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 2024

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BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2024

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 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 »

1ère partie

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

Taking into account the specificities of the documents, analyse the impact books can have on people.

2ème partie

Traduction :
Translate the following passage from document B into French.

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

None of us had any experience of literary societies, so we made our own rules: we took turns to speak about the books we'd read. At the start, we tried to be calm and objective, but that soon fell away, and the purpose of the speakers was to goad the listeners into wanting to read the book themselves. Once two members had read the same book, they could argue, which was our great delight. We read books, talked books, argued over books, and became dearer and dearer to one another.

(lines 26-32)

DOCUMENT A



Penguin Books advertising campaign, « Escape into a book », 2008

DOCUMENT B

The novel is about a book club created on the island of Guernsey (one of the Channel Islands) during the second World War.

Odd as it may sound, the Germans allowed – and even encouraged – artistic and cultural pursuits among the Channel Islanders. Their object was to prove to the British that the German Occupation was a model one. How this message was to be conveyed to the outside world was never explained, as the telephone and telegraph cable between Guernsey and London had been cut the day the Germans landed in June 1940. Whatever their skewed reasoning, the Channel Islands were treated much more leniently than the rest of conquered Europe – at first.

At the Commandant's Office, my friends were ordered to pay a small fine and submit the name and membership list of their society. The Commandant announced that he, too, was a lover of literature – might he, with a few like-minded officers, sometimes attend meetings? […]

And so it was that we began. I knew all our members, but I did not know them all well. Dawsey had been my neighbour for over thirty years, and yet I don't believe I had ever spoken to him about anything more than the weather and farming. Isola was a dear friend, and Eben, too, but Will Thisbee was only an acquaintance and John Booker was nearly a stranger, for he had only just arrived when the Germans came. It was Elizabeth we had in common. Without her urging, I would never have thought to invite them to share my pigs[1], and the Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society would never have drawn breath.

That evening when they came to my house to make their selections, those who had rarely read anything other than scripture, seed catalogues, and *The Pigman's Gazette* discovered a different kind of reading. It was here Dawsey found his Charles Lamb[2] and Isola fell upon *Wuthering Heights*. For myself, I chose *The Pickwick Papers*[3], thinking it would lift my spirits – it did.

Then each went home and read. We began to meet – for the sake of the Commandant at first, and then for our own pleasure. None of us had any experience of literary societies, so we made our own rules: we took turns to speak about the books we'd read. At the start, we tried to be calm and objective, but that soon fell away, and the purpose of the speakers was to goad the listeners into wanting to read the book themselves. Once two members had read the same book, they could argue, which was our great delight. We read books, talked books, argued over books, and became dearer and dearer to one another. Other Islanders asked to join us, and our evenings together became bright, lively times – we could almost forget, now and then, the darkness outside. We still meet every fortnight.

Mary Ann Schaffer and Annie Barrows,

The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society, 2008

[1] At first the book club was a cover for sharing a roast pig, which was illegal.

[2] Charles Lamb (1775-1834) was an English essayist and poet.

[3] *Wuthering Heights* (1847) by Emily Brontë and *The Pickwick Papers* (1836) by Charles Dickens are classics of English literature.

DOCUMENT C

That year my brother David jumped ahead to the fourth grade and I was pulled out of school entirely. I had missed too much of the first grade, my mother and the school agreed; I could start it fresh in the fall of the year, if my health was good.

Most of that year I spent either in bed or housebound. I read my way through approximately six tons of comic books, progressed to Tom Swift[1] and Dave Dawson (a heroic World War II pilot whose various planes were always "prop-clawing for altitude"), then moved on to Jack London's[2] bloodcurdling animal tales. At some point I began to write my own stories. Imitation preceded creation; I would copy *Combat Casey* comics[3] word for word in my Blue Horse tablet, sometimes adding my own descriptions where they seemed appropriate. […]

Eventually I showed one of these copycat hybrids to my mother, and she was charmed—I remember her slightly amazed smile, as if she was unable to believe a kid of hers could be so smart—practically a damned prodigy, for God's sake. I had never seen that look on her face before—not on my account, anyway—and I absolutely loved it.

She asked me if I had made the story up myself, and I was forced to admit that I had copied most of it out of a funny-book. She seemed disappointed, and that drained away much of my pleasure. At last she handed back my tablet. "Write one of your own, Stevie," she said. "Those *Combat Casey* funny-books are just junk—he's always knocking someone's teeth out. I bet you could do better. Write one of your own."

Stephen King, *On Writing, A Memoir of the Craft*, 2000

[1] Tom Swift is the main character of American juvenile science fiction and adventure novels.
[2] Jack London was an American novelist and short-story writer.
[3] A series of war comics published between 1953 and 1957, focusing on Combat Casey, a wartime hero.

