

**Agrégation interne d'anglais**

**Session 2023**

**Épreuve EPC**

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

**EPC  
481**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1: President Barack Obama, "Remarks by the President Honoring the 2013 World Series Champion Boston Red Sox", [obamawhitehouse.archives.gov](http://obamawhitehouse.archives.gov), April 1, 2014.
- Document 2: Paul Auster, "Chapter 2.1", *4321*, New York: Faber & Faber, 2017.
- Document 3: Norman Rockwell, *The Dugout*, cover of the *Saturday Evening Post*, September 4, 1948.

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:** President Barack Obama, "Remarks by the President Honoring the 2013 World Series Champion Boston Red Sox", [obamawhitehouse.archives.gov](http://obamawhitehouse.archives.gov), April 1, 2014.

5 [...] First of all, it's great to see you as we kick off the 2014 baseball season. Now, I thought I invited the Red Sox here today, but there must be a mistake because I don't recognize all these clean-shaven guys. There's one guy — a couple of guys who decided they thought the beard was working for them.

10 But beards or no beards, it is an honor to welcome the 2013 World Series Champion Boston Red Sox to the White House. I have to say, you all have some fanatical fans. And many of them occupy my administration and the White House. Look at my White House photographer — he's been thinking about this day all week. I got my press secretary there. I am surrounded by Red Sox fans. And I know that there — all the members of Congress from the New England delegation, who are equally fanatic.

15 Back in 2004, watching the Red Sox win the World Series was a novelty. But over the past 10 years, this clubhouse has the winningest championship record in baseball — three World Series titles in a decade, under the leadership of John Henry, Tom Werner, Larry Lucchino, and their partners. And since they won this one at Fenway, the die-hards can finally declare that the Curse has definitively been broken.

20 Obviously, all the wins were sweet for Red Sox fans, but I think for the nation as a whole there was something about this particular squad that was special and will go down in history — not just not just because they went from worst to first, but because they symbolized the grit and the resilience of America's — one of America's iconic cities during one of its most difficult moments.

25 Nearly one year ago, hundreds of thousands gathered on a beautiful spring day to run and cheer the historic Boston Marathon. But a senseless act of terror turned celebration into chaos, and joy into anguish. Four young people lost their lives. Hundreds were injured. The city was rocked. But under the guiding hand of somebody who I consider one of the finest public servants that America has known, Mayor Tom Menino of Boston, who is here today, and his lovely wife.

30 Boston stood resolute and unbowed and unbroken. [...] The first responders, the brave citizens, the resolute victims of these tragedies — they're all Boston Strong. And ultimately, that's what this team played for last season, and every man behind me did his part to keep the team rolling.

There was Xander Boegarts, the upstart rookie who took over at third base and didn't let up. The tested veterans like my fellow Hawaiian Shane Victorino, and Mike Napoli, who came in during the offseason and shook off

40 the rust and the injuries to secure win after win. Lackey and Lester — the heart of a rotation that upped their game and started begging their manager, John Farrell, to stay in for six and seven and eight innings. And of course, the legend — the only man to play for all three championship teams, the biggest bat in the dugout: Big Papi. Love this guy. Even a White Sox fan can appreciate these guys.

45 But for all the big names, this was never a single super-star's team. If you look at the numbers, no pitcher won more than 15 games; no batter hit more than 30 home runs. And yet, they led the majors in runs scored, won the most games in the American League, had the second-best ERA in their hard-hitting division. So this team never lost more than three games  
50 in a row all season, they just had a lot of heart.

[...] So they all stormed the field, readied the duck boats. But this was more than just a trophy and parade. With every game they played, the Sons of Fenway never forgot what it meant to wear the Boston uniform. When they visited bombing victims in the hospital; when they played ball with  
55 kids getting cancer treatment; when they started a program to help wounded warriors get treatment at Mass General — these guys were saying, we're all on the same team. And I think Big Papi put it better and more colorfully than any of us could. I won't repeat his quote. But the point is, Boston and the Red Sox were one this season.

