

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

Paul Auster. *Moon Palace*, London: Faber and Faber, 1989, pp. 54-56.

I woke up feeling as though I had slept in a boxcar. It was just past dawn, and my entire body ached, my muscles had turned into knots. I extricated myself gingerly from the bush, cursing and groaning as I moved, and then took stock of my surroundings. I had spent the night at the edge of a softball field, 5 sprawled out in the shrubbery behind home plate. The field was situated in a shallow dip of land, and at that early hour a speckle of thin gray fog was hanging over the grass. Absolutely no one was in sight. A few sparrows swooped and chattered in the area around second base, a blue jay rasped in the trees overhead. This was New York, but it had nothing to do with the New York I had 10 always known. It was devoid of associations, a place that could have been anywhere. As I turned this thought over in my mind, it suddenly occurred to me that I had made it through the first night. I would not say that I rejoiced in the accomplishment—my body hurt too much for that—but I knew that an important piece of business had been put behind me. I had made it through the first night, 15 and if I had done it once, there was no reason to think I couldn't do it again.

I slept in the park every night after that. It became a sanctuary for me, a refuge of inwardness against the grinding demands of the streets. There were eight hundred and forty acres to roam in, and unlike the massive gridwork of buildings and towers that loomed outside the perimeter, the park offered me the 20 possibility of solitude, of separating myself from the rest of the world. In the streets, everything is bodies and commotion, and like it or not, you cannot enter them without adhering to a rigid protocol of behavior. To walk among the crowd means never going faster than anyone else, never lagging behind your neighbor, never doing anything to disrupt the flow of human traffic. If you play by the rules 25 of this game, people will tend to ignore you. There is a particular glaze that comes over the eyes of New Yorkers when they walk through the streets, a natural and perhaps necessary form of indifference to others. It doesn't matter how you look, for example. Outrageous costumes, bizarre hairdos, T-shirts with obscene slogans printed across them—no one pays attention to such things. On 30 the other hand, the way you act inside your clothes is of the utmost importance. Odd gestures of any kind are automatically taken as a threat. Talking out loud to yourself, scratching your body, looking someone directly in the eye: these deviations can trigger off hostile and sometimes violent reactions from those around you. You must not stagger or swoon, you must not clutch the walls, you 35 must not sing, for all forms of spontaneous or involuntary behavior are sure to elicit stares, caustic remarks, and even an occasional shove or kick in the shins. I was not so far gone that I received any treatment of that sort, but I saw it happen to others, and I knew that a day might eventually come when I wouldn't be able to control myself anymore. By contrast, life in Central Park allowed for a 40 much broader range of variables. No one thought twice if you stretched out on the grass and went to sleep in the middle of the day. No one blinked if you sat under a tree and did nothing, if you played your clarinet, if you howled at the top of your lungs. Except for the office workers who lurked around the fringes of the park at lunch hour, the majority of people who came in there acted as if they

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	3 / 6

45 were on holiday. The same things that would have alarmed them in the streets
were dismissed as casual amusements. People smiled at each other and held
hands, bent their bodies into unusual shapes, kissed. It was live and let live, and
as long as you did not actively interfere with what others were doing, you were
free to do what you liked.

50 There is no question that the park did me a world of good. It gave me
privacy, but more than that, it allowed me to pretend that I was not as bad off as
I really was. The grass and the trees were democratic, and as I loafed in the
sunshine of a late afternoon, or climbed among the rocks in the early evening to
look for a place to sleep, I felt that I was blending into the environment, that
55 even to a practiced eye I could have passed for one of the picnickers or strollers
around me. The streets did not allow for such delusions. Whenever I walked out
among the crowds, I was quickly shamed into an awareness of myself. I felt like
a speck, a vagabond, a pox of failure on the skin of mankind. Each day, I
became a little dirtier than I had been the day before, a little more ragged and
60 confused, a little more different from everyone else. In the park, I did not have
to carry around this burden of self-consciousness. It gave me a threshold, a
boundary, a way to distinguish between the inside and the outside. If the streets
forced me to see myself as others saw me, the park gave me a chance to return
to my inner life, to hold on to myself purely in terms of what was happening
65 inside me.

