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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

Christina Rossetti. "Who Shall Deliver Me?" [1862], in Christina Rossetti, *Poems and Prose*, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2008, pp. 141-142.

God strengthen me to bear myself;
That heaviest weight of all to bear,
Inalienable weight of care.

5 All others are outside myself;
I lock my door and bar them out,
The turmoil, tedium, gad-about.

I lock my door upon myself,
And bar them out; but who shall wall
Self from myself, most loathed of all?

10 If I could once lay down myself,
And start self-purged upon the race
That all must run! Death runs apace.

15 If I could set aside myself,
And start with lightened heart upon
The road by all men overgone!

God harden me against myself,
This coward with pathetic voice
Who craves for ease, and rest, and joys:

20 Myself, arch-traitor to myself;
My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe,
My clog whatever road I go.

Yet One there is can curb myself,
Can roll the strangling load from me,
Break off the yoke and set me free.

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DOCUMENT B

David Hume. *A Treatise of Human Nature* [1739-40], London: Penguin Books, 1969, pp. 299-311.

There are some philosophers, who imagine we are every moment intimately conscious of what we call our SELF; that we feel its existence and its continuance in existence; and are certain, beyond the evidence of a demonstration, both of its perfect identity and simplicity. The strongest sensation, the most violent passion, say they, instead of distracting us from this view, only fix it the more intensely, and make us consider their influence on *self* either by their pain or pleasure. To attempt a farther proof of this were to weaken its evidence; since no proof can be deriv'd from any fact, of which we are so intimately conscious; nor is there any thing, of which we can be certain, if we doubt of this.

Unluckily all these positive assertions are contrary to that very experience, which is pleaded for them, nor have we any idea of *self*, after the manner it is here explain'd. For from what impression cou'd this idea be deriv'd? This question 'tis impossible to answer without a manifest contradiction and absurdity; and yet 'tis a question, which must necessarily be answer'd, if we wou'd have the idea of self pass for clear and intelligible. It must be some one impression, that gives rise to every real idea. But self or person is not any one impression, but that to which our several impressions and ideas are suppos'd to have a reference. If any impression gives rise to the idea of self, that impression must continue invariably the same, thro' the whole course of our lives; since self is suppos'd to exist after that manner. But there is no impression constant and invariable. Pain and pleasure, grief and joy, passions and sensations succeed each other, and never all exist at the same time. It cannot, therefore, be from any of these impressions, or from any other, that the idea of self is deriv'd; and consequently there is no such idea.

But farther, what must become of all our particular perceptions upon this hypothesis? All these are different, and distinguishable, and separable from each other, and may be separately consider'd, and may exist separately, and have no need of any thing to support their existence. After what manner, therefore, do they belong to self; and how are they connected with it? For my part, when I enter most intimately into what I call *myself*, I always stumble on some particular perception or other, of heat or cold, light or shade, love or hatred, pain or pleasure. I never can catch *myself* at any time without a perception, and never can observe any thing but the perception. When my perceptions are remov'd for any time, as by sound-sleep; so long am I insensible of *myself*, and may truly be said not to exist. And were all my perceptions remov'd by death, and cou'd I neither think, nor feel, nor see, nor love, nor hate after the dissolution of my body, I shou'd be entirely annihilated, nor do I conceive what is farther requisite to make me a perfect non-entity. If any one, upon serious and unprejudic'd reflection, thinks he has a different notion of *himself*, I must confess I can reason no longer with him. All I can allow him is, that he may be in the right as well as I, and that we are essentially different in this particular. He may, perhaps, perceive something simple and continu'd, which he calls *himself*; tho' I am certain there is no such principle in me.

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45 But setting aside some metaphysicians of this kind, I may venture to affirm
of the rest of mankind, that they are nothing but a bundle or collection of different
perceptions, which succeed each other with an inconceivable rapidity, and are in a
perpetual flux and movement. Our eyes cannot turn in their sockets without
varying our perceptions. Our thought is still more variable than our sight, and all
our other senses and faculties contribute to this change; nor is there any single
power of the soul, which remains unalterably the same, perhaps for one moment.
50 The mind is a kind of theatre, where several perceptions successively make their
appearance; pass, re-pass, glide away, and mingle in an infinite variety of postures
and situations. There is properly no *simplicity* in it at one time, nor *identity* in
different; whatever natural propension we may have to imagine that simplicity and
identity. The comparison of the theatre must not mislead us. They are the
55 successive perceptions only, that constitute the mind; nor have we the most
distant notion of the place, where these scenes are represented, or of the
materials, of which it is compos'd. [...]

The whole of this doctrine leads us to a conclusion, which is of great
importance in the present affair, viz. that all the nice and subtle questions
60 concerning personal identity can never possibly be decided, and are to be regarded
rather as grammatical than as philosophical difficulties. Identity depends on the
relations of ideas; and these relations produce identity, by means of that easy
transition they occasion. But as the relations, and the easiness of the transition
may diminish by insensible degrees, we have no just standard, by which we can
65 decide any dispute concerning the time, when they acquire or lose a title to the
name of identity. All the disputes concerning the identity of connected objects are
merely verbal, except so far as the relation of parts gives rise to some fiction or
imaginary principle of union, as we have already observ'd.

70 What I have said concerning the first origin and uncertainty of our notion of
identity, as apply'd to the human mind, may be extended with little or no variation
to that of *simplicity*. An object, whose different co-existent parts are bound
together by a close relation, operates upon the imagination after much the same
manner as one perfectly simple and indivisible, and requires not a much greater
stretch of thought in order to its conception. From this similarity of operation we
75 attribute a simplicity to it, and feign a principle of union as the support of this
simplicity, and the center of all the different parts and qualities of the object.

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DOCUMENT C

Sidney Harold Meteyard. *'I Am Half-Sick of Shadows', Said the Lady of Shalott*, 1913. Oil on canvas, 30 x 45 inches, Private Collection.

