

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION  
D'UN COURS****450**

Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- Document 1 : Richard Yates, *Revolutionary Road*, 1961.
- Document 2 : Betty Friedan, *The Feminine Mystique*, 1963.
- Document 3 : Andrea Gallo, "Woman's Place is in the Kitchen", *The Advocate*, September 21, 2015.
- Document 4 : Capture d'écran, 2016, [shop.hillaryclinton.com](http://shop.hillaryclinton.com).

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**

5 She had spent the day at a kind of work she had always hated and lately  
allowed herself to neglect: cleaning the parts of the house that didn't  
show. Breathing dust and spitting cobwebs, she had hauled and bumped  
the vacuum cleaner into all the corners of all the rooms and crawled with  
10 it under all the beds; she had cleaned each tile and fixture in the  
bathroom with a scouring powder whose scent gave her a headache, and  
she had thrust herself head and shoulders into the oven to swab with  
ammonia at its clinging black scum. She had torn up a loose flap of  
linoleum near the stove to reveal what looked like a long brown stain until  
15 it came alive – a swarm of ants that seemed still to be crawling inside her  
clothes for hours afterwards – and she'd even tried to straighten up the  
dripping disorder of the cellar, where a wet corrugated-paper box of  
rubbish fell apart in her hands as she lifted it out of a puddle, releasing all  
its mildewed contents in a splash from which an orange-spotted lizard  
emerged and sped away across her shoe. By the time Frank came home  
she was too tired to feel like talking.

Richard Yates, *Revolutionary Road*, 1961, p. 258

## Document 2

A friend of mine, an able writer turned full-time housewife, had her suburban dream house designed by an architect to her own specifications, during the period when she defined herself as housewife and no longer wrote. The house, which cost approximately \$50,000, was almost literally one big kitchen. There was a separate studio for her husband, who was a photographer, and cubbyholes for sleeping, but there wasn't any place where she could get out of the kitchen, away from her children, during the working hours. The gorgeous mahogany and stainless steel of her custom-built kitchen cabinets and electric appliances were indeed a dream, but when I saw that house, I wondered where, if she ever wanted to write again, she would put her typewriter.

It's strange how few places there are in those spacious houses and those sprawling suburbs where you can go to be alone. A sociologist's study of upper-income suburban wives who married young and woke, after fifteen years of child-living, PTA, do-it-yourself, garden-and-barbecue, to the realization that they wanted to do some real work themselves, found that the ones who did something about this often moved back to the city. But among the women I talked to, this moment of personal truth was more likely to be marked by adding a room with a door to their open-plan house, or simply by putting a door on one room in the house, "so I can have some place to myself, just a door to shut between me and the children when I want to think"—or work, study, be alone.

Most American housewives, however, do not shut that door. As another social scientist said, the American housewife's dilemma is that she does not have the privacy to follow real interests of her own, but even if she had more time and space to herself, she would not know what to do with it.

Betty Friedan, *The Feminine Mystique*,  
chapter 10 "Housewifery Expands to Fill the Time Available",  
1963, p. 201

## Document 3

### **'WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE KITCHEN': COMMENT BATON ROUGE GOP COMMITTEE MEMBER MADE IN JEST SHOCKS LEGISLATIVE CANDIDATE** Committee member says he was joking; candidate disagrees

Legislative candidate Paula Davis was taken aback recently when a member of the Republican Party's local executive committee told her that "a woman's place is in the kitchen," a comment others present said was made in jest.

5 Davis, a Republican, is running for the open District 69 House seat along with Republican Metro Councilman Ryan Heck and Democratic attorney Mark Holden. She said she was shocked when former School Board member Jerry Arbour uttered that phrase during her interview for the endorsement.

10 But Arbour insists he made the statement as a lighthearted joke. The incident happened in August at the home of East Baton Rouge Republican Party Executive Committee chairman Woody Jenkins, where the candidates interviewed. Davis talked to the committee first, and then Jenkins asked her to wait in his kitchen — as all candidates were asked to do — while her opponent, Heck, interviewed.

15 "A woman's place is in the kitchen," Arbour added. Davis said she turned to him and said, "I can't believe you just said that." The committee's vice chairwoman and School Board member Connie Bernard heard the remark and said Arbour didn't intend to offend Davis.

20 "I made that comment in a joking matter because it was a tense, relatively long meeting," Arbour said. "I didn't think anything of it, nor did anyone else. When I found out she took offense to it, I went and apologized."

Davis said Arbour would not have needed to apologize if his comment was actually a joke. She said his tone was serious.

25 "I said, 'What you said disgusts me,' " Davis said she told Arbour after his apology.

Arbour said he is not a chauvinist and that his comment does not represent his views on women. He said he has supported multiple women's bids for public office, including 1st Circuit Court of Appeal Judge Toni Higginbotham and former Commissioner of Elections Suzanne Terrell. Jenkins said he did not hear Arbour's comment, though he was in the room at the time. He said Arbour's statement was not offensive, unless someone is "hypersensitive."

30 "It was completely meaningless," Jenkins said. "It's just how people talk, it's just lighthearted banter. It's no big deal."

Jenkins said the committee will endorse a candidate for the Oct. 24 election, but they have not announced their endorsement yet.

40 "We try to be fair and equitable to everyone without regard to gender or race," Bernard said about the endorsement process.

Neither of Davis' opponents said they agree with what Arbour said.



Heck, who sits on the executive committee but was outside of the room when the incident happened, said Arbour's statement does not reflect the beliefs of the committee or the Republican Party as a whole. Holden  
45 described himself as "pro-family and pro-women's rights."  
Davis said the comment lit a fire under her campaign, but that she does not want people to vote for her only because she is a woman. She said she would rather people vote for her based on her experience as a former Louisiana deputy commissioner of insurance.  
50 "A woman's place is in the kitchen, in the board room, in the Legislature, wherever she wants it to be," Davis said.

Andrea Gallo, "Woman's Place is in the Kitchen",  
*The Advocate*, September 21, 2015

## Document 4

2016 screen capture of:

<https://shop.hillaryclinton.com/products/stitch-by-stitch-throw-pillow>

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**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION  
D'UN COURS****510**

Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- Document 1 : Robin Turner, "Miners Strike: When the Gay Community Stood up for the Miners", *The Guardian*, March 21, 2014.
- Document 2 : Bande annonce du film *Pride*, Matthew Warchus, 2014
- Document 3 : Affiche de la pièce *Pits and Perverts*, 2013
- Document 4 : Paroles de la chanson *There is power in a union* de Billy Bragg, 1986, générique du film *Pride*

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

### Miners Strike: When the Gay Community Stood up for the Miners

Before the titanic struggle between miners and Margaret Thatcher, it would have been hard to imagine a colliers' minibus running around South Wales with the slogan on its doors pronouncing : "This vehicle was donated by the Lesbians' and Gay men's miners' support group."

5 But in the summer of 1984, a group of gay and lesbian activists in London, at a time when the AIDS issue was seeing prejudices come to the fore, decided to raise money to support the families of striking miners.

The activists saw the miners as another group who were seemingly being ostracised by society, particularly after Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher  
10 labelled the strikers "the enemy within".

By December 1984, the London group had collected over £11,000 by a mixture of pub, club and street collections, benefits, parties and other events and were able to donate a minibus to a miners' support group in the Dulais Valley near Neath.

15 One of the highlights of the fund raising events was undoubtedly the "Pits and Perverts" concert at the Electric Ballroom where Bronski Beat headed the bill and where £5,650 was raised for the miners.

It was the Sun newspaper which at the time described the concert as a  
20 "Pits and Perverts" function. Meant to undermine the striking miners and their new found allies, it backfired and only served to strengthen support from the broader community against the "Iron Lady".

At the concert, David Donovan, a South Wales miner, said in a speech to the miners' new comrades: "You have worn our badge 'Coal not Dole' and you know what harassment means, as we do.

25 "Now we will pin your badge on us, we will support you. It won't change overnight, but now 140,000 miners know that there are other causes and other problems. We know about blacks, and gays, and nuclear disarmament. And we will never be the same."

[...]

30 Dulais Valley born Aberavon AM Hywel Francis, son of miners' leader Dai Francis and author of History On Our Side: Wales and the 1984/85 Miners' Strike, said: "In South Wales we wanted to broaden the appeal of the miners' case and we did it through links with women's groups, trade union groups like Brent NALGO, peace groups like CND, and the gays and  
35 lesbians, who became some of the main advocates of the miners' cause.

"The outstanding speaker in these meetings and rallies was Sian James (now the Swansea East MP), from our women's support group, who spoke at the first London Gay pride March, with the Abernant NUM banner in pride of place at the head of the march."

40 [...]

After beginning with the London group, by February 1985 there were eleven lesbians' and gay men's miners' support groups all over the country.



45 At the October 1984 Labour Party conference, the NUM who dominated the conference, sent the following message of support: "Support civil liberties and the struggle of lesbian and gay people. We welcome the links formed with South Wales and other areas. Our struggle is yours. Victory to the miners."

