

SESSION 2017

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## **AGREGATION CONCOURS EXTERNE SPÉCIAL**

**Section : LANGUES VIVANTES ÉTRANGÈRES  
ANGLAIS**

**COMPOSITION**

Durée : 7 heures

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**Vous rendrez deux copies distinctes pour chacune des deux parties du sujet que vous aurez choisi.**

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*De même, si cela vous conduit à formuler une ou plusieurs hypothèses, il vous est demandé de la (ou les) mentionner explicitement.*

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Vous trouverez ci-après les codes nécessaires vous permettant de compléter les rubriques figurant en en-tête de votre copie

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Concours	Section/option	Epreuve	Matière
EAD	0422A	101	0430

Sujet de littérature**Première partie :**

*Comment on the following text.*

*Chapter I*

1801—I have just returned from a visit to my landlord—the solitary neighbour that I shall be troubled with. This is certainly a beautiful country! In all England, I do not believe that I could have fixed on a situation so completely removed from the stir of society. A perfect misanthropist's heaven—and Mr. Heathcliff and I are such a suitable pair to divide the desolation between us. A capital fellow! He little imagined how my heart warmed towards him when I beheld his black eyes withdraw so suspiciously under their brows, as I rode up, and when his fingers sheltered themselves, with a jealous resolution, still further in his waistcoat, as I announced my name.

“Mr. Heathcliff?” I said.

A nod was the answer.

“Mr. Lockwood, your new tenant, sir. I do myself the honour of calling as soon as possible after my arrival, to express the hope that I have not inconvenienced you by my perseverance in soliciting the occupation of Thrushcross Grange: I heard, yesterday, you had had some thoughts—”

“Thrushcross Grange is my own, sir,” he interrupted, wincing, “I should not allow any one to inconvenience me, if I could hinder it—walk in!”

The “walk in,” was uttered with closed teeth and expressed the sentiment, “Go to the Deuce!”. Even the gate over which he leant manifested no sympathizing movement to the words, and I think that circumstance determined me to accept the invitation: I felt interested in a man who seemed more exaggeratedly reserved than myself.

When he saw my horse's breast fairly pushing the barrier, he did pull out his hand to unchain it, and then sullenly preceded me up the causeway, calling, as we entered the court,—

“Joseph, take Mr. Lockwood's horse; and bring up some wine.”

“Here we have the whole establishment of domestics, I suppose,” was the reflection, suggested by this compound order. “No wonder the grass grows up between the flags, and cattle are the only hedge-cutters.”

Joseph was an elderly, nay, an old man, very old, perhaps, though hale and sinewy.

“The Lord help us!” he soliloquized in an undertone of peevish displeasure, while relieving me of my horse: looking, meantime, in my face so sourly that I charitably conjectured he must have need of divine aid to digest his dinner, and his pious ejaculation had no reference to my unexpected advent.

Wuthering Heights is the name of Mr. Heathcliff's dwelling. “Wuthering” being a significant provincial adjective, descriptive of the atmospheric tumult to which its station is exposed in stormy weather. Pure, bracing ventilation they must have up there, at all times, indeed: one may guess the power of the north wind, blowing over the edge, by the excessive slant of a few stunted firs at the end of the house; and by a range of gaunt thorns all stretching their limbs one way, as if craving alms of the sun. Happily, the architect had foresight to build it strong: the narrow windows are deeply set in the wall, and the corners defended with large jutting stones.

Before passing the threshold, I paused to admire a quantity of grotesque carving lavished over the front, and especially about the principal door, above which, among a wilderness of crumbling griffins and shameless little boys, I detected the date “1500,” and the name “Hareton Earnshaw.” I would have made a few comments, and requested a short history of

45 the place from the surly owner; but his attitude at the door appeared to demand my speedy entrance, or complete departure, and I had no desire to aggravate his impatience, previous to inspecting the penetralium.

One stop brought us into the family sitting-room, without any introductory lobby or passage: they call it here “the house” pre-eminently. It includes kitchen and parlour, generally; but I believe at *Wuthering Heights* the kitchen is forced to retreat altogether into  
50 another quarter; at least I distinguished a chatter of tongues, and a clatter of culinary utensils deep within; and I observed no signs of roasting, boiling, or baking, about the huge fire-place; nor any glitter of copper saucepans and tin cullenders on the walls. One end, indeed, reflected splendidly both light and heat from ranks of immense pewter dishes, interspersed with silver jugs and tankards, towering row after row, in a vast oak dresser, to the very roof. The latter  
55 had never been underdrawn: its entire anatomy lay bare to an inquiring eye, except where a frame of wood laden with oatcakes, and clusters of legs of beef, mutton, and ham, concealed it. Above the chimney were sundry villainous old guns, and a couple of horse-pistols, and, by way of ornament, three gaudily-painted canisters disposed along its ledge. The floor was of smooth, white stone; the chairs, high-backed, primitive structures, painted green, one or two  
60 heavy black ones lurking in the shade. In an arch under the dresser, reposed a huge, liver-coloured bitch pointer, surrounded by a swarm of squealing puppies; and other dogs haunted other recesses.

