



Prépa *langues*

EUROSTAGES

ANNALES DES  
CONCOURS LITTÉRAIRES

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2023



LCU 362  
ENS Paris Saclay (langue anglaise)  
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Khôgne ULM / Lyon &  
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J. 23 1007

Epreuve commune : BEL

SESSION 2023

BANQUE D'ÉPREUVES LITTÉRAIRES

COMMENTAIRE D'UN TEXTE EN LANGUE VIVANTE ÉTRANGÈRE  
ET TRADUCTION D'UNE PARTIE OU DE LA TOTALITÉ DE CE TEXTE

**IMPORTANT**

*Le commentaire doit être rédigé dans la langue choisie lors de l'inscription.*

Durée : 6 heures

*L'usage de la calculatrice est interdit*

*L'usage d'un dictionnaire unilingue est autorisé.*

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## ANGLAIS

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*Commenter en anglais le texte suivant et le traduire de [l. 10] « Slight as it was ... » jusqu'à [l. 27] « ... paints and crayons. ».*

*Pauline Williams, a poor African American woman living in Alabama, looks back on her life.*

The easiest thing to do would be to build a case out of her foot. That is what she herself did. But to find out the truth about how dreams die, one should never take the word of the dreamer. The end of her lovely beginning was probably the cavity in one of her front teeth. She preferred, however, to think always of her foot. Although she was the ninth of eleven children and lived on a ridge of red Alabama clay seven miles from the nearest road, the complete indifference with which a rusty nail was met when it punched clear through her foot during her second year of life saved Pauline Williams from total anonymity. The wound left her with a crooked, archless foot that flopped when she walked—not a limp that would have eventually twisted her spine, but a way of lifting the bad foot as though she were extracting it from little whirlpools that threatened to pull it under. Slight as it was, this deformity explained for her many things that would have been otherwise incomprehensible: why she alone of all the children had no nickname; why there were no funny jokes and anecdotes about funny things she had done; why no one ever remarked on her food preferences—no saving of the wing or neck for her—no cooking of the peas in a separate pot without rice because she did not like rice; why nobody teased her; why she never felt at home anywhere, or that she belonged anyplace. Her general feeling of separateness and unworthiness she blamed on her foot. Restricted, as a child, to this cocoon of her family's spinning, she cultivated quiet and private pleasures. She liked, most of all, to arrange things. To line things up in rows—jars on shelves at canning, peach pits on the step, sticks, stones, leaves—and the members of her family let these arrangements be. When by some accident somebody scattered her rows, they always stopped to retrieve them for her, and she was never angry, for it gave her a chance to rearrange them again. Whatever portable plurality she found, she organized into neat lines, according to their size, shape, or gradations of color. Just as she would never align a pine needle with the leaf of a cottonwood tree, she would never put the jars of tomatoes next to the green beans. During all of her four years of going to school, she was enchanted by numbers and depressed by words. She missed—without knowing what she missed—paints and crayons.

Near the beginning of World War I, the Williamses discovered, from returning neighbors and kin, the possibility of living better in another place. In shifts, lots, batches, mixed in with other families, they migrated, in six months and four journeys, to Kentucky, where there were mines and millwork. [...]

In Kentucky they lived in a real town, ten to fifteen houses on a single street, with water piped right into the kitchen. Ada and Fowler Williams found a five-room frame house for their family. The yard was bounded by a once-white fence against which Pauline's mother  
35 planted flowers and within which they kept a few chickens. Some of her brothers joined the Army, one sister died, and two got married, increasing the living space and giving the entire Kentucky venture a feel of luxury. The relocation was especially comfortable to Pauline, who was old enough to leave school. Mrs. Williams got a job cleaning and cooking for a white  
40 minister on the other side of town, and Pauline, now the oldest girl at home, took over the care of the house. She kept the fence in repair, pulling the pointed stakes erect, securing them with bits of wire, collected eggs, swept, cooked, washed, and minded the two younger children—a pair of twins called Chicken and Pie, who were still in school. She was not only good at housekeeping, she enjoyed it. After her parents left for work and the other children were at school or in mines, the house was quiet. The stillness and isolation both calmed and energized  
45 her. She could arrange and clean without interruption until two o'clock, when Chicken and Pie came home.

When the war ended and the twins were ten years old, they too left school to work. Pauline was fifteen, still keeping house, but with less enthusiasm. Fantasies about men and love and touching were drawing her mind and hands away from her work. Changes in weather  
50 began to affect her, as did certain sights and sounds. These feelings translated themselves to her in extreme melancholy. She thought of the death of newborn things, lonely roads, and strangers who appear out of nowhere simply to hold one's hand, woods in which the sun was always setting. In church especially did these dreams grow. The songs caressed her, and while she tried to hold her mind on the wages of sin, her body trembled for redemption, salvation, a  
55 mysterious rebirth that would simply happen, with no effort on her part. In none of her fantasies was she ever aggressive; she was usually idling by the river bank, or gathering berries in a field when a someone appeared, with gentle and penetrating eyes, who—with no exchange of words—understood; and before whose glance her foot straightened and her eyes dropped. The someone had no face, no form, no voice, no odor. He was a simple Presence, an  
60 all-embracing tenderness with strength and a promise of rest. It did not matter that she had no idea of what to do or say to the Presence—after the wordless knowing and the soundless touching, her dreams disintegrated. But the Presence would know what to do. She had only to lay her head on his chest and he would lead her away to the sea, to the city, to the woods ...  
forever.

