

BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

Sujet zéro

**Enseignement de spécialité
« Langues, littératures et cultures étrangères et régionales »**

ANGLAIS

Épreuve écrite de terminale

DURÉE DE L'ÉPREUVE : 3H30

Le candidat traitera, au choix, l'ensemble du sujet 1 ou du sujet 2.

Le dictionnaire unilingue (non encyclopédique) est autorisé.

SUJET n°1

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

Partie 1 (16 pts) : prenez connaissance des documents A, B et C et traitez le sujet suivant en anglais :

Write a short commentary on the three documents (minimum 500 words): taking into account their specificities, analyse how the documents deal with American art and social protest in the 1930s.

Partie 2 (4 pts) : traduisez le passage suivant du document B en français :

“Sure,” cried the tenant men, “but it’s our land. We measured it and broke it up. We were born on it, and we got killed on it, died on it. Even if it’s no good, it’s still ours. That’s what makes it ours—being born on it, working it, dying on it. That makes ownership, not a paper with numbers on it.”

“We’re sorry. It’s not us. It’s the monster. The bank isn’t like a man.”

“Yes, but the bank is only made of men.”

“No, you’re wrong there—quite wrong there. The bank is something else than men. [...]” (l. 9-15)

DOCUMENT A



Thomas Hart BENTON, *Prodigal Son*, lithograph, on wove paper, 35 x 25.5 cm, 1939.

DOCUMENT B

In the wake of the Great Depression of 1929 and the Dust Bowl natural disaster, representatives of a bank have come to tell the people they are going to have to leave their land and go.

“You’ll have to get off the land. The plows¹ ’ll go through the dooryard.”

And now the squatting men stood up angrily. “Grampa took up the land, and he had to kill the Indians and drive them away. And Pa was born here, and he killed weeds and snakes. Then a bad year came and he had to borrow a little money. An’ we was born here. There in the door—our children born here. And Pa had to borrow money. The bank owned the land then, but we stayed and we got a little bit of what we raised.”

“We know that—all that. It’s not us, it’s the bank. A bank isn’t like a man. Or an owner with fifty thousand acres, he isn’t like a man either. That’s the monster.”

¹ Plow: *charrue*

10 “Sure,” cried the tenant² men, “but it’s our land. We measured it and broke it up. We were born on it, and we got killed on it, died on it. Even if it’s no good, it’s still ours. That’s what makes it ours—being born on it, working it, dying on it. That makes ownership, not a paper with numbers on it.”

“We’re sorry. It’s not us. It’s the monster. The bank isn’t like a man.”

“Yes, but the bank is only made of men.”

15 “No, you’re wrong there—quite wrong there. The bank is something else than men. It happens that every man in a bank hates what the bank does, and yet the bank does it. The bank is something more than men, I tell you. It’s the monster. Men made it, but they can’t control it.”

The tenants cried, “Grampa killed Indians, Pa killed snakes for the land. Maybe we can kill banks—they’re worse than Indians and snakes. Maybe we got to fight to keep our land, like Pa and Granpa did.”

And now the owner men grew angry. “You’ll have to go.”

“But it’s ours,” the tenant men cried. “We—“

“No. The bank, the monster owns it. You’ll have to go.”

25 “We’ll get our guns, like Granpa when the Indians came. What then?”

“Well—first the sheriff, and then the troops. You’ll be stealing if you try to stay, you’ll be murderers if you kill to stay. The monster isn’t men, but it can make men do what it wants.”

“But if we go, where’ll we go? How’ll we go? We got no money.”

“We’re sorry,” said the owner men. “The bank, the fifty-thousand-acre owner can’t be responsible. You’re on land that isn’t yours. Once over the line maybe you can pick cotton in the fall. Maybe you can go on relief. Why don’t you go on west to California? There’s work there, and it never gets cold. Why, you can reach out anywhere and pick an orange. Why, there’s always some kind of crop to work in. Why don’t you go there?”

