

Leaving for the Land of Milk and Honey <i>Migration et Exil (axe 3, thème 3), initiation et apprentissage (Axe 2, thème 3)</i>	
	What is it with the Usa that makes it so attractive?
At the end of the Unit, I will	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - have read one of your mandatory books - know more about immigrating to the Usa - give my own definition of the American Dream
What vocabulary will I need ?	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - immigration - hope - feeling
What grammatical structure will I need ?	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - the past tenses - for and since
What documents will be used ?	<p>1- Hopeful travellers</p> <p>1a- Emma Lazzarus, <i>The New Collossus</i>, 1889 1b- Immigrants arriving in New York City, 1887 1c- From Germany to the US, <i>The vision of Emma Blau</i>, Ursula Hegi, 2000 1d- Living the American Dream, <i>The vision of Emma Blau</i>, Ursula Hegi, 2000</p> <p>2- Reasonable reasons for Departure</p> <p>2a- Irish memorial : dossier 2b- The Irish Great Famine explained, vidéo 2c- Immigration wall, CO 2d- America, <i>West Side Story</i>, 1962 lyrics by Leonard Berstein</p> <p>3- America, the Melting Pot?</p> <p>3a- The Mortar Of Assimilation—And The One Element That Won't Mix by CJ Taylor for Puke Magazin, 1889 3b- <i>The Emigrant Irish</i>, Eavan Boland, 1986 3c- <i>My tongue is divided into two</i>, Quique Avilés, 2004 3d- <i>Where are you from?</i> (Manuel p 203) 3e- <i>The Joy of Luck Clun</i>, Amy Tan, 1989</p> <p>4- New challenges</p> <p>4a- America, <i>West Side Story</i>, 2021 cast, Stephen Spielberg 4b- The New, <i>New Collossus</i>, caricature by Julian Sherthus, 2016 4c- The Fence, Mike Luckovich, 2006 4d- Latinos crossing borders, Margaret Regan , <i>The Death of Josseline</i>, 2010 4e- <i>Why the Caged Bird Sing</i>, Alan Zarembo, Newsweek, September the 10th 2001</p>
What will I learn about ?	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - about why people went to the US - and why

	- what the American dream is nowadays
Final Task	- you will write the journey of an immigrant and the story next

Instructions for your Final Task :

- 1- You will have 45 minutes to write a story about an immigrant coming to the Usa
- 2- Beware of writing properly as you will exchange your paper with someone else's
- 3- You will be given a story randomly and will have 15 minutes to read it
- 4 – You will have 45 minutes more to write the rest of the story.
- 5 – total work : 2 stories, 2 grades.

NAME AND SURNAME :

UNIT 2 : The land of Milk and honey
Story 1 : you will write the journey of an immigrant

	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,. Je me suis appuyé sur des documents étudiés en classe mais j'ai su m'en détacher pour faire une histoire originale et authentique.	30	J'ai produit un récit complexe, cela m'a permis de démontrer d'un usage d'une langue et d'un raisonnement structurés. Mon histoire était très développée	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 structures variées.	30
	B2 +	25	B2 +	25	B2 +	25	B2 +	25
B2	Ma source d'inspiration était un des documents vu en classe que j'ai su exploité de façon cohérente.	20	Mon histoire était cohérente et intéressante. J'ai su donné des rebondissement	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 + / B2 -	15	B1 + / B2 -	15	B1 + / B2 -	15	B1 + / B2 -	15
B1	J'ai traité du sujet de l'immigration mais mon époque n'était pas claire / mon histoire un peu éloignée des documents vu en classe	10	J'ai essayer de raconter une histoire mais elle manquait d'originalité / le déroulé n'était pas toujours très clair	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 + / B1 -	7	A2 + / B1 -	7	A2 + / B1 -	7	A2 + / 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 connexions 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

utilisation 3 mots issus des fiches : + 1 pt score

utilisation de 6 mots : + 2 pt score

utilisation de 10 mots ou plus : + 3 pts score - MERCI DE SOULIGNER LES MOTS EN QUESTION

niveau	A2				A2 +			B1 -			B1			B2 -			B2			B2+ / C1			
Total point obtenus	0- 4				4 – 12			13-17			30-39			40-59			60- 70			80-100			100-120
NOTE s/ 20	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20		

