

EAE 0422 A	
Code Sujet	EHP
Sujet Jury	
Sujet Candidat	
Page	1 / 6

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.

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	2 / 6

DOCUMENT A

Langston Hughes. 'The Weary Blues', *The Weary Blues*, Knopf, 1926

Droning a drowsy syncopated tune,
Rocking back and forth to a mellow croon,
I heard a Negro play.
Down on Lenox Avenue the other night
5 By the pale dull pallor of an old gas light
He did a lazy sway . . .
He did a lazy sway . . .
To the tune o' those Weary Blues.
With his ebony hands on each ivory key
10 He made that poor piano moan with melody.
O Blues!
Swaying to and fro on his rickety stool
He played that sad raggy tune like a musical fool.
Sweet Blues!
15 Coming from a black man's soul.
O Blues!
In a deep song voice with a melancholy tone
I heard that Negro sing, that old piano moan—
"Ain't got nobody in all this world,
20 Ain't got nobody but ma self.
I's gwine to quit ma frownin'
And put ma troubles on the shelf."

Thump, thump, thump, went his foot on the floor.
He played a few chords then he sang some more—
25 "I got the Weary Blues
And I can't be satisfied.
Got the Weary Blues
And can't be satisfied—
I ain't happy no mo'
30 And I wish that I had died."
And far into the night he crooned that tune.
The stars went out and so did the moon.
The singer stopped playing and went to bed
While the Weary Blues echoed through his head.
35 He slept like a rock or a man that's dead.

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	3 / 6

DOCUMENT B

Clarence Darrow. "The life of the Negro race has been a life of tragedy", Ossian Sweet trial, 19 May 1926, Detroit, Michigan. From Arthur Weinberg (ed.), *Attorney for the Damned: Clarence Darrow in the Courtroom*, Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1957, pp. 259-263.

[Dr. Ossian Sweet, his brother Henry, and nine other black men were charged with murder after a bystander was shot to death while the Sweets and their friends defended the doctor's Detroit home from a violent white mob. The jury was all white. Darrow was hired by the NAACP. Henry Sweet was acquitted, prompting the prosecutor to dismiss the charges against the other defendants.]

We come now to lay this man's case in the hands of a jury of our peers—the first defense and the last defense is the protection of home and life as provided by our law. We are willing to leave it here. I feel, as I look at you, that we will be treated fairly and decently, even understandingly and kindly. You know what this case is. You know why it is. You know that if white men had been fighting their way against colored men, nobody would ever have dreamed of a prosecution. And you know that, from the beginning of this case to the end, up to the time you write your verdict, the prosecution is based on race prejudice and nothing else.

Gentlemen, I feel deeply on this subject; I cannot help it. Let us take a little glance at the history of the Negro race. It only needs a minute. It seems to me that the story would melt hearts of stone. I was born in America. I could have left it if I had wanted to go away. Some other men, reading about this land of freedom that we brag about on the Fourth of July, came voluntarily to America. These men, the defendants, are here because they could not help it. Their ancestors were captured in the jungles and on the plains of Africa, captured as you capture wild beasts, torn from their homes and their kindred; loaded into slave ships, packed like sardines in a box, half of them dying on the ocean passage; some jumping into the sea in their frenzy, when they had a chance to choose death in place of slavery. They were captured and brought here. They could not help it. They were bought and sold as slaves, to work without pay, because they were black. They were subject to all of this for generations, until finally they were given their liberty, so far as the law goes—and that is only a little way, because, after all, every human being's life in this world is inevitably mixed with every other life and, no matter what laws we pass, no matter what precautions we take, unless the people we meet are kindly and decent and humane and liberty-loving, then there is no liberty. Freedom comes from human beings, rather than from laws and institutions.

Now, that is their history, these people are the children of slavery. If the race that we belong to owes anything to any human being, or to any power in the universe, it owes it to these black men. Above all other men, they owe an obligation and a duty to these black men that can never be repaid. I never see one of them that I do not feel I ought to pay part of the debt of my race—and if you gentlemen feel as you should feel in this case, your emotions will be like mine.

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	4 / 6

35 Gentlemen, you were called into this case by chance. It took us a week to find you, a week of culling out prejudice and hatred. Probably we did not cull it all out at that; but we took the best and the fairest that we could find. It is up to you.