30 And the owner men started their cars and rolled away.

John STEINBECK, *The Grapes of Wrath*, chapter 5, 1939.

² Tenant: a person who occupies land rented from another (the owner)

DOCUMENT C

Art and Activism: 1930s and Today

Can political art change the world? It's a question that political artists often ask, sometimes in frustration and sometimes in despair.

History and current examples show that it can. By itself art cannot change everything, but its effect can be profound. From the Great Depression to present day, art has been a powerful catalyst for advocacy, for building solidarity, and for preserving a history often suppressed in the mainstream.

There are those who believe art should never sully³ itself with politics. In the 1930s, however, many artists did sully their art with political content, in solidarity with the 99% against the ruling elites with their increasingly monopolized wealth. Artists had that solidarity with workers and poor people because they saw themselves as workers and poor people.

In the 1930s, even the federal government treated artists as workers. Through President Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal programs, artists were employed painting murals, taking photographs, and creating posters, lithographs and woodcuts. Today a poor artist might be offered "life skills training" and job counseling... but certainly not asked, as they were by New Deal programs, to make art at a living wage, with no restrictions on what was produced and no goal of marketability.

The Great Depression was the first time in U.S. history that a widespread movement of artists began addressing politics and using their art to influence society. Artists organized exhibitions on social and political themes such as poverty, lack of affordable housing, anti-lynching, anti-fascism, and workers' strikes. They organized conferences and unionized⁴. They contributed to leftist publications like the Daily Worker, New Masses, and Art Front which emphasized artwork as a regular part of their content. [...]

Art never affects the world in a vacuum⁵. It exists as a part of culture. Political art standing against repressive forces in society is part of the culture of change. Political art affects the real world as part of the force that keeps the human spirit alive. It keeps the flame of justice burning. It keeps memory alive. It moves with the struggles and moves the struggles forward.

Paul BODEN, *www.huffpost.com*, 12 July 2011.

³ To sully: *souiller*

⁴ To unionize: to organize workers into a trade union

⁵ A vacuum: *un vide*

SUJET n°2

Le sujet porte sur la thématique « Voyages, territoires, frontières ».

Axe d'étude 1 : « Exploration et aventure »

Partie 1 (16 pts) : prenez connaissance des documents A, B et C et traitez le sujet suivant en anglais :

Write a short commentary (500 words) on documents A, B and C paying particular attention to the following aspects: the British travelling experience in Europe, the measure of its success and the tone of each document.

Partie 2 (4 pts) : traduisez le passage suivant du document B en français :

“The hour was approaching at which the continental breakfast begins, or rather ceases and the ladies bought some hot chestnut paste out of a little shop, because it looked so typical. It tasted partly of the paper in which it was wrapped, partly of hair oil, partly of the great unknown. But it gave them strength to drift into another Piazza, large and dusty, on the farther side of which rose a black-and-white facade of surpassing ugliness. Miss Lavish spoke to it dramatically. It was Santa Croce. The adventure was over.” (l. 1-7)

DOCUMENT A

Next morning at seven o'clock, we started for Rome.

As soon as we were out of the pig-sty, we entered on the Campagna Romana; an undulating flat, where few people can live; and where, for miles and miles, there is nothing to relieve the terrible monotony and gloom. Of all kinds of country that could, 5 by possibility, lie outside the gates of Rome, this is the aptest and fittest burial-ground for the Dead City. So sad, so quiet, so sullen; so secret in its covering up of great masses of ruin, and hiding them; so like the waste places into which the men possessed with devils used to go and howl, and rend themselves, in the old days of Jerusalem. We had to traverse thirty miles of this Campagna; and for two-and-twenty 10 we went on and on, seeing nothing but now and then a lonely house, or a villainous-looking shepherd: with matted hair all over his face, and himself wrapped to the chin in a frowsy⁶ brown mantle, tending his sheep. [...]

