grace. I know that he will reprimand me gently, and with good humor, for not having visited him sooner. He will shake his head, rub his hand across his nearly bald head, and then blame himself for being guilty of the same crime. When he speaks, he will do so slowly and deliberately, carefully choosing each word because he is nothing if not an exceptionally thoughtful man. I will assure him that the absence is entirely my fault; that I've been distracted with work, which is still going okay (another kiss to the air and a single "thank God"). Regardless of what I say, he will stomp one foot firmly on the ground and in the end insist that no, I am his responsibility, and therefore I can claim none of the guilt for my own. Ever since I dropped out of school, he has tried hard to hide his disappointment. He worries about my future, and yet he's always played a part in reassuring my mother about the quality and state of my life. When he asks me about the store, I will tell him that I have plans for selling it. Or I will tell him I've already looked into selling it. Or that I already have someone interested in taking it off my hands. Anything to reassure him.

I'm covered in sweat when I reach the apartment complex. I catch my reflection in the building's door. Sweat is streaming down the side of my face. I look exactly like what I am: a desperate man, on the verge of middle age, with only the money in his pocket to spare. I have dark rings under my eyes, a nose and forehead damp with sweat. My shirt collar has an old coffee stain on it, and the sides of my pant pockets have a streak of dirt running down the side. I take a second to tuck in my shirt, pat down the edges of my hair, and wipe the sweat off my brow with the edges of my sleeve. I pray that I don't run into anyone I know.



**Concours externe du Capes et Cafep-Capes
Section langues vivantes étrangères : anglais**

**Exemple de sujet
Deuxième épreuve d'admission : entretien à partir d'un dossier**

CAPES/CAFEP EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS

EPREUVE D'ENTRETIEN A PARTIR D'UN DOSSIER

Notion retenue : **Lieux et formes du pouvoir** (cycle terminal du lycée)

Première partie :

En lien avec le thème retenu, vous procéderez à la présentation et à l'analyse du document A.

Seconde partie :

En lien avec le thème retenu, vous procéderez à l'analyse des documents B1 et B2.

Ces documents sont d'authentiques productions d'élèves.

Vous vous demanderez :

- dans quelle mesure elles répondent aux objectifs recherchés par le professeur, compte tenu du contexte humain, scolaire, réglementaire et institutionnel (documents C1 à C3) où il convient de les replacer ;

- dans quelle mesure les compétences linguistiques, culturelles et pragmatiques y sont mobilisées au service de la production du sens, et quelle(s) action(s) pédagogique(s) il serait possible et souhaitable d'entreprendre afin de consolider les acquis des élèves. Pour cela, vous pouvez, si vous le souhaitez, vous appuyer sur le document A.

Document A

Ce document est à écouter sur le lecteur MP3 qui vous a été remis.

‘Pageant protest sparked bra-burning myth’

Source : *National Public Radio (npr.org)*, September 5, 2008
(<http://www.npr.org/templates/story/story.php?storyId=94240375>)

Document B1

According to the Human Rights Declaration, equality is a right for everyone. During the History, we talked a lot about racism but not that much about sexism. Nowadays we still attend to the importance of the divine power. In the bible, Eve was born after Adam. Thus the interpretation of woman’s inferiority.

France, land of the human rights accorded the right to vote to woman long after the United Kingdom or Australia. In the 60s, woman had to demonstrate to have the right to choose, to be the owner of her body. A new sign of inferiority?

The French government during the last years is making some efforts to stop wage disparities. But it cannot have any power on the private sector.

Besides the inequality is also seen as woman have to lead her career and at the same time, take care of her family: she’s overbooked but the government can’t do anything.

Woman still being considered as objects, as images to sell: advertisement of a woman in a kitchen, smiling because she discovered a new Hoover.

For better for worse, woman are now wedded to the workplace. To woman, this quotation is only a dream whereas this could be the case for man.

As a conclusion, the efforts of the French government are little confronted to the indestructible stereotypes that woman suffer from.

Document B2

After centuries of fights, discriminations are still present. Racism against coloured people is a terrible heritage in western society. Even though Martin Luther King had for example fought to obtain equality for black people, and eventually succeeded to abolish all the laws allowing discrimination, there is still a fear. Indeed everybody have once heard someone tells: “he is black but he is nice”. Is a black person usually nasty? No government can change minds. The laws stage the society but each one chooses his role.

