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## **AGREGATION EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS**

### **EPREUVE 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

**Anna Burns. *Milkman*, London: Faber and Faber, 2018, pp. 21-24.**

At this time, in this place, when it came to the political problems, which included bombs and guns and death and maiming, ordinary people said 'their side did it' or 'our side did it', or 'their religion did it', or 'our religion did it' or 'they did it' or 'we did it', when what was really meant was 'defenders-of-the-state did it' or 'renouncers-of-the-state did it' or 'the state did it'. Now and then we might make an effort and say 'defender' or 'renouncer', though only when attempting to enlighten outsiders, for mostly we didn't bother when it was only ourselves. 'Us' and 'them' was second nature: convenient, familiar, insider, and these words were off-the-cuff, without the strain of having to remember and grapple with massaged phrases or diplomatically correct niceties. By unspoken agreement—which outsiders couldn't grasp unless it should come to their own private expediencies—it was unanimously understood that when everybody here used the tribal identifiers of 'us' or 'them', of 'their religion' or 'our religion', not *all* of us and not *all* of them was, it goes without saying, to be taken as read. That summed it up. Naïveté? Tradition? Reality? War going on and people in a hurry? Take your pick though the answer mainly is the last one. In those early days, those darker of the dark days, there wasn't time for vocabulary watchdogs, for political correctness, for self-conscious notions such as 'Will I be thought a bad person if', or 'Will I be thought bigoted if', or 'Am I supporting violence if' or 'Will I be seen to be supporting violence if' and everyone—everyone—understood this. All ordinary people also understood the basics of what was allowed and not allowed, of what was neutral and could be exempted from preferences, from nomenclature, from emblems and from outlooks. One of the best ways to describe these unspoken rules and regulations would be to home in for a second on the subject of names.

The couple who kept the list of names that weren't allowed in our district didn't decide themselves on these names. It was the spirit of the community going back in time that deemed which names were allowed and which were not. The keepers of the banned list were two people, a clerk and a clerkess, who catalogued, regulated and updated these names frequently, proving themselves efficient in their clerkiness but viewed by the community as mentally borderline aberrational for all that. Their endeavour was unnecessary because we inhabitants instinctively adhered to the list—abiding by it without going deeply into it. It was also unnecessary because this list, for years before the emergence of the missionary couple, had been excellently capable of perpetuating, updating and data-holding its own information itself. The couple who guarded it were called some ordinary man's name and some ordinary woman's name but were referred to in the community as Nigel and Jason, a joke not lost upon the good-natured pair themselves. The names not allowed were not allowed for the reason they were too much of the country 'over the water', with it no matter that some of those names hadn't originated in that country but instead had been appropriated and put to use by the people of that land. The banned names were understood to have become infused with the energy, the power of history, the age-old conflict, enjoinders and resisted impositions as laid down long ago in

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45 this country by that country, with the original nationality of the name now not in  
the running at all. The banned names were: Nigel, Jason, Jasper, Lance, Percival,  
Wilbur, Wilfred, Peregrine, Norman, Alf, Reginald, Cedric, Ernest, George,  
Harvey, Arnold, Wilberine, Tristram, Clive, Eustace, Auberon, Felix, Peverill,  
50 Winston, Godfrey, Hector, with Hubert, a cousin of Hector, also not allowed. Nor  
was Lambert or Lawrence or Howard or the other Laurence or Lionel or Randolph  
because Randolph was like Cyril which was like Lamont which was like Meredith,  
Harold, Algernon and Beverley. Myles too, was not allowed. Nor was Evelyn, or  
Ivor, or Mortimer, or Keith, or Rodney or Roger or Earl of Rupert or Willard or  
Simon or Sir Mary or Zebedee or Quentin, though maybe now Quentin owing to  
55 the filmmaker making good in America that time. Or Albert. Or Troy. Or Barclay.  
Or Eric. Or Marcus. Or Sefton. Or Marmaduke. Or Greville. Or Edgar because all  
those names were not allowed. Clifford was another name not allowed. Lesley  
wasn't either. Peverill was banned twice.

As for girl names, those from 'over the water' were tolerated because the  
60 name of a girl—unless it should be Pomp and Circumstance—wasn't politically  
contentious, therefore it had leeway with no decrees or edicts being drawn up on  
it at all. Wrong girl names did not connote the same taunting, long-memory,  
backdated, we-shall-not-forget, historical-distaste reaction as was the case with  
wrong boy names, but if you were of the opposite persuasion and from 'over the  
65 road' you would entirely allow yourself all of our banned names. Of course, you  
would not allow yourself a single name that was in flourishment in our  
community but given your own community's equally prescribed knee-jerk  
reaction, it is unlikely you would lose sleep over any of that. So with the names  
Rudyard, Edwin, Bertram, Lytton, Cuthbert, Roderick and Duke Of being the last  
70 of the names, on our side, on our list, which weren't allowed, all these names  
were guarded by Nigel and Jason. But there was no list of the names that were  
allowed. Every resident was supposed to know what was permitted based on  
what was not permitted. You gave your baby a name and if you were  
adventurous, avant-garde, bohemian, simply an unforeseen human factor going  
75 out on a limb to try a new name that wasn't an already established, legitimised  
name even if not on the banned list, then you and your baby would find out in  
due course whether you had made a mistake or not.

