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

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 2023

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 « Arts et débats d'idées ».

1ère 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, analyse the ways women are depicted in popular culture, and what they are made to represent.

2ème partie

Traduction :

Translate the following passage from Document B into French.

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

"Yes, there was a yard or two of groove in the sand where a canoe had been drawn up into the shelter of the rocks. It must have been a light one or she couldn't have drawn it up alone. Perhaps the girl wasn't alone. But there was only one set of footprints leading down from the rocks to the sea and another set coming out of the sea and up the beach to where she now stood on the tideline. Did she live here, or had she too sailed over from Jamaica that night? Hell of a thing for a girl to do."

(lines 26-32)

Document A

Evolution of Bond Girls

Celebrating *No Time To Die*, Daniel Craig's final movie as the dapper British agent that we all know as 007, it is important to examine the evolution of one of the most important components of James Bond movies: Bond girls.

Historically, Bond girls were either Bond's accomplice or the enemy, attracted by Bond himself. Approaching the Daniel Craig era, there were a few that existed out of these categories, but they eventually died or ended the movie as Bond's lover. Over the years, the 'Bond girl' image has been attributed with the worst aspects of the 007 franchise, being considered sexist, racist, classist, and ultimately utilizing stereotypical body beauty tendencies (despite a changing attitude towards body pride and body positivity). In fact, many label the term 'Bond girl' as being dismissive and possessive. *No Time To Die*, however, redefined the image of a Bond girl. [...]

The Bond girls of the 70s and 80s followed the precedent set by *Dr. No* in all being portrayed as damsels in distress. [...]

Forwarding towards the 90s and 00s, the image of Bond girls changed massively. Rather than damsels in distress, Bond girls are portrayed as partners in crime with Bond on the battlefield. In *GoldenEye*, Natalya Simonova (played by Izabella Scorupco) destroyed the antagonist's satellite, commandeered an enemy helicopter and actually rescued Bond himself.

Also during this time was a wave of changing attitudes regarding gender equality and beauty standards amongst women. The biggest change of the 21st century was about women's beauty standards. [...]

In Daniel Craig's 2006 first outing as Bond, *Casino Royale*, Vesper Lynd was cast as the spy's love interest. However, Lynd ultimately betrayed Bond in the end and, conforming historically to most other Bond movies, died of drowning in the final combat scene in Venice. However, Lynd was thought to be one of the most empowered Bond girls of all time because she has fought for the character to keep her clothes on at all times.

Nhan Phan, *theexonian.net*, October 24th, 2022

Document B

THE ELEGANT VENUS

Bond awoke lazily. The feel of the sand reminded him where he was. He glanced at his watch. Ten o'clock. The sun through the round thick leaves of the sea-grape was already hot. A larger shadow moved across the dappled sand in front of his face. Quarrel?[1] Bond shifted his head and peered through the fringe of leaves and grass that concealed him from the beach. He stiffened. His heart missed a beat and then began pounding so that he had to breathe deeply to quieten it. His eyes, as he stared through the blades of grass, were fierce slits.

It was a naked girl, with her back to him. She was not quite naked. She wore a broad leather belt round her waist with a hunting knife in a leather sheath at her right hip. The belt made her nakedness extraordinarily erotic. She stood not more than five yards away on the tideline looking down at something in her hand. She stood in the classical relaxed pose of the nude, all the weight on the right leg and the left knee bent and turning slightly inwards, the head to one side as she examined the things in her hand.

It was a beautiful back. The skin was a very light uniform *café au lait* with the sheen of dull satin. The gentle curve of the backbone was deeply indented, suggesting more powerful muscles than is usual in a woman, and the behind was almost as firm and rounded as a boy's. The legs were straight and beautiful and no pinkness showed under the slightly lifted left heel. [...]

Her hair was ash blonde. It was cut to the shoulders and hung there and along the side of her bent cheek in thick wet strands. A green diving mask was pushed back above her forehead, and the green rubber thong bound her hair at the back.

The whole scene, the empty beach, the green and blue sea, the naked girl with the strands of fair hair, reminded Bond of something. He searched his mind. Yes, she was Botticelli's Venus, seen from behind.