The apartment and furniture would have been nothing extraordinary as belonging to a homely, northern farmer, with a stubborn countenance, and stalwart limbs set out to  
65 advantage in knee-breeches and gaiters. Such an individual, seated in his arm-chair, his mug of ale frothing on the round table before him, is to be seen in any circuit of five or six miles among these hills, if you go at the right time, after dinner. But Mr. Heathcliff forms a singular contrast to his abode and style of living. He is a dark-skinned gipsy in aspect, in dress and manners a gentleman, that is, as much a gentleman as many a country squire: rather slovenly,  
70 perhaps, yet not looking amiss with his negligence, because he has an erect and handsome figure—and rather morose. Possibly, some people might suspect him of a degree of underbred pride; I have a sympathetic chord within that tells me it is nothing of the sort: I know, by instinct, his reserve springs from an aversion to showy displays of feeling—to manifestations of mutual kindness. He’ll love and hate, equally under cover, and esteem it a species of  
75 impertinence to be loved or hated again—No, I’m running on too fast—I bestow my own attributes over-liberally on him. Mr. Heathcliff may have entirely dissimilar reasons for keeping his hand out of the way when he meets a would-be acquaintance, to those which actuate me.

Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*, 1847, ed. William M. Sale, Jr.,  
New York: Norton, 1972, p. 13-15.

## Annexe 1

The situation of the reader of *Wuthering Heights* is inscribed within the novel in the situations of all those characters who are readers, tellers of tales, most elaborately in Lockwood. The lesson for the reader is to make him aware that he has by reading the novel incurred a responsibility like that of the other spectator-interpreters.

“Thou art the man!”—this applies as much to the reader as to Lockwood or to the other narrators. The double guilt of Lockwood’s narration as of any critic’s discourse is the following. If he does not penetrate all the way to the innermost core of the story he tells, he keeps the story going, repeating itself interminably in its incompleteness. (...)

The reader is the last surviving consciousness enveloping all these other consciousnesses, one inside the other. The reader is condemned, like all the others, to be caught by a double contradictory demand: to bring it all out into the open and at the same time to give it a decent



burial, to keep the book open and at the same time to close its covers once and for all, so it may be forgotten, or so it may be read once more, this time definitively. The guilt of the reader is the impossibility of doing either of these things, once he has opened the book and begun to read: “—I have just returned from a visit to my landlord” (I, ch. 1).

J. Hillis Miller, *Fiction and Repetition: Seven English Novels*,  
Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1982, p. 68-71.

## Annexe 2

We enter *Wuthering Heights* through the voice of Lockwood, who devotes the first three chapters of his narrative to what he twice calls “repetitions of my intrusion.” These intrusions are, to be sure, the literal incursions he makes into the house of Wuthering Heights but they function no less as attempts to penetrate *Wuthering Heights-as-text*. The outsider, conventional in language as well as understanding, makes repeated efforts to force his way to the penetralium. Yet one knocks vainly for admittance at these locked doors [...].

Carol Jacobs, “*Wuthering Heights*: At the Threshold of Interpretation”, *Boundary 2* 7.3  
(1979), p. 50.

## Deuxième partie :

A partir d'exemples choisis dans le passage compris entre « 1801 » (l. 1) et « *unexpected advent* » (l. 31), vous proposerez un traitement structuré de la question suivante : **les temps et les aspects**. Vous établirez une classification cohérente des formes choisies pour illustrer votre propos et vous interrogerez quant à leur fonctionnement. Vous déterminerez leurs différents types d'emplois ainsi que les éventuelles caractéristiques communes à tous ces emplois. Vous décrierez également les effets de sens des formes en question, en fournissant des micro-analyses en contexte et en procédant à toutes les manipulations et comparaisons que vous jugerez utiles.

**Sujet de civilisation****Première partie :**

*Comment on the following text.*

In one afternoon 50 years ago, so much of our turbulent history – the stain of slavery and anguish of civil war; the yoke of segregation and tyranny of Jim Crow; the death of four little girls in Birmingham; and the dream of a Baptist preacher – all that history met on this bridge.

