Bac Général HGGSP + LLCER (Histoire-géographie, géopolitique et sciences politiques et Langues, littératures et cultures étrangères et régionales)

SUJET D'EXAMEN (SESSION OFFICIELLE)

LLCER - Anglais - Session 2021

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 2021

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 12 pages numérotées de 1/12 à 12/12.

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 « Voyages, territoires, frontières ».

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 different points of view and perceptions, show how the experience of isolation in Australia is conveyed in the three documents.

2ième partie

Traduisez le passage suivant du document C en français :

When I was a teenager, my family moved to another island, and I asked to be sent to boarding school. When I had to come home for weekends, I'd spend all my time on the phone to friends, wishing I was with them.

Now I'm in my 30s, I find myself seeking out that sense of isolation. If my husband suggests a holiday, I always research sparsely populated destinations in Scotland or Scandinavia. When I was growing up, the only outside noise I heard was bird song, and the night was pitch black. (lines 27 to 34)

Document A

The bus started at dawn next day, and drove on southwards down the tarmac road. […] As they went the vegetation grew sparser and the sun grew hotter, till by the time they stopped at Tennant Creek for a meal and a rest the country had become pure sand desert. They went on after an hour, driving at fifty to fifty-five miles an hour down the scorching road past tiny places of two or three houses dignified with a name, Wauchope, and Barrow Creek and Aileron. Toward evening they found themselves running towards the Macdonnell Ranges[1], lines of bare red hills against the pale blue sky, and at about dusk they ran slowly into Alice Springs.[…] [Jean] changed her dress and strolled out in the town after tea, walking very slowly down the broad suburban roads, examining the town.

She found it as Joe Harman had described it to her, a pleasant place with plenty of young people in it. In spite of its tropical surroundings and the bungalow nature of the houses there was a faint suggestion of an English suburb in Alice Springs which made her feel at home. There were the houses standing each in a small garden fenced around or bordered by a hedge for privacy; the streets were laid out in the way of English streets with shade trees planted along the kerbs. Shutting her eyes to the Macdonnell Ranges, she could almost imagine she was back in Bassett as a child. She could now see well what everybody meant by saying Alice was a bonza[2] place. She knew that she could build a happy life for herself in this town, living in one of these suburban houses, with two or three children, perhaps. […]

In the milk bar she made a friend, a girl called Rose Sawyer […] who was very interested to hear that Jean came from England, and they talked about England for a time. “How do you like Alice?” she asked presently, and there was a touch of conventional scorn in her tone.

[1] Macdonnell Ranges: a line of low mountains
[2] bonza: great

25 “I like it,” Jean said candidly. “I’ve seen many worse places. I should think you could have a pretty good time here.”

The girl said, “Well, I like it all right. [...] All my friends said these outback places were just terrible. I thought I wouldn’t be able to stick it, but I’ve been here fifteen months now and it’s not so bad.”

Nevil SHUTE (English novelist who spent his later years in Australia, 1899-1960),
A Town Like Alice, 1949

Document B



Aboriginal storytelling in Glenvale, Queensland, 2017
https://www.tilmagroup.com.au

Document C

My childhood home was an isolated island off the coast of Tasmania. You could walk from one end to the other in a day, but I wouldn't recommend it because of the deadly snakes you might meet on the way. There were three suburban houses, one car, a satellite phone, an electricity generator about seven beaches and a lighthouse – that was it. There were no shops or restaurants, no schools or hospitals, no public transport. There was no crime, and there was no police force. There were no strangers – only two families lived on the island, one of which was mine.

My father was assistant lightkeeper, and his job was to help the head lightkeeper run and maintain the lighthouse and island. […] My father had been a fisherman for years, and when he spotted the job ad in a local paper, he and my mother saw this lifestyle as an adventure.

Our food was delivered by plane every two weeks, along with any post. If there was bad weather, the food drops would be postponed, and we'd have to manage with whatever tins we had left at the back of the cupboard. My father would go fishing for seafood in a little dinghy and my mother used to milk a goat; we grew our own vegetables, too. I wore clothes made by my mother, or hand-me-downs.

I didn't have any friends. A picture of my second birthday party shows no other guests my age, just the two families on the island. The kids in the other family were my brother's age, so they would hang out together while I spent a lot of time on my own. I don't remember being bored, though; I made my own fun. I remember playing on the white, sandy beaches, sliding down the dunes. In later years, we moved to an even more isolated island surrounded by cliffs, and my younger sister and I would play at leaning into the wind, holding our coats open as windbreakers, to see the angle we could reach without falling over – sometimes 45 degrees.

My brother was home-educated until I was five, but then we all moved to mainland Tasmania so we could go to school. It was my first time being around kids my age, but it was a small school, so I never felt overwhelmed. When I was a teenager, my family moved to another island, and I asked to be sent to boarding school. When I had to come home for weekends, I'd spend all my time on the phone to friends, wishing I was with them.

Now I’m in my 30s, I find myself seeking out that sense of isolation. If my husband suggests a holiday, I always research sparsely populated destinations in Scotland or Scandinavia. When I was growing up, the only outside noise I heard was bird song, and the night was pitch black.

