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

SUJET D'EXAMEN (SESSION OFFICIELLE)

LLCER - Anglais - Session 2022

Sujet de l'examen national tel que publié pour la session indiquée. Source : sujets nationaux publiés par le ministère chargé de l'examen et les services académiques. Document mis à disposition par FormaV pour la révision.

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BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2022

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES
ET
CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES

ANGLAIS

Durée de l'épreuve : **3 heures 30**

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

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.

Ce sujet comporte 9 pages numérotées de 1 à 9.

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

Répartition des points

Synthèse	16 points
Traduction ou transposition	4 points

SUJET 1

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

<u>Partie 1 (16 points)</u> : prenez connaissance des documents A, B, et C et traitez le sujet suivant <u>en anglais</u> :

Write a commentary about the three documents (about 500 words): taking into account their specificities, analyse how the documents deal with the role of books in education.

<u>Partie 2 (4 points)</u> : **traduisez le passage suivant du document A <u>en français</u> :**

Keating rose from his seat as Neil read and went to the blackboard. Neil stopped, and Keating waited a moment to let the lesson sink in. Then Keating grabbed onto his own throat and screamed horribly. "AHHHHGGGGG!!" he shouted. "Refuse! Garbage! Rip it out of your books. Go on, rip out the entire page! I want this rubbish in the trash where it belongs!"

He grabbed the trash can and dramatically marched down the aisles, pausing for each boy to deposit the ripped page from his book." (L.15-21)

DOCUMENT A

The following morning John Keating sat in a chair beside his desk. His mood seemed serious and quiet.

"Boys," he said as the class bell rang, "open your Pritchard text to page 21 of the introduction. Mr. Perry" – he gestured toward Neil – "kindly read aloud the first paragraph of the preface entitled 'Understanding poetry'".

The boys found the pages in their text, sat upright, and followed as Neil read: "Understanding poetry, by Dr. J. Evan Pritchard, PhD[1]. To fully understand poetry, we must first be fluent with its meter, rhyme, and figures of speech, then ask two questions: 1) How artfully has the objective of the poem been rendered and 2) How important is that objective? Question 1 rates the poem's perfection; question 2 rates its importance. Once these questions have been answered, determining the poem's greatness becomes a relatively simple matter. If the poem's score for perfection is plotted on the horizontal of a graph and its importance is plotted on the vertical, then calculating the total area of the poem yields the measure of its greatness." […]

Keating rose from his seat as Neil read and went to the blackboard. Neil stopped, and Keating waited a moment to let the lesson sink in. Then Keating grabbed onto his own throat and screamed horribly. "AHHHHGGGGG!!" he shouted. "Refuse! Garbage! Rip it out of your books. Go on, rip out the entire page! I want this rubbish in the trash where it belongs!"

He grabbed the trash can and dramatically marched down the aisles, pausing for each boy to deposit the ripped page from his book."

"Make a clean tear," Keating cautioned. "I want nothing left of it! Dr. J. Evans Pritchard, you are disgraceful!" […]

Keating strutted back to the front of the room, put the trash can on the floor ad jumped onto it. The boys laughed louder. Fire danced in Keating's eyes. He stomped the trash a few times, then stepped out and kicked the can away.

"This is battle, boys," he cried. "War! You are souls at critical juncture. […] Have no fear, you will learn what this school wants you to learn in my class; however, if I do my job properly, you will also learn a great deal more. For example, you will learn to savor language and words because no matter what anyone tells you, words and ideas have the power to change the world."

N.H. KLEINBAUM, *Dead Poets Society*, 1988

[1] PhD: doctorate (highest university diploma).

DOCUMENT B



Caption: *We keep 'Little Red Riding Hood' out of schools because of the bottle of wine in her basket. Why not assault weapons?*

Moms Demand Action for Gun Sense in America[2]

www.politifact.com, August 2013

[2] "Moms Demand Action" is a movement of Americans fighting for public safety measures that can protect people from gun violence.

DOCUMENT C

Teenage Vandals Were Sentenced to Read Books

A Virginia judge handed down an unusual sentence last yeat after five teenagers defaced a historic black school with swastikas and words “white power” and “black power”. Instead of spending time in community service, Judge Avelina Jacob decided, the youths should read a book.

But not just any book. They had to choose from a list of ones covering some of history’s most divisive historic periods. The horrors of the Holocaust awaited them in “Night” by Elie Wiesel. The racism of the Jim Crow South was there in Maya Angelou’s “I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings”. The brutal hysteria of persecution could be explored in “The Crucible” by Arthur Miller.

A year has passed since the youths spray-painted their hateful messages on the side of the Ashburn Colored School, a one-room, 19th-century classroom that had been used by black children during segregation in Northern Virginia. The swastikas and words were long ago covered with paint. The teenagers have read their book and written their reports. […]

One of the teenagers wrote that he feels “especially awful” that he made anyone feel bad. “Everybody should be treated with equality, no matter the race, religion, sex or orientation. I will do my best to see to it that I never am this ignorant again.” […]

Marilyn Nelson, the author of a poetry book about a black youth who was murdered in Mississippi in 1955, said she was concerned it might have the opposite effect to what was intended. “I can’t say I’m pleased to know that my work is being inflicted as a punishment,” she said. “Will kids punished by being made to read poetry ever read poetry again?”

Other authors expressed hope that the underlying message in their works was not lost. “Engaging with characters that differ from us in race, religion or culture, helps us feel our immutable connections as a species,” Mr. Hosseini[3] said. “Books allow us to see ourselves in another. They transform us.” […]

Christine HAUSER, *The New York Times*, April 5, 2018

[3] Khaled Hosseini: the author of *The Kite Runner*, a 2003 novel about family, love and friendship in war-devastated Afghanistan.