Robin Turner, *The Guardian*, March 21, 2014

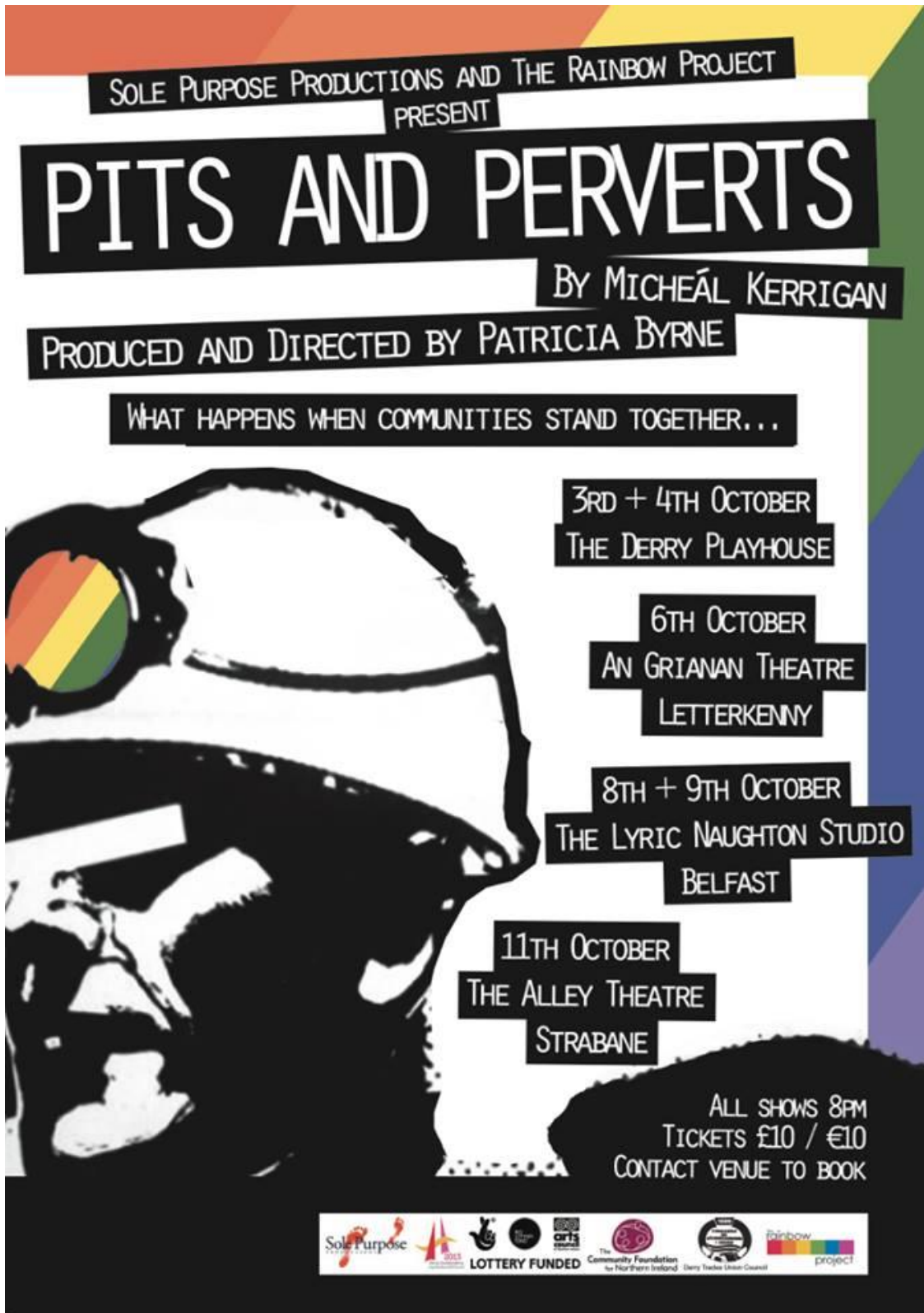
## **Document 2**

À consulter sur tablette

Video (2'30'') - Trailer of *Pride* (2014), directed by Matthew Warchus

**Document 3**

À consulter sur tablette



SOLE PURPOSE PRODUCTIONS AND THE RAINBOW PROJECT  
PRESENT

# PITS AND PERVERTS

BY MICHEÁL KERRIGAN  
PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY PATRICIA BYRNE

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN COMMUNITIES STAND TOGETHER...

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Poster for the play *Pits and Perverts*, 2013

## Document 4

There is power in a union  
There is power in a factory, power in the land  
Power in the hands of a worker  
But it all amounts to nothing if together we don't stand  
5 There is power in a union  
Now the lessons of the past were all learned with workers blood  
The mistakes of the bosses we must pay for  
From the cities and the farmlands to trenches full of mud  
War has always been the bosses way, sir  
10 The union forever defending our rights  
Down with the blackleg\*, all workers unite  
With our brothers and our sisters from many far off lands  
There is power in a union  
Now I long for the morning that they realize  
15 Brutality and unjust laws cannot defeat us  
But who'll defend the workers, who cannot organize  
When the bosses send their lackies out to cheat us?  
Money speaks for money, the devil for his own  
Who comes to speak for the skin and the bone  
20 What a comfort to the widow, a light to the child  
There is power in a union  
The union forever defending our rights  
Down with the blackleg, all workers unite  
With our brothers and our sisters, together we will stand  
25 There is power in a union.

\*blackleg= derogatory term for a strikebreaker

Billy Bragg, *There is Power in a Union*, 1986

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION  
D'UN COURS****511**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Portrait de famille pour l'épisode de Noël de la série télévisée *Downton Abbey*, itv.com, 2011.
- Document 2 : Extrait du roman *A Delicate Truth*, John Le Carré, 2013.
- Document 3 : Vidéo – Extrait du reportage *UK 'now has seven social classes'*, *BBC News*, 2013.

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

À consulter sur tablette



Christmas portrait of the Downton Abbey household, itv.com, 2011

## Document 2

Kit and Suzanna, as they insisted on being called, could do no wrong, even if the levellers in the village would have wished it different. Where the commander in his later years was remembered as a lonely, misanthropic drunk, the Manor's new incumbents threw themselves on  
5 village life with such zest and goodwill as even the sourest couldn't deny. It didn't matter that Kit was practically rebuilding the Manor single-handed: come Fridays, he'd be down at Community House with an apron round his waist, serving suppers at Seniors' Stake-Nite and staying for the wash-up. And Suzanna, who they say is ill but you wouldn't know it, like  
10 as not helping out with the Busy Bees or sorting church accounts with Vicar after the treasurer went and died, or down Primary School for the Sure Starters' concert, or up Church Hall to help set up for Farmer's Market, or delivering deprived city kids to their country hosts for a week's holiday away from the Smoke, or running somebody's wife to the Treliske  
15 in Truro to see her sick husband. And stuck-up? – forget it, she was just like you and me, ladyship or not.

Or if Kit was out shopping and spotted you across the street, it was a pound to a penny he'd be bounding towards you between the traffic with his arm up, needing to know how your daughter was enjoying her gap  
20 year or how your wife was doing after her dad passed away – warm-hearted to a fault, he was, no side to him either, and never forgets a name. As for Emily, their daughter, who's a doctor up in London, though you wouldn't think it to look at her: well, whenever she came down she brought the sunshine with her, ask John Treglowan, who goes into a  
25 swoon every time he sees her, dreaming up all the aches and pains he hasn't got, just to have her cure them for him! Well, a cat may look at a queen, they do say.

So it came as no surprise to anybody, except possibly Kit himself, when Sir Christopher Probyn of the Manor was paid the unprecedented, the  
30 unique honour, of becoming the first non-Cornishman ever to be elected Official Opener and Lord of Misrule for Master Bailey's Annual Fayre, held by ancient rite in Bailey's Meadow in the village of St Pirran on the first Sunday after Easter.

John Le Carré, *A Delicate Truth*, 2013, pp. 144-145.

### **Document 3**

À consulter sur tablette

Video (2'36): Extract from the BBC News report *UK 'now has seven social classes'*, 2013.

Source: <http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-22011732>



## AGRÉGATION INTERNE D'ANGLAIS

SESSION 2016

Épreuves orales

EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION  
D'UN COURS**512**

Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- **Document 1** : *Wherefore Art Thou Robo-Shakespeare? Or Better Yet, How?* – NPR, 2014.
- **Document 2** : *Human v. Computer Poetry Slam* – Radio 4, 2013
- **Document 3** : *MIT student uses machine-learning to teach a machine how to compose sonnets* – Ross Brooks, PSFK, January 28<sup>th</sup>, 2014.
- **Document 4** : *Sonnet 18* – William Shakespeare, 1608.

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## **Document 1**

À consulter sur tablette

Audio (2'23): *Wherefore Art Thou Robo-Shakespeare? Or Better Yet, How?*

Source: NPR, February 10, 2014

**Document 2**

À consulter sur tablette

Audio (1'02): *Human v. Computer Poetry Slam*

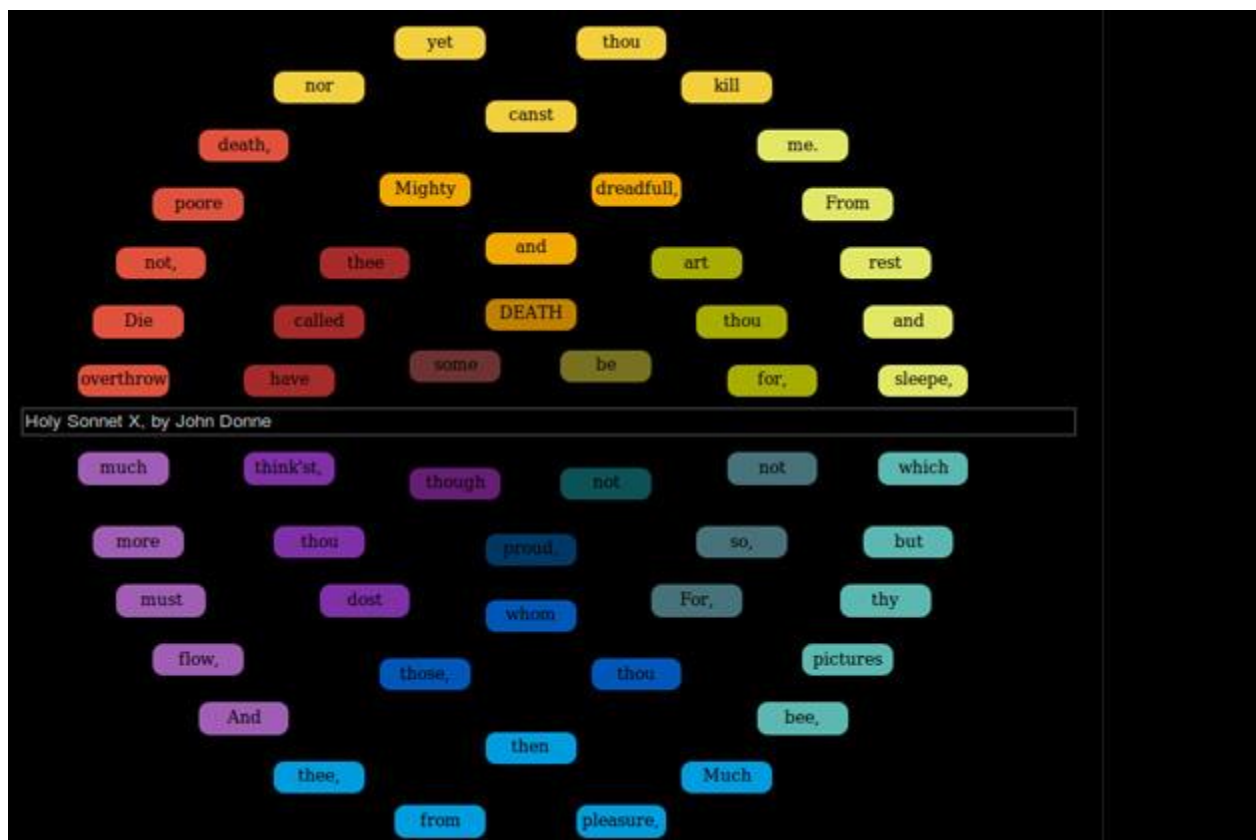
Source: *Something Understood*, Radio 4, November 10, 2013

### Document 3

#### **MIT student uses machine-learning to teach a machine how to compose sonnets.**

Machine learning was recently named as the force behind a potential cure for HIV, but now it's a process that is also capable of more artistic endeavours. MIT PhD student J. Nathan Matias used the popular machine-learning Android app Swiftkey in combination with some of Shakespeare's famous words to produce sonnets that rival the master himself.

Swiftkey is an Android input app that uses an algorithm to predict what word you intend to type next, and can be extremely accurate once it understands your patterns and behaviours. Using the app's standard programming, Matias used a dataset of Shakespeare's words which was incorporated into the algorithm. He also created "Swift-speare," which provides a touchscreen interface to write poetry.