60 And we knew last year, even as we mourned the lost and cared for the wounded and resolved to carry on, that the moment would come when the Sox would be champions again and the crowds would gather for a parade down Boylston once more. And that's exactly what happened. That's how this team helped Boston to heal. And true to that spirit, in just a few weeks,  
65 something else we resolved last year will come to pass: On the third Monday in April, the world will return to Boston and run harder than ever and cheer louder than ever for the 118th Boston Marathon. That will happen.

The bottom line is I'm proud of these guys. As a baseball fan, I  
70 appreciate their comeback season. But more importantly, as President, I'm grateful for their character and their embrace of the essential role they played in the spirit of that city. Sometimes, sports seems like it's trivial, it's just an entertainment. And then, every once in a while, you're reminded that sports represents something else and it has the power to bring people  
75 together like almost nothing can. And all of you should be very proud of what you accomplished. I know your fans are. And I'm grateful to you as well. [...]

**Document 2** : Paul Auster, "Chapter 2.1", *4321*, New York: Faber & Faber, 2017, pp. 114 – 115.

NO TALENT FOR music, then, none for drawing or painting, and gruesomely inept at singing, dancing, and acting, but one thing he had a gift for was playing games, physical games, sports in all their seasonal varieties, baseball in the warm weather, football in the chilly weather, 5 basketball in the cold weather, and by the time he was twelve he belonged to teams in all of those sports and was playing year-round without interruption. Ever since that late September afternoon in 1954, the never to be forgotten afternoon he had spent with Cassie watching Mays and Rhodes defeat the Indians, baseball had been a core obsession, and once 10 he began playing in earnest the next year, he proved to be surprisingly good at it, as good as the best players around him, strong in the field, strong at bat, with an innate feel for the nuances of any given situation during the course of a game, and when a person discovers he can do something well, he tends to want to keep doing it, to do it as often as he 15 possibly can. Countless weekend mornings, countless weekday afternoons, countless early evenings throughout the week playing pickup games with his friends in public parks, not to mention the multiple home-grown offshoots of the game, among them stickball, wiffleball, stoopball, punch ball, wall ball, kickball, and roofball, and then, at nine, Little League, and 20 with it the chance to belong to an organized team and wear a uniform with a number on the back, number 9, he was always number 9 for that team and all the others that followed it, 9 for the nine players and the nine innings, 9 as the pure numerical essence of the game itself, and on his head the dark blue cap with the white G sewn onto the crown, G for Gallagher's 25 Sporting Goods, the sponsor of the team, which was a team with a full-time, volunteer coach, Mr. Baldassari, who drilled the players in fundamentals during the weekly practice sessions and clapped his hands and shouted insults, orders, and encouragement during the twice-weekly games, one on Saturday morning or afternoon and the other on Tuesday or 30 Thursday evening, and there was Ferguson standing at his position in the field, growing from a puny stick of a thing to a robust boy during the four years he spent on that team, second baseman and number eight hitter at nine, shortstop and number two hitter at ten, shortstop and cleanup hitter at eleven and twelve, and the added pleasure of playing before a crowd, 35 fifty to a hundred people on average, parents and siblings of the players, assorted friends, cousins, grandparents, and stray onlookers, cheers and boos, yelling, clapping, and stomping from the bleachers that started with the first pitch thrown and lasted until the final out, and during those four years his mother seldom missed a game, he would watch for her as he was 40 warming up with his teammates, and suddenly she would be there, waving

to him from her spot in the bleachers, and he could always hear her voice cutting through the others when he came up to bat, *Let's go, Archie, Nice and easy, Archie, Sock it out of here, Archie*, and then, after the demise of 3 Brothers Home World and the birth of Stanley's TV & Radio, his father  
45 started coming to the games as well, and although he didn't shout in the way Ferguson's mother did, at least not forcefully enough to be heard above the crowd, he was the one who kept track of Ferguson's batting average, which rose steadily as the years advanced, ending in an absurdly high .532  
50 for the last season, the last game of which had been played two weeks before Ferguson and Aunt Mildred had their conversation about *Psyche*, but he was the best player on the team by then, one of the two or three best in the league, and that was the kind of average one expected from a top twelve-year-old player.

**Document 3:** Norman Rockwell, *The Dugout*, cover of the *Saturday Evening Post*, September 4, 1948.



Document iconographique également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.