Shine Brigther Terminale

File 1 Phenomenal Woman

Extrait p.16 – Chanson, *Four women*

My skin is black

My arms are long

My hair is woolly

My back is strong

Strong enough to take the pain

Inflicted again and again

What do they call me?

My name is Aunt Sarah

My name is Aunt Sarah, Aunt Sarah

My skin is yellow

My hair is long

Between two worlds

I do belong

My father was rich and white

He forced my mother late one night

What do they call me?

My name is Saffronia

My name is Saffronia

My skin is tan

My hair is fine

My hips invite you

My mouth like wine

Whose little girl am I?

Anyone who has money to buy

What do they call me?

My name is Sweet Thing

My name is Sweet Thing

My skin is brown

My manner is tough

I'll kill the first mother I see

My life has been rough

I'm awfully bitter these days

'Cause my parents were slaves

What do they call me?

My name is Peaches

Nina Simone, *Wild Is the Wind*, 1966

Extrait p.17 – Article de Hettie Judah, *The Guardian*

Impossibly exuberant women electrify a body-slam of a show

Working from staged photographs and found images, Thomas's compositions are hymns to excess. Figures emerge in fragments from layers of pattern[1], like the swirling kimonos that unfurl[2] to reveal body parts in Japanese woodcuts. The bodies themselves are radically flattened, rendered in simplified graphic forms […], Thomas's figures have names, and eyes, and agency[3]. […]

Thomas reflects on the way black women have been pictured–or not. Tucked[4] in the margins of historical paintings, naked and available as "exotic" objects of desire, occupying their accepted roles as performers. Rhinestones[5] were created to dazzle under electric light and create spectacle on stage. They dress bodies that move for pleasure and entertainment. In applying them to a fixed surface, Thomas makes the viewer do the work. The women in her paintings are going nowhere. We have to move to make them sparkle.

Hettie Judah, *The Guardian*, 2025

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[1] *motif*

[2] unfold

[3] ability to act

[4] left aside

[5] strass

Extrait p.18 – Poème *Metaphors*

I'm a riddle[1] in nine syllables,

An elephant, a ponderous[2] house,

A melon strolling on two tendrils[3].

O red fruit, ivory, fine timbers[4]!

This loaf's big with its yeasty[5] rising.

Money's new-minted in this fat purse.

I'm a means, a stage, a cow in calf.

I've eaten a bag of green apples,

Boarded the train there's no getting off.

Sylvia Plath, *The Colossus and Other Poems*, 1959

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[1] enigma

[2] heavy

[3] *tiges*

[4] *charpente*

[5] *à la levure*

Extrait p.19 – Roman, *The Scarlet Letter*

In 17th-century Puritan New England, in a society ruled by strict religious and moral laws, Hester Prynne, the main character, is about to face the crowd as she is released from prison with her baby daughter.

When the young woman—the mother of this child—stood fully revealed before the crowd, it seemed to be her first impulse to clasp[1] the infant closely to her bosom; not so much by an impulse of motherly affection, as that she might thereby conceal a certain token[2], which was wrought or fastened into her dress. In a moment, however, wisely judging that one token of her shame would but poorly serve to hide another, she took the baby on her arm, and, with a burning blush, and yet a haughty smile, and a glance that would not be abashed[3], looked around at her towns-people and neighbors. On the breast of her gown, in fine red cloth, surrounded with an elaborate embroidery and fantastic flourishes of gold-thread, appeared the letter A. It was so artistically done, and with so much fertility and gorgeous luxuriance of fancy, that it had all the effect of a last and fitting decoration to the apparel which she wore; and which was of a splendor in accordance with the taste of the age, but greatly beyond what was allowed by the sumptuary regulations[4] of the colony.

The young woman was tall, with a figure of perfect elegance on a large scale. She had dark and abundant hair, so glossy that it threw off the sunshine with a gleam,

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[1] *étreindre*

[2] symbol

[3] embarrassed

[4] laws

and a face which, besides being beautiful from regularity of feature and richness of complexion, had the impressiveness belonging to a marked brow and deep black eyes. She was lady-like, too, after the manner of the feminine gentility of those days; characterized by a certain state and dignity, rather than by the delicate, evanescent, and indescribable grace, which is now recognized as its indication. And never had Hester Prynne appeared more lady-like, in the antique interpretation of the term, than as she issued from the prison.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*, 1850

Extrait p.20 – Gloria's Monologue to Barbie

"It is literally impossible to be a woman. You are so beautiful, and so smart, and it kills me that you don't think you're good enough. Like, we have to always be extraordinary, but somehow we're always doing it wrong.

You have to be thin, but not too thin. And you can never say you want to be thin. You have to say you want to be healthy, but also you have to be thin. You have to have money, but you can't ask for money because that's crass[1]. You have to be a boss, but you can't be mean. You have to lead, but you can't squash other people's ideas. You're supposed to love being a mother, but don't talk about your kids all the damn time. You have to be a career woman, but also always be looking out for other people. You have to answer for men's bad behavior, which is insane, but if you point that out, you're accused of complaining. You're supposed to stay pretty for men, but not so pretty that you tempt them too much or that you threaten other women because you're supposed to be a part of the sisterhood. But always stand out and always be grateful. But never forget that the system is rigged[2]. So find a way to acknowledge that but also always be grateful. You have to never get old, never be rude, never show off, never be selfish, never fall down, never fail, never show fear, never get out of line. It's too hard! It's too contradictory and nobody gives you a medal or says thank you! And it turns out in fact that not only are you doing everything wrong, but also everything is your fault.

