

# BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

**SESSION 2024**

## **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

<b>Synthèse</b>	16 points
<b>Traduction ou transposition</b>	4 points

# SUJET 1

Thématique : « **Expression et construction de soi** »

## **Partie 1 : Synthèse du dossier, 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 illustrate what women's aspirations might be.

## **Partie 2 : Traduction, en français (4 points)**

---

**Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document B (lignes 23 à 28) :**

She drove back to her home in the suburb, and only then did she realize, as she drove, that she was leaving her husband. Matt. That she would go live in the broken-down house in the city, the unloved, forgotten house with the view of the unloved, forgotten city. Why? Because she alone could see the beauty. It was meant for her. She couldn't – she shouldn't – resist. And saying yes to this version of her life would mean saying no to another version of her life.

Document A



Edward Hopper, *Cape Cod Morning*, oil on canvas, 1950.

## Document B

*The scene takes place in Syracuse, in the state of New York.*

It was Sam's habit to check out the real estate listings online. She had the bored-housewife pastime of attending open houses<sup>1</sup>. She knew many of the other people there also had no intention to buy but had come to snoop into other people's lives or to calculate land values or to imagine a fantasy life brought on by the frame of fresh architecture. This last impulse made sense to her. She had even wanted, at one point, to study architecture (and history, and women's studies, and literature), but she had talked herself out of it and, in what she characterized to her friends as a retro move, she had gotten married and then pregnant instead. She settled for becoming an architectural amateur. And a "stay-at-home mom" (a term she found degrading, as if she were a prisoner under house arrest). [...]

She was the only fantasy lurker attending the open house at 110 Highland Street that Sunday morning.

The house was falling apart. The house was beautiful. [...]

What drew her to the house was its nature: the house was a paradox, both rustic and elegant. It was contrived to be functional, but emotionally functional. After all, who needs a built-in bench by the fire? The huge hearth was clearly inefficient. Beauty was its only value, as was the experience of living. It felt hand-constructed, personal. Yet it reeked of artifice, "Arts and Crafts" meant to evoke home and nostalgia through cozy appropriations of English cottages and, oddly enough, some idea of a country church. Also, the state of the house. Dirty, falling apart, empty for too long.

It was wrecked. It was hers.

She got in her car, and she looked back once more at the house, maybe to imprint its image in her heart, the way you might look at a departing loved one. [...]

She drove back to her home in the suburb, and only then did she realize, as she drove, that she was leaving her husband. Matt. That she would go live in the broken-down house in the city, the unloved, forgotten house with the view of the unloved, forgotten city. Why? Because she alone could see the beauty. It was meant for her. She couldn't – she shouldn't – resist. And saying yes to this version of her life would mean saying no to another version of her life.

Dana SPIOTTA, *Wayward*, 2021.

---

<sup>1</sup> Open house: here, a day when homeowners invite potential buyers to visit their property.

## Document C

That summer, I started keeping a journal. I bought myself a clothbound black book with purple flowers on the cover and kept it next to my bed. I took it with me when I went on business trips for Sidley & Austin<sup>1</sup>. I was not a daily writer, or even a weekly writer: I picked up a pen only when I had the time and energy to sort through my jumbled feelings. I'd write a few entries in a single week and then lay the journal down for a month or sometimes more. I was not, by nature, especially introspective. The whole exercise of recording one's thoughts was new to me – a habit I'd picked up in part, I suppose, from Barack, who viewed writing as therapeutic and clarifying and had kept journals on and off over the years. [...]

For me, coexisting with Barack's strong sense of purpose – sleeping in the same bed with it, sitting at the breakfast table with it – was something to which I had to adjust, not because he flaunted it, exactly, but because it was so alive. In the presence of his certainty, his notion that he could make some sort of difference in the world, I couldn't help but feel a bit lost by comparison. His sense of purpose seemed like an unwitting challenge to my own.

Hence the journal. On the very first page, in careful handwriting, I spelled out my reasons for starting it:

*One, I feel very confused about where I want my life to go. What kind of person do I want to be? How do I want to contribute to the world?*

*Two, I am getting very serious in my relationship with Barack and I feel that I need to get a better handle on myself. [...]*

I read those lines today and see exactly what I was trying to tell myself – what a nonsense female mentor might have said to me directly. Really, it was simple: The first thing was that I hated being a lawyer. I wasn't suited to the work. I felt empty doing it, even if I was plenty good at it. This was a distressing thing to admit, given how hard I'd worked and how in debt I was. In my blinding drive to excel, in my need to do things perfectly, I'd missed the signs and taken the wrong road.

The second was that I was deeply, delightfully in love with a guy whose forceful intellect and ambition could possibly end up swallowing mine. I saw it coming already, like a barreling wave with a mighty undertow. I wasn't going to get out of its path – I was too committed to Barack by then, too in love – but I did need to quickly anchor myself on two feet. [...]

