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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

**Tennessee Williams, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, (1947), scene 1 ;
London: Penguin Classics, 2000, pp.122-127**

BLANCHE: You haven't said a word about my appearance.

STELLA: You look just fine.

BLANCHE: God love you for a liar! Daylight never exposed so total a ruin! But you—you've put on some weight, yes, you're just as plump as a little partridge!
5 And it's so becoming to you!

STELLA: Now, Blanche—

BLANCHE: Yes, it is, it is or I wouldn't say it! You just have to watch around the hips a little. Stand up.

STELLA: Not now.

10 **BLANCHE:** You hear me? I said stand up! [*Stella complies reluctantly*] You messy child, you, you've spilt something on that pretty white lace collar! About your hair—you ought to have it cut in a feather bob with your dainty features. Stella, you have a maid, don't you?

STELLA: No. With only two rooms it's—

15 **BLANCHE:** What? Two rooms, did you say?

STELLA: This one and— [*She is embarrassed.*]

BLANCHE: The other one? [*She laughs sharply. There is an embarrassed silence.*] How quiet you are, you're so peaceful. Look how you sit there with your little hands folded like a cherub in choir!

20 **STELLA** [*uncomfortably*]: I never had anything like your energy, Blanche.

BLANCHE: Well, I never had your beautiful self-control. I am going to take just one little tiny nip more, sort of to put the stopper on, so to speak.... Then put the bottle away so I won't be tempted. [*She rises*] I want you to look at my figure! [*She turns around*] You know I haven't put on one ounce in ten years,
25 Stella? I weigh what I weighed the summer you left Belle Reve. The summer Dad died and you left us....

STELLA [*a little wearily*]: It's just incredible, Blanche, how well you're looking.

BLANCHE: You see I still have that awful vanity about my looks even now that my looks are slipping [*She laughs nervously and glances at STELLA for*
30 *reassurance*].

STELLA: [*dutifully*] They haven't slipped one particle.

BLANCHE: After all I've been through? You think I believe that story? Blessed child! [*She touches her forehead shakily.*] Stella, there's - only two rooms?

STELLA: And a bathroom.

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35 **BLANCHE:** Oh, you do have a bathroom! First door to the right at the top of the stair? [*They both laugh uncomfortably.*] But, Stella, I don't see where you're going to put me!

STELLA: We're going to put you in here.

40 **BLANCHE:** What kind of bed's this—one of those collapsible things? [*She sits on it.*]

STELLA: Does it feel all right?

BLANCHE [*dubiously*]: Wonderful, honey. I don't like a bed that gives much. But there's no door between the two rooms, and Stanley—will it be decent?

STELLA: Stanley is Polish, you know.

45 **BLANCHE:** Oh, yes. They're something like Irish, aren't they?

STELLA: Well—

BLANCHE: Only not so—highbrow? [*They both laugh again in the same way.*] I brought some nice clothes to meet all your lovely friends in.

STELLA: I'm afraid you won't think they are lovely.

50 **BLANCHE:** What are they like?

STELLA: They're Stanley's friends.

BLANCHE: Polacks?

STELLA: They're a mixed lot, Blanche.

BLANCHE: Heterogeneous—types?

55 **STELLA:** Oh, yes. Yes, types is right!

BLANCHE: Well—anyhow—I brought nice clothes and I'll wear them. I guess you're hoping I'll say I'll put up at a hotel, but I'm not going to put up at a hotel. I want to be *near* you, got to be *with* somebody, I can't be *alone*! Because—as you must have noticed—I'm not very well.... [*Her voice drops and her look is frightened.*]

60

STELLA: You seem a little bit nervous or overwrought or something.

BLANCHE: Will Stanley like me, or will I be just a visiting in-law, Stella? I couldn't stand that.

65 **STELLA:** You'll get along fine together, if you'll just try not to—well—compare him with men that we went out with at home.

BLANCHE: Is he so—different?

STELLA: Yes. A different species.

BLANCHE: In what way; what's he like?