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[1] *insensible*

[2] *truqué*

I’m just so tired of watching myself and every single other woman tie herself into knots so that people will like us. And if all of that is also true for a doll just representing women, then I don’t even know.”

Barbie written by Greta Gerwig and Noah Baumbach, 2023

Extrait p.21 – Poème « *Phenomenal Woman* »

Pretty women wonder where my secret lies.

I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size

But when I start to tell them,

They think I'm telling lies.

I say,

It's in the reach of my arms,

The span of my hips,

The stride[1] of my step,

The curl of my lips.

I'm a woman

Phenomenally.

Phenomenal woman,

That's me.

I walk into a room

Just as cool as you please,

And to a man,

The fellows stand or

Fall down on their knees.

Then they swarm around me,

A hive[2] of honey bees.

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[1] *foulée*

[2] *ruche*

I say,

It’s the fire in my eyes,

And the flash of my teeth,

The swing in my waist,

And the joy in my feet.

I’m a woman

Phenomenally.

Phenomenal woman,

That’s me.

Men themselves have wondered

What they see in me.

They try so much

But they can’t touch

My inner mystery.

When I try to show them,

They say they still can’t see.

I say,

It’s in the arch of my back,

The sun of my smile,

The ride of my breasts,

The grace of my style.

I’m a woman

Phenomenally.

Phenomenal woman,

That’s me.

Now you understand

Just why my head’s not bowed.

I don’t shout or jump about

Or have to talk real loud.

When you see me passing,

It ought to make you proud.

I say,

It’s in the click of my heels,

The bend of my hair,

the palm of my hand,

The need for my care.

’Cause I’m a woman

Phenomenally.

Phenomenal woman,

That’s me.

Maya Angelou, *And Still I Rise*, 1978

Extrait p.26 – Poème, “*We Rise*”

We all leap forward when one woman tries,

When she defies with her rallying cries.

Here lies, but does not rest, the best

Of tested women who call us all to rise,

Speaking the truth in this finest hour:

That to their own power,

every single woman is entitled.

But it’s how they empower others

That makes women’s voices so vital.

Amanda Gorman, “*We Rise*”, 2021

Auto-évaluation de la compréhension de l'écrit

Extrait p.28 – Article de Chloe Mac Donnell, *The Guardian*

Michelle Obama's book details how the media's fixation on her arms was used to 'otherize' her

Writing in The Look, a new photo book released on Tuesday that documents her style throughout her time in the White House, Obama describes how the media and public's "fascination" with her bare[1] arms was used as a tool to "otherize" her.

The book–which also includes insights from Obama's stylist Meredith Koop, as well as designers who dressed her for events–aims to offer an insight[2] into how Obama used fashion as a tool for visibility and representation. […]

However, it was the appearance of her biceps before Congress as she accompanied her husband, Barack, to his first address to a joint session that really upset her critics, who derided[3] it as everything from "too informal" to "inappropriate" and "out of season". "Up In Arms," read one headline. Another tried to coin "Sleevegate".

Although previous first ladies, including Jacqueline Kennedy, had worn sleeveless dresses, Obama notes that they never caused what she calls an "uproar".

"While I am certainly not the only First Lady to get scrutinized–Hillary was constantly dinged[4] for her preference for pantsuits, and Nancy Reagan was

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[1] uncovered

[2] understanding

[3] mocked

[4] criticised

lambasted[5] for her love of haute couture–this felt different," she writes. "Barack and I were being portrayed as Black people who didn't understand the 'rules' of the rarefied world we had found ourselves in and were not unequivocally welcomed into."

Chloe Mac Donnell, *The Guardian*, 2025

[5] attacked verbally

Évaluation de la compréhension de l'écrit – Guide pédagogique

Extrait – Roman, *The Custom of the Country*

"Undine Spragg–how can you?" her mother wailed, raising a prematurely-wrinkled hand heavy with rings to defend the note which a languid "bell-boy" had just brought in.

But her defence was as feeble as her protest, and she continued to smile on her visitor while Miss Spragg, with a turn of her quick young fingers, possessed herself of the missive and withdrew to the window to read it. […]

Mrs. Heeny, a stout professional-looking person in a waterproof, her rusty veil thrown back, and a shabby alligator bag at her feet, followed the mother's glance with good-humoured approval. […]

In the centre of the florid carpet a gilt table with a top of Mexican onyx sustained a palm in a gilt basket tied with a pink bow. But for this ornament, and a copy of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" which lay beside it, the room showed no traces of human use, and Mrs. Spragg herself wore as complete an air of detachment as if she had been a wax figure in a show-window. Her attire was fashionable enough to justify such a post, and her pale soft-cheeked face, with puffy eye-lids and drooping mouth, suggested a partially-melted wax figure which had run to double-chin.

Mrs. Heeny, in comparison, had a reassuring look of solidity and reality. The planting of her firm black bulk in its chair, and the grasp of her broad red hands on the gilt arms, bespoke an organized and self-reliant activity, accounted for by the fact that Mrs. Heeny was a "society" manicure and masseuse. Toward Mrs. Spragg and her daughter she filled the double role of manipulator and friend. […]

The young girl whose “form” had won Mrs. Heeny’s professional commendation suddenly shifted its lovely lines as she turned back from the window.

Edith Wharton, *The Custom of The Country*, 1913