

SESSION 2022

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**CAPLP  
CONCOURS EXTERNE  
ET CAFEP**

**SECTION : LANGUES VIVANTES – LETTRES**

**ANGLAIS - LETTRES**

**ÉPREUVE ÉCRITE DISCIPLINAIRE ET DE  
DISCIPLINE APPLIQUÉE D'ANGLAIS**

Durée : 6 heures

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**Le sujet comporte trois documents et trois parties.**

**Document 1**

At twenty years old, I boarded the bus. I wore my dungarees, black turtleneck, and the old gray raincoat I had bought in Camden. My small suitcase, yellow-and-red plaid, held some drawing pencils, a notebook, *Illuminations*, a few pieces of clothing, and pictures of my siblings. I was superstitious. Today was a Monday; I was born on Monday. It was a good day to arrive in New York City. No one expected me. Everything awaited me.

I immediately took the subway from Port Authority to Jay Street and Borough Hall, then to Hoyt-Schermerhorn and DeKalb Avenue. It was a sunny afternoon. I was hoping my friends might put me up until I could find a place of my own. I went to the brownstone at the address I had, but they had moved. The new tenant was polite. He motioned toward a room at the rear of the flat and suggested that his roommate might know the new address.

I walked into the room. On a simple iron bed, a boy was sleeping. He was pale and slim with masses of dark curls, lying bare-chested with strands of beads around his neck. I stood there. He opened his eyes and smiled.

When I told him of my plight, he rose in one motion, put on his huaraches and a white T-shirt, and beckoned me to follow him.

I watched him as he walked ahead, leading the way with a light-footed gait, slightly bowlegged. I noticed his hands as he tapped his fingers against his thigh. I had never seen anyone like him. He delivered me to another brownstone on Clinton Avenue, gave a little farewell salute, smiled, and was on his way.

The day wore on. I waited for my friends. As fortune would have it, they did not return. That night, having nowhere to go, I fell asleep on their red stoop. When I awoke, it was Independence Day, my first away from home with the familiar parade, veterans' picnic, and fireworks display. I felt a restless agitation in the air. Packs of children threw firecrackers that exploded at my feet. I would spend that day much as I spent the next few weeks, looking for kindred souls, shelter, and, most urgently, a job. Summer seemed the wrong time to find a sympathetic student. Everyone was less than eager to provide me with a helping hand. Everyone was struggling, and I, the country mouse, was just an awkward presence. Eventually I went back to the city and slept in Central Park, not far from the statue of the Mad Hatter.

Along Fifth Avenue, I left applications at shops and bookstores. I would often stop before a grand hotel, an alien observer to the Proustian lifestyle of the privileged class, exiting sleek black cars with exquisite brown-and-gold-patterned trunks. It was another side of life. Horse-drawn carriages were stationed between the Paris Theatre and the Plaza Hotel. In discarded newspapers I would search out the evening's entertainment. Across from the Metropolitan Opera I watched the people enter, sensing their anticipation. [...]

The skyscrapers were beautiful. They did not seem like mere corporate shells. They were monuments to the arrogant yet philanthropic spirit of America. The character of each quadrant was invigorating and one felt the flux of its history. The old world and the emerging one served up in the brick and mortar of the artisan and the architects.

I walked for hours from park to park. In Washington Square, one could still feel the characters of Henry James and the presence of the author himself. Entering the perimeters of the white arch, one was greeted by the sounds of bongos and acoustic guitars, protest singers, political arguments, activists leafleting, older chess players challenged by the young. This open atmosphere was something I had not experienced, simple freedom that did not seem to be oppressive to anyone.

Patti Smith, *Just Kids*, 2010

## Document 2

### My Sad Self

*To Frank O'Hara*

Sometimes when my eyes are red  
I go up on top of the RCA Building  
and gaze at my world, Manhattan—  
5 my buildings, streets I've done feats in,  
lofts, beds, coldwater flats  
—on Fifth Ave below which I also bear in mind,  
its ant cars, little yellow taxis, men  
walking the size of specks of wool—  
10 Panorama of the bridges, sunrise over Brooklyn machine,  
sun go down over New Jersey where I was born  
& Paterson where I played with ants—  
my later loves on 15th Street,  
my greater loves of Lower East Side,  
15 my once fabulous amours in the Bronx  
faraway—  
paths crossing in these hidden streets,  
my history summed up, my absences  
and ecstasies in Harlem—  
20 —sun shining down on all I own  
in one eyeblink to the horizon  
in my last eternity—  
matter is water.

25 Sad,  
I take the elevator and go  
down, pondering,  
and walk on the pavements staring into all man's  
plateglass, faces,  
30 questioning after who loves,  
and stop, bemused  
in front of an automobile shopwindow  
standing lost in calm thought,  
traffic moving up & down 5th Avenue blocks behind me  
35 waiting for a moment when ...

