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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

John Webster. *The Duchess of Malfi* [performed c.1613, published 1623], Act IV sc. 2. *Five Stuart Tragedies*, A. K. McIlwraith (ed.), London: Oxford UP, 1953, pp. 278-281

Enter DUCHESS and CARIOLA

DUCHESS. What hideous noise was that?
CARIOLA. 'Tis the wild consort
Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath plac'd about your lodging — this tyranny,
I think, was never practis'd till this hour.

5 **DUCHESS.** Indeed, I thank him: nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad. Sit down;
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.

CARIOLA. Oh, 'twill increase your melancholy!
DUCHESS. Thou art deceiv'd:
10 to hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison?

CARIOLA. Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off.

DUCHESS. Thou art a fool:
The robin-red-breast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.

15 **CARIOLA.** Pray, dry your eyes.
What think you of, madam?

DUCHESS. Of nothing;
When I muse thus, I sleep.

CARIOLA. Like a madman, with your eyes open?
DUCHESS. Dost thou think we shall know one another
20 In the other world?

CARIOLA. Yes, out of question.
DUCHESS. Oh, that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead!
From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure,
I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle:
25 I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow:
Th' heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad.
I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar;
30 Necessity makes me suffer constantly,

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And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?

CARIOLA.

Like to your picture in the gallery,
A deal of life in show, but none in practice;
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.

35

DUCHESS.

Very proper;
And Fortune seems only to have her eye-sight
To behold my tragedy. —
How now! What noise is that?

[Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

I am come to tell you
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object
Being full of change and sport, forc'd him to laugh,
And so th' imposthume broke. The self-same cure
The Duke intends on you.

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DUCHESS.

Let them come in.

SERVANT.

There's a mad lawyer, and a secular priest,
A doctor that hath forfeited his wits
By jealousy; an astrologian
That in his works said such a day o' th' month
Should be the day of doom, and failing o't,
Ran mad; an English tailor, craz'd i' th' brain
With the study of new fashion; a gentleman usher
Quite beside himself with care to keep in mind
The number of his lady's salutations
Or 'How do you' she employ'd him in each morning;
A farmer, too, an excellent knave in grain,
Mad 'cause he was hinder'd transportation;
And let one broker that's mad loose to these,
You'd think the devil were among them.

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DUCHESS.

Sit, Cariola. — Let them loose when you please,
For I am chain'd to endure all your tyranny.

[Enter Madmen.

Here by a madman this song is sung, to a dismal kind of music.

65

*O, let us howl some heavy note,
Some deadly dogged howl,
Sounding, as from the threat'ning throat
Of beasts and fatal fowl!
As ravens, screech-owls, bulls, and bears,
We'll bell, and bawl our parts,*

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70 *Till irksome noise have cloy'd your ears,
 And corrosiv'd your hearts.
 At last, when as our quire wants breath,
 Our bodies being blest,
75 We'll sing, like swans, to welcome death,
 And die in love and rest.*

1 MADMAN. Doom's-day not come yet? I'll draw it nearer by a perspective, or make a glass that shall set all the world on fire upon an instant. I cannot sleep; my pillow is stuff'd with a litter of porcupines.

80 **2 MADMAN.** Hell is a mere glass-house, where the devils are continually blowing up women's souls on hollow irons, and the fire never goes out.

3 MADMAN. I will lie with every woman in my parish the tenth night; I will tythe them over like hay-cocks.

85 **4 MADMAN.** Shall my pothecary out-go me, because I am a cuckold? I have found out his roguery; he makes allum out of his wife's urine, and sells it to Puritans that have sore throats with over-straining. [...]

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DOCUMENT B

Louisa Lowe. "No.1 – Report of a Case Heard in Queen’s Bench, November 22nd, 1872", *Quis Custodiet Ipsos Custodes?* [1872/3]. *Women, Madness and Spiritualism*, Roy Porter, Helen Nicholson and Bridget Bennett (ed.), London: Routledge, 2003, volume 1, pp. 159-160

PREFACE

IN

A LETTER TO THE PEOPLE.

