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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

Vikram Seth. *The Golden Gate* [1986], New York: Vintage Books, 1991, pp. 49-52.

[...]

2.51

Daybreak. John wakes to sunlight streaming
Across an unfamiliar bed.

"A cream duvet? I must be dreaming—

5 With lilac hexagons—instead
Of my plain blanket—and the ceiling:

An open glass skylight revealing
Clear sky—and what's this on my feet?

A cat! My God!—" With swift heartbeat

10 He starts as, through the door he's facing,

Liz enters with a coffee tray

In negligible negligee.

She pours two cups. Without embracing

They sit, their eyes infused with sleep

15 And love, and drink the potion deep.

2.52

It's Friday, though; the office beckons.

(No time for sleep or love, no time

To shave now.) John's boss frowns; he reckons

20 There's been a hitch: "Oh, hi, John—I'm

A bit concerned about this bubble

Memory...." John strokes his stubble

And hums as beatifically

As a sun-sated bumblebee

25 Besotted by the soft vibration

Of his own pollen-dusted wings,

Oblivious to other things

Than his congenial meditation.

He says, "What bubble memory?"

30 His boss gawks at him pityingly.

2.53

But Liz, with promptitude and pertness,

Displaying a resplendent smile,

A near-extravagant alertness,

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35 And murmuring, "When in doubt, file,"
Storms through (in spite of all distractions)
A block of six Secure Transactions
In record time. Her colleagues sigh:
"Poor Liz—I'm sure she must be high."
40 (One mutters: "Coke—she looks so hyper."
Another: "Acid can be rough.
I wonder where she gets the stuff."
A third: "Speed leads to speed." With riper
Worldliness, her boss says: "She's
45 Hooked on a stronger drug than these.")

2.54

John's watch beeps out the hour of seven.
Liz meets him, but this time outside
A theater near the Tree of Heaven
50 To see the movie they denied
Themselves last night. They choose to tender
Ill-judged obeisance to Fassbinder.
Ten minutes of *Veronika Voss*
And John says, "Liz, I'm at a loss.
55 What's this about?" "Beats me!" "Your attic
Or my flat?" "Either! Mine?" "Let's go."
Through the skylight the Pleiads glow
And soon, despite the operatic
Dissonances of Charlemagne,
60 The loving pair make love again.

2.55

The loving pair has bit the apple
Of mortal knowledge. As we see
The rosy half-light of love's chapel
65 Halo their ardent heads, should we
Hymn them in accents hushed and holy?
Forbear, O Gentle Reader. Slowly,
Ah, slowly, from their whim-swept height
Of rash delirium and delight
70 All sober inklings of perspective
Sink in the Wash of tenderness....
Far better, since my life's a mess,
To spray the mooncalfs with invective.
Why do they look so pleased, when I
75 Am loverless, and pine, and sigh?

2.56

Who was it said, "Love is the friction

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Of two skins"? From "Your place or mine?"
There follow weeks of sweet addiction
80 To insular if sparkling wine.
Liz, now addressed by John as "honey,"
Responds to him with "funny bunny."
Their diction has, alas become
Incomprehensible and numb.
85 Their brains appear to be dissolving
To sugar sludge as they caress.
In lieu of fire, force, finesse,
We have a ballet now involving
A pretty pas de deux instead,
90 With common Walkmans on their head.

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DOCUMENT B

David Bogue. *The Etiquette of Courtship and Matrimony: With a Complete Guide to the Forms of a Wedding*, London: George Routledge and Sons, 1852, pp. 15-20.

CHAPTER I. A CHAPTER ON LOVE AND LOVE-MAKING.