UNIT 2 : The land of Milk and honey

Story 2 : you have receive the story of : write what happens next

	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,. Je me suis appuyé sur des documents étudiés en classe mais j'ai su m'en détacher pour faire une suite originale et authentique.	30	J'ai produit un récit complexe, cela m'a permis de démontrer d'un usage d'une langue et d'un raisonnement structurés. Mon histoire était très développée et s'accordait avec la précédente	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 structures variées.	30
	B2 +	25	B2 +	25	B2 +	25	B2 +	25
B2	Ma source d'inspiration était l'histoire de mon camarade masi j'ai su utilisé un des documents vu en classe que j'ai su exploité de façon cohérente.	20	Mon histoire était cohérente et intéressante. J'ai su donné des rebondissement à la suite de l'histoire précédente	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 + / B2 -	15	B1 + / B2 -	15	B1 + / B2 -	15	B1 + / B2 -	15
B1	J'ai traité du sujet de l'immigration mais mon époque n'était pas claire / mon histoire un peu	10	J'ai essayer de raconter une suite mais elle manquait d'originalité / le déroulé n'était pas	10	Je maîtrise des structures simples et courantes. Les erreurs sur les	10	Je peux produire un texte mais je n'ai pas suffisamment de vocabulaire: je dois	10

	éloignée ou décousue de l'histoire de mon camarade		toujours très clair		structures simples ne gênent pas la lecture.		utiliser des périphrases et de répétitions	
	A2 + / B1 -	7	A2 + / B1 -	7	A2 + / B1 -	7	A2 + / 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
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Total point obtenus	4 – 12				13-17			30-39			40-59			60- 70			80-100			100-120	
NOTE s/ 20	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20

1- Hopeful travellers

1a- Emma Lazarus, The New Colossus, 1889

travail sur le poème: repérage et signification

travail sur la traduction (proposition)

1b- Unknow, Arrival at Ellis Island tableau en noir et blanc:

travail sur le tableau, repérage des différents personnages, explication de ce qu'ils représentent (les vieux, les adultes, les enfants, les femmes, les hommes)

travail de rédaction: 1-2-3 les pensées d'un homme, d'une femme , d'un vieux

4- le départ, 5- l'arrivée

faire échanger les rédactions, temps limités – faire faire le barème avec et par les élèves

1c- You Tired, You Poor a short story by Ruper Everett,

focaliser sur Brigitte, le paysan, la soeur, son mari, l'officier

2- Reasonable reasons for Departure

2a- Irish memorial : travail sur son image, description, analyse

au tableau: toutes les photos et à charge pour le binôme de trouver la photo en question

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2B vidéo <https://www.britannica.com/video/171551/overview-Great-Famine-Ireland>
ou
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M8Rbj7H0eX4>

2b- the vision of Emma Blaue, Ursula Hegi 2000

2c- Immigration wall : CO : cO classique pour entrainement.

Faire faire la 2nde en vidéo (plus longue) pour notation – mener la réflexion sur le changement

CO immigration wall pour travail + correction:

https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1J29VGtaV5_74IqhdD6YpUkNQNAovT_FT?usp=sharing

et pour la CO en elle-même:

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1XMO-9uea4DeuoUCR3vKJj28tTIXisEoW/view?usp=sharing>

CO DST: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YXfe1EERLVY>

2d- West Side Story: travail de repérage sur la chorégraphie et sur les paroles

3- America, the Melting Pot

3a- description image du Melting Pot : cf doc p204 du manuel

signification, faisabilité, représentation

A cartoon from 1889 illustrates perfectly the anti-Irish sentiments of the period. Entitled "The Mortar Of Assimilation—And The One Element That Won't Mix" it appeared in Puck magazine and shows [Irish Americans](#) as the one unruly ethnicity that refuses to integrate into the melting pot of American citizenship.

America, portrayed by a worried looking woman wearing the star spangled banner, is mixing the melting pot with a spoon entitled 'Equal Rights' but despite her best efforts the one nation that refuses to be mixed is an ape like Irishman wielding a knife and wearing a fearsome expression.

imaginer le dialogue entre 2 personnes ou entre une personne et la femme

3b- The Emigrant Irish : travail sur la signification du poème.