Your verdict means something in this case. It means something more than the fate of this boy. It is not often that a case is submitted to twelve men where the decision may mean a milestone in the progress of the human race. But this case does. And I hope and I trust that you have a feeling of responsibility that will
40 make you take it and do your duty as citizens of a great nation, and as members of the human family, which is better still.

Let me say just a parting word for Henry Sweet, who has well nigh been forgotten. I am serious, but it seems almost like a reflection upon this jury to talk as if I doubted your verdict. What has this boy done? This one boy now that I am
45 culling out from all of the rest, and whose fate is in your hands—can you tell me what he has done? Can I believe myself? Am I standing in a court of justice, where twelve men on their oaths are asked to take away the liberty of a boy twenty-one years of age, who has done nothing more than what Henry Sweet has done?

Gentlemen, you may think he shot too quick; you may think he erred in
50 judgment; you may think that Dr. Sweet should not have gone there, prepared to defend his home. But, what of this case of Henry Sweet? What has he done? I want to put it up to you, each one of you, individually. Dr. Sweet was his elder brother. He had helped Henry through school. He loved him. He had taken him into his home. Henry had lived with him and his wife; he had fondled his baby.
55 The doctor had promised Henry the money to go through school. Henry was getting his education, to take his place in the world, gentlemen—and this is a hard job. With his brother's help, he had worked his way through college up to the last year. The doctor had bought a home. He feared danger. He moved in with his wife and he asked this boy to go with him. And this boy went to defend his brother and his
60 brother's wife and his child and his home.

Do you think more of him or less of him for that? I never saw twelve men in my life—and I have looked at a good many faces of a good many juries—I never saw twelve men in my life, that, if you could get them to understand a human case, were not true and right.

65 Should this boy have gone along and helped his brother? Or should he have stayed away? What would you have done? And yet, gentlemen, here is a boy, and the president of his college came all the way from Ohio to tell you what he thinks of him. His teachers have come here, from Ohio, to tell you what they think of him. The Methodist bishop has come here to tell you what he thinks of him.

70 So, gentlemen, I am justified in saying that this boy is as kindly, as well disposed, as decent a man as any of you twelve. Do you think he ought to be taken out of his school and sent to the penitentiary? All right, gentlemen, if you think so, do it. It is your job, not mine. If you think so, do it. But if you do, gentlemen, if you should ever look into the face of your own boy, or your own brother, or look
75 into your own heart, you will regret it in sackcloth and ashes. You know, if he committed any offense, it was being loyal and true to his brother whom he loved. I know where you will send him, and it will not be to a penitentiary.

80 Now, gentlemen, just one more word, and I am through with this case. I do not live in Detroit. But I have no feeling against this city. In fact, I shall always have the kindest remembrance of it, especially if this case results as I think and feel it will. I am the last one to come here to stir up race hatred, or any other

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	5 / 6

85 hatred. I do not believe in the law of hate. I may not be true to my ideals always,
but I believe in the law of love, and I believe you can do nothing with hatred. I
would like to see a time when man loves his fellow man, and forgets his color or
his creed. We will never be civilized until that time comes. I know the Negro race
has a long road to go. I believe that the life of the Negro race has been a life of
tragedy, of injustice, of oppression. The law has made him equal, but man has
not. And, after all, the last analysis is, what has man done?—and not what has the
law done? I know there is a long road ahead of him, before he can take the place
90 which I believe he should take. I know that before him there is suffering, sorrow,
tribulation and death among the blacks, and perhaps the whites. I am sorry. I
would do what I could to avert it. I would advise patience; I would advise
toleration; I would advise understanding; I would advise all those things which are
necessary for men who live together.

95 Gentlemen, what do you think of your duty in this case? I have watched day
after day, these black, tense faces that have crowded this court. These black faces
that now are looking to you twelve whites, feeling that the hopes and fears of a
race are in your keeping.

100 This case is about to end, gentlemen. To them, it is Life. Not one of their
color sits on this jury. Their fate is in the hands of twelve whites. Their eyes are
fixed on you, their hearts go out to you, and their hopes hang on your verdict.

105 That is all. I ask you, on behalf of this defendant, on behalf of these helpless
ones who turn to you, and more than that—on behalf of this great state, and this
great city which must face this problem, and face it fairly—I ask you, in the name
of progress and of the human race, to return a verdict of not guilty in this case!

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	6 / 6

DOCUMENT C

John Steuart Curry. *The Fugitive*, 1935. Lithograph. 33.0 x 24.2 cm. National Museum of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.

