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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

**Frank Norris, *The Octopus: a Story of California*. Garden City, N.Y: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1901, pp. 45-48.**

Abruptly, as if in confirmation, Presley heard the sound of a bell from the direction of the Mission itself. It was the *de Profundis*, a note of the Old World; of the ancient régime, an echo from the hillsides of mediæval Europe, sounding there in this new land, unfamiliar and strange at this end-of-the-century time.

5 By now, however, it was dark. Presley hurried forward. He came to the line fence of the Quien Sabe ranch. Everything was very still. The stars were all out. There was not a sound other than the *de Profundis*, still sounding from very far away. At long intervals the great earth sighed dreamily in its sleep. All about, the feeling of absolute peace and quiet and security and untroubled happiness and content seemed descending from the stars like a benediction. The beauty of his poem, its idyl, came to him like a caress; that alone had been lacking. It was that, perhaps, which had left it hitherto incomplete. At last he was to grasp his song in all its entity.

10 But suddenly there was an interruption. Presley had climbed the fence at the limit of the Quien Sabe ranch. Beyond was Los Muertos, but between the two ran the railroad. He had only time to jump back upon the embankment when, with a quivering of all the earth, a locomotive, single, unattached, shot by him with a roar, filling the air with the reek of hot oil, vomiting smoke and sparks; its enormous eye, cyclopean, red, throwing a glare far in advance, shooting by in a sudden crash of confused thunder; filling the night with the terrific clamour of its iron hoofs.

Abruptly Presley remembered. This must be the crack passenger engine of which Dyke had told him, the one delayed by the accident on the Bakersfield division and for whose passage the track had been opened all the way to Fresno.

25 Before Presley could recover from the shock of the irruption, while the earth was still vibrating, the rails still humming, the engine was far away, flinging the echo of its frantic gallop over all the valley. For a brief instant it roared with a hollow diapason on the Long Trestle over Broderson Creek, then plunged into a cutting farther on, the quivering glare of its fires losing itself in the night, its thunder abruptly diminishing to a subdued and distant humming. All at once this ceased. The engine was gone.

30 But the moment the noise of the engine lapsed, Presley—about to start forward again—was conscious of a confusion of lamentable sounds that rose into the night from out the engine's wake. Prolonged cries of agony, sobbing wails of infinite pain, heart-rending, pitiful.

35 The noises came from a little distance. He ran down the track, crossing the culvert, over the irrigating ditch, and at the head of the long reach of track—between the culvert and the Long Trestle—paused abruptly, held immovable at the sight of the ground and rails all about him.

40 In some way, the herd of sheep—Vanamee's herd— had found a breach in the wire fence by the right of way and had wandered out upon the tracks. A band had been crossing just at the moment of the engine's passage. The pathos of it was beyond expression. It was a slaughter, a massacre of innocents. The iron monster had charged full into the midst, merciless, inexorable. To the right and

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45 left, all the width of the right of way, the little bodies had been flung; backs were  
snapped against the fence posts; brains knocked out. Caught in the barbs of the  
wire, wedged in, the bodies hung suspended. Under foot it was terrible. The  
black blood, winking in the starlight, seeped down into the clinkers between the  
ties with a prolonged sucking murmur.

50 Presley turned away, horror-struck, sick at heart, overwhelmed with a  
quick burst of irresistible compassion for this brute agony he could not relieve.  
The sweetness was gone from the evening, the sense of peace, of security, and  
placid contentment was stricken from the landscape. The hideous ruin in the  
engine's path drove all thought of his poem from his mind. The inspiration  
55 vanished like a mist. The *de Profundis* had ceased to ring.

He hurried on across the Los Muertos ranch, almost running, even putting  
his hands over his ears till he was out of hearing distance of that all but human  
distress. Not until he was beyond earshot did he pause, looking back, listening.  
The night had shut down again. For a moment the silence was profound,  
60 unbroken.

Then, faint and prolonged, across the levels of the ranch, he heard the  
engine whistling for Bonneville. Again and again, at rapid intervals in its flying  
course, it whistled for road crossings, for sharp curves, for trestles; ominous  
notes, hoarse, bellowing, ringing with the accents of menace and defiance; and  
65 abruptly Presley saw again, in his imagination, the galloping monster, the terror  
of steel and steam, with its single eye, cyclopean, red, shooting from horizon to  
horizon; but saw it now as the symbol of a vast power, huge, terrible, flinging  
the echo of its thunder over all the reaches of the valley, leaving blood and  
destruction in its path; the leviathan, with tentacles of steel clutching into the  
70 soil, the soulless Force, the iron-hearted Power, the monster, the Colossus, the  
Octopus.

