

Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2017

Épreuve EPC

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

EPC

332

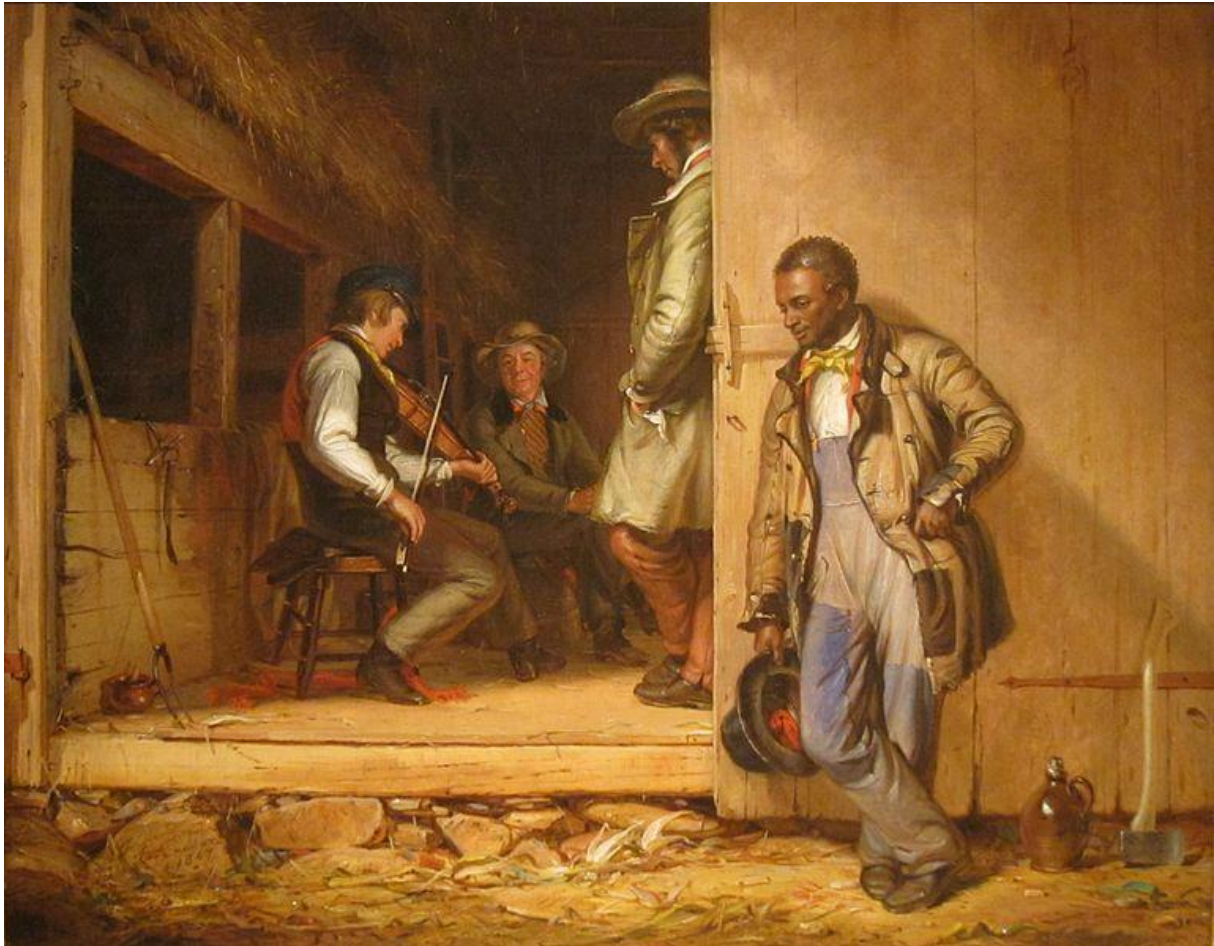
Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : William Sidney Mount, *The Power of Music*, 1847 (oil paint on canvas, 43 x 53 cm)
- Document 2 : Movie opening scene, *The Piano*, directed by Jane Campion, 1993
- Document 3 : Louise Erdrich, *The Plague of Doves*, 2008

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 : William Sidney Mount, *The Power of Music*, 1847 (oil paint on canvas, 43 x 53 cm)

Document également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.



Document 2 : Movie opening scene, *The Piano*, directed by Jane Campion, 1993

Document vidéo (2'30") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

Document 3 : Louise Erdrich, *The Plague of Doves*, 2008, pp. 202-203

Freedom, I found, is not only in the running but in the heart, the mind, the hands. After that day, I contrived, as often as I could, to stay alone in the house. As soon as everyone was gone I took the fiddle from its hidden place beneath the blankets in the blanket chest, and I tuned it to my own liking. I learned how to play it one note at a time, not that I had a name for each distinct sound. I started to fit these sounds together. The string of notes that I made itched my brain. It became a torment to put away the fiddle when my parents or my sister came home. Sometimes, if the wind was right, I sneaked the fiddle from the house even if they were home and I played out in the woods. I was always careful that the wind should carry my music away to the west, the emptiness, where there was no one to hear it. But one day the wind might have shifted. Or perhaps my mother's ears were more sensitive than either my sister's or my father's. Because when I had come back into the house, I found her staring out the window, to the west. She was excited, breathing fast. *Did you hear it?* She cried out. *Did you hear it?* Terrified to be discovered, I said no. She was very agitated and my father had a hard time to calm her. After he finally had her asleep, he sat an hour at the table with his head in his hands. I tiptoed around the house, did the chores. I felt terrible not to tell him that my music was the source of what she heard. Even then, though I would not have understood all that my father despaired of, sitting there in the lamplight with his head in his hands, I did know that it had to do with my mother and my secret music and that my father thought she heard something she had not. I did know it would have helped him had I admitted the truth. But now, as I look back, I consider my silence the first decision I made as a true musician. An artist. That I must play was more important to me than my father's pain. I said nothing, but was all the more sly and twice as secretive.

It was a question of survival, after all. If I had not found the music, I would have died of the silence. The rule of quiet in the house became more rigorous and soon my sister fled to the government boarding school. But I was still a child, and if my mother and father sat for hours uttering no word, and required me to do the same, where else was my mind to take itself but music? I saved myself by inventing songs and playing them inside my mind where my parents could not hear them. I made up notes that were not music, exactly, but the pure emotions of my childish heart.