

Document A

This document is an excerpt from Me, the autobiography of Elton John, British singer, songwriter, pianist and composer born in 1947. He is one of the best-selling music artists of all time.

It was my mum who introduced me to Elvis Presley. Every Friday, after work, she would pick up her wages, stop off on the way home at Siever's, an electrical store that also sold records, and buy a new 78¹. [...] She told me she'd never heard anything like it before, but it was so fantastic she had to buy it. As soon as she said the words
5 Elvis Presley, I recognized them. The previous weekend I'd been looking through the magazines in the local barber shop while I was waiting to have my hair cut, when I came across a photo of the most bizarre-looking man I'd ever seen. Everything about him looked extraordinary: his clothes, his hair, even the way he was standing. Compared to the people you could see outside the barber shop window in the north-
10 west London suburb of Pinner, he might as well have been bright green with antennae sticking out of his forehead. I'd been so transfixed I hadn't even bothered to read the accompanying article, and by the time I got home I'd forgotten his name. But that was it: Elvis Presley.

As soon as Mum put the record on, it became apparent that Elvis Presley
15 sounded the way he looked, like he came from another planet. Compared to the stuff my parents normally listened to, 'Heartbreak Hotel' barely qualified as music at all, an opinion my father would continue to expound upon at great length over the coming years. I'd already heard rock and roll – 'Rock Around The Clock' had been a big hit earlier in 1956 – but 'Heartbreak Hotel' didn't sound anything like that either. It was raw
20 and sparse and slow and eerie. Everything was drenched in the weird echo. [...] As 'Heartbreak Hotel' played, it felt like something had changed, that nothing could really be the same again. As it turned out, something had, and nothing was.

And thank God, because the world needed changing. I grew up in fifties Britain and, before Elvis, before rock and roll, fifties Britain was a pretty grim place. I didn't
25 mind living in Pinner – I've never been one of those rock stars who was motivated by a burning desire to escape the suburbs, I quite liked it there – but the whole country was in a bad place.

Elton JOHN, *Me*, 2019

¹ a 78: a type of vinyl record.

Document B

*This document is an excerpt from *Born to Run*, the autobiography of Bruce Springsteen, world-famous American rock singer, songwriter and musician born in 1949.*

In the beginning there was a great darkness upon the Earth. There was Christmas and your birthday but beyond that all was a black endless authoritarian void. There was nothing to look forward to, nothing to look back upon, no future, no history. It was all a kid could do to make it to summer vacation.

5 Then, in a moment of light, blinding as a universe birthing a billion new suns, there was hope, sex, rhythm, excitement, possibility, a new way of seeing, of feeling, of thinking, of looking at your body, of combing your hair, of wearing your clothes, of moving and of living. There was a joyous demand made, a challenge, a way out of this dead-to-life world, this small-town grave with all the people I dearly loved and feared
10 buried in it alongside of me.

 THE BARRICADES HAVE BEEN STORMED!! A FREEDOM SONG HAS BEEN SUNG!! THE BELLS OF LIBERTY HAVE RUNG!! A HERO HAS COME. THE OLD ORDER HAS BEEN OVERTHROWN! The teachers, the parents, the fools so sure they knew THE WAY—THE ONLY WAY—to build a life, to have an impact on things and to
15 make a man or woman out of yourself, have been challenged. A HUMAN ATOM HAS JUST SPLIT THE WORLD IN TWO!

 The small part of the world I inhabit has stumbled upon an irreversible moment. Somewhere in between the mundane variety acts on a routine Sunday night in the year of our Lord 1956 . . . THE REVOLUTION HAS BEEN TELEVISED!! [...]

20 This new world is a world of black and white. A place of freedom where the two most culturally powerful tribes in American society find a common ground, pleasure and joy in each other's presence. Where they use a common language to speak with . . . to *BE* with one another. [...]

 A “man” did this. A “man” searching for something new. He willed it into
25 existence. Elvis's great act of love rocked the country and was an early echo of the coming civil rights movement. He was the kind of new American whose “desires” would bring his goals to fruition. He was a singer, a guitar player who loved black musical culture, recognized its artistry, its mastery, its power, and yearned for intimacy with it. [...] He was not an “activist”, not a John Brown, not a Martin Luther King Jr., not a
30 Malcolm X. He was a showman, an entertainer, an imaginer of worlds, an unbelievable success, an embarrassing failure and a fount of modern action and ideas. Ideas that would soon change the shape and future of the nation.

Bruce SPRINGSTEEN, *Born to Run*, 2016

BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2022

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES

ET

CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES

ANGLAIS

Jeudi 12 mai 2022

Durée de l'épreuve : **3 heures 30**

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Répartition des points

Synthèse	16 points
Traduction ou transposition	4 points

SUJET 1

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Arts et débats d'idées ».

1^{re} partie. Synthèse en anglais (16 points)

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et répondez en anglais à la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Paying particular attention to the specificities of the three documents, show how they interact to illustrate the impact of popular culture on society.

2^e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 5 à 11) :

The previous weekend I'd been looking through the magazines in the local barber shop while I was waiting to have my hair cut, when I came across a photo of the most bizarre-looking man I'd ever seen. Everything about him looked extraordinary: his clothes, his hair, even the way he was standing. Compared to the people you could see outside the barber shop window in the north-west London suburb of Pinner, he might as well have been bright green with antennae sticking out of his forehead.

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Elton JOHN, *Me*, 2019

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Document B

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5 Then, in a moment of light, blinding as a universe birthing a billion new suns, there was hope, sex, rhythm, excitement, possibility, a new way of seeing, of feeling, of thinking, of looking at your body, of combing your hair, of wearing your clothes, of moving and of living. There was a joyous demand made, a challenge, a way out of this dead-to-life world, this small-town grave with all the people I dearly loved and feared
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Bruce SPRINGSTEEN, *Born to Run*, 2016



Andy WARHOL, *Double Elvis*, 1963
Silkscreen ink on synthetic polymer paint on canvas,
Museum of Modern Art, New York City (USA)

SUJET 2

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

1^{re} partie. Synthèse en anglais (16 points)

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et répondez en anglais à la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Paying particular attention to the specificities of the three documents, show how they interact to draw attention to the call of the road in American culture.

2^e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document B (lignes 20 à 25) :

I looked at the cracked high ceiling and really didn't know who I was for about fifteen strange seconds. I wasn't scared; I was just somebody else, some stranger, and my whole life was a haunted life, the life of a ghost. I was halfway across America, at the dividing line between the East of my youth and the West of my future, and maybe that's why it happened right there and then, that strange red afternoon.

Document A

US road trips: into the heart of America with Andrew McCARTHY.

5 There's nothing wrong that a hundred bucks and a full tank of gas can't fix. It's an idea at the core of the American psyche. From the first "road trips" of the pioneers lighting out for the west, to the California gold rush, to the dust bowl refugees of the Great Depression¹ chasing the sun across the continent, sustaining themselves on movement, banking on hope, America has counted on the rewards of the road.

10 Move forward and don't look back, your past won't follow you out here, the highway promises. The American road trip is a rite of passage; it's a lark², a last gasp. It is the essence of optimism in action. While we Americans claim no monopoly on the open road, the idea that renewal waits just around the bend, over the rise, or beyond that distant horizon, is deeply embedded in who we are as a people. Someone once said that to understand America, you need to understand baseball. I would argue that to truly understand America a road trip is in order. And the more miles you put between yourself and what you've left behind, the better.

15 The extended journey by car is a different kind of travel. You call all the shots. You decide when and where, left or right, turn back or forge ahead. The highway beckons³, but it also challenges. [...]

20 That gesture of defiance hints at the secret that rests at the heart of the road trip – arrival is never the true goal. Maybe that's why, after the initial relief, disappointment is often the accompanying feeling upon reaching one's goal. [...] What exactly are we looking for with the wheel in our hand?

25 While still on the road, when still in motion, hope is allowed space and time to play out on its own field of dreams – and hope is something no reality can ever match. Since America is still an idea more than anything else, that hope is indispensable to our national psyche. It's no wonder that the facts of who we are and what we ultimately do, comes often as a shock and disappointment, even to ourselves.

But no matter. The road is there, calling...

Andrew McCARTHY, *www.theguardian.com*, April 2013

¹ the Great Depression: a severe worldwide economic crisis that started in 1929 in the USA.

² a lark: an adventure

³ beckons: attracts

Document B

I was in another big high cab, all set to go hundreds of miles across the night, and was I happy! And the new truckdriver was as crazy as the other and yelled just as much, and all I had to do was lean back and roll on. Now I could see Denver looming ahead of me like the Promised Land, way out there beneath the stars, across the prairie of
5 Iowa and the plains of Nebraska, and I could see the greater vision of San Francisco beyond, like jewels in the night. [...] He told stories for a couple of hours, then, at a town in Iowa [...], he slept a few hours in the seat. I slept too, and took one little walk along the lonely brick walls illuminated by one lamp, with the prairie brooding at the end of each little street and the smell of the corn like dew in the night.

10 He woke up with a start at dawn. Off we roared, and an hour later the smoke of Des Moines¹ appeared ahead over the green cornfields. [...] Now I wanted to sleep a whole day. [...] By instinct I wandered down to the railroad tracks - and there're a lot of them in Des Moines - and wound up in a gloomy old Plains inn or a hotel by the locomotive roundhouse, and spent a long day sleeping on a big clean hard white bed with dirty
15 remarks carved in the wall beside my pillow and the beat yellow windowshades pulled over the smoky scene of the rail-yards. I woke up as the sun was reddening; and that was the one distinct time in my life, the strangest moment of all, when I didn't know who I was - I was far away from home, haunted and tired with travel, in a cheap hotel room I'd never seen, hearing the hiss of steam outside, and the creak of the old wood
20 of the hotel, and footsteps upstairs, and all the sad sounds, and I looked at the cracked high ceiling and really didn't know who I was for about fifteen strange seconds. I wasn't scared; I was just somebody else, some stranger, and my whole life was a haunted life, the life of a ghost. I was halfway across America, at the dividing line between the East of my youth and the West of my future, and maybe that's why it happened right
25 there and then, that strange red afternoon.

Jack KEROUAC, *On The Road*, 1957

¹ Des Moines is the capital city of the state of Iowa (USA).

Document C

Dorothea LANGE is an American documentary photographer and photojournalist born in 1895. She is best known for her Depression-era work for the Farm Security Administration which contributed to humanizing the consequences of the Great Depression.



Dorothea LANGE, *Veteran Hobo*, 1938

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SUJET 1

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Expression et construction de soi ».

1^{ère} partie

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et traitez en anglais la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Taking into account the specificities of the documents, analyse the role of music and how it impacts people's lives.

2^{ème} partie

Traduction:

Translate the following passage from Document A into French.

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“When I sang with them, my whole history fell away. There was no past, no promised future, only the present of one sustained note. When we sang together, we three stood in a round so that we could see one another's faces — and it was almost unbearable, to sing a song and watch Louisa's face change slightly and Experience's voice respond, and then my own, struggling for just a minute to reach theirs.

When I sang with them, I entered something greater than my sorry, bitter self.”

(lines 5-10)

Document A

When I sang with Experience and Louisa, it was as if my very self merged with them. I was, I learned, a mezzo-soprano, and they each took pains to teach me how to make my voice stronger.

“You draw in air here,” Louisa said, pointing.

5 When I sang with them, my whole history fell away. There was no past, no promised future, only the present of one sustained note. When we sang together, we three stood in a round so that we could see one another's faces—and it was almost unbearable, to sing a song and watch Louisa's face change slightly and Experience's voice respond, and then my own, struggling for just a minute to reach theirs.

10 When I sang with them, I entered something greater than my sorry, bitter self.

I thought that anyone with a voice as powerful as that could teach me how to bend my anger to my will. I sat on that riverbank, and I thought that I had finally found my ambition. It was not to set bones right or to become my mother's double. It was to befriend the both of them, to make them love me and sing to me for the rest of my life.
15 I knew this was a silly wish, but in my discombobulation¹ at Cunningham College, I did not stop to question it. I knew enough to keep it quiet, to not speak it outright—not to Experience or Louisa, whom I did not wish to scare away, and not to Mrs. Grady, and certainly not to Mama. I spent the rest of the semester doing the bare minimum of work so I would not fail out of class and so I could keep meeting the two girls and have them
20 sing to me.

Mama had told me freedom would come by following her, and I had known it was not true for a long time. Now I had someone else to follow, I was sure, and the thrill of having a new direction filled me up, blushed my cheeks, almost made me like the place. I put away my sticky journal to my imagined woman in the water and delighted
25 in these real women, in front of me, made flesh.

“I wish my Mama could hear you,” I said one afternoon. “I wish she could hear how fine you are.”

30 “I bet you wish your mama could do it,” Experience said, and though she was smiling slightly when she said it, I felt the sting in her words and I saw the bitterness in her eyes. I turned away, ashamed. I had said something wrong again.

Louisa took my arm in hers and walked with me a little farther down the riverbank. “You sure do talk about your mama a lot,” she said.

“Do I?”

“Yes.”

35 I looked down at my shoes. “I'm sorry,” I said.

Kaitlyn Greenidge, *Libertie*, 2021

¹ discombobulation: feeling of confusion

Document B

Vukani was doing homework in his bedroom when voices in the living room slowly filtered into his mind. He lifted his head to look up, as if to focus his ears. No. He could not recognise the voices. Now and again the hum of conversation was punctuated with laughter. Then he grew apprehensive, the continuing conversation suddenly filling him with dread. He tried to concentrate on his work: 'Answer the following questions: How did the coming of whites lead to the establishment of prosperity and peace among the various Bantu tribes? ...' But the peace had gone from his mind. The questions had become a meaningless task. Instinctively, he turned round to look at his music stand at the foot of his bed. Yesterday he had practised some Mozart. Then he saw the violin leaning against the wall next to the stand. Would they come to interrupt him? He felt certain they would. He stood up, thinking of a way to escape. [...]

