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BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2024

LANGUES, LITTÉRATURES
ET
CULTURES ÉTRANGÈRES ET RÉGIONALES

ANGLAIS

Jeudi 20 juin 2024

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 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

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 reflect the ways in which artists are inspired by New York City.

Partie 2 : Traduction, en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 9 à 14) :

A very thin little path had been cleared on Eighty-second Street between Lexington and Third, just wide enough for two able-bodied people to squeeze through. The snow was piled high on either side. A small canyon, really, in the middle of the footpath. On the street—a quiet street at the best of times, if anything can be quiet in New York—the cars were buried under drifts. The telegraph wires sagged. The underside of the tree branches appeared like brushstrokes on the air.

Documents A and B are excerpts from the same collection of stories, in which some famous people write about their experience of New York City.

Document A

Colum McCann
Writer
Arrived: 1982

[…] But I truly fell in love with the city many years later, in the early 1990s, on my second stint, when I wasn't quite sure if I was meant to be here at all, and it was a quiet moment that did it for me, one of those little glancing shoulder-rubs that New York can deal out at any time of the day, in any season, in any weather, in any place—even on the fiercely unfashionable Upper East Side.

It had snowed in the city. Two feet of it over the course of the night. It was the sort of snow that made the city temporarily magical, before all the horn-blowing and slush puddles and piles of dog crap crowning the melt.

A very thin little path had been cleared on Eighty-second Street between Lexington and Third, just wide enough for two able-bodied people to squeeze through. The snow was piled high on either side. A small canyon, really, in the middle of the footpath. On the street—a quiet street at the best of times, if anything can be quiet in New York—the cars were buried under drifts. The telegraph wires sagged. The underside of the tree branches appeared like brushstrokes on the air. Nothing moved. The brownstones looked small against so much white. In the distance sounded a siren, but that was all, making the silence more complete.

I saw her from a distance halfway down the block. She was already bent into the day. She wore a headscarf. Her coat was old enough to have once been fashionable. She was pushing along a silver frame[1]. Her walk was crude, slow, laborious. With her frame, she took the whole width of the alley. There was no place to pass her […].

As she got closer, I noticed her gloves were beautifully stencilled with little jewels. Her headscarf was pulled tight around her lined face. She shoved the silver frame over a small ridge of ice, walked the final feet, and stopped in front of me.

The silence of strangers.

But then she leaned forward and said in a whisper: "Shall we dance?"

She took off one glove and reached her hand out, and with the silver frame between us, we met on the pavement. Then she let go of my hand. I bent to one knee and bowed slightly to her. She grinned and put her glove back on, said nothing more, took a hold of her silver frame, and moved on, a little quicker now, along the corridor of snow and around the corner.

I knew nothing of her, nothing at all, and yet she had made the day unforgettable.

She was my New York.

Still is.

Colum MCCANN in *My First New York*, *Early Adventures in The Big City*, 2010.

[1] A frame: here, a device used by people who have difficulty walking.

Document B

Tom Wolfe
Writer
Arrived: 1962

I arrived in New York City at four in the morning feeling very romantic. I raised my fist—"I'm going to conquer you yet!"—the way Eugène de Rastignac does in Balzac's *Le Père Goriot.* I was alone, so I had breakfast at an Automat across the street from my hotel. All the food was yellow: the eggs, the coffee, even the meat.

I then headed off to the *Tribune*, just off Times Square, feeling more romantic the closer I got to the paper. Suddenly I heard this voice. "T.K.!" Those were my first two initials—Thomas Kennerly. It was an old girlfriend, and she said, "How would you like to come to a party tonight?" The party was on Central Park West, at an apartment that belonged to the poet Robert Lowell, who had arranged a Summer apartment trade with people from Brazil. There were these Brazilians, and the party was nice, maybe only twenty of us there. All of a sudden the host said, "Gilberto, can't you play something for us?" and the musicians started playing "The Girl from Ipanema."

This destroyed my whole fantasy, which was to come to New York alone, ready to take on the city. I wanted to be a romantic figure, but Christ, it was over the first day: meeting an old friend, going to an incredibly cosmopolitan party. Over the next few months, I discovered how unromantic the things I had once found romantic were. Being on packed subways became a real nuisance. I would be walking down the street and a gust of wind would blow a greasy newspaper around my leg. I remember seeing so many stars of movies and music walking down the street. That was exciting, until it dawned on me that these people had to live *somewhere.*

But it was a much safer city back then, before the late 1960s. I took the subway everywhere and never thought twice about it being dangerous, whether I was going to the Bronx or the Rockaways.