You would be hard pressed to tell that the following sonnet was written by a machine:

15 *When I in dreams behold thy fairest shade  
Whose shade in dreams doth wake the sleeping morn  
The daytime shadow of my love betray'd  
Lends hideous night to dreaming's faded form*

20 *Were painted frowns to gild mere false rebuff*  
*Then should'st my heart be patient as the sands*  
*For nature's smile is ornament enough*  
*When thy gold lips unloose their drooping bands*  
*As clouds occlude the globe's enshrouded fears*  
25 *Which can by no astron'my be assail'd*  
*Thus, thyne appearance tears in atmospheres*  
*No fond perceptions nor no gaze unveils*  
*Disperse the clouds which banish light from thee*  
*For no tears be true, until we truly see*

30 Machine-learning still requires a human element, which means it won't replace human poets anytime soon. But if the technology continues to advance and learn how to function independently, it could quite possibly have what it takes to join the ranks of famous poets such as Shakespeare himself.

Ross Brooks , "MIT student uses machine-learning to teach a machine how to compose sonnets", *PSFK*, 28 january 2014

[*"PSFK* is a future-forward online resource that provide professionals with a forecast into the smarter and better future, acting as a hub for design, advertising, retail, technology, travel and arts & culture news"]

**Document 4**

*Sonnet 18*

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
5 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
10 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

William Shakespeare, 1608

# EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION D'UN COURS

# 530

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Chromolithographie *The Past and the Future*, Thomas Nast, in *Harper's Weekly*, 1863.
- Document 2 : Extrait de Ernest J. Gaines, *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*, 1971.
- Document 3 : Bande annonce de *Twelve Years a Slave*, Steve McQueen, imdb.com, 2013.

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**

À consulter sur tablette.



*The Past and the Future, Thomas Nast, in Harper's Weekly, 1863*



## Document 2

I had been trying to get Miss Jane Pittman to tell me the story of her life for several years now, but each time I asked her she told me there was no story to tell. I told her she was over a hundred years old, she had been a slave in this country, so there had to be a story. When school closed for the summer in 1962 I went back to the plantation where she lived. I told her I wanted her story before school opened in September, and I would not take no for an answer.

"You won't?" she said.

"No, ma'am."

"Then I reckon I better say something," she said.

"You don't have to say a thing," Mary said.

Mary Hodges was a big brown-skin woman in her early sixties who lived in the same house that Miss Jane did and looked after Miss Jane.

"If I don't he go'n just worry me to death," Miss Jane said.

"What you want know about Miss Jane for?" Mary said.

"I teach history," I said. "I'm sure her life's story can help me explain things to my students."

"What's wrong with them books you already got?" Mary said.

"Miss Jane is not in them," I said.

"It's all right, Mary," Miss Jane said.

"You don't have to say nothing less you want," Mary said.

"He'll just keep on bothering me."

"Not if you tell him stay 'way from here," Mary said. "And I can always borrow Etienne's shotgun."

"When you want start?" Miss Jane said.

"You mean it's all right?" I said.

Now, they just looked at me. I couldn't read Miss Jane's mind. When a person is over a hundred years old it's hard to tell what she is thinking. But Mary was only in her sixties, and I could read her mind well. She still wanted to borrow Etienne's shotgun.

"Is Monday all right?" I asked.

"Monday's good," Miss Jane said.

I had planned to record Miss Jane's story on tape that summer before school opened again. After the first two weeks I was sure I could do it. But during that third week everything slowed up to an almost complete halt. Miss Jane began to forget everything. I don't know whether she was doing this purposely or not, but suddenly she could not remember anything any more. The only thing that saved me was that there were other people at the house every day that I interviewed her, and they were glad to help in every way that they could.

Ernest J. Gaines, *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*, 1971, pp. v-vi.

### **Document 3**

À consulter sur tablette

Video (2'22): Official trailer of *Twelve Years a Slave*, Steve McQueen, 2013.

Source: <http://www.imdb.com/video/imdb/vi1693624601>

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION  
D'UN COURS****550**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Extrait de Jane Austen, *Persuasion*, 1818.
- Document 2 : Extrait de *Shrek 2*, de Andrew Adamson, Kelly Asbury et Conrad Vernon, 2004.
- Document 3 : Article d'Anna Moore, « Relationships: A class course in wedded bliss », *The Mail on Sunday*, 18 January 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

He was not Mr. Wentworth, the former curate of Monkford, however suspicious appearances may be, but a Captain Frederick Wentworth, his brother, who being made commander in consequence of the action off St Domingo\*, and not immediately employed, had come into Somersetshire, in the summer of 1806; and having no parent living, found a home for half a year at Monkford. He was, at that time, a remarkably fine young man, with a great deal of intelligence, spirit and brilliancy; and Anne an extremely pretty girl, with gentleness, modesty, taste, and feeling. Half the sum of attraction, on either side, might have been enough, for he had nothing to do, and she had hardly any body to love; but the encounter of such lavish recommendations could not fail. They were gradually acquainted, and when acquainted, rapidly and deeply in love. It would be difficult to say which had seen highest perfection in the other, or which had been the happiest; she, in receiving his declarations and proposals, or he in having them accepted.

A short period of exquisite felicity followed, and but a short one. Troubles soon arose. Sir Walter, on being applied to, without actually withholding his consent, or saying it should never be, gave it all the negative of great astonishment, great coldness, great silence, and a professed resolution of doing nothing for his daughter. He thought it a very degrading alliance; and Lady Russell, though with more tempered and pardonable pride, received it as a most unfortunate one.

Anne Elliot, with all her claims of birth, beauty, and mind, to throw herself away at nineteen - involve herself at nineteen in an engagement with a young man, who had nothing but himself to recommend him, and no hopes of attaining affluence but in the chances of a most uncertain profession, and no connexions to secure even his farther rise in that profession - would be, indeed, a throwing away, which she grieved to think of! Anne Elliot, so young; known to so few, to be snatched off by a stranger without alliance or fortune; or rather sunk by him into a state of most wearing, anxious, youth-killing dependence! It must not be, if by any fair interference of friendship, any representations from one who had almost a mother's love, and mother's rights, it would be prevented.

Captain Wentworth had no fortune. He had been lucky in his profession; but spending freely, what had come freely, had realized nothing. But he was confident that he should soon be rich; full of life and ardour, he knew that he should soon have a ship, and soon be on a station that would lead to every thing he wanted. He had always been lucky; he knew he should be so still. Such confidence, powerful in its own warmth, and bewitching in the wit which often expressed it, must have been enough for Anne; but Lady Russell saw it very differently. His sanguine temper, and fearlessness of mind, operated very differently on her. She saw in it but an aggravation of the evil. It only added a dangerous character to himself. He was brilliant, he was headstrong. Lady

45 Russell had little taste for wit, and of any thing approaching to  
imprudence a horror. She deprecated the connexion in every light.

Such opposition, as these feelings produced, was more than Anne  
could combat. Young and gentle as she was, it might yet have been  
possible to withstand her father's ill-will, though unsoftened by one kind  
50 word or look on the part of her sister; but Lady Russell, whom she had  
always loved and relied on, could not, with such steadiness of opinion, and  
such tenderness of manner, be continually advising her in vain. She was  
persuaded to believe the engagement a wrong thing - indiscreet,  
improper, hardly capable of success, and not deserving it. But it was not a  
55 merely selfish caution, under which she acted, in putting an end to it. Had  
she not imagined herself consulting his good, even more than her own,  
she could hardly have given him up. The belief of being prudent, and self-  
denying principally for *his* advantage, was her chief consolation, under the  
misery of a parting, a final parting; and every consolation was required,  
60 for she had to encounter all the additional pain of opinions, on his side,  
totally unconvinced and unbending, and of his feeling himself ill-used by  
so forced a relinquishment. He had left the country in consequence.

\*The British naval victory of February 1806

**Jane Austen, *Persuasion*, 1818**

## **Document 2**

À consulter sur tablette

Video (2'55'') : A scene from *Shrek 2*, Andrew Adamson, Kelly Asbury and Conrad Vernon, 2004.

**Document 3****Relationships: A class course in wedded bliss**

*As 'commoner' Kate Middleton prepares to marry into the royal family, Anna Moore asks what it takes to sustain a successful relationship that spans the social divide...*

5 So far, Kate Middleton has risen above the sniggers with perfect grace. When members of Prince William's circle reportedly took to greeting her with whispers of 'Doors to manual' (in reference to her mother's former job as an airline stewardess), Kate grinned and bore it. The barbed references to her parents' Party Pieces mail-order company and her mother chewing gum throughout William's passing-out ceremony from Sandhurst must have hurt too – but through it all, Kate smiled and shone, and appears to have had the last laugh. Or does the hard part start now?

10 Although Kate will be the first middle-class queen-in-waiting after the royal wedding, recent months have witnessed other high-profile 'cross-class' unions. Last summer, Crown Princess Victoria of Sweden, heir to the country's throne, married her former personal trainer, gym owner Daniel Westling. Closer to home, Lady Edwina Grosvenor, the Duke of Westminster's daughter, married TV presenter Dan Snow in November.

15 Despite these instances – and though we live in an increasingly 'open' and 'mobile' society – it's striking how few of us 'marry up' (or indeed 'down'). We can find partners with the click of a mouse, search from Moscow to Maputo, yet studies from the US and Germany have found that, on the whole, like still attracts like. People with the same social background, ethnicity and religion are more likely to marry. In the UK too, the Institute  
20 for Social and Economic Research (ISER) has found little evidence of social mobility through marriage. High earners tend to marry high earners; graduates tend to marry graduates. In addition, according to ISER, couples from similar backgrounds seem to suffer less marital stress than  
25 those from differing circumstances. [...]

30 [Yet] agony aunt and Relate-trained counsellor Suzie Hayman has a good feeling about [Prince William and Kate Middleton]. 'They have more in common than you might think,' she says. 'They both went to public schools and were at university together, and have built up a background together. Also, Kate seems to have come from a very stable, loving family. The two have a friendship; they clearly communicate and support each other. Watching them when they became engaged brought a lump to my throat!'

*Anna Moore, The Mail on Sunday, 18 January 2011.*

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION  
D'UN COURS****551**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Adaptation cinématographique de *Hamlet* par Kenneth Branagh, 1996.
- Document 2 : Frederick James Shields, *Hamlet and the Ghost*, 1901, huile sur toile, Manchester Art Gallery.
- Document 3 : *Star Wars*, The Empire Strikes Back, épisode V, George Lucas, 1980.

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**

À visionner sur tablette

Video (1'58): *Hamlet* (Act I, scene 5), film adaptation, 1996, Kenneth Branagh.

## Document 2

À consulter sur tablette



*Hamlet and the Ghost*, Frederick James Shields, 1901,  
Oil on canvas, Manchester Art Gallery.

### **Document 3**

À visionner sur tablette.

