

Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2017

Épreuve EPC

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

EPC

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Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady*, 1881
- Document 2 : 2 A : Photograph from the official Instagram account of American singer Beyoncé, July 2014
2 B : American wartime propaganda poster, "We Can Do It!", produced by J. Howard Miller, 1943
- Document 3 : Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Self-Reliance and Other Essays*, 1841

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 : Henry James, *The Portrait of A Lady*, 1881, pp. 252-253

Madame Merle tossed away the music with a smile. 'What's *your* idea of success?'

'You evidently think it must be a very tame one. It's to see some dream of one's youth come true.'

5 'Ah,' Madame Merle explained, 'that I've never seen! But my dreams were so great – so preposterous. Heaven forgive me, I'm dreaming now!' And she turned back to the piano and began grandly to play. On the morrow she said to Isabel that her definition of success had been very pretty, yet frightfully sad. Measured in that way, who had ever
10 succeeded? The dreams of one's youth, why they were enchanting, they were divine! Who had ever seen such things to pass?

'I myself – a few of them,' Isabel ventured to answer.

'Already? They must have been dreams of yesterday.'

'I began to dream very young,' Isabel smiled.

15 'Ah, if you mean the aspirations of your childhood – that of having a pink sash and a doll that could close her eyes.'

'No, I don't mean that.'

'Or a young man with a fine moustache going down on his knees to you.'

20 'No, nor that either,' Isabel declared with still more emphasis.

Madame Merle appeared to note this eagerness. 'I suspect that's what you do mean. We've all had the young man with the moustache. He's the inevitable young man: he doesn't count.'

25 Isabel was silent a little but spoke with extreme and characteristic inconsequence. 'Why shouldn't he count? There are young men and young men.'

30 'And yours was a paragon – is that what you mean?' asked her friend with a laugh. 'If you've had the identical young man you dreamed of, then that was success, and I congratulate you with all my heart. Only in that case why didn't you fly with him to his castle in the Apennines?'

'He has no castle in the Apennines.'

'What has he? An ugly brick house in Fortieth Street? Don't tell me that; I refuse to recognize that as an ideal.'

'I don't care anything about his house,' said Isabel.

35 ‘That’s very crude of you. When you’ve lived as long as I you’ll see
that every human being has his shell and that you must take the shell into
account. By the shell I mean the whole envelope of circumstances. There’s
no such thing as an isolated man or woman; we’re each of us made up of
some cluster of appurtenances. What shall we call our “self”? Where does
40 it begin? where does it end? It overflows into everything that belongs to
us – and then it flows back again. I know a large part of myself is in the
clothes I choose to wear. I’ve a great respect for *things*! One’s self – for
other people – is one’s expression of one’s self; and one’s house, one’s
furniture, one’s garments, the books one reads, the company one keeps –
45 these things are all expressive.’ This was very metaphysical; not more so,
however, than several observations Madame Merle had already made.
Isabel was fond of metaphysics, but was unable to accompany her friend
into this bold analysis of the human personality. ‘I don’t agree with you. I
think just the other way. I don’t know whether I succeed in expressing
50 myself, but I know that nothing expresses me. Nothing that belongs to me
is any measure of me; everything’s on the contrary a limit, a barrier, and
a perfectly arbitrary one. Certainly the clothes which, as you say, I choose
to wear, don’t express me; and heaven forbid they should!’

 ‘You dress very well,’ Madame Merle lightly interposed.

55 ‘Possibly; but I don’t care to be judged by that. My clothes may
express the dressmaker, but they don’t express me. To begin with it’s not
my own choice that I wear them; they’re imposed upon me by society.’

 ‘Should you prefer to go without them?’ Madame Merle enquired in a
tone which virtually terminated the discussion.

Document 2 A : Photograph from the official Instagram account of American singer Beyoncé, July 2014

Document également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.



Document 2 B : American wartime propaganda poster, "We Can Do It!", produced by J. Howard Miller, 1943

Originally produced for Westinghouse Electric company

Document également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.



Document 3 : Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Self-Reliance and Other Essays*, 1841, pp. 19-20

I READ the other day some verses written by an eminent painter which were original and unconventional. The soul always hears an admonition in such lines, let the subject be what it may. The sentiment they instill is of more value than any thought they may contain. To believe your own
5 thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men, - that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost, - and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last
10 Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is, that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men but what they thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his.