

**Agrégation interne d'anglais**

**Session 2024**

**Épreuve EPC**

**Exposé de la préparation  
d'un cours**

**EPC**

**341**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Thomas Hood, "I Remember, I Remember", *The Poetical Works of Thomas Hood* with a biographical edition by William Michael Rossetti, New York: A. L. Burt Company, Project Gutenberg, 2020 – first published in England in 1873.
- Document 2 : Eva Wiseman, "Feeling nostalgic? The lure of yesteryear is stronger than ever", *The Guardian*, 29 November 2020.
- Document 3 :
  - Document 3A : Damon Albarn, "Hollow Ponds" lyrics, *Everyday Robots*, Parlophone, 2014.
  - Document 3 B : The Culture Show, "Damon Albarn – Solo", *BBC*, 2014.

Compte tenu des caractéristiques de ce dossier et des différentes possibilités d'exploitation qu'il offre, vous indiquerez à quel niveau d'apprentissage vous pourriez le destiner et quels objectifs vous vous fixeriez. Vous présenterez et justifierez votre démarche pour atteindre ces objectifs.

**Document 1:** Thomas Hood, "I Remember, I Remember", *The Poetical Works of Thomas Hood* with a biographical edition by William Michael Rossetti, New York: A. L. Burt Company, Project Gutenberg, 2020 – first published in England in 1873.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember,  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn;  
5 He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day,  
But now, I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away!  
I remember, I remember,  
10 The roses, red and white,  
The violets, and the lily-cups,  
Those flowers made of light!  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
15 The laburnum on his birthday,—  
The tree is living yet!  
I remember, I remember,  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
20 To swallows on the wing;  
My spirit flew in feathers then,  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow!  
25 I remember, I remember,  
The fir trees dark and high;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky:  
It was a childish ignorance,  
30 But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from Heav'n  
Than when I was a boy.

**Document 2** : Eva Wiseman, "Feeling nostalgic? The lure of yesteryear is stronger than ever", *The Guardian*, 29 November 2020.

### **Feeling nostalgic? The lure of yesteryear is stronger than ever**

These unsettling times mean the appeal of a bygone period when all was well in the world is even more seductive

5 One day on my way to work I walked past McDonald's, over the zebra crossing and into 1966. The shop-fronts had been cleaned to a hand-buffed gloss, the signs replaced and painted with jaunty shadow. What had yesterday been a mobile phone repair shop was now a record store, what had been a Korean supermarket was now a grocers and a chemist and a shoe shine station. A Volkswagen Beetle waited where the recycling bins used to be. The feeling, walking back in time that morning with a podcast about racism in my ears, was one of extreme and jubilant calm. They were shooting a film – the lighting trucks took up the entire block beyond – but I will never forget that transcendent second before the truth became clear. Rather than seeking out nostalgia, I had fallen into it, and been allowed a moment to bask before modern life caught up.

15 A study into how the "entertainment landscape" has been impacted by Covid-19 found many of us are seeking "comfort in familiar, nostalgic content". Which, of course, is no surprise to anyone, not least those of us who spent Saturday in their pyjamas watching an entire season of *Sister, Sister* on Netflix, or who have leaned heavily on Nigella's recipe for twice-buttered toast, or – as the second lockdown was announced – immediately filled their freezer with Alphabites, or who have reread their poetry set text for English GCSE twice since March. It will come as no surprise to anyone who has taken up knitting, or painting, or who has sought out the fabric softener their nan used to use. It will come as no surprise to the people redecorating their homes after watching *The Queen's Gambit*, or buying jumpers inspired by Diana in *The Crown*, or questioning their politics after seeing Gillian Anderson as Thatcher. Those of us abruptly tearful at a Fleetwood Mac song, or those who have become accustomed to seeing in the dawn with a game of Grim Fandango and a hot Ribena. Those moved by Lynx Africa.

25 While there has always been a market for nostalgia, it's never before boomed quite like this – in September a vintage Disney T-shirt, printed in 1992 for the release of *Aladdin*, was sold at auction for \$6,000. This wasn't a piece, surely, bought to wear to impress peers or wear to the ball. This was bought by somebody to enjoy alone. A blankie, to soften their cheeks at night.

35 At times of unrest the old and familiar are always in demand. Partly as an ejector seat, out of now, away from this, to a place foreign and perfect and complete; I write as a person whose tastes veer dangerously towards vulgar tat, and who wore vintage dresses exclusively until the wind changed on

my 32nd birthday and suddenly I looked like Dame Edna Everage. Partly we are nostalgic for past pleasures because they have been proven to work – the feeling of relief that comes with a decent Nesquik after a hard day battling your way up the Year Five hierarchy. And partly because they can  
45 act as a time machine, to whisk you back to an age with fewer responsibilities, where somebody looked after you, and even scary films had happy endings.

Today I lost an hour when my computer suggested a “memory” from my photos, and I clicked, and then clicked again, and then I was in the summer  
50 of 2012 eating chips on a beach. I came to it in the carpeted darkness of a Wednesday afternoon. There is an undeniable danger to nostalgia, to the silken ease with which we can go backwards, quickly. A woman eating children’s food, a man wearing a Disney T-shirt. It feels like we’re pouring money into the past as if hoping it will drown us, and sometimes as if hoping  
55 it will wake us up.

At a time when so many are struggling, these journeys back to our youthhoods work to jumpstart our faltering identities. It has become easier, hasn’t it, to forget who we are without the parties and props to remind us? Without the tipsy conversations with new friends where we are invited to  
60 display our personalities in three or four pithy jokes, or the tricky new boots, or a meal to show off with. These T-shirts and TV shows act as reset buttons, a window into who we were when they first formed us. And their watchful presence as we overcame previous struggles. How we anaesthetised our heartbreak with *Dawson’s Creek*; how we came home  
65 once from a bad test and ate three Pop Tarts raw.

I’m spending a lot of time at the moment on eBay looking at dolls’ houses. Which is perfectly fine and normal for a woman just turned 40, or it would be, if I wasn’t looking for a very specific doll’s house, one I had as a child, but never successfully fitted with lights. The plan, I think, is to recreate my  
70 lovely youth, but this time to perfect it. To string it with small electric bulbs, and then to allow myself to stumble upon it blazing in my bedroom one day, and fall gratefully to my knees. To look wonderingly into its tiny rooms and see myself there, a little girl but better. To smell the toasted damp of nostalgia and let it transport me, for a second.

**Document 3 A** : Damon Albarn, "Hollow Ponds" lyrics, *Everyday Robots*, Parlophone, 2014.

### **Hollow Ponds**

Ship on the Hollow Ponds  
Set sail by a kid  
In the heat wave that hit us all  
1976

5 I felt the percussion  
The green man had gone  
Half my road was now a motorway  
1991

I was by the Black Sea  
10 Two hours in time  
Spiny urchins and a new school bell  
1979

Changed into lakeside  
In January (Hollow Ponds)  
15 Modern life was sprayed onto a wall  
In 1993

Where the horses and passing trains (Horses and the passing trains)  
A pentangle revealed  
In the green woods where you walked with me  
20 Ship on Hollow Ponds was filled  
Up with the dreams (That turned into a dream)  
We share on LCDs (We watched on LCDs)  
Every moment now and every day  
Every moment now and every day

**Document 3 B** : *The Culture Show*, "Damon Albarn – Solo", *BBC*, 2014.

"Ahead of his first solo album, Damon Albarn gives *The Culture Show* exclusive and intimate access to his life as he prepares to present this new work to the world."

Document vidéo (2'56") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.