

**SUJET de Langues, littératures et cultures étrangères et régionales : ANGLAIS**

ÉVALUATION de fin de première

Epreuve écrite

Durée : 2 heures

**Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Imaginaires ».**

**Prenez connaissance des documents A, B et C et traitez le sujet suivant en anglais :**

**Write a short commentary on the three documents (minimum 300 words): taking into account their specificities, analyse how the documents deal with the themes of surveillance and privacy.**

**Document A**

Outside, even through the shut window-pane, the world looked cold. Down in the street little eddies of wind were whirling dust and torn paper into spirals, and though the sun was shining and the sky a harsh blue, there seemed to be no colour in anything, except the posters that were plastered everywhere. The blackmoustachio'd  
5 face gazed down from every commanding corner. There was one on the house-front immediately opposite. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption said, while the dark eyes looked deep into Winston's own. Down at street level another poster, torn at one corner, flapped fitfully in the wind, alternately covering and uncovering the single word INGSOC. In the far distance a helicopter skimmed down between the  
10 roofs, hovered for an instant like a bluebottle, and darted away again with a curving flight. It was the police patrol, snooping into people's windows. The patrols did not matter, however. Only the Thought Police mattered.

Behind Winston's back the voice from the telescreen was still babbling away about pig-iron and the overfulfilment of the Ninth Three-Year Plan. The telescreen received  
15 and transmitted simultaneously. Any sound that Winston made, above the level of a very low whisper, would be picked up by it, moreover, so long as he remained within the field of vision which the metal plaque commanded, he could be seen as well as heard. There was of course no way of knowing whether you were being watched at any given moment. How often, or on what system, the Thought Police plugged in on  
20 any individual wire was guesswork. It was even conceivable that they watched everybody all the time. But at any rate they could plug in your wire whenever they wanted to. You had to live – did live, from habit that became instinct – in the assumption that every sound you made was overheard, and, except in darkness, every movement scrutinized.

25 Winston kept his back turned to the telescreen. It was safer, though, as he well knew,

even a back can be revealing. A kilometre away the Ministry of Truth, his place of work, towered vast and white above the grimy landscape. This, he thought with a sort of vague distaste – this was London, chief city of Airstrip One, itself the third most populous of the provinces of Oceania.

**George Orwell, 1984, Part One, chapter 1, 1949**

## **Document B**

Now the relationship between information and crime has changed in two ways, one absolute, one relative. In absolute terms, people generate more searchable information than they used to. Smartphones passively track and record where people go, who they talk to and for how long; their apps reveal subtler personal information, such as their political views, what they like to read and watch and how they spend their money. As more appliances and accoutrements become networked, so the amount of information people inadvertently create will continue to grow.

5

To track a suspect's movements and conversations, police chiefs no longer need to allocate dozens of officers for round-the-clock stakeouts. They just need to seize the suspect's phone and bypass its encryption. If he drives, police cars, streetlights and car parks equipped with automatic number-plate readers (ANPRs, known in America as automatic licence-plate readers or ALPRs) can track all his movements.

10

In relative terms, the gap between information technology and policy gaps ever wider. Most privacy laws were written for the age of postal services and fixed-line telephones. Courts give citizens protection from governments entering their homes or rifling through their personal papers. The law on people's digital presence is less clear. In most liberal countries, police still must convince a judge to let them eavesdrop on phone calls.

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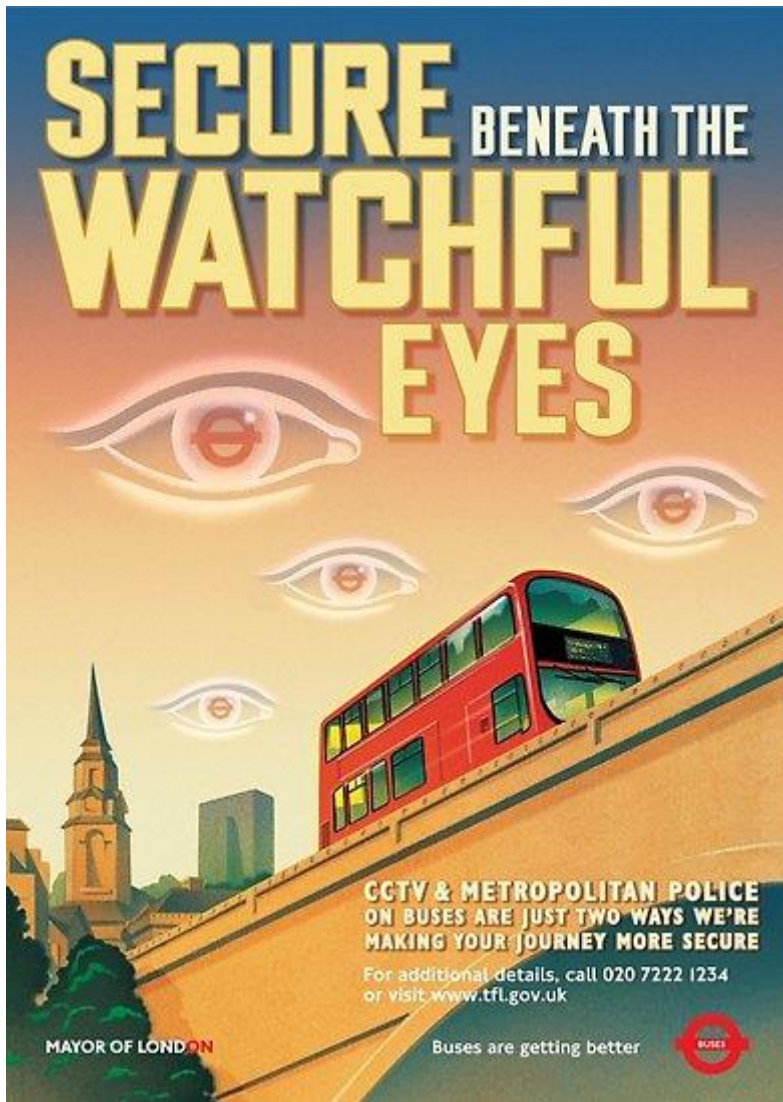
But mobile-phone "metadata"—not the actual conversations, but data about who was called and when—enjoy less stringent protections. In 2006 the European Union issued a directive requiring telecom firms to retain customer metadata for up to two years for use in potential crime investigations. The European Court of Justice invalidated that law in 2014, after numerous countries challenged it in court, saying that it interfered with "the fundamental rights to respect for private life". Today data-retention laws vary widely in Europe. Laws, and their interpretation, are changing in America, too. A case before the Supreme Court will determine whether police need a warrant to obtain metadata.

