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AGREGATION EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS

EPREUVE HORS PROGRAMME

Première partie (*en anglais, durée maximale : 40 minutes*)

Vous procéderez à l'étude et à la mise en relation argumentée des trois documents du dossier proposé (A, B, C non hiérarchisés). Votre présentation ne dépassera pas 20 minutes et sera suivie d'un entretien de 20 minutes maximum.

Deuxième partie (*en français, durée maximale : 5 minutes*)

À l'issue de l'entretien de première partie, et à l'invitation du jury, vous vous appuierez sur l'un des trois documents du dossier pour proposer un projet d'exploitation pédagogique dans une situation d'enseignement que vous aurez préalablement définie. Cette partie ne donnera lieu à aucun échange avec le jury.

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DOCUMENT A

Thomas Pynchon. *The Crying of Lot 49* (1966), London: Vintage, 2000, pp. 14-16.

San Narciso lay farther south, near LA. Like many named places in California it was less an identifiable city than a group of concepts—census tracts, special purpose bond-issue districts, shopping nuclei, all overlaid with access roads to its own freeway. But it had been Pierce's domicile, and headquarters: the place he'd begun his land speculating in ten years ago, and so put down the plinth course of capital on which everything else afterwards had been built, however rickety or grotesque, towards the sky; and that, she supposed, would set the spot apart, give it an aura. But if there was any vital difference between it and the rest of Southern California, it was invisible on first glance. She drove into San Narciso on a Sunday, in a rented Impala. Nothing was happening. She looked down a slope, needing to squint for the sunlight, on to a vast sprawl of houses which had grown up all together, like a well-tended crop, from the dull brown earth; and she thought of the time she'd opened a transistor radio to replace a battery and seen her first printed circuit. The ordered swirl of houses and streets, from this high angle, sprang at her now with the same unexpected, astonishing clarity as the circuit card had. Though she knew even less about radios than about Southern Californians, there were to both outward patterns a hieroglyphic sense of concealed meaning, of an intent to communicate. There'd seemed no limit to what the printed circuit could have told her (if she had tried to find out); so in her first minute of San Narciso, a revelation also trembled just past the threshold of her understanding. Smog hung all round the horizon, the sun on the bright beige countryside was painful; she and the Chevy seemed parked at the centre of an odd, religious instant. As if, on some other frequency, or out of the eye of some whirlwind rotating too slow for her heated skin even to feel the centrifugal coolness of, words were being spoken. She suspected that much. She thought of Mucho, her husband, trying to believe in his job. Was it something like he felt, looking through the soundproof glass at one of his colleagues with a headset clamped on and cueing the next record with movements stylized as the handling of chrisms, censers, chalices might be for a holy man, yet really tuned in to the voice, voices, the music, its message, surrounded by it, digging it, as were all the faithful it went out to; did Mucho stand outside Studio A looking in, knowing that even if he could hear it he couldn't believe in it?

She gave it up presently, as if a cloud had approached the sun or the smog thickened, and so broken the 'religious instant', whatever it might've been; started up and proceeded at maybe 70 mph along the singing blacktop, on to a highway she thought went towards Los Angeles, into a neighbourhood that was little more than the road's skinny right-of-way, lined by auto lots, escrow services, drive-ins, small office buildings and factories whose address numbers were in the 70 and then 80,000s. She had never known numbers to run so high. It seemed unnatural. To her left appeared a prolonged scatter of wide, pink buildings, surrounded by miles of fence topped with barbed wire and interrupted now and then by guard towers: soon an entrance whizzed by, two sixty-foot

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45 missiles on either side and the name YOYODYNE lettered conservatively on each
nose cone. This was San Narciso's big source of employment, the Galactronics
Division of Yoyodyne, Inc, one of the giants of the aerospace industry. Pierce,
she happened to know, had owned a large block of shares, had been somehow
involved in negotiating an understanding with the county tax assessor to lure
Yoyodyne here in the first place. It was part, he explained, of being a founding
50 father.

Barbed wire again gave way to the familiar parade of more beige, prefab,
cinderblock office machine distributors, sealant makers, bottled gas works,
fastener factories, warehouses, and whatever. Sunday had sent them all into
silence and paralysis, all but an occasional real estate office or truck stop. Oedipa
55 resolved to pull in at the next motel she saw, however ugly, stillness and four
walls having at some point become preferable to this illusion of speed, freedom,
wind in your hair, unreeling landscape—it wasn't. What the road really was, she
fancied, was this hypodermic needle, inserted somewhere ahead into the vein of
a freeway, a vein nourishing the mainliner LA, keeping it happy, coherent,
60 protected from pain, or whatever passes, with a city, for pain. But were Oedipa
some single melted crystal of urban horse, LA, really, would be no less turned on
for her absence.

Still, when she got a look at the next motel, she hesitated a second. A
representation in painted sheet metal of a nymph holding a white blossom
65 towered thirty feet into the air; the sign, lit up despite the sun, said 'Echo
Courts'. The face of the nymph was much like Oedipa's, which didn't startle her
so much as a concealed blower system that kept the nymph's gauze chiton in
constant agitation, revealing enormous vermilion-tipped breasts and long pink
thighs at each flap. She was smiling a lipsticked and public smile, not quite a
70 hooker's but nowhere near that of any nymph pining away with love either.
Oedipa pulled into the lot, got out and stood for a moment in the hot sun and the
dead still air, watching the artificial windstorm overhead toss gauze in five-foot
excursions. Remembering her idea about a slow whirlwind, words she couldn't
hear.

