

**Agrégation interne d'anglais**

**Session 2018**

**Épreuve EPC**

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

**EPC**

**530**

Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- **Document 1** : 1 A – Photograph, Saul Leiter, "Thanksgiving", c. 1945  
1 B – Photograph, Diane Arbus, "Woman at a counter smoking, N.Y.C.", 1962
- **Document 2** : Paul Auster, "Auggie Wren's Christmas Story", *The New York Times*, December 25, 1990
- **Document 3** : Video excerpt of "Perfect Strangers – Street photographer documents the 'Humans of New York'", *CBS This Morning*, January 2, 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 A:** Saul Leiter, "Thanksgiving", c. 1945



Egalement consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

**Document 1 B :** Diane Arbus, "Woman at a counter smoking, N.Y.C.", 1962



Egalement consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

**Document 2** : Paul Auster, "Auggie Wren's Christmas Story", *The New York Times*, December 25, 1990

[...]

Auggie and I have known each other for close to eleven years now. He works behind the counter of a cigar store on Court Street in downtown Brooklyn, and since it's the only store that carries the little Dutch cigars I like to smoke, I go in there fairly often. For a long time, I didn't give much  
5 thought to Auggie Wren. He was the strange little man who wore a hooded blue sweatshirt and sold me cigars and magazines, the impish, wisecracking character who always had something funny to say about the weather, the Mets or the politicians in Washington, and that was the extent of it.

10 But then one day several years ago he happened to be looking through a magazine in the store, and he stumbled across a review of one of my books. He knew it was me because a photograph accompanied the review, and after that things changed between us. I was no longer just another customer to Auggie, I had become a distinguished person. Most  
15 people couldn't care less about books and writers, but it turned out that Auggie considered himself an artist. Now that he had cracked the secret of who I was, he embraced me as an ally, a confidant, a brother-in-arms. To tell the truth, I found it rather embarrassing. Then, almost inevitably, a moment came when he asked if I would be willing to look at his  
20 photographs. Given his enthusiasm and goodwill, there didn't seem any way I could turn him down.

God knows what I was expecting. At the very least, it wasn't what Auggie showed me the next day. In a small, windowless room at the back  
25 of the store, he opened a cardboard box and pulled out twelve identical photo albums. This was his life's work, he said, and it didn't take him more than five minutes a day to do it. Every morning for the past twelve years, he had stood on the corner of Atlantic Avenue and Clinton Street at precisely seven o'clock and had taken a single color photograph of  
30 precisely the same view. The project now ran to more than four thousand photographs. Each album represented a different year, and all the pictures were laid out in sequence, from January 1 to December 31, with the dates carefully recorded under each one.

As I flipped through the albums and began to study Auggie's work, I  
35 didn't know what to think. My first impression was that it was the oddest, most bewildering thing I had ever seen. All the pictures were the same. The whole project was a numbing onslaught of repetition, the same street

and the same buildings over and over again, an unrelenting delirium of  
redundant images. I couldn't think of anything to say to Auggie, so I  
continued turning pages, nodding my head in feigned appreciation. Auggie  
40 himself seemed unperturbed, watching me with a broad smile on his face,  
but after he'd seen that I'd been at it for several minutes, he suddenly  
interrupted and said, "You're going too fast. You'll never get it if you don't  
slow down."

He was right, of course. If you don't take the time to look, you'll  
45 never manage to see anything. I picked up another album and forced  
myself to go more deliberately. I paid closer attention to the details, took  
note of the shifts in weather, watched for the changing angles of light as  
the seasons advanced. Eventually I was able to detect subtle differences  
in the traffic flow, to anticipate the rhythm of the different days (the  
50 commotion of workday mornings, the relative stillness of weekends, the  
contrast between Saturdays and Sundays). And then, little by little, I  
began to recognize the faces of the people in the background, the  
passers-by on their way to work, the same people in the same spot every  
morning, living an instant of their lives in the field of Auggie's camera.

Once I got to know them, I began to study their postures, the way  
55 they carried themselves from one morning to the next, trying to discover  
their moods from these surface indications, as if I could imagine stories  
for them, as if I could penetrate the invisible dramas locked inside their  
bodies. I picked up another album. I was no longer bored, no longer  
60 puzzled as I had been at first. Auggie was photographing time, I realized,  
both natural time and human time, and he was doing it by planting  
himself in one tiny corner of the world and willing it to be his own, by  
standing guard in the space he had chosen for himself.

[...]

**Document 3** : Video excerpt of "Perfect Strangers – Street photographer documents the 'Humans of New York'", *CBS This Morning*, January 2, 2014

<https://www.cbsnews.com/video/street-photographer-documents-the-humans-of-new-york/>

Document vidéo (2'59") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.