

SESSION 2023

**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.

Il appartient au candidat de vérifier qu'il a reçu un sujet complet et correspondant à l'épreuve à laquelle il se présente.

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.
Le fait de rendre une copie blanche est éliminatoire.**

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

Rédigez *en anglais* un commentaire du texte suivant :

Years later, when Rahel returned to the river, it greeted her with a ghastly skull's smile, with holes where teeth had been, and a limp hand raised from a hospital bed.

Both things had happened.

It had shrunk. And she had grown.

5 Downriver, a saltwater barrage had been built, in exchange for votes from the influential paddy-farmer lobby. The barrage regulated the inflow of salt water from the backwaters that opened into the Arabian Sea. So now they had two harvests a year instead of one. More rice, for the price of a river.

10 Despite the fact that it was June, and raining, the river was no more than a swollen drain now. A thin ribbon of thick water that lapped wearily at the mud banks on either side, sequined with the occasional silver slant of a dead fish. It was choked with a succulent weed, whose furred brown roots waved like thin tentacles underwater. Bronze-winged lily-trotters walked across it. Splay-footed, cautious.

15 Once it had had the power to evoke fear. To change lives. But now its teeth were drawn, its spirit spent. It was just a slow, sludging green ribbon lawn that ferried fetid garbage to the sea. Bright plastic bags blew across its viscous, weedy surface like subtropical flying-flowers.

The stone steps that had once led bathers right down to the water, and Fisher People to the fish, were entirely exposed and led from nowhere to nowhere, like an absurd corbelled monument that commemorated nothing. Ferns pushed through the cracks.

20 On the other side of the river, the steep mud banks changed abruptly into low mud walls of shanty hutments. Children hung their bottoms over the edge and defecated directly onto the squelchy, sucking mud of the exposed riverbed. The smaller ones left their dribbling mustard streaks to find their own way down. Eventually, by evening, the river would rouse itself to accept the day's offerings and sludge off to the sea, leaving wavy lines of thick white scum in its wake. Upstream, clean mothers washed clothes and pots in unadulterated factory effluents. People bathed. Severed torsos soaping themselves, arranged like dark busts on a thin, rocking, ribbon lawn.

On warm days the smell of shit lifted off the river and hovered over Ayemenem like a hat.

30 Further inland, and still across, a five-star hotel chain had bought the Heart of Darkness.

The History House (where map-breath'd ancestors with tough toe-nails once whispered) could no longer be approached from the river. It had turned its back on Ayemenem. The hotel guests were ferried across the backwaters, straight from Cochin. They arrived by speedboat, opening up a V of foam on the water, leaving behind a rainbow film of gasoline.

35 The view from the hotel was beautiful, but here too the water was thick and toxic. *No Swimming* signs had been put up in stylish calligraphy. They had built a tall wall to screen off the slum and prevent it from encroaching on Kari Saipu's estate. There wasn't much they could do about the smell.

40 But they had a swimming pool for swimming. And fresh tandoori pomfret and crêpe suzette on their menu.

The trees were still green, the sky still blue, which counted for something. So they went ahead and plugged their smelly paradise—God's Own Country they called it in their

brochures—because they knew, those clever Hotel People, that smelliness, like other peoples’ poverty, was merely a matter of getting used to. A question of discipline. Of Rigor and Air-conditioning. Nothing more.

45 Kari Saipu’s house had been renovated and painted. It had become the centerpiece of an elaborate complex, crisscrossed with artificial canals and connecting bridges. Small boats bobbed in the water. The old colonial bungalow with its deep verandah and Doric columns, was surrounded by smaller, older, wooden houses—ancestral homes—that the hotel chain had
50 bought from old families and transplanted in the Heart of Darkness. Toy Histories for rich tourists to play in. Like the sheaves of rice in Joseph’s dream, like a press of eager natives petitioning an English magistrate, the old houses had been arranged around the History House in attitudes of deference. ‘Heritage,’ the hotel was called.

The Hotel People liked to tell their guests that the oldest of the wooden houses, with its
55 airtight, panelled storeroom which could hold enough rice to feed an army for a year, had been the ancestral home of Comrade E. M. S. Namboodiripad, ‘Kerala’s Mao Tse-tung,’ they explained to the uninitiated. The furniture and knick-knacks that came with the house were on display. A reed umbrella, a wicker couch. A wooden dowry box. They were labelled with edifying placards that said *Traditional Kerala Umbrella* and *Traditional Bridal Dowry-box*.

60 So there it was then, History and Literature enlisted by commerce. Kurtz and Karl Marx joining palms to greet rich guests as they stepped off the boat.

Comrade Namboodiripad’s house functioned as the hotel’s dining room, where semi-suntanned tourists in bathing suits sipped tender coconut water (served in the shell), and old
65 Communists, who now worked as fawning bearers in colourful ethnic clothes, stooped slightly behind their trays of drinks.

