

**Agrégation interne d'anglais**

**Session 2024**

**Épreuve EPC**

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

**EPC**

**612**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

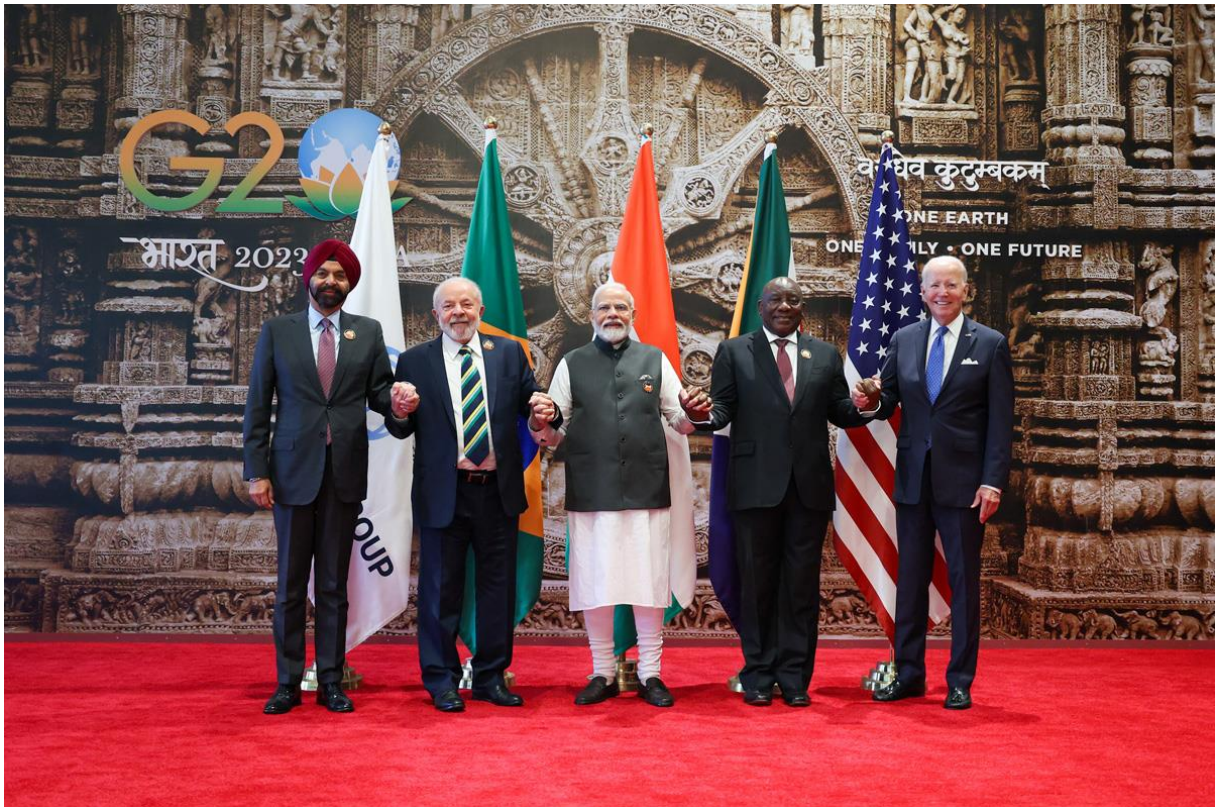
- Document 1 : "Signal triumph", Statesman news service, *Opinion section*, [www.statesman.com](http://www.statesman.com), New Delhi, 12 September 2023.
- Document 2 : Santanu Bhattacharya, chapter: "2013 – Sunset", *One Small Voice*, Fig Tree / Penguin Random House UK, 2023.
- Document 3 : Arundhati Roy, "The Ladies Have Feelings, So... Shall We Leave it to the Experts?", *My Seditious Heart*, collected *non-fiction*, Hamish Hamilton / Penguin Random House UK, 2019.

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** : "Signal triumph", Statesman news service, *Opinion section*, www.statesman.com, New Delhi, 12 September 2023.

### Signal triumph

At the G20 summit, by most accounts an unqualified success for host India, the world witnessed a diplomatic tightrope act,...



(left to right: Ajay Banga, President of the World Bank, Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva, President of Brazil, Narendra Modi, Prime Minister of India, Cyril Ramaphosa, President of South Africa, Joe Biden, President of the United States.)

Document iconographique également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

**Document 2** : Santanu Bhattacharya, "2013 – Sunset", *One Small Voice*, Fig Tree / Penguin Random House UK, 2023, pp. 91-93.

Later, when they have admired the failed sunset and have come down the slope, they find a café. Ma says she wants to drink coffee. But at the counter, Ma and Papa are flummoxed by the menu. "What's a latte?" Papa asks.

5           'Sir, it is black coffee with milk on top,' the girl replies.

          'And what is... cappoo-sino?'

          'Cappu-*cheeno*, sir.' The girl is getting restless. 'It is also black coffee with milk on top, but with froth.'

