

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

Bram Stoker. *Dracula* (1897), Chapter 16, London: Wordsworth Classics, 1993, pp. 175-177.

Van Helsing stepped out, and obedient to his gesture, we all advanced too. The four of us ranged in a line before the door of the tomb. Van Helsing raised his lantern and drew the slide. By the concentrated light that fell on Lucy's face we could see that the lips were crimson with fresh blood, and that the stream had
5 trickled over her chin and stained the purity of her lawn death-robe.

We shuddered with horror. I could see by the tremulous light that even Van Helsing's iron nerve had failed. Arthur was next to me, and if I had not seized his arm and held him up, he would have fallen.

When Lucy—I call the thing that was before us Lucy because it bore her
10 shape—saw us she drew back with an angry snarl, such as a cat gives when taken unawares; then her eyes ranged over us. Lucy's eyes in form and colour; but Lucy's eyes unclean and full of hell-fire, instead of the pure, gentle orbs we knew. At that moment the remnant of my love passed into hate and loathing; had she then to be killed, I could have done it with savage delight. As she looked, her eyes
15 blazed with unholy light, and the face became wreathed with a voluptuous smile. Oh, God, how it made me shudder to see it! With a careless motion, she flung to the ground, callous as a devil, the child that up to now she had clutched strenuously to her breast, growling over it as a dog growls over a bone. The child gave a sharp cry, and lay there moaning. There was a cold-bloodedness in the act
20 which wrung a groan from Arthur; when she advanced to him with outstretched arms and a wanton smile he fell back and hid his face in his hands.

She still advanced, however, and with a languorous, voluptuous grace, said:—

"Come to me, Arthur. Leave these others and come to me. My arms are
25 hungry for you. Come, and we can rest together. Come, my husband, come!"

There was something diabolically sweet in her tones—something of the tinkling of glass when struck—which rang through the brains even of us who heard the words addressed to another. As for Arthur, he seemed under a spell; moving his hands from his face, he opened wide his arms. She was leaping for them, when
30 Van Helsing sprang forward and held between them his little golden crucifix. She recoiled from it, and, with a suddenly distorted face, full of rage, dashed past him as if to enter the tomb.

When within a foot or two of the door, however, she stopped, as if arrested by some irresistible force. Then she turned, and her face was shown in the clear
35 burst of moonlight and by the lamp, which had now no quiver from Van Helsing's nerves. Never did I see such baffled malice on a face; and never, I trust, shall such ever be seen again by mortal eyes. The beautiful colour became livid, the eyes seemed to throw out sparks of hell-fire, the brows were wrinkled as though the folds of flesh were the coils of Medusa's snakes, and the lovely, blood-stained
40 mouth grew to an open square, as in the passion masks of the Greeks and Japanese. If ever a face meant death—if looks could kill—we saw it at that moment.

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	3 / 6

And so for full half a minute, which seemed an eternity, she remained between the lifted crucifix and the sacred closing of her means of entry. Van Helsing broke the silence by asking Arthur:—

"Answer me, oh my friend! Am I to proceed in my work?"

"Do as you will, friend. Do as you will. There can be no horror like this ever any more." And he groaned in spirit.

Quincey and I simultaneously moved towards him, and took his arms. We could hear the click of the closing lantern as Van Helsing held it down; coming close to the tomb, he began to remove from the chinks some of the sacred emblem which he had placed there. We all looked on with horrified amazement as we saw, when he stood back, the woman, with a corporeal body as real at that moment as our own, pass through the interstice where scarce a knife blade could have gone. We all felt a glad sense of relief when we saw the Professor calmly restoring the strings of putty to the edges of the door.

When this was done, he lifted the child and said:

"Come now, my friends. We can do no more till tomorrow. There is a funeral at noon, so here we shall all come before long after that. The friends of the dead will all be gone by two, and when the sexton locks the gate we shall remain. Then there is more to do; but not like this of tonight. As for this little one, he is not much harmed, and by tomorrow night he shall be well. We shall leave him where the police will find him, as on the other night, and then to home."

Coming close to Arthur, he said:—

"My friend Arthur, you have had a sore trial, but after, when you look back, you will see how it was necessary. You are now in the bitter waters, my child. By this time tomorrow you will, please God, have passed them, and have drunk of the sweet waters. So do not mourn over-much. Till then I shall not ask you to forgive me."

