

CAPES/CAFEP EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS SESSION 2016

EPREUVE DE MISE EN SITUATION PROFESSIONNELLE

Première partie :

Vous procéderez à la présentation, à l'étude et à la mise en relation des trois documents proposés (A, B, C non hiérarchisés).

Deuxième partie :

Cette partie de l'épreuve porte sur les documents A et B.

A partir de ces supports, vous définirez des objectifs communicationnels, culturels et linguistiques pouvant être retenus dans une séquence pédagogique en classe de littérature étrangère en langue étrangère, cycle terminal, en vous référant aux programmes. En vous appuyant sur la spécificité de ces supports, vous dégagerez des stratégies pour développer les compétences de communication des élèves.

Document A

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there. Know we have divided
In three our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
5 Conferring them on younger strengths while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
10 May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters
(Since now we will divest us both of rule,
15 Interest of territory, cares of state),
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

20 **Goneril.** Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter;
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
25 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable.
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cordelia. [aside] What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
30 With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.- What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Regan. Sir, I am made
35 Of the selfsame metal that my sister is,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
40 Which the most precious square of sense possesses,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highness' love.

Cordelia. [aside] Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since I am sure my love's
45 More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity, and pleasure
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.- Now, our joy,

50 Although the last, not least; to whose young love
 The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
 Strive to be interest; what can you say to draw
 A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.
Cordelia. Nothing, my lord.

55 **Lear.** Nothing?
Cordelia. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing can come of nothing. Speak again.
Cordelia. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
 My heart into my mouth. I love your Majesty
 60 According to my bond; no more nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia? Mend your speech a little,
 Lest it may mar your fortunes.
Cordelia. Good my lord,
 You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me; I
 65 Return those duties back as are right fit,
 Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
 Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
 They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
 That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
 70 Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
 Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
 To love my father all.
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cordelia. Ay, good my lord.

75 **Lear.** So young, and so untender?
Cordelia. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so! thy truth then be thy dower!
 For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
 The mysteries of Hecate and the night;
 80 By all the operation of the orbs
 From whom we do exist and cease to be;
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 85 Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
 Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
 As thou my sometime daughter.

William Shakespeare, *King Lear* (1606), Act I sc. 1

Source: <http://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/1128/pg1128.html>

Document B

My father said, "That's the plan."

I said, "What's the plan, Daddy?"

He glanced at me, then at Caroline, and, looking at her all the while, he said, "We're going to form this corporation, Ginny, and you girls are all going to have shares, then we're going to build

5 this new Slurrystore, and maybe a Harvestore, too, and enlarge the hog operation." He looked at me. "You girls and Ty and Pete and Frank are going to run the show. You'll each have a third pan in the corporation. What do you think?" I licked my lips and climbed the two steps onto the porch. Now I could see Harold through the kitchen screen, standing in the dark doorway, grinning. I knew he was thinking that my father had had too much to drink—that's what I was
10 thinking, too. I looked down at the paper plates in my hands, bluing in the twilight. Ty was looking at me, and I could see in his gaze a veiled and tightly contained delight—he had been wanting to increase the hog operation for years. I remember what I thought. I thought, okay. Take it. He is holding it out to you, and all you have to do is take it. Daddy said, "Hell, I'm too old for this. You wouldn't catch me buying a new tractor at my age. If I want to listen to some
15 singer, I'll listen in my own house. Anyway, if I died tomorrow, you'd have to pay seven or eight hundred thousand dollars inheritance taxes. People always act like they're going to live forever when the price of land is up"—here he threw a glance at Harold—"but if you get a heart attack or a stroke or something, then you got to sell off to pay the government."

In spite of that inner clang, I tried to sound agreeable. "It's a good idea."

20 Rose said, "It's a great idea."

Caroline said, "I don't know."

When I went to first grade and the other children said that their fathers were farmers, I simply didn't believe them. I agreed in order to be polite, but in my heart I knew that those men were impostors, as farmers and as fathers, too. In my youthful estimation, Laurence Cook defined both
25 categories. To really believe that others even existed in either category was to break the First Commandment.

My earliest memories of him are of being afraid to look him in the eye, to look at him at all. He was too big and his voice was too deep. If I had to speak to him, I addressed his overalls, his shirt, his boots. If he lifted me near his face, I shrank away from him. If he kissed me, I endured
30 it, offered a little hug in return. At the same time, his very fearsomeness was reassuring when I thought about things like robbers or monsters, and we lived on what was clearly the best, most capably cultivated farm. The biggest farm farmed by the biggest farmer. That fit, or maybe formed, my own sense of the right order of things.

Perhaps there is a distance that is the optimum distance for seeing one's father, farther than
35 across the supper table or across the room, somewhere in the middle distance: he is dwarfed by trees or the sweep of a hill, but his features are still visible, his body language still distinct. Well, that is a distance I never found. [...] My mother died before she could present him to us as only a man, with habits and quirks and preferences, before she could diminish him in our eyes enough for us to understand him. I wish we had understood him. That, I see now, was our only hope.
40 When my father turned his head to look at Caroline, his movement was slow and startled, a big movement of the whole body, reminding me how bulky he was—well over six feet and two hundred thirty pounds. Caroline would have said, if she'd dared, that she didn't want to live on the farm, that she was trained as a lawyer and was marrying another lawyer, but that was a sore subject. She shifted in her chair and swept the darkening horizon with her gaze. Harold turned on
45 the porch light. Caroline would have seen my father's plan as a trapdoor plunging her into a chute that would deposit her right back on the farm. My father glared at her. In the sudden light of the porch, there was no way to signal her to shut up, just shut up, he'd had too much to drink. He said, "You don't want it, my girl, you're out. It's as simple as that."

Jane Smiley, *A Thousand Acres*, Harper Perennial (1991), pp. 18-21

Document C



Richard Earlom (engraver), after Henry Fuseli (painter), *King Lear, Act I sc. 1* (1803)
source : <http://dcc.newberry.org/items/king-lear-act-one-scene-one>