

BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2023

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES ET CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES ANGLAIS

Durée de l'épreuve : **3 heures 30**

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

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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 depict nature as a source of self-exploration.

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

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document C (lignes 3 à 9) :

That was the year winter came in a hurry at suppertime and stayed eight months. One of the War years when Miss Bodwin, the whitewoman, brought Christmas cologne for her mother and herself, oranges for the boys and another good wool shawl for Baby Suggs. Talking of a war full of dead people, she looked happy—flush-faced, and although her voice was heavy as a man's, she smelled like a roomful of flowers—excitement that Denver could have all for herself in the boxwood.

Document A



British artist David Hockney painting "Woldgate Woods", East Yorkshire (UK), May 2006.
Photograph taken by David Hockney's personal assistant, J.-P. Gonçalves de Lima,
news.artnet, 2006.

Document B

The Mississippi. Mighty, muddy, dangerous, rebellious and yet a strong, fathering kind of river. The river captured my imagination when I was young and has never let go. Since I can remember I have wanted to be somehow a part of the river as much as I wanted to be a hero, strong and brave and relentless like the river, looming so large in the life and world around me that I could not be ignored or forgotten. I used to sit on the levee and watch the murkiness lumber down to the sea and I'd dream of the cities and towns the river had passed, the farms and fields and bridges, the magic in the debris picked up here, deposited there, and the other rivers along the way: Ohio, Illinois, Arkansas, taking all on a beautiful voyage to the Gulf of Mexico and beyond I wanted to go too. I wanted to dip first my toes in the water to test, then all of me, hanging onto whatever and floating along with it, letting the river drop me off wherever and pick me up later and take me on again. I didn't care where, I just wanted to go. But my parents wouldn't let me.

But now I am a man and my parents can't stop me. I stand at that magical edge, thirty, when a man stops to take stock of his life and reflects on all the young man's dream that won't come true. No climbs up Everest, no try-out with the Yankees¹, no great American novel. Instead, reality: wives and babies and mortgages, pensions, security and the far-away future. No great risks. No more falling down. No more skinned knees. No great failures. I wondered: is all this inevitable?

I've never minded looking stupid and I have no fear of failure. I decided to canoe down the Mississippi River and to find out what I was made of.

Eddy HARRIS, *Mississippi Solo*, 1988.

¹ Yankees: one of New York City's baseball teams.

Document C

The following excerpt deals with Denver, a sensitive teenage girl, inclined to spend hours alone in the forest.

DENVER'S SECRETS were sweet. Accompanied every time by wild veronica¹ until she discovered cologne. The first bottle was a gift, the next she stole from her mother and hid among boxwood² until it froze and cracked. That was the year winter came in a hurry at supertime and stayed eight months. One of the War years when Miss
5 Bodwin, the whitewoman, brought Christmas cologne for her mother and herself, oranges for the boys and another good wool shawl for Baby Suggs. Talking of a war full of dead people, she looked happy—flush-faced, and although her voice was heavy as a man's, she smelled like a roomful of flowers—excitement that Denver could have all for herself in the boxwood. Back beyond 124³ was a narrow field that stopped itself
10 at a wood. On the yonder side of these woods, a stream. In these woods, between the field and the stream, hidden by post oaks, five boxwood bushes, planted in a ring, had started stretching toward each other four feet off the ground to form a round, empty room seven feet high, its walls fifty inches of murmuring leaves. Bent low, Denver could crawl into this room, and once there she could stand all the
15 way up in emerald light.

It began as a little girl's houseplay, but as her desires changed, so did the play. Quiet, primate and completely secret except for the noisome cologne signal that thrilled the rabbits before it confused them. First a playroom (where the silence was softer), then a refuge (from her brothers' fright), soon the place became the point. In that
20 bower, closed off from the hurt of the hurt world, Denver's imagination produced its own hunger and its own food, which she badly needed because loneliness wore her out. Wore her out. Veiled and protected by the live green walls, she felt ripe and clear, and salvation was as easy as a wish.

Once when she was in the boxwood, an autumn long before Paul D moved into the
25 house with her mother, she was made suddenly cold by a combination of wind and the perfume on her skin. She dressed herself, bent down to leave and stood up in snowfall: a thin and whipping snow very like the picture her mother had painted as she described the circumstances of Denver's birth in a canoe straddled by a whitegirl for whom she was named.

30 Shivering, Denver approached the house, regarding it, as she always did, as a person rather than a structure. A person that wept, sighed, trembled and fell into fits.

Toni MORRISON, *Beloved*, 1987.

¹ veronica: flowering plant.

² boxwood: a sort of ornamental tree.

³ 124: the house at 124 Bluestone Road.

SUJET 2

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

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

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Paying particular attention to the specificities of the three documents, show how they interact to question the way history is narrated.

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

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 25 à 31) :

“This is the problem of history. We cannot know that which we were not there to see and hear and experience for ourselves. We must rely upon the words of others. Those who were there in the olden days, they told stories to the children so that the children would know, so that the children could tell stories to their children.

[...] But now we come upon the problem of conflicting stories. Kojo Nyarko says that when the warriors came to his village their coats were red, but Kwame Adu says that they were blue [...].”

Document A

"What story have you heard? About my scar?" Yaw asked, smiling still, hoping, now, to ease some of the child's growing fear.

Peter cleared his throat and looked at the ground. "They say you were born of fire," he started. "That this is why you are so smart. Because you were lit by fire."

5 "Anyone else?"

Timidly, a boy named Edem raised his hand. "They say your mother was fighting evil spirits from Asamando."

Then William: "I heard your father was so sad by the Asante¹ loss that he cursed the gods, and the gods took vengeance."

10 Another, named Thomas: "I heard you did it to yourself, so that you would have something to talk about on the first day of class."

All of the boys laughed, and Yaw had to stifle his own amusement. Word of his lesson had gotten around, he knew. The older boys told some of the younger ones what to expect from him.

15 Still he continued, making his way back to the front of the room to look at his students, the bright boys of the uncertain Gold Coast², learning the white book from a scarred man.

"Whose story is correct?" Yaw asked them. They looked around at the boys who had spoken, as though trying to establish their allegiance by holding a gaze, casting a vote by sending a glance.

20 Finally, once the murmuring subsided, Peter raised his hand. "Mr. Agyekum, we cannot know which story is correct." He looked at the rest of the class, slowly understanding. "We cannot know which story is correct because we were not there."

25 Yaw nodded. He sat in his chair at the front of the room and looked at all the young men. "This is the problem of history. We cannot know that which we were not there to see and hear and experience for ourselves. We must rely upon the words of others. Those who were there in the olden days, they told stories to the children so that the children would know, so that the children could tell stories to their children.

30 And so on, and so on. But now we come upon the problem of conflicting stories. Kojo Nyarko says that when the warriors came to his village their coats were red, but Kwame Adu says that they were blue. Whose story do we believe, then?"

The boys were silent. They stared at him, waiting.

35 "We believe the one who has the power. He is the one who gets to write the story. So when you study history, you must always ask yourself, Whose story am I missing? Whose voice was suppressed so that this voice could come forth? Once you have figured that out, you must find that story too. From there, you begin to get a clearer, yet still imperfect, picture."

Yaa GYASI, *Homegoing*, 2016.

¹ Asante: a sacred place in Ghana.

² Gold Coast: former British territory in West Africa now called Ghana.

Document B



Arya BADIYAN, *Liberty Leading the People*, 2020.

Document C

'What we choose to memorialize speaks to our values as a society,' ASU¹ professor says

5 Debate around the removal of memorials and monuments that honor people and ideas whose messages and causes are considered offensive to certain marginalized groups has been a hot-button issue of late in the national conversation. ASU Associate Professor of English Kathleen Lamp, a historian who specializes in the rhetoric of public art, including memorials and monuments, said such controversy is as old as time.

10 “Iconoclasm² is not new; it’s been going on for thousands of years in different circumstances,” Lamp said. “Basically, any time a new government or regime or religion comes in, stuff gets torn down, temples get sacked. What that signals is a shift in power.”

15 In the modern-day case of the removal of U.S. monuments that many argue commend white supremacy and colonialism, the shift in power could be seen as from those who deny the racist overtones of such structures — or who maintain that some monuments have historical or aesthetic value worth preserving — to those who embrace a national culture of inclusion.

20 “I grew up seeing hundreds of small stone and bronze markers along our desert roads telling us about the great white Americans who passed through or ‘discovered’ the great West or our mighty Colorado River,” said Diaz, who was born and raised in the Fort Mojave Indian Village in Needles, California. “And I also grew up hearing stories from my family or reading in archives the terrible things those men did to my people.”

Emma GREGUSKA, *news.asu.edu*, October 7, 2021.

¹ ASU: Arizona State University (USA).

² iconoclasm: strong opposition to generally accepted beliefs and traditions.

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Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 24 à 30) :

This was truly her; this was the voice with which she would speak if she were woken up from a deep sleep during an earthquake. Still, she resolved that if the Amtrak woman responded to her accent by speaking too slowly as though to an idiot, then she would put on her Mr Agbo Voice, the mannered, overcareful pronunciations she had learned during debate meetings in secondary school when the bearded Mr Agbo, tugging at his frayed tie, played BBC recordings on his cassette player [...].

Document A

“May I ask who I’m talking to?”

“My name is Ifemelu.”

He repeated her name with exaggerated care. “Is it a French name?”

“No. Nigerian.”

5 “That where your family came from?”

“Yes.” She scooped the eggs onto a plate. “I grew up there.”

“Oh, really? How long have you been in the US?”

“Three years.”

“Wow. Cool. You sound totally American.”

10 “Thank you.”

Only after she hung up did she begin to feel the stain of a burgeoning shame spreading all over her, for thanking him, for crafting his words “You sound American” into a garland that she hung around her own neck. Why was it a compliment, an accomplishment, to sound American? She had won; Cristina Tomas, pallid-faced
15 Cristina Tomas under whose gaze she had shrunk like a small, defeated animal, would speak to her normally now. She had won, indeed, but her triumph was full of air. Her fleeting victory had left in its wake a vast, echoing space, because she had taken on, for too long, a pitch of voice and a way of being that was not hers. And so she finished eating her eggs and resolved to stop faking the American accent. She first spoke
20 without the American accent that afternoon at Thirtieth Street Station, leaning towards the woman behind the Amtrak counter.

“Could I have a round-trip to Haverhill, please? Returning Sunday afternoon. I have a Student Advantage card,” she said, and felt a rush of pleasure from giving the t its full due in “advantage”, from not rolling her r in “Haverhill”. This was truly her; this was
25 the voice with which she would speak if she were woken up from a deep sleep during an earthquake. Still, she resolved that if the Amtrak woman responded to her accent by speaking too slowly as though to an idiot, then she would put on her Mr Agbo Voice, the mannered, overcareful pronunciations she had learned during debate meetings in secondary school when the bearded Mr Agbo, tugging at his frayed tie, played BBC
30 recordings on his cassette player and then made all the students pronounce words over and over until he beamed and cried “Correct!” She would also affect, with the Mr Agbo Voice, a slight raising of her eyebrows in what she imagined was a haughty foreigner pose. But there was no need to do any of these because the Amtrak woman spoke normally. “Can I see an ID, miss?”

35 And so she did not use her Mr Agbo Voice until she met Blaine. The train was crowded. The seat next to Blaine was the only empty one in that car, as far as she could see, and the newspaper and bottle of juice placed on it seemed to be his. She

stopped, gesturing towards the seat, but he kept his gaze levelly ahead. Behind her,
a woman was pulling along a heavy suitcase and the conductor was announcing that
40 all personal belongings had to be moved from free seats and Blaine saw her standing
there—how could he possibly not see her?—and still he did nothing. So her Mr Agbo
Voice emerged. “Excuse me. Are these yours? Could you possibly move them?”

She placed her bag on the overhead rack and settled onto the seat, stiffly, holding
her magazine, her body aligned towards the aisle and away from him. The train had
45 begun to move when he said, “I’m really sorry I didn’t see you standing there.”

His apologizing surprised her, his expression so earnest and sincere that it seemed
as though he had done something more offensive. “It’s okay,” she said, and smiled.
“How are you?” he asked.

She had learned to say “Good-how-are-you?” in that sing-song American way, but
50 now she said, “I’m well, thank you.”

Chimamanda NGOZI ADICHIE, *Americanah*, 2014.

Document B

The World Is Witnessing Nigeria's Creative Golden Age

It is the most populous black nation in the world—and now, thanks to a formidable cast of creatives in art, fashion, music, and literature, Nigeria is on track to be one of the most influential.

5 Nigerians, of course, saw it all along. The infiltration of world culture by the sounds, images, and styles of their country has been building for some time. The author and photographer Teju Cole notices Nigerian pop music when he travels—recently, in a taxi in Peru. The journalist Bim Adewunmi remembers finding a group of white British kids in London singing “Oliver Twist,” a hit by D’Banj, down to the artist’s Nigerian accent: *OH-lee-vah*. “D’Banj trumped¹ Charles Dickens in that moment,” Adewunmi
10 says. “And that made me feel good!”

