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

Jeudi 12 mai 2022

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 « Arts et débats d'idées ».

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 illustrate the impact of popular culture on society.

2e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 5 à 11) :

The previous weekend I'd been looking through the magazines in the local barber shop while I was waiting to have my hair cut, when I came across a photo of the most bizarre-looking man I'd ever seen. Everything about him looked extraordinary: his clothes, his hair, even the way he was standing. Compared to the people you could see outside the barber shop window in the north-west London suburb of Pinner, he might as well have been bright green with antennae sticking out of his forehead.

Document A

This document is an excerpt from Me*, the autobiography of Elton John, British singer, songwriter, pianist and composer born in 1947. He is one of the best-selling music artists of all time.*

It was my mum who introduced me to Elvis Presley. Every Friday, after work, she would pick up her wages, stop off on the way home at Siever's, an electrical store that also sold records, and buy a new 78[1]. […] She told me she'd never heard anything like it before, but it was so fantastic she had to buy it. As soon as she said the words Elvis Presley, I recognized them. The previous weekend I'd been looking through the magazines in the local barber shop while I was waiting to have my hair cut, when I came across a photo of the most bizarre-looking man I'd ever seen. Everything about him looked extraordinary: his clothes, his hair, even the way he was standing. Compared to the people you could see outside the barber shop window in the north-west London suburb of Pinner, he might as well have been bright green with antennae sticking out of his forehead. I'd been so transfixed I hadn't even bothered to read the accompanying article, and by the time I got home I'd forgotten his name. But that was it: Elvis Presley.

As soon as Mum put the record on, it became apparent that Elvis Presley sounded the way he looked, like he came from another planet. Compared to the stuff my parents normally listened to, 'Heartbreak Hotel' barely qualified as music at all, an opinion my father would continue to expound upon at great length over the coming years. I'd already heard rock and roll – 'Rock Around The Clock' had been a big hit earlier in 1956 – but 'Heartbreak Hotel' didn't sound anything like that either. It was raw and sparse and slow and eerie. Everything was drenched in the weird echo. […] As 'Heartbreak Hotel' played, it felt like something had changed, that nothing could really be the same again. As it turned out, something had, and nothing was.

And thank God, because the world needed changing. I grew up in fifties Britain and, before Elvis, before rock and roll, fifties Britain was a pretty grim place. I didn't mind living in Pinner – I've never been one of those rock stars who was motivated by a burning desire to escape the suburbs, I quite liked it there – but the whole country was in a bad place.

Elton JOHN, *Me*, 2019

[1] a 78: a type of vinyl record.

Document B

This document is an excerpt from Born to Run*, the autobiography of Bruce Springsteen, world-famous American rock singer, songwriter and musician born in 1949.*

In the beginning there was a great darkness upon the Earth. There was Christmas and your birthday but beyond that all was a black endless authoritarian void. There was nothing to look forward to, nothing to look back upon, no future, no history. It was all a kid could do to make it to summer vacation.

Then, in a moment of light, blinding as a universe birthing a billion new suns, there was hope, sex, rhythm, excitement, possibility, a new way of seeing, of feeling, of thinking, of looking at your body, of combing your hair, of wearing your clothes, of moving and of living. There was a joyous demand made, a challenge, a way out of this dead-to-life world, this small-town grave with all the people I dearly loved and feared buried in it alongside of me.

THE BARRICADES HAVE BEEN STORMED!! A FREEDOM SONG HAS BEEN SUNG!! THE BELLS OF LIBERTY HAVE RUNG!! A HERO HAS COME. THE OLD ORDER HAS BEEN OVERTHROWN! The teachers, the parents, the fools so sure they knew THE WAY—THE ONLY WAY—to build a life, to have an impact on things and to make a man or woman out of yourself, have been challenged. A HUMAN ATOM HAS JUST SPLIT THE WORLD IN TWO!

The small part of the world I inhabit has stumbled upon an irreversible moment. Somewhere in between the mundane variety acts on a routine Sunday night in the year of our Lord 1956 . . . THE REVOLUTION HAS BEEN TELEVISED!! […]

This new world is a world of black and white. A place of freedom where the two most culturally powerful tribes in American society find a common ground, pleasure and joy in each other's presence. Where they use a common language to speak with . . . to *BE* with one another. […]

A “man” did this. A “man” searching for something new. He willed it into existence. Elvis's great act of love rocked the country and was an early echo of the coming civil rights movement. He was the kind of new American whose “desires” would bring his goals to fruition. He was a singer, a guitar player who loved black musical culture, recognized its artistry, its mastery, its power, and yearned for intimacy with it. […] He was not an “activist”, not a John Brown, not a Martin Luther King Jr., not a Malcolm X. He was a showman, an entertainer, an imaginer of worlds, an unbelievable success, an embarrassing failure and a fount of modern action and ideas. Ideas that would soon change the shape and future of the nation.

