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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 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 « 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 they question male identity.

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

"Kick it back, love," shouted Darvesh.

Dennis couldn't help it – the urge to kick the ball was too strong.

"Don't be too flash," said Lisa as he ran after the ball. But Dennis couldn't help himself, and chased it aggressively. He stopped it neatly, then took a run up to kick it back to his friend.

But as he kicked the ball his high-heeled shoe flew off, and he toppled backwards.

At that moment his wig slipped back off his head and on to the ground.

Denise became Dennis again. (l. 6-13)

**DOCUMENT A**

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not being tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss:
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling, "If—", 1895

**DOCUMENT B**

*Dennis, a 12-year-old boy, has decided to come to school dressed up as a girl.*

It was lunchtime, and people stood in groups, chatting and laughing, enjoying their hour of partial freedom. Football games were breaking out everywhere – games that Dennis would normally have joined in with, had he not been wearing a wig, make-up and an orange sequined dress.

And high heels. […]

[A] football rolled past them. “Kick it back, love,” shouted Darvesh.

Dennis couldn’t help it – the urge to kick the ball was too strong.

“Don’t be too flash,” said Lisa as he ran after the ball. But Dennis couldn’t help himself, and chased it aggressively. He stopped it neatly, then took a run up to kick it back to his friend.

But as he kicked the ball his high-heeled shoe flew off, and he toppled backwards.

At that moment his wig slipped back off his head and on to the ground.

Denise became Dennis again.

Time seemed to slow down. There Dennis was, standing in the middle of the playground, in a girl’s dress and make-up with one shoe on. Silence spread across the playground like snow. Everyone stopped what they were doing and turned to look at him.

“Dennis...?” asked Darvesh incredulously.

“No, it’s Denise,” replied Dennis. But the game was up.

Dennis felt like he’d looked at Medusa, that Greek mythological monster who turned people to stone. He couldn’t move. He looked at Lisa. Her face was dark with worry. Dennis tried to smile.

Then out of the silence came a laugh.

Then another.

Then another.

Not the kind of laughter that greets something funny, but that cruel, mocking laugh, meant to hurt and humiliate. The laughter became louder and louder and louder, and Dennis felt as if the whole world was laughing at him.

For all eternity.

Hahahahahahahahahahahahah!

“You, boy,” boomed a voice from the school building. The laughter stopped in an instant, as the school looked up. It was Mr Hawtrey, the headmaster with the heart of darkness.

"Me, Sir?" asked Dennis, with a misguided tone of innocence.

"Yes, you. The boy in the dress."

Dennis looked around the playground. But he was the only boy wearing a dress. "Yes, Sir?"

"Come to my office. NOW."

Dennis started to walk slowly towards the school building. Everyone watched him take each uncertain, wobbling step. […]

"Are you deranged, boy?"

"No, Sir."

"Then why are you wearing an orange sequined dress?"

"I don't know, Sir."

"You don't know?"

"No, Sir."

Mr Hawtrey leaned forwards. "Is that lipstick?"

Dennis wanted to cry. But even though Mr Hawtrey could see a tear welling up in Dennis's eye, he continued his assault.

"Dressing up like that in make-up and high heels. It's disgusting."

"Sorry, Sir."

A tear rolled down Dennis's cheek. He caught it with his tongue. That bitter taste again. He hated that taste.

"I hope you are utterly ashamed of yourself," continued Mr Hawtrey. "Are you ashamed of yourself?"

Dennis hadn't felt ashamed of himself before. But he did now.

"Yes, Sir."

"I can't hear you, boy."

"YES, SIR." Dennis looked down for a moment. Mr Hawtrey had black fire in his eyes and it was hard to keep looking at him. "I am really sorry."

"It's too late for that, boy. You've been skiving off your lessons, upsetting teachers. You're a disgrace. I am not having a degenerate like you in my school."

"But, Sir…"

"You are expelled."

