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 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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La calculatrice n'est pas autorisée.

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 ».

1re partie. Synthèse en anglais (16 pts)

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) :

Paying particular attention to the specificities of the three documents and taking into account the differences in tone and point of view, show how they interact to depict American society in the 1950s.

2e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

Traduisez le passage suivant du document C en français (lignes 23 à 28) :

When I was about four my parents bought an Amana Stor-Mor* refrigerator and for at least six months it was like an honored guest in our kitchen. I'm sure they'd have drawn it up to the table at dinner if it hadn't been so heavy. When visitors dropped by unexpectedly, my father would say: "Oh, Mary, is there any iced tea in the Amana?" Then to the guests he'd add significantly: "There usually is. It's a Stor-Mor."

*Amana Stor-Mor est une marque. À ne pas traduire.

Document A

A Supermarket in California

What thoughts I have of you tonight, Walt Whitman[1], for I walked down the side streets under the trees with a headache self-conscious looking at the full moon.

In my hungry fatigue, and shopping for images, I went into the neon fruit supermarket, dreaming of your enumerations!

What peaches and what penumbras! Whole families shopping at night! Aisles full of husbands! Wives in the avocados, babies in the tomatoes! —and you, Garcia Lorca[2], what were you doing down by the watermelons?

I saw you, Walt Whitman, childless, lonely old grubber, poking among the meats in the refrigerator and eyeing the grocery boys.

I heard you asking questions of each: Who killed the pork chops? What price bananas? Are you my Angel?

I wandered in and out of the brilliant stacks of cans following you, and followed in my imagination by the store detective.

We strode down the open corridors together in our solitary fancy tasting artichokes, possessing every frozen delicacy, and never passing the cashier.

Where are we going, Walt Whitman? The doors close in an hour. Which way does your beard point tonight?

(I touch your book and dream of our odyssey in the supermarket and feel absurd.)

Will we walk all night through solitary streets? The trees add shade to shade, lights out in the houses, we'll both be lonely.

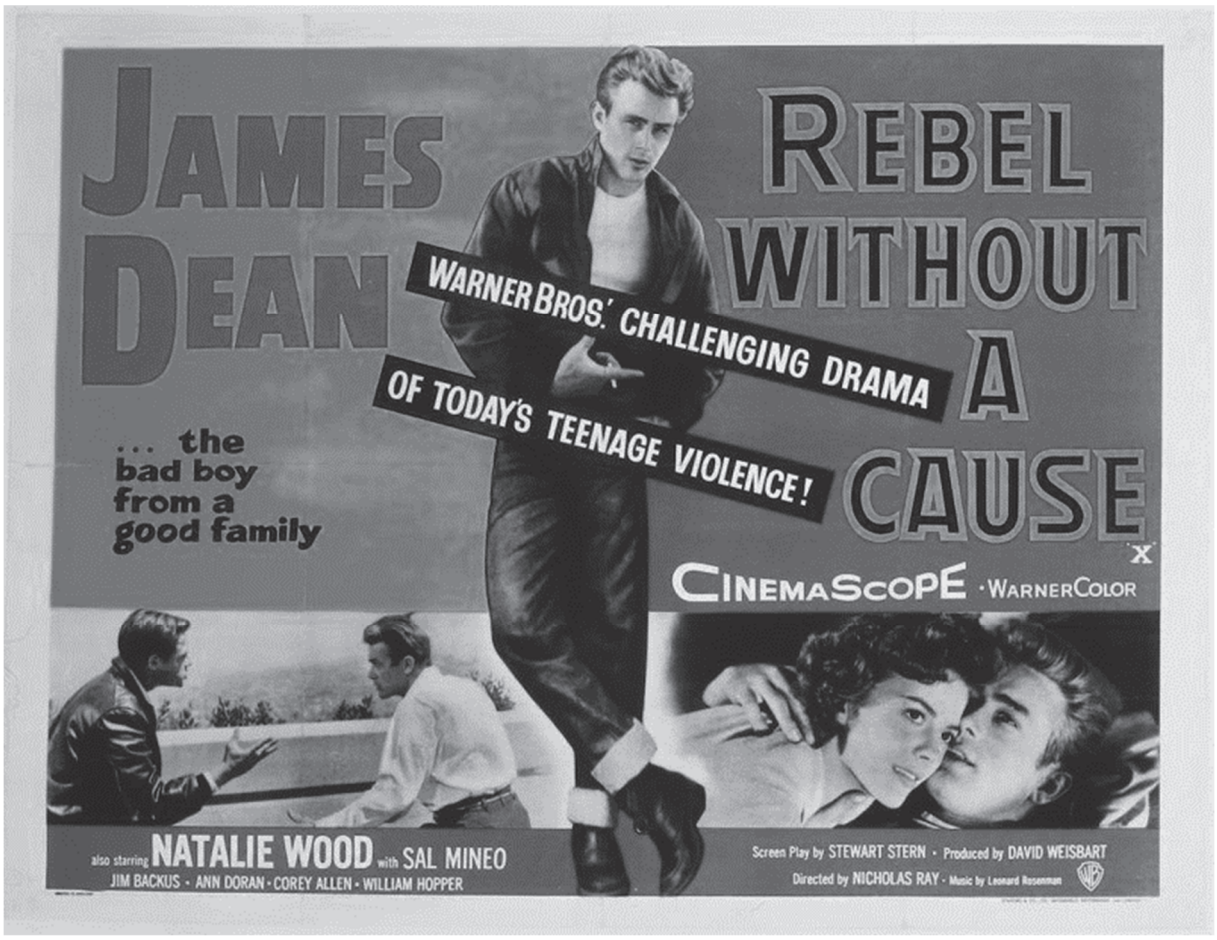
Will we stroll dreaming of the lost America of love past blue automobiles in driveways, home to our silent cottage?

