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AGREGATION EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS

ÉPREUVE HORS PROGRAMME

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

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 minutes*)

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

Colum McCann. *This Side of Brightness*, London: Bloomsbury, 1998, pp. 142-144.

Three weeks after the cop's visit, Walker borrows fifty dollars from Rhubarb Vannucci and takes a train down to Atlanta, where the police have found Clarence.

Walker bends his big frame into the heat, finds himself sipping at a water fountain marked "Colored". Trees are in blossom all over the city. Febrile grackles
5 sing out loudly on the branches. Women in pastel hats shade their faces from car fumes. Just outside the train station, he sees a young boy shining shoes. The boy looks up at him and smiles. Walker tries hard to remember where he has seen the boy before, but can't.

He walks, swinging his shoulders solidly, unwilling to telegraph his grief.

10 Mosquitoes seem to gather in prayer outside the window of his hotel room. The heat is unbearable and he opens the window. The insects swarm in, congregate around him. He squashes a few of the mosquitoes and a little smudge of his own blood is left on his fingers. A welt swells up beneath his eye. Standing at the window, his sight is fuzzy—trees make shapes and a bar sign blurs. He
15 leaves the hotel and goes across to the bar, orders a shot of whiskey. A jazz singer looks at him sultrily from a stage, moves a pink tongue around her lips salaciously. Walker all of a sudden remembers the face of the boy shining shoes at the train station and he realises that he might have been looking at himself when young. He puts his face into the cup of his hands, knocks over the full whiskey, shoves his
20 way out into the night.

Staggering across the street, he claps a flying moth. He flicks the remnants of dust off the palms of his hands. A threadlike antenna remains on his palm and he blows it off, remembering another moth in a different room months ago.

In the morning he wakes to birdsong and he makes his way to the mortuary.
25 Not even the hands of the morticians can disguise the beating Clarence must have received, his jaw sloped sideways, his cheekbones bloated blue with bruises, a new eyepatch over an even deeper wound in the socket. The police tell him that Clarence was shot dead while trying to escape through a junkyard on the outskirts of the city. Clarence, they say, robbed a liquor store at knifepoint and ran into the
30 yard to take cover, was shot as he slipped on oil drums. The knife was recovered at the scene and Clarence's pockets were stuffed with money.

"That's what happens to a cop-killer," they say.

Walter stares at his son's accusers.

35 "You know," says one of the cops, "I got myself one of your kind in my family tree." He gouges at his teeth with a toothpick, says: "Just 'a swinging away from the highest branch."

Walker's eyes are misty with tears. He fights them back, bites his lip.

When he returns to his hotel room he falls on the dirty sheets, lets the evening's mosquitoes rave around him. He doesn't even flinch as they bite. He
40 thinks for a moment about revisiting the Okefenokee of his boyhood, but decides against it. When he boards the train to New York his face is puffy with red welts. A conductor shoves him towards the rear carriage. From the train window he watches the landscape of America flow by.

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45 Back home, he sleeps in Clarence's bed. Then he moves across and arranges
the pillows beside the ghost of his wife. All three of them lie down together. The
pulse of Louis Armstrong sounds out from the record player, the notes moving
tenderly through his torment.

On a pale weekday he buries Clarence, laying him beside Eleanor in a Bronx
graveyard. His daughters and Louisa stand behind him.

50 Walker kneels at the stone, but doesn't say any prayer. Prayers strike him
as flaccid things now—useless supplications curling out only as far as the throats
of men before falling back down into the stomachs. Spiritual regurgitation. He
ignores the nearby gravediggers, who stand fat and complacent over the freshly
dug hole. Walker takes a shovel, throws the first clodful over his son's coffin. He
55 steps back and gathers his daughters to his arms and they walk together to a
waiting car.

He has hired the car to drive his family home. The girls clamber in, but
Walker decides to go alone. Dull grey birds escort him as he walks through the
Bronx all the way across the bridge to his street in Harlem—a five-hour walk—
60 where he tells himself that he will strap his body to the sofa, elbow on the armrest,
for the rest of his years. Even the idea of revenge strikes him as hollow.

Walker stares at the ceiling, his body a dark room of nothingness, empty,
vacant. He recognises the necessity of sorrow—if sorrow fades, so too does
memory. He keeps the sorrow alive for the sake of memory, evoking Eleanor's
65 movements, rehearsing them in his brain. His head spins through their gymnastics
of love. Small shocks of remembered bliss. He aggregates the beauty of their lives
together, weighs it in his fingers. Even the dullest moments over teacups are
played over in his mind. He does the same with the memory of Clarence, then
combines them, wife and son standing together at the piano, where he talks to
70 them.