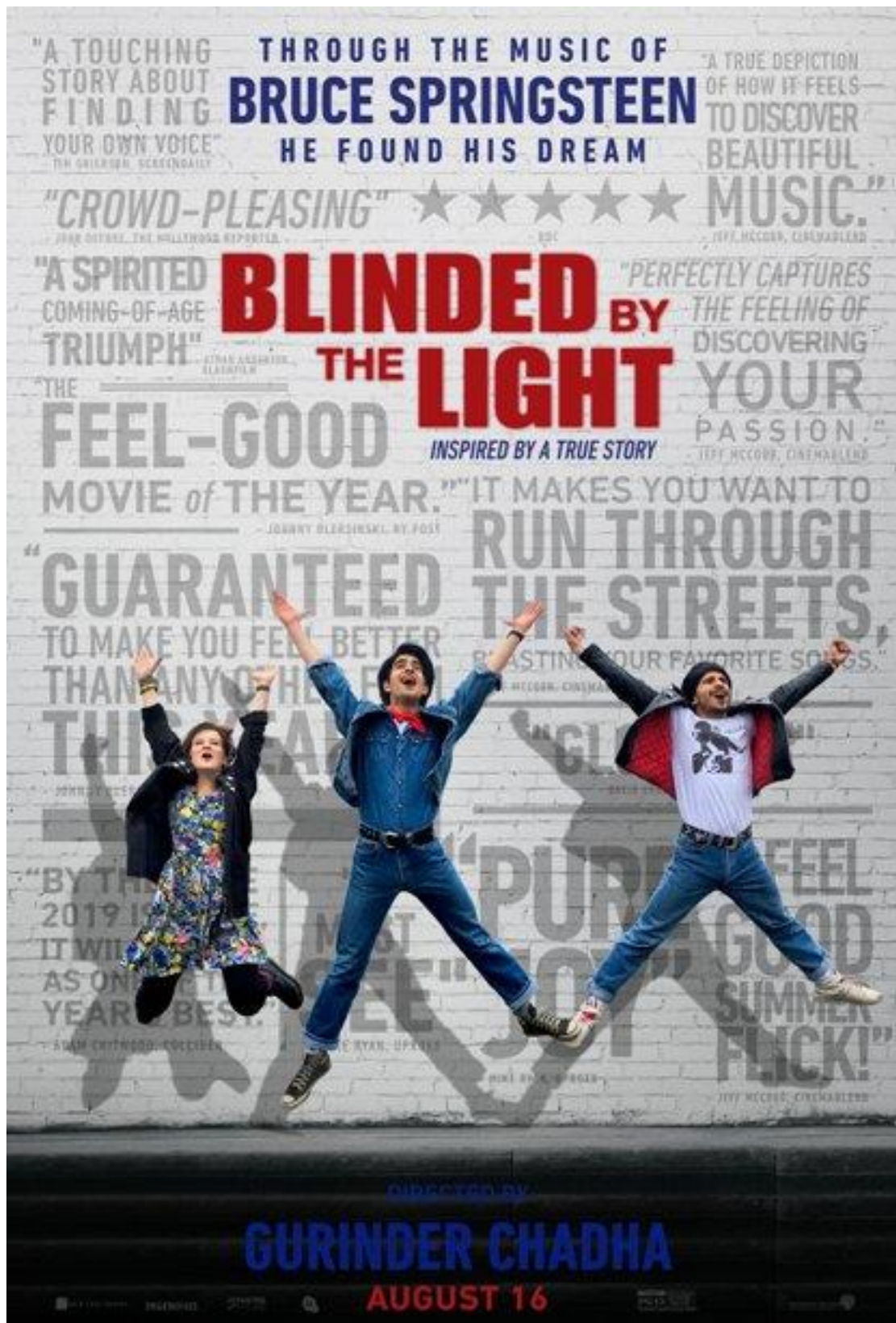
Then he saw his violin again and felt the sensation of fear deep in his breast. He looked at the violin with dread: something that could bring both pain and pleasure at once. [...]

Vukani tried to brace himself for the coming of visitors. It was like that. Every visitor was brought to his room, where he was required to be doing his school work or practising on the violin.

Then he had to entertain these visitors with violin music. It was always an agonizing nuisance to be an unwilling entertainer. What would happen if he should refuse to play that night? He knew what his mother would say. It was the same thing all the time. [...] His mother never tired of telling him how lucky he was.

Najbulo Ndebele, *The Music of the Violin in Staffrider*, Volume 3,
September/October 1980

Document C



Film poster of *Blinded by the Light*, Gurinder Chadha, 2019

SUJET 2

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Arts et débats d'idées ».

1^{ère} partie

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et traitez en anglais la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Taking into account the specificities of the documents, analyse the ways in which language is used to raise awareness about free speech.

2^{ème} partie

Traduction:

Translate the following passage from Document C into French.

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"Every concept that can ever be needed will be expressed by exactly *one* word, with its meaning rigidly defined and all its subsidiary meanings rubbed out and forgotten. Already, in the Eleventh Edition¹, we're not far from that point. But the process will still be continuing long after you and I are dead. Every year fewer and fewer words, and the range of consciousness always a little smaller."

(lines 16-20)

¹ the Eleventh Edition of the new dictionary of Newspeak

Document A

Neil Gaiman: Credo

What I believe.

I believe that it is difficult to kill an idea, because ideas are invisible and contagious, and they move fast.

5 I believe that you can set your own ideas against ideas you dislike. That you should be free to argue, explain, clarify, debate, offend, insult, rage, mock, sing, dramatise and deny.

I do not believe that burning, murdering, exploding people, smashing their heads with rocks (to let the bad ideas out), drowning them or even defeating them will work to contain ideas you do not like. Ideas spring up where you do not expect them, like weeds, and are as difficult to control.

10 I believe that repressing ideas spreads ideas.

15 I believe that people and books and newspapers are containers for ideas, but that burning the people will be as unsuccessful as firebombing the newspaper archives. It is already too late. It is always too late. The ideas are out, hiding behind people's eyes, waiting in their thoughts. They can be whispered. They can be written on walls in the dead of night. They can be drawn.[...]

I believe you have every right to be perfectly certain that images of god or prophet or man are sacred and undefilable, just as I have the right to be certain of the sacredness of speech, of the sanctity of the right to mock, comment, to argue and to utter.

20 I believe I have the right to think and say the wrong things. I believe your remedy for that should be to argue with me or to ignore me, and that I should have the same remedy for the wrong things that you think.

25 I believe that you have the absolute right to think things that I find offensive, stupid, preposterous or dangerous, and that you have the right to speak, write, or distribute these things, and that I do not have the right to kill you, maim you, hurt you, or take away your liberty or property because I find your ideas threatening or insulting or downright disgusting. You probably think my ideas are pretty vile, too.

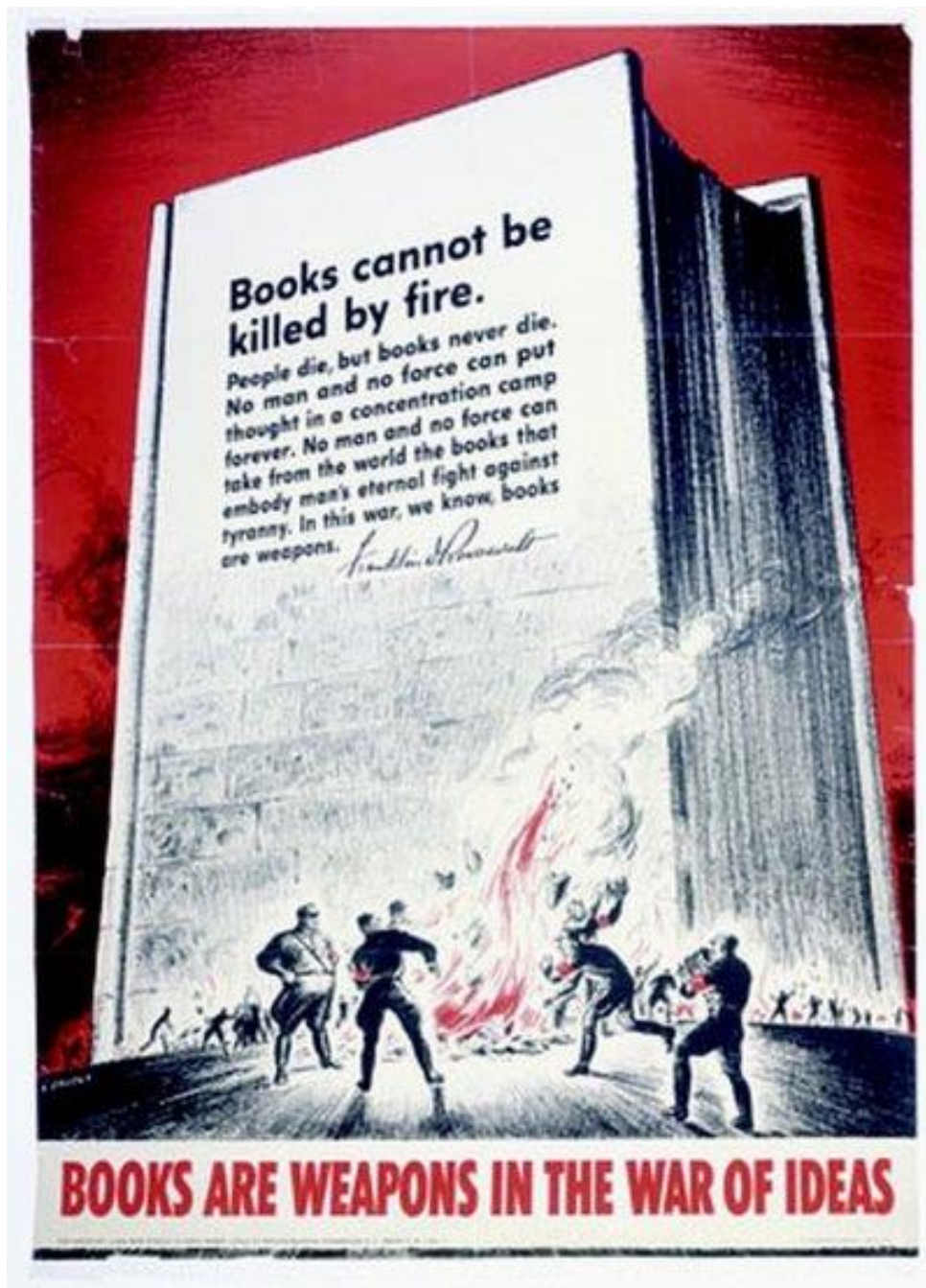
I believe that in the battle between guns and ideas, ideas will, eventually, win.

Because the ideas are invisible, and they linger, and, sometimes, they are even true. *Eppur si muove*: and yet it moves¹.

Neil Gaiman, *newstatesman.com*, 29 May 2015

¹*Eppur si muove*: Italian phrase attributed to the Italian mathematician Galileo Galilei (1564-1642) in 1633, after being forced by the Inquisition to withdraw his claim that the Earth moves around the sun.

Document B



"Books cannot be killed by fire.

People die, but books never die. No man and no force can put thought into a concentration camp forever. No man and no force can take from the world the books that embody man's eternal fight against tyranny. In this war, we know, books are weapons."

Franklin D. Roosevelt¹

Poster, no. 7, 70 x 50 cm, Office of War Information, G. Broder, 1942

¹ Message from Franklin D. Roosevelt to the Booksellers of America, 6 May 1942

Document C

5 'It's a beautiful thing, the destruction of words. Of course the great wastage is in the verbs and adjectives, but there are hundreds of nouns that can be got rid of as well. It isn't only the synonyms; there are also the antonyms. After all, what justification is there for a word which is simply the opposite of some other word? A word contains its
10 opposite in itself. Take 'good', for instance. If you have a word like 'good', what need is there for a word like 'bad'? 'Ungood' will do just as well—better, because it's an exact opposite, which the other is not. Or again, if you want a stronger version of 'good', what sense is there in having a whole string of vague useless words like 'excellent' and 'splendid' and all the rest of them? 'Plusgood' covers the meaning, or 'doubleplusgood'
15 if you want something stronger still. Of course we use those forms already, but in the final version of Newspeak¹ there'll be nothing else. In the end the whole notion of goodness and badness will be covered by only six words—in reality, only one word. Don't you see the beauty of that, Winston?' [...]

20 'Don't you see that the whole aim of Newspeak is to narrow the range of thought? In the end we shall make thoughtcrime literally impossible, because there will be no words in which to express it. Every concept that can ever be needed will be expressed by exactly *one* word, with its meaning rigidly defined and all its subsidiary meanings rubbed out and forgotten. Already, in the Eleventh Edition², we're not far from that point. But the process will still be continuing long after you and I are dead. Every year
25 fewer and fewer words, and the range of consciousness always a little smaller. Even now, of course, there's no reason or excuse for committing thoughtcrime. It's merely a question of self-discipline, reality-control. But in the end there won't be any need even for that. The Revolution will be complete when the language is perfect. Newspeak is Ingsoc and Ingsoc is Newspeak,' he added with a sort of mystical satisfaction. 'Has it
ever occurred to you, Winston, that by the year 2050, at the very latest, not a single human being will be alive who could understand such a conversation as we are having now?'

George Orwell, 1984, 1949

¹ Newspeak is the language created by English Socialism, better known as INGSOC (cf. l. 24), which is the political party of Oceania, a totalitarian super-state.

² the Eleventh Edition of the new dictionary of Newspeak

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Taking into account the specificities of the documents, analyse the ways dance is presented and the reactions it triggers in the various audiences.

2^{ème} partie

Traduction :

Translate the following passage from Document C into French.

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"I have known Lee almost all my adult life and he sent me something called *Dancer* which was actually set in a village near Sheffield¹," recalled Stephen.

From there, the movie of *Billy Elliot* was born. Set against the background of the miners' strike, it follows the story of the lead character who starts boxing training. Billy's ability within the ring is not great and when he decides to attend a ballet class instead, he discovers he has a natural ability."

(lines 3-8)

¹ Sheffield, like Sunderland and Bradford, is a poor industrial city in the North East of England.

Document A

The scene takes place at a ball. Elizabeth and Darcy, who are the main characters, are going to dance together even though they are not on good terms.

5 The first two dances, however, brought a return of distress; they were dances of mortification. Mr. Collins, awkward and solemn, apologising instead of attending, and often moving wrong without being aware of it, gave [Elizabeth] all the shame and misery which a disagreeable partner for a couple of dances can give. The moment of her release from him was ecstasy.

10 She danced next with an officer, and had the refreshment of talking of Wickham, and of hearing that he was universally liked. When those dances were over, she returned to Charlotte Lucas, and was in conversation with her, when she found herself suddenly addressed by Mr. Darcy who took her so much by surprise in his application for her hand¹, that, without knowing what she did, she accepted him. [...]

15 [Elizabeth] took her place in the set, amazed at the dignity to which she was arrived in being allowed to stand opposite to Mr. Darcy, and reading in her neighbours' looks, their equal amazement in beholding it. They stood for some time without speaking a word; and she began to imagine that their silence was to last through the two dances, and at first was resolved not to break it; till suddenly fancying that it would be the greater punishment to her partner to oblige him to talk, she made some slight observation on the dance. He replied, and was again silent. After a pause of some minutes, she addressed him a second time with:—"It is *your* turn to say something now, Mr. Darcy. I talked about the dance, and *you* ought to make some sort of remark on the size of the room, or the number of couples."

He smiled, and assured her that whatever she wished him to say should be said.

"Very well. That reply will do for the present. Perhaps by and by I may observe that private balls are much pleasanter than public ones. But *now* we may be silent."

"Do you talk by rule, then, while you are dancing?"

25 "Sometimes. One must speak a little, you know. It would look odd to be entirely silent for half an hour together; and yet for the advantage of *some*, conversation ought to be so arranged, as that they may have the trouble of saying as little as possible."

"Are you consulting your own feelings in the present case, or do you imagine that you are gratifying mine?"

30 "Both," replied Elizabeth archly².

Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*, 1813

¹ in his application for her hand: when he asked her for a dance

² archly: in an amused way

Document B



Still from the film *West Side Story*, Steven Spielberg, 2021

Document C

It all began back in the mid-80s when writer Lee Hall (who is probably best known for the likes of stage hit *The Pitmen Painters* and the films of *War Horse* and *Toast*) sent Stephen¹ a script. “I have known Lee almost all my adult life and he sent me something called *Dancer* which was actually set in a village near Sheffield²,” recalled Stephen.

