

SESSION 2022

**AGRÉGATION
CONCOURS EXTERNE SPÉCIAL**

**Section : LANGUES VIVANTES ÉTRANGÈRES
ANGLAIS**

COMPOSITION

Durée : 7 heures

L'usage de tout ouvrage de référence, de tout dictionnaire et de tout matériel électronique (y compris la calculatrice) est rigoureusement interdit.

Vous rendrez deux copies distinctes pour chacune des deux parties du sujet que vous aurez choisi.

Si vous repérez ce qui vous semble être une erreur d'énoncé, vous devez le signaler très lisiblement sur votre copie, en proposer la correction et poursuivre l'épreuve en conséquence. De même, si cela vous conduit à formuler une ou plusieurs hypothèses, vous devez la (ou les) mentionner explicitement.

NB : Conformément au principe d'anonymat, votre copie ne doit comporter aucun signe distinctif, tel que nom, signature, origine, etc. Si le travail qui vous est demandé consiste notamment en la rédaction d'un projet ou d'une note, vous devrez impérativement vous abstenir de la signer ou de l'identifier.

INFORMATION AUX CANDIDATS

Vous trouverez ci-après les codes nécessaires vous permettant de compléter les rubriques figurant en en-tête de votre copie.

Ces codes doivent être reportés sur chacune des copies que vous remettrez quel que soit le sujet choisi (civilisation ou littérature).

► **Composition en anglais (1^{ère} partie) :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
EAD	0422A	101A	7411

► **2^{ème} composition (2^{ème} partie) :**

Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
EAD	0422A	101B	0313

Sujet de littérature

Première partie

Comment on the following text:

There were roses on the seat between Jack and Jackie. The car's interior was a nice light blue. The man was so close he could have spoken to them. He stood at curbside applauding. A woman called out to the car, "Hey we want to take your picture." The President looked extremely puzzled, head leaning left. The man stood applauding, already deep in chaos, looking at crumpled
5 bodies, a sense of guns coming out.

Put me on, Bill. Put me on.

Bobby W. Hargis, riding escort, left rear, knew he was hearing gunfire. There was a woman taking a picture and another woman about twenty feet behind her taking the same picture, only with the first woman in it. He couldn't tell where the shots were coming from, two shots, but knew
10 someone was hit in the car. A man threw his kid to the ground and fell on him. That's a vet, Hargis had time to think, with the Governor, Connally, kind of sliding down in the jump seat and his wife taking him in, gathering the man in. Hargis turned right just after noticing a girl in a pretty coat running across the lawn toward the President's car. He turned his body right, keeping the motorcycle headed west on Elm, and then the blood and matter, the unforgettable thing, the sleet
15 of bone and blood and tissue struck him in the face. He thought he'd been shot. The stuff hit him like a spray of buckshot and he heard it ping and spatter on his helmet. People were down on the grass. He kept his mouth closed tight so the fluid would not ooze in.

In the jump seat John was crumpled up. Nellie Connally pulled him over into her arms. She put her head down over his head. She was pretending she was him. They were both alive or both
20 dead. They could not be one and one. Then the third shot sent stuff just everywhere. Tissue, bone fragments, tissue in pale wads, watery mess, tissue, blood, brain matter all over them.

She heard Jackie say, "They've killed my husband."

It could have been Nellie's own voice, someone speaking for her. She thought John was dead. Then he moved just slightly and she thought at the same time that Jackie was out of the car,
25 gone off the end of the car, but now was somehow back. John moved in her arms.

They were one heart pumping.

We are hit. Lancer is hit. Get us to Parkland fast.

The car picked up speed and everything went rushing past. Nellie thought how terrible this must be, what a terrible sight for people watching, to see the car speeding past with these shot-up
30 men; what a horror, what a sight.

She heard Jackie say, "I have his brains in my hand."

Everything rushing past.

