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 2023

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BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2023

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 10 pages numérotées de 1/10 à 10/10.

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 »

<u>Partie 1 (16 pts)</u> : prenez connaissance des documents A, B et C et traitez le sujet suivant <u>en anglais :</u>

Write a commentary on the three documents (about 500 words): taking into account the specificities of the documents, show how one's identity is questioned when going from one territory to another.

<u>Partie 2 (4 pts)</u> : traduisez le passage suivant du document B <u>en français</u> :

Most of the day, we wandered around the duty-free store, which wasn't very large. The manager had a name tag with a tiny American flag on one side, and a tiny Canadian flag on the other. His name was Mel. Towards evening, he began suggesting that we should be on our way. I told him we had nowhere to go, that neither the Americans nor the Canadians would let us in. He laughed at that and told us that we should buy something or leave. (l. 22-27)

DOCUMENT A

We are at the border. He has by now convinced his Canadian girlfriend to let him drive. He is stubborn. He is a Trinidadian man. […] I become nervous; for my career in broadcasting is on the tip of his tongue should he mispronounce "Toronto" and cause us to be sent back across the border, into the cold, dark blackness that is a Canadian night in November. But I am practising my pronunciation, just in case the immigration officer should ask me first, “Where do you live, sir?,” since we do not have the visa necessary to enter the United States.

“Trahnnnh! Tranno! Trannah!”

We can see the border. It is dark and foreboding, meaning the cement structure, and the stalls, and the Stars and Stripes; and the music coming through the tinny speakers does not help our mood. And, before we know it, the three of us are shaking inside the darkened car, and, beside us, bending down, to see who sits in the darkness inside the car, and making a sign with his hands that the window should be rolled down, is an American, an immigration officer, shivering in the Canadian cold to which he has been exposed during his eight-hour shift. And when the Trinidadian has succeeded in his fumbling to lower the window — it is a manual window — we hear the foreboding question… “Where were you born, sir?”

Silence is no measurement of time, or of fear, or of success. […]

The loss of voice becomes the fear in our bodies that the Trinidadian, the man at the wheel, has now forgotten his coaching in the pronunciation of a simple word, like “Tranno.” But he regains his voice.

“Toe-ron-toe!” […]

And we prayed that he would ignore the immigration officer, and refuse to answer, and not put us deeper into the jeopardy of his egotistical attitude with the pronunciation of strange words, especially cities.

“Toe-ron-toe!”

I cannot remember if the immigration officer said, “Turn round, sir.” I cannot remember if his words were, “You are refused entry,” and we therefore knew that we had to turn round and retrace our steps. I cannot remember if the immigration officer said anything, at all.

Austin Clarke, *'Membering*, 2015

DOCUMENT B

The narrator and his mother, who live on the Canadian side of the US-Canada border, want to go to Salt Lake City to visit Laetitia, the narrator's sister. After being turned back at the American border, they try to go back to Canada.

The Canadian border guard was a young woman, and she seemed happy to see us. "Hi," she said. "You folks sure have a great day for a trip. Where are you coming from?"
"Standoff."
"Is that in Montana?"
"No."
"Where are you going?"
"Standoff."
The woman's name was Carol and I don't guess she was any older than Laetitia. "Wow, you both Canadians?"
"Blackfoot[1]." […]
"Citizenship?"
"Blackfoot."
"I know," said the woman, "and I'd be proud of being Blackfoot if I were Blackfoot. But you have to be American or Canadian." […]
We parked the car to the side of the building and Carol led us into a small room on the second floor. I found a comfortable spot on the couch and flipped through some back issues of *Saturday Night* and *Alberta Report.*
When I woke up, my mother was just coming out of another office. She didn't say a word to me. I followed her down the stairs and out to the car. I thought we were going home […].
Instead she pulled into the parking lot of the duty-free store and stopped. […]
Most of the day, we wandered around the duty-free store, which wasn't very large. The manager had a name tag with a tiny American flag on one side, and a tiny Canadian flag on the other. His name was Mel. Towards evening, he began suggesting that we should be on our way. I told him we had nowhere to go, that neither the Americans nor the Canadians would let us in. He laughed at that and told us that we should buy something or leave.
The car was not very comfortable, but we did have all that food and it was April, so even if it did snow as it sometimes does on the prairies, we shouldn't freeze. The next morning my mother drove to the American border.
It was a different guard this time, but the questions were the same. We didn't spend as much time in the office as we had the day before. By noon, we were back at the Canadian border.
Early the next morning, the television vans began to arrive, and guys in suits and women in dresses came trotting over to us, dragging microphones and cameras and lights behind them. […]

[1] Blackfoot : a native American people present both in Canada and the United States.

The guard who came out to our car was all smiles. The television lights were so bright they hurt my eyes, and, if you tried to look through the windshield in certain directions, you couldn't see a thing.

"Morning, ma'am."

"Good morning."

"Where you heading?"

"Salt Lake City."

"Purpose of your visit?"

"Visit my daughter."

"Any tobacco, liquor, or firearms?"

"Don't smoke."

"Any plants or fruit?"

"Not any more."

"Citizenship?"

"Blackfoot."

