

**Agrégation interne d'anglais**

**Session 2025**

**Épreuve EPC**

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

**EPC**

**712**

Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- Document 1 : Tim Graham, a photo of Princess Diana arriving at a Vanity Fair party at the Serpentine Gallery, London, 29 June 1994.
- Document 2 : Thomas Gainsborough, "Portrait of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire", oil on canvas, 127 cm X 101,5 cm, Chatsworth House, 1785-1787.
- Document 3 : David Frankel, extract from *The Devil Wears Prada*, 20<sup>th</sup> Century Fox, 2006.
- Document 4 : Georgiana Spencer Cavendish, Duchess of Devonshire, "Letter VIII", *The Sylph*, The Gutenberg Project, 1778.

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** : Tim Graham, a photo of Princess Diana arriving at a Vanity Fair party at the Serpentine Gallery, London, 29 June 1994.



Document iconographique également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

**Document 2** : Thomas Gainsborough, "Portrait of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire", oil on canvas, 127 cm X 101,5 cm, Chatsworth House, 1785-1787



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**Document 3** : David Frankel, extract from *The Devil Wears Prada*, 20<sup>th</sup> Century Fox, 2006.

Document vidéo (2'07") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

**Document 4** : Georgiana Spencer Cavendish, Duchess of Devonshire, "Letter VIII", *The Sylph*, 1778. Project Gutenberg.

Surrounded with mantua-makers, milliners and hair-dressers, I blush to say I have hardly time to bestow on my dear Louisa. What a continual bustle do I live in, without having literally any thing to do! All these wonderful preparations are making for my appearance at court; and, in consequence of that, my visiting all the places of public amusement. I foresee my head will be turned with this whirl of folly, I am inclined to call it, in contradiction to the opinion of mankind.—If the people I am among are of any character at all, I may comprise it in few words: to me they seem to be running about all the morning, and throwing away time, in concerting measures to throw away more in the evening. Then, as to dress, to give an idea of that, I must reverse the line of an old song.

"What was our *shame*, is now our *pride*."

I have had a thousand patterns of silks brought me to make choice, and such colours as yet never appeared in a rainbow. A very elegant man, one of Sir William's friends I thought, was introduced to me the other morning.— I was preparing to receive him as a visitor; when taking out his pocket-book, he begged I would do him the honour to inspect some of the most fashionable patterns, and of the newest taste [...].

Yesterday morning the grand task of my decoration was to commence. Ah! good Lord! I can hardly recollect particulars.—I am morally convinced my father would have been looking for his Julia, had he seen me;—and would have spent much time before he discovered me in the midst of feathers, flowers, and a thousand gew-gaws beside, too many to enumerate. I will, if I can, describe my head, for your edification, as it appeared to me when Monsieur permitted me to view myself in the glass. I was absolutely ready to run from it with fright, like poor Acteon when he had suffered the displeasure of Diana; and, like him, was in danger of running my new-acquired ornaments against every thing in my way.

Monsieur alighted from his chariot about eleven o'clock, and was immediately announced by Griffith, who, poor soul! stared as if he thought him one of the finest men in the world. He was attended by a servant, who brought in two very large caravan boxes, and a number of other things [...].

With a determination of being passive, I sat down under his hands—often, I confess, wondering what kind of being I should be in my metamorphosis,— and rather impatient of the length of time, to say nothing of the pain I felt under the pulling and frizing, and rubbing in the exquisitely-scented *pomade de Venus*. At length the words, "*vous êtes finis, madame, au dernier gout,*"

were pronounced; and I rose with precaution, lest I should discompose my  
new-built fabrick, and to give a glance at myself in the glass;—but where,  
40 or in what language, shall I ever find words to express my astonishment at  
the figure which presented itself to my eyes! what with curls, flowers,  
ribbands, feathers, lace, jewels, fruit, and ten thousand other things, my  
head was at least from one side to the other full half an ell wide, and from  
the lowest curl that lay on my shoulder, up to the top, I am sure I am within  
45 compass, if I say three quarters of a yard high; besides six enormous large  
feathers, black, white and pink, that reminded me of the plumes which  
nodded on the immense casque in the castle of Otranto. "Good God!" I  
exclaimed, "I can never bear this." The man assured me I was dressed quite  
in taste. "Let me be dressed as I will," I answered, "I must and will be  
50 altered. I would not thus expose myself, for the universe." [...]

Your's most sincerely,

JULIA STANLEY.