5 From there, the movie of *Billy Elliot* was born. Set against the background of the miners’ strike, it follows the story of the lead character who starts boxing training. Billy’s ability within the ring is not great and when he decides to attend a ballet class instead, he discovers he has a natural ability.

10 Unfortunately, a boy doing ballet is not the done thing. It is not an aspiration for a lad growing up in a tough North East mining village particularly as his family are dealing with the upheaval of their community’s future in a conflict between the pits³ and the authorities.

But this life-affirming film became a huge hit worldwide winning around 12 awards and dozens more nominations.

15 Enter music legend Elton John and his partner David Furnish who thought the story would be perfect for a stage musical and it was time for Stephen to return to the story of the boy whose determination to succeed and make his dreams come true unites both his family and his community.

[...]

20 And [the] dream of taking [the show] around Britain has now also come to fruition with things going incredibly well at the first three venues on its UK tour. Stephen said: “The audiences that we have played to in Sunderland have been incredible. In Bradford, lots of people came to see it. We have been playing to audiences that understand the story.”

25 And that is the crux of taking the production out there. As he explains: “Taking it out on tour means it will connect with a lot of people and many communities will have a close association to the story. This idea of an entire area not only struggling for their jobs but having to change their whole way of life is very powerful.”

Interview with Stephen Daldry, www.atthetheatre.co.uk, April 27, 2017

¹ Stephen Daldry: English film director, famous for *Billy Elliot*

² Sheffield, like Sunderland and Bradford, is an industrial city in the North East of England.

³ the pits: here, the miners

SUJET 2

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

1^{ère} partie

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et traitez en anglais la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Taking into account the specificities of the documents, compare and contrast the different experiences related to sea journeys and analyse the impressions conveyed.

2^{ème} partie

Traduction :

Translate the following passage from Document A into French.

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

"In the end, Otoo saved my life; for I came to lying on the beach twenty feet from the water, sheltered from the sun by a couple of cocoanut leaves. No one but Otoo could have dragged me there and stuck up the leaves for shade. He was lying beside me. I went off again; and the next time I came round, it was cool and starry night, and Otoo was pressing a drinking cocoanut to my lips.

We were the sole survivors of the *Petite Jeanne*."

(lines 6-11)

Document A

For two days and nights, spell and spell, on the cover and in the water, we drifted over the ocean. Towards the last I was delirious most of the time; and there were times, too, when I heard Otoo babbling and raving in his native tongue. Our continuous immersion prevented us from dying of thirst, though the sea water and the sunshine gave us the prettiest imaginable combination of salt pickle and sunburn.

In the end, Otoo saved my life; for I came to lying on the beach twenty feet from the water, sheltered from the sun by a couple of cocoanut leaves. No one but Otoo could have dragged me there and stuck up the leaves for shade. He was lying beside me. I went off again; and the next time I came round, it was cool and starry night, and Otoo was pressing a drinking cocoanut to my lips.

We were the sole survivors of the *Petite Jeanne*. [...]

I never had a brother; but from what I have seen of other men's brothers, I doubt if any man ever had a brother that was to him what Otoo was to me. He was brother and father and mother as well. And this I know: I lived a straighter and better man because of Otoo. [...]

For seventeen years we were together; for seventeen years he was at my shoulder, watching while I slept, nursing me through fever and wounds—ay, and receiving wounds in fighting for me. He signed on the same ships with me; and together we ranged the Pacific from Hawaii to Sydney Head, and from Torres Straits to the Galapagos. [...] We were wrecked three times—in the Gilberts, in the Santa Cruz group, and in the Fijis. And we traded and salvaged wherever a dollar promised in the way of pearl and pearl shell, copra, bêche-de-mer, hawkbill turtle shell¹, and stranded wrecks.

It began in Papeete, immediately after his announcement that he was going with me over all the sea, and the islands in the midst thereof. There was a club in those days in Papeete, where the pearlmen, traders, captains, and riffraff of South Sea adventurers forgathered.

Jack London, *South Sea Tales*, 1911

¹ pearl and pearl shell, copra, bêche-de-mer, hawkbill turtle shell: various exotic products from the South Seas used for trade

Document B

Sometimes someone would speak in a boat. But most of the boats were silent except for the dip of the oars. They spread apart after they were out of the mouth of the harbour and each one headed for the part of the ocean where he hoped to find fish. The old man knew he was going far out and he left the smell of the land behind
5 and rowed out into the clean early morning smell of the ocean. He saw the phosphorescence of the Gulf weed in the water as he rowed over the part of the ocean that the fishermen called the great well because there was a sudden deep of seven hundred fathoms¹ where all sorts of fish congregated because of the swirl the current made against the steep walls of the floor of the ocean. Here there were concentrations
10 of shrimp² and bait fish³ and sometimes schools of squid⁴ in the deepest holes and these rose to the surface at night where all the wandering fish fed on them.

In the dark the old man could feel the morning coming and as he rowed he heard the trembling sound as flying fish left the water and the hissing that their stiff set wings made as they soared away in the darkness. He was very fond of flying fish as they
15 were his principal friends on the ocean. He was sorry for the birds, especially the small delicate dark terns⁵ that were always flying and looking and almost never finding, and he thought, 'The birds have a harder life than we do except for the robber birds and the heavy strong ones. Why did they make birds so delicate and fine as those sea swallows⁶ when the ocean can be so cruel? She is kind and very beautiful. But she
20 can be so cruel and it comes so suddenly and such birds that fly, dipping and hunting, with their small sad voices are made too delicately for the sea.'

He always thought of the sea as *la mar* which is what people call her in Spanish when they love her. Sometimes those who love her say bad things of her but they are always said as though she were a woman. Some of the younger fishermen, those who
25 used buoys⁷ as floats for their lines and had motorboats, bought when the shark livers had brought much money, spoke of her as *el mar* which is masculine. They spoke of her as a contestant or a place or even an enemy. But the old man always thought of her as feminine and as something that gave or withheld great favours, and if she did wild or wicked things it was because she could not help them. The moon affects her
30 as it does a woman, he thought.

Ernest Hemingway, *The Old Man and the Sea*, 1952

¹ seven hundred fathoms: approximately 1,300 meters

² shrimp: crevettes

³ bait fish: poisson-appât

⁴ schools of squid: bancs de calmars

⁵ tern: sterne (oiseau de mer)

⁶ sea swallows: hirondelles de mer

⁷ buoys: bouées

Document C



J.M.W. TURNER. R.A. PINXT

W. MILLER. SCULPT

THE SHIPWRECK.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Black and white engraving, Tate Gallery, London,
J. M. W. Turner, *The Shipwreck*, c.1805

BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2021

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES ET CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES

ANGLAIS

Durée de l'épreuve : **3 heures 30**

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Dès que ce sujet vous est remis, assurez-vous qu'il est complet.
Ce sujet comporte 12 pages numérotées de 1/12 à 12/12.

**Le candidat traite au choix le sujet 1 ou le sujet 2.
Il précisera sur la copie le numéro du sujet choisi**

Répartition des points

Synthèse	16 points
Traduction ou transposition	4 points

SUJET 1

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

1^{ère} partie

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et traitez en anglais la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Taking into account the different points of view and perceptions, show how the experience of isolation in Australia is conveyed in the three documents.

2^{ième} partie

Traduisez le passage suivant du document C en français :

When I was a teenager, my family moved to another island, and I asked to be sent to boarding school. When I had to come home for weekends, I'd spend all my time on the phone to friends, wishing I was with them.

Now I'm in my 30s, I find myself seeking out that sense of isolation. If my husband suggests a holiday, I always research sparsely populated destinations in Scotland or Scandinavia. When I was growing up, the only outside noise I heard was bird song, and the night was pitch black. (lines 27 to 34)

Document A

The bus started at dawn next day, and drove on southwards down the tarmac road. [...] As they went the vegetation grew sparser and the sun grew hotter, till by the time they stopped at Tennant Creek for a meal and a rest the country had become pure sand desert. They went on after an hour, driving at fifty to fifty-five miles an hour down
5 the scorching road past tiny places of two or three houses dignified with a name, Wauchope, and Barrow Creek and Aileron. Toward evening they found themselves running towards the Macdonnell Ranges¹, lines of bare red hills against the pale blue sky, and at about dusk they ran slowly into Alice Springs.[...] [Jean] changed her dress and strolled out in the town after tea, walking very slowly down the broad suburban
10 roads, examining the town.

She found it as Joe Harman had described it to her, a pleasant place with plenty of young people in it. In spite of its tropical surroundings and the bungalow nature of the houses there was a faint suggestion of an English suburb in Alice Springs which made her feel at home. There were the houses standing each in a small garden fenced
15 around or bordered by a hedge for privacy; the streets were laid out in the way of English streets with shade trees planted along the kerbs. Shutting her eyes to the Macdonnell Ranges, she could almost imagine she was back in Bassett as a child. She could now see well what everybody meant by saying Alice was a bonza² place. She knew that she could build a happy life for herself in this town, living in one of these
20 suburban houses, with two or three children, perhaps. [...]

In the milk bar she made a friend, a girl called Rose Sawyer [...] who was very interested to hear that Jean came from England, and they talked about England for a time. "How do you like Alice?" she asked presently, and there was a touch of conventional scorn in her tone.

¹ Macdonnell Ranges: a line of low mountains

² bonza: great

25 “I like it,” Jean said candidly. “I’ve seen many worse places. I should think you could have a pretty good time here.”

The girl said, “Well, I like it all right. [...] All my friends said these outback places were just terrible. I thought I wouldn’t be able to stick it, but I’ve been here fifteen months now and it’s not so bad.”

Nevil SHUTE (English novelist who spent his later years in Australia, 1899-1960),
A Town Like Alice, 1949

Document B



Aboriginal storytelling in Glenvale, Queensland, 2017
<https://www.tilmagroup.com.au>

Document C

My childhood home was an isolated island off the coast of Tasmania. You could walk from one end to the other in a day, but I wouldn't recommend it because of the deadly snakes you might meet on the way. There were three suburban houses, one car, a satellite phone, an electricity generator about seven beaches and a lighthouse – that was it. There were no shops or restaurants, no schools or hospitals, no public transport. There was no crime, and there was no police force. There were no strangers – only two families lived on the island, one of which was mine.

My father was assistant lightkeeper, and his job was to help the head lightkeeper run and maintain the lighthouse and island. [...] My father had been a fisherman for years, and when he spotted the job ad in a local paper, he and my mother saw this lifestyle as an adventure.

Our food was delivered by plane every two weeks, along with any post. If there was bad weather, the food drops would be postponed, and we'd have to manage with whatever tins we had left at the back of the cupboard. My father would go fishing for seafood in a little dinghy and my mother used to milk a goat; we grew our own vegetables, too. I wore clothes made by my mother, or hand-me-downs.

I didn't have any friends. A picture of my second birthday party shows no other guests my age, just the two families on the island. The kids in the other family were my brother's age, so they would hang out together while I spent a lot of time on my own. I don't remember being bored, though; I made my own fun. I remember playing on the white, sandy beaches, sliding down the dunes. In later years, we moved to an even more isolated island surrounded by cliffs, and my younger sister and I would play at leaning into the wind, holding our coats open as windbreakers, to see the angle we could reach without falling over – sometimes 45 degrees.

My brother was home-educated until I was five, but then we all moved to mainland Tasmania so we could go to school. It was my first time being around kids my age, but it was a small school, so I never felt overwhelmed. When I was a teenager, my family moved to another island, and I asked to be sent to boarding school. When I had to come home for weekends, I'd spend all my time on the phone to friends, wishing I was with them.

Now I'm in my 30s, I find myself seeking out that sense of isolation. If my husband suggests a holiday, I always research sparsely populated destinations in Scotland or Scandinavia. When I was growing up, the only outside noise I heard was bird song, and the night was pitch black.

Ebonee GREGORY, *Experience: I grew up in a remote lighthouse*,
The Guardian, March 20, 2015

SUJET 2

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Arts et débats d'idées ».

1^{ère} partie

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et répondez en anglais à la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Show how the three documents question the relation of photography to reality, taking into consideration the quote from document A: "Here was a whole new way of seeing things." (line 3).

2^{ième} partie

Traduisez le passage suivant du document A en français :

In fact, anytime I was around an adult I'd shove the camera in front of my face, refusing to lower it even when spoken to. My father was not amused. When we were seated at the dinner table one night, and I tried to eat a shrimp cocktail while still keeping the Brownie at eye-level, his patience cracked. He snatched the camera away from me. My grandfather Morris thought his son-in-law was being unduly harsh, and came to my defense. (lines 10 to15)

Document A

I started collecting cameras in 1963. I was six years old, visiting my maternal grandparents at their retirement condo¹ in Fort Lauderdale. I picked up an old Brownie that was left on a side table, looked through the viewfinder and was captivated. Here was a whole new way of seeing things. It was like squinting through a peephole. You didn't have to look at everything that was going on around you – you could narrow your vision down to one single image. But most pleasing to my six-year-old sensibility was the discovery that you could hide behind the lens – using it as a barrier between you and the rest of the world. And for the remainder of our stay – during which my parents squabbled, my grandparents squabbled, and then both couples turned on each other – I spent much of the time glued to the viewfinder of that Brownie. In fact, anytime I was around an adult I'd shove the camera in front of my face, refusing to lower it even when spoken to. My father was not amused. When we were seated at the dinner table one night, and I tried to eat a shrimp cocktail² while still keeping the Brownie at eye-level, his patience cracked. He snatched the camera away from me. My grandfather Morris thought his son-in-law was being unduly harsh, and came to my defense.

'Let Benny have his fun.' [...] 'Betcha the kid's gonna be a photographer when he grows up,' he said.

'Only if he wants to starve,' my father said.

That was the first (and mildest) of many confrontations I would have with my father on the subject of cameras and photography. But at the end of that brief, shrill visit to Fort Lauderdale, my grandfather made a point of handing me the Brownie at the airport, telling me it was a going-away gift to his favorite Benny. [...]

One wall of the basement is filled with a selection of my landscapes – moody Ansel Adams-style vistas of the Connecticut coast under low threatening cloud, or white clapboard barns against a blackened sky. Another wall is all portraits – very Bill Brandt stuff of Beth and the kids in a variety of domestic poses, using only available light and an open aperture to give them a grainy, naturalistic tone. And the final wall is what I like to call my Diane Arbus phase: a man with no legs and an eye patch begging in front of Bloomingdales; an elderly West Indian woman wearing a surgical mask and clutching a walker on Central Park West; a drunk on the Bowery (with a cankerous sore on one cheek), pulling out a discarded half-eaten Big Mac from a garbage can.

¹ condo: apartment

² shrimp cocktail: shrimp salad

35 Beth really hates these freakshow images (They're too show-offy; too intentionally sick). She doesn't care much for the gritty family portraits either. ('You make us look like we live in Appalachia.') But she does approve of the landscapes, always telling me that I have a real eye for the dark side of pastoral New England. Adam, on the other hand, loves my collection of urban sickos. Every time he toddles down here to visit me while I'm working, he climbs on to the gray studio couch beneath them, points to the Bowery dipso, giggles with delight, and says, *Yucky man! ... Yucky man!* (He's my kind of critic.)

