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.

I

After the fall drive, the last horseman humps down the trail south; High Valley turns into a remote, still cathedral. Stone Creek in its low bank turns calmly through the trampled meadow. The one scouting thunderhead above Long Top hangs to watch, ready for its reinforcement due in October.

Logue, the man who always closes down the camp, is left all alone at Clear Lake, where he is leisurely but busy, pausing to glance across the water toward Winter Peak. The bunkhouse will be boarded up, the cookshack barricaded against bears, the corral gates lashed shut. Whatever winter needs, it will have to find for itself, all the slow months the wind owns.

From that shore below the mountain the water darkens; the whole surface of the lake livens, and, upward, high miles of pine tops bend where a storm walks the country. Deeper and deeper, autumn floods in. Nothing can hold against that current the aspens feel. And Logue, by being there, suddenly carries for us everything that we can load on him, we who have stopped indoors and let our faces forget how storms come: that lonely man works for us.

II

Far from where we are, air owns those ranches our trees hardly hear of, open places braced against cold hills. Mornings, that news hits the leaves like rain, and we stop everything time brings, and freeze that one, open, great, real thing – the world’s gift: day.

Up there, air like an axe chops, near timberline, the clear-cut miles the marmots own. We try to know, all deep, all sharp, even while
busy here, that other: gripped in a job,
aimed steady at a page, or riffled by distractions,
we break free into that world of the farthest coat – air

We glimpse that last storm when the wolves
get the mountains back, when our homes will flicker
bright, then dull, then old; and the trees
will advance, knuckling their roots or lying in
windrows to match the years. We glimpse
a crack that begins to run down the wall,
and like a blanket over the window at night
that world is with us and those wolves are here.

III

Up there, ready to be part of what comes, the high lakes
lie in their magnificent beds; but men,
great as their heroes are, live by their deeds
only as a pin of shadow in a cavern their thought
gets lost in. We pause; we stand where
we are meant to be, waver as foolish as
we are, tell our lives with all the beautiful grace
an animal has when it runs –

Citizen, step back from the fire and let night
have your head: suddenly you more than hear
what is true so abruptly that God is cold: –
winter is here. What no one saw, has
come. Then everything the sun approved could
really fail? Shed from your back, the years
fall one by one, and nothing that comes
will be your fault. You breathe a few breaths
free at the thought: things can come so great
that your part is too small to count,
if winter can come.

Logue brings us all that. Earth took
the old saints, who battered their hearts,
met arrows, or died by the germs God sent;
but Logue, by being alone and occurring to us,
carries us forward a little,
and on his way out for the year will
stand by the shore and see winter in,
the great, repeated lesson every year.

A storm bends by that shore and
one flake at a time teaches grace,
even to stone.
Optimism is a good characteristic, but if carried to an excess it becomes foolishness. We are prone to speak of the resources of this country as inexhaustible; this is not so. The mineral wealth of the country, the coal, iron, oil, gas, and the like, does not reproduce itself, and therefore is certain to be exhausted ultimately; and wastefulness in dealing with it to-day means that our descendants will feel the exhaustion a generation or two before they otherwise would. But there are certain other forms of waste which could be entirely stopped—the waste of soil by washing, for instance, which is among the most dangerous of all wastes now in progress in the United States, is easily preventable, so that this present enormous loss of fertility is entirely unnecessary. The preservation or replacement of the forests is one of the most important means of preventing this loss. We have made a beginning in forest preservation, but it is only a beginning. At present lumbering is the fourth greatest industry in the United States; and yet, so rapid has been the rate of exhaustion of timber in the United States in the past, and so rapidly is the remainder being exhausted, that the country is unquestionably on the verge of a timber famine which will be felt in every household in the land. There has already been a rise in the price of lumber, but there is certain to be a more rapid and heavier rise in the future. The present annual consumption of lumber is certainly three times as great as the annual growth; and if the consumption and growth continue unchanged, practically all our lumber will be exhausted in another generation, while long before the limit to complete exhaustion is reached the growing scarcity will make itself felt in many blighting ways upon our National welfare. About 20 per cent of our forested territory is now reserved in National forests; but these do not include the most valuable timber lands, and in any event the proportion is too small to expect that the reserves can accomplish more than a mitigation of the trouble which is ahead for the nation. Far more drastic action is needed. Forests can be lumbered so as to give to the public the full use of their mercantile timber without the slightest detriment to the forest, any more than it is a detriment to a farm to furnish a harvest; so that there is no parallel between forests and mines, which can only be completely used by exhaustion. But forests, if used as all our forests have been used in the past and as most of them are still used, will be either wholly destroyed, or so damaged that many decades have to pass before effective use can be made of them again.

All these facts are so obvious that it is extraordinary that it should be necessary to repeat them. Every business man in the land, every writer in the newspapers, every man or woman of an ordinary school education, ought to be able to see that immense quantities of timber are used in the country, that the forests which supply this timber are rapidly being exhausted, and that, if no change takes place, exhaustion will come comparatively soon, and that the effects of it will be felt severely in the every-day life of our people. Surely, when these facts are so
obvious, there should be no delay in taking preventive measures. Yet we seem as a nation to be willing to proceed in this matter with happy-go-lucky indifference even to the immediate future. It is this attitude which permits the self-interest of a very few persons to weigh for more than the ultimate interest of all our people. There are persons who find it to their immense pecuniary benefit to destroy the forests by lumbering. They are to be blamed for thus sacrificing the future of the Nation as a whole to their own self-interest of the moment; but heavier blame attaches to the people at large for permitting such action, whether in the White Mountains, in the southern Alleghenies, or in the Rockies and Sierras. A big lumbering company, impatient for immediate returns and not caring to look far enough ahead, will often deliberately destroy all the good timber in a region, hoping afterwards to move on to some new country. The shiftless man of small means, who does not care to become an actual home-maker but would like immediate profit, will find it to his advantage to take up timber land simply to turn it over to such a big company, and leave it valueless for future settlers. A big mine owner, anxious only to develop his mine at the moment, will care only to cut all the timber that he wishes without regard to the future—probably not looking ahead to the condition of the country when the forests are exhausted, any more than he does to the condition when the mine is worked out. I do not blame these men nearly as much as I blame the supine public opinion, the indifferent public opinion, which permits their action to go unchecked. Of course to check the waste of timber means that there must be on the part of the public the acceptance of a temporary restriction in the lavish use of the timber, in order to prevent the total loss of this use in the future.
Document C

Albert Bierstadt. *The Rocky Mountains, Lander's Peak*, 1863. Oil on canvas, 186.7 cm x 306.7 cm, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.