MINISTÈRE
DE L'ÉDUCATION
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EAD ANG 1

SESSION 2025

AGRÉGATION
CONCOURS EXTERNE SPÉCIAL

Section : LANGUES VIVANTES ÉTRANGÈRES
ANGLAIS

COMPOSITION

Durée : 7 heures

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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 (1ère partie)** :

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

► **2ème composition (2ème partie)** :

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

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Sujet de littérature

Première partie

Vous rédigerez <u>en anglais</u> un commentaire du texte suivant :

She pushed her way swiftly through the crowds, past the packed, hysterical mob surging in the open space of Five Points, and hurried as fast as she could down the short block towards the depot. Through the tangle of ambulances and the clouds of dust, she could see doctors and stretcher-bearers bending, lifting, hurrying. Thank God, she'd find Dr Meade soon. As she rounded the corner of the Atlanta Hotel and came in full view of the depot and the tracks, she halted appalled.

Lying in the pitiless sun, shoulder to shoulder, head to feet, were hundreds of wounded men, lining the tracks, the sidewalks, stretched out in endless rows under the car shed. Some lay stiff and still but many writhed under the hot sun, moaning. Everywhere, swarms of flies hovered over the men, crawling and buzzing in their faces, everywhere was blood, dirty bandages, groans, screamed curses of pain as stretcher-bearers lifted men. The smell of sweat, of blood, of unwashed bodies, of excrement rose up in waves of blistering heat until the fetid stench almost nauseated her. The ambulance men hurrying here and there among the prostrate forms frequently stepped on wounded men, so thickly packed were the rows, and those trodden upon stared stolidly up, waiting their turn.

She shrank back, clapping her hand to her mouth, feeling that she was going to vomit. She couldn't go on. She had seen wounded men in the hospitals, wounded men on Aunt Pitty's lawn after the fighting at the creek, but never anything like this. Never anything like these stinking, bleeding bodies broiling under the glaring sun. This was an inferno of pain and smell and noise and hurry–hurry–hurry! The Yankees are coming! The Yankees are coming!

She braced her shoulders and went down among them, straining her eyes among the upright figures to distinguish Dr Meade. But she discovered she could not look for him, for if she did not step carefully she would tread on some poor soldier. She raised her skirts and tried to pick her way among them towards a knot of men who were directing the stretcher-bearers.

As she walked, feverish hands plucked at her skirt and voices croaked: "Lady–water! Please, lady, water! For Christ's sake, water!"

Perspiration came down her face in streams as she pulled her skirts from clutching hands. If she stepped on one of these men, she'd scream and faint. She stepped over dead men, over men who lay dull-eyed with hands clutched to bellies where dried blood had glued torn uniforms to wounds, over men whose beards were stiff with blood and from whose broken jaws came sounds which must mean:

"Water! Water!"

If she did not find Dr Meade soon, she would begin screaming with hysteria. She looked towards the group of men under the car shed and cried as loudly as she could: "Dr Meade! Is Dr Meade there?"

From the group one man detached himself and looked towards her. It was the doctor. He was coatless and his sleeves were rolled up to his shoulders. His shirt and trousers were as red as a butcher's and even the end of his iron-grey beard was matted with blood. His face was the face of a man drunk with fatigue and impotent rage and burning pity. It was grey and dusty, and sweat

had streaked long rivulets across his cheeks. But his voice was calm and decisive as he called to her.

"Thank God you are here. I can use every pair of hands."

For a moment she stared at him bewildered, dropping her skirts in dismay. They fell over the dirty face of a wounded man who feebly tried to turn his head to escape from their smothering folds. What did the doctor mean? The dust from the ambulances came into her face with choking dryness, and the rotten smells were like a foul liquid in her nostrils.

"Hurry, child! Come here."

She picked up her skirts and went to him as fast as she could go across the rows of bodies. She put her hand on his arm and felt that it was trembling with weariness but there was no weakness in his face.

"Oh, Doctor!" she cried. "You must come. Melanie is having her baby."

He looked at her as if her words did not register on his mind. A man who lay upon the ground at her feet, his head pillowed on his canteen, grinned up companionably at her words.

"They will do it," he said cheerfully.

She did not even look down but shook the doctor's arm.