Douglas KENNEDY (American novelist, born 1955), *The Big Picture*, 1997

Document B

5 “My own approach is based upon three considerations. First – hands off! Whatever I photograph I do not molest or tamper with or arrange. Second – a sense of place. Whatever I photograph, I try to picture as part of its surroundings, as having roots. Third – a sense of time. Whatever I photograph, I try to show as having its position in the past or in the present.”

“I never steal a photograph. Never. All photographs are made in collaboration, as part of their thinking as well as mine.”

10 “Sometimes you have an inner sense that you have encompassed the thing generally. You know then that you are not taking anything away from anyone: their privacy, their dignity, their wholeness.”

15 “A documentary photograph is not a factual photograph *per se*¹. It is a photograph which carries the full meaning and significance of the episode or the circumstance or the situation that can only be revealed – because you can't really capture it – by this other quality. Now there is not a real warfare between the artist and the documentary photographer. He has to be both.”

“Photography takes an instant out of time, altering life by holding it still.”

20 “As photographers, we turn our attention to the familiarities of which we are a part. So turning, we in our work can speak more than of our subject – we can speak with them; we can more than speak about our subjects – we can speak for them. They, given tongue, will be able to speak with and for us. And in this language will be proposed to the lens that with which, in the end, photography must be concerned – time, and place, and the works of man.”

25 “I am trying here to say something about the despised, the defeated, the alienated. About death and disaster, about the wounded, the crippled, the helpless, the rootless, the dislocated. About finality. About the last ditch.”

A series of thoughts and quotes by Dorothea LANGE
(American documentary photographer, 1895-1965).
From the exhibition portfolio *Dorothea Lange, Politiques du visible (Politics of Seeing)*,
Musée du Jeu de Paume (Paris), Oct 16, 2018-Jan 27, 2019.

¹ *Per se*: Latin phrase which means “for itself”.

Document C



Charles C. EBBETS (American photographer, 1905-1978),
WW II Aviation Workers, 1941

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ANGLAIS

Mardi 8 juin 2021

Durée de l'épreuve : **3 heures 30**

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Ce sujet comporte 10 pages numérotées de 1/10 à 10/10.

**Le candidat traite au choix le sujet 1 ou le sujet 2.
Il précisera sur la copie le numéro du sujet choisi**

Répartition des points

Synthèse	16 points
Traduction ou transposition	4 points

SUJET 1

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

Partie 1. Synthèse en anglais (16 pts)

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et répondez en anglais à la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Show how the theme of adjusting to a new environment is dealt with in the three documents.

Partie 2. Traduction en français (4 pts)

Traduisez le passage suivant du document B en français :

*¡Ay! Mamacita,*¹ who does not belong, every once in a while lets out a cry, hysterical, high, as if he had torn the only skinny thread that kept her alive, the only road out of that country.

And then to break her heart forever, the baby boy, who has begun to talk, starts to sing the Pepsi commercial he heard on T.V.

No speak English, she says to the child who is singing in the language that sounds like tin. No speak English, no speak English, and bubbles into tears. No, no, no, as if she can't believe her ears. (lines 37 to 44)

¹ *¡Ay! Mamacita*, éléments en espagnol à ne pas traduire.

Document A



Samy CHARNINE, (French artist born in 1967, migrated to the USA in 1983)
Homesick, 2008
Oil on canvas, 70cm x 52cm

Document B

Mamacita is the big mama of the man across the street, third-floor front. Rachel says her name ought to be *Mamasota*, but I think that's mean.

The man saved his money to bring her here. He saved and saved because she was alone with the baby boy in that country. He worked two jobs. He came home late and he left early. Every day.

Then one day *Mamacita* and the baby boy arrived in a yellow taxi. The taxi door opened like a waiter's arm. Out stepped a tiny pink shoe, a foot soft as rabbit's ear, then the thick ankle, a flutter of hips, fuchsia roses and green perfume. The man had to pull her, the taxicab driver had to push. Push, pull. Push, pull. Poof!

All at once she bloomed. Huge, enormous, beautiful to look at from the salmon-pink feather on the tip of her hat down to the little rosebuds of her toes. I couldn't take my eyes off her tiny shoes.

Up, up, up the stairs she went with the baby boy in a blue blanket, the man carrying her suitcases, her lavender hatboxes, a dozen boxes of satin high heels. Then we didn't see her.

Somebody said because she's too fat, somebody because of the three flights of stairs, but I believe she doesn't come out because she is afraid to speak English, and maybe this is so since she only knows eight words. She knows to say: *He not here* for when the landlord comes, *No speak English* if anybody else comes, and *Holy smokes*. I don't know where she learned this, but I heard her say it one time and it surprised me.

My father says when he came to this country he ate hamandeggs for three months. Breakfast, lunch and dinner. Hamandeggs. That was the only word he knew. He doesn't eat hamandeggs anymore.

Whatever her reasons, whether she is fat, or can't climb the stairs, or is afraid of English, she won't come down. She sits all day by the window and plays the Spanish radio show and sings all the homesick songs about her country in a voice that sounds like a seagull.

Home. Home. Home is a house in a photograph, a pink house, pink as hollyhocks with lots of startled light. The man paints the walls of the apartment pink, but it's not the same, you know. She still sighs for her pink house, and then I think she cries. I would.

Sometimes the man gets disgusted. He starts screaming and you can hear it all the way down the street.

Ay, she says, she is sad.

Oh, he says. Not again.

¿Cuándo, cuándo, cuándo?¹ she asks.

¡Ay caray!² We are home. This is home. Here I am and here I stay. Speak English. Speak English. Christ!

¡Ay! *Mamacita*, who does not belong, every once in a while lets out a cry, hysterical, high, as if he had torn the only skinny thread that kept her alive, the only road out to that country.

And then to break her heart forever, the baby boy, who has begun to talk, starts to sing the Pepsi commercial he heard on T.V.

No speak English, she says to the child who is singing in the language that sounds like tin³. No speak English, no speak English, and bubbles into tears. No, no, no, as if she can't believe her ears.

Sandra CISNEROS (American short-story writer and poet of Mexican origin born in 1954),
House on Mango Street, Vintage edition, 1983

¹ *cuando*: 'cuando' means 'when' in Spanish

² *¡Ay caray!*: exclamation in Spanish

³ tin: a sort of metal

Document C

Franklin Hata is a Japanese migrant who moved to Bedley Run, a town in the New York City suburbs, and opened a medical supply store.

PEOPLE KNOW ME HERE. It wasn't always so. But living thirty-odd years in the same place begins to show on a man. In the course of such time, without even realizing it, one takes on the characteristics of the locality, the color and stamp of the prevailing dress and gait and even speech—those gentle bells of the sidewalk passersby, their
5 *How are yous* and *Good days* and *Hellos*. And in kind there is a gradual and accruing recognition of one's face, of being, as far as anyone can recall, from around here. There's no longer a lingering or vacant stare, and you can taste the small but unequaled pleasure that comes with being a familiar sight to the eyes. In my case,
10 everyone here knows perfectly who I am. It's a simple determination. Whenever I step into a shop in the main part of the village, invariably someone will say, "Hey, it's good Doc Hata."

[...] When I first arrived in Bedleyville, few people seemed to notice me. Not that they were much different from those in the other towns, at least not intrinsically. [...] I suppose it was because Bedleyville was still Bedleyville then, and not yet Bedley Run
15 (though desperately wanting to be), and pretty much anybody new to town was seen as a positive addition to the census and tax base. It was 1963, and from what I'd seen during my brief travels in this country, everyone for the most part lived together, except, I suppose, for certain groups, such as the blacks, or the Chinese in the cities, who for one reason or another seemed to live apart. Still, I had assumed that once I settled
20 someplace, I would be treated as those people were treated, and in fact I was fully prepared for it. But wherever I went—and in particular, here in Bedley Run—it seemed people took an odd interest in telling me that I wasn't *unwelcome*.

Chang-Rae LEE (First generation Korean-American novelist born in 1965)
Gesture Life, 1999

SUJET 2

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Expression et construction de soi ».

Partie 1. Synthèse en anglais (16 pts)

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et répondez en anglais à la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Show how women are represented or represent themselves in the three documents, paying particular attention to the role of women artists.

Partie 2. Traduction en français (4 pts)

Traduisez le passage suivant du document A en français.

When I was writing a history of women's self-portraits, I realised that some of them must have been dissatisfied with the masculine self-portrait patterns available to them. There was the artist with the tools of his trade. The artist looking like a gentleman. And several variations of the artist at work. But as women, they had a special problem: if they worked for money, they were not considered ladies. If they boasted of their skills they were not considered feminine. (lines 14 to 19)

Document A

[...] Until the twentieth century, it was accepted that women were secondary to men, the mothers, daughters and wives whose value lay in their beauty, their modesty, their biddability¹, their usefulness to their families in terms of marital alliances. The line in Milton's seventeenth-century epic poem sums it up: 'he for God only, she for God in him'.

- 5 One result of these gender conventions is that when you look at portraits made in earlier centuries, you would be hard-pressed² to find a woman with anything much to say for herself. The men hold guns, wear their medals of state, look at globes, read books, point to plans. The women dangle their books in the folds of their skirts, look fetchingly off into the middle distance, stroke a little dog, wear costly clothes. The fact that we know that many of
- 10 these women had talents and skills, were great letter writers or fine embroiderers, for example, or ran huge households, play instruments or paint to an impressive standard is not usually included in female portraits before the twentieth century. [...] A particularly interesting extension of the language of self-portraiture came from women artists of the past.
- 15 When I was writing a history of women's self-portraits, I realised that some of them must have been dissatisfied with the masculine self-portrait patterns available to them. There was the artist with the tools of his trade. The artist looking like a gentleman. And several variations of the artist at work. But as women, they had a special problem: if they worked for money, they were not considered ladies. If they boasted of their skills they were not

¹ biddability: obedience

² be hard-pressed: find it difficult

20 considered feminine. If they looked too arty or too industrious, they invited ridicule. So how to depict themselves as both feminine but professional? [...]

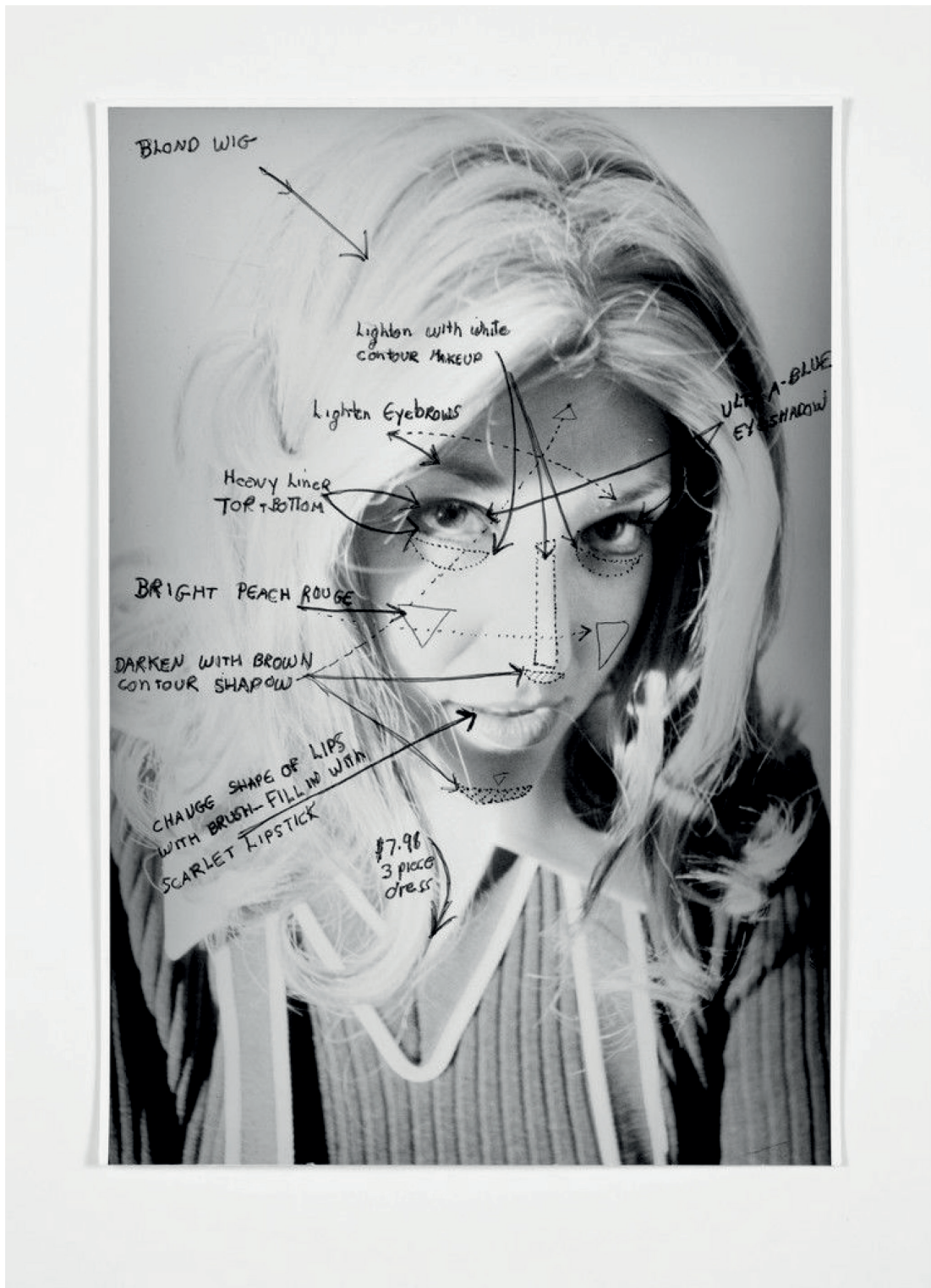
25 Women used the conventions of their times in an original way, showing off a sophistication to rival the men while never for a moment undercutting the modest femininity the age demanded of the weaker sex. [...] Portraiture is continually refreshing itself. At the start of the 1970s, the feminist artists who confidently marched on to art's stage extended the concept of self-portraiture, turning it from a painter speaking about herself to an artist embodying ideas that mattered to women in general.

30 Many of these works have become classics, like Eleanor Antin's³ 144 photographs of herself taken over 36 days in 1972 as she dieted to lose weight. Its witty title, *Carving: A Traditional Sculpture*, is a reference to the Michelangelesque idea that a sculptor chips away at the marble to release the body inside. Antin is using her body as a way to personify abstract ideas about the female search for the ideal shape, the constant dieting, the perpetual watching of oneself.

Frances BORZELLO, "Facing the Truth",
Script of a talk given at the National Portrait Gallery of Australia, Canberra, July 11th 2013

³ Eleanor Antin is an American artist.

Document B



Lynn HERSHMAN LEESON (American artist born in 1941),
Roberta Construction Chart #1, 1975.

Roberta Breitmore is a fictional person, created by Lynn Hershman Leeson, in 1974.
The photo gives detailed instructions on how to create Roberta's appearance.