Video (2'09): *Star Wars, The Empire Strikes Back*, episode V, George Lucas, 1980.

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION  
D'UN COURS****311**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Extrait de William Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, 1606
- Document 2 :
  - Document 2A : Henry Fuseli, *The Three Witches or The Weird Sisters*, ca. 1782
  - Document 2B : Couverture du roman *The Witches : Salem, 1692*, de Stacy Schiff, 2015
  - Document 2C : *The Magic Circle*, John William Waterhouse, 1886
  - Document 2D : Couverture de *The Saturday Evening Post*, 27 octobre 1923
- Document 3 : Extrait de l'émission *The Changing Lives of Women*, NPR, 28 octobre 2015

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**

William Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, 1606, Act I, scene 3 (I.31-I.78)

[*Drum within.*]

*Third Witch*

A drum, a drum! Macbeth doth come.

*All*

The Weird Sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about;

5 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine.

Peace! The charm's wound up.

[*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.*]

*Macbeth*

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*Banquo*

10 How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these,

So withered, and so wild in their attire,

That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,

And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught

That man may question? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying

15 Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret

That you are so.

*Macbeth*

Speak, if you can. What are you?

*First Witch*

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee. Thane of Glamis!

*Second Witch*

20 All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee. Thane of Cawdor!

*Third Witch*

All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter!

*Banquo*

Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair? I' th' name of truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

25 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace and great prediction

Of noble having and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal. To me you speak not.

If you can look into the seeds of time

30 And say which grain will grow, and which will not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear

Your favours nor your hate.

*First Witch*

Hail!

*Second Witch*

Hail!

*Third Witch*

35 Hail!

*First Witch*

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

*Second Witch*

Not so happy, yet much happier.

*Third Witch*

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

*First Witch*

40 Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

*Macbeth*

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.

By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be King

45 Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence

You owe this strange intelligence, or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[WITCHES vanish.]

**Document 2 :**

**Document 2 A**

À consulter sur tablette

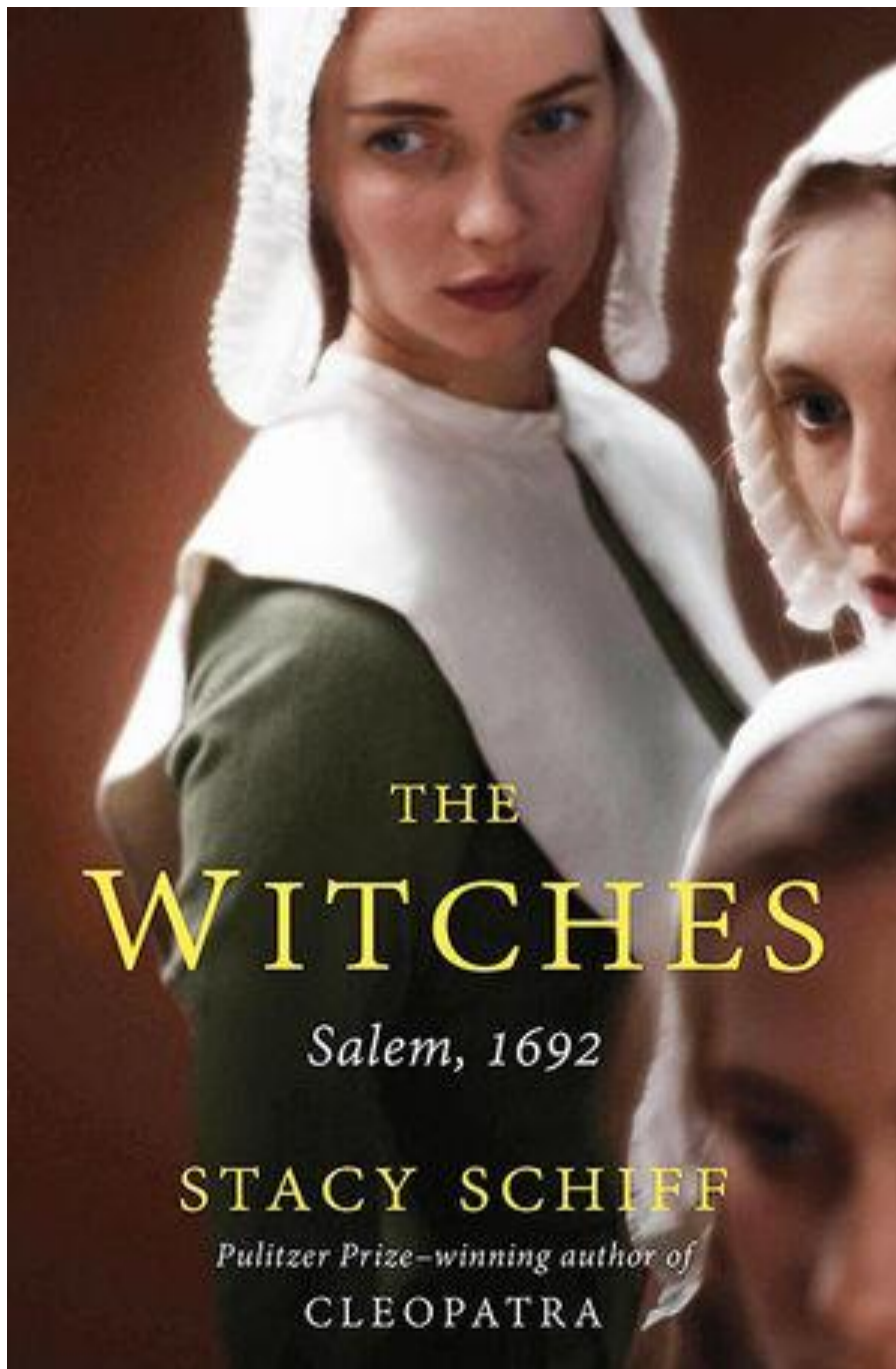


Henry Fuseli, *The Three Witches or The Weird Sisters*,  
ca. 1782, oil on canvas



## Document 2 B

À consulter sur tablette



Stacy Schiff, *The Witches : Salem, 1692* (2015) – book cover



**Document 2C**

À consulter sur tablette



John William Waterhouse, *The Magic Circle*,  
1886, oil on canvas

## Document 2 D

À consulter sur tablette



J.C. Leyendecker, "Witches Night Out",  
*The Saturday Evening Post*, October 27, 1923

### **Document 3**

À consulter sur tablette

Audio excerpt from "*The Changing Lives of Women*", NPR, October 28<sup>th</sup>, 2015 (2'22")

SESSION 2016

Épreuves orales

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION  
D'UN COURS****312**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Extraits de Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South*, 1854-1855, pp. 228-230  
Document 1A : p. 228-230  
Document 1B : p. 230
- Document 2 : Extrait de *Gilda*, Charles Vidor, 1946
- Document 3 : Extraits de Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*, 1847  
Document 3A : p.73  
Document 3B : p. 74  
Document 3C : p. 139

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

Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South*, 1854-1855

### Document 1 A – pp. 228-230

“Mr Thornton, Miss Margaret. He is in the drawing-room.”

Margaret dropped her sewing.

“Did he ask for me? Isn’t papa come in?”

“He asked for you, miss; and master is out.”

5 “Very well, I will come,” said Margaret quietly. But she lingered strangely.

Mr Thornton stood by one of the windows, with his back to the door, apparently absorbed in watching something in the street. But, in truth, he was afraid of himself. His heart beat thick at the thought of her coming. He could not forget the touch of her arms around his neck, impatiently felt  
10 as it had been at the time; but now the recollection of her clinging defence of him seemed to thrill him through and through—to melt away every resolution, all power of self-control, as if it were wax before a fire. He dreaded lest he should go forwards to meet her, with his arms held out in mute entreaty that she would come and nestle there, as she had done, all  
15 unheeded, the day before, but never unheeded again. His heart throbbed loud and quick. Strong man as he was, he trembled at the anticipation of what he had to say, and how it might be received. She might droop, and flush, and flutter to his arms, as to her natural home and resting-place. One moment he glowed with impatience at the thought that she might do  
20 this—the next he feared a passionate rejection, the very idea of which withered up his future with so deadly a blight that he refused to think of it. He was startled by the sense of the presence of some one else in the room. He turned round. She had come in so gently, that he had never heard her; the street noises had been more distinct to his inattentive ear  
25 than her slow movements, in her soft muslin gown.

She stood by the table, not offering to sit down. Her eyelids were dropped half over her eyes; her teeth were shut, not compressed; her lips were just parted over them, allowing the white line to be seen between their  
30 curves. Her slow deep breathings dilated her thin and beautiful nostrils; it was the only visible motion visible on her countenance. The fine-grained skin, the oval cheek, the rich outline of her mouth, its corners deep set in dimples—were all wan and pale to-day; the loss of their usual natural healthy colour being made more evident by the heavy shadow of the dark hair, brought down upon the temples, to hide all sign of the blow she had  
35 received. Her head, for all its drooping eyes, was thrown a little back, in the old proud attitude. Her long arms hung motionless by her sides. Altogether she looked like some prisoner, falsely accused of a crime that she loathed and despised, and from which she was too indignant to justify herself.

- 40 Mr Thornton made a hasty step or two forwards; recovered himself, and went with quiet firmness to the door (which she had left open), and shut it. Then he came back, and stood opposite to her for a moment, receiving the general impression of her beautiful presence, before he dared to disturb it, perhaps to repel it, by what he had to say.

**Document 1 B – p. 230**

He was on the verge now; he would not speak in the haste of his hot passion; he would weigh each word. He would; and his will was triumphant. He stopped in mid career.

## **Document 2**

À consulter sur tablette

Video excerpt from *Gilda*, Charles Vidor, 1946 (1'29'')



### Document 3

Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*, 1847

#### Document 3A – p. 73

5 “He quite deserted! we separated!” she exclaimed, with an accent of indignation. “Who is to separate us, pray? They’ll meet the fate of Milo! Not as long as I live, Ellen—for no mortal creature. Every Linton on the face of the earth might melt into nothing, before I could consent to  
10 forsake Heathcliff. Oh, that’s not what I intend—that’s not what I mean! I shouldn’t be Mrs Linton were such a price demanded! He’ll be as much to me as he has been all his lifetime. Edgar must shake off his antipathy, and tolerate him, at least. He will when he learns my true feelings towards him. Nelly, I see now, you think me a selfish wretch, but, did it never  
10 strike you that if Heathcliff and I married, we should be beggars? whereas, If I marry Linton, I can aid Heathcliff to rise, and place him out of my brother’s power.”

