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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

Neil Bartlett. *A Vision of Love Revealed in Sleep* [1987], in Chrys Salt (ed.), *The Methuen Drama Book of Contemporary Monologues for Men*, London: Methuen Drama, 2006, pp. 36-37.

Neil: The other night I was walking home from the club. It was one thirty in the morning; I was on my own. Where I live the buses stop at about midnight and it was Sunday night, I'd run out of money and so I couldn't afford a cab and anyway I think if you want to walk home on your own these days then you just have to practise. I was on my own there was no one with me I couldn't hear anyone else
5 on the street and then I heard the sound of a car slowing down behind me and I thought oh no not again not tonight but I didn't stop I didn't look round because I wanted to get home and because I think if you want to walk home on your own these days then you just have to practise not being frightened so I kept on walking
10 and eventually the car pulled up right beside me and stopped and so I thought OK let's get it over with so I stopped and turned and I looked at the woman who was driving the car and she leant across the passenger seat, she wound down the window and she said excuse me are you gay because if you are you are going to die of AIDS you wanker and so I kept on walking because it was nearly two o'clock
15 and I wanted to get home and because I think if you practise not being frightened then it does get easier and I have often wondered what she was thinking about, I have often wondered just how she felt, I kept on walking because I wanted to get home it was one forty-five in the morning on the way to where I live there is a low wall on the left-hand side and on the wall it said GAY and I thought that's nice so
20 I stopped to read it it said GAY, Got AIDS Yet?, and I thought that's terrible I wonder who'd want to write a thing like that I hope it's no one I know I hope it isn't my neighbours I hope it isn't the man in number forty-five and so I kept on walking because I wanted to get home on the way to where I live there's a low wall on the right-hand side and on the wall was written AIDS I thought I won't
25 stop to read that I've read that one before it says Arse Injected Death Sentence and underneath that is written Queer Today, Gone Tomorrow and underneath that is written One Man's Meat is Another Man's Poison. I wanted to get home it was almost two o'clock I live on the fifth floor of my building as I was going up the stairs there was this man coming down it wasn't anyone I know he wasn't one of
30 my neighbours and I was passing he said under his breath you fucking queer, and so I got home, it was two o'clock in the morning, I got home and I shut my front door behind me. It was two o'clock in the morning, but I decided to fix myself dinner, because I think that when you live on your own, you have to take really good care of yourself.
35 I decided to fix myself dinner.

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DOCUMENT B

William Hazlitt. *On the Pleasure of Hating* [1826], London: Penguin Books, 2004, pp. 108-111.

The pleasure of hating, like a poisonous mineral, eats into the heart of religion, and turns it to rankling spleen and bigotry; it makes patriotism an excuse for carrying fire, pestilence, and famine into other lands: it leaves to virtue nothing but the spirit of censoriousness, and a narrow, jealous, inquisitorial watchfulness
5 over the actions and motives of others. What have the different sects, creeds, doctrines in religion been but so many pretexts set up for men to wrangle, to quarrel, to tear one another in pieces about, like a target as a mark to shoot at? Does any one suppose that the love of country in an Englishman implies any friendly feeling or disposition to serve another bearing the same name? No, it
10 means only hatred to the French, or the inhabitants of any other country that we happen to be at war with for the time. Does the love of virtue denote any wish to discover or amend our own faults? No, but it atones for an obstinate adherence to our own vices by the most virulent intolerance to human frailties. This principle is of a most universal application. It extends to good as well as evil: if it makes us
15 hate folly, it makes us no less dissatisfied with distinguished merit. If it inclines us to resent the wrongs of others, it impels us to be as impatient of their prosperity. We revenge injuries: we repay benefits with ingratitude. Even our strongest partialities and likings soon take this turn. "That which was luscious as locusts, anon becomes bitter as colocintida"; and love and friendship melt in their own
20 fires. We hate old friends: we hate old books: we hate old opinions; and at last we come to hate ourselves.

I have observed that few of those, whom I have formerly known most intimate, continue on the same friendly footing, or combine the steadiness with the warmth of attachment. I have been acquainted with two or three knots of
25 inseparable companions, who saw each other "six days in the week", that have broken up and dispersed. I have quarrelled with almost all my old friends, (they might say this is owing to my bad temper, but) they have also quarrelled with one another. What is become of "that set of whist-players," celebrated by ELIA in his notable *Epistle to Robert Southey, Esq.* (and now I think of it – that I myself have
30 celebrated in this very volume) "that for so many years called Admiral Burney friend"? They are scattered, like last year's snow. Some of them are dead – or gone to live at a distance – or pass one another in the street like strangers, or if they stop to speak, do it as coolly and try to *cut* one another as soon as possible. Some of us have grown rich – others poor. Some have got places under
35 Government – others a *niche* in the *Quarterly Review*. Some of us have dearly earned a name in the world; whilst others remain in their original privacy. We despise the one; and envy and are glad to mortify the other. Times are changed; we cannot revive our old feelings; and we avoid the sight and are uneasy in the presence of those, who remind us of our infirmity, and put us upon an effort at
40 seeming cordiality, which embarrasses ourselves, and does not impose upon our *quondam* associates. Old friendships are like meats served up repeatedly, cold, comfortless, and distasteful. The stomach turns against them. Either constant intercourse and familiarity breed weariness and contempt; or if we meet again

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45 after an interval of absence, we appear no longer the same. One is too wise,
another too foolish, for us; and we wonder we did not find this out before. We are
disconcerted and kept in a state of continual alarm by the wit of one, or tired to
death of the dullness of another. The *good things* of the first (besides leaving
strings behind them) by repetition grow stale, and lose their startling effect; and
the insipidity of the last becomes intolerable. The most amusing or instructive
50 companion is at best like a favorite volume, that we wish after a time to *lay upon
the shelf*; but as our friends are not willing to be laid there, this produces a
misunderstanding and ill-blood between us. — Or if the zeal and integrity of
friendship is not abated, or its career interrupted by any obstacle arising out of its
own nature, we look out for other subjects of complaint and sources of
55 dissatisfaction. We begin to criticize each other's dress, looks, and general
character. "Such a one is a pleasant fellow, but it is a pity he sits so late!" Another
fails to keep his appointments, and that is a sore that never heals. We get
acquainted with some fashionable young men or with a mistress, and wish to
introduce our friend; but he is awkward and a sloven, the interview does not
60 answer, and this throws cold water on our intercourse. Or he makes himself
obnoxious to opinion — and we shrink from our own convictions on the subject as
an excuse for not defending him. All or any of these causes mount up in time to a
ground of coolness or irritation — and at last they break out into open violence as
the only amends we can make ourselves for suppressing them so long, or the
65 readiest means of banishing recollections of former kindness, so little compatible
with our present feelings. We may try to tamper with the wounds or patch up the
carcase of departed friendship, but the one will hardly bear the handling, and the
other is not worth the trouble of embalming! The only way to be reconciled to old
friends is to part with them for good: at a distance we may chance to be thrown
70 back (in a waking dream) upon old times and old feelings: or at any rate, we
should not think of renewing our intimacy, till we have fairly *spit our spite* or said,
thought, and felt all the ill we can of each other.

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DOCUMENT C

Chris Steele-Perkins. *Skinheads in Hackney, London, 1979*. Photograph, dimensions unknown, retrieved from www.magnumphotos.com.