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**Jon Fasman, *The Economist online*, May 31<sup>st</sup> 2018**

Document C



Official anti-crime campaign Transport for London and the Metropolitan Police, 2002

<b>Sujet 0</b>
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**SUJET de Langues, littératures et cultures étrangères et régionales : ANGLAIS**

ÉVALUATION de fin de première  
Epreuve écrite  
Durée : 2 heures

**Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Rencontres ».**

**Prenez connaissance des documents A, B et C et traitez le sujet suivant en anglais :**

**Write a short commentary on the three documents (minimum 300 words): taking into account the specificities of each document, focus on the way the authors represent love relationships and the difficulties in establishing them.**

**Document A**

[Captain Wentworth] was, at that time, a remarkably fine young man, with a great deal of intelligence, spirit, and brilliancy; and Anne an extremely pretty girl, with gentleness, modesty, taste, and feeling. Half the sum of attraction, on either side, might have been enough, for he had nothing to do, and she had hardly anybody to love; but the encounter of such lavish recommendations could not fail. They were gradually acquainted, and when acquainted, rapidly and deeply in love. It would be difficult to say which had seen highest perfection in the other, or which had been the happiest: she, in receiving his declarations and proposals, or he in having them accepted.

A short period of exquisite felicity followed, and but a short one. Troubles soon arose. Sir Walter, on being applied to, without actually withholding his consent, or saying it should never be, gave it all the negative of great astonishment, great coldness, great silence, and a professed resolution of doing nothing for his daughter. He thought it a very degrading alliance; and Lady Russell, though with more tempered and pardonable pride, received it as a most unfortunate one.

Anne Elliot, with all her claims of birth, beauty, and mind, to throw herself away at nineteen; involve herself at nineteen in an engagement with a young man, who had nothing but himself to recommend him, and no hopes of attaining affluence, but in the chances of a most uncertain profession, and no connexions to secure even his farther rise in the profession, would be, indeed, a throwing away, which she grieved to think of! Anne Elliot, so young; known to so few, to be snatched off by a stranger without alliance or fortune; or rather

25 sunk by him into a state of most wearing, anxious, youth-killing dependence! It must not be, if by any fair interference of friendship, any representations from one who had almost a mother's love, and mother's rights, it would be prevented.

30 Captain Wentworth had no fortune. He had been lucky in his profession; but spending freely, what had come freely, had realized nothing. But he was confident that he should soon be rich: full of life and ardour, he knew that he should soon have a ship, and soon be on a station that would lead to everything he wanted. He had always been lucky; he knew he should be so still. Such confidence, powerful in its own warmth, and bewitching in the wit  
35 which often expressed it, must have been enough for Anne; but Lady Russell saw it very differently. His sanguine temper, and fearlessness of mind, operated very differently on her. She saw in it but an aggravation of the evil. It only added a dangerous character to himself. He was brilliant, he was headstrong. Lady Russell had little taste for wit, and of anything approaching to imprudence a horror. She deprecated the connexion in every light.

Such opposition, as these feelings produced, was more than Anne could combat.

**Jane Austen, *Persuasion*, Chapter IV, 1818**

## Document B

### **Men should be helped to cross social barriers to find prosperity – and love**

Our education system must do more to bring together those of different backgrounds to improve social mobility

Part of the addictive charm of ITV2's<sup>1</sup> *Love Island* was the opportunity it gave us to test the relationship adage "opposites attract". The reality television show  
5 flung together a group of twentysomething singletons in a luxury villa under constant surveillance, with little in common save their desire to become stars. Some of the unlikely pairings that transpired – a socialite charity worker and a Calvin Klein model; a farm dweller and a former motorsport grid girl<sup>2</sup> – suggest there perhaps is something to that old saying.

10 But it's becoming less true in the real world, where, according to the Institute for Fiscal Studies, we are becoming increasingly likely to settle down with someone like ourselves in terms of background and earnings.

The findings of its new research echo those of previous studies: social mobility – the link between someone's social background and where they end up in life  
15 – has got worse for men born in 1970 compared to those born in 1958. But it shows for the first time this is not just because the link between a man's earnings and those of his father has got stronger. Men born to richer parents also tend to end up better off because they are more likely to be coupled up and their partners are also more likely to earn more. The researchers will next be looking at whether these effects also hold for women [...].