A chapter on Love!—can there be one so bold as to essay a description of love in prose? Nay, leave it to the poet, the painter; but common prose is surely all unfit for such a theme. So will the young say; but as we are now old, we may have the boldness to write of love in humble prose, and to look at it in that prosaic aspect in which prudence and the cooler blood of experience have brought us to regard it. Love! what is it? It is as the perfume of the flower, the song of the bird, the dew of the morning, the glorious sun of the summer's-day,—such is love to life. Fragile as a gossamer web—a vapour which a breath dispels; but withal as the sea, whose soundings cannot be taken for the depth thereof. It is difficult to say at what period of early life the gentle winged god's influence is most to be guarded against. The young and blooming girl, just budding into womanhood, feels his power, but does not to herself even acknowledge it; nay, she scarcely knows his presence. All unused as she is to the arts of Love, how can she readily recognise his secret magic? She is introduced to society; the novelty of her dress—the display of her charms, hitherto concealed—the care her *modiste* takes with that dress, for the fuller development of each beauty, are all new to her. She goes forth to the world all bewilderment,—the child of the schoolroom to-day, to-morrow arrays herself to conquer and be conquered. Thus far is simple,—thus far is what many mothers consider it their duty to attend to, and leave the rest to fate. But love is a deep study to those who would read it well, and understand it. The delicate-minded maiden blushes, even when alone, when first she confesses to herself she loves.

The truth has long before been known to those around, who are more skilled in the art. A particular dress is selected, which is worn because the loved one says it is becoming; the hair is arranged in accordance with the expression of his approbation. Polkas are only danced with him,—songs are sung that *he* admires,—the ball-room is dull, dark, empty, till he arrives,—the fair one's eyes, like Noah's dove, wander without finding a resting-place,—the cheek is pale and anxious,—he enters. For the first time she observes the room is in a blaze of light. They are dancing—the music is playing—his eye wanders—she is still anxious, pale,—he recognises her—the young heart's-blood mantles her fair brow—her eyes glisten—her suddenly vermilion-tinted cheek and lip, as he approaches, proclaim silently but surely to the observer that Love has lost another shaft from his full quiver. And at this stage it is well for loving mothers to preserve their schoolroom power over their beautiful daughters. How much misery might be afterwards spared, if a mother's advice were now well given and received. A daughter's thoughts should be delicately anticipated. A mother's province is to guard, by advice, the future conduct of her child; and of what avail will such advice be, if the parent cannot read the state of that child's heart. A mother should rather live over again her own sweet dream of love, while listening to the gentle hopes and fears of the daughter whose confidence she has for the wisest motives won, than by any

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expression repulse the young heart that is panting, but half ashamed, to hide her head in the bosom that nourished her, and pour forth her soul to almost the only earthly being whose every heartstring will truly vibrate with her own. Ashamed! we said; why should the young have this feeling with a mother? Is not love the sweetest, gentlest passion we are capable of,— the great bond of life; for what is life without love?—a desert, a wilderness. Once having established this much-desired confidence, the good mother, jealously guarding her daughter's happiness, will call in Dame Prudence; for, however much Love employs our thoughts, and engages for the present our pen, yet must he step aside to give place to Prudence; for the naturally unselfish heart of the young will not heed the timid knocks she gives until perhaps too late. The young of all conditions desire the company of those they love, perhaps, too frequently. But this cannot always be permitted; or if so, under certain regulations and restrictions. But it should be understood, that as regards the choice made by a daughter, no parent should admit to his house, or into that familiar intercourse which, in nine instances out of ten, precedes a mutual attachment between two young persons, any individual of suitable age and character, whom he would be unwilling to receive as a suitor for his child.

True it is, indeed, that connections and acquaintanceships beyond the control or superintendence of the most watchful mother or father may be formed at parties, or while on a visit to a friend's house; but here again there should be a mutual guarantee in the prudence and character of the friends at whose houses the daughters of a family are permitted to visit; and any deviation from this the usual course of what we may call the ordinary course and progress of inceptive courtship, are accidents, rather than the ordinary circumstances of life, and exceptions rather than the rule.

For such accidents and exceptions, however, it behoves all to be prepared; and it is the occurrence of connections so formed that render necessary a double prudence, and the observance of something like the stringent principles of a code of etiquette.

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DOCUMENT C

James Gillray. *Harmony before Matrimony*, 1805. Hand-colored etching, 26 x 36.1 cm, British Museum Collection.