Time to go home & cook supper & listen to  
the romantic war news on the radio  
... all movement stops  
40 & I walk in the timeless sadness of existence,  
tenderness flowing thru the buildings,  
my fingertips touching reality's face,  
my own face streaked with tears in the mirror  
of some window—at dusk—

45                                where I have no desire—  
for bonbons—or to own the dresses or Japanese  
   lampshades of intellection—

50 Confused by the spectacle around me,  
Man struggling up the street  
   with packages, newspapers,  
   ties, beautiful suits  
   toward his desire

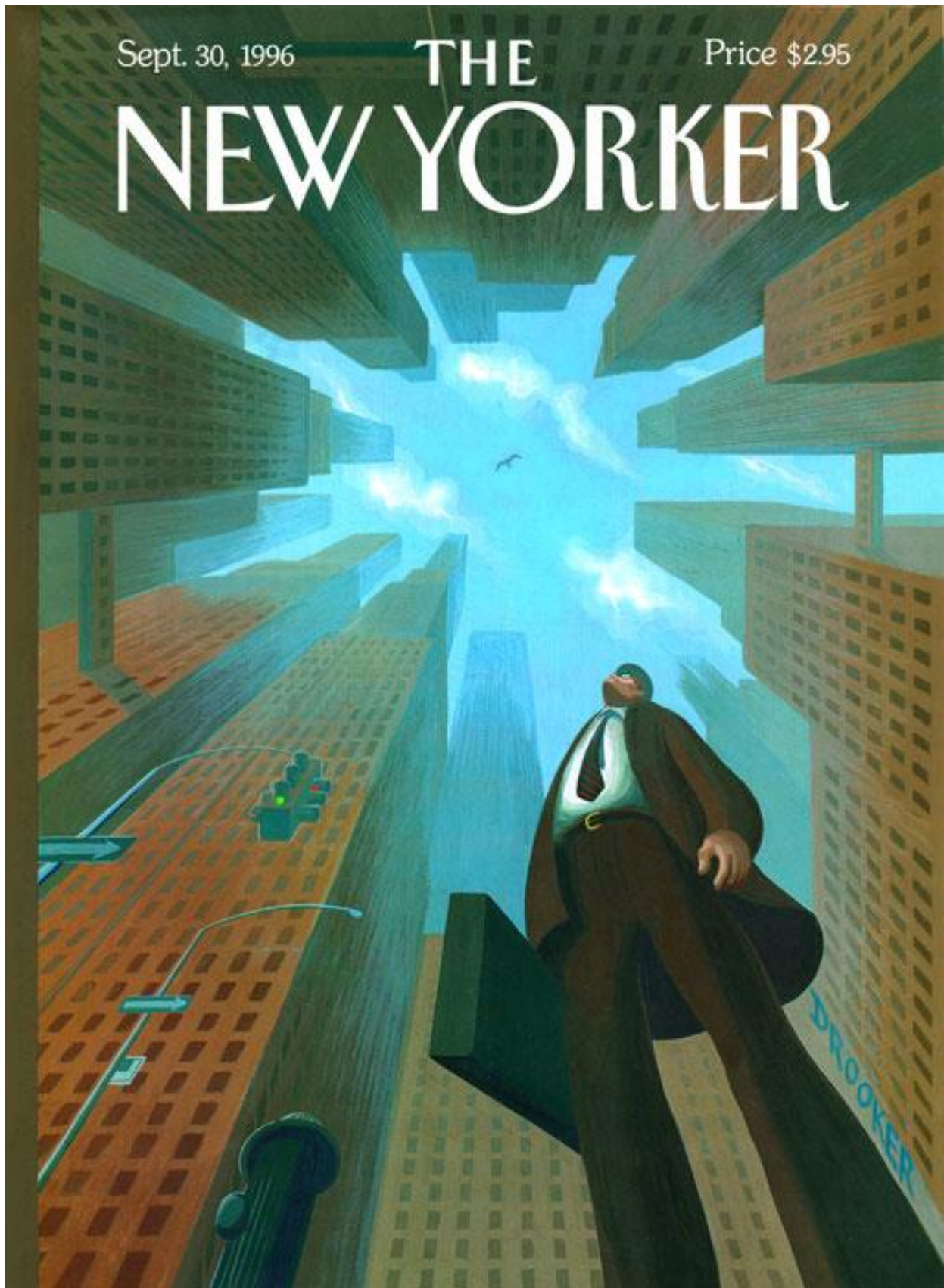
55 Man, woman, streaming over the pavements  
   red lights clocking hurried watches &  
   movements at the curb—

And all these streets leading  
60                                so crosswise, honking, lengthily,  
   by avenues  
   stalked by high buildings or crusted into slums  
   thru such halting traffic  
   screaming cars and engines

65 so painfully to this  
   countryside, this graveyard  
   this stillness  
   on deathbed or mountain  
   once seen

70                                never regained or desired  
   in the mind to come  
where all Manhattan that I've seen must disappear.

*New York, October 1958*  
Allen Ginsberg, "My Sad Self" from *Collected Poems, 1947-1980*



Eric Drooker, New Yorker, 1996

Source : <http://www.drooker.com/ny-cover-gallery>



## Questions

La question 1 est à rédiger en anglais. Les questions 2 et 3 sont à rédiger en français.

- 1) Analyse the three documents and comment on the ways they express and illustrate the theme they have in common.
- 2) Vous présenterez une séquence pédagogique en prenant appui sur tout ou partie de ces documents et en lien avec la thématique identifiée. Vous prendrez en compte les besoins linguistiques et culturels des élèves de la classe à laquelle s'adresse votre séquence.
- 3) À partir du segment souligné, vous analyserez le fait de langue identifié et présenterez son application didactique.

*Along Fifth Avenue, I left applications at shops and bookstores. **I would often stop** before a grand hotel... (doc. 1, l. 29)*