**Sonia Sodha, *The Guardian online*, August 13, 2017**

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<sup>1</sup> ITV is a British television network.

<sup>2</sup> Grid girl : une hôtesse (ici, sur un circuit automobile).

**Document C**



Oil on canvas, 92 x 61.5 cm

**Edmund Blair Leighton, "Where there's a will", 1892**

<b>Sujet 0</b>
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**Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Rencontres ».**

**Prenez connaissance des documents A, B et C et traitez le sujet suivant en anglais :**

**Write a short commentary on the three documents (minimum 300 words): taking into account the specificities of each document, analyse how the three artists explore the theme of loneliness and use it as a source of inspiration.**

**Document A**

In New York City, when he first went there to live and before he became confused and disconcerted by the facts of life, Enoch went about a good deal with young men. He got into a group of other young artists, both men and women, and in the evenings they sometimes came to visit him in his room. Once he got drunk and was taken to a police station where a police magistrate frightened him horribly, and once he tried to have an affair with a woman of the town met on the sidewalk before his lodging house. The woman and Enoch walked together three blocks and then the young man grew afraid and ran away. The woman had been drinking and the incident amused her. She leaned against the wall of a building and laughed so heartily that another man stopped and laughed with her. The two went away together, still laughing, and Enoch crept off to his room trembling and vexed.

The room in which young Robinson lived in New York faced Washington Square and was long and narrow like a hallway. It is important to get that fixed in your mind. The story of Enoch is in fact the story of a room almost more than it is the story of a man.

And so into the room in the evening came young Enoch's friends. There was nothing particularly striking about them except that they were artists of the kind that talk. Everyone knows of the talking artists. Throughout all of the known history of the world they have gathered in rooms and talked. They talk of art and are passionately, almost feverishly, in earnest about it. They think it matters much more than it does.

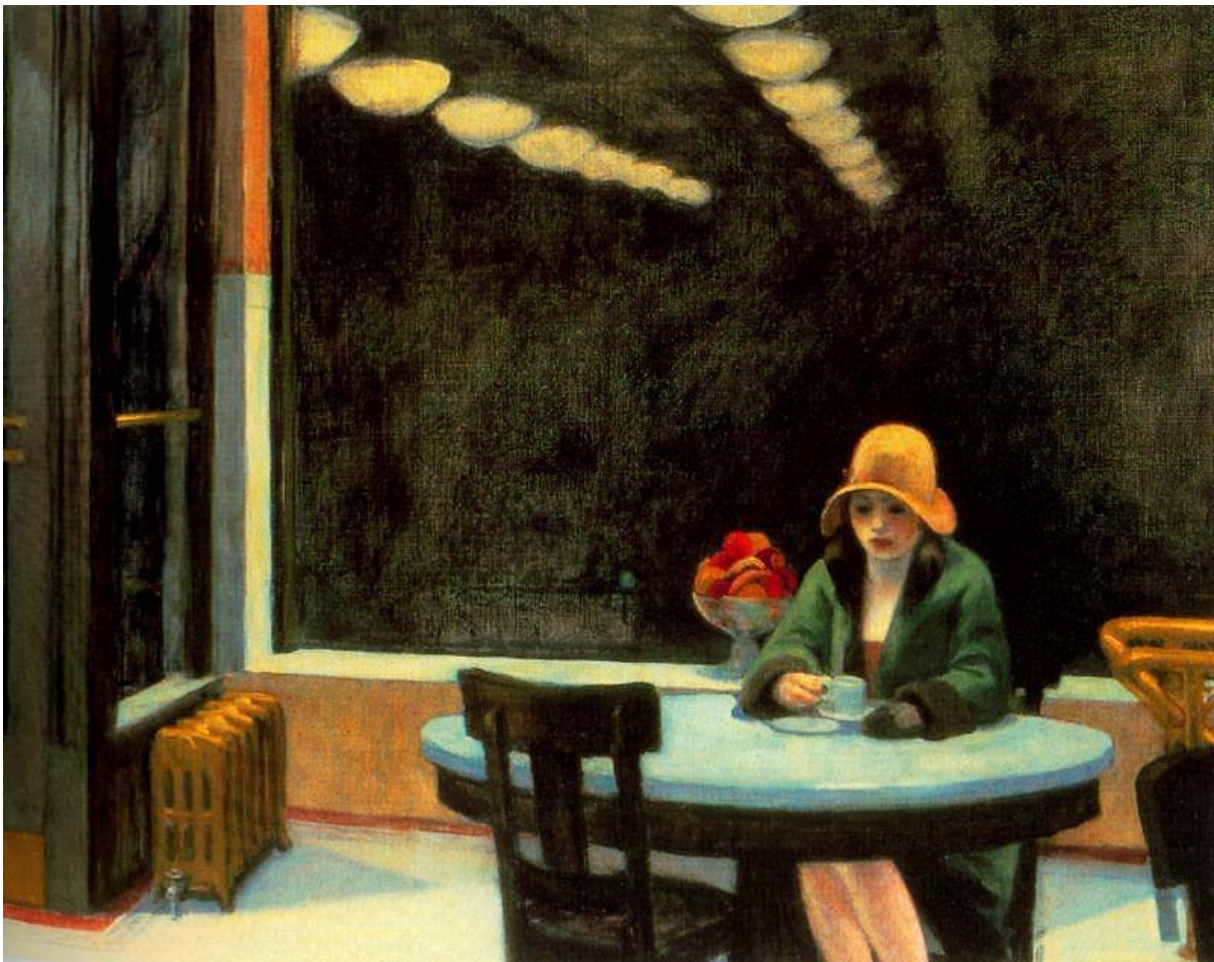
And so these people gathered and smoked cigarettes and talked and Enoch