Toni MORRISON (1931-2019), *The Bluest Eye*, 1970.

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Khâque Lyon / Paris.  
Saclay  
Écrit de spécialité :  
thème

SESSION 2023

BANQUE D'ÉPREUVES LITTÉRAIRES

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### ÉPREUVE DE SPÉCIALITÉ

*L'usage de la calculatrice n'est pas autorisé*

Les candidats **doivent** composer dans la langue qu'ils ont choisie au moment de l'inscription (spécialité langues vivantes).

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**Tournez la page S.V.P.**

## THÈME ANGLAIS

Durée : 4 heures

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*L'usage de tout dictionnaire est interdit*

Tranquillement les heures passaient. Il y avait moins d'autos sur la route. Des bicyclettes filaient encore à toute allure comme emportées par le vent furieux qui depuis une semaine soufflait du nord-est et entraînait avec lui ces malheureux humains. Un peu plus tard – spectacle surprenant – quelques voitures apparurent venant en sens inverse de celui qu'elles avaient suivi depuis huit jours ; elles retournaient vers Paris. Voyant cela, des gens crurent réellement que tout était terminé. Chacun rentra chez soi. On entendit de nouveau le cliquetis de la vaisselle que les ménagères lavaient dans leur cuisine, le pas léger d'une petite vieille qui allait porter de l'herbe aux lapins, et même la chanson d'une petite fille tirant de l'eau à la pompe. Des chiens se battaient, roulaient dans la poussière.

C'était le soir, un crépuscule délicieux, un air transparent, une ombre bleue, une dernière lueur de couchant caressant les roses et la cloche de l'église appelant les fidèles à la prière, lorsque naquit et grandit sur la route un bruit qui ne ressemblait pas à celui de ces deniers jours, sourd, assuré, ce grondement semblait s'avancer sans hâte, d'une manière pesante et inexorable. Des camions roulaient vers le village. Cette fois-ci, c'étaient bien les Allemands qui arrivaient. Des camions arrêtés sur la place des hommes en descendirent ; d'autres camions venaient derrière les premiers, puis d'autres, puis d'autres encore. En peu d'instant, toute la vieille place grise, depuis l'église jusqu'à la mairie, ne fut plus qu'une masse immobile et obscure de véhicules couleur de fer sur lesquels on distinguait encore quelque branche flétrie, vestige du camouflage.

Que d'hommes ! [...] Les Allemands surgissaient de toutes parts, couvraient les places et les rues, sans cesse il en survenait d'autres. Le village, depuis septembre, s'était déshabitué d'entendre des pas, des rires, des voix jeunes. Il était étourdi, suffoqué par la rumeur qui montait de cette marée d'uniformes verts, par cette odeur d'humanité saine, une odeur de viande fraîche, et surtout par les sons de cette langue étrangère. Les Allemands envahissaient les maisons, les magasins, les cafés. Leurs bottes sonnaient sur les carreaux rouges des cuisines. Ils demandaient à manger, à boire. Ils caressaient les enfants au passage. Ils faisaient de grands gestes, ils chantaient, ils riaient aux femmes.

Irène NÉMIROVSKY, *Suite française*, 2004.

**ÉPREUVE À OPTION**

**COMMENTAIRE COMPOSÉ DE LITTÉRATURE ÉTRANGÈRE  
ET COURT THÈME**

*L'usage de la calculatrice n'est pas autorisé*

*L'usage d'un dictionnaire unilingue est autorisé. Pour le japonais, l'usage de deux dictionnaires unilingues, dont un dictionnaire en langue japonaise de caractères chinois, est autorisé.*

*La liste limitative des dictionnaires prévus pour l'épreuve de tronc commun de la BEL ne s'applique pas à cette épreuve. Les candidates et les candidats sont libres d'utiliser le dictionnaire **unilingue** de leur choix.*

Les candidats doivent **obligatoirement** traiter le sujet correspondant à la langue qu'ils ont choisie au moment de l'inscription.

DURÉE : 6 heures

ALLEMAND

ANGLAIS

ESPAGNOL

ITALIEN



## COMMENTAIRE COMPOSÉ DE LITTÉRATURE ANGLAISE ET COURT THÈME

### I : COMMENTAIRE

We lived with our grandmother and uncle in the rear of the Store (it was always spoken of with a capital s), which she had owned some twenty-five years.

5 Early in the century, Momma (we soon stopped calling her Grandmother) sold lunches to the sawmen in the lumberyard (east Stamps) and the seedmen at the cotton gin (west Stamps). Her crisp meat pies and cool lemonade, when joined to her miraculous ability to be in two places at the same time, assured her business success. From being a mobile lunch counter, she set up a stand between the two points of fiscal interest and supplied the workers' needs for a few years. Then she had the Store built in the heart of the Negro area. Over the years it became the lay center of activities in town. On Saturdays, barbers sat their customers in the shade on the porch  
10 of the Store, and troubadours on their ceaseless crawlings through the South leaned across its benches and sang their sad songs of The Brazos while they played juke harps and cigar-box guitars.