SUJET 2

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 <u>en anglais</u> la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Taking into account the specificities of the documents, show how circumstances have an impact on the encounters between artists and their audience.

2ème partie

Traduction :

Translate the following passage from document C into French.

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

The Symphony didn't know this territory well and wanted to be done with it, but speed wasn't possible in this heat. They walked slowly with weapons in hand, the actors running their lines and musicians trying to ignore the actors, scouts watching for danger ahead and behind on the road. "It's not a bad test," the director had said, earlier in the day. Gil was seventy-two years old, riding in the back of the second caravan now, his legs not quite what they used to be. "If you can remember your lines in questionable territory, you'll be fine onstage."

(lines 6-12)

Document A



Copy of a black and white postcard of The Arts League of Service Travelling Theatre[1], https://www.historylinksarchive.org.uk/picture/number1009/

[1] a cultural group founded in Britain in 1919, attempting to bring art into everyday life to everyone around the country

Document B

[A study], published in 2017, found that while watching a piece of theatre, audience members' heartbeats synchronised. They responded 'in unison, with their pulses speeding up and slowing down at the same rate… Experiencing the live theatre performance was extraordinary enough to overcome group differences and produce a common physiological experience in the audience members.'

Beneath the surface we are connected.

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Immersion in other people's stories cultivates empathy. […] Theatre and music have long been arenas in which we examine our moralities and consider our shortcomings, as well as celebrate our virtues. Think of the tragic plays of ancient times. We watch the hero in denial of their weakness eventually fall because of their self-blindness. Think of the old folk songs, sagas of betrayal, pride, murder. Juicy morality tales, not unlike present-day TV dramas. All with lessons to teach about how best to approach the problem of living a life, that encourage us to greater compassion for those whose struggles we recognise. Stories and songs bring us into contact with our best and worst natures, they enable us to locate ourselves in other people's experience and they increase our compassion. But these things in a vacuum are useless. A story doesn't cultivate empathy just by virtue of its having been thought up; it must be engaged with to become powerful; the story must be read, the song must be listened to, in order to acquire its full charge.

Kae Tempest, *On Connection*[1], 2020

[1] *On Connection* was written during the Covid-19 lockdown.

Document C

After a pandemic, a nomadic company performs plays across North America.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER the end of air travel, the caravans of the Travelling Symphony moved slowly under a white-hot sky. It was the end of July, and the twenty-five-year-old thermometer affixed to the back of the lead caravan read 106 Fahrenheit, 41 Celsius. They were near Lake Michigan but they couldn't see it from here. […]

Most of them were on foot to reduce the load on the horses, who had to be rested in the shade more frequently than anyone would have liked. The Symphony didn't know this territory well and wanted to be done with it, but speed wasn't possible in this heat. They walked slowly with weapons in hand, the actors running their lines and musicians trying to ignore the actors, scouts watching for danger ahead and behind on the road. "It's not a bad test," the director had said, earlier in the day. Gil was seventy-two years old, riding in the back of the second caravan now, his legs not quite what they used to be. "If you can remember your lines in questionable territory, you'll be fine onstage."

[…]

There was the flu that exploded like a neutron bomb over the surface of the earth and the shock of the collapse that followed, the first unspeakable years when everyone was travelling, before everyone caught on that there was no place they could walk to where life continued as it had before and settled wherever they could, clustered close together for safety in truck stops and former restaurants and old motels. The Travelling Symphony moved between the settlements of the changed world and had been doing so since five years after the collapse, when the conductor had gathered a few of her friends from their military orchestra, left the air base where they'd been living, and set out into the unknown landscape.

By then most people had settled somewhere, because the gasoline had all gone stale[1] by Year Three and you can't keep walking forever. After six months of travelling from town to town—the word *town* used loosely; some of these places were four or five families living together in a former truck stop—the conductor's orchestra had run into Gil's company of Shakespearean actors, who had all escaped from Chicago together and then worked on a farm for a few years and had been on the road for three months, and they'd combined their operations.

Twenty years after the collapse they were still in motion, travelling back and forth along the shores of Lakes Huron and Michigan […]. This territory was for the most part tranquil now. They encountered other travellers only rarely, peddlers[2] mostly, carting miscellanea[3] between towns. The Symphony performed music—classical, jazz, orchestral arrangements of pre-collapse pop songs—and Shakespeare.

[1] stale: too old, useless
[2] peddler: seller
[3] miscellanea: assortment of mixed things to sell

They'd performed more modern plays sometimes in the first few years, but what was startling, what no one would have anticipated, was that audiences seemed to prefer Shakespeare to their other theatrical offerings.

"People want what was best about the world," Dieter[1] said.

Emily St John MANDEL, *Station Eleven*, 2014

[1] Dieter is one of the actors from the travelling show.