Robinson, the boy from the farm near Winesburg, was there. He stayed in a corner and for the most part said nothing. How his big blue childlike eyes stared about! On the walls were pictures he had made, crude things, half finished. His  
25 friends talked of these. Leaning back in their chairs, they talked and talked with their heads rocking from side to side. Words were said about line and values and composition, lots of words, such as are always being said.  
30 Enoch wanted to talk too but he didn't know how. He was too excited to talk coherently. When he tried he sputtered and stammered and his voice sounded strange and squeaky to him. That made him stop talking. He knew what he wanted to say, but he knew also that he could never by any possibility say it.

**Sherwood Anderson, "Loneliness", *Winesburg, Ohio*, 1919**

## Document B



Oil on canvas, 71.4 cm x 91.4 cm

**Edward Hopper, "Automat", 1927**

## Document C

About me young careless feet  
Linger along the garish<sup>1</sup> street;  
Above, a hundred shouting signs  
Shed down their bright fantastic glow  
5 Upon the merry crowd and lines  
Of moving carriages below.  
Oh wonderful is Broadway — only  
My heart, my heart is lonely.

10 Desire naked, linked with Passion,  
Goes strutting<sup>2</sup> by in brazen<sup>3</sup> fashion;  
From playhouse, cabaret and inn  
The rainbow lights of Broadway blaze  
All gay without, all glad within;  
15 As in a dream I stand and gaze  
At Broadway, shining Broadway — only  
My heart, my heart is lonely.

**Claude McKay, “On Broadway”, *Harlem Shadows*, 1922**

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<sup>1</sup> garish (l. 2) : offensively or distressingly bright.

<sup>2</sup> to strut (l. 11) : to walk with a proud gait.

<sup>3</sup> brazen (l. 11) : impudent, effronté.

<b>Sujet 0</b>
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**Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Imaginaires ».**

**Prenez connaissance des documents A, B et C et traitez le sujet suivant en anglais :**

**Write a short commentary (minimum 300 words) on documents A, B and C, using the following guidelines:**

- 1. Give a definition of monstrosity relying on the three documents;**
- 2. Compare how the artists represent monstrosity;**
- 3. Show how this representation may appeal to the readers' or spectators' imagination.**

**Document A**

*[Bottom is a craftsman who is rehearsing a play with his friends in a forest near Athens. A mischievous fairy called Puck has changed Bottom's head into that of a donkey. Puck has also administered a love potion to Titania, the fairy Queen: she will fall in love with the first person she sees when she wakes up.]*

*Enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head<sup>1</sup>*

**BOTTOM**

If I were fair, Thisbe, I were only thine.

**QUINCE**

O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Pray, masters; fly, masters. Help!

*Exeunt QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING*

[...]

- BOTTOM** Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to  
5 make me afeard.

*Enter SNOUT*

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<sup>1</sup> ass's head : donkey's head.

**SNOUT**

O Bottom, thou art changed. What do I see on thee?

**BOTTOM**

What do you see? You see an ass-head of your own, do you?

*Exit SNOUT*

*Re-enter QUINCE*

**QUINCE**

Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee. Thou art translated.

*Exit*

**BOTTOM**

- 10 I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me,  
to fright me, if they could; but I will not stir  
from this place, do what they can. I will walk up  
and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear  
I am not afraid.

*Sings [...]*

**TITANIA**

- 15 [*waking*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?  
[...]  
I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.  
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note;  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;  
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me  
20 On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

**BOTTOM**

- Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason  
for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and  
love keep little company together nowadays—the  
more the pity that some honest neighbours will not  
25 make them friends. Nay, I can glee upon occasion.

**TITANIA**

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

**BOTTOM**

Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out  
of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

**TITANIA**

- Out of this wood do not desire to go.  
30 Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate;  
The summer still doth tend upon my state;  
And I do love thee. Therefore go with me.  
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,  
35 And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

**William Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 3, scene 1, 1595**

## Document B

'This place is haunted!' said Ron.  
'It's not,' said Lupin, still looking at the door in a puzzled way. 'The Shrieking Shack was never haunted... the screams and howls the villagers used to hear were made by me.'

5 He pushed his greying hair out of his eyes, thought for a moment, then said, 'That's where all of this starts — with my becoming a werewolf. None of this could have happened if I hadn't been bitten... and if I hadn't been so foolhardy...'

He looked sober and tired. Ron started to interrupt, but Hermione said, 'Shh!'

