

IDENTIFICATION DU SUJET**Code UE : D1B20****Intitulé UE : Littérature**

EXAMEN

*Code épreuve : D1B20**Intitulé épreuve : Littérature***Durée : 2h00**

Documents autorisés : aucun

Enseignant responsable : Dennis TREDY

INDICATIONS FOURNIES AU CANDIDAT : celui-ci traite toutes les questions | ____ | question(s) au choix le sujet correspondant aux enseignements suivisLe sujet comporte | 2 | page(s)**Oraux : L'épreuve écrite est suivie d'un oral** OUI NON

D1B20 – Final Exam

Part 1 (30%) :Write an essay on **ONE** of the two following topics. Be as thorough as you can when defining the given movement and provide some examples.

The Birth of American Fiction

The Metaphysical Poets

Part 2 (70%) :Write a **commentary** on the following passage from John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*.

-Casy's character development

-the role of religion in lives of the characters

-the unusual message Casy delivers during grace

(These are only suggestions. You may write on any topics you choose to).

Be sure to include a short introduction and conclusion and to pay particular attention to the quality of your English.

A l'attention du candidat :

- N'oubliez pas de reporter le code de l'épreuve et le code de l'élément pédagogique dans l'en-tête de la copie.

- Si le sujet comporte plusieurs parties, utilisez une copie par partie et portez le titre de la partie sur chaque copie.

"Grace fust," Granma clamored. "Grace fust."

Grampa focused his eyes fiercely until he recognized Casy. "Oh, that preacher," he said. "Oh, he's all right. I always-liked him since I seen him-" He winked so lecherously that Granma thought he had spoken and retorted, "Shut up, you sinful ol' goat."

5 Casy ran his fingers through his hair nervously. "I got to tell you, I ain't a preacher no more. If me jus' bein' glad to be here an' bein' thankful for people that's kind and generous, if that's enough-why, I'll say that kinda grace. But I ain't a preacher no more."

10 "Say her," said Granma. "An' get in a word about us goin' to California." The preacher bowed his head, and the others bowed their heads. Ma folded her hands over her stomach and bowed her head. Granma bowed so low that her nose was nearly in her plate of biscuit and gravy. Tom, leaning against the wall, a plate in his hand, bowed stiffly, and Grampa bowed his head sidewise, so that he could keep one mean and merry eye on the preacher. And on the preacher's face there was a look not of prayer, but of thought; and in his tone not supplication, but conjecture.

15 "I been thinkin'," he said. "I been in the hills, thinkin', almost you might say like Jesus went into the wilderness to think His way out of a mess of troubles."

"Pu-raise Gawd!" Granma said, and the preacher glanced over at her in surprise.

"Seems like Jesus got all messed up with troubles, and He couldn't figure nothin' out, an' He got to feelin' what the hell good is it all, an' what's the use fightin' an' figurin'. Got tired, got good an' tired, an' His sperit all wore out. Jus' about come to the conclusion, the hell with it. An' so He went off into the wilderness."

20 "A-men," Granma bleated. So many years she had timed her responses to the pauses. And it was so many years since she had listened to or wondered at the words used.

25 "I ain't sayin' I'm like Jesus," the preacher went on. "But I got tired like Him, an' I got mixed up like Him, an' I went into the wilderness like Him, without no campin' stuff. Nighttime I'd lay on my back an' look up at the stars; morning I'd set an' watch the sun come up; midday I'd look out from a hill at the rollin' dry country; evenin' I'd foller the sun down. Sometimes I'd pray like I always done. On'y I couldn't figure what I was prayin' to or for. There was the hills, an' there was me, an' we wasn't separate no more. We was one thing. An' there was me an' the hills an' there was the stars an' the black sky, an' we was all one thing. An' that one thing was holy."

"Hallelujah," said Granma, and she rocked a little, back and forth, trying to catch hold of an ecstasy.

30 "An' I got thinkin', on'y it wasn't thinkin', it was deeper down than thinkin'. I got thinkin' how we was holy when we was one thing, an' mankin' was holy when it was one thing. An' it on'y got unholy when one mis'able little fell a got the bit in his teeth an' run off his own way, kickin' an' draggin' an' fightin'. Fella like that bust the holiness. But when they're all workin' together, not one fella for another fella, but one fella kind of harnessed to the whole shebang --that's right, that's holy. An' then I got thinkin' I don't even know what I mean by holy." He paused, but the bowed heads stayed down, for they had been trained like dogs to rise at the "amen" signal. "I can't say no grace like I use' ta say. I'm glad of the holiness of breakfast. I'm glad there's love here. That's all." The heads stayed down. The preacher looked around. "I've got your breakfast cold," he said; and then he remembered. "Amen," he said, and all the heads rose up.

40 "A-men," said Granma, and she fell to her breakfast, and broke down the soggy biscuits with her hard old toothless gums. Tom ate quickly, and Pa crammed his mouth. There was no talk until the food was gone, the coffee drunk; only the crunch of chewed food and the slup of coffee cooled in transit to the tongue. Ma watched the preacher as he ate, and her eyes were questioning, probing and understanding. She watched him as though he were suddenly a spirit, not human any more, a voice out of the ground.