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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

Tom Stoppard, *Rock'n'Roll*. London: Faber & Faber, 2006, pp. 94-98.

Lunch for eight at the debris stage, a success by the sound of the babble in which there is some laughter.

Two or more mismatching chairs have been added.

5 *Jan is at one end of the table, next to Lenka. Max is facing Jan at the other end, next to Esme.*

There are three conversations going on simultaneously with some energy.

Jan is speaking to Lenka in Czech. She is giving him all her attention, leaning in to catch his words, laughing, happy.

The second conversation is between Nigel, Alice and Stephen.

10 *The third conversation is between Candida, Max and, notionally, Esme, who is not contributing.*

Little or nothing intelligible emerges from the babble.

Candida is of an age with Nigel, fortyish, self-made, attractive.

Lenka is still sexy in her early forties.

15 *Jan is telling Lenka, in Czech, about his mother singing and when Jan does the song, in English, his words drop into a hole in the hubbub.*

Jan (in English) *'...but I know we'll meet again...'*

Lenka laughs.

20 (apologising generally) Sorry. Childhood is a lost country. When I came back it wasn't here.

Stephen When did you come back?

Jan '66 to '68

Lenka That one is lost, too.

Candida I can't remember the sixties, so I must have been there.

25 **Nigel** I thought you weren't born, darling.

Max I was embarrassed by the sixties. It was like opening the wrong door in a highly specialised brothel. To this day there are men in public life who can't look me in the eye because I knew them when they went about dressed like gigantic five-year-olds at a society wedding... exchanging bogus wisdom derived from
30 misunderstood Eastern religions.

Nigel I owned a kaftan. Photographs exist.

Lenka Jan had all his hair.

Jan I did. We all had hair. It was our right.

35 **Nigel** When I met Esme, she was living in Clarendon Street in a – would you call it a squat or a commune? Esme?

Esme Yes...

Nigel I infiltrated to do a story, but – sadly – I went native.

Alice Not sadly. You fell in love with Mum.

Candida Well said.

40 **Max** The fifties was the last time liberty opened up as you left your youth behind you. After that, young people started off with more liberty than they knew what to do with... but – regrettably – confused it with sexual liberation and the freedom to get high...so it all went to waste.

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- Nigel** Right on. Sex, drugs and rock' n' roll.
- 45 **Lenka** (*protests loudly*) Excuse me, we changed the world.
- Candida** Yes – what about 1968?
- Max** What happened in 1968?
- Candida** Revolution!
- 50 **Max** You'll have to help me. I've got that disease where you can't remember the name of it.
- Lenka** Candida means the cultural revolution.
- Candida** No, I don't, I mean the occupations – Paris, the LSE, or in my case, Hornsey College of Art.
- Max** Oh, the occupations, yes. Do you remember the occupation of '68, Jan?
- 55 **Alice** Grandpa.
- Max** What?
- Alice** You know what.
- Candida** (*smiles at Alice*) Max knows damn well what I'm talking about, and we were all high on bringing down capitalism.
- 60 **Nigel** Bringing down capitalism was Candida's youthful indiscretion.
- Max** Street theatre.
- Candida** And ending war. All war, not just Vietnam. I don't know what you mean about the dressing up. I wore a camouflage jacket and combat boots. Oh, I see what you mean. But I also had a Sergeant Pepper coat from Chelsea Girl. No,
- 65 okay, so we dressed up. So what? We were very political. My boyfriend was a *Black Dwarf* cartoonist.
- Jan is taken aback. Lenka explains.*
- Lenka** Newspaper.
- Max** But Lenka is right. It turned out to be merely a cultural revolution. It left the system in place...because, as I could have told you at the time, altering the psyche has no effect on the social structure. You drop out or you fit in. In the end, you fitted in. (*to Esme*) Shove the bottle along.
- Candida** (*laughs*) And there's me thinking I'm famous for skewering the high and the mighty.
- 75 **Max** (*to Esme*) Bottle
- Stephen pushes a wine bottle past Esme to Max.*
- Esme** What? Yes. Who wants more (coffee)...?
- Esme gets up, taking the coffee pot.*
- Alice** (*anxious about her*) Should I...?
- 80 **Lenka** Don't try to put me on your side, Max. 'Make love, not war' was more important than 'Workers of the world unite'.
- Jan** I agree with Lenka.
- Esme glances at Jan and Lenka, and leaves with the coffee pot. Alice follows Esme out, concerned for her.*
- 85 **Alice** What are you doing, Mum? I've already filled it.
- Lenka** (*meanwhile*) Actually, who owns the factories doesn't change anything at all.
- Stephen** (*amused*) Did you get that, Max?
- Candida** (*scratching the itch*) What do you mean, I fitted in?
- 90 **Nigel** Yes, we're the fourth estate, thank you very much. Good men went to prison to establish the public's right to know.

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Max They did, and personally I'd be keeping quiet about them if I were filling half the paper with salacious drivel about celebrities I've never heard of.