Ebonee GREGORY, *Experience: I grew up in a remote lighthouse, The Guardian,* March 20, 2015

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 répondez en anglais à la consigne suivante (500 mots environ) :

Show how the three documents question the relation of photography to reality, taking into consideration the quote from document A: "Here was a whole new way of seeing things." (line 3).

2ième partie

Traduisez le passage suivant du document A en français :

In fact, anytime I was around an adult I'd shove the camera in front of my face, refusing to lower it even when spoken to. My father was not amused. When we were seated at the dinner table one night, and I tried to eat a shrimp cocktail while still keeping the Brownie at eye-level, his patience cracked. He snatched the camera away from me. My grandfather Morris thought his son-in-law was being unduly harsh, and came to my defense. (lines 10 to15)

Document A

I started collecting cameras in 1963. I was six years old, visiting my maternal grandparents at their retirement condo[1] in Fort Lauderdale. I picked up an old Brownie that was left on a side table, looked through the viewfinder and was captivated. Here was a whole new way of seeing things. It was like squinting through a peephole. You didn't have to look at everything that was going on around you – you could narrow your vision down to one single image. But most pleasing to my six-year-old sensibility was the discovery that you could hide behind the lens – using it as a barrier between you and the rest of the world. And for the remainder of our stay – during which my parents squabbled, my grandparents squabbled, and then both couples turned on each other – I spent much of the time glued to the viewfinder of that Brownie. In fact, anytime I was around an adult I'd shove the camera in front of my face, refusing to lower it even when spoken to. My father was not amused. When we were seated at the dinner table one night, and I tried to eat a shrimp cocktail[2] while still keeping the Brownie at eye-level, his patience cracked. He snatched the camera away from me. My grandfather Morris thought his son-in-law was being unduly harsh, and came to my defense.

'Let Benny have his fun.' […] 'Betcha the kid's gonna be a photographer when he grows up,' he said.

'Only if he wants to starve,' my father said.

That was the first (and mildest) of many confrontations I would have with my father on the subject of cameras and photography. But at the end of that brief, shrill visit to Fort Lauderdale, my grandfather made a point of handing me the Brownie at the airport, telling me it was a going-away gift to his favorite Benny. [...]

One wall of the basement is filled with a selection of my landscapes – moody Ansel Adams-style vistas of the Connecticut coast under low threatening cloud, or white clapboard barns against a blackened sky. Another wall is all portraits – very Bill Brandt stuff of Beth and the kids in a variety of domestic poses, using only available light and an open aperture to give them a grainy, naturalistic tone. And the final wall is what I like to call my Diane Arbus phase: a man with no legs and an eye patch begging in front of Bloomingdales; an elderly West Indian woman wearing a surgical mask and clutching a walker on Central Park West; a drunk on the Bowery (with a cankerous sore on one cheek), pulling out a discarded half-eaten Big Mac from a garbage can.

[1] condo: apartment

[2] shrimp cocktail: shrimp salad

Beth really hates these freakshow images (They're too show-offy; too intentionally sick). She doesn't care much for the gritty family portraits either. ('You make us look like we live in Appalachia.') But she does approve of the landscapes, always telling me that I have a real eye for the dark side of pastoral New England. Adam, on the other hand, loves my collection of urban sickos. Every time he toddles down here to visit me while I'm working, he climbs on to the gray studio couch beneath them, points to the Bowery dipso, giggles with delight, and says, *Yucky man! ...Yucky man!* (He's my kind of critic.)

Douglas KENNEDY (American novelist, born 1955), *The Big Picture*, 1997

Document B

"My own approach is based upon three considerations. First – hands off! Whatever I photograph I do not molest or tamper with or arrange. Second – a sense of place. Whatever I photograph, I try to picture as part of its surroundings, as having roots. Third – a sense of time. Whatever I photograph, I try to show as having its position in the past or in the present."

"I never steal a photograph. Never. All photographs are made in collaboration, as part of their thinking as well as mine."

"Sometimes you have an inner sense that you have encompassed the thing generally. You know then that you are not taking anything away from anyone: their privacy, their dignity, their wholeness."

"A documentary photograph is not a factual photograph *per se*[1]. It is a photograph which carries the full meaning and significance of the episode or the circumstance or the situation that can only be revealed – because you can't really capture it – by this other quality. Now there is not a real warfare between the artist and the documentary photographer. He has to be both."

"Photography takes an instant out of time, altering life by holding it still."

"As photographers, we turn our attention to the familiarities of which we are a part. So turning, we in our work can speak more than of our subject – we can speak with them; we can more than speak about our subjects – we can speak for them. They, given tongue, will be able to speak with and for us. And in this language will be proposed to the lens that with which, in the end, photography must be concerned – time, and place, and the works of man."

"I am trying here to say something about the despised, the defeated, the alienated. About death and disaster, about the wounded, the crippled, the helpless, the rootless, the dislocated. About finality. About the last ditch."

A series of thoughts and quotes by Dorothea LANGE
(American documentary photographer, 1895-1965).
From the exhibition portfolio *Dorothea Lange, Politiques du visible (Politics of Seeing)*,
Musée du Jeu de Paume (Paris), Oct 16, 2018-Jan 27, 2019.

[1] *Per se*: Latin phrase which means "for itself".

Document C



Charles C. EBBETS (American photographer, 1905-1978),
WW II Aviation Workers, 1941