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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.

**DOCUMENT A**

**Edward Morgan Forster. *Maurice* [1971], London: Penguin, 1975, pp. 171-73.**

'Had I best be going now, sir?'

Abominably shy, Maurice pretended not to hear.

'We mustn't fall asleep though, awkward if anyone came in,' he continued, with a pleasant blurred laugh that made Maurice feel friendly but at the same time diffident and sad. He managed to reply, 'You mustn't call me Sir,' and the laugh sounded again, as if brushing aside such problems. There seemed to be charm and insight, yet his discomfort increased.

'May I ask your name?' he said awkwardly.

'I'm Scudder.'

'I know you're Scudder—I meant your other name.'

'Only Alec just.'

'Jolly name to have.'

'It's only my name.'

'I'm called Maurice.'

'I saw you when you first drove up, Mr Hall, wasn't it Tuesday, I did think you looked at me angry and gentle both together.'

'Who were those people with you?' said Maurice, after a pause.

'Oh that wor only Mill, that wor Milly's cousin. Then do you remember the piano got wet the same evening, and you had great trouble to suit yourself over a book, didn't read it, did you either?'

'How ever did you know I didn't read my book?'

'Saw you leaning out of the window instead. I saw you the next night too. I was out on the lawn.'

'Do you mean you were out in all that infernal rain?'

'Yes... watching... oh, that's nothing, you've got to watch, haven't you... see, I've not much longer in this country, that's how I kep putting it.'

'How beastly I was to you this morning!'

'Oh that's nothing—Excuse the question but is that door locked?'

'I'll lock it.' As he did so, the feeling of awkwardness returned. Whither was he tending, from Clive into what companionship?

Presently they fell asleep.

They slept separate at first, as if proximity harassed them, but towards morning a movement began, and they woke deep in each other's arms. 'Had I best be going now?' he repeated, but Maurice, through whose earlier night had threaded the dream 'Something is a little wrong and had better be,' was resting utterly at last, and murmured 'No, no.'

'Sir, the church has gone four, you'll have to release me.'

'Maurice, I'm Maurice.'

'But the church has—'

'Damn the church.'

He said, 'I've the cricket pitch to help roll for the match,' but did not move, and seemed in the faint grey light to be smiling proudly. 'I have the young birds too—the boat's done—Mr London and Mr Fetherstonhaugh dived splack into the

water lilies—they told me all young gentlemen can dive—I never learned to. It seems more natural like not to let the head get under the water. I call that drowning before your day.'

'I was taught I'd be ill if I didn't wet my hair.'

'Well, you was taught what wasn't the case.'

'I expect so—it's a piece with all else I was taught. A master I used to trust as a kid taught me it. I can still remember walking on the beach with him... oh dear! And the tide came up, all beastly grey...' He shook himself fully awake, as he felt his companion slip from him. 'Don't, why did you?'

'There's the cricket—'

'No, there's not the cricket—You're going abroad.'

'Well, we'll find another opportunity before I do.'

'If you'll stop, I'll tell you my dream. I dreamt of an old grandfather of mine. He was a queer card. I wonder what you'd have made of him. He used to think dead people went to the sun, but he treated his own employees badly.'

'I dreamt the Reverend Borenius was trying to drown me, and now really I must go, I can't talk about dreams, don't you see, or I'll catch it from Mr Ayres.'

'Did you ever dream you'd a friend, Alec? Nothing else but just "my friend", he trying to help you and you him. A friend,' he repeated, sentimental suddenly. 'Someone to last your whole life and you his. I suppose such a thing can't really happen outside sleep.'

But the moment for speech had passed. Class was calling, the crack in the floor must reopen at sunrise. When he reached the window Maurice called 'Scudder,' and he turned like a well-trained dog.

'Alec, you're a dear fellow and we've been very happy.'

'You get some sleep, there's no hurry in your case,' he said kindly, and took up the gun that had guarded them through the night. The tips of the ladder quivered against the dawn as he descended, then were motionless. There was a tiny crackle from the gravel, a tiny clink from the fence that divided garden and park: then all was as if nothing had been, and silence absolute filled the Russet Room, broken after a time by the sounds of a new day.

**DOCUMENT B**

**Edward Carpenter. *My Days and Dreams: Being Autobiographical Notes*, London: George Allen & Unwin, 1916, pp. 159-164.**

The Adams' left Millthorpe early in February '98; and the next day—trundling with the help of two boys all his worldly goods in a handcart over the hills, and through a disheartening blizzard of snow—George Merrill arrived. This extraordinary being, in many ways so kindred a spirit to my own, had now been known to me for some years. I had met him first on the outskirts of Sheffield immediately after my return from India, and had recognized at once a peculiar intimacy and mutual understanding. Bred in the slums quite below civilization, but of healthy parentage of comparatively rustic origin, he had grown so to speak entirely out of his own roots; and a singularly affectionate, humorous, and swiftly intuitive nature had expanded along its own lines—subject of course to some of the surrounding conditions, but utterly untouched by the prevailing conventions and proprieties of the upper world. Always—even in utmost poverty—clean and sweet in person and neat in attire, he was attractive to most people; and children (of whom he was especially fond) would congregate round him. Yet being by temperament loving and even passionate—to a degree indeed which sometimes scandalized the "unco' guid"—he was, it may safely be said, never 'respectable.' Fortunately he was either too careless or too unconscious of public opinion to trouble much about that; and despite the shafts of occasional criticism he remained always fairly assured of himself—with the same sort of unconscious assurance that a plant or an animal may have in its own nature. What struck me most, however, on my first meeting with him, was the pathetic look of wistfulness in his face. Whatever his experiences up to then may have been, it assured me that the desire of his *heart* was still unsatisfied.

