Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2019

**Épreuve EPC** 

Exposé de la préparation d'un cours

EPC527

Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- Document 1: http://www.webexhibits.org/poetry/explore\_21\_perform

ance atglance.html (screenshot)

- Document 2: Kate Tempest, "Icarus", 2011 (video)

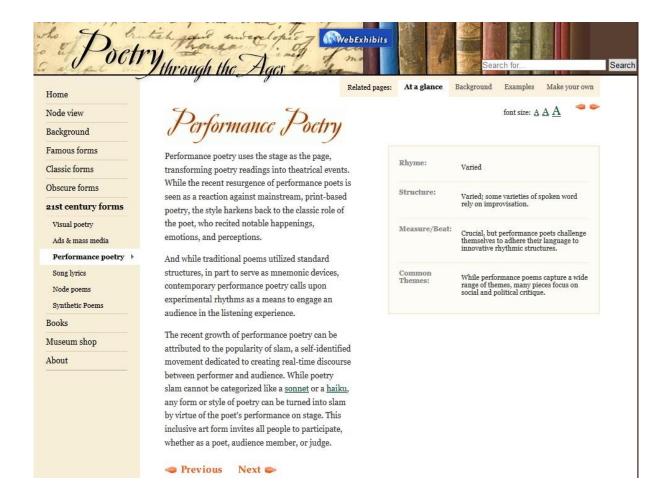
- Document 3: Lemn Sissay, "Pass It On", 2012 (video)

- Document 4: Kate Tempest, "My Shakespeare" (spoken word poem),

commissioned by the Royal Shakespeare Company, 2012

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**:http://www.webexhibits.org/poetry/explore\_21\_performan ce\_atglance.html (screenshot)



Document également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

## **AIA 2019 - EPC 527**

**Document 2**: Kate Tempest, "Icarus", 2011

Document vidéo (3'02") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

## **AIA 2019 - EPC 527**

**Document 3**: Lemn Sissay, "Pass It On", performed at the "Authors

Live: Poetry Slam" event in Glasgow, 13 April 2012

http://scottishbooktrust.com

Document vidéo (0'53") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

**Document 4**: Kate Tempest, "My Shakespeare" (spoken word poem), commissioned by the Royal Shakespeare Company, 2012

He's in every lover who ever stood alone beneath a window, In every jealous whispered word, in every ghost that will not rest.

He's in every father with a favourite,

5 Every eye that stops to linger On what someone else has got, and feels the tightening in their chest.

He's in every young man growing boastful, Every worn out elder, drunk all day; muttering false prophecies and squandering their lot.

10 He's there – in every mix-up that spirals far out of control – and never seems to end, even when its beginnings are forgot.

He's in every girl who ever used her wits. Who ever did her best. In every vain admirer,
Every passionate, ambitious social climber,
And in every misheard word that ever led to tempers fraying,
Every pawn that moves exactly as the player wants it to

And in every misheard word that ever led to tempers fraying, Every pawn that moves exactly as the player wants it to, And still remains convinced that it's not playing.

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He's in every star-crossed lover, in every thought that ever set your teeth on edge, in every breathless hero, stepping closer to the ledge, his is the method in our madness, as pure as the driven snow – his is the hair standing on end, he saw that all that glittered was not gold. He knew we hadn't slept a wink, and that our hearts were upon our sleeves, and that the beast with two backs had us all upon our knees as we fought fire with fire, he knew that too much of a good thing, can leave you up in arms, the pen is mightier than the sword, still his words seem to sing our names as they strike, and his is the milk of human kindness, warm enough to break the ice - his, the green-eyed monster, in a pickle, still, discretion is the better part of valour, his letters with their arms around each other's shoulders, swagger towards the ends of their sentences, pleased with what they've done, his words are the setting for our stories - he has become a poet whose poetics have embedded themselves deep within the fabric of our language, he's in our mouths, his words have tangled round our own and given rise to expressions so effective in expressing how we feel, we can't imagine how we'd feel without them.

- 35 See he's less the tights and garters more the sons demanding answers from the absence of their fathers.
  - The hot darkness of your last embrace.
  - He's in the laughter of the night before, the tightened jaw of the morning after,
- 40 He's in us. Part and parcel of our Royals and our rascals.
  - He's more than something taught in classrooms, in language that's hard to understand,
  - he's more than a feeling of inadequacy when we sit for our exams, He's in every wise woman, every pitiful villain,
- Every great king, every sore loser, every fake tear, His legacy exists in the life that lives in everything he's written, And me, I see him everywhere, he's my Shakespeare.