

Agrégation interne d'anglais
Session 2018
Épreuve EPC
Exposé de la préparation d'un cours

EPC
351

Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- **Document 1** : Virginia Woolf, *Mrs Dalloway*, 1925
- **Document 2** : Jean Rhys, *Good Morning, Midnight*, 1939
- **Document 3** : Photograph by Stanley Kubrick, untitled, 1946
- **Document 4** : Miranda Mills, "Chat with Lauren Elkin – Lauren Elkin and the Flâneuse," *Tea and Tattle* (blog), 2017

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 : Virginia Woolf, *Mrs Dalloway*, 1925, pp. 80-81

A sound interrupted him; a frail quivering sound, a voice bubbling up without direction, vigour, beginning or end, running weakly and shrilly and with an absence of all human meaning into

5 ee um fah um so
foo swee too eem oo —

10 the voice of no age or sex, the voice of an ancient spring spouting from the earth; which issued, just opposite Regent's Park Tube station from a tall quivering shape, like a funnel, like a rusty pump, like a wind-beaten tree for ever barren of leaves which lets the wind run up and down its branches singing

ee um fah um so
foo swee too eem oo

and rocks and creaks and moans in the eternal breeze.

15 Through all ages — when the pavement was grass, when it was swamp, through the age of tusk and mammoth, through the age of silent sunrise, the battered woman — for she wore a skirt — with her right hand exposed, her left clutching at her side, stood singing of love — love which has lasted a million years, she sang, love which prevails, and millions of years ago, her lover, who had been dead these centuries, had walked, she
20 crooned, with her in May; but in the course of ages, long as summer days, and flaming, she remembered, with nothing but red asters, he had gone; death's enormous sickle had swept those tremendous hills, and when at last she laid her hoary and immensely aged head on the earth, now
25 become a mere cinder of ice, she implored the Gods to lay by her side a bunch of purple heather, there on her high burial place which the last rays of the last sun caressed; for then the pageant of the universe would be over.

30 As the ancient song bubbled up opposite Regent's Park Tube station still the earth seemed green and flowery; still, though it issued from so rude a mouth, a mere hole in the earth, muddy too, matted with root fibres and tangled grasses, still the old bubbling burbling song, soaking through the knotted roots of infinite ages, and skeletons and treasure, streamed away in rivulets over the pavement and all along the Marylebone Road, and down towards Euston, fertilising, leaving a damp
35 stain.

Document 2 : Jean Rhys, *Good Morning, Midnight*, 1939, pp.88-9

'Another Pernod,' I say.

He brings it. He fills my glass almost to the brim, perhaps in anticipation of another tip, perhaps because he wants to see me drunk as soon as possible, or perhaps because the bottle slipped.

[...]

5 Now the feeling of the room is different. They all know what I am. I'm a woman come in here to get drunk. That happens sometimes. They have a drink, these women, and then they have another and then they start crying silently. And then they go into the lavabo and then they come out - powdered, but with hollow eyes - and, head down, slink into the
10 street.

'Poor woman, she has tears in her eyes.'

'What do you expect? Elle a bu.'

15 That's it, chère madame, I'm drunk. I have drunk. There's nothing to be done about it now. I have drunk. But otherwise quiet, fearful, tamed, prepared to give big tips. (I'll give a big tip if you'll leave me alone.) Bon, bien, bien, bon....

Sometimes somebody comes in for stamps, or a man for a drink. Then you can see outside into the street. And the street walks in. It is one of those streets - dark, powerful, magical....

20 'Oh, there you are,' it says, walking in at the door, 'there you are. Where have you been all this long time?'

Nobody else knows me, but the street knows me.

'And there you are,' I say, finishing my Pernod and rather drunk.

Document 3 : Photograph by Stanley Kubrick, untitled, 1946



Document iconographique également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

Document 4 : Miranda Mills, "Chat with Lauren Elkin – Lauren Elkin and the Flâneuse," *Tea and Tattle* (blog), 2017.

<https://www.teaandtattlepodcast.com/home/38>

Document audio (2'21") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.