

BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2023

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES ET CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES ANGLAIS

Durée de l'épreuve : **3 heures 30**

L'usage du dictionnaire unilingue non encyclopédique est autorisé.

La calculatrice n'est pas autorisée.

Dès que ce sujet vous est remis, assurez-vous qu'il est complet.

Ce sujet comporte 9 pages numérotées de 1/9 à 9/9.

**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 ».

1^{re} partie. Synthèse en anglais (16 points)

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 particular attention to the specificities of the three documents, show how they interact to depict nature as a source of self-exploration.

2^e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document C (lignes 3 à 9) :

That was the year winter came in a hurry at suppertime and stayed eight months. One of the War years when Miss Bodwin, the whitewoman, brought Christmas cologne for her mother and herself, oranges for the boys and another good wool shawl for Baby Suggs. Talking of a war full of dead people, she looked happy—flush-faced, and although her voice was heavy as a man's, she smelled like a roomful of flowers—excitement that Denver could have all for herself in the boxwood.

Document A



British artist David Hockney painting "Woldgate Woods", East Yorkshire (UK), May 2006.
Photograph taken by David Hockney's personal assistant, J.-P. Gonçalves de Lima,
news.artnet, 2006.

Document B

The Mississippi. Mighty, muddy, dangerous, rebellious and yet a strong, fathering kind of river. The river captured my imagination when I was young and has never let go. Since I can remember I have wanted to be somehow a part of the river as much as I wanted to be a hero, strong and brave and relentless like the river, looming so large in the life and world around me that I could not be ignored or forgotten. I used to sit on the levee and watch the murkiness lumber down to the sea and I'd dream of the cities and towns the river had passed, the farms and fields and bridges, the magic in the debris picked up here, deposited there, and the other rivers along the way: Ohio, Illinois, Arkansas, taking all on a beautiful voyage to the Gulf of Mexico and beyond I wanted to go too. I wanted to dip first my toes in the water to test, then all of me, hanging onto whatever and floating along with it, letting the river drop me off wherever and pick me up later and take me on again. I didn't care where, I just wanted to go. But my parents wouldn't let me.

But now I am a man and my parents can't stop me. I stand at that magical edge, thirty, when a man stops to take stock of his life and reflects on all the young man's dream that won't come true. No climbs up Everest, no try-out with the Yankees¹, no great American novel. Instead, reality: wives and babies and mortgages, pensions, security and the far-away future. No great risks. No more falling down. No more skinned knees. No great failures. I wondered: is all this inevitable?

I've never minded looking stupid and I have no fear of failure. I decided to canoe down the Mississippi River and to find out what I was made of.

Eddy HARRIS, *Mississippi Solo*, 1988.

¹ Yankees: one of New York City's baseball teams.

Document C

The following excerpt deals with Denver, a sensitive teenage girl, inclined to spend hours alone in the forest.

DENVER'S SECRETS were sweet. Accompanied every time by wild veronica¹ until she discovered cologne. The first bottle was a gift, the next she stole from her mother and hid among boxwood² until it froze and cracked. That was the year winter came in a hurry at supertime and stayed eight months. One of the War years when Miss
5 Bodwin, the whitewoman, brought Christmas cologne for her mother and herself, oranges for the boys and another good wool shawl for Baby Suggs. Talking of a war full of dead people, she looked happy—flush-faced, and although her voice was heavy as a man's, she smelled like a roomful of flowers—excitement that Denver could have all for herself in the boxwood. Back beyond 124³ was a narrow field that stopped itself
10 at a wood. On the yonder side of these woods, a stream. In these woods, between the field and the stream, hidden by post oaks, five boxwood bushes, planted in a ring, had started stretching toward each other four feet off the ground to form a round, empty room seven feet high, its walls fifty inches of murmuring leaves. Bent low, Denver could crawl into this room, and once there she could stand all the
15 way up in emerald light.

It began as a little girl's houseplay, but as her desires changed, so did the play. Quiet, primate and completely secret except for the noisome cologne signal that thrilled the rabbits before it confused them. First a playroom (where the silence was softer), then a refuge (from her brothers' fright), soon the place became the point. In that
20 bower, closed off from the hurt of the hurt world, Denver's imagination produced its own hunger and its own food, which she badly needed because loneliness wore her out. Wore her out. Veiled and protected by the live green walls, she felt ripe and clear, and salvation was as easy as a wish.

Once when she was in the boxwood, an autumn long before Paul D moved into the
25 house with her mother, she was made suddenly cold by a combination of wind and the perfume on her skin. She dressed herself, bent down to leave and stood up in snowfall: a thin and whipping snow very like the picture her mother had painted as she described the circumstances of Denver's birth in a canoe straddled by a whitegirl for whom she was named.