In the evenings (for that Regional Flavour) the tourists were treated to truncated kathakali performances (‘Small attention spans,’ the Hotel People explained to the dancers). So ancient stories were collapsed and amputated. Six-hour classics were slashed to twenty-minute
70 cameos.

The performances were staged by the swimming pool. While the drummers drummed and the dancers danced, hotel guests frolicked with their children in the water. While Kunti revealed her secret to Karna on the riverbank, courting couples rubbed suntan oil on each other. While fathers played sublimated sexual games with their nubile teenaged daughters, Poothana suckled young Krishna at her poisoned breast. Bhima disembowelled Dushasana and bathed
75 Draupadi’s hair in his blood.

The back verandah of the History House (where a posse of Touchable policemen converged, where an inflatable goose was burst) had been enclosed and converted into the airy hotel kitchen. Nothing worse than kebabs and caramel custard happened there now. The Terror was past. Overcome by the smell of food. Silenced by the humming of cooks. The cheerful
80 chop-chop-chopping of ginger and garlic. The disembowelling of lesser mammals—pigs, goats. The dicing of meat. The scaling of fish.

Something lay buried in the ground. Under grass. Under twenty-three years of June rain. A small forgotten thing.

Nothing that the world would miss.

85 A child’s plastic wristwatch with the time painted on it.

Ten to two, it said.

A band of children followed Rahel on her walk.

‘Hello hippie,’ they said, twenty-five years too late. ‘Whatisyourname?’

Then someone threw a small stone at her, and her childhood fled, flailing its thin arms.

Arundhati Roy, *The God of Small Things*, London, Flamingo, 1997, p. 124-7.

Annexe 1

I try to [...] create links, to join the dots, to tell politics like a story, to communicate it, to make it real. To make a connection between a man and his child telling you about the life in the village he lived in before it was submerged by a reservoir, and the WTO, and the IMF, and the World Bank. *The God of Small Things* is a book which connects the very smallest things to the very biggest. Whether it's the dent that a baby spider makes on the surface of water in a pool or the quality of the moonlight on a river or how history and politics intrude into your life, your house, your bedroom, your bed, into the most intimate relationships between people – parents and children, siblings and so on.

If you lose these connections, everything becomes noise, meaningless [...].

Arundhati Roy, *The Checkbook and the Cruise Missile, Conversations with Arundhati Roy: Interviews by David Barsamian*, Cambridge, Mass., South End Press, 2004, p. 10-11.

Annexe 2

If there is a principle that links [*The God of Small Things*] with Roy's later essays and journalism, it is the power of the writer to make connections and to challenge the boundaries that are set up (and, continually, 'historically' reinforced) between the powerful and the powerless. The ability to make connections – and envisage the world from multiple perspectives across these boundaries – is implied in the title of Roy's novel. To imagine that 'small things' might have, or deserve, a deity immediately poses questions about priorities and reminds us that godlike authority, when it manifests itself on a large 'monolithic' scale in religious, governmental or social forms, rarely allows power to be shared evenly among everyone and often maintains control by marginalizing particular groups. To counteract this tyranny of 'big things', Roy's strategy in *TGST* is to develop an 'aesthetic of connection' – in other words an artistic process of forging meanings and tracing the reach of power that has, at its heart, the creative potential of dissent.

Alex Tickell, *Arundhati Roy's The God of Small Things*, London, Routledge, 2007, p. 10.

Deuxième partie

Les noms composés

À partir d'exemples choisis dans le passage compris entre la ligne 1 (« Years later ») et la ligne 38 (« about the smell. »), vous traiterez en français le sujet ci-dessus de manière structurée.

Vous établirez une classification cohérente des formes choisies pour illustrer votre propos et étudierez le fonctionnement de ces formes. Une analyse des différents types d'emplois et des éventuelles caractéristiques communes à tous ces emplois devra structurer votre démonstration. Par le biais de manipulations et de comparaisons, vous proposerez également des micro-analyses en contexte.

Sujet de civilisation

Première partie

Rédigez en anglais un commentaire du texte suivant :

Like many anniversary celebrations, the plan for 1987 takes particular events and holds them up as the source of all the very best that has followed. Patriotic feelings will surely swell, prompting proud proclamations of the wisdom, foresight, and sense of justice shared by the framers and reflected in a written document now yellowed with age. This is unfortunate – not the patriotism itself, but the tendency for the celebration to oversimplify, and overlook the many other events that have been instrumental to our achievements as a nation. The focus of this celebration invites a complacent belief that the vision of those who debated and compromised in Philadelphia yielded the “more perfect Union” it is said we now enjoy.

