

Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2017

Épreuve EPC

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

EPC

331

Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- Document 1 : Audio excerpt, "Nobel Laureate Bob Dylan is a Literary 'Alchemist'", *NPR*, October 13, 2016
- Document 2 : Bob Dylan, *Chronicles*, 2004
- Document 3 : Mary Shelley, Introduction to the 1831 edition of *Frankenstein*, 1831
- Document 4 : Audio excerpt, "A Century-Old Poet Looks Back – and Fearlessly Forward – in 'Purgatory'", *NPR*, January 14, 2017

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 : Audio excerpt, "Nobel Laureate Bob Dylan Is A Literary 'Alchemist'", *NPR*, October 13, 2016

Document audio (3'07") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

Document 2 : Bob Dylan, *Chronicles*, Volume One, 2004, pp. 51-52

I can't say when it occurred to me to write my own songs. I couldn't have come up with anything comparable or halfway close to the folk song lyrics I was singing to define the way I felt about the world. I guess it happens to you by degrees. You just don't wake up one day and decide
5 that you need to write songs, especially if you're a singer who has plenty of them and you're learning more every day. Opportunities may come along for you to convert something – something that exists into something that didn't yet. That might be the beginning of it. Sometimes you just want to do things your way, want to see for yourself what lies
10 behind the misty curtain. It's not like you see songs approaching and invite them in. It's not that easy. You want to write songs that are bigger than life. You want to say something about strange things that have happened to you, strange things you have seen. You have to know and understand something and then go past the vernacular. The chilling
15 precision that these old-timers used in coming up with their songs was no small thing. Sometimes you could hear a song and your mind jumps ahead. You see similar patterns in the ways that you were thinking about things. I never looked at songs as either "good" or "bad," only different kinds of good ones.

Document 3 : "Introduction to the 1831 edition of *Frankenstein*",
excerpt, Mary Shelley, 1831

Invention, it must be humbly admitted, does not consist in creating out of void, but out of chaos; the materials must, in the first place, be afforded: it can give form to dark, shapeless substances, but cannot bring into being the substance itself. In all matters of discovery and invention,
5 even of those that appertain to the imagination, we are continually reminded of the story of Columbus and his egg. Invention consists in the capacity of seizing on the capabilities of a subject; and in the power of moulding and fashioning ideas suggested to it.

Many and long were the conversations between Lord Byron and
10 Shelley, to which I was a devout but nearly silent listener. During one of these, various philosophical doctrines were discussed, and among others the nature of the principle of life, and whether there was any probability of its ever being discovered and communicated. They talked of the experiments of Dr Darwin (I speak not of what the doctor really did, or
15 said that he did, but, as more to my purpose, of what was then spoken of as having been done by him), who preserved a piece of vermicelli in a glass case till by some extraordinary means it began to move with voluntary motion. Not thus, after all, would life be given. Perhaps a corpse would be reanimated; galvanism had given token of such things; perhaps
20 the component parts of a creature might be manufactured, brought together, and endued with vital warmth.

Night waned upon this talk, and even the witching hour had gone by before we retired to rest. When I placed my head on my pillow, I did not sleep, nor could I be said to think. My imagination, unbidden, possessed
25 and guided me, gifting the successive images that arose in my mind with a vividness far beyond the usual bounds of reverie. I saw – with shut eyes, but acute mental vision – I saw the pale student of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together. I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out, and then, on the working of some
30 powerful engine, show signs of life, and stir with an uneasy, half-vital motion. Frightful must it be; for supremely frightful would be the effect of any human endeavour to mock the stupendous mechanism of the Creator of the world. His success would terrify the artist; he would rush away from his odious handiwork, horror-stricken.

Document 4 : Audio excerpt, "A Century-Old Poet Looks Back – and Fearlessly Forward – in 'Purgatory'", *NPR*, January 14, 2017

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