

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION
D'UN COURS****312**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Extrait de *A Room With a View* – E.M. Forster (1908)
- Document 2 : Vidéo : extrait de *A Room With a View* – James Ivory (1985)
- Document 3 : Extrait de *Handbook for Travellers* – Karl Baedeker (1870)

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 :

- 1 “So, Miss Honeychurch, you are travelling? As a student of art?”
 “Oh, dear me, no—oh, no!”
 “Perhaps as a student of human nature,” interposed Miss Lavish, “like myself?”
 “Oh, no. I am here as a tourist.”
- 5 “Oh, indeed,” said Mr Eager. “Are you indeed? If you will not think me rude, we residents sometimes pity you poor tourists not a little—handed about like a parcel of goods from Venice to Florence, from Florence to Rome, living herded together in pensions or hotels, quite unconscious of anything that is outside Baedeker, their one anxiety to get ‘done’ or ‘through’ and go on somewhere else. The result is, they mix up towns, rivers, palaces in one
- 10 inextricable whirl. You know the American girl in *Punch* who says: ‘Say, poppa, what did we see at Rome?’ And the father replies: ‘Why, guess Rome was the place where we saw the yaller dog.’ There’s travelling for you. Ha! ha! ha!”
- “I quite agree,” said Miss Lavish, who had several times tried to interrupt his mordant wit. “The narrowness and superficiality of the Anglo-Saxon tourist is nothing less than a
- 15 menace.”
- “Quite so. Now, the English colony at Florence, Miss Honeychurch—and it is of considerable size, though, of course, not all equally—a few are here for trade, for example. But the greater part are students.”

EM Forster, *A Room with a View*, 1908

Document 2 : à consulter sur tablette

Video (1'39) : a scene from *A Room With a View* (James Ivory, 1985)

Document 3 :

PREFACE

1 The object of the present Handbook, like that of the Editor's other works
of the same description, is to render the traveller as independent as
possible of the services of guides, valets-de-place, and others of the same
5 class, to supply him with a few remarks on the progress of civilisation and
art among the people with whom he is about to become acquainted, and to
enable him to realise to the fullest extent the enjoyment and instruction of
which Italy is so fruitful a source.

The Handbook is, moreover, intended to place the traveller in a position
to visit the places and objects most deserving of notice with the greatest
10 possible economy of time, money, and, it may be added, temper; for in no
country is the traveller's patience more severely put to the test than in
some parts of Italy. The Editor will endeavour to accompany the enlightened
traveller through the streets of the Italian towns, to all the principal edifices
and works of art; and to guide his steps amidst the exquisite scenery in
15 which Italy so richly abounds. [...]

INTRODUCTION

"Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
20 Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility,
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced."
Byron

25 From the earliest ages down to the present time Italy has ever exercised
a powerful influence on the denizens of more northern lands, and a journey
thither has often been the fondly cherished wish of many an aspiring
traveller. At the present day this wish may be gratified with comparative
facility. A great network of railways now overspreads the entire peninsula,
30 and even the more remote towns may be visited with little sacrifice of time.
Northern Italy, more especially, with Milan, Venice, and Genoa, is of very
easy access to travellers in Switzerland and the Tyrol; and, although its
attractions are doubtless inferior to those of Florence, Rome, and Naples, it
is replete with interest and instruction for the ordinary traveller, as well as
35 for those whose object is scientific research. Rapidity of locomotion is not,
however, the sole advantage which has been attained since that period. A
single monetary system has superseded the numerous and perplexing
varieties of coinage formerly in use: the annoyances inseparable from
passports and custom-houses, with which the traveller was assailed at
40 every frontier, and even in many an insignificant town, have been greatly
mitigated; and energetic measures have been adopted in order to put an
end to the extortions of *vetturini*, *facchini* and other members of this
irritating class. [...]

Karl Baedeker, *Handbook for Travellers*, 1870

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION
D'UN COURS****431**

Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- Document 1 : *How Bambi, the female Banksy, became the new star of street art* – The Guardian
- Document 2 : Vidéo - *"Banksy" creates street art and mystery*
- Document 3 : *A Bit Like Marmite* – Bambi
- Document 4 : *Hero To Zero* - Bambi

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Document 1**How Bambi, the female Banksy, became the new star of street art**

From Kanye West to Brad Pitt, the A list are queuing to buy work by the Londoner who's determined to stay anonymous

The Guardian, Vanessa Thorpe, Saturday 16 August 2014

- 1 She has spent years dodging the police in north London, armed with her spray cans and stencils, but this summer Britain's leading female street artist, known as Bambi, has been propelled into a world of wealth and glamour. When rapper Kanye West presented the artist's semi-nude portrait of his bride, Kim Kardashian, as a wedding gift, it was a bling crowning moment for the artist.

- 5 Just who is Bambi? The graffiti star was dubbed "the female Banksy" when she gained more widespread public attention in 2011 with the appearance of her striking image of the late Amy Winehouse on a Camden Town doorway. Like her male counterpart, she keeps her identity secret. And now, just like the renowned Bristol artist, her work costs tens of thousands of pounds: where once she simply paid tribute to the style of celebrities such as Winehouse, David Beckham and Kate Moss, today she is commissioned by international A-list entertainers, including Rihanna, Robbie Williams, Angelina Jolie and Brad Pitt.

- 15 Famous names are queueing up to buy her work. Bambi's restored painting of Winehouse, once painted over by the local council, now lies reverently protected under Perspex. American actress Michelle Rodriguez, star of *Lost*, commissioned a Bambi portrait of her then girlfriend, supermodel Cara Delevingne, and Pitt is thought to have paid £60,000 for Bambi's wedding portrait of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, featuring the slogan "A bit like Marmite", before commissioning further portraits of his own family.

- 25 Robbie Williams bought Bambi's image of a baby before his child was born in 2012, while his former Take That colleague Mark Owen spent £20,000 on one of the artist's works for his 40th birthday. Singer Adele and Harry Styles, of One Direction, are also believed to own pieces by Bambi (...).

- 30 An exhibition at Sakhai's gallery, called *When Banksy Met Bambi*, displayed works by the two artists alongside each other.

Document 1 (suite)

Both started out as outsiders intending to undermine the sleek world of the modern art market. "There seemed to me to be a big divide between the dirty, organic, smelly process of art making and those
35 sterile spaces in which art was being shown," Bambi said last month. She added that her secret identity remains important: "The main reason is for security and the other is creative freedom."

Many other street artists, including the increasingly sought-after Plastic Jesus, who shares a gallery with Bambi, have hidden identities.
40 The fake names or "tags" were originally designed to protect them from the law, since defacing property is a criminal offence. Artistic cachet undoubtedly comes with such secrecy as well (...).

Although she lacks the pointed wit of Banksy, Bambi's images are not all bland homages. Her 2010 Hero to Zero stencil "burner", or graffiti
45 masterpiece, shows an aggressive-looking man with a dog on a chain and represents an ex-British soldier who has become mentally unstable on return from Afghanistan. She also created an image of Pope Benedict XVI giving a two-fingered salute labelled Rude Pope. She told a local paper last year that she was in her 30s (although this
50 weekend her gallery suggested she may be older) and she claims to have been arrested in Islington in her youth for attempting to paint a wall.

"I like to entertain and amuse people with my art. I know what I do is illegal," she said. "It's criminal damage, and I can get very nervous
55 when I'm out working, often in the early hours. The trouble is I have never been able to resist a blank wall."

But dealer and gallery owner Paul Jones, who has represented street artists for 30 years, suspects the last juices have been wrung from an art movement that started in America, before coming to Britain in
60 2000, where it was re-invented as a print buyers' market (...).

Critics are also asking what Bambi's high prices and popularity mean for the future of street art. Is the British boom ending in a glut of glittering fashionability? Street art, born out of urban alienation, seems to have become a desirable decor feature for those with money
65 and status.

Document 2 : à consulter sur tablette

Vidéo (2'17) : *"Banksy" creates street art and mystery*

Source: *CBS News*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m4jD0ax86NU>

Document 3 : à consulter sur tablette

Bambi, *A Bit Like Marmite*, 2011



Document 4 : à consulter sur tablette

Bambi, *Hero to Zero*, 2010



SESSION 2015

Épreuves orales

EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION D'UN COURS

311

Ce sujet comprend 5 documents :

- Document 1 :
 - Doc 1a : Siegfried Sassoon, 'The Attack', 1917
 - Doc 1b : Gemma Arterton reads 'The Attack', Channel 4, November 2013
- Document 2 :
 - Doc 2a: Siegfried Sassoon, 'The Dug-Out', 1918
 - Doc 2b: Sophie Okondeo reads 'The Dug-Out', Channel 4, November 2013
- Document 3 : Siegfried Sassoon, *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*, 'At the Front', 1929

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Document 1a :

THE ATTACK

At dawn the ridge emerges massed and dun
In the wild purple of the glow'ring sun,
Smouldering through spouts of drifting smoke that shroud
The menacing scarred slope; and, one by one,
5 Tanks creep and topple forward to the wire.
The barrage roars and lifts. Then, clumsily bowed
With bombs and guns and shovels and battle-gear,
Men jostle and climb to, meet the bristling fire.
Lines of grey, muttering faces, masked with fear,
10 They leave their trenches, going over the top,
While time ticks blank and busy on their wrists,
And hope, with furtive eyes and grappling fists,
Flounders in mud. O Jesus, make it stop!

Siegfried Sassoon, 'The Attack', 1917

Document 1b : à consulter sur tablette

Gemma Arterton reads 'The Attack', Channel 4, November 2013

<http://www.channel4.com/programmes/remembering-world-war-i/on-demand/56104-003>

Document 2a :

THE DUG-OUT

Why do you lie with your legs ungainly huddled,
And one arm bent across your sullen, cold,
Exhausted face? It hurts my heart to watch you,
Deep-shadowed from the candle's guttering gold;
5 And you wonder why I shake you by the shoulder;
Drowsy, you mumble and sigh and turn your head...
You are too young to fall asleep for ever;
And when you sleep you remind me of the dead.

Siegfried Sassoon, 'The Dug-Out', 1918

Document 2b : à consulter sur tablette

Sophie Okondeo reads 'The Dug-Out', Channel 4, November 2013

<http://www.channel4.com/programmes/remembering-world-war-i/on-demand/56104-006>

Document 3 :

5 Memory eliminates the realities of bodily discomfort which made the texture of trench-life what it was. Mental activity was clogged and hindered by gross physical actualities. It was these details of discomfort which constituted the humanity of an infantryman's existence. Being in the trenches meant among other things having a 'trench-mouth'.

10 I can see myself sitting in the sun in a nook among the sandbags and chalky debris behind the support line. There is a strong smell of chloride of lime. I am scraping the caked mud off my wire-torn puttees with a rusty entrenching tool. Last night I was out patrolling with Private O'Brien, who used to be a dock labourer at Cardiff. We threw a few Mills bombs at a German working-party who were putting up some wire and had no wish to do us any harm. Probably I am feeling pleased with myself about this. Now and again a leisurely five-nine shell passes overhead in the blue air where the larks are singing. The sound of the shell is like water trickling into a can. The curve of its trajectory sounds peaceful until the culminating crash. A little weasel runs past my outstretched feet, glancing at me with tiny bright eyes, apparently unafraid. One of our shrapnel shells, whizzing over to the enemy lines, bursts with a hollow crash. Against the clear morning sky a cloud of dark smoke expands and drifts away. Slowly its dingy wrestling vapours take the form of a hooded giant with clumsy expostulating arms. Then, with a gradual gesture of acquiescence, it lolls sideways, falling over into the attitude of a swimmer on his side. And so it dissolves into nothingness. Perhaps the shell has killed someone. Whether it has or whether it hasn't, I continue to scrape my puttees, and the weasel goes about his business. The sun strikes the glinting wings of an aeroplane, forging away westward. Somewhere on the slope behind me a partridge makes its unmilitary noise — down there where Dick was buried a few weeks ago. Dick's father was a very good man with a gun, so Dick used to say. . . .

35

Siegfried Sassoon, *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*,
'At the Front', 1929

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION
D'UN COURS****321**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : extraits du manga *Romeo and Juliet*, adapté par Richard Appignanesi et illustré par Sonia Leong (2007)
- Document 2 : Extrait du film *Romeo and Juliet* de Baz Luhrmann (1996)
- Document 3 : Extrait de *Romeo and Juliet* Acte II Scène 2, William Shakespeare (1599)





Document 1 (suite)

Document 2:

Video excerpt from *Romeo + Juliet*, Baz Luhrmann, 1996.

