

Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2024

Épreuve EPC

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

EPC

614

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Alan Parker, *The Commitments*, Beacon pictures, 1991.
- Document 2 : Tom Inglis, "How to be a Dub", Dublin Review of Books, May 2015, www.drb.ie.
- Document 3 : James Joyce, "Eveline", *Dubliners*, London: Penguin, 1992 [1914].

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 : Alan Parker, *The Commitments*, Beacon Pictures, 1991.

Document vidéo (3'10") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

Document 2 : Tom Inglis, "How to be a Dub", *Dublin Review of Books*, May 2015, www.drb.ie.

Am I a Dubliner? It seems a simple and obvious question. Do I identify with being from Dublin? Yes, maybe. But how is that different from other identities? Am I an Irishman? Well, yes, it says so on my passport. Am I a European? I suppose, necessarily, by default. Am I an Inglis? Yes it says so
5 on my birth certificate. Am I Catholic? Well there is a baptism certificate somewhere. But do I have a sense of bonding and belonging with other Catholics? Do I have a sense of bonding and belonging with other Dubliners? Where does this sense of bonding and belonging come from? Is it from walking down Meath Street, Moore Street or Grafton Street? Does it come
10 from identifying with the characters in the Barrytown trilogy? And what is this level of bonding and belonging? Would I stand up and fight for Dublin in the same way that the heroes of 1916 fought for Ireland? Would I be willing to lay down my life for my city if it was under attack?

What is this thing about identity? What is this desire and interest to identify
15 with, to want to belong and be attached to? I identify myself as a sociologist. I feel attached, attuned and committed to other sociologists. One of the transformations in social life in the last fifty years and, necessarily, in sociology, has been the explosion of interest in identity. In the 1950s, there were only a handful of papers, articles and books about identity. Since then
20 there have been thousands.

For me, identity is flexible, dynamic and transposable. We create, sustain and transform identities in our everyday lives. We have as many as we have roles that we play in the various webs of meaning in which we operate. In
25 some respects, our sense of self is nothing more than the sum total of our identities. Our sense of self comes from the ways we portray and express ourselves to others and how they see, understand and respond to these portrayals.

So what is the identity of being a Dubliner? Is there some sense of attachment and attunement that we Dubliners feel, as if we were members
30 of some family, tribe or clan? Do we have some kind of connection, some way of communicating and relating that puts us on the same wavelength and marks us out from others? Is it something more than an accent? Is it a way of being in the world – the way that Roddy Doyle captured in the Barrytown trilogy?

35 But identity is not just something we decide for ourselves. It is a label that others put on us. [...]

40 What is it then about Dubliners that make them different if not from the rest of the West, at least from other Irish people? Well, besides the proportion of non-Irish nationals being over three times the national average, compared to the overall Irish population, the people who live in the inner city tend to be much poorer. They are more likely to be unemployed. They are five times more likely to be local authority tenants. They are twice as likely to live in single parent households. And in terms of a general index of relative deprivation, inner city Dubliners are twice more
45 likely to be deprived than people in the rest of Ireland.

So what has changed about Dublin, and what makes it different, is that it is a working class city that has a working class area close to the centre and that this working class community has now become ethnically and racially diversified.

50 Few outsiders realise how much Dublin is divided by the Liffey. Of course it is nothing like the Berlin Wall. Southsiders can and do cross the river, perhaps to go to Arnotts, the Gate, Chapter One or the Municipal, or when Ireland were playing rugby matches at Croke Park, but they don't tend to linger very long. Though there are fashionable new areas, like Smithfield
55 and Stoneybatter, the general feeling is that those from the southside who go to live there have become lost in some impenetrable wilderness and will never be able to return home.

Document 3 : James Joyce, "Eveline", *Dubliners*, London: Penguin, 1992 [1914], pp. 29 – 30.

She sat at the window watching the evening invade the avenue. Her head was leaned against the window curtains and in her nostrils was the odour of dusty cretonne. She was tired.

5 Few people passed. The man out of the last house passed on his way home; she heard his footsteps clacking along the concrete pavement and afterwards crunching on the cinder path before the new red houses. One time there used to be a field there in which they used to play every evening with other people's children. Then a man from Belfast bought the field and built houses in it – not like their little brown houses but bright brick houses
10 with shining roofs. The children of the avenue used to play together in that field – the Devines, the Waters, the Dunns, little Keogh the cripple, she and her brothers and sisters. Ernest, however, never played: he was too grown up. Her father used often to hunt them in out of the field with his blackthorn stick; but usually little Keogh used to keep *nix* and call out when he saw
15 her father coming. Still they seemed to have been rather happy then. Her father was not so bad then; and besides, her mother was alive. That was a long time ago; she and her brothers and sisters were all grown up; her mother was dead. Tizzy Dunn was dead, too, and the Waters had gone back to England. Everything changes. Now she was going to go away like the
20 others, to leave her home.

Home! She looked round the room, reviewing all its familiar objects which she had dusted once a week for so many years, wondering where on earth all the dust came from. Perhaps she would never see again those familiar objects from which she had never dreamed of being divided.