

Déroulé des activités - Depicting a Common memory

Fiction and reality: “art is a line around your thoughts” - Gustav Klint

UNIT 3- How does art contributes	How does art contribute to building up a certain representation?
At the end of the Unit, I will	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- have learned about the big steps of American history</li> <li>- made an opinion about the place of art</li> <li>- been to the movie</li> </ul>
What vocabulary will I need ?	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- depicting a visual document</li> <li>- comparison</li> <li>- society</li> </ul>
What grammatical structure will I need ?	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- supposition</li> <li>- modals</li> <li>- past tenses</li> </ul>
What will I learn about ?	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- the origin of the American Dream</li> <li>- how a common memory is built</li> <li>- the need for a representation</li> </ul>
What documents will be used ?	<p><b>1- Thanksgiving</b>            1a – The making of Thanksgiving            1b- The purpose of Thanksgiving: <i>Thanksgiving: Turkey's a feast</i>, Norman Rockwell, 1943            1c- Remembering Thanksgiving: <i>The 1<sup>st</sup> Thanksgiving</i>, Jean Leon Jerome, 1912-1915            1d- the representation of the Natives:            1d1- <i>Savages</i>, music from <i>Pocahontas</i>, Disney movie, 1995            1d2- <i>Thanksgiving</i>, Adam Family Values, 1993</p> <p><b>2- Go West!</b>            2a- <i>The spirit of the frontier</i>, John Gast, 1872            2b- dossier cowboys story – extraits de romans            2c- <i>Savages</i>, music from <i>Pocahontas</i>, Disney movie, 1995            2d- Cowboys in cinema, <i>diaporama</i></p> <p><b>3- Arriving in the US</b>            3a- <i>You tired, You Poor</i>, A short story by Rupert Morgan, 2008            3b- Seymour Rechtzeit, living the American dream</p> <p><b>4- Immigrant represntation in the USA</b>            4a- <i>America</i>, West Wide Story (lyrics by Leonard Bernstein)            4b- <i>America</i>, West Wide Story, movie by Berstein, 1957            4c- Business Week front cover, <i>Embracing illegal immigration</i>, July 18, 2005            4d- <i>The New American Gothic</i>, Criselda Vasquez, 2019</p> <p><b>5- What next?</b>            5a- <i>The Handmaid'sTale</i>, Margaret Atwood,1985 – manuel p 162            5b- <i>Interview with Margaret Atwood</i>, nytimes.com, 2017 – manuel p 166            5c- <i>Writing The Handmaid's Tale</i>, cartoon byTom Gauld, 2017</p>

	– manuel p 167
Final Task	You will write an article about the last Spielberg, <i>West Side Story</i> :

### Instructions for your Final Task :

- 1- you will have an hour full to work on your article in class
- 2- You may come with prints, pictures or whatever documents you will find useful to do your final task.
- 3- you will be allowed to access to your notes or lesson
- 4- you must give your conclusion / opinion about the movie.

#### 1- Thanksgiving

1a- historique: origine du mythe: travail sur les Pilgrim Facts Cards.

**ils reçoivent les fiches par groupe (9 groupes) et s'approprient les infos: fiches sans le nombre, juste le titre puis la grid ci dessous (format paysage) => doivent se répartir le travail pour pouvoir avoir les infos complètes en vue rédaction d'un texte sur TG**  
**ou sous format de texte à trou ou sous format de question / réponses à compléter**

1b- travail sur les différents représentation de Thanksgiving: rockwell => étude en commun, représentaton idéale de Thanksgiving

1c- Thanksgiving, contreverse: tableau : Jean Leon Jerome : The 1<sup>st</sup> Thanksgiving

**partage de l'image en 2:** forêt / civilisation; bois des outils indiens vs métal

indiens vetu en peau vs habits

indiens par terre vs hommes blancs debouts

**incongru:** accueil par les femmes des natives, homme indien avec le chapeau, conquistador, un seul enfant =

**critique:** chien par terre: comme les indiens, outils = calumet de paix et hache (symbole combat à venir), sang représenter par le rouge.

1d1- *Savages*, music from *Pocahontas*, Disney movie, 1995

[:https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1YiAzyCzZzw](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1YiAzyCzZzw)

1d2- *Thanksgiving*, Adam Family Values, 1993:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tJE3KDXtbWI>

écrire une critique de cinema sur l'un ou l'autre des documents: axer sur la représentation des Natives

#### 2- Go West!

**Tableau :** The spirit of the frontier : représentation de l'idéal américain

**cow boys :** doc 5 – doc 10 (pdf) → prévoir ¾ textes différents donner les textes en amonts et à charge pour chaque groupe de résumer son texte.

Memory game: on échange entre nous jusqu'à ce qu'on retrouve son texte. Pour les plus faibles, prendre moins de texte et faire travailler à 4 sur un texte.

