Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- 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.
Performance Poetry

Performance poetry uses the stage as the page, transforming poetry readings into theatrical events. While the recent resurgence of performance poets is seen as a reaction against mainstream, print-based poetry, the style harkens back to the classic role of the poet, who recited notable happenings, emotions, and perceptions.

And while traditional poems utilized standard structures, in part to serve as mnemonic devices, contemporary performance poetry calls upon experimental rhythms as a means to engage an audience in the listening experience.

The recent growth of performance poetry can be attributed to the popularity of slam, a self-identified movement dedicated to creating real-time discourse between performer and audience. While poetry slam cannot be categorized like a sonnet or a haiku, any form or style of poetry can be turned into slam by virtue of the poet's performance on stage. This inclusive art form invites all people to participate, whether as a poet, audience member, or judge.

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,
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.
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,
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 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 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 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.
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,

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,

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.