How had she got there? What was she doing? Bond [...] looked to the left, to where, twenty yards away, the rocks of the small headland began. Yes, there was a yard or two of groove in the sand where a canoe had been drawn up into the shelter of the rocks. It must have been a light one or she couldn't have drawn it up alone. Perhaps the girl wasn't alone. But there was only one set of footprints leading down from the rocks to the sea and another set coming out of the sea and up the beach to where she now stood on the tideline. Did she live here, or had she too sailed over from Jamaica that night? Hell of a thing for a girl to do.

Ian Fleming, *Dr. No*, 1958

[1] Quarrel is a character who is on Bond's side.

Document C



Film poster, *The Hunger Games*, *Mockingjay*, Part I, 2014

SUJET 2

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

1ère partie

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

Taking into account the specificities of the documents, analyse how the artists have depicted the connection between the feelings of the protagonists and their American environment.

2ème partie

Traduction :

Translate the following passage from Document C into French.

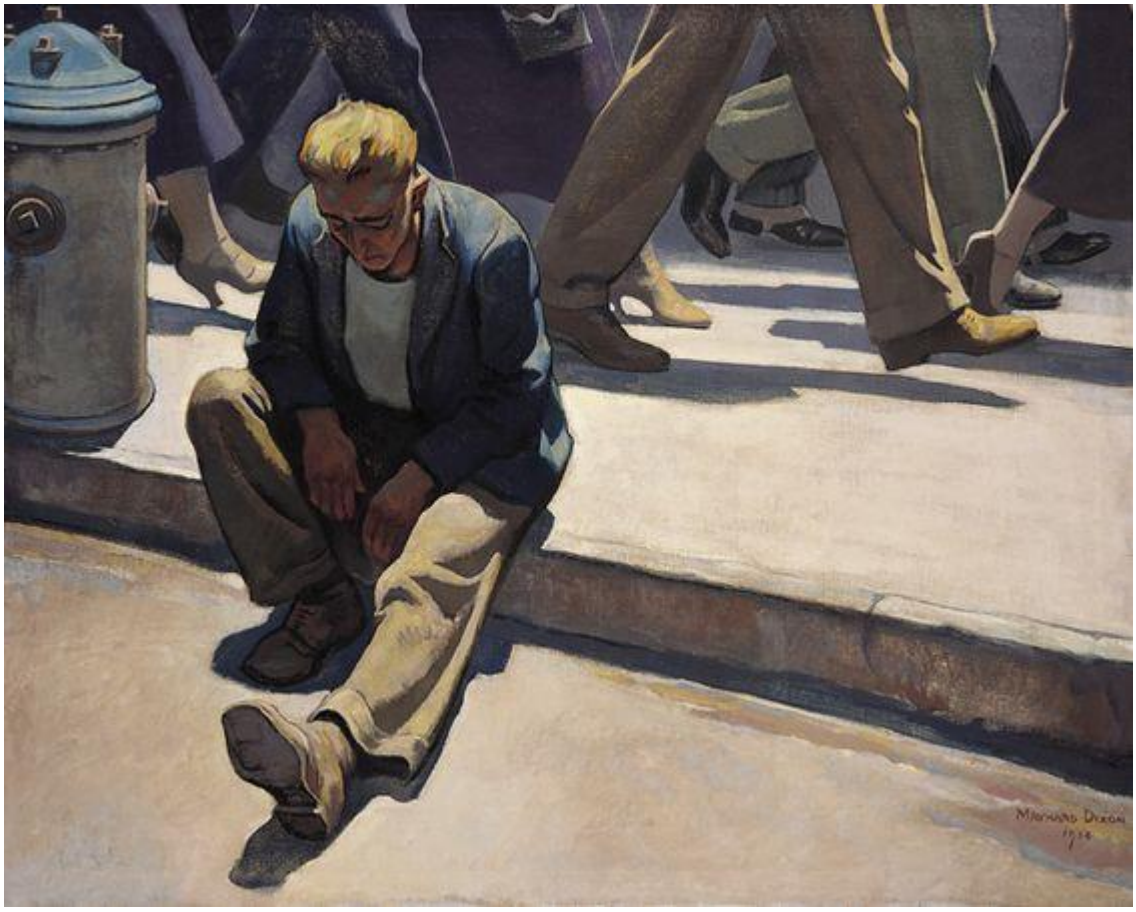
L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

"While I enjoy the friendship of the seasons I trust that nothing can make life a burden to me. The gentle rain which waters my beans and keeps me in the house to-day is not drear[1] and melancholy, but good for me too. […] I have never felt lonesome, or in the least oppressed by a sense of solitude, but once, and that was a few weeks after I came to the woods, when, for an hour, I doubted if the near neighborhood of man was not essential to a serene and healthy life. To be alone was something unpleasant."