Ah, dear father, graybeard, lonely old courage-teacher, what America did you have when Charon[3] quit poling[4] his ferry and you got out on a smoking bank and stood watching the boat disappear on the black waters of Lethe?

Allen GINSBERG (American poet and writer, 1926-1997),
'A Supermarket in California', 1955
from *Collected Poems 1947-1980*

[1] Walt WHITMAN: very influential 19th-century American poet, essayist and journalist (1819-1892)
[2] Federico GARCIA LORCA: one of Spain's greatest poets and playwrights (1898-1936).
[3] Charon: in Greek mythology, he took the newly dead people across the river Acheron to the underworld.
[4] pole: push with a long stick.

Document B



Film poster for *Rebel Without a Cause* (1955)
Movie by Nicholas RAY (American film director, 1911-1979)

Document C

I can't imagine there has ever been a more gratifying time or place to be alive than America in the 1950s. No country had ever known such prosperity. When the war ended the United States had $26 billion worth of factories that hadn't existed before the war, $140 billion in savings and war bonds[1] just waiting to be spent, no bomb damage, and practically no competition. All that American companies had to do was stop making tanks and battleships and start making Buicks and Frigidaires—and boy did they.

By 1951, when I came sliding down the chute, almost 90 percent of American families had refrigerators, and nearly three-quarters had washing machines, telephones, vacuum cleaners, and gas or electric stoves—things that most of the rest of the world could still only fantasize about. […]

I don't know of anything that better conveys the happy bounty of the age than a photograph (reproduced in this volume as the endpapers at the front and back of the book) that ran in Life magazine two weeks before my birth. It shows the Czekalinski family of Cleveland, Ohio—Steve, Stephanie, and two sons, Stephen and Henry—surrounded by the two and a half tons of food that a typical blue-collar family ate in a year. […] In 1951, the average American ate 50 percent more than the average European.

No wonder people were happy. Suddenly they were able to have things they had never dreamed of having, and they couldn't believe their luck. There was, too, a wonderful simplicity of desire. It was the last time that people would be thrilled to own a toaster or waffle iron. If you bought a major appliance, you invited the neighbors around to have a look at it. When I was about four my parents bought an Amana Stor-Mor refrigerator and for at least six months it was like an honored guest in our kitchen. I'm sure they'd have drawn it up to the table at dinner if it hadn't been so heavy. When visitors dropped by unexpectedly, my father would say: "Oh, Mary, is there any iced tea in the Amana?" Then to the guests he'd add significantly: "There usually is. It's a Stor-Mor."

"Oh, a Stor-Mor," the male visitor would say and elevate his eyebrows in the manner of someone who appreciates quality cooling. "We thought about getting a Stor-Mor ourselves, but in the end we went for a Philco Shur-Kool. Alice loved the EZ-Glide vegetable drawer and you can get a full quart of ice cream in the freezer box. That was a big selling point for Wendell Junior, as you can imagine!"

They'd all have a good laugh at that and then sit around drinking iced tea and talking appliances for an hour or so. No human beings had ever been quite this happy before.