The formal name of the Store was the Wm. Johnson General Merchandise Store. Customers could find food staples, a good variety of colored thread, mash for hogs, corn for chickens, coal  
15 oil for lamps, light bulbs for the wealthy, shoestrings, hair dressing, balloons, and flower seeds. Anything not visible had only to be ordered.

Until we became familiar enough to belong to the Store and it to us, we were locked up in a Fun House of Things where the attendant had gone home for life.

Each year I watched the field across from the Store turn caterpillar green, then gradually frosty  
20 white. I knew exactly how long it would be before the big wagons would pull into the front yard and load on the cotton pickers at daybreak to carry them to the remains of slavery's plantations.

During the picking season my grandmother would get out of bed at four o'clock (she never used an alarm clock) and creak down to her knees and chant in a sleep-filled voice, 'Our Father,  
25 thank you for letting me see this New Day. Thank you that you didn't allow the bed I lay on last night to be my cooling board, nor my blanket my winding sheet. Guide my feet this day along the straight and narrow, and help me to put a bridle on my tongue. Bless this house, and everybody in it. Thank you, in the name of your Son, Jesus Christ, Amen.'

Before she had quite arisen, she called our names and issued orders, and pushed her large feet  
30 into homemade slippers and across the bare lye-washed wooden floor to light the coal-oil lamp.

The lamplight in the Store gave a soft make-believe feeling to our world which made me want to whisper and walk about on tiptoe. The odors of onions and oranges and kerosene had been mixing all night and wouldn't be disturbed until the wooded slat was removed from the door and the early morning air forced its way in with the bodies of people who had walked miles to reach the pickup place.

35 'Sister, I'll have two cans of sardines.'

'I'm gonna work so fast today I'm gonna make you look like you standing still.'

'Lemme have a hunk uh cheese and some sody crackers.'

40 'Just gimme a coupla them fat peanut paddies.' That would be from a picker who was taking his lunch. The greasy brown paper sack was stuck behind the bib of his overalls. He'd use the candy as a snack before the noon sun called the workers to rest.

In those tender mornings the Store was full of laughing, joking, boasting and bragging. One man was going to pick two hundred pounds of cotton, and another three hundred. Even the children were promising to bring home fo' bits and six bits.

45 The champion picker of the day before was the hero of the dawn. If he prophesied that the cotton in today's field was going to be sparse and stick to the bolls like glue, every listener would grunt a hearty agreement.

The sound of the empty cotton sacks dragging over the floor and the murmurs of waking people were sliced by the cash register as we rang up the five-cent sales.

50 If the morning sounds and smells were touched with the supernatural, the late afternoon had all the features of the normal Arkansas life. In the dying sunlight the people dragged, rather than their empty cotton sacks.

Brought back to the Store, the pickers would step out of the backs of trucks and fold down, dirt-disappointed, to the ground. No matter how much they had picked, it wasn't enough. Their wages wouldn't even get them out of debt to my grandmother, not to mention the staggering bill that waited on them at the white commissary downtown.

60 The sounds of the new morning had been replaced with grumbles about cheating houses, weighted scales, snakes, skimpy cotton and dusty rows. In later years I was to confront the stereotyped picture of gay song-singing cotton pickers with such inordinate rage that I was told even by fellow Blacks that my paranoia was embarrassing. But I had seen the fingers cut by the mean little cotton bolls, and I had witnessed the backs and shoulders and arms and legs resisting any further demands.

Some of the workers would leave their sacks at the Store to be picked up the following morning, but a few had to take them home for repairs. I winced to picture them sewing the coarse material

65 under a coal-oil lamp with fingers stiffening from the day's work. In too few hours they would  
have to walk back to Sister Henderson's Store, get vittles and load, again, onto the trucks. Then  
they would face another day of trying to earn enough for the whole year with the heavy  
knowledge that they were going to end the season as they started it. Without the money or credit  
70 necessary to sustain a family for three months. In cotton-picking time the late afternoons  
revealed the harshness of Black Southern life, which in the early morning had been softened by  
nature's blessing of grogginess, forgetfulness and the soft lamplight.

Maya Angelou, *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* (1969)

## II : COURT THÈME

Il marchait toujours nu-tête, comme je me suis aussi fait critiquer pour le faire ; ses pieds racornis se passaient de sandales. Ses vêtements de jours ordinaires se distinguaient à peine de ceux des vieux mendiants, des graves métayers accroupis au soleil. On le disait sorcier, et les villageois tâchaient d'éviter son coup d'œil. Mais il avait sur les animaux de singuliers pouvoirs. J'ai vu sa vieille tête s'approcher prudemment, amicalement, d'un nid de vipères, et ses doigts noueux exécuter en face d'un lézard une espèce de danse. Il m'emmenait observer le ciel pendant les nuits d'été, au haut d'une colline aride. Je m'endormais dans un sillon, fatigué d'avoir compté les météores. Il restait assis, la tête levée, tournant imperceptiblement avec les astres.