Document C

Pretty women wonder where my secret lies.
I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size
But when I start to tell them,
They think I'm telling lies.
5 I say,
It's in the reach of my arms,
The span of my hips,
The stride of my step,
The curl of my lips.
10 I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

I walk into a room
15 Just as cool as you please,
And to a man,
The fellows stand or
Fall down on their knees.
Then they swarm around me,
20 A hive of honey bees.
I say,
It's the fire in my eyes,
And the flash of my teeth,
The swing in my waist,
25 And the joy in my feet.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

30 Men themselves have wondered
What they see in me.
They try so much
But they can't touch
My inner mystery.
35 When I try to show them,
They say they still can't see.
I say,
It's in the arch of my back,
The sun of my smile,
40 The ride of my breasts,
The grace of my style.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
45 That's me.

Now you understand
Just why my head's not bowed.
I don't shout or jump about
Or have to talk real loud.
50 When you see me passing,
It ought to make you proud.
I say,
It's in the click of my heels,
The bend of my hair,
55 the palm of my hand,
The need for my care.
'Cause I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
60 That's me.

Maya ANGELOU (American writer and civil-rights activist, 1928-2014),
"Phenomenal Woman" in *And Still I Rise*, 1978

BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2021

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES ET CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES

ANGLAIS

Durée de l'épreuve : **3 heures 30**

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La calculatrice n'est pas autorisée.*

Dès que ce sujet vous est remis, assurez-vous qu'il est complet.
Ce sujet comporte 10 pages numérotées de 1/10 à 10/10.

**Le candidat traite au choix le sujet 1 ou le sujet 2.
Il précisera sur la copie le numéro du sujet choisi**

Répartition des points

Synthèse	16 points
Traduction ou transposition	4 points

SUJET 1

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

Partie 1. Synthèse en anglais (16 pts)

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et répondez en anglais à la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Show how the theme of New York City as territory is dealt with in the three documents, taking into account its geography and cultural heritage.

Partie 2. Traduction en français (4 pts)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document B :

“You look right glad to get home little boy,” says the Southern lady.

“Oh I am, I could fall down and kiss the ground.”

“Well that’s a fine patriotic sentiment. . . . I’m glad to hear you say it.”

Jimmy scalds all over. Kiss the ground, kiss the ground, echoes in his head like a catcall.
[...]

“Look deary you’re missing things. . . . There’s the statue of Liberty.” A tall green woman in a dressing gown standing on an island holding up her hand.

“What’s that in her hand?” (lines 24 to 31)

Document A

An Open Letter to NYC

Listen, All You New Yorkers
Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens and Staten
From the Battery to the top of Manhattan
Asian, Middle-Eastern and Latin
5 Black, White, New York you make it happen

[...]

Brownstones¹, water towers, trees, skyscrapers
Writers, prize fighters and Wall Street traders
We come together on the subway cars

¹ brownstones: a line of low houses, common in certain neighborhoods of NYC.

10 Diversity unified, whoever you are
We're doing fine on the One and Nine line
On the L² we're doin' swell
On the number Ten bus we fight and fuss
Cause we're thorough in the boroughs and that's a must
I remember when the Deuce³ was all porno flicks
15 Running home after school to play PIXX
At lunch I'd go to Blimpies down on Montague Street
And hit the Fulton Street Mall for the sneakers on my feet
Dear New York, I hope you're doing well
I know a lot's happened and you've been through hell
20 So, we give thanks for providing a home
Through your gates at Ellis Island we passed in droves

Dear New York, this is a love letter
To you and how you brought us together
We can't say enough about all you do
25 Cause in the city we're ourselves and electric, too
[...]
Shout out the South Bronx where my mom hails from
Right next to High Bridge across from Harlem
To the Grand Concourse where my mom and dad met
Before they moved on down to the Upper West
30 I see you're still strong after all that's gone on
Life long we dedicate this song
Just a little something to show some respect
To the city that blends and mends and tests
Since 9/11, we're still livin'
35 And lovin', life we've been given
Ain't nothing gonna' take that away from us
Were lookin' pretty and gritty cause in the city we trust
Dear New York, I know a lot has changed
2 towers down, but you're still in the game
40 Home to the many, rejecting no one
Accepting peoples of all places, wherever they're from
Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, and Staten
From the Battery to the top of Manhattan
Asian, Middle-Eastern, and Latin
45 Black, White, New York you make it happen

BEASTIE BOYS (American rap-rock band from New York City formed in 1978),
An Open Letter to NYC,
A song from the album *To the 5 Boroughs*, 2004

² the L: short for « el » or elevated train.

³ the Deuce: nickname for 42nd Street in Manhattan.

Document B

Young Jimmy is on a boat with his mother and several other passengers. They are arriving in New York.

“Why it’s going to be a fine day after all. I think the sun will burn through the mist. ... Think of it dear; home at last. This is where you were born deary.”

“And it’s the Fourth of July.”

5 “Worst luck. ... Now Jimmy you must promise me to stay on the promenade deck and be very careful. Mother has to finish packing. Promise me you won’t get into any mischief.”

“I promise.”

[...]

“Didjer⁴ see the sun rise?” [Billy] asks as if he owned it.

10 “You bet I saw it from my porthole,” says Jimmy walking away after a lingering look at the silk flag. There’s land close on the other side; nearest a green bank with trees and wide white gray roofed houses.

“Well young feller, how does it feel to be home?” asks the tweedy gentleman with droopy mustaches.

15 “Is that way New York?” Jimmy points out over the still water broadening in the sunlight. “Yessiree-bobby, behind yonder bank of fog lies Manhattan.”

“Please sir what’s that?”

“That’s New York. . . . You see New York is on Manhattan Island.”

“Is it really on an island?”

20 “Well what do you think of a boy who don’t know that his own home town is on an island?”

The tweedy gentleman’s gold teeth glitter as he laughs with his mouth wide open. Jimmy walks on round the deck, kicking his heels, all foamy inside; New York’s on an island.

“You look right glad to get home little boy,” says the Southern lady.

25 “Oh I am, I could fall down and kiss the ground.”

“Well that’s a fine patriotic sentiment. . . . I’m glad to hear you say it.”

Jimmy scalds⁵ all over. Kiss the ground, kiss the ground, echoes in his head like a catcall. [...]

⁴ didjer: did you

⁵ scald: become red in the face

30 “Look deary you’re missing things. . . . There’s the statue of Liberty.” A tall green woman in a dressing gown standing on an island holding up her hand.

“What’s that in her hand?”

35 “That’s a light, dear . . . Liberty enlightening the world. . . . And there’s Governors Island the other side. There where the trees are . . . and see, that’s Brooklyn Bridge. . . . That is a fine sight. And look at all the docks . . . that’s the Battery . . . and the masts and the ships . . . and there’s the spire of Trinity Church and the Pulitzer building.”

John DOS PASSOS (American novelist, 1896-1970), *Manhattan Transfer*, 1925

Document C



Hank Willis THOMAS (born in 1976), *Unity*, *Public Sculpture*
(near the Brooklyn entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge),
The New York Times, Nov 10, 2019

SUJET 2

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Arts et débats d'idées ».

Partie 1. Synthèse en anglais (16 pts)

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et répondez en anglais à la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Paying attention to the three documents, examine how literature and art convey different experiences and perceptions of war.

Partie 2. Traduction en français (4 points)

Traduisez le passage suivant du document A en français :

War is the most destructive activity known to humanity. Its purpose is to use violence to compel opponents to submit and surrender. In order to understand it, artists have, throughout history, blended colors, textures and patterns to depict wartime ideologies, practices, values and symbols. Their work investigates not only artistic responses to war, but the meaning of violence itself. (lines 1 to 5)

Document A

Paintings, protest and propaganda: A visual history of warfare

War is the most destructive activity known to humanity. Its purpose is to use violence to compel opponents to submit and surrender. In order to understand it, artists have, throughout history, blended colors, textures and patterns to depict wartime ideologies, practices, values and symbols. Their work investigates not only artistic responses to war, but the meaning of violence itself.

- Frontline participants in war have even carved art from the flotsam¹ of battle – bullets, shell casings and bones – often producing unsettling accounts of the calamity that had overwhelmed them. Tools of cruelty have been turned into testaments of compassion and civilians have created art out of rubble.
- 10 Art, according to Izeta Gradevic, director of Sarajevo-based Obala Art Centre, can be more effective than news reportage in drawing international attention to the plight of ordinary people at war.

Artistic bitterness escalated during World War I. The bloodbath at the Battle of Passchendaele was decisive for young artists such as Paul Nash. In an angry letter to his wife Margaret, he explained that the war was "unspeakable, godless, hopeless." Its horrors were so great that he no longer considered himself to be "an artist interested and curious," but was instead a "messenger who will bring back word from the men who are fighting to those who want the war to go on forever."

Such artist-messengers, like their counterparts in literature, developed a narrative – what the literary scholar Samuel Hynes called the great "myth of war" – that began with "innocent young men, their heads full of high abstractions like Honor, Glory and England" and ended with disillusionment.

Joanna BOURKE (born in 1963),

War and Art: A Visual History of Modern Conflict, 2017

¹ flotsam: things that have been rejected as worthless

Document B



Paul NASH, British official war artist (1889-1946),
'We Are Making a New World', oil-on-canvas painting, 1918,
Imperial War Museum, London.

Document C

An English woman is travelling by train to the French front line during World War I to meet her lover, a French soldier.

Ah! the train had begun to move. The train was on my side. It swung out of the station, and soon we were passing the vegetable gardens, passing the tall blind houses to let, passing the servants beating carpets. [...] Two soldiers leaned out of the window, their heads nearly touching – one of them was whistling, the other had his coat fastened with
5 some rusty safety-pins. And now there were soldiers everywhere working on the railway line, leaning against trucks or standing hands on hips, eyes fixed on the train as though they expected at least one camera at every window. And now we were passing big wooden sheds like rigged-up dancing halls or seaside pavilions, each flying a flag. In and out of them walked the Red Cross men; the wounded sat against the walls sunning
10 themselves. At all the bridges, the crossings, the stations, a *petit soldat* all boots and bayonet. Forlorn¹ and desolate he looked,— like a little comic picture waiting for the joke to be written underneath. Is there really such a thing as war? Are all these laughing voices really going to the war? These dark woods lighted so mysteriously by the white stems of the birch and the ash watery fields with the big birds flying over – these rivers
15 green and blue in the light – have battles been fought in places like these?

What beautiful cemeteries we are passing! They flash gay in the sun. They seem to be full of cornflowers and poppies and daisies. How can there be so many flowers at this time of the year? But they are not flowers at all. They are bunches of ribbons tied on to the soldiers' graves.

20 [...] Down the side of the hill filed the troops, winking red and blue in the light. Far away, but plainly to be seen, some more flew by on bicycles. But really, *ma France adorée*, this uniform is ridiculous. Your soldiers are stamped upon your bosom like bright irreverent transfers.

The train slowed down, stopped ... Everybody was getting out except me. A big boy, his
25 sabots tied to his back with a piece of string, the inside of his tin white cup stained a lovely impossible pink, looked very friendly. Does one change here perhaps for X? Another whose képi had come out of a wet paper cracker swung my suitcase to earth. What darlings soldiers are! “Merci bien, Monsieur, vous êtes tout à fait aimable...” “Not this way,” said a bayonet. “Nor this,” said another. So I followed the crowd. “Your
30 passport Mademoiselle ...” [...] I ran through the muddy square and into the buffet.

Katherine MANSFIELD (1888-1923), “An Indiscreet Journey”, 1915,
published in *Something Childish and Other Stories*, 1924

¹ forlorn: very sad

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Durée de l'épreuve : **3 heures 30**

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Dès que ce sujet vous est remis, assurez-vous qu'il est complet.

Ce sujet comporte 9 pages numérotées de 1/9 à 9/9.

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Il précisera sur la copie le numéro du sujet choisi.**

Répartition des points

Synthèse	16 points
Traduction ou transposition	4 points

SUJET 1

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Expression et construction de soi ».

Partie 1 (16 pts). 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 their specificities, analyse how they investigate the notions of separation and personal achievement.

Partie 2 (4 pts). Traduisez le passage suivant du document A en français :

"None came. I was free. I was affronted by freedom. The day's silence said, Go where you will. It's all yours. You asked for it. It's up to you now. You're on your own, and nobody's going to stop you. As I walked, I was haunted by echoes of home, by the tinkling sounds of the kitchen, shafts of sun from the windows falling across the familiar furniture, across the bedroom and the bed I had left.

When I judged it to be tea-time I sat on an old stone wall and opened my tin of treacle biscuits." (L. 19-25)

Document A

*Laurie Lee grew up in Slad, a small south-west England village. The scene takes place in 1934. He is 19 years old.*¹

It was a bright Sunday morning in early June, the right time to be leaving home. [...] My mother had got up early and cooked me a heavy breakfast, had stood wordlessly while I ate it, her hand on my chair, and had then helped me pack up my few belongings. There had been no fuss, no appeals, no attempts at advice or persuasion,
5 only a long and searching look. Then, with my bags on my back, I'd gone out into the early sunshine and climbed through the long grass to the road. [...]

As I left home that morning and walked away from the sleeping village, it never occurred to me that others had done this before me. I was propelled, of course, by the traditional forces that had sent many generations along this road—by the small tight
10 valley closing in around one, stifling the breath with its mossy mouth, the cottage walls narrowing like the arms of an iron maiden, the local girls whispering, “Marry, and settle down.” [...]

And now I was on my journey, in a pair of thick boots and with a hazel stick in my hand. Naturally, I was going to London, which lay a hundred miles to the east. [...] The first
15 day alone—and now I was really alone at last—steadily declined in excitement and vigour. [...] Through the solitary morning and afternoon I found myself longing for some opposition or rescue, for the sound of hurrying footsteps coming after me and family voices calling me back.

None came. I was free. I was affronted by freedom. The day's silence said, Go where
20 you will. It's all yours. You asked for it. It's up to you now. You're on your own, and nobody's going to stop you. As I walked, I was haunted by echoes of home, by the tinkling sounds of the kitchen, shafts of sun from the windows falling across the familiar furniture, across the bedroom and the bed I had left.

When I judged it to be tea-time I sat on an old stone wall and opened my tin of treacle¹
25 biscuits. As I ate them, I could hear mother banging the kettle on the hob and my brothers rattling their tea-cups. The biscuits tasted sweetly of the honeyed squalor of home—still only a dozen miles away. I might have turned back then if it hadn't been for my brothers, but I couldn't have borne the look on their faces. [...]

When darkness came, full of moths and beetles, I was too weary to put up the tent. So
30 I lay myself down in the middle of a field and stared up at the brilliant stars. I was oppressed by the velvety emptiness of the world and the swathes of soft grass I lay on. Then the fumes of the night finally put me to sleep—my first night without a roof or bed.

Laurie LEE, *As I Walked Out One Midsummer Morning*, 1969

¹ Treacle: mélasse.

Document B



Norman ROCKWELL, *Breaking Home Ties*, September 25, 1954

Document C

Cecilia 'Sissy' Jupe, is a circus girl, who has been chosen to become a student of Thomas Gradgrind's very strict classroom.