Recherche en classe ou au CDI: trouver un autre poème sur la famine Irlandaise et le présenter en classe (lecture, ambiance sonore et explication de texte)

travail possible à 3

3c- My tongue is divided into two travail sur le poème par moitié: signification

rédaction de poème à la manière de en s'appuyant sur un doc au choix parmi ceux vu (noté? Barème avec prise en compte de es ifférents éléments)

3d- document p 203 LLCE

travail tel que décrit dans le manuel

3e- The Joy of Luck Clun, Amy Tan, 1989: texte p 205 3 groupes : identity and illusion, ambition, daughter's point of view

faire faire confronter les 3 puis rédaction TE

4- Nowadays challenges

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4a- nouveau West Side story : par rapport à souvenir du 1er: chercher les différences
TE en commun
raison changement?
Possibilité de faire comparaison des 2 chorégraphies

4b- The New, New Colossus : travail sur la signification du texte

4c- Statue de la liberté comme mur: travail sur l'image

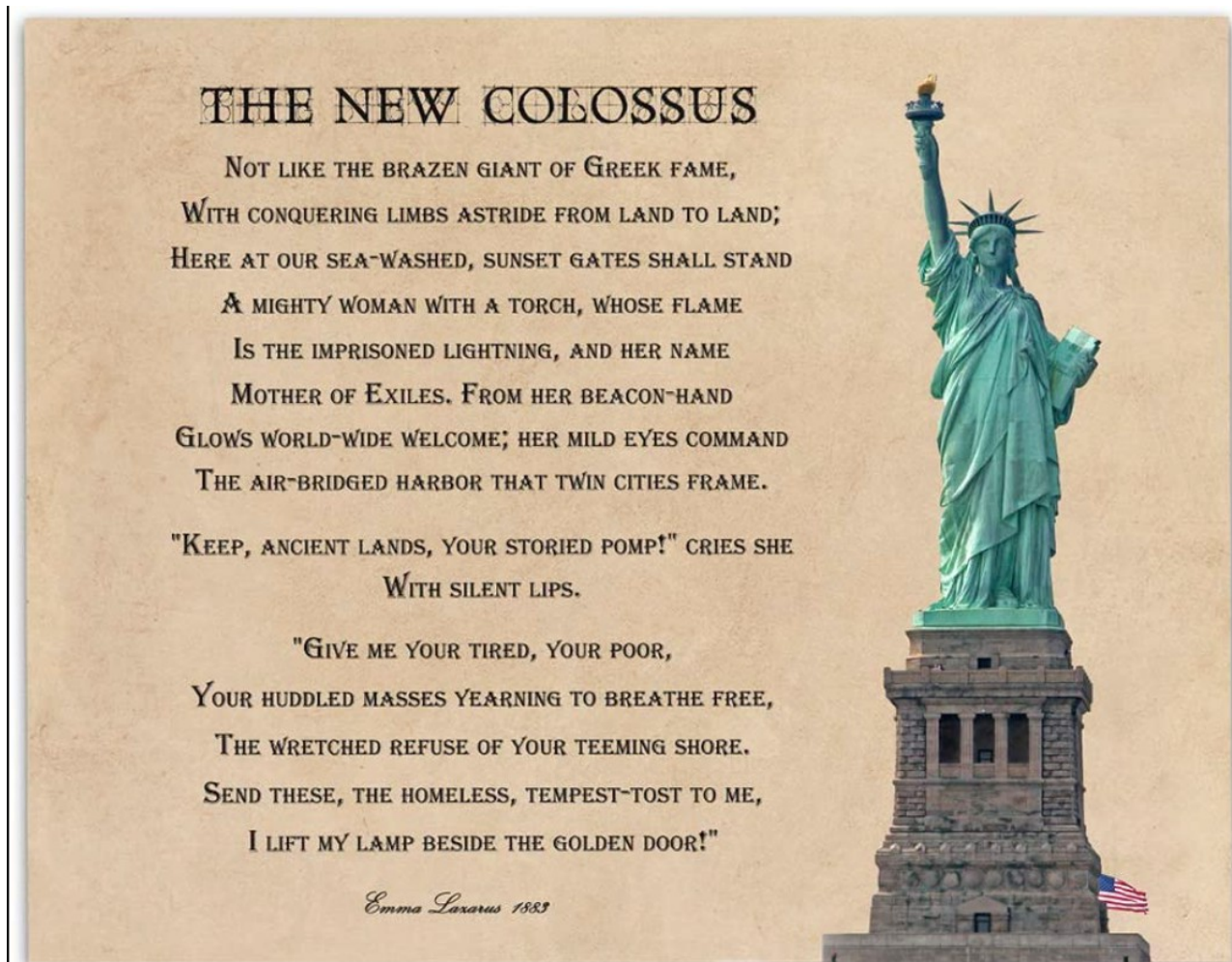
faire faire confrontation entre les deux + travail sur les dates.

4d- Latinos crossing borders : travail sur le texte pour ½ partie de la classe et autre partie
a le texte suivant

4e- *Why the Caged Bird Sing*, Alan Zarembo, Newsweek, September the 10th 2001 : travail sur le texte
pour ½ de la classe en pair work puis échange
comparaison et explication entre les 2

faire faire expression écrite sur le texte que l'on a pas étudié => suite du texte pour le 4d et 4e: écriture
dialogue retrouvaille mere et sa famille.

