

**Agrégation interne d'anglais**

**Session 2023**

**Épreuve EPC**

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

**EPC  
660**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1: André Brink, *A Dry White Season* (1979), New York: Harper Perennial, 2006.
- Document 2: Antjie Krog, "Country of Grief and Grace", *Down to My Last Skin: Poems* (2000), Johannesburg: Random House, 2003.
- Document 3: Trailer of *Red Dust*, produced by Ruth Caleb, Anant Singh and Helena Spring, *archive.org*, 2004.

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** : André Brink, *A Dry White Season* (1979), New York: Harper Perennial, 2006, pp. 236 – 237.

*Ben Du Toit, a schoolmaster and a model citizen, is asked to locate Gordon Ngubene, the son of the school's black cleaner, last seen protesting during the Soweto riots.*

And if I examine closely what we've gathered so laboriously over so many months: what does all our evidence *really* amount to? Much circumstantial evidence, oh certainly. Corroborating what we'd presumed or suspected in the beginning. But is there really anything quite indisputable? Let's assume  
5 for a moment it all points towards a crime that was committed. Even more specifically: a crime committed by Captain Stolz. Even then there is nothing, nothing final, nothing incontrovertible, nothing "beyond all reasonable doubt". There is only one person in the whole world who can tell the truth about Gordon's death, and that is Stolz himself. And he is untouchable,  
10 protected by the entire bulwark of his formidable system.

There was a time when I thought: *All right, Stolz, now it's you and me. Now I know my enemy. Now we can fight hand to hand, man to man.*

How naïve, how foolish of me.

15 Today I realise that this is the worst of all: that I can no longer single out my enemy and give him a name. I can't challenge him to a duel. What is set up against me is not a man, not even a group of people, but a thing, a something, a vague amorphous something, an invisible ubiquitous power that inspects my mail and taps my telephone and indoctrinates my colleagues and incites the pupils against me and cuts up the tyres of my car  
20 and paints signs on my door and fires shots into my home and sends me bombs in the mail, a power that follows me wherever I go, day and night, day and night, frustrating me, intimidating me, playing with me according to rules devised, and whimsically changed by itself.

25 So there is nothing I can really do, no effective countermove to execute, since I do not even know where my dark, invisible enemy is lurking or from where he will pounce next time. And at any moment, if it pleases him, he can destroy me. It all depends solely on his fancy. He may decide that he wanted only to scare me and that he is now tired of playing with me and that in future he'll leave me alone; or he may decide that this is only  
30 the beginning, and that he is going to push me until he can have his way with me. And where and when is that?

**Document 2** : Antjie Krog, "Country of Grief and Grace", *Down to My Last Skin: Poems* (2000), Johannesburg: Random House, 2003, pp. 99 – 100.

[...]

(h)

what does one do with the old  
which already robustly stinks with the new  
the old virus slyly manning the newly installed valves  
how does one recognise the old

5           with its racism and slime

its unchanging possessive pronoun  
what is the past tense of the word hate  
what is the symptom of brutalised blood  
of pain that did not want to become language

10       of pain that could not become language

what does one do with the old  
how do you become yourself among others  
how do you become whole  
how do you get released into understanding

15       how do you make good

how do you cut clean  
how close can the tongue tilt to tenderness  
or the cheek to forgiveness?

a moment

20       a line which says: from this point onwards

          it is going to sound differently  
because all our words lie next to one another on the table now  
shivering in the colour of human

we know each other well

25 each other's scalp and smell each other's blood

we know the deepest sound of each other's kidneys in the night

we are slowly each other

anew

new

30 and here it starts

*(i)*

(but if the old is not guilty

does not confess

then of course the new can also not not be guilty

35 nor be held accountable

if it repeats the old

things may then continue as before

but in a different shade)

**Document 3** : Trailer of *Red Dust*, produced by Ruth Caleb, Anant Singh and Helena Spring, *archive.org*, 2004.

Document audio/vidéo (2'23") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.