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

Analyse how California's features are depicted and exploited in the three documents and the impact of these representations on travellers, visitors, or settlers.

2ème partie

Traduction :

Translate the following passage from Document B into French.

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

Even in reasonably good years there was so little feed that the cattle kept thin running about looking for enough to eat. From their barren hills the Hamiltons could look down to the west and see the richness of the bottom land and the greenness around the Salinas River.

Samuel built his house with his own hands, and he built a barn and a blacksmith shop. He found quite soon that even if he had ten thousand acres of hill country he could not make a living on the bony soil without water. (lignes 32-38)

Document A

On my way to sunny California
On my way to spend another sunny day

Water, water, get yourself in the cool, clear water
The sun shines brightly down on Penny's place
The sun shines brightly down on the bay
The air's so clean it'll just take your mind away
Take your mind away, take your mind away

Have you ever been south of Monterey?
Barrancas[1] carve the coast line
And the chaparral flows to the sea
'Neath waves of golden sunshine

And have you ever been north of Morro Bay?
The south coast plows the sea
And the people there are of the breed
They don't need electricity

Water, water, cool cascades
Of clear, clear water
The sun dance final scene sets the hills ablaze
Horizon edges quick up the mountain's way

Have you ever been down Salinas way
Where Steinbeck[2] found the valley?
And he wrote about it the way
It was in his travelin's with Charley

And have you ever walked down through the sycamores
Where the farmhouse used to be?
There the monarch's autumn journey ends
On a windswept Cyprus tree

Water, water, get yourself in the cool, clear water
The sun shines brightly down on Penny's place
The air's so clean that it just takes your mind away
Takes your mind away, takes your mind away

Have you ever been to a festival

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[1] Spanish term for canyon
[2] *Travels with Charley in Search of America* is a travelogue by California-born author John Steinbeck about his road-trip across the country with his dog Charley in 1962.

The Big Sur [3] congregation?
Where Country Joe will do his show
And he'd sing about liberty

And the people there in the open air
One big family
Yeah, the people there love to sing and share
Their new found liberty

The Beach Boys, « California Saga », *Holland,* 1973

[3] Big Sur is an area in California where a folk festival was held between 1964 and 1971.

Document B

Why Samuel left the stone house and the green acres of his ancestors I do not know. He was never a political man, so it is not likely a charge of rebellion drove him out, and he was scrupulously honest, which eliminates the police as prime movers. There was a whisper—not even a rumor but rather an unsaid feeling—in my family that it was love drove him out, and not love of the wife he married. But whether it was too successful love or whether he left in pique at unsuccessful love, I do not know. We always preferred to think it was the former. Samuel had good looks and charm and gaiety. It is hard to imagine that any country Irish girl refused him.

He came to the Salinas Valley full-blown and hearty, full of inventions and energy. […] His hands were clever. He was a good blacksmith and carpenter and woodcarver, and he could improvise anything with bits of wood and metal. He was forever inventing a new way of doing an old thing and doing it better and quicker, but he never in his whole life had any talent for making money. Other men who had the talent took Samuel's tricks and sold them and grew rich, but Samuel barely made wages all his life.

I don't know what directed his steps toward the Salinas Valley. It was an unlikely place for a man from a green country to come to, but he came about thirty years before the turn of the century and he brought with him his tiny Irish wife, a tight hard little woman humorless as a chicken. […]

When Samuel and Liza came to the Salinas Valley all the level land was taken, the rich bottoms, the little fertile creases in the hills, the forests, but there was still marginal land to be homesteaded[4], and in the barren hills, to the east of what is now King City, Samuel Hamilton homesteaded.

He followed the usual practice. He took a quarter-section for himself and a quarter-section for his wife, and since she was pregnant he took a quarter-section for the child. Over the years nine children were born, four boys and five girls, and with each birth another quarter-section was added to the ranch, and that makes eleven quarter-sections, or seventeen hundred and sixty acres.

If the land had been any good the Hamiltons would have been rich people. But the acres were harsh and dry. There were no springs, and the crust of topsoil was so thin that the flinty bones stuck through. Even the sagebrush struggled to exist, and the oaks were dwarfed from lack of moisture. Even in reasonably good years there was so little feed that the cattle kept thin running about looking for enough to eat. From their barren hills the Hamiltons could look down to the west and see the richness of the bottom land and the greenness around the Salinas River.

[4] The Homestead Acts were several laws in the United States by which an applicant could acquire ownership of government or public land, generally called a homestead, divided into quarter-sections.

Samuel built his house with his own hands, and he built a barn and a blacksmith shop. He found quite soon that even if he had ten thousand acres of hill country he could not make a living on the bony soil without water.

