

Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2019

Épreuve EPC

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

EPC

527

Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- Document 1 : http://www.webexhibits.org/poetry/explore_21_performance_atglance.html (screenshot)
- Document 2 : Kate Tempest, "Icarus", 2011 (video)
- Document 3 : Lemn Sissay, "Pass It On", 2012 (video)
- Document 4 : Kate Tempest, "My Shakespeare" (spoken word poem), commissioned by the Royal Shakespeare Company, 2012

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 : http://www.webexhibits.org/poetry/explore_21_performance_atglance.html (screenshot)

The screenshot shows a website titled "Poetry through the Ages" with a "WebExhibits" logo. The main content area is titled "Performance Poetry" and contains two paragraphs of text. The first paragraph discusses the resurgence of performance poetry as a reaction against mainstream, print-based poetry. The second paragraph discusses the growth of performance poetry, attributed to the popularity of slam. To the right of the main text is a sidebar titled "Performance Poetry" with several categories: Rhyme (Varied), Structure (Varied; some varieties of spoken word rely on improvisation), Measure/Beat (Crucial, but performance poets challenge themselves to adhere their language to innovative rhythmic structures), and Common Themes (While performance poems capture a wide range of themes, many pieces focus on social and political critique). A navigation menu on the left includes options like Home, Node view, Background, Famous forms, Classic forms, Obscure forms, 21st century forms, Visual poetry, Ads & mass media, Performance poetry (selected), Song lyrics, Node poems, Synthetic Poems, Books, Museum shop, and About. At the bottom of the main text area, there are "Previous" and "Next" navigation buttons.

Document également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

Document 2 : Kate Tempest, "Icarus", 2011

Document vidéo (3'02") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

Document 3 : Lemn Sissay, "Pass It On", performed at the "Authors Live: Poetry Slam" event in Glasgow, 13 April 2012

<http://scottishbooktrust.com>

Document vidéo (0'53") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

Document 4 : Kate Tempest, "My Shakespeare" (spoken word poem),
commissioned by the Royal Shakespeare Company, 2012

He's in every lover who ever stood alone beneath a window,
In every jealous whispered word,
in every ghost that will not rest.

He's in every father with a favourite,
5 Every eye that stops to linger
On what someone else has got, and feels the tightening in their chest.

He's in every young man growing boastful,
Every worn out elder, drunk all day;
muttering false prophecies and squandering their lot.

10 He's there – in every mix-up that spirals far out of control – and never
seems to end, even when its beginnings are forgot.

He's in every girl who ever used her wits. Who ever did her best.

In every vain admirer,
Every passionate, ambitious social climber,
15 And in every misheard word that ever led to tempers fraying,
Every pawn that moves exactly as the player wants it to,
And still remains convinced that it's not playing.

He's in every star-crossed lover, in every thought that ever set your teeth
20 on edge, in every breathless hero, stepping closer to the ledge, his is the
method in our madness, as pure as the driven snow – his is the hair standing
on end, he saw that all that glittered was not gold. He knew we hadn't slept
a wink, and that our hearts were upon our sleeves, and that the beast with
two backs had us all upon our knees as we fought fire with fire, he knew
25 that too much of a good thing, can leave you up in arms, the pen is mightier
than the sword, still his words seem to sing our names as they strike, and
his is the milk of human kindness, warm enough to break the ice – his, the
green-eyed monster, in a pickle, still, discretion is the better part of valour,
his letters with their arms around each other's shoulders, swagger towards
30 the ends of their sentences, pleased with what they've done, his words are
the setting for our stories – he has become a poet whose poetics have
embedded themselves deep within the fabric of our language, he's in our
mouths, his words have tangled round our own and given rise to
expressions so effective in expressing how we feel, we can't imagine how
we'd feel without them.

- 35 See – he’s less the tights and garters – more the sons demanding answers
from the absence of their fathers.
The hot darkness of your last embrace.
He’s in the laughter of the night before, the tightened jaw of the morning
after,
- 40 He’s in us. Part and parcel of our Royals and our rascals.
He’s more than something taught in classrooms, in language that’s hard to
understand,
he’s more than a feeling of inadequacy when we sit for our exams,
He’s in every wise woman, every pitiful villain,
- 45 Every great king, every sore loser, every fake tear,
His legacy exists in the life that lives in everything he’s written,
And me, I see him everywhere, he’s my Shakespeare.