Bac Général SVT + LLCER (Sciences de la vie et de la Terre et Langues, littératures et cultures étrangères et régionales)

SUJET D'EXAMEN (SESSION OFFICIELLE)

LLCER - Anglais - Session 2022

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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**

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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 1

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 en anglais la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Show how art enables people to tackle the question of identity (in its individual or collective form), and to build a positive creative future for themselves.

2ème partie

Traduction :

Translate the following passage from Document B into French.

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

So these are my superheroes, and my imaginary vindication[1]. Our female ancestors fly across the ocean, invade the museums and take back our possessions. The women have blasted the doors of the museum open, thrown their cotton print dresses away, and reclaimed their traditional dresses. Every dress in the painting is a real dress in a museum collection. I felt much better after I finished. By painting this I took something back. I brought them home. (lignes 5-10)

[1] victory

Document A

Still, We Dance: Why Alvin Ailey's *Revelations* Is More Vital Than Ever

Sixty years after its debut, the company's signature dance remains an ode to the deliverance of self-expression in the face of adversity.

Every year, in theaters and concert halls around the globe, the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater takes audiences to church. Not just any house of worship, but the working-class, Black, Southern temples of rural Texas. The gospel they see and feel is *Revelations*, the company's signature dance, which has been staged more often than the troupe's other celebrated works, for some 25 million fans.

This year *Revelations* turns 60, and it has lost none of its incantatory power. Against the backdrop of both a global pandemic that disproportionately ravages communities of color and the urgency of social justice movements including Black Lives Matter, Ailey's valentine to the spirituals of his youth is its own call to action, an ode to the deliverance of self-expression in the face of adversity.

"Ailey's dance language is ecstatic and virtuosic, and his choreography has given generations of Black dancers a world of complex movement and emotion to inhabit," says the critic Margo Jefferson. As a young woman Debbie Allen saw *Revelations*, and it was a watershed moment. "It was the permission I needed to throw away my pointe shoes and kick-ball-change to that which I could really express," she tells *T&C*. Decades later Khalia Campbell, 27—who appears in this story alongside her Ailey colleagues Samantha Figgins, 31, and James Gilmer, 27—was also mesmerized.

"There were people on the stage who looked like me," Campbell recalls of the performances she saw as a student. "I was able to experience what my ancestors went through, and I was able to see it through movement."

That sense of history's long arc is not just an element of *Revelations*, it is woven into the fabric of a company born out of the civil rights movement to offer hope, strength, and the balm of beauty. Ailey was 29 when he choreographed the piece, and he intended it as a tribute to an elder, his mother, and the music they listened to at Mount Olive Baptist Church during the Depression, and also to his spiritual forebears, the writers Langston Hughes and James Baldwin.

[…]

Ailey artistic director emerita Judith Jamison says they all brought something new to their roles, as will their successors, and in that, too, there is a message. "We have been and continue to be triumphant," she says. "We have many more bridges to cross, and we will cross them."

Kibwe Chase-Marshall, *TOWN&COUNTRY online*, August 6, 2020

Document B



Gouache and watercolour on paper, 50 x 61.7 cm,
Collection of the Saskatchewan Arts Board, Regina[1] –
Sherry Farrell Racette, "**Ancestral Women Taking Back Their Dresses"**, 1990

The first time I travelled to Europe to visit museum collections, I was overwhelmed by the sheer volume of cultural material from across the globe. I was looking for "our stuff" and I found it. When I got back, the first thing people would ask was, "Did you bring them back?" […] "The only way we're ever going to get that stuff back is if those women, the artists, just go there and get it." So these are my superheroes, and my imaginary vindication[2]. Our female ancestors fly across the ocean, invade the museums and take back our possessions. The women have blasted the doors of the museum open, thrown their cotton print dresses away, and reclaimed their traditional dresses. Every dress in the painting is a real dress in a museum collection. I felt much better after I finished. By painting this I took something back. I brought them home.

Sherry Farrell Racette

[1] the capital city of the Canadian province of Saskatchewan
[2] victory

Document C

A Note From the Author

Readers often assume that when a poet uses 'I' in a poem, then it must be about the poet himself or herself. Since I only became familiar with the expression 'half-caste' after moving to Britain, it is not meant to be autobiographical. But I wanted to give a voice to 'half-caste', and through a series of absurd images point to the absurdity of perceiving a human being in terms of 'halves'. So when Tchaikovsky, for instance, mixes a black key with a white key, is the result a half-caste symphony? When light and shadow mix in the sky, is the result a half-caste weather?