Document 3 : William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet* (1597),
Act II, Scene 2, l. 33-94

JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO

5 [Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part

10 Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes

15 Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

ROMEO

I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;

20 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET

What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO

By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
25 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET

My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
30 Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

ROMEO

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

35 How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
 The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
 And the place death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO

With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
 For stony limits cannot hold love out,
 40 And what love can do that dares love attempt;
 Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
 Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
 And I am proof against their enmity.

45 **JULIET**

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
 And but thou love me, let them find me here:
 My life were better ended by their hate,
 Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

50 **JULIET**

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO

By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
 He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
 I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
 55 As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
 I would adventure for such merchandise.

JULIET

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
 60 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night
 Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
 What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
 Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'
 And I will take thy word: yet if thou swear'st,
 Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries
 Then say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully [...].

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION
D'UN COURS****330**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Affiche – *Freaks*, Tod Browning (1932) - A consulter sur tablette
- Document 2 : Vidéo – Bande Annonce de *The Elephant Man*, David Lynch (1980) - A consulter sur tablette
- Document 3 : Extrait de *Geek Love*, Katherine Dunn, 1989

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Document 1 : à consulter sur tablette.

Affiche du film de Tod Browning, *Freaks*, 1932



Document 2 : à consulter sur tablette

Vidéo (2'37) : Bande annonce de *The Elephant Man*, David Lynch, 1980

Source : https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z5gNBW5H_EU

Document 3

Katherine Dunn, *Geek Love*, 1989

Chapter 1

1 My father's name was Aloysius Binewski. He was raised in a
traveling carnival owned by his father and called "Binewski's
Fabulon." Papa was twenty-four years old when Grandpa died
5 and the carnival fell into his hands (...). Times were hard and,
through no fault of young Al's, business began to decline. Five
years after Grandpa died, the once flourishing carnival was fading
(...).

Al was a standard-issue Yankee, set on self-determination and
independence, but in that crisis his core of genius revealed itself.
10 He decided to breed his own freak show.

My mother, Lillian Hinchcliff, was a water-cool aristocrat from the
fastidious side of Boston's Beacon Hill, who had abandoned her
heritage and joined the carnival to become an aerialist. Nineteen
is late to learn to fly and Lillian fell, smashing her elegant nose
15 and her collarbones. She lost her nerve but not her lust for
sawdust and honky-tonk lights. It was this passion that made her
an eager partner in Al's scheme. She was willing to chip in on any
effort to renew public interest in the show. Then, too, the idea of
inherited security was ingrained from her childhood. As she often
20 said, "What greater gift could you offer your children than an
inherent ability to earn a living just by being themselves?"

The resourceful pair began experimenting with illicit and
prescription drugs, insecticides, and eventually radioisotopes. My
mother developed a complex dependency on various drugs during
25 this process, but she didn't mind. Relying on Papa's ingenuity to
keep her supplied, Lily seemed to view her addiction as a minor
by-product of their creative collaboration.

Their firstborn was my brother Arturo, usually known as Aqua
Boy. His hands and feet were in the form of flippers that sprouted
30 directly from his torso without intervening arms or legs. He was
taught to swim in infancy and was displayed nude in a big clear-
sided tank like an aquarium. His favorite trick at the ages of three
and four was to put his face close to the glass, bulging his eyes
out at the audience, opening and closing his mouth like a river
35 bass, and then to turn his back and paddle off, revealing the turd
trailing from his muscular little buttocks.

Document 3 (suite)

Al and Lil laughed about it later, but at the time it caused them great consternation as well as the nuisance of sterilizing the tank more often than usual. As the years passed, Arty donned trunks
40 and became more sophisticated, but it's been said, with some truth, that his attitude never really changed.

My sisters, Electra and Iphigenia, were born when Arturo was two years old and starting to haul in crowds. The girls were Siamese twins with perfect upper bodies joined at the waist and sharing one
45 set of hips and legs. They usually sat and walked and slept with their long arms around each other. They were, however, able to face directly forward by allowing the shoulder of one to overlap the other. They were always beautiful, slim, and huge-eyed. They studied the piano and began performing piano duets at an early age. Their compositions for four hands were thought by some to
50 have revolutionized the twelve-tone scale.

I was born three years after my sisters. My father spared no expense in these experiments. My mother had been liberally dosed with cocaine, amphetamines, and arsenic during her ovulation and throughout her pregnancy with me. It was a disappointment when
55 I emerged with such commonplace deformities. My albinism is the regular pink-eyed variety and my hump, though pronounced, is not remarkable in size or shape as humps go. My situation was far too humdrum to be marketable on the same scale as my brother's and sisters'. Still, my parents noted that I had a strong voice and
60 decided I might be an appropriate shill and talker for the business. A bald albino hunchback seemed the right enticement toward the esoteric talents of the rest of the family. The dwarfism, which was very apparent by my third birthday, came as a pleasant surprise to the patient pair and increased my value. From the beginning I slept
65 in the built-in cupboard beneath the sink in the family living van, and had a collection of exotic sunglasses to shield my sensitive eyes.

Despite the expensive radium treatments incorporated in his design, my younger brother, Fortunato, had a close call in being
70 born to apparent normalcy. That drab state so depressed my enterprising parents that they immediately prepared to abandon him on the doorstep of a closed service station as we passed through Green River, Wyoming, late one night.

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION
D'UN COURS****334**

Ce sujet comprend deux documents :

- Document 1 : Premières pages (pages 1/4, 2/4 et 3/4 dans ce dossier) de la nouvelle « *The Kugelmass Episode* » (1977), tirée du recueil *The Insanity Defense* (2007) - Woody Allen.
- Document 2 : Document vidéo : scène du film *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, de Woody Allen (1985).

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DOCUMENT 1:

1 KUGELMASS, a professor of humanities at City College, was unhappily married for the second time. Daphne Kugelmass was an oaf. He also had two dull sons by his first wife, Flo, and was up to his neck in alimony and child support.

5 'Did I know it would turn out so badly?' Kugelmass whined to his analyst one day. 'Daphne had promise. Who suspected she'd let herself go and swell up like a beach ball? Plus she had a few bucks, which is not in itself a healthy reason to marry a person, but it doesn't hurt, with the kind of operating nut I have. You see my
10 point?'

Kugelmass was bald and as hairy as a bear, but he had soul.

'I need to meet a new woman,' he went on. 'I need to have an affair. I may not look the part, but I'm a man who needs romance. I need softness, I need flirtation. I'm not getting younger, so before
15 it's too late I want to make love in Venice, trade quips at "21," and exchange coy glances over red wine and candlelight. You see what I'm saying?'

Dr. Mandel shifted in his chair and said, 'An affair will solve nothing. You're so unrealistic. Your problems run much deeper.'

20 'And also this affair must be discreet,' Kugelmass continued. 'I can't afford a second divorce. Daphne would really sock it to me.'

'Mr. Kugelmass-'

'But it can't be anyone at City College, because Daphne also works there. Not that anyone on the faculty at C.C.N.Y. is any great
25 shakes, but some of those coeds ...'

'Mr. Kugelmass-'

'Help me. I had a dream last night. I was skipping through a meadow holding a picnic basket and the basket was marked "Options." And then I saw there was a hole in the basket.'

30 'Mr. Kugelmass, the worst thing you could do is act out. You must simply express your feelings here, and together we'll analyze them. You have been in treatment long enough to know there is no overnight cure. After all, I'm an analyst, not a magician.'

'Then perhaps what I need is a magician,' Kugelmass said, rising from his chair. And with that he terminated his therapy.

A couple of weeks later, while Kugelmass and Daphne were moping around in their apartment one night like two pieces of old furniture, the phone rang.

'I'll get it,' Kugelmass said. 'Hello.'

40 'Kugelmass?' a voice said. 'Kugelmass, this is Persky.'

'Who?'

'Persky. Or should I say The Great Persky?'

'Pardon me?'

'I hear you're looking all over town for a magician to bring a

45 little exotica into your life? Yes or no?’
 ‘Sh-h-h,’ Kugelmass whispered. ‘Don't hang up. Where are you calling from, Persky?’

50 Early the following afternoon, Kugelmass climbed three flights of stairs in a broken-down apartment house in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn. Peering through the darkness of the hall, he found the door he was looking for and pressed the bell. I'm going to regret this, he thought to himself.

55 Seconds later, he was greeted by a short, thin, waxy-looking man.
 ‘You're Persky the Great?’ Kugelmass said.
 ‘The Great Persky. You want a tea?’
 ‘No, I want romance. I want music. I want love and beauty.’
 ‘But not tea, eh? Amazing. O.K., sit down.’

60 Persky went to the back room, and Kugelmass heard the sounds of boxes and furniture being moved around. Persky reappeared, pushing before him a large object on squeaky roller-skate wheels. He removed some old silk handkerchiefs that were lying on its top and blew away a bit of dust.

65 It was a cheap-looking Chinese cabinet, badly lacquered.
 ‘Persky,’ Kugelmass said, ‘what's your scam?’
 ‘Pay attention,’ Persky said. ‘This is some beautiful effect. I developed it for a Knights of Pythias date last year, but the booking fell through. Get into the cabinet.’

70 ‘Why, so you can stick it full of swords or something?’
 ‘You see any swords?’
 Kugelmass made a face and, grunting, climbed into the cabinet. He couldn't help noticing a couple of ugly rhinestones glued onto the raw plywood just in front of his face. ‘If this is a

75 joke,’ he said.
 ‘Some joke. Now, here's the point. If I throw any novel into this cabinet with you, shut the doors, and tap it three times, you will find yourself projected into that book.’
 Kugelmass made a grimace of disbelief.

80 ‘It's the emess,’ Persky said. ‘My hand to God. Not just a novel, either. A short story, a play, a poem. You can meet any of the women created by the world's best writers. Whoever you dreamed of. You could carry on all you like with a real winner. Then when you've had enough you give a yell, and I'll see you're

85 back here in a split second.’
 ‘Persky, are you some kind of outpatient?’
 ‘I'm telling you it's on the level,’ Persky said.
 Kugelmass remained skeptical. ‘What are you telling me - that this cheesy homemade box can take me on a ride like you're

90 describing?’
 ‘For a double sawbuck.’
 Kugelmass reached for his wallet. ‘I'll believe this when I see

it,' he said.

95 Persky tucked the bills in his pants pocket and turned toward his bookcase. 'So who do you want to meet? Sister Carrie? Hester Prynne? Ophelia? Maybe someone by Saul Bellow? Hey, what about Temple Drake? Although for a man your age she'd be a workout.'

'French. I want to have an affair with a French lover.'

'Nana?'

100 'I don't want to have to pay for it.'

'What about Natasha in *War and Peace*?'

'I said French. I know! What about Emma Bovary? That sounds to me perfect.'

105 'You got it, Kugelmass. Give me a holler when you've had enough.'

Persky tossed in a paperback copy of Flaubert's novel.

'You sure this is safe?' Kugelmass asked as Persky began shutting the cabinet doors.

110 'Safe. Is anything safe in this crazy world?' Persky rapped three times on the cabinet and then flung open the doors.

115 Kugelmass was gone. At the same moment, he appeared in the bedroom of Charles and Emma Bovary's house at Yonville. Before him was a beautiful woman, standing alone with her back turned to him as she folded some linen. I can't believe this, thought Kugelmass, staring at the doctor's ravishing wife. This is uncanny. I'm here. It's her.

Emma turned in surprise. 'Goodness, you startled me,' she said. 'Who are you?' She spoke in the same fine English translation as the paperback.

120 It's simply devastating, he thought. Then, realizing that it was he whom she had addressed, he said, 'Excuse me. I'm Sidney Kugelmass. I'm from City College. A professor of humanities. C.C.N.Y.? Uptown. I-oh, boy!'

125 Emma Bovary smiled flirtatiously and said, 'Would you like a drink? A glass of wine, perhaps?'

She is beautiful, Kugelmass thought. What a contrast with the troglodyte who shared his bed! He felt a sudden impulse to take this vision into his arms and tell her she was the kind of woman he had dreamed of all his life.

(...)