Marguerite Yourcenar, *Mémoires d'Hadrien* (1958)

khâque u l u A I L  
E n i r d e s p é c i a l i t é :  
é p r u e d e v e r s i o n & t h è m e  
VERSION ANGLAISE ET THÈME

I : VERSION

My little kitchen had always been the cleanest room in the flat. I never dusted or used a vacuum cleaner because dust is not easily visible to the casual observer, it's possible to turn a blind eye to it, yet I could not tolerate the sight of smudges and splashes of dried food caked to my brilliant white surfaces. When I withdrew into the kitchen, therefore, and turned on the two 100-watt spotlights which sent their beams of pure brightness fearlessly exploring every gleaming angle and corner, it restored my self-confidence. The night was slowly darkening, and from the kitchen sink the first thing I could see was my own reflected face, hovering like a spectre outside my fifth-floor window. This was the face that Fiona had been addressing for the last few minutes. I took a good look at it and tried to imagine how it would have appeared to her. The eyes were puffy from lack of sleep and bloodshot from too much glassy staring at the television screen; deeply scored lines were beginning to appear around the corners of the mouth, although these were partially obscured by two days' worth of stubble; the jaw-line was still reasonably firm, but another three or four years would probably see the onset of a double chin; the hair, once tawny, was now streaked with grey and stood desperately in need of cutting and re-styling; there were the shreds of a parting, so tentative and wasted that the onlooker might easily have been forgiven for not noticing that it was there at all. It wasn't a friendly face: the eyes, a deep, velvety blue, might once have suggested wells of possibility but now seemed guarded, fenced off. But at the same time it was honest. It was a face you could trust.

And if you looked beyond the face, what did you see? I peered out into the twilight. Nothing much. A few scattered lights had been turned on across the courtyard, and the gentle babble of televisions and stereo systems drifted over from open windows.

Jonathan Coe, *What a Carve Up!* (1994)



## II : THÈME

Thomas avait dix ans. C'était une belle journée du mois d'août, comme celle d'aujourd'hui. Soleil jaune et ciel bleu. Au fond, cela pourrait être un anniversaire. Il était parti seul, dans l'après-midi. Il avait indiqué qu'il allait en direction de la côte sauvage. On l'avait écouté avec distraction. On ne l'avait même pas entendu partir, je crois. Pourtant, la grille devant la maison grinçait déjà. Combien de fois ma mère avait-elle répété qu'il faudrait l'huiler ? Ce jour-là, mes parents recevaient en grande pompe deux couples d'amis venus leur rendre visite. Le déjeuner n'en finissait pas. On était passé à table très tard et, à plus de quatre heures, le dessert n'avait toujours pas été servi. Moi, je voulais du dessert. Quand Thomas m'avait proposé que nous quittions la table, lui et moi, pour nous rendre à la plage, j'avais refusé. Je voulais du dessert. Je n'avais pas patienté jusque-là pour me priver du seul plaisir qui alors m'importait : les charlottes au chocolat. Alors, Thomas avait demandé si, lui, il pouvait sortir de table. Lui, la charlotte... Ma mère avait acquiescé avec une rapidité désarmante, presque inquiétante. Car il lui fallait toujours retenir ses enfants, les empêcher d'aller où que ce fût sans elle, les surveiller du coin de l'œil à tout bout de champ. Et puis, elle était de ces mères qui pensent que les enfants qui demeurent à table jusqu'à la toute fin du repas montrent qu'ils ont été bien élevés. Nous aurions dû nous alarmer. J'aurais dû profiter de cette aubaine. Je ne l'ai pas fait. Il y avait la charlotte. Je suppose qu'elle n'a même pas entendu Thomas l'informer (certes d'une toute petite voix) qu'il enfilait son maillot et qu'il emportait sa serviette de bain avec lui. Jamais elle n'aurait accepté qu'il se baignât, sortant à peine de table. Il fallait laisser passer trois heures pour la digestion. La dictature des trois heures ne souffrait aucune exception.

Philippe Besson, *Son frère* (2001)

SESSION 2023

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**ÉPREUVE A OPTION**

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ENS Ulm – ENS de Lyon

**ANALYSE ET COMMENTAIRE EN LANGUE VIVANTE ÉTRANGÈRE  
D'UN OU PLUSIEURS TEXTES OU DOCUMENTS  
RELATIFS À LA CIVILISATION D'UNE AIRE LINGUISTIQUE**

ALLEMAND – ANGLAIS – CHINOIS  
ESPAGNOL – ITALIEN – RUSSE

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Durée : 6 heures

*L'usage de la calculatrice n'est pas autorisé*

Les candidats doivent **obligatoirement** traiter le sujet correspondant à la langue qu'ils ont choisie au moment de l'inscription.

