

BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL - SESSION 2006

ÉPREUVE	ANGLAIS LV.1	DURÉE : 3 heures
SÉRIE	L	COEFFICIENT : 4

Ce sujet comporte 4 pages numérotées de 1/4 à 4/4.

L'usage de la calculatrice et du dictionnaire n'est pas autorisé.

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

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But, at first, I could not hear her and I could tell she was aware of her audience, intimidated by it. But slowly, the language seized her; her language, her poems, and her voice lifted, steadied, and grew confident. And when it did, Savannah Wingo took that audience, that West Village audience, that cultured, jaded, city-hardened New York audience, by storm. I knew all the poems by heart and my mouth moved in congruence with hers and I told the stories of our life as she told them and I felt the supernatural power of poetry subjugate the crowd as Savannah's voice lifted up toward the choir loft, lifted up toward the shining battlements of the Empire State Building, toward the stars above the Hudson, and took us all back to the lowcountry of South Carolina where this beautiful sister was born to grief and sadness, and where all these poems, collected in fragments and images, grew in darkness like sharp pieces of coral, and awaited the annunciation of the poet, awaited this night, the collective breath of this audience, as she shared the poems of the heart by making the language sing and bleed at the same time.

Halfway through the reading, Savannah looked up and studied the audience. She sighted Luke and me sitting in the fifteenth row, conspicuous in our coats and ties. She smiled and waved and Luke called out, "Hey, Savannah. Doing good, sweetheart," and the audience laughed.

"My two brothers, Luke and Tom, drove up from South Carolina to attend this reading and I'd like to dedicate this next poem to them." [...]

Then we returned to Savannah's voice. She read for over an hour and there was a story to it all. A girl had been born to poor parents in South Carolina, had grown up barefooted and brown beside the marshes of Colleton, had learned to measure the seasons by the migration of shrimp and wildfowl and the harvesting of tomatoes, had seized onto the light of her grand, unnamable singularity, had nourished that light, had willed herself to be different, and had felt the language stir in her as she heard the owls moaning in the barn eaves and the buoys chanting in the waterway. Then the world struck back as the world always does and the child, unarmed and sullen, began contending with all the wildness and cruelty of that world. In her last poems, Savannah spoke of her breakdowns, her demons, her insanity. She spoke of them with astonishment and respect and a heartbreaking sadness. But even her demons she invested with inordinate beauty, consecrated them with the dignity of her attention. There were no gargoyles in her work, only defiled angels crying for home. It was all new to New York, but it wasn't new to me and Luke. We were

witnesses at the creation. In our house by the river we had watched a poet grow. [...]

40 When Savannah finished, there was thunderous applause from that audience who stood and cheered for minutes. I had to talk fast to prevent Luke from racing up to the front of the church and bearing Savannah down the middle aisle on his shoulders. He contented himself with a few ear-splitting rebel yells in praise of his sister. I, secure in my role of the family sentimentalist, bent down between the pews to tie my shoe and dry the tears with my tie.

45 Later, we were always glad that we had been present on the March evening when Savannah made her triumphant debut in that dog-eat-dog subculture of the New York Poetry World. Much of what is perfectly wonderful about the city of New York was contained in that night, and after dinner at the Coach House, we stayed up late, watching the moon traverse the skyline, fueled by Savannah's triumph, talking and
50 drinking with her friends, exhilarated by how easy and predestined it all seemed, amazed that a girl from South Carolina could deliver a message that could illuminate the hearts of these people born to stone¹.

If I had left the next day I might well have come to love the city. But Luke and I lingered and Savannah wanted to show us why she loved the city and why she could
55 never follow us home again. So we shopped at Macy's, went to a Yankees game, took the Circle Line tour, and had a picnic lunch on top of the Empire State Building. She drilled us well in all that was pleasurable and definitive in the New York way of life. But there were other definitions of New York, dark and unpredictable, that she did not take into account as she force-marched us around Manhattan.

Pat Conroy, *The Prince of Tides*, Houghton Mifflin 1987.

¹ Référence au fait que les habitants de Manhattan seraient en quelque sorte les enfants de la roche qui constitue l'île.

Vous traiterez les questions dans l'ordre, en indiquant clairement leur numéro sur votre copie. Vous répondrez aux questions en anglais et par des phrases complètes. Vous accompagnerez les citations de la mention de la ligne.

COMPRÉHENSION-EXPRESSION

1. Identify the main characters, how they are related to one another, the place where this anecdote takes place, the time of the day, and what brings them together. Justify your answers with short references to the text.
2. Where did Savannah find inspiration for her poetry? Quote the text to justify your answers.
3. What do you learn about her family background? What words refer to what she experienced as a child? (40 words)
4. What does the passage reveal about the relationship between Savannah, Tom and Luke? (50 words)
5. How did the narrator, Luke and the audience react to Savannah's performance?
6. "... amazed that a girl from South Carolina (...) could illuminate the hearts of these people born to stone". To whose credit do you think this sentence goes: Savannah's art or the New Yorkers' taste for poetry? What does it also reveal about Tom and Luke's prejudice about New Yorkers? (50 words)
7. What do the poems reveal about Savannah as a person? (40 words)
8. What details could justify entitling this passage "*a clash of two cultures?*"
9. What shows that Savannah's and Tom and Luke's routes have diverged and will continue to do so? (60 words)
10. **Expression** : vous traiterez les deux sujets.
 - a) Poetry is presented here as a therapy. Up to what point can artistic creation (writing, painting, music...) help people to cope with their lives? (100 words)
 - b) Back in Colleton, Tom and Luke tell Savannah's parents about their visit to NYC and describe enthusiastically their daughter's performance. Imagine their report. (150 words)

TRADUCTION

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TRADUCTION

Translate from "*Halfway through the reading...*" (l. 16) to "*...this next poem to them.*" (l. 21)