10 She was watching Lupin very intently.  
'I was a very small boy when I received the bite. My parents tried everything, but in those days there was no cure. The potion that Professor Snape has been making for me is a very recent discovery. It makes me safe, you see. As long as I take it in the week preceding the full moon, I keep my mind when I

15 transform... I am able to curl up in my office, a harmless wolf, and wait for the moon to wane again.  
'Before the Wolfsbane Potion was discovered, however, I became a fully fledged monster once a month. It seemed impossible that I would be able to come to Hogwarts. Other parents weren't likely to want their children exposed

20 to me.  
'But then Dumbledore became Headmaster, and he was sympathetic. He said that, as long as we took certain precautions, there was no reason I shouldn't come to school...' Lupin sighed, and looked directly at Harry. 'I told you, months ago, that the Whomping Willow was planted the year I came to

25 Hogwarts. The truth is that it was planted *because* I had come to Hogwarts. This house—' Lupin looked miserably around the room, '— the tunnel that leads to it — they were built for my use. Once a month, I was smuggled out of the castle, into this place, to transform. The tree was placed at the tunnel mouth to stop anyone coming across me while I was dangerous.'

30 Harry couldn't see where this story was going, but he was listening raptly all the

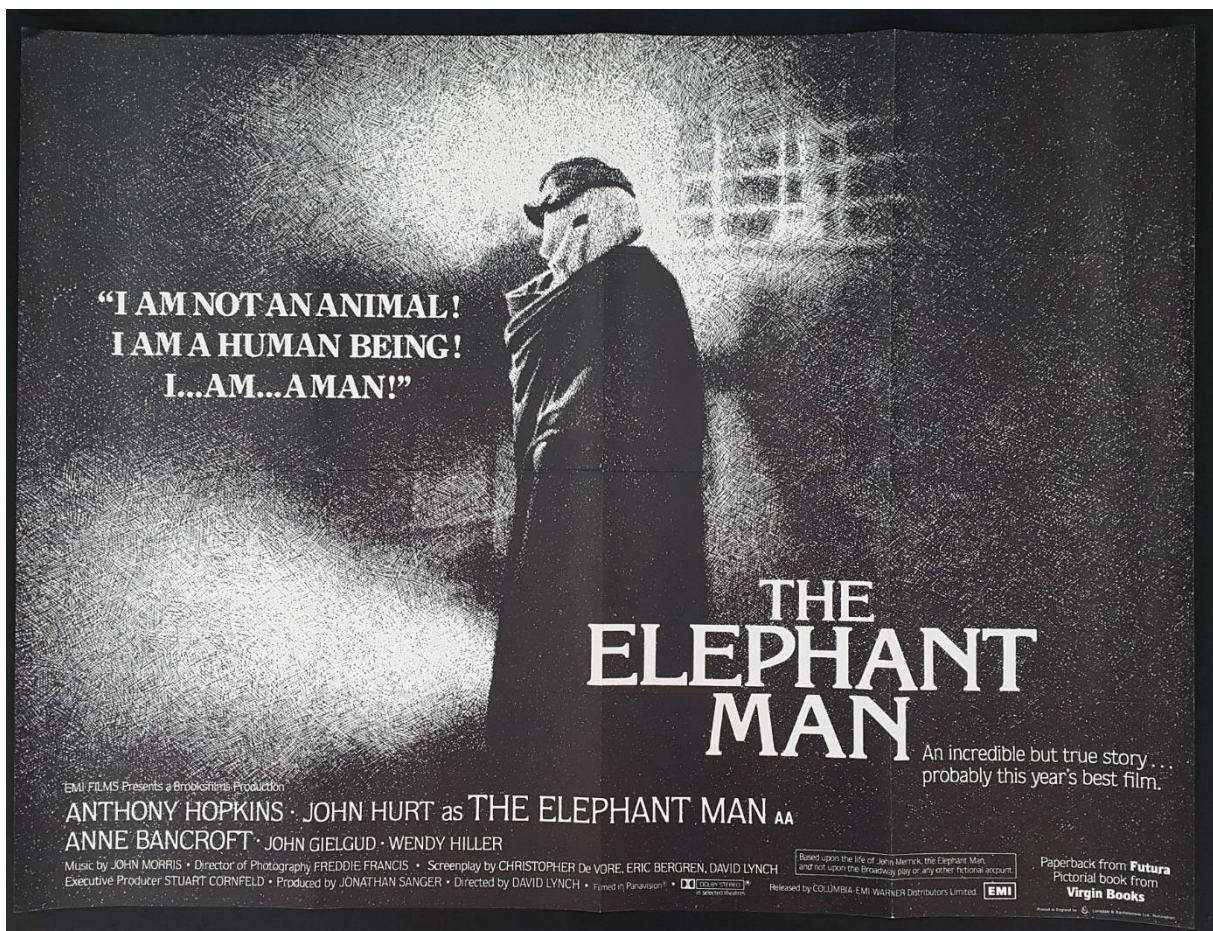
same. The only sound apart from Lupin's voice was Scabbers's frightened squeaking.

35 'My transformations in those days were — were terrible. It is very painful to turn into a werewolf. I was separated from humans to bite, so I bit and scratched myself instead. The villagers heard the noise and the screaming and thought they were hearing particularly violent spirits. Dumbledore encouraged the rumour... even now, when the house has been silent for years, the villagers don't dare approach it...

40 'But apart from my transformations, I was happier than I had ever been in my life. For the first time ever, I had friends, three great friends. Sirius Black... Peter Pettigrew... and, of course, your father, Harry — James Potter.'

**J.K. Rowling, *Harry Potter and The Prisoner of Azkaban*, chapter eighteen, 1999**

## Document C



**UK poster for *The Elephant Man*, by David Lynch, 1980**

# **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 « 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 short commentary on the three documents (minimum 500 words): taking into account their specificities, analyse how the documents deal with American art and social protest in the 1930s.