**Tournez la page S.V.P.**

## ANALYSE ET COMMENTAIRE DE TEXTES OU DOCUMENTS EN ANGLAIS

Durée : 6 heures

Analysez et commentez, **en anglais**, les cinq documents suivants :

### Document 1

In our everyday language, we use the words 'citizen' and 'national' almost interchangeably in order to describe the status of formal membership of a country, saying, for example, that a person is 'a citizen of France'. For some countries, such as Japan, the term 'national' is preferred. Coming from a country which is a monarchy, jurists and politicians in Britain historically preferred the term 'subject' to 'citizen', claiming that 'the law and language of England knows subjects only'. Indiscriminate usage of these three terms is typically found in the treaty between the governments of the United Kingdom and the United States in 1870. The treaty was signed in order to 'regulate the citizenship of the British subjects who have emigrated...to the United States of America'. It also provided the way in which those subjects who had become naturalized within the United States' shall be at liberty... to resume their British nationality'. However, since each of the terms originates from a different historical period, their meanings differ from each other, depending on the time and place of their use.

The concept of subjecthood derives from the feudal tradition of vertical links between each individual (subject) and the common ruler of the political unit. Subjects were supposed to owe allegiance to the power or jurisdiction of the political unit in return for the protection which they received. Unlike in some countries, such as the United States, the tradition of subjecthood persisted in Britain well into the twentieth century. In the case of the United States, because of its colonial past, the original concept of formal membership was predominantly influenced by the practice in Britain. However, in the late eighteenth century, the traditional concept of allegiance and subjecthood was dealt a severe blow by the American Revolution and American independence from British rule. As the number of immigrants of non-British origin had increased in the mid-eighteenth century, the basic rule of subjecthood - natural allegiance ('birth within the king's ligeance') - came to be questioned in the 13 American colonies. The colonial government encouraged naturalization, which was outside the rule of natural allegiance, so that it could accept newcomers as formal members. Under the system of naturalization, naturalized subjects became formal members purely on the basis of their own will and their consent to the rule of the government. Comparing the mode of ascription by naturalization with that by birth, therefore, those colonists who were not satisfied with the control exercised by the imperial government in London started to question the concept of natural allegiance. They claimed that they had been denied the right to choose loyalty because of the principle of natural allegiance. For them, the status of British subject, and consequently perpetual loyalty towards British rule, was imposed on them at their birth. They were not even allowed to renounce their subjecthood. The American concept of citizenship was inevitably redefined after independence by the idea of 'volitional allegiance', and was based on an act of individual choice.

British nationality and immigration laws, in the absence of such an interruption as the American Revolution, continued to develop on the basis of allegiance and the common law doctrine of allegiance to the crown. Even in Britain, however, the term 'subject' became obsolete and finally disappeared in 1981. Now, under the British Nationality Act (BNA) 1981, British citizenship has become the status of people who are 'closely connected with

the United Kingdom' and "belong" to the United Kingdom for international or other purposes'. Although both  
35 'citizenship' and 'nationality', as is seen in the BNA 1981, denote formal membership of a political unit,  
'citizenship' is said to stress the municipal side of formal membership, and 'nationality', the inter-national. There  
are cases, as a result, where each term legally indicates a different group of people and is assigned a specific  
purpose. In the United States, for example, the inhabitants of overseas territories such as the Marianas and  
American Samoa are 'US nationals', but not 'US citizens'.

#### 40 *Three elements of citizenship*

Modern legal usage aside, 'citizenship' is an evolving concept, whose meaning in academic literature changes  
from time to time and place to place, and in accordance with the focus of each piece of research. As a result, the  
debates on citizenship tend to begin with a historical survey of the concept. On the basis of existing research, (...)   
45 there are three elements of citizenship - nominal, substantive and functional - which can be found throughout  
history. (...) First, citizenship denotes formal membership of a political unit. The size or the organization of the  
political unit, that is, whether it is a city-state, an empire, or an international entity such as the EU, varies. The  
criteria for qualifying for the status of citizenship also differ from one period to another, such as from being a  
freeborn male to being willing to become a full member of the political unit. We assume today that citizenship  
means full membership of a political unit. Yet, in the past citizenship could confer a half-membership, such as  
50 *civitas sine suffragio* in the Roman Republic, which did not include the franchise. Nonetheless, the nominal aspect  
of citizenship - 'citizenship-as-status' - has always been a part of the concept.

Second, formal membership brings with it either a set of rights ('citizenship-as-rights') or duties and obligations  
(*'citizenship-as-desirable-activity'*), or both. These constitute the substantive element of citizenship. (...) T. H.  
Marshall, taking the British historical experience as an example, classifies citizenship rights into three  
55 components - civil, political and social - and argues that each of them was extended to citizens one by one after  
the eighteenth century. The content of citizenship duties, in contrast, has remained almost the same throughout  
history. They have mainly consisted of military service and the payment of taxes, as well as the giving of loyalty  
and support to a political unit. Among the works on '*'citizenship-as-desirable-activity'*' today, however, there are  
different branches of the argument with respect to what is desirable: whether the emphasis should be placed on  
60 economic self-reliance, political participation or civic virtue. (...) It was also only in the twentieth century that  
the principle was finally established that all the holders of citizenship should be given an equal set of rights,  
regardless of gender, wealth, colour or creed. Nonetheless, we cannot dismiss the fact that citizenship as status  
confers certain rights upon, and assigns certain obligations to, its holders.

