MINISTÈRE
DE L'ÉDUCATION
NATIONALE,
DE LA JEUNESSE
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EBV ANG 1

SESSION 2022

CAPES
TROISIÈME CONCOURS
ET CAFEP CORRESPONDANTS

SECTION : LANGUES VIVANTES ÉTRANGÈRES

ANGLAIS

ÉPREUVE D'ADMISSIBILITÉ

Durée : 6 heures

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Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
EBW	04222E	101	9409

IMPRIMERIE NATIONALE – 22 0121 – D'après documents fournis

1ère partie - Composition en langue étrangère

Write a commentary on the two documents. Taking into account their specificities, their historical and cultural background, discuss the impact of (higher) education in the progress of a society.

Document 1

Building 1236, my father's daily destination, contained a byzantine complex of government-gray cubicles, perfumed with the grown-up smells of coffee and stale cigarette smoke. His engineering colleagues with their rumpled style and distracted manner seemed like exotic birds in a sanctuary. They gave us kids stacks of discarded 11x14 continuous-form computer paper, printed on one side with cryptic arrays of numbers, the blank side a canvas for crayon masterpieces. Women occupied many of the cubicles; they answered phones and sat in front of typewriters, but they also made hieroglyphic marks on transparent slides and conferred with my father and other men in the office on the stacks of documents that littered their desks. That so many of them were African American, many of them my grandmother's age, struck me as simply a part of the natural order of things: growing up in Hampton, the face of science was brown like mine.

My dad joined Langley in 1964 as a coop student and retired in 2004 an internationally respected climate scientist. Five of my father's seven siblings made their bones as engineers or technologists, and some of his best buddies—David Woods, Elijah Kent, Weldon Staton—carved out successful engineering careers at Langley. Our next-door neighbor taught physics at Hampton University. Our church abounded with mathematicians. Supersonics experts held leadership positions in my mother's sorority, and electrical engineers sat on the board of my parents' college alumni associations. My aunt Julia's husband, Charles Foxx, was the son of Ruth Bates Harris, a career civil servant and fierce advocate for the advancement of women and minorities; in 1974, NASA appointed her deputy assistant administrator, the highest-ranking woman at the agency. The community certainly included black English professors, like my mother, as well as black doctors and dentists, black mechanics, janitors, and contractors, black cobblers, wedding planners, real estate agents, and undertakers, several black lawyers, and a handful of black Mary Kay salespeople. As a child, however, I knew so many African Americans working in science, math, and engineering that I thought that's just what black folks did.

My father, growing up during segregation, experienced a different reality. "Become a physical education teacher", my grandfather said in 1962 to his eighteen-year-old son, who was hell-bent on studying electrical engineering at historically black Norfolk State College.

In those days, college-educated African Americans with book smarts and common sense put their chips on teaching jobs or sought work at the post office. But my father, who built his first rocket in junior high metal shop class following the Sputnik launch in 1957, defied my grandfather and plunged full steam ahead into engineering. Of course, my grandfather's fears that it would be difficult for a black man to break into engineering weren't unfounded. As late as 1970, just 1 percent of all American engineers were black – a number that doubled to a whopping 2 percent by 1984. Still, the federal government was the most reliable employer of African Americans in the sciences and technology: in 1984, 8.4 percent of NASA's engineers were black.

NASA's African American employees learned to navigate their way through the space agency's engineering culture, and their successes in turn afforded their children previously unimaginable access to American society. Growing up with white friends and attending integrated schools, I took much of the groundwork they'd laid for granted.

Every day I watched my father put on a suit and back out of the driveway to make the twenty-minute drive to Building 1236, demanding the best from himself in order to give his best to the space program and to his family. Working at Langley, my father secured my family's place in the comfortable middle class, and Langley became one of the anchors of our social life. Every summer, my siblings and I saved our allowances to buy tickets to ride ponies at the annual NASA carnival. Year after year, I confided my Christmas wish list to the NASA Santa at the Langley children's Christmas party. For years, Ben, Lauren, and my youngest sister, Jocelyn, still a toddler, sat in the bleachers of the Langley Activities Building on Thursday nights, rooting for my dad and his "NBA" (NASA Basketball Association) team, the Stars. I was as much a product of NASA as the Moon landing.

Margot Lee Shetterly, *Hidden Figures,* New York, William Morrow Paperbacks, 2016.

Document 2

Katherine Johnson Dies at 101; Mathematician Broke Barriers at NASA

She was one of a group of black women mathematicians at NASA and its predecessor who were celebrated in the 2016 movie "Hidden Figures".

They asked Katherine Johnson for the moon, and she gave it to them.

