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## **AGRÉGATION 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

**Alan Sillitoe. *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* [1958], London: Harper Perennial, 2006, pp. 38-40.**

The minute you stepped out of the factory gates you thought no more about your work. But the funniest thing was that neither did you think about work when you were standing at your machine. You began the day by cutting and drilling steel cylinders with care, but gradually your actions became automatic and you forgot  
5 all about the machine and the quick working of your arms and hands and the fact that you were cutting and boring and rough-threading to within limits of only five-thousandths of an inch. The noise of motor-trolleys passing up and down the gangway and the excruciating din of flying and flapping belts slipping out of your consciousness after perhaps half an hour, without affecting the quality of the work  
10 you were turning out, and you forgot your past conflicts with the gaffer and turned to thinking of pleasant events that had at some time happened to you, or things that you hoped would happen to you in the future. If your machine was working well—the motor smooth, stops tight, jigs good—and you spring your actions into a favourable rhythm you became happy. You went off into pipe-dreams for the  
15 rest of the day. And in the evening, when admittedly you would be feeling as though your arms and legs had been stretched to breaking point on a torture-rack, you stepped out into a cosy world of pubs and noisy tarts that would one day provide you with the raw material for more pipe-dreams as you stood at your lathe.

It was marvellous the things you remembered while you worked on the  
20 lathe, things that you thought were forgotten and would never come back into your mind, often things that you hoped would stay forgotten. Time flew while you wore out the oil-soaked floor and worked furiously without knowing it: you lived in a compatible world of pictures that passed through your mind like a magic-lantern, often in vivid and glorious loonycolour, a world where memory and  
25 imagination ran free and did acrobatic tricks with your past and with what might be your future, an amok that produced all sorts of agreeable visions. Like the corporal said about sitting on the lavatory: it was the only time you have to think, and to quote him further, you thought of some lovely and marvellous things.

When Arthur went back to work in the afternoon he needed only four  
30 hundred cylinders to complete his daily stint. If he cared he could slow down, but he was unable to take it easy until every cylinder lay clean and finished in the box at his lathe, unwilling to drop off speed while work was yet to be done. He turned out the four hundred in three hours, in order to pass a pleasant time doing a well-disguised nothing, looking as though he were busy, perhaps cleaning his machine  
35 or talking to Jack during the ostensible business of getting his tools sharpened. Cunning, he told himself gleefully, as he began the first hundred, dropping them off one by one at a respectable speed. Don't let the bastards grind you down, as Fred used to say when he was in the navy. Something about a carborundum wheel when he spouted it in Latin, but good advice just the same, though he didn't need  
40 to tell *me*. I'll never let anybody grind me down because I'm worth as much as any other man in the world, though when it comes to the lousy vote they give me I often feel like telling 'em where to shove it, for all the good using it'll do me. But if they said: 'Look, Arthur, here's a hundredweight of dynamite and a brand-new

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45 plunger, now blow up the factory,' then I'd do it, because that'd be something  
worth doing. Action. I'd bale-out for Russia or the North Pole where I'd sit and  
laugh like a horse over what I'd done, at the wonderful sight of gaffers and  
machines and shining bikes going sky-high one wonderful moonlit night. Not that  
I've got owt against 'em, but that's just how I feel now and again. Me, I couldn't  
care less if the world did blow up tomorrow, as long as I'm blown up with it. Not  
50 that I wouldn't like to win ninety-thousand quid beforehand. But I'm having a good  
life and don't care about anything, and it'd be a pity to leave Brenda, all said and  
done, especially now Jack's been put on nights. Not that he minds, which is the  
funny part about it, because he's happy about a bigger pay-packet and a change,  
and I'm happy, and I know Brenda's happy. Everybody's happy. It's a fine world  
55 sometimes, if you don't weaken, or if you don't give the bastards a chance to get  
cracking with that carborundum.