The man in the white sweater, applauding, saw the stuff just erupt from the President's head. The motorcycles went by. There were guns coming out, a man in the second car with an automatic
35 rifle. The second car went by. A motorcycle went fishtailing up the grassy slope near the concrete structure, the colonnade. Someone with a movie camera stood on an abutment over there, aiming this way, and the man in the white sweater, hands suspended now at belt level, was thinking he ought to go to the ground, he ought to fall right now. A misty light around the President's head. Two pink-white jets of tissue rising from the mist. The movie camera running.

Lee was about to squeeze off the third round, he was in the act, he was actually pressing the
40 trigger.

The light was so clear it was heartbreaking.

There was a white burst in the middle of the frame. A terrible splash, a burst. Something came blazing off the President's head. He was slammed back, surrounded all in dust and haze. Then suddenly clear again, down and still in the seat. Oh he's dead he's dead.

Lee raised his head from the scope, looking right. There was a white concrete wall extending from the columned structure, then a wooden fence behind it. A man on the wall with a camera. The fence deep in shadow. Freight cars sitting on the tracks above the underpass.

He got to his feet, moving away from the window. He knew he'd missed with the third shot. Went wild. Missed everything. Maggie's drawers. He turned up the bolt handle.
Put me on. Put me on. Put me on.

He was already talking to someone about this. He had a picture, he saw himself telling the whole story to someone, a man with a rugged Texas face, but friendly, but understanding. Pointing out the contradictions. Telling how he was tricked into the plot. What is it called, a patsy? He saw a picture of an office with a tasseled flag, dignitaries in photos on the wall.

He drew the bolt back, then drove it forward, jerking the handle down. He walked diagonally across the floor to the northwest end, where the staircase was located. Books stacked ten cartons high. That fragrance of paper and binding.

The fender sirens opened up, the guns started coming out.

The girl stopped running toward the car. She stood and looked without expression.

A woman with a camera turned and saw that she was being photographed. A woman in a dark coat was aiming a Polaroid right at her. It was only then she realized she'd just seen someone shot in her own viewfinder. There was bloodspray on her face and arms. She thought, how strange, that the woman in the coat was her and she was the person who was shot. She felt so dazed and strange, with pale spray all over her. She sat down carefully on the grass. Just let herself down and sat there. The woman with the Polaroid didn't move. The first woman sat on the grass, put her own camera down, looked at the colorless stuff on her arms. Pigeons spinning at the treetops. If she was shot, she thought, she ought to be sitting down.

Agent Hill was off the left running board and moving fast. There was another shot. He mounted the Lincoln from the bumper step, extending his left hand to the metal grip. It was a double sound. Either two shots or a shot and the solid impact, the bullet hitting something hard. He wanted to get to the President, get close, shield the body. He saw Mrs. Kennedy coming at him. She was climbing out of the car. She was on the rear deck crawling, both hands flat, her right knee on top of the rear seat. He thought she was chasing something and he realized he'd seen something fly by, a flash somewhere, something flying off the end of the limousine. He pushed her back toward the seat. The car surged forward, nearly knocking him off. They were in the underpass, in the shadows, and when they hit the light he saw Connally washed in blood. Spectators, kids, waving. He held tight to the handgrip. They were going damn fast. All four passengers were drenched in blood, crowded down together. He lay across the rear deck. He had this thought, this recognition. She was trying to retrieve part of her husband's skull.

He held on tight. He could see right into the President's head. They were doing eighty now.

FLASH

SSSSSSSSSS

BLOOD STAINED
KENNEDY SERIOUSLY WOUNDED
SSSSSSSSSS
MAKE THAT PERHAPS PERHAPS
SERIOUSLY WOUNDED

85

Don DeLillo, *Libra*, [1988]. Penguin Books, 1989, pp. 398-402.

Annexe 1

What has become unraveled since that afternoon in Dallas is not the plot, of course, not the dense mass of characters and events, but the sense of a coherent reality most of us shared. We seem from that moment to have entered a world of randomness and ambiguity, a world totally modern in the way it shades into the century's "emptiest" literature, the study of what is uncertain and unresolved in our lives, the literature of estrangement and silence. A European body of work, largely.