Perhaps the breakout moment came in 2013, when Beyoncé placed a spoken passage by the Nigerian novelist Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, excerpted from an essay on the social conditioning of girls, at the center of “Flawless,” her empowerment manifesto set to a bouncing Houston funk groove. Queen Bey’s validation
15 turbocharged the ascent of the author of *Americanah* to her status as a cross-cultural (and stylish) feminist icon. [...]

It’s been a seeping, decentralized thing; to call it a takeover would be hyperbole. But the assertive Nigerian global influence today cannot be denied, whether it’s in literature, music, fashion, or art, with new talents appearing at a relentless pace.

Siddhartha MITTER, *wmagazine.com*, October 3, 2018.

¹ trumped: surpassed.

Document C



Flying Girls, sculptural installation by Nigerian artist Peju ALATISE,
2015-2016, www.wesa.fm.

SUJET 2

Ce dossier 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 explore different relationships between writers and the act of writing.

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

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 14 à 19) :

How long it had been since she'd woken up needing to write? God, how Holly used to *need* to write. Now she needed to write again. What time was it? She was still in bed, or in bed again. Had she already risen, looked in on her daughter? Or had that been a dream? She'd come back to bed and slipped again into sleep? Perhaps. Now she didn't need to open her eyes to know that it was morning, that it was snowing.

Was there a pen in this room?

Document A

Holly is a devoted mother and a writer. She is waking up late on Christmas morning.

And then Holly thought, *I must write this down before it slips away*. It was that feeling she used to have when she was younger – the almost panicked desire to write about something she'd half glimpsed, to get it on the page before it dashed away again. Sometimes it had felt nearly nauseating, that desire to yank it out of herself and put it
5 into written words before it hid away behind some organ deep inside her – some maroonish, liverish, gillish organ she'd have to pry behind, as if fingering it out a turkey carcass, ever to get at it again. That's what writing a poem used to feel like to Holly, and why she'd quit writing poems.

My God, though, this thought was like a poem – a secret, a truth, just out of reach.
10 Holly would need this time to pluck this out and examine in the light, but it was in her, whether she'd known or not until now. Like a poem, that wanted to be written. A truth insisting on recognition. [...]

Holly needed to write down these things, this evidence! [...]

How long it had been since she'd woken up needing to write? God, how Holly used
15 to *need* to write. Now she needed to write again. What time was it? She was still in bed, or in bed again. Had she already risen, looked in on her daughter? Or had that been a dream? She'd come back to bed and slipped again into sleep? Perhaps. Now she didn't need to open her eyes to know that it was morning, that it was snowing.

Was there a pen in this room? If she found a pen before Eric and Tatiana woke up,
20 would she be able to actually sit down and write? That broken habit. That abandoned necessity.

Holly thought she could. She would be able to write. She could feel it – the bitter ache of it. There was some awful pressure on her lungs. There was, she felt, something stoppered up in her torso. She imagined vomiting it out of herself, like vomiting up a
25 swan—something with a long, tangled throat nestled inside her own throat – choking on its feathers and all its bony quills. How relieved she would feel afterward, lying on the bedroom floor beside the swan she'd vomited out of herself into the world.

Laura KASISCHKE, *Mind of Winter*, 2015.

Document B

Here in this rural-suburban community in New Jersey where I was born fifty-three years ago, and where I have lived with my dear wife, Irina, for more than seventeen years, I am known as “Andrew J. Rush”—arguably the most famous of local residents, author of bestselling mystery-suspense novels with a touch of the macabre. (Not an
5 excessive touch, not nasty-mean, or disturbing. Never obscene, nor even sexist. Women are treated graciously in my mysteries, apart from a few obligatory *noir* performances. Corpses are likely to be white adult males.) With my third bestseller in the 1990s it began to be said about me in the media—*Andrew J. Rush is the gentleman’s Stephen King*.

10 Of course, I was flattered. Sales of my novels, though in the millions after a quarter-century of effort, are yet in the double-digit millions and not the triple digit like Stephen King’s. And though my novels have been translated into as many as thirty languages—(quite a surprise to me who knows only one language)—I am sure that Stephen King’s books have been translated into even more, and more profitably. And
15 only three of my novels have been adapted into (quickly forgotten) films, and only two into (less-than-premium cable) TV dramas—unlike King, whose adaptations are too many to count.

So far as money is concerned there is no comparing Andrew J. Rush and Stephen King. But when you have made, after taxes, somewhere in excess of thirty million
20 dollars, you simply stopped thinking about *money*, as perhaps, a serial killer simply stops thinking about how many people he has killed, after a few dozen victims.

(Excuse me! I think that must have been a callous¹ remark, which I’m sure would provoke my dear Irina to kick my ankle in reprimand as she sometimes does when I misspeak in public. *I did not mean to be callous at all* but only just ‘witty’—in my
25 clumsy way.)

Joyce Carol OATES, *Jack of Spades*, 2015.

¹ callous: who feels no emotion.

Document C



Photograph taken by Earl THEISEN, *Ernest Hemingway in Kenya*, 1952.

E. Hemingway was an American writer (1899-1961) who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1954.

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She had learned to say “Good-how-are-you?” in that sing-song American way, but
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Chimamanda NGOZI ADICHIE, *Americanah*, 2014.

Document B

The World Is Witnessing Nigeria's Creative Golden Age

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¹ trumped: surpassed.

Document C



Flying Girls, sculptural installation by Nigerian artist Peju ALATISE,
2015-2016, www.wesa.fm.

SUJET 2

Ce dossier 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 explore different relationships between writers and the act of writing.

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

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 14 à 19) :

How long it had been since she'd woken up needing to write? God, how Holly used to *need* to write. Now she needed to write again. What time was it? She was still in bed, or in bed again. Had she already risen, looked in on her daughter? Or had that been a dream? She'd come back to bed and slipped again into sleep? Perhaps. Now she didn't need to open her eyes to know that it was morning, that it was snowing.

Was there a pen in this room?

Document A

Holly is a devoted mother and a writer. She is waking up late on Christmas morning.

And then Holly thought, *I must write this down before it slips away*. It was that feeling she used to have when she was younger – the almost panicked desire to write about something she'd half glimpsed, to get it on the page before it dashed away again. Sometimes it had felt nearly nauseating, that desire to yank it out of herself and put it
5 into written words before it hid away behind some organ deep inside her – some maroonish, liverish, gillish organ she'd have to pry behind, as if fingering it out a turkey carcass, ever to get at it again. That's what writing a poem used to feel like to Holly, and why she'd quit writing poems.

My God, though, this thought was like a poem – a secret, a truth, just out of reach.
10 Holly would need this time to pluck this out and examine in the light, but it was in her, whether she'd known or not until now. Like a poem, that wanted to be written. A truth insisting on recognition. [...]

Holly needed to write down these things, this evidence! [...]

How long it had been since she'd woken up needing to write? God, how Holly used
15 to *need* to write. Now she needed to write again. What time was it? She was still in bed, or in bed again. Had she already risen, looked in on her daughter? Or had that been a dream? She'd come back to bed and slipped again into sleep? Perhaps. Now she didn't need to open her eyes to know that it was morning, that it was snowing.

Was there a pen in this room? If she found a pen before Eric and Tatiana woke up,
20 would she be able to actually sit down and write? That broken habit. That abandoned necessity.

Holly thought she could. She would be able to write. She could feel it – the bitter
25 ache of it. There was some awful pressure on her lungs. There was, she felt, something stoppered up in her torso. She imagined vomiting it out of herself, like vomiting up a swan—something with a long, tangled throat nestled inside her own throat – choking on its feathers and all its bony quills. How relieved she would feel afterward, lying on the bedroom floor beside the swan she'd vomited out of herself into the world.

Laura KASISCHKE, *Mind of Winter*, 2015.

Document B

Here in this rural-suburban community in New Jersey where I was born fifty-three years ago, and where I have lived with my dear wife, Irina, for more than seventeen years, I am known as “Andrew J. Rush”—arguably the most famous of local residents, author of bestselling mystery-suspense novels with a touch of the macabre. (Not an
5 excessive touch, not nasty-mean, or disturbing. Never obscene, nor even sexist. Women are treated graciously in my mysteries, apart from a few obligatory *noir* performances. Corpses are likely to be white adult males.) With my third bestseller in the 1990s it began to be said about me in the media—*Andrew J. Rush is the gentleman’s Stephen King*.

10 Of course, I was flattered. Sales of my novels, though in the millions after a quarter-century of effort, are yet in the double-digit millions and not the triple digit like Stephen King’s. And though my novels have been translated into as many as thirty languages—(quite a surprise to me who knows only one language)—I am sure that Stephen King’s books have been translated into even more, and more profitably. And
15 only three of my novels have been adapted into (quickly forgotten) films, and only two into (less-than-premium cable) TV dramas—unlike King, whose adaptations are too many to count.

So far as money is concerned there is no comparing Andrew J. Rush and Stephen King. But when you have made, after taxes, somewhere in excess of thirty million
20 dollars, you simply stopped thinking about *money*, as perhaps, a serial killer simply stops thinking about how many people he has killed, after a few dozen victims.

(Excuse me! I think that must have been a callous¹ remark, which I’m sure would provoke my dear Irina to kick my ankle in reprimand as she sometimes does when I misspeak in public. *I did not mean to be callous at all* but only just ‘witty’—in my
25 clumsy way.)

Joyce Carol OATES, *Jack of Spades*, 2015.

¹ callous: who feels no emotion.

Document C



Photograph taken by Earl THEISEN, *Ernest Hemingway in Kenya*, 1952.

E. Hemingway was an American writer (1899-1961) who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1954.

BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2024

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES ET CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES

ANGLAIS

Durée de l'épreuve : **3 heures 30**

*L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.
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 « Expression et construction de soi »

1^{ère} partie

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

Taking into account the specificities of the documents, analyse the impact books can have on people.

2^{ème} partie

Traduction :

Translate the following passage from document B into French.

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

None of us had any experience of literary societies, so we made our own rules: we took turns to speak about the books we'd read. At the start, we tried to be calm and objective, but that soon fell away, and the purpose of the speakers was to goad the listeners into wanting to read the book themselves. Once two members had read the same book, they could argue, which was our great delight. We read books, talked books, argued over books, and became dearer and dearer to one another.

(lines 26-32)

DOCUMENT A



Penguin Books advertising campaign, « Escape into a book », 2008

DOCUMENT B

The novel is about a book club created on the island of Guernsey (one of the Channel Islands) during the second World War.

5 Odd as it may sound, the Germans allowed – and even encouraged – artistic and cultural pursuits among the Channel Islanders. Their object was to prove to the British that the German Occupation was a model one. How this message was to be conveyed to the outside world was never explained, as the telephone and telegraph cable between Guernsey and London had been cut the day the Germans landed in June 1940. Whatever their skewed reasoning, the Channel Islands were treated much more leniently than the rest of conquered Europe – at first.

10 At the Commandant's Office, my friends were ordered to pay a small fine and submit the name and membership list of their society. The Commandant announced that he, too, was a lover of literature – might he, with a few like-minded officers, sometimes attend meetings? [...]

15 And so it was that we began. I knew all our members, but I did not know them all well. Dawsey had been my neighbour for over thirty years, and yet I don't believe I had ever spoken to him about anything more than the weather and farming. Isola was a dear friend, and Eben, too, but Will Thisbee was only an acquaintance and John Booker was nearly a stranger, for he had only just arrived when the Germans came. It was Elizabeth we had in common. Without her urging, I would never have thought to invite them to share my pigs¹, and the Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society would never have drawn breath.

20 That evening when they came to my house to make their selections, those who had rarely read anything other than scripture, seed catalogues, and *The Pigman's Gazette* discovered a different kind of reading. It was here Dawsey found his Charles Lamb² and Isola fell upon *Wuthering Heights*. For myself, I chose *The Pickwick Papers*³, thinking it would lift my spirits – it did.

25 Then each went home and read. We began to meet – for the sake of the Commandant at first, and then for our own pleasure. None of us had any experience of literary societies, so we made our own rules: we took turns to speak about the books we'd read. At the start, we tried to be calm and objective, but that soon fell away, and the purpose of the speakers was to goad the listeners into wanting to read the book themselves. Once two members had read the same book, they could argue, which was our great delight. We read books, talked books, argued over books, and became dearer and dearer to one another. Other Islanders asked to join us, and our evenings together became bright, lively times – we could almost forget, now and then, the darkness outside. We still meet every fortnight.

Mary Ann Schaffer and Annie Barrows,
The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society, 2008

¹ At first the book club was a cover for sharing a roast pig, which was illegal.

² Charles Lamb (1775-1834) was an English essayist and poet.

³ *Wuthering Heights* (1847) by Emily Brontë and *The Pickwick Papers* (1836) by Charles Dickens are classics of English literature.

DOCUMENT C

That year my brother David jumped ahead to the fourth grade and I was pulled out of school entirely. I had missed too much of the first grade, my mother and the school agreed; I could start it fresh in the fall of the year, if my health was good.