The third element - the functional - refers to the feature of '*'citizenship-as-social-enclosure'*', which has the  
65 functions of both inclusion and exclusion. First, as regards the function of inclusion, the qualifications for  
citizenship as status have historically widened, with slaves, the poor and women now being included as formal  
members of the political unit. In the face of increasing numbers of immigrants today, some countries, such as  
Canada and Australia, expect them to apply for formal membership after their entry. They try to incorporate non-  
citizens into the political unit and demand support and loyalty in return for granting them formal membership and  
70 its consequent rights and privileges.

(...) Citizenship has historically been used as an instrument to divide populations between citizens and non-  
citizens. As a consequence, intended or not, citizens are expected to share a sense of community with each other.  
This socio-psychological dimension of citizenship is especially important in the case of national citizenship, and  
differentiates national citizenship from other types of citizenship.

Rieko Karatani, *Defining British Citizenship (Empire, Commonwealth and Modern Britain)*, London, Frank Cass,  
2003, pp. 16-19.



## Document 2

**Judge Hunt** -, “Has the prisoner anything to say why sentence shall not be pronounced?”

**Miss Anthony**– Yes, your honor, I have many things to say; for in your ordered verdict of guilty, you have trampled under foot every vital principle of our government. My natural rights, my civil rights, my political rights, my judicial rights, are all alike ignored. Robbed of the fundamental privilege of citizenship, I am degraded from the status of a citizen to that of a subject; and not only myself individually, but all of my sex, are, by your honor’s  
5 verdict, doomed to political subjection under this, so-called, form of government.

**Judge Hunt**– The Court cannot listen to a rehearsal of arguments the prisoner’s counsel has already consumed three hours in presenting.

**Miss Anthony**– May it please your honor, I am not arguing the question, but simply stating the reasons why  
10 sentence cannot, in justice, be pronounced against me. Your denial of my citizen’s right to vote, is the denial of my right of consent as one of the governed, the denial of my right of representation as one of the taxed, the denial of my right to a trial by a jury of my peers as an offender against law, therefore, the denial of my sacred rights to life, liberty, property and –

**Judge Hunt**– The Court cannot allow the prisoner to go on.

**Miss Anthony**– But your honor will not deny me this one and only poor privilege of protest against this high-  
15 handed outrage upon my citizen’s rights. May it please the Court to remember that since the day of my arrest last November, this is the first time that either myself or any person of my disfranchised class has been allowed a word of defense before judge or jury –

**Judge Hunt**– The prisoner must sit down - the Court cannot allow it.

**Miss Anthony**– All of my prosecutors, from the 8th ward corner grocery politician, who entered the compliant,  
20 to the United States Marshal, Commissioner, District Attorney, District Judge, your honor on the bench, not one is my peer, but each and all are my political sovereigns; and had your honor submitted my case to the jury, as was clearly your duty, even then I should have had just cause of protest, for not one of those men was my peer; but, native or foreign born, white or black, rich or poor, educated or ignorant, awake or asleep, sober or drunk,  
25 each and every man of them was my political superior; hence, in no sense, my peer. Even, under such circumstances, a commoner of England, tried before a jury of Lords, would have far less cause to complain than should I, a woman, tried before a jury of men. (...)

**Judge Hunt**– The Court must insist the prisoner has been tried according to the established forms of law.

**Miss Anthony**– Yes, your honor, but by forms of law all made by men, interpreted by men, administered by men,  
30 in favor of men, and against women; and hence, your honor’s ordered verdict of guilty; against a United States citizen for the exercise of “that citizen’s right to vote,” simply because that citizen was a woman and not a man. But, yesterday, the same man made forms of law, declared it a crime punishable with \$1,000 fine and six months imprisonment, for you, or me, or you of us, to give a cup of cold water, a crust of bread, or a night’s shelter to a panting fugitive as he was tracking his way to Canada. And every man or woman in whose veins coursed a drop  
35 of human sympathy violated that wicked law, reckless of consequences, and was justified in so doing. As then, the slaves who got their freedom must take it over, or under, or through the unjust forms of law, precisely so, now, must women, to get their right to a voice in this government, take it; and I have taken mine, and mean to take it at every possible opportunity.

**Document 3**

Fellow Countrymen, - Having frequently stated our reasons for zealously espousing the great principles of Reform, we have now endeavoured to set them forth practically. We need not reiterate the facts and unrefuted arguments which have so often been stated and urged in their support. Suffice it to say, that we hold it to be an axiom in politics, that self-government by representation is the only just foundation of political power – the only true basis of Constitutional Rights – the only legitimate parent of good laws: and we hold it as indubitable truth, that all government which is based on any other foundation, has a perpetual tendency to degenerate into anarchy or despotism, or to beget class and wealth idolatry on the one hand, poverty and misery on the other.

While, however, we contend for the principle of self-government, we admit that laws will only be just in proportion as the people are enlightened, on which, socially and politically, the happiness of all must depend; but as self-interest, unaccompanied by virtue, seeks its own exclusive benefits, so will the exclusive and privileged classes of society ever seek to perpetuate their power, and to proscribe the enlightenment of the people. Hence we are induced to believe that the enlightenment of all will sooner emanate from the exercise of political power by all the people, than by their continuing to trust the selfish government of the few.