(lines 4-10)

[1] drear: dull or that makes you feel sad

Document A



Oil on canvas, 101 x 128 cm, Brigham Young University Museum of Art,

Maynard Dixon, *Forgotten man*, 1934

Document B

On Broadway[1]

About me young careless feet
Linger along the garish[2] street;
  Above, a hundred shouting signs
Shed down their bright fantastic glow
  Upon the merry crowd and lines
Of moving carriages below.
Oh wonderful is Broadway—only
My heart, my heart is lonely.

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

Claude McKay, *Spring in New Hampshire and Other Poems,* 1920

[1] Broadway is a district of New York where many theatres are situated.
[2] garish: flashy
[3] to strut: to walk in an especially confident and proud way

Document C

Thoreau was an American essayist, poet, philosopher and naturalist who spent more than two years living in the woods, next to Walden Pond (Massachusetts), and published his thoughts on simple living close to nature in Walden; Or, Life in the Woods*.*

There can be no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of Nature and has his senses still. There was never yet such a storm but it was Æolian[1] music to a healthy and innocent ear. Nothing can rightly compel a simple and brave man to a vulgar sadness. While I enjoy the friendship of the seasons I trust that nothing can make life a burden to me. The gentle rain which waters my beans and keeps me in the house to-day is not drear[2] and melancholy, but good for me too. […] I have never felt lonesome, or in the least oppressed by a sense of solitude, but once, and that was a few weeks after I came to the woods, when, for an hour, I doubted if the near neighborhood of man was not essential to a serene and healthy life. To be alone was something unpleasant. But I was at the same time conscious of a slight insanity in my mood, and seemed to foresee my recovery. In the midst of a gentle rain while these thoughts prevailed, I was suddenly sensible of such sweet and beneficent society in Nature, in the very pattering of the drops, and in every sound and sight around my house, an infinite and unaccountable friendliness all at once like an atmosphere sustaining me, as made the fancied[3] advantages of human neighborhood insignificant, and I have never thought of them since. Every little pine needle expanded and swelled with sympathy and befriended me. I was so distinctly made aware of the presence of something kindred to me, even in scenes which we are accustomed to call wild and dreary, and also that the nearest of blood to me and humanest was not a person nor a villager, that I thought no place could ever be strange to me again.—

[…]

Men frequently say to me, "I should think you would feel lonesome down there, and want to be nearer to folks, rainy and snowy days and nights especially." I am tempted to reply to such,—This whole earth which we inhabit is but a point in space. How far apart, think you, dwell the two most distant inhabitants of yonder star, the breadth of whose disk cannot be appreciated by our instruments? Why should I feel lonely? Is not our planet in the Milky Way? This which you put seems to me not to be the most important question. What sort of space is that which separates a man from his fellows and makes him solitary? I have found that no exertion of the legs can bring two minds much nearer to one another.

What do we want most to dwell near to? Not to many men surely, the depot, the post-office, the bar-room, the meeting-house, the school-house, the grocery, Beacon Hill,

[1] Æolian music: the music of the wind

[2] drear: dull or that makes you feel sad

[3] to fancy: (here) to imagine something that is not true

or the Five Points, where men most congregate, but to the perennial source of our life, whence in all our experience we have found that to issue, as the willow[1] stands near the water and sends out its roots in that direction. This will vary with different natures, but this is the place where a wise man will dig his cellar.... I one evening overtook one of my townsmen, who has accumulated what is called “a handsome property,”—though I never got a *fair* view of it,—on the Walden road, driving a pair of cattle to market, who inquired of me how I could bring my mind to give up so many of the comforts of life. I answered that I was very sure I liked it passably well; I was not joking. And so I went home to my bed, and left him to pick his way through the darkness and the mud to Brighton[2],—or Bright-town,—which place he would reach some time in the morning.

Henry David Thoreau, « Solitude », *Walden; Or, Life in the Woods*, 1854

[1] willow: a tree with long thin branches and narrow leaves that grows near water

[2] Brighton is a suburb of Boston, Massachusetts.