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**CAPLP  
CONCOURS EXTERNE  
ET CAFEP**

**SECTION : LANGUES VIVANTES – LETTRES**

**ANGLAIS - LETTRES**

**ANGLAIS**

Durée : 5 heures

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## 1. Composition en langue étrangère portant sur l'étude d'un dossier

Analyse the following three documents and comment on the vision of California they convey.

### Document A

“One hundred years ago, our great-great-grandparents were pushing America’s frontier westward, to California.” So began the speech I wrote to deliver at my eighth-grade graduation from the Arden School, outside Sacramento. The subject was “Our California Heritage.” Developing a theme encouraged by my mother and grandfather, I continued, made rather more confident than I should have been by the fact that I was wearing a new dress, pale green organdy, and my mother’s crystal necklace:

They who came to California were not the self-satisfied, happy and content people, but the adventurous, the restless, and the daring. They were different even from those who settled in other western states. They didn’t come west for homes and security, but for adventure and money. They pushed in over the mountains and founded the biggest cities in the west. Up in the Mother Lode they mined gold by day and danced by night. San Francisco’s population multiplied almost twenty times, until 1906, when it burned to the ground, and was built up again nearly as quickly as it had burned. We had an irrigation problem, so we built the greatest dams the world has known. Now both desert and valley are producing food in enormous quantities. California has accomplished much in the past years. It would be easy for us to sit back and enjoy the results of the past. But we can’t do this. We can’t stop and become satisfied and content. We must live up to our heritage, go on to better and greater things for California.

That was June 1948.

The pale green of the organdy dress was a color that existed in the local landscape only for the few spring days when the rice first showed.

The crystal necklace was considered by my mother an effective way to counter the Valley heat.

Such was the blinkering effect of the local dreamtime that it would be some years before I recognized that certain aspects of “Our California Heritage” did not add up, starting with but by no means limited to the fact that I had delivered it to an audience of children and parents who had for the most part arrived in California during the 1930s, refugees from the Dust Bowl. It was after this realization that I began trying to find the “point” of California, to locate some message in its history. I picked up a book of revisionist studies on the subject, but abandoned it on discovering that I was myself quoted, twice. You will have perhaps realized by now (a good deal earlier than I myself realized) that this book represents an exploration into my own confusions about the place and the way in which I grew up, confusions as much about America as about California, misapprehensions and misunderstandings so much a part of who I became that I can still to this day confront them only obliquely.

Joan Didion, *Where I Was From*, 2003

Document B



David Hockney, *A Bigger Splash*, 1967, acrylic on canvas, 96x96 in.  
<http://www.tate.org.uk/art/artworks/hockney-a-bigger-splash-t03254>  
<http://www.davidhockney.co/works/paintings/60s>

## Document C

They were a tired joke, the galoshes. Ditto umbrellas, slickers, gutters and storm drains, windshield wipers. This place had not seen so much rainfall as to necessitate galoshes in her entire life. But thank God for them, else the rodent might have ribboned her bare foot with its claws instead of flying through the open door of the library, going *scree*. A horrifying sound, that *scree*. [...]

5 The question, now, was whether to interrupt Ray—in the yard constructing a half-pipe from the plywood they'd pried off the windows and doors of the starlet's ultramodern chateau—or to handle this prairie dog situation herself. *Scree*, it said. She went out onto the balcony and called down to her love.

Ray squinted up at her and whistled. "Looking good, babygirl."

10 Luz had forgotten about her mermaid ensemble, and a little zing of delight accompanied the compliment. "How's it coming?" she called.

"What an embarrassment," he said, shaking his head. "Ten million empty swimming pools in this city, and we get this one."

15 The embarrassment was adjacent to his would-be half-pipe: the starlet's long-drained swimming pool, its walls not smooth concrete but a posh cobble of black river stones, its shape not a scooped-out basin but a box. Hard edges and right angles. Patently unshreddable. A shame, was all Ray said when he first knelt down and felt it, though his eyes had gone a pair of those smooth, globular kidney pools in the Valley. Ray had been to the forever war—was a hero, though he'd forbidden the word—and he went places sometimes.

20 Here, he was shirtless, all but gaunt, torquing his knees against a pane of plywood. His unbound hair was getting long, clumped and curling at his shoulders. On the bottom of the dry pool were smeared a few dreadlocks of dehydrated slime, pea-colored and coppery. Haircuts, Luz thought. Tomorrow's project.

25 She watched him work a while, leaning on the balcony rail as the starlet might have. It was impossible to be original and inspired living as she was, basically another woman's ghost. Ray could dismantle the starlet, splinter her, hack her up and build with her bones, but Luz languished beneath her. They wore the same size everything.