Behind the poem lies the harsh lesson of history that the obsession with purity can lead to genocide. The satirical tone of the poem, you can put down to my inspiration from calypso, a powerful Caribbean musical genre in which mischievous lyrics take on serious issues.

I hope you enjoy the collection and grow up not to 'half' a future, but to a full life enriched by the wonder of human diversity. Remember, poetry can be your ally along the way.

John Agard, *half-caste*, 2004

SUJET 2

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

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) :

Compare the different journeys presented; show how they are perceived by the characters; and explain how travelling is used in a symbolic way.

2ème partie

Traduction :

Translate the following passage from Document C into French.

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

Eighty-seven days after setting out to post a letter, Harold Fry arrived at the gates of St Bernadine's Hospice. Including mistakes and diversions, his journey had amounted to six hundred and twenty-seven miles. The building before him was modern and unassuming, flanked by trembling trees. There was an old-fashioned street lamp close to the main entrance, and a sign pointing to a car park. Several bodies sat in deck chairs on the lawn, like clothes set out to dry. (lignes 1-6)

Document A

Our mother calls at nearly midnight, well past her usual sleeping time, so I know something has hold on her. Some bug or a ghost, sleepless itself and unrelenting. Me, I always was a creature of night.

Enough, she says as soon as I answer. You and your brother will make peace. You will spread your father's ashes in Santa Fe. Like he wished.

I pick at a pimple nestled in the folds of my left armpit. It appeared sometime during the course of the day, among the in-growns, painful, not yet ready to burst. When I withdraw my fingers, they are damp and smell lightly of onion. I wipe them on my shirt.

What about work, Mamá? I ask, when work—my mutable employment as a dog walker and babysitter—would never be the issue.

Just a couple of days. You can make the time. I can see what she looks like over the phone lines, the scarf covering her graying curls, her face determined, sheathed in darkness; how her words are a prayer but also a bondage. Cecelia, she says, it's been too long. Your father needs rest. But what she means is, we all do.

After we hang up, I sit a moment holding my phone in both my hands. The flicker from the TV blues the room, accompanied by a nostalgic heaviness. My brother is of night, like me. For the last year, I have avoided thinking of him, across town, separate in his wakefulness. But our mother has summoned us, and there is no escaping that call. I dial. He answers on the second ring and this tells me he's been waiting for me, as I've waited for him.

Lucas, I say. His name feels unfamiliar in my mouth, a little sour, but with a honey to it; I haven't said it in so long. Mamá just called. He sighs and it sounds like storm.

I know, he says, and my silence concedes my utter secondness—in this news as in the order of our birth. Of course she called him first. I wasn't the child who needed convincing.

So? Are we doing this?

Two weeks from now. I can take four days, no more.