Powerful events breed their own network of inconsistencies. Loose ends, dead ends, small mysteries of time and space. Violence itself seems to cause a warp in the texture of things. There are jump cuts, blank spaces, an instant in which information leaps from one energy level to another. Dallas is a panorama of such things, a natural disaster in the heartland of the real, the comprehensible, the plausible. The lines that extend from that compressed event have shown such elaborate twists and convolutions that we are almost forced to question the basic suppositions we make about our world of light and shadow, solid objects and ordinary sounds, and to wonder further about our ability to measure such things, to determine weight, mass and direction, to see things as they are, recall them clearly, explain to waiting faces what happened.

Don DeLillo, "American Blood: A Journey through the Labyrinth of Dallas and JFK".
Rolling Stone, 8 Dec. 1983, p. 22.

Annexe 2

"My work doesn't offer the comforts of other kinds of fiction, work that suggests that our lives and our problems and our perceptions are no different today than they were fifty or sixty years ago. I don't offer comforts except those that lurk in comedy and in structure and in language, and the comedy is probably not all that soothing. But before everything, there's language. Before history and politics, there's language. And it's language, the sheer pleasure of making it and bending it and seeing it form on the page and hearing it whistle in my head—this is the thing that makes my work go. And art can be exhilarating despite the darkness—and there's certainly much darker material than mine—if the reader is sensitive to the music. What I try to do is create complex human beings, ordinary-extraordinary men and women who live in the particular skin of the late twentieth century. I try to record what I see and hear and sense around me—what I feel in the currents, the electric stuff of the culture. I think these are American forces and energies. And they belong to our time."

Don DeLillo answering Adam Begley. "The Art of Fiction", N°135.
The Paris Review, 128, Fall 1993.

Deuxième partie

À partir d'exemples choisis dans le passage compris entre la ligne 40 (« Lee was about to squeeze off ») et la ligne 68 (« she ought to be sitting down »), vous proposerez un traitement structuré de la question suivante : **BE**. Vous établirez une classification cohérente des formes choisies pour illustrer votre propos et vous interrogerez quant à leur fonctionnement. Vous déterminerez leurs différents types d'emplois ainsi que les éventuelles caractéristiques communes à tous ces emplois. Vous proposerez également des micro-analyses en contexte et en procédant à toutes les manipulations et comparaisons que vous jugerez utiles.

Sujet de civilisation

Première partie

Comment on the following text:

David Lammy, Labour, Tottenham: [...] It is a dark episode in our nation's history that this petition was even required. It is a dark day indeed that we are here in Parliament having to stand up for the right of people who have always given so much to this country and expected so little in return. We need to remember our history at this moment. In Britain, when we talk about slavery

5 we tend to talk about its abolition, and in particular William Wilberforce. The Windrush story does not begin in 1948; the Windrush story begins in the 17th century, when British slave traders stole 12 million Africans from their homes, took them to the Caribbean and sold them into slavery to work on plantations. The wealth of this country was built on the backs of the ancestors of the Windrush generation. We are here today because you were there.

10 My ancestors were British subjects, but they were not British subjects because they came to Britain. They were British subjects because Britain came to them, took them across the Atlantic, colonised them, sold them into slavery, profited from their labour and made them British subjects. That is why I am here, and it is why the Windrush generation are here.

There is no British history without the history of the empire. As the late, great Stuart Hall put it:

15 *"I am the sugar at the bottom of the English cup of tea."* [...]

The Windrush children are imprisoned in this country—as we have seen of those who have been detained—centuries after their ancestors were shackled and taken across the ocean in slave ships. They are pensioners imprisoned in their own country. That is a disgrace, and it happened here because of a refusal to remember our history. Last week, at Prime Minister's questions, the Prime

20 Minister said that

"we...owe it to them and to the British people".—[Official Report, 25 April 2018; Vol. 639, c. 881.]