5 Most of that year I spent either in bed or housebound. I read my way through approximately six tons of comic books, progressed to Tom Swift¹ and Dave Dawson (a heroic World War II pilot whose various planes were always “prop-clawing for altitude”), then moved on to Jack London’s² bloodcurdling animal tales. At some point I began to write my own stories. Imitation preceded creation; I would copy *Combat Casey* comics³ word for word in my Blue Horse tablet, sometimes adding my own
10 descriptions where they seemed appropriate. [...]

15 Eventually I showed one of these copycat hybrids to my mother, and she was charmed—I remember her slightly amazed smile, as if she was unable to believe a kid of hers could be so smart—practically a damned prodigy, for God’s sake. I had never seen that look on her face before—not on my account, anyway—and I absolutely loved it.

20 She asked me if I had made the story up myself, and I was forced to admit that I had copied most of it out of a funny-book. She seemed disappointed, and that drained away much of my pleasure. At last she handed back my tablet. “Write one of your own, Stevie,” she said. “Those *Combat Casey* funny-books are just junk—he’s always knocking someone’s teeth out. I bet you could do better. Write one of your own.”

Stephen King, *On Writing, A Memoir of the Craft*, 2000

¹ Tom Swift is the main character of American juvenile science fiction and adventure novels.

² Jack London was an American novelist and short-story writer.

³ A series of war comics published between 1953 and 1957, focusing on *Combat Casey*, a wartime hero.

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, show how circumstances have an impact on the encounters between artists and their audience.

2^{ème} partie

Traduction :

Translate the following passage from document C into French.

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The Symphony didn't know this territory well and wanted to be done with it, but speed wasn't possible in this heat. They walked slowly with weapons in hand, the actors running their lines and musicians trying to ignore the actors, scouts watching for danger ahead and behind on the road. "It's not a bad test," the director had said, earlier in the day. Gil was seventy-two years old, riding in the back of the second caravan now, his legs not quite what they used to be. "If you can remember your lines in questionable territory, you'll be fine onstage."

(lines 6-12)

Document A



Copy of a black and white postcard of The Arts League of Service Travelling Theatre¹, <https://www.historylinksarchive.org.uk/picture/number1009/>

¹ a cultural group founded in Britain in 1919, attempting to bring art into everyday life to everyone around the country

Document B

[A study], published in 2017, found that while watching a piece of theatre, audience members' heartbeats synchronised. They responded 'in unison, with their pulses speeding up and slowing down at the same rate... Experiencing the live theatre performance was extraordinary enough to overcome group differences and produce a common physiological experience in the audience members.'

Beneath the surface we are connected.

/

Immersion in other people's stories cultivates empathy. [...] Theatre and music have long been arenas in which we examine our moralities and consider our shortcomings, as well as celebrate our virtues. Think of the tragic plays of ancient times. We watch the hero in denial of their weakness eventually fall because of their self-blindness. Think of the old folk songs, sagas of betrayal, pride, murder. Juicy morality tales, not unlike present-day TV dramas. All with lessons to teach about how best to approach the problem of living a life, that encourage us to greater compassion for those whose struggles we recognise. Stories and songs bring us into contact with our best and worst natures, they enable us to locate ourselves in other people's experience and they increase our compassion. But these things in a vacuum are useless. A story doesn't cultivate empathy just by virtue of its having been thought up; it must be engaged with to become powerful; the story must be read, the song must be listened to, in order to acquire its full charge.

Kae Tempest, *On Connection*¹, 2020

¹ *On Connection* was written during the Covid-19 lockdown.

Document C

After a pandemic, a nomadic company performs plays across North America.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER the end of air travel, the caravans of the Travelling Symphony moved slowly under a white-hot sky. It was the end of July, and the twenty-five-year-old thermometer affixed to the back of the lead caravan read 106 Fahrenheit, 41 Celsius. They were near Lake Michigan but they couldn't see it from here. [...]

5 Most of them were on foot to reduce the load on the horses, who had to be rested in the shade more frequently than anyone would have liked. The Symphony didn't know this territory well and wanted to be done with it, but speed wasn't possible in this heat. They walked slowly with weapons in hand, the actors running their lines and musicians trying to ignore the actors, scouts watching for danger ahead and behind on the road.
10 "It's not a bad test," the director had said, earlier in the day. Gil was seventy-two years old, riding in the back of the second caravan now, his legs not quite what they used to be. "If you can remember your lines in questionable territory, you'll be fine onstage."
[...]

15 There was the flu that exploded like a neutron bomb over the surface of the earth and the shock of the collapse that followed, the first unspeakable years when everyone was travelling, before everyone caught on that there was no place they could walk to where life continued as it had before and settled wherever they could, clustered close together for safety in truck stops and former restaurants and old motels. The Travelling Symphony moved between the settlements of the changed world and had been doing so since five years after the collapse, when the conductor had gathered a few of her
20 friends from their military orchestra, left the air base where they'd been living, and set out into the unknown landscape.

By then most people had settled somewhere, because the gasoline had all gone stale¹ by Year Three and you can't keep walking forever. After six months of travelling from town to town—the word *town* used loosely; some of these places were four or five
25 families living together in a former truck stop—the conductor's orchestra had run into Gil's company of Shakespearean actors, who had all escaped from Chicago together and then worked on a farm for a few years and had been on the road for three months, and they'd combined their operations.

30 Twenty years after the collapse they were still in motion, travelling back and forth along the shores of Lakes Huron and Michigan [...]. This territory was for the most part tranquil now. They encountered other travellers only rarely, peddlers² mostly, carting miscellanea³ between towns. The Symphony performed music—classical, jazz, orchestral arrangements of pre-collapse pop songs—and Shakespeare.

¹ stale: too old, useless

² peddler: seller

³ miscellanea: assortment of mixed things to sell

35 They'd performed more modern plays sometimes in the first few years, but what was startling, what no one would have anticipated, was that audiences seemed to prefer Shakespeare to their other theatrical offerings.

"People want what was best about the world," Dieter¹ said.

Emily St John MANDEL, *Station Eleven*, 2014

¹ Dieter is one of the actors from the travelling show.

BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

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SESSION 2024

**LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES
ET
CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES**

ANGLAIS

Jeudi 12 septembre 2024

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 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

Thématique : « Arts et débats d'idées »

Partie 1 : Synthèse du dossier, 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 reflect the link between artistic productions and Northern Ireland's history.

Partie 2 : Traduction, en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document C (lignes 19 à 24) :

Cities are simple things. They are conglomerations of people. Cities are complex things. They are the geographical and emotional distillations of whole nations. What makes a place a city has little to do with size. It has to do with the speed at which its citizens walk, the cut of their clothes, the sound of their shouts.

But most of all, cities are the meeting places of stories. The men and women there are narratives, endlessly complex and intriguing.

Document A

5 Many Americans of Irish extraction turn their lineage into romantic tales of deep roots, bygone suffering, and picturesque desperation. Unfortunately for me, the story of the Joneses in Northern Ireland is awkward, unglamorous, and short. The family moved there from England in the mid-1950s, when my grandfather started working at a British naval base in Derry, a mid-sized city near the border with the Republic of Ireland. He died when my dad was a teenager [...]. My dad went to England for university; on break he met an American girl who was in art school in Wales. When she got into visa trouble, they moved to the U.S. and got married, which is where I showed up. [...]

10 Still, Derry remains the closest thing my father has to a hometown. As a child, I was terrified and entranced by his stories about the place, most of which involved masked men knocking on your door in the middle of the night and shooting you in front of your family, and all of which could not have seemed further away from my own sunny, Clinton-era youth. Now, the rest of the world seems to have caught my fascination. Somehow, somehow, Northern Ireland is in the Zeitgeist¹ again. [...].

15 And then there's *Derry Girls*, the critically acclaimed Channel 4 comedy whose second season is currently streaming on Netflix in the U.S. A coming-of-age sitcom following four Catholic teens and their English buddy in 1990s Derry, the series is a fizzy antidote to the grimness that pervades most Northern Irish stories. [...]

20 Of the seven kids in my dad's family, six of them left Northern Ireland, scattering around the English-speaking parts of the globe. My cousin Rose is the daughter of the aunt who stayed, and in the '90s she too was a teenage girl [...].

Rose lives in London now, and after *Derry Girls* premiered, she was struck by the different ways it was perceived on either side of the Irish Sea. "Everyone from Northern Ireland liked the first series, but people in England thought it was weird," she said. "But the things they thought were surreal in England were not surreal in Northern Ireland." Like the way a daffy² aunt is bummed that a bomb means she won't be able to go tanning, or a blackboard where high-schoolers have to write down the differences between Catholics and Protestants. "People in England thought those things were totally silly and exaggerated for effect," she said. "But they weren't. Those things were true."

Nate JONES, "My Northern-Irish Family Reviews *Derry Girls*", www.vulture.com, 2019.

¹ Zeitgeist: the defining spirit of a particular period of time.

² Daffy: silly.



Photograph of a mural in Belfast, Northern Ireland, 2019.

Document C

Belfast is a city that has lost its heart. A shipbuilding, rope-making, linen-weaving town. It builds no ships, makes no rope and weaves no linen. Those trades died. A city can't survive without something to do with itself.

5 But at night, in so many ways, complex and simple, the city is proof of a God. This place often feels like the belly of a universe. It is a place much filmed but little seen. Each street, Hope, Chapel, Chichester and Chief, is busy with the moving marks of the dead thousands who have stepped their lengths. They leave their vivid smell on the pavement, bricks, doorways and in the gardens. In the city, the natives live in a broken world – broken but beautiful.

10 You should stand some night on Cable Street, letting the little wind pluck your flesh and listen, rigid and ecstatic, while the unfamous past talks to you. If you do that, the city will stick to your fingers like Sellotape.

15 Whether in the centre itself, or the places in which people put their houses, the city's streets, like lights in neighbours' houses, are stories of the done, the desired, the suffered and unforgotten.

The city's surface is thick with its living citizens. Its earth is richly sown with its many dead. The city is a repository of narratives, of stories. Present tense, past tense or future. The city is a novel.

20 Cities are simple things. They are conglomerations of people. Cities are complex things. They are the geographical and emotional distillations of whole nations. What makes a place a city has little to do with size. It has to do with the speed at which its citizens walk, the cut of their clothes, the sound of their shouts.

25 But most of all, cities are the meeting places of stories. The men and women there are narratives, endlessly complex and intriguing. The most humdrum of them constitutes a narrative that would defeat Tolstoy¹ at his best and most voluminous.

The merest hour of the merest day of the merest of Belfast's citizens would be impossible to render in all its grandeur and all its beauty. In cities, the stories are jumbled and jangled. The narratives meet. They clash, they converge or convert. They are a Babel of prose.

30 And in the end, after generations and generations of the thousands and hundreds of thousands, the city itself begins to absorb narrative like a sponge, like paper absorbs ink. The past and the present is written there. The citizenry cannot fail to write there.

Robert MCLIAM WILSON, *Eureka Street*, 1996.

¹ Leo Tolstoy (1828 – 1910) was a Russian writer regarded as one of the greatest authors of all time.

SUJET 2

Thématique : « **Voyages, territoires, frontières** »

Partie 1 : Synthèse du dossier, 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 way aristocracy has evolved through time and space.

Partie 2 : Traduction, en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage du document A (lignes 24 à 30) :

This sounds strange to you all, no doubt. How could it sound other than strange? You rich people in England, you don't know how you are living. How could you know? You shut out from your society the gentle and the good. You laugh at the simple and the pure. Living, as you all do, on others and by them, you sneer at self-sacrifice, and if you throw bread to the poor, it is merely to keep them quiet for a season. With all your pomp and wealth and art you don't know how to live [...].

Document A

The scene takes place at Lady Hunstanton's. Lady Hunstanton, Miss Hester Worsley, and other ladies are having a conversation.

LADY HUNSTANTON. I hear you have such pleasant society in America. Quite like our own in places, my son wrote to me.

5 HESTER. There are cliques in America as elsewhere, Lady Hunstanton. But true American society consists simply of all the good women and good men we have in our country.

LADY HUNSTANTON. What a sensible system, and I dare say quite pleasant too. I am afraid in England we have too many artificial social barriers. We don't see as much as we should of the middle and lower classes.

HESTER. In America we have no lower classes.

10 LADY HUNSTANTON. Really? What a very strange arrangement!

MRS. ALLONBY. What is that dreadful girl talking about?

LADY STUTFIELD. She is painfully natural, is she not?

LADY CAROLINE. There are a great many things you haven't got in America, I am told, Miss Worsley. They say you have no ruins, and no curiosities.

15 MRS. ALLONBY. [*To LADY STUTFIELD.*] What nonsense! They have their mothers and their manners.

HESTER. The English aristocracy supply us with our curiosities, Lady Caroline. They are sent over to us every summer, regularly, in the steamers, and propose to us the day after they land. As for ruins, we are trying to build up something that will last longer
20 than brick or stone. [*Gets up to take her fan from table.*]

LADY HUNSTANTON. What is that, dear? Ah, yes, an iron Exhibition, is it not, at that place that has the curious name?

