

Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2017

Épreuve EPC

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

EPC

431

Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- Document 1 : Henry David Thoreau, *The Ponds*, 1854
- Document 2 : Trailer for the documentary film *Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater*, directed by Lynda Waggoner, 2005
- Document 3 : 3 A – Frank Lloyd Wright, Broadacre City master plan and perspective drawing, 1934
3 B – Frank Lloyd Wright, *The Disappearing City*, 1932
- Document 4 : Jeanne Gang, "The Garden in the Machine", *Foreclosed: Rehousing the American Dream*, New York Museum of Modern Art exhibition, 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 : Henry David Thoreau, *Walden* (Chapter IX: "The Ponds"), 1854, pp. 204-207

When I first paddled a boat on Walden, it was completely surrounded by thick and lofty pine and oak woods, and in some of its coves grape-vines had run over the trees next the water and formed bowers under which a boat could pass. The hills which form its shores are so steep, and the woods on them were then so high, that, as you looked down from the west end, it had the appearance of an amphitheatre for some land of sylvan spectacle. I have spent many an hour, when I was younger, floating over its surface as the zephyr willed, having paddled my boat to the middle, and lying on my back across the seats, in a summer forenoon, dreaming awake, until I was aroused by the boat touching the sand, and I arose to see what shore my fates had impelled me to; days when idleness was the most attractive and productive industry. Many a forenoon have I stolen away, preferring to spend thus the most valued part of the day; for I was rich, if not in money, in sunny hours and summer days, and spent them lavishly; nor do I regret that I did not waste more of them in the workshop or the teacher's desk. But since I left those shores the woodchoppers have still further laid them waste, and now for many a year there will be no more rambling through the aisles of the wood, with occasional vistas through which you see the water. My Muse may be excused if she is silent henceforth. How can you expect the birds to sing when their groves are cut down?

Now the trunks of trees on the bottom, and the old log canoe, and the dark surrounding woods, are gone, and the villagers, who scarcely know where it lies, instead of going to the pond to bathe or drink, are thinking to bring its water, which should be as sacred as the Ganges at least, to the village in a pipe, to wash their dishes with! – to earn their Walden by the turning of a cock or drawing of a plug! That devilish Iron Horse, whose ear-rending neigh is heard throughout the town, has muddied the Boiling Spring with his foot, and he it is that has browsed off all the woods on Walden shore, that Trojan horse, with a thousand men in his belly, introduced by mercenary Greeks! Where is the country's champion, the Moore of Moore Hill, to meet him at the Deep Cut and thrust an avenging lance between the ribs of the bloated pest?

Nevertheless, of all the characters I have known, perhaps Walden wears best, and best preserves its purity. Many men have been likened to it, but few deserve that honor. Though the woodchoppers have laid bare first this shore and then that, and the Irish have built their sties by it, and the railroad has infringed on its border, and the ice-men have skimmed it once, it is itself unchanged, the same water which my youthful eyes fell on; all the change is in me. It has not acquired one permanent wrinkle after all its ripples. It is perennially young, and I may stand and see a swallow dip apparently to pick an insect from its surface as of yore. It struck me again tonight, as if I had not seen it almost daily for more than

45 twenty years – Why, here is Walden, the same woodland lake that I
discovered so many years ago; where a forest was cut down last winter
another is springing up by its shore as lustily as ever; the same thought is
welling up to its surface that was then; it is the same liquid joy and
happiness to itself and its Maker, ay, and it may be to me. It is the work
50 of a brave man surely, in whom there was no guile! He rounded this water
with his hand, deepened and clarified it in his thought, and in his will
bequeathed it to Concord. I see by its face that it is visited by the same
reflection; and I can almost say, Walden, is it you?

It is no dream of mine,
To ornament a line;
55 I cannot come nearer to God and Heaven
Than I live to Walden even.
I am its stony shore,
And the breeze that passes o'er;
In the hollow of my hand
60 Are its water and its sand,
And its deepest resort
Lies high in my thought.