Nevertheless a government has to be an example, which will have a positive influence on citizens. The gender gap is still huge but western democracies try to include women in decision making. Even though less of 5 percent of the CEO are women, governments are currently composed of an increasingly part of women.

This evolution has all the same cons. Indeed women have to juggle a job, the education of children and the household. Self fulfilment is not easy in these conditions and even if governments allow maternity leaves, it’s mainly a problem which have to be solved in each couple. The man has to participate to tasks, but it depends on his will.

Document C1 : Situation d'enseignement

Les documents B1 et B2 sont les productions originales de deux élèves d'une même classe de terminale scientifique.

a) La séquence, entamée au moment de la journée internationale de la femme (début mars), explore la thématique des « lieux et formes de pouvoir » du programme d'enseignement des langues vivantes du cycle terminal, en invitant les élèves à réfléchir à ce sujet sur la base de documents proposant différentes représentations de la femme et de son statut dans la société.

Les documents B1 et B2 sont extraits d'une évaluation sommative, dans l'optique de laquelle un cahier des charges a été rempli au fur et à mesure de la séquence, ciblant les compétences linguistiques attendues, mais aussi les compétences culturelles et pragmatiques nécessaires.

L'évaluation en question peut cependant aussi être considérée comme formative, en ce sens qu'elle vise à préparer les élèves à l'expression écrite au baccalauréat.

Le sujet de l'exercice de production écrite était le suivant :

'Equality may be a right, but no power on earth can ever turn it into a reality.' Discuss.

b) La classe se compose de 22 élèves, dont seulement deux filles.

A la rentrée de septembre les 22 élèves de la classe envisageaient de postuler en CPGE scientifique après leur baccalauréat. Début janvier, environ 18 d'entre eux confirmaient ce souhait. Début avril, 20 élèves avaient finalement saisi ce vœu dans la procédure d'orientation post-bac. Les deux filles en faisaient partie.

c) L'établissement est un internat d'excellence. Sa population est à 70% masculine.

Des comportements misogynes sont repérés avec une fréquence accrue, à la fois en internat et pendant le temps scolaire, notamment en cours d'EPS. L'ensemble de l'équipe éducative est mobilisée à ce sujet. Le projet d'établissement est régulièrement rappelé.

En voici un extrait :

« Le régime de l'internat [...] favorise la création d'amitiés fortes et durables. La communauté éducative doit cependant veiller à ce que ces amitiés ou la création de groupes naturellement très soudés ne soit pas exclusive de celui ou celle qui est différent. La force de l'établissement, au travers [...] d'un vécu commun dans la durée, est de pouvoir gommer des différences et de créer des liens là où la vie n'aurait généré qu'indifférence, car certains préjugés peuvent être fortement ancrés, surtout à l'âge des élèves. »

Document C2 : Extraits du programme d'enseignement des langues vivantes du cycle terminal (*Bulletin officiel de l'Education nationale*, numéro spécial du 30 septembre 2010)

Du niveau « seuil » B1 au niveau « avancé » B2

Passer du niveau seuil B1 au niveau avancé B2 dans l'échelle du Cadre européen commun de référence pour les langues constitue un progrès important dans la maîtrise de la langue apprise. Si ces deux niveaux relèvent bien de celui de l'utilisateur indépendant, la différence qui les sépare représente un degré de complexité et d'autonomie supplémentaire que l'on peut résumer comme suit :

En production, l'élève est capable :

- de s'exprimer de manière détaillée et organisée sur une gamme étendue de sujets relatifs à ses centres d'intérêts ou à ses domaines de connaissance ;

- de présenter, reformuler, expliquer ou commenter, de façon construite, avec finesse et précision, par écrit ou par oral, des documents écrits ou oraux comportant une information ou un ensemble d'informations, des opinions et points de vue ;
- de défendre différents points de vue et opinions, conduire une argumentation claire et nuancée.

Du niveau « avancé » B2 au niveau « autonome » C1

Le passage du niveau B (utilisateur indépendant) au niveau C (utilisateur expérimenté) marque un nouveau changement d'échelle dans la maîtrise de la langue.

En production, l'élève est capable :

- de s'exprimer sur des sujets complexes de manière détaillée et pragmatique pour parvenir à ses fins ;
- de susciter une réaction, un sentiment précis chez son interlocuteur en utilisant une langue sûre et un style approprié.