**diaporama sur les films;** présentation par groupe au tableau => recap: évolution de l'image du cowboys au cinema, prévoir blackface (à faire)

**pocahontas: savages:** travail sur la chanson en CO : <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1YiAzyCzZzw>

souligner le // entre les gentils blancs (want to recue Smith) et le méchant qui veut en profiter

### 3- Arriving in the US

ellis island: short story you tired you poor : old world vs new world, la place de la femme, new money vs love, lâcher prise et départ pour un envelle vie

rédaction: lettre des soeurs à leur parents, la retrouvaille des filles ou réaction des parents

#### 3b- Seymour Rechtzeit, living the American dream

Seymour Rechtzeit was 8 years old in 1920, when he left his home in Poland and journeyed to America. Why do you think he came, and what happened when he arrived? This is Seymour's story, in his own words.

// entre les 2 histoires: idée d'abandonner son identité dans les deux cas pour pouvoir embrace the American dream, idée de melting pot

imaginer un synopsis à partir de l'histoire de Seymour: cast, titre, résumé de l'histoire.

On photocopie et on laisse les groupes découvrir.

Ecriture d'une critique du film à partir du Synopsis + de la fiche.

4c- illegal immigration: Mexican cliché criselda-vasquezn the new American Gothic + fornt cover Business week, travail en pair group, description analyse puis présentation à un autre paire, recap en commun à 4 (noté? Ramassé? En commun au tableau?)

→ Conclusion représentation de l'immigration illégale: rédaction d'une short story (corrigé / noté )

### 5- What next?

Hit the road : p 163 et 166 + p167

travail sur le BD: repérage au tableau puis writing challenge (mais sans l'image → donc uniquement de mémoire)

partage des différentes phrases. Prise en note des plus intéressantes pour TE au tableau

2- Extrait du roman: repérage des éléments dystopique

avant / après → raison de la bascule.

Rédaction d'un court paragraphe (soit avant, soit après), échange des paragraphes et on écrit la suite (pair work max 10 lignes / un seul paragraphe, min 5 phrases)

après 3 échanges on fait lire par un groupe: mock grade (interesting – so, so – doesn't fit the story)

et on redonne à la feuille au groupe auteur (même notation)

3- travail sur le trailer The Handmade's Tale

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dVLiDETFx1c>

=> rédaction d'une critique de cinema d'après les éléments retenus.

Possibilité parler // avec l'Amérique de Trump (inquiétude à l'époque)

DOCUMENTS:

## Seymour's Story

My name is Seymour Rechtzeit and I was born in Łódź, Poland, in 1912. My family is Jewish, and I first began singing in our synagogue. By the time I was 4, I was called a *wunderkind*, or “wonder child” in English. Soon I was singing in concerts all over Poland.

My family decided that I should come to America, where there would be more opportunities for me. The Great War (which you know as World War I) had just ended, and it was a bad time in Europe. I had an uncle living in America, and he sent two tickets for my father and me to sail across the Atlantic Ocean. The rest of my family stayed in Poland. The plan was that my father and I would earn enough money to eventually bring them to America, too.

In Danzig, a city on the shore of the Baltic Sea now known as Gdansk, we boarded a ship called The Lapland. It was 1920, and I was on my way to America.

Riding on a big boat across the Atlantic Ocean may sound like fun, but it wasn't. The two-week trip was miserable! Our beds were in steerage, way down in the bottom of the boat. It was lined with bunks, one on top of the other. It was uncomfortable and crowded. I went up on deck all the time, just to have space to move around.

We hit many bad storms at sea. It rained hard, and I was often wet and shivering. By the time we sailed into New York Harbor, past the Statue of Liberty, I had a very bad cold. Still, I was up on deck in my good white suit, cheering along with everyone else at the awesome sight of the statue.

Back then, immigrants had to pass a medical examination before they were allowed to enter the country. Many people were sent back to where they came from. I was 8 years old and I was ill. I didn't know what was going to happen to me in America.

At Ellis Island, my father, who was not sick, stood in long lines as part of the entry process. Officials asked him lots of questions about where he came from, what he did for a living back in Poland, and what his plans were in America. All immigrants had to answer these questions. Only then could the newcomers leave Ellis Island and take a ferry to New York — and finally set foot in America.

When the doctor examined me, he discovered I had a cold. He said I could not go with my father, though I cried and begged. I was terrified to be all alone in this strange place.

I stayed on Ellis Island for a few days, until I was feeling better. I had no toys with me. I didn't know of such things. But there were other sick boys to keep me company. Some of them spoke Yiddish, my language. We ate in a huge dining room. The food was different — it was American style. But it was good, especially the milk.

There was a long gate that led to the boats that took people off the island, across New York Harbor, to the city. Every day, we boys would walk to the gate and look out over the water. We wanted to see America. It was like being in a jail. We felt sad and wondered if we would ever get through that gate and onto a boat for that final journey to our new country, the United States.

My cold soon went away, and then the officials told me that my father and uncle were coming to get me.

As I stepped off the boat from Ellis Island, I felt a rush of joy. All around me were hundreds of families greeting their relatives, welcoming them to America.

That was the beginning of my new life in New York. Right away, I started singing in concerts and earning money to help bring the rest of my family to America. I sang in school, too. I sang "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." I learned quickly.

I became a child star of vaudeville. That's a kind of entertainment in which actors sing and tell stories. I was very popular because I was a kid. I traveled from place to place to entertain.

