

Entraînement à l'épreuve écrite de spécialité LLCER Anglais

Le sujet porte sur la thématique : Expression et construction de soi.

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

Write a commentary (about 500 words) on documents A, B and C, using the following guidelines:

- show how diversity or the lack of it can shape young people;
- compare the various experiences of multiculturalism the documents explore;
- analyse the way the issue of belonging is presented.

Document A

For as long as I could comprehend the world, I only knew I was black because I was sure I wasn't white.

Now I want to talk about blackness, our representations of it, how we understand ourselves through the eyes of someone else. How, when I was growing up, the positive
5 black-led and black-owned representations of blackness weren't to be found in the British Isles. Instead, they were being imported from the United States. With globalisation, this is par for the course for all aspects of our pop culture. Yet when it comes to blackness, American-centric media contributed to an erasure here.

It was a kind of displacement that went hand-in-hand with Britain's collective
10 forgetting of black contributions to British history. The black history I learned in school was about the United States. I learned in school that on December 1st 1955, Rosa Parks was arrested for refusing to give up her seat at the front of the bus, setting off a chain of events that resulted in a bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama. But I didn't learn that less than a decade later, a similar bus boycott took place in Bristol, roughly
15 106 miles from the stuffy south London classroom I was learning these facts in. British black history, positioned across the Atlantic, was as real to me as *The Simpsons*, and that was a tragedy.

I had an incredibly strong sense of heritage. Being a third generation Nigerian immigrant is not something your extended family will let you forget. I knew where I
20 came from, but I struggled to see where I was presently at. I needed anchoring, but the legacy of blackness I kept seeing was characterised as thoroughly American.

As a nineties child, I came of age before social media had really taken off, before normal girls were DIY-ing their own media in their bedrooms, creating blogs and YouTube channels, and reassuring their peers that black is beautiful.

25 I relied on television. My life was pretty sheltered. (...) I was the only black child
in a class of 30 in suburban south London. I have memories of my little white girl
classmates trying to convince me that because my skin was black, my tongue was
black too. I have memories of an art teacher encouraging my class to draw “our
30 beautiful blue eyes” whenever we got the crayons and the sugar paper out. Everything
around me was so starkly white that I began to believe that I would turn white sooner
or later. I was quietly being written out of the narrative of humanity in my immediate
surroundings.

I needed to find a blackness that was vaguely relevant to a tall, skinny, London-
born-and-raised Nigerian girl, and that wasn't to be found in after school and Saturday
35 morning television.

Reni Eddo-Lodge, “Forming Blackness Through a Screen” essay in *The Good Immigrant*, 2016

Document B

The narrator, a mixed-race child of a white working-class father and a mother of Jamaican descent, recounts her time growing up in West London. In 1982, she meets another mixed-race girl in tap class, Tracey, who has a white mother and absent black father. The two girls become fast friends.

In our flat, there were no dolls at all and so Tracey when she came was forced
into different habits. Here we wrote, a little frantically, into a series of yellow, lined, A4
pads that my father brought home from work. It was a collaborative project. Tracey,
because of her dyslexia – though we didn't know to call it that at the time – preferred
5 to dictate, while I struggled to keep up with the naturally melodramatic twist and turn
of her mind. Almost all our stories concerned a cruel, posh prima ballerina from ‘Oxford
Street’ breaking her leg at the last minute, which allowed our plucky heroine – often a
lowly costume fitter, or a humble theatre-toilet cleaner – to step in and save the day. I
noticed that they were always blond, these plucky girls, with hair ‘like silk’ and big blue
10 eyes. Once I tried to write ‘brown eyes’ and Tracey took the pen out of my hand and
scratched it out. We wrote on our bellies, flat on the floor of my room, and if my mother
happened to come by and see us like this it was the only moment she ever looked at
Tracey with anything like fondness. I took advantage of these moments to win further
concessions for my friend – Can Tracey stay for tea? Can Tracey stay the night? –
15 though I knew if my mother actually paused to read what we wrote in those yellow pads
Tracey would never be allowed into the flat again. In several stories African men ‘lurked
in the shadows’ with iron bars to break the knees of lily-white dancers; in one, the prima
had a terrible secret: she was ‘half-caste’, a word I trembled to write down, as I knew
from experience how completely it enraged my mother. But if I felt unease about these
20 details it was a small sensation compared to the pleasure of our collaboration. I was
so completely taken with Tracey's stories, besotted with their endless delay of narrative

25 gratification, which was again perhaps something she had got from the soaps or else extracted from the hard lessons her own life was teaching her. For just as you thought the happy ending had arrived, Tracey found some wonderful new way to destroy or divert it, so that the moment of consummation – which for both of us, I think, meant simply an audience, on their feet, cheering – never seemed to arrive.

Zadie Smith, *Swing Time*, 2016

Document C



'You Are Enough' is a 2017 series of portraits painted across London by street artist Dreph. The series pays tribute to inspiring women who are working for their communities and society at large.

<http://dreph.co.uk/you-are-enough/>