David Walliams, *The Boy in the Dress,* 2008

**DOCUMENT C**



https://www.istockphoto.com
May 2022

**SUJET 2**

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

**<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 they question the relationship between art and money.

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

She became an efficient computer of values. The endless stream of pictures that passed through the auction house helped her develop a calculus of worth. Auction records were available in the Sotheby's library, and when a picture of note came in, she diligently searched the Art Price Index to see if it had auction history. She factored in condition, size, and subject matter. A Renoir of a young girl, she had witnessed, was worth more than one of an old woman. (l. 21-27)

**DOCUMENT A**

Next up was James Jacques Joseph Tissot's picture of a theater lobby filling up just after the curtain call. Men in opera hats steer their young femmes toward the exit; the women wear lavish dresses, sport hats that cost as much as carriages, and swim under billows of fur. Tissot was the master of a small subject—the rich—and he swathed the women in yards of fabric and painted them midflounce as they disembarked from boats, lounged in parks, or sat on window seats overlooking the sea.

The estimate on the Tissot was five hundred thousand to seven hundred thousand. There was a small stir when the rotating display brought it into view; it looked good. If it stalled, it would be hard for Acosta to maintain his plastered beam. The picture started off at three hundred fifty thousand, and no paddles were raised. Acosta seemed unfazed. He scanned the room, then nodded, and the auctioneer called out, "I have three hundred fifty thousand."

Soon, four hundred thousand. Then, four hundred fifty thousand. Then the auctioneer took a leap: no more fifty-thousand-dollar increments. Six hundred thousand. Seven hundred thousand. The picture crossed a million, then a million five, and then once again in fifty-thousand-dollar increments, finally selling at two million dollars. […]

That evening she […] relived the auction earlier that day. One million, one million five... two million. Someone had just cashed in grandly, unexpectedly. It made her wonder: Could she make money in art, Tissot money?

At Sotheby's, she started to look at paintings differently. She became an efficient computer of values. The endless stream of pictures that passed through the auction house helped her develop a calculus of worth. Auction records were available in the Sotheby's library, and when a picture of note came in, she diligently searched the Art Price Index to see if it had auction history. She factored in condition, size, and subject matter. A Renoir of a young girl, she had witnessed, was worth more than one of an old woman. An American western picture with five tepees was worth more than a painting with one tepee. If a picture had been on the market recently without a sale, she knew it would be less desirable. A deserted painting scared buyers. Why did no one want it? In the trade, it was known as being "burned." Once a picture was burned, the owner had to either drastically reduce the price or sit on it for another seven years until it faded from memory. When Lacey began these computations, her toe crossed ground from which it is difficult to return: she started converting objects of beauty into objects of value.

Steve Martin, *An Object of Beauty,* 2010

**DOCUMENT B**

## A digital piece of art worth $69 million

**Harvard curator examines emerging new creative market**

A digital collage of 5,000 images by the artist known as Beeple fetched an eye-popping $69 million at auction last week as a non-fungible token, or NFT, a type of digital file that uses computer networks to prove a digital item's authenticity, paid for in cryptocurrency. It was a striking sum for something that can so easily be copied and co-opted by anyone with an internet connection. […] The Gazette spoke to Mary Schneider Enriquez, Houghton Curator of Modern and Contemporary Art at the Harvard Art Museums, about the sale.

**GAZETTE**: As an art curator, what is your impression of the Beeple piece?

**ENRIQUEZ**: One of the first things I considered was the use of pop culture imagery in the Beeple piece, and how I'd compare that to the work of Andy Warhol. Looking back on the ways Warhol used popular culture, there's a very distinct line in my mind between why Warhol's work is interesting and how he really challenged us to think and see differently, versus the way Beeple's work and use of popular imagery challenges me. This is a whole different way of creating, and my initial reaction when I first heard about the sale was, "Wow, there's an excessive amount of money in the market." It seems to me that this is about money, and it's about ownership, more than it is about a form of art in the spheres in which I, as a curator, have been trained to think about a work of art and its care. The idea that there is one, authentic copy attached to a digital certificate of ownership does help me put it in a context of art history, and the idea of the original and the copy. But at the same time I would ask, what is an authentic copy, what does that mean in this case?

[…]

As curator in a museum in which you acquire objects that you hope and expect will exist for hundreds of years, there are a number of issues raised by the technology necessary for a work like Beeple's. Those kinds of issues are extremely important in a museum context, and I worry with this particular work that these issues would pose an enormous challenge for future generations.

Colleen Walsh, *The Harvard Gazette*, March 24th 2021

**DOCUMENT C**



Jeff Koons'[1] *Lobster (*2003) was exhibited in the Palace of Versailles in 2008. It was sold at Christie's for $6,850,000.

[1] Jeff Koons: a famous American artist.

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