Bac Général HLP + LLCER (Humanités, littérature et philosophie et Langues, littératures et cultures étrangères et régionales)

SUJET D'EXAMEN (SESSION OFFICIELLE)

LLCER - Anglais - Session 2021

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BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2021

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES ET CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES

ANGLAIS

Durée de l'épreuve : **3 heures 30**

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La calculatrice n'est pas autorisée.

Dès que ce sujet vous est remis, assurez-vous qu'il est complet.
Ce sujet comporte 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 n°1

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

1ère partie : Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et des documents A, B et C et traitez la consigne suivante <u>en anglais</u> et en 500 mots environ.

Taking into account the specificities of the three documents, use the following guidelines to:

- give a definition of exploration;
- show how the documents reflect clichés about the discovery of new places;
- explain how confronting the unknown may question people's perception of the world.

2ème partie : Traduction en français.

Translate the following passage from Document B into French.

"We went to visit friends in Catford the other day, where I'd never been in my life, and we set off through the Blackwall Tunnel and realised in fact it's no distance at all! But once you cycle round London, you take much better control of it than on the Tube or even the bus. You work out your own routes and you know exactly where you are and you know how long it's going to take you to get from one place to another, and you're not dependent on the vagaries of the transport system." (lines 6-12)

Document A

The night air at Honolulu airport was like nothing Bernard had experienced before, warm and velvety, almost palpable. To feel it on your face was like being licked by a large friendly dog, whose breath smelled of frangipani with a hint of petrol, and you felt it almost instantly on arrival, because the walkways – stuffy glazed corridors in most airports, mere extensions of the claustrophobic aircraft cabin – were open at their sides to the air. He and his father were soon sweating again in their thick English clothes, but a light breeze fanned their cheeks and rustled in the floodlit palm trees. A kind of tropical garden had been laid out next to the terminal building, with artificial ponds and streams, and naked torches burning amid the foliage. It was this spectacle which seemed to convince Mr Walsh that they had finally arrived at their destination. He stopped and gawped. “Look at that,” he said. “Jungle.”

As they waited beside a carousel in the Arrivals hall, a beautiful brown-skinned young woman in the Travelwise livery came up to them, smiled brilliantly and said, “*Aloha*! Welcome to Hawaii! My name’s Linda and I’m your airport facilitator.”

“Hallo,” said Bernard. “My name’s Walsh and this is my father.”

“Right,” said Linda, ticking off their names on her clipboard. “Mr Bernard Walsh and Mr John Walsh.” She gave them the quick, quizzical appraisal to which Bernard was getting accustomed. “There’s no Mrs Walsh?”

“No,” said Bernard.

“Okay,” said Linda. “When you two gentlemen have collected your bags, will you gather with the rest of the group, please, over by the Information Desk, for the lay greeting.”

That was what it sounded like to Bernard. He experienced a sudden spasm of foolish dread, that some garbled version of his personal history had preceded him to Hawaii, and that a committee of parochial worthies had been organized to welcome him, or embarrass him. “Lay greeting?”

“That’s correct, it’s inclusive. You’re staying at the Waikiki Surfrider, right?”

“Yes,” said Bernard, who had decided that it was too late, and they were both tired, to try and locate Ursula’s apartment tonight.

“There’s a bus waiting outside the terminal to take everybody to their hotels,” said Linda, “right after the lay greeting.”

While they were waiting for the carousel to deliver their suitcases, Bernard investigated his Travelpak, and found in it two vouchers, each for “One *lei* value US $15.00”. It didn’t take him long to work out that *lei* was pronounced “lay”, and was a garland of flower heads threaded on a string. In the crowded concourse many newly arrived passengers were having these objects flung over their shoulders by friends and professional greeters, with accompanying cries of “*Aloha*!”

David Lodge, *Paradise News*, chapter 4, 1991

Document B

The book Londoners *by Craig Taylor is a collection of eighty different stories written by current and former residents of London about their perspective on the city.*

EMILY DAVIS

Cyclist

Everybody has their own London and they don't very often move outside it. So I have Hackney and Stoke Newington, Islington and Covent Garden and the West End, which I feel very much are my London. And then I have whatever parts I'm working in. Anything else is an adventure. We went to visit friends in Catford the other day, where I'd never been in my life, and we set off through the Blackwall Tunnel and realised in fact it's no distance at all! But once you cycle round London, you take much better control of it than on the Tube or even the bus. You work out your own routes and you know exactly where you are and you know how long it's going to take you to get from one place to another, and you're not dependent on the vagaries of the transport system. I think there is something about controlling your own route and deciding whether you're going to turn left or right and will I cut across the park or will I go round? All those things give you a sense of ownership that you don't get on public transport and somebody else is delivering you to the point.

There are areas I probably wouldn't go by myself late at night, including areas not far from where I live. But that's to do with that sense of ownership when you've kind of mapped your city, then those mapped areas you feel somehow you're entitled to, whereas I'm sure if I lived in some of the areas I personally now wouldn't go at night, they would be fine for me as well. I don't think there are areas that are particularly dangerous. I think it's just unfamiliarity.