I was interested in possibly working for a foundation or a non-profit. I was interested in helping underprivileged kids. I wondered if I could find a job that engaged my mind and still left me enough time to do volunteer work, or appreciate art, or have children. I wanted a life basically. I wanted to feel whole.

Michelle OBAMA, *Becoming*, 2018.

---

<sup>1</sup> Sidley & Austin: a law firm in Chicago.

## SUJET 2

Thématique : « Arts et débats d'idées »

### Partie 1 : Synthèse du dossier, 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 highlight the power of poetry.

### Partie 2 : Traduction, en français (4 points)

---

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 32 à 38) :

The words took a sharpness and a resonance they had never had before. [...] I started to tell the poems, and the energy transformed, mine included; everybody opened up. Each time I have walked into strange rooms with poems to tell, I have had to confront my own insecurities and judgements about who I was talking to and why, and each time I was taught something about what connects us being more powerful than what divides.

## Document A

Telling poems levels the room.

I've seen it happen, so many times, in so many different environments. Because there's no music, no set, no backdrop, no need for anything other than a person speaking and a person listening, a 'spoken-word' performance can happen anywhere, and, as poets, when we get booked, we turn up, no matter how random it seems. I've told poems in art galleries, in Central London, at queer parties in DIY spaces, to a group of young people in a homeless shelter, to the CEO of a global bank on a private mountain range, to an outlaw motorcycle gang at a shrimp shack on the Pacific Coast Highway. All with the same shaking hands, the same urgent desire to connect, and the same feeling that something drastic was about to change. I've gone on between punk bands at squat gigs, over jungle<sup>3</sup> DJs in free parties, after awkward introductions in school classrooms and pupil referral units, in an opera house in an Italian village, in street-corner ciphers and at a fundraising buffet function for arts institutions. I got booked once for a poetry set in a mainstream comedy tent; the whole crowd waiting for a famous comedian and I shuffled out to talk about Icarus. I've told poems in libraries, in between circus acts in apocalyptic sci-fi festival zones, at cabaret show cocktail clubs, at rap battles, in people's living-rooms, at a pub when the football was on, in the street outside at someone else's gig, in the car park of the Albert Hall. Once I got booked to stand on the bar of a busy pub and just shout my poems and it seemed all right at the time. I've told poems in a sport shop for a fleet of runners back form a sprint. I was still in the clothes from the night before, with burst blood vessels in my face from all the drink I was putting away, telling poems with vaguely motivational themes while they cooled down in Lycra. I've told lots of poems in the foyers of venues. It seemed we were always going on in the foyer, giving everything we could to the passing crowd as they left the main gig in the auditorium and went to find the toilets or join the queue for rosé.

Naked language has a humanizing effect; listening to someone tell their story, people noticeably opened up, became more vulnerable, and let their defences down; the rooms get less frosty, less confrontational. Once I told poems for the inmates at HMP Holloway<sup>4</sup>, and my words took on resonances they *never* had before. Suddenly every single line was about the very moment of that performance and it was a powerful experience for me. Around the same time, I told poems at the opening of the Louis Vuitton Maison in Bond Street, and the same thing happened. The words took a sharpness and a resonance they had never had before. I was there, in my tracksuit bottoms, treading on the toes of supermodels, feeling completely exposed and judged, but I started to tell the poems, and the energy transformed, mine included; everybody opened up. Each time I have walked into strange rooms with poems to tell, I have had to confront my own insecurities and judgements about who I was talking to and why, and each time I was taught something about what connects us being more powerful than what divides.

Kae TEMPEST, *On Connection*, 2020.

---

<sup>3</sup> Jungle: a genre of dance music.

<sup>4</sup> HMP Holloway: a prison in London.

Document B



Poster advertising the Los Angeles Poetry Beach Festival, 2022.



## Document C

Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pen rests; snug as a gun.

Under my window, a clean rasping sound  
When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:

5 My father, digging. I look down

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds  
Bends low, comes up twenty years away  
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills  
Where he was digging.

10 The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft  
Against the inside knee was levered firmly.  
He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep  
To scatter new potatoes that we picked,  
Loving their cool hardness in our hands.

15 By God, the old man could handle a spade.  
Just like his old man.

My grandfather cut more turf in a day  
Than any other man on Toner's bog.

20 Once I carried him milk in a bottle  
Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up  
To drink it, then fell to right away  
Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods  
Over his shoulder, going down and down  
For the good turf. Digging.

25 The cold smell of potato mould, the squelch and slap  
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge  
Through living roots awaken in my head.  
But I've no spade to follow men like them.

30 Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pen rests.  
I'll dig with it.

Seamus HEANEY, "Digging" in *Death of a Naturalist*, 1966.