          'So latte doesn't have froth?'

10           'No, Sir, latte also has froth, but lesser than cappuccino.'

          'Can't I just get black coffee?' Papa is getting restless too.

Ma has melded into the background, studying the menu so carefully she might as well be mugging it up for exams.

          'That would be Americano, sir.'

15           Papa pricks up his right ear. 'American coffee? Where are the other ones from then?'

          He steps in to rescue his parents. 'Why don't you go and find us seats? I'll order.'

          Relieved, they huddle away from the counter in quick steps.

20           They are finally ensconced at a table with a view, only slightly marred by two fat children trying to mount a heaving mule, the parents running around clicking photos, the mule ejecting projectiles of poop all over the pavement. Ma and Papa sip on their coffees carefully. Ma has a moustache of foam that Papa dabs away with his hankie.

25           'Is the coffee good?' he asks.

His parents bob their heads. 'This coffee costs one hundred and seventy-five rupees?' Papa is still stuck on the menu, can't believe the prices he's seen. Ma looks guiltily away, like she has committed a crime by wanting to drink coffee and spending so much money in the process.

30           'How things have changed in the last few years.' Papa shakes his head. 'Air-conditioned car, seat belts, smooth highways, American coffee shops.' Papa looks out at the darkening valley. 'I miss simpler times...'

          He nods, sips his coffee. He wants to say to Papa, *Isn't this what you wanted, some money and small luxuries, a car and fancy coffee, and when you couldn't get it yourself, didn't you want this for your sons?* But he knows now that this is how human beings are. All we want is to move up the ladder, but once we've gone up, we look back and yearn, those markers of a past time now quaint, *retro*. [...]

35           'Remember our trips by train?' Papa's voice is wrapped in nostalgia.  
40           'Indian Railways is *the best!* You sit by the window and watch the entire country go by, farms, villages, towns, forests – the *real* India! Papa smiles

fondly. 'And then at the stations, drinking sweet milk-tea in clay cups. Ah! That chai!' Papa smacks his lips, slaps his thigh. 'Remember?'

**Document 3** : Arundhati Roy, "The Ladies Have Feelings, So... Shall We Leave it to the Experts?<sup>1</sup>", *My Seditious Heart, collected non-fiction*, Hamish Hamilton / Penguin Random House UK, 2019, pp 106-108.

India lives in several centuries at the same time. Somehow we manage to progress and regress simultaneously. As a nation we age by pushing outwards from the middle—adding a few centuries on to either end of our extraordinary CV. We growen like the maturing head of a hammerhead shark with eyes looking in diametrically opposite directions. [...]

As Indian citizens, we subsist on a regular diet of caste massacres and nuclear tests, mosque breaking and fashion shows, church burning and expanding cellphone networks, bonded labour and the digital revolution, female infanticide and the Nasdaq crash, husbands who continue to burn their wives for dowry, and our delectable stockpile of Miss Worlds. I don't mean to put a simplistic value judgement on this peculiar form of 'progress' by suggesting that Modern is Good and Traditional is Bad—or vice versa. What's hard to reconcile oneself to, both personally and politically, is the schizophrenic nature of it. That applies not just to the ancient/modern conundrum, but to the utter illogic of what appears to be the current national enterprise. In the lane behind my house, every night I walk past road-gangs of emaciated labourers digging a trench to lay fibre-optic cables to speed up our digital revolution. In the bitter winter cold, they work by the light of a few candles.

It's as though the people of India have been rounded up and loaded on to two convoys of trucks (a huge big one and a tiny little one) that have set off resolutely in opposite directions. The tiny convoy is on its way to a glittering destination somewhere near the top of the world. The other convoy just melts into the darkness and disappears. A cursory survey that tallies the caste, class and religion of who gets to be in which convoy would make a good Lazy Person's Concise Guide to the History of India. For some of us, life in India is like being suspended between two of the trucks, one in each convoy, and being neatly dismembered as they move apart, not bodily, but emotionally and intellectually.

Of course India is a microcosm of the world. Of course, versions of what happens here happen everywhere. Of course, if you're willing to look, the parallels are easy to find. The difference in India is only in the scale, the magnitude, and the sheer proximity of the disparity. In India, your face is slammed right up against it. To address it, to deal with it, to not deal with it, to try and understand it, to insist on not understanding it, to simply

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<sup>1</sup> Based on a talk given as the Third Annual Eqbal Ahmad Lecture, 15 February 2001, at Hampshire College, Amherst, Massachusetts.

survive it—on a daily, hourly basis—is a fine art. Either an art or a form of insular, inward-looking insanity. Or both.

40 To be a writer—a supposedly 'famous' writer—in a country where millions of people are illiterate is a dubious honour. To be a writer in a country that gave the world Mahatma Gandhi, that invented the concept of non-violent resistance, and then, half-a-century later, followed that up with nuclear tests, is a ferocious burden.