Bill BRYSON (American-British writer born in 1951),
The Life and Times of the Thunderbolt Kid, 2006

[1] savings and war bonds: *épargne et emprunts de guerre.*

SUJET 2

Le dossier porte sur la thématique « Voyages, territoires, frontières ».

1re partie. Synthèse en anglais (16 points)

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) :

Paying particular attention to the specificities of the three documents, show how they interact to address the following question: how does the choice of a vacation reflect one's relationship to the rest of the world?

2e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 6 à 10) :

"These people look cheerful enough," said Bernard, gesturing at the passengers waiting to board the flight to Honolulu. There were now quite a lot of them, as the time of departure neared: mostly Americans, dressed in garish casual clothes, some in shorts and sandals as if ready to walk straight off the plane on to the beach. There was a rising babble of drawling, twanging accents, loud laughter, shouts and whoops.

Document A

"I'm doing to tourism what Marx did to capitalism, what Freud did to family life. Deconstructing it. You see, I don't think people really want to go on holiday, any more than they really want to go to church. They've been brainwashed into thinking it will do them good, or make them happy. In fact surveys show that holidays cause incredible amounts of stress."

"These people look cheerful enough," said Bernard, gesturing at the passengers waiting to board the flight to Honolulu. There were now quite a lot of them, as the time of departure neared: mostly Americans, dressed in garish casual clothes, some in shorts and sandals as if ready to walk straight off the plane on to the beach. There was a rising babble of drawling, twanging accents, loud laughter, shouts and whoops.

"An artificial cheerfulness," said Sheldrake. "Fuelled by double martinis in many cases, I wouldn't be surprised. They know how people going on vacation are supposed to behave. They have learned how to do it. Look deep into their eyes and you will see anxiety and dread." […]

"Six million people visited Hawaii last year. I don't imagine many of them found a beach as deserted as this one, do you? It's a myth. That's what my next book is going to be about, tourism and the myth of paradise. That's why I'm telling you all this. Thought you might give me some ideas."

"Me?"

"Well, it's religion again, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is … What exactly are you hoping to achieve with your research?"

"To save the world," Sheldrake replied solemnly.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Tourism is wearing out the planet." Sheldrake delved into his silvery attaché case again and brought out a sheaf of press-cuttings marked with yellow highlighter. He flipped through them. "The footpaths in the Lake District have become trenches. The frescoes in the Sistine Chapel are being damaged by the breath and body-heat of spectators. A hundred and eight people enter Notre Dame every minute: their feet are eroding the floor and the buses that bring them there are rotting the stonework with exhaust fumes. Pollution from cars queuing to get to Alpine ski resorts is killing the trees and causing avalanches and landslides. The Mediterranean is like a toilet without a chain: you have a one in six chance of getting an infection if you swim in it. In 1987 they had to close Venice one day because it was full. In 1963 forty-four people went down the Colorado river on a raft, now there are a thousand trips a day. In 1939 a million people travelled abroad; last year it was four hundred million. By the year two thousand there could be six hundred and fifty million international travelers, and five times as many people travelling in their own countries. The mere consumption of energy entailed is stupendous."

David LODGE, *Paradise News*, 1991

Document B

The staycation[1] is back: packed lunches, damp sand and all.

When I was 12, or thereabouts, my granny took me, my brother and my sister to the seaside for the week. For her, this was a great treat; a widow since before we were born, she loved to be with us, and she loved the feeling she was treating us […].

We went to Whithernsea, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. This was not a glamorous place. At the time, I'd barely heard of it – why, I wondered, couldn't we go to Bridlington? – and in the decades since, I've never met a single other person who has ever been to the town, let alone stayed there for a whole week. Google it, and you'll find that its greatest claim to fame is the fact that it's the birthplace of the actress Kay Kendall – and who's heard of her, these days? […].

