

Formation LLCER – Mettre en résonance documents littéraires et documents civilisationnels
24-26.09.2019 - Documents présentés

Terminale - ARTS ET DÉBATS D'IDÉES – Le pouvoir royal



Portrait of Henry VIII, Hans Holbein, 1536-7



The "Pelican Portrait" of Queen Elizabeth, Nicholas Hilliard, 1573-1575

1ère - RENCONTRES / Terminales - ARTS ET DÉBATS D'IDÉES

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.

Tomorrow,
I'll be at the table
When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.

Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed—

I, too, am America.

Langston Hughes, *I, too*, 1926

Terminale - VOYAGES, TERRITOIRES, FRONTIÈRES – Migration et exil



Migrant Mother, Dorothea Lange, 1936



Tractored Out, Dorothea Lange, 1938

Exemple de corpus:

Séquence	"The Dust Bowl and the Great Depression"
Problématique	<i>To what extent did the socio-economic context of the USA in the 1930s trigger waves of immigration ? etc.</i>
Tâches ?	- You are a migrant worker and you remember a traumatizing event that changed your life: write a page in your diary. - You are a journalist and you have just interviewed a worker. Write down the full interview to be published in the March 1935 issue of the <i>SF Examiner</i> , etc.
Documents	- Documents historiques FDR's <i>New Deal</i> , extraits d'articles de journaux de l'époque cf. <i>The San Francisco Examiner</i> , July 1 st 1934, documentaires cf. <i>The Dust Bowl</i> , PBS, 2012 --> youtube, témoignages d'agriculteurs de l'époque - Documents littéraires (cf. <i>The Grapes of Wrath</i> , John Steinbeck, 1939 ; <i>Of Mice and Men</i> , John Steinbeck, 1937 ; <i>Out of the Dust</i> , Karen Hesse, 1934 ; <i>Whose Names are Unknown</i> , Sanora Babb, 1939 - Arts visuels (Photographie cf. Dorothea Lange, Walker Evans, « Let us now praise famous men » ; Peinture cf. Alexandre Hogue; Cinéma cf. Adaptation de <i>The Grapes of Wrath</i> , John Ford, 1940) - Musique (cf. Woodie Guthrie, <i>Dust Bowl Ballads</i> , 1935 cf. Bruce Springsteen, <i>The Ghost of Tom Joad</i> , 1995)

The tractors came over the roads and into the fields, great crawlers moving like insects, having the incredible strength of insects. They crawled over the ground, laying the track and rolling on it and picking it up. Diesel tractors, pattering while they stood idle; they thundered when they moved, and then settled down to a droning roar. Snub-nosed monsters, raising dust and sticking their snouts into it, straight down the country, across the country, through fences, through dooryards, in and out of gullies in straight lines. They did not run on the ground, but on their own roadbeds. They ignored hills and gulches, water courses, fences, houses.

The man sitting in the iron seat did not look like a man; gloved; goggled, rubber mask over nose and mouth, he was part of the monster, a robot in the seat. The thunder of cylinders sounded through the country, became one with the air and the earth, so that earth and air muttered in sympathetic vibration. The driver could not control it – straight across the country it went, cutting through a dozen farms and straight back. A twitch at the controls could swerve the cat', but the driver's hands could not twitch because the monster that built the tractor, the monster that sent the tractor out, had somehow got into the driver's hands, into his brain and muscle, had goggled him and muzzled him – goggled his mind, muzzled his speech, goggled his perception, muzzled his protest. He could not see the land as it was, he could not smell the land as it smelled; his feet did not stamp the clods or feel the warmth and power of the earth. He sat on an iron seat and stepped on iron pedals. He could not cheer or beat or curse or encourage the extension of his power, and because of this he could not cheer or whip or curse or encourage himself. He did not know or trust or beseech the land. If a seed dropped did not germinate, it was no skin off his ass. If the young thrusting plant withered in drought or drowned in a flood of rain, it was no more to the driver than to the tractor.

He loved the land not more than the bank loved the land. He could admire the tractor – its machined surfaces, its surge of power, the roar of its detonating cylinders; but it was not his tractor. Behind the tractor rolled the shining disks, cutting the earth with blades – not plowing but surgery, pushing the cut earth to the right where the second row of disk cut it and pushed it to the left; slicing blades shining, polished by the cut earth. And pulled behind the disks, the harrows combing with iron teeth so that the little clods broke up and the earth lay smooth.