Within a few years, I had made enough money to bring my mother, brothers, and sisters to America. But I faced a new problem: It was 1924, and by then, not as many immigrants were being allowed into America. My family could not get permission to come. They were in Poland, and my father and I were in America. How would we be a family again?

My voice was the ticket that would bring my family to America. A congressman who had heard me sing arranged for me to come to Washington, D.C., and perform for leaders at the U.S. Capitol.

The politicians liked me and wanted to help. They arranged an invitation to sing for President Calvin Coolidge in the White House! That did it. After I sang, I met the President. He shook my hand and told me I sang well. He said he'd help get my mother, brothers, and sisters to America. We would be a family again!

Many wonderful things happened to me in America. I kept singing as a young man and became a star of Yiddish theater. I appeared onstage and made many records. I met my wife, Miriam Kressyn, who was also a singer and an immigrant. Her family came through Ellis Island, too. We were married for 43 years.

I went back to Europe, traveling as an actor, but I never returned to Poland. I have always been very happy to be in this wonderful country.

#### 4- Immigrant in the USA:

4a- You tired, you Port, Rupert Morgan: short story

4b- the American Dream: west side story, America

Repérage en amont (titre + parole / écriture)

écoute de la chanson, correction puis argument garçon vs arguments filles

étude de la chorégraphie: fille vs garçon, féminité contre côté macho

mais exagération des traits latinos + visage grimés pour correspondre à un cliché

# America

West Side Story – lyrics by Leonard Bernstein

ANITA

1 Puerto Rico  
My heart's devotion  
Let it sink back in the ocean  
Always the hurricanes blowing  
5 Always the population growing  
And the money owing  
And the sunlight streaming  
And the natives steaming  
I like the island Manhattan  
10 Smoke on your pipe  
And put that in!

GIRLS

I like to be in America  
Okay by me in America  
15 Everything free in America

BERNARDO

For a small fee in America

ANITA

Buying on credit is so nice

20 BERNARDO  
One look at us and they charge twice

ROSALIA

I have my own washing machine

INDIO

25 What will you have though to keep clean?

ANITA

Skyscrapers bloom in America

ROSALIA

Cadillacs zoom in America

30 TERESITA

Industry boom in America

BOYS

Twelve in a room in America

ANITA

35 Lots of new housing with more space

BERNARDO

Lots of doors slamming in our face

ANITA

I'll get a terrace apartment

<p>40 BERNARDO Better get rid of your accent</p> <p>ANITA Life can be bright in America</p> <p>BOYS If you can fight in America</p> <p>GIRLS Life is all right in America</p> <p>BOYS If you're all white in America</p> <p>50 GIRLS Here you are free and you have pride</p> <p>BOYS Long as you stay on your own side</p> <p>GIRLS</p>	<p>55 Free to be anything you choose</p> <p>BOYS Free to wait for tables and shine shoes</p> <p>BERNARDO Everywhere grime in America</p> <p>60 Organized crime in America Terrible time in America</p> <p>ANITA You forget I'm in America</p> <p>BERNARDO 65 I think I'll go back to San Juan</p> <p>ANITA I know a boat you can get on</p> <p>BERNARDO Everyone there will give big cheer!</p> <p>70 ANITA Everyone there will have moved here</p>
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Doc you tired, you poor

Brigitte Dutertre de la Montagne de Pouzy raised her lavender-perfumed handkerchief up to her nose and breathed in deep. Unlike the hundreds of people filling the registration hall, she was not excited to find herself on Ellis Island. Of course not. It was humiliating to be in this mass of uncultured and frankly pungent individuals.

Had Brigitte understood the inscription on the Statue of Liberty, she would have found it an apt description to her fellow immigrants:

*'Give me your tired, your Poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore'.*

Brigitte might be financially embarrassed, she was fatigued and indeed desperate to breathe free, but she was not 'wretched refuse'.

By rights, she should have been in First Class on board the Queen Victoria with individuals more like herself. It was obvious that any member of the Dutertre de la Montagne de Pouzy family was First Class material even if she only had a Third Class ticket. A private cabin, cocktails, dinner at the Captain's table – that was the world to which Brigitte belonged. First Class passengers did not come to Ellis Island, but simply disembarked in New York. First Class passengers did not have to ask permission to enter the United States, or submit to medical examination as if they were horses for sale.

The queue moved forward a pace. Brigitte was now only one person away from the fat immigration official's desk.

"Family name?" the official said to the young man in front, who Brigitte recognized from the Queen Victoria. He too was French, having got on board with her at Le Havre. She supposed he was about seventeen.

"Meriguet." The young man replied.

*Meriguet*, Brigitte thought to herself, How very...agricultural. A boy his age should have been preparing to fight the Germans. What was to become of France if all the farmers's boys ran off to America instead of sacrificing themselves for their country?

"First name?"

"Alfonse."

It was an outrage that she was obliged to mix with an Alphonse Meriguet and two thousand other assorted peasants. Her younger sister, Beatrice, was supposed to send her enough money for a second class passage, at least. But Brigitte was accustomed to being disappointed by Beatrice. After all, it was in Beatrice that the family had placed their last, desperate

hope – that she, as the prettiest of them, would marry into a fortune. That is why they had used the very last of their money to send her to America two years ago. First Class, of course.

