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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

Rose Macaulay, *The World My Wilderness* [1950]. London: Virago Modern Classics, 1983, pp. 45-47.

They got off in Cheapside, and walked up Foster Lane. Having crossed Gresham Street, the road became a lane across a wrecked and flowering wilderness, and was called Noble Street. Beyond Silver Street, it was a still smaller path, leading over still wilder ruins and thicker jungles of greenery, till it came out by the shell of a large church.

'You see,' said Barbary nonchalantly, 'there are lots of empty houses and flats.'

Raoul saw that this was so. Neither he nor Barbary was surprised, or even greatly interested; these broken habitations, this stony rubbish, seemed natural to them.

'And nice gardens.' Barbary, with an estate agent's smug and optimistic manner, indicated the forest of shrubs and flowers and green creeping things running about the broken city in the evening sunshine. They were in a strip of green beside the church; elder tree boughs crowded into a gaping west window; tall weeds waved about tombstones. They sat on a large flat stone, whereunder lay Sir William Staines, Mrs Alice Staines, and their large family of children, who had left, about two centuries ago, an only and affectionate sister to lament their loss.

'I've taken a house here,' said Barbary. 'It's called Somerset Chambers. It's between the church and the café.'

She led the way into Fore Street, where what was left of Somerset Chambers gaped on the street. They climbed a steep, winding flight of stone stairs, past lavatories, past rooms with walls and fireplaces patterned in green and yellow tiles, and panelled doors lying on the littered floors. Here lived, according to an inscription on the staircase wall, the Brenner Brothers, Ltd; their names were Joseph and Emil.

'It's an office,' Barbary explained. 'They don't live here.'

They climbed higher, past another lavatory; the stairs spiralled up, fouled by pigeons, ending abruptly in a boarded roof.

'Look, we can climb through it,' said Raoul, pleased.

Barbary nodded. In the boards there was a gap large enough to squeeze through; they did so, and stood, with no roof but the sky, while pigeons whirred about them and the wind blew in their faces, on a small plateau, looking down over the wrecked city.

Suddenly the bells of St Paul's clashed out, drowning them in sweet, hoarse, rocking clamour. Barbary began to dance, her dark hair flapping in the breeze as she spun about. Raoul joined her; they took hands, snapping the fingers of the other hand above their heads; it was a dance of Provence, and they sang a Collioure fisherman's song in time to it.

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40 The bells stopped. The children stood still, gazing down on a wilderness of little streets, caves and cellars, the foundations of a wrecked merchant city, grown over by green and golden fennel and ragwort, coltsfoot, purple loosestrife, rosebay willow herb, bracken, bramble and tall nettles, among which rabbits burrowed and wild cats crept and hens laid eggs.

45 'I shall perhaps keep a hen,' Barbary said. 'Or perhaps we can find the eggs of the wild hens. And look, there are plenty of fig trees. We can cook meals in the flat, or perhaps in that big café next door. We must bring rugs to sleep on, and any food we can get from home.'

50 Raoul looked dubious about this. 'My aunt wouldn't let me. And she keeps the food locked up.'

55 'We'll buy some. Do you know what I'm going to do? Paint views on postcards and sell them in the street. I shall sit in our flat and paint. I shall spend the afternoons here instead of at the Slade. You can come on from school. It's best in the evenings, and on Saturdays and Sundays, because no workmen are about then. The Brenners aren't here either, nor any of the other people.'

'How do you know,' Raoul enquired, when they were down on the first floor again, 'that this flat is not already occupied?'

'It hasn't that air. Anyhow, it is ours now, and I shall write our names on the walls.'

60 'There are a number of names on the walls of the lavatories. And drawings too.'

'That means nothing. Lavatories are like that: people like to write and draw on the walls.'

65 This familiar law of nature was known also to Raoul; it obtained in Collioure as well as elsewhere.

'But,' said Barbary, 'I shall paint our names on the walls of the staircase too, like the Brenner brothers. Then the flat will be known for ours. If anyone comes round for rent, I shall pay it. My father gives me money.'

70 'My uncle only a very little.' Raoul reflected sadly on the difference in the financial habits of English lawyers and French merchants, which seemed to him considerable.

'Let's go out on the terrace,' said Barbary.

From the stairs a great gap in the wall opened on to an earthy lead terrace, grown with dandelions and yawning with holes.

75 'Look. We can look from here into the church.'

80 They peered down through the great broken circle of what had been the east window; below it the altar had stood; they looked along the bare nave to the tower end, where, in the west window, ragged painted glass swung muttering in the wind. Above the pointed arches of the clustered columns of the aisles, which still stood, angels' heads serenely gazed at emptiness. To the walls a few niches clung, where monuments of the dead had once been; grass and marigolds grew over them in tufts.

