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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

**Alan Duff. *Once Were Warriors* [1990], Auckland: Vintage, 2004, pp. 32-34.**

Oo, so *quiet*: the court officials talking in whispers. Maybe they don't want us to know. Maybe it's like a secret club where the members jealously guard their secrets and special codes and exclusive membership.

5 Grace looking at Boogie to see his reaction, and not surprised to see him with hands wringing, eyes to the floor. Oh poor Boog, can't blame him. Mr Bennett said he might get sent away to a Boys' Home. I'll come and visit you as much as I can, Boog, Grace promising herself. I'll get a job in the supermarket in town after school, they hire Maoris there even if you're from Pine Block, probably because most of Pine Block does their main shopping there. There and the pub.

10 Those pictures: great big things in fancy frames and every one ofem a grey-haired white man. Hah, imagine a Maori in one ofem. Some chance. Only Maoris in here get to sit where we are, I bet. Unless they got a high-up job like Mr Bennett here. But how many Maoris like him around?

15 Grace staring at each portrait in turn, counting them. Each man with headmaster-type gown up around his shoulders, and each with the same headmaster-type solemn look. Smile and their faces'd crack, as Mum says about me. Nine of them. Nine portraits of men who must've done something good to be up on the wall here. Might be some ofem are dead. In Pine Block you die, you die. Grace'd known many a person, usually young, in their teens, early adulthood, one minute alive next dead. And the kids in the street talking about it, describing the gory detail of the accident or murder or manslaughter that killed the person. One day a living, breathing entity, next, a nothing. A lifeless shell and no fancy portraits hung up of them.

20 Man, what a place. Reminds me of the Queen, Grace registering the familiarity of the coat of arms above the magistrate's bench. The Queen and her loyal, faithful servants, that's it. So where do we fit in this picture? Me and more especially my poor brother here? Then startled by a voice booming out: ALL RISE!

And in he swept.

30 Silver hair. Suit. Bet he's gonna appear on the wall one day. Where's his robes then? Maybe his missus forgot to iron them (hahaha!). Grace couldn't help herself, it was nervous inner laughter more than anything. She got like that when she was nervous, scared. Giggly, too. Oh please don't let me break out in the giggles.

35 Five of them, the court officials. Three women, two men. In nice outfits and suits. One of the women good-looking (oh *real* good-looking.) It's not fair. Bitch knows it too. Grace studying their faces, clues niggling away at her, instincting something about them — prefects. That's it. They look just like school prefects: prim and proper and better than you; they'd pimp on you soon as look at you. Specially you, Maori kid. Yes, and distant like school prefects, of knowing them when they were ordinary like you, and day after their appointment you were looking at a stranger.

40 Then magistrate (God) spoke from his on high position of slightly higher elevation.

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45 Made Grace's heart jump. An inner panic that for some extraordinary reason  
he was speaking to her. (Oh I'd just *die* if he spoke to *me*.) The parents, Mr  
Bennett? I don't see any sign... and Mr Bennett getting to his feet, Uh, no, your  
honour. They haven't appeared at this stage. At this stage, Mr Bennett? You mean  
this is going to be in several stages? Uh, no, sir. I meant — Simply, Mr Bennett,  
50 they are not here. No, obviously not, sir. And are they likely to be here? Bennett  
glancing left of him and Boogie waiting with a shrug, Grace managing to squeak  
that she didn't think so. *Hoping* he wouldn't ask why. No, your honour. I'm afraid  
Mark Heke's parents won't be here in all probability. Magistrate sighing at that,  
shuffling through papers, the rest of the wood-panelled portraited room silent.

55 Now, let me run through this with you, Mark (Boog's real name) Heke, the  
history leading to your appearance here in this court ...

And all through it Boogie not lifting his head once, and Grace willing her  
brother to do so, just once, don't let this man make you feel worse than you  
already do.

60 Grace inspired, angry enough to push her normal shyness aside, looked at  
the man ranting waffling on about her brother as if he was some kind of — kind of  
— She didn't know, but it sure didn't feel nice even being the sister of the subject  
under scrutiny.

65 She built up a picture of the magistrate, his background, how he must come  
from a nice home, he'd never seen his father beat up his mother for not cooking  
one of his friends fried eggs with boiled meat and potatoes.

He'd never been woken from sleep or been unable to sleep for the din of  
brawling going on beneath you. He'd not experienced any of what the people  
before him like Boogie have had to endure. Yet here he is telling poor Boogie what  
a bad boy he is.

70 Telling Boogie, *We all* didn't like school as youngsters, young man, but most  
of us went because we had to.

Oh it's not fair. Boogie plays the wag from school because half the time he's  
scared of being picked on, or he's being led by other kids and he's too afraid to  
say no. He doesn't go to school because he can't see what good school is going to  
75 do him anyway. Lots of us don't.