Stephen Actually they would have loved it.

95 **Max** The proletariat wouldn't follow where Stephen led, so he follows where the proletariat lead.

Alice returns with the coffee pot. She silently offers coffee to Candida and gets a smile.

100 (meanwhile, to Candida) I'll tell you, then. Everything you write is hostage to the market. Your proprietor is in thrall to the consumer. While profits rise, he will reward you for telling lies; while profits fall, he will punish you for telling truth –

Nigel (explodes) This is bullshit, Max!

Alice continues her round with the coffee.

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Document B

Craig Sams, 'You Say You Want a Revolution?', Keynote speech at the launch dinner for 'Revolution - Records and Rebels 1966-1970', an exhibition at the Victorian and Albert Museum (10 September 2016 to 26 February 2017 at South Kensington, London).

While staying in a Sikh temple in Delhi in April 1965 a couple of guys from San Francisco gifted me with a 1000 microgram capsule of Sandoz pharmaceutical grade LSD. I took my first trip in September of 1965, 51 years ago almost to the day. Then I went back to complete my final year at the
5 Wharton School of Business at the University of Pennsylvania. In October Timothy Leary came to Philadelphia with his message to explore higher consciousness. This created a psychedelic community, as happened wherever Leary went.

Like many who became health conscious on acid, I adopted the
10 macrobiotic diet and later visited *the Paradox* macrobiotic restaurant in New York's Lower East Side. On the spot I decided to cancel my career path of Peace Corps - Navy pilot - State Department and decided instead to open a macrobiotic restaurant in London. I imported books about macrobiotics that were sold at the
15 *Indica* bookshop. I supplied brown rice snacks every week for the UFO Club from when it opened in December of 1966. My little band of macrobiotic missionaries would talk to people who were eating it, explaining, between Pink Floyd sets, how sugar was bad for you and whole grains were good for you. The American Medical Association described the diet as 'leading to death.' My restaurant opened in February 1967 and one of my first customers was Yoko Ono, who
20 knew macrobiotics from Japan.

People got religion – not the old guy in the sky variety, but the personal spiritual discovery embodied in yoga and meditation and Zen Buddhism.

Our clothes helped us identify each other. I imported coats I'd seen in Afghanistan a year earlier. The Beatles bought some at *Granny Takes a Trip*
25 boutique on the Kings Road and set off a global craze. I also imported Tunisian kaftans, Tibetan shoulder bags and Chinese silks that Aedan Kelly would dye with blobby designs that were then tailored into shirts and dresses.

Clothes also helped the police to identify us and they started randomly searching and arresting people who looked colourful or had long hair. We
30 understood what it was like to be black and this fuelled empathy for civil rights as well as for drug law reform.

We believed in the power of peace and love. The Vietnam war was at its peak – we tried to stop it and faced up to the full force of the law in Grosvenor Square, Chicago and Kent State.

We experienced nature and the environment on an intuitive and empathetic level, seeking out green places like Golden Gate Park or Kensington Gardens. We read the romantic poetry of Keats and Blake, deploring dark satanic mills.

When the Move sang '*I Can Hear the Grass Grow*' or The Small Faces sang
40 '*It's All Too Beautiful*' we responded viscerally. Then the Beatles summed it all up as '*All you Need is Love*.'

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Greenpeace and *Friends of the Earth* both were born out of this awareness of our oneness with our beautiful planet.

45 We got sexy. It was hard to repress sexuality when all your other senses were heightened, so if you were gay you let yourself go, if you were polyamorous you started to swing. Sexual experimentation led to sexual liberation.

50 We were a community – with a strong sense of communalism. Not communism, quite the opposite: we didn't trust the State but we did form communes. Our individualism, communalism and libertinism combined to forge a political libertarianism.

It wasn't easy to get a job if you dressed like a hippie and had long hair, so many set up their own businesses. Fashion, publishing, natural foods and music were areas where entrepreneurial spirits could follow their heart and make a good living.

55 Our goal was to create an alternative society, an exemplar of how life could be and should be.

We underestimated the degree to which the legacy industries that profit from war, environmental degradation, ill health and financial manipulation would still control the agenda 50 years later.

60 This exhibition captures magnificently the deep spiritual, philosophical and political intent of those times and their impact on the world today.

It could help to accelerate the change of which we dreamed.

Perhaps it will help us to build Blake's hippie vision of a new Jerusalem in this green and pleasant land.

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Document C

Cal Schenkel and Jerry Schatzberg, June 1967 artwork¹ for The Mothers Of Invention's third LP, *We're Only in It for the Money*, released on March 4, 1968 by Verve Records.



¹ After delaying the release of the album for five months out of fear of legal action, Verve decided to package the album with inverted cover artwork, placing the picture above, an all-out parody of The Beatles' Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, as interior artwork, with the intended interior artwork as the main cover. In recent years, the album has been reissued with the picture above as front cover.