HESTER. [*Standing by table.*] We are trying to build up life, Lady Hunstanton, on a better, truer, purer basis than life rests on here. This sounds strange to you all, no
25 doubt. How could it sound other than strange? You rich people in England, you don't know how you are living. How could you know? You shut out from your society the gentle and the good. You laugh at the simple and the pure. Living, as you all do, on others and by them, you sneer at self-sacrifice, and if you throw bread to the poor, it is merely to keep them quiet for a season. With all your pomp and wealth and art you
30 don't know how to live—you don't even know that. You love the beauty that you can see and touch and handle, the beauty that you can destroy, and do destroy, but of the unseen beauty of life, of the unseen beauty of a higher life, you know nothing. You have lost life's secret. Oh, your English society seems to me shallow, selfish, foolish. It has blinded its eyes, and stopped its ears.

Oscar WILDE, *A Woman of No Importance*, 1893.

Document B

Pulitzer Prize–winning historian Joseph Ellis recounted an exchange in his 2018 book, American Dialogue, between John Adams and his friend and rival Thomas Jefferson¹ about the state of aristocracy in the new republic.

Adams' chief heresy was his direct refutation of Jefferson's most famous words, that "all men are created equal." Perhaps in some lofty humanistic sense this was true, Adams wrote, but "Inequalities of Mind and Body are so established by God Almighty in the constitution of Human Nature that no Art or policy can ever plain them down to a level." Aristocracies, he therefore insisted, were an inevitable and permanent fixture in all human societies—including the young republic he and Jefferson had helped into being.

Jefferson wrote back to suggest his friend's argument was true of Europe, where feudal privileges, inherited titles, and limited economic opportunities created conditions that sustained class distinctions. In America, though, the absence of laws such as primogeniture² and entail, and the existence of an unspoiled continent, meant "everyone may have land to labor for himself as he chooses," and thus enduring elites were unlikely here. Given such favorable conditions, Jefferson argued, it was reasonable to expect that "rank, and birth, and tinsel-aristocracy will finally shrink into insignificance," resulting in a roughly egalitarian, middle-class society.

Adams was unconvinced. "No Romance could be more amusing," he replied, than the belief that the United States would prove an exception to the dominant pattern of economic inequality throughout history. "As long as Property exists," he observed, "it will accumulate in Individuals and Families [...]."

During a subsequent interview for my new book about America's superrich, I asked Gabriel Zucman, an economist and expert on economic inequality at the University of California, Berkeley, which founder's³ outlook he thought was more prescient. He replied that our situation in America today is arguably worse than the one Adams feared: not a hereditary aristocracy but an economic one "that can present itself as more legitimate than the old-world aristocracy, where you were rich and powerful for totally arbitrary reasons."

Joseph J. ELLIS, *American Dialogue*, 2018.

¹ John Adams and Thomas Jefferson belonged to a group of American leaders (the Founding Fathers) who signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776.

² Primogeniture: inheritance to the eldest son.

³ Founder: a Founding Father.



Cover of *The Economist*, January 24-30, 2015.

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SESSION 2024

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES ET CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES

ANGLAIS

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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, explain how literature helps both readers and writers deal with reality.

2^{ème} partie

Traduction :

Translate the following passage from Document A into French.

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

'What kind of books do you like?'

'I like books about nice people. And a story where it all comes out right in the end.'

'But Nancibel, that's not true to life.'

'I dare say not. Why should it be?'

'You're an escapist'

'Pardon?'

'You don't want to face facts.'

'Not in story books, I don't. I face plenty between Monday and Saturday without reading any of them.'

Bruce sighed.

'I don't think a book ought to be sad,' said Nancibel, 'unless it's a great classical book like *Wuthering Heights*.'

(lines 1-12)

Document A

'What kind of books do you like?'

'I like books about nice people. And a story where it all comes out right in the end.'

'But Nancibel, that's not true to life.'

'I dare say not. Why should it be?'

5 'You're an escapist.'

'Pardon?'

'You don't want to face facts.'

'Not in story books, I don't. I face plenty between Monday and Saturday without reading any of them.'

10 Bruce sighed.

'I don't think a book ought to be sad,' said Nancibel, 'unless it's a great classical book, like *Wuthering Heights*¹.'

'Oh! You've read *Wuthering Heights*. Did you like it?'

15 'Yes, but I didn't think it was the right part for Merle Oberon. Running about with bare feet, well she was hobbling most of the time. You could see she wasn't used to it.'

'Oh... you mean the film.'

'Yes. The picture. That was a classic. Like *Pride and Prejudice*. Those Bronty² sisters were classical writers.'

'Seeing the picture isn't the same as reading the book.'

20 'Oh, I don't know. It's the same story, isn't it? But what I mean is if you're a classical writer it's all right; you can get people so interested they don't mind its being sad.'

'And I'm not a classical writer?' suggested Bruce.

'You can't be till you're dead,' said Nancibel.

25 'The Brontës happened to be alive when they wrote their books. They didn't wait till they were dead.'

'Oh. I see what you mean. Well...it'll just depend on if you can get people interested, won't it?'

'And it doesn't interest you?'

'Not the way you tell it. Look... this is my home. Good night, Bruce.'

30 'Good night, Nancibel.'

She ran up a path and opened a cottage door. For a moment he saw her framed in an oblong of light and got a glimpse of a family within, sitting round a table with tea cups. Faces turned to greet her. Then the door shut.

35 He turned and strolled back to the town. Nancibel was a stupid, almost an illiterate girl. Nancibel was unique; the most delightful girl he had ever met. *Hangman's Boy*³ was tripe. He would burn it. He was a great classical writer, and he might rank with 'the Bronty sisters' if only he could find something to write about. Soon, very soon, he would find something. The world was all before him. He must see her again.

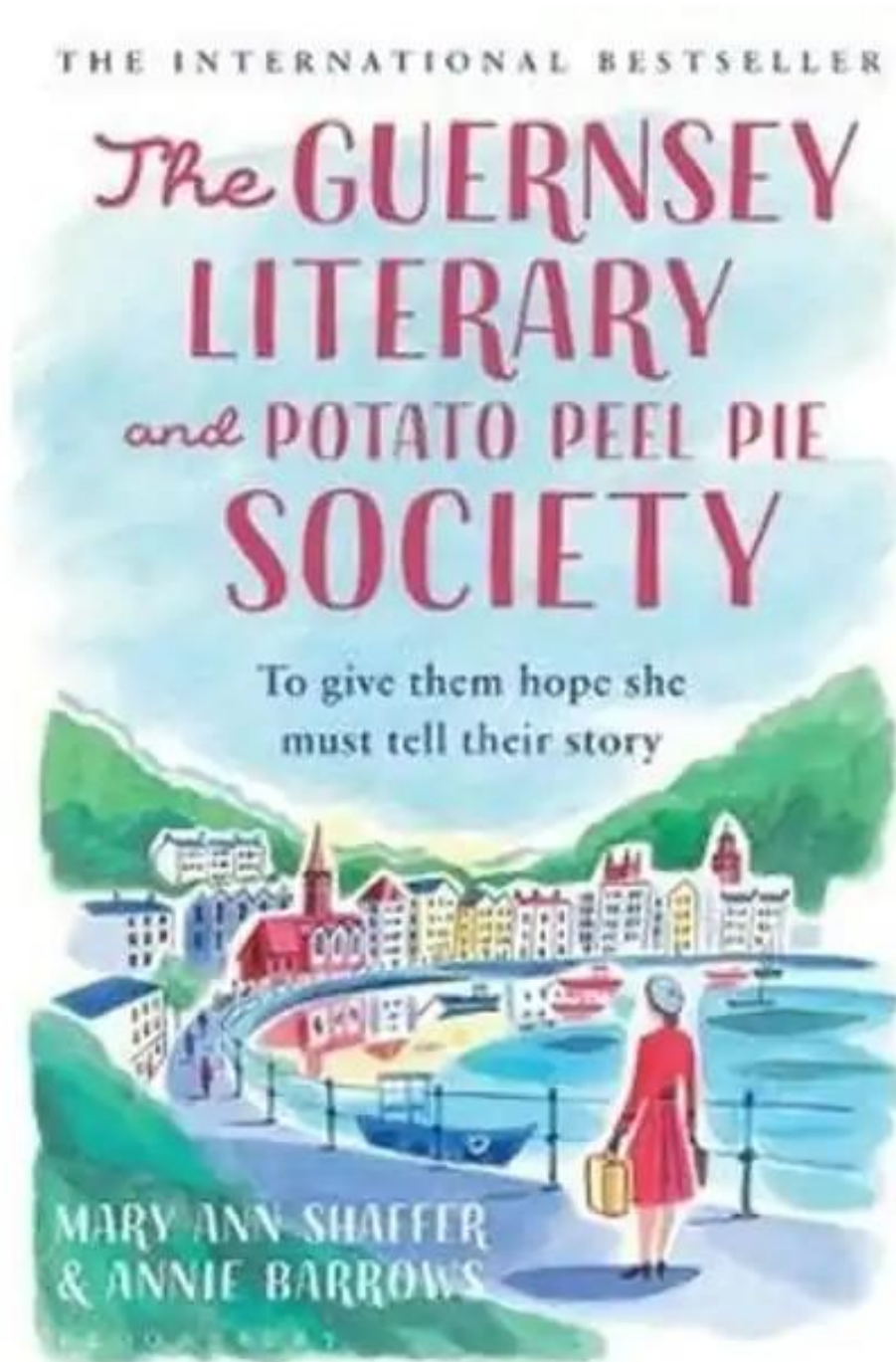
¹ *Wuthering Heights* is a major novel in English literature, written by Emily Brontë.

² Bronty refers to the Brontë sisters.

³ *Hangman's Boy* is a book written by Bruce, not a real book.

40 He was cast down and uplifted; humble yet full of a tonic exhilaration. He knew that he had done nothing so far, but he had never been more sure that he was Somebody. He walked on air until the lane brought him within sight of the town again. Down on the marine parade the band was still playing. His spirits fell to zero. He remembered who he was and what he was.

Margaret Kennedy, *The Feast*, 1950



Cover of *The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society*,
Mary Ann Shaffer and Annie Barrows, 2008

Document C

Assumptions lie behind the work of all writers. The writer is unaware of most of them, and many of them are weird. Often the weirder the better. Words love the ridiculous areas of our minds. But silly or solid, assumptions are necessary elements in a successful base of writing operations. It is important that a poet not question his or her assumptions, at least not in the middle of composition. Finish the poem first, then worry, if you have to, about being right or sane.

Whenever I see a town that triggers whatever it is inside me that wants to write a poem, I assume at least one of the following:

The name of the town is significant and must appear in the title.

The inhabitants are natives and have lived there forever. I am the only stranger. I have lived there all my life and should have left long ago but couldn't.

Although I am playing roles, on the surface I appear normal to the townspeople.

I am an outcast returned. Years ago the police told me to never come back but after all this time I assume that either I'll be forgiven or I will not be recognized.

At best, relationships are marginal. The inhabitants have little relation with each other and none with me.

The town is closely knit, and the community is pleasant. I am not a part of it but I am a happy observer.

A hermit lives on the outskirts in a one-room shack. He eats mostly fried potatoes. He spends hours looking at old faded photos. He has not spoken to anyone in years. Passing children often taunt him with songs and jokes.

Each Sunday, a little after 4 P.M., the sky turns a depressing gray and the air becomes chilly.

I run a hardware store and business is slow.

I run a bar and business is fair and constant.

I work in a warehouse on second shift. I am the only one in town on second shift.

I am the town humorist and people are glad to see me because they know I'll have some good new jokes and will tell them well.

The churches are always empty.

A few people attend church and the sermons are boring.

Everybody but me goes to church and the sermons are inspiring.

On Saturday nights everyone has fun but me. I sit home alone and listen to the radio. I wish I could join the others though I enjoy feeling left out.

Richard Hugo, *The Triggering Town*, 1979

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 the representations of space conquest.

2^{ème} partie

Traduction :

Translate the following passage from document A into French.

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

For the eyes of the world now look into space, to the moon and to the planets beyond, and we have vowed that we shall not see it governed by a hostile flag of conquest, but by a banner of freedom and peace. We have vowed that we shall not see space filled with weapons of mass destruction, but with instruments of knowledge and understanding.

Yet the vows of this Nation can only be fulfilled if we in this Nation are first, and, therefore, we intend to be first.

(lines 9 to 16)

Document A

If this capsule history of our progress teaches us anything, it is that man, in his quest for knowledge and progress, is determined and cannot be deterred. The exploration of space will go ahead, whether we join in it or not, and it is one of the great adventures of all time, and no nation which expects to be the leader of other nations can expect to stay behind in the race for space.

Those who came before us made certain that this country rode the first waves of the industrial revolutions, the first waves of modern invention, and the first wave of nuclear power, and this generation does not intend to founder⁴ in the backwash⁵ of the coming age of space. We mean to be a part of it—we mean to lead it. For the eyes of the world now look into space, to the moon and to the planets beyond, and we have vowed that we shall not see it governed by a hostile flag of conquest, but by a banner of freedom and peace. We have vowed that we shall not see space filled with weapons of mass destruction, but with instruments of knowledge and understanding.

Yet the vows of this Nation can only be fulfilled if we in this Nation are first, and, therefore, we intend to be first. In short, our leadership in science and in industry, our hopes for peace and security, our obligations to ourselves as well as others, all require us to make this effort, to solve these mysteries, to solve them for the good of all men, and to become the world's leading space-faring nation.

