

ANGLAIS

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*Commenter en anglais le texte suivant et le traduire à partir de « The man sitting in the iron seat... » jusqu'à « ... but it was not his tractor. ».*

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, puttering while they stood idle; they thundered when they moved, and then settled down to a droning roar. Snub-nosed monsters,  
5 raising the 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 dust  
10 mask over nose and mouth, he was a part of the monster, a robot in the seat. The thunder of the 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 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  
15 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 in an iron seat and stepped on iron pedals. He could not cheer  
20 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 own or trust or beseech the land. If a seed dropped did not germinate, it was nothing. 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 no more than the bank loved the land. He could admire the tractor  
25 — 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 disks cut it and pushed it to the left; slicing blades shining, polished by the cut earth. And pulled behind  
30 the disks, the harrows combing with iron teeth so that the little clods broke up and the earth lay smooth. Behind the harrows, the long seeders — twelve curved iron penes erected in the foundry, orgasms set by gears, raping methodically, raping without passion. The driver sat in his iron seat and he was proud of the straight lines he did not will, proud of the tractor he did not own or love, proud of the power he could not control. And when that crop grew, and was  
35 harvested, no man had crumbled a hot clod in his fingers and let the earth sift past his fingertips. No man had touched the seed, or lusted for the growth. Men ate what they had not raised, had no connection with the bread. The land bore under iron, and under iron gradually died; for it was not loved or hated, it had no prayers or curses.

At noon the tractor driver stopped sometimes near a tenant house and opened his  
40 lunch: sandwiches wrapped in waxed paper, white bread, pickle, cheese, Spam, a piece of pie  
branded like an engine part. He ate without relish. And tenants not yet moved away came out  
to see him, looked curiously while the goggles were taken off, and the rubber dust mask,  
leaving white circles around the eyes and a large white circle around nose and mouth.  
The exhaust of the tractor pattered on, for fuel is so cheap it is more efficient to leave the  
45 engine running than to heat the Diesel nose for a new start. Curious children crowded close,  
ragged children who ate their fried dough as they watched. They watched hungrily the  
unwrapping of the sandwiches, and their hunger-sharpened noses smelled the pickle, cheese,  
and Spam. They didn't speak to the driver. They watched his hand as it carried food to his  
mouth. They did not watch him chewing; their eyes followed the hand that held the sandwich.

John STEINBECK (1902-1968), *The Grapes of Wrath*, 1939.