Document C3 : Les valeurs républicaines à l'Ecole

Source : <http://eduscol.education.fr/cid46702/valeurs-republicaines.html>

L'Ecole transmet les valeurs de la République : liberté, égalité, fraternité ; laïcité ; refus de toutes les discriminations. Les élèves étudient les grands textes qui les fondent.

Le socle commun de connaissances et de compétences intègre cette mission fondamentale : il s'agit de préparer les élèves à vivre en société et à devenir des citoyens responsables, conscients des principes et des règles qui fondent notre démocratie.

Il appartient à l'ensemble des adultes qui interviennent auprès des élèves dans l'exercice de leurs fonctions de faire partager ces valeurs.

« Outre la transmission des connaissances, la Nation fixe comme mission première à l'école de faire partager aux élèves les valeurs de la République. Le droit à l'éducation est garanti à chacun afin de lui permettre [...] d'exercer sa citoyenneté. » (loi d'orientation et de programme pour l'avenir de l'École du 23 avril 2005 - art.2).

Valeurs républicaines et enseignements

Les valeurs de la République sous-tendent l'ensemble des disciplines, chacune leur donnant sens dans le champ du savoir qui est le sien. L'éducation civique, de l'école primaire au lycée, permet la pratique du dialogue, montre la nécessité du savoir pour dépasser les préjugés, développe l'autonomie.

Valeurs républicaines et actions éducatives

Les actions éducatives sont l'occasion de fédérer les élèves autour d'un événement ou la réalisation d'un projet. Elles constituent un moyen d'encourager l'autonomie et l'initiative des élèves et de valoriser leur engagement.

PAGEANT PROTEST SPARKED BRA-BURNING MYTH | npr.org | September 5, 2008

STEVE INSKEEP, host:

When the Miss America pageant was held in Atlantic City 40 years ago this weekend, some were there to watch and others to protest. It was the first major demonstration of the emerging women's liberation movement.

As part of our series, Echoes of 1968, we're taking a look back at the day when the media began referring to feminists as bra-burners. The term that wasn't quite accurate, as we find out listening to four people who were there. One of them was Miss America, 1968. The others, including this woman, were protestors.

Ms. ALIX KATES SHULMAN (Former Women's Liberation Activist): My name is Alix Kates Shulman. When I was growing up, Miss America was the symbol of what every young girl wanted to be.

(Soundbite of television program)

Unidentified Woman #1: The Miss America pageant means many things to many people. To the millions of you watching tonight on television, it means two hours of entertainment, glamour and excitement.

Ms. HANISCH: We'd been discussing how we were oppressed by beauty standards, and then one night we were watching a movie -it had Miss America parading in her bathing suit –and it got me thinking that protesting the pageant might be a good way to launch the movement, because up to this time we hadn't done a lot of actions yet.

Unidentified Woman #3: We had rented a couple of buses. It was a beautiful day. We got there. We started assembling. Everybody had her assignment.

Unidentified Woman #4: It was kind of a gutsy thing to do, you know? Miss America was like this American-pie icon. You know, who would dare criticize that?

(Soundbite of music)

Unidentified Woman #1: (Singing) There she is, Miss America. There she is (unintelligible).

Ms. DEBRA BARNES SNODGRASS (Former Miss America): My name is Debra Barnes Snodgrass. I was Miss America 1968. What I saw was women in front of the convention hall, and they had picket signs, and they talked about the Miss America pageant being a meat show and an auction.

Unidentified Woman #5: (Shouting) Yes siree, boys. Step right up. How much am I offered for this number-one piece of prime American property?

Ms. SNODGRASS: And they had this big Miss-America kind of doll, bigger than life-size, and it wasn't very flattering.

Unidentified Woman #5: (Shouting) You can get this standard quality model wherever...

Unidentified Woman #6: The things that we did on the boardwalk were all outrageous, audacious and filled with glee.

Unidentified Woman #8: Our biggest, most notorious action was throwing what we called instruments of female torture into what we called the freedom trash can.

Unidentified Woman #9: So we threw girdles, and hair curlers, and pots and pans, and Playboy magazine, and bras and whatever we could think of.

Ms. HANISCH: We had intended to burn it, but the police department, since we were on the boardwalk, wouldn't let us do the burning. But you know, the media picked up on the bra part. I often say that if they had called us girdle-burners that every woman in America would have run to join us.