

Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2019

Épreuve EPC

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

EPC

517

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Daphné du Maurier, *Rebecca*, Chapter One, Avon books, 1938, pp 1-3.
- Document 2 : E.M. Forster, *Howards End*, 1910
Penguin books 1989, Chapter X, pp 92-93.
- Document 3 : *Restoration Home*, BBC, 2011.

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 : Daphné du Maurier, *Rebecca*, Chapter One, Avon books, 1938, pp. 1–3.

Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me I stood by the iron gate leading to the drive, and for a while I could not enter, for the way was barred to me. There was a padlock and a chain upon the gate. I called in my dream to the lodge-keeper, and had no answer, and peering
5 closer through the rusted spokes of the gate I saw that the lodge was uninhabited. No smoke came from the chimney, and the little lattice windows gaped forlorn. Then, like all dreamers, I was possessed of a sudden with supernatural powers and passed like a spirit through the barrier before me.

10 The drive wound away in front of me, twisting and turning as it had always done, but as I advanced I was aware that a change had come upon it; it was narrow and unkempt, not the drive that we had known. At first I was puzzled and did not understand, and it was only when I bent my head to avoid the low swinging branch of a tree that I realized what
15 had happened. Nature had come into her own again and, little by little, in her stealthy, insidious way had encroached upon the drive with long, tenacious fingers. The woods, always a menace even in the past, had triumphed in the end. They crowded, dark and uncontrolled, to the borders of the drive. The beeches with white, naked limbs leant close to
20 one another, their branches intermingled in a strange embrace, making a vault above my head like the archway of a church. [...]

There was Manderley, our Manderley, secretive and silent as it had always been, the grey stone shining in the moonlight of my dream, the mullioned windows reflecting the green lawns and the terrace. Time could not wreck
25 the perfect symmetry of those walls, nor the site itself, a jewel in the hollow of a hand.

The terrace sloped to the lawns, and the lawns stretched to the sea, and turning I could see the sheet of silver placid under the moon, like a lake undisturbed by wind or storm. No waves would come to ruffle this dream
30 water, and no bulk of cloud, wind-driven from the west, obscure the clarity of this pale sky. I turned again to the house, and though it stood inviolate, untouched, as though we ourselves had left but yesterday, I saw that the garden had obeyed the jungle law, even as the woods had done. [...]

35 Moonlight can play odd tricks upon the fancy, even upon a dreamer's
fancy. As I stood there, hushed and still, I could swear that the house was
not an empty shell but lived and breathed as it had lived before.

Light came from the windows, the curtains blew softly in the night air, and
there, in the library, the door would stand half open as we had left it, with
40 my handkerchief on the table beside the bowl of autumn roses.

Document 2: E.M. Forster, *Howards End*, 1910
Penguin Books, 1989, Chapter X, pp. 92 – 93.

'You spoke of your "next house", Miss Schlegel. Then are you leaving Wickham Place?'

'Yes, in two or three years, when the lease expires. We must.'

'Have you been there long?'

5 'All our lives.'

'You will be very sorry to leave it.'

'I suppose so. We scarcely realize it yet. My father –' She broke off, for they had reached the stationery department of the Haymarket Stores, and Mrs. Wilcox wanted to order some private greeting-cards. [...]

10 They returned to the carriage by devious paths; when they were in, she said, 'But couldn't you get it renewed?'

'I beg your pardon?' asked Margaret.

'The lease, I mean.'

15 'Oh, the lease! Have you been thinking of that all the time? How very kind of you!'

'Surely something could be done.'

'No; values have risen too enormously. They mean to pull down Wickham Place, and build flats like yours.'

'But how horrible!'

20 'Landlords are horrible.'

Then she said vehemently: 'It is monstrous, Miss Schlegel; it isn't right. I had no idea that this was hanging over you. I do pity you from the bottom of my heart. To be parted from your house, your father's house - it oughtn't to be allowed. It is worse than dying. I would rather die than -
25 oh, poor girls! Can what they call civilization be right, if people mayn't die in the room where they were born? My dear, I am so sorry -'

Margaret did not know what to say. Mrs Wilcox had been overtired by the shopping, and was inclined to hysteria.

30 'Howards End was nearly pulled down once. It would have killed me.'

'Howards End must be a very different house to ours. We are fond of ours, but there is nothing distinctive about it. As you saw, it is an ordinary London house. We shall easily find another.'

'So you think.'

Document 3: *Restoration Home*, BBC, 2011.

Document vidéo (1'39") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.