But instead of using her opportunity well, instead of meeting some rich industrialist on board the ship, what had she done? Fallen idiotically in love. The first news the family had was that she was married to a Charles ('Chas' for short) Blackburn of Ashvill, North Carolina.

Mrs Chas Blackburn... hideous. Symply hideous.

So that was that – the family was officially rioned, but silly little Beatrice was madly in love and already pregnant with Chas Junior. God bless America.

The war-evading farmer was handed his documents, stamped and formal, and went through the exit door. Brigitte stepped forward.

"Family name?" the fat official said without looking up.

"Dutertre de la Montagne de Pouzy." Brigitte announced.

The man looked slowly up, pushing back his cap.

"Say what, lady?" he frowned.

Brigitte heard the people in the queue behind her snigger.

"Dutertre de la Montagne de Pouzy." She repeated, "Mademoiselle."

"You speak English?" he asked.

Brigitte held up her hand, finger and thumb almost touching.

"Small." She answered.

"Oh Jeez..." he whistled, "I just need your name, lady, not your life story. What is your...name?"

"Yes!" Brigitte nodded, "My name ees Dutertre de la Montagne de Pouzy!"

The people behind her were fighting back their laughter.

"Okay." The official shrugged, "If you say so".

He picked up his pen and filled in the box:

"Du...ma...poo...zi." He said, "okay...first name, please?"

Brigitte looked in horror at how the idiotic man had massacred the family name: Dumapoozi. Mademoiselle *Dumapoozi*. She was about to take the pen from him and write it properly, but then stopped herself.

It was over, she realized. That life, that family, that history... Whatever the future might hold, that was all over now. She was in America, that land of new beginnings, and perhaps... Perhaps it would be good to set herself free.

"Bridget." She smiled, "Bridget Dumapoozi."

She turned to look at the people behind her, and laughed with them.

A short story by Rupert Morgan (2008)

## DST CO immigration wall

idée DST:

*Why the Caged Bird Sing*, Alan Zarembo, Newsweek, September the 10th 2001 To reach New York City, Ana crawled into the United States through a moonlit drainpipe, trudged across the Arizona desert, scrunched onto the floor of a car to Los Angeles and landed at La Guardia Airport with almost nothing. She had not planned to stay long--only enough to pay back her sister the \$1,000 smuggler's fee, work off some debts in Mexico and give her some space from a soon-to-be ex-husband. She couldn't imagine separating for long from her two children, left in the care of her mother.

That was six years ago, and Ana (not her real name) has yet to return to Mexico. Now 35, she has climbed through the ranks of the service economy from laundrywoman to maid to a successful broker for illegal cleaning women. Last year Ana made \$50,000, and because her business is off the books, the money is tax-free. Such success has not come without a price. Ana cannot go home. To her children, she is now just the things she sends home: the latest videogame, the piles of clothing and the wired cash that has turned her relatives into the royal--and resented--family of an impoverished neighborhood.

[...]Like most people who sneak into the United States, she was simply following a family trail. Relatives had arrived illegally a few years before, and they took her in to their apartment in the New York borough of Queens. From there, the trail led to a job-placement service that charges \$100 to find you work, papers or not, usually in less than a day. "If a restaurant required papers, nobody would work there," says the boss. "Who ever heard of an American dishwasher?" Ana took a job in Manhattan folding and delivering clothes for a laundry, 12 hours a day, six days a week, for \$200 a week, paid every Wednesday in cash. It was eight times what she earned in a sock factory back home.

While many undocumented immigrants cling to the world of illegals, Ana cultivated American friends. On a

laundry delivery, Ana met Christina, a teacher who offered her a job cleaning her studio apartment and introduced her to friends who also needed maids. Soon Ana had enough clients to quit the laundry business. "Suddenly she was making more money than me," Christina recalls.

But back in Ana's hometown of Puebla, what she earns is practically a scandal. Using cash wired by Ana and her siblings, her family is building a sprawling two-story structure that overshadows the cinder-block shacks of her neighbors. The new home is already filled with plush sofas, stereos and television sets. As in many Mexican barrios, where the difference between poor and comfortable is a relative in the United States, her family's conspicuous consumption has bred deep resentment. Poorer kids are banned from the house out of fear that they would steal toys and food. "I don't have friends," says Angel, Ana's 13-year-old daughter. "I have money." Ana hasn't seen her son, Misa, now 7, since he was an infant. Her daughter made the trip across the border--with false papers--to New York in 1996, but soon grew rebellious and flew home. "If I want to continue giving them a better life, I can't be in Mexico," Ana says. "I would not be able to pay the bills. I have to be here". Ana's mother sometimes wonders if the family is paying too high a price for their prosperity. Four of her eight children are now in the United States, all illegally. "It was better before," she says. "Although we were poor, we were content. Now we have everything, thanks to them, but they are not here."

Meanwhile, Ana has been sucked into the culture of consumerism. She arrived with one pair of shoes. She now has 60. The shelves of her apartment are filled with videos. She orders \$3.50 cappuccinos. And she admits that it is her new taste of the good life, almost as much as her concern about her family income, that keeps her in the United States. "Mexico is a strange country to me now," she says. "I am part of here."