70 **STELLA:** Oh, you can't describe someone you're in love with! Here's a picture of him! [*She hands a photograph to Blanche.*]

BLANCHE: An officer?

STELLA: A Master Sergeant in the Engineers' Corps. Those are decorations!

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BLANCHE: He had those on when you met him?

STELLA: I assure you I wasn't just blinded by all the brass.

75 **BLANCHE:** That's not what I—

STELLA: But of course there were things to adjust myself to later on.

BLANCHE: Such as his civilian background! [*Stella laughs uncertainly.*] How did he take it when you said I was coming?

STELLA: Oh, Stanley doesn't know yet.

80 **BLANCHE** [*frightened*]: You—haven't told him?

STELLA He's on the road a good deal.

BLANCHE: Oh. Travels?

STELLA: Yes.

BLANCHE: Good. I mean—isn't it?

85 **STELLA** [*half to herself*]: I can hardly stand it when he is away for a night....

BLANCHE: Why, Stella!

STELLA: When he's away for a week I nearly go wild!

BLANCHE: Gracious!

90 **STELLA:** And when he comes back I cry on his lap like a baby.... [*She smiles to herself.*]

BLANCHE: I guess that is what is meant by being in love.... [*Stella looks up with a radiant smile.*] Stella—

STELLA: What?

95 **BLANCHE** [*in an uneasy rush*]: I haven't asked you the things you probably thought I was going to ask. And so I'll expect you to be understanding about what I have to tell you.

STELLA: What, Blanche? [*Her face turns anxious.*]

100 **BLANCHE:** Well, Stella—you're going to reproach me, I know that you're bound to reproach me—but before you do—take into consideration—you left! I stayed and struggled! You came to New Orleans and looked out for yourself. I stayed at Belle Reve and tried to hold it together! I'm not meaning this in any reproachful way, but *all* the burden descended on *my* shoulders.

STELLA: The best I could do was make my own living, Blanche.

[*Blanche begins to shake again with intensity.*]

105 **BLANCHE:** I know, I know. But you are the one that abandoned Belle Reve, not I! I stayed and fought for it, bled for it, almost died for it!

STELLA: Stop this hysterical outburst and tell me what's happened! What do you mean fought and bled? What kind of—

110 **BLANCHE:** I knew you would, Stella. I knew you would take this attitude about it!

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STELLA: About—what?—please!

BLANCHE [*slowly*]: The loss—the loss...

STELLA: Belle Reve? Lost, is it? No!

BLANCHE: Yes, Stella.

115 [*They stare at each other across the yellow-checked linoleum of the table. Blanche slowly nods her head and Stella looks slowly down at her hands folded on the table. The music of the "blue piano" grows louder. Blanche touches her handkerchief to her forehead.*]

STELLA: But how did it go? What happened?

120 **BLANCHE** [*springing up*]: You're a fine one to ask me how it went!

STELLA: Blanche!

BLANCHE: You're a fine one to sit there accusing me of it!

STELLA: Blanche!

125 **BLANCHE:** I, I, I took the blows in my face and my body! All of those deaths! The long parade to the graveyard! Father, mother! Margaret, that dreadful way! So big with it, it couldn't be put in a coffin! But had to be burned like rubbish! You just came home in time for the funerals, Stella. And funerals are pretty compared to deaths. Funerals are quiet, but deaths—not always. Sometimes their breathing is hoarse, and sometimes it rattles, and sometimes they even cry
130 out to you, 'Don't let me go!' Even the old, sometimes, say, 'Don't let me go.' As if you were able to stop them! But funerals are quiet, with pretty flowers. And, oh, what gorgeous boxes they pack them away in! Unless you were there at the bed when they cried out, 'Hold me!' you'd never suspect there was the struggle for breath and bleeding. You didn't dream, but I saw! *Saw! Saw!* And now you sit
135 there telling me with your eyes that I let the place go! How in hell do you think all that sickness and dying was paid for? Death is expensive, Miss Stella! And old Cousin Jessie's right after Margaret's, hers! Why, the Grim Reaper had put up his tent on our doorstep!... Stella. Belle Reve was his headquarters! Honey—that's how it slipped through my fingers! Which of them left us a fortune? Which of
140 them left a cent of insurance even? Only poor Jessie—one hundred to pay for her coffin. That was all, Stella! And I with my pitiful salary at the school. Yes, accuse me! Sit there and stare at me, thinking I let the place go! *I let the place go?* Where were you! In bed with your—Polack!