We set sail on this new sea because there is new knowledge to be gained, and new rights to be won, and they must be won and used for the progress of all people. For space science, like nuclear science and all technology, has no conscience of its own. Whether it will become a force for good or ill depends on man, and only if the United States occupies a position of pre-eminence can we help decide whether this new ocean will be a sea of peace or a new terrifying theater of war. I do not say that we should or will go unprotected against the hostile misuse of space any more than we go unprotected against the hostile use of land or sea, but I do say that space can be explored and mastered without feeding the fires of war, without repeating the mistakes that man has made in extending his writ⁶ around this globe of ours.

[...] We choose to go to the moon. We choose to go to the moon in this decade and do the other things, not because they are easy, but because they are hard, because that goal will serve to organize and measure the best of our energies and skills, because that challenge is one that we are willing to accept, one we are unwilling to postpone, and one which we intend to win, and the others, too.

John F. Kennedy, *Address at Rice University on the Space Effort*, Sept. 12, 1962

⁴ to founder: to sink

⁵ backwash: *sillage*

⁶ writ: power and authority given by a written order

AUGUST

2001

THE SETTLERS

The men of Earth came to Mars.

They came because they were afraid or unafraid, because they were happy or unhappy, because they felt like Pilgrims or did not feel like Pilgrims. There was a reason for each man. They were leaving bad wives or bad jobs or bad towns; they were coming to find something or leave something or get something, to dig up something or bury something or leave something alone. They were coming with small dreams or large dreams or none at all. But a government finger pointed from four-color posters in many towns: THERE'S WORK FOR YOU IN THE SKY: SEE MARS! and the men shuffled forward, only a few at first, a double-score, for most men felt the great illness in them even before the rocket fired into space. And this disease was called The Loneliness, because when you saw your home town dwindle to the size of your fist and then lemon-size and then pin-size and vanish in the fire-wake, you felt you had never been born, there was no town, you were nowhere, with space all around, nothing familiar, only other strange men. And when the state of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, or Montana vanished into cloud seas, and, doubly, when the United States shrank to a misted island and the entire planet Earth became a muddy baseball tossed away, then you were alone, wandering in the meadows of space, on your way to a place you couldn't imagine.

So it was not unusual that the first men were few. The number grew steadily in proportion to the census of Earth Men already on Mars. There was comfort in numbers. But the first Lonely Ones had to stand by themselves....

Ray Bradbury, *The Martian Chronicles*, 1951



Poster for 2001, A Space Odyssey, a film by Stanley Kubrick, 1969

BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

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SESSION 2024

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES ET CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES ANGLAIS

Durée de l'épreuve : 3 heures 30

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L'usage de la calculatrice ou de tout autre objet électronique ou connecté n'est pas autorisé.

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

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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 (about 500 words): taking into account the specificities of the three documents, analyse how they illustrate the impact of war on individuals.

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

You don't see or hear like you used to. Your brain chemistry changes. You take in every piece of the environment, everything. I could spot a dime in the street twenty yards away. I had antennae out that stretched down the block. It's hard to even remember exactly what that felt like. I think you take in too much information to store so you just forget, free up brain space to take in everything about the next moment that might keep you alive. And then you forget that moment, too, and focus on the next. (l. 23-29)

DOCUMENT A

So here's an experience. Your wife takes you shopping in Wilmington. Last time you walked down a city street, your Marine on point went down the side of the road, checking ahead and scanning the roofs across from him. The Marine behind him checks the windows on the top levels of the buildings, the Marine behind him gets the windows a little lower, and so on down until your guys have the street level covered, and the Marine in back has the rear. In a city there's a million places they can kill you from. It freaks you out at first. But you go through like you were trained, and it works.

In Wilmington, you don't have a squad, you don't have a battle buddy, you don't even have a weapon. You startle ten times checking for it and it's not there. You're safe, so your alertness should be at white, but it's not.

Instead, you're stuck in an American Eagle Outfitters. Your wife gives you some clothes to try on and you walk into the tiny dressing room. You close the door, and you don't want to open it again.

Outside, there're people walking around by the windows like it's no big deal. People who have no idea where Fallujah is, where three members of your platoon died. People who've spent their whole lives at white.

They'll never get even close to orange. You can't, until the first time you're in a firefight, or the first time an IED¹ goes off that you missed, and you realize that everybody's life, everybody's, depends on you not fucking up. And you depend on them.

Some guys go straight to red. They stay like that for a while and then they crash, go down past white, down to whatever is lower than "I don't fucking care if I die." Most everybody else stays orange, all the time.

Here's what orange is. You don't see or hear like you used to. Your brain chemistry changes. You take in every piece of the environment, everything. I could spot a dime in the street twenty yards away. I had antennae out that stretched down the block. It's hard to even remember exactly what that felt like. I think you take in too much information to store so you just forget, free up brain space to take in everything about the next moment that might keep you alive. And then you forget that moment, too, and focus on the next. And the next. And the next. For seven months.

So that's orange. And then you go shopping in Wilmington, unarmed, and you think you can get back down to white? It'll be a long fucking time before you get down to white.

Phil Klay, *Redeployment*, 2014

¹ IED = improvised explosive device

DOCUMENT B

Our brains ache, in the merciless iced east winds that knife us...
Wearied we keep awake because the night is silent...
Low drooping flares confuse our memory of the salient...
Worried by silence, sentries whisper, curious, nervous,
5 But nothing happens.

Watching, we hear the mad gusts tugging on the wire,
Like twitching agonies of men among its brambles.
Northward, incessantly, the flickering gunnery rumbles,
Far off, like a dull rumour of some other war.
10 What are we doing here?

The poignant misery of dawn begins to grow...
We only know war lasts, rain soaks, and clouds sag stormy.
Dawn massing in the east her melancholy army
Attacks once more in ranks on shivering ranks of grey,
15 But nothing happens.

Sudden successive flights of bullets streak the silence.
Less deadly than the air that shudders black with snow,
With sidelong flowing flakes that flock, pause, and renew,
We watch them wandering up and down the wind's nonchalance,
20 But nothing happens.

Pale flakes with fingering stealth come feeling for our faces—
We cringe in holes, back on forgotten dreams, and stare, snow-dazed,
Deep into grassier ditches. So we drowse, sun-dozed,
Littered with blossoms trickling where the blackbird fusses.
25 —Is it that we are dying?

Slowly our ghosts drag home: glimpsing the sunk fires, glozed¹
With crusted dark-red jewels; crickets jingle there;
For hours the innocent mice rejoice: the house is theirs;
Shutters and doors, all closed: on us the doors are closed, —
30 We turn back to our dying.

Since we believe not otherwise can kind fires burn;
Now ever suns smile true on child, or field, or fruit.

¹ Glozed = covered with
24-LLCERANAN1

For God's invincible spring our love is made afraid;
Therefore, not loath, we lie out here; therefore were born,
35 For love of God seems dying.

To-night, this frost will fasten on this mud and us,
Shrivelling many hands, and puckering foreheads crisp.
The burying-party, picks and shovels in shaking grasp,
Pause over half-known faces. All their eyes are ice,
40 But nothing happens.

Wilfred Owen, *Exposure*, 1918

DOCUMENT C



Author unknown, *NewsArt*, 2022

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 (about 500 words): taking into account the specificities of the documents, analyse how they deal with the issue of Irish heritage.

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

My father and mother should have stayed in New York where they met and married and where I was born. Instead, they returned to Ireland when I was four, my brother, Malachy, three, the twins, Oliver and Eugene, barely one, and my sister, Margaret, dead and gone.

When I look back on my childhood, I wonder how I survived at all. It was, of course, a miserable childhood: the happy childhood is hardly worth your while. (l. 1-6)

DOCUMENT A

'Belfast' Review: A Boy's Life

In this charming memoir, Kenneth Branagh recalls his childhood in Northern Ireland through a rose-tinted lens.

Romanticism reigns in "Belfast," Kenneth Branagh's cinematic memoir of his childhood in a turbulent Northern Ireland. From the lustrous, mainly black-and-white photography to the cozy camaraderie of its working-class setting, the movie softens edges and hearts alike. The family at its center might have health issues, money worries and an outdoor toilet, but this is no Ken Loach-style deprivation: in these streets, grit and glamour stroll hand-in-hand.

Viewed largely through Buddy's eyes, "Belfast," which opens in August, 1969 (after a brief, colorful montage of the present-day city), is about the destruction of an idyll. Mere minutes into the film, a hail of Molotov cocktails ignites the friendly neighborhood where Catholics and Protestants live amicably side-by-side. A swirling camera conveys Buddy's confusion and terror; yet, even as the barricades go up and the local bully-boy (Colin Morgan) tries to draw Buddy's Protestant family into his campaign to "cleanse the community" of its Catholic residents, the movie refuses to get bogged down in militancy. Instead, we watch Buddy play ball with his cousins; moon over a pretty classmate; watch "Star Trek" and Westerns on television; and spend time with his loving grandparents (Judi Dench and Ciarán Hinds). Drawing from his own experiences, Branagh crafts nostalgic, sentimental scenes suffused with some of Van Morrison's warmest songs. Family visits to movies like "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang" (1968) add wonder and fantasy to Buddy's life and a clue to his future career. They also offer an escape from a conflict he doesn't understand and his director refuses to elucidate. Snippets of television news play in the background, but the growing Troubles that would tear the country apart are not the story that Branagh (whose family moved to England when he was nine) wants to tell.

So while "Belfast" is, in one sense, a deeply personal coming-of-age tale, it's also a more universal story of displacement and detachment, located most powerfully in Balfe's¹ fierce, shining performance. Her authenticity steadies the heartbeat of a film whose cuteness can sometimes grate, and whose telescoped view offers little sense of life beyond Buddy's block. Branagh's remembrances may be idealized, but with "Belfast" he has written a charming, rose-tinted thank-you note to the city that sparked his dreams and the parents whose sacrifices helped them come true.

Jeannette Catsoulis, *The New York Times*, Nov. 11, 2021

¹ Caitríona Balfe is an Irish actress. She plays the part of Buddy's mother in the film.

DOCUMENT B

My father and mother should have stayed in New York where they met and married and where I was born. Instead, they returned to Ireland when I was four, my brother, Malachy, three, the twins, Oliver and Eugene, barely one, and my sister, Margaret, dead and gone.

- 5 When I look back on my childhood I wonder how I survived at all. It was, of course, a miserable childhood: the happy childhood is hardly worth your while. Worse than the ordinary miserable childhood is the miserable Irish childhood, and worse yet is the miserable Irish Catholic childhood.

10 People everywhere brag and whimper about the woes of their early years, but nothing can compare with the Irish version: the poverty; the shiftless loquacious alcoholic father; the pious defeated mother moaning by the fire; pompous priests; bullying schoolmasters; the English and the terrible things they did to us for eight hundred long years.

Above all – we were wet.

- 15 Out in the Atlantic Ocean great sheets of rain gathered to drift slowly up the River Shannon and settle forever in Limerick. The rain dampened the city from the Feast of the Circumcision to New Year's Eve. It created a cacophony of hacking coughs, bronchial rattles, asthmatic wheezes, consumptive croaks. It turned noses into fountains, lungs into bacterial sponges [...]

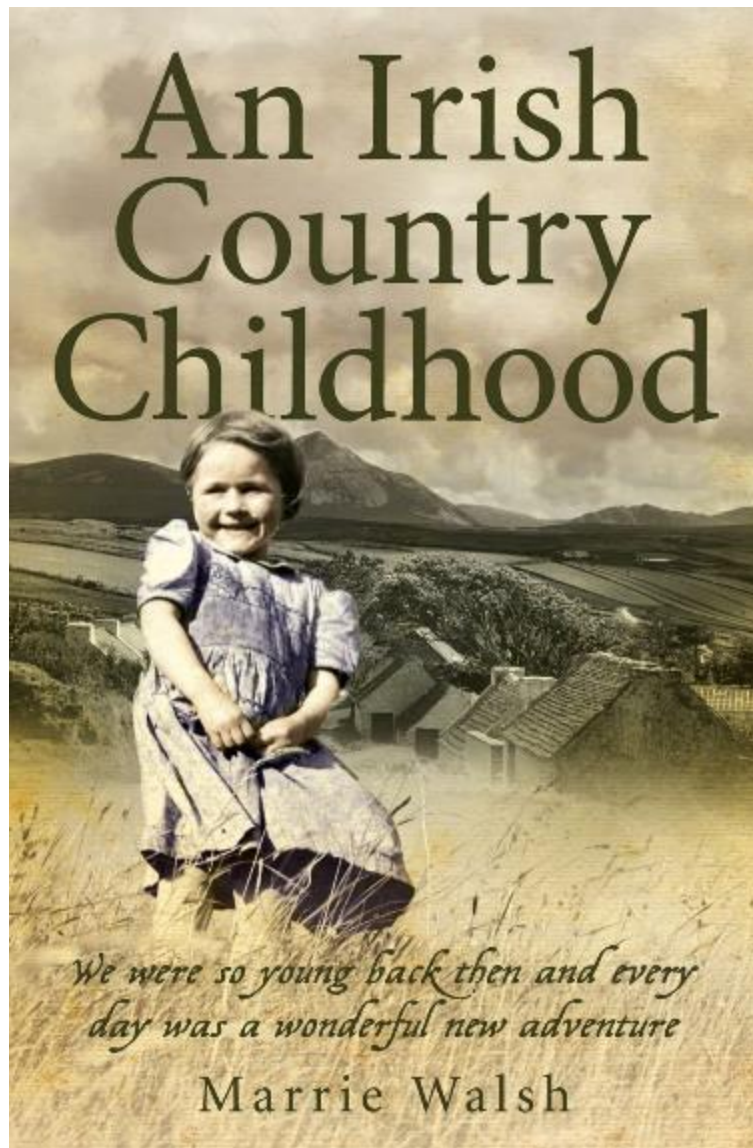
- 20 From October to April the walls of Limerick glistened with the damp. Clothes never dried: tweed and woolen coats housed living things, sometimes sprouted mysterious vegetations. In pubs, steam rose from damp bodies and garments to be inhaled with cigarette and pipe smoke laced with the stale fumes of spilled stout and whiskey and tinged with the odor of piss wafting in from the outdoor jakes where many a man puked
25 up his week's wages.

