Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :


Compte tenu des caractéristiques de ce dossier et des différentes possibilités d’exploitation qu’il offre, vous indiquerez à quel niveau d’apprentissage vous pourriez le destiner et quels objectifs vous vous fixeriez. Vous présenterez et justifierez votre démarche pour atteindre ces objectifs.

Document vidéo (2’11’’) à consulter sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

*Queen Elizabeth (b. 1533 – d. 1603)*

Document iconographique également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.
“You should always wear white, Bride. Only white and all white all
the time.” Jeri, calling himself a “total person” designer, insisted. Looking
for a makeover for my second interview at Sylvia, Inc., I consulted him.

“Not only because of your name,” he told me, “but because of what
it does to your licorice skin,” he said. “And black is the new black. Know
what I mean? Wait. You’re more Hershey’s syrup than licorice. Makes
people think of whipped cream and chocolate soufflé every time they see
you.”

That made me laugh. “Or Oreos?”


At first it was boring shopping for white-only clothes until I learned
how many shades of white there were: ivory, oyster, alabaster, paper
white, snow, cream, ecru, Champagne, ghost, bone. Shopping got even
more interesting when I began choosing colors for accesso-
ries.

Jeri, advising me, said, “Listen, Bride baby. If you must have a drop
of color limit it to shoes and purses, but I’d keep both black when white
simply won’t do. And don’t forget: no makeup. Not even lipstick or
eyeliner. None.”

I asked him about jewelry. Gold? Some diamonds? A
emerald
brooch?

“No. No.” He threw his hands up. “No jewelry at all. Pearl dot
earrings, maybe. No. Not even that. Just you, girl. All sable and ice. A
panther in snow. And with your body? And those wolverine eyes? Please!”

I took his advice and it worked. Everywhere I went I got double
takes but not like the faintly disgusted ones I used to get as a kid. These
were adoring looks, stunned but hungry. (…)

“She is sort of pretty under all that black.” Neighbors and their
daughters agreed. Sweetness never attended parent-teacher meetings or
volleyball games. I was encouraged to take business courses not the
college track, community college instead of four-year state universities. I
didn’t do any of that. After I don’t know how many refusals, I finally got a
job working stock - never sales where customers would see me. I wanted
the cosmetics counter but didn’t dare ask for it. I got to be a buyer only
after rock-dumb white girls got promotions or screwed up so bad they
settled for somebody who actually knew about stock. Even the interview at Sylvia, Inc., got off to a bad start. They questioned my style, my clothes and told me to come back later. That’s when I consulted Jeri. Then walking down the hall toward the interviewer’s office, I could see the effect I was having: wide admiring eyes, grins and whispers: “Whoa!” “Oh, baby.” In no time I rocketed to regional manager. “See?” said Jeri. “Black sells. It’s the hottest commodity in the civilized world. White girls, even brown girls have to strip naked to get that kind of attention.”

True or not, it made me, remade me. I began to move differently - not a strut, not that pelvis-out rush of the runway - but a stride, slow and focused.