1a-



THE NEW COLOSSUS

NOT LIKE THE BRAZEN GIANT OF GREEK FAME,
WITH CONQUERING LIMBS ASTRIDE FROM LAND TO LAND;
HERE AT OUR SEA-WASHED, SUNSET GATES SHALL STAND
A MIGHTY WOMAN WITH A TORCH, WHOSE FLAME
IS THE IMPRISONED LIGHTNING, AND HER NAME
MOTHER OF EXILES. FROM HER BEACON-HAND
GLOWS WORLD-WIDE WELCOME; HER MILD EYES COMMAND
THE AIR-BRIDGED HARBOR THAT TWIN CITIES FRAME.

"KEEP, ANCIENT LANDS, YOUR STORIED POMP!" CRIES SHE
WITH SILENT LIPS.

"GIVE ME YOUR TIRED, YOUR POOR,
YOUR HUDDLED MASSES YEARNING TO BREATHE FREE,
THE WRETCHED REFUSE OF YOUR TEEMING SHORE.
SEND THESE, THE HOMELESS, TEMPEST-TOST TO ME,
I LIFT MY LAMP BESIDE THE GOLDEN DOOR!"

Emma Lazarus 1883

3a- *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, trudging 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

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
- 40 BERNARDO
Better get rid of your accent
- ANITA
Life can be bright in America
- BOYS
45 If you can fight in America
- GIRLS
Life is all right in America
- BOYS
If you're all white in America
- 50 GIRLS
Here you are free and you have pride
- BOYS
Long as you stay on your own side
- GIRLS
55 Free to be anything you choose
- BOYS
Free to wait for tables and shine shoes
- BERNARDO
Everywhere grime in America
60 Organized crime in America
Terrible time in America
- ANITA
You forget I'm in America
- BERNARDO
65 I think I'll go back to San Juan
- ANITA

I know a boat you can get on

BERNARDO

Everyone there will give big cheer!

70 ANITA

Everyone there will have moved here

America West Side Story Spielberg:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hoQEddtFN3Q>

faire travailler la différence de chorégraphie et voir comment ils réagissent ou pas aux paroles

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 pungeant 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.

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“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)

Anne-Charlotte Legrand – Académie de Versailles

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.

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.

Crossing the Atlantic

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.

Ellis Island

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

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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.

Detained

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.

New Life in New York

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.



Child Star

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?

Singing for the President

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!

Star of Yiddish Theatre

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.

Road to a New Life

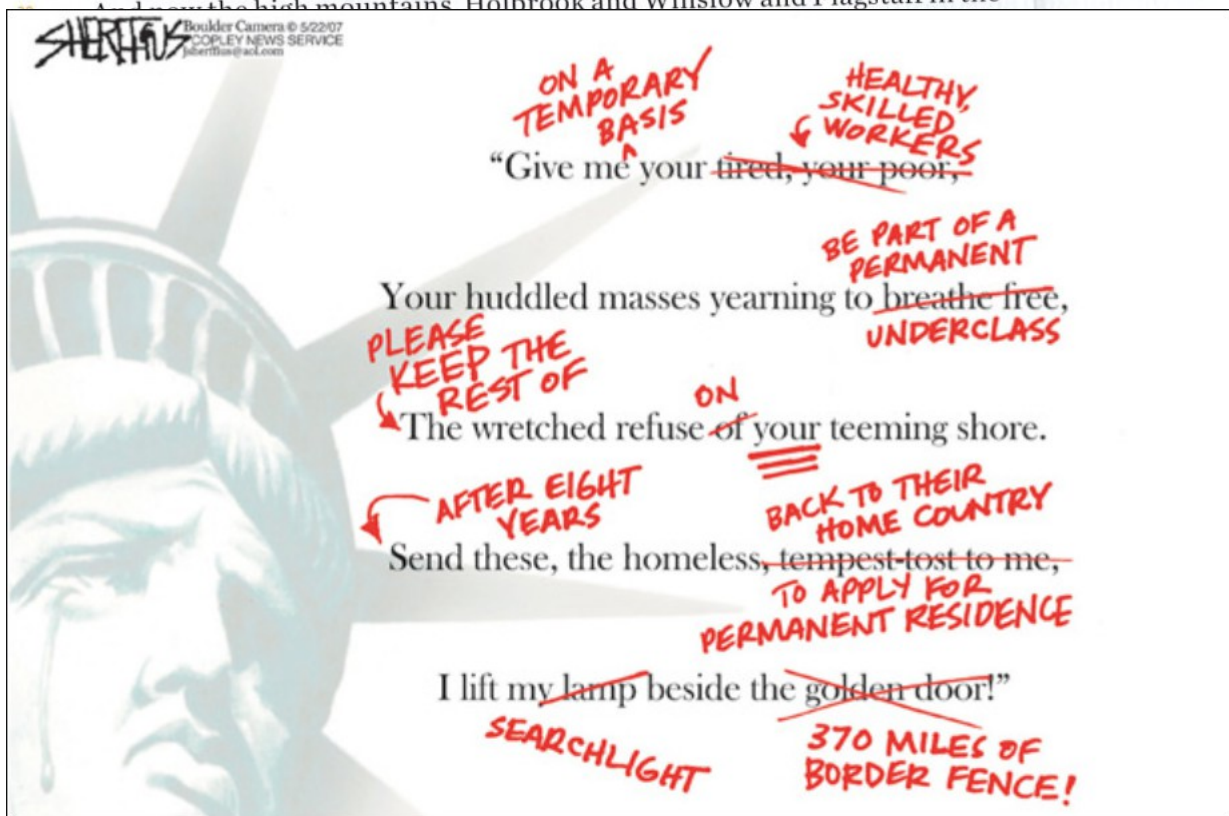
The Great Depression of the 1930s and the terrible weather conditions (drought and dust storms) forced hundreds of thousands of farmers from Oklahoma to abandon their land and go west in search of better living conditions. In his novel The Grapes of Wrath, John Steinbeck exposes their situation.

