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

SUJET D'EXAMEN (SESSION OFFICIELLE)

LLCER - Anglais - Session 2023

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BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2023

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES
ET
CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES

ANGLAIS

Mardi 21 mars 2023

Durée de l'épreuve : **3 heures 30**

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La calculatrice n'est pas autorisée.

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

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

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

Répartition des points

Synthèse	16 points
Traduction ou transposition	4 points

SUJET 1

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

1re 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 underline the links between belonging to a community and one's identity.

2e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

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."

"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."

"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 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 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 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 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?"

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 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 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 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.

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 trumped[1] Charles Dickens in that moment," Adewunmi 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 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 ».

1re 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.

2e 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 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. 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 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, 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 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 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*.

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 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 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 callous[1] 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 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.