Bruce SPRINGSTEEN, *Born to Run*, 2016

Document C



Andy WARHOL, *Double Elvis*, 1963
Silkscreen ink on synthetic polymer paint on canvas,
Museum of Modern Art, New York City (USA)

SUJET 2

Le sujet 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 draw attention to the call of the road in American culture.

2e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document B (lignes 20 à 25) :

I looked at the cracked high ceiling and really didn't know who I was for about fifteen strange seconds. I wasn't scared; I was just somebody else, some stranger, and my whole life was a haunted life, the life of a ghost. I was halfway across America, at the dividing line between the East of my youth and the West of my future, and maybe that's why it happened right there and then, that strange red afternoon.

Document A

US road trips: into the heart of America with Andrew McCARTHY.

There's nothing wrong that a hundred bucks and a full tank of gas can't fix. It's an idea at the core of the American psyche. From the first "road trips" of the pioneers lighting out for the west, to the California gold rush, to the dust bowl refugees of the Great Depression[1] chasing the sun across the continent, sustaining themselves on movement, banking on hope, America has counted on the rewards of the road.

Move forward and don't look back, your past won't follow you out here, the highway promises. The American road trip is a rite of passage; it's a lark[2], a last gasp. It is the essence of optimism in action. While we Americans claim no monopoly on the open road, the idea that renewal waits just around the bend, over the rise, or beyond that distant horizon, is deeply embedded in who we are as a people. Someone once said that to understand America, you need to understand baseball. I would argue that to truly understand America a road trip is in order. And the more miles you put between yourself and what you've left behind, the better.

The extended journey by car is a different kind of travel. You call all the shots. You decide when and where, left or right, turn back or forge ahead. The highway beckons[3], but it also challenges. […]

That gesture of defiance hints at the secret that rests at the heart of the road trip – arrival is never the true goal. Maybe that's why, after the initial relief, disappointment is often the accompanying feeling upon reaching one's goal. […] What exactly are we looking for with the wheel in our hand?

While still on the road, when still in motion, hope is allowed space and time to play out on its own field of dreams – and hope is something no reality can ever match. Since America is still an idea more than anything else, that hope is indispensable to our national psyche. It's no wonder that the facts of who we are and what we ultimately do, comes often as a shock and disappointment, even to ourselves.

But no matter. The road is there, calling…

Andrew McCARTHY, *www.theguardian.com*, April 2013

[1] the Great Depression: a severe worldwide economic crisis that started in 1929 in the USA.

[2] a lark: an adventure

[3] beckons: attracts

Document B

I was in another big high cab, all set to go hundreds of miles across the night, and was I happy! And the new truckdriver was as crazy as the other and yelled just as much, and all I had to do was lean back and roll on. Now I could see Denver looming ahead of me like the Promised Land, way out there beneath the stars, across the prairie of Iowa and the plains of Nebraska, and I could see the greater vision of San Francisco beyond, like jewels in the night. […] He told stories for a couple of hours, then, at a town in Iowa […], he slept a few hours in the seat. I slept too, and took one little walk along the lonely brick walls illuminated by one lamp, with the prairie brooding at the end of each little street and the smell of the corn like dew in the night.

He woke up with a start at dawn. Off we roared, and an hour later the smoke of Des Moines[1] appeared ahead over the green cornfields. […] Now I wanted to sleep a whole day. […] By instinct I wandered down to the railroad tracks - and there're a lot of them in Des Moines - and wound up in a gloomy old Plains inn of a hotel by the locomotive roundhouse, and spent a long day sleeping on a big clean hard white bed with dirty remarks carved in the wall beside my pillow and the beat yellow windowshades pulled over the smoky scene of the rail-yards. I woke up as the sun was reddening; and that was the one distinct time in my life, the strangest moment of all, when I didn't know who I was - I was far away from home, haunted and tired with travel, in a cheap hotel room I'd never seen, hearing the hiss of steam outside, and the creak of the old wood of the hotel, and footsteps upstairs, and all the sad sounds, and I looked at the cracked high ceiling and really didn't know who I was for about fifteen strange seconds. I wasn't scared; I was just somebody else, some stranger, and my whole life was a haunted life, the life of a ghost. I was halfway across America, at the dividing line between the East of my youth and the West of my future, and maybe that's why it happened right there and then, that strange red afternoon.

Jack KEROUAC, *On The Road*, 1957

[1] Des Moines is the capital city of the state of Iowa (USA).

Document C

Dorothea LANGE is an American documentary photographer and photojournalist born in 1895. She is best known for her Depression-era work for the Farm Security Administration which contributed to humanizing the consequences of the Great Depression.



Dorothea LANGE, *Veteran Hobo*, 1938