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DOCUMENT B

Maya Angelou. *All God's Children Need Traveling Shoes* (1986), compiled in *The Collected Autobiographies of Maya Angelou*, New York: The Modern Library, 2004, pp. 993-995.

When Malcolm met Nana Nketsia the two men acted magnetized. I had not heard Nana speak so quietly, nor seen Malcolm listen so deeply. Each man grew in the other's presence and when I took Malcolm to his hotel, he said, "Now I have met African royalty. A chief. True, true. He knows his people and he loves them, and they love him." Malcolm's face wore a mask of wistfulness so telling I had to look away.

Lesley arranged for him to speak at Legon University, and that night the auditorium was filled with students, lecturers and some townfolk. Since Malcolm was the guest of the young Marxist League, the organization's representative spoke first. The young man quoted Karl Marx with such force, he seemed to have taken on his subject's persona. The crowd became impatient, but Malcolm sat on the stage calmly listening to the speaker.

Guy had given me the honor of agreeing to sit near me. He and his Ghanaian friends were equally anxious for the Marxist to leave the podium so that Malcolm could speak, and they began to murmur. I coughed to get Guy's attention, but he looked at me and frowned. His scowl said, "Don't reprimand me in public. Don't embarrass me." He was right. He was nineteen and each of us had labored with some success to create new ways to talk to each other. Nature was guiding his hands to loosen the maternal bonds, and although I felt I was freed from the stay of motherhood, I might fly away like a feather in the wind, with trepidation, I too tried to let my child become his own man.

Finally, Lesley Lacy introduced Malcolm and immediately his oratorical skill captured the audience. The years in prison, in mosques, on street corners, at college lecterns and before television cameras had produced a charismatic speaker who could play an audience as great musicians play instruments. He spoke moderately loud, then thundered, whispered, then roared. He used the imagery of Black American Baptist preachers and the logic of university intellectuals. He spoke of America, White and Black Americans, racism, hate and the awful need to be treated as humans.

When he finished the audience rose. A group of students which included Guy, began to chant the football cheer, "Asante Kotoko."

Malcolm quieted the crowd and asked for questions.

He met each question squarely. The audience applauded. A faculty member asked why Malcolm incited people to violence. Why did he preach violence? He answered, "I am responding to violence. If your house is on fire and I come to warn you, why should you accuse me of setting the fire? You should thank me for my concern. Maybe you can put out the fire before it is too late."

The Africans relished Malcolm's use of proverbs. His answers were as considered and detailed as his address had been. Then a student stood, "Mr. Malcolm X, what I don't understand is why you call yourself Black. You look more like a White man than a Negro." The young man sat down and a few embarrassed titters and some disapproving groans could be heard on the dark floor.

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At first Malcolm laughed. He opened his mouth wide and laughed loud and long.

45 "Little brother, I've been waiting for that question since I landed in Africa, and while many people thought it, you're the first person who had the nerve to ask. I commend your courage. Well, let's look at it. At home, that is, in that place where I was born, I've been called by Whites a yellow nigger, a light-skinned nigger, a red uppity nigger, a fair-skinned seditious nigger, but never until now
50 have I been called a White man. I mean, Whites who should know their own have never made the mistake of overlooking my African blood. It is a strange sensation to have to explain, in Africa, the effects of slavery, and maybe the young man who asked the question is the only person who really needs an explanation, but if there are others, I suggest that you all listen carefully.

55 "As slaves, we were the property of slave masters. Our men were worked to death, our women were raped, then worked to death, and many of our children were born looking like me. The slave master fathers denied their children, but fortunately we retained enough Africanisms to believe that the mother's child was our child, no matter who or what the father had been.

60 "Before I became a Muslim, when I was hustling on the streets of America, because of my color, Black people called me mariney, and Detroit Red. Some even cussed me out and called me unprintable names, but nobody tried to give me away to White folks. I was accepted. Now, my point is, if Whites who should know don't claim me, and Blacks who should know do claim me, I think it's clear where I
65 belong. I am a Black man. Notice, I don't say Black American. I don't consider myself a democrat, a republican, or an American. I am a Black Muslim man of African heritage. Next?"

Black Americans led the applause and soon the entire audience was standing, clapping and laughing its approval.

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DOCUMENT C

Patrick A. Burns. Photograph of Grady O’Cummings (1964). The original caption reads: “Grady O’Cummings III, founder of the National Civil Rights Party, with boys in Harlem in September 1963, the month before he announced he would run for president as a Democrat”. Reprinted in *The New York Times*, 2017.