Woody Allen, "The Kugelmass Episode" (1977) in *The Insanity Defense* (2007)

DOCUMENT 2 : à consulter sur tablette

Video (2'51'') :

A scene from *The Purple Rose of Cairo* (1985), a film directed by Woody Allen.

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION
D'UN COURS****335**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Joyce Carol Oates, *Blonde*, 2000 (Harper Collins)
- Document 2 : Andy Warhol, *Marilyn Diptych*, 1962, silkscreen painting, London Tate Gallery
- Document 3 : *Some Like It Hot*, 1959, dir. Billy Wilder (extract)

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 :

Sugar Kane 1959

[...] *I wanna be kissed by you alone* but was this funny? was this funny? was this funny? why was this funny? why was Sugar Kane funny? why were men dressed as women funny? why were men made up as women funny? why were men staggering in high heels funny? why was Sugar Kane funny, was Sugar Kane the supreme female impersonator? was this funny? why was this funny? why is female funny? why were people going to laugh at Sugar Kane & fall in love with Sugar Kane? why, another time? why would Sugar Kane Kovalchick girl ukulelist be such a box office success in America? why dazzling-blond girl ukulelist alcoholic Sugar Kane Kovalchick a success? why *Some Like It Hot* a masterpiece? why Monroe's masterpiece? why Monroe's most commercial movie? why did they love her? why when her life was in shreds like clawed silk? why when her life was in pieces like smashed glass? why when her insides had bled out? why when her insides had been scooped out? why when she carried poison in her womb? why when her head was ringing with pain? her mouth stinging with red ants? why when everybody on the set of the film hated her? resented her? feared her? why when she was drowning before their eyes? *I wanna be loved by you boop boopie do!* why was Sugar Kane Kovalchick of Sweet Sue's Society Syncopaters so seductive? *I wanna be kissed by nobody else but you I wanna! I wanna! I wanna be loved by you alone* but why? why was Marilyn so funny? why did the world adore Marilyn? who despised herself? was that why? why did the world love Marilyn? why when Marilyn had killed her baby? why when Marilyn had killed her babies? why did the world want to fuck Marilyn? why did the world want to fuck fuck fuck Marilyn? why did the world want to jam itself to the bloody hilt like a great tumescent sword in Marilyn? was it a riddle? was it a warning? was it just another joke? *I wanna be loved by you boop boopie do nobody else but you nobody else but you nobody else*

Joyce Carol Oates, *Blonde*, 2000, HarperCollins, p. 614

Document 2 : à consulter sur tablette



Andy Warhol, *Marilyn Diptych*, 1962, silkscreen painting, London Tate Gallery.

DOCUMENT 3 :

Document vidéo (3'08)

à consulter sur tablette

Extract from *Some Like It Hot*, 1959, directed by Billy Wilder.

SESSION 2015

Épreuves orales

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION
D'UN COURS****336**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 :
 - 1a. movie excerpt from *Bonnie and Clyde*, Arthur Penn, 1967
 - 1b. portrait of Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker, 1933
- Document 2 : *Canada*, Richard Ford, 2012
- Document 3 : *The Penelopiad*, Margaret Atwood, 2005

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

Document 1a:

movie excerpt from *Bonnie and Clyde*, Arthur Penn, 1967

Document 1b:



portrait of Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker, circa 1933

Hulton Archive/Stringer/Archive Photos/Getty Images

Document 2

WHAT I KNOW OF THE ACTUAL BANK ROBBERY ITSELF I mostly know from my mother's chronicle, and from issues of the *Great Falls Tribune*, which I've already said took the view that the event was a comic, cautionary tale it was the newspaper's duty to bring before the public eye. Though I have also constructed the robbery in my head—fascinated that it should've been our parents who committed it, so ridiculous and inexplicable as to make the reportable facts inadequate as an explanation.

CONCEIVABLY MANY OF US think of robbing a bank the same way we lie in bed at night and dedicatedly plot to murder our life-long enemy; fitting together complicated parts of a plan, adjusting the details, reaching back to reconcile earlier calculations with late-occurring possibilities for being caught. Eventually, we find ourselves facing the one unerasable problem in logic that our cleverness can't work out all the way. After which we conclude that though it's satisfying to think we could murder our enemy in ambush (since it needs to be done), only a deranged or suicidal person would carry out such a plan. That is because the world is set against such acts. And in any case we're amateurs at the business of scheming and plotting and murdering, and don't have the concentration needed to defeat what the world is so set against. At which point we forget about our plan and go to sleep.

Richard Ford, *Canada*, 2012
Bloomsbury Publishing 2013
p.99-100

Document 3

XXVI

The Chorus Line:
The Trial of Odysseus,
as Videotaped by the Maids

Attorney for the Defence: Your Honour, permit me to speak to the innocence of my client, Odysseus, a legendary hero of high repute, who stands before you accused of multiple murders.

5 Was he or was he not justified in slaughtering, by means of arrows and spears – we do not dispute the slaughters themselves, or the weapons in question – upwards of a hundred and twenty well-born young men, give or take

10 a dozen, who, I must emphasise, had been eating up his food without his permission, annoying his wife, and plotting to murder his son and usurp his throne? It has been alleged by my respected colleague that Odysseus was not so

15 justified, since murdering these young men was a gross overreaction to the fact of their having played the gourmand a little too freely in his palace.

Also, it is alleged that Odysseus and/or his heirs or assigns had been offered material compensation for the missing comestibles, and ought to have accepted this compensation peacefully. But this compensation was offered by the very same young men who, despite many

20 requests, had done nothing previously to curb their remarkable appetites, or to defend Odysseus, or to protect his family. They had shown no loyalty to him in his absence; on the contrary. So how dependable was their word?

30 Could a reasonable man expect that they would ever pay a single ox of what they had promised? And let us consider the odds. A hundred and twenty, give or take a dozen, to one, or – stretching a point – to four, because Odysseus did have

35 accomplices, as my colleague has termed them; that is, he had one barely grown relative and two servants untrained in warfare – what was to prevent these young men from pretending to enter into a settlement with Odysseus, then leaping

40 upon him one dark night when his guard was down and doing him to death? It is our contention that, by seizing the only opportunity Fate was likely to afford him, our generally esteemed client Odysseus was merely acting in self-defence. We

45 therefore ask that you dismiss this case.

Margaret Atwood, *The Penelopiad*
Canongate Books, 2005
p. 175-177

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION
D'UN COURS****337**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Poème "The Unknown Citizen"- W. H. Auden, 1940
- Document 2 :
 - 2a) Paroles de "Shangri-La" – The Kinks, 1969
 - 2b) Enregistrement de la chanson "Shangri-La" – The Kinks, 1969
- Document 3 : Extrait du film *Edward Scissorhands* – Tim Burton

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 :**THE UNKNOWN CITIZEN**

***(To JS/07/M/378
This Marble Monument
Is Erected by the State)***

- 1 He was found by the Bureau of Statistics to be
One against whom there was no official complaint,
And all the reports on his conduct agree
That, in the modern sense of an old-fashioned word, he was a saint,
- 5 For in everything he did he served the Greater Community.
Except for the War till the day he retired
He worked in a factory and never got fired,
But satisfied his employers, Fudge Motors Inc.
Yet he wasn't a scab or odd in his views,
For his Union reports that he paid his dues,
- 10 (Our report on his Union shows that it was sound)
And our Social Psychology workers found
That he was popular with his mates and liked a drink.
The Press are convinced that he bought a paper everyday
And that his reactions to advertisements were normal in every way.
- 15 Policies taken out in his name prove that he was fully insured,
And his Health-card shows he was once in hospital but left it cured.
Both Producers Research and High-Grade Living declare
He was fully sensible to the advantages of the Instalment Plan
And had everything necessary to the Modern Man,
A phonograph, a radio, a car and a frigidaire.
- 20 Our researchers into Public Opinion are content
That he held the proper opinions for the time of year;
When there was peace, he was for peace; when there was war, he went.
He was married and added five children to the population,
Which our Eugenist says was the right number for a parent of his generation,
- 25 And our teachers report that he never interfered with their education.
Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd:
Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have heard.

W.H. (Wystan Hugh) AUDEN, "The Unknown Citizen", *Another Time*, 1940

<http://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poem/unknown-citizen>

Document 2a :

"Shangri-La"

- 1 Now that you've found your paradise
This is your Kingdom to command
You can go outside and polish your car
Or sit by the fire in your Shangri-La
- 5 Here is your reward for working so hard
Gone are the lavatories in the backyard
Gone are the days when you dreamed of that car
You just want to sit in your Shangri-La

CHORUS:

- 10 Put on your slippers and sit by the fire
You've reached your top and you just can't get any higher
You're in your place and you know where you are
In your Shangri-La
Sit back in your old rocking-chair
- 15 You need not worry, you need not care
You can't go anywhere
Shangri-La, Shangri-La, Shangri-La

- The little man who gets the train
Got a mortgage hanging over his head
- 20 But he's too scared to complain
'Cause he's conditioned that way
Time goes by and he pays off his debts
Got a TV set and a radio
For seven shillings a week
- 25 Shangri-La, Shangri-La, Shangri-La, Shangri-La, Shangri-La, Shangri-La

- And all the houses in the street have got a name
'Cause all the houses in the street they look the same
Same chimney pots, same little cars, same window panes
The neighbours call to tell you things that you should know
- 30 They say their lines, they drink their tea and then they go
They tell your business in another Shangri-La
The gas bills and the water rates and payments on the car
Too scared to think about how insecure you are
Life ain't so happy in your little Shangri-La
- 35 Shangri-La, Shangri-La, la, la, la, la

CHORUS

The Kinks, *Arthur, or the Decline and Fall of the British Empire* (1969)

Document 2b : à consulter sur tablette

Song (5'20): The Kinks, "Shangri-La" (*Arthur, or the Decline and Fall of the British Empire*, 1969)

Document 3 : à consulter sur tablette

Video (2'35): a scene from *Edward Scissorhands* (Tim Burton, 1990)

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION
D'UN COURS****353**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Extrait de *Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There* de Lewis Carroll, 1871
- Document 2 : Conte *The Gruffalo* de Julia Donaldson, 1999
- Document 3 : Bande-annonce de *The Gruffalo* par Jakob Schuh et Max Lang, 2009

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 :Lewis Carroll, *Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There* (1871)

1 There was a book lying near Alice on the table, and while she sat watching the White King (for she was still a little anxious about him, and had the ink all ready to throw over him, in case he fainted again), she turned over the leaves, to find some part that she could read, '- for it's all in some language I don't know,' she said to herself.

5 It was like this.

YKCOWREBBAJ

*sevot yhtils eht dna ,gillirb sawT`
ebaw eht ni elbmig dna eryg diD
,sevogorob eht erew ysmim lIA
.ebargtuo shtar emom eht dnA*

10

She puzzled over this for some time, but at last a bright thought struck her. 'Why, it's a Looking-glass book, of course! And if I hold it up to a glass, the words will all go the right way again.' This was the poem that Alice read:

JABBERWOCKY.

15

*`Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.*

20

*`Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!'*

25

*He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought -
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.*

30

*And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!
One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.*

35

*`And has thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!
He chortled in his joy.*

40

*`Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.*

45

'It seems very pretty,' she said when she had finished it, "but it's *rather* hard to understand!' (You see she didn't like to confess, ever to herself, that she couldn't make it out at all.) 'Somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas - only I don't exactly know what they are! However, *somebody* killed *something*: that's clear, at any rate -'

Document 2 :

- 1 A mouse took a stroll through the deep dark wood.
A fox saw the mouse, and the mouse looked good.
*"Where are you going to, little brown mouse?
Come and have lunch in my underground house."*
- 5 "It's terribly kind of you, Fox, but no –
I'm going to have lunch with a gruffalo."
"A gruffalo? What's a gruffalo?"
"A gruffalo! Why, didn't you know?
He has terrible tusks, and terrible claws,
10 And terrible teeth in his terrible jaws."
"Where are you meeting him?"
"Here, by these rocks,
And his favourite food is roasted fox."
"Roasted fox! I'm off!" Fox said.
- 15 *"Goodbye, little mouse,"* and away he sped.
"Silly old Fox! Doesn't he know,
There's no such thing as a gruffalo?"

