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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

J.G. Ballard. *The Drowned World* [1962], London: Harper Perennial, 2008, pp. 125-128.

Beatrice gathered her skirt in one hand, and they moved slowly down the line of cinemas, past cafés and amusement arcades, patronised now only by the bivalves and molluscs. At the first corner they turned away from the sounds of revelry coming from the other side of the square, and walked westwards down the dim dripping canyons. A few star-shells continued to explode overhead, and the delicate glass sponges in the doorways glowed softly as they reflected the pink and blue light.

“Coventry Street, Haymarket...” Kerans read off the rusting street signs. They stepped quickly into a doorway as Strangman and his pack charged back across the square in a blaze of light and noise, machetes slashing at the rotting boards over the shop-fronts.

“Let’s hope they find something that satisfies them,” Bodkin murmured. He searched the crowded skyline, as if looking for the deep black water that had once covered the buildings.

For several hours they wandered like forlorn elegant ghosts through the narrow streets, occasionally meeting one of the roistering crew, ambling drunkenly along the centre of the roadway with the remains of some fading garment in one hand, a machete in the other. A few small fires had been started in the centre of the street junctions, groups of two or three men warming themselves over the flaring tinder.

Avoiding these, the trio made their way across the nexus of streets to the south shore of the sometime lagoon, where Beatrice’s apartment house rose up into the darkness, the penthouse lost among the stars.

“You’ll have to walk the first ten storeys,” Kerans told Beatrice. He pointed to the deep bank of silt which reached upwards in a damp concave slope to the fifth floor windows, part of an immense massif of coagulated loam which, as Strangman had described, now encircled the lagoon and formed an impenetrable dyke against the encroaching sea. Down the side-streets they could see the great viscous mass lifting over the roof-tops, flowing through the gutted buildings, which in turn helped to rigidify them.

Here and there the perimeter of the dyke moored itself to a heavier obstruction—a church or government office—and diverged from its circular path around the lagoon. One of these evaginations followed the route they had taken on their way to the diving party, and Kerans felt his step quicken as they approached the planetarium. He waited impatiently as the others idled in front of the empty display windows of the old department stores, or gazed at the black slime oozing down the escalators below the office blocks into sluggish pools across the street.

Even the smallest of the buildings had been barricaded before being abandoned, and a makeshift clutter of steel screens and grilles collapsed across the doorways, hiding whatever might lie behind them. Everything was covered with a fine coating of silt, smothering whatever grace and character had once distinguished the streets, so that the entire city seemed to Kerans to have been

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45 resurrected from its own sewers. Were the Day of Judgement to come, the armies of the dead would probably rise clothed in the same filthy mantle.

“Robert.” Bodkin held his arm, pointing down the darkened street ahead of them. Fifty yards away, its metal dome outlined faintly in the fragmentary light of the distant signal rockets, stood the sombre, shadow-draped hull of the planetarium. Kerans stopped, recognising the orientation of the surrounding roadway, the sidewalks and street lamps, then walked forward, half uncertain, half curious, towards this pantheon which held so many of his terrors and enigmas.

50 Sponges and red kelp sagged limply across the sidewalk outside the entrance as they approached, picking their way carefully over the banks of mud that lined the street. The groves of wraith-like fucus which had wreathed the dome now flopped limply over the portico, their long draining fronds hanging over the entrance like a ragged awning. Kerans reached up and pushed aside the fronds, then peered cautiously into the interior of the darkened foyer. Thick black mud, hissing faintly as its contained marine life expired in a slow deflation of air-bladders and buoyancy sacs, lay everywhere, over the ticket booths and the stairway to the mezzanine, across the walls and door-panels. No longer the velvet mantle he remembered from his descent, it was now a fragmenting cloak of rotting organic forms, like the vestments of the grave. The once translucent threshold of the womb had vanished, its place taken by the gateway to a sewer.

60 Kerans began to walk forwards across the foyer, remembering the deep twilight bower of the auditorium and its strange zodiac. Then he felt the dark fluid rilling out across the mud between his feet, like the leaking blood-stream of a whale.

70 Quickly he took Beatrice’s arm, and retraced their steps down the street. “I’m afraid the magic has gone,” he remarked flatly. He forced a laugh. “I suppose Strangman would say that the suicide should never return to the scene of his crime.”

75 Attempting to take a shorter route, they blundered into a winding cul-de-sac, managed to step back in time as a small caiman lunged at them from a shallow pool. Darting between the rusting shells of cars, they regained the open street, the alligator racing behind them. It paused by a lamp post on the edge of the sidewalk, tail whipping slowly, jaws flexing, and Kerans pulled Beatrice after him. They broke into a run and had covered ten yards when Bodkin slipped and fell heavily into a bank of silt. [...]

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DOCUMENT B

Jason Wood. "From Port to Resort: Art, Heritage and Identity in the Regeneration of Margate", in Peter Borseley and John K Walton (eds.), *Resorts and Ports: European Seaside Towns Since 1700*, Bristol: Channel View Publications, 2011, pp. 197-199.

In October 2006, Blackpool Pleasure Beach put up for sale the cars from its 1935 American-built Turtle Chase. 'Buy your own piece of history on Ebay now', read the advertisement on the Pleasure Beach website. The cars sold for the ridiculously low price of £155 and prompted a hasty trip to Blackpool, armed with
5 a camera and accompanied by my bewildered daughter complaining that 'no-one goes on holiday to see historic rides that don't work'. She had a point. But it started a train of thought. Perhaps people would go on holiday to a place where historic rides *did* work.

Fast forward one year. I am not alone in my thinking. Nick Laister, a leading
10 authority on the British theme park industry, has a plan. His concept, on paper at least, is simple. Acquire a representative sample of classic rides from closed or soon-to-be-closed amusement parks, restore and re-erect them in a single location and create the world's first heritage amusement park dedicated to preserving and operating historic rides. And the place where this dream will come true is,
15 appropriately enough, Dreamland—the former amusement park in the seaside resort of Margate.

Situated on the north coast of Kent, at the extreme end of the Thames estuary, Margate is well known as one of England's earliest seaside resorts and the site of the world's first sea-bathing hospital. From its origins, the resort was
20 particularly popular with middle-class and lower middle-class holidaymakers from London because of its proximity to the capital and relatively good transport links. Rapid expansion in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and continued prosperity in the early twentieth century was, however, followed by decline, as happened with so many English resorts, from the 1960s.

Margate seems to have faced greater problems and suffered through a lack
25 of investment more than most resorts in recent decades. Its economic difficulties and social problems were already attracting attention from sociologists and social geographers in the 1980s. Increasingly a byword for faded seaside grandeur, rundown facilities and conflict over its use as a dumping-ground for minorities
30 unwanted elsewhere, the place continues to attract adverse criticism, ridicule and hostile prejudice from sections of the British media and other commentators. The Australian (and honorary Australian) authors of the *Lonely Planet* guide to Britain, originally published in 1995, dismissed the town as freezing and tacky, and concluded with the ultimate and widely reported put-down that God was so
35 depressed looking at Margate that He created Torremolinos. Media attention was again rife in January 2008 when the outspoken singer-songwriter turned political activist Bob Geldof, a long-time resident of Kent, branded the town as unsightly, musing, 'It's a mad mystery, the battle of the ugliness of Margate against the charm of the beaches'. In May 2009, *The Times* carried an aggressive article by
40 Richard Morrison describing Margate as 'a blot on the landscape that could disappear overnight without a murmur of lament' and Dreamland as a 'grotesquely

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tacky, yet unaccountably “celebrated” amusement park [that] should have been torn down decades ago’. *The Times* published a response from Nick Laister two days later, demolishing Morrison’s misplaced rhetoric.

45 What made Margate unusual among the first resorts was that many of its visitors arrived by sea, initially by single-masted sailing barges or hoys. The harbour and its pier were therefore inextricably linked to Margate’s early success as a resort. The harbour itself lay adjacent to the old town, which up until the late eighteenth century retained a modest fishing community. The stone pier or
50 harbour arm, in its latest form built by the engineers John Rennie and William Jessup, dates from 1815. This year also saw the introduction of the first regular steamer service from London, providing a quicker and more comfortable method of transport. As the pier could be used only at high tide, a wooden jetty known as Jarvis’ Landing Place was erected in 1824 immediately to the east of the harbour.
55 This enabled additional steamers to disembark and embark, and by 1835, passenger numbers had risen five-fold to 109,000. The jetty was later rebuilt in iron to designs by the celebrated seaside pier engineer Eugenius Birch. It opened in 1855 and was in fact the first of Birch’s many commissions. In 1877, the jetty was extended with the addition of a hexagonal pier head, but virtually all of the
60 structure was lost to a storm in 1978.

The arrival of the railway and construction of two stations—Margate Sands in 1846 and Margate West in 1863—shifted the development of holiday accommodation and entertainment further west, away from the old town and harbour. The largest and most important of these late nineteenth-century
65 developments was the site that was to become Dreamland.

The decline of the harbour and the buildings supporting the port and fishing activities began much earlier than the decline of the resort infrastructure. The area became increasingly derelict and much of it, including the imposing Hotel Metropole, was cleared away in the late 1930s as part of the so-called Fort Road
70 Improvement scheme, to be replaced by a short section of dual carriageway. By comparison, the decline of Dreamland was relatively late, with the amusement park site being largely cleared in 2002 (with a dwindling number of rides continuing until 2006) and the adjacent Dreamland cinema complex only closing in 2007.

The historical importance to the development of Margate of these two key
75 areas, the harbour and the Dreamland site, is now being recognised, and their decline is beginning to be reversed through a major programme of investment in art and heritage that seeks to marry regeneration, culture and identity to deliver exciting new visitor attractions and associated redevelopment.

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DOCUMENT C

Martin Parr. *Clacton-on-Sea, Essex*. Colour photograph included in "The Great British Seaside—National Maritime Museum Exhibition" (2017), original dimensions unknown. Martin Parr, *Only Human*, London: Phaidon Press, 2017.

