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 2025

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BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2025

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 à 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 »

<u>Partie 1</u> (16 pts) : 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, analyse how artistic expression can contribute to the construction of the self.

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

He knew that he was a troubled soul and not fit for this world, but he also knew that much good work was buried in those notebooks, and on that score at least he could hold his head high. Maybe if he had been more scrupulous about taking his medication, or maybe if his body had been a bit stronger, or maybe if he hadn't been so fond of malts and spirits and the hubbub of bars, he might have done even more good work. That was perfectly possible, but it was too late to dwell on regrets and errors now. (l.19-25)

DOCUMENT A

Everyone needs a creative outlet to express themselves

Nowadays people will say that being an artist should be a temporary dream, something only a select few can do. Some would say there is no money in art until after the artist is dead. That art is hard to make a living off of it. In today's society that may be true, but it is also important to think about what art means. It isn't just a painting or a song, it is an expression of emotion that cannot be felt through just words themselves. Without artistic creations of others how would we get new ideas, or figure out different ways to do the same task?

A craft of imagination can be more important than a craft of knowledge, and it is absolutely possible for the two to be combined or to blend into one another. A piece of work isn't just something created without discipline and/or training. What many people would not understand about a painting that is covered with a dozen different colors and looks like a five-year-old did it is the emotion as well as the training within the painting. An artist needs to learn how to complete the basics like a master before the student can add in their own emotions and change the painting to be their own.

"Art is theft" was said by Pablo Picasso. This is a great quote for all artists in the sense that each piece of art is different, but inspirations are shared. Students are taught the same thing over and over again. Which is good, however, it is better to expand a child's horizon by teaching students to accept new ways of finding solutions or solving their issues.

There are schools who want to take out the different forms of art found in public schools. Unfortunately, this can hurt a student more than help them. Every person needs an outlet. Something that will allow an individual to release stress in a healthy way, though a way that can be shared with others or kept to themselves. If art, music, or other such electives are taken out of the school systems, then how are students supposed to learn about alternative ways to express themselves?

Students, young adults, or just people in general need different ways to express themselves. How can a person learn about various mediums within the arts if the program is taken out of school? A student will spend seven hours a day, five days a week, ten months of the year, and for at least twelve years of their life in a classroom. If art is taken out of the lives of younger people, then how will creative ideas be born? Many people think that creative ideas cannot be in crafts of knowledge or discovery. When a person mentions mathematics or science, creativity isn't the first thing that comes to mind. Yet it is creativity, or a person having a unique side, that helps people connect the knowledge and creativity to find a new idea or solution.

Rachel Mundie, *www.theodisseyonline.com*, October 2016

DOCUMENT B



NYPD officer Steven Waldron inked the names of 23 NYPD officers who died on 9/11 down his arm.

www.eu.usatoday.com, September 2016

DOCUMENT C

Of the two things Willy still hoped to accomplish before he died, neither one took precedence over the other. Each was all-important to him, and since time had grown too short to think of tackling them separately, he had come up with what he referred to as the Chesapeake Gambit: an eleventh hour ploy to kill both birds with one stone. The first has already been discussed in the previous paragraphs: to find new digs for his furry companion. The second was to wrap up his own affairs and make sure that his manuscripts were left in good hands. At that moment, his life's work was crammed into a rental locker at the Greyhound bus terminal on Fayette Street, two and a half blocks north of where he and Mr. Bones were standing. The key was in his pocket, and unless he found someone worthy enough to entrust with that key, every word he had ever written would be destroyed, disposed of as so much unclaimed baggage. In the twenty-three years since he'd taken on the surname of Christmas, Willy had filled the pages of seventy-four notebooks with his writings. These included poems, stories, essays, diary entries, epigrams, autobiographical musings, and the first eighteen hundred lines of an epic-in-progress, Vagabond Days. The majority of these works had been composed at the kitchen table of his mother's apartment in Brooklyn, but since her death four years ago he'd been forced to write in the open air, often battling the elements in public parks and dusty alleyways as he struggled to get his thoughts down on paper. In his secret heart of hearts, Willy had no delusions about himself. He knew that he was a troubled soul and not fit for this world, but he also knew that much good work was buried in those notebooks, and on that score at least he could hold his head high. Maybe if he had been more scrupulous about taking his medication, or maybe if his body had been a bit stronger, or maybe if he hadn't been so fond of malts and spirits and the hubbub[1] of bars, he might have done even more good work. That was perfectly possible, but it was too late to dwell on regrets and errors now. Willy had written the last sentence he would ever write, and there were no more than a few ticks left in the clock. The words in the locker were all he had to show for himself. If the words vanished, it would be as if he had never lived.

Paul Auster, *Timbuktu*, 1999

[1] hubbub: noise.

SUJET 2

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

<u>Partie 1</u> (16 pts) : 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 three documents, analyse the representation of America as a land of opportunities.