- On went the mouse through the deep dark wood.
An owl saw the mouse, and the mouse looked good.
- 20 *"Where are you going to, little brown mouse?
Come and have tea in my treetop house."*
"It's frightfully kind of you, Owl, but no –
I'm going to have tea with a gruffalo."
"A gruffalo? What's a gruffalo?"
- 25 "A gruffalo! Why, didn't you know?
He has knobby knees, and turned-out toes,
And a poisonous wart at the end of his nose."
"Where are you meeting him?"
"Here, by this stream,
30 And his favourite food is owl ice cream."
*"Owl ice cream! Toowhit toowhoo!
Goodbye, little mouse,"* and away Owl flew.
"Silly old Owl! Doesn't he know,
There's no such thing as a gruffalo?"

- 35 On went the mouse through the deep dark wood.
A snake saw the mouse, and the mouse looked good.
*"Where are you going to, little brown mouse?
Come for a feast in my logpile house."*
"It's wonderfully good of you, Snake, but no –
40 I'm having a feast with a gruffalo."
"A gruffalo? What's a gruffalo?"
"A gruffalo! Why, didn't you know?"

- His eyes are orange, his tongue is black;
He has purple prickles all over his back."
- 45 *"Where are you meeting him?"*
"Here, by this lake,
And his favourite food is scrambled snake."
"Scrambled snake! It's time I hid!
Goodbye, little mouse," and away Snake slid.
- 50 "Silly old Snake! Doesn't he know,
There's no such thing as a gruffal...?
...Oh!
But who is this creature with terrible claws
And terrible teeth in his terrible jaws?
- 55 He has knobby knees and turned-out toes,
And a poisonous wart at the end of his nose.
His eyes are orange, his tongue is black;
He has purple prickles all over his back.
Oh help! Oh no!
- 60 It's a gruffalo!"
- "My favourite food!"* the Gruffalo said.
"You'll taste good on a slice of bread!"
"Good?" said the mouse. "Don't call me good!
65 I'm the scariest creature in this wood.
Just walk behind me and soon you'll see,
Everyone is afraid of me."
"All right," said the Gruffalo, bursting with laughter.
"You go ahead and I'll follow after."
- 70 They walked and walked till the Gruffalo said,
"I hear a hiss in the leaves ahead."
"It's Snake," said the mouse. "Why, Snake, hello!"
Snake took one look at the Gruffalo.
"Oh crumbs!" he said, *"Goodbye, little mouse!"*
- 75 And off he slid to his logpile house.
"You see?" said the mouse. "I told you so."
"Amazing!" said the Gruffalo.
- They walked some more till the Gruffalo said,
"I hear a hoot in the trees ahead."
- 80 "It's Owl," said the mouse. "Why, Owl, hello!"
Owl took one look at the Gruffalo.
"Oh dear!" he said, *"Goodbye, little mouse!"*
And off he flew to his treetop house.
"You see?" said the mouse. "I told you so."
- 85 *"Astounding!"* said the Gruffalo.

They walked some more till the Gruffalo said,

"I can hear feet on the path ahead."

"It's Fox," said the mouse. "Why, Fox, hello!"

Fox took one look at the Gruffalo.

90 *"Oh help!"* he said, *"Goodbye, little mouse!"*

And off he ran to his underground house.

"Well, Gruffalo," said the mouse. "You see?"

Everyone is afraid of me!

But now my tummy's beginning to rumble.

95 My favourite food is – gruffalo crumble!"

"Gruffalo crumble!" the Gruffalo said,

And quick as the wind he turned and fled.

All was quiet in the deep dark wood.

The mouse found a nut and the nut was good.

Julia Donaldson, *The Gruffalo* (1999)

Document 3 : à consulter sur tablette

Teaser (00'34): *The Gruffalo* (Jakob Schuh et Max Lang – 2009) for BBC One

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION
D'UN COURS****412**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : *Small Island*, BBC 1 TV drama, 2009 (extract, 1'19)
- Document 2 : *London Is The Place For Me*, song by 'Lord Kitchener', 1948 (Video montage, Youtube, 2'41)
- Document 3 : *Small Island*, novel by Andrea Levy, 2004 (Tinder Press, pp.11-13)

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 :

Vidéo (durée 1'19'') : *Small Island* (extract from the 2009 BBC1 TV drama adapted from the novel)

Document 2 :

Document audio (durée 2'41'') : *London Is The Place For Me*, song by Lord Kitchener, 1948 (Video montage, Youtube)

Document 3: *Small Island*, Andrea Levy, 2004, Tinder Press, pp.11-13

I did not dare to dream that it would one day be I that would go to England. It would one day be I who would sail on a ship as big as a world and feel the sun's heat on my face gradually change from roasting to caressing. But there was I! Standing at the door of a house in London and ringing the bell. Pushing my finger to hear the ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling. Oh, Celia Langley, where were you then with your big ideas and your nose in the air? Could you see me? Could you see me there in London? Hortense Roberts married with a gold ring and a wedding dress in a trunk. Mrs Joseph. Mrs Gilbert Joseph. What you think of that, Celia Langley? There was I in England ringing the door bell on one of the tallest houses I had ever seen.

But when I pressed this doorbell I did not hear a ring. No ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling. I pressed once more in case the doorbell was not operational. The house, I could see, was shabby. Mark you, shabby in a grand sort of a way. I was sure this house could once have been home to a doctor or a lawyer or perhaps a friend of a friend of the king's. Only the house of someone high-class would have pillars at the doorway. Ornate pillars that twisted with elaborate design. The glass stained with coloured pictures as a church would have. It was true that some were missing, replaced by cardboard and strips of white tape. But who knows what devilish deeds Mr Hitler's bombs carried out during the war? I pushed the doorbell again when it was obvious no one was answering my call. I held my thumb against it and pressed my ear to the window. A light came on now and a woman's voice started calling, 'All right, all right, I'm coming! Give us a minute.'

I stepped back down two steps avoiding a small lump of dog's-business that rested in some litter and leaves. I straightened my coat, pulling it closed where I had unfortunately lost a button. I adjusted my hat in case it had sagged in the damp air and left me looking comical. I pulled my back up straight.

The door was answered by an Englishwoman. A blonde-haired, pink-cheeked Englishwoman with eyes so blue they were the brightest thing in the street. She looked on my face, parted her slender lips and said, 'Yes?'

'Is this the household of Mr Gilbert Joseph?

'I beg your pardon?'

'Gilbert Joseph?' I said, a little slower.

'Oh, Gilbert. Who are you?' She pronounced Gilbert so strangely that for a moment I was anxious that I would be delivered to the wrong man.

'Mr Gilbert Joseph is my husband – I am his wife.'

The woman's face looked puzzled and pleased all at one time. She looked back into the house, lifting her head as she did. Then she turned back to me and said, 'Didn't he come to meet you?'

'I have not seen Gilbert,' I told her, then went on to ask, 'but this is perchance where he is aboding?'

At which this Englishwoman said, 'What?' She frowned and looked over my shoulder at the trunk which was resting by the kerbside where it had been placed by the driver of the taxi vehicle.

'Is that yours?' she enquired.

'It is.'

'It's the size of the Isle of Wight. How did you get it here?' She laughed a little. A gentle giggle that played round her eyes and mouth.

I laughed too, so as not to give her the notion that I did not know what she was talking about as regards this 'white island'. I said, 'I came in a taxi cab and the driver assured me that this was the right address. Is this the house of Gilbert Joseph?'

The woman stood for a little while before answering by saying, 'Hang on here. I'll see if he's in his room.' She then shut the door in my face.

SESSION 2015

Épreuves orales

EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION D'UN COURS

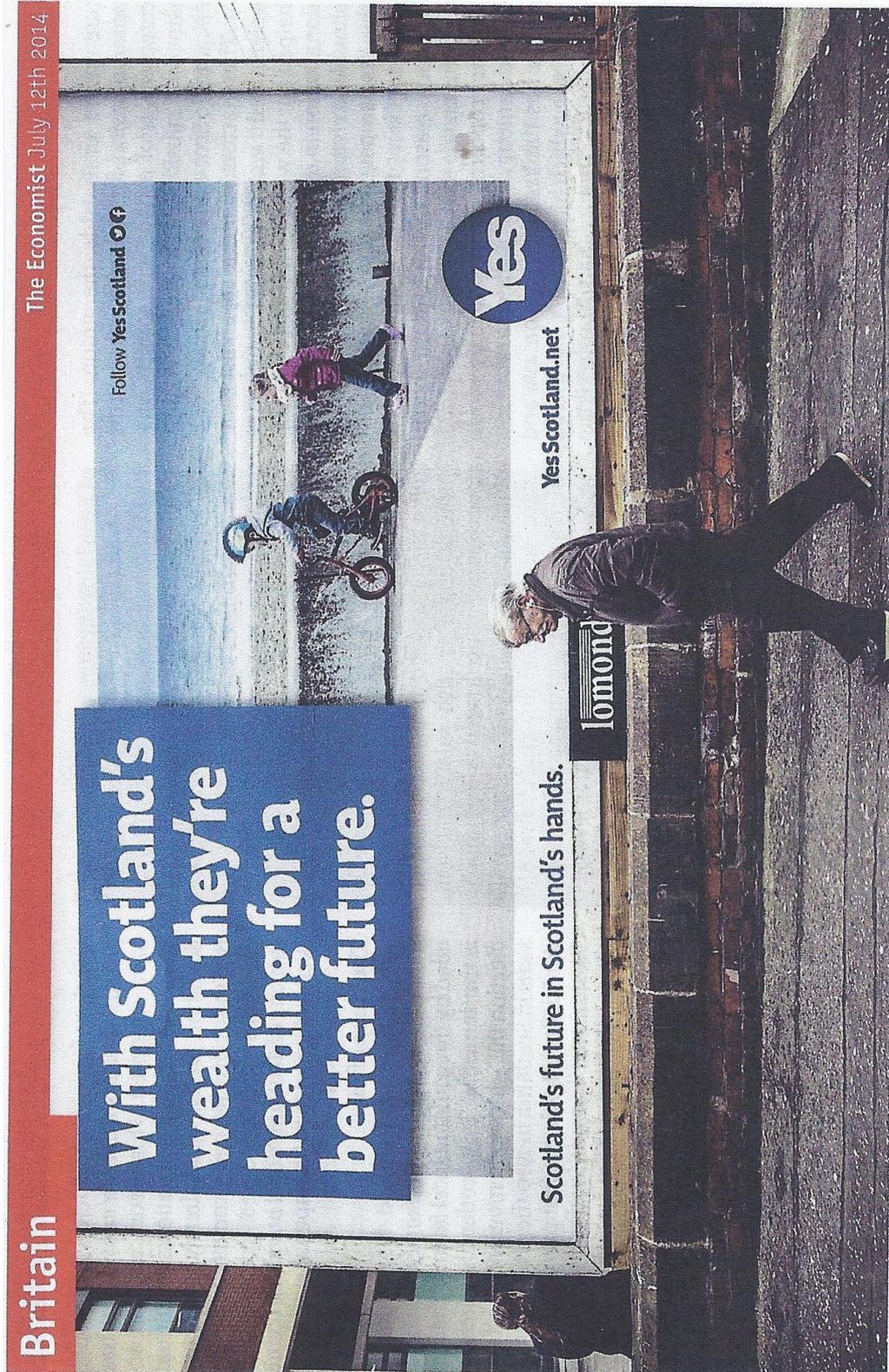
417

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Picture from *The Economist*, July 12th, 2014
- Document 2 : 'For Scots, a Day of Destiny', *The International New York Times* (September 18th 2014)
- Document 3 :
 - 3a - cartoon, *The Economist* (September 13th-19th, 2014)
 - 3b - cartoon, *The International Herald Tribune* (September 18th, 2014)

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



The Economist, July 12th 2014

Document 2

For Scots, a day of destiny

Alan Cumming

Today, my country, Scotland, decides whether to remain a part of the United Kingdom or go it alone as an independent sovereign nation. I have been a vocal advocate of the Yes campaign, and spoke at its start in Edinburgh in May 2012.

Last week, during a brief break from appearing in "Cabaret" on Broadway in New York, I flew to Glasgow to do some last-minute campaigning. The day I arrived, the Yes campaign had taken the lead in a major poll; the outcome is now too close to call. The atmosphere is extraordinary. The whole country is engaged as never before.

There has never been anything so politically important to me. I enthusiastically became an American citizen because I wanted to vote in elections here, but even that pales in comparison to my passion for Scotland's voting to control its own future.