Alan Zarembo

dossier doc 1 :

### **REASONS FOR LEAVING**

- King Henry VIII of England made himself the head of the new Church of England in 1534.
- Some English people did not like the new Church of England.
- They created a new church and they were called "Separatists."
- Some of the Separatists were treated poorly because of their beliefs.
- They moved to Holland to find religious freedom.
- Some Separatists settled in the town of Leiden (or Leyden) in Holland for the next 11 or 12 years.
- The Separatists decided to leave Holland because they had a hard time finding good jobs and they were afraid their children were losing their English ties.

### **STARTING OVER, AGAIN**

- The Separatists wanted to start a colony in the northern part of Virginia Colony (near present day New York City). This was at the mouth of the Hudson River.
- The group had little money, but wanted to be able to worship freely in a colony in the New World.
- The Separatists (or colonists) joined with a group of investors to form a joint stock company.
- The investors provided the colonists with supplies and a way to get to the New World.
- The colonists agreed to send fish, timber and fur back to England for seven years to pay off their debts.

## **THE VOYAGE TO A NEW LIFE**

- The colonists began their trip with two ships: the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*.
- The *Speedwell* leaked so badly that the ship was left behind in England.
- Some of the passengers had to remain in England, too.
- The rest of the passengers crowded aboard the *Mayflower*.
- There were 102 passengers on the *Mayflower* and about 26 crew members.
- Some of the passengers were Separatists and they called themselves "Saints".
- The Separatists called the other passengers "Strangers".
- Nowadays, we refer to all of the passengers on the *Mayflower* as Pilgrims or colonists.
- There were many storms during the 66-day voyage.
- One sailor and one passenger died.
- A baby boy, Oceanus Hopkins was born during the trip.

## **THANKSGIVING, 1621**

- In October 1621 the Pilgrims had a three-day celebration to give thanks for their first harvest.
- There were games, singing, and plenty of food.
- Massasoit and 90 other Wampanoag attended the celebration.
- The Wampanoag brought much of the food.
- This celebration eventually became the holiday known as Thanksgiving.

## **LAND IS SIGHTED!**

- The *Mayflower* reached Provincetown on November 11, 1620.
- The dates used here are from the Old Style or Julian calendar. Add 12-13 days to make them match our current calendar.
- The storms and dangerous rocky coasts forced the *Mayflower* to anchor in Cape Cod Bay (not at the mouth of the Hudson River as they had intended).
- There were many native tribes living in southeastern Massachusetts and Rhode Island (24,000 people at the time the Pilgrims landed). They were part of the Wampanoag Nation.
- A brief fight occurred between a group of colonists and some Nauset Wampanoag. The Natives attacked the colonists because some of their tribe had been captured and sold into slavery in the past.
- The men signed the Mayflower Compact, which was an agreement on how the colony would be governed.
- Many passengers became sick and four of them died while the group tried to find a good place for their colony.

## **PLYMOUTH, A NEW COLONY**

- The colonists, or Pilgrims, as they are commonly called, decided to settle in Plymouth.
- The Pilgrims arrived in Plymouth Harbor on December 16, 1620.

- The Patuxet Wampanoag had lived in Plymouth before the Pilgrims.
- About 2000 Patuxet died in a plague that occurred between 1616 and 1619. The plague was probably smallpox, brought to the New World by Europeans.
- Only one Patuxet, Squanto, did not die from the plague. He had been captured and sold into slavery in 1614 and was living in England when the rest of his tribe died.
- The Pilgrims found that the old Patuxet lands had many things they needed:
  - 1.A good harbor
  - 2.A clean supply of water (Town Brook)
  - 3.Fields which were already cleared
  - 4.No hostile native people
  - 5.A hill upon which they could build a fort.

### **A TOUGH, SAD BEGINNING**

- The Pilgrims began to build houses onshore in Plymouth.
  - Most of the people lived on the *Mayflower* while the houses were being started.
  - People began to get very sick. They had pneumonia and scurvy.
  - Poor food, exposure to bad weather and the stress of the voyage caused the illnesses.
  - Two or three Pilgrims died every day during the first two months that they were in Plymouth.
  - 47 Pilgrims died during the first year.
  - Half of the *Mayflower's* crew died.
  - The *Mayflower* and her crew returned to England on April 5, 1621.
  - All of the colonists chose to remain in Plymouth.
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### **TWO CULTURES MEET**

- Samoset, a Native from the Monhegan tribe in Maine who spoke English, walked into Plymouth on March 16, 1621.
- He greeted the Pilgrims by saying, "Welcome, Englishmen! My name is Samoset."
- Samoset returned to Plymouth on March 22. He brought Massasoit with him. Massasoit was a Pokanoket Wampanoag sachem (leader).
- Governor Bradford and Massasoit signed a peace treaty.
- Squanto, the only surviving member of the Patuxet tribe, also came to visit.
- Squanto and Hobbamock lived at Plymouth Plantation. They helped the colonists to gather food, plant corn, find their way in the wilderness and to understand the native people.