A strong conviction of these truths, coupled, as that conviction is, with the belief that most of our political and social evils can be traced to *corrupt* and *exclusive legislation* – and that the remedy will be found in extending to the people at large, the exercise of those rights, now monopolized by a few, has induced us to make some exertions towards embodying our principles in the following Charter (...).

*The People's Charter*

Whereas to insure, in as far as it is possible by human forethought and wisdom, the just government of the people, it is necessary to subject those who have the power of making the laws, to a wholesome and strict responsibility to those whose duty it is to obey they when made:

And, whereas, this responsibility is best enforced through the instrumentality of a body which emanates directly from, and is itself immediately subject to, the whole people, and which completely represents their feelings and their interests:

And, whereas, as the Commons' House of Parliament now exercises in the name and on the supposed behalf of the people, the power of making laws, it ought, in order to fulfil with wisdom and with honesty the great duties imposed on it, to be made the faithful and accurate representation of the people's wishes, feelings, and interests.

Be it therefore enacted,

That from and after the passing of this Act, every male inhabitant of these realms be entitled to vote for the election of a Member of Parliament (...).

Be it enacted that, for the purpose of obtaining an equal representation of the people in the Commons' House of Parliament, the United Kingdom be divided into 300 electoral districts.

That each district contain, as nearly as may be, an equal number of inhabitants (...).

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<sup>1</sup> Susan B. Anthony was arrested in Rochester for voting in the 1872 elections at a time when women did not have the vote in the state of New York. She was tried in a U.S. federal court in 1873.

35 Be it enacted that, a general election of Members of Parliament for all the electoral districts of the United Kingdom, take place on the first Monday in June in each year (...).

Be it enacted, that every Member of the House of Commons be entitled at the close of the session to a writ of expenses on the Treasury, for his legislative duties in the public service (...).

The Working Men's Association to the Radical Reformers of Great Britain and Ireland, *The People's Charter*, 1838.

<https://www.bl.uk/collection-items/the-peoples-charter>

#### Document 4

5 The history of our nation is the history of a long and tireless effort to broaden and to increase the franchise of American citizens. At the very birth of our nation, a great struggle had to be made to secure the ballot for people who did not own property. (...) When, after many long years, this fight was successfully won, a great effort was made by women seeking to obtain the franchise. Again after weary decades of agitation, the glorious fight for women's suffrage succeeded and the 19<sup>th</sup> Amendment to the Constitution opened a new chapter in the lives of women and in the life of our nation.

Thus, we see that from 1789 to 1920 disenfranchised Americans fought and won their basic right to vote. However, for the Negroes of the South, there was still no ballot. Whether they owned property or were penniless, whether male or female, these American victories in the extension of Democracy did not affect them.

10 But this history does provide a profound lesson for the voteless Negroes. It teaches us how a struggle is won. We see that the poor men of 1776 did not accept disenfranchisement without protest. (...)

Later when women decided the time had come for them to vote, they were far from submissive or silent. They cried out in the halls of government. They agitated in their homes. They protested in the streets. And they were jailed. But they pressed on. (...)

15 From these women we have learned a great lesson of how social change takes place through struggle. In this same tradition of determination, of confidence in the justice of a cause, Negroes must now demand the right to vote. And these qualities of courage, perseverance, unity, sacrifice, plus a nonviolence of spirit are the weapons we must depend upon if we are to vote with freedom.

20 And vote we must. For the inability of Negroes to vote is not only unjust, it is a very real embarrassment to our nation which we love and must protect. For a number of years I have been reading with great interest of the tireless and indefatigable effort of our Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, to obtain free election in Germany. Free elections in Europe are the sine qua non, a most important part, of our foreign policy. And I sincerely hope that people the world over shall live under governments where elections can be free.

25 However, I feel, and I know you feel, that the American government must begin the struggle for democracy at home. Therefore, on behalf of the millions of disenfranchised American citizens, I earnestly invite and call upon the United States Government to use the constitutional power it has to convince the governors and legislators of Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and other Southern states to adhere to the United States constitution. They should convince these governors and legislators to hold free elections.

30 The advocacy of free elections in Europe by American officials is hypocrisy when free elections are not held in great sections of America. To Negro Americans it is ironic to be governed, to be taxed, to be given orders, but to have no representation in a nation that would defend the right to vote abroad. We have a duty to deliver our nation from this snare and this delusion.



Let us make our intentions crystal clear. We must and we will be free. We want freedom now. We want the right to vote now. We do not want freedom fed to us in teaspoons over another 150 years. Under God we were born free. Misguided men robbed us of our freedom. We want it back, we would keep it forever. This is not idle chatter, for we know that sacrifice is involved, that brutality will be faced, that savage conduct will need to be endured, that slick trickery will need to be overcome, but we are resolutely prepared for all of this. We are prepared to meet whatever comes with love, with firmness and with unyielding nonviolence. We are prepared to press on unceasingly and persistently, to obtain our birthright and to hand it down to our children and to their children's children.

Martin Luther King Jr., Address Delivered at a Meeting Launching the SCLC Crusade for Citizenship at Greater Bethel AME Church, 12 February 1958.