I cannot accept this invitation, for I do not believe that the meaning of the Constitution was forever “fixed” at the Philadelphia Convention. Nor do I find the wisdom, foresight, and sense of justice exhibited by the framers particularly profound. To the contrary, the government they devised was defective from the start, requiring several amendments, a civil war, and momentous social transformation to attain the system of constitutional government, and its respect for the individual freedoms and human rights, that we hold as fundamental today. When contemporary Americans cite “The Constitution,” they invoke a concept that is vastly different from what the framers barely began to construct two centuries ago.

For a sense of the evolving nature of the Constitution we need look no further than the first three words of the document’s preamble: “We the People.” When the Founding Fathers used this phrase in 1787 they did not have in mind the majority of America’s citizens. “We the People” included, in the words of the framers, “the whole Number of free Persons”. On a matter so basic as the right to vote, for example, Negro slaves were excluded, although they were counted for representational purposes – at three-fifths each. Women did not gain the right to vote for over a hundred and thirty years.

These omissions were intentional. The record of the framers’ debates on the slave question is especially clear: the Southern states acceded to the demands of the New England states for giving Congress broad power to regulate commerce, in exchange for the right to continue the slave trade. The economic interests of the regions coalesced: New Englanders engaged in the “carrying trade” would profit from transporting slaves from Africa as well as goods produced in America by slave labor. The perpetuation of slavery ensured the primary source of wealth in the Southern states.

Despite this clear understanding of the role slavery would play in the new republic, use of the words “slaves” and “slavery” was carefully avoided in the original document. Political representation in the lower House of Congress was to be based on the population of “free Persons” in each state, plus three-fifths of all “other Persons”. Moral principles against slavery, for those who had them, were compromised, with no explanation of the conflicting principles for which the American Revolutionary War had ostensibly been fought: the self-evident truths “that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.”

40 It was not the first such compromise. Even these ringing phrases from the Declaration of
Independence are filled with irony, for an early draft of what became that declaration assailed
the King of England for suppressing legislative attempts to end the slave trade and for
encouraging slave rebellions. The final draft adopted in 1776 did not contain this criticism. And
so again at the Constitutional Convention eloquent objections to the institution of slavery went
45 unheeded, and its opponents eventually consented to a document which laid a foundation for
the tragic events that were to follow.

Pennsylvania's Gouverneur Morris provides an example. He opposed slavery and the
counting of slaves in determining the basis for representation in Congress. At the Convention
he objected that

50 the inhabitant of Georgia [or] South Carolina who goes to the coast of
Africa, and in defiance of the most sacred laws of humanity tears away
his fellow creatures from their dearest connections and damns them to
the most cruel bondages, shall have more votes in a Government
instituted for protection of the rights of mankind, than the Citizen of
Pennsylvania or New Jersey who views with a laudable horror, so
55 nefarious a practice.

And yet Gouverneur Morris eventually accepted the three-fifths accommodation. In fact, he
wrote the final draft of the Constitution, the very document the bicentennial will commemorate.

60 As a result of compromise, the right of the Southern states to continue importing slaves was
extended, officially, at least until 1808. We know that it actually lasted a good deal longer, as
the framers possessed no monopoly on the ability to trade moral principles for self-interest. But
they nevertheless set an unfortunate example. Slaves could be imported, if the commercial
interests of the North were protected. To make the compromise even more palatable, customs
duties would be imposed at up to ten dollars per slave as a means of raising public revenues.

65 No doubt it will be said, when the unpleasant truth of the history of slavery in America is
mentioned during this bicentennial year, that the Constitution was a product of its times, and
embodied a compromise which, under other circumstances, would not have been made. But the
effects of the framers' compromise have remained for generations. They arose from the
contradiction between guaranteeing liberty and justice to all, and denying both to Negroes.

70 The original intent of the phrase, "We the People," was far too clear for any ameliorating
construction. Writing for the Supreme Court in 1857, Chief Justice Taney penned the following
passage in the Dred Scott case on the issue of whether, in the eyes of the framers, slaves were
"constituent members of the sovereignty," and were to be included among "We the People":

75 We think they are not, and that they are not included, and were not
intended to be included

They had for more than a century before been regarded as beings of an
inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race. . . . ;
and so far inferior, that they had no rights which the white man was
bound to respect; and that the negro might justly and lawfully be
reduced to slavery for his benefit. . . .

80 [A]ccordingly, a negro of the African race was regarded. . . . as an article
of property, and held, and bought and sold as such. . . .

[N]o one seems to have doubted the correctness of the prevailing opinion of the time.

85 And so, nearly seven decades after the Constitutional Convention, the Supreme Court reaffirmed the prevailing opinion of the framers regarding the rights of Negroes in America. It took a bloody civil war before the thirteenth amendment could be adopted to abolish slavery, though not the consequences slavery would have for future Americans.