### **THANKSGIVING AFTER 1621**

- Thanksgiving became an annual custom throughout New England in the 17th century

- 1777 the Continental Congress declared the first national American Thanksgiving following the Patriot victory at Saratoga.
- 1789, President George Washington became the first president to proclaim a Thanksgiving holiday, at the request of Congress. He proclaimed November 26, a Thursday, as a day of national thanksgiving for the U.S. Constitution.
- 1863, President Abraham Lincoln declared Thanksgiving to officially fall on the last Thursday of November. The modern holiday was celebrated nationally.
- November 26, 1941, President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed a bill officially establishing the fourth Thursday in November as Thanksgiving Day.

#	title	Important elements:
1	<b>REASONS FOR LEAVING</b>	
2	<b>STARTING OVER, AGAIN</b>	
3	<b>THE VOYAGE TO A NEW LIFE</b>	
4	<b>LAND IS SIGHTED!</b>	
5	<b>PLYMOUTH, A NEW COLONY</b>	
6	<b>A TOUGH, SAD BEGINNING</b>	
7	<b>TWO CULTURES MEET</b>	
8	<b>THANKSGIVING, 1621</b>	
9	<b>THANKSGIVING AFTER 1621</b>	

MARCRICH'S DISCIPLES (P.70) | IS HEART SURGERY WORTH IT? (P.32)

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# BusinessWeek

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## EMBRACING ILLEGALS

COMPANIES are getting hooked on the buying power of 11 million undocumented immigrants

BY BRIAN GROW (P.56)





"I CAN TELL BY THE COLOR OF YOUR SKIN YOU'RE NOT FROM AROUND HERE, ARE YOU?"

### The Immigrant

I handed my passport and papers to the Immigration Bureau Officer. He opened the passport and found the ten-dollar note I'd left in its centre. The note was gone before I saw it missing. Then came the questions I couldn't get wrong.

"What is your name?"  
 "Henry Drake."  
 "Where are you from?"  
 "London."  
 "Why have you come to the United States?"  
 "Opportunity."  
 So far, so easy.  
 But he stopped. He looked at me.  
 "Where are you travelling from, sir?" he asked me.  
 It wasn't one of the questions on the list, I knew it.  
 "London", I said.  
 He seemed to be staring at the word as I spoke it.  
 "You are a born Englishman, sir?"  
 He read my latest name.  
 "Mister Drake?"  
 "Yes."  
 "And how do you intend to support yourself, sir?"  
 That was one of the questions on the list.

"I am a salesman."  
 He handed me a sheet of paper.  
 "Could you read this for me, sir?"  
 "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union..."  
 He took the paper from my fingers.  
 "Welcome to America", he said.  
 He handed me the passport and registration card, then held them back.  
 "But you'd want to work on your accent. *Slan leat.*"  
 That shook me, but only until I climbed the last few steps and walked out into my first American sunshine.  
 I threw the passport into the river. I was a clean sheet.  
 It was the 16th of March, 1924, two years since I'd sailed out of Dublin.



Adapted from *Oh, Play That Thing*, Roddy DOYLE (2004)

Help!

Migrants	Smugglers	Situation / Reality
immigrant undocumented <b>alien</b> /eɪliən/ <b>haven</b> /heɪvən/: <i>refuge, asile</i> confident = <b>trustful</b> gullible: <i>crédule</i> helpless = <b>defenceless</b> flee (fled, fled) fulfil one's dream fall into a trap = be trapped	<b>ruthless</b> : <i>impitoyable</i> sly = <b>cunning</b> : <i>sournois, rusé</i> unscrupulous /ʌn'skru:pjələs/ <b>greedy</b> for <b>money</b> : <i>cupide</i> cash in on: <i>tirer profit de</i> take advantage of sb's <b>naïvety</b> <b>deceive</b> sb: <i>tromper qqn</i> <b>swindle</b> : <i>escroquer</i> <b>pretend</b> : <i>faire semblant de</i>	<b>desperate</b> /despərt/ <b>hazardous</b> = <b>risky</b> die of thirst: <i>mourir de soif</i> face <b>hardships</b> dread sth: <i>redouter qqch</i> fear that sb might + V: <i>craindre que qqn ne...</i> <b>deport</b> : <i>expulser</i> be <b>stranded</b> : <i>être laissé en plan</i> endure <b>pains</b>

## Picture challenge

- ★ 3 sentences
- ★★ 4 to 6 sentences
- ★★★ 7 sentences and +

How many sentences can you write using the opposite rules? Collect as many stars as possible!




Tom Gauld (British cartoonist), 2017



"I CAN TELL BY THE COLOR OF YOUR SKIN YOU'RE NOT FROM AROUND HERE, ARE YOU?"

**PREPARE YOUR TASK** →

- a. Find out what laws the Arizona State passed in April 2010. 
- b. Reader's comment: You have just seen this cartoon in a newspaper. Post your comment on the newspaper website (150 words).

hit the road

**A**ll those women having jobs: hard to imagine, now, but thousands of them had jobs, millions. It was considered the normal thing. Now it's like remembering the paper money, when they still had that. My mother kept some of it, pasted into her scrapbook along with the early photos. It was obsolete by then, you couldn't buy anything with it. Pieces of paper, thickish<sup>1</sup>, greasy to the touch, green-coloured, with pictures on each side, some old man in a wig<sup>2</sup> and on the other side a pyramid with an eye above it. It said *In God We Trust*. My mother said people used to have signs beside their cash registers, for a joke: *In God We Trust, All Others Pay Cash*. That would be blasphemy now.

