

**CAPES**  
**CONCOURS EXTERNE ET CAFEP**

**Section : langues vivantes étrangères: anglais**

Seconde épreuve d'admission

Epreuve sur dossier comportant deux parties – première partie

# **CAPES 2011 – EPREUVE SUR DOSSIER**

## **Première partie**

### **SUJET ZERO n°1**

#### **Consigne :**

Analyse the Queen's role as presented in the following documents.

## DOCUMENT A

‘[N]ow I think it is time that from being a reader I become, or try to become, a writer.’

The prime minister was bobbing again and the Queen, reflecting that this was what generally happened to her with prime ministers, graciously yielded the floor.

‘A book, Your Majesty. Oh yes, yes. Reminiscences of your childhood, ma’am, and the war, the bombing of the palace, your time in the WAAF<sup>1</sup>.’

‘The ATS<sup>2</sup>,’ corrected the Queen.

‘The armed forces, whatever,’ the prime minister galloped on. ‘Then your marriage, the dramatic circumstances in which you learned you were Queen. It will be sensational. And,’ he chortled, ‘there’s not much doubt that it will be a bestseller.’

‘*The* bestseller,’ trumped the home secretary. ‘All over the world.’

‘Ye-es,’ said the Queen, ‘only’ – and she relished the moment – ‘that isn’t quite the kind of book one had in mind. That is a book, after all, that anyone can write and several people have – all of them, to my mind, tedious in the extreme. No, I was envisaging a book of a different sort.’

The prime minister, unsquashed, raised his eyebrows in polite interest. Maybe the old girl meant a travel book. They always sold well. [...]

‘[M]y purpose is not primarily literary: analysis and reflection. What about those ten prime ministers?’ She smiled brightly. ‘There is much to reflect on there. One has seen the country go to war more times than I like to recall. That, too, bears thinking about.’

Still she smiled, though if anyone followed suit, it was the oldest ones who had the least to worry about.

‘One has met and indeed entertained many visiting heads of state, some of them unspeakable crooks and blackguards and their wives not much better.’ This at least raised some rueful nods.

‘One has given one’s white-gloved hand to hands that were steeped in blood and conversed politely with men who have personally slaughtered children. One has waded through excrement and gore; to be Queen, I have often thought, the one essential item of equipment is a pair of thigh-length boots.

‘One is often said to have a fund of common sense but that’s another way of saying that one doesn’t have much else and accordingly, perhaps, I have at the instance of my various governments been forced to participate if only passively in decisions I consider ill-advised and often shameful. Sometimes one has felt like a scented candle, sent in to perfume a regime, or aerate a policy, monarchy these days just a government-issue deodorant.

‘I am the Queen and head of the Commonwealth, but there have been many times in the last fifty years when that has made me feel not pride but shame. However’ – and here she stood up – ‘we must not lose our sense of priorities and this is a party after all, so before I continue shall we now have some champagne?’

Alan Bennett, *The Uncommon Reader* (2007).

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<sup>1</sup> The WAAF : the Women’s Auxiliary Air Force

<sup>2</sup> The ATS : The Auxiliary Territorial Service

## DOCUMENT B

### The Queen's first visit to Wimbledon since 1977 rouses excitement

Several thousand gathered to see the arrival of the Queen who watched Andy Murray's match on Centre Court

By Barney Ronay

The Guardian, Friday 25 June 2010



And what do you do?' The Queen comes to Wimbledon. Photograph: Oli Scarff – Wpa Pool/Getty Images

She came. She walked about a bit. She hung, redolent with condensed grandeur like a turquoise-hatted dwarf star in among the blazered landscape of the royal box. [...]

[A] crowd of several thousand gathered to witness the royal entrance. The Queen may have not ventured inside the All England Club for 33 years, but this is still a deeply unrepublican niche, an island of obedient gentility. Still it was a surprise to see the light security around thronging walkways. This was surely a gamble. Malevolent passers-by might easily have turned their backs on the Queen, or asked a personal question, or attempted a counter-etiquette regal high-five.

Instead the crowd whooped and cheered as she materialised, resplendent in a turquoise gown with matching inverted-flower-pot hat. "Oh my God. I'm crying," a female voice declared, as the Queen embarked on her walkabout, a worryingly lengthy traiipse to the clubhouse (although there was some reassurance in the thought that she undoubtedly has longer corridors in her own house).