To George Merrill the arrival at Millthorpe was the fulfilment of a dream; and a blizzard ten times as bad as the actual one would not I believe have daunted him. The departure of the Adams' had left the house largely denuded of furniture, and for some days we bivouacked with a trestle table for meals and a sanded floor. By degrees we got things into order, acquired the necessaries of life and comfort; and started housekeeping on a new footing. For seven years the possibility of this arrangement had I believe wavered before George's eyes, and it had certainly been considered by me. But we had hardly spoken about it. It was too remote. On my side other arrangements and engagements precluded the plan; on his, the various situations he had found—once in a newspaper office, once in an hotel, and lastly in an ironworks—were not to be lightly thrown aside. It was only now, when the Adams' were leaving and George at the same time was out of work, that the Fates pointed favorably and the thing was done.

If the Fates pointed favorably I need hardly say that my friends (with a few exceptions) pointed the other way! I knew of course that George had an instinctive genius for housework, and that in all probability he would keep house better than most women would. But most of my friends thought otherwise. They drew sad pictures of the walls of my cottage hanging with cobwebs, and of the master unfed and neglected while his assistant amused himself elsewhere. They neither knew nor understood the facts of the case. Moreover they had sad misgivings about the

moral situation. A youth who had spent much of his early time in the purlieus of public-houses and in society not too reputable would do me no credit, and would only by my adoption be confirmed in his own errant ways. Such was their verdict. For myself if I entertained any of these misgivings it was but very faintly. Of the fellow's essential goodness I felt no doubt. What rather troubled me was the question whether *he* would be able to endure the dullness and quiet of a country life. […]

As it was the move proved a complete success. In a few months or a year my friend was quite acclimatized, and while enjoying (like myself) a day or two in town was always genuinely glad to get back again to our little home in Cordwell Valley.

As I have said, the families I had with me before were both kindly and good sorts, and in their different ways helpful and useful. But a time had come with the growing expansion of my work when it became quite impossible to continue running things on the old footing, and quite necessary for me to have the house really at my own command. The arrival of George Merrill rendered this possible. And immediately a new order of things began. Merrill from the first developed quite a talent for housework. He soon picked up the necessary elements of cookery, vegetarian or otherwise; he carried on the arts of washing, baking and so forth with address and dispatch; he took pride in making the place look neat and clean, and insisted on decorating every room that was in use with flowers. I, for my part, finally gave up the market garden business and contracted the garden ground into merely sufficient to supply the needs of the house. This I cultivated partly myself and partly with the occasional help of an outsider; and in addition I made it a rule to dust my own study and light the fire in it every morning. These little garden and household works—if not amounting to much—I have still always found very helpful and rather pleasant—as giving the bodily side of life some decent expression, and at the same time rendering the mental perspective more just.

Thus we settled down, two bachelors: keeping the mornings intact for pretty close and rigorous work; and the afternoons and evenings for more social recreation. As a rule I find the housekeeper who is a little particular and 'house-proud' is inclined, not unnaturally, to be somewhat set against visitors—especially those who may bring some amount of dirt and dishevelment with them. But George—though occasionally disposed that way—was so genuinely sociable and affectionate by nature that the latter tendency overcame the former. The only people he could not put up with were those whom he suspected (sometimes unjustly) of being pious or puritanical. For these he had as keen a *flair* as the orthodox witch-finder used to have for heretics; and I am afraid he was sometimes rude to them. On one occasion he was standing at the door of our cottage, looking down the garden brilliant in the sun, when a missionary sort of man arrived with a tract and wanted to put it in his hand. "Keep your tract," said George. "I don't want it." "But don't you wish to know the way to heaven?" said the man. "No, I don't," was the reply, "can't you see that *we're in heaven here*—we don't *want* any better than this, so go away!" And the man turned and fled. Like the archdeacon in Eden Phillpotts' *Human Boy* "he flew and was never heard of again."

No doubt his objection to the pious and puritanical was returned with interest by their objection to him. Whatever faults or indiscretions he may have been guilty of, they were occasionally (in true provincial style) fastened on and magnified and circulated about as grave scandals. It was on such occasions however that the real

affection of the country people for us showed itself, and they breathed slaughter against our assailants. George in fact was accepted and one may say beloved by both my manual worker friends and my more aristocratic friends. It was only the middling people who stumbled over him; and they did not so much matter! Anyhow our lives had become necessary to each other, so that what any one said was of little importance.

It thus became possible to realize in some degree a dream which I had had in mind for some time—that of making Millthorpe a *rendezvous* for all classes and conditions of society. […]

**DOCUMENT C**

**Joseph Losey. *The Servant* (1963). Film still.**