The former Home Secretary said that the Windrush generation should be considered British and should be able to get their British citizenship if they so choose. This is the point the Government

25 simply do not understand: the Windrush generation are the British people. They are British citizens. They came here as citizens. That is the precise reason why this is such an injustice. Their British citizenship is, and has always been, theirs by right. It is not something that the Government can now choose to grant them. I remind the Government of chapter 56 of the British Nationality Act 1948, which says:

30 *"Every person who under this Act is a citizen of the United Kingdom and Colonies...shall by virtue of that citizenship have the status of a British subject."*

The Bill uses "British nationality" by virtue of citizenship. I read that Bill again last week when looking over the case notes of my constituents caught up in the Windrush crisis. Patrick Henry is a British citizen who arrived in Britain in 1959. He is a teaching assistant. He told me, "I feel like

35 a prisoner who has committed no crime," because he is being denied citizenship. Clive Smith, a British citizen who arrived here in 1964, showed the Home Office his school reports and was still threatened with deportation.

Rosario Wilson is a British citizen with no right to be here because Saint Lucia became independent in 1979. Wilberforce Sullivan is a British citizen who paid taxes for 40 years. He was

40 told in 2011 that he was no longer able to work. Dennis Laidley is a British citizen with tax records

going back to the 1960s. He was denied a passport and was unable to visit his sick mother. Jeffrey Greaves, a British citizen who arrived here in 1964, was threatened with deportation by the Home Office. Cecile Laurencin, a British citizen with 44 years of national insurance contribution to this country, payslips and bank account details, had her application for naturalisation rejected. Huthley Sealey, a British citizen, is unable to claim benefits or access healthcare in this country. Mark Balfourth, a British citizen who arrived here in 1962 aged 7, was refused access to benefits.

The Windrush generation have waited for too long for rights that are theirs. There comes a time when the cup of endurance runs over. There comes a time when the burden of living like a criminal in one's own country becomes too heavy to bear any longer. That is why in the last few weeks we have seen an outpouring of pain and grief that had built up over many years. Yet Ministers have tried to conflate the issue with illegal immigration. On Thursday, the former Home Secretary said she was personally committed to tackling illegal migration, to making it difficult for illegal migrants to live here and to removing people who are here illegally.

Leo Docherty, Conservative, Aldershot: Will the right hon. Gentleman give way?

David Lammy, Labour, Tottenham: I will not; I am just going to finish. Indeed, during her statement last Thursday, the former Home Secretary said "illegal" 23 times but did not even once say "citizen".

This is not about illegal immigration. This is about British citizens, and frankly it is deeply offensive to conflate the Windrush generation with illegal immigrants to try to distract from the Windrush crisis. This is about a hostile environment policy that blurs the line between illegal immigrants and people who are here legally, and are even British citizens. This is about a hostile environment not just for illegal immigrants but for anybody who looks like they could be an immigrant. This is about a hostile environment that has turned employers, doctors, landlords and social workers into border guards.

The hostile environment is not about illegal immigration. Increasing leave to remain fees by 238% in four years is not about illegal immigration. The Home Office making profits of 800% on standard applications is not about illegal immigration. The Home Office sending back documents unrecorded by second-class post, so that passports, birth certificates and education certificates get lost, is not about illegal immigration. Charging teenagers £2,033 every 30 months for limited leave to remain is not about illegal immigration.

David Lammy, Labour Member of Parliament for Tottenham, Speech in the House of Commons,
30 April 2018.

Annexe 1

The more you explain to them, the more chance they will have of understanding you. Also, you have a lot to learn of their way of life, and as fast as you answer one question, it wouldn't do you any harm to ask one yourself. I know a lot of West Indians say that as long as they have a place to live, and a job to do, that they are not bothered about anything else. But life isn't just working and eating and sleeping—you have to talk to your neighbours, you have to learn why they do certain things in certain ways. I am not telling you to go and knock at a door in the house where you live and start to ask questions. The way how people live here [sic], you can be in the same house for years and never share a word with the other tenants. Respect that privacy. People don't ask their neighbours for a dust of salt here, or if they have a little butter to spare, please, until you buy your rations. They don't stand up on the doorstep gossiping, or form a crowd on the pavement to talk about the latest ballad. I notice some West Indians still have that habit and I can tell you it isn't one that English people like. What they like is politeness.

