

Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2018

Épreuve EPC

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

**EPC
450**

Ce sujet comprend 5 documents :

- **Document 1** : "Preview of the Sir John Monash Centre at Villers-Bretonneux", *The Canberra Times – ACT News*, April 29, 2017
- **Document 2** : 2 A – Jiawei Shen, "Yeah, Mate!", 2016 (oil on canvas, 213 x 122 cm)
2 B – Photograph, Ernest Brooks, 1915
- **Document 3** : M. L. Stedman, *The Light between Oceans*, 2012
- **Document 4** : David Malouf, *Fly Away Peter*, 1982

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 : "Preview of the Sir John Monash Centre at Villers-Bretonneux", *The Canberra Times – ACT News*, April 29, 2017

<http://www.canberratimes.com.au/act-news/canberra-life/canberra-couple-bringing-to-life-the-sir-john-monash-centre-near-villersbretonneux-in-france-20170428-gvudp7.html>

Document vidéo (3'01") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

Document 2 A : Jiawei Shen, "Yeah, Mate!", 2016 (oil on canvas, 213 x 122 cm)



Document 2 B : Photograph, Ernest Brooks, 1915

<http://www.abc.net.au/news/2016-04-20/gallipoli-pic/7343528>



Documents iconographiques également consultables sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

Document 3 : M. L. Stedman, *The Light between Oceans*, 2012, pp. 22-23

5 On the Lights, Tom Sherbourne has plenty of time to think about the war. About the faces, about the voices of the blokes who had stood beside him, who saved his life one way or another; the ones whose dying words he heard, and those whose muttered jumbles he couldn't make out, but who he nodded to anyway.

10 Tom isn't one of the men whose legs trailed by a hank of sinews, or whose guts cascaded from their casing like slithering eels. Nor were his lungs turned to glue or his brain to stodge by the gas. But he's scarred all the same, having to live in the same skin as the man who did the things that needed to be done back then. He carries that other shadow, which is cast inward.

15 He tries not to dwell on it: he's seen plenty of men turned worse than useless that way. So he gets on with life around the edges of this thing he's got no name for. When he dreams about those years, the Tom who is experiencing them, the Tom who is there with blood on his hands, is a boy of eight or so. It's this small boy who's up against blokes with guns and bayonets, and he's worried because his school socks have slipped down and he can't hitch them up because he'll have to drop his gun to do it, and he's barely big enough even to hold that. And he can't find his mother anywhere.

20 Then he wakes and he's in a place where there's just wind and waves and light, and the intricate machinery that keeps the flame burning and the lantern turning. Always turning, always looking over its shoulder.

If he can only get far enough away – from people, from memory – time will do its job.

Document 4 : David Malouf, *Fly Away Peter*, 1982, pp. 35-9

The war did come, in mid-August, but quietly, the echo of a shot that had been fired months back and had taken all this time to come round the world and reach them.

5 Jim happened to be in Brisbane to buy developing paper and dry plates for Miss Harcourt and new boots for himself. By mid-afternoon the news had passed from mouth to mouth all over the city and newsboys were soon crying it at street corners. War! War! It was already several days old, over there, in countries to which they were not linked, and now it had come here.

10 Some people seemed elated, others stunned. The man at the photography shop, who was some sort of foreigner with a drooping moustache and a bald skull and side-tufts, shook his head as he prepared Jim's parcel. 'A bad business,' he said, 'a catastrophe. Madness!'

Maybe, Jim thought, he had relatives there who would be involved.

15 'I'm a Swede', the man told him, Jim didn't know why. He had never said anything like that before.

But others were filled with excitement.

'Imagine,' a girl with very bright eyes said to him at the saddlers where he got his boots. 'I reckon you'll be joining up.'

20 'Why?' he asked in a last moment of innocence. It hadn't even occurred to him.

The girl's eyes hardened. 'Well I would,' she said fiercely, 'if I was a man. I'd want to be in it. It's an opportunity.' She spoke passionately, bitterly even, but whether at his inadequacy or her own he couldn't tell.

25 When he stepped out of the shop with his new boots creaking and the old ones in a box under his arm he saw that the streets were, in fact, filled with an odd electricity, as if, while he was inside, a quick storm had come up and equally swiftly passed, changing the sky and setting the pavements, the window-panes, the flanks of passing vehicles in a new and more vivid light. They might have entered a different day, and he wondered if there
30 really was a change in weather or he only saw the change because that girl had planted some seed of excitement in him whose sudden blooming here in the open air cast its own reflection on things. He felt panicky. It was as if the ground before him, that had only minutes ago stretched away to a clear future, had suddenly tilted in the direction of Europe, in the direction
35 of the *events*, and that they were all now on a dangerous slope. That was the impression people gave him. That they were sliding. There was in this excitement, an alarming sense that they might be at the beginning of a stampede.