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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

Charles Bukowski. "The Rat", in Charles Bukowski, *Mockingbird Wish Me Luck*, Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Press, 1972, pp. 78-79.

5 with one punch, at the age of 16 and 1/2,
I knocked out my father,
a cruel shiny bastard with bad breath,
and I didn't go home for some time, only now and then to try to get
a dollar from
dear momma.

it was 1937 in Los Angeles and it was a hell of a
Vienna.

10 I ran with these older guys
but for them it was the same:
mostly breathing gasps of hard air
and robbing gas stations that didn't have any
money, and a few lucky among us
worked part-time as Western Union messenger
15 boys.

we slept in rented rooms that weren't rented-
and we drank ale and wine
with the shades down
being quiet quiet
20 and then awakening the whole building
with a fistfight
breaking mirrors and chairs and lamps
and then running down the stairway
just before the police arrived
25 some of us soldiers of the future
running through the empty starving streets and alleys of Los Angeles
and all of us
getting together later
in Pete's room
30 a small cube of space under a stairway, there we were, packed in there
without women
without cigarettes
without anything to drink,
while the rich pawed away at their many
35 choices and the young girls let
them,
the same girls who spit at our shadows as we
walked past.

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40 it was a hell of a
Vienna.

3 of us under that stairway
were killed in World War II.

another one is now manager of a mattress
company.

45 me? I'm 30 years older,
the town is 4 or 5 times as big
but just as rotten
and the girls still spit on my
shadow, another war is building for another
50 reason, and I can hardly get a job now
for the same reason I couldn't then:
I don't know anything, I can't do
anything.

55 sex? well, just the old ones knock on my door after midnight. I can't
sleep and they see the lights and are curious.
the old ones. their husbands no longer want them,
their children are gone, and if they show me enough good leg (the legs go
last)
I go to bed with
60 them.

so the old women bring me love and I smoke their cigarettes as they
talk talk talk
and then we go to bed again and
65 *I* bring *them* love and they feel good and
talk
until the sun comes
up, then we
sleep.

70 it's a hell of a
Paris.

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DOCUMENT B

Richard Rodriguez. "Disappointment", in *California Magazine* (January/February 2006), reprinted in David Foster Wallace (ed.), *The Best American Essays 2007*, New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 2007, pp. 221-223.

Though John Steinbeck was not, in my opinion, the best California writer of the last century, *The Grapes of Wrath* remains California's greatest novel. The native son imagined California from the outside, as a foreigner might; imagined wanting California desperately; imagined California as a remedy for the trial of the nation.

Otherwise, I might think of John Milton when I think of California and the writer's task. Milton devised that, after the Fall, the temperature in San Diego would remain at 75 degrees, but Adam and Eve's relationship to a perfect winter day would be changed to one of goose bumps.

The traditional task of the writer in California has been to write about what it means to be human in a place advertised as paradise. Not the Buckeye or the Empire, not the Can-do or the Show-me, California is the Postlapsarian State. Disappointment has always been the theme of California.

For example, my own.

I cannot afford to live here. I mean I do live here—I rent two large rooms, two stories above California. My light comes from the south. But if I had to move, I could not afford to live here anymore.

In San Francisco, small Victorians, small rooms, steep stairs, are selling for three or four million and are repainted to resemble Bavarian cuckoo clocks—browns and creams and the mute greens tending to blue. That is my mood. If I owned one of the Victorians, I would no doubt choose another comparison. It is like living on a street of cuckoo clocks—and all the cuckoos are on cell phones—I won't say striking thirteen; nevertheless a version of postmodernity I had not anticipated. Only well-to-do futurists and stuffed T-shirts can afford to live in this nineteenth-century neighborhood.

My complaint with my city is that I am middle-aged.

The sidewalks in my neighborhood are uncannily empty save for Mexican laborers and Mexican nannies and Mexican caregivers, and women wearing baseball hats who walk with the exaggerated vigor of wounded pride (as do I). The streets are in disrepair; the city has no money; really, the streets have never been worse. And the city can no longer afford to maintain the park across the street. The park has never looked worse—the hedges are falling to ruin; are not trimmed; the grass is not watered. Can you imagine Adam and Eve grousing about run-down Eden?

California has been the occasion for disappointment since the 1850s, since men wrote home from the gold fields, from Auburn, from Tulare or Sonora, from tree stumps and tent-hotels.

I have no doubt I will prevail here, but you may not think my thicker skin is the proper reformation of an Ohio son. The men here are rough, they grunt and growl and guard their plates with their arms. Now I reach past my neighbor, and grunt, too, and shove, too, and I would cuss just for the pleasure of saying something out loud. I don't believe I have said more than ten words since I came

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to this place. I realize any oath I might devise would pale next to the colorful flannel they run up here...

45 And yet the streets are clogged with pickups and delivery vans, cable vans, and the vans of construction workers—certain evidence of prosperity. Crews of men, recently from old countries, work to reconstruct the houses of futurists—houses that were reconstructed not two years ago. One cannot drive down any street without having to go around the pickups and the vans, without muttering
50 under one’s breath at the temporary No Parking signs that paper every street, because everyone knows the only reason for the No Parking permits is to enable construction workers to drive to work.

Men from every corner of the world converged on the gold fields in the 1850s, prompting Karl Marx to proclaim the creation of a global society in
55 California, a society unprecedented in the world up to that time. The gold parliament was an achievement of necessity as much as of greed.

Kevin Starr, the preeminent historian of California from the 1850s to the end of the twentieth century, has described California as a chronology of proper names: Stanford. Atherton. Giannini. Disney.

60 Disappointment was arrival. Letters went out to the world, diaries, newspaper reports, warnings, laments, together with personal effects—eyeglasses, pen nibs, broken-backed Bibles—wrapped in soiled canvas. The stolen claim. Or the fortune squandered. (*Lottie, dear, I have wasted our dream . . .*) The trusting disposition. The false friend. The fog-shrouded wharf. The Spaniard
65 Marquis, etc. The ring, the brooch, the opium den, etc.

Narratives of disappointment flowed eastward, like an auguring smoke, or bumped back over rutted trails, as coffins bump or buckboards slow, to meet the stories of the desolations of the prairie life, rolled over those, flowed back to the Atlantic shore, where the raw line separating the North and South was beginning
70 to fester.

Nineteenth-century California rewarded only a few of its brotherhood, but it rewarded them as deliriously as an ancient king in an ancient myth would reward. The dream of a lucky chance encouraged a mass migration, toward “el norte” or “gold mountain,” or from across the plains of America.

75 For, as much as California’s story was a story of proper names or of luck or election, California was also a story of mass—mass migrations, unmarked graves, missing persons, accident. By the time he reaches the 1990s in his great work, Kevin Starr seems to sense an influential shift: the list of singular makers of California gives way to forces of unmaking—to gangs, earthquakes, riots, floods, propositions, stalled traffic.
80

Disappointment is a fine literary theme—“universal”—as the young high school English teacher, himself disappointed, was fond to say, and it wears like leather.

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DOCUMENT C

David Hockney. *A Bigger Splash*, 1967. Acrylic on canvas, 42.5 × 243.9 cm, Tate Britain, London.

