

**Agrégation interne d'anglais**

**Session 2023**

**Épreuve EPC**

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

**EPC  
680**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1: "Edinburgh Romance", a 1000 Jigsaw Puzzle by Ravensburger, 70cm x 50cm.
- Document 2: Alasdair Gray, *Lanark: a Life in 4 Books*, Book 2, Chapter twenty-two, London: Picador, 1981.
- Document 3: Vladimir McTavish, "Edinburgh's Saint-James Quarter: Its skyline-changing architecture is beautiful and I love it." *Edinburgh Evening News*, 24th July 2021.

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:** Edinburgh Romance, a 1000 Piece Jigsaw Puzzle by Ravensburger, 70cm x 50cm.



Document iconographique également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

**Document 2:** Alasdair Gray, *Lanark: A Life in 4 Books*, Book 2, Chapter twenty-two, London: Picador, 1981, p.243.

One morning Thaw and McAlpin went into the Cowcadens, a poor district behind the ridge where the art school stood. They sketched in an asphalt playpark till small persistent boys (“Whit are ye writing, mister? Are you writing a photo of that building, mister? Will ye write *my* photo, mister”?) drove them up a cobbled street to the canal. They crossed the shallow arch of a wooden bridge and climbed past some warehouses to the top of a threadbare green hill. They stood under an electric pylon and looked across the city centre. The wind which stirred the skirts of their coats was shifting mounds of grey cloud eastward along the valley. Travelling patches of sunlight went from ridge to ridge, making a hump of tenements gleam against the dark towers of the city chambers, silhouetting cupolas of the Royal infirmary against the tomb-glittering spine of the Necropolis. “Glasgow is a magnificent city,” said McAlpin. “Why do we hardly ever notice that?” “Because nobody imagines living here”, said Thaw. McAlpin lit a cigarette and said, “if you want to explain that I’ll certainly listen.”

“Then think of Florence, Paris, London, New York. Nobody visiting them for the first time is a stranger because he’s already visited them in paintings, novels, history books and films. But if a city hasn’t been used by an artist not even the inhabitants live there imaginatively. What is Glasgow to most of us? A house, the place we work, a football park or golf course, some pubs and connecting streets. That’s all. No I’m wrong, there’s also the cinema and library. And when our imagination needs exercise we use these to visit London, Paris, Rome under the Caesars, the American West at the turn of the century, anywhere but here and now. Imaginatively Glasgow exists as a music-hall song and a few bad novels. That’s all we’ve given to the world outside. It’s all we’ve given to ourselves.”

“I thought we had exported other things – ships and machinery for instance.”

**Document 3:** Vladimir McTavish, "Edinburgh's St James Quarter : Its skyline changing architecture is beautiful and I love it." *Edinburgh Evening News*, 24th July 2021.



*The new St James Quarter has angered some over the change to Edinburgh's skyline (Picture: Ian Georgeson)*

Some call it The Walnut Whip. Some have christened it The Golden T\*\*d. Others have been much less complimentary.

5 However, love it or loathe it, there is absolutely no way one can ignore the latest addition to Edinburgh's skyline, the golden swirl that sits on top of the St James Quarter.

I personally fall into the former camp. I am a fan. How many modern shopping malls have a work of art on the roof?

10 I love the way it bookends the castle on the city's skyline when viewed from the north side of town, how it nests almost unnoticed under Arthur's Seat when seen from another angle. How its burnished gold has shone like a mirror in the summer sunshine of the past weeks.

How from another perspective it resembles a golden ribbon, unfurling from the clouds above, bringing sparkle to our grey leaden skies. Walk down certain streets in the city centre, and it is completely hidden from view.

15 Turn a corner, and there it is, suddenly dominating the surrounding rooftops.

Yet what I love most is how it has annoyed so many people.

The Not-In-My-Back-Yard tendency that resides in Edinburgh in general, and the New Town in particular, has been predictably quick to condemn it  
20 as a monstrosity, or a carbuncle or worse.

It has been voted in one poll as the ugliest building in the world. Whoever took part in that survey obviously have very short memories as the old Saint James Centre which previously stood on the same site was hardly a thing of beauty.

25 It was a disgusting piece of 1960s' concrete brutalism, which looked as if someone had covered a giant cardboard box in human excrement, left it to dry out and then put some shops inside it. Anything is an improvement on that.

Basically, many people in Edinburgh do not like anything new.

30 Twenty years ago, the construction of the Scottish Parliament was met with similar outrage. Now, a mere two decades later, it is a source of much pride and a regular stop-off point for tour buses.

People doubtless objected to the building of Edinburgh Castle at the time, on the grounds that its lack of architectural merit ruined the impressive  
35 hulking rock on which it was built.

I reckon if the Cockburn Society had been around in the 1840s, they would have objected to the building of the Scott Monument, denouncing it as a hideous piece of fake Gothic architecture that destroyed the natural beauty of Princes Street Gardens.

40 Let us not forget that Princes Street Gardens were only landscaped in the 18th century when the Nor' Loch was drained. It is highly probable that petitions were signed as people flew into an apoplectic rage at the prospect of their open sewer being turned into a public park.

45 One can only imagine the number of residents of Mary King's Close who wrote angry letters to the papers, demanding to know exactly where the council expected them to empty their chamber pots. Edinburgh is a living city, not a museum. Let us embrace the new while cherishing the ancient charms of this place we all hold dear.