5. Highway 66 is the main migrant road. 66- the long concrete path across the country, waving gently up and down on the map, from Mississippi to Bakersfield – over the red lands and the grey lands, twisting up into the mountains, crossing the Divide¹ and down into the bright and terrible desert, and across the desert of the mountains again, and into the rich California valleys.

10. 66 is the path of a people in flight, refugees from dust and shrinking² land, from the thunder of tractors and shrinking ownership, from the desert's slow northward invasion, from the twisting winds that howl up out of Texas, from the floods that bring no richness to the land and steal what little richness is there. From all of these the people are in flight, and they come into 66 from the tributary side roads, from the wagon tracks and the rutted country roads. 66 is the mother road, the road of flight. [...]

15. 66 out of Oklahoma City; El Reno and Clinton, going west on 66. Hydro, Elk City, and Texola; and there's an end to Oklahoma. 66 across the Panhandle³ of Texas, Shamrock and Mc Lean, Conway and Amarillo, the yellow. Wildorado and Vega and Boise, and there's an end to Texas. Tucumcari and Santa Rosa and into the New Mexican mountains to Albuquerque, where the road comes down from Santa Fe. Then down the gorged Rio Grande to Los Lunas and west again on 66 to Gallup, and there's the border of New Mexico.

At the foot of the high mountains, Holbrook and Winslow and Flagstaff in the



Divide
vides
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are grown.

The Emigrant Irish by Eavan Boland

The Emigrant Irish

Like oil lamps we put them out the back,
of our houses, of our minds. We had lights
better than, newer than and then
a time came, this time and now
we need them. Their dread, makeshift example.

They would have thrived on our necessities.
What they survived we could not even live.
By their lights now it is time to
imagine how they stood there, what they stood with,
that their possessions may become our power.

Cardboard. Iron. Their hardships parcelled in them.
Patience. Fortitude. Long-suffering
in the bruise-coloured dusk of the New World.

And all the old songs. And nothing to lose.

1. (Boland lays bare the sad fact that many Irish forgot the millions of forced leave takers as soon as they had gone, that they and their trials and tribulations were old hat and there were lots more shiny objects to focus on in a thoroughly modern Ireland. Emigrants were like old oil lamps, no longer useful to remember.)

*Like oil lamps, we put them out the back
of our houses, of our minds. We had lights
better than, newer than and then
a time came, this time and now
we need them. Their dread, makeshift example:
they would have thrived on our necessities.*

2. (However, we need to remember what they went through, as Boland said, "What they survived, tragedies such as famine, cholera, pestilence, we in the modern era could never have lived through.)

What they survived we could not even live.

3. ("Their possessions may become our power" is among the most powerful lines in the poem, a plea to understand them and by understanding them deepening our ability to understand ourselves and others.)

*By their lights now it is time to
imagine how they stood there, what they stood with,
that their possessions may become our power:
Cardboard. Iron. Their hardships parceled in them.*

4. (Boland writes it is time that far from forgetting them we must embrace them like never before, standing with their cheap suitcases ready to embark from Ireland with nothing to bring but their own drive and belief. By embracing their experience we learn how profound the struggle was and the success.)