Alright for him up there, I bet he went to some posh school and oh of course  
university; and just like the Pakeha kids in my class, I bet he got read to when he  
was young, encouraged with his homework, even taken to special tutoring if he  
had difficulties with some of the subjects. They do that for their kids, do the  
80 Pakehas. Not the rough Pakehas, but then most Pakehas aren't from rough  
families. And they do a lot more besides.

Like taking their kids to different places, different things to do. And  
they *don't* spend half their life in the pub drinking like our fathers and lots of the  
mothers do. Man, if I had a head start like they do I could be a magistrate too.  
85 Well, maybe not that, but something high up.

Silence. Magistrate had imposed his desire for silence on all. Only his  
breathing, the odd rustle of clothing, someone shifting position. A cough. A sigh.  
And Boogie won't stop scuffing his feet! A long sigh from the bench, then: Mark  
Heke, I have no choice but to declare you a ward of the state. The state? Grace  
90 thinking. Like in a state house? Where you shall be under the control of the child  
welfare authorities ... Grace not able to figure it, what it meant in terms of Boogie's  
future and yet knowing it *was* his future that'd just been decided by a stranger.

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95 A complete stranger, who Boog'd never set eyes on before in his life, and he was making Boog a ward of the state handing him over to the welfare — Oh poor Boogie, Grace letting out a tiny groan before catching it at mention of a Boys' Home, where, the magistrate was promising or assuring or threatening, Mark Heke would find discipline and — through discipline — direction.

100 Grace's mind reeling, and what would Boog's mind be doing? Looking at him, oh you poor kid, even though she was younger she felt older, and his eyes fixed to the floor, head shaking, hands clutched tightly together. She saying, I'll come and visit you as much as I can, Boog.

105 Wanting to put an arm around him but afraid to, not in here, the magistrate might say something, he was sure not to like gestures like that: love for your brother. Not showing it. Not here in this precious damn room with all his mates up around the walls supporting him, giving him not only the law on his side but them, the ones up on the walls in their big fancy frames, the education they must've had, the head starts. History. (He's got history, Grace and Boogie Heke, and you ain't.)

Then the magistrate was wishing Mark luck — *luck*. Asking for the next case. Just like that.

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## DOCUMENT B

**Anonymous. "Aborigines", *Port Phillip Gazette*, Saturday 12 June 1841, retrieved from <https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/225009423>**

The necessity of a separate system of legislation for the blacks, considered both as a political question and a case of humanity, has never been sufficiently brought home either to the understanding of the legislator, or the feelings of the philanthropist. It is hardly incumbent upon us to remind the colonists of our long consistency in advocating a legislation for the Aborigines of New Holland, entirely distinct from that which controls the white inhabitants in the civil and criminal departments of their laws. That this proposition is accordant with the dictates of common sense, few can dispute, when acquainted with the extremely savage state of aboriginal New Hollanders; the total inaptitude of their manners to the rules of a civilized community, and the imbecility of restraining or governing them by a [illegible in the source text] of laws.

And yet, what is their relative position? They are considered as British subjects, liable to the same punishments, eligible to the same privileges. Mark, however, the inconsistencies to which this system has given rise. The Government in despite their avowed object of dealing exactly with the blacks as with the whites, have been compelled to make laws especially for their control, while they still continue to drag them before the courts of justice, and subject the unfortunate wretches to the mockery (as to them) of a British trial. Sir George Gipps, in an answer to the Geelong memorialists, to do away with the Protectorate and appoint magistrates, having the power of summary jurisdiction over the natives, in order to repress in the most speedy and to their most equitable mode, their frequent depredations, hesitated on account of its illegality.

Shortly afterwards, however, he passed a law through the Council, to deprive the natives of fire-arms, and making it an offence to supply them with such a means of mischief. Of the practical soundness of this policy we never heard a doubt expressed. For what reason, however, is the system not followed out, and other means of coercion, both in justice to the whites, in mercy to the blacks, determined? If we view indeed the pursuits and characters of the aboriginal population, and adjudge them according to the principles of English jurisprudence, we have no hesitation in deciding that they are an outlawed race; vagrants, banded together for unlawful ends, and open to suppression by every legal means.

When we consider the atrocious barbarity attendant upon the murder of Mr. Morton and his companion at Portland Bay, the details of which make the blood thrill with horror and indignation, we could not conscientiously condemn any relations of the murdered victims for hunting down and shooting the whole tribe in retaliation. To this pass matters will come, and their blood reeking from the ground up to heaven will be on the heads of our legislators. We implore them, therefore, to change their obstinate stolidity of principle in relation to the government of the aborigines to the most expedient measure for their protection and control.

The Government owes it alike to the savages as the civilized subject to prevent farther collision. The blacks must be kept strictly within certain fixed

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boundaries, although every latitude should be given to their motions when placed under a vigilant guard.



**DOCUMENT C**

**Artist unknown. *Governor Arthur's Proclamation to the Aborigines*, c. 1828-1830. Oil on Huon pine board, 35.7 x 22.6 x 1 cm, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales.**