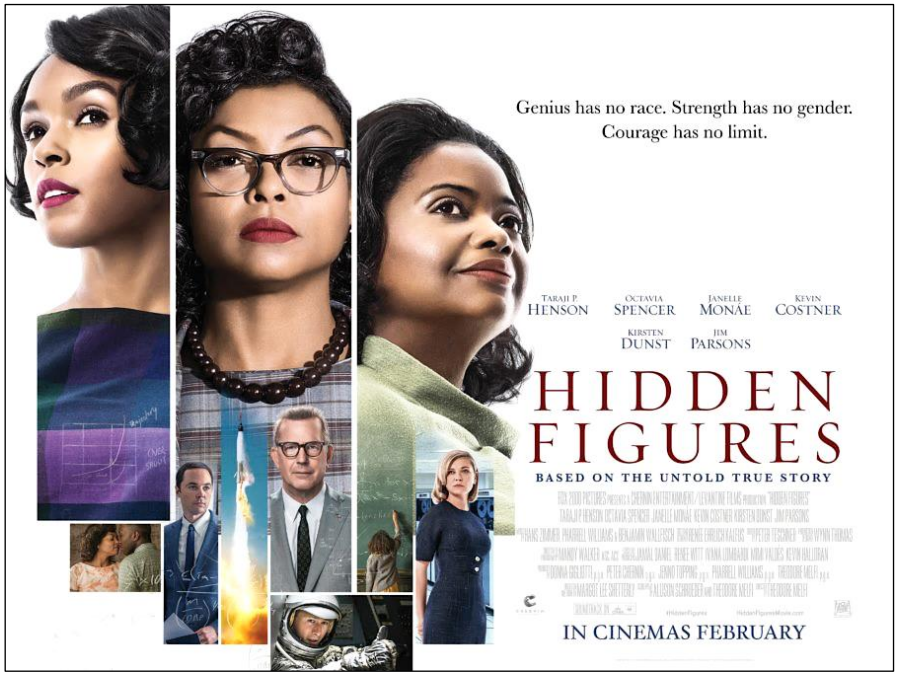
Wielding little more than a pencil, a slide rule and one of the finest mathematical minds in the country, Mrs. Johnson, who died at 101 on Monday at a retirement home in Newport News, Va., calculated the precise trajectories that would let Apollo 11 land on the moon in 1969 and, after Neil Armstrong's history-making moonwalk, let it return to Earth.

A single error, she well knew, could have dire consequences for craft and crew. Her impeccable calculations had already helped plot the successful flight of Alan B. Shepard Jr., who became the first American in space when his Mercury spacecraft went aloft in 1961.

The next year, she likewise helped make it possible for John Glenn, in the Mercury vessel Friendship 7, to become the first American to orbit the Earth.

Yet throughout Mrs. Johnson's 33 years in NASA's Flight Research Division – the office from which the American space program sprang – and for decades afterward, almost no one knew her name.

Mrs. Johnson was one of several hundred rigorously educated, supremely capable yet largely unheralded women who, well before the modern feminist movement, worked as NASA mathematicians. (…)



Margalit Fox, *The New York Times,* February 24, 2020
https://www.nytimes.com/2020/02/24/science/katherine-johnson-dead.html

2ème partie - Traduction

Les candidats traduiront les deux textes ci-dessous.

Thème

Vacances

Le samedi 23 juin 2018, à l'aube, je mis ma valise dans le coffre de ma voiture et je pris la route de Verbier. Le soleil émergeait au-dessus de l'horizon, baignant les rues désertes du centre-ville de Genève d'un puissant halo orangé. Je traversai le pont du Mont-Blanc avant de longer les quais fleuris jusqu'au quartier des Nations Unies, puis je rejoignis l'autoroute, en direction du Valais.
Tout en ce matin d'été m'émerveillait : les couleurs du ciel me semblaient nouvelles, les paysages qui défilaient de part et d'autre de la route me paraissaient plus bucoliques encore qu'à l'accoutumée, les petits villages éparpillés au milieu des vignobles et surplombant le lac Léman composaient un décor de carte postale. Je quittai l'autoroute à Martigny, et poursuivis la petite route en lacets qui, après Le Châble, monte en serpentant jusqu'à Verbier.
Après une heure et demie de trajet j'arrivai à destination. La matinée commençait à peine. Je remontai la rue principale et traversai le village, puis je n'eus plus qu'à suivre les panneaux indicateurs pour trouver mon chemin jusqu'au Palace.

Joel Dicker, *L'énigme de la chambre 622,* Editions de Fallois, Paris, 2020.

Version

The noise of a bird in the sky can make him cease speaking, mid-utterance, as if the very heavens have struck him deaf and dumb at a stroke. The sight of a person entering a room, out of the corner of his eye, can make him break off whatever he is doing – eating, reading, copying out his schoolwork – and gaze at them as if they have some important message just for him. He has a tendency to slip the bounds of the real, tangible world around him and enter another place. He will sit in a room in body, but in his head he is somewhere else, someone else, in a place known only to him. Wake up, child, his grandmother will shout, snapping her fingers at him. Come back, his older sister, Susanna, will hiss, flicking his ear. Pay attention, his schoolmasters will yell. Where did you go? Judith will be whispering to him, when he finally re-enters the world, when he comes to, when he glances around to find that he is back, in his house, at his table, surrounded by his family, his mother eyeing him, half-smiling, as if she knows exactly where he's been.

Maggie O'Farrell, *Hamnet*, London, Tinder press, 2020.