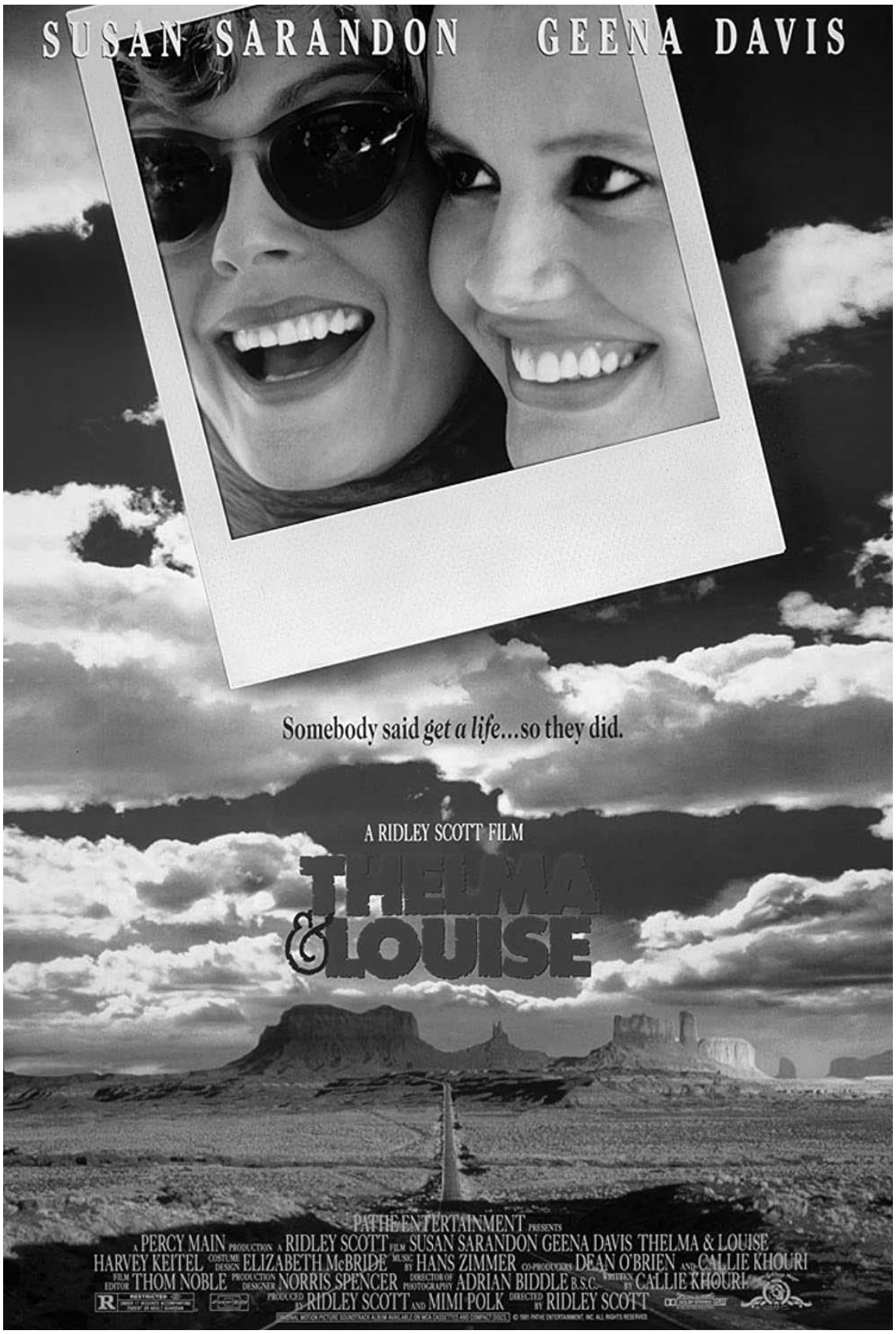
Our mother wants us to drive. To really see the land, she said—the red hills and the cacti standing tall as soldiers—but we both know she wants us to share a small space. To have no other option but to mend. I sense every reluctance in my brother, his petulance[4] clear, seeming stronger than even those days when we were little and hassled one another over every inch of ground, and I can't help but prod, he being a natural extension of myself.

Still a smug little sister, I tell him, We'll take your car.

Dantiel W. Moniz, « Thicker than Water », *Milk Blood Heat*, 2021

[4] irritability

Document B



Poster from the film *Thelma and Louise*, directed by Ridley Scott, 1991

Document C

When Harold Fry leaves home one morning to post a letter, he has no idea that he is about to walk from one end of the country to the other. All he knows is that he must keep walking.

Eighty-seven days after setting out to post a letter, Harold Fry arrived at the gates of St Bernadine's Hospice. Including mistakes and diversions, his journey had amounted to six hundred and twenty-seven miles. The building before him was modern and unassuming, flanked by trembling trees. There was an old-fashioned street lamp close to the main entrance, and a sign pointing to a car park. Several bodies sat in deck chairs on the lawn, like clothes set out to dry. A seagull wheeled and barked overhead.

Harold walked the soft curve of the Tarmac drive and lifted his finger to the buzzer. He wished the moment would hold itself, like an image cut out of time, his dark finger against the white button, the sun on his shoulders, the seagull laughing. His journey was over.

Harold's mind fled back over the miles that had brought him to this place. He saw roads, hills, houses, fences, shopping centres, streetlights and post boxes, and there was nothing extraordinary about any of them. They were simply things he had passed; that anyone might have passed. The thought filled him with sudden anguish, and he was afraid at the point where he had least expected to feel anything other than triumph. How did he ever believe that those very commonplace things would add up to something more? His finger remained, suspended over the buzzer but not pressing it. What had it all been about?

He thought of the people who had helped him. He thought of the unwanted, the unloved; he numbered himself among them. And then he considered what must follow from here. He would give his presents to Queenie, and thank her; but then what? He would return to the old life he had almost forgotten, where people staked trinkets between themselves and the outside world. Where he lay in one bedroom, not sleeping, and Maureen lay in another.

Harold replaced his rucksack on his shoulder and turned from the hospice. As he left the gates the figures lying in deck chairs did not look up. No one was expecting him and so no one appeared to notice his arrival or his departure. The most extraordinary moment of Harold's life had come and gone without trace.

Rachel Joyce, *The Unlikely Pilgrimage of Harold Fry*, 2012