

BACCALaurÉAT GÉNÉRAL

SESSION 2010

ANGLAIS LV1

Série L

Durée : 3 heures – coefficient 4

L'usage des calculatrices et de tout dictionnaire est interdit.

Barème appliqué pour la correction

<i>Compréhension / Expression</i>	<i>14 points</i>
<i>Traduction</i>	<i>6 points</i>

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

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

One afternoon, a Sunday, a new Model T Ford slowly came up the hill and went past the house. The boy, who happened to see it from the porch, ran down the steps and stood on the sidewalk. The driver was looking right and left as if trying to find a particular address; he turned the car around at the corner and came back [...]. He was a Negro. His car shone [...]. I'm looking for a young woman of color whose name is Sarah, he said. She is said to reside in one of these houses.

The boy realized he meant the woman in the attic. She's here. The man switched off the motor, set the brake and jumped down. Then he climbed the stone steps under the two Norwegian maples and walked around the side of the house to the back door.

When Mother came to the door the colored man was respectful, but there was something disturbingly resolute and self-important in the way he asked her if he could please speak with Sarah. Mother could not judge his age. He was a stocky man with a neat moustache. He was dressed in the affectation of wealth to which colored people lent themselves [...]. She told him to wait and closed the door. She climbed to the third floor. She found the girl Sarah not sitting at the window as she usually did but standing rigidly, hands folded in front of her, and facing the door. Sarah, Mother said, you have a caller. The girl said nothing. Will you come to the kitchen? The girl shook her head. You don't want to see him? No, ma'am, the girl finally said softly while she looked at the floor. Send him away, please. This was the most she had said in all the months she had lived in the house. Mother went back downstairs and found the fellow not at the back door but in the kitchen where Sarah's baby lay sleeping in his carriage. Her own son had slept in it and her brother before him. The black man was kneeling beside the carriage and staring at the child. Mother, not thinking clearly, was suddenly outraged that he had presumed to come in the door. Sarah is unable to see you, she said, and she held the door open. The colored man took another glance at the child, rose, thanked her and departed. She slammed the door harder than she should have. The baby woke and began to cry. She picked him up, comforting him, astonished by her extreme reaction to the visitor.

Such was the coming of the colored man in the car to Broadview Avenue. His name was Coalhouse Walker Jr. Beginning with that Sunday he appeared every week, always knocking at the back door, always turning away without complaint upon Sarah's refusal to see him. Father considered the visits a nuisance and wanted to discourage them. I'll call the police, he said. Mother laid her hand on his arm. One Sunday the colored man left a bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums which in this season had to have cost him a pretty penny. Before she took the flowers up to Sarah, Mother stood at the parlor window [...].

The black girl would say nothing about her visitor. They had no idea where she had met him, or how. As far as they knew she had no family nor friends from the black community in the downtown section of the city [...]. Mother was exhilarated by the situation. For the first time since the terrible day she had found the brown baby in the flower bed she saw a reason for hope for the young woman's future. She began to regret Sarah's intransigence [...]. She decided the next time to give him more of a visit. She would serve tea in the parlor. Father questioned the propriety of this. Mother said He is well-spoken and conducts himself as a gentleman. I see nothing wrong with it. When Mr Roosevelt was in the White House he gave dinner to Booker T. Washington. Surely we can serve tea to Coalhouse Walker Jr.

50 And so it happened on the next Sunday that the Negro took tea. Father noted
that he suffered no embarrassment by being in the parlor with a cup and saucer in
his hand. On the contrary, he acted as if it was the most natural thing in the world.
The surroundings did not awe him nor was his manner deferential. He was courteous
and correct. He told them about himself. He was a professional pianist and was now
55 more or less permanently located in New York, having secured a job with the Jim
Europe Clef Club Orchestra, a well-known ensemble that gave regular concerts at
the Manhattan Casino on 155th Street and Eighth Avenue. It was important, he said,
for a musician to find a place that was permanent, a job that required no traveling. I
am through traveling, he said. I am through going on the road. He spoke so fervently
that Father realized the message was intended for the woman upstairs. This irritated
him. What can you play? he said abruptly. Why don't you play something for us?

60 The black man placed his tea on the tray. He rose, patted his lips with the
napkin, placed the napkin beside his cup and went to the piano. He sat on the piano
stool and immediately rose and twirled it till the height was to his satisfaction. He sat
down again, played a chord and turned to them. This piano is badly in need of a
tuning, he said. Father's face reddened. Oh yes, Mother said, we are terrible about
65 that. The musician turned again to the piano and said 'The Maple Leaf'. Composed
by the great Scott Joplin. The most famous rag of all rang through the air. The pianist
sat stiffly at the keyboard, his long dark hands with their pink nails seemingly with no
effort producing the clusters of syncopating chords and the thumping octaves. This
was a most robust composition, a vigorous music that roused the senses [...]. It filled
70 the stairwell to the third floor where the mute and unforgiving Sarah sat with her
hands folded and listened with the door open.

The piece was brought to a conclusion. Everyone applauded. Mother then
introduced Mr Walker to Grandfather and to Younger Brother, who shook the black
man's hand and said I am pleased to meet you. Coalhouse Walker was solemn.
75 Everyone was standing. There was a silence.

Slightly adapted from E.L. Doctorow, *Ragtime*, 1976

I. COMPREHENSION - EXPRESSION

1. The text deals with a regular weekly event. Which one? Explain the situation.
2. a) Introduce the "visitor" in your own words (name, physical appearance, occupation, place of residence).

b) Describe his personality and social behaviour. Use the text to support your answer when possible.

c) Find two elements in the text that show how wealthy he is.
3. Introduce the 'young woman of color'.
 - a) What does the reader know about her and her present situation?
 - b) What can the reader guess about her connection with the visitor?
4. 'Mother' and 'Father' first had diverging reactions to the regular weekly event. Show the difference.
5. The text is an illustration of the place of black people in society at the time. What do we learn about it?
6. What is the role played by music in the story?
7. Expression: *Vous traiterez l'un des deux sujets au choix.*
 - a) Continue the story. (250 words)
 - b) What part does music play in your life? (250 words)

II. TRADUCTION

Translate from "Such was the coming" l. 30 to "parlor window" l. 37.