Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2022

Épreuve EPC

Exposé de la préparation d'un cours

EPC 410

Ce sujet comprend 4 documents:

- Document 1: Thomas Gainsborough, "The Painter's Daughters chasing

a Butterfly", National Gallery, London, about 1756.

- Document 2: Ian McEwan, "chapter one", Nutshell, London: Vintage,

2016, pp 1-2.

- Document 3: Roald Dahl, "Preface", Boy, Penguin Random House UK,

2016 (first published in 1984).

- Document 4: John Boorman, official trailer, *Hope and Glory*, Columbia

Pictures, 1987.

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: Thomas Gainsborough, *The Painter's Daughters chasing a Butterfly*, National Gallery, London, about 1756. Oil on canvas, 113.5×105 cm.

Document iconographique également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.



Document 2: Ian McEwan, "chapter one", *Nutshell*, London: Vintage, 2016, pp 1-2.

So here I am, upside down in a woman. Arms patiently crossed, waiting, waiting and wondering who I'm in, what I'm in for. My eyes close nostalgically when I remember how I once drifted in my translucent body bag, floated dreamily in the bubble of my thoughts through my private ocean in slow-motion somersaults, colliding gently against the transparent bounds of my confinement, the confiding membrane that vibrated with, even as it muffled, the voices of conspirators in a vile enterprise. That was in my careless youth. Now, fully inverted, not an inch of space to myself, knees crammed against belly, my thoughts as well as my head are fully engaged. I've no choice, my ear is pressed all day and night against the bloody walls. I listen, make mental notes, and I'm troubled. I'm hearing pillow talk of deadly intent and I'm terrified by what awaits me, by what might draw me in.

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I'm immersed in abstractions, and only the proliferating relations between them create the illusion of a known world. When I hear 'blue', which I've never seen, I imagine some kind of mental event that's fairly close to 'green' — which I've never seen. I count myself an innocent, unburdened by allegiances and obligations, a free spirit, despite my meagre living room. No one to contradict or reprimand me, no name or previous address, no religion, no debts, no enemies. My appointment diary, if it existed, notes only my forthcoming birthday. I am, or I was, despite what the geneticists are now saying, a blank slate. But a slippery, porous slate no schoolroom or cottage roof could find use for, a slate that writes upon itself as it grows by the day and becomes less blank. I count myself an innocent, but it seems I'm party to a plot. My mother, bless her unceasing, loudly squelching heart, seems to be involved.

Document 3: Roald Dahl, "Preface", *Boy*, Penguin Random House UK, 2016 (first published in 1984).

An autobiography is a book a person writes about his own life and it is usually full of all sorts of boring details.

This is not an autobiography. I would never write a history of myself. On the other hand, throughout my young days at school and just afterwards a number of things happened to me that I have never forgotten.

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None of these things is important, but each of them made such a tremendous impression on me that I have never been able to get them out of my mind. Each of them, even after a lapse of fifty and sometimes sixty years, has remained seared on my memory.

I didn't have to search for any of them. All I had to do was skim them off the top of my consciousness and write them down.

Some are funny. Some are painful. Some are unpleasant. I suppose that is why I have always remembered them so vividly. All are true.

R.D.

Document 4: John Boorman, official trailer, *Hope and Glory*, Columbia Pictures, 1987.

Document vidéo (3'00") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.