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

“Sure,” cried the tenant men, “but it’s our land. We measured it and broke it up. We were born on it, and we got killed on it, died on it. Even if it’s no good, it’s still ours. That’s what makes it ours—being born on it, working it, dying on it. That makes ownership, not a paper with numbers on it.”

“We’re sorry. It’s not us. It’s the monster. The bank isn’t like a man.”

“Yes, but the bank is only made of men.”

“No, you’re wrong there—quite wrong there. The bank is something else than men. [...]” (l. 9-15)



## DOCUMENT A



Thomas Hart BENTON, *Prodigal Son*, lithograph, on wove paper, 35 x 25.5 cm, 1939.

## DOCUMENT B

*In the wake of the Great Depression of 1929 and the Dust Bowl natural disaster, representatives of a bank have come to tell the people they are going to have to leave their land and go.*

“You’ll have to get off the land. The plows<sup>1</sup> ’ll go through the dooryard.”

And now the squatting men stood up angrily. “Grampa took up the land, and he had to kill the Indians and drive them away. And Pa was born here, and he killed weeds and snakes. Then a bad year came and he had to borrow a little money. An’ we was born here. There in the door—our children born here. And Pa had to borrow money. The bank owned the land then, but we stayed and we got a little bit of what we raised.”

“We know that—all that. It’s not us, it’s the bank. A bank isn’t like a man. Or an owner with fifty thousand acres, he isn’t like a man either. That’s the monster.”

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<sup>1</sup> Plow: *charrue*

10 “Sure,” cried the tenant<sup>2</sup> men, “but it’s our land. We measured it and broke it up. We were born on it, and we got killed on it, died on it. Even if it’s no good, it’s still ours. That’s what makes it ours—being born on it, working it, dying on it. That makes ownership, not a paper with numbers on it.”

“We’re sorry. It’s not us. It’s the monster. The bank isn’t like a man.”

“Yes, but the bank is only made of men.”

15 “No, you’re wrong there—quite wrong there. The bank is something else than men. It happens that every man in a bank hates what the bank does, and yet the bank does it. The bank is something more than men, I tell you. It’s the monster. Men made it, but they can’t control it.”

The tenants cried, “Grampa killed Indians, Pa killed snakes for the land. Maybe we can kill banks—they’re worse than Indians and snakes. Maybe we got to fight to keep our land, like Pa and Granpa did.”

And now the owner men grew angry. “You’ll have to go.”

“But it’s ours,” the tenant men cried. “We—“

“No. The bank, the monster owns it. You’ll have to go.”

25 “We’ll get our guns, like Granpa when the Indians came. What then?”

“Well—first the sheriff, and then the troops. You’ll be stealing if you try to stay, you’ll be murderers if you kill to stay. The monster isn’t men, but it can make men do what it wants.”

“But if we go, where’ll we go? How’ll we go? We got no money.”

“We’re sorry,” said the owner men. “The bank, the fifty-thousand-acre owner can’t be responsible. You’re on land that isn’t yours. Once over the line maybe you can pick cotton in the fall. Maybe you can go on relief. Why don’t you go on west to California? There’s work there, and it never gets cold. Why, you can reach out anywhere and pick an orange. Why, there’s always some kind of crop to work in. Why don’t you go there?”

30 And the owner men started their cars and rolled away.

John STEINBECK, *The Grapes of Wrath*, chapter 5, 1939.

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<sup>2</sup> Tenant: a person who occupies land rented from another (the owner)

## DOCUMENT C

### Art and Activism: 1930s and Today

Can political art change the world? It's a question that political artists often ask, sometimes in frustration and sometimes in despair.

History and current examples show that it can. By itself art cannot change everything, but its effect can be profound. From the Great Depression to present day, art has been a powerful catalyst for advocacy, for building solidarity, and for preserving a history often suppressed in the mainstream.

There are those who believe art should never sully<sup>3</sup> itself with politics. In the 1930s, however, many artists did sully their art with political content, in solidarity with the 99% against the ruling elites with their increasingly monopolized wealth. Artists had that solidarity with workers and poor people because they saw themselves as workers and poor people.

In the 1930s, even the federal government treated artists as workers. Through President Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal programs, artists were employed painting murals, taking photographs, and creating posters, lithographs and woodcuts. Today a poor artist might be offered "life skills training" and job counseling... but certainly not asked, as they were by New Deal programs, to make art at a living wage, with no restrictions on what was produced and no goal of marketability.

The Great Depression was the first time in U.S. history that a widespread movement of artists began addressing politics and using their art to influence society. Artists organized exhibitions on social and political themes such as poverty, lack of affordable housing, anti-lynching, anti-fascism, and workers' strikes. They organized conferences and unionized<sup>4</sup>. They contributed to leftist publications like the Daily Worker, New Masses, and Art Front which emphasized artwork as a regular part of their content. [...]

Art never affects the world in a vacuum<sup>5</sup>. It exists as a part of culture. Political art standing against repressive forces in society is part of the culture of change. Political art affects the real world as part of the force that keeps the human spirit alive. It keeps the flame of justice burning. It keeps memory alive. It moves with the struggles and moves the struggles forward.

Paul BODEN, *www.huffpost.com*, 12 July 2011.

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<sup>3</sup> To sully: *souiller*

<sup>4</sup> To unionize: to organize workers into a trade union

<sup>5</sup> A vacuum: *un vide*

## SUJET n°2

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

**Axe d'étude 1 : « Exploration et aventure »**

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

Write a short commentary (500 words) on documents A, B and C paying particular attention to the following aspects: the British travelling experience in Europe, the measure of its success and the tone of each document.