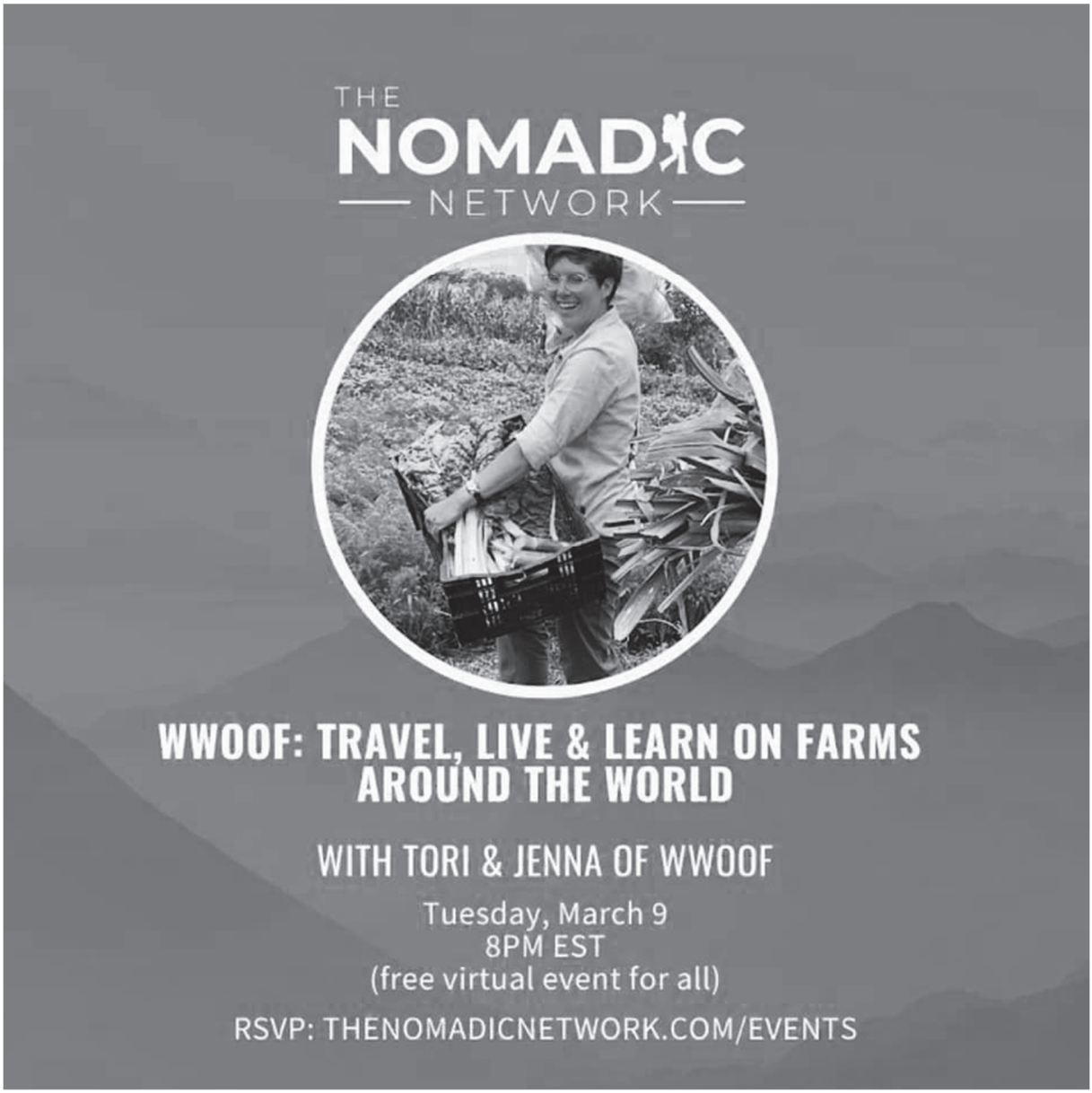
And yet, I've never forgotten that place, with its pier towers that look like the turrets of a castle. It's always with me. I cherish the memory of my granny, who let us have ketchup with lamb chops, and I tend to hold it (meanly, perhaps) in my mind when I hear spoiled 21st-century children talking about their all-expenses paid holidays abroad with mummy and daddy, as if such things were a human right. Above all, though, it has for me become a kind of symbol; even, perhaps, an allegory. Those chilly, haphazard days, at once both quite boring and replete with illicit delights, are the British summer holiday of yore in microcosm: its absolute crumminess; its ineffable perfection […]

Don't tell me you don't know what I'm on about. Especially in this moment. For haven't our thoughts turned even more than usually to the past during this long, sad lockdown? My sense is that many of us, if not most, are retreating, to various degrees, into a certain nostalgia. In large part, this is because the future is so uncertain. There's comfort in how things used to be; seeking it out is a perfectly natural thing to do […] This summer, after five decades of package holidays and low-cost flights, most of us will be holidaying at home – just like we used to.

Rachel COOKE, *www.theguardian.com,* July 2020

[1] Staycation: a holiday spent in one's home country.

Document C



WOOF: Working Weekends On Organic Farms
https://fr-fr.facebook.com/WWOOF, March 2021