You had to take those pieces of paper with you when you went shopping, though by the time I was nine or ten most people used plastic cards. Not for the groceries though, that came later. It seems so primitive, totemistic even, like cowrie shells<sup>3</sup>. I must have used that kind of money myself, a little, before everything went on the Compubank. I guess that's how they were able to do it, in the way they did, all at once, without anyone knowing beforehand. If there had still been portable money, it would have been more difficult.

It was after the catastrophe, when they shot the President and machine-gunned the Congress and the army declared a state of emergency. They blamed it on the Islamic fanatics, at the time.

Keep calm, they said on television. Everything is under control.

I was stunned<sup>4</sup>. Everyone was, I know that. It was hard to believe. The entire government, gone like that. How did they get in, how did it happen?

That was when they suspended the Constitution. They said it would be temporary. There wasn't even any rioting<sup>5</sup> in the streets. People stayed home at night, watching television, looking for some direction. There wasn't even an enemy you could put your finger on.



Look out, said Moira to me, over the phone. Here it comes.

Here what comes? I said.

You wait, she said. They've been building up to this. It's you and me up against the wall, baby. She was quoting an expression of my mother's, but she wasn't intending to be funny.

Things continued in that state of suspended animation for weeks, although some things did happen. Newspapers were censored and some were closed down, for security reasons they said. The roadblocks began to appear, and Identipasses. Everyone approved of that, since it was obvious you couldn't be too careful. They said that new elections would be held, but that it would take some time to prepare for them. The thing to do, they said, was to continue on as usual.

1 épais • 2 perruque • 3 shiny shells of sea snails • 4 shocked • 5 émeute

**The Handmaid's Tale,**  
Margaret Atwood, 1985 

Is *The Handmaid's Tale* a prediction? That is the third question I'm asked – increasingly, as forces within American society seize power and enact decrees that embody what they were saying they wanted to do, even back in 1984, when I was writing the novel. No, it isn't a prediction, because predicting the future isn't really possible: there are too many variables and unforeseen possibilities. Let's say it's an antiprediction: if this future can be described in detail, maybe it won't happen. But such wishful thinking cannot be depended on either. [...]

In the wake of the recent American election, fears and anxieties proliferate. Basic civil liberties are seen as endangered, along with many of the rights for women won over the past decades, and indeed the past centuries. In this divisive climate, in which hate for many groups seems on the rise and scorn for democratic institutions is being expressed by extremists of all stripes, it is a certainty that someone, somewhere – many, I would guess – are writing down what is happening as they themselves are experiencing it. Or they will remember, and record later, if they can. Will their messages be suppressed and hidden? Will they be found, centuries later, in an old house, behind a wall? Let us hope it doesn't come to that. I trust it will not.

Margaret Atwood, [www.nytimes.com](http://www.nytimes.com),  
10 March 2017



# West Side Story



In the famous musical "*West Side Story*", set in the 60s and written by Leonard Bernstein, two groups of youngsters fight each other for territory in the streets of Manhattan.

One, the Jets, is composed of Americans and is led by Riff. They consider the nearby streets belongs to them. The other, the Sharks, is composed of Puerto-Rican immigrants, led by Bernardo. The conflict is amplified when Bernardo's young sister, Maria, falls in love with Tony, a member of the Jets.







Norman  
Rockwell





**DST- EE**  
**Depicting a Common Memory**

1- Describe the following picture and choose one subject among the two given ones



**Depicting a Common Memory**

**Sujet 1 : In opinion, does this picture fit the American clichés ? To what extend ?**

	Qualité du contenu	Pt score	Cohérence de la construction du discours	Pt score	Correction de la langue écrite	Pt score	Richesse de la langue	Pt score
C1	J'ai traité le sujet et j'ai produit un écrit fluide, convainquant, étayés par des éléments (inter)culturels pertinents.	30	J'ai produit un récit ou une argumentation complexe, cela m'a permis de démontrer d'un usage d'une langue et d'un raisonnement structurés.	30	J'ai une langue correcte grammaticalement, y compris lorsque je mobilise des structures complexes.	30	J'utilise de manière pertinente un vaste répertoire lexical incluant des expressions idiomatiques, des nuances de formulation et des	30