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

“The hour was approaching at which the continental breakfast begins, or rather ceases and the ladies bought some hot chestnut paste out of a little shop, because it looked so typical. It tasted partly of the paper in which it was wrapped, partly of hair oil, partly of the great unknown. But it gave them strength to drift into another Piazza, large and dusty, on the farther side of which rose a black-and-white facade of surpassing ugliness. Miss Lavish spoke to it dramatically. It was Santa Croce. The adventure was over.” (l. 1-7)

## DOCUMENT A

Next morning at seven o'clock, we started for Rome.

As soon as we were out of the pig-sty, we entered on the Campagna Romana; an undulating flat, where few people can live; and where, for miles and miles, there is nothing to relieve the terrible monotony and gloom. Of all kinds of country that could, by possibility, lie outside the gates of Rome, this is the aptest and fittest burial-ground for the Dead City. So sad, so quiet, so sullen; so secret in its covering up of great masses of ruin, and hiding them; so like the waste places into which the men possessed with devils used to go and howl, and rend themselves, in the old days of Jerusalem. We had to traverse thirty miles of this Campagna; and for two-and-twenty we went on and on, seeing nothing but now and then a lonely house, or a villainous-looking shepherd: with matted hair all over his face, and himself wrapped to the chin in a frowsy<sup>6</sup> brown mantle, tending his sheep. [...]

When we were fairly going off again, we began, in a perfect fever, to strain our eyes for Rome; and when, after another mile or two, the Eternal City appeared, at length, in the distance; it looked like—I am half afraid to write the word—like LONDON!!! There it lay, under a thick cloud, with innumerable towers, and steeples<sup>7</sup>, and roofs of houses, rising up into the sky, and high above them all, one Dome. I swear, that keenly as I felt the seeming absurdity of the comparison, it was so like London, at that distance, that if you could have shown it me, in a glass, I should have taken it for nothing else.

Charles DICKENS, *Pictures from Italy*, 1846.

## DOCUMENT B

The hour was approaching at which the continental breakfast begins, or rather ceases and the ladies bought some hot chestnut paste out of a little shop, because it looked so typical. It tasted partly of the paper in which it was wrapped, partly of hair oil, partly of the great unknown. But it gave them strength to drift into another Piazza, large and dusty, on the farther side of which rose a black-and-white facade of surpassing ugliness. Miss Lavish spoke to it dramatically. It was Santa Croce. The adventure was over.

“Stop a minute; let those two people go on, or I shall have to speak to them. I do detest conventional intercourse. Nasty! they are going into the church, too. Oh, the Britisher abroad!”

“Look at their figures!” laughed Miss Lavish. “They walk through my Italy like a pair of cows. It’s very naughty of me, but I would like to set an examination paper at Dover, and turn back every tourist who couldn’t pass it.”

“What would you ask us?”

Miss Lavish laid her hand pleasantly on Lucy’s arm, as if to suggest that she, at all events, would get full marks. In this exalted mood they reached the steps of the great

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<sup>6</sup> Frowsy: *miteux*

<sup>7</sup> Steeples: *clochers*

church, and were about to enter it when Miss Lavish stopped, squeaked, flung up her arms, and cried:

“There goes my local-colour box! I must have a word with him!”

20 And in a moment she was away over the Piazza, her military cloak flapping in the wind; nor did she slacken speed till she caught up an old man with white whiskers<sup>8</sup>, and nipped him playfully upon the arm.

Lucy waited for nearly ten minutes. Then she began to get tired. The beggars worried her, the dust blew in her eyes, and she remembered that a young girl ought not to loiter in public places. She descended slowly into the Piazza with the intention of rejoining Miss Lavish, who was really almost too original. But at that moment Miss Lavish and her local-colour box moved also, and disappeared down a side street, both gesticulating largely. Tears of indignation came to Lucy's eyes partly because Miss Lavish had jilted her, partly because she had taken her Baedeker<sup>9</sup>. How could she find her way home? How could she find her way about in Santa Croce? Her first morning was ruined, and she might never be in Florence again. A few minutes ago she had been all high spirits, talking as a woman of culture, and half persuading herself that she was full of originality. Now she entered the church depressed and humiliated, not even able to remember whether it was built by the Franciscans or the Dominicans. Of course, it must be a wonderful building. But how like a barn! And how very cold! Of course, it contained frescoes by Giotto, in the presence of whose tactile values she was capable of feeling what was proper. But who was to tell her which they were? She walked about disdainfully, unwilling to be enthusiastic over monuments of uncertain authorship or date. There was no one even to tell her which, of all the sepulchral slabs<sup>10</sup> that paved the nave and transepts, was the one that was really beautiful, the one that had been most praised by Mr. Ruskin<sup>11</sup>.

Then the pernicious charm of Italy worked on her, and, instead of acquiring information, she began to be happy.

E. M. FORSTER, *A Room with a View*, 1908.

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<sup>8</sup> Whiskers: *moustaches*

<sup>9</sup> A Baedeker: a travel guidebook

<sup>10</sup> Slab: a broad flat thick piece of stone

<sup>11</sup> John Ruskin: a Victorian art critic

DOCUMENT C



Johan ZOFFANY, *Charles Towneley in his Sculpture Gallery*, 1782,  
(Oil on canvas, 127 x 102 cm. Art Gallery and Museum, Burnley).