Sissy, who all this time had been faintly excusing herself with tears in her eyes, was now waved over by the master of the house to Mr. Gradgrind. She stood looking intently at him, and Louisa stood coldly by, with her eyes upon the ground, while he proceeded thus:

5 'Jupe, I have made up my mind to take you into my house; and, when you are not in attendance at the school, to employ you about Mrs. Gradgrind, who is rather an invalid. I have explained to Miss Louisa—this is Miss Louisa—the miserable but natural end of your late career; and you are to expressly understand that the whole of that subject is past, and is not to be referred to any more. From this time you begin
10 your history. You are, at present, ignorant, I know.'

'Yes, sir, very,' she answered, curtseying.

'I shall have the satisfaction of causing you to be strictly educated; and you will be a living proof to all who come into communication with you, of the advantages of the training you will receive. You will be reclaimed and formed. You have been in the habit
15 now of reading to your father, and those people I found you among, I dare say?' said Mr. Gradgrind, beckoning her nearer to him before he said so, and dropping his voice.

'Only to father and Merrylegs, sir. At least I mean to father, when Merrylegs was always there.'

'Never mind Merrylegs, Jupe,' said Mr. Gradgrind, with a passing frown. 'I don't ask
20 about him. I understand you to have been in the habit of reading to your father?'

'O, yes, sir, thousands of times. They were the happiest—O, of all the happy times we had together, sir!'

It was only now when her sorrow broke out, that Louisa looked at her.

'And what,' asked Mr. Gradgrind, in a still lower voice, 'did you read to your father,
25 Jupe?'

'About the Fairies, sir, and the Dwarf, and the Hunchback, and the Genies,' she sobbed out; 'and about—'

'Hush!' said Mr. Gradgrind, 'that is enough. Never breathe a word of such destructive nonsense any more. Bounderby, this is a case for rigid training, and I shall observe it
30 with interest.'

Charles DICKENS, *Hard Times*, Book 1, chapter VII, 1854

SUJET 2

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Voyages, Territoires, Frontières ».

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

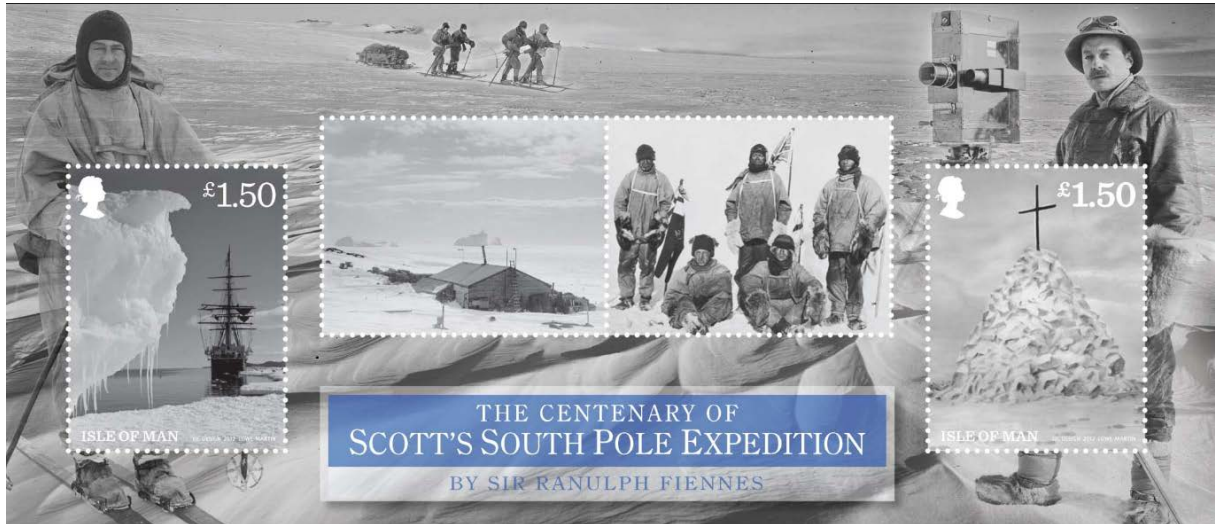
Write a commentary on the three documents (minimum 500 words): taking into account their specificities, analyse how they question the need for exploration.

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

“After that most people forgot about Antarctica for a while, and when all the other white spaces on the map had been colored in, they came back to it. The British were especially keen on Antarctica, as they had done Africa and spent much of the nineteenth century fretting over the Arctic. By the time the twentieth century rolled around they were fully engaged in the great quest for the south, and it culminated in the central Antarctic myth.” (L. 9-14)

Document A

Stamps issued in 2012 for the celebration of the anniversary of Scott's South Pole expedition.



Website of the Isle of Man Post Office
<https://www.iompost.com>

Document B

Until I was 30, my relationship with Antarctica was confined to the biannual reinflation of the globe hanging above my desk, its air valve located in the middle of the misshapen white pancake at the bottom. As far as I was then aware, the continent was little more than a testing ground for men with frozen beards to see how dead they could
5 get. Then, in 1991, I traveled several thousand miles through Chile for a book I was writing. As I prodded around in the hinterland of the national psyche I discovered that the country did not come to a stop in Tierra del Fuego. A small triangle was suspended at the bottom of every map. [...] Down here there is only cold hell.

10 After that most people forgot about Antarctica for a while, and when all the other white spaces on the map had been colored in, they came back to it. The British were especially keen on Antarctica, as they had done Africa and spent much of the nineteenth century fretting over the Arctic. By the time the twentieth century rolled around they were fully engaged in the great quest for the south, and it culminated in the central Antarctic myth, that of Captain Scott, a man inextricably woven into the
15 fabric of the national culture. [...]

In Antarctica I experienced a certainty amid the morass¹ of thoughts and emotions and intellectual preoccupations seething inside my balaclava'd² head. It was what I glimpsed out of the corner of my eye. It wasn't an answer. [...] It was something that put everything else—everything that wasn't Antarctica—in true perspective. I felt as if I
20 was realigning my vision of the world through the long lens of a telescope. It emanated from a sense of harmony. The landscape was intact, complete and larger than my imagination could grasp. It was free of the diurnal cycle that locked us earthlings in the ineluctable routine of home. I didn't suffer famine or social unrest. It was sufficient unto itself, and entirely untainted by the inevitable tragedy of the human condition. In front
25 of me I saw the world stripped of its clutter: there were no honking horns, no overflowing litter bins, no gas bills—there was no sign of human intervention at all. [...]

For the first time in my life, I didn't sense fear prowling around behind a locked door inside my head, trying to find a way out. It was as if a light had gone in that room, and I had looked the beast in the eye. [...]

30 It had allowed me to believe in paradise, and that, surely, is a gift without price.

Sara WHEELER, *Terra Incognita*, 1996

¹ Morass: swamp; confusion (here)

² Balaclava'd: wearing a full face scarf hood

Document C

Sir Ranulph Fiennes sets off for Antarctica's highest mountain

Explorer Sir Ranulph Fiennes has set off to climb Mount Vinson, the highest peak in Antarctica, to raise money for Marie Curie¹.

The 72-year-old hopes to become the first person to have crossed both polar ice caps and climb the highest mountain on each continent, to raise money for the charity.

- 5 The intrepid explorer, who is famed for pushing himself to the limits despite ailing health, will contend with -40°C temperatures and severe winds as he tries to conquer the 16,050 feet (4892 m) peak.

Sir Ranulph is halfway to completing his Global Reach Challenge in aid of Marie Curie, having already crossed both polar ice caps, and climbed Mount Everest in Asia, Mount
10 Kilimanjaro in Africa and Mount Elbrus in Europe.

He still needs to successfully summit Mount Vinson, Aconcagua in South America, Mount Carstensz in Australasia and Denali, the highest peak in North America and one of the world's most dangerous and difficult mountains to climb in order to complete the challenge.

- 15 The money raised will help Marie Curie provide care and support to people living with a terminal illness and their families in the UK. [...]

- Sir Ranulph said: "I'm nervous, this is going to be a difficult mountain for me. I've been training on Snowdonia², but you just don't know what you might face and this mountain is very remote so it's not so easy to get help if you find yourself in trouble. I really hope
20 everyone will go to my JustGiving page and donate to Marie Curie."

No stranger to physical challenges, Sir Ranulph has suffered two heart attacks and undergone a double heart bypass. He also suffers from vertigo and a potentially serious breathing condition when climbing called Cheyne–Stokes.

- His motivation comes from a determination to raise funds for Marie Curie. Dr Jane
25 Collins, Chief Executive of the charity said: "Sir Ranulph has an unfailing commitment to raise money for Marie Curie and he is quite literally going to the ends of the earth and back to do so. His determination and ability to push himself to his limits is truly inspiring. We hope Sir Ranulph will inspire others to take on their own personal challenge in aid of Marie Curie and help us care for more people living with a terminal
30 illness."

Sir Ranulph has raised £18m in total for charity and aims to raise £20m for good causes in his lifetime.

www.tomorrowcare.co.uk, July 6, 2016

¹ Marie Curie: a registered charity.

² Snowdonia is a mountainous region in Northwestern Wales.

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LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES ET CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES ANGLAIS

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Répartition des points

Synthèse	16 points
Traduction ou transposition	4 points

SUJET 1

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Expression et construction de soi ».

1^{re} partie. Synthèse en anglais (16 points)

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et répondez en anglais à la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Paying particular attention to the specificities of the three documents, show how they interact to suggest that beauty may depend on perspective.

2^e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 17 à 22) :

“Since I was a kid,” she says, “my dad and I have always talked about a certain type of person who’s so insecure, or hyperaware and self-conscious, that they never move in a weird way, or make a weird face, because they always want to look good. I’ve noticed that, and it makes me so sad. If you’re always standing a certain way, walking in a certain way, and always have your hair just so... It’s such a loss to always try to always look good. It’s such a loss of joy and freedom in your body.”

Document A

Billie Eilish: 'To always try to look good is such a loss of joy and freedom'

Although we start by talking about her album's themes [...], we soon start discussing body image. Eilish loves to play with fashion and changes her style all the time – she remembers making the deliberate decision, aged four or five, to go out with her knickers on top of her trousers – but tries hard not to be overly concerned with her looks.

For a long while, her aesthetic references combined the gothic (coloured hair, pet spiders, the Babadook¹) with hip-hop (baggy shorts, hoodies, Louis Vuitton), culminating in her dyeing her hair black with neon green roots, sporting claw-like nails, neon green top and shorts.

Her new look is less cartoonish, though it still seems a little dress-up: Marilyn Monroe blond hair; soft beige and pink clothes; references to 1930s Hollywood and French boudoir. As it's Eilish, there's a twist (big trainers, over-the-knee socks, a huge new tattoo of a dragon across her lower hip). She launched this style in British Vogue in May, where she stared from the cover, defiant in a corset, instantly confounding those who previously lauded her for covering herself up. Today, beneath that glamorous platinum fringe, she's rocking a baggy Eazy-E T-shirt.

"Since I was a kid," she says, "my dad and I have always talked about a certain type of person who's so insecure, or hyperaware and self-conscious, that they never move in a weird way, or make a weird face, because they always want to look good. I've noticed that, and it makes me so sad. If you're always standing a certain way, walking in a certain way, and always have your hair just so... It's such a loss to always try to always look good. It's such a loss of joy and freedom in your body." [...]

She knows from experience of the music industry that most perfect Insta-friendly images are unreal. But it still affects her. "I see people online, looking like I've never looked," she says. "And immediately I am like, oh my God, how do they look like that? I know the ins and outs of this industry, and what people actually use in photos, and I actually know what looks real can be fake. Yet I still see it and go, oh God, that makes me feel really bad. And I mean, I'm very confident in who I am, and I'm very happy with my life... I'm obviously not happy with my body", she adds casually, "but who is?" [...]

I'm taken aback that she's "obviously" not happy with her body, but Eilish is nothing if not honest; she responds in the moment. And actually, despite her enormous social media presence, she can often seem like she's in disguise. Her style is so distinctive, it has become a camouflage. (You can order her green and black look as a costume online; several of her friends, and her mum, dressed up as Eilish for Halloween 2019; Eilish herself dressed as a ghost.)

Miranda SAWYER, *www.theguardian.com*, July 31, 2021

¹ Babadook: a supernatural creature that is said to be the embodiment of grief.

Document B



Katty HUERTAS, *SELF-ISH—Self-portrait Series*, 2015-2016

Document C

Ugliest Girl in the World

Well the woman that I love she got a hook in her nose
Her eyebrows meet she wears second hand clothes
She speaks with a stutter and she walks with a hop
I don't know why I love her but I just can't stop.

5 *You know I love her yeah I love her
I'm in love with the ugliest girl in the world.*

If I ever lose her I will go insane
I go half crazy when she calls my name
When she says 'ba-ba ba-ba baby I love you'

10 There ain't nothing in the world that I wouldn't do.
*You know I love her yeah I love her
I'm in love with the ugliest girl in the world.*

The woman that I love she got two flat feet
Her knees knock together walking down the street
15 She cracks her knuckles and she snores in bed
She ain't much to look at but like I said:

*You know I love her Yeah I love her
I'm in love with the ugliest girl in the world.*

I don't mean to say she got nothing going
20 She got a weird sense of humor that is all her own
When I got low she sets me on my feet
Got a five inch smile but her breath is sweet.

*You know I love her Yeah I love her
I'm in love with the ugliest girl in the world.*

25 Well the woman that I love she got a hook in her nose
Her eyebrows meet she wears second hand clothes
She speaks with a stutter and she walks with a hop
I don't know why I love her but I just can't stop.

30 *You know I love her yeah I love her
I'm in love with the ugliest girl in the world.*

Bob DYLAN, song from the 1988 *Down in the Groove* album

SUJET 2

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Arts et débat d'idées »

1^{re} partie. Synthèse en anglais (16 points)

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et répondez en anglais à la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Paying particular attention to the specificities of the three documents, show how they interact to illustrate various relationships between humankind and modernity.

2^e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document B (lignes 14 à 20) :

“People had to have houses and the two or three farmers were dead now probably. Maybe didn't live to see it all. Maybe died rich.

The two kids stood swaying as they entered the first tunnel, their eyes stood out watching for the tunnel's mouth, awaiting to pass out through the great mouth of the tunnel. And probably the whole of life was like that, sitting in the dark watching and waiting. Sometimes it happened and you came into the light, but mostly it only happened in tunnels. Like now.”

Document A

Biting Back at the Machine: Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times*

Modern Times is Chaplin's last "silent" film, and a last bow for his "Tramp" character, which had made Chaplin the world's most famous man in the 1920s. After the 1931 premier of *City Lights*, Chaplin went on a world tour, meeting with many leaders to discuss the pressing issues of the time. In newspaper articles and later an
5 autobiography, he described his travels.

At a meeting with Mahatma Gandhi, Chaplin said he was "confused by your abhorrence of machinery," which could "release man from the bondage of slavery," if altruistically used, Chaplin argued. Gandhi replied that machinery had made India dependent on England, so "we must make ourselves independent of it if we are to gain
10 our freedom." By the time he began production of *Modern Times* (then titled "The Masses"), Chaplin was declaring: "Machinery should benefit mankind. It should not spell tragedy, or throw it out of work."