I wasn't the only one who felt compelled to speak. Last weekend, Queen Elizabeth II admonished Scots to "think very carefully" about the decision we have to make.

Did you think we needed telling, ma'am?

This is unfortunately emblematic: Scots feel they've been patronized and disrespected for far too long, not just by the monarchy, but by other institutions like the BBC and the Westminster government.

This is not about hating the English. It is about democracy and self-determination. Scotland is weary of being ruled by governments it did not vote for. The Conservative Party has virtually no democratic mandate in Scotland, yet too often, Scotland has been ruled by a draconian Tory government from London.

In 1997, Labour held a promised referendum on whether Scotland should have its own Parliament. The country voted overwhelmingly Yes. In 1998, the Scotland Act made devolution a reality — the opportunity, though circumscribed, for Scotland to make its own decisions and define for itself what it truly valued.

Sixteen years on, the differences between the basic tenets of Scotland and those of its southern neighbors are palpable: Unlike the rest of Britain, Scots still enjoy free higher education and free medical prescriptions. Even as parts of the National Health Service south of the border have been dismantled or privatized, Scotland's is still intact and prized. There is an exceptional commitment to the arts, too — most visibly with the formation of the National Theater of Scotland.

The most striking achievement of devolution has been the change in people's confidence and spirit

The referendum is not about hating the English. It is about democracy and self-determination.

So why don't all Scots vote Yes? Well, change is hard, and scary. Seeing the use of fear as a political tool, it becomes clear why the country is divided and the polls so close. Scots have been told that an independent Scotland may be denied membership of the European Union; the irony of hearing this from a Westminster government that is seriously considering exiting Europe has not gone unnoticed.

Being told, also, by the leaders of all three main political parties that Scotland cannot use sterling after a Yes vote, for no reason other than spite, smacks of the way many Scots felt that Westminster perceived us all along: stupid and easily bullied. Several major banks threaten to move their operations to England if we vote Yes — but Westminster has put pressure on corporations to talk up anxieties.

Why does the United Kingdom so urgently want to keep us? Obviously, nobody likes being jilted. A Yes vote would represent a crushing rejection of the Westminster political establishment.

I've seen on visits home. We no longer feel at the mercy of a privileged elite hundreds of miles away. Now, we want to complete that process and take full charge of our nation's destiny.

So why don't all Scots vote Yes? Well, change is hard, and scary. Seeing the use of fear as a political tool, it becomes clear why the country is divided and the polls so close. Scots have been told that an independent Scotland may be denied membership of the European Union; the irony of hearing this from a Westminster government that is seriously considering exiting Europe has not gone unnoticed.

Being told, also, by the leaders of all three main political parties that Scotland cannot use sterling after a Yes vote, for no reason other than spite, smacks of the way many Scots felt that Westminster perceived us all along: stupid and easily bullied. Several major banks threaten to move their operations to England if we vote Yes — but Westminster has put pressure on corporations to talk up anxieties.

Why does the United Kingdom so urgently want to keep us? Obviously, nobody likes being jilted. A Yes vote would represent a crushing rejection of the Westminster political establishment.

The left has tried to emotionally blackmail Scots, telling us that our absence in future general elections would abandon the remainder of the union to indefinite Tory rule. The reality is that every Labour government for decades would have been elected even without the Scottish vote.

The Conservatives know how unpopular their policies are in Scotland, so they limit their exhortations to emotional appeals. Prime Minister David Cameron teared up when he spoke recently of a "painful divorce." And I thought we were supposed to be the sentimental ones!

Despite all the cant to the contrary, the reality is that Scotland is an economic asset to Britain. Since the 2008 financial crisis, Scotland's finances have been healthier than the rest of the United Kingdom's, with relatively higher revenues, lower spending and smaller deficits. Of course, we also have oil, lots of it. And huge potential for renewable energy, besides.

Distilled, the essence of the choice is this: The Yes campaign is about hope for a fairer, more caring and prosperous society; the No campaign says only: better the devil you know. I am an optimist.

Westminster's leaders, like the rest of the world, may have only just cottoned on, but independence is a step we Scots have been contemplating carefully for a long time. After 16 years of devolution, we don't need training wheels any more. We can go it alone.

ALAN CUMMING is a Scottish actor based in New York and the author, most recently, of "Not My Father's Son: A Memoir."

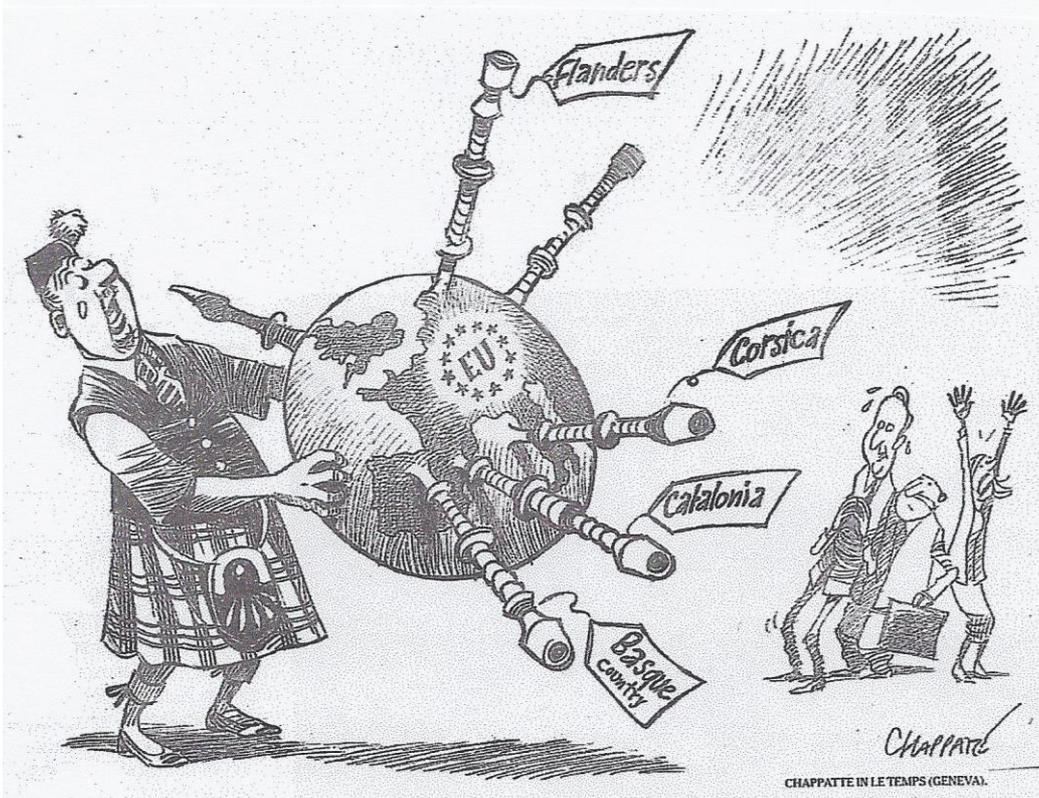
INTERNATIONAL NEW YORK TIMES

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 2014

Document 3



The Economist, Sept. 13th- 19th 2014.



The International New York Times, Sept. 18th 2014.

SESSION 2015

Épreuves orales

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION
D'UN COURS****430**

Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- Document 1 : "Forget Roads – drones are the future of goods transport", *New Scientist*, 9 September 2013
- Document 2 : "Google Joins Amazon in Dreams of Drone Delivery", *The New York Times*, 28 August 2014
- Document 3 : Cartoon by Jeff Koterba, *Omaha World Herald*, December 2013
- Document 4 : Video : *Footage from a Prime Air demo*

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 :**Forget roads – drones are the future of goods transport**

New Scientist, 09 September 2013 by Alison George

In rural parts of the world, building a reliable road infrastructure seems nigh on impossible. Andreas Raptopoulos has another idea: vast networks of drones

You think that drones could help get vital supplies to the one billion people without reliable access to roads?

5 That's correct. The key concept for us is a network of small drones. Alone, each of those vehicles could cover only a small segment of the transportation network, but together they can have a big spread.

Why not build roads?

10 Following the lead of road systems in the West is a nearly impossible task for the African continent. You're talking about a massive infrastructure investment and a huge ecological footprint. If you were to deliberately plan out an approach to transportation and logistics in Africa, would you do it in the same way? I'm convinced that the answer is no.
15 Instead, I think you would use a few different modes of transportation – and one would be an aerial method like the drone network we're proposing.

Won't a drone network be expensive too?

20 For us, the most interesting thing happening with drones is in the super low cost category. The vehicles that you can buy today for \$1000 can do amazing things, and it's just the beginning of this technology. Instead of big machines, like the ones the military use, we're thinking small.

25 So you're not thinking about mass transport of crops, but smaller items like medicines?

Initially, it will be for medicine and diagnostics – things that are lightweight, high value. But over time, as the technology matures, there's a clear opportunity to move heavier loads. That's the big dream of Matternet – to become a
30 transportation method that will allow economic growth.

Document 1 (suite)

In your recent TED talk you said that drones could take HIV test samples from remote field clinics to a hospital. Tell us about this.

35 It's something we're trying to make happen. In Maseru, a district of Lesotho where we have done a case study, there are 47 clinics that collect blood samples and six labs that analyse them. First you put those on a map and see if there are reliable transportation links for any of them. Then, if not, you design a transport system using UAVs.

40 **You did some field trials last year in Haiti and the Dominican Republic. How did those go?**

45 We took a few of our prototypes to see if they work well in hot and humid environments, and also to see how people felt about them and to explore some possibilities for how they could use the technology. I couldn't have been happier with the enthusiastic reception we got.

Cellphones have transformed life for many in Africa. Do you think the same could happen with drones?

50 Yes. It's a radical idea, but we believe that drones could do for transportation what mobiles did for communications. Fifteen years ago, if you had said that mobile telephones would give access to these extremely poor communities and enable their economic growth, nobody would have believed it. We believe it's the same for transportation.

Profile

Andreas Raptopoulos is co-founder and CEO of [Matternet](#), a company in Palo Alto, California, that is dedicated to using unmanned aerial vehicles (UAVs) for vital transport networks

Document 2 :**Google Joins Amazon in Dreams of Drone Delivery**

The New York Times, By Conor Dougherty

August 28, 2014

With the recent demonstration of a drone-based delivery system by Google, the tech industry's enthusiasm for the devices seems undimmed — but some issues will be difficult to solve.

- 1 Amazon, it seems, is not the only big technology company dreaming of a drone delivery service.
- After two years of stealth research, Google on Thursday lifted the veil on an experimental program to deliver goods with tiny unmanned, or
- 5 "drone," aircraft that are a cross between a plane and a helicopter, according to Google. (...)
- If the idea sounds familiar, that's because online retailer Amazon announced an experimental program last year that would also deliver goods through the air.
- 10 The program, which Google is calling "Project Wing," was led for two years by Nicholas Roy, an M.I.T. professor who took a sabbatical for the project. According to *The Atlantic*, Google now has dozens of people on Project Wing. They're working on improving the technology, and may create a drone delivery app.
- 15 The Internet giant is also aggressively working on other kinds of robotics, most notably self-driving cars.
- The Federal Aviation Administration has so far not been keen on the drone delivery concept. Earlier this year, it blocked an aerial delivery service proposed by a local brewery in Minnesota for ferrying beer to
- 20 ice fishermen who didn't want to come in from the cold.
- A Google spokeswoman said the company has briefed the F.A.A. on its hopes for a fleet of baby helicopters, which would not be built for at least a few years.
- In terms of how the actual delivery would be handled, Google said it
- 25 tried the parachute approach (like in *The Hunger Games*), as well as shooting the package downward like a missile. They also tried landing it, but that was problematic because Google believed people might get too close to the vehicle and lose a finger to the drone's rotors while trying to fetch their delivery.
- 30 In the end, they settled on a kind of fishing line that lowers the payload to customers from an airborne drone about 150 feet above the ground, as Google demonstrates with a package of dog food in [this video](#).

