

## Entraînement à l'épreuve écrite de spécialité LLCER Anglais

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Voyages, territoires, frontières ».

**Partie 1 (16pts)** : prenez connaissance des documents A, B et C et traitez le sujet suivant en anglais :

Write a commentary on the three documents (minimum 500 words).

Taking into account the specificities of each document, analyse how the three documents depict people's fascination with the American West and the limits of its attractiveness.

**Partie 2 (4 pts)** : traduisez le passage suivant du document A en français :

"How can you draw something if you don't know it's there? You see what I'm talking about, don't you? It didn't feel human anymore. The wind would blow so hard that you couldn't hear yourself think, and then it would suddenly stop, and the air would be so still, you'd stand there wondering if you hadn't gone deaf. Unearthly silence, Fogg. The only thing you could hear was your heart beating in your chest, the sound of blood rushing through your brain." (ll. 28-33)

### Document A

*Effing, an old blind man in a wheelchair, is telling Fogg, the narrator, about his experience in the American West as a young painter in search for inspiration in 1916.*

We headed due west from the city, camped out by the lake for a day or two, and then moved on into the Great Salt Desert. It was like nothing I had ever seen before. The flattest, most desolate spot on the planet, a boneyard of oblivion. You travel along day after day, and you don't see a goddamned thing. Not a tree, not a shrub, not a  
5 single blade of grass. Nothing but whiteness, cracked earth stretching into the distance on all sides. The ground tastes of salt, and way out at the edge, the horizon is ringed with mountains, a huge ring of mountains oscillating in the light. It makes you think you're nearing water, surrounded by all that shimmer and glare, but it's only an illusion. It's a dead world, and the only thing you ever get closer to is more of the same nothing.  
10 God knows how many pioneers bogged down and gave up the ghost in that desert, you'd see their white bones jutting straight out of the ground. That's what did in the Donner party<sup>1</sup>, everyone knows about them. They got stuck in the salt, and by the time they reached the Sierra Mountains in California, the winter snows blocked their way,

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<sup>1</sup> The Donner Party was a group of American pioneers who migrated to California in a wagon train from the Midwest in the 1840s. Some of the migrants resorted to cannibalism to survive, eating the bodies of those who had succumbed to starvation, sickness and extreme cold.

15 and they fell to eating each other to stay alive. Everyone knows that, it's American folklore, but a true fact nevertheless, a true and unimpeachable fact. Wagon wheels, skullbones, empty bullet shells—I saw all those things out there, even as late as 1916. A giant cemetery was what it was, a blank page of death.

20 For the first couple of weeks, I drew like a fiend. Odd stuff, I'd never done work like that before. I hadn't thought the scale would make a difference, but it did, there was no other way to wrestle with the size of things. The marks on the page became smaller and smaller, small to the point of vanishing. It was as if my hand had a life of its own. Just get it down, I kept saying to myself, just get it down, and don't worry, you can think about it later. We stopped off in Wendover for a little while and got cleaned up, then crossed into Nevada and went south, traveling along the edge of the Confusion Range<sup>2</sup>. Again, it all jumped out at me in ways I wasn't prepared for. The mountains, the snow on top of the mountains, the clouds hovering around the snow. After a while, they began to merge together and I couldn't tell them apart. Whiteness, and then more whiteness. How can you draw something if you don't know it's there? You see what I'm talking about, don't you? It didn't feel human anymore. The wind 30 would blow so hard that you couldn't hear yourself think, and then it would suddenly stop, and the air would be so still, you'd stand there wondering if you hadn't gone deaf. Unearthly silence, Fogg. The only thing you could hear was your heart beating in your chest, the sound of blood rushing through your brain.

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<sup>2</sup> The Confusion Range is a north-south trending mountain range in west-central Utah, United States.

Paul Auster, *Moon Palace* , 1989

## Document B

### Unraveling the myth of the American West

Tim Richmond's fascination with the American West began as a boy in England, watching cowboy movies on TV.

5 "The film 'Hud' with Paul Newman in 1963 or 'Bad Day at Black Rock' with Spencer Tracy ... and 'Junior Bonner' with Steve McQueen as a sort of rodeo rider," said Richmond. "It seemed like another world from sort of drab England."

When he turned 17, Richmond headed to the United States, where he spent three months hitchhiking his way through the Western states.

"I just wanted to see things like I'd seen in films," he said.

10 Richmond captures the solitude and expanse of places like central Wyoming and Montana in his latest photography project, "Last Best Hiding Place," which releases in book format in June in the United Kingdom and in the fall in the United States.

But don't expect any romanticized, idyllic scenes in his photography.

15 "I preferred the idea of actually slowly looking at the places away from perhaps Western art," he explained. "Looking at the the sort of everyday side of things, which I find more interesting."

Richmond began the project seven years ago as the financial crisis began to unfold across the United States. He said he was surprised by "the scale of development on halt in the towns outside Salt Lake City."

20 He named his photography series "Last Best Hiding Place" after a phrase he came across during his travels, referring to those living "slightly under the radar" in remote parts of the American West.

"Some of the parts in ... central Wyoming and central Montana, they are as remote as I've ever been," Richmond said. "And when you're traveling 50 miles between almost  
25 just a gas station and that's it, it sort of changes one's viewpoint of scale and distance."  
(...)

His images include people and places in faraway towns like Miles City, Montana; Deadwood, South Dakota; and Eureka, Utah. Often, Richmond would determine where he'd go next by pulling out a map and picking a town that had an interesting name.

30 Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't.

"I remember looking in Utah one time and I came across this town -- I just thought, well it sounds really interesting and it's in the hills, and it's called Eureka," Richmond explained. "The story of the town itself is quite typical of a lot of those towns: it was nothing, no food, it grew huge and then slowly died off. (But) the thing that really  
35 fascinated me was the fact that this town was really hanging on ... everything just seemed to click in that town." (...)

Out of the thousands of images that he took, Richmond carefully selected ones he felt embody the real face of the American West.

But he insists that his audience needs to "create their own backstory" about what they  
40 are witnessing in his photos.

"The place has to resonate with me ... there has to have some sort of lyricism or poetry about the image so people can see into it," he said. "There's no story here so the pictures don't have to fit in ... these pictures can float around a bit more, they don't have to fit with a strict text narrative."

Tricia Escobedo, [www.cnn.com](http://www.cnn.com), February 12, 2015

## Document C



Monument Valley - Cowboy on John Ford point, [www.xceldelivery.com](http://www.xceldelivery.com), 2016