#### Document 3B – p. 74

5 My great miseries in this world have been Heathcliff’s miseries, and I watched and felt each from the beginning; my great thought in living is himself. If all else perished, and *he* remained, I should still continue to be; and, if all else remained, and he were annihilated, the Universe would turn  
10 to a mighty stranger. I should not seem a part of it. My love for Linton is like the foliage in the woods. Time will change it, I’m well aware, as winter changes the trees. My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath—a source of little visible delight, but necessary. Nelly, I *am* Heathcliff—he’s always, always in my mind—not as a pleasure, any more  
10 than I am always a pleasure to myself—but as my own being—so, don’t talk of our separation again—it is impracticable; and—”

#### Document 3C – p. 139

5 “Her senses never returned—she recognised nobody from the time you left her,” I said. “She lies with a sweet smile on her face; and her latest ideas wandered back to pleasant early days. Her life closed in a gentle dream—may she wake as kindly in the other world!”  
10 “May she wake in torment!” he cried, with frightful vehemence, stamping his foot, and groaning in a sudden paroxysm of ungovernable passion. “Why, she’s a liar to the end! Where is she? Not *there*—not in heaven—not perished—where? Oh! you said you cared nothing for my sufferings! And I pray one prayer—I repeat it till my tongue stiffens—Catherine Earnshaw, may you not rest, as long as I am living! You said I killed you—haunt me, then! [...] Be with me always—take any form—drive me mad! only *do* not leave me in this abyss, where I cannot find you! Oh, God! it is unutterable! I *cannot* live without my life! I *cannot* live without my soul!”



SESSION 2016

Épreuves orales

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION  
D'UN COURS****313**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Tableau *Over the Top*, John Nash, 1918
  - Document 2 : Tableau *Paths of Glory*, Christopher Nevinson, 1917
  - Document 3 : Blog de Melissa Cooper, mars 2011
- Document 3A : *Poets of the Great War: Siegfried Sassoon and Wilfred Owen*
- Document 3B : Siegfried Sassoon, *Sick Leave*, 1918
- Document 3C : Wilfred Owen, *Dulce et Decorum Est*, 1917

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**

À consulter sur tablette



John Nash, *Over the Top*, 1918



**Document 2**

À consulter sur tablette



Christopher Nevinson, *Paths of Glory*, 1917

**Document 3**

Melissa Cooper, March 2011,  
<http://theredanimalproject.wordpress.com/2011/03/09/poets-of-the-great-war-siegfried-sassoon-and-wilfred-owen/>

**Document 3A****Poets of the Great War: Siegfried Sassoon and Wilfred Owen**

Two great British war poets, Wilfred Owen and Siegfried Sassoon, both served as army officers during World War I, experiencing first-hand the horrors of trench warfare at the front and, in the case of Owen, gas attacks. Sassoon and Owen met when hospitalized for shell shock (now called post-traumatic stress disorder) in Craiglockhart War Hospital near Edinburgh. The poems reprinted at the end of this post, *Sick Leave* by Sassoon and *Dulce Et Decorum Est* by Owen, were written at Craiglockhart. Sassoon served as a mentor to the younger Owen, encouraging him and suggesting revisions to some of his poems.

Dubbed "Mad Jack" by his men for the boldness of his exploits under fire, Sassoon came to believe that the war was an unconscionable slaughter that must be stopped. In 1917, while back in England recovering from a shoulder wound, Sassoon, already a decorated war hero and published poet, wrote a letter of protest to his commander, "Finished with the War: A Soldier's Declaration". With the support of prominent pacifists, including philosopher Bertrand Russell who would later go to prison for anti-war activities, Sassoon had the declaration read out in the British House of Commons and printed in the London Times. The result was a political firestorm. Sassoon was threatened with court-martial and military execution until his friend, writer-soldier Robert Graves, successfully argued that Sassoon was mentally unfit due to shell shock, or "war neurosis," and should instead be sent for treatment to Craiglockhart.

At Craiglockhart, Sassoon met Wilfred Owen, a brilliant young lieutenant who had been hospitalized after surviving numerous horrendous combat experiences, including being trapped in a trench under heavy fire for several days with the remains of a fellow officer.

Owen was a great admirer of Sassoon's poetry and the two became friends. Both men felt a tremendous sense of responsibility to the soldiers they had left at the front, a feeling expressed by many soldiers today when they leave a combat unit. Although both Sassoon and Owen could have avoided being sent back to action, each insisted on returning to the front. Sassoon, wounded a second time and sent home, tried fiercely to prevent Owen from returning to battle.

Owen was killed in action on November 4, 1918, a week before the Armistice. He was 25.

Sassoon's poem, *Sick Leave*, conveys the overwhelming pull of bonds of love and guilt formed on the battlefield. Owen's *Dulce Et Decorum*

40 *Est* describes a poison gas attack and gives a bitter twist to Horace's ancient line (much-quoted by jingoistic writers of the time): "It is sweet and fitting to die for one's country."

### Document 3B

Siegfried Sassoon, *Sick Leave*

When I'm asleep, dreaming and lulled and warm, –  
 They come, the homeless ones, the noiseless dead.  
 While the dim charging breakers of the storm  
 Bellow and drone and rumble overhead,  
 5 Out of the gloom they gather about my bed.  
 They whisper to my heart; their thoughts are mine.  
 "Why are you here with all your watches ended?  
 From Ypres to Frise we sought you in the line."  
 In bitter safety I awake, unfriended;  
 10 And while the dawn begins with slashing rain  
 I think of the Battalion in the mud.  
 "When are you going out to them again?  
 Are they not still your brothers through our blood?"

### Document 3C

by Wilfred Owen, *Dulce Et Decorum Est*

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,  
 Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,  
 Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs  
 And towards our distant rest began to trudge.  
 5 Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots  
 But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;  
 Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots  
 Of tired, outstripped Five-Nines that dropped behind.  
 Gas! Gas! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling,  
 10 Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;  
 But someone still was yelling out and stumbling  
 And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime...  
 Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,  
 As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.  
 15 In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,  
 He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.  
 If in some smothering dreams you too could pace  
 Behind the wagon that we flung him in,  
 And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,

- 20 His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;  
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood  
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,  
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud  
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—
- 25 My friend, you would not tell with such high zest  
To children ardent for some desperate glory,  
The old Lie: *Dulce et decorum est*  
*Pro patria mori.*

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION  
D'UN COURS****314**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : William Shakespeare, *Richard III*, 1592, Act 1 scene 1
- Document 2 : William Hogarth, *David Garrick as Richard III*, 1745
- Document 3 : Bande annonce *Richard III*, Richard Loncraine, 1995

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**

William Shakespeare, *Richard III* (1592), Act 1 scene 1

*Enter RICHARD, alone*

**RICHARD**

Now is the winter of our discontent  
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York,  
 And all the clouds that loured upon our house  
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

5 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,  
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,  
 Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,  
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
 Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front,

10 And now, instead of mounting barbèd steeds  
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
 But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,

15 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass,  
 I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty  
 To strut before a wanton-ambling nymph,  
 I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,  
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,

20 Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time  
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
 And that so lamely and unfashionable  
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them:  
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,

25 Have no delight to pass away the time,  
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun  
 And descant on mine own deformity.  
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,  
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,

30 I am determined to prove a villain,  
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
 By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,  
 To set my brother Clarence and the King

35 In deadly hate the one against the other;  
 And if King Edward be as true and just  
 As I am subtle, false and treacherous,  
 This day should Clarence closely be mewed up,  
 About a prophecy, which says that 'G'

40 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.  
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul; here Clarence comes.



**Document 2**



William Hogarth, *David Garrick as Richard III*, 1745

AIA - 2016



**Document 3**

À consulter sur tablette

Film trailer for *Richard III*, Richard Loncraine, 1995

SESSION 2016

Épreuves orales

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION  
D'UN COURS****410**

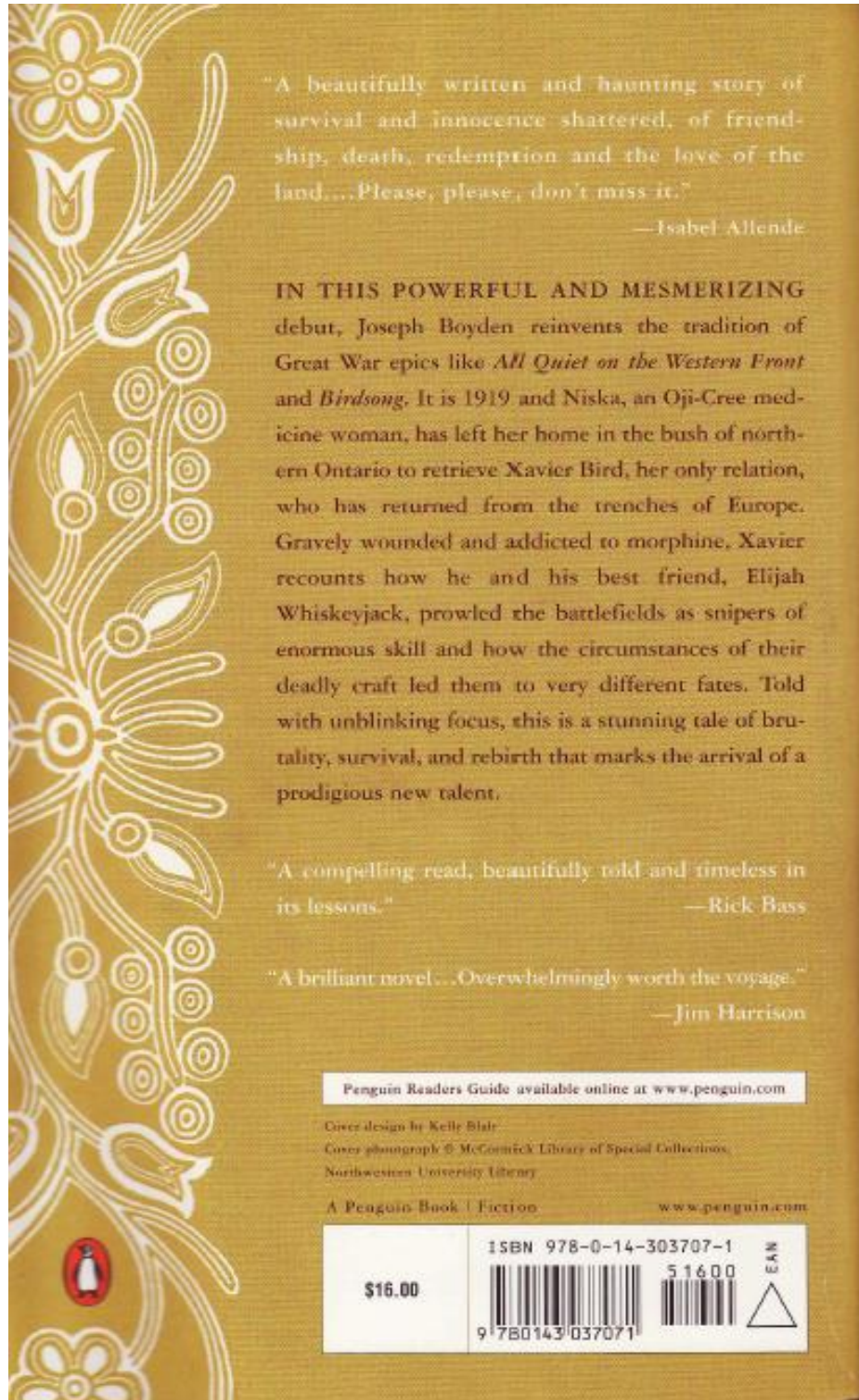
Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- Document 1 : Quatrième de couverture de Joseph Boyden, *Three Day Road*, 2005
- Document 2 : Extrait de Joseph Boyden, *Three Day Road*, pp. 72-73
- Document 3 : Extrait de Joseph Boyden, *Three Day Road*, pp. 90-91
- Document 4 : Extrait d'une interview de Joseph Boyden pour l'émission *The Agenda* sur TVOntario, 31 juillet 2014.

