BACCALAURÉAT GÉNÉRAL

ÉPREUVE D'ENSEIGNEMENT DE SPÉCIALITÉ

SESSION 2025

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

Synthèse	16 points
Traduction ou transposition	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 characteristics of the three documents, show how they interact to highlight the power of music and singing.

Partie 2 : Traduction, en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document C (lignes 14 à 19) :

When Bessie sings in these clubs with the audience literally spellbound, captivated, totally enthralled, she is not really paying them any attention. She is deep, deep inside herself in the place where the blues comes from. She has shut out the clapping and the stomping and the shouting. It is quiet in the 81 Club, people's faces are like stills. They flash before her sometimes in the middle of a song. Like something she might see travelling on a train very fast; seen for an instant then gone.

Document A

Photo by Gjon MILI, *Billie Holiday performing at Café Society*[1], 1939

[1] Billie Holiday (1915-1959) was an American jazz and blues singer. Café Society was NYC's first integrated club.

Document B

Droning a drowsy syncopated tune,
Rocking back and forth to a mellow croon,
I heard a Negro[1] play.
Down on Lenox Avenue the other night
By the pale dull pallor of an old gas light
He did a lazy sway. . . .
He did a lazy sway. . . .
To the tune o' those Weary Blues.
With his ebony hands on each ivory key
He made that poor piano moan with melody.
O Blues!
Swaying to and fro on his rickety stool
He played that sad raggy tune like a musical fool.
Sweet Blues!
Coming from a black man's soul.
O Blues!
In a deep song voice with a melancholy tone
I heard that Negro sing, that old piano moan—
"Ain't got nobody in all this world,
Ain't got nobody but ma self.
I's gwine to quit ma frownin'
And put ma troubles on the shelf."

Thump, thump, thump, went his foot on the floor.
He played a few chords then he sang some more—
"I got the Weary Blues
And I can't be satisfied.
Got the Weary Blues
And can't be satisfied—
I ain't happy no mo'
And I wish that I had died."
And far into the night he crooned that tune.
The stars went out and so did the moon.
The singer stopped playing and went to bed
While the Weary Blues echoed through his head.
He slept like a rock or a man that's dead.

Langston HUGHES, 'The Weary Blues' in *The Weary Blues*, 1926

[1] Negro: African-American person. Term commonly used until the 1960s when it started to be considered offensive.

Document C

Taken from an essay about American blues singer Bessie Smith (1894-1937).

Doing the clubs, Bessie eventually became so successful and had such an enthusiastic following that she could insist on being the only one on the bill who would sing the blues. She came to regard the blues as her territory. […]

The Empress was a prima donna. But then she had that voice, that talent. She could cast a spell on her audience. She could hypnotise them. She had them under her blues. […] When she gets up to shout the blues, to barrelhouse, to transform her audience, part of her is still standing on Ninth Street[1] under the moody sky. The part of her that is still standing on Ninth street is the part of her that hypnotises the audience in the 81 Club in Atlanta, Georgia. This power she has, she was born with it. It is nothing new to her. It is not really a surprise. She was just waiting for it to find a bigger place than a street corner and it did. It found a dress, a dress she thought would do. She wasn't really all that bothered about what she wore anyhow. (Except for the shoes. The leather always felt important on her feet after all those years of being barefooted.) […]

When Bessie sings in these clubs with the audience literally spellbound, captivated, totally enthralled, she is not really paying them any attention. She is deep, deep inside herself in the place where the blues comes from. She has shut out the clapping and the stomping and the shouting. It is quiet in the 81 Club, people's faces are like stills. They flash before her sometimes in the middle of a song. Like something she might see travelling on a train very fast; seen for an instant then gone. She catches the odd glimpses of one shining face and another troubled one and then she returns to herself. Sometimes she's sure she saw her sister Tinnie right in the middle of that sea of faces in the 81 Club. Once she even saw her dead mother standing for a single moment behind the bar. After singing the blues, she knocks down one drink, then another, full of a terrible longing for herself, for her family, for Chattanooga. The whole theatre is full of a restless longing. She gets people that way. She is right under their skin. She is closer than God.

She hasn't made a record yet. But she has tapped the source of her own power – her voice – and she knows it is like nobody else's and she doesn't want the distraction of anybody else playing with the blues. No, she is the blues. She is the blues itself. As far as she is concerned, she is the rightful Queen of the Blues and nobody else can sing worth a damn. She knows the timing. She's got the timing just right. Doesn't need to articulate it or even to think about it. It's all in the length of her pause. It's the way she hangs on to those notes when they are gone. Like she's hanging on to the little girl she was, or the very back of herself, or her grandmother's long, large hand. She is full of longing, full of trouble, restless, wandering up and down the long arms of the clock. When she sings on stage, part of her is travelling, reaching back into every hurt that's ever happened.

Jackie KAY, *Bessie Smith, Biography*, 1997

[1] Ninth street: the street where Bessie Smith lived, in her hometown of Chattanooga, Tennessee.

SUJET 2

Thématique : **« Voyages, territoires, frontières »**

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 characteristics of the three documents, show how they interact to explore the way people consider the unknown.

Partie 2 : Traduction, en français (4 points)

Traduisez en français le passage suivant du document B (lignes 18 à 25) :

‘No,’ said Dorothy. 'Take my word for it. We are not strong enough for rivers and stars. We think we are at first, but we are not.'