*Patience. Fortitude. Long-suffering
in the bruise-colored dusk of the New World.
And all the old songs. And nothing to lose.*

(The final lines are especially evocative -- the old songs they took with them on their journey sustained them in their incredible voyage, and their songs can continue to inspire us all again, especially at this time when such heavy concerns weigh on us all. The poem tells us that our people have all been here before, in the midst of darkness and chaos and we found our way out. Our generation can learn from that and also succeed.)



Quique Aviles *My tongue is divided into Two*

My tongue is divided into two

by virtue, coincidence or heaven
words jumping out of my mouth
stepping on each other
enjoying being a voice for the message
expecting conclusions

My tongue is divided into two
into heavy accent bits of confusion
into miracles and accidents
saying things that hurt the heart
drowning in a language that lives, jumps, translates

My tongue is divided by nature
by our crazy desire to triumph and conquer

This tongue is cut up into equal pieces
one wants to curse and sing out loud
the other one simply wants to ask for water

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My tongue is divided into two
one side likes to party
the other one takes refuge in praying

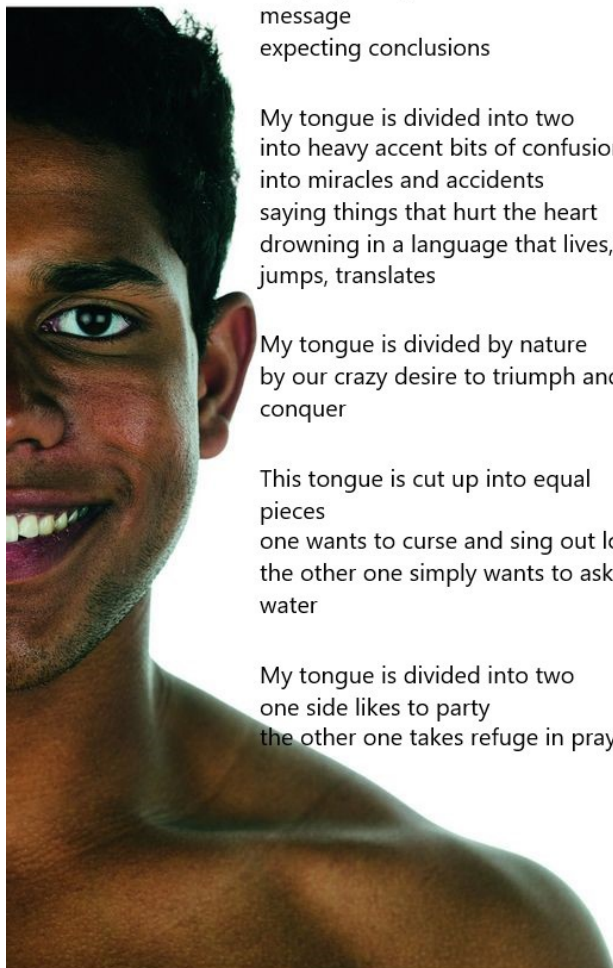
tongue
English of the funny sounds
tongue
funny sounds in English
tongue
sounds funny in English
tongue
in funny English sounds

My tongue sometimes acts like two
and it goes crazy
not knowing which side should be speaking
which side translating

My tongue is divided into two
a border patrol runs through the middle
frisking words
asking for proper identification
checking for pronunciation

My tongue is divided into two
My tongue is divided into two

I like my tongue
it says what feels right
I like my tongue
it says what feels right



