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BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2021

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 1

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

Partie 1. 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) :

Show how the theme of New York City as territory is dealt with in the three documents, taking into account its geography and cultural heritage.

Partie 2. Traduction en français (4 pts)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document B :

"You look right glad to get home little boy," says the Southern lady.

"Oh I am, I could fall down and kiss the ground."

"Well that's a fine patriotic sentiment. . . . I'm glad to hear you say it."

Jimmy scalds all over. Kiss the ground, kiss the ground, echoes in his head like a catcall. […]

"Look deary you're missing things. . . . There's the statue of Liberty." A tall green woman in a dressing gown standing on an island holding up her hand.

"What's that in her hand?" (lines 24 to 31)

Document A

An Open Letter to NYC

Listen, All You New Yorkers
Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens and Staten
From the Battery to the top of Manhattan
Asian, Middle-Eastern and Latin
Black, White, New York you make it happen

[…]

Brownstones[1], water towers, trees, skyscrapers
Writers, prize fighters and Wall Street traders
We come together on the subway cars

[1] brownstones: a line of low houses, common in certain neighborhoods of NYC.

Diversity unified, whoever you are
We're doing fine on the One and Nine line
On the L[2] we're doin' swell
On the number Ten bus we fight and fuss
Cause we're thorough in the boroughs and that's a must
I remember when the Deuce[3] was all porno flicks
Running home after school to play PIXX
At lunch I'd go to Blimpies down on Montague Street
And hit the Fulton Street Mall for the sneakers on my feet
Dear New York, I hope you're doing well
I know a lot's happened and you've been through hell
So, we give thanks for providing a home
Through your gates at Ellis Island we passed in droves

Dear New York, this is a love letter
To you and how you brought us together
We can't say enough about all you do
Cause in the city we're ourselves and electric, too
[…]
Shout out the South Bronx where my mom hails from
Right next to High Bridge across from Harlem
To the Grand Concourse where my mom and dad met
Before they moved on down to the Upper West
I see you're still strong after all that's gone on
Life long we dedicate this song
Just a little something to show some respect
To the city that blends and mends and tests
Since 9/11, we're still livin'
And lovin', life we've been given
Ain't nothing gonna' take that away from us
Were lookin' pretty and gritty cause in the city we trust
Dear New York, I know a lot has changed
2 towers down, but you're still in the game
Home to the many, rejecting no one
Accepting peoples of all places, wherever they're from
Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, and Staten
From the Battery to the top of Manhattan
Asian, Middle-Eastern, and Latin
Black, White, New York you make it happen

BEASTIE BOYS (American rap-rock band from New York City formed in 1978),
An Open Letter to NYC,
A song from the album *To the 5 Boroughs,* 2004

[2] the L: short for « el » or elevated train.
[3] the Deuce: nickname for 42nd Street in Manhattan.

Document B

Young Jimmy is on a boat with his mother and several other passengers. They are arriving in New York.

"Why it's going to be a fine day after all. I think the sun will burn through the mist. … Think of it dear; home at last. This is where you were born deary."

"And it's the Fourth of July."

"Worst luck. … Now Jimmy you must promise me to stay on the promenade deck and be very careful. Mother has to finish packing. Promise me you won't get into any mischief."

"I promise."

[…]

"Didjer[4] see the sun rise?" [Billy] asks as if he owned it.

"You bet I saw it from my porthole," says Jimmy walking away after a lingering look at the silk flag. There's land close on the other side; nearest a green bank with trees and wide white gray roofed houses.

"Well young feller, how does it feel to be home?" asks the tweedy gentleman with droopy mustaches.

"Is that way New York?" Jimmy points out over the still water broadening in the sunlight.
"Yessiree-bobby, behind yonder bank of fog lies Manhattan."

"Please sir what's that?"

"That's New York. . . . You see New York is on Manhattan Island."

"Is it really on an island?"

"Well what do you think of a boy who don't know that his own home town is on an island?"

The tweedy gentleman's gold teeth glitter as he laughs with his mouth wide open. Jimmy walks on round the deck, kicking his heels, all foamy inside; New York's on an island.

"You look right glad to get home little boy," says the Southern lady.

"Oh I am, I could fall down and kiss the ground."

"Well that's a fine patriotic sentiment. . . . I'm glad to hear you say it."

Jimmy scalds[5] all over. Kiss the ground, kiss the ground, echoes in his head like a catcall. […]

[4] didjer: did you
[5] scald: become red in the face

"Look deary you're missing things. . . . There's the statue of Liberty." A tall green woman in a dressing gown standing on an island holding up her hand.

"What's that in her hand?"

"That's a light, dear . . . Liberty enlightening the world. . . . And there's Governors Island the other side. There where the trees are . . . and see, that's Brooklyn Bridge. . . . That is a fine sight. And look at all the docks . . . that's the Battery . . . and the masts and the ships . . . and there's the spire of Trinity Church and the Pulitzer building."

