

SESSION 2023

---

**CAPES  
TROISIÈME CONCOURS  
ET CAFEP CORRESPONDANTS**

**SECTION : LANGUES VIVANTES ÉTRANGÈRES**

**ANGLAIS**

**ÉPREUVE D'ADMISSIBILITÉ**

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.*

*Si vous repérez ce qui vous semble être une erreur d'énoncé, vous devez le signaler très lisiblement sur votre copie, en proposer la correction et poursuivre l'épreuve en conséquence. De même, si cela vous conduit à formuler une ou plusieurs hypothèses, vous devez la (ou les) mentionner explicitement.*

**NB : Conformément au principe d'anonymat, votre copie ne doit comporter aucun signe distinctif, tel que nom, signature, origine, etc. Si le travail qui vous est demandé consiste notamment en la rédaction d'un projet ou d'une note, vous devrez impérativement vous abstenir de la signer ou de l'identifier. Le fait de rendre une copie blanche est éliminatoire.**

**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.

► **Troisième concours du CAPES de l'enseignement public :**

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

► **Troisième concours CAFEP/CAPES de l'enseignement privé :**

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





## 1ère partie - Composition en langue étrangère

Write a commentary on the two documents. Taking into account their specificities, discuss the impact of reading and books in someone's life and education.

### Document 1

My parents also lived off the land – in their own way. We never started out with enough money to reach our destination, not even close. Instead, we took a few boxes of China, silver, and other small antiques from those country auctions, and used them to prime the process of buying, selling, and bartering our way along the southern route to California, or still farther south to Florida and the Gulf of Mexico. It was a pattern that had begun years before I was born, and my father knew every roadside dealer in antiques along the way, as a desert traveler knows each oasis. Still, some shops were always new management, and it must have taken courage to drive up in our dusty car and trailer, knowing that we looked less like antique dealers than like migrants forced to sell the family heritage. If a shop owner treated us with too much disdain, my father was not above letting him think we really were selling our possessions. Then he would regain his dignity by elaborating on his triumph once he was back in the car.

Since my parents believed that travel was an education in itself, I didn't go to school. My teenage sister enrolled in whatever high school was near our destinations, but I was young enough to get away with only my love of comic books, horse stories, and Louisa May Alcott<sup>1</sup>. Reading in the car was so much my personal journey that when my mother urged me to put down my book and look out the window, I would protest, 'but I just looked an hour ago!' Indeed, it was road signs that taught me to read in the first place – perfect primers, when you think about it. COFFEE came with a steaming cup. HOT DOGS and HAMBURGERS had illustrations, a bed symbolized HOTEL, and graphics warned of BRIDGE or ROAD WORK. There was also the magic of rhyming. A shaving cream company had placed small signs at intervals along the highway, and it was anticipating the rhyme that kept me reading:

*If you  
don't know  
whose signs  
these are  
you can't have  
driven  
very far.  
Burma Shave*

Later, when I read that Isak Dinesen<sup>2</sup> recited English poems to her kikuyu workers in Kenya – and they requested them over and over again, even though they didn't understand the words – I knew exactly what they meant. Rhyming in itself is magic.

In this way, we progressed through rain and sandstorms, heat waves and cold winds, one small part of a migration of American nomads.

Gloria Steinem, *My Life on the Road*. NYC : Random House, 2016, pp. 5-6

<sup>1</sup> Louisa May Alcott was an American novelist best known as the author of the novel *Little Women* (1868).

<sup>2</sup> Isak Dinesen was the pen name of Danish author Karen Blixen best known for writing *Out Of Africa* (1937).

## Document 2

It was pretty nice to get back to my room, after I left old Spencer, because everybody was down at the game, and the heat was on in our room, for a change. It felt sort of cosy. I took off my coat and my tie and unbuttoned my shirt collar, and then I put on this hat that I'd bought in New York that morning. It was this red hunting hat, with one of those very, very long peaks. I saw it in the window of this sports store when we got out of the subway, just after I noticed I'd lost all the goddam foils. It only cost me a buck. The way I wore it, I swung the old peak way around the pack – very corny. I'll admit, but I liked it that way. I looked good in it that way. Then I got this book I was reading and I sat down in my chair. There were two chairs in every room. I had one and my roommate, Ward Stradlater, had one. The arms were in sad shape, because everybody was always sitting on them, but they were pretty comfortable chairs.

