

ÉPREUVE DE LEÇON

Première partie :

Vous procéderez à la présentation, à l'étude et à la mise en relation des trois documents proposés (A, B et C, non hiérarchisés).

Seconde partie :

Cette partie de l'épreuve porte sur les documents B et C.

À partir de ces supports, vous définirez des objectifs communicationnels, culturels et linguistiques pouvant être retenus dans une séquence pédagogique en classe de lycée, en vous référant aux programmes. En vous appuyant sur la spécificité de ces supports, vous dégagerez des stratégies pour développer les compétences de communication des élèves.

DOCUMENT A

– Look here, Cranly, he said. You have asked me what I would do and what I would not do. I will tell you what I will do and what I will not do. I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it call itself my home, my fatherland, or my church: and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely as I can and as wholly as I can, using for my defence the only arms I allow myself to use--silence, exile, and cunning.

Cranly seized his arm and steered him round so as to lead him back towards Leeson Park. He laughed almost slyly and pressed Stephen's arm with an elder's affection.

– Cunning indeed! he said. Is it you? You poor poet, you!

– And you made me confess to you, Stephen said, thrilled by his touch, as I have confessed to you so many other things, have I not?

– Yes, my child, Cranly said, still gaily.

– You made me confess the fears that I have. But I will tell you also what I do not fear. I do not fear to be alone or to be spurned for another or to leave whatever I have to leave. And I am not afraid to make a mistake, even a great mistake, a lifelong mistake, and perhaps as long as eternity too.

Cranly, now grave again, slowed his pace and said:

– Alone, quite alone. You have no fear of that. And you know what that word means? Not only to be separate from all others but to have not even one friend.

– I will take the risk, said Stephen.

– And not to have any one person, Cranly said, who would be more than a friend, more even than the noblest and truest friend a man ever had.

His words seemed to have struck some deep chord in his own nature. Had he spoken of himself, of himself as he was or wished to be? Stephen watched his face for some moments in silence. A cold sadness was there. He had spoken of himself, of his own loneliness which he feared.

– Of whom are you speaking? Stephen asked at length.

Cranly did not answer.

James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, 1916

DOCUMENT B

Sheerness was the port for embarkation, 1818 the year, the ship the G— , the number of convicts 262. This number was large, and as all escape was hopeless, I thought the best way was to make myself as comfortable as I could. I wore leg-irons like all the others, which weighed about seven pounds, and at first they made me feel rather curious. I don't know how some of those must have felt, who had received an education, and those who were innocent were to be pitied. God help such poor wretches, called upon to mix with the guilty, and become but units in the multitude of outcasts. I have nothing to complain of on board the ship. The soldiers kept strict guard, our convict life had begun, the bayonet was my monitor – my leg-irons the tell-tale to recall me if ever I went back again in thought to – well – no matter where.[...]

I landed with a good character, and, being a strong and willing hand to work, was sent to the "stone quarries" to toil, being guarded to work, all day the same, and marched back to barracks, with that most conclusive monitor I have just mentioned to avenge any attempt at freedom.

When I landed, and for some years afterwards, the convicts who behaved themselves were not used so very badly. I thought the punishment was severe then, but afterwards experience opened my eyes as to what a convict's life really was. I came to the country in a good time for the prisoners, as Governor Macquarie had a decided objection to freemen, believing that the introduction of such in plenitude would interfere with what he considered the ultimatum of New South Wales, the nethermost part of the earth, a hiding place for England's scoundrels, where they should reform and begin the work of a nation; like the spots which Rome had chosen for the receptacle of her banished ones, from whose exile sprang peoples. It was not on such as I that the Governor smiled. I was poor and ignorant, had only strong arms, a working disposition, with "a thankee" if ever I obtained a glass of rum. There were, however, others who had brains who had availed themselves of the lenity shown, and thus who had prospered in wealth and standing. Generally speaking this class of men, who thus advanced themselves, were those who had been sent out of the country for heavy crimes. There were several who had grown rich, and it was no uncommon matter for the whisper to pass, as some apparently respectable man went by, as I and my companions toiled, "there that fellow is a lifer."

This kind of observation, and the current stories of daily life, made a great impression on my mind. I thought I would behave well, and if I could but obtain my liberty, to be once more a freeman, what I would do. I confess now that I resolved that I would be good so that I might take the first opportunity of stowing myself on board a ship, to return to my native country – for there was a longing desire for the old spots and the old town never seemed half so sweet as when I thought of the little cottage and my once happy span of life.

Jack Bushman, *The Life of a "Lifer"*, April 1859

DOCUMENT C



Mike Luckovich – The Atlanta Journal-Constitution, May 15, 2006