It was tempting to wonder why the Queen hasn't been here in all this time. As the official puff for the day noted pointedly: "Members of the Royal Family are welcome to attend on any day of the Championships". The answer probably lies in a variation on Evelyn Waugh's description of a fictional upper class matron: "I have observed in women of her type a tendency to regard all athletics as inferior forms of fox-hunting." You sense this is basically the Queen's position on all sport. She finds herself unmoved.

Which, interestingly enough, was also the dominant theme of her appearance in the royal box, where she was greeted by warm cheers, fanned to a bravura roar by a single white-gloved wave, no more than a flicker, an expert jigger of the centre court G-spot. The royal entrance was rivalled only by the gleeful whoops that greeted the emerging Murray's very deliberate turn and double-handed bow, quashing frankly ludicrous pre-match talk that he might essay some kind of anti-monarchist statement-snub, rather than simply turning up and trying to win a tennis match.

Watching the Queen watch tennis was an intriguing thing, if only for an entirely unexpected anxiety: was the Queen actually enjoying herself? [...] Murray broke serve. The Queen sat unimpressed. Murray romped to the opening set: 14,999 people in the 15,000 crowd applauded. The Queen, it turns out, doesn't clap – or in fact move at all. As Murray broke decisively in the second set he turned to fist-pump towards his girlfriend in the stands, but seemed briefly to be directing this gesture at the Queen. This would of course be entirely unfair as the Queen is bound by rigid protocol and utterly incapable of offering a straight-arm salute or even a regally-gloved single finger by way of a reply.

There was a happy ending, however: at the very last the Queen did clap, producing a hitherto under-utilised pair of hands to applaud warmly as Murray finally buried his opponent, a full half an hour after her majesty's scheduled departure. And so the Queen appeared to enjoy Wimbledon and Wimbledon undoubtedly enjoyed the Queen. Maybe she'll be back too: on current form some time in 2043.

## **DOCUMENT C**

### **« Queen Elizabeth II Reflects on her Life. »**

Extraits [audio ou vidéo] de *Elizabeth R, A Year in the Life*, documentaire de la BBC (1992). 2'21''.

Le fichier joint peut être lu avec Windows Media Player

# **CAPES 2011 – EPREUVE SUR DOSSIER**

## **Première partie**

### **SUJET ZERO n°2**

#### **Consigne :**

Analyse the evolution of the relationship between the President and the US Congress as presented in the following documents.

## **DOCUMENT A**

### **Document audio**

#### **“Dissent or Disrespect”**

extrait de NPR "Talk of the Nation" (<http://www.npr.org/templates/story/story.php?storyId=112819190>)

1'27"



## DOCUMENT B

The studies in this book present original research that clearly shows that the rise in conflict between the president and Congress is not simply a matter of personalities. There are deep-seated constitutional, political, and structural sources for the recent increase in polarisation between the executive and legislative branches. These factors could not change simply because of President George W. Bush's "charm offensive" or his campaign promise to bring more comity to government. The relationship between the White House and Congress changes over time, alternating between reciprocal and combative, cordial and hostile, or even benign neglect.

The relationship between the Congress and the president is more partisan and polarized. This heightened partisanship started in the 1980s, as is shown by the steady increase in partisan congressional voting [...]. [P]residents and Bush in particular find it difficult to build and maintain the support of members from the opposing party for their legislative agendas. Filibusters have also increased, as have presidential threats to veto. These factors contribute to the contentious relationship between the president and Congress. The decline in civility in both chambers started in the 1970s and continues in the Bush-107<sup>th</sup> Congress. Bush is left with no natural congressional coalitional partners except on the far Right, and the very concept of coalition building based on political extremism may be inherently destabilizing. That is a difficult place to build bipartisan coalitions, which he promised to do in his 2000 campaign. President Bush, like other contemporary presidents, needs to coax members of Congress into coalitions but cannot count on his own party support or crossover support from members of the opposing party on most major issues.