It was not a clash of armies, but a clash of wills; a contest to determine the true meaning of America. And because of men and women like John Lewis, Joseph Lowery, Hosea Williams, Amelia Boynton, Diane Nash, Ralph Abernathy, C.T. Vivian, Andrew Young, Fred Shuttlesworth, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and so many others, the idea of a just America and a fair America, an inclusive America, and a generous America – that idea ultimately triumphed.

As is true across the landscape of American history, we cannot examine this moment in isolation. The march on Selma was part of a broader campaign that spanned generations; the leaders that day part of a long line of heroes.

We gather here to celebrate them. We gather here to honor the courage of ordinary Americans willing to endure billy clubs and the chastening rod; tear gas and the trampling hoof; men and women who despite the gush of blood and splintered bone would stay true to their North Star and keep marching towards justice.

They did as Scripture instructed: “Rejoice in hope, be patient in tribulation, be constant in prayer.” And in the days to come, they went back again and again. When the trumpet call sounded for more to join, the people came – black and white, young and old, Christian and Jew, waving the American flag and singing the same anthems full of faith and hope. A white newsman, Bill Plante, who covered the marches then and who is with us here today, quipped that the growing number of white people lowered the quality of the singing. (Laughter.) To those who marched, though, those old gospel songs must have never sounded so sweet.

In time, their chorus would well up and reach President Johnson. And he would send them protection, and speak to the nation, echoing their call for America and the world to hear: “We shall overcome.” (Applause.) What enormous faith these men and women had. Faith in God, but also faith in America.

The Americans who crossed this bridge, they were not physically imposing. But they gave courage to millions. They held no elected office. But they led a nation. They marched as Americans who had endured hundreds of years of brutal violence, countless daily indignities – but they didn’t seek special treatment, just the equal treatment promised to them almost a century before. (Applause.)

What they did here will reverberate through the ages. Not because the change they won was preordained; not because their victory was complete; but because they proved that nonviolent change is possible, that love and hope can conquer hate.

As we commemorate their achievement, we are well-served to remember that at the time of the marches, many in power condemned rather than praised them. Back then, they were called Communists, or half-breeds, or outside agitators, sexual and moral degenerates, and worse – they were called everything but the name their parents gave them. Their faith was questioned. Their lives were threatened. Their patriotism challenged.

And yet, what could be more American than what happened in this place? (Applause.) What could more profoundly vindicate the idea of America than plain and humble people – unsung, the downtrodden, the dreamers not of high station, not born to wealth or privilege, not of one religious tradition but many, coming together to shape their country’s course?

45 What greater expression of faith in the American experiment than this, what greater form of patriotism is there than the belief that America is not yet finished, that we are strong enough to be self-critical, that each successive generation can look upon our imperfections and decide that it is in our power to remake this nation to more closely align with our highest ideals? (Applause.)

50 That's why Selma is not some outlier in the American experience. That's why it's not a museum or a static monument to behold from a distance. It is instead the manifestation of a creed written into our founding documents: "We the People...in order to form a more perfect union." "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal." (Applause.)

55 These are not just words. They're a living thing, a call to action, a roadmap for citizenship and an insistence in the capacity of free men and women to shape our own destiny. For founders like Franklin and Jefferson, for leaders like Lincoln and FDR, the success of our experiment in self-government rested on engaging all of our citizens in this work. And that's what we celebrate here in Selma. That's what this movement was all about, one leg in our long journey toward freedom. (Applause.)

60 The American instinct that led these young men and women to pick up the torch and cross this bridge, that's the same instinct that moved patriots to choose revolution over tyranny. It's the same instinct that drew immigrants from across oceans and the Rio Grande; the same instinct that led women to reach for the ballot, workers to organize against an unjust status quo; the same instinct that led us to plant a flag at Iwo Jima and on the surface of the Moon. (Applause.)

65 It's the idea held by generations of citizens who believed that America is a constant work in progress; who believed that loving this country requires more than singing its praises or avoiding uncomfortable truths. It requires the occasional disruption, the willingness to speak out for what is right, to shake up the status quo. That's America. (Applause.)

70 That's what makes us unique. That's what cements our reputation as a beacon of opportunity. Young people behind the Iron Curtain would see Selma and eventually tear down that wall. Young people in Soweto would hear Bobby Kennedy talk about ripples of hope and eventually banish the scourge of apartheid. Young people in Burma went to prison rather than submit to military rule. They saw what John Lewis had done. From the streets of Tunis to the Maidan in Ukraine, this generation of young people can draw strength from this place, where the powerless could change the world's greatest power and push their leaders to expand the boundaries of freedom.

