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AGRÉGATION EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS

ÉPREUVE HORS PROGRAMME

Première partie (*en anglais, durée maximale : 40 mn*)

Vous procéderez à l'étude et à la mise en relation argumentée des trois documents du dossier proposé (A, B, C non hiérarchisés). Votre présentation ne dépassera pas 20 minutes et sera suivie d'un entretien de 20 minutes maximum.

Deuxième partie (*en français, durée maximale : 5 mn*)

À l'issue de l'entretien de première partie, et à l'invitation du jury, vous vous appuierez sur l'un des trois documents du dossier pour proposer un projet d'exploitation pédagogique dans une situation d'enseignement que vous aurez préalablement définie. Cette partie ne donnera lieu à aucun échange avec le jury.

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DOCUMENT A

Don DeLillo. *Underworld* (1997), New York: Scribner, 2003, pp. 11-14

He speaks in your voice, American, and there's a shine in his eye that's halfway hopeful.

5 It's a school day, sure, but he's nowhere near the classroom. He wants to be here instead, standing in the shadow of this old rust-hulk of a structure, and it's hard to blame him—this metropolis of steel and concrete and flaky paint and cropped grass and enormous Chesterfield packs aslant on the scoreboards, a couple of cigarettes jutting from each.

10 Longing on a large scale is what makes history. This is just a kid with a local yearning but he is part of an assembling crowd, anonymous thousands off the buses and trains, people in narrow columns tramping over the swing bridge above the river, and even if they are not a migration or a revolution, some vast shaking of the soul, they bring with them the body heat of a great city and their own small reveries and desperations, the unseen something that haunts the day—men in fedoras and sailors on shore leave, the stray tumble of their thoughts, going to a game.

The sky is low and gray, the roily gray of sliding surf.

15 He stands at the curbstone with the others. He is the youngest, at fourteen, and you know he's flat broke by the edgy leaning look he hangs on his body. He has never done this before and he doesn't know any of the others and only two or three of them seem to know each other but they can't do this thing singly or in pairs so they have found one another by means of slidy looks that detect the fellow foolhard and there they stand,
20 black kids and white kids up from the subways or off the local Harlem streets, lean shadows, bandidos, fifteen in all, and according to topical legend maybe four will get through for every one that's caught.

25 They are waiting nervously for the ticket holders to clear the turnstiles, the last loose cluster of fans, the stragglers and loiterers. They watch the late-arriving taxis from downtown and the brilliantined men stepping dapper to the windows, policy bankers and supper club swells and Broadway hotshots, high aura'd, picking lint off their mohair sleeves. They stand at the curb and watch without seeming to look, wearing the sourish air of corner hangabouts. All the hubbub has died down, the pregame babble and swirl, vendors working the jammed sidewalks waving scorecards and pennants and calling out
30 in ancient singsong, scraggy men hustling buttons and caps, all dispersed now, gone to their roomlets in the beaten streets.

They are at the curbstone, waiting. Their eyes are going grim, sending out less light. Somebody takes his hands out of his pockets. They are waiting and then they go, one of them goes, a mick who shouts *Geronimo*.

35 There are four turnstiles just beyond the pair of ticket booths. The youngest boy is also the scrawniest, Cotter Martin by name, scrawny tall in a polo shirt and dungarees and trying not to feel doom-struck—he's located near the tail of the rush, running and shouting with the others. You shout because it makes you brave or you want to announce your recklessness. They have made their faces into scream masks, tight-eyed,
40 with stretchable mouths, and they are running hard, trying to funnel themselves through the lanes between the booths, and they bump hips and elbows and keep the shout going. The faces of the ticket sellers hang behind the windows like onions on strings.

Cotter sees the first jumpers go over the bars. Two of them jostle in the air and come

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45 down twisted and asprawl. A ticket taker puts a headlock on one of them and his cap
comes loose and skims down his back and he reaches for it with a blind swipe and at the
same time—everything's at the same time—he eyes the other hurdlers to keep from
getting stepped on. They are running and hurdling. It's a witless form of flight with
bodies packed in close and the gate-crashing becoming real. They are jumping too soon
50 or too late and hitting the posts and radial bars, doing cartoon climbs up each other's
back, and what kind of stupes must they look like to people at the hot dog stand on the
other side of the turnstiles, what kind of awful screwups—a line of mostly men beginning
to glance this way, jaws working at the sweaty meat and grease bubbles flurrying on
their tongues, the gent at the far end going dead-still except for a hand that produces
automatic movement, swabbing on mustard with a brush.

55 The shout of the motley boys comes banging off the deep concrete.

Cotter thinks he sees a path to the turnstile on the right. He drains himself of everything
he does not need to make the jump. Some are still jumping, some are thinking about it,
some need a haircut, some have girlfriends in wooly sweaters and the rest have landed
in the ruck and are trying to get up and scatter. A couple of stadium cops are rumbling
60 down the ramp. Cotter sheds these elements as they appear, sheds a thousand waves of
information hitting on his skin. His gaze is trained on the iron bars projected from the
post. He picks up speed and seems to lose his gangliness, the slouchy funk of hormones
and unbelonging and all the stammering things that seal his adolescence. He is just a
running boy, a half-seen figure from the streets, but the way running reveals some clue
65 to being, the way a runner bares himself to consciousness, this is how the dark-skinned
kid seems to open to the world, how the bloodrush of a dozen strides brings him into
eloquence.

