

BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2021

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 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 ».

30

1^{ère} partie

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 three documents illustrate the different ways in which the Native Americans of North America perceive and relate to their cultural heritage, paying special attention to the different points of view and representations.

35

2^{ème} partie

Traduisez le passage suivant du document C en français :

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“Don’t make me say it, Orvil,” she said. “I get so tired of hearing myself say it. You know how much I work. How late I come home. I got my route and the mail doesn’t stop coming just like the bills don’t. Your phones, the internet, electricity, food. There’s rent and clothes and bus and train money. Listen, baby, it makes me happy you want to know, but learning about your heritage is a privilege. A privilege we don’t have.” (lines 19 to 23)

45

Document A



50 *Thomas Moore before and after his entrance into the Regina Indian Residential School in Saskatchewan (Canada) in 1874.*
Library and Archives – Canadian Department of Indian Affairs

Document B

Idle¹ No More: Canada's indigenous people are demanding a better deal

55 I told my mother once that I was envious, because my friend had such a clear path laid out in front of him: his father and uncles were traditional Native American artists, and therefore he would be too. "I wish I had something like that, where I just knew what I was supposed to do," I said. My mother replied that I did: my father, uncle, grandfather and great-grandfather all were Native chiefs. I thought this idea was ludicrous², since I'd never shown any interest in politics.

60 That has since changed. Not because of a sudden interest in parliamentary affairs, but simply because of the Idle No More (INM) movement which is growing by the day in Canada. Since December 11 there have been more than 685,000 tweets using the

1 idle: not working or active, doing nothing

2 ludicrous: ridiculous

hashtag #IdleNoMore. INM's goals are to build indigenous sovereignty, to repair the relationship between indigenous peoples of Canada (First Nations, Métis, and Inuit), the crown, and the government of Canada from a grassroots³ framework, and to protect the environment for all Canadians to enjoy for generations to come.

Who can argue against honouring culture, creating peaceful relationships, and ensuring our waters are clean? Well, many Canadians can. There has been a significant backlash against the movement by political pundits, mainstream media, and settler Canadians alike. Many claim that the best route for indigenous people is to assimilate and to be "just like every other Canadian." But since the 15th century nothing has worked, and indigenous peoples are fed up of being told what to do, where to do it and how to do it.

The imprint of colonialism has left land claims, treaty negotiations, reserve infrastructure, indigenous poverty, and indigenous education equality in total disarray. Let's not even mention the intergenerational impact of the residential school system, which forcibly removed indigenous children from their homes and stripped them of their language and culture [...].

My social streams remain inundated with political news, protest photos, and pipeline updates. I can feel a seismic shift happening among indigenous people in Canada – unlike anything I've ever seen before. [...]

Lisa CHARLEYBOY, *The Guardian*, January 11, 2013

³ grassroots: fundamental, basic

Document C

Orvil is a fourteen-year-old Native American, living in California with his grandmother Opal.

Orvil stands in front of Opal's bedroom mirror with his regalia⁴ on all wrong. It isn't backward, and actually he doesn't know what he did wrong, but it's off. He moves in front of the mirror and his feathers shake. He catches the hesitation, the worry in his eyes, there in the mirror. He worries suddenly that Opal might come into her room, where Orvil is doing...what? There would be too much to explain. He wonders what she would do if she caught him. Ever since they were in her care, Opal had been openly against any of them doing anything Indian. She treated it all like it was something they could decide for themselves when they were old enough. Like drinking or driving or smoking or voting. Indianing.

"Too many risks," she'd said. "Especially around powwows⁵. Boys like you? No."

Orvil couldn't fathom⁶ what she meant by risks. He'd found the regalia by accident in her closet many years ago while searching for Christmas presents. He'd asked her why she didn't teach them anything about being Indian.

"Cheyenne⁷ way, we let you learn for yourself, then teach you when you're ready."

"That doesn't make any sense," Orvil had said. "If we learn for ourselves, we don't need to be taught. It's 'cuz you're always working."

He saw his grandma's head turn from the pot she was stirring. He quickly pulled out a chair and sat down.

"Don't make me say it, Orvil," she said. "I get so tired of hearing myself say it. You know how much I work. How late I come home. I got my route and the mail doesn't stop coming just like the bills don't. Your phones, the internet, electricity, food. There's rent and clothes and bus and train money. Listen, baby, it makes me happy you want to know, but learning about your heritage is a privilege. A privilege we don't have. And anyway, anything you hear from me about your heritage does not make you more or less Indian. More or less a real Indian. Don't ever let anyone tell you what being Indian means. Too many of us died to get just a little bit of us here, right now, right in this kitchen. You, me. Every part of our people that made it is precious. You're Indian because you're Indian because you're Indian," she said, ending the conversation by turning back around to stir.

Tommy ORANGE (born in 1982), *There There*, 2018

4 regalia: *here*, Native American traditional clothes worn in ceremonies

10 5 powwow: a North American Indian ceremony involving singing and dancing

6 fathom: understand

7 Cheyenne: one of the Native American peoples of North America

SUJET 2

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

1^{ère} partie

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 imagination turns reality into a source of inspiration, focusing on the importance of daily life in the three documents.

2^{ième} partie

Traduisez le passage suivant du document A en français :

I tried to imagine what it would be like if Constantin were my husband.