My tongue is divided into two
by virtue, coincidence or heaven
words jumping out of my mouth
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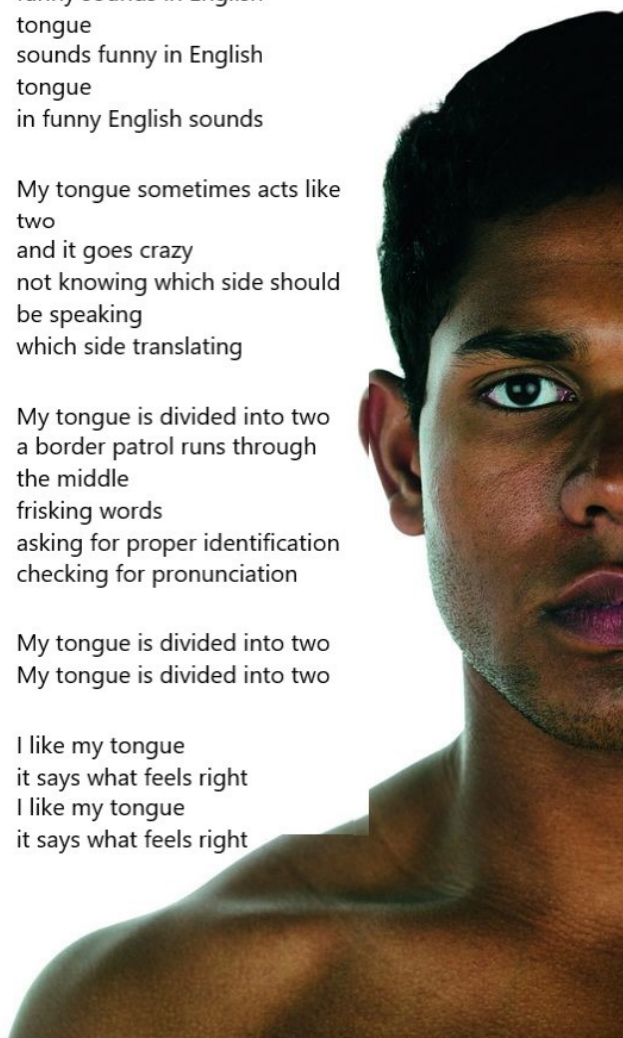
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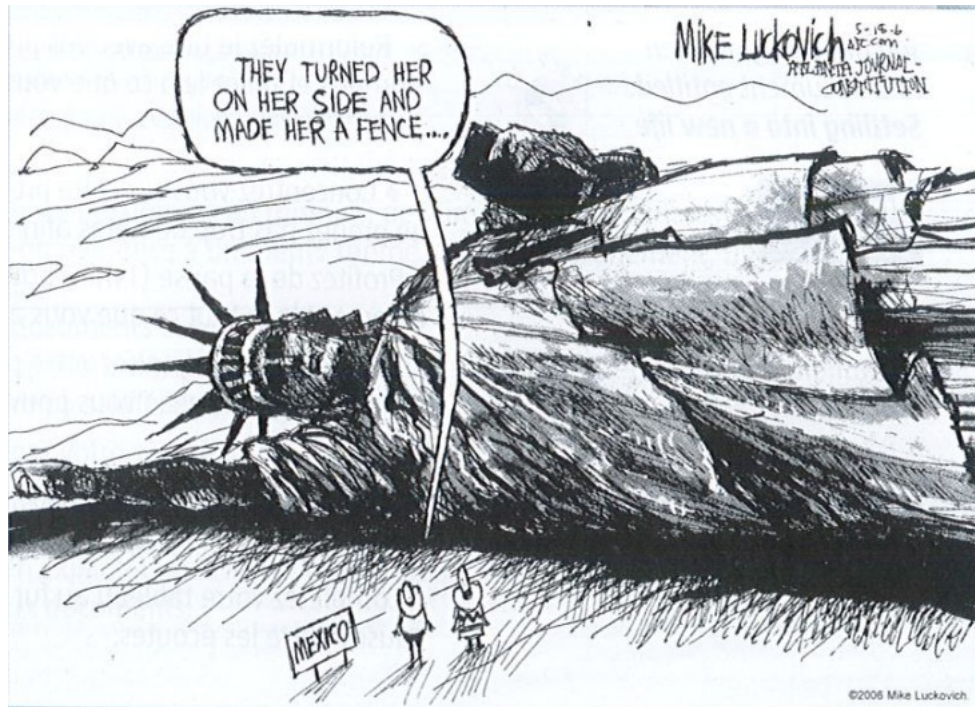
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I like my tongue
it says what feels right
I like my tongue
it says what feels right





CO en exercice: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YXfe1EERLVY>

CO immigration wall pour travail + correction:

https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1J29VGtaV5_74IqhdD6YpUkNQNAovT_FT?usp=sharing

et pour la CO en elle-même:

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1XMO-9uea4DeuoUCR3vKJj28tTIXisEoW/view?usp=sharing>

3 Latinos: crossing borderlands

Josseline shivered as she stepped over the stones and ducked under the mesquites. She was in Arizona, land of heat and sun, but on this late-January day in 2008, it was cold and damp. The temperature was in the 50s*, and the night before it had dropped to near freezing. A winter rain had fallen, and now the desert path was slippery and wet, even more treacherous than it had been before.