Then he leaves his feet and is in the air, feeling sleek and unmussed and sort of
businesslike, flying in from Kansas City with a briefcase full of bank drafts. His head is
70 tucked, his left leg is clearing the bars. And in one prolonged and aloof and discontinuous
instant he sees precisely where he'll land and which way he'll run and even though he
knows they will be after him the second he touches ground, even though he'll be in
danger for the next several hours—watching left and right—there is less fear in him now.

He comes down lightly and goes easy-gaiting past the ticket taker groping for his fallen
75 cap and he knows absolutely—knows it all the way, deep as knowing goes, he feels the
knowledge start to hammer in his runner's heart—that he is uncatchable.

Here comes a cop in municipal bulk with a gun and cuffs and a flashlight and a billy club
all jiggling on his belt and a summons pad wadded in his pocket. Cotter gives him a juke
80 step that sends him nearly to his knees and the hot dog eaters bend from the waist to
watch the kid veer away in soft acceleration, showing the cop a little finger-wag bye-bye.

He surprises himself this way every so often, doing some gaudy thing that whistles up
out of unsuspected whim.

He runs up a shadowed ramp and into a crossweave of girders and pillars and spilling
light. He hears the crescendoing last chords of the national anthem and sees the great
85 open horseshoe of the grandstand and that unfolding vision of the grass that always
seems to mean he has stepped outside his life—the rubbed shine that sweeps and bends
from the raked dirt of the infield out to the high green fences. It is the excitement of a
revealed thing. He runs at quarter speed craning to see the rows of seats, looking for an
inconspicuous wedge behind a pillar. He cuts into an aisle in section 35 and walks down
90 into the heat and smell of the massed fans, he walks into the smoke that hangs from the
underside of the second deck, he hears the talk, he enters the deep buzz, he hears the
warm-up pitches crack into the catcher's mitt, a series of reports that carry a comet's tail
of secondary sound.

Then you lose him in the crowd.

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DOCUMENT B

Peter Clarke. *Hope and Glory: Britain 1900-2000*, London: Penguin Books, 1996, pp. 50-52.

5 Sports clubs in urban areas were often started under religious auspices, with
subsequently famous soccer teams springing from origins which would have surprised
their mid-twentieth-century fans. Most clubs, of course, remained amateur in every
sense of the word, with players who would turn out for St Swithin's on a Saturday even if
they did not often turn up for worship on a Sunday. Such transfers of attention and
allegiance, from the religious life of the churches to the secular activities they sponsored,
may have had the effect of diluting denominational rivalries. The rise of professional
10 football in the big cities, however, could foster and fan divisions between teams affiliated
with the (indigenous) Protestant and (Irish) Catholic communities: in Glasgow it was
Rangers versus Celtic; on Merseyside, Everton versus Liverpool.

15 Association Football (soccer) had become the people's game by the end of the nineteenth
century, especially in industrial Scotland and Lancashire, where the professional League
clubs offered a chance of vicarious participation to workers who finished at noon on a
Saturday, in time for the big match. Professional footballers were working-class heroes in
a double sense. Treated as gods by their fans, they were treated as proletarians by their
employers, and kept till 1961 in a form of wage slavery through flat-rate contracts which
denied them the financial fruits of their talent. Their star status was affirmed by their
20 depiction on 'cigarette cards', distributed in each packet by rival brands. The rise of
football was also fuelled by its association with working-class gambling, hardly less than
horse-racing, though more legally once the weekly football pools had become
established. A surrogate for a British national lottery, filling in a pools coupon on the
kitchen table offered a relatively respectable way of having a flutter, whereas the furtive
presence of bookmakers' runners on street corners testified to the fact that working-class
gambling long remained (ineffectually) criminalized. [...]

25 In Wales rugby football acquired a mass working-class following that it lacked in England
or Scotland, where its status as the amateur code was designed to keep it socially
exclusive. Indeed the issue of amateur status had prompted the formation of the Rugby
League, as a professional code, mainly on the coalfields of Lancashire and Yorkshire.
Rugby Union, by contrast, was played in most public schools and 'Old Boys' teams, or
30 'Former Pupils' in Scotland, were one of its mainstays. In south Wales, however,
'football' meant the Rugby Union code, amateur status and all, with heroic teams of
pitmen from the valleys carrying the national honour. No fewer than six times between
1900 and 1912, Wales won the 'triple crown' by conquering England, Ireland and
Scotland in the international championship; and the achievement of the Welsh XV in
35 beating the All Blacks, hitherto undefeated on their 1905 tour from New Zealand, was to
become legendary.

40 Unlike either code of football, cricket was played and followed by all social classes in
England (and parts of south Wales too, but only by small Anglo-Scots and Anglo-Irish
contingents). At its highest level of proficiency, accredited as 'first-class cricket' since the
county championship began in 1873, it had always been a spectator sport in which the
upper classes had insisted on participating, like horse racing. The governing body of the
sport remained until 1969 the Marylebone Cricket Club (MCC)—nominally private, socially
exclusive—established for more than a century at the present Lord's cricket ground in

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45 north London. Cricket solved the problem of professionalism by making a distinction in first-class cricket between Gentlemen, who were amateurs, and Players, employed by the country clubs. In a microcosm of the English class system, they took the field each day as members of the same team, though through separate gates at Lord's, and were distinguished by the fact that Gentlemen alone had initials before their surnames on the scorecard.

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DOCUMENT C

George Bellows. *Stag at Sharkey's*.¹ 1909. Oil on canvas, 92 x 122.6 cm. The Cleveland Museum of Art.



¹ A "stag" is a non-member of an athletic club who gets a temporary membership in order to fight on a given night.