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## DOCUMENT B

### **Mahatma Gandhi. Speech at the Inter-Asian Relations Conference, New Delhi, 2 April 1947.**

Madam President and friends,

I do not think that I should apologize to you for having to speak in a foreign tongue. I wonder if this loud speaker carries my voice to the farthest end of this vast audience. If some of those who are far away are unable to listen to what I may say, it will be the fault of the loud speaker.

I was going to tell you that I do not wish to apologize. I dare not. You cannot understand the provincial language which is my mother tongue. I do not want to insult you by speaking in my own language (Gujarati). Our national speech is Hindustani. I know that it will be a long time before it can be made into an international speech. For international commerce, undoubtedly, English occupies the first place. I used to hear that French was the language of diplomacy. I was told, when I was young, that if I wanted to go from one end of Europe to the other, I must try to pick up French. I tried to learn French, in order that I may be able to make myself understood. There is a rivalry between the French and the English. Having been taught English, I have naturally to resort to it. [...]

You, friends, have not seen the real India and you are not meeting in conference in the midst of real India. Delhi, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, Lahore—all these are big cities and are, therefore, influenced by the West.

I then thought of a story. It was in French and was translated for me by an Anglo-French philosopher. He was an unselfish man. He befriended me without having known me, because he always sided with the minorities. I was not then in my own country. I was not only in a hopeless minority, but in a despised minority, if the Europeans in South Africa will forgive me for saying so. I was a coolie lawyer. At the time, we had no coolie doctors, and we had no coolie lawyers. I was the first in the field. You know, perhaps, what is meant by the word 'coolie'.

This friend—his mother was a French woman and his father was an Englishman—said: "I want to translate for you a French story. There were three scientists who went out from France in search of truth. They went to different parts of Asia. One of them found his way to India. He began to search. He went to the so-called cities of those times—naturally this was before British occupation, before even the Mogul period. He saw the so-called high caste people, men and women, till he felt at a loss. Finally, he went to one humble cottage and there he found the truth that he was in search of."

If you really want to see India at its best, you have to find it in the humble bhangi homes of such villages. There are seven lakhs of such villages, and thirty-eighty crores of people inhabit them.

If some of you see the Indian villages, you will not be fascinated by the sight. You will have to scratch below the dung heap. I do not pretend to say that they were places of paradise. Today, they are really dung heaps. They were not like that before. What I say is not from history, but from what I have seen myself. I have travelled from one end of India to the other, and I have seen the

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45 miserable specimens of humanity with the lustreless eyes. They are India. In these humble cottages, in the midst of these dung heaps, are to be found humble bhangis, in whom you find the concentrated essence of wisdom.

Again, I have learnt from books—books written by English historians. We read books written in English, but we do not write in our own mother tongue, or in the national language—Hindustani. We study our history through English  
50 books, rather than through originals. That is the cultural conquest which India has undergone.

The first of these wise men was Zoroaster. He belonged to the East. He was followed by the Buddha who belonged to the East—India. Who followed the Buddha? Jesus, who came from the East. Before Jesus was Moses, who belonged  
55 to Palestine, though he was born in Egypt. And after Jesus came Mohamed. I omit any reference to Krishna and Rama and other lights. I do not call them lesser lights but they are less known to the literary world. All the same, I do not know a single person in the world to match these men of Asia. And then what happened? Christianity became disfigured when it went to the West. I am sorry  
60 to have to say that—I would not talk any further.

I have told you the story in order to make you understand that what you see in the big cities is not the real India. Certainly, the carnage that is going on before our very eyes is a shameful thing. As I said yesterday, do not carry the memory of that carnage beyond the confines of India.

65 What I want you to understand is the message of Asia. It is not to be learnt through the western spectacles or by imitating the atom bomb. If you want to give a message to the West, it must be the message of love and the message of truth. I want you to go away with the thought that Asia has to conquer the West through love and truth. I do not want merely to appeal to your  
70 heads. I want to capture your hearts.

In this age of democracy, in this age of awakening of the poorest of the poor, you can re-deliver this message with the greatest emphasis. You will complete the conquest of the West, not through vengeance, because you have been exploited, but with real understanding. I am confident that if all of you put  
75 your hearts together—not merely heads—to understand the secret of the message these wise men of the East have left to us, and if we really become worthy of that great message, the conquest of the West will be completed. This conquest will be loved by the West itself.

80 The West is today pining for wisdom. It is despairing of a multiplication of the atom bombs, because the atom bombs mean utter destruction, not merely of the West, but of the whole world, as if the prophecy of the Bible is going to be fulfilled and there is to be a perfect deluge. It is up to you to tell the world of its wickedness and sin—that is the heritage your teachers and my teachers have taught Asia.



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## DOCUMENT C

Emily Allchurch. *Babel London (after Bruegel)*, 2015. Photographic collage, transparency on bespoke LED lightbox, 148.5 x 125 cm.

