

Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2017

Épreuve EPC

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

EPC

310

Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- Document 1 : Janet Frame, "The Bedjacket", *The Lagoon and Other Stories*, 1951
- Document 2 : 2 A – Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, 1865
2 B – Poster for the film *Alice in Wonderland*, directed by Tim Burton, 2010
- Document 3 : William Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1595

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 : Janet Frame, "The Bedjacket", *The Lagoon and Other Stories*, 1951, pp. 33-35

It was almost Christmas time and everybody in the mental hospital was wanting to go home. Some had homes and some didn't have homes but that made not much difference, they all wanted to go to a place that could be called home, where there were no locked doors and dayrooms and parks and
5 Yards and circumspect little walks in the gardens on a Sunday afternoon, to smell the flowers and see the magnolia and the fountain and perhaps go as far as the gates, beyond which lay the world. When I get home, the patients said to each other, when I get to my own home, and sometimes when they went shopping down to the store on a Friday afternoon, past the school
10 where the kids gardening in the school garden stopped to stare at the loonies till the master jerked them back to their task with, they're people like you and me, remember, when they weren't at all, they weren't people like anybody in the outside world, they were shut away from streets and houses and fun and theatres and beaches, well, when they got to the store they would buy a Christmas card, for the Superintendent they said, then perhaps
15 he will let me go home, because I want to go home, there's nothing wrong with me really. They looked so sad walking down to the store and buying their Christmas cards for the Superintendent. They had such queer clothes on and their shoes were slipper-slopper and their stockings were twisted at the
20 ankle. The nurse said, keep together, walk slowly and remember to buy only sensible things. So they walked together, in a herd, and they clutched their five shillings in their hands, and they looked with bright, hungry eyes at the road and the sky and the grass and the people walking down the road, the people with homes and lives of their own. And then, after going round and
25 round in the little exciting whirlpool that was Friday and shopping day, they would return to the dead still water of hospital life, the dayroom and the park, and the laundry where their faces got hot and red and their eyes streamed in the heat, and the Nurses' Home where they scrubbed and polished and tried to smile when the doctor came in with the matron every
30 morning. Their smiles said, I'm well, aren't I, I can go home for Christmas. And the doctor would smile back at them and whisper something to the matron and then walk away to meet the next patient and the next forced smile. And so every day hopes rose and fell about going home.

But some had no hope of home at all for they had no real home. Of
35 these was Nan. Everybody knew about Nan. She had been in charge of the Child Welfare for years. She had been in a mental hospital up north but she had escaped from that one so they took her to this one. It was safer. It was built after the style of a Norman castle. It had everything but a moat and a drawbridge.

Document 2 A : Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, 1865, pp. 51-52

'Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?'

'That depends a good deal on where you want to get to,' said the Cat.

'I don't much care where—' said Alice.

'Then it doesn't matter which way you go,' said the Cat.

5 '—so long as I get somewhere,' Alice added as an explanation.

'Oh, you're sure to do that,' said the Cat, 'if you only walk long enough.'

Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she tried another question.

'What sort of people live about here?'

10 'In that direction,' the Cat said, waving its right paw round, 'lives a Hatter: and in that direction,' waving the other paw, 'lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad.'

'But I don't want to go among mad people,' Alice remarked.

'Oh, you can't help that,' said the Cat: 'we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad.'

15 'How do you know I'm mad?' said Alice.

'You must be,' said the Cat, 'or you wouldn't have come here.'

Alice didn't think that proved it at all; however, she went on 'And how do you know that you're mad?'

'To begin with,' said the Cat, 'a dog's not mad. You grant that?'

20 'I suppose so,' said Alice.

'Well, then,' the Cat went on, 'you see, a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now I growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad.'

'I call it purring, not growling,' said Alice.

25 'Call it what you like,' said the Cat. 'Do you play croquet with the Queen to-day?'

'I should like it very much,' said Alice, 'but I haven't been invited yet.'

'You'll see me there,' said the Cat, and vanished.

30 Alice was not much surprised at this, she was getting so used to queer things happening.

Document 2 B : Poster for the film *Alice in Wonderland*, directed by Tim Burton, 2010

Egalement consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.



Document 3 : William Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V, Scene 1, 1595

ACT V, Scene 1.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, [Egeus], and attendant lords

HIPPOLYTA 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

THESEUS More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
5 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold:
10 That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth

15 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some joy

20 It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

HIPPOLYTA But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,

25 More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But howsoever, strange and admirable.