Craig Taylor, *Londoners*, « Getting around », 2011

Document C



Black and white photograph

Jane Bown, *American Tourists in London*, 1968

SUJET n°2

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

1ère partie : Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et des documents A, B et C et traitez la consigne suivante en anglais et en 500 mots environ.

Taking into account the specificities of the three documents, use the following guidelines to:

- show how various art forms can be used to help the women in the documents convey their messages convincingly;
- study the different types of audiences involved in the documents;
- explain how art can become a means of empowerment.

2ème partie : Traduction en français.

Translate the following passage from Document A into French.

“My statue is larger than life, as statues tend to be, and shows me as younger, slimmer, and in better shape than I’ve been for some time. I am standing straight, shoulders back, my lips curved into a firm but benevolent smile. My eyes are fixed on some cosmic point of reference understood to represent my idealism, my unflinching commitment to duty, my determination to move forward despite all obstacles.” (lines 9-13)

Document A

Only dead people are allowed to have statues, but I have been given one while still alive. Already I am petrified.

This statue was a small token of appreciation for my many contributions, said the citation, which was read out by Aunt Vidala. She'd been assigned the task by our superiors, and was far from appreciative. I thanked her with as much modesty as I could summon, then pulled the rope that released the cloth drape shrouding me; it billowed to the ground, and there I stood. We don't do cheering here at Ardua Hall, but there was some discreet clapping. I inclined my head in a nod.

My statue is larger than life, as statues tend to be, and shows me as younger, slimmer, and in better shape than I've been for some time. I am standing straight, shoulders back, my lips curved into a firm but benevolent smile. My eyes are fixed on some cosmic point of reference understood to represent my idealism, my unflinching commitment to duty, my determination to move forward despite all obstacles. Not that anything in the sky would be visible to my statue, placed as it is in a morose cluster of trees and shrubs beside the footpath running in front of Ardua Hall. We Aunts must not be too presumptuous, even in stone.

Clutching my left hand is a girl of seven or eight, gazing up at me with trusting eyes. My right hand rests on the head of a woman crouched at my side, her hair veiled, her eyes upturned in an expression that could be read as either craven or grateful – one of our Handmaids – and behind me is one of my Pearl Girls, ready to set out on her missionary work. Hanging from a belt around my waist is my Taser. This weapon reminds me of my failings: had I been more effective, I would not have needed such an implement. The persuasion in my voice would have been enough.

As a group of statuary it's not a great success: too crowded. I would have preferred more emphasis on myself. But at least I look sane. It could well have been otherwise, as the elderly sculptress – a true believer since deceased – had a tendency to confer bulging eyes on her subjects as a sign of their pious fervour. Her bust of Aunt Helena looks rabid, that of Aunt Vidala is hyperthyroid, and that of Aunt Elizabeth appears ready to explode.

At the unveiling the sculptress was nervous. Was her rendition of me sufficiently flattering? Did I approve of it? Would I be *seen* to approve? I toyed with the idea of frowning as the sheet came off, but thought better of it: I am not without compassion. "Very lifelike," I said.

That was nine years ago. Since then my statue has weathered: pigeons have decorated me, moss has sprouted in my damper crevices. Votaries have taken to leaving offerings at my feet: eggs for fertility, oranges to suggest the fullness of pregnancy, croissants to reference the moon. I ignore the breadstuffs – usually they have been rained on – but pocket the oranges. Oranges are so refreshing.

Margaret Atwood, *The Testaments*, Part one, 2019

Document B

Well, children, where there is so much racket there must be something out of kilter. I think that 'twixt[1] the negroes of the South and the women at the North, all talking about rights, the white men will be in a fix[2] pretty soon. But what's all this here talking about?

That man over there says that women need to be helped into carriages, and lifted over ditches, and to have the best place everywhere. Nobody ever helps me into carriages, or over mud-puddles, or gives me any best place! And ain't I a woman? Look at me! Look at my arm! I have ploughed and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me! And ain't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man – when I could get it and – bear the lash as well! And ain't I a woman? I have borne thirteen children, and seen most all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me! And ain't I a woman?

Then they talk about this thing in the head; what's this they call it? [member of audience whispers, "intellect"] That's it, honey. What's that got to do with women's rights or negroes' rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint, and yours holds a quart, wouldn't you be mean not to let me have my little half measure full?

Then that little man in black there, he says women can't have as much rights as men, 'cause Christ wasn't a woman! Where did your Christ come from? Where did your Christ come from? From God and a woman! Man had nothing to do with Him.

If the first woman God ever made was strong enough to turn the world upside down all alone, these women together ought to be able to turn it back, and get it right side up again! And now they is asking to do it, the men better let them.

Obliged to you for hearing me, and now old Sojourner ain't got nothing more to say.

Sojourner Truth, "*Ain't I a Woman?*",
Speech delivered at the Women's Convention in Akron, Ohio, 1851

[1] 'twixt: between
[2] in a fix (*informal*): in a difficult situation

Document C



Black and white photograph, Espace EWS, Zurich, Switzerland

Annie Leibovitz, « Serena and Venus Williams[3], Palm Beach Florida », 2016

[3] The Williams sisters are American tennis champions.