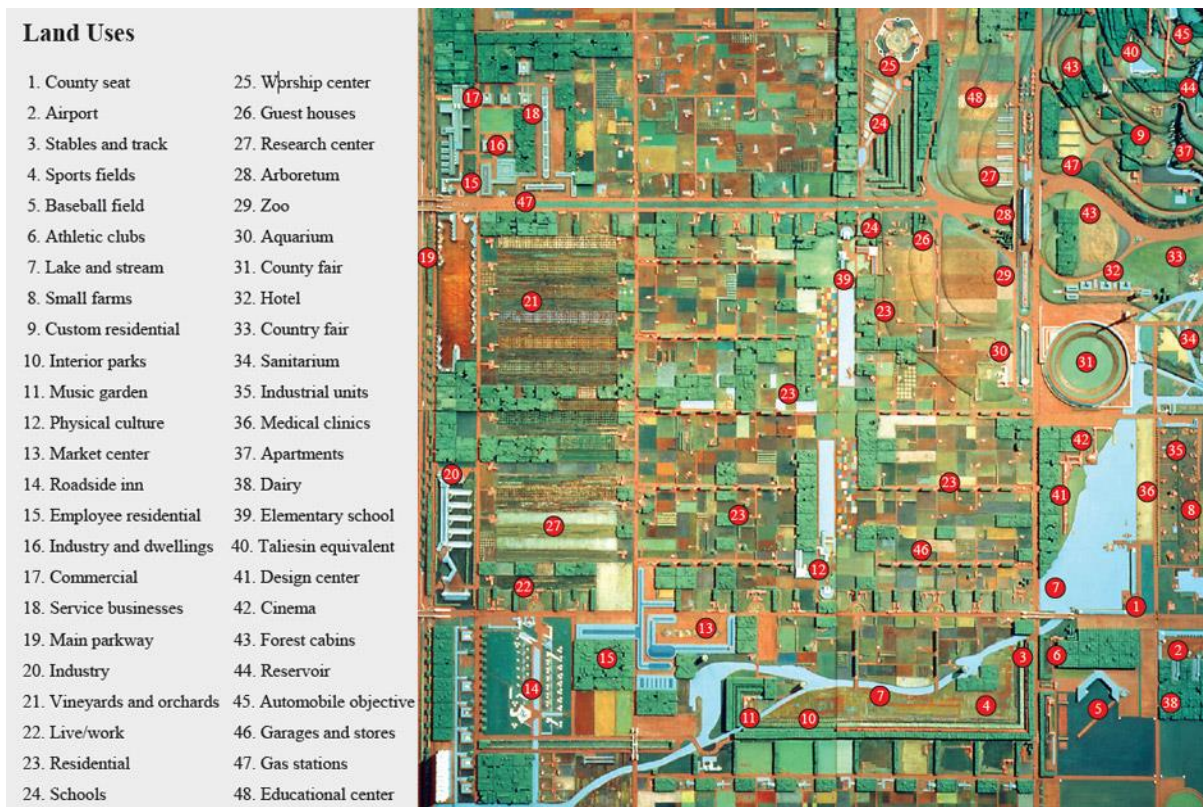
The cars never pause to look at it; yet I fancy that the engineers
and firemen and brakemen, and those passengers who have a season
65 ticket and see it often, are better men for the sight. The engineer does not
forget at night, or his nature does not, that he has beheld this vision of
serenity and purity once at least during the day. Though seen but once, it
helps to wash out State Street and the engine's soot. One proposes that it
be called "God's Drop."

Document 2 : Trailer for the documentary film *Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater*, directed by Lynda Waggoner, 2005

Document vidéo (3'09") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

Document 3 A : Frank Lloyd Wright, Broadacre City master plan and perspective drawing, 1934

Documents également consultables sur la tablette multimédia fournie.



Document 3 B : Frank Lloyd Wright, *The Disappearing City*, 1932
(quoted by Katherine Don, *Frank Lloyd Wright's Utopian Dystopia*, 2010)

Imagine spacious landscaped highways... giant roads, themselves great architecture, pass public service stations, no longer eyesores, expanded to include all kinds of service and comfort. They unite and separate — separate and unite the series of diversified units, the farm units, the
5 factory units, the roadside markets, the garden schools, the dwelling places (each on its acre of individually adorned and cultivated ground), the places for pleasure and leisure. All of these units so arranged and so integrated that each citizen of the future will have all forms of production, distribution, self-improvement, enjoyment, within a radius of a hundred
10 and fifty miles of his home now easily and speedily available by means of his car or plane. This integral whole composes the great city that I see embracing all of this country—the Broadacre City of tomorrow.

Document 4 : Jeanne Gang, "The Garden in the Machine", *Foreclosed: Rehousing the American Dream*, New York Museum of Modern Art exhibition, 2012

<https://www.moma.org/interactives/exhibitions/2012/foreclosed/cicero>

5 Located along freight rail lines predicted to increase in capacity, Cicero is an aging, inner-ring suburb of Chicago. In recent decades it has been a point of arrival for immigrants, overwhelmingly Mexican and Central American, and it is experiencing a high rate of foreclosure, both in its fabric of tightly spaced brick bungalows, many of which are now multifamily dwellings, and on industrial sites. In this proposal, Cicero's linked problems of industrial decline, rising unemployment (coupled with high poverty rates), and environmental contamination are transformed into opportunities for rejuvenation.

10 The team, led by Jeanne Gang of Studio Gang Architects, focused on a former factory. Situated adjacent to housing, it inspired the designers to imagine how the existing fabric and new interventions might be connected. Inverting the title of Leo Marx's classic book *The Machine in the Garden* (1964)—which discusses the historical conflict between the
15 USA's pastoral ideal and its industrial ambitions—and the typical suburban ideal of urban life nestled in nature, the team proposes that lost industry is an American legacy within which the "garden" must be cultivated anew.

The team created a new housing type that allows for the mixing of families, generations, and spaces for living and working in ways generally
20 not sanctioned by current zoning laws. Team members asked, "What if the bungalow could be taken apart and sorted into separate pieces—bedroom, kitchen, lawns—and reassembled as needed?" Their response is the Recombinant House, which remains affordable because people may buy only the parts they need and add or subtract spaces as families grow,
25 shrink, or change. Communal spaces allow for shared recreation, and the work spaces accommodate informal entrepreneurial businesses. By redeploing elements of the abandoned factory, notably its steel trusses, the architects achieve flexibility, introducing open spaces and gardens on multiple levels. Homes, work spaces, and public amenities coexist with a
30 variety of green spaces, which align with the rail lines to form wildlife corridors.

The proposal is based on the limited equity cooperative (LEC) model of home ownership. It decouples the ownership of homes from that of the land beneath them; residents own their spaces, and thus have an
35 incentive to care for them, but land and shared amenities are jointly owned by all, in a private trust.