The rain drove us into the church – our refuge, our strength, our only dry place. At Mass, Benediction, novenas, we huddled in great damp clumps, dozing through priest drone, while steam rose again from our clothes to mingle with the sweetness of incense, flowers and candles.

- 30 Limerick gained a reputation for piety, but we knew it was only the rain.

Franck McCourt, *Angela's Ashes*, 1996

DOCUMENT C



Cover of *An Irish Childhood*, by Marrie Walsh, Metro Books, 2010

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Jeudi 20 juin 2024

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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

Thématique : « Arts et débats d'idées »

Partie 1 : Synthèse du dossier, 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 reflect the ways in which artists are inspired by New York City.

Partie 2 : Traduction, en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 9 à 14) :

A very thin little path had been cleared on Eighty-second Street between Lexington and Third, just wide enough for two able-bodied people to squeeze through. The snow was piled high on either side. A small canyon, really, in the middle of the footpath. On the street—a quiet street at the best of times, if anything can be quiet in New York—the cars were buried under drifts. The telegraph wires sagged. The underside of the tree branches appeared like brushstrokes on the air.

Documents A and B are excerpts from the same collection of stories, in which some famous people write about their experience of New York City.

Document A

Colum McCann
Writer
Arrived: 1982

[...] But I truly fell in love with the city many years later, in the early 1990s, on my second stint, when I wasn't quite sure if I was meant to be here at all, and it was a quiet moment that did it for me, one of those little glancing shoulder-rubs that New York can deal out at any time of the day, in any season, in any weather, in any place—even on the fiercely unfashionable Upper East Side.

It had snowed in the city. Two feet of it over the course of the night. It was the sort of snow that made the city temporarily magical, before all the horn-blowing and slush puddles and piles of dog crap crowning the melt.

A very thin little path had been cleared on Eighty-second Street between Lexington and Third, just wide enough for two able-bodied people to squeeze through. The snow was piled high on either side. A small canyon, really, in the middle of the footpath. On the street—a quiet street at the best of times, if anything can be quiet in New York—the cars were buried under drifts. The telegraph wires sagged. The underside of the tree branches appeared like brushstrokes on the air. Nothing moved. The brownstones looked small against so much white. In the distance sounded a siren, but that was all, making the silence more complete.

I saw her from a distance halfway down the block. She was already bent into the day. She wore a headscarf. Her coat was old enough to have once been fashionable. She was pushing along a silver frame¹. Her walk was crude, slow, laborious. With her frame, she took the whole width of the alley. There was no place to pass her [...].

As she got closer, I noticed her gloves were beautifully stencilled with little jewels. Her headscarf was pulled tight around her lined face. She shoved the silver frame over a small ridge of ice, walked the final feet, and stopped in front of me.

The silence of strangers.

But then she leaned forward and said in a whisper: "Shall we dance?"

She took off one glove and reached her hand out, and with the silver frame between us, we met on the pavement. Then she let go of my hand. I bent to one knee and bowed slightly to her. She grinned and put her glove back on, said nothing more, took a hold of her silver frame, and moved on, a little quicker now, along the corridor of snow and around the corner.

I knew nothing of her, nothing at all, and yet she had made the day unforgettable.

She was my New York.

Still is.

Colum MCCANN in *My First New York, Early Adventures in The Big City*, 2010.

¹ A frame: here, a device used by people who have difficulty walking.

Document B

Tom Wolfe

Writer

Arrived: 1962

I arrived in New York City at four in the morning feeling very romantic. I raised my fist—“I’m going to conquer you yet!”—the way Eugène de Rastignac does in Balzac’s *Le Père Goriot*. I was alone, so I had breakfast at an Automat across the street from my hotel. All the food was yellow: the eggs, the coffee, even the meat.

5 I then headed off to the *Tribune*, just off Times Square, feeling more romantic the closer I got to the paper. Suddenly I heard this voice. “T.K.!” Those were my first two initials—Thomas Kennerly. It was an old girlfriend, and she said, “How would you like to come to a party tonight?” The party was on Central Park West, at an apartment that belonged to the poet Robert Lowell, who had arranged a Summer apartment trade with people
10 from Brazil. There were these Brazilians, and the party was nice, maybe only twenty of us there. All of a sudden the host said, “Gilberto, can’t you play something for us?” and the musicians started playing “The Girl from Ipanema.”

This destroyed my whole fantasy, which was to come to New York alone, ready to take on the city. I wanted to be a romantic figure, but Christ, it was over the first day: meeting
15 an old friend, going to an incredibly cosmopolitan party. Over the next few months, I discovered how unromantic the things I had once found romantic were. Being on packed subways became a real nuisance. I would be walking down the street and a gust of wind would blow a greasy newspaper around my leg. I remember seeing so many stars of movies and music walking down the street. That was exciting, until it
20 dawned on me that these people had to live *somewhere*.

But it was a much safer city back then, before the late 1960s. I took the subway everywhere and never thought twice about it being dangerous, whether I was going to the Bronx or the Rockaways.

Tom WOLFE in *My First New York, Early Adventures in The Big City*, 2010.



Elliott ERWITT, *New York City*, 1955.

SUJET 2

Thématique : « Expression et construction de soi »

Partie 1 : Synthèse du dossier, 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 reflect on the impact of education on learners.

Partie 2 : Traduction, en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 18 à 22) :

Even though she was a teacher and had a professional role to fill, it made me realise that it shouldn't stop you from being human, from being caring. It's something I think about in my professional career. It's so easy to be the cold professional with your job, but actually caring about the lives, achievements and successes of people around you doesn't hurt your job. If anything, it makes you work better with people.

Document A

'She believed in every one of us': ex-pupils on their inspirational teachers

"So bloody cool, so engaging." That's how Adele described her English teacher at Chestnut Grove school in Balham, south-west London, Ms McDonald, when asked who had inspired her.

5 Answering a question from the actor Emma Thompson during ITV's *An Audience With Adele* on Sunday, Adele said: "She really made us care, and we knew that she cared about us and stuff like that."

Images of the singer breaking down in tears when McDonald surprised her on stage at the London Palladium have gone viral, triggering conversations about the impact teachers can have on the lives of their pupils.

10 Max Daniels, 28, a communications consultant who lives in London, described how the humanity shown by his teacher Miss Coyle had a lasting impact. "Miss Coyle was this upbeat, enthusiastic Irish woman who taught me English and media studies," he said. "I could go on about how fun she made classes or how she injected life into her lessons, but the impact they had was far more personal.

15 "My father passed away when I was 14 and, during a parents' evening shortly after, Miss Coyle gave my mum a huge hug. It was something that made me realise how much she cared about the lives of the people she taught.

20 "Even though she was a teacher and had a professional role to fill, it made me realise that it shouldn't stop you from being human, from being caring. It's something I think about in my professional career. It's so easy to be the cold professional with your job, but actually caring about the lives, achievements and successes of people around you doesn't hurt your job. If anything, it makes you work better with people.

25 "As the classic secondary school loser – someone you could have pulled from *The Inbetweeners*² – Miss Coyle made me feel important even when people around me would make me feel the opposite." [...]

Sophie Smith-Tong, 37, a primary school teacher who lives in London and the founder of a centre for educators and their families, Mindfulness for Learning, said her teacher Ms Rea changed her journey in education.

30 "We met at 13 when in a drama lesson she has dressed up a classroom as a police station," she said. "Starting here, she has continued to inspire me throughout my life. She is the reason that I realised I could apply to go to uni and that I had something to offer even though I felt so different to all of my peers.

35 "She took me to perform my first professional theatre production at the Edinburgh festival at 16. She believed in every single one of us and it gave us the space to fly our own individual journeys. We are still friends 24 years on and she still has a major impact on the life decisions I make today. She is the reason I created Mindfulness for Learning."

Jamie Grierson, *The Guardian*, 22nd November, 2021.

² *The Inbetweeners*: a British TV show which documents the lives of British teenagers.

Document B

The Logical Song

When I was young, it seemed that life was so wonderful
A miracle, oh, it was beautiful, magical
And all the birds in the trees, well they'd be singing so happily
Oh, joyfully, oh, playfully watching me

5 But then they sent me away to teach me how to be sensible
Logical, oh, responsible, practical
Then they showed me a world where I could be so dependable
Oh, clinical, oh, intellectual, cynical

There are times when all the world's asleep
10 The questions run too deep
For such a simple man
Won't you please, please tell me what we've learned?
I know it sounds absurd
Please tell me who I am

15 I said, now, watch what you say, they'll be calling you a radical
A liberal, oh, fanatical, criminal
Oh, won't you sign up your name? We'd like to feel you're acceptable
Respectable, oh, presentable, a vegetable
Oh, take, take, take it, yeah

20 But at night, when all the world's asleep
The questions run so deep
For such a simple man

Won't you please (oh, won't you tell me)
Please tell me what we've learned?
25 (Can you hear me?) I know it sounds absurd
(Oh, won't you tell me) please tell me who I am
Who I am, who I am, who I am

Ooh, Hey

'Cause I was feeling so logical
30 Yeah
D-D-D-D-D-D-D-D-Digital
Yeah, one, two, three, five
Oh, oh, oh, oh, yeah
Ooh, it's getting unbelievable

35 Yeah
Getting, getting, yeah, yeah
Uh, uh, uh, uh.

Richard DAVIES & Roger HODGSON (co-creators of Supertramp rock band),
lyrics of "The Logical Song", 1979.

Document C



Norman ROCKWELL, *The Spirit of Education*, 1934.

BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2024

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES ET CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES ANGLAIS

Jeudi 20 juin 2024

Durée de l'épreuve : **3 heures 30**

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

La calculatrice n'est pas autorisée.

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

Thématique : « Arts et débats d'idées »

Partie 1 : Synthèse du dossier, 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 reflect the ways in which artists are inspired by New York City.

Partie 2 : Traduction, en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 9 à 14) :

A very thin little path had been cleared on Eighty-second Street between Lexington and Third, just wide enough for two able-bodied people to squeeze through. The snow was piled high on either side. A small canyon, really, in the middle of the footpath. On the street—a quiet street at the best of times, if anything can be quiet in New York—the cars were buried under drifts. The telegraph wires sagged. The underside of the tree branches appeared like brushstrokes on the air.

Documents A and B are excerpts from the same collection of stories, in which some famous people write about their experience of New York City.

Document A

Colum McCann
Writer
Arrived: 1982

[...] But I truly fell in love with the city many years later, in the early 1990s, on my second stint, when I wasn't quite sure if I was meant to be here at all, and it was a quiet moment that did it for me, one of those little glancing shoulder-rubs that New York can deal out at any time of the day, in any season, in any weather, in any place—even on the fiercely unfashionable Upper East Side.

It had snowed in the city. Two feet of it over the course of the night. It was the sort of snow that made the city temporarily magical, before all the horn-blowing and slush puddles and piles of dog crap crowning the melt.

A very thin little path had been cleared on Eighty-second Street between Lexington and Third, just wide enough for two able-bodied people to squeeze through. The snow was piled high on either side. A small canyon, really, in the middle of the footpath. On the street—a quiet street at the best of times, if anything can be quiet in New York—the cars were buried under drifts. The telegraph wires sagged. The underside of the tree branches appeared like brushstrokes on the air. Nothing moved. The brownstones looked small against so much white. In the distance sounded a siren, but that was all, making the silence more complete.

I saw her from a distance halfway down the block. She was already bent into the day. She wore a headscarf. Her coat was old enough to have once been fashionable. She was pushing along a silver frame¹. Her walk was crude, slow, laborious. With her frame, she took the whole width of the alley. There was no place to pass her [...].

As she got closer, I noticed her gloves were beautifully stencilled with little jewels. Her headscarf was pulled tight around her lined face. She shoved the silver frame over a small ridge of ice, walked the final feet, and stopped in front of me.

The silence of strangers.

