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

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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 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 n°1

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

1ère partie : Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et des documents A, B et C et traitez la consigne suivante en anglais et en 500 mots environ.

Taking into account the specificities of the three documents, explain how Northern Americans are connected to the land; analyse how this connection impacts the relationship between white Americans and Native Americans; and show how their past fashioned their present.

2ème partie : Traduction en français.

Translate the following passage from Document A into French.

> “Why do they do that, Ma?” Laura asked. “Why do they go west?”
> “They have to,” Ma said.
> “Why do they have to?”
> “The government makes them, Laura”, said Pa. “Now go to sleep.”
> He played the fiddle softly for a while. Then Laura asked, “Please, Pa, can I ask just one more question?”
> “May I,” said Ma.
> Laura began again. “Pa, please, may I —”
> “What is it?” Pa asked. It was not polite for little girls to interrupt, but of course Pa could do it.
> “Will the government make these Indians go west?” (lines 7-17)

Document A

Prologue

[…] Plenty of us are urban now. If not because we live in cities, then because we live on the internet. Inside the high-rise of multiple browser windows. They used to call us sidewalk Indians. Called us citified, superficial, inauthentic, cultureless refugees, apples. An apple is red on the outside and white on the inside. But what we are is what our ancestors did. How they survived. We are the memories we don't remember, which live in us, which we feel, which make us sing and dance and pray the way we do, feelings from memories that flare and bloom unexpectedly in our lives like blood through a blanket from a wound made by a bullet fired by a man shooting us in the back for our hair, for our heads, for a bounty, or just to get rid of us. […]

Urbanity

Urban Indians were the generation born in the city. We've been moving for a long time, but the land moves with you like memory. An Urban Indian belongs to the city, and cities belong to the earth. Everything here is formed in relation to every other living and nonliving thing from the earth. All our relations. The process that brings anything to its current form—chemical, synthetic, technological, or otherwise—doesn't make the product not a product of the living earth. Buildings, freeway, cars—are these not of the earth? Were they shipped in from Mars, the moon? Is it because they're processed, manufactured, or that we handle them? Are we so different? Were we at one time not something else entirely, *Homo sapiens,* single-celled organisms, space dust, unidentifiable pre-bang quantum theory? Cities form in the same way as galaxies. Urban Indians feel at home walking in the shadow of a downtown building. We came to know the downtown Oakland skyline better than we did any sacred mountain range, the redwoods in the Oakland hills better than any other deep wild forest. We know the sound of the freeway better than we do rivers, the howl of distant trains better than wolf howls, we know the smell of gas and freshly wet concrete and burned rubber better than we do the smell of cedar or sage or even fry bread—which isn't traditional, like reservations aren't traditional, but nothing is original, everything comes from something that came before, which was once nothing. Everything is new and doomed. We ride buses, trains, and cars across, over, and under concrete plains. Being Indian has never been about returning to the land. The land is everywhere or nowhere.

Tommy Orange[1], *There There*, 2018

[1]Tommy Orange is an American novelist, born and raised in Oakland, California. He belongs to the Cheyenne and Arapaho Tribes of Oklahoma.

Document B



Under Pressure Graffiti Festival, Quebec, Canada

MissMe[2], « Je me souviens. 1492. The Statue of LIEberty », 2016

[2] MissMe is both the artist who painted the mural and the person photographed in front of it in this picture.

Document C

Ma's voice and the fiddle's music softly died away. And Laura asked, "Where did the voice of Alfarata[3] go, Ma?"

"Goodness!" Ma said. "Aren't you asleep yet?"

"I'm going to sleep," Laura said. "But please tell me where the voice of Alfarata went?"

"Oh I suppose she went west," Ma answered. "That's what the Indians do."

"Why do they do that, Ma?" Laura asked. "Why do they go west?"

"They have to," Ma said.

"Why do they have to?"

"The government makes them, Laura", said Pa. "Now go to sleep."

He played the fiddle softly for a while. Then Laura asked, "Please, Pa, can I ask just one more question?"

"May I," said Ma.

Laura began again. "Pa, please, may I—"

"What is it?" Pa asked. It was not polite for little girls to interrupt, but of course Pa could do it.

"Will the government make these Indians go west?"

"Yes," Pa said. "When white settlers come into a country, the Indians have to move on. The government is going to move these Indians farther west, anytime now. That's why we are here, Laura. White people are going to settle all this country, and we get the best land because we get here first and take our pick. Now do you understand?"

"Yes, Pa," Laura said. "But, Pa, I thought this was Indian Territory. Won't it make the Indians mad to have to—"

"No more questions, Laura," Pa said, firmly. "Go to sleep."

Laura Ingalls Wilder, *Little House on the Prairie*, 1935

[3] In this song, Alfarata, a young native woman, sings her love for her husband during her travel.