The guard rocked back on his heels and jammed his thumbs into his gun belt. "Thank you," he said, his fingers patting the butt of the revolver. "Have a pleasant trip."

Thomas King, *Borders,* 1993

DOCUMENT C



Adam ZYGLISS, “Border crossing”, http://www.adamzyglis.com/cartoon638.html, January 2008

SUJET n°2

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

<u>Partie 1 (16 pts)</u> : prenez connaissance des documents A, B et C et traitez le sujet suivant <u>en anglais</u> :

Write a commentary on the three documents (about 500 words): taking into account their specificities, analyse how they deal with the construction the self between tradition and modernity.

<u>Partie 2 (4 pts)</u> : traduisez le passage suivant du document A <u>en français</u> :

Earlier in the evening Ramu's mother had decided that if he refused again or exhibited the usual sullenness at the mention of marriage, she would leave him absolutely alone even if she saw him falling down before a coming train. She would never more interfere in his affairs. She realized what a resolute mind she possessed, and felt proud of the fact. That was the kind of person one ought to be. It was all very well having a mother's heart and so on, but even a mother could have a limit to her feelings. (l.9-15)

DOCUMENT A

Ramu's mother waited till he was halfway through dinner and then introduced the subject of marriage. Ramu merely replied, "So you are at it again!" He appeared more amused than angry, and so she brought out her favourite points one by one: her brother's daughter was getting on to fourteen, the girl was good-looking and her brother was prepared to give a handsome dowry; she (Ramu's mother) was getting old and wanted a holiday from housekeeping: she might die any moment and then who would cook Ramu's food and look after him? And the most disputable argument: a man's luck changed with marriage. "The harvest depends not on the hand that holds the plough but on the hand which holds the pot." Earlier in the evening Ramu's mother had decided that if he refused again or exhibited the usual sullenness at the mention of marriage, she would leave him absolutely alone even if she saw him falling down before a coming train. She would never more interfere in his affairs. She realized what a resolute mind she possessed, and felt proud of the fact. That was the kind of person one ought to be. It was all very well having a mother's heart and so on, but even a mother could have a limit to her feelings. If Ramu thought he could do what he pleased just because she was only a mother, she would show him he was mistaken. If he was going to slight her judgement and feelings, she was going to show how indifferent she herself could be…

With so much preparation she broached the subject of marriage and presented a formidable array of reasons. But Ramu just brushed them aside and spoke slightingly of the appearance of her brother's daughter. And then she announced, "This is the last time I am speaking about this. Hereafter I will leave you alone. Even if I see you drowning I will never ask why you are drowning. Do you understand?"

"Yes." Ramu brooded. He could not get through his Intermediate even at the fourth attempt; he could not get a job, even at twenty rupees a month. And here was Mother worrying him to marry. Of all girls, his uncle's! That protruding tooth alone would put off any man. It was incredible that he should be expected to marry that girl. He had always felt that when he married he would marry a girl like Rezia, whom he had seen in two or three Hindi films. Life was rusty and sterile, and Ramu lived in a stage of perpetual melancholia and depression; he loafed away his time, or slept, or read old newspapers in a free reading room… […]

"You are saying all sorts of things because I refuse to marry your brother's daughter," he replied.

"What do I care? She is a fortunate girl and will get a really decent husband." Ramu's mother hated him for his sullenness. It was this gloomy look that she hated in people. It was unbearable. She spoke for a few minutes, and he asked, "When are you going to shut up?" […]

R. K. NARAYAN, "Mother and Son", *Malgudi Days,* 1984

DOCUMENT B



Movie Poster: *Bend It like Beckham*, a film directed by Gurinder CHADHA, 2002

DOCUMENT C

An honest perspective on Indian marriage culture in "Indian Matchmaking"

"The Bachelor", "Love Island" and more – we have seen a plethora of reality TV dating shows before, but never anything that matches the likes of Netflix's "Indian matchmaking". The real star is Sima Taparia, or "Sima Aunty", a professional matchmaker from Bombay, India, who collects "biodatas", which are essentially dating profile resumes, from single Indians around the world in order to set them up for marriage. While the two lovers have the opportunity to go on actual dates and have some liberties when it comes to deciding their spouse, Sima Aunty is more or less setting up arranged marriages – an ancient tradition in many Asian countries, especially in India.

Mixing old and respected traditions with reality TV? What could possibly go wrong? […]

Although many major news outlets like CNN and MSNBC were quick to criticize the show for being problematic, I do not blame "Indian Matchmaking" for being a problematic show. […] I appreciate the fact that they do not "whitewash" the show in order to appease Western audiences. Rather, it is unapologetically Indian, from the glamorization of fair skin to the marital pressure from families. […]

Of course, with every generation, the rules loosen and tradition becomes more flexible. Religion plays less of a role, people get married at an older age with more say in who their spouse is and divorce becomes more common. For instance, out of all of my closest Indian friends, my parents are the only ones I know who had a love marriage. I am positive that with my generation, more Indians will have love marriages as well. Therefore, while the biases depicted in the show are undoubtedly problematic, "Indian Matchmaking" accurately shines a light on the reality of non-Western culture and hard truths about marriage.

Anika JAIN, *The Stanford Daily,* August 19, 2020