"It's Melanie. The baby. Doctor, you must come. She… the…" This was no time for delicacy but it was hard to bring out the words with the ears of hundreds of strange men listening.

"The pains are getting hard. Please, Doctor!"

"A baby? Great God!" thundered the doctor and his face was suddenly contorted with hate and rage, a rage not directed at her or at anyone except a world wherein such things could happen. "Are you crazy? I can't leave these men. They are dying, hundreds of them. I can't leave them for a damned baby. Get some woman to help you. Get my wife."

She opened her mouth to tell him why Mrs Meade could not come and then shut it abruptly. He did not know his own son was wounded! She wondered if he would still be here if he did know, and something told her that even if Phil were dying he would still be standing on this spot, giving aid to the many instead of the one.

"No, you must come, Doctor. You know you said she'd have a hard time…" Was it really she, Scarlett, standing here saying these dreadful indelicate things at the top of her voice in this hell of heat and groans? "She'll die if you don't come!"

He shook off her hand roughly and spoke as though he hardly heard her, hardly knew what she said.

"Die? Yes, they'll all die–all these men. No bandages, no salves, no quinine, no chloroform. Oh, God, for some morphia! Just a little morphia for the worst ones. Just a little chloroform. God damn the Yankees! God damn the Yankees!"

"Give um hell, Doctor!" said the man on the ground, his teeth showing in his beard.

Scarlett began to shake and her eyes burned with tears of fright. The doctor wasn't coming with her. Melanie would die and she had wished that she would die. The doctor wasn't coming.

Margaret Mitchell, *Gone With the Wind*, 1936. Part 3, chap. XX.
Alma Classics, 2023, 289-291.

Annexe 1

Margaret Mitchell's novel was a spectacular commercial success, especially at a time when the US was torn apart by the Great Depression: *Gone With the Wind* is ultimately a tale of resilience in the face of hardship and a celebration of the sense of belonging that links the heroine, Scarlett O'Hara, to her plantation. John M. Grammer and other critics have nonetheless remarked on the public misunderstanding over the author's intentions: Mitchell, he writes, "believed she was writing, and in some ways she did write, a critique of the plantation legend." Yet the success of the novel arose precisely from the fact that it presented the public with a catalogue of all the expected elements of plantation fiction: the heroine is beautiful and witty, but also stubborn and uncompromising; her journey from riches to rags and back to riches in the middle of the raging Civil War embodies all possible human forms of determination; her loyal slaves are treated like inferior members of the family and provide essential narrative counterpoints, all in "authentic" dialect; and, most importantly, her individual epic confronts her to national history seen as a threat, which results in both a form of nostalgic attachment to the "good old days" and an outpouring of ruthless energy.

Agnès Berbinau-Dezalay and Élise Trogrlic, "Tears in the National Fabric (1840-1914)", in Françoise Grellet (ed.), *Crossing Boundaries. Histoire et culture des pays du monde anglophone*, Rennes, Presses universitaires de Rennes, 2012, p. 303.

Annexe 2

Scarlett stands apart in *Gone With the Wind*, not merely because she is the central character, but because for her alone among the female characters do the years of the war and its aftermath render problematical the question of appropriate gender role—the definition of being, the aspiration to become, a lady. Any understanding of Scarlett's personality must take account of the other characters who, by responding to the pressures of the times, relate to her and provide both the context and the measuring stick for her responses. Mitchell once claimed that her novel had been written entirely "through Scarlett's eyes. What she understood was written down; what she did not understand—and there were many things beyond her comprehension, they were left to the reader's imagination."

Elizabeth Fox-Genovese, "Scarlett O'Hara: The Southern Lady as New Woman", *American Quarterly*, vol. 33, N°4, Autumn 1981, p. 399.

Tournez la page S.V.P.

Deuxième partie

Sur une copie séparée, vous traduirez en français le passage suivant :

de « Lying in the pitiless sun… » *(l. 7) à* « The Yankees are coming! » *(l. 20).*

Sujet de civilisation

Première partie

Vous rédigerez <u>en anglais</u> un commentaire du texte suivant :

One of the most important developments in England during the past twenty years has been the upward and downward extension of the middle class. It has happened on such a scale as to make the old classification of society into capitalists, proletarians and petit bourgeois (small property-owners) almost obsolete.

