

SESSION 2014

**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 : 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.

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1. Composition en langue étrangère

After reading the two texts, comment on the extract from Maya Angelou's autobiography, showing to what extent it reflects Dolly A. McPherson's analysis of autobiographies.

Text 1

"What you looking at me for?
I didn't come to stay..."

5 I hadn't so much forgot as I couldn't bring myself to remember. Other things were more important.

"What you looking at me for?
I didn't come to stay..."

10 Whether I could remember the rest of the poem or not was immaterial. The truth of the statement was like a wadded-up handkerchief, sopping wet in my fists, and the sooner they accepted it the quicker I could let my hands open and the air would cool my palms.

"What you looking at me for ...?"

15 The children's section of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church was wiggling and giggling over my well-known forgetfulness.

The dress I wore was lavender taffeta, and each time I breathed it rustled, and now that I was sucking in air to breathe out shame it sounded like crepe paper on the back of hearses.

20 As I'd watched Momma put ruffles on the hem and cute little tucks around the waist, I knew that once I put it on I'd look like a movie star. (It was silk and that made up for the awful color.) I was going to look like one of the sweet little white girls who were everybody's dream of what was right with the world. Hanging softly over the black Singer sewing machine, it looked like magic, and when people saw me wearing it they were going to run up to me and say, "Marguerite [sometimes it was 'dear Marguerite'], forgive us, please, we didn't know who you were," and I would answer generously, "No, you couldn't have known. Of course I forgive you."

30 Just thinking about it made me go around with angel's dust sprinkled over my face for days. But Easter's early morning sun had shown the dress to be a plain ugly cutdown from a white woman's once-was-purple throwaway. It was old-lady-long too, but it didn't hide my skinny legs, which had been greased with Blue Seal Vaseline and powdered with the Arkansas red clay. The age-faded color made my skin look dirty like mud, and everyone in church was looking at my skinny legs.

35 Wouldn't they be surprised when one day I woke out of my black ugly dream, and my real hair, which was long and blond, would take the place of the kinky mass that Momma wouldn't let me straighten? My light-blue eyes were going to hypnotize them, after all the things they said about "my daddy must of been a Chinaman" (I thought they meant made out of china,

40 like a cup) because my eyes were so small and squinty. Then they would understand why I
had never picked up a Southern accent, or spoke the common slang, and why I had to be
forced to eat pigs' tails and snouts. Because I was really white and because a cruel fairy
stepmother, who was understandably jealous of my beauty, had turned me into a too-big
Negro girl, with nappy black hair, broad feet and a space between her teeth that would hold a
number-two pencil.

45 "What you looking..." The minister's wife leaned toward me, her long yellow face full of
sorry. She whispered, "I just come to tell you, it's Easter Day." I repeated, jamming the words
together, "Ijustcometotellyouit'sEasterDay" as low as possible. The giggles hung in the air
like melting clouds that were waiting to rain on me. I held up two fingers, close to my chest,
50 which meant that I had to go to the toilet, and tiptoed toward the rear of the church. Dimly,
somewhere over my head, I heard ladies saying, "Lord bless the child," and "Praise God". My
head was up and my eyes were open, but I didn't see anything. Halfway down the aisle, the
church exploded with "Were you there when they crucified my Lord?" and I tripped over a
foot stuck out from the children's pew. I stumbled and started to say something, or maybe to
55 scream, but a green persimmon*, or it could have been a lemon, caught me between the legs
and squeezed. I tasted the sour on my tongue and felt it in the back of my mouth. Then before
I reached the door, the sting was burning down my legs and into my Sunday socks. I tried to
hold, to squeeze it back, to keep it from speeding, but when I reached the church porch I knew
60 I'd have to let it go, or it would probably run right back up to my head and my poor head
would burst like a dropped watermelon, and all the brains and spit and tongue and eyes would
roll all over the place. So I ran down into the yard and let it go. I ran, peeing and crying, not
toward the toilet out back but to our house.

Maya Angelou, (born on April 4th, 1928), *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, Random House
/Virago press, 1969

*persimmon (l.55): a sweet orange tropical fruit like a large tomato.

Text 2

In the context of a particular historical period, autobiographers examine, interpret, and
create the importance of their lives. Thus, autobiographers are conscious of their lives as
representative of their times or as a reflection of their era, although the emphasis may be on
what is distinctive about themselves rather than on what they have in common with others.
5 But, as one critic argues, the very act of writing a life down constitutes an attempt on the
writer's part to justify one's life, and implicit in every act of autobiography is the judgement
that the life is worth being written down. Autobiography confirms that human life has
meaning, that the actions of individuals count for something worth being remembered, that
individuals are, in Stephen Butterfield's words, "conscious agents of time." The subject of
10 autobiographical writing is the self becoming conscious of itself in history. Hence, the main
tasks of autobiography are to depict the individual in the circumstances of one's times, and to
show to what extent the society stood in one's way and how the individual overcame it.

Dolly A. McPherson, *Order out of Chaos, the Autobiographical Works of Maya Angelou*,
Virago Pres, 1990

2. Thème

28 juillet—Cela faisait presque deux semaines que je n'avais pas eu de nouvelles de Beckett. Je commençais à me dire qu'il n'avait plus besoin de moi. Finalement, mon téléphone a sonné après le déjeuner. Pour une fois, j'étais chez moi dans la journée (chose que j'évite habituellement de faire : dans une chambre mansardée, la chaleur devient vite difficile à supporter – mais aujourd'hui le temps était doux). Beckett m'a demandé de le retrouver sur le toit de son immeuble. J'étais encore en pyjama, plongé dans mes livres d'anthropologie et mes notes. Je me suis douché et habillé, et j'ai couru pour attraper le bus 38.

Une porte au dernier étage s'ouvre sur un escalier en colimaçon, étroit et grinçant, qui mène au toit. Celui-ci, en zinc couvert de traces d'oxydation, est plat et large. Les mansardes nous abritaient du vent. Ce doit être un endroit idéal pour méditer : on a une belle vue sur Paris. Le ciel était bleu roi et le soleil brillait sans agressivité. Beckett portait une combinaison blanche et un masque d'apiculteur. Il a montré du doigt mon propre costume. Je me suis habillé. Nous avions l'air d'astronautes. Les six ruches formaient une allée au milieu du toit. Je me suis avancé. Beckett a sorti un rayon d'une ruche. Des centaines d'abeilles se promenaient dessus. Certaines volaient et se posaient sur nous. Beckett a approché le rayon pour que je puisse l'observer. Le miel scintillait.

« J'ai besoin des abeilles pour me rappeler que des choses merveilleuses sont possibles. »

Il avait acheté ces ruches huit ans plus tôt, à un moment où il traversait une période dépressive. S'occuper d'autre chose que de ses écrits et de ses angoisses l'avait sorti de l'asthénie. L'apiculture était devenue une éthique.

« Nous devons être à la hauteur des abeilles. Être des alchimistes et faire notre miel. »

Martin Page, *L'apiculture selon Beckett*, Éditions de l'olivier, 2003