Document 3 :

Cartoon by Jeff Koterba, published in *Omaha World Herald*, December 2013



Document 4 : à consulter sur tablette

Vidéo : *Footage from a Prime Air demo*

https://images-na.ssl-images-amazon.com/images/G/01/acs/rowland/assets/prime-airy_footage_3.mp4

EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION D'UN COURS

433

Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- Document 1 = document 1A + document 1B :
Document 1A : Extrait de « *Pioneers ! O Pioneers !* » (1865), *Leaves of Grass* - Walt Whitman
Document 1B : Enregistrement de la lecture du même extrait de « *Pioneers ! O Pioneers !* » de Walt Whitman par Will Geer
- Document 2 : Extrait de *The Frontier in American History* (1921) – Frederick Jackson Turner
- Document 3 : Article “*Western history, as lived by notorious Kit Carson*” - *The Los Angeles Times*, 11 février 2007.
- Document 4 : Capture d'écran d'une version numérique (2013) de *The Adventures of Kit Carson* (1953) de Kenneth W. Fitch

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 1A :**Pioneers! O Pioneers!**

- 1 Come my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!
- 5 For we cannot tarry here,
We must march my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!
- 10 O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!
- 15 Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!
All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
- 20 Pioneers! O pioneers!
- We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!
- 25 We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!
- 30 Colorado men are we
From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and the high plateaus,
From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting trail we come,
Pioneers! O pioneers!
From Nebraska, from Arkansas,
Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the continental blood intervein'd,
- 35 All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern, all the Northern,
Pioneers! O pioneers!
- O resistless restless race!
O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love for all!
O I mourn and yet exult, I am rapt with love for all,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Walt Whitman, "Pioneers! O Pioneers!" (1865) in *Leaves of Grass*

DOCUMENT 1B : à consulter sur tablette

"Pioneers! O Pioneers!" read by Will Geer (2'22)

DOCUMENT 2 :

1 The ideals of a people, their aspirations and convictions, their hopes and ambitions, their dreams and determinations, are assets in their civilization as real and important as per capita wealth or industrial skill.

5 This nation was formed under pioneer ideals. During three centuries after Captain John Smith struck the first blow at the American forest on the eastern edge of the continent, the pioneers were abandoning settled society for the wilderness, seeking, for generation after generation, new frontiers. Their experiences left
10 abiding influences upon the ideas and purposes of the nation. Indeed the older settled regions themselves were shaped profoundly by the very fact that the whole nation was pioneering and that in the development of the West the East had its own part.

The first ideal of the pioneer was that of conquest. It was his
15 task to fight with nature for the chance to exist. Not as in older countries did this contest take place in a mythical past, told in folk lore and epic. It has been continuous to our own day. Facing each generation of pioneers was the unmastered continent. Vast forests blocked the way; mountainous ramparts interposed; desolate,
20 grass-clad prairies, barren oceans of rolling plains, arid deserts, and a fierce race of savages, all had to be met and defeated. The rifle and the ax are the symbols of the backwoods pioneer. They meant a training in aggressive courage, in domination, in directness of action, in destructiveness.

25 To the pioneer the forest was no friendly resource for posterity, no object of careful economy. He must wage a hand-to-hand war upon it, cutting and burning a little space to let in the light upon a dozen acres of hard-won soil, and year after year expanding the clearing into new woodlands against the stubborn resistance of
30 primeval trunks and matted roots. He made war against the rank fertility of the soil. While new worlds of virgin land lay ever just beyond, it was idle to expect the pioneer to stay his hand and turn to scientific farming. Indeed, as Secretary Wilson has said, the pioneer would, in that case, have raised wheat that no one wanted
35 to eat, corn to store on the farm, and cotton not worth the picking.

Thus, fired with the ideal of subduing the wilderness, the destroying pioneer fought his way across the continent, masterful and wasteful, preparing the way by seeking the immediate thing, rejoicing in rude strength and wilful achievement.

40 But even this backwoodsman was more than a mere destroyer. He had visions. He was finder as well as fighter—the trail-maker for civilization, the inventor of new ways.

Frederick Jackson Turner, *The Frontier in American History* (1921), p.269-p.270

www.gutenberg.org/files/22994/22994-h/22994-h.htm

DOCUMENT 3 :**Los Angeles Times****Western history, as lived by notorious Kit Carson**

Hampton Sides, author of 'Blood and Thunder,' found moral ambiguity but a larger story in the frontiersman's life.

February 11, 2007 | Deborah Baker | Associated Press Writer

1 TAOS, N.M. — Sitting in the spare, chilly front room of the house that Kit Carson bought for his 14-year-old bride, writer Hampton Sides pondered the complexity of one of the West's most famous frontiersmen.

5 At once hero and villain, Carson was by all accounts modest and kindly - and a cold-blooded killer.

He couldn't read or write, but was fluent in Spanish and French and spoke multiple Indian languages.

He lived among American Indians his whole life and twice married Indian women, yet he led the U.S. military's brutal, scorched-earth campaign against the Navajos.

10 He was a devoted husband and father, but rarely was around this three-room adobe home - now a museum - that he bought for Josefa Jaramillo when she became his third wife in 1843.

"There's a lot of moral ambiguity in his life story.... Trying to reconcile the different parts of his personality was very frustrating for me," said Sides, author of the recently published "Blood and Thunder: An Epic of the American West," (Doubleday).

15 Sides set out to write about the "Long Walk," as the Navajos call their forced relocation and imprisonment in eastern New Mexico in the mid-1860s.

But he became fascinated with Christopher Houston Carson, a runaway who left Missouri at age 16 on the Santa Fe Trail and became a fur trapper, scout, explorer, transcontinental courier, Indian agent and military officer - a general, ultimately.

20 "I realized that his life ... mirrored the expansion of the American West," Sides said.

Not the West of the cowboy cliches Sides grew up with, but an earlier West: where French and Spanish were spoken more often than English, where men were more likely to drive sheep than cattle, and where sturdy, sure-footed mules were the transportation of choice.

25 The book "grew backwards in time ... and became a story about the whole West," said Sides, who lives in Santa Fe and did much of his writing in a local coffee shop.

Carson became known to the American public through the pulp fiction called "blood and thunder" novels, which turned him into a heroic caricature.

In his extensive research, Sides found the historical figure in some ways complicated and in others quite simple.

30 "He's the kind of guy that gets an order and does it. He's not introspective," said Sides, a Yale University graduate who is an editor at large for Santa Fe-based Outside magazine.

Slight and stringy-haired, uneducated and unassuming, Carson was a consummate outdoorsman with a temper that could be ferocious and an ability to adapt to a world that was quickly changing.

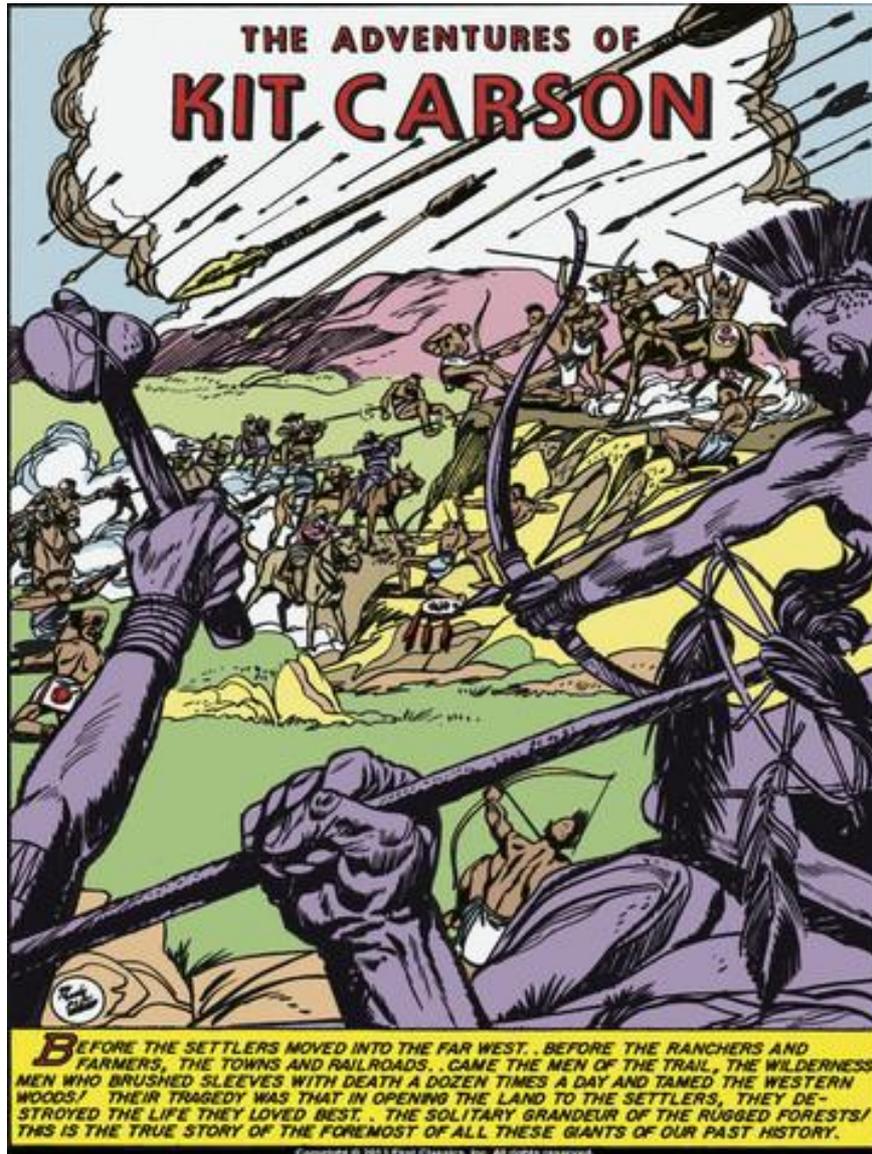
35 Throughout his life, "it seems like just as one career is ending, another one begins - and he serendipitously moves on to the next phase," Sides said.

"Blood and Thunder" is an account of the conquest of the West, and Carson is at the center of it. The author calls him "a field agent of Manifest Destiny" - the popular notion that the United States had a mission to expand westward to the Pacific.

40 Carson and the other mountain men, Sides writes at the beginning of the book, "whispered the coming of an unimaginable force, of a gathering shadow on the eastern horizon, gorging itself on the continent as it pressed steadily this way."

<http://articles.latimes.com/2007/feb/11/news/adna-carson11>

DOCUMENT 4 : à consulter sur tablette



Screenshot of a page from the 2013 digital version of *The Adventures of Kit Carson* (1953), by Kenneth W. Fitch (Classics Illustrated n° 112)

<https://itunes.apple.com/gb/book/the-adventures-of-kit-carson/id522679859?mt=11>

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION
D'UN COURS****435**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Photographie – Johnny Huu Nguyen (25 November 2014)
- Document 2 : "The Editorial: Time for Barack Obama to lead on racial relations", *macleans.ca* (11 December 2014)
- Document 3 : Extrait de *The Audacity of Hope* – Barack Obama (2006)

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



Portland, Oregon, freelance photographer Johnny Huu Nguyen,
November 25th, 2104

DOCUMENT 2 :**The Editorial: Time for Barack Obama to lead on race relations**

The President seems singularly suited to deal with the monumental task of healing racial divides. Can he succeed?

macleans.ca December 11, 2014

- 1 Six years into his administration, U.S. President Barack Obama has arrived at the problem he was elected to solve in 2008. After repeated disappointments in foreign policy, a Congress brought to a standstill by partisan division and an economy that's recovering in spite rather than because of him, America
- 5 now looks to Obama for a solution to its eternal struggle with race and belonging. It is a monumental task. It is also, however, a task to which he seems singularly suited. America has suddenly become overwhelmed by cases of African-
- 10 American men and boys dying at the hands of white police officers: Michael Brown in Ferguson, Mo., Eric Garner in New York City, and Tamir Rice in Cleveland, Ohio, are just three of the most recent fatalities. A growing street and social media protest movement is now demanding action on the long-
- 15 standing racial divide in crime and police behaviour in the U.S. Incarceration rates are six times higher for black men as compared to whites. In New York City, where the population is one-quarter African-American, two-thirds of all suspects killed by police gunfire—and nearly 80 per cent of all subjects who fire
- 20 at police—are black. The protection afforded law-abiding citizens by police also varies significantly by race. According to a recent lawsuit brought by the American Civil Liberties Union, black neighbourhoods in Chicago experience police response times that are double those for white neighbourhoods. (...)
- 25 As the first African-American to win election to the highest office in the land—and as the child of a white mother and black father— Obama seems ideally suited to straddle the difficult racial solitudes of modern America. "This is not only personal for me because of who I am," he told the Black Entertainment
- 30 Television (BET) network this week in an interview. "But as President I consider this to be one of the most important issues I face." (...)