John DOS PASSOS (American novelist, 1896-1970), *Manhattan Transfer*, 1925

Document C



Hank Willis THOMAS (born in 1976), *Unity, Public Sculpture*
(near the Brooklyn entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge),
The New York Times, Nov 10, 2019

SUJET 2

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

Partie 1. 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 attention to the three documents, examine how literature and art convey different experiences and perceptions of war.

Partie 2. Traduction en français (4 points)

Traduisez le passage suivant du document A en français :

War is the most destructive activity known to humanity. Its purpose is to use violence to compel opponents to submit and surrender. In order to understand it, artists have, throughout history, blended colors, textures and patterns to depict wartime ideologies, practices, values and symbols. Their work investigates not only artistic responses to war, but the meaning of violence itself. (lines 1 to 5)

Document A

Paintings, protest and propaganda: A visual history of warfare

War is the most destructive activity known to humanity. Its purpose is to use violence to compel opponents to submit and surrender. In order to understand it, artists have, throughout history, blended colors, textures and patterns to depict wartime ideologies, practices, values and symbols. Their work investigates not only artistic responses to war, but the meaning of violence itself.

Frontline participants in war have even carved art from the flotsam[1] of battle – bullets, shell casings and bones – often producing unsettling accounts of the calamity that had overwhelmed them. Tools of cruelty have been turned into testaments of compassion and civilians have created art out of rubble.

Art, according to Izeta Gradevic, director of Sarajevo-based Obala Art Centre, can be more effective than news reportage in drawing international attention to the plight of ordinary people at war.

Artistic bitterness escalated during World War I. The bloodbath at the Battle of Passchendaele was decisive for young artists such as Paul Nash. In an angry letter to his wife Margaret, he explained that the war was "unspeakable, godless, hopeless." Its horrors were so great that he no longer considered himself to be "an artist interested and curious," but was instead a "messenger who will bring back word from the men who are fighting to those who want the war to go on forever."

Such artist-messengers, like their counterparts in literature, developed a narrative – what the literary scholar Samuel Hynes called the great "myth of war" – that began with "innocent young men, their heads full of high abstractions like Honor, Glory and England" and ended with disillusionment.

Joanna BOURKE (born in 1963),

War and Art: A Visual History of Modern Conflict, 2017

[1] flotsam: things that have been rejected as worthless

Document B



Paul NASH, British official war artist (1889-1946),

'We Are Making a New World', oil-on-canvas painting, 1918,

Imperial War Museum, London.

Document C

An English woman is travelling by train to the French front line during World War I to meet her lover, a French soldier.

Ah! the train had begun to move. The train was on my side. It swung out of the station, and soon we were passing the vegetable gardens, passing the tall blind houses to let, passing the servants beating carpets. […] Two soldiers leaned out of the window, their heads nearly touching – one of them was whistling, the other had his coat fastened with some rusty safety-pins. And now there were soldiers everywhere working on the railway line, leaning against trucks or standing hands on hips, eyes fixed on the train as though they expected at least one camera at every window. And now we were passing big wooden sheds like rigged-up dancing halls or seaside pavilions, each flying a flag. In and out of them walked the Red Cross men; the wounded sat against the walls sunning themselves. At all the bridges, the crossings, the stations, a *petit soldat* all boots and bayonet. Forlorn[1] and desolate he looked,— like a little comic picture waiting for the joke to be written underneath. Is there really such a thing as war? Are all these laughing voices really going to the war? These dark woods lighted so mysteriously by the white stems of the birch and the ash watery fields with the big birds flying over – these rivers green and blue in the light – have battles been fought in places like these?

What beautiful cemeteries we are passing! They flash gay in the sun. They seem to be full of cornflowers and poppies and daisies. How can there be so many flowers at this time of the year? But they are not flowers at all. They are bunches of ribbons tied on to the soldiers' graves.

[...] Down the side of the hill filed the troops, winking red and blue in the light. Far away, but plainly to be seen, some more flew by on bicycles. But really, *ma France adorée*, this uniform is ridiculous. Your soldiers are stamped upon your bosom like bright irreverent transfers.

The train slowed down, stopped … Everybody was getting out except me. A big boy, his sabots tied to his back with a piece of string, the inside of his tin white cup stained a lovely impossible pink, looked very friendly. Does one change here perhaps for X? Another whose képi had come out of a wet paper cracker swung my suitcase to earth. What darlings soldiers are! “Merci bien, Monsieur, vous êtes tout à fait aimable…” “Not this way,” said a bayonet. “Nor this,” said another. So I followed the crowd. “Your passport Mademoiselle …” […] I ran through the muddy square and into the buffet.

Katherine MANSFIELD (1888-1923), “An Indiscreet Journey”, 1915,

published in *Something Childish and Other Stories,* 1924

[1] forlorn: very sad

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