# **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 feat<sup>1</sup> 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 nurturing<sup>2</sup> 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.

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<sup>1</sup> Feat: a remarkable, skillful, or daring action

<sup>2</sup> 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 sidekick<sup>3</sup>.

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 8<sup>th</sup> 2019,

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

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<sup>3</sup> 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.

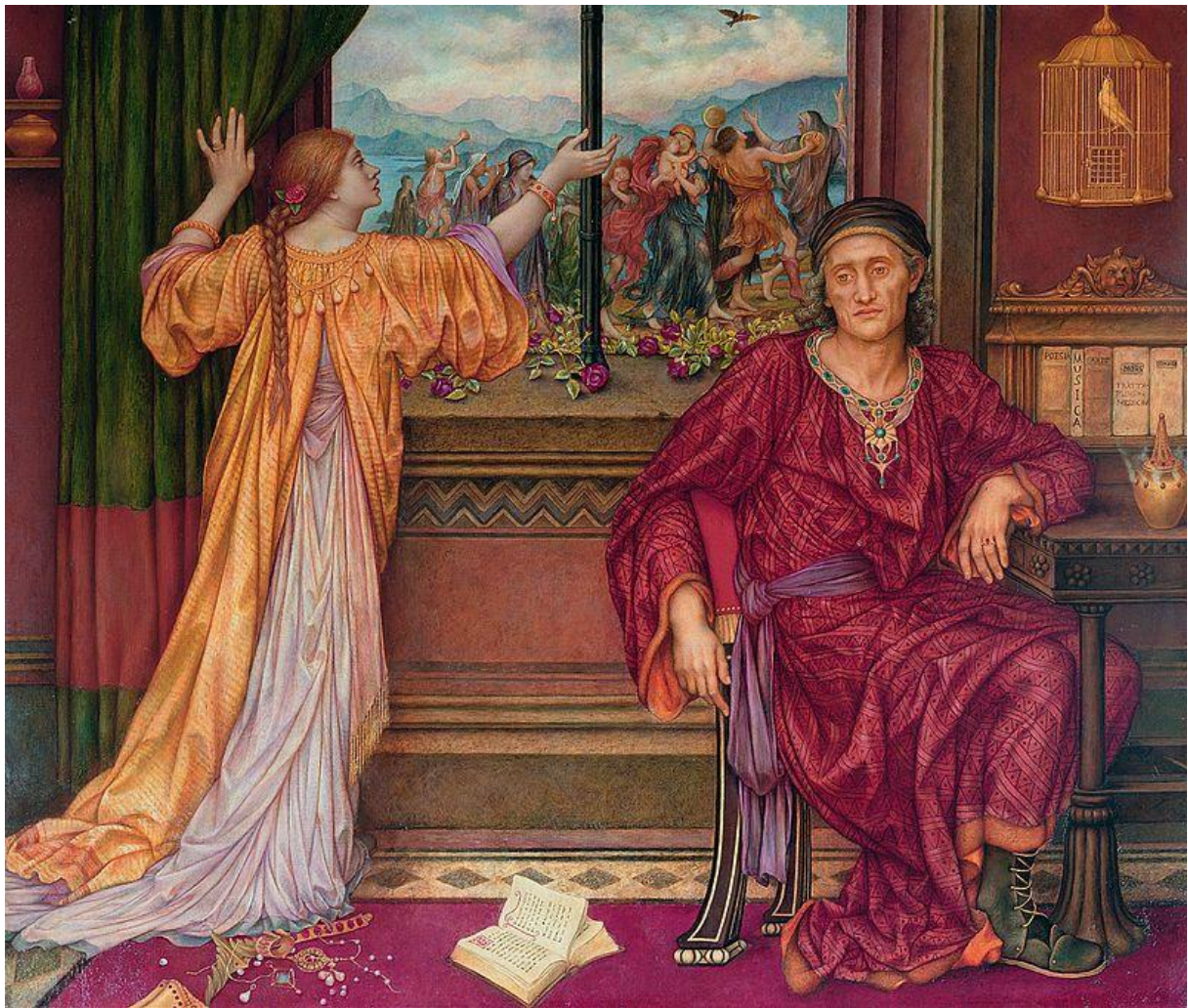
You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat  
And eat three pounds of sausages at a go  
Or only bread and pickle for a week  
15 And hoard pens and pencils and beer mats and things in boxes.

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 Pradesh<sup>4</sup> 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 midriff<sup>5</sup> 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 toss<sup>6</sup>," 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 16<sup>th</sup> 2017.

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

<sup>5</sup> Baring her midriff: uncovering the middle part of her body

<sup>6</sup> 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 cower<sup>7</sup>, 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.

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<sup>7</sup> To cower: to crouch (bend low) or cringe as in fear

Document C  
PETA<sup>8</sup> activists protest against an art exhibition



 **Gothamist**   
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PETA Condemns LES Art Gallery For Displaying Live Mice In The Floor  
[gothamist.com/2017/11/01/liv...](http://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](http://gothamist.com)

 11 8:49 PM - Nov 1, 2017 

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[www.peta.org/blog/cruel-live-mouse-exhibit-closes-early-thanks-to-peta-protest/](http://www.peta.org/blog/cruel-live-mouse-exhibit-closes-early-thanks-to-peta-protest/)

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