DOCUMENT 2 : (suite)

35 In his BET interview, Obama firmly dismissed calls for “conversations”
about race in favour of concrete action. It is clearly unacceptable that
the behaviour of local law enforcement has become a central problem,
and he promised to make full use of his coercive and spending powers to
improve police interactions with African-Americans. He is offering federal
money to equip police forces across the country with body cameras.
40 Cities that have adopted this technology claim a reduction in aggressive
behaviour by both officers and citizens. Improved data is also a
necessity. Right now there are no comprehensive national statistics on
homicides committed by police, so there’s no way to tell if the situation
is getting better or worse. And the White House plans closer oversight of
45 the use of military hardware by police, recognizing that it often appears
to poor neighbourhoods that they’re being invaded by soldiers rather
than protected by police. All this is only the first step, however. “We’ve
also got to change hearts and minds,” the President admitted.
50 With the nation now firmly focused on race, Obama has the opportunity
to leverage his unique status for real gain. Through strong executive
action as well as convincing moral arguments he must remind America
of the advances it has already made in reconciling black and white
relations; and push for further improvements in policing as well as
education, health care, employment and everyday social interaction. “It
55 is important to recognize progress has been made,” he observed. “As
painful as these incidents are, we can’t equate what’s happening now to
what was happening 50 years ago.” With lynchings and Jim Crow laws
long since consigned to the history books, Obama needs to have a
similar impact on police bias and racial inequality in America today. “This
isn’t going to be solved overnight,” he said. He’s got two more years.

Document 3 :

1 Recently, I was back in southern Illinois, driving with one of my
downstate field directors, a young white man named Robert
Stephan, after a long day of speeches and appearances in the area.
It was a beautiful spring night, the broad waters and dusky banks
5 of the Mississippi shimmering under a full, low-flung moon. The
waters reminded me of Cairo and all the other towns up and down
the river, the settlements that had risen and fallen with the barge
traffic and the often, sad, tough, cruel histories that had been
deposited there at the confluence of the free and the enslaved, the
10 world of Huck and the world of Jim.
I mentioned to Robert the progress we'd made on tearing down the
old hospital in Cairo —our office had started meeting with the state
health department and local officials— and told him about my first
visit to the town. Because Robert had grown up in the southern
15 part of the state, we soon found ourselves talking about the racial
attitudes of his friends and neighbors. Just the previous week, he
said, a few local guys with some influence had invited him to join
them at a social club in Alton, a couple of blocks from the house
where he'd been raised. Robert had never been to the place but it
20 seemed nice enough. The food had been served, the group was
making some small talk, when Robert noticed that of the fifty or so
people in the room not a single person was black. Since Alton's
population is about a quarter African American, Robert thought this
odd, and asked the men about it.
25 It's a private club, one of them said.
At first, Robert didn't understand —had no blacks tried to join?
When they said nothing, he said, It's 2006, for God's sake.
The men shrugged. It's always been that way, they told him. No
blacks allowed.
30 Which is when Robert dropped his napkin on his plate, said
goodnight, and left.
I suppose I could spend time brooding over those men in the club,
file it as evidence that white people still maintain a simmering
hostility toward those who look like me. But I don't want to confer
35 on such bigotry a power it no longer possesses.
I choose to think about Robert instead, and the small but difficult
gesture he made. If a young man like Robert can make the effort
to cross the currents of habit and fear in order to do what he knows
is right, then I want to be sure that I'm there to meet him on the
40 other side and help him onto shore.

Barack OBAMA, *The Audacity of Hope*, 2006

(Barack Obama was a U.S. Senator in 2006)

SESSION 2015

Épreuves orales

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION
D'UN COURS****436**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Photograph showing Chris McCandless, 1992
- Document 2 : Excerpt from *Into the Wild*, Jon Krakauer, 1996
- Document 3 : Radio broadcast, "Movie Boosts Traffic to *Into the Wild Shrine*", NPR, 2007

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



Photograph of Chris McCandless, Alaska, 1992.

Document 2

From his journal we know that on April 29, McCandless fell through the ice somewhere. It probably happened as he traversed a series of melting beaver ponds just beyond the Teklanika's western bank, but there is nothing to indicate that he suffered any harm in the mishap. A day later, as the trail crested a ridge, he got his first glimpse of Mt. McKinley's high, blinding-white bulwarks, and a day after that, May 1, some twenty miles down the trail from where he was dropped by Gallien, he stumbled upon the old bus beside the Sushana River. It was outfitted with a bunk and a barrel stove, and previous visitors had left the improvised shelter stocked with matches, bug dope, and other essentials. "Magic Bus Day," he wrote in his journal. He decided to lay over for a while in the vehicle and take advantage of its crude comforts.

He was elated to be there. Inside the bus, on a sheet of weathered plywood spanning a broken window, McCandless scrawled an exultant declaration of independence:

"Two years he walks the Earth. No phone, no pool, no pets, no cigarettes. Ultimate freedom. An extremist. An aesthetic voyager whose home is the road. Escaped from Atlanta. Thou shalt not return, 'cause "the West is the best." And now after two rambling years comes the final and greatest adventure. The climactic battle to kill the false being within and victoriously conclude the spiritual revolution. Ten days and nights of freight trains and hitchhiking bring him to the great white north. No longer to be poisoned by civilization he flees, and walks alone upon the land to become lost in the wild."

[...]

Toward the front of the bus, McCandless's pots and dishes are stacked on a makeshift plywood table beside a kerosene lamp. A long leather scabbard is expertly tooled with the initials R. F.: the sheath for the machete Ronald Franz gave McCandless when he left Salton City.

The boy's blue toothbrush rests next to a half-empty tube of Colgate, a packet of dental floss, and the gold molar crown that, according to his journal, fell off his tooth three weeks into his sojourn. A few inches away sits a skull the size of a watermelon, thick ivory fangs jutting from its bleached maxillae. It is a bear skull, the remains of a grizzly shot by someone who visited the bus years before McCandless's tenure. A message scratched in Chris's tidy hand brackets a cranial bullet hole: ALL HAIL THE PHANTOM BEAR, THE BEAST WITHIN US ALL. ALEXANDER SUPERTRAMP. MAY 1992.

Looking up, I notice that the sheet-metal walls of the
45 vehicle are covered with graffiti left by numerous visitors over
the years. Roman points out a message he wrote when he
stayed in the bus four years ago, during a traverse of the Alaska
Range: NOODLE EATERS EN ROUTE TO LAKE CLARK 8/89. Like
Roman, most people scrawled little more than their names and a
50 date. The longest, most eloquent graffito is one of several
inscribed by McCandless, the proclamation of joy that begins
with a nod to his favorite Roger Miller song: TWO YEARS HE
WALKS THE EARTH. NO PHONE, NO POOL, NO PETS, NO
CIGARETTES. ULTIMATE FREEDOM. AN EXTREMIST. AN
55 AESTHETIC VOYAGER WHOSE HOME IS THE ROAD...

Jon Krakauer, *Into the Wild*, Anchor Books, 1996, pp.163,
178-179

Document 3 : à consulter sur tablette

Radio broadcast : "Movie Boosts Traffic to *Into the Wild Shrine*",
National Public Radio, October 4, 2007

<http://www.npr.org/templates/story/story.php?storyId=15005476>

SESSION 2015

Épreuves orales

EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION D'UN COURS

454

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Roger Penrose, *The Emperor's New Mind*, ch. 1 'Can a Computer Have a Mind?', 1989
- Document 2 : 'The Computer Will See You Now', *The Economist*, 16th August 2014
- Document 3 : 'SimSensei: Virtual Human for Healthcare Support', University of Southern California, February 2013

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 : Roger Penrose, *The Emperor's New Mind*, ch. 1 'Can a Computer Have a Mind?', 1989

One of the first AI devices was W. Grey Walter's 'tortoise', made in the early 1950s, which moved around the floor under its own power until its batteries ran low, and then it would make for the nearest power socket, plug itself in and recharge its batteries. When
5 thoroughly replenished it would detach itself from the socket and renew its adventures across the floor! Since then many other similar objects have been constructed (see, for example, Waltz 1982). A somewhat separate line of development is exemplified by Terry Winograd's computer program, designed in 1972, which can
10 converse sensibly about a collection of blocks of various shapes and colours which, in simulation, it places on top of one another in different orders and arrangements. Despite such early successes, it is remarkable how difficult it has proved to be to design the control of even a simple, jointed 'robot arm', which has to manoeuvre
15 around, avoiding crowded obstacles, where the required motions may seem 'obvious' to a human looking on. The interpretation of visual scenes generally is also an area where the procedures of AI have so far got nowhere close to what the human brain (and, indeed, most other animals) seems 'effortlessly' to be able to achieve.
20 Perhaps more in the direct line of a Turing test is the computer program of K. M. Colby, developed in the mid-1960s, which simulates a psychotherapist so successfully that some patients find that they prefer the computer to a human therapist, and are prepared to reveal more of themselves to it than they are to its
25 human counterparts. For an example of such an interchange between the computer 'therapist' and a patient, consider the following conversation (conducted via teletype):

THERAPIST: How can I help you
PATIENT: I don't know
30 THERAPIST: Try to tell me something about it
PATIENT: No
THERAPIST: Can you elaborate
PATIENT: I am sick and tired today
THERAPIST: Do you have any idea why
35 PATIENT: Yes I'm old
THERAPIST: Please go on
PATIENT: I seem to have lost interest in everything
THERAPIST: Tell me more about such feelings

40 PATIENT: I have some idea why I feel this way too
 THERAPIST: You have
 PATIENT: It seems that I miss having a family
 THERAPIST: What makes you feel you miss having a family
 PATIENT: There is a challenge about it
 THERAPIST: Why is that important to you

45 Though this may give an eerie impression that the computer has
 some understanding, in fact it has none, and is merely following
 some fairly simple mechanical rules. (There is also a 'converse' to
 this in a system where the computer simulates a human
 schizophrenic patient, giving all the textbook answers and
50 symptoms, and is capable of fooling some medical students into
 believing that a human patient is actually supplying the answers!)

Roger Penrose, *The Emperor's New Mind*,
ch.1 'Can a Computer Have a Mind?', 1989

Document 2 : 'The Computer Will See You Now', The Economist, 16th August 2014

Artificial intelligence and psychology

THE COMPUTER WILL SEE YOU NOW

A virtual shrink may sometimes be better than the real thing

5 ELLIE is a psychologist, and a damned good one at that. Smile in a certain way, and she knows precisely what your smile means. Develop a nervous tic or tension in an eye, and she instantly picks up on it. She listens to what you say, processes every word, works out the meaning of your pitch, your tone, your posture, everything. She is at the top of her game but, according to a new study, her greatest asset is that she is not human.

10 When faced with tough or potentially embarrassing questions, people often do not tell doctors what they need to hear. Yet the researchers behind Ellie, led by Jonathan Gratch at the Institute for Creative Technologies, in Los Angeles, suspected from their years of monitoring human interactions with computers that people might be more willing to talk if presented with an avatar. To test this idea, they put 239 people in front of Ellie to have a chat with her about their lives. Half were told (truthfully) they would be interacting with an artificially intelligent virtual human; the others were told (falsely) that Ellie was a bit like a puppet, and was having her strings pulled remotely by a person.

20 Designed to search for psychological problems, Ellie worked with each participant in the study in the same manner. She started every interview with rapport-building questions, such as, "Where are you from?" She followed these with more clinical ones, like, "How easy is it for you to get a good night's sleep?" She finished with questions intended to boost the participant's mood, for instance, "What are you most proud of?" Throughout the experience she asked relevant follow-up questions—"Can you tell me more about that?" for example—while providing the appropriate nods and facial expressions.

Lie on the couch, please

30 During their time with Ellie, all participants had their faces scanned for signs of sadness, and were given a score ranging from zero (indicating none) to one (indicating a great degree of sadness). Also, three real, human psychologists, who were ignorant of the purpose of the study, analysed transcripts of the sessions, to rate how willingly the participants disclosed personal information.

35

Document 2 (suite) :

40 These observers were asked to look at responses to sensitive and intimate questions, such as, "How close are you to your family?" and, "Tell me about the last time you felt really happy." They rated the responses to these on a seven-point scale ranging from -3 (indicating a complete unwillingness to disclose information) to +3 (indicating a complete willingness). All participants were also asked to fill out questionnaires intended to probe how they felt about the interview.