Josseline was seven miles north of the Mexican border, near the old ranching town of Arivaca. [...] It was a wonderland of cactus and mesquite, beautiful but dangerous, with trails threading through isolated canyons and up and down hills studded with rocks. She had to get through to this perilous place to get to her mother. A little girl with a big name – Josseline Jamileht Hernández Quinteros – she was five feet tall and a hundred pounds. At fourteen, young as she was, she had an important responsibility: it was her job to bring her little brother, age ten, safely to their mother in Los Angeles. The Hernández kids had never been away from home before, and already they'd been travelling for weeks. Now they were almost there, just days away from their mother's embrace. [...]

The group had crossed from El Salvador to Guatemala, then traveled two thousand miles from the southern tip of Mexico to the north. The trip had been arduous. They'd skimped on food, slept in buses or, when they were lucky in *casas de huéspedes*, the cheap flophouses that cater to poor travelers. In Mexico the migrants feared the *federales*, the national police, and now, in the United States, they were trying to evade the Border Patrol, the dreaded *migra*.

But here in the borderlands they were in the hands of a professional. Like the thousands of other undocumented migrants pouring into Arizona – jumping over walls, trekking across mountains, hiking through deserts – the group had contacted with a coyote, a smuggler paid to spirit them over the international line. The coyote's fee, many thousands of dollars, was to pay for Josseline and her brother to be taken from El Savador all the way to their mother in Los Angeles. So far, everything had gone to plans. They had slipped over the border from Mexico, near Sasabe, twenty miles from here, and had spent a couple of days picking their way through this strange desert, where spiky cacti clawed at the skin and the rocky trail blistered the feet. The coyote insisted on fast pace. They still had a hike of twenty miles ahead of them, out to the northbound highway. [...]

Josseline (pronounced YO-suh-leen) pulled her two jackets closer in the cold. [...] She tried to pay attention to the twists and turns in the footpath, to obey the guide, to keep up with the group. But by the time they got to Cedar Canyon, she was lagging. She was beginning to feel sick.

Margaret Regan,
The Death of Josseline (2010)



↑ Illegal immigrants near Sells, Arizona



50s: about 10 degrees Celsius

DST: about how different one can feel

1c- From Germany to the US

Her grandfather, Stefan Blau, was only thirteen when he ran away from his hometown in Germany one rainy November night in 1894. Convinced he lived in the most fascinating time possible—an age of transformation and discovery—he'd felt restless in Burgdorf. Too many traditions. Too many restrictions. America, he believed, was the country where people brought about changes instead of resisting them.

But his parents didn't want to listen when he read to them about immigrants earning fortunes, about inventions, about gold in the hills; they didn't know that America had grafted itself to his mind so tenaciously that he had dreams of it every single night, dreams of an odd and magnificent landscape that fused what he had culled from various books, a landscape inhabited by buffaloes and by buildings so tall they pierced the clouds. When Stefan bought an English dictionary and memorized forty new words each day, his parents shook their heads and told him they were not about to leave Germany, and when he suggested he'd make the passage alone and send for them and his sister once he'd made his fortune, they smiled. "What a child he still is," they said to each other.

They were asleep when he left. When he reached Rotterdam and was unable to trade labor for passage to America, he started toward Amsterdam and walked through cold nights and days, resting in barns or churches only when he was too chilled and exhausted to keep moving. But he never lost his enthusiasm because with each step—so he reminded himself—he was getting closer to America. Besides, people helped him along the way as if to make certain that he'd really get there.

One dawn at sea Stefan awoke early and couldn't get back to sleep because he started thinking about the good jacket his father had sewn for him in his tailor shop, and how it must have hurt his parents that he hadn't taken it along. He worried more about that jacket than about the note he'd left for his parents, telling them he was going to America, and it wouldn't be until he was a father and his own son, Tobias, would run from him in anger, that he'd begin to understand how his leaving must have devastated his parents.

Once he thought about the jacket, he remembered other items he'd left behind, especially the telescope his mother had given him for his seventh birthday. She'd set it up for him by the kitchen window next to the larger telescope that used to belong to her grandfather whose name had also been Stefan. His mother knew everything about stars and planets because her grandfather had shown her how to draw star charts when she was a girl. "You can inherit interests the same way you inherit money," she'd told Stefan and his sister, Margret, and she'd taught them about the stars long before they'd learned the alphabet.

To escape his uneasiness and the stale air of the sailors' quarters, Stefan climbed the stairs to the promenade deck, bracing against the icy fog. All sky was as gray as the sea, blurring the horizon. In the last few days he'd seen whales and flying fish, waves as tall as his parents' house, but now the gray made everything seem flat, though he could feel the ship heaving in the waves.

1d- Living the American Dream