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## Document B

**Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, "Plan of the West Roxbury Community", published in *The Dial* [1<sup>st</sup> January 1842]. Boston: E.P. Peabody, 1842, pp. 361-364.**

In the last number of the *Dial* were some remarks, under the perhaps ambitious title, of "A Glimpse of Christ's Idea of Society;" in a note to which, it was intimated, that in this number, would be given an account of an attempt to realize in some degree this great Ideal, by a little company in the midst of us, as yet without name or visible existence. The attempt is made on a very small scale. A few individuals, who, unknown to each other, under different disciplines of life, reacting from different social evils, but aiming at the same object,--of being wholly true to their natures as men and women; have been made acquainted with one another, and have determined to become the Faculty of the Embryo University.

In order to live a religious and moral life worthy the name, they feel it is necessary to come out in some degree from the world, and to form themselves into a community of property, so far as to exclude competition and the ordinary rules of trade;--while they reserve sufficient private property, or the means of obtaining it, for all purposes of independence, and isolation at will. They have bought a farm, in order to make agriculture the basis of their life, it being the most direct and simple in relation to nature.

A true life, although it aims beyond the highest star, is redolent of the healthy earth. The perfume of clover lingers about it. The lowing of cattle is the natural bass to the melody of human voices.

On the other hand, what absurdity can be imagined greater than the institution of cities? They originated not in love, but in war. It was war that drove men together in multitudes, and compelled them to stand so close, and build walls around them. This crowded condition produces wants of an unnatural character, which resulted in occupations that regenerated the evil, by creating artificial wants. Even when that thought of grief,

"I know, where'er I go  
That there hath passed away a glory from the Earth,"

came to our first parents, as they saw the angel, with the flaming sword of self-consciousness, standing between them and the recovery of spontaneous Life and Joy, we cannot believe they could have anticipated a time would come, when the sensuous apprehension of Creation --the great symbol of God --would be taken away from their unfortunate children,--crowded together in such a manner as to shut out the free breath and the Universal Dome of Heaven, some opening their eyes in the dark cellars of the narrow, crowded streets of walled cities. How could they have believed in such a conspiracy against the soul, as to deprive it of the sun and sky, and glorious apparelled Earth!--The growth of cities, which were the embryo of nations hostile to each other, is a subject worthy the thoughts and

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pen of the philosophic historian. Perhaps nothing would stimulate courage to  
40 seek, and hope to attain social good, so much, as a profound history of the  
origin, in the mixed nature of man, and the exasperation by society, of the  
various organized Evils under which humanity groans. Is there anything, which  
exists in social or political life, contrary to the soul's Ideal? That thing is not  
eternal, but finite, saith the Pure Reason. It has a beginning, and so a history.  
45 What man has done, man may *undo*. "By man came death; by man also cometh  
the resurrection from the dead." [...]

Besides, after becoming members of this community, none will be engaged  
merely in bodily labor. The hours of labor for the Association will be limited by a  
50 general law, and can be curtailed at the will of the individual still more; and  
means will be given to all for intellectual improvement and for social intercourse,  
calculated to refine and expand. The hours redeemed from labor by community,  
will not be reapplied to the acquisition of wealth, but to the production of  
intellectual goods. This community aims to be rich, not in the metallic  
representative of wealth, but in the wealth itself, which money should represent;  
55 namely, LEISURE TO LIFE IN ALL THE FACULTIES OF THE SOUL. As a  
community, it will traffic with the world at large, in the products of Agricultural  
labor; and it will sell education to as many young persons as can be  
domesticated in the families, and enter into the common life with their own  
children. In the end, it hopes to be enabled to provide--not only all the  
60 necessaries, but all the elegances desirable for bodily and for spiritual health;  
books, apparatus, collections for science, works of art, means of beautiful  
amusement. These things are to be common to all; and thus that object, which  
alone gilds and refines the passion for individual accumulation, will no longer  
exist for desire, and whenever the Sordid passion appears, it will be seen in its  
65 naked selfishness. In its ultimate success, the community will realize all the ends  
which selfishness seeks, but involved in spiritual blessings, which only greatness  
of soul can aspire after.

And the requisitions on the individuals, it is believed, will make this the order  
forever. The spiritual good will always be the condition of the temporal. Every  
70 one must labor for the community in a reasonable degree, or not taste its  
benefits. The principles of the organization therefore, and not its probable results  
in future time, will determine its members. These principles are cooperation in  
social matters, instead of competition or balance of interests; and individual self-  
unfolding, in the faith that the whole soul of humanity is in each man and  
75 woman. The former is the application of the love of man; the latter of the love of  
God, to life.

**Document C**

**J. Hale Powers & Co., *Gift for the Grangers*, Cincinnati, c1873. Chromolithograph, promotional print for Grange members, Library of Congress.**