Arthur and Quincey came home with me, and we tried to cheer each other on the way. We had left behind the child in safety, and were tired. So we all slept with more or less reality of sleep.

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	4 / 6

DOCUMENT B

Hanna Sheehy B.A. 'Women and the university question' *New Ireland Review* 17 (May 1902) in Ward, Margaret, *Hanna Sheehy Skeffington, Suffragette and Sinn Féinner. Her Memoirs and Political Writings*. Dublin: University College Dublin Press, 2017, pp 30-32.

In her paper last month on this difficult and pressing subject, Miss Daly gave, as her reason for writing, the meagreness of the space allotted her in the queries sent recently to women-graduates for the purpose of eliciting their opinions on important points connected with the University Question. One might, then, not
5 unreasonably have expected from a woman graduate, giving her views upon the subject, that she would deal with the question upon a broad, practical basis, with clear insight and sympathy, and that some original thoughts might be presented, with the object of helping to the solution of the great problem. Instead, under the guise of impartiality, Miss Daly is, on the whole, unsympathetic, and, while
10 contributing nothing directly bearing on the present aspect of the question, she turns aside in order to go over the whole dreary line of argument common to those hostile to women's higher development. That these statements have been refuted again and again seems but to give them a greater hold; like nine-pins, they are put up, and the game recommences, as if in the hope that, in sheer weariness,
15 they would be left standing—as, indeed, does sometimes occur. After all, a man may be pardoned when prejudice, custom, convention, or professional jealousy warps his views. But when a woman, who has had, moreover, all the special advantages of trained thought and careful study reveals a similar narrow tendency, the case is discouraging and calls for criticism. This is why I venture on something
20 in the nature of a reply, though, necessarily, the subject can be treated only in barest outline. Were Miss Daly's paper allowed to go unchallenged before the public, the readers of the *New Ireland Review* might be justified in supposing that the views put forward by her represented those of many of her fellow-graduates, and were not merely the expression of individual and exceptional opinion—that, in
25 fact, the ordinary woman-graduate came forth from the ordeal physically impaired by her efforts to attain to the masculine level of study, and morally tainted by her pushful competition outside her 'special domestic sphere'.

When Miss Daly states, after this depressing estimate, that, after all, it is not for men to decide the question as to whether or not all rights shall be thrown
30 open to women, and that it should be left to women alone to choose for themselves, the conclusion comes as a distinct surprise. How can such a momentous choice be proposed to women unless they are first carefully trained to think for themselves; and how can this be effected unless they have had opportunities for intercourse with the best equipped and most cultivated minds,
35 until their faculties are quickened by stimulating interchange of ideas, until the many latent possibilities of the individual have been touched and developed in the course of a liberal education? And is not such the object of University life, the essence and supreme good of University culture? To regard a material commercial end as the primary idea of University training, is to degrade and corrupt its ideals,
40 and render it powerless for good. Though, probably, Miss Daly does not for an instant uphold this utilitarian standard in University education, nevertheless, many

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	5 / 6

of her arguments tend that way—else how can the 'lowering of wages' possibly enter into discussion of the University Question as it affects women? The University degree is surely not an investment, a marketable commodity: with a certain net value to its happy possessor! If University education is true to itself, if it constitutes a fitting preparation for Life, a moulding and a discipline of character and intellect, a cultivation of heart as well as brain, a widening of the individual outlook, a deepening of the individual sympathy, then it has most certainly fulfilled its function in the world. To propose to exclude women from sharing equally and to the full these advantages, which can alone be adequately given through the medium of a University, would not only be ruinous to her own higher development, but would materially affect education generally, by cutting off the refining and ennobling influence of woman at a stage where it is peculiarly beneficial and far-reaching.

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	6 / 6

DOCUMENT C

***Primum Vivere, Deinde Philosophari*¹. Cartoon by Howard Somerville. *Punch*, 25 January 1905.**

The caption reads: "Is Florrie's engagement really off, then?"

"Oh, yes. Jack wanted her to give up gambling and smoking, and goodness knows what else."

(Chorus.) "How absurd!! "



PRIMUM VIVERE, DEINDE PHILOSOPHARI.

"Is FLORRIE'S ENGAGEMENT REALLY OFF, THEN?"

"Oh, YES. JACK WANTED HER TO GIVE UP GAMBLING AND SMOKING, AND GOODNESS KNOWS WHAT ELSE."

(Chorus.) "How ABSURD!!!"

¹ 'Live first, philosophise later'.