

**Agrégation interne d'anglais**

**Session 2024**

**Épreuve EPC**

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

**EPC**

**611**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : W. D. Hogan, *Women marching in protest against the executions outside Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, 13 March 1921.*
- Document 2 : John McGahern, *Amongst Women*, Faber and Faber, 1990.
- Document 3 : Sean O'Casey, *The Shadow of a Gunman, Act II, Three Plays*, Pan Classics, published 1925 [1923].

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 :** W. D. Hogan, Women marching in protest against the executions outside Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, 13 March 1921.

The women are carrying a banner inscribed "They Murder The Innocent In Vengeance".



Document iconographique également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

**Document 2** : John McGahern, *Amongst Women*, Faber and Faber, 1990, pp. 13-15.

The dishes had been washed and put away. Mona went to join Sheila upstairs. Maggie was going visiting. Another night Moran would have questioned her but not tonight.

5 Years ago Moran loaned McQuaid money when he had started in the cattle business but now McQuaid was the richer and more powerful man and they saw little of one another. They came together once a year to slip back into what McQuaid said were the days of their glory. Moran was too complicated to let anybody know what he thought of anything. Moran had commanded a column in the war. McQuaid had been his lieutenant. From 10 year to year they used the same handrails to go down into the past: lifting the cartwheel at the crossroads, the drilling sessions by the river, the first ambush, marching at night between the safe houses, the different characters in the houses, the food, the girls... The interrogation of William Taylor the spy and his execution by the light of a paraffin lantern among his 15 own cattle in the byre. The Tans had swarmed over the countryside looking for them after the execution. They had lived for a while in holes cut in the turf banks. The place was watched night and day. Once the British soldiers came on Mary Duignan when she was bringing them tea and sandwiches. The Duignans were so naturally pale-faces that Mary showed no sign that 20 anything was other than normal and she continued to bring tea and sandwiches to men working on a further turf bank. Seeing the British soldiers, the startled men sat and ate though they had just risen from a complete meal.

25 'Mary was a topper,' McQuaid said with emotion. 'Only for Mary that day our goose was cooked. She was a bloody genius to think of giving the food to the men on the bank. She's married to a carpenter in Dublin now. She has several children.'

Moran poured more whiskey into the empty glass.

30 'Are you sure you won't chance a drop?' McQuaid raised his glass. 'It's no fun drinking on your own.'

'I couldn't handle it,' Moran said. 'You know that. I had to give it up. Now I couldn't look at it.'

'I should have asked you then.'

35 'I don't mind. I don't mind at all.'

The reminiscing continued – the deaths of friends, one man marching alone through the night, the terrible hard labour it was for some men to die, night marches from one safe house to another, the rain, the wet, the damp, the cold of waiting for an ambush in one place for hours.

40 'We had them on the run by then. They were afraid to venture out except in convoys.'

'People who would have spat in our faces three years before were now clapping our backs. They were falling over one another to get on the winning side.'

45       `Many of them who had pensions and medals and jobs later couldn't  
tell one end of a gun from the other. Many of the men who had actually  
fought got nothing. An early grave or the emigrant ship. Sometimes I get  
sick when I see what I fought for,' Moran said.

      `It makes no sense your not taking the IRA pension. You earned it.  
You could still have it in the morning,' McQuaid said.

50       `I'd throw it in their teeth,' Moran clenched and unclenched his hands  
as he spoke.

**Document 3** : Sean O’Casey, *The Shadow of a Gunman*, Act II, *Three Plays*, Pan Classics, published 1925, [1923] pp.109-111.

*Seumas*. Everything is very quiet now; I wonder what time is it?

*Davoren*. The village cock hath thrice done salutation to the morn.

*Seumas*. Shakespeare, Richard the III, Act Five, Scene III. It was Ratcliff said that to Richard just before the battle of Bosworth. ... How peaceful the  
5 heavens look now with the moon in the middle; you’d never think there were men prowlin’ about tryin’ to shoot each other. I don’t know how a man who has shot any one can sleep in peace at night.

*Davoren*. There’s plenty of men can’t sleep in peace at night now unless they know that they have shot somebody.

10 *Seumas*. I wish to God it was all over. The country is gone mad. Instead of counting their beads now they’re countin’ bullets; their Hail Marys and paternosters are burstin’ bombs—burstin’ bombs, an’ the rattle of machine-guns; petrol is their holy water; their Mass is a burnin’ buildin’; their De  
15 Profundis is ‘The Soldier’s Song’, an’ their creed is, I believe in the gun almighty, maker of heaven an’ earth—an’ it’s all for ‘the glory o’ God an’ the honour o’ Ireland’.

*Davoren*. I remember the time when you yourself believed in nothing but the gun.

20 *Seumas*. Ay, when there wasn’t a gun in the country; I’ve a different opinion now when there’s nothin’ but guns in the country. ... An’ you daren’t open your mouth, for Kathleen ni Houlihan is very different now to the woman who used to play the harp an’ sing ‘Weep on, weep on, your hour is  
25 past’, for she’s a ragin’ divil now, an’ if you only look crooked at her you’re sure of a punch in th’ eye. But this is the way I look at it—I look at it this way: You’re not goin’—you’re not goin’ to beat the British Empire—the British Empire, by shootin’ an occasional Tommy at the corner of an occasional street. Besides, when the Tommies have the wind up—when the Tommies have the wind up they let bang at everything they see—they don’t give a God’s curse who they plug.

30 *Davoren*. Maybe they ought to get down off the lorry and run to the Records Office to find out a man’s pedigree before they plug him.

*Seumas*. It’s the civilians that suffer; when there’s an ambush they don’t know where to run. Shot in the back to save the British Empire, an’ shot in the breast to save the soul of Ireland. I’m a Nationalist meself, right  
35 enough—a Nationalist right enough, but all the same—I’m a Nationalist right enough; I believe in the freedom of Ireland, an’ that England has no right to be here, but I draw the line when I hear the gunmen blowin’ about dyin’

for the people, when it's the people that are dyin' for the gunmen! With all due respect to the gunmen, I don't want them to die for me.

40 *Davoren.* Not likely; you object to any one of them deliberately dying for you for fear that one of these days you might accidentally die for one of them.

*Seumas.* You're one of the brave fellows that doesn't fear death.

45 *Davoren.* Why should I be afraid of it? It's all the same to me how it comes, where it comes, or when it comes. I leave fear of death to the people that are always praying for eternal life; 'Death is here and death is there, death is busy everywhere'.

50 *Seumas.* Ay, in Ireland. Thanks be to God I'm a daily communicant. There's a great comfort in religion; it makes a man strong in time of trouble an' brave in time of danger. No man need be afraid with a crowd of angels round him; thanks to God for His Holy religion!

*Davoren.* You're welcome to your angels; philosophy is mine; philosophy that makes the coward brave; the sufferer defiant; the weak strong; the...

55 *[A volley of shots is heard in a lane that runs parallel with the wall of the back-yard. Religion and philosophy are forgotten in the violent fear of a nervous equality.]*