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DOCUMENT B

Paul M. Gaston, *The New South Creed: A Study in Southern Mythmaking*, (1970) Montgomery, Alabama: NewSouth Books, 2002; pp.27-29

Southerners have shared experiences and circumstances which seem to make it natural, perhaps necessary, for their memories, new ideas, and aspirations to be arranged to fit coherently into some concept of Southernness. The spokesmen for a new South after the Civil War were as influenced by and responded as naturally to this tendency in their society as other Southerners. For this reason it is important in understanding their "New South" to see their ideas not only as a program or new departure but also as elements in a total mythic configuration with a history of its own.

Perception of the reality of both the past and the present is greatly determined for most people by the myths which become part of their lives. Defeat in the Civil War and humiliation in the Reconstruction that followed provided an atmosphere for the growth of two images of the South that, on the surface at least, appeared to have little in common. The defeat and despondency called forth a collection of romantic pictures of the Old South and a cult of the Lost Cause that fused in the Southerner's imagination to give him an uncommonly pleasing conception of his region's past. Increasingly, he came to visualize the old regime as a society dominated by a beneficent plantation tradition, sustained by a unique code of honor, and peopled by happy, amusing slaves at one end of the social spectrum and beautiful maidens and chivalric gentlemen at the other—with little in between. That this noble order had been assaulted and humiliated by the North was a source of poignancy and bitterness for Southerners; but in the bleak aftermath of defeat, the recollection of its grandeur was also—and more importantly—a wellspring of intense satisfaction and the basis for an exaggerated regional pride.

No amount of nostalgia, however, could gainsay the fact that the South in the generation after Appomattox was desperately poor, alternately despised, ridiculed, or pitied, and saddled with many unwelcome burdens. To find a way out of this syndrome, optimistic young Southerners [...] began to talk hopefully of a new scheme of things that would enrich the region, restore prestige and power, and lay the race question to rest. The term "New South" in their lexicon bespoke harmonious reconciliation of sectional differences, racial peace, and a new economic and social order based on industry and scientific, diversified agriculture—all of which would lead, eventually, to the South's dominance in the reunited nation.

Unlike though they were, the picture of the Old South and the dream of a New South were both expressions of the hopes, values, and ideals of Southerners. In time, both became genuine social myths with a controlling power over the way in which their believers perceived reality. The mythic view of the past, already beyond the embryo stage in the antebellum period, was fully articulated in the 'eighties. The New South creed, born to inspire a program of action, expressed faith in the South's ability to bring about its own regeneration

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in partnership with sympathetic Northerners; but in the eighties it began to undergo a metamorphosis and soon came to be a description not of what ought to be or would be, but of what already was.

45 The presence of myths in and about the South does not, of course, mark
the region off as different either from the rest of the country or from other parts
of the world, for every nation or group can be identified in some measure by the
myths upon which it rests. What does distinguish the South, at least from other
parts of the United States, is the degree to which myths have been spawned and
50 the extent to which they have asserted their hegemony over the Southern mind
[...]. One of the reasons for the superabundance of Southern myths is that
Southern life has involved such a high degree of failure and frustration that
intellectual and emotional compensations have been at a premium. Myths have
been equally important as means of making some sense and order out of the
55 complex, ambivalent patterns of the Southern experience.

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DOCUMENT C

**Alain Desvergnès, *Yoknapatawpha, Oxford, Mississippi*, 1963;
Gelatin Silverprint, 15 x 17.8 cm
<https://high.org/collections/yoknapatawpha-oxford-mississippi/>**