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## DOCUMENT B

**George Orwell. *The Road to Wigan Pier* [1937], London: Penguin, 2014, pp. 106-109.**

Take for instance the different attitude towards the family. A working-class family hangs together as a middle-class one does, but the relationship is far less tyrannical. A working man has not that deadly weight of family prestige hanging round his neck like a millstone. I have pointed out earlier that a middle-class person goes utterly to pieces under the influence of poverty; and this is generally  
5 due to the behaviour of his family—to the fact that he has scores of relations nagging and badgering him night and day for failing to 'get on'. The fact that the working class know how to combine and the middle class don't is probably due to their different conceptions of family loyalty. You cannot have an effective trade  
10 union of middle-class workers, because in times of strikes almost every middle-class wife would be egging her husband on to blackleg and get the other fellow's job. Another working-class characteristic, disconcerting at first, is their plain-spokenness towards anyone they regard as an equal. If you offer a working-man something he doesn't want, he tells you that he doesn't want it; a middle-class  
15 person would accept it to avoid giving offence. And again, take the working-class attitude towards 'education'. How different it is from ours, and how immensely sounder! Working-people often have a vague reverence for learning in others, but where 'education' touches their own lives they see through it and reject it by a healthy instinct. The time was when I used to lament over quite imaginary pictures  
20 of lads of fourteen dragged protesting from their lessons and set to work at dismal jobs. It seemed to me dreadful that the doom of a 'job' should descend upon anyone at fourteen. Of course I know now that there is not one working-class boy in a thousand who does not pine for the day when he will leave school. He wants to be doing real work, not wasting his time on ridiculous rubbish like history and  
25 geography. [...]

In a working-class home—I am not thinking at the moment of the unemployed, but of comparatively prosperous homes—you breathe a warm, decent, deeply human atmosphere which it is not so easy to find elsewhere. I should say that a manual worker, if he is in steady work and drawing good wages—  
30 an 'if' which gets bigger and bigger—has a better chance of being happy than an 'educated' man. His home life seems to fall more naturally into a sane and comely shape. I have often been struck by the peculiar easy completeness, the perfect symmetry as it were, of a working-class interior at its best. Especially on winter evenings after tea, when the fire glows in the open range and dances mirrored in  
35 the steel fender, when Father, in shirt-sleeves, sits in the rocking chair at one side of the fire reading the racing finals, and Mother sits on the other with her sewing, and the children are happy with a pennorth of mint humbugs, and the dog lolls roasting himself on the rag mat—it is a good place to be in, provided that you can be not only in it but sufficiently *of* it to be taken for granted.

40 This scene is still reduplicated in a majority of English homes, though not in so many as before the war. Its happiness depends mainly upon one question—whether Father is in work. But notice that the picture I have called up, of a working-class family sitting round the coal fire after kippers and strong tea,

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45 belongs only to our own moment of time and could not belong either to the future  
or the past. Skip forward two hundred years into the Utopian future, and the scene  
is totally different. Hardly one of the things I have imagined will still be there. In  
that age when there is no manual labour and everyone is 'educated', it is hardly  
likely that Father will still be a rough man with enlarged hands who likes to sit in  
50 shirtsleeves and says 'Ah wur coomin' oop street'. And there won't be a coal fire  
in the grate, only some kind of invisible heater. The furniture will be made of  
rubber, glass, and steel. If there are still such things as evening papers there will  
certainly be no racing news in them, for gambling will be meaningless in a world  
where there is no poverty and the horse will have vanished from the face of the  
earth. Dogs, too, will have been suppressed on grounds of hygiene. And there  
55 won't be so many children, either, if the birth-controllers have their way.

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**DOCUMENT C**

**Chris Killip. *Margaret, Rosie, and Val, Seacoal Camp, Lynemouth, Northumberland, 1983.* Gelatin silver print, 27.5 x 34.3 cm, The J. Paul Getty Museum, Los Angeles.**