BBC Caribbean Service, *Going to Britain?*, pamphlet, British Library online, c. 1959, p. 32.

Annexe 2

A new drive to flush out illegal migrants, including fines of up to £10,000 per head on rogue employers, could lead to some firms employing only people they believe to be British, the Home Office admitted yesterday. Ministers insisted that if the policy to curb illegal working unveiled yesterday is implemented properly from next year it should not lead to discrimination. But they added that all future job applicants should be asked to provide passports and birth certificates, whether or not they are British born.

The immigration minister, Liam Byrne, announced the proposals for a sliding scale of penalty fines of up to £10,000 per illegal worker for employers, with discounts for those who report suspicious workers before an immigration raid takes place.

He said the £10,000 maximum figure equalled the cost of deporting someone from Britain. "What we are proposing here will, I think, flush illegal migrants out. We are trying to create a much more hostile environment in this country if you are here illegally," said Mr Byrne. "We have to make Britain much less of an attractive place if you are going to come here and break the rules."

The proposals outlined in a Home Office consultation paper yesterday are designed to be introduced in the new year with an extra £10m-£20m a year spent on a 1,200-strong force of compliance officers.

A pilot scheme launched yesterday provides a telephone helpline for employers, with staff from the Identity and Passport Service and the Borders and Immigration Agency to help companies check on the immigration status of their staff.

The consultation paper warns employers that they must treat all job applicants in the same way to avoid being accused of racial discrimination. This means that everybody applying for a job will have to produce official documents, such as passports and birth certificates, proving their nationality and their right to work in the UK. Employers will be expected to spot obviously fake documents.

But an equality impact assessment published alongside the consultation document yesterday admitted "there may be employers who will not want to learn the new rules and will only employ those who satisfy their view of being 'British'."

Alan Travis, "Officials launch drive to seek out illegal migrants at work," *The Guardian*, 16 May 2007.

Annexe 3

Everyone has the right to a nationality, but which one? And what does it mean, in terms of rights and duties, expectations and responsibilities, to *be* the citizen of a State? Even identifying those who are formally members of a particular political community at a particular time and place is rarely as easy as some lawyers and ideologues would like to believe. ‘Nationality’ is not an absolute, but often relative; not merely a legal tag, but also a factual condition, a matter of social attachment, sentiments, interests and intent.

Given Britain’s history of engagements across the globe and the natural persistence of the resulting bonds of culture, language and blood, it is hardly surprising that the concepts of nationality, citizenship of the United Kingdom and Colonies, and British subject, among others, have proved troublesome and complex. For those steeped in the simplicity of a single, simple citizen-State relationship, the manner in which the British Crown and Parliament treated their peoples must have appeared strange, at times even devious and divisive, particularly over the last 40 years or so, when debate and legislation were often driven by crude immigration control arguments and racial considerations.

That was only ever part of the picture, however, and on closer examination the ‘truth’ of the case proves to be rather more multifaceted – a mix, indeed, of laudable aspects, historical ideals, half-remembered principles, post-colonial debts (not always honoured), and those regrettable tendencies.

Guy S. Goodwin-Gill, ‘Foreword,’ in Rieko Karatani, *Defining British Citizenship: Empire, Commonwealth and Modern Britain*, London: Frank Cass Publishers, 2003, p. vii.

Deuxième partie

À partir d'exemples choisis dans le passage compris entre la ligne 1 (« It is a dark episode ») et la ligne 31 (« *the status of a British subject.* »), vous proposerez un traitement structuré de la question suivante : **les démonstratifs**. Vous établirez une classification cohérente des formes choisies pour illustrer votre propos et vous interrogerez quant à leur fonctionnement. Vous déterminerez leurs différents types d'emplois ainsi que les éventuelles caractéristiques communes à tous ces emplois. Vous proposerez également des micro-analyses en contexte et en procédant à toutes les manipulations et comparaisons que vous jugerez utiles.