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DOCUMENT B

Winston Churchill, wireless speech to the Nation, 11 September 1940. Retrieved from <https://www.nationalchurchillmuseum.org/every-man-to-his-post.html#:~:text=All%20the%20world%20that%20is,which%20cannot%20yet%20be%20foreseen>

When I said in the House of Commons the other day that I thought it improbable that the enemy's air attack in September could be more than three times as great as it was in August, I was not, of course, referring to barbarous attacks upon the civil population, but to the great air battle which is being fought out
5 between our fighters and the German Air Force.

You will understand that whenever the weather is favourable, waves of German bombers, protected by fighters, often three or four hundred at a time, surge over this island, especially the promontory of Kent, in the hope of attacking military and other objectives by daylight. However, they are met by our fighter
10 squadrons and nearly always broken up; and their losses average three to one in machines and six to one in pilots.

This effort of the Germans to secure daylight mastery of the air over England is, of course, the crux of the whole war. So far it has failed conspicuously. It has cost them very dear, and we have felt stronger, and actually are relatively a
15 good deal stronger, than when the hard fighting began in July. There is no doubt that Herr Hitler is using up his fighter force at a very high rate, and that if he goes on for many more weeks he will wear down and ruin this vital part of his Air Force. That will give us a very great advantage.

On the other hand, for him to try to invade this country without having secured
20 mastery in the air would be a very hazardous undertaking. Nevertheless, all his preparations for invasion on a great scale are steadily going forward. [...]

If this invasion is going to be tried at all, it does not seem that it can be long delayed. The weather may break at any time. Besides this, it is difficult for the enemy to keep these gatherings of ships waiting about indefinitely, while they
25 are bombed every night by our bombers, and very often shelled by our warships which are waiting for them outside.

Therefore, we must regard the next week or so as a very important period in our history. It ranks with the days when the Spanish Armada was approaching the Channel, and Drake was finishing his game of bowls; or when Nelson stood
30 between us and Napoleon's Grand Army at Boulogne. We have read all about this in the history books; but what is happening now is on a far greater scale and of far more consequence to the life and future of the world and its civilisation than these brave old days of the past.

Every man and woman will therefore prepare himself to do his duty, whatever it
35 may be, with special pride and care. Our fleets and flotillas are very powerful and numerous; our Air Force is at the highest strength it has ever reached, and it is

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conscious of its proved superiority, not indeed in numbers, but in men and machines. Our shores are well fortified and strongly manned, and behind them, ready to attack the invaders, we have a far larger and better-equipped mobile
40 Army than we have ever had before.

Besides this, we have more than a million and a half men of the Home Guard, who are just as much soldiers of the Regular Army as the Grenadier Guards, and who are determined to fight for every inch of the ground in every village and in every street.

45 It is with devout but sure confidence that I say: Let God defend the Right.

These cruel, wanton, indiscriminate bombings of London are, of course, a part of Hitler's invasion plans. He hopes, by killing large numbers of civilians, and women and children, that he will terrorise and cow the people of this mighty imperial city, and make them a burden and an anxiety to the Government and
50 thus distract our attention unduly from the ferocious onslaught he is preparing.

Little does he know the spirit of the British nation, or the tough fibre of the Londoners, whose forbears played a leading part in the establishment of Parliamentary institutions and who have been bred to value freedom far above their lives. This wicked man, the repository and embodiment of many forms of
55 soul-destroying hatred, this monstrous product of former wrongs and shame, has now resolved to try to break our famous island race by a process of indiscriminate slaughter and destruction.

What he has done is to kindle a fire in British hearts, here and all over the world, which will glow long after all traces of the conflagration he has caused in London
60 have been removed. He has lighted a fire which will burn with a steady and consuming flame until the last vestiges of Nazi tyranny have been burnt out of Europe, and until the Old World — and the New — can join hands to rebuild the temples of man's freedom and man's honour, upon foundations which will not soon or easily be overthrown.

This is a time for everyone to stand together, and hold firm, as they are doing. I express my admiration for the exemplary manner in which all the Air Raid Precautions services of London are being discharged, especially the Fire Brigade, whose work has been so heavy and also dangerous. All the world that is still free
70 marvels at the composure and fortitude with which the citizens of London are facing and surmounting the great ordeal to which they are subjected, the end of which or the severity of which cannot yet be foreseen.

It is a message of good cheer to our fighting Forces on the seas, in the air, and in our waiting Armies in all their posts and stations, that we sent them from this capital city. They know that they have behind them a people who will not flinch
75 or weary of the struggle — hard and protracted though it will be; but that we shall rather draw from the heart of suffering itself the means of inspiration and survival, and of a victory won not only for ourselves but for all; a victory won not only for our own time, but for the long and better days that are to come.

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DOCUMENT C

Clive Branson, *Bombed Women and Searchlights*, 1940. Oil paint on canvas, 509 × 612 × 20 mm, Tate, London. Retrieved from <https://www.tate.org.uk/art/artworks/branson-bombed-women-and-searchlights-t11789>.