30 Shivering, Denver approached the house, regarding it, as she always did, as a person rather than a structure. A person that wept, sighed, trembled and fell into fits.

Toni MORRISON, *Beloved*, 1987.

¹ veronica: flowering plant.

² boxwood: a sort of ornamental tree.

³ 124: the house at 124 Bluestone Road.

SUJET 2

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

1^{re} partie. Synthèse en anglais (16 points)

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 particular attention to the specificities of the three documents, show how they interact to question the way history is narrated.

2^e partie. Traduction en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 25 à 31) :

“This is the problem of history. We cannot know that which we were not there to see and hear and experience for ourselves. We must rely upon the words of others. Those who were there in the olden days, they told stories to the children so that the children would know, so that the children could tell stories to their children.

[...] But now we come upon the problem of conflicting stories. Kojo Nyarko says that when the warriors came to his village their coats were red, but Kwame Adu says that they were blue [...].”

Document A

"What story have you heard? About my scar?" Yaw asked, smiling still, hoping, now, to ease some of the child's growing fear.

Peter cleared his throat and looked at the ground. "They say you were born of fire," he started. "That this is why you are so smart. Because you were lit by fire."

5 "Anyone else?"

Timidly, a boy named Edem raised his hand. "They say your mother was fighting evil spirits from Asamando."

Then William: "I heard your father was so sad by the Asante¹ loss that he cursed the gods, and the gods took vengeance."

10 Another, named Thomas: "I heard you did it to yourself, so that you would have something to talk about on the first day of class."

All of the boys laughed, and Yaw had to stifle his own amusement. Word of his lesson had gotten around, he knew. The older boys told some of the younger ones what to expect from him.

15 Still he continued, making his way back to the front of the room to look at his students, the bright boys of the uncertain Gold Coast², learning the white book from a scarred man.

"Whose story is correct?" Yaw asked them. They looked around at the boys who had spoken, as though trying to establish their allegiance by holding a gaze, casting a vote by sending a glance.

20 Finally, once the murmuring subsided, Peter raised his hand. "Mr. Agyekum, we cannot know which story is correct." He looked at the rest of the class, slowly understanding. "We cannot know which story is correct because we were not there."

Yaw nodded. He sat in his chair at the front of the room and looked at all the young men. "This is the problem of history. We cannot know that which we were not there to see and hear and experience for ourselves. We must rely upon the words of others. Those who were there in the olden days, they told stories to the children so that the children would know, so that the children could tell stories to their children.

30 And so on, and so on. But now we come upon the problem of conflicting stories. Kojo Nyarko says that when the warriors came to his village their coats were red, but Kwame Adu says that they were blue. Whose story do we believe, then?"

The boys were silent. They stared at him, waiting.

35 "We believe the one who has the power. He is the one who gets to write the story. So when you study history, you must always ask yourself, Whose story am I missing? Whose voice was suppressed so that this voice could come forth? Once you have figured that out, you must find that story too. From there, you begin to get a clearer, yet still imperfect, picture."

Yaa GYASI, *Homegoing*, 2016.

¹ Asante: a sacred place in Ghana.

² Gold Coast: former British territory in West Africa now called Ghana.

Document B



Arya BADIYAN, *Liberty Leading the People*, 2020.

Document C

'What we choose to memorialize speaks to our values as a society,' ASU¹ professor says

5 Debate around the removal of memorials and monuments that honor people and ideas whose messages and causes are considered offensive to certain marginalized groups has been a hot-button issue of late in the national conversation. ASU Associate Professor of English Kathleen Lamp, a historian who specializes in the rhetoric of public art, including memorials and monuments, said such controversy is as old as time.

10 “Iconoclasm² is not new; it’s been going on for thousands of years in different circumstances,” Lamp said. “Basically, any time a new government or regime or religion comes in, stuff gets torn down, temples get sacked. What that signals is a shift in power.”

15 In the modern-day case of the removal of U.S. monuments that many argue commend white supremacy and colonialism, the shift in power could be seen as from those who deny the racist overtones of such structures — or who maintain that some monuments have historical or aesthetic value worth preserving — to those who embrace a national culture of inclusion.

20 “I grew up seeing hundreds of small stone and bronze markers along our desert roads telling us about the great white Americans who passed through or ‘discovered’ the great West or our mighty Colorado River,” said Diaz, who was born and raised in the Fort Mojave Indian Village in Needles, California. “And I also grew up hearing stories from my family or reading in archives the terrible things those men did to my people.”

Emma GREGUSKA, *news.asu.edu*, October 7, 2021.

¹ ASU: Arizona State University (USA).

² iconoclasm: strong opposition to generally accepted beliefs and traditions.