

**Agrégation interne d'anglais**

**Session 2018**

**Épreuve EPC**

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

**EPC**

**430**

Ce sujet comprend 4 documents :

- **Document 1** : 1 A - Photograph from Paul Auster, *The Invention of Solitude – Portrait of an Invisible Man*, 1982  
1 B - Paul Auster, *The Invention of Solitude – Portrait of an Invisible Man*, 1982
- **Document 2** : Sandra Cisneros, "My Wicked Wicked Ways", *My Wicked Wicked Ways*, 1987
- **Document 3** : Photograph, Annie Leibovitz, *Kim Kardashian, North West, Kanye West*, 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** : Paul Auster, *The Invention of Solitude – Portrait of an Invisible Man*, 1982, p. 4



Document iconographique également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

**Document 1 B** : Paul Auster, *The Invention of Solitude – Portrait of an Invisible Man* 1982, pp. 33-4

5 Kenosha, Wisconsin. 1911 or 1912. Not even he was sure of the date. In the confusion of a large, immigrant family, birth records could not have been considered very important. What matters is that he was the last of five surviving children – a girl and four boys, all born within a span of eight years – and that his mother, a tiny, ferocious woman who could barely speak English, held the family together. She was the matriarch, the absolute dictator, the prime mover who stood at the center of the universe.

10 His father died in 1919, which meant that except for his earliest  
childhood he had no father. During my own childhood he told me three  
different stories about his father's death. In one version, he had been  
killed in a hunting accident. In another, he had fallen off a ladder. In the  
third, he had been shot during the First World War. I knew these  
15 contradictions made no sense, but I assumed this meant that not even my  
father knew the facts. Because he had been so young when it happened –  
only seven – I figured that he had never been given the exact story. But  
then, this made no sense either. One of his brothers surely would have  
told him.

20 All my cousins, however, told me that they, too, had been given  
different explanations by their fathers.

No one ever talked about my grandfather. Until a few years ago, I  
had never seen a picture of him. It was as though the family had decided  
to pretend he had never existed.

25 Among the photographs I found in my father's house last month  
there was one family portrait from those early days in Kenosha. All the  
children are there. My father, no more than a year old, is sitting on his  
mother's lap, and the other four are standing around her in the tall, uncut  
grass. There are two trees behind them and a large wooden house behind  
the trees. A whole world seems to emerge from this portrait: a distinct  
30 time, a distinct place, an indestructible sense of the past. The first time I  
looked at the picture, I noticed that it had been torn down the middle and  
then clumsily mended, leaving one of the trees in the background hanging  
eerily in mid-air. I assumed the picture had been torn by accident and  
thought no more about it. The second time I looked at it, however, I  
35 studied this tear more closely and discovered things I must have been  
blind to miss before. I saw a man's fingertips grasping the torso of one of  
my uncles; I saw, very distinctly, that another of my uncles was not  
resting his hand on his brother's back, as I had first thought, but against a  
chair that was not there. And then I realized what was strange about the  
40 picture: my grandfather had been cut out of it. The image was distorted  
because part of it had been eliminated. My grandfather had been sitting in  
a chair next to his wife with one of his sons standing between his knees –  
and he was not there. Only his fingertips remained: as if he were trying to  
crawl back into the picture from some hole deep in time, as if he had been  
45 exiled to another dimension.

The whole thing made me shake.

**Document 2** : Sandra Cisneros, "My Wicked Wicked Ways", *My Wicked Wicked Ways*<sup>1</sup>, 1987

This is my father.  
See? He is young.  
He looks like Errol Flynn.  
He is wearing a hat  
5 that tips over one eye,  
a suit that fits him good,  
and baggy pants.  
He is also wearing  
those awful shoes,  
10 the two-toned ones  
my mother hates.

Here is my mother.  
She is not crying.  
She cannot look into the lens  
15 because the sun is bright.  
The woman,  
the one my father knows,  
is not here.  
She does not come till later.

20 My mother will get very mad.  
Her face will turn red  
and she will throw one shoe.  
My father will say nothing.  
After a while everyone  
25 will forget it.  
Years and years will pass.  
My mother will stop mentioning it.

This is me she is carrying.  
I am a baby.  
30 She does not know  
I will turn out bad.

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<sup>1</sup> *My Wicked Wicked Ways* happens to be the title of Errol Flynn's autobiography published posthumously in 1959.

**Document 3** : Photograph, Annie Leibovitz, "Kim Kardashian, North West, Kanye West", 2014



Document iconographique également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.