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DOCUMENT B

Joel Garreau. *Edge City: Life on the New Frontier* (1991), New York: First Anchor Books Edition, 1992, pp. 3-11.

Americans are creating the biggest change in a hundred years in how we build cities. Every single American city that *is* growing, is growing in the fashion of Los Angeles, with multiple urban cores.

5 These new hearths of our civilization—in which the majority of metropolitan Americans now work and around which we live—look not at all like our old downtowns. Buildings rarely rise shoulder to shoulder, as in Chicago’s Loop. Instead, their broad, low outlines dot the landscape like mushrooms, separated by greensward and parking lots. Their office towers, frequently guarded by trees, gaze at one another from respectful distances through bands
10 of glass that mirror the sun in blue or silver or green or gold, like antique drawings of “the city of the future.”

The hallmarks of these new urban centers are not the sidewalks of New York of song and fable, for usually there are few sidewalks. There are jogging trails around the hills and ponds of their characteristic campuses. But if an
15 American finds himself tripping the light fantastic today on concrete, social scientists know where to look for him. He will be amid the crabapples blossoming under glassed-in skies where America retails its wares. We have quaintly if accurately named these places after that fashionable tree-lined promenade created in the late 1600s—the Mall in London’s St. James’s Park. Back then, its
20 denizens even had a name for the hour when the throng of promenaders “giggling with their sparks” was at its height. They called it High Mall. Pity we’ve not picked up that usage. We have certainly picked up the practice, because malls usually function as the village squares of these new urbs.

Our new city centers are tied together not by locomotives and subways,
25 but by jetways, freeways, and rooftop satellite dishes thirty feet across. Their characteristic monument is not a horse-mounted hero, but the atria reaching for the sun and shielding trees perpetually in leaf at the cores of corporate headquarters, fitness centers, and shopping plazas. These new urban areas are marked not by the penthouses of the old urban rich or the tenements of the old
30 urban poor. Instead, their landmark structure is the celebrated single-family detached dwelling, the suburban home with grass all around that made America the best-housed civilization the world has ever known.

I have come to call these new urban centers Edge Cities. Cities, because they contain all the functions a city ever has, albeit in a spread-out form that few
35 have come to recognize for what it is. Edge, because they are a vigorous world of pioneers and immigrants, rising far from the old downtowns, where little save villages or farmland lay only thirty years before.

Edge Cities represent the third wave of our lives pushing into new frontiers in this half century. First, we moved our homes out past the traditional idea of what constituted a city. This was the suburbanization of America, especially after
40 World War II.

Then we wearied of returning downtown for the necessities of life, so we moved our marketplaces out to where we lived. This was the malling of America, especially in the 1960s and 1970s.

45 Today, we have moved our means of creating wealth, the essence of urbanism—our jobs—out to where most of us have lived and shopped for two generations. That has led to the rise of Edge City.

Not since more than a century ago, when we took Benjamin Franklin's picturesque mercantile city of Philadelphia and exploded it into a nineteenth-century industrial behemoth, have we made such profound changes in the ways we live, work, and play.

Good examples of our more than two hundred new Edge Cities are:

- The area around Route 128 and the Massachusetts Turnpike in the Boston region that was the birthplace of applied high technology;
- 55 • The Schaumburg area west of O'Hare Airport, near which Sears moved its corporate headquarters from the 110-story Sears Tower in downtown Chicago;
- The Perimeter Center area, at the northern tip of Atlanta's Beltway, that is larger than downtown Atlanta;
- 60 • Irvine, in Orange County, south of Los Angeles.

By any functional urban standard—tall buildings, bright lights, office space that represents white-collar jobs, shopping, entertainment, prestigious hotels, corporate headquarters, hospitals with CAT scans, even population—each Edge City is larger than downtown Portland, Oregon, or Portland, Maine, or Tampa, or Tucson. Already, two thirds of all American office facilities are in Edge Cities, and 80 percent of them have materialized in only the last two decades [...]

In his plan for the urban future that he christened Broadacre City, that most relentlessly American of urban visionaries, Frank Lloyd Wright, anticipated with stunning accuracy many of the features of Edge City.

70 "Nonsense is talked by our big skyscraperites in the blind alley they have set up, defending urban congestion by obscuring the simple facts of the issue," he trumpeted in the 1950s in *The Living City*. "Their skyscraper-by-skyscraper is ... the gravestone of ... centralization."

Wright viewed as interchangeable the concepts of individualism, freedom, and democracy. He saw them as fundamentally in opposition to the despised, exploitative "monarchy" of the old downtowns. He yearned for a system in which all men fled the evils of big capital, big authorities, big cities—troglodytes of every stripe—for a connection with nature, the earth, the ground. He thought an acre per person was about right. He saw individuals newly freed coming back together in totally modern agglomerations, on new terms, stronger, growing together "in adequate space." He saw the automobile and aircraft as the glorious agents of that dispersion and reintegration, and he knew exactly what would happen when, inexorably, we blew Edge City out to their scale:

85 "After all is said and done, *he*—the citizen—is really the city. The city is going where he goes. He is learning to go where he enjoys all the city ever gave him, plus freedom, security, and beauty of his birthright, the good ground."

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DOCUMENT C

New York and Brooklyn. Poster published by Currier & Ives, 1892, 53 x 84 cm. Retrieved from the Library of Congress, <https://www.loc.gov/item/75694806/>