John Steinbeck, *East of Eden,* 1952

Document C



Acrylic on canvas 242.5 cm × 243.9 cm, Tate Gallery, London - David Hockney[5], "A Bigger Splash", 1967

[5] Born in England, Hockney lived in California, which inspired him with a series of paintings representing swimming-pools.

SUJET 2

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Arts et débats d'idées »

1ère partie

Prenez connaissance des documents A, B et C et traitez en anglais la consigne suivante (500 mots)

Focus on the situation and status of African Americans as described in the three documents and show the different means of protest and resistance chosen by the artists presented here.

2ème partie

Traduction :

Translate the following passage from Document B into French.

But another time, on 52nd Street, I finished a set with “Strange Fruit” and headed, as usual, for the bathroom. I always do. When I sing it, it affects me so much I get sick. It takes all the strength out of me.

This woman came in the ladies’ room at the Downbeat Club and found me all broken up from crying. I had come off the floor [1] running, hot and cold, miserable and happy. She looked at me, and the tears started coming to her eyes. “My God,” she said, “I never heard anything so beautiful in my life.”

Lignes 23 à 29

[1] stage

Document A



Black and white photo, The Gordon Parks Foundation,
Gordon Parks, "Ella Watson", Washington, D.C., 1942

Document B

It was during my stint at Café Society that a song was born which became my personal protest—"Strange Fruit." The germ of the song was in a poem written by Lewis Allan. I first met him at Café Society. When he showed me that poem, I dug it right off. It seemed to spell out all the things that had killed Pop.

Allan, too, had heard how Pop died and of course was interested in my singing. He suggested that Sonny White, who had been my accompanist, and I turn it into music.

[…] I worked like the devil on it because I was never sure I could put it across or that I could get across to a plush night-club audience the things that it meant to me.

I was scared people would hate it. The first time I sang it I thought it was a mistake and I had been right being scared. There wasn't even a patter of applause when I finished. Then a lone person began to clap nervously. Then suddenly everyone was clapping.

It caught on after a while and people began to ask for it. The version I recorded for Commodore became my biggest-selling record. It still depresses me every time I sing it, though. It reminds me of how Pop died. But I have to keep singing it, not only because people ask for it but because twenty years after Pop died the things that killed him are still happening in the South.

Over the years I've had a lot of weird experiences as a result of that song. It has a way of separating the straight people from the squares and cripples. One night in Los Angeles a bitch stood right up in the club where I was singing and said, "Billie, why don't you sing that sexy song you're so famous for? You know, the one about the naked bodies swinging in the trees."

Needless to say, I didn't.

But another time, on 52nd Street, I finished a set with "Strange Fruit" and headed, as usual, for the bathroom. I always do. When I sing it, it affects me so much I get sick. It takes all the strength out of me.

This woman came in the ladies' room at the Downbeat Club and found me all broken up from crying. I had come off the floor[1] running, hot and cold, miserable and happy. She looked at me, and the tears started coming to her eyes. "My God," she said, "I never heard anything so beautiful in my life. You can still hear a pin drop out there."

Just a few months ago in a club in Miami I had run through an entire two-week date without ever doing "Strange Fruit." I was in no mood to be bothered with the scenes that always come on when I do that number in the South. I didn't want to start anything I couldn't finish. But one night after everybody had asked me twenty times to do it, I finally gave in. […]

When I came to the final phrase of the lyrics I was in the angriest and strongest voice I had been in for months. My piano player was in the same kind of form. When I said, "… for the sun to rot," and then a piano punctuation, "… for the wind to suck," I pounced on those words like they had never been hit before.

I was flailing the audience, but the applause was like nothing I'd ever heard. I came off, went upstairs, changed into street clothes, and when I came down they were still applauding. […]

[1] stage

When I was thirteen I got real evil one time and set in my ways. I just plain decided one day I wasn't going to do anything or say anything unless I meant it. Not "Please, sir." Not "Thank you, ma'am." Nothing. Unless I meant it.

You have to be poor and black to know how many times you can get knocked in the head just for trying to do something as simple as that.

But I never gave up trying. And I tried to do it whether it was on my own home ground in Harlem or on somebody else's.

Billie Holiday, *Lady sings the Blues*, 1956

Document C

Southern trees bearing a strange fruit
Blood on the leaves and blood at the root
Black bodies swinging in the Southern breeze
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees
Pastoral scene of the gallant South
The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth
Scent of magnolia sweet and fresh
Then the sudden smell of burning flesh.
Here is a fruit for the crow to pluck
For the rain to wither, for the wind to suck
For the sun to rot, for the trees to drop
Here is a strange and bitter crop.

Abel Meeropool, under the pseudonym of Lewis Allan, *Strange Fruit* (extract), 1937