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

À consulter sur tablette

Back cover of *Three Day Road*, Joseph Boyden, 2005



**Document 2**

Lieutenant Breech—Bastard Breech—he doesn't like me speaking my language at all. He has disliked me from the moment he saw me. Elijah is partly to blame. I remember the morning not long after we'd joined up.

5 Elijah and I had travelled for days together on a train from the north. We had been sent to a huge place of stone and glass called Toronto, were kept in an area called the Exhibition Grounds by the big lake. Every day, I was up before the others, before the bugle call, taking care of the horses. I couldn't get used to sleeping in a cot surrounded by all these strange men in the great echoing stall. I wanted to sleep outside and asked Elijah  
10 to ask Lieutenant Breech. My English was no good. But Elijah taught me the words instead, told me I had to begin fending for myself in their tongue. We had finished lunch and men were sitting around smoking. Breech sat laughing with some others. He seemed in a good mood.

15 Breech broke into a big grin when he finally understood what I was asking. His smile made me feel good. "So the Indian wants to sleep under the stars," Breech said, loud enough that everyone around stopped what they were doing to listen. "If you don't mind," Breech said to me, "would you please repeat the question so that the others may hear?" His smile wasn't so nice any more.

20 "May I be so bold as to request different sleeping quarters?" I stuttered. "Perhaps outside away from the atrocious snoring of my fellow soldiers?" It had taken me all day the day before to learn it. Even though I had practised, it did not come out like I'd wanted it to.

25 "Is there any other way we might accommodate you?" Breech asked. "A separate and private mess hall? A maid perhaps?" I wasn't sure what Breech was saying at the time, and had to ask Elijah later.

30 Breech's smile disappeared and his face turned red. "This is not a day camp!" he screamed. "There will be no special treatment! Where I prepare you to go there is only misery, fear and death." I looked over to Elijah then. He was covering up a laugh with his hand. "I have a mind to put you up on charges, Private," he yelled into my face. "I can't even think of what those charges might be other than buffoonery. Get out of my sight." Breech then sent me to clean the horse stalls, not knowing I enjoyed it, did it every day already. My relationship with Breech never really  
35 improved after that.

Joseph Boyden, *Three Day Road*, 2005, pp. 72-73

**Document 3**

A HORRIBLE OFFENSIVE BURNS like a giant fire south of us. [...]

Elijah and I lie in our nest at night or volunteer to sit in listening posts in no man 's land. "Those are our guns," Elijah whispers to me tonight. His eyes reflect the little light and he has the smile of the mysterious on his lips. Lately, I notice he sleeps less and talks all the time about hunting. He says he can see things over the horizon. Glimpses. We sit in a listening post, a small crater twenty yards out from our own line. We spend this night listening for what Fritz is up to, but all we hear is a German soldier moaning and mumbling, wounded badly but still alive and in the middle of no man's land.

"Sergeant McCaan says a big attack's coming," I whisper, "and that the British are preparing a big offensive." The night's at its quietest, with the sun only an hour away but still buried somewhere deep below. The wounded soldier continues to moan and mumble. He is talking some sort of secret language now, I think, speaking with the spirit who will take him on the three-day road. [...]

Elijah has killed more men already than I can count on both hands. It doesn't seem to bother him. Me, I 've killed no one that I could see yet, but I've helped Elijah. I don't think it bothers me, but I won't let myself think of it, just push it away whenever it appears. [...]

"I'll be back," Elijah whispers to me and crawls out of our listening post quick and silent. I know it's useless to try and stop him. I also see that Elijah has left his rifle behind.

Staying still, I listen and try to fight off the anger that comes to me when Elijah does these stupid things. [...] I hear the wounded soldier suddenly cry out what sounds like "Nine, nine, nine" and then in a lower voice, he begins to speak as if, carrying on a conversation with someone. Finally, he stops talking. I sit and listen for a long time, the emptiness of the night striking me now that the wounded voice is silent.

When the sun begins to threaten and I am sick with the worry that Elijah will not get back in time or at all and I will be forced to squat in this hole all day until night comes again and I can make it back to the line, Elijah slithers into the crater and leans back on it, breathing shallow and a little hard.

"Where were you?" I ask in Cree, trying not to sound upset, the tone slipping out anyway.

"I helped that soldier find his way to the spirit world," Elijah whispers.

"We must get back before the sun comes up," I say.

"I was good to him," Elijah continues, staring up into the sky. "He'd suffered enough and I didn't want him to leave violently, so I covered his mouth and nose with my own hand and whispered good things to him till he went.

"Enough," I say sharper than I want to, and crawl out of the crater and toward our line.

Joseph Boyden, *Three Day Road*, 2005, pp. 90-91

**Document 4**

À consulter sur tablette

Extract from an interview (2'39'') of Joseph Boyden for *The Agenda*, TVOntario (July 31<sup>st</sup>, 2014)

# EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION D'UN COURS

# 411

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Extrait vidéo du reportage *The Jubilee Queen*, ABC News, 2012
- Document 2 : Lettre publiée sur le site du Prince de Galles, 14 août 2015
- Document 3 : Dessin de presse publié dans le *Palm Beach Daily News*, 26 août 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**

À consulter sur tablette.

Video (2'37''): an excerpt from *The Jubilee Queen*, a series of reports broadcast on ABC News, 2012

**Document 2**

I am writing to provide an overview of the current challenges facing Kensington Palace as we seek to protect Prince George and Princess Charlotte from harassment and surveillance by paparazzi photographers. I hope our experience will inform the ongoing effort to uphold standards on the protection of children in a rapidly changing media landscape.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge have expressed their gratitude to British media organisations for their policy of not publishing unauthorised photos of their children. This stance, guided not just by their wishes as parents, but by the standards and codes of the industry as it relates to all children, is to be applauded. They are pleased also that almost all reputable publications throughout the Commonwealth – in particular Australia, Canada, and New Zealand – and in other major media markets like the United States have adopted a similar position.

The Duke and Duchess are glad that leaders in the media industry share the view that every child, regardless of their future public role, deserves a safe, happy, and private childhood. They have been delighted to share official photographs of Prince George and Princess Charlotte in recent months to thank the public for the thousands of kind messages of support they have received. News photographers have had several recent opportunities to take photos of the family and these will be a regular occurrence as both children get older.

Despite this, paparazzi photographers are going to increasingly extreme lengths to observe and monitor Prince George's movements and covertly capture images of him to sell to the handful of international media titles still willing to pay for them. One recent incident – just last week – was disturbing, but not at all uncommon. A photographer rented a car and parked in a discreet location outside a children's play area. Already concealed by darkened windows, he took the added step of hanging sheets inside the vehicle and created a hide stocked with food and drinks to get him through a full day of surveillance, waiting in hope to capture images of Prince George. Police discovered him lying down in the boot of the vehicle attempting to shoot photos with a long lens through a small gap in his hide.

It is of course upsetting that such tactics – reminiscent as they are of past surveillance by groups intent on doing more than capturing images – are being deployed to profit from the image of a two-year old boy. In a heightened security environment such tactics are a risk to all involved. The worry is that it will not always be possible to quickly distinguish between someone taking photos and someone intending to do more immediate harm.

This incident was not an isolated one. In recent months photographers have:

- on multiple occasions used long range lenses to capture images of The Duchess playing with Prince George in a number of private parks;
- monitored the movements of Prince George and his nanny around London parks and monitored the movements of other household staff;
- photographed the children of private individuals visiting The Duke and Duchess's home;

- pursued cars leaving family homes;
- used other children to draw Prince George into view around playgrounds;
- been found hiding on private property in fields and woodland locations around The Duke and Duchess's home in Norfolk;
- 50 • obscured themselves in sand dunes on a rural beach to take photos of Prince George playing with his grandmother;
- placed locations near the Middleton family home in Berkshire under steady surveillance.

55 It is clear that while paparazzi are always keen to capture images of any senior member of The Royal Family, Prince George is currently their number one target. We have made the decision to discuss these issues now as the incidents are becoming more frequent and the tactics more alarming. A line has been crossed and any further escalation in tactics would represent a very real security risk.

60 All of this has left The Duke and Duchess concerned about their ability to provide a childhood for Prince George and Princess Charlotte that is free from harassment and surveillance. They know that almost all parents love to share photos of their children and they themselves enjoy doing so. But they know every parent would object to anyone – particularly strangers – taking photos  
65 of their children without their permission. Every parent would understand their deep unease at only learning they had been followed and watched days later when photographs emerged.

70 The Duke and Duchess are of course very fortunate to have private homes where photographers cannot capture images of their children. But they feel strongly that both Prince George and Princess Charlotte should not grow up exclusively behind palace gates and in walled gardens. They want both children to be free to play in public and semi-public spaces with other children without being photographed. In addition, the privacy of those other children and their families must also be preserved.

75 Rest assured that we continue to take legal steps to manage these incidents as they occur. But we are aware that many people who read and enjoy the publications that fuel the market for unauthorised photos of children do not know about the unacceptable circumstances behind what are often lovely images. The use of these photos is usually dressed up with fun, positive  
80 language about the 'cute', 'adorable' photos and happy write ups about the family. We feel readers deserve to understand the tactics deployed to obtain these pictures.

85 We hope a public discussion of these issues will help all publishers of unauthorised photos of children to understand the power they hold to starve this disturbing activity of funding. I would welcome constructive conversations with any publisher or editor on these topics. And I would ask for your help as we work to encourage the highest standards on the protection of children in every corner of the media. The Duke and Duchess are determined to keep the issues around a small number of paparazzi photographers distinct and  
90 separate from the positive work of most newspapers, magazines, broadcasters, and web publishers around the world.

95 The text from this letter, which has been sent to a number of people in leadership positions, will be placed in the public domain to raise awareness of the issues discussed.