While the Union survived the civil war, the Constitution did not. [...]

Thurgood Marshall, “Reflections on the Bicentennial of the United States Constitution”, speech delivered by Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall at the Annual Seminar of the San Francisco Patent and Trademark Law Association in Maui, Hawaii, on May 6, 1987, *Harvard Law Review*, Vol. 101, n°1, 1987, p. 1-4.

Annexe 1

Times have changed. But the basic premise of the Constitution hasn't changed. It's still our blueprint for freedom. One of our more able statesmen and constitutional lawyers, Daniel Webster, once wrote: “We may be tossed upon an ocean where we can see no land nor, perhaps, the Sun or stars. But there is a chart and a compass for us to study, to consult, and obey. The chart is the Constitution.”

Two hundred years ago the very notion of free self-government was a new idea. But James Madison, a man whom many call the Father of the Constitution, urged his fellow citizens not to oppose the idea simply because it was new. He argued that it was the glory of the American people that they were not blindly bound to the past but were willing to rely on “their own good sense” and experience in charting the future. It's interesting that Madison and others had to defend the Constitution because it was new. Times have changed. For over 200 years we've lived with freedom under law, and perhaps, we've become complacent about it. We should never forget how rare and precious freedom is.

Active and informed citizens are vital to the effective functioning of our constitutional system. All of us have an obligation to study the Constitution and participate actively in the system of self-government that it establishes. This is an obligation we owe, not only to ourselves but to our children and their children. And there is no better time than right now, during the next 4 years of the bicentennial, to rededicate ourselves to the Constitution and values it contains.

Let us never forget that the signers of the Declaration of Independence acted with “a firm reliance on the protection of divine providence.” One hundred years ago, on the occasion of the centennial of the Constitution, another President, Grover Cleveland, accepted the privilege that I have been given here today: to honor the Constitution. And his words are as true now as they were then. He said: “When we look down upon 100 years and see the origin of our Constitution, when we contemplate all its trials and triumphs, when we realize how completely the principles upon which it is based have met every national need and national peril, how devoutly should we say with Franklin ‘God governs in the affairs of men’.”

Ronald Reagan, “Remarks at the Bicentennial Celebration of the United States Constitution”, 16 September 1987, *Public Papers of the Presidents: Ronald Reagan 1987*, Washington D.C.: GPO, 1989.

Annexe 2

[...] the intentions of those who framed the Constitution, be they good or bad, for slavery or against slavery, are so respected so far, and so far only, as we find those intentions plainly stated in the Constitution. It would be the wildest of absurdities, and lead to endless confusion and mischiefs, if, instead of looking to the written paper itself, for its meaning, it were attempted to make us search it out, in the secret motives, and dishonest intentions, of some of the men who took part in writing it. It was what they said that was adopted by the people, not what they were ashamed or afraid to say, and really omitted to say. Bear in mind, also, and the fact is an important one, that the framers of the Constitution sat with doors closed, and that this was done purposely, that nothing but the result of their labours should be seen, and that that result should be judged of by the people free from any of the bias shown in the debates.

Frederick Douglass, *The Constitution of the United States: Is it Pro-Slavery or Anti-Slavery? A Speech Delivered in Glasgow, March 26, 1860 in Reply to an Attack Made Upon His View by Mr. George Thompson*, Halifax: T. & W. Birtwhistle, 1860.

Annexe 3

The Fifteenth Amendment, which targets precisely and only racial discrimination in voting rights, states that, in this domain, “Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.” In choosing this language, the Amendment’s framers invoked Chief Justice Marshall’s formulation of the scope of Congress’ powers under the Necessary and Proper Clause:

“Let the end be legitimate, let it be within the scope of the constitution, and *all means which are appropriate, which are plainly adapted to that end, which are not prohibited, but consist with the letter and spirit of the constitution, are constitutional.*” *McCulloch v. Maryland*, 4 Wheat. 316, 421 (1819)

It cannot tenably be maintained that the VRA, an Act of Congress adopted to shield the right to vote from racial discrimination, is inconsistent with the letter or spirit of the Fifteenth Amendment, or any provision of the Constitution read in light of the Civil War Amendments. Nowhere in today’s opinion, or in *Northwest Austin*, is there clear recognition of the transformative effect the Fifteenth Amendment aimed to achieve.

Ruth Bader Ginsburg, “Dissenting opinion in *Shelby County v. Holder*”, *Shelby County v. Holder*, 570 U.S. 529 (2013).

Deuxième partie

L'expression de la négation

À partir d'exemples choisis dans le passage compris entre la ligne 1 (« Like many anniversary celebrations ») et la ligne 45 (« that were to follow. »), vous traiterez en français le sujet ci-dessus de manière structurée.

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