SUJET n°2

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

1ère partie : Prenez connaissance de la thématique ci-dessus et des documents A, B et C et traitez la consigne suivante en anglais et en 500 mots environ.

Taking into account the specificities of the three documents, show the many faces of education portrayed in the three documents; analyse the role of the master or the teacher in the passage from childhood to adulthood; and explain how the documents tackle the idea of curiosity.

2ème partie : Traduction en français.

Translate the following passage from Document A into French.

“Mr. Mell having left me while he took his irreparable boots upstairs, I went softly to the upper end of the room, observing all this as I crept along. Suddenly I came upon a pasteboard placard, beautifully written, which was lying on the desk, and bore these words: “*Take care of him. He bites*.”

I got upon the desk immediately, apprehensive of at least a great dog underneath. But, though I looked all round with anxious eyes, I could see nothing of him.” (lines 16-21).

Document A

Salem House[1] was a square brick building with wings; of a bare and unfurnished appearance. [...]

I gazed upon the schoolroom into which he took me, as the most forlorn and desolate place I had ever seen. I see it now. A long room with three long rows of desks, and six of forms, and bristling all round with pegs for hats and slates. Scraps of old copy-books and exercises litter the dirty floor. Some silkworms' houses, made of the same materials, are scattered over the desks. Two miserable little white mice, left behind by their owner, are running up and down in a fusty castle[2] made of pasteboard and wire, looking in all the corners with their red eyes for anything to eat. A bird, in a cage very little bigger than himself, makes a mournful rattle now and then in hopping on his perch, two inches high, or dropping from it; but neither sings nor chirps. There is a strange unwholesome smell upon the room, like mildewed corduroys[3], sweet apples wanting air, and rotten books. There could not well be more ink splashed about it, if it had been roofless from its first construction, and the skies had rained, snowed, hailed, and blown ink through the varying seasons of the year.

Mr. Mell having left me while he took his irreparable boots upstairs, I went softly to the upper end of the room, observing all this as I crept along. Suddenly I came upon a pasteboard placard, beautifully written, which was lying on the desk, and bore these words: "*Take care of him. He bites*."

I got upon the desk immediately, apprehensive of at least a great dog underneath. But, though I looked all round with anxious eyes, I could see nothing of him. I was still engaged in peering about, when Mr. Mell came back, and asked me what I did up there?

"I beg your pardon, sir," says I, "if you please, I'm looking for the dog."

"Dog?" says he. "What dog?"

"Isn't it a dog, sir?"

"Isn't what a dog?"

"That's to be taken care of, sir; that bites."

"No, Copperfield," says he, gravely, "that's not a dog. That's a boy. My instructions are, Copperfield, to put this placard on your back. I am sorry to make such a beginning with you, but I must do it."

Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*, Chapter V, 1850

[1] Salem House is a school.
[2] fusty : sent le renfermé
[3] mildewed : moisi

Document B

KEATING Mr. Pitts, would you open your hymnal to page 542 and read the first stanza of the poem you find there?

PITTS "To the virgins, to make much of time?"

KEATING Yes, that's the one. Somewhat appropriate, isn't it?

PITTS "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, old time is still a flying, and this same flower that smiles today, tomorrow will be dying."

KEATING Thank you Mr. Pitts. "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may." The Latin term for that sentiment is Carpe Diem. Now who knows what that means?

Meeks immediately puts his hand up.

MEEKS Carpe Diem. That's "seize the day."

KEATING […] Seize the day. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. Why does the writer use these lines?

Because we are food for worms lads. Because, believe it or not, each and every one of us in this room is one day going to stop breathing, turn cold, and die.

Keating turns towards the trophy cases, filled with trophies, footballs, and team pictures.

KEATING Now I would like you to step forward over here and peruse[1] some of the faces from the past. You've walked past them many times. I don't think you've really looked at them.

The students slowly gather round the cases and Keating moves behind them.

KEATING They're not that different from you, are they? Same haircuts. Full of hormones, just like you. Invincible, just like you feel. The world is their oyster. They believe they're destined for great things, just like many of you. Their eyes are full of hope, just like you. Did they wait until it was too late to make from their lives even one iota of what they were capable? Because you see gentlemen, these boys are now fertilizing daffodils. But if you listen real close, you can hear them whisper their legacy to you. Go on, lean in […] Hear it? […] Carpe. Carpe Diem. Seize the day boys, make your lives extraordinary.

Tom Schulman, script from the film *Dead Poets Society,* directed by Peter Weir, 1989

[1] to peruse: to look at

Document C



IT IS TOM BROWN, GROWN INTO A YOUNG MAN

Illustration from *Tom Brown Schooldays*
Thomas Hughes, *Tom Brown Schooldays*, Chapter VIII, 1857