

SESSION 2012

**CAPLP
CONCOURS EXTERNE
ET CAFEP**

**Section : LANGUES VIVANTES – LETTRES
ANGLAIS - LETTRES**

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.

NB : Hormis l'en-tête détachable, la copie que vous rendrez ne devra, conformément au principe d'anonymat, comporter aucun signe distinctif, tel que nom, signature, origine, etc. Si le travail qui vous est demandé comporte notamment la rédaction d'un projet ou d'une note, vous devrez impérativement vous abstenir de signer ou de l'identifier.

Tournez la page S.V.P.

**COMMENTAIRE GUIDÉ, EN LANGUE ÉTRANGÈRE,
D'UN TEXTE EN LANGUE ÉTRANGÈRE**

Paying particular attention to its form (structure, style, imagery, allusions and references, narrator's viewpoint, etc.), comment on the implications and the effectiveness of this passage as a piece of social and political comedy.

The Official Commission on Childcare, known to be a pet concern of the Prime Minister's, had spawned fourteen sub-committees whose task was to make recommendations to the parent body. Their real function, it was said cynically, was to satisfy the disparate ideals of myriad interest groups – the sugar and fast-food lobbies, the garment, toy, formula-milk and firework manufacturers, the charities, 5 the women's organisations, the Pelican Crossing pressure-group people – who pressed in on all sides. Few among the opinion-forming classes declined their services. It was generally agreed that the country was full of the wrong sort of people. There were strong opinions about what constituted a desirable citizenry and what should be done to children to procure one for the future. Everyone was on a sub-committee. Even Stephen Lewis, an author of children's books, was on one, entirely through the 10 influence of his friend, Charles Darke, who resigned just after the committees began their work. Stephen's was the Sub-committee on Reading and Writing under the reptilian Lord Parmenter. Weekly, through the parched months of what was to turn out to be the last decent summer of the twentieth century, Stephen attended meetings in a gloomy room in Whitehall where, he was told, night bombing raids on Germany had been planned in 1944. He would have had much to say on the subjects of reading 15 and writing at other times of his life, but at these sessions he tended to rest his arms on the big polished table, incline his head in an attitude of respectful attention and say nothing. He was spending a great deal of time alone these days. A roomful of people did not lessen his introspection, as he had hoped, so much as intensify it and give it structure.

He thought mostly about his wife and daughter, and what he was going to do with himself. Or he 20 puzzled over Darke's sudden departure from political life. Opposite was a tall window through which, even in mid-summer, no sunlight ever passed. Beyond, a rectangle of tightly clipped grass framed a courtyard, room enough for half a dozen ministerial limousines. Off-duty chauffeurs lounged and smoked and glanced in at the committee without interest. Stephen ran memories and daydreams, what was and what might have been. Or were they running him? Sometimes he delivered his compulsive 25 imaginary speeches, bitter or sad indictments whose every draft was meticulously revised. Meanwhile, he kept half an ear on the proceedings. The committee divided between the theorists, who had done all their thinking long ago, or had had it done for them, and the pragmatists, who hoped to discover what it was they thought in the process of saying it. Politeness was strained, but never broke.

Lord Parmenter presided with dignified and artful banality, indicating chosen speakers with a 30 flickering swivel of his hooded, lashless eyes, raising a feathery limb to subdue passions, making his rare, slow-loris pronouncements with dry, speckled tongue. Only the dark, double-breasted suit betrayed a humanoid provenance. He had an aristocratic way with a commonplace. A long and fractious

discussion concerning child development theory had been brought to a useful standstill by his weighty intervention – ‘Boys will be boys.’ That children were averse to soap and water, quick to learn and grew up all too fast were offered up similarly as difficult axioms. Parmenter’s banality was disdainful, fearless in proclaiming a man too important, too intact, to care how stupid he sounded. There was no one he needed to impress. He would not stoop to being merely interesting. Stephen did not doubt that he was a very clever man.

Ian McEwan, *The Child in Time*, 1987

THÈME

Le car-ferry venait de quitter Newhaven, et je devinais encore au loin la ligne pointillée des lumières orange de la côte. La mer était sombre, presque noire, et le ciel semblait la rejoindre à l’horizon, sans étoiles et sans issue. Il n’y avait presque personne sur le pont ; derrière moi, deux silhouettes encapuchonnées étaient étendues sur un banc, une couverture de laine sur les épaules. Je m’étais accoudé au bastingage, le col du manteau relevé, et je suivais des yeux la progression du navire à la surface de l’eau. Nous avançons irrésistiblement, et je me sentais avancer aussi, fendant la mer sans insister et sans forcer, comme si je mourais progressivement, comme si je vivais peut-être, je ne savais pas, c’était simple et je n’y pouvais rien, je me laissais entraîner par le mouvement du bateau dans la nuit et, regardant fixement l’écume qui giclait contre la coque dans un bruit de clapotement qui avait la qualité du silence, sa douceur et son ampleur, ma vie allait de l’avant, oui, dans un renouvellement constant d’écumes identiques.

Le bateau s’éloignait progressivement de Newhaven, et bientôt nous ne vîmes plus au loin qu’une imperceptible ligne de couleurs mourantes qui se confondaient avec la mer. Je me retournai et demeurai un instant sur le pont, adossé à la rambarde. Devant moi se dressait un escalier métallique qui menait aux passerelles supérieures ; de la fumée s’élevait de la grande cheminée du navire, un drapeau fixé au mât flottait au vent. J’avais les mains dans les poches de mon manteau, et je sentais sous mes doigts le contact humide des photomatons que je venais de faire. Elles n’étaient pas encore tout à fait sèches, et leur surface collait un peu aux doigts. Je les sortis de ma poche et soufflai délicatement dessus, puis, allumant mon briquet, je les approchai de la flamme et les examinai un instant à la lueur du briquet.

Jean-Philippe Toussaint, *L’Appareil-photo*, 1988