SUJET 2

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

<u>Partie 1 (16 points)</u> : prenez connaissance des documents A, B, et C et traitez le sujet suivant <u>en anglais</u> :

Write a commentary about the three documents (about 500 words): taking into account their specificities, analyse how the documents deal with exploration in the United States.

<u>Partie 2 (4 points)</u> : **traduisez le passage suivant du document C <u>en français</u> :**

Jim Gallien had driven four miles out of Fairbanks when he spotted the hitchhiker standing in the snow beside the road, thumb raised high, shivering in the gray Alaska dawn. He didn't appear to be very old: eighteen, maybe nineteen at most. A rifle protruded from the young man's backpack, but he looked friendly enough; a hitchhiker with a Remington semiautomatic isn't the sort of thing that gives motorists pause in the forty-ninth state. Gallien steered his truck onto the shoulder and told the kid to climb in. (L.1-7)

DOCUMENT A



James Florabond PALMER, *The Rocky Mountains: Emigrants Crossing the Plains*, 52.9 x 71 cm handcolored lithograph, Currier & Ives (Publishers), 1866

Document B

[…] For I stand tonight facing west on what was once the last frontier. From the lands that stretch three thousand miles behind me, the pioneers of old gave up their safety, their comfort and sometimes their lives to build a new world here in the West. They were not the captives of their own doubts, the prisoners of their own price tags. Their motto was not “every man for themselves” — but — “all for the common cause.” They were determined to make that new world strong and free, to overcome its hazards and its hardships, to conquer the enemies that threatened from without and from within.

Today some would say that those struggles are all over — that all the horizons have been explored — that all the battles have been won — that there is no longer an American frontier.

But I trust that no one in this vast assemblage will agree with those sentiments. For the problems are not all solved and the battles are not all won — and we stand today on the edge of a New Frontier — the frontier of the 1960’s — a frontier of unknown opportunities and perils — a frontier of unfulfilled hopes and threats.

Woodrow Wilson’s New Freedom promised our nation a new political and economic framework. Franklin Roosevelt’s New Deal promised security and succor

to those in need. But the New Frontier of which I speak is not a set of promises — it is a set of challenges. It sums up not what I intend to *offer* the American people, but what I intend to *ask* of them. It appeals to their pride, not to their pocketbook — it holds out the promise of more sacrifice instead of more security.

But I tell you the New Frontier is here, whether we seek it or not. Beyond that frontier are the uncharted areas of science and space, unsolved problems of peace and war, unconquered pockets of ignorance and prejudice, unanswered questions of poverty and surplus. It would be easier to shrink back from that frontier, to look to the safe mediocrity of the past, to be lulled by good intentions and high rhetoric — and those who prefer that course should not cast their votes for me, regardless of party.

But I believe the times demand imagination and courage and perseverance. I am asking each of you to be pioneers on that New Frontier. […]

Address of Senator John Fitzgerald KENNEDY accepting the Democratic Party nomination for the Presidency of the United States, Los Angeles, California, July 15, 1960

DOCUMENT C

Jim Gallien had driven four miles out of Fairbanks when he spotted the hitchhiker standing in the snow beside the road, thumb raised high, shivering in the gray Alaska dawn. He didn't appear to be very old: eighteen, maybe nineteen at most. A rifle protruded from the young man's backpack, but he looked friendly enough; a hitchhiker with a Remington semiautomatic isn't the sort of thing that gives motorists pause in the forty-ninth state. Gallien steered his truck onto the shoulder and told the kid to climb in.

The hitchhiker swung his pack into the bed of the Ford and introduced himself as Alex. "Alex?" Gallien responded, fishing for a last name. "Just Alex," the young man replied, pointedly rejecting the bait. Five feet seven or eight with a wry build, he claimed to be twenty-four years old and said he was from South Dakota. He explained that he wanted a ride as far as the edge of Denali National Park, where he intended to walk deep into the bush, and "live off the land for a few months." […]

The sun came up. As they rolled down from the forested ridges above the Tanana River, Alex gazed across the expanse of windswept muskeg[4] stretching to the South. Gallien wondered whether he'd picked one of those crackpots from the lower forty-eight who come north to live out ill-considered Jack London[5] fantasies. Alaska has long been a magnet for dreamers and misfits, people who think the unsullied enormity of the Last Frontier will patch all the holes in their lives. The bush is an unforgiving place, however, that cares nothing for hope or longing. […]

It was a two-hour drive from Fairbanks to the edge of Denali Park. The more they talked, the less Alex struck Gallien as a nutcase. He was congenial and seemed well educated. He peppered Gallien with thoughtful questions about the kind of small game that live in the country, the kinds of berries he could eat — "that kind of thing." Still, Gallien was concerned. Alex admitted that the only food in his pack was a ten-pound bag of rice. His gear seemed exceedingly minimal for the harsh conditions of the interior, which in April still lay buried under the winter snow pack. Alex's cheap leather hiking boots were neither waterproof nor well insulated. His rifle was only .22 caliber, a bore too small to rely on if he expected to kill large animals like moose and caribou, which he would have to eat if he hoped to remain very long in the country. He had no ax, no bug dope, no snowshoes, no compass. The only navigational aid in his possession was a tattered state road map he'd scrounged at a gas station.

Jon KRAKAUER, *Into the Wild,* 1996

[4] muskeg: a landscape full of marshes containing decaying vegetable matter typical of Northern America.

[5] Jack London: author *The Call of the Wild* ; a novel about a dog who is suddenly transported to Alaska by his master during the Gold Rush of the 1890s.