England is a country in which property and financial power are concentrated in very few hands. Few people in modern England *own* anything at all, except clothes, furniture and possibly a house. The peasantry have long since disappeared, the independent shopkeeper is being destroyed, the small businessman is diminishing in numbers. But at the same time modern industry is so complicated that it cannot get along without great numbers of managers, salesmen, engineers, chemists and technicians of all kinds, drawing fairly large salaries. And these in turn call into being a professional class of doctors, lawyers, teachers, artists, etc. etc. The tendency of advanced capitalism has therefore been to enlarge the middle class and not to wipe it out as it once seemed likely to do.

But much more important than this is the spread of middle-class ideas and habits among the working class. The British working class are now better off in almost all ways than they were thirty years ago. This is partly due to the efforts of the trade unions, but partly to the mere advance of physical science. It is not always realized that within rather narrow limits the standard of life of a country can rise without a corresponding rise in real wages. Up to a point, civilization can lift itself up by its boot-tags. However unjustly society is organized, certain technical advances are bound to benefit the whole community, because certain kinds of goods are necessarily held in common. A millionaire cannot, for example, light the streets for himself while darkening them for other people. Nearly all citizens of civilized countries now enjoy the use of good roads, germ-free water, police protection, free libraries and probably free education of a kind. Public education in England has been meanly starved of money, but it has nevertheless improved, largely owing to the devoted efforts of the teachers, and the habit of reading has become enormously more widespread. To an increasing extent the rich and the poor read the same books, and they also see the same films and listen to the same radio programmes. And the differences in their way of life have been diminished by the mass-production of cheap clothes and improvements in housing. So far as outward appearance goes, the clothes of rich and poor, especially in the case of women, differ far less than they did thirty or even fifteen years ago. As to housing, England still has slums which are a blot on civilization, but much building has been done during the past ten years, largely by the local authorities. The modern council house, with its bathroom and electric light, is smaller than the stockbroker's villa, but it is recognizably the same kind of house, which the farm labourer's cottage is not. A person who has grown up in a council housing estate is likely to be—indeed, visibly *is*—more middle class in outlook than a person who has grown up in a slum.

The effect of all this is a general softening of manners. It is enhanced by the fact that modern industrial methods tend always to demand less muscular effort and therefore to leave people with more energy when their day's work is done. Many workers in the light industries are

less truly manual labourers than is a doctor or a grocer. In tastes, habits, manners and outlook the working class and the middle class are drawing together. The unjust distinctions remain, but the real differences diminish. The old-style 'proletarian'—collarless, unshaven and with muscles warped by heavy labour—still exists, but he is constantly decreasing in numbers; he only predominates in the heavy-industry areas of the north of England.

After 1918 there began to appear something that had never existed in England before: people of indeterminate social class. In 1910 every human being in these islands could be 'placed' in an instant by his clothes, manners and accent. That is no longer the case. Above all, it is not the case in the new townships that have developed as a result of cheap motor cars and the southward shift of industry. The place to look for the germs of the future England is in light-industry areas and along the arterial roads. In Slough, Dagenham, Barnet, Letchworth, Hayes—everywhere, indeed, on the outskirts of great towns—the old pattern is gradually changing into something new. In those vast new wildernesses of glass and brick the sharp distinctions of the older kind of town, with its slums and mansions, or of the country, with its manor-houses and squalid cottages, no longer exist. There are wide gradations of income, but it is the same kind of life that is being lived at different levels, in labour-saving flats or council houses, along the concrete roads and in the naked democracy of the swimming-pools. It is a rather restless, cultureless life, centring round tinned food, *Picture Post*, the radio and the internal combustion engine. It is a civilization in which children grow up with an intimate knowledge of magnetoes and in complete ignorance of the Bible. To that civilization belong the people who are most at home in and most definitely *of* the modern world, the technicians and the higher-paid skilled workers, the airmen and their mechanics, the radio experts, film producers, popular journalists and industrial chemists. They are the indeterminate stratum at which the older class distinctions are beginning to break down.

