

Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2024

Épreuve EPC

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

EPC

622

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Niall Carson, "Campaigners and survivors of Catholic-run institutions outside Sean McDermott Street Magdalene Laundry, Dublin", photograph published in *The Irish Independent*, 14 July 2014.
- Document 2 : Claire Keegan, *Small Things Like These*, London: Faber & Faber Ltd, 2021.
- Document 3 : "Mary Lou McDonald asks Irish Prime Minister for an official state apology over the Magdalene Laundries", BBC, www.bbc.com, 5 February 2013.

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: Niall Carson, "Campaigners and survivors of Catholic-run institutions outside Sean McDermott Street Magdalene Laundry, Dublin", photograph published in *The Irish Independent*, 14 July 2014.



Document iconographique également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

Document 2: Claire Keegan, *Small Things Like These*, London: Faber & Faber Ltd, 2021, pp. 37-42.

The convent was a powerful-looking place on the hill at the far side of the river with black, wide-open gates and a host of tall, shining windows, facing the town. Year round, the front garden was kept in order with shaved lawns, ornamental shrubs growing neatly in rows, the tall hedges cut square. [...]

5 The Good Shepherd nuns, in charge of the convent, ran a training school there for girls, providing them with a basic education. They also ran a laundry business. Little was known about the training school, but the laundry had a good reputation: restaurants and guesthouses, the nursing home and the hospital and all the priests and well-off households sent their
10 washing there. Reports were that everything that was sent in, whether it be a raft of bedlinen or just a dozen handkerchiefs, came back same as new.

There was talk, too, about the place. Some said that the training school girls, as they were known, weren't students or anything, but girls of low
15 character who spent their days being reformed, doing penance by washing stains out of the dirty linen, that they worked from dawn til night. The local nurse had told that she'd been called out to treat a fifteen-year-old with varicose veins from standing so long at the wash-tubs. Others claimed that it was the nuns themselves who worked their fingers to the bone, knitting
20 Aran jumpers and threading rosary beads for export, that they had hearts of gold and problems with their eyes, and weren't allowed to speak, only to pray, that some were fed no more than bread and butter for half the day but were allowed a hot dinner in the evenings, once their work was done. Others swore the place was no better than a mother-and-baby home where
25 common, unmarried girls went in to be hidden away after they had given birth saying it was their own people who had put them in there after their illegitimates had been adopted out to rich Americans, or sent off to Australia, that the nuns got good money by placing these babies out foreign, that it was an industry they had going.

30 But people said lots of things — and a good half of what was said could not be believed; never was there any shortage of idle minds or gossips about town.

Furlong didn't like to believe any of it but he'd gone, one evening, to the convent with a load well before it was due and, finding no sign of anyone at
35 the front, had walked down past the coal house on the gable end and slid the bolt on a heavy door and pushed through to find a pretty orchard whose trees were heavy with fruit: red and yellow apples, pears. [...]

40 He'd carried on to a small, lighted chapel where he found more than a dozen young women and girls, down on their hands and knees with tins of old-fashioned lavender polish and rags, polishing their hearts out in circles on the floor. As soon as they saw him, they looked like they'd been scalded — just over him coming and asking after Sister Carmel, and was she about? And not one of them with shoes but going about in black socks and some horrid type of grey-coloured shifts. One girl had an ugly styne in her eye,
45 another's hair had been roughly cut, as though someone blind had taken to it with shears.

It was she who came up to him.

'Mister, won't you help us?'

Furlong felt himself stepping back.

50 'Just take me as far as the river. That's all you need do.'

She was dead in earnest and the accent was Dublin.

'To the river?'

'Or you could just let me out at the gate.'

55 'It's not up to me, girl. I can't take you anywhere,' Furlong said, showing her his open, empty hands.

'Take me home with you, then. I'll work til I drop for ya, sir.'

'Haven't I five girls and a wife at home.'

'Well, I've nobody — and all I want is drown myself. Can you not even do that fukken much for us?'

60 Suddenly she dropped to her knees and started polishing — and Furlong turned to see a nun standing down at the confession box.

'Sister,' Furlong said.

'Can I help you?'

'I was just looking for Sister Carmel.'

65 'She's gone across to St Margaret's,' she said. 'Maybe I can help you.'

Document 3 : “Mary Lou McDonald asks Irish Prime Minister for an official state apology over the Magdalene Laundries”, BBC, www.bbc.com, 5 February 2013.

Document vidéo (3'03") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.