But then she leaned forward and said in a whisper: "Shall we dance?"

She took off one glove and reached her hand out, and with the silver frame between us, we met on the pavement. Then she let go of my hand. I bent to one knee and bowed slightly to her. She grinned and put her glove back on, said nothing more, took a hold of her silver frame, and moved on, a little quicker now, along the corridor of snow and around the corner.

I knew nothing of her, nothing at all, and yet she had made the day unforgettable.

She was my New York.

Still is.

Colum MCCANN in *My First New York, Early Adventures in The Big City*, 2010.

¹ A frame: here, a device used by people who have difficulty walking.

Document B

Tom Wolfe

Writer

Arrived: 1962

I arrived in New York City at four in the morning feeling very romantic. I raised my fist—“I’m going to conquer you yet!”—the way Eugène de Rastignac does in Balzac’s *Le Père Goriot*. I was alone, so I had breakfast at an Automat across the street from my hotel. All the food was yellow: the eggs, the coffee, even the meat.

5 I then headed off to the *Tribune*, just off Times Square, feeling more romantic the closer I got to the paper. Suddenly I heard this voice. “T.K.!” Those were my first two initials—Thomas Kennerly. It was an old girlfriend, and she said, “How would you like to come to a party tonight?” The party was on Central Park West, at an apartment that belonged to the poet Robert Lowell, who had arranged a Summer apartment trade with people
10 from Brazil. There were these Brazilians, and the party was nice, maybe only twenty of us there. All of a sudden the host said, “Gilberto, can’t you play something for us?” and the musicians started playing “The Girl from Ipanema.”

This destroyed my whole fantasy, which was to come to New York alone, ready to take on the city. I wanted to be a romantic figure, but Christ, it was over the first day: meeting
15 an old friend, going to an incredibly cosmopolitan party. Over the next few months, I discovered how unromantic the things I had once found romantic were. Being on packed subways became a real nuisance. I would be walking down the street and a gust of wind would blow a greasy newspaper around my leg. I remember seeing so many stars of movies and music walking down the street. That was exciting, until it
20 dawned on me that these people had to live *somewhere*.

But it was a much safer city back then, before the late 1960s. I took the subway everywhere and never thought twice about it being dangerous, whether I was going to the Bronx or the Rockaways.

Tom WOLFE in *My First New York, Early Adventures in The Big City*, 2010.



Elliott ERWITT, *New York City*, 1955.

SUJET 2

Thématique : « Expression et construction de soi »

Partie 1 : Synthèse du dossier, 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 reflect on the impact of education on learners.

Partie 2 : Traduction, en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 18 à 22) :

Even though she was a teacher and had a professional role to fill, it made me realise that it shouldn't stop you from being human, from being caring. It's something I think about in my professional career. It's so easy to be the cold professional with your job, but actually caring about the lives, achievements and successes of people around you doesn't hurt your job. If anything, it makes you work better with people.

Document A

'She believed in every one of us': ex-pupils on their inspirational teachers

"So bloody cool, so engaging." That's how Adele described her English teacher at Chestnut Grove school in Balham, south-west London, Ms McDonald, when asked who had inspired her.

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Images of the singer breaking down in tears when McDonald surprised her on stage at the London Palladium have gone viral, triggering conversations about the impact teachers can have on the lives of their pupils.

10 Max Daniels, 28, a communications consultant who lives in London, described how the humanity shown by his teacher Miss Coyle had a lasting impact. "Miss Coyle was this upbeat, enthusiastic Irish woman who taught me English and media studies," he said. "I could go on about how fun she made classes or how she injected life into her lessons, but the impact they had was far more personal.

15 "My father passed away when I was 14 and, during a parents' evening shortly after, Miss Coyle gave my mum a huge hug. It was something that made me realise how much she cared about the lives of the people she taught.

20 "Even though she was a teacher and had a professional role to fill, it made me realise that it shouldn't stop you from being human, from being caring. It's something I think about in my professional career. It's so easy to be the cold professional with your job, but actually caring about the lives, achievements and successes of people around you doesn't hurt your job. If anything, it makes you work better with people.

25 "As the classic secondary school loser – someone you could have pulled from *The Inbetweeners*² – Miss Coyle made me feel important even when people around me would make me feel the opposite." [...]

Sophie Smith-Tong, 37, a primary school teacher who lives in London and the founder of a centre for educators and their families, Mindfulness for Learning, said her teacher Ms Rea changed her journey in education.

30 "We met at 13 when in a drama lesson she has dressed up a classroom as a police station," she said. "Starting here, she has continued to inspire me throughout my life. She is the reason that I realised I could apply to go to uni and that I had something to offer even though I felt so different to all of my peers.

35 "She took me to perform my first professional theatre production at the Edinburgh festival at 16. She believed in every single one of us and it gave us the space to fly our own individual journeys. We are still friends 24 years on and she still has a major impact on the life decisions I make today. She is the reason I created Mindfulness for Learning."

Jamie Grierson, *The Guardian*, 22nd November, 2021.

² *The Inbetweeners*: a British TV show which documents the lives of British teenagers.

Document B

The Logical Song

When I was young, it seemed that life was so wonderful
A miracle, oh, it was beautiful, magical
And all the birds in the trees, well they'd be singing so happily
Oh, joyfully, oh, playfully watching me

5 But then they sent me away to teach me how to be sensible
Logical, oh, responsible, practical
Then they showed me a world where I could be so dependable
Oh, clinical, oh, intellectual, cynical

10 There are times when all the world's asleep
The questions run too deep
For such a simple man
Won't you please, please tell me what we've learned?
I know it sounds absurd
Please tell me who I am

15 I said, now, watch what you say, they'll be calling you a radical
A liberal, oh, fanatical, criminal
Oh, won't you sign up your name? We'd like to feel you're acceptable
Respectable, oh, presentable, a vegetable
Oh, take, take, take it, yeah

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Won't you please (oh, won't you tell me)
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25 (Can you hear me?) I know it sounds absurd
(Oh, won't you tell me) please tell me who I am
Who I am, who I am, who I am

Ooh, Hey

'Cause I was feeling so logical

30 Yeah
D-D-D-D-D-D-D-Digital
Yeah, one, two, three, five
Oh, oh, oh, oh, yeah
Ooh, it's getting unbelievable

35 Yeah
Getting, getting, yeah, yeah
Uh, uh, uh, uh.

Richard DAVIES & Roger HODGSON (co-creators of Supertramp rock band),
lyrics of "The Logical Song", 1979.

Document C



Norman ROCKWELL, *The Spirit of Education*, 1934.

BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

Sujet zéro

**Enseignement de spécialité
« Langues, littératures et cultures étrangères et régionales »**

ANGLAIS

Épreuve écrite de terminale

DURÉE DE L'ÉPREUVE : 3H30

Le candidat traitera, au choix, l'ensemble du sujet 1 ou du sujet 2.

Le dictionnaire unilingue (non encyclopédique) est autorisé.

SUJET n°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 (about 500 words): taking into account their specificities, analyse the way women's emancipation is presented in the three documents.

Partie 2 (4 pts) : rendez compte en français des idées principales du document A (80-100 mots).

Document A

Barbie at 60: instrument of female oppression or positive influence?

Barbie Millicent Roberts, from Wisconsin US, is celebrating her 60th birthday. She is a toy. A doll. Yet she has grown into a phenomenon. An iconic figure, recognised by millions of children and adults worldwide, she has remained a popular choice for more than six decades – a somewhat unprecedented feat¹ for a doll in the toy industry.

5 She is also, arguably, the original “influencer” of young girls, pushing an image and lifestyle that can shape what they aspire to be like. So, at 60, how is the iconic Barbie stepping up to support her fellow women and girls?

When Barbie was born many toys for young girls were of the baby doll variety; encouraging nurturing² and motherhood and perpetuating the idea that a girl's future
10 role would be one of homemaker and mother. Thus Barbie was born out of a desire to give girls something more. Barbie was a fashion model with her own career. The idea that girls could play with her and imagine their future selves, whatever that may be, was central to the Barbie brand.

However, the “something more” that was given fell short of empowering girls, by
15 today's standards. And Barbie has been described as “an agent of female oppression”. The focus on play that imagined being grown up, with perfect hair, a perfect body, a plethora of outfits, a sexualised physique, and a perfect first love (in the equally perfect Ken) has been criticised over the years for perpetuating a different kind of ideal – one
20 centred around body image, with dangerous consequences for girls' mental and physical health.

¹ Feat: a remarkable, skillful, or daring action

² To nurture: to care for and protect someone while they are growing

Body image

Toys have a significant influence on the development of children, far beyond innocent play. Through play, children mimic social norms and subtle messages regarding gender roles, and stereotypes can be transmitted by seemingly ubiquitous toys. Early studies in the 1930s by Kenneth and Mamie Clark showed how young black girls would more often choose to play with a white doll rather than a black doll, as the white doll was considered more beautiful – a reflection of internalised feelings as a result of racism.

The same supposition – that girls playing with Barbie may internalise the unrealistic body that she innocently promotes – has been the subject of research and what is clear is that parents are often unaware of the potential effects on body image when approving toys for their children. [...]

More than a body

If Barbie was about empowering girls to be anything that they want to be, then the Barbie brand has tried to move with the times by providing powerful role playing tools for girls. No longer is Barbie portrayed in roles such as the air hostess – or, when promoted to pilot, still dressed in a feminine and pink version of the uniform. Modern pilot Barbie is more appropriately dressed, with a male air steward as a sidekick³.

Such changes can have a remarkable impact on how young girls imagine their career possibilities, potential futures, and the roles that they are expected to take. Mattel's move to honour 20 women role models including Japanese Haitian tennis player Naomi Osaka – currently the world number one – with her own doll is a positive step in bringing empowering role models into the consciousness of young girls.

Children who are less stereotyped in their gender and play are less likely to be stereotyped in their occupations and are more creative. But of course, society needs to mirror this. In the week when Virgin Atlantic abolished the requirement to wear make up for female cabin crew, the arduous journey away from constraining female body and beauty ideals could slowly be taking off. But in a culture where female ageing is now an aesthetic pressure felt by many, perhaps Mattel will show us diversity in age and womanhood? Happy 60th birthday to the still 20-year-old looking Barbie.

By Gemma Witcomb, Lecturer in Psychology, Loughborough University, March 8th 2019,

<https://theconversation.com/barbie-at-60-instrument-of-female-oppression-or-positive-influence-113069>.

³ Sidekick: a close friend or follower

Document B

Warning

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple
With a red hat which doesn't go, and doesn't suit me.
And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer gloves
And satin sandals, and say we've no money for butter.
5 I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm tired
And gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells
And run my stick along the public railings
And make up for the sobriety of my youth.
I shall go out in my slippers in the rain
10 And pick flowers in other people's gardens
And learn to spit.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat
And eat three pounds of sausages at a go
Or only bread and pickle for a week
15 And hoard pens and pencils and beer mats and things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry
And pay our rent and not swear in the street
And set a good example for the children.
We must have friends to dinner and read the papers.

20 But maybe I ought to practise a little now?
So people who know me are not too shocked and surprised
When suddenly I am old, and start to wear purple.

Jenny Joseph, from *Selected Poems*, Bloodaxe, 1992.

Document C



Evelyn De Morgan, *The Gilded Cage*, 1919, 78 cm x 1,05 m, oil on canvas, De Morgan Centre.

SUJET n°2

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

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

Write a commentary (about 500 words) on documents A, B and C, using the following guidelines:

- show how artists and their works may sometimes be controversial;
- compare the various reactions they may trigger;
- analyse the way censorship is presented.

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

“You must understand that our civilization is so vast that we can't have our minorities upset and stirred. Ask yourself, What do we want in this country, above all? People want to be happy, isn't that right? Haven't you heard it all your life? I want to be happy, people say. Well, aren't they? Don't we keep them moving, don't we give them fun? That's all we live for, isn't it? For pleasure, for titillation? And you must admit our culture provides plenty of these.” (l. 16-21)

Document A

Indian film Padmaavat sparks protests over 'Hindu-Muslim romance'.

Government asked to delay release and riot police may be on standby at cinemas after attacks on director and threats against star Deepika Padukone.

Riot police may be deployed at Indian cinemas over the release of a film about a mythological Indian queen that has sparked protests, attacks on the set and director, and threats to mutilate the lead actor.

5 The Indian government is being asked to intervene to delay the release of Padmaavat, a film based on an epic 16th-century poem, starring Deepika Padukone as the titular character.

Uttar Pradesh⁴ officials said on Thursday that due to elections and a Muslim holiday they would not be able to provide enough police to secure cinemas for the film's scheduled release on 1 December.

10 Rumours about how Rani Padmavati will be depicted have angered fringe Hindu groups, Indian royals and members of the ruling Bharatiya Janata party.

Rightwing Hindu organisations believe the film will depict a romantic relationship between Padmavati and an invading king, Alauddin Khilji, who is Muslim.

Though Khilji existed, experts say there is little historical evidence for Padmavati, who may have been created by the Sufi Muslim author of the poem, Malik Muhammad Jayasi.

15 But the queen has become an important mythological figure especially revered by members of the Hindu Rajput caste, to which the character in the poem belonged.