This war, unless we are defeated, will wipe out most of the existing class privileges. There are every day fewer people who wish them to continue. Nor need we fear that as the pattern changes life in England will lose its peculiar flavour. The new red cities of Greater London are crude enough, but these things are only the rash that accompanies a change. In whatever shape England emerges from the war it will be deeply tinged with the characteristics that I have spoken of earlier. The intellectuals who hope to see it Russianized or Germanized will be disappointed. The gentleness, the hypocrisy, the thoughtlessness, the reverence for law and the hatred of uniforms will remain, along with the suet puddings and the misty skies. It needs some very great disaster, such as prolonged subjugation by a foreign enemy, to destroy a national culture. The Stock Exchange will be pulled down, the horse plough will give way to the tractor, the country houses will be turned into children's holiday camps, the Eton and Harrow match will be forgotten, but England will still be England, an everlasting animal stretching into the future and the past, and, like all living things, having the power to change out of recognition and yet remain the same.

George Orwell, *The Lion and the Unicorn*,
London, Penguin, 1982 (1st ed. 1941), pp. 66-70.

Annexe 1

In the next few years we shall either get that effective Socialist party that we need, or we shall not get it. If we do not get it, then Fascism is coming; probably a slimy Anglicized form of Fascism, with cultured policemen instead of Nazi gorillas and the lion and the unicorn instead of the swastika. But if we do get it there will be a struggle, conceivably a physical one, for our plutocracy will not sit quiet under a genuinely revolutionary government. And when the widely separate classes who, necessarily, would form any real Socialist party have fought side by side, they may feel differently about one another. And then perhaps this misery of class-prejudice will fade away, and we of the sinking middle class—the private schoolmaster, the half-starved free-lance journalist, the colonel's spinster daughter with £75 a year, the jobless Cambridge graduate, the ship's officer without a ship, the clerks, the civil servants, the commercial travellers, and the thrice-bankrupt drapers in the country towns–may sink without further struggles into the working class where we belong, and probably when we get there it will not be so dreadful as we feared, for, after all, we have nothing to lose but our aitches.

Geroge Orwell, *The Road to Wigan Pier*,
London, Penguin, 1989 (1st ed. 1938), p. 215.

Annexe 2

I think it's true to say that at the present time this country of ours, because of its courage and its proud defiance, its determination to put an end to this international brigandage and racketeering of the Hitlers and Mussolinis and their riff-raff is the hope of all that is best in the world, which watches us with admiration. But our greatest potential ally is not this power or that, but the growing hope in decent folk everywhere that civilisation can be saved, or, should I say, the seeds of civilisation could be saved to take root and to flower afterwards, that a reasonable liberty along with a reasonable security can be achieved, that democracy is not an experiment that was tried and that failed, but a great creative force that must now be released again. If we can make all these things plain to the world by the way in which we now order our lives here, then I don't believe this will even be a long war — the daylight will come soon and all these evil apparitions from the night of men's bewilderment and despair will vanish, but if apathy and stupidity return to reign once more, if the privileges of a few are seen to be regarded as more important than the happiness of many, if a sterile obstruction is preferred to creation; if our faces are still turned towards the past instead of towards the future, if too many of us will simply not trouble to know, or if we do know, will not care, then the great opportunity will pass us by, and soon the light will be going out again.

J. B. Priestley, "Postscript",
BBC, Sunday, 20 October, 1940

Tournez la page S.V.P.

Annexe 3

“Letter to the Editor”

Sir, I was exceedingly interested to read in *The Times* to-day the letter in which my friend Mr. Muff records the impressions he has formed from visits paid to some of our leading public schools. They are indeed a precious heritage which rightly used can help to protect us from the evils of caste on the one hand and of a classless society on the other hand.

The advocates of caste, with their undue emphasis on the importance of birth, and the advocates of a classless society, with their undue emphasis on the importance of equality, both alike ignore the infinite variety of capacity between one individual and another. To take the fullest advantage of this variety of capacity we need to encourage variety in the type of education provided and to see that freedom of access to all these types is available to all children for whom they seem best suited.

If we can succeed in that we shall secure what, to me at any rate, seems to be one of the chief advantages of life in a true democracy — the opportunity for the individual to pass from one class of society to another according to his tastes and capabilities.

Yours faithfully,

Oswald Lewis (Conservative MP),
The Times, July 12 1943, p. 5.

Deuxième partie

Sur une copie séparée, vous traduirez en français le passage suivant :
de « After 1918 there began… » *(l. 44) à* « … to break down » *(l. 61).*