115 It would mean getting up at seven and cooking him eggs and bacon and toast and coffee and dawdling in my nightgown and curlers after he had left for work to wash up the dirty plates, and make the bed, and then when he came home after a lively, fascinating day he'd expect a big dinner, and I'd spend the evening washing up even more dirty plates till I fell into bed, utterly exhausted. (lines 1 to 6)

Document A

- 120 I tried to imagine what it would be like if Constantin were my husband.
It would mean getting up at seven and cooking him eggs and bacon and toast and
coffee and dawdling in my nightgown and curlers⁸ after he had left for work to wash up
the dirty plates, and make the bed, and then when he came home after a lively,
fascinating day he'd expect a big dinner, and I'd spend the evening washing up even
125 more dirty plates till I fell into bed, utterly exhausted.
This seemed a dreary and wasted life for a girl with fifteen years of straight A's but I
knew that was what marriage was like, because cook and clean and wash was just what
Buddy Willard's mother did from morning till night, and she was the wife of a university
professor and had been a private school teacher herself.
- 130 Once when I visited Buddy I found Mrs Willard braiding a rug out of strips of wool from
Mr Willard's old suits. She'd spent weeks on that rug, and I had admired the tweedy
browns and greens and blues patterning the braid, but after Mrs Willard was through,
instead of hanging the rug on the wall the way I would have done, she put it down in
place of her kitchen mat, and in a few days it was soiled and dull and indistinguishable
135 from my mat you could buy for under a dollar in the Five and Ten. [...]
I also remembered Buddy Willard saying in a sinister-knowing way that after I had
children I would feel differently, I wouldn't want to write poems any more. So I began to
think maybe it was true that when you were married and had children it was like being
brainwashed, and afterwards you went about numb as a slave in some private,
140 totalitarian state.

Sylvia PLATH (American poet, novelist and short-story writer, 1932-1963),
The Bell Jar, 1963

15 ⁸ curlers: *des bigoudis* (pour boucler les cheveux)

Document B

Billy walks into a neighborhood grocery store.

- 145 There are two other people in the store—a tall gray-faced black woman in her thirties and a slump-shouldered middle-aged Chinese man with a clipboard, probably the husband of the cashier, counting dented cans in aisle two and positioning the cans on the shelves to hide the dents. The black woman has voluminous hips stuffed into too-tight jeans and wears a dark green company uniform shirt with *Charlotte* sewn onto the right breast pocket. [...]
- 150 She picks up a liter of Diet Pepsi with one hand and a bag of potato chips with the other and lugs them to the register. Billy removes a newspaper from the rack and takes a city map from a second rack clipped to the wall. The black woman and Billy reach the register at the same time. She shoots Billy a sharp look: another pushy young white man. Not him. No way. He turns and checks out the candy stand.
- 155 She plunks the plastic jug and chips on the counter, sighs audibly and waits for the Chinese woman to acknowledge her presence. The black woman clears her throat, gets no response. She works a wrinkled envelope from her back pocket and studies a list written on it. Pressing the envelope flat on the counter she plucks a ball-point pen from a jar of pens next to the register, leans over the envelope and checks off the first two
- 160 items on her list. Billy looks around her shoulder and reads the words written on the envelope in large hand-drawn capitals:

- 165 ATM
 FOOD
 PAY ELECTRIC
 GET HAIR DONE
 CALL ETHYLEEN

- Something about the list tightens Billy's stomach into a fist. It's as if her whole life is written there. Charlotte will have already gone to the ATM and run her twenty-something-dollar bank balance down to zero. *Check.* Now she buys a liter of Diet Pepsi and a bag of potato chips for breakfast. *Check.* After Charlotte eats her breakfast sitting
- 170 alone on a bench at the bus stop on Alton and Lincoln Road she'll walk to the Florida Power & Light office at the Stop & Shop on West, where she'll pay her overdue electric bill in cash because her checks have bounced⁹ too many times. *Check.* Charlotte will head for Jeannie's Cut-Right Cut-Rate Beauty Nook to get a wave put back in her hair.
- 175 Seven bucks. *Check.* Now that she's feeling pretty Charlotte will buy a dollar phone card and call Ethylene on her cell phone to tell her about it. *Check.* Then she'll take the bus back to Overton and walk to her building and step over toys and trash and broken glass up to her third-floor apartment. She has a teenage son who's supposed to be in school but is shooting hoops over at Franklin Park and an unemployed boyfriend who says he's
- 180 looking for a job but has long since given that up and instead hangs in the 'hood getting high with his posse. She'll draw the shades in the cluttered bedroom, take off her clothes

⁹ bounce: a check bounces when there is no money in the person's bank account

and put on a shortie nightgown. She'll set the alarm clock for 5:00 P.M. so she can make it back to the hospital in time. The night shift. Charlotte wraps her hair in a scarf, lies down in the unmade bed and immediately falls asleep. *Check.*

185 That's it, her life's checklist. Billy wonders what kind of list he'd make that would do the same for him.

□ BUY NEWSPAPER AND CITY MAP

□ FIND NEW PLACE TO LIVE

□ GO TO WORK

190 □ ASK TO GET PROMOTED FROM BUSBOY TO WAITER

□ MOVE STUFF TO NEW PLACE AFTER WORK

Five items—the same number on his list as on Charlotte's.

Russel BANKS (American novelist, born in 1940),
'The Invisible Parrot' in *A Permanent Member of the Family*, 2013

Document C



Photograph taken in London (2017) by Pau BUSCATO, a street photographer who received many prestigious photography awards.