Jason Knauf,  
Communications Secretary, Kensington Palace

Letter from Jason Knauf, Communications Secretary to TRH The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and HRH Prince Henry of Wales, 14th August, 2015  
<https://www.princeofwales.gov.uk/sites/default/files/documents/Kensington%20Palace%20Media%20Letter.pdf>

Document 3

À consulter sur tablette



A cartoon by David Wilson, *Palm Beach Daily News*, August 26, 2012

<http://cartoonistry.blog.palmbeachdailynews.com/2012/08/26/august-26-2012-editorial-cartoon/>

SESSION 2016

Épreuves orales

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION  
D'UN COURS****430**

Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- Document 1: Vidéo – *JFK's Moon Speech*, 1962, [festivalofcuriosity.ie](http://festivalofcuriosity.ie) 2013
- Document 2 : *The Moon Landings Were Faked*, *Time*, November 20, 2008
- Document 3: Vidéo – *The Impossible Hoax*, BBC, 2011
- Document 4: Cartoon, Morten Morland, *The Times*, December 7, 2009

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**

À consulter sur tablette

Video (2'57''): JFK's Moon Speech (1962), as presented by the Festival of Curiosity ([festivalofcuriosity.ie](http://festivalofcuriosity.ie)) during a colloquium on JFK's space legacy on 17 July 2013.

## Document 2

### The Moon Landings Were Faked

It's now been nearly four decades since Neil Armstrong took his "giant leap for mankind" — *if*, that is, he ever set foot on this planet. Doubters say the U.S. government, desperate to beat the Russians in the space race, faked the lunar landings, with Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin acting out their mission on a secret film set, located (depending on the theory) either  
5 high in the Hollywood Hills or deep within Area 51. With the photos and videos of the Apollo missions only available through NASA, there's no independent verification that the lunar landings were anything but a hoax.

The smoking gun? Film of Aldrin planting a waving American flag on the  
10 moon, which critics say proves that he was not in space. The flag's movement, they say, clearly shows the presence of wind, which is impossible in a vacuum. NASA says Aldrin was twisting the flagpole to get the moon soil, which caused the flag to move. (And never mind that  
15 astronauts have brought back hundreds of independently verified moon rocks.) Theorists have even suggested that filmmaker Stanley Kubrick may have helped NASA fake the first lunar landing, given that his 1968 film *2001: A Space Odyssey* proves that the technology existed back then to artificially create a spacelike set. And as for Virgil I. Grissom, Edward H.  
20 White and Roger B. Chaffee — three astronauts who died in a fire while testing equipment for the first moon mission? They were executed by the U.S. government, which feared they were about to disclose the truth.

Far-fetched as the hoax theory may seem, a 1999 Gallup poll showed that it's comparatively durable: 6% of Americans said they thought the lunar landings were fake, and 5% said they were undecided.

*Time*, Thursday, Nov. 20, 2008



### **Document 3**

À consulter sur tablette

Video (2'50'') : *The Impossible Hoax*, BBC, June 21, 2011.

Document 4



Cartoon by Morten Morland from *The Times*, December, 7<sup>th</sup>, 2009

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION  
D'UN COURS****431**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Extrait de Ernest J. Gaines, *A Lesson Before Dying*, 1993.
- Document 2 : Extrait du film *Mississippi Burning*, réalisé par Alan Parker, 1988.
- Document 3 : *A Crow Flew By*, Andrew Wyeth, 1949-1950.

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**

That was his story.

The prosecutor's version was different. The prosecutor argued that Jefferson and the other two had gone there with the full intention of robbing the old man and then killing him so that he could not identify them. When the old man and the other two robbers were all dead, this one – it proved the kind of animal he really was – stuffed the money into his pockets and celebrated the event by drinking over their still-bleeding bodies.

The defense argued that Jefferson was innocent of all charges except being at the wrong place at the wrong time. There was absolutely no proof that there had been a conspiracy between himself and the other two. The fact that Mr. Gropé shot only Brother and Bear was proof of Jefferson's innocence. Why did Mr. Gropé shoot one boy twice and never shoot at Jefferson once? Because Jefferson was merely an innocent bystander. He took the whiskey to calm his nerves, not to celebrate. He took the money out of hunger and plain stupidity.

"Gentlemen of the jury, look at this – this – this boy. I almost said man, but I can't say man. Oh sure he has reached the age of twenty-one, when we, civilized men, consider the male species has reached manhood, but would you call this – this- this – this a man? No, not I. I would call it a boy and a fool. A fool is not aware of right and wrong. A fool does not what others tell him to do. A fool got into that automobile. A man with a modicum of intelligence would have seen that those racketeers meant no good. But not a fool. A fool got into that automobile. A fool rode to the grocery store. A fool stood by and watched this happen, not having the sense to run."

"Gentlemen of the jury, look at him – look at him – look at this. Do you see a man sitting here? I ask you, I implore you, look carefully – do you see a man sitting here? Look at the shape of his skull, this face as flat as the palm of my hand – look deeply into those eyes. Do you see a modicum of intelligence? Do you see anyone here who could plan a murder, a robbery, can plan – can plan – can plan anything? (A cornered animal to strike quickly out of fear, a trait inherited from his ancestors in the deepest jungle of blackest Africa – yes, yes, that he can do – but to plan?) To plan gentlemen of the jury? No, gentlemen, this skull here holds no plans. What you see here is a thing that acts on command. A thing to hold the handle of a plow, a thing to load your bales of cotton, a thing to dig your ditches, to chop your wood, to pull your corn. That is what you see here, but you do not see anything capable of planning a robbery or a murder. He does not even know the size of his clothes or his shoes. Ask him to name the months of the year. Ask him does Christmas come before or after the Fourth of July? Mention the names of Keats, Byron, Scott, and see whether the eyes will show one moment of recognition. Ask him to describe a rose, to quote one passage from the Constitution or the Bill of

45 Rights. Gentlemen of the jury, this man planned a robbery? Oh, pardon  
me, pardon me, I surely did not mean to insult your intelligence by saying  
'man' – would you please forgive me for committing such an error?"

50 "Gentlemen of the jury, who would be hurt if you took his life? Look  
back to that second row. Please look. I want all twelve of you honorable  
men to turn your heads and look back to that second row. What you see  
there has been everything to him – mama, grandmother, godmother –  
everything." Look at her gentlemen of the jury, look at her well. Take this  
away from her, and she has no reason to go on living. We may see him as  
not much, but he is her reason for existence. Think on that, gentlemen,  
55 think on it."

"Gentlemen of the jury, be merciful. For God's sake, be merciful. He is  
innocent of all charges brought against him."

60 "But let us say he was not. Let us for a moment say he was not. What  
justice would there be to take his life? Justice gentlemen? Why, I would  
just as soon put a hog in the electric chair as this."

"I thank you, gentlemen, from the bottom of my heart, for your kind  
patience. I have no more to say except this: We must live with our own  
conscience. Each and every one of us must live with his own conscience."

65 The jury retired, and it returned a verdict after lunch: guilty of robbery  
and murder in the first degree. The judge commended the twelve white  
men for reaching a quick and just verdict. He would pass sentence on  
Monday.

70 Ten o'clock on Monday, Miss Emma and my aunt sat in the same seats  
they had occupied on Friday. Reverend Mose Ambrose, the pastor of their  
church was with them. He and my aunt sat on either side of Miss Emma.  
The judge, a short, red-faced man with snow-white hair and thick black  
eyebrows, asked Jefferson if he had anything to say before the  
sentencing. My aunt said that Jefferson was looking down at the floor and  
shook his head. The judge told Jefferson that he had been found guilty of  
75 the charges brought against him, and that the judge saw no reason that  
he should not pay for the part he played in this horrible crime.

Death by electrocution. The governor would set the date.

Ernest J. Gaines, *A Lesson Before Dying*, 1993, pp.6-9

**Document 2**

À consulter sur tablette

Video excerpt (3'11") from *Mississippi Burning*, directed by Alan Parker, 1988

### Document 3

À consulter sur tablette



Andrew Wyeth, *A Crow Flew By*, 1949-1950

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION  
D'UN COURS****432**

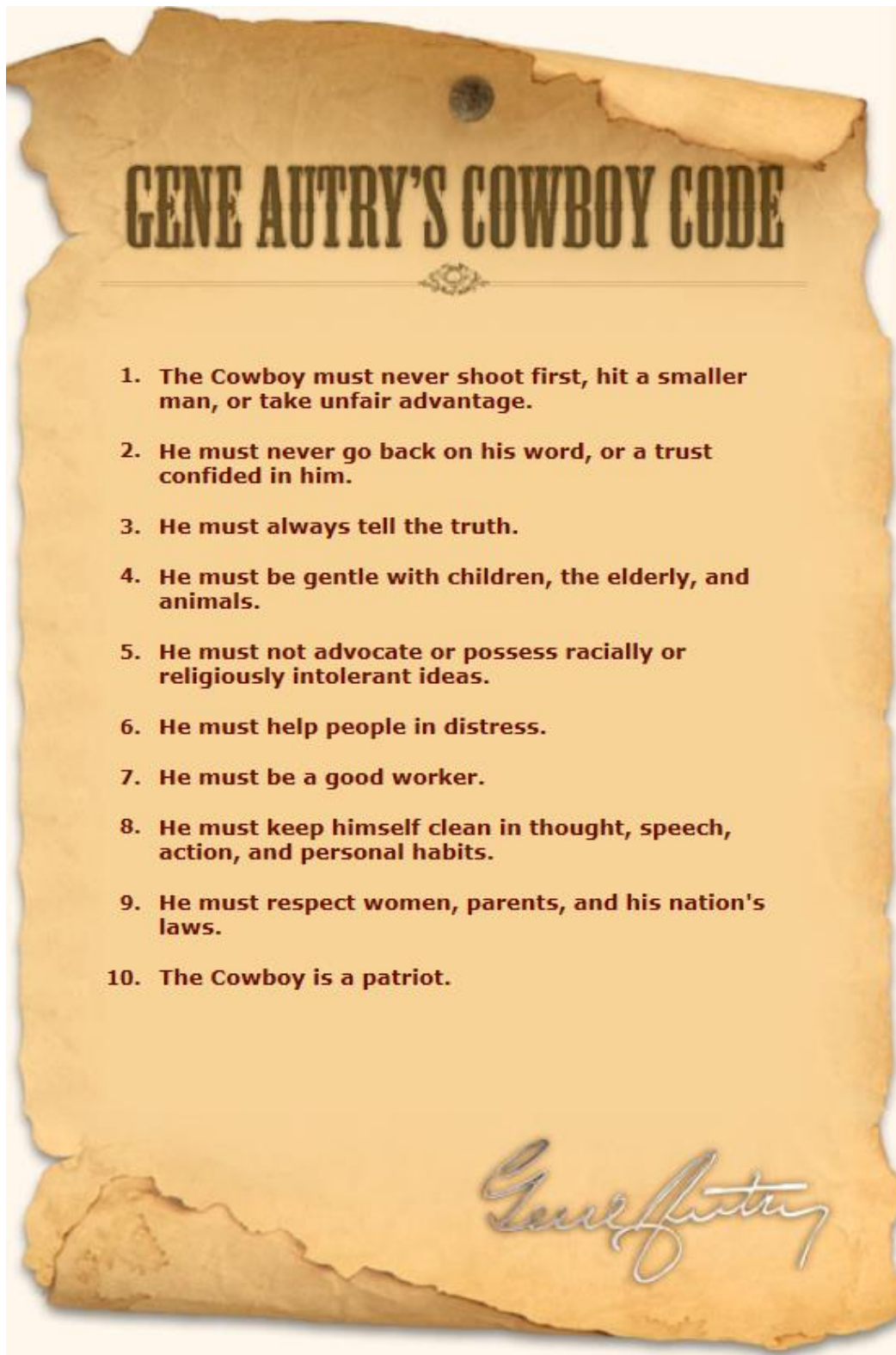
Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- Document 1 : *Gene Autry's cowboy code*, [www.autry.com](http://www.autry.com)
- Document 2 : Extrait de Owen Wister, *The Virginian: A Horseman of the Plains*, 1902, p. 3
- Document 3 : Photographie de Theodore Roosevelt (c.1883), Theodore Roosevelt Collection, Harvard College Library
- Document 4 : Extrait d'un discours du Président Eisenhower, 1953

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**



[www.autry.com/geneautry/geneautry\\_cowboycode.html](http://www.autry.com/geneautry/geneautry_cowboycode.html)

Note aux candidats: Gene Autry (1907-1998), connu sous le nom de "singing cowboy", fut une star du cinéma, de la chanson et de la radio.