45 Dr Gratch and his colleagues report in *Computers in Human Behaviour* that, though everyone interacted with the same avatar, their experiences differed markedly based on what they believed they were dealing with. Those who thought Ellie was under the control of a human operator reported greater fear of disclosing personal information, and said they managed more carefully what they expressed during the session, than did those who believed they were simply interacting with a computer.

50 Crucially, the psychologists observing the subjects found that those who thought they were dealing with a human were indeed less forthcoming, averaging 0.56 compared with the other group's average score of 1.11. The first group also betrayed fewer signs of sadness, averaging 0.08 compared with the other group's 0.12 sadness score.

60 This quality of encouraging openness and honesty, Dr Gratch believes, will be of particular value in assessing the psychological problems of soldiers—a view shared by America's Defence Advanced Research Projects Agency, which is helping to pay for the project.

65 Soldiers place a premium on being tough, and many avoid seeing psychologists at all costs. That means conditions such as post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD), to which military men and women are particularly prone, often get dangerous before they are caught. Ellie could change things for the better by confidentially informing soldiers with PTSD that she feels they could be a risk to themselves and others, and advising them about how to seek treatment.

70 If, that is, a cynical trooper can be persuaded that Ellie really isn't a human psychologist in disguise. Because if Ellie can pass for human, presumably a human can pass for Ellie.

(The Economist - August 16th 2014)

Document 3 : à consulter sur tablette

video document from SC-ICT

'SimSensei: Virtual Human for Healthcare Support', University of Southern California (Insititute for Creative Technologies) - 2013

SESSION 2015

Épreuves orales

EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION D'UN COURS

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Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- Document 1 : Malala Yousafzai - Nobel Peace Prize 2014 Oslo Speech (10/12/2014)
- Document 2 : Front cover of the Saturday Evening Post (by Norman Rockwell), May 1943
- Document 3 : 3 pictures (3a - English Suffragette, 1909; 3b - Rosa Parks, 1955; 3c - Femen protest, 2013)
- Document 4 : Malala Yousafzai's Speech at the UN, video excerpt (2013)

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Document 1 :

Dear brothers and sisters, do remember one thing. Malala day is not my day. Today is the day of every woman, every boy and every girl who have raised their voice for their rights. There are hundreds of Human rights activists and social workers who are not only speaking
 5 for human rights, but who are struggling to achieve their goals of education, peace and equality. Thousands of people have been killed by the terrorists and millions have been injured. I am just one of them.

So here I stand... one girl among many.
 10 I speak – not for myself, but for all girls and boys.
 I raise up my voice – not so that I can shout, but so that those without a voice can be heard.
 Those who have fought for their rights:
 Their right to live in peace.
 15 Their right to be treated with dignity.
 Their right to equality of opportunity.
 Their right to be educated.

Dear Friends, on the 9th of October 2012, the Taliban shot me on the left side of my forehead. They shot my friends too. They thought that
 20 the bullets would silence us. But they failed. And then, out of that silence came, thousands of voices. The terrorists thought that they would change our aims and stop our ambitions but nothing changed in my life except this: Weakness, fear and hopelessness died. Strength, power and courage was born. I am the same Malala. My
 25 ambitions are the same. My hopes are the same. My dreams are the same.

Dear sisters and brothers, I am not against anyone. Neither am I here to speak in terms of personal revenge against the Taliban or any other terrorists group. I am here to speak up for the right of
 30 education of every child. I want education for the sons and the daughters of all the extremists especially the Taliban.

I do not even hate the Talib who shot me. Even if there is a gun in my hand and he stands in front of me. I would not shoot him. This is the compassion that I have learnt from Muhammad-the prophet of
 35 mercy, Jesus christ and Lord Buddha. This is the legacy of change that I have inherited from Martin Luther King, Nelson Mandela and Muhammad Ali Jinnah. This is the philosophy of non-violence that I have learnt from Gandhi Jee, Bacha Khan and Mother Teresa. And this is the forgiveness that I have learnt from my mother and father.
 40 This is what my soul is telling me, be peaceful and love everyone.

Dear sisters and brothers, we realise the importance of light when we see darkness. We realise the importance of our voice when we are silenced. In the same way, when we were in Swat, the north of

45 Pakistan, we realised the importance of pens and books when we saw the guns.

50 The wise saying, "The pen is mightier than sword" was true. The extremists are afraid of books and pens. The power of education frightens them. They are afraid of women. The power of the voice of women frightens them. And that is why they killed 14 innocent medical students in the recent attack in Quetta. And that is why they killed many female teachers and polio workers in Khyber Pukhtoon Khwa and FATA. That is why they are blasting schools every day. Because they were and they are afraid of change, afraid of the equality that we will bring into our society.

55 I remember that there was a boy in our school who was asked by a journalist, "Why are the Taliban against education?" He answered very simply. By pointing to his book he said, "A Talib doesn't know what is written inside this book." They think that God is a tiny, little conservative being who would send girls to the hell just because of going to school. The terrorists are misusing the name of Islam and Pashtun society for their own personal benefits. Pakistan is peace-loving democratic country. Pashtuns want education for their daughters and sons. And Islam is a religion of peace, humanity and brotherhood. Islam says that it is not only each child's right to get education, rather it is their duty and responsibility.

60 Honourable Secretary General, peace is necessary for education. In many parts of the world especially Pakistan and Afghanistan; terrorism, wars and conflicts stop children to go to their schools. We are really tired of these wars. Women and children are suffering in many parts of the world in many ways. In India, innocent and poor children are victims of child labour. Many schools have been destroyed in Nigeria. People in Afghanistan have been affected by the hurdles of extremism for decades. Young girls have to do domestic child labour and are forced to get married at early age. Poverty, ignorance, injustice, racism and the deprivation of basic rights are the main problems faced by both men and women.

70 Dear fellows, today I am focusing on women's rights and girls' education because they are suffering the most. There was a time when women social activists asked men to stand up for their rights. But, this time, we will do it by ourselves. I am not telling men to step away from speaking for women's rights rather I am focusing on women to be independent to fight for themselves.

75 Dear sisters and brothers, now it's time to speak up. So today, we call upon the world leaders to change their strategic policies in favour of peace and prosperity.

80 We call upon the world leaders that all the peace deals must protect women and children's rights. A deal that goes against the dignity of women and their rights is unacceptable.

85 We call upon all governments to ensure free compulsory education for every child all over the world.

90

We call upon all governments to fight against terrorism and violence, to protect children from brutality and harm.

We call upon the developed nations to support the expansion of educational opportunities for girls in the developing world.

95 We call upon all communities to be tolerant – to reject prejudice based on cast, creed, sect, religion or gender. To ensure freedom and equality for women so that they can flourish. We cannot all succeed when half of us are held back.

100 We call upon our sisters around the world to be brave – to embrace the strength within themselves and realise their full potential.

Dear brothers and sisters, we want schools and education for every child's bright future. We will continue our journey to our destination of peace and education for everyone. No one can stop us. We will speak for our rights and we will bring change through our voice. We

105 must believe in the power and the strength of our words. Our words can change the world.

Because we are all together, united for the cause of education. And if we want to achieve our goal, then let us empower ourselves with the weapon of knowledge and let us shield ourselves with unity and

110 togetherness.

Dear brothers and sisters, we must not forget that millions of people are suffering from poverty, injustice and ignorance. We must not forget that millions of children are out of schools. We must not forget that our sisters and brothers are waiting for a bright peaceful future.

115 So let us wage a global struggle against illiteracy, poverty and terrorism and let us pick up our books and pens. They are our most powerful weapons.

"One child, one teacher, one pen and one book can change the world."

120 One child, one teacher, one pen and one book can change the world.

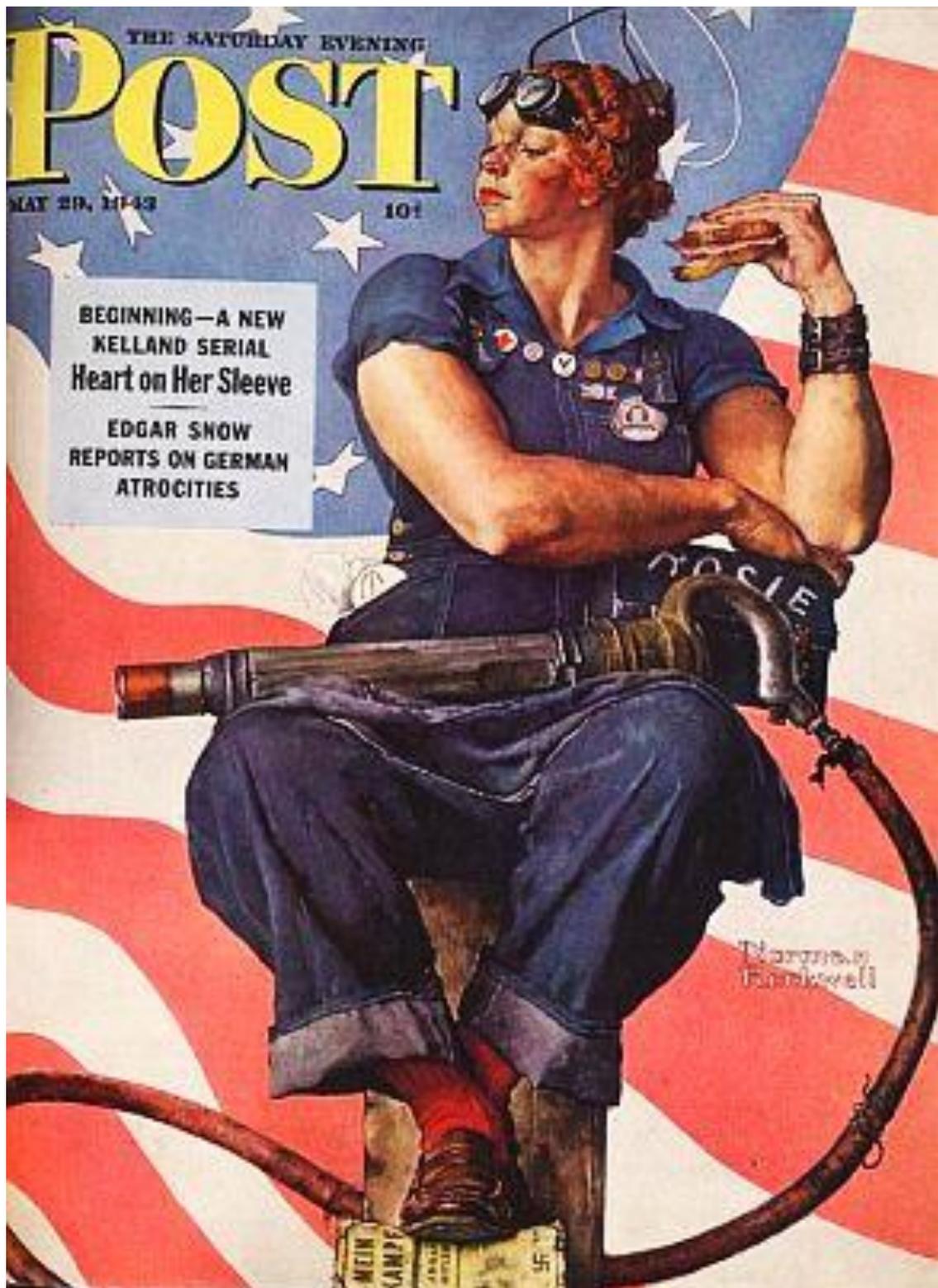
Education is the only solution. Education First.

Malala Yousafzai – Nobel Peace Prize 2014 Oslo speech

December 10, 2014

Document 2 : à consulter sur tablette

Front cover of *The Saturday Evening Post* (by Norman Rockwell), May 1943



Document 3 : 3 pictures (3a - English Suffragette, 1909; 3b - Rosa Parks, 1955; 3c - Femen protest, 2013)

3a : English suffragette chained to the railings of Downing Street, 1909



3b : Booking Photo of Rosa Parks, 1955



3c : Femen protest in Rome, 2013



Document 4 : à consulter sur tablette

Malala Yousafzai's Speech at the UN, video excerpt (2013)

<http://www.channel4.com/news/malala-yousafzai-united-nations-education-video>