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	4 / 6

DOCUMENT B

Eric Klinenberg. *Going Solo, the Extraordinary Rise and Surprising Appeal of Living Alone*, London: Penguin Books, 2012, pp. 228-231.

Ultimately, the question is not how many of us live alone but how we live with the fact that so many people in so many societies do. It's too early to say how any particular society will respond to either the problems or the opportunities generated by this extraordinary social transformation. After all, our
5 experiment with going solo is still in its earliest stages, and we are just beginning to understand how it affects our own lives, as well as our families, communities, cities and states.

In theory, the rise of living alone could lead to any number of outcomes, from the decline of community to a more socially active citizenry, from rampant
10 isolation to a more robust public life. I began my exploration of the world's first singleton societies with an eye for their most dangerous and disturbing features, including selfishness, loneliness, reclusiveness, and the horrors of getting sick or dying alone. I found some measure of all of these things in the cities where living alone has become common, and in the pages above I've suggested several ways
15 that we could address them more effectively than we do today. On balance, however, I came away from my fieldwork convinced that the problems related to living alone do not and should not define the condition, because the great majority of those who go solo have a more rich and varied experience. Sometimes, indeed, they feel lonely, anxious, and uncertain about whether they
20 would be happier in another arrangement. But so, too, do those who are married or live with others, and the widespread, often firsthand knowledge of this fact is just one of the reasons that, in my interviews, nearly everyone who lives alone said that they prefer it to their other available options.

Today, there is an abundance of pop sociology that associates living alone
25 with the rise of loneliness, the collapse of civil society, and the demise of the common good. I find this line of argument to be worse than misleading. It's damaging, because its vague generalities distract us from the urgent challenge of calling attention to truly isolated people and to the places that most need help.

Moreover, when we treat living alone exclusively as a social problem, we
30 cannot help but overlook the fact that its rapid emergence has also created new possibilities for our personal, romantic, and social lives. The rise of living alone has produced some significant social benefits, too. We have seen, for instance, that young and middle-age singletons have helped to revitalize the public life of cities, because they are more likely than those who live with others to spend
35 time with friends and neighbors, to frequent bars, cafés, and restaurants, and to participate in informal social activities as well as civic groups. We have seen that cultural acceptance of living alone has helped to liberate women from bad marriages and oppressive families, allowing them not only to reassert control of their personal lives but also to make a spirited return to civic life, where a world
40 of other singletons will welcome them. We have seen that, despite fears that living alone may be environmentally unsustainable, solos tend to live in apartments rather than big houses, and in relatively green cities rather than in auto-dependent suburbs. So, there's good reason to believe that people who live

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	5 / 6

45 alone in cities actually consume less energy than they would if they coupled up
and decamped to pursue a single-family home. And we have seen that living
alone has given people a way to achieve restorative solitude as well as the
freedom to engage in intensely social experiences. Surprisingly, it has given
people the personal time and space that we sometimes need to make deep and
meaningful connections—whether with another person, a community, a cause, or
50 our selves.

Countless cultural traditions, from the Stoics to the monastics to the
transcendentalists, have emphasized the value of spending time in a place of
one's own. So, too, have modern social scientists, from Émile Durkheim, the
French sociologist who coined the expression "cult of the individual," to John
55 Cacioppo, the University of Chicago psychologist who, in his innovative studies of
loneliness, has noted that the lack of time for oneself "is one of the great
complaints of men and women in today's harried marriages" and that "those who
feel lonely actually spend no more time alone than do those who feel more
connected."

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	6 / 6

DOCUMENT C

Edward Hopper. *Sunlight in a Cafeteria*, 1958. Oil on canvas, 102.2 x 152.7 cm. Yale University Art Gallery.