Chaplin wanted The Tramp's swan song to address the pressing issues of the Great Depression and pre-WWII years: unemployment, food shortages, the Fordist
15 routinization of industry, and repression of political protest. Chaplin's ability to combine hilarity with pathos reached classic heights in this film. [...]

The scene in which Charlie slides into the machine's gears is iconographic, a larger-than-life picture that has taken on a life of its own. Following the suggestion that
20 one *can only keep up with the machine by going inside it*, I want to sketch some implications of this "inside job." The fullness of what is denoted and connoted in this scene seems inexhaustible. Let us start with a couple of forms of denotation.

1. We are being shown that accidents are commonplace when machines are sped up to an inhuman pace. In the 21st century, the swallowing of humans on the production line will be played for horror, in *Fast Food Nation* (Richard Linklater, 2006). [...]
25
2. In his *Autobiography*, Chaplin traces the film's genesis to a conversation with a reporter about Detroit production lines, particularly "healthy young men off the farms who, after 4-5 years at the belt system, became nervous wrecks."

Chaplin denotes a commonplace of the machine age, nervous breakdowns. But the sequence is choreographed like a ballet, from the moment of being swallowed alive, through the subsequent madcap sabotage. *Modern Times* man-eating machine connotes much more than it denotes.

Gregory STEPHENS, sensesofcinema.com, October 2011

Document B

An old Maori¹ is taking the train to cross New Zealand for the first time.

Now this strip here, it's not really land at all, it's where we used to get our pipis², any time or tide. But they pushed a hill down over it and shot the railway line across to make more room for cars. The train driver knows it's not really land and he is speeding up over this strip. So fast you wait for the nose dive over the edge into the sea, especially when you're up front like this looking. Well too bad. Not to worry, he's nearly old anyway and just about done his dash, so why to worry if they nose dive over the edge into the sea. Funny people putting their trains across the sea. Funny people making land and putting pictures and stories about it in the papers as though it's something spectacular [...]. On further it's the same — houses, houses — but people have to have houses. Two or three farms once, on the cold hills and a rough road going through. By car along the old road, you'd always see a pair of them at the end of the drive waving with their hats jammed over their ears. Fat one and skinny one. Psychiatric hospital, those were the words to use these days, yes don't sound so bad. People had to have houses and the two or three farmers were dead now probably. Maybe didn't live to see it all. Maybe died rich.

The two kids stood swaying as they entered the first tunnel, their eyes stood out watching for the tunnel's mouth, awaiting to pass out through the great mouth of the tunnel. And probably the whole of life was like that, sitting in the dark watching and waiting. Sometimes it happened and you came into the light, but mostly it only happened in tunnels. Like now.

And between the tunnels they were slicing the hills away with big machines. Great-looking hills too, and not an easy job cutting them away, it took Pakeha³ determination to do that. Funny people these Pakehas, had to chop up everything. Couldn't talk to a hill or a tree these people, couldn't give the trees or the hills a name and make them special and leave them. Couldn't go round, only through. Couldn't give life, only death. But people had to have houses.

Patricia GRACE, *Journey*, 1980

¹ Maori: Native people of New Zealand.

² Pipi: a type of shellfish.

³ Pakeha: Maori word for New Zealanders of European origin.

Document C



Robot helping out visitors at the Smithsonian Museum in Washington, DC, 2018.
www.softbankrobotics.com

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ANGLAIS

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Synthèse	16 points
Traduction ou transposition	4 points

SUJET 1

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

1^{re} partie. Synthèse en anglais (16 points)

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et répondez en anglais à la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Paying particular attention to the specificities of the three documents, show how they interact to offer different perceptions of urban environments.

2^e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document B (lignes 15 à 20) :

I got into an elevator, something I had never done before, and then I was in an apartment and seated at a table, eating food just taken from a refrigerator. In the place I had just come from, I always lived in a house, and my house did not have a refrigerator in it. Everything I was experiencing—the ride in the elevator, being in an apartment, eating day-old food that had been stored in a refrigerator—was such a good idea that I could imagine I would grow used to it and like it very much.

Document A



New York promotion banner, BSGStudio, 2017

Document B

It was my first day. I had come the night before, a gray-black and cold night before—
as it was expected to be in the middle of January, though I didn't know that at the
time—and I could not see anything clearly on the way in from the airport, even though
there were lights everywhere. As we drove along, someone would single out to me a
5 famous building, an important street, a park, a bridge that when built was thought to
be a spectacle. In a daydream I used to have, all these places were points of happiness
to me; all these places were lifeboats to my small drowning soul, for I would imagine
myself entering and leaving them, and just that—entering and leaving over and over
again—would see me through a bad feeling I did not have a name for. I only knew it
10 felt a little like sadness but heavier than that. Now that I saw these places, they looked
ordinary, dirty, worn down by so many people entering and leaving them in real life,
and it occurred to me that I could not be the only person in the world for whom they
were a fixture of fantasy. It was not my first bout with the disappointment of reality and
it would not be my last. [...]

15 I got into an elevator, something I had never done before, and then I was in an
apartment and seated at a table, eating food just taken from a refrigerator. In the place
I had just come from, I always lived in a house, and my house did not have a refrigerator
in it. Everything I was experiencing—the ride in the elevator, being in an apartment,
eating day-old food that had been stored in a refrigerator—was such a good idea that
20 I could imagine I would grow used to it and like it very much, but at first it was all so
new that I had to smile with my mouth turned down at the corners. I slept soundly that
night, but it wasn't because I was happy and comfortable—quite the opposite; it was
because I didn't want to take in anything else.

[...] I was no longer in a tropical zone, and this realization now entered my life like a
25 flow of water dividing formerly dry and solid ground, creating two banks, one of which
was my past—so familiar and predictable that even my unhappiness then made me
happy now just to think of it—the other my future, a gray blank, an overcast seascape
on which rain was falling and no boats were in sight. I was no longer in a tropical zone
and I felt cold inside and out, the first time such a sensation had come over me.

30 In books I had read—from time to time, when the plot called for it—someone would
suffer from homesickness. A person would leave a not very nice situation and go
somewhere else, somewhere a lot better, and then long to go back where it was not
very nice. How impatient I would become with such a person, for I would feel that I was
in a not very nice situation myself, and how I wanted to go somewhere else. But now
35 I, too, felt that I wanted to be back where I came from. I understood it, I knew where I
stood there. If I had had to draw a picture of my future then, it would have been a large
gray patch surrounded by black, blacker, blackest.

Jamaica KINCAID, *Lucy*, 1990

DOCUMENT C

The Face of a City

As citizens, we identify ourselves with the cities and remember those places that have been empowered with icons. Appeasing and engaging public art leaves an imprint on the mind, aids in navigation and gives directional instructions within the city. Thus, it manifests itself as a significant factor in the visual recognition of a particular area.

5 Public art can become a symbolic landscape of a city, bring people together at a popular meeting place in order to facilitate interaction and communal gathering in public spaces. Different types of art can result in promoting various kinds of collaborations and engagement — static art can be quiet and contemplative; whereas dynamic art is often thought-provoking and open to various interesting interpretations.

10 Along with predominant social relevance, the cultural importance of public art is an integral component of its overall value. Inhabiting space on an everyday basis in the form of sculpture, statue and installation among others, it naturally gains recognition and cultural value. By augmenting and inducing the public space that it inhabits with meaning, tangible and intangible benefits make the artwork an integral and beloved
15 part of the culture. These installations and artworks create unforgettable memories or what constitutes the image of a place or neighbourhood.

[...] In the bustle of life, we often underestimate the power of a sensory experience — sometimes what we see and hear influences how we feel and think. Public art not only makes a space come alive but evokes emotion within the community. With rapidly
20 changing urban development, the value of art and culture in Indian cities is fading away.

Vibhor SOGANI, *The Daily Pioneer*, March 26, 2019

SUJET 2

Ce dossier porte sur la thématique : « Expression et construction de soi »

1^{re} partie. Synthèse en anglais (16 points)

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et répondez en anglais à la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Paying particular attention to the specificities of the three documents, show how they interact to illustrate the possible effects of inactivity.

2^e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document C (lignes 28 à 33) :

In 1990 JK Rowling was taking a delayed train back to London alone after a weekend flat-hunting in Manchester when the image of a scrawny, bespectacled young boy popped into her head. "I didn't have a pen and was too shy to ask anyone for one on the train, which frustrated me at the time," she said in a 2016 interview. But when I look back it was the best thing for me. It gave me the full four hours on the train to think up all the ideas for the book.

Document A

If there were no emptiness, there would be no life.
Think about it.

5 All those electrons, particles, and whatnot
crammed in next to each other like junk in an attic,
like trash in a compactor
smashed together in a flat block
so there's nothing but plasma:
no you no me.

10 Therefore I praise vacancy.
Vacant lots with their blowing plastics and teasels,
vacant houses, their furze of dust,
vacant stares, blue as the sky through windows.
Motels with the word Vacancy
flashing outside, a red neon arrow pointing,

15 pointing at the path to be taken
to the bored front desk, to the key-shaped key
on the dangling brown leather key holder,

the key that opens the vacant room
with its scored linoleum floor a blear-eyed yellow
20 its flowery couch and wilted cushions
its swaybacked bed, smelling of bleach and mildew
its stuttering radio
its ashtray that was here
seventy years ago.

25 That room has been static for me so long:
an emptiness a void a silence
containing an unheard story
ready for me to unlock.

Let there be plot.

Margaret ATWOOD, "If there were no emptiness", *Dearly*, 2020

Document B



Edward HOPPER, *The Automat*, 1927
Oil on Canvas, Des Moines Art Center, Iowa (USA)

Document C

How boredom can spark creativity

The topic of boredom has come up a lot recently. With much of the world spending weeks in lockdown, and usual forms of socialising and entertainment off limits, there's a suggestion more of us could be experiencing moments of boredom. In fact, some researchers see this as a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to study its effects.

5 So what is it about boredom that leads to creativity? Researchers have been exploring the link for some time. In one 2013 study, British psychologist Sandi Mann divided subjects into two groups and gave one the boring task of copying numbers from a phone book. Each group was then given a creative task of coming up with as many uses as possible for a plastic cup. The 'bored' group outperformed the others. Another
10 set of students, who had the even duller task of simply reading the phone numbers, did even better. The thinking is that boredom gives us a push to explore creative outlets to fill the 'gap' our brain is noticing.[...]

Boredom is not in itself creative, argues Eastwood, who is the co-author of a new book on boredom called *Out of My Skull: The Psychology of Boredom*. It's what it leads to that is important. "When you feel bored, because it's an aversive and uncomfortable
15 state, you're motivated to look for something else. In that gap there's a real chance to discover something new. What matters to me and what am I passionate about? I think that looking can be a source of creativity."

Often our first instinct when we experience the unpleasant niggle of boredom is to
20 shake it off – quickly. With Netflix lists, Instagram feeds and TikTok videos waiting for our attention, it's easy to stick a band-aid on boredom. In his 2018 book, *Creative Quest*, the musician QuestLove wrote about his battle against the many distractions on offer. "With just a single mouse click I could listen to an Outkast demo or read about zoning in Philadelphia, or hop back in time and find a vintage interview with Wilson
25 Pickett." Resisting the quick fix and riding out his boredom is vital, though. "On the face of it, it doesn't make any sense. Boredom seems like the least creative feeling. But it's actually a way of clearing space for a new idea to spring back up."

In 1990 JK Rowling was taking a delayed train back to London alone after a weekend
30 flat-hunting in Manchester when the image of a scrawny, bespectacled young boy popped into her head. "I didn't have a pen and was too shy to ask anyone for one on the train, which frustrated me at the time," she said in a 2016 interview. "But when I look back it was the best thing for me. It gave me the full four hours on the train to think up all the ideas for the book." If she'd had an iPad loaded with all 12 episodes of *Normal People* or an endless Twitter feed to scroll through instead of staring out of the window,
35 Harry Potter might have disappeared out of her mind as quickly as he arrived. Science has linked daydreaming with creativity, and Eastwood believes it's here where the real ideas flourish. "Boredom triggers mind-wandering, and then mind wandering leads to creativity," he says.

Clare THORP, www.bbc.com, May 22, 2020

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Traduction ou transposition	4 points

SUJET 1

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Arts et débat d'idées »

1^{re} partie. Synthèse en anglais (16 points)

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et répondez en anglais à la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Paying particular attention to the specificities of the three documents, show how they interact to explore the connection between acting and real life.

2^e partie. Transposition en français (4 pts)

Rendez compte, en français et de façon structurée, de l'usage du théâtre dans le document A (80 à 100 mots).

Document A

Drama improves pupils' self-esteem, study finds

Primary school children participating in National Theatre (NT) drama schemes enjoy school more and have improved their speaking and listening skills, a three-year study has found.

5 Through studying Shakespeare and Marlowe and acting out their plays using puppets and music, NT children have also experienced a marked increase in self-confidence in class, said the report, published today by the Social Science Research Unit at the Institute of Education.

Jenny Harris, the NT's head of education, urged schools throughout the country to emulate the programme.

10 "The key findings of this rigorous study raise critical considerations that we hope will inform the current debate about the role, and more importantly, the value of the arts," she said.

The study tracked the work of the NT's education department with children aged seven to 10 from eight inner-London primary schools for three years, during which time they studied Shakespeare's *The Tempest* and Marlowe's *Dr Faustus*, and took part in a storytelling programme called *Word Alive*.

15 The programmes included sessions in schools by freelance artists trained by the theatre, training days for teachers and visits to specially commissioned productions and performances. The children then gave their own performances at The Albany, Deptford¹.

20 Compared with children at similar schools not running the NT programme, the study found that NT pupils had a significant increase in 'oracy' skills - the ability to speak and listen. However, there was no marked improvement in literacy SATs².

NT students also enjoyed school more and gained self-esteem, regarded as a key tool for learning. And the study said they recognised, through experience, the value of working with other people towards goals.

25 Researcher Helen Turner said: "Our research highlights several key educational issues: how to make school more enjoyable, how to provide learning environments where different talents are recognised and valued, how to make literacy more exciting, how to encourage and promote creativity, and how to ensure cultural entitlement."

"We think that the National Theatre's drama programmes provide a guide for others to follow."

30 Fellow researcher Professor Berry Mayall said: "Ministers have recognised the intrinsic value for children of engaging with the arts. The results of our study present a clear case for the government to support drama work in schools for the enrichment of children's lives."

John MARTIN, *The Guardian*, October 6, 2004

¹ Deptford: an area in south-east London, England.

² SATs: Standard Assessment Tests for British pupils.

Document B



Liverpool Street Station Flash Mob¹, *The Commuter Experience*, January 15, 2009

¹ A flash mob occurs when people arrange to meet at a certain place and time to carry out a performance.

Document C

“All the world’s a stage” (spoken by Jaques)

All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
5 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms;
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel¹
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
10 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress’ eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard²,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
15 Even in the cannon’s mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon³ lin’d,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
20 Into the lean and slipper’d pantaloon⁴,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav’d, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank⁵; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
25 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, Act II, Scene VII, 1599

¹ a satchel: a school bag

² pard (archaic or poetic): a panther or leopard

³ with good capon lin’d: *garni d’un bon chapon*

⁴ Pantaloone is a character in the Commedia dell Arte.