James H Thurber, "Conclusions about Presidential-Congressional Rivalries"  
In James H. Thurber, ed., *Rivals for Power, Presidential-Congressional Relations*,  
Lanham: Rowman & Littlefield, 2002, p. 256.

## DOCUMENT C

THE NEW YORK TIMES

September 13, 2009

OP-ED COLUMNIST

### Boy, Oh, Boy

By MAUREEN DOWD

WASHINGTON

The normally nonchalant Barack Obama looked nonplussed, as Nancy Pelosi glowered behind.

Surrounded by middle-aged white guys — a sepia snapshot of the days when such pols ran Washington like their own men's club — Joe Wilson yelled "You lie!" at a president who didn't.

But, fair or not, what I heard was an unspoken word in the air: You lie, boy!

The outburst was unexpected from a milquetoast Republican backbencher from South Carolina who had attracted little media attention. Now it has made him an overnight right-wing hero, inspiring "You lie!" bumper stickers and T-shirts.

The congressman, we learned, belonged to the Sons of Confederate Veterans, led a 2000 campaign to keep the Confederate flag waving above South Carolina's state Capitol and denounced as a "smear" the true claim of a black woman that she was the daughter of Strom Thurmond, the '48 segregationist candidate for president. Wilson clearly did not like being lectured and even rebuked by the brainy black president presiding over the majestic chamber.

I've been loath to admit that the shrieking lunacy of the summer — the frantic efforts to paint our first black president as the Other, a foreigner, socialist, fascist, Marxist, racist, Commie, Nazi; a cad who would snuff old people; a snake who would indoctrinate kids — had much to do with race.

I tended to agree with some Obama advisers that Democratic presidents typically have provoked a frothing response from paranoids — from Father Coughlin against F.D.R. to Joe McCarthy against Truman to the John Birchers against J.F.K. and the vast right-wing conspiracy against Bill Clinton.

But Wilson's shocking disrespect for the office of the president — no Democrat ever shouted "liar" at W. when he was hawking a fake case for war in Iraq — convinced me: Some people just can't believe a black man is president and will never accept it.

"A lot of these outbursts have to do with delegitimizing him as a president," said Congressman Jim Clyburn, a senior member of the South Carolina delegation. Clyburn, the man who called out Bill Clinton on his racially tinged attacks on Obama in the primary, pushed Pelosi to pursue a formal resolution chastising Wilson.

“In South Carolina politics, I learned that the olive branch works very seldom,” he said. “You have to come at these things from a position of strength. My father used to say, ‘Son, always remember that silence gives consent.’ ” [...]

Now [Obama]’s at the center of a period of racial turbulence sparked by his ascension. Even if he and the coterie of white male advisers around him don’t choose to openly acknowledge it, this president is the ultimate civil rights figure — a black man whose legitimacy is constantly challenged by a loco fringe.

For two centuries, the South has feared a takeover by blacks or the feds. In Obama, they have both.

The state that fired the first shot of the Civil War has now given us this: Senator Jim DeMint exhorted conservatives to “break” the president by upending his health care plan. Rusty DePass, a G.O.P. activist, said that a gorilla that escaped from a zoo was “just one of Michelle’s ancestors.” Lovelorn Mark Sanford tried to refuse the president’s stimulus money. And now Joe Wilson.

“A good many people in South Carolina really reject the notion that we’re part of the union,” said Don Fowler, the former Democratic Party chief who teaches politics at the University of South Carolina. He observed that when slavery was destroyed by outside forces and segregation was undone by civil rights leaders and Congress, it bred xenophobia.

“We have a lot of people who really think that the world’s against us,” Fowler said, “so when things don’t happen the way we like them to, we blame outsiders.” He said a state legislator not long ago tried to pass a bill to nullify any federal legislation with which South Carolinians didn’t agree. [...]

It may be President Obama’s very air of elegance and erudition that raises hackles in some. “My father used to say to me, ‘Boy, don’t get above your raising,’ ” Fowler said. “Some people are prejudiced anyway, and then they look at his education and mannerisms and get more angry at him.”

Clyburn had a warning for Obama advisers who want to forgive Wilson, ignore the ignorant outbursts and move on: “They’re going to have to develop ways in this White House to deal with things and not let them fester out there. Otherwise, they’ll see numbers moving in the wrong direction.”