

ÉPREUVE DE LEÇON

Première partie :

Vous procéderez à la présentation, à l'étude et à la mise en relation des trois documents proposés (A, B et C, non hiérarchisés).

Seconde partie :

Cette partie de l'épreuve porte sur les documents B et C.

À partir de ces supports, vous définirez des objectifs communicationnels, culturels et linguistiques pouvant être retenus dans une séquence pédagogique au cycle terminal, en vous référant aux programmes. En vous appuyant sur la spécificité de ces supports, vous dégagerez des stratégies pour développer les compétences de communication des élèves.

America

America I've given you all and now I'm nothing.
 America two dollars and twenty-seven cents January 17, 1956.
 I can't stand my own mind.
 America when will we end the human war?
 5 Go fuck yourself with your atom bomb
 I don't feel good don't bother me.
 I won't write my poem till I'm in my right mind.
 America when will you be angelic?
 When will you take off your clothes?
 10 When will you look at yourself through the grave?
 When will you be worthy of your million Trotskyites?
 America why are your libraries full of tears?
 America when will you send your eggs to India?
 I'm sick of your insane demands.
 15 When can I go into the supermarket and buy what I need with my good looks?
 America after all it is you and I who are perfect not the next world.
 Your machinery is too much for me.
 You made me want to be a saint.
 There must be some other way to settle this argument.
 20 Burroughs is in Tangiers I don't think he'll come back it's sinister.
 Are you being sinister or is this some form of practical joke?
 I'm trying to come to the point.
 I refuse to give up my obsession.
 America stop pushing I know what I'm doing.
 25 America the plum blossoms are falling.
 I haven't read the newspapers for months, everyday somebody goes on trial for murder.
 America I feel sentimental about the Wobblies.
 America I used to be a communist when I was a kid and I'm not sorry.
 I smoke marijuana every chance I get.
 30 I sit in my house for days on end and stare at the roses in the closet.
 When I go to Chinatown I get drunk and never get laid.
 My mind is made up there's going to be trouble.
 You should have seen me reading Marx.
 My psychoanalyst thinks I'm perfectly right.
 35 I won't say the Lord's Prayer.
 I have mystical visions and cosmic vibrations.
 America I still haven't told you what you did to Uncle Max after he came over from Russia.

 I'm addressing you.
 Are you going to let our emotional life be run by Time Magazine?
 40 I'm obsessed by Time Magazine.
 I read it every week.
 Its cover stares at me every time I slink past the corner candystore.
 I read it in the basement of the Berkeley Public Library.
 It's always telling me about responsibility. Businessmen are serious. Movie producers are
 45 serious. Everybody's serious but me.
 It occurs to me that I am America.
 I am talking to myself again. (...)

Allan Ginsberg, in *Howl and Other Poems*, 1956

Document B

Requiem

CHARLEY: It's getting dark, Linda.

(Linda doesn't react. She stares at the grave.)

BIFF: How about it, Mom? Better get some rest, heh? They'll be closing the gate soon.

(Linda makes no move. Pause.)

5 HAPPY *(deeply angered)*: He had no right to do that. There was no necessity for it. We would've helped him.

CHARLEY *(grunting)*: Hmmm.

BIFF: Come along, Mom.

LINDA: Why didn't anybody come?

10 CHARLEY: It was a very nice funeral.

LINDA: But where are all the people he knew? Maybe they blame him.

CHARLEY: Naa. It's a rough world, Linda. They wouldn't blame him.

LINDA: I can't understand it. At this time especially. First time in thirty-five years we were just about free and clear. He only needed a little salary. He was even finished with the dentist.

15 CHARLEY: No man only needs a little salary.

LINDA: I can't understand it.

BIFF: There were a lot of nice days. When he'd come home from a trip; or on Sundays, making the stoop; finishing the cellar; putting on the new porch; when he built the extra bathroom; and put up the garage. You know something, Charley, there's more of him in that front stoop than in all the sales he ever made.

20 CHARLEY: Yeah. He was a happy man with a batch of cement.

LINDA: He was so wonderful with his hands.

BIFF: He had the wrong dreams. All, all, wrong.

HAPPY *(almost ready to fight Biff)*: Don't say that!

25 BIFF: He never knew who he was.

CHARLEY *(stopping Happy's movement and reply; to Biff)*: Nobody dast blame this man. You don't understand: Willy was a salesman. And for a salesman, there is no rock bottom to the life. He don't put a bolt to a nut, he don't tell you the law or give you medicine. He's man way out there in the blue, riding on a smile and a Shoeshine. And when they start not smiling back — that's an earthquake. And then you get yourself a couple of spots on your hat, and you're finished. Nobody dast blame this man. A salesman is got to dream, boy. It comes with the territory.

30 BIFF: Charley, the man didn't know who he was.

HAPPY *(infuriated)*: Don't say that!

BIFF: Why don't you come with me, Happy?

35 HAPPY: I'm not licked that easily. I'm staying right in this city, and I'm gonna beat this racket! *(He looks at Biff, his chin set.)* The Loman Brothers!

BIFF: I know who I am, kid.

HAPPY: All right, boy. I'm gonna show you and everybody else that Willy Loman did not die in vain. He had a good dream. It's the only dream you can have — to come out number-one man. He fought it out here, and this is where I'm gonna win it for him.

40 BIFF *(with a hopeless glance at Happy, bends toward his mother)*: Let's go, Mom.

LINDA: I'll be with you in a minute. Go on, Charley. *(He hesitates.)* I want to, just for a minute. I never had a chance to say good-by.

45 *(Charley moves away, followed by Happy. Biff remains a slight distance up and left of Linda. She sits there, summoning herself.)*

LINDA: Forgive me, dear. I can't cry. I don't know what it is, I can't cry. I don't understand it. Why did you ever do that? Help me Willy, I can't cry. It seems to me that you're just on another trip. I keep expecting you. Willy, dear, I can't cry. Why did you do it? I search and search and I search, and I can't understand it, Willy. I made the last payment on the house today. Today, dear. And there'll be nobody home. *(A sob rises in her throat.)* We're free and clear. *(Sobbing more fully, released.)* We're free. *(Biff comes slowly toward her.)* We're free... We're free...

50 *(Biff lifts her to her feet and moves out up right with her in his arms. Linda sobs quietly. Bernard and Charley come together and follow them, followed by Happy.)*



Dorothea Lange, *Toward Los Angeles, California, March 1937.*