'What do you mean, Mrs Orchard?’ asked Harriet.

‘I think you might call me Dorothy and I shall call you Harriet, if I may? What do I mean? I mean that inevitably we make a small world in the midst of a big one. For a small world is all that we know how to make.’

Harriet was silent. Here in this room was indeed a comfortable little piece of England reassembled.

Document A

William HODGES, *A View in Dusky Bay, New Zealand*, oil on canvas, 1773

Document B

New Zealand in the 1860s. Harriet and her husband have just arrived from England, while Dorothy and her husband have lived there for over ten years.

Dorothy and Harriet sat in front of the fire, into which they both stared.

'You will discover,' said Dorothy, 'what a minute world you have come to. Vast outside. So vast it takes our breath away. But our concerns are so very small: the health of the sheep, a dry shipment of chestnuts, firewood that doesn't spit, a servant girl who can make mashed potato without lumps...'

'Oh,' said Harriet, 'but when I stand by my creek and look towards the mountains...'

'Precisely,' said Dorothy, 'they are grand. Nature is grand here. But too grand. To survive in New Zealand, we all have to re-create, if not the past exactly, then something very like it, something homely.'

Harriet saw the branch of apple wood she was watching break and fall and a high flame spring up and begin to consume it. She said: 'Our Cob House is not like any home I have been in.'

'Not yet,' said Dorothy. 'But if your farm prospers, then your husband will build a larger house, a house like this one, and you will serve tea in it, tea from China, but the rest of the world will have clean vanished from your head.'

'Well then', said Harriet, 'I hope we may stay always in the Cob House, always listening to the river, always walking out at night to see the stars...'

'No,' said Dorothy. 'Take my word for it. We are not strong enough for rivers and stars. We think we are at first, but we are not.'

'What do you mean, Mrs Orchard?' asked Harriet.

'I think you might call me Dorothy and I shall call you Harriet, if I may? What do I mean? I mean that inevitably we make a small world in the midst of a big one. For a small world is all that we know how to make.'

Harriet was silent. Here in this room was indeed a comfortable little piece of England reassembled. It was pretty and welcoming and outside were English trees moving in the dark.

'But then,' she said, 'we are not tested.'

'Now it is my turn to ask you what you mean.'

'Well, I am not sure I know what I mean. But when I am working in my vegetable garden, on my own, and I look up at the mountains, that is where I long to go.'

Dorothy Orchard ran her hands through her cropped hair.

She looked at Harriet, at her muddied skirts and her slender feet in their brown boots, and tried to guess her age. 'The mountains, as you call them, the Southern Alps are as fearful in their way as anything in the world. I've heard them called "the stairway of hell". If you don't want your children to lose a mother, then stay away from the Alps.'

Rose TREMAIN, *The Colour*, 2003

Document C

The scene takes place in 1865. The characters are aboard a ship on their way to New Zealand.

Anna Wetherell's first glimpse of New Zealand was of the rocky heads of the Otago peninsula: mottled cliffs that dropped sharply into the white foam of the water, and above them, a rumpled cloak of grasses, raked by the wind. It was just past dawn. A pale fog was rising from the ocean, obscuring the far end of the harbour, where the hills became blue, and then purple, as the inlet narrowed, and closed to a point. The sun was still low in the East, throwing a slick of yellow light over the water, and lending an orange tint to the rocks on the Western shore. The city of Dunedin[1] was not yet visible, tucked as it was behind the elbow of the harbour, and there were no dwellings or livestock on this stretch of coastline; Anna's first impression was of a lonely throat of water, a clear sky, and a rugged land untouched by human life or industry.

The first sighting had occurred in the grey hours that preceded the dawn, and so Anna had not witnessed the smudge on the horizon growing and thickening to form the contour of the peninsula, as the steamer came nearer and nearer to the coast. She had been woken, some hours later, by a strange cacophony of unfamiliar birdcalls, from which she deduced, rightly, that they must be nearing land at last. She eased herself from her berth, taking care not to wake the other women, and fixed her hair and stockings in the dark. By the time she came up the iron ladder to the deck, wrapping her shawl about her shoulders, the *Fortunate Wind* was rounding the outer heads of the harbour, and the peninsula was all around her – the relief sudden and impossible, after long weeks at sea.

'Magnificent, aren't they?'

Anna turned. A fair-haired boy in a felt cap was leaning against the portside rail. He gestured to the cliffs, and Anna saw the birds. […]

'Beautiful,' she said. 'Are they petrels – or gannets, maybe?'

'They're albatrosses!' The boy was beaming. 'They're real albatrosses!' […]

'So few birds are truly mythical,' the boy went on, still watching the albatross. 'I mean, there are ravens, I suppose, and perhaps you might say that doves have a special meaning too… but no more than owls do, or eagles. An albatross is different. It has such a weight to it. Such symbolism. It's angelic, almost; even saying the name, one feels a kind of thrill. I'm so glad to have seen one. I feel almost touched. And how wonderful, that they guard the mouth of the harbour like they do! How's that for an omen – for a gold town[2]!'

Eleanor CATTON, *The Luminaries*, 2013

[1] Dunedin: the second-largest city in the South Island of New Zealand.
[2] gold town: in 1861, gold was discovered in the area surrounding Dunedin.