30 When Ray said *up in the canyon* Luz had seen porticos and candelabra, artisanal tiles, a working bath with a dolphin-shaped spigot patinaed turquoise and matching starfish handles, birds' nests in chandeliers, bougainvillea creeping down marble columns and dripping from those curlicue shelves on the walls of villas—what were they called? But the place they found was boxy and mostly windows. All slate and birchply, its doors slid rather than swung, the wrong style for columns. Any and all vinery was dead. Plantwise there was the dried pool slime and the gnarled leafless grapevine and spiny somethings coming through the planks of the deck, too savage to kill.

35 Below her Ray's hammer went *whap whap whap*.

Sconces, they were called, and there were none.

40 Where were the wild things seeking refuge from the scorched hills? Where was the birdsong she'd promised herself? Instead: scorpions coming up through the drains, a pair of mummified frogs in the waterless fountain, a coyote carcass going wicker in the ravine. And sure, a scorpion had a certain wisdom, but she yearned for fauna more charismatic. "It's thinking like that that got us into this," Ray said, correct.

45 Nature had refused to offer herself to them. The water, the green, the mammalian, the tropical, the semitropical, the leafy, the verdant, the motherloving citrus, all of it was denied them and had been denied them so long that with each day, each project, it became more and more impossible to conceive of a time when it had not been denied them. The prospect of Mother Nature opening her legs and

inviting Los Angeles back into her ripeness was, like the disks of water shimmering in the last foothill reservoirs patrolled by the National Guard, evaporating daily. [...]

Some ruined heaven, this laurelless canyon.

50 Luz had read that they used to fight fires by dangling giant buckets from helicopters, filling the buckets at a lake and then dumping the water on them. The skies were batshit back then: bureaucrats draping valleys under invisible parachutes of aerosols, engineers erecting funnels to catch the rain before it evaporated, Research I universities dynamiting the sky. Once, an early canyon project, Luz and Ray hiked up the mountain called, horrifically, Lookout, and came upon a derelict cloud seeder, one of those barn-size miracle machines promised to spit crystalline moisture-making chemicals into  
55 the atmosphere. Another time they hiked up a back ridge and picnicked above that colorless archipelago of empty and near-empty tanks strung throughout the city. They ate crackers and ration cola and told stories about the mountains, the valley, the canyon and the beach. The whole debris scene. Because they'd vowed to never talk about the gone water, they spoke instead of earth that moved like water. Ray told of boulders clacking together in the ravine, a great slug of rubble sluicing  
60 down the canyon. That's what geologists called it, a slug, and Luz was always waiting for the perfect slug, slow and shapeless and dark, filling all spaces, removing all obstacles. Scraping clean their blighted floodplain.

Claire Vaye Watkins, *Gold Fame Citrus*, 2015

## 2. Traduction : thème

En descendant vers l'océan, nous traversons Hollywood et je prends des photographies de mon beau Cyfac blanc devant les bornes noir et bleu où les passants peuvent acheter la version papier du *Los Angeles Times* et du *Daily News*. Sur le mur d'en face, dix mètres sur quatre, un peintre de rue a représenté une salle de cinéma où ce sont les acteurs qui sont assis sur des sièges en cuir face à nous,  
5 et je pose, avec mon vélo, entre Chaplin et Marilyn.

Le 11 juillet 1919, Charlie Chaplin a enterré son fils qui avait trois jours et déjà un prénom, Norman Spencer. Et le tournage du *Kid* est une espèce de tombeau.

10 Ensuite, nous passons devant le Coliseum où jouent les Troyens qui arborent des tee-shirts où sont floqués le visage et le casque d'Hector. Par-delà l'enceinte du stade, le soleil descend sur un champ d'asphodèles qui explosent comme des balles de popcorn. La Cité des Anges dispense des miracles. Pourquoi ne verrais-je pas, moi aussi, passer une jeune fille en minijupe qui lit la Bible pendant que je mange un pamplemousse ?

15 Anne répète que le temps passe trop vite. Nous n'avons aucune envie de nous coucher. À minuit, nous montons dans la Cadillac pour un dernier tour de manège, le tableau de bord illuminé, les vitres grandes ouvertes, l'illusion d'être en décapotable, sillonnant les avenues, alignant les palmiers, nous arrêtant dans un *drive-in* pour commander deux grands cafés glacés, repartant sur le boulevard qui monte dans les collines, enchaînant les virages sans freiner et, soudain, nous voyons la ville qui scintille à 360 °, comme si nous étions sur le point d'atterrir, ou de décoller.

*Dernières nouvelles du martin-pêcheur*, Bernard Chambaz, 2014