MY COUNTRYMEN, —

5 In laying before you this Report of the recent hearing in Queen’s Bench of
"Ex parte Louisa Lowe," I entreat you to ponder well the last words of our Lord
Chief Justice: "There is no pretence for a rule." There is no criminality in public
officials causelessly incarcerating the sane, and submitting them to the most
crushing misery for eighteen months, unless it can be proved that deliberate
10 malice actuated them. Perfunctorily to treat matters of fact as insane delusions,
in spite of my offering corroborative testimony with perfect coherence of speech;
to reject the presumption of sanity afforded by Dr. Fox’s refusal, in January,
1871, to certify me insane for removal to "The Lawn;" to demand from me in
June a renunciation of my liberty of action, to interpret my refusal into a proof of
15 insanity, and make a report to the Lord Chancellor without due regard to
evidence; never to examine my attendants in any way likely to elicit the truth; to
suffer me to be deprived of all healthy pleasures; to deteriorate my health by
sanctioning windowless and pestilential latrines in the asylums; never to allow
me time or opportunity to express my religious convictions, the alleged insanity
20 which gave the only colour of reason to my incarceration, and which I asserted
then, and assert now, but with tenfold depth of conviction, to be in accordance
with primitive Christianity; to be too utterly red-tapeists to apply to the various
individual and congregational referees I named, who would have bid them
release their wretched victim, for to believe in a Great Father of all and his holy
25 angels was not insanity but piety, and sensible visible communion with
incorporeal beings not a delusion, but a reality; – all this, my countrymen, our
judges affirm, if not unquestionably discreet, yet affords no presumption that the
Commissioners "have committed an error of judgment." What is the inference,
and only inference? That, maugre the dicta of the written law, the living
30 expounders of that law hold that no real responsibility rests on the
Commissioners in Lunacy; that they are not bound to weigh any evidence
adduced by the alleged lunatic in his own favour. For, mark that, on the 22nd of
November, I proved, in the *only* way allowed by law on such an occasion,
namely, my own solemn oath, that the Commissioners had neglected the duties
35 imposed on them by Parliament, that they *were* cognisant of facts all tending to
prove my sanity, and that I vainly offered them, again and again, conclusive
proof of my life-long soundness of mind. Mark that, when the Court refused me a

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rule against the Commissioners, it had in its hands the Certificate (in the Appendix) which most emphatically attests my sanity. What hindered the
40 Commissioners from arriving in October, 1870, at the same conclusion as Dr. Rhys Williams, another public servant, arrived at in March, 1872? Unsoundness is not an evanescent phase, but a protractedly morbid condition of the intellect. Up to Friday, the 22nd of September, 1870, no human being manifested the smallest
45 doubt of my perfect competency to manage my affairs; and, in reference to a conversation on Tuesday, the 25th of September, and a few hours after my capture and arrival at the asylum, Mr. Johnston, after ten years of daily intercourse with lunatics, writes: "This I do recollect, that on all subjects discussed by us" (one of which I remember was Spiritualism) "you conversed as any sane lady might, and I felt surprised to see you in the asylum." Why, then,
50 have I dragged out eighteen months of painful and degrading restraint? Why am I now broken in health, broken in heart, shamed and shunned through having the hideous slur of insanity burred on to me by six of the country's trusted servants, were it not these men feel no penalty is attached to their neglect of duty, that no authority exists that can, or if it can will, call on them for an
55 account of their stewardship? And now, my countrymen, to you I commit my cause – my cause and yours. It is my belief, from personal observation, that many sane, and still more merely eccentric and quite harmless persons, are languishing in the madhouses. To each of you the same fate is possible. Trust not to the affection, to the high principles of relatives. The best and truest mind
60 may be o'erclouded. It needs but one fit of monomaniacal delusion, and two certificates, from men perhaps wholly ignorant of your character and position, and certainly almost irresponsible, to consign you, and possibly for life, to an Asylum for Lunatics.

I am,
65 Your Countrywoman,
December, 1872. LOUISA LOWE.

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DOCUMENT C

William Hogarth. *A Rake's Progress* (plate 8). 1735-63. Etching and engraving on paper. 318 x 387 mm. Tate, London.

