

Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2019

Épreuve EPC

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

EPC

576

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Julian Barnes, *Arthur & George*, London, Vintage Books, 2006, pp.74-75.
- Document 2 : Kirby Ferguson, *Everything is a Remix*, 2011.
- Document 3 : Mark Crick, *Kafka's Soup: A Complete History of Literature in 17 Recipes*, "Lamb with Dill Sauce à la Raymond Chandler", Granta Books, London, 2007.

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 : Julian Barnes, *Arthur & George*, London, Vintage Books, 2006, pp.74-75.

5 He had brought detectivism up to date. He had rid it of the slow-thinking representatives of the old school, those ordinary mortals who gained applause for deciphering palpable clues laid right in their path. In their place he had put a cool, calculating figure who could see the clue to a murder in a ball of worsted, and certain conviction in a saucer of milk.

10 Holmes provided Arthur with sudden fame and – something the England captaincy would never have done – money. He bought a decent-sized house in South Norwood, whose deep walled garden had room for a tennis ground. He put his grandfather's bust in the entrance hall and lodged his Arctic trophies on top of a bookcase. He found an office for Wood, who seemed to have attached himself as permanent staff. Lottie had returned from working as a governess in Portugal and Connie, despite being the decorative one, was proving an invaluable hand at the typewriter. He had acquired a machine in Southsea but never managed to manipulate it with success himself. He was more dextrous with the tandem bicycle he pedalled with Touie. When she became pregnant again, he exchanged it for a tricycle, driven by masculine power alone. On fine afternoons he would project them on thirty-mile missions across the Surrey Hills.

20 He became accustomed to success, to being recognized and inspected; also to the various pleasures and embarrassments of the newspaper interview.

'It says you are a happy, genial, homely man.' Touie was smiling back at the magazine. 'Tall, broad-shouldered and with a hand that grips you heartily, and, in its sincerity of welcome, hurts.'

25 'Who is that?'

'*The Strand Magazine.*'

'Ah. Mr How, as I recall. Not one of nature's sportsmen, I suspected at the time. The paw of a poodle. What does he say of you, my dear?'

'He says... Oh, I cannot read it.'

30 'I insist. You know how I love to see you blush.'

'He says... I am "a most charming woman".' And, on cue, she blushed, and hurriedly changed the subject. 'Mr How says, that "Dr Doyle invariably conceives the end of his story first, and writes up to it". You never told me that, Arthur.'

35 ‘Did I not? Perhaps because it is as plain as a packstaff. How can you make sense of the beginning unless you know the ending? It’s entirely logical when you reflect upon it. What else does our friend have to say for himself?’

40 ‘That your ideas come up to you at all manner of times – when out walking, cricketing, tricycling, or playing tennis. Is that the case, Arthur? Does that account for your occasional absent-mindedness on the court?’

 ‘I might have been putting on the dog a little.’ (...)

45 Arthur had become a face in literary circles. He counted Jerome and Barrie as friends; had met Meredith and Wells. He had dined with Oscar Wilde, finding him thoroughly civil and agreeable, not least because the fellow had read his *Micah Clarke*. Arthur now reckoned he would run Holmes for not more than two years – three at most, before killing him off. Then he would concentrate on historical novels, which he had always known were the best of him.

Document 2 : Kirby Ferguson, *Everything is a Remix*, 2011.

<https://www.everythingisaremix.info/watch-the-series/>

Document vidéo (1'18") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

Document 3 : Mark Crick, *Kafka's Soup: A Complete History of Literature in 17 Recipes*, "Lamb with Dill Sauce à la Raymond Chandler", Granta Books, London, 2007, pp.7-8.

1kg lean leg of lamb, cut into large chunks
1 onion, sliced
1 carrot, cut into sticks
1 tablespoon crushed dill seeds, or 3-4 sprigs fresh dill
5 1 bay leaf
12 peppercorns
1/2 teaspoon salt
850ml chicken stock
50g butter
10 1 tablespoon plain flour
1 egg yolk
3 tablespoons cream
2 teaspoons lemon juice
Freshly ground black pepper

15 I sipped on my whisky sour, ground out my cigarette on the chopping board and watched a bug trying to crawl out of the basin. I needed a table at Maxim's, a hundred bucks and a gorgeous blonde; what I had was a leg of lamb and no clues. I took hold of the joint. It felt cold and damp, like a coroner's handshake. I took out a knife and cut the lamb into pieces.
20 the blade in my hand I sliced an onion, and before I knew what I was doing a carrot lay in pieces on the slab. None of them moved. I threw the lot into a pan with a bunch of dill stalks, a bay leaf, a handful of peppercorns and a pinch of salt. They had it coming to them, so I covered them with chicken stock and turned up the heat. I wanted them to boil slowly, just about as
25 slowly as anything can boil. An hour and a half and a half-pint of bourbon later they weren't so tough and neither was I. I separated the meat from the vegetables and covered it to keep it moist. The knife was still in my hand but I couldn't hear any sirens.

30 In this town the grease always rises to the top, so I strained the juice and skimmed off the fat. I added more water and put it back on the heat. It was time to deal with the butter and flour, so I mixed them together into a paste and added it to the stock. There wasn't a whisk, so using my blackjack I beat out any lumps until the paste was smooth. It started to boil, so I let it simmer for two minutes.

35 I roughed up the egg yolk and cream and mixed in some of the hot sauce before putting the lot back into the pan. I put the squeeze on a lemon and it soon juiced. It was easy. It was much too easy, but I knew if I let the sauce boil the yolk was gonna scramble.

40 By now I was ready to pour the sauce over the meat and serve, but I wasn't hungry. The blonde hadn't showed. She was smarter than I thought. I went outside to poison myself, with cigarettes and whisky.