The director, Sanjay Leela Bhansali, has clarified there will be "no romantic scene or song or dream sequence between Rani Padmavati and Alauddin Khilji".

20 But members of one Hindu group stormed the film set in January and assaulted Bhansali and others. Bhansali agreed to delete offending scenes from the film following the attack.

A spokesman for the same group said on Thursday they would "cut the nose" of Padukone after the actor said protests would not stop the film's release.

Rajput groups and royals belonging to the traditional warrior caste have also complained about Padukone dancing and baring her midriff⁵ in the film's trailer.

25 Rana Safvi, a historian, blamed the controversy on growing religious polarisation in India. "Our tolerance levels have gone for a toss⁶," she said.

Rumours were also spreading on social media more quickly than they could be debunked. "No one reads much any more and we believe all kinds of unverified stuff on WhatsApp," she said.

The Guardian online, November 16th 2017.

⁴ Uttar Pradesh is a state in northern India. Hinduism is the first largest religious group; Islam is next.

⁵ Baring her midriff: uncovering the middle part of her body

⁶ To go for a toss (primarily used in India and South Asia): (for a situation) to become severely difficult to handle

Document B

In the dystopian world of the novel, Montag and Beatty are “firemen”, a government agency in charge of burning books.

“Surely you remember the boy in your own school class who was exceptionally ‘bright,’ did most of the reciting and answering while the others sat like so many leaden idols, hating him. And wasn’t it this bright boy you selected for beatings and tortures after hours? Of course it was. We must all be alike. Not everyone born free and equal, as
5 the Constitution says, but everyone made equal. Each man the image of every other; then all are happy, for there are no mountains to make them cower⁷, to judge themselves against. So! A book is a loaded gun in the house next door. Burn it. Take the shot from the weapon. Breach man’s mind. Who knows who might be the target of the well-read man? Me? I won’t stomach them for a minute. And so when houses were
10 finally fireproofed completely, all over the world [...] there was no longer need of firemen for the old purposes. They were given the new job, as custodians of our peace of mind, the focus of our understandable and rightful dread of being inferior; official censors, judges, and executors. That’s you, Montag, and that’s me.” [...]

Beatty knocked his pipe into the palm of his pink hand, studied the ashes as if they
15 were a symbol to be diagnosed and searched for meaning.

“You must understand that our civilization is so vast that we can’t have our minorities upset and stirred. Ask yourself, What do we want in this country, above all? People want to be happy, isn’t that right? Haven’t you heard it all your life? I want to be happy, people say. Well, aren’t they? Don’t we keep them moving, don’t we give them fun?
20 That’s all we live for, isn’t it? For pleasure, for titillation? And you must admit our culture provides plenty of these.”

“Yes.” [...]

“Coloured people don’t like *Little Black Sambo*. Burn it. White people don’t feel good about *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*. Burn it. Someone’s written a book on tobacco and cancer of
25 the lungs? The cigarette people are weeping? Burn the book. Serenity, Montag. Peace, Montag. Take your fight outside. Better yet, into the incinerator.”




[...] “Fire is bright and fire is clean.”

Ray Bradbury, *Fahrenheit 451*, 1953.


⁷ To cower: to crouch (bend low) or cringe as in fear



Document C
PETA⁸ activists protest against an art exhibition





 **Gothamist** 
@Gothamist 

PETA Condemns LES Art Gallery For Displaying Live Mice In The Floor
gothamist.com/2017/11/01/liv...

 **PETA Condemns LES Art Gallery For Displaying Liv...**
Outraged animal advocates are calling for an end to a Lower East Side exhibition in which visitors can walk over mice living in plexiglass cages under the floor.
gothamist.com

 11 8:49 PM - Nov 1, 2017 

 [See Gothamist's other Tweets](#) 

www.peta.org/blog/cruel-live-mouse-exhibit-closes-early-thanks-to-peta-protest/

⁸ PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) is a charity fighting for animal rights.

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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La calculatrice n'est pas autorisée.*

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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.

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)

BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2024

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES ET CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES ANGLAIS

Jeudi 20 juin 2024

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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

Thématique : « Arts et débats d'idées »

Partie 1 : Synthèse du dossier, 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 reflect the ways in which artists are inspired by New York City.

Partie 2 : Traduction, en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 9 à 14) :

A very thin little path had been cleared on Eighty-second Street between Lexington and Third, just wide enough for two able-bodied people to squeeze through. The snow was piled high on either side. A small canyon, really, in the middle of the footpath. On the street—a quiet street at the best of times, if anything can be quiet in New York—the cars were buried under drifts. The telegraph wires sagged. The underside of the tree branches appeared like brushstrokes on the air.

Documents A and B are excerpts from the same collection of stories, in which some famous people write about their experience of New York City.

Document A

Colum McCann
Writer
Arrived: 1982

[...] But I truly fell in love with the city many years later, in the early 1990s, on my second stint, when I wasn't quite sure if I was meant to be here at all, and it was a quiet moment that did it for me, one of those little glancing shoulder-rubs that New York can deal out at any time of the day, in any season, in any weather, in any place—even on the fiercely unfashionable Upper East Side.

It had snowed in the city. Two feet of it over the course of the night. It was the sort of snow that made the city temporarily magical, before all the horn-blowing and slush puddles and piles of dog crap crowning the melt.

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I saw her from a distance halfway down the block. She was already bent into the day. She wore a headscarf. Her coat was old enough to have once been fashionable. She was pushing along a silver frame¹. Her walk was crude, slow, laborious. With her frame, she took the whole width of the alley. There was no place to pass her [...].

As she got closer, I noticed her gloves were beautifully stencilled with little jewels. Her headscarf was pulled tight around her lined face. She shoved the silver frame over a small ridge of ice, walked the final feet, and stopped in front of me.

The silence of strangers.

But then she leaned forward and said in a whisper: "Shall we dance?"

She took off one glove and reached her hand out, and with the silver frame between us, we met on the pavement. Then she let go of my hand. I bent to one knee and bowed slightly to her. She grinned and put her glove back on, said nothing more, took a hold of her silver frame, and moved on, a little quicker now, along the corridor of snow and around the corner.

I knew nothing of her, nothing at all, and yet she had made the day unforgettable.

She was my New York.

Still is.

Colum MCCANN in *My First New York, Early Adventures in The Big City*, 2010.

¹ A frame: here, a device used by people who have difficulty walking.

Document B

Tom Wolfe

Writer

Arrived: 1962

I arrived in New York City at four in the morning feeling very romantic. I raised my fist—“I’m going to conquer you yet!”—the way Eugène de Rastignac does in Balzac’s *Le Père Goriot*. I was alone, so I had breakfast at an Automat across the street from my hotel. All the food was yellow: the eggs, the coffee, even the meat.

5 I then headed off to the *Tribune*, just off Times Square, feeling more romantic the closer I got to the paper. Suddenly I heard this voice. “T.K.!” Those were my first two initials—Thomas Kennerly. It was an old girlfriend, and she said, “How would you like to come to a party tonight?” The party was on Central Park West, at an apartment that belonged to the poet Robert Lowell, who had arranged a Summer apartment trade with people
10 from Brazil. There were these Brazilians, and the party was nice, maybe only twenty of us there. All of a sudden the host said, “Gilberto, can’t you play something for us?” and the musicians started playing “The Girl from Ipanema.”

This destroyed my whole fantasy, which was to come to New York alone, ready to take on the city. I wanted to be a romantic figure, but Christ, it was over the first day: meeting
15 an old friend, going to an incredibly cosmopolitan party. Over the next few months, I discovered how unromantic the things I had once found romantic were. Being on packed subways became a real nuisance. I would be walking down the street and a gust of wind would blow a greasy newspaper around my leg. I remember seeing so many stars of movies and music walking down the street. That was exciting, until it
20 dawned on me that these people had to live *somewhere*.

But it was a much safer city back then, before the late 1960s. I took the subway everywhere and never thought twice about it being dangerous, whether I was going to the Bronx or the Rockaways.

Tom WOLFE in *My First New York, Early Adventures in The Big City*, 2010.



Elliott ERWITT, *New York City*, 1955.

SUJET 2

Thématique : « Expression et construction de soi »

Partie 1 : Synthèse du dossier, 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 reflect on the impact of education on learners.

Partie 2 : Traduction, en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 18 à 22) :

Even though she was a teacher and had a professional role to fill, it made me realise that it shouldn't stop you from being human, from being caring. It's something I think about in my professional career. It's so easy to be the cold professional with your job, but actually caring about the lives, achievements and successes of people around you doesn't hurt your job. If anything, it makes you work better with people.

Document A

‘She believed in every one of us’: ex-pupils on their inspirational teachers

“So bloody cool, so engaging.” That’s how Adele described her English teacher at Chestnut Grove school in Balham, south-west London, Ms McDonald, when asked who had inspired her.

5 Answering a question from the actor Emma Thompson during ITV’s *An Audience With Adele* on Sunday, Adele said: “She really made us care, and we knew that she cared about us and stuff like that.”

Images of the singer breaking down in tears when McDonald surprised her on stage at the London Palladium have gone viral, triggering conversations about the impact teachers can have on the lives of their pupils.

10 Max Daniels, 28, a communications consultant who lives in London, described how the humanity shown by his teacher Miss Coyle had a lasting impact. “Miss Coyle was this upbeat, enthusiastic Irish woman who taught me English and media studies,” he said. “I could go on about how fun she made classes or how she injected life into her lessons, but the impact they had was far more personal.

15 “My father passed away when I was 14 and, during a parents’ evening shortly after, Miss Coyle gave my mum a huge hug. It was something that made me realise how much she cared about the lives of the people she taught.

20 “Even though she was a teacher and had a professional role to fill, it made me realise that it shouldn’t stop you from being human, from being caring. It’s something I think about in my professional career. It’s so easy to be the cold professional with your job, but actually caring about the lives, achievements and successes of people around you doesn’t hurt your job. If anything, it makes you work better with people.

25 “As the classic secondary school loser – someone you could have pulled from *The Inbetweeners*² – Miss Coyle made me feel important even when people around me would make me feel the opposite.” [...]

Sophie Smith-Tong, 37, a primary school teacher who lives in London and the founder of a centre for educators and their families, Mindfulness for Learning, said her teacher Ms Rea changed her journey in education.

30 “We met at 13 when in a drama lesson she has dressed up a classroom as a police station,” she said. “Starting here, she has continued to inspire me throughout my life. She is the reason that I realised I could apply to go to uni and that I had something to offer even though I felt so different to all of my peers.

35 “She took me to perform my first professional theatre production at the Edinburgh festival at 16. She believed in every single one of us and it gave us the space to fly our own individual journeys. We are still friends 24 years on and she still has a major impact on the life decisions I make today. She is the reason I created Mindfulness for Learning.”

Jamie Grierson, *The Guardian*, 22nd November, 2021.

² *The Inbetweeners*: a British TV show which documents the lives of British teenagers.

Document B

The Logical Song

When I was young, it seemed that life was so wonderful
A miracle, oh, it was beautiful, magical
And all the birds in the trees, well they'd be singing so happily
Oh, joyfully, oh, playfully watching me

5 But then they sent me away to teach me how to be sensible
Logical, oh, responsible, practical
Then they showed me a world where I could be so dependable
Oh, clinical, oh, intellectual, cynical

10 There are times when all the world's asleep
The questions run too deep
For such a simple man
Won't you please, please tell me what we've learned?
I know it sounds absurd
Please tell me who I am

15 I said, now, watch what you say, they'll be calling you a radical
A liberal, oh, fanatical, criminal
Oh, won't you sign up your name? We'd like to feel you're acceptable
Respectable, oh, presentable, a vegetable
Oh, take, take, take it, yeah

20 But at night, when all the world's asleep
The questions run so deep
For such a simple man
Won't you please (oh, won't you tell me)
Please tell me what we've learned?

25 (Can you hear me?) I know it sounds absurd
(Oh, won't you tell me) please tell me who I am
Who I am, who I am, who I am

Ooh, Hey

'Cause I was feeling so logical

30 Yeah
D-D-D-D-D-D-D-D-Digital
Yeah, one, two, three, five
Oh, oh, oh, oh, yeah
Ooh, it's getting unbelievable

35 Yeah
Getting, getting, yeah, yeah
Uh, uh, uh, uh.

Richard DAVIES & Roger HODGSON (co-creators of Supertramp rock band),
lyrics of "The Logical Song", 1979.

Document C



Norman ROCKWELL, *The Spirit of Education*, 1934.

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Elliott ERWITT, *New York City*, 1955.

SUJET 2

Thématique : « Expression et construction de soi »

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Jamie Grierson, *The Guardian*, 22nd November, 2021.

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Document B

The Logical Song

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Logical, oh, responsible, practical
Then they showed me a world where I could be so dependable
Oh, clinical, oh, intellectual, cynical

There are times when all the world's asleep

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For such a simple man
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I know it sounds absurd
Please tell me who I am

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Ooh, Hey

'Cause I was feeling so logical

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D-D-D-D-D-D-D-Digital
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Richard DAVIES & Roger HODGSON (co-creators of Supertramp rock band),
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Document C



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