⁵ shank: leg

SUJET 2

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Expression et construction de soi ».

1^{re} partie. Synthèse en anglais (16 points)

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et répondez en anglais à la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Paying particular attention to the specificities of the three documents, show how they interact to highlight what self-portraits reveal and hide.

2^e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 1 à 5) :

It is with a kind of fear that I begin to write the history of my life. I have, as it were, a superstitious hesitation in lifting the veil that clings about my childhood like a golden mist. The task of writing an autobiography is a difficult one. When I try to classify my earliest impressions, I find that fact and fancy look alike across the years that link the past with the present. The woman paints the child's experiences in her own fantasy.

Document A

It is with a kind of fear that I begin to write the history of my life. I have, as it were, a superstitious hesitation in lifting the veil that clings about my childhood like a golden mist. The task of writing an autobiography is a difficult one. When I try to classify my earliest impressions, I find that fact and fancy look alike across the years that link the
5 past with the present. The woman paints the child's experiences in her own fantasy. A few impressions stand out vividly from the first years of my life; but "the shadows of the prison-house are on the rest." Besides, many of the joys and sorrows of childhood have lost their poignancy; and many incidents of vital importance in my early education have been forgotten in the excitement of great discoveries. In order, therefore, not to be
10 tedious I shall try to present in a series of sketches only the episodes that seem to me to be the most interesting and important.

I was born on June 27, 1880, in Tuscumbia, a little town of northern Alabama. [...]

I lived, up to the time of the illness that deprived me of my sight and hearing, in a tiny house consisting of a large square room and a small one, in which the servant slept. It
15 is a custom in the South to build a small house near the homestead as an annex to be used on occasion. Such a house my father built after the Civil War, and when he married my mother they went to live in it. It was completely covered with vines, climbing roses and honeysuckles. From the garden it looked like an arbor. The little porch was hidden from view by a screen of yellow roses and Southern smilax. It was the favourite
20 haunt of humming-birds and bees.

The Keller homestead, where the family lived, was a few steps from our little rose-bower. It was called "Ivy Green" because the house and the surrounding trees and fences were covered with beautiful English ivy. Its old-fashioned garden was the paradise of my childhood.

Helen KELLER, *The Story of My Life*, 1903

Document B

How selfies became a global phenomenon

The smartphone self-portrait or 'selfie' has established itself a form of self-expression. Is it a harmless fad or a dangerous sign of western society's growing narcissism?

5 It starts with a certain angle: a smartphone tilted at 45 degrees just above your eyeline is generally deemed the most forgiving. Then a light source: the flattering beam of a backlit window or a bursting supernova of flash reflected in a bathroom mirror, as preparations are under way for a night out.

10 The pose is important. Knowing self-awareness is conveyed by the slight raise of an eyebrow, the sideways smile that says you're not taking it too seriously. A doe-eyed stare and mussed-up hair denotes natural beauty, as if you've just woken up and can't help looking like this. Sexiness is suggested by sucked-in cheeks, pouting lips, a nonchalant cock of the head and a hint of bare flesh just below the clavicle. Snap!

Afterwards, a flattering filter is applied. Outlines are blurred, colours are softened, a sepia tint soaks through to imply a simpler era of vinyl records and VW camper vans.

15 All of this is the work of an instant. Then, with a single tap, you are ready to upload: to Twitter, to Facebook, to Instagram, each likeness accompanied by a self-referential hashtag. Your image is retweeted and tagged and shared. Your screen fills with thumbs-up signs and heart-shaped emoticons. You are "liked" several times over. You feel a shiver of – what, exactly? Approbation? Reassurance? Existential calm? Whatever it is, it's addictive. Soon, you repeat the whole process, trying out a different
20 pose. Again and again, you offer yourself up for public consumption.

This, then, is the selfie: the self-portrait of the digital age. We are all at it. Just type "selfie" into the Twitter search bar. Or take a look at Instagram, where over 90m photos are currently posted with the hashtag #me.

25 Adolescent pop poppet Justin Bieber constantly Tweets photos of himself with his shirt off to the shrieking delight of his huge online following. [...]

The political classes have started doing it too. President Obama's daughters, Sasha and Malia, took selfies at his second inauguration. In June, Hillary Clinton got in on the act after her daughter, Chelsea, tweeted a joint picture of them taken on her phone at arm's length. [...]

30 "The selfie is revolutionising how we gather autobiographical information about ourselves and our friends," says Dr Mariann Hardey, a lecturer in marketing at Durham University who specialises in digital social networks. "It's about continuously rewriting yourself. It's an extension of our natural construction of self. It's about presenting yourself in the best way ... [similar to] when women put on makeup or men who
35 bodybuild to look a certain way: it's an aspect of performance that's about knowing yourself and being vulnerable."

Elizabeth DAY, www.theguardian.com, July 14, 2013

Document C



Kattie HUERTAS, *SELF-ISH—Self-portrait Series*, 2015-2016

BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2022

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES

ET

CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES

ANGLAIS

Jeudi 12 mai 2022

Durée de l'épreuve : **3 heures 30**

*L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.
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Dès que ce sujet vous est remis, assurez-vous qu'il est complet.
Ce sujet comporte 9 pages numérotées de 1/9 à 9/9.

**Le candidat traite au choix le sujet 1 ou le sujet 2.
Il précisera sur la copie le numéro du sujet choisi.**

Répartition des points

Synthèse	16 points
Traduction ou transposition	4 points

SUJET 1

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Arts et débats d'idées ».

1^{re} partie. Synthèse en anglais (16 points)

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et répondez en anglais à la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Paying particular attention to the specificities of the three documents, show how they interact to illustrate the impact of popular culture on society.

2^e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 5 à 11) :

The previous weekend I'd been looking through the magazines in the local barber shop while I was waiting to have my hair cut, when I came across a photo of the most bizarre-looking man I'd ever seen. Everything about him looked extraordinary: his clothes, his hair, even the way he was standing. Compared to the people you could see outside the barber shop window in the north-west London suburb of Pinner, he might as well have been bright green with antennae sticking out of his forehead.

Document A

This document is an excerpt from Me, the autobiography of Elton John, British singer, songwriter, pianist and composer born in 1947. He is one of the best-selling music artists of all time.

It was my mum who introduced me to Elvis Presley. Every Friday, after work, she would pick up her wages, stop off on the way home at Siever's, an electrical store that also sold records, and buy a new 78¹. [...] She told me she'd never heard anything like it before, but it was so fantastic she had to buy it. As soon as she said the words
5 Elvis Presley, I recognized them. The previous weekend I'd been looking through the magazines in the local barber shop while I was waiting to have my hair cut, when I came across a photo of the most bizarre-looking man I'd ever seen. Everything about him looked extraordinary: his clothes, his hair, even the way he was standing. Compared to the people you could see outside the barber shop window in the north-
10 west London suburb of Pinner, he might as well have been bright green with antennae sticking out of his forehead. I'd been so transfixed I hadn't even bothered to read the accompanying article, and by the time I got home I'd forgotten his name. But that was it: Elvis Presley.

As soon as Mum put the record on, it became apparent that Elvis Presley
15 sounded the way he looked, like he came from another planet. Compared to the stuff my parents normally listened to, 'Heartbreak Hotel' barely qualified as music at all, an opinion my father would continue to expound upon at great length over the coming years. I'd already heard rock and roll – 'Rock Around The Clock' had been a big hit earlier in 1956 – but 'Heartbreak Hotel' didn't sound anything like that either. It was raw
20 and sparse and slow and eerie. Everything was drenched in the weird echo. [...] As 'Heartbreak Hotel' played, it felt like something had changed, that nothing could really be the same again. As it turned out, something had, and nothing was.

And thank God, because the world needed changing. I grew up in fifties Britain and, before Elvis, before rock and roll, fifties Britain was a pretty grim place. I didn't
25 mind living in Pinner – I've never been one of those rock stars who was motivated by a burning desire to escape the suburbs, I quite liked it there – but the whole country was in a bad place.

Elton JOHN, *Me*, 2019

¹ a 78: a type of vinyl record.

Document B

*This document is an excerpt from *Born to Run*, the autobiography of Bruce Springsteen, world-famous American rock singer, songwriter and musician born in 1949.*

In the beginning there was a great darkness upon the Earth. There was Christmas and your birthday but beyond that all was a black endless authoritarian void. There was nothing to look forward to, nothing to look back upon, no future, no history. It was all a kid could do to make it to summer vacation.

5 Then, in a moment of light, blinding as a universe birthing a billion new suns, there was hope, sex, rhythm, excitement, possibility, a new way of seeing, of feeling, of thinking, of looking at your body, of combing your hair, of wearing your clothes, of moving and of living. There was a joyous demand made, a challenge, a way out of this dead-to-life world, this small-town grave with all the people I dearly loved and feared
10 buried in it alongside of me.

 THE BARRICADES HAVE BEEN STORMED!! A FREEDOM SONG HAS BEEN SUNG!! THE BELLS OF LIBERTY HAVE RUNG!! A HERO HAS COME. THE OLD ORDER HAS BEEN OVERTHROWN! The teachers, the parents, the fools so sure they knew THE WAY—THE ONLY WAY—to build a life, to have an impact on things and to
15 make a man or woman out of yourself, have been challenged. A HUMAN ATOM HAS JUST SPLIT THE WORLD IN TWO!

 The small part of the world I inhabit has stumbled upon an irreversible moment. Somewhere in between the mundane variety acts on a routine Sunday night in the year of our Lord 1956 . . . THE REVOLUTION HAS BEEN TELEVISED!! [...]

20 This new world is a world of black and white. A place of freedom where the two most culturally powerful tribes in American society find a common ground, pleasure and joy in each other's presence. Where they use a common language to speak with . . . to *BE* with one another. [...]

 A “man” did this. A “man” searching for something new. He willed it into
25 existence. Elvis's great act of love rocked the country and was an early echo of the coming civil rights movement. He was the kind of new American whose “desires” would bring his goals to fruition. He was a singer, a guitar player who loved black musical culture, recognized its artistry, its mastery, its power, and yearned for intimacy with it. [...] He was not an “activist”, not a John Brown, not a Martin Luther King Jr., not a
30 Malcolm X. He was a showman, an entertainer, an imaginer of worlds, an unbelievable success, an embarrassing failure and a fount of modern action and ideas. Ideas that would soon change the shape and future of the nation.

Bruce SPRINGSTEEN, *Born to Run*, 2016



Andy WARHOL, *Double Elvis*, 1963
Silkscreen ink on synthetic polymer paint on canvas,
Museum of Modern Art, New York City (USA)

SUJET 2

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

1^{re} partie. Synthèse en anglais (16 points)

Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et du dossier composé des documents A, B et C et répondez en anglais à la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Paying particular attention to the specificities of the three documents, show how they interact to draw attention to the call of the road in American culture.

2^e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document B (lignes 20 à 25) :

I looked at the cracked high ceiling and really didn't know who I was for about fifteen strange seconds. I wasn't scared; I was just somebody else, some stranger, and my whole life was a haunted life, the life of a ghost. I was halfway across America, at the dividing line between the East of my youth and the West of my future, and maybe that's why it happened right there and then, that strange red afternoon.

Document A

US road trips: into the heart of America with Andrew McCARTHY.

5 There's nothing wrong that a hundred bucks and a full tank of gas can't fix. It's an idea at the core of the American psyche. From the first "road trips" of the pioneers lighting out for the west, to the California gold rush, to the dust bowl refugees of the Great Depression¹ chasing the sun across the continent, sustaining themselves on movement, banking on hope, America has counted on the rewards of the road.

10 Move forward and don't look back, your past won't follow you out here, the highway promises. The American road trip is a rite of passage; it's a lark², a last gasp. It is the essence of optimism in action. While we Americans claim no monopoly on the open road, the idea that renewal waits just around the bend, over the rise, or beyond that distant horizon, is deeply embedded in who we are as a people. Someone once said that to understand America, you need to understand baseball. I would argue that to truly understand America a road trip is in order. And the more miles you put between yourself and what you've left behind, the better.

15 The extended journey by car is a different kind of travel. You call all the shots. You decide when and where, left or right, turn back or forge ahead. The highway beckons³, but it also challenges. [...]

20 That gesture of defiance hints at the secret that rests at the heart of the road trip – arrival is never the true goal. Maybe that's why, after the initial relief, disappointment is often the accompanying feeling upon reaching one's goal. [...] What exactly are we looking for with the wheel in our hand?

25 While still on the road, when still in motion, hope is allowed space and time to play out on its own field of dreams – and hope is something no reality can ever match. Since America is still an idea more than anything else, that hope is indispensable to our national psyche. It's no wonder that the facts of who we are and what we ultimately do, comes often as a shock and disappointment, even to ourselves.

But no matter. The road is there, calling...

Andrew McCARTHY, *www.theguardian.com*, April 2013

¹ the Great Depression: a severe worldwide economic crisis that started in 1929 in the USA.

² a lark: an adventure

³ beckons: attracts

Document B

I was in another big high cab, all set to go hundreds of miles across the night, and was I happy! And the new truckdriver was as crazy as the other and yelled just as much, and all I had to do was lean back and roll on. Now I could see Denver looming ahead of me like the Promised Land, way out there beneath the stars, across the prairie of Iowa and the plains of Nebraska, and I could see the greater vision of San Francisco beyond, like jewels in the night. [...] He told stories for a couple of hours, then, at a town in Iowa [...], he slept a few hours in the seat. I slept too, and took one little walk along the lonely brick walls illuminated by one lamp, with the prairie brooding at the end of each little street and the smell of the corn like dew in the night.

10 He woke up with a start at dawn. Off we roared, and an hour later the smoke of Des Moines¹ appeared ahead over the green cornfields. [...] Now I wanted to sleep a whole day. [...] By instinct I wandered down to the railroad tracks - and there're a lot of them in Des Moines - and wound up in a gloomy old Plains inn of a hotel by the locomotive roundhouse, and spent a long day sleeping on a big clean hard white bed with dirty

15 remarks carved in the wall beside my pillow and the beat yellow windowshades pulled over the smoky scene of the rail-yards. I woke up as the sun was reddening; and that was the one distinct time in my life, the strangest moment of all, when I didn't know who I was - I was far away from home, haunted and tired with travel, in a cheap hotel room I'd never seen, hearing the hiss of steam outside, and the creak of the old wood

20 of the hotel, and footsteps upstairs, and all the sad sounds, and I looked at the cracked high ceiling and really didn't know who I was for about fifteen strange seconds. I wasn't scared; I was just somebody else, some stranger, and my whole life was a haunted life, the life of a ghost. I was halfway across America, at the dividing line between the East of my youth and the West of my future, and maybe that's why it happened right

25 there and then, that strange red afternoon.

Jack KEROUAC, *On The Road*, 1957

¹ Des Moines is the capital city of the state of Iowa (USA).

Document C

Dorothea LANGE is an American documentary photographer and photojournalist born in 1895. She is best known for her Depression-era work for the Farm Security Administration which contributed to humanizing the consequences of the Great Depression.



Dorothea LANGE, *Veteran Hobo*, 1938