**Document 2****Chapter I: Enter the man**

[...]

My baggage was lost; it had not come on my train; it was adrift somewhere back in the two thousand miles that lay behind me. And by way of comfort, the baggage-man remarked that passengers often got astray from their trunks, but the trunks mostly found them after a while.

5 Having offered me this encouragement, he turned whistling to his affairs and left me planted in the baggage-room at Medicine Bow. I stood deserted among crates and boxes, blankly holding my check, hungry and forlorn. I stared out through the door at the sky and the plains; but I did not see the antelope shining among the sage-brush, nor the great sunset  
10 light of Wyoming. Annoyance blinded my eyes to all things save my grievance: I saw only a lost trunk. And I was muttering half-aloud, "What a forsaken hole this is!" when suddenly from outside on the platform came a slow voice: "Off to get married AGAIN? Oh, don't!"

15 The voice was Southern and gentle and drawling; and a second voice came in immediate answer, cracked and querulous. "It ain't again. Who says it's again? Who told you, anyway?"

And the first voice responded caressingly: "Why, your Sunday clothes told me, Uncle Hughey. They are speakin' mighty loud o' nuptials."

"You don't worry me!" snapped Uncle Hughey, with shrill heat.

20 And the other gently continued, "Ain't them gloves the same yu' wore to your last weddin'?"

"You don't worry me! You don't worry me!" now screamed Uncle Hughey.

25 Already I had forgotten my trunk; care had left me; I was aware of the sunset, and had no desire but for more of this conversation. For it resembled none that I had heard in my life so far. I stepped to the door and looked out upon the station platform.

30 Lounging there at ease against the wall was a slim young giant, more beautiful than pictures. His broad, soft hat was pushed back; a loose-knotted, dull-scarlet handkerchief sagged from his throat; and one casual thumb was hooked in the cartridge-belt that slanted across his hips. He had plainly come many miles from somewhere across the vast horizon, as the dust upon him showed. His boots were white with it. His overalls were gray with it. The weather-beaten bloom of his face shone through it duskily, as the ripe peaches look upon their trees in a dry season. But no

35 dinginess of travel or shabbiness of attire could tarnish the splendor that  
radiated from his youth and strength. The old man upon whose temper his  
remarks were doing such deadly work was combed and curried to a finish,  
a bridegroom swept and garnished; but alas for age! Had I been the bride,  
40 I should have taken the giant, dust and all. He had by no means done  
with the old man.

"Why, yu've hung weddin' gyarments on every limb!" he now drawled,  
with admiration. "Who is the lucky lady this trip?"

The old man seemed to vibrate. "Tell you there ain't been no other!"

Owen Wister, *The Virginian: A Horseman of the Plains*, 1902, p. 3

**Document 3**



Photograph of Theodore Roosevelt (c. 1883),  
Theodore Roosevelt Collection, Harvard College Library

**Document 4**

[...] I was raised in a little town of which most of you have never heard. But in the West it is a famous place. It is called Abilene, Kansas. We had as our marshal for a long time a man named Wild Bill Hickok. If you don't know anything about him, read your Westerns more. Now that town had a code, and I was raised as a boy to prize that code.

5 It was: meet anyone face to face with whom you disagree. You could not sneak up on him from behind, or do any damage to him, without suffering the penalty of an outraged citizenry. If you met him face to face and took the same risks he did, you could get away with almost anything, as long as the bullet was in the front.

10 And today, although none of you has the great fortune, I think, of being from Abilene, Kansas, you live after all by that same code in your ideals and in the respect you give to certain qualities. In this country, if someone dislikes you, or accuses you, he must come up in front. He cannot hide behind the shadow. He cannot assassinate you or your character from  
15 behind, without suffering the penalties an outraged citizenry will impose. [...]

President Eisenhower's remarks upon receiving America's Democratic Legacy Award at a B'nai B'rith dinner in honor of the 40th anniversary of the Anti-Defamation League, 23 November 1953

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION  
D'UN COURS****434**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Extrait de *Once Upon A Time In The West*, 1968, Sergio Leone.
- Document 2 : Extrait de *Rio Bravo*, 1959, Howard Hawks.
- Document 3 : *In Without Knocking*, Charles Marion Russell, 1909, Carter Museum.

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**

À visionner sur tablette

Video (3'43): *Once Upon A Time In The West*, Sergio Leone, 1968.  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8XkHsinz7oU>

**Document 2**

À visionner sur tablette

Video (2'03): *Rio Bravo*, Howard Hawks, 1959.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v2ssbgThljU&index=1&list=RDv2ssbgThljU>



**Document 3**

À consulter sur tablette



Charles Marion Russell, *In Without Knocking*,  
1909 (Oil on Canvas)

<http://www.cartermuseum.org/artworks/336>

**EXPOSÉ DE LA PRÉPARATION  
D'UN COURS****435**

Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- Document 1 : Extrait de Christopher Coker, *Men At War: What Fiction Tells Us About Conflicts, From the Iliad to Catch-22*, 2014
- Document 2 : Bande-annonce de *Supergirl*, 2015
- Document 3 : Article "New Captain America: An African-American Superhero", *The International Business Times*, July 18, 2014
- Document 4 : Article "Superman's Real Kryptonite: American Politics", *The Washington Post*, April 5, 2013

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

At an early stage of my life I developed some fixed ideas of what a good war novel should look like. We should judge it by its extraordinary, larger than life characters, and they do not come larger than Achilles chasing Hector around the walls of Troy, or Aeneas carrying his destiny on his shoulders. On the page of course, we do not find the Marvel comic heroes that we do in Hollywood. Our Marvel Comic superheroes are, of course, a great deal darker than they used to be; some of them are almost as bad as the villains that dog their lives. But fictional heroes, beginning with Achilles, have a complexity which other fictional superheroes significantly lack.

For warriors both reflect their times and transcend them. As war has become increasingly instrumentalised and the data flows continue to flood in (now through the video streams of drones) so the existential dimension continues to be hollowed out, as does the belief in the very idea of 'character'. Yet the challenges – the realities soldiers still face – have not changed much since Homer.

Christopher Coker, *Men At War: What Fiction Tells Us About Conflicts, From the Iliad to Catch-22*, 2014, p.15

## **Document 2**

À consulter sur tablette

*Supergirl* (TV series 2015) – official trailer – 1'46''

## Document 3

### New Captain America: An African-American Superhero



*The cover of the New Captain America comic book is pictured in this undated handout photo courtesy of Courtesy Marvel Comics. An African American character will soon strap on the star-emblazoned shield and step into the red, white and blue uniform of Captain America in the pages of Marvel Comics. REUTERS/Courtesy Marvel Comics/Handout via Reuters*

The all-new Captain America, expected to come out this November with Marvel Comics replacing Steve Rogers with Sam Wilson, will be an African-American, also known as the Falcon, according to an announcement made on Comedy Central's "The Colbert Report."

- 5 The announcement comes shortly after Marvel revealed plans for a new female avatar of Thor. These major changes are all part of Marvel Comics' plan to bring in greater diversity to its range of Superheroes. Created by Joe Simon and Jack Kirby, Captain America first appeared in a comic book in March 1941 and featured Rogers who was born in the 1920s and fought
- 10 the forces of evil until his devastating showdown with the Iron Nail, where the villain robs Rogers of his super powers by draining him of the super serum, turning him into an old man.

Alroy Menezes, *International Business Times* (Media & Culture section), July 18 2014

## Document 4

### Superman's Real Kryptonite: American Politics

*Glen Weldon is a panelist on National Public Radio's "Pop Culture Happy Hour" and contributes to its "Monkey See" blog. He is the author of "Superman: The Unauthorized Biography."*

On April 18, Superman will turn 75. Although still faster than a speeding bullet and more powerful than a locomotive, he's showing his age. Recent movie reboots of "Batman" and "Spider-Man" won Oscars or broke box-office records, but "Superman Returns," released in 2006, sold fewer tickets than expected without managing to reinvent the hero. (Hollywood is set to try again this year with "Man of Steel," starring Henry Cavill, Russell Crowe and Amy Adams.)

Yet, for a septuagenarian, Kal-El of Krypton remains remarkably spry. It's not just the ability to leap tall buildings in a single bound that keeps him in shape. In the decades since the first Superman comic book appeared in 1938, writers have inserted him into political and social debates from World War II to Vietnam, from race relations to the war on terrorism. As a result, Superman's political and cultural sensibilities have proved a lot more malleable, for better or worse, than you'd expect from a man of steel.

As conceived by writer Jerry Siegel and artist Joe Shuster, Superman was an aggressive, even brutal, social reformer who could strong-arm the cruel and unjust without mussing up his Brylcreem. "You see how effortlessly I crush this bar of iron in my hand?" he snarled at one arms manufacturer. "That bar could just as easily be your neck."

As the nation emerged from the Great Depression, Superman went after those who would trample on the rights of honest working folks. He triggered a cave-in at a coal mine that trapped its wealthy owner underground, exposing unsafe working conditions. He terrorized a corrupt Washington power broker by tossing him around the Capitol dome like a rag doll. He torched an oil well, bankrupting its crooked stockholders. Artists often depicted him gazing past the horizon, burnished by the golden sunrise of a new day — iconography straight out of a socialist mural.

But this New Deal-inspired Democratic zeal faded with World War II. Suddenly, the nation looked to Superman as a patriotic symbol, and the Man of Tomorrow represented the status quo instead of challenging it.

Glen Weldon, *The Washington Post* (Opinions section), April 5, 2013  
[www.washingtonpost.com/opinions/supermans-real-kryptonite-american-politics/2013/04/05/208706d4-9c7f-11e2-9bda-edd1a7fb557d\\_story.html](http://www.washingtonpost.com/opinions/supermans-real-kryptonite-american-politics/2013/04/05/208706d4-9c7f-11e2-9bda-edd1a7fb557d_story.html)