The book I was reading was this book I took out of the library by mistake. They gave me the wrong book, and I didn't notice it till I got back to my room. They gave me *Out of Africa* by Isak Dinesen. I thought it was going to stink, but it didn't. It was a very good book. I'm quite illiterate, but I read a lot. My favorite author is my brother D.B., and my next favorite is Ring Lardner. My brother gave me a book by Ring Lardner for my birthday, just before I went to Pencey. It had these very funny, crazy plays in it, and then it had this one story about a traffic cop that falls in love with this very cute girl that's always speeding. Only, he's married, the cop, so he can't marry her or anything. Then this girl gets killed, because she's always speeding. That story just about killed me. What I liked best is a book that's at least funny once in a while. I read a lot of classical books, like *the Return of the Native* and all, and I read a lot of war books and mysteries and all, but they don't knock me out too much. What really knocks me out is a book that, when you are all done reading it, you wish the author that wrote it was a terrific friend of yours and you could call him up on the phone whenever you felt like it. That doesn't happen much, though. I wouldn't mind calling this Izak Dinesen up. And Ring Lardner, except that D.B. told me he's dead. You take that book *Of Human Bondage*, by Somerset Maugham though. I read it last summer. It's a pretty good book and all, but I wouldn't want to call Somerset Maugham up. I don't know. He just isn't the kind of a guy I'd want to call up, that's all. I'd rather call old Thomas Hardy up. I like that Eustacia Vye<sup>3</sup>.

Anyway, I put on my new hat and sat down and started reading that book *Out of Africa*. I'd read it already but I wanted to read certain parts over again. I'd only read about three pages, though, when I heard somebody coming through the shower curtains.

J.D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*. New York : Little Brown Company, 1945, pp. 21-22

---

<sup>3</sup> The name of the main female character in *The Return of the Native*.

## 2ème partie - Traduction

Les candidats traduiront les deux textes ci-dessous.

### Thème

Sur la route qui traversait les Bois-Noirs, la maison surgit, imposante. À flanc de colline, elle dominait la vallée et les hommes qui l'habitaient. La façade renvoyait les rayons du soleil sur les champs. Valère avançait vite, son corps tendu fendait l'air, un athlète prêt à affronter son pire adversaire. Il avait honte de son bleu de travail sale. Ses bottes étaient couvertes de boue.

5 Il longea la clôture jusqu'à l'escalier en pierre. Les oiseaux, cachés dans les arbres, avaient déserté les abords de La Cabane. Il n'entendait que les branches dodelinant légèrement sous la brise.

Tout était si calme. Il s'arrêta quelques secondes là où son regard avait croisé celui d'Agnès pour la première fois. Le souvenir imbiba son esprit comme de la ouate, il eut tout à coup

10 l'impression de léviter. On lui offrait une parenthèse. Elle serait vite refermée.

Cécile Coulon, *Trois saisons d'orage*, Paris : Editions Viviane Hamy, 2017

### Version

It was almost midnight and the Thames was rolling along, black as tar, wrinkling and smoothing itself beneath the starlit sky. The houseboats were shadowy shapes at their moorings as frost scattered icy glitter across rooftops and railings, silvering each trembling blade of grass. High above, a crescent moon gleamed, as lustrous as wedding satin.

5 A man walked unsteadily down the river path, hands shoved in his pockets, head bowed. His world seemed to have tilted on its axis and he wasn't sure how to right himself again. First there had been the breathless phone call that afternoon - *I've got something to tell you* - leaving him with the prickling sense that luck was slipping between his fingers, that maybe the charm he'd always relied upon might not be enough to rescue him this time. Then, feeling cornered, he had

10 lashed out needlessly, hurting people he loved with his words. Now he was left with a rising tide of dread that he couldn't shake off.

Lucy Diamond, *The Promise*. New York : Macmillan, 2021.