75 They saw that idea made real right here in Selma, Alabama. They saw that idea manifest itself here in America.

80 Because of campaigns like this, a Voting Rights Act was passed. Political and economic and social barriers came down. And the change these men and women wrought is visible here today in the presence of African Americans who run boardrooms, who sit on the bench, who serve in elected office from small towns to big cities; from the Congressional Black Caucus all the way to the Oval Office. (Applause.)

85 Because of what they did, the doors of opportunity swung open not just for black folks, but for every American. Women marched through those doors. Latinos marched through those doors. Asian Americans, gay Americans, Americans with disabilities – they all came through those doors. (Applause.) Their endeavors gave the entire South the chance to rise again, not by reasserting the past, but by transcending the past.

Barack Obama, "Remarks by the President at the 50th Anniversary of the Selma to Montgomery Marches," Edmund Pettus Bridge, Selma, Alabama, March 07, 2015  
(The White House, Office of the Press Secretary; <https://www.whitehouse.gov/the-press-office/2015/03/07/remarks-president-50th-anniversary-selma-montgomery-marches>)

## **Annexe 1**

From the very beginning there was a philosophy undergirding the Montgomery boycott, the philosophy of nonviolent resistance. (...) The nonviolent resister is just as opposed to the evil that he is standing against as the violent resister but he resists without violence. This method is nonaggressive physically but strongly aggressive spiritually. (...) the nonviolent resister does not seek to humiliate or defeat the opponent but to win his friendship and understanding. (...) The end of violence or the aftermath of violence is bitterness. The aftermath of nonviolence is reconciliation and the creation of a beloved community. A boycott is never an end within itself. It is merely a means to awaken a sense of shame within the oppressor but the end is reconciliation, the end is redemption.

Martin Luther King, "The Power of Non-Violence," University of California at Berkeley, June 4th, 1957, as published in *The Intercollegian*, May 1st, 1958, p. 8-9.

## **Annexe 2**

*Selma, Ala., March 7* – Alabama state troopers and volunteer officers of the Dallas County sheriff's office tore through a column of Negro demonstrators with tear gas, nightsticks and whips here today to enforce Gov. George C. Wallace's order against a protest march from Selma to Montgomery.

At least 17 Negroes were hospitalized with injuries and about 40 more were given emergency treatment for minor injuries and tear gas effects.

The Negroes reportedly fought back with bricks and bottles at one point as they were pushed back into the Negro community, far away from most of a squad of reporters and photographers who had been restrained by the officers.

A witness said that Sheriff James G. Clark and a handful of volunteer possemen were pushed back by flying debris when they tried to herd the angry Negroes into the church where the march had begun.

In Washington the Justice Department announced that agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Selma had been directed to make a full and prompt investigation and to gather evidence whether "unnecessary force was used by law officers and others" in halting the march.

### *Dr. King in Atlanta*

Some 200 troopers and possemen with riot guns, pistols, tear gas bombs and nightsticks later chased all the Negro residents of the Browns Chapel Methodist Church area into their apartments and houses. They then patrolled the streets and walks for an hour before driving away.

The Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., who was to have led the march, was in Atlanta. After the attack on the marchers, Dr. King issued a statement announcing plans to begin another march Tuesday covering the 50 miles from Selma to Montgomery. He said he had agreed not to lead today's march after he had learned that the troopers would block it. Dr. King also said he would seek a court order barring further interference with the marchers.

John Lewis, chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, was among the injured. He was admitted to the Good Samaritan Hospital with a possible skull fracture.

Mr. Lewis and Hosea Williams, an aide to Dr. King, led the marchers back to the church after the encounter with the officers. Mr. Lewis, before going to the hospital, made a speech to the crowd huddled angry and weeping in the sanctuary.

"Alabama Police Use Gas and Clubs to Rout Negroes," *The New York Times*, March 7, 1965.



## Deuxième partie :

A partir d'exemples choisis dans le passage compris entre « *In time, their chorus* » (l. 24) et « *surface of the Moon* » (l. 64), vous proposerez un traitement structuré de la question suivante : **les propositions en TO**. Vous établirez une classification cohérente des formes choisies pour illustrer votre propos et vous interrogerez quant à leur fonctionnement. Vous déterminerez leurs différents types d'emplois ainsi que les éventuelles caractéristiques communes à tous ces emplois. Vous décrirez également les effets de sens des formes en question, en fournissant des micro-analyses en contexte et en procédant à toutes les manipulations et comparaisons que vous jugerez utiles.