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

America was where all my mother's hopes lay. She had come here in 1949 after losing everything in China: her mother and father, her family home, her first husband, and two daughters, twin baby girls. But she never looked back with regret. There were so many ways for things to get better.

We didn't immediately pick the right kind of prodigy. At first my mother thought I could be a Chinese Shirley Temple. We'd watch Shirley's old movies on TV as though they were training films. (l. 6-12)

DOCUMENT A

I was ten years old when I realized my father's name, in American, meant Charles Wolf. Lina and I called our father Babbo. Mama called him Pop. Nonna called him Carlucci, and our uncles called him Looch or Lino. Only the utility bills […] dared to address him by his full and formal name, Carlino Pasquale Lupo. Junk mail, in sharp contrast, came bannered with large bold type that announced YOU'RE A MILLION DOLLAR WINNER, CARLA!

Babbo didn't take it very kindly to having his sex changed by mail. "What do I look like, some kind of fruitcake[1] or something?" he said, before he threw the Carla envelopes in the trash. When his back was turned, Mama rescued the envelopes from the wastebasket. […] She had three passions in life: funerals, church bazaars and mail order sweepstakes. She entered every contest that came her way, confident that it was just a matter of time before she won a trip to Waikiki, a snazzy red sports car, or a dream vacation home that looked like an Alpine ski lodge.

"You can't win if you don't play," she said, as she sat at the kitchen table, cutting out the Publishers Clearing House stickers with her best Singer[2] sewing scissors. […] She licked the stamps and pressed them into place with her thumb, leaning forward with all her weight. "Cheap glue," she muttered as she crisscrossed the stickers with Scotch tape. […]

"You're not going to win," I said.

"*Perchè*?" Mama asked.

"Because you're not Carla," I said.

[…] "You won't win," Lina said, "because you're not ordering any magazines."

Mama pointed to the entry form. "It says right here, in plain English, you don't have to order."

"You don't get something for nothing," Lina insisted.

Mama shrugged. *"Tutti hanno i sogni."*

Everybody has their dreams. So the men in our family went to the track. The women entered raffles and went to bingo. Every Thursday night, Mama's eyes shone as she sealed her red wooden chips in a fresh plastic bag. "I can just feel it," she said. "Tonight's my night." Two hours later she came home clutching yet another set of laminated holy cards or another plastic figurine of an apostle, a virgin martyr, or some obscure saint. The cash bonus at Bingo – as well as the Easter ham and the Thanksgiving turkey – so far had eluded her. But she refused to give up. Contests were the American way.

When I asked her once what she missed most about Italy, she said, "Nothing! The streets smelled like mule poop[3]. And imagine, there were no prizes."

Rita Ciresi, *Sometimes I Dream in Italian*, 2000

[1] Fruitcake: derogatory word for homosexual.
[2] Singer is a trademark *(marque déposée).*
[3] Poop: excrement

DOCUMENT B

My mother believed you could be anything you wanted to be in America. You could open a restaurant. You could work for the government and get good retirement. You could buy a house with almost no money down. You could become rich. You could become instantly famous. “Of course you can be prodigy, too,” my mother told me when I was nine. “You can be best anything. What does Auntie Lindo know? Her daughter she is only best tricky.” America was where all my mother’s hopes lay. She had come here in 1949 after losing everything in China: her mother and father, her family home, her first husband, and two daughters, twin baby girls. But she never looked back with regret. There were so many ways for things to get better.

We didn’t immediately pick the right kind of prodigy. At first my mother thought I could be a Chinese Shirley Temple[1]. We’d watch Shirley’s old movies on TV as though they were training films. My mother would poke my arm and say, “*Ni Kan*” — You watch. And I would see Shirley tapping her feet, or singing a sailor song, or pursing her lips into a very round O while saying, “Oh my goodness”.

“*Ni kan*”, said my mother as Shirley’s eyes flooded with tears. “You already know how. Don’t need talent for crying!” Soon after my mother got this idea about Shirley Temple, she took me to a beauty training school in the Mission district and put me in the hands of a student who could barely hold scissors without shaking. Instead of getting big fat curls, I emerged with an uneven mass of crinkly black fuzz. My mother dragged me off to the bathroom and tried to wet down my hair. “You look like Negro Chinese”, she lamented, as if I had done this on purpose.

The instructor of the beauty training school had to lop off these soggy clumps to make my hair even again. “Peter Pan is very popular these days”, the instructor assured my mother. I now had hair the length of a boy’s, with straight-across bangs that hung as a slant, two inches above my eyebrows. I liked the haircut and it made me look forward to my future fame.

Amy Tan, *The Joy Luck Club*, 1989

[1] Shirley Temple was three years old when she started her career as an actress in 1931. She was an icon in the United States.

DOCUMENT C



Art work by Phil America about Silicon Valley's "Jungle Camp" in San Jose, 2014