							structures variées.	
	B2 vers le C1	25	B2 vers le C1	25	B2 vers le C1	25	B2 vers le C1	25
B2	J'ai décrit l'image de façon détaillée et cohérente, je me suis appuyée dessus pour répondre à la question en élargissant mes propos	20	J'ai su utiliser les différents axes utilisés lors de l'unité pour souligner les représentations types et les évolutions de la représentation américaine, mon texte était développé et intéressant à lire	20	J'ai une bonne maîtrise des structures simples et courantes. Les erreurs sur les structures complexes ne donnent pas lieu à des malentendus	20	Je produis un texte dont l'étendue du lexique et des structures sont suffisantes pour permettre des précisions et une variété des formulations.	20
	B1 vers le B2	15	B1 vers le B2	15	B1 vers le B2	15	B1 vers le B2	15
B1	Ma description est rigoureuse et cohérente, j'ai cherché à faire le lien avec l'unité.	10	J'ai su rebondir sur les principaux éléments de l'image, j'ai reconnu les représentations Américaines et ai développé ma conclusion sur celles-ci	10	Je maîtrise des structures simples et courantes. Les erreurs sur les structures simples ne gênent pas la lecture.	10	Je peux produire un texte mais je n'ai pas suffisamment de vocabulaire: je dois utiliser des périphrases et de répétitions	10
	A2 vers le B1	7	A2 vers le B1	7	A2 vers le B1	7	A2 vers le B1	7
A2	J'ai traité le sujet et produit un écrit court et peu étayé.	5	J'ai exposé une expérience ou un point de vue en utilisant des connections élémentaires	5	Je produis un texte immédiatement compréhensible malgré des erreurs fréquentes.	5	Je peux produire un texte dont les mots sont adaptés à l'intention de communication, mais mon répertoire lexical est limité	5
	A1 vers le A2	4	A1 vers le A2	4	A1 vers le A2	4	A1 vers le A2	4
A1	J'ai amorcé une production écrite en lien avec le sujet	3	J'ai énuméré des informations simples et brèves.	3	Je produis un texte globalement compréhensible mais il n'est pas facile de me comprendre	3	Je peux produire un texte intelligible malgré un lexique pauvre.	3
Pré-A1	J'ai rassemblé des mots isolés, en lien avec le sujet.	1	J'ai rassemblé des notes, non articulées	1	Je produis un écrit mais il est peu intelligible.	1	Je peux produire quelques éléments stéréotypés.	1

Total points	0	1-5			6-13			14-17			18-22			23-29			30-49			50+	B1-B2	
NOTE s/ 20	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	

<p align="center"><b>Depicting a Common Memory</b></p> <p><b>Sujet 2 : Imagine what happens next. Make it an interesting story !</b></p>							
Qualité du contenu	Pt score	Cohérence de la construction du discours	Pt score	Correction de la langue écrite	Pt score	Richesse de la langue	Pt score
J'ai traité le sujet et j'ai produit un écrit fluide, convainquant, étayés par des éléments (inter)culturels pertinents.	30	J'ai produit un récit ou une argumentation complexe, cela m'a permis de démontrer d'un usage d'une langue et d'un raisonnement	30	J'ai une langue correcte grammaticalement, y compris lorsque je mobilise des structures complexes.	30	J'utilise de manière pertinente un vaste répertoire lexical incluant des expressions idiomatiques, des	30

		structurés.				nuances de formulation et des structures variées.	
B2 vers le C1	25	B2 vers le C1	25	B2 vers le C1	25	B2 vers le C1	25
J'ai décrit l'image de façon détaillée et cohérente, je me suis appuyée dessus pour répondre dérouler une histoire cohérente et détaillée	20	Mon histoire s'articulait pleinement autour de mon document, j'ai su remobiliser les éléments du cours pour expliciter la notion telle qu'exposée dans le document	20	J'ai une bonne maîtrise des structures simples et courantes. Les erreurs sur les structures complexes ne donnent pas lieu à des malentendus	20	Je produis un texte dont l'étendue du lexique et des structures sont suffisantes pour permettre des précisions et une variété des formulations.	20
B1 vers le B2	15	B1 vers le B2	15	B1 vers le B2	15	B1 vers le B2	15
Ma description est rigoureuse et cohérente, j'ai cherché à faire le lien avec l'unité.	10	Mon histoire était articulée et représentait de façon cohérente et intelligible les facettes de l'Amérique telles que développées dans l'image	10	Je maîtrise des structures simples et courantes. Les erreurs sur les structures simples ne gênent pas la lecture.	10	Je peux produire un texte mais je n'ai pas suffisamment de vocabulaire: je dois utiliser des périphrases et de répétitions	10
A2 vers le B1	7	A2 vers le B1	7	A2 vers le B1	7	A2 vers le B1	7
J'ai traité le sujet et produit un écrit court et peu étayé.	5	J'ai exposé une expérience ou un point de vue en utilisant des connections élémentaires	5	Je produis un texte immédiatement compréhensible malgré des erreurs fréquentes.	5	Je peux produire un texte dont les mots sont adaptés à l'intention de communication, mais mon répertoire lexical est limité	5
A1 vers le A2	4	A1 vers le A2	4	A1 vers le A2	4	A1 vers le A2	4
J'ai amorcé une production écrite en lien avec le sujet	3	J'ai énuméré des informations simples et brèves.	3	Je produis un texte globalement compréhensible mais il n'est pas facile de me comprendre	3	Je peux produire un texte intelligible malgré un lexique pauvre.	3
J'ai rassemblé des mots isolés, en lien avec le sujet.	1	J'ai rassemblé des notes, non articulées	1	Je produis un écrit mais il est peu intelligible.	1	Je peux produire quelques éléments stéréotypés.	1

Total points	0	1-5				6-13			14-17			18-22			23-29			30-49			50+	B1-B2
NOTE s/ 20	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	