### Document 5

A few years ago less than half - 46% - identified closely with being British. But today national identity has become far more important: it is not 46% but 65% - two thirds - who now identify Britishness as important, and recent surveys show that British people feel more patriotic about their country than almost [any] other European country.

One reason is that Britain has a unique history - and what has emerged from the long tidal flows of British history - from the 2,000 years of successive waves of invasion, immigration, assimilation and trading partnerships, from the uniquely rich, open and outward looking culture - is I believe a distinctive set of British values which influence British institutions.

Indeed a multinational state, with England, Scotland, Wales and now Northern Ireland we are a country united not so much by race or ethnicity but by shared values that have shaped shared institutions. Indeed, when people are asked what they think is important about being British many say our institutions: from the monarchy and the national anthem to the Church of England, the BBC and our sports teams.

But when people are also asked what they admire about Britain, more usually says it is our values: British tolerance, the British belief in liberty and the British sense of fair play. Even before America said in its constitution it was the land of liberty and erected the Statue of Liberty, I think Britain can lay claim to the idea of liberty.

Out of the necessity of finding a way to live together in a multinational state came the practice of tolerance, then the pursuit of liberty and the principle of fairness to all. (...)

And there is a golden thread which runs through British history - that runs from that long-ago day in Runnymede in 1215 when arbitrary power was fully challenged with the Magna Carta, on to the first bill of rights in 1689 where Britain became the first country where parliament asserted power over the king, to the democratic reform acts - throughout the individual standing firm against tyranny and then - an even more generous, expansive view of liberty - the idea of all government accountable to the people, evolving into the exciting idea of empowering citizens to control their own lives.

Just as it was in the name of liberty that in the 1800s Britain led the world in abolishing the slave trade - something we celebrate in 2007 - so too, in the 1940s, in the name of liberty, Britain stood firm against fascism, which is why I would oppose those who say we should do less to teach that period of our history in our schools. (...)

A strong sense of being British helps unite and unify us; it builds stronger social cohesion among communities. We know that other countries have a strong sense of national purpose, even a sense of their own destiny.

30 And so should we. And it helps us deal with issues as varied as what Britain does in Europe; to issues of managed migration and how we better integrate ethnic minorities. Today we have a citizenship test for newcomers wanting to be citizens - 24 questions on life in the UK that lasts for 45 minutes.

35 We also have citizenship ceremonies. We will soon have a stronger element teaching us about citizenship in the curriculum. But I believe when there is now so much mobility between nations and countries, when we feel strongly that being a British citizen is something to be proud of, then we should emphasise that British citizenship is about more than a test, more than a ceremony - it is a kind of contract between the citizen and the country, involving rights and responsibilities that will protect and enhance the British way of life.

Gordon Brown, Speech at a seminar on Britishness, London, 27 February 2007.

**ENS Paris-Saclay**

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Concours d'admission en 1<sup>ère</sup> année  
**Banque Sciences Sociales**  
Session 2023

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## **Épreuve de Langue Vivante Etrangère**

**Durée : 3 heures**

*Aucun document n'est autorisé*

*Aucun dictionnaire n'est autorisé*

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Chaque candidat doit **obligatoirement** traiter le sujet qui correspond à la **langue vivante étrangère choisie irréversiblement** au moment de son inscription et l'indiquer sur sa copie.

## ANGLAIS

### ***I. Version***

***Traduire en français le texte ci-dessous.***

#### **In a Post-Roe World, the Future of Digital Privacy Looks Even Grimmer**

Welcome to the post-Roe era of digital privacy, a moment that underscores how the use of technology has made it practically impossible for Americans to evade ubiquitous tracking. In states that have banned abortion, some women seeking out-of-state options to terminate pregnancies may end up following a long list of steps to try to shirk surveillance — like connecting to the internet through an encrypted tunnel and using burner email addresses — and reduce the likelihood of prosecution.

Even so, they could still be tracked. Law enforcement agencies can obtain court orders for access to detailed information, including location data logged by phone networks. Many police departments have their own surveillance technologies, like license plate readers.

That makes privacy-enhancing tools for consumers seem about as effective as rearranging the furniture in a room with no window drapes.

In other words, the state of digital privacy is already so far gone that forgoing the use of digital tools altogether may be the only way to keep information secure, security researchers said.

Reproductive privacy has become so fraught that government officials and lawmakers are rushing to introduce new policies and bills to safeguard Americans' data. President Biden issued an executive order last week to shore up patient privacy, partly by combating digital surveillance. Civil liberties groups said the burden should not be on individual women to protect themselves from reproductive health tracking, the kind of police snooping that Senator Ron Wyden, a Democrat of Oregon, has called "uterus surveillance."

In Congress, one of the toughest new legislative proposals is the My Body, My Data Act. Introduced in June by Representative Sara Jacobs, a California Democrat, the bill would prohibit companies and nonprofits from collecting, keeping, using or sharing a person's reproductive or sexual health details without the person's written consent.

**(297 words)**

***The New York Times, July 13, 2022***

### ***II. Expression écrite***

***Répondre en anglais à la question suivante en 200 mots (+/-10%).***

***What consequences can overturning Roe v. Wade have on women's emancipation?***



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