

**Agrégation interne d'anglais**

**Session 2019**

**Épreuve EPC**

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

**EPC**

**408**

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- **Document 1** : John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*, London, Penguin Modern Classics, 1939.
- **Document 2** : 2 A – Woodie Guthrie, "The Great Dust Storm" (song), released on *Dust Bowl Ballads*, Victor Records, 1940.  
2 B – Woodie Guthrie, "The Great Dust Storm" (lyrics), released on *Dust Bowl Ballads*, Victor Records, 1940.
- **Document 3** : Khan Academy, *Art and Society* about Dorothea Lange's "Migrant Mother", 2017.

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:** John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*, chapter 1, London, Penguin Modern Classics, 1939, pp. 3-5.

To the red country and part of the gray country of Oklahoma, the last rains came gently, and they did not cut the scarred earth. The plows crossed and recrossed the rivulet marks. The last rains lifted the corn quickly and scattered weed colonies and grass along the sides of the roads so that the  
5 gray country and the dark red country began to disappear under a green cover. In the last part of May the sky grew pale and the clouds that had hung in high puffs for so long in the spring were dissipated. The sun flared down on the growing corn day after day until a line of brown spread along the edge of each green bayonet. The clouds appeared, and went away, and  
10 in a while they did not try any more. The weeds grew darker green to protect themselves, and they did not spread any more. The surface of the earth crusted, a thin hard crust, and as the sky became pale, so the earth became pale, pink in the red country and white in the gray country. [...]

When June was half gone, the big clouds moved up out of Texas and the  
15 Gulf, high heavy clouds, rain-heads. The men in the fields looked up at the clouds and sniffed at them and held wet fingers up to sense the wind. And the horses were nervous while the clouds were up. The rain-heads dropped a little spattering and hurried on to some other country. Behind them the sky was pale again and the sun flared. In the dust there were drop craters  
20 where the rain had fallen, and there were clean splashes on the corn, and that was all.

A gentle wind followed the rain clouds, driving them on northward, a wind that softly clashed the drying corn. A day went by and the wind increased, steady, unbroken by gusts. The dust from the roads fluffed up and spread  
25 out and fell on the weeds beside the fields, and fell into the fields a little way. Now the wind grew strong and hard and it worked at the rain crust in the corn fields. Little by little the sky was darkened by the mixing dust, and the wind felt over the earth, loosened the dust, and carried it away. The wind grew stronger. The rain crust broke and the dust lifted up out of the  
30 fields and drove gray plumes into the air like sluggish smoke. The corn threshed the wind and made a dry, rushing sound. The finest dust did not settle back to earth now, but disappeared into the darkening sky.

The wind grew stronger, whisked under stones, carried up straws and old leaves, and even little clods, marking its course as it sailed across the fields.  
35 The air and the sky darkened and through them the sun shone redly, and there was a raw sting in the air. During a night the wind raced faster over the land, dug cunningly among the rootlets of the corn, and the corn fought the wind with its weakened leaves until the roots were freed by the prying

40 wind and then each stalk settled wearily sideways toward the earth and pointed the direction of the wind.

The dawn came, but no day. In the gray sky a red sun appeared, a dim red circle that gave a little light, like dusk; and as that day advanced, the dusk slipped back toward darkness, and the wind cried and whimpered over the fallen corn.

45 Men and women huddled in their houses, and they tied handkerchiefs over their noses when they went out, and wore goggles to protect their eyes.

50 When the night came again it was black night, for the stars could not pierce the dust to get down, and the window lights could not even spread beyond their own yards. Now the dust was evenly mixed with the air, an emulsion of dust and air. Houses were shut tight, and cloth wedged around doors and windows, but the dust came in so thinly that it could not be seen in the air, and it settled like pollen on the chairs and tables, on the dishes. The people brushed it from their shoulders. Little lines of dust lay at the door sills.

55 In the middle of that night the wind passed on and left the land quiet. The dust-filled air muffled sound more completely than fog does. The people, lying in their beds, heard the wind stop. They awakened when the rushing wind was gone. They lay quietly and listened deep into the stillness. Then the roosters crowed, and their voices were muffled, and the people stirred restlessly in their beds and wanted the morning. They knew it would take  
60 a long time for the dust to settle out of the air.

**Document 2 A:** Woodie Guthrie, "The Great Dust Storm" (song), released on *Dust Bowl Ballads*, Victor Records, 1940.

Document audio (3'20") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

**Document 2 B:** Woodie Guthrie, "The Great Dust Storm" (lyrics), released on *Dust Bowl Ballads*, Victor Records, 1940.

[https://www.woodyguthrie.org/Lyrics/Dust\\_Storm\\_Disaster.htm](https://www.woodyguthrie.org/Lyrics/Dust_Storm_Disaster.htm)

On the 14th day of April of 1935,  
There struck the worst of dust storms that ever filled the sky.  
You could see that dust storm comin', the cloud looked deathlike black,  
And through our mighty nation, it left a dreadful track.

5 From Oklahoma City to the Arizona line,  
Dakota and Nebraska to the lazy Rio Grande,  
It fell across our city like a curtain of black rolled down,  
We thought it was our judgement, we thought it was our doom.

The radio reported, we listened with alarm,  
10 The wild and windy actions of this great mysterious storm;  
From Albuquerque and Clovis, and all New Mexico,  
They said it was the blackest that ever they had saw.

From old Dodge City, Kansas, the dust had rung their knell,  
And a few more comrades sleeping on top of old Boot Hill.  
15 From Denver, Colorado, they said it blew so strong,  
They thought that they could hold out, but they didn't know how long.

Our relatives were huddled into their oil boom shacks,  
And the children they was cryin' as it whistled through the cracks.  
And the family it was crowded into their little room,  
20 They thought the world had ended, and they thought it was their doom.

The storm took place at sundown, it lasted through the night,  
When we looked out next morning, we saw a terrible sight.  
We saw outside our window where wheat fields they had grown  
Was now a rippling ocean of dust the wind had blown.

25 It covered up our fences, it covered up our barns,  
It covered up our tractors in this wild and dusty storm.  
We loaded our jalopies and piled our families in,  
We rattled down that highway to never come back again.

**Document 3:** Khan Academy, *Art and Society* about Dorothea Lange's "Migrant Mother" (video excerpt), 2017.

<https://www.khanacademy.org/partner-content/moma/>

Document vidéo (1'59") à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.