Tom WOLFE in *My First New York*, *Early Adventures in The Big City*, 2010.

Document C



Elliott ERWITT, *New York City,* 1955.

SUJET 2

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 reflect on the impact of education on learners.

Partie 2 : Traduction, en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document A (lignes 18 à 22) :

Even though she was a teacher and had a professional role to fill, it made me realise that it shouldn't stop you from being human, from being caring. It's something I think about in my professional career. It's so easy to be the cold professional with your job, but actually caring about the lives, achievements and successes of people around you doesn't hurt your job. If anything, it makes you work better with people.

Document A

‘She believed in every one of us’: ex-pupils on their inspirational teachers

“So bloody cool, so engaging.” That’s how Adele described her English teacher at Chestnut Grove school in Balham, south-west London, Ms McDonald, when asked who had inspired her.

Answering a question from the actor Emma Thompson during ITV’s *An Audience With Adele* on Sunday, Adele said: “She really made us care, and we knew that she cared about us and stuff like that.”

Images of the singer breaking down in tears when McDonald surprised her on stage at the London Palladium have gone viral, triggering conversations about the impact teachers can have on the lives of their pupils.

Max Daniels, 28, a communications consultant who lives in London, described how the humanity shown by his teacher Miss Coyle had a lasting impact. “Miss Coyle was this upbeat, enthusiastic Irish woman who taught me English and media studies,” he said. “I could go on about how fun she made classes or how she injected life into her lessons, but the impact they had was far more personal.

“My father passed away when I was 14 and, during a parents’ evening shortly after, Miss Coyle gave my mum a huge hug. It was something that made me realise how much she cared about the lives of the people she taught.

“Even though she was a teacher and had a professional role to fill, it made me realise that it shouldn’t stop you from being human, from being caring. It’s something I think about in my professional career. It’s so easy to be the cold professional with your job, but actually caring about the lives, achievements and successes of people around you doesn’t hurt your job. If anything, it makes you work better with people.

“As the classic secondary school loser – someone you could have pulled from *The Inbetweeners*[2] – Miss Coyle made me feel important even when people around me would make me feel the opposite.” […]

Sophie Smith-Tong, 37, a primary school teacher who lives in London and the founder of a centre for educators and their families, Mindfulness for Learning, said her teacher Ms Rea changed her journey in education.

“We met at 13 when in a drama lesson she has dressed up a classroom as a police station,” she said. “Starting here, she has continued to inspire me throughout my life. She is the reason that I realised I could apply to go to uni and that I had something to offer even though I felt so different to all of my peers.

“She took me to perform my first professional theatre production at the Edinburgh festival at 16. She believed in every single one of us and it gave us the space to fly our own individual journeys. We are still friends 24 years on and she still has a major impact on the life decisions I make today. She is the reason I created Mindfulness for Learning.”

Jamie Grierson, *The Guardian*, 22nd November, 2021.

[2] *The Inbetweeners*: a British TV show which documents the lives of British teenagers.

Document B

The Logical Song

When I was young, it seemed that life was so wonderful
A miracle, oh, it was beautiful, magical
And all the birds in the trees, well they'd be singing so happily
Oh, joyfully, oh, playfully watching me

But then they sent me away to teach me how to be sensible
Logical, oh, responsible, practical
Then they showed me a world where I could be so dependable
Oh, clinical, oh, intellectual, cynical

There are times when all the world's asleep
The questions run too deep
For such a simple man
Won't you please, please tell me what we've learned?
I know it sounds absurd
Please tell me who I am

I said, now, watch what you say, they'll be calling you a radical
A liberal, oh, fanatical, criminal
Oh, won't you sign up your name? We'd like to feel you're acceptable
Respectable, oh, presentable, a vegetable
Oh, take, take, take it, yeah

But at night, when all the world's asleep
The questions run so deep
For such a simple man

Won't you please (oh, won't you tell me)
Please tell me what we've learned?
(Can you hear me?) I know it sounds absurd
(Oh, won't you tell me) please tell me who I am
Who I am, who I am, who I am

Ooh, Hey

'Cause I was feeling so logical
Yeah
D-D-D-D-D-D-D-Digital
Yeah, one, two, three, five
Oh, oh, oh, oh, yeah
Ooh, it's getting unbelievable
Yeah
Getting, getting, yeah, yeah
Uh, uh, uh, uh.

Richard DAVIES & Roger HODGSON (co-creators of Supertramp rock band),
lyrics of “The Logical Song”, 1979.

Document C



Norman ROCKWELL, *The Spirit of Education*, 1934.

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