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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

Paul Beatty. *The Sellout: A Novel*, New York: Picador, 2015, pp. 8-10.

It's a trip being the latest in the long line of landmark race-related cases. I suppose the constitutional scholars and cultural paleontologists will argue over my place on the historical timeline. Carbon-date my pipe and determine whether I'm a direct descendant of Dred Scott, that colored conundrum who, as a slave living in a free state, was man enough for his wife and kids, man enough to sue his master for his freedom, but not man enough for the Constitution, because in the eyes of the Court he was simply property: a black biped "with no rights the white man was bound to respect." They'll pore over the legal briefs and thumb through the antebellum vellum and try to determine whether or not the outcome of this case confirms or overturns *Plessy v. Ferguson*. They'll scour the plantations, the projects, and the Tudor suburban subdivision affirmative-action palaces, digging up backyards looking for remnants of the ghost of discrimination past in the fossilized dice and domino bones, brush the dust off the petrified rights and writs buried in bound legal volumes, and pronounce me as "unforeseen hip-hop generation precedent" in the vein of Luther "Luke Skyywalker" Campbell, the gap-toothed rapper who fought for his right to party and parody the white man the way he'd done us for years. Though if I'd been on the other side of the bench, I would've snatched the fountain pen from Chief Justice Rehnquist's hand and written the lone dissenting opinion, stating categorically that "any wack rapper whose signature tune is 'Me So Horny' has no rights the white man, or any other B-boy worth his suede Pumas, was bound to respect."

The smoke burns the inside of my throat. "Equal Justice Under Law!" I shout to no one in particular, a testament to both the potency of the weed and my lightweight constitution. In neighborhoods like the one I grew up in, places that are poor in praxis but rich in rhetoric, the homies have a saying—I'd rather be judged by twelve than carried by six. It's a maxim, an oft-repeated rap lyric, a last-ditch rock and hard place algorithm that on the surface is about faith in the system but in reality means shoot first, put your trust in the public defender and be thankful you still have your health. I'm not all that streetwise, but to my knowledge there's no appellate court corollary. I've never heard a corner store roughneck take a sup of malt liquor and say, "I'd rather be reviewed by nine than arbitrated by one." People have fought and died trying to get some of that "Equal Justice Under Law" advertised so blithely on the outside of this building, but innocent or guilty, most offenders never make it this far. Their courtroom appeals rarely go beyond a mother's tearful call for the Good Lord's mercy or a second mortgage on grandma's house. And if I believed in such slogans, I'd have to say I've had more than my share of justice, but I don't. When people feel the need to adorn a building or a compound with an "*Arbeit Macht Frei*," a "Biggest Little City in the World," or "The Happiest Place on Earth," it's a sign of insecurity, a contrived excuse for taking up our finite space and time. Ever been to Reno, Nevada? It's the Shittiest Little City in the World, and if Disneyland was indeed the Happiest Place on Earth, you'd either keep it a secret or the price of admission would be free and not equivalent to the yearly per capita income of a small sub-Saharan African nation like Detroit.

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45 I didn't always feel this way. Growing up, I used to think all of black
America's problems could be solved if we only had a motto. A pithy *Liberté, égalité,*
fraternité we could post over squeaky wrought-iron gateways, embroider onto
kitchen wall hangings and ceremonial bunting. It, like the best of African-American
folklore and hairstyles, would have to be simple, yet profound. Noble, and yet
50 somehow egalitarian. A calling card for an entire race that was raceless on the
surface, but quietly understood by those in the know to be very, very black. I don't
know where young boys come up with such notions, but when your friends all refer
to their parents by their first names, there's the sense that something isn't quite
right. And wouldn't it be nice, in these times of constant conniption and crisis, for
55 broken Negro families to gather around the hearth, gaze upon the mantelpiece,
and take comfort in the uplifting words inscribed on a set of lovingly handcrafted
commemorative plates or limited-edition gold coins purchased from a late-night
infomercial on an already maxed-out credit card?

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DOCUMENT B

George W. Bush. "Speech at the African-American Museum in Washington", September 24, 2016. Transcript published on the *Washington Post's* website on the same day.

(Source: <https://www.washingtonpost.com/news/arts-and-entertainment/wp/2016/09/24/read-george-w-bushs-speech-at-the-african-american-museum-13-years-after-signing-the-bill-to-build-it/>)

"Thank you all. (To Laura.) Thank you, darling. (Laughter) Laura has been very much engaged in this museum for a long time. She sits on the board. And we're honored to be here. My first reaction is I hope all of our fellow citizens come and look at this place. It is fabulous.

5 Mr. President and first lady, vice president, chief justice, [Smithsonian Secretary] David [Skorton], thank you very much. The board. I do want to give a shout out to [museum director] Lonnie [Bunch]. It's really important to understand this project would not and could not have happened without his drive, his energy and his optimism.

10 As Laura mentioned, 15 years ago, members from both parties—Congressman John Lewis and Sam Brownback, then-senator from Kansas—
informed me that they were about to introduce legislation creating a new museum to share the stories and celebrate the achievements of African Americans. You know, it would be fair to say that the Congress and I did not always see eye to
15 eye. If you know what I mean, Mr. President. (Laughter) But this is one issue where we strongly agreed. I was honored to sign the bill authorizing the construction of this national treasure. And I'm pleased it now stands where it has always belonged, on the National Mall.

20 This museum is an important addition to our country for many reasons. Here are three. First, it shows our commitment to truth. A great nation does not hide its history. It faces its flaws and corrects them. This museum tells the truth that a country founded on the promise of liberty held millions in chains. That the price of our union was America's original sin.

25 From the beginning, some spoke to truth. John Adams, who called slavery an 'evil of colossal magnitude.' Their voices were not heeded, and often not heard. But they were always known to a power greater than any on earth, one who loves his children and meant them to be free.

30 Second, this museum shows America's capacity to change. For centuries, slavery and segregation seemed permanent. Permanent parts of our national life. But not to Nat Turner or Frederick Douglass; Harriet Tubman; Rosa Parks; or Martin Luther King, Jr. All answered cruelty with courage and hope.

35 In a society governed by the people, no wrong lasts forever. After struggle and sacrifice, the American people, acting through the most democratic of means, amended the constitution that originally treated slaves as three-fifths of a person, to guarantee equal protection of the laws. After a decade of struggle, civil rights acts and voting rights act were finally enacted. Even today, the journey toward justice is still not complete. But this museum will inspire us to go farther and get there faster.

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40 And finally, the museum showcases the talent of some of our finest
Americans. The galleries celebrate not only African American equality, but African
American greatness. I cannot help but note that a huge influence in my teenage
years is honored here, the great Chuck Berry. (Laughter) Or my baseball idol
growing up in far West Texas, the great Willie Mays. And of course, something I
never really mastered, the ability to give a good speech, but Thurgood Marshall
45 sure could. And some of you may know I'm a fledgling painter, a struggling artist.
(Laughter) I have a new appreciation for the artists whose brilliant works are
displayed here, people like Robert Duncanson, Henry Ossawa Tanner, Charles
Henry Alston.

50 Our country is better and more vibrant because of their contributions and
the contributions of millions of African Americans. No telling of American history is
neither complete nor accurate without acknowledging them.

The lesson in this museum is that all Americans share a past and a future.
By staying true to our principles, righting injustice, and encouraging the
empowerment of all, we will be an even greater nation for generations to come. I
55 congratulate all those who played a role in creating this wonderful museum. May
God bless us all."

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DOCUMENT C

Hank Willis Thomas. *The Cotton Bowl*, 2011, from the series "Strange Fruit," digital c-print, 65 x 96 inches.