When we were fairly going off again, we began, in a perfect fever, to strain our eyes for Rome; and when, after another mile or two, the Eternal City appeared, at length, in 15 the distance; it looked like—I am half afraid to write the word—like LONDON!!! There it lay, under a thick cloud, with innumerable towers, and steeples⁷, and roofs of houses, rising up into the sky, and high above them all, one Dome. I swear, that keenly as I felt the seeming absurdity of the comparison, it was so like London, at that distance, that if you could have shown it me, in a glass, I should have taken it for nothing else.

Charles DICKENS, *Pictures from Italy*, 1846.

DOCUMENT B

The hour was approaching at which the continental breakfast begins, or rather ceases and the ladies bought some hot chestnut paste out of a little shop, because it looked so typical. It tasted partly of the paper in which it was wrapped, partly of hair oil, partly of the great unknown. But it gave them strength to drift into another Piazza, large 5 and dusty, on the farther side of which rose a black-and-white facade of surpassing ugliness. Miss Lavish spoke to it dramatically. It was Santa Croce. The adventure was over.

“Stop a minute; let those two people go on, or I shall have to speak to them. I do detest conventional intercourse. Nasty! they are going into the church, too. Oh, the 10 Britisher abroad!”

“Look at their figures!” laughed Miss Lavish. “They walk through my Italy like a pair of cows. It’s very naughty of me, but I would like to set an examination paper at Dover, and turn back every tourist who couldn’t pass it.”

“What would you ask us?”

15 Miss Lavish laid her hand pleasantly on Lucy’s arm, as if to suggest that she, at all events, would get full marks. In this exalted mood they reached the steps of the great

⁶ Frowsy: *miteux*

⁷ Steeples: *clochers*

church, and were about to enter it when Miss Lavish stopped, squeaked, flung up her arms, and cried:

“There goes my local-colour box! I must have a word with him!”

20 And in a moment she was away over the Piazza, her military cloak flapping in the wind; nor did she slacken speed till she caught up an old man with white whiskers⁸, and nipped him playfully upon the arm.

Lucy waited for nearly ten minutes. Then she began to get tired. The beggars worried her, the dust blew in her eyes, and she remembered that a young girl ought not to loiter in public places. She descended slowly into the Piazza with the intention of rejoining Miss Lavish, who was really almost too original. But at that moment Miss Lavish and her local-colour box moved also, and disappeared down a side street, both gesticulating largely. Tears of indignation came to Lucy's eyes partly because Miss Lavish had jilted her, partly because she had taken her Baedeker⁹. How could she find her way home? How could she find her way about in Santa Croce? Her first morning was ruined, and she might never be in Florence again. A few minutes ago she had been all high spirits, talking as a woman of culture, and half persuading herself that she was full of originality. Now she entered the church depressed and humiliated, not even able to remember whether it was built by the Franciscans or the Dominicans. Of course, it must be a wonderful building. But how like a barn! And how very cold! Of course, it contained frescoes by Giotto, in the presence of whose tactile values she was capable of feeling what was proper. But who was to tell her which they were? She walked about disdainfully, unwilling to be enthusiastic over monuments of uncertain authorship or date. There was no one even to tell her which, of all the sepulchral slabs¹⁰ that paved the nave and transepts, was the one that was really beautiful, the one that had been most praised by Mr. Ruskin¹¹.

Then the pernicious charm of Italy worked on her, and, instead of acquiring information, she began to be happy.

E. M. FORSTER, *A Room with a View*, 1908.

⁸ Whiskers: *moustaches*

⁹ A Baedeker: a travel guidebook

¹⁰ Slab: a broad flat thick piece of stone

¹¹ John Ruskin: a Victorian art critic

DOCUMENT C



Johan ZOFFANY, *Charles Towneley in his Sculpture Gallery*, 1782,
(Oil on canvas, 127 x 102 cm. Art Gallery and Museum, Burnley).