

Concours d'entrée en première année Session septembre 2020

L'ensemble des travaux devra être remis le mardi 8 septembre entre 8h30 et 9h30 à l'ésam, site de Caen. Les travaux écrits devront être remis imprimés si réalisés sur un ordinateur ou sur des copies reliées si travail manuscrit. Chacun des travaux devra comporter le nom et prénom du/de la candidat-e.

Épreuve plastique (coeff. 3)



À partir de la proposition ci-dessus, vous réaliserez un travail plastique composé de 1 à 6 documents. Tous les moyens d'expression sont autorisés (son, audiovisuel, photographie, dessin, volume, création numérique, peinture, texte, assemblage, etc.). Vous accompagnerez votre travail plastique d'une note d'intention de 1500 signes (+/- 10%, format pdf) qui l'expliquera.

Épreuve écrite (coeff. 2)

Commentez cette phrase de Virginia Woolf (une copie double ou 4 pages maximum).

«“Vous”, “moi” et “elle” passons et disparaissions; rien ne dure; tout change ; mais pas les mots, pas la peinture.» Virginia Woolf, La promenade au phare.

Épreuve d'anglais (coeff. 1)

You must answer both questions in English (one double copy or 4 pages maximum).

1— In the text below novelist David Mitchell discusses Katie Patterson's Future Library Project.

In your own words explain Mitchell's reasons for participating in the project.

2— The Future Library is posited on the idea that the final work won't actually exist until 2114.

What art work would you like to make for the future.

Extract from "The Ayes Have It" by David Mitchell, taken from the website of artist Katie Patterson.

Late in 2014 I received an email from a British editor friend. It was about an art project called Future Library, the brainchild of Scottish artist Katie Paterson, and it contained a unique proposal. The deal would be that I write something – poem, story, full-length novel if I wanted – and hand over a hard-copy and a digital copy on a USB stick in May 2016. I could neither discuss nor show anybody what I'd written. What I wrote would be stored at the City Library in Oslo, along with manuscripts given by one writer a year until 2114, when the entire collection will be printed on paper made from a plantation of Norwegian spruces planted in 2014. Margaret Atwood had gone first: would I like to be the 2015 writer? ...

Firstly, the Future Library project is a vote of confidence in the future. Its fruition is predicated upon the ongoing existence of Northern Europe, of libraries, of Norwegian spruces, of books and of readers...

'Secondly' is similar to 'Firstly' but it pertains to trust, not idealism. Katie Paterson will not be alive in 2114, nor Anne Beate Hovind, the Future Library's coordinator, nor me, nor the next thirty or forty writers who deposit manuscripts in Deichman Library in Oslo, nor the foresters who tend the plantation of spruces. We have to trust our successors, and their successors, and theirs, to steer the project through a hundred years of political skulduggery, climate change, budget cutbacks and zombie apocalypses. We have to trust that 'digital archeologists' will be able to manage to get inside ancient USB sticks. Katie Paterson has to trust me and my successors not to hand in a sheaf of blank A4 pages at the hand-over ceremony at the Future Forest at the end of May. We all have to trust that people not yet born will solve Known-Unknowns and Unknown-Unknowns...

Thirdly, imagine if an artist in 1913 had set up the Future Library Project, and the hundred-strong anthology had been published last year. Imagine leafing through new works by EM Forster, Katherine Mansfield, Knut Hamsun, Zora Neale Hurston, Rabindranath Tagore, James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, Amos Tutuola, Jun'ichiro Tanizaki, Herman Hesse, Mikhail Bulgakov, Halldor Laxness, Simone de Beauvoir, Doris Lessing, Gabriel Garcia Marquez; as well as, no doubt, writers whose names would now mean nothing – but whose contributions could still prove nourishing and beautiful.

Fourthly, I liked the project's cocktail of vanity and humility. How vain, to suppose that the scribblings of little old me will be of enduring interest to future generations. Yet how low-key and understated, to slave over a manuscript that nobody will ever pat you on the back for and say, "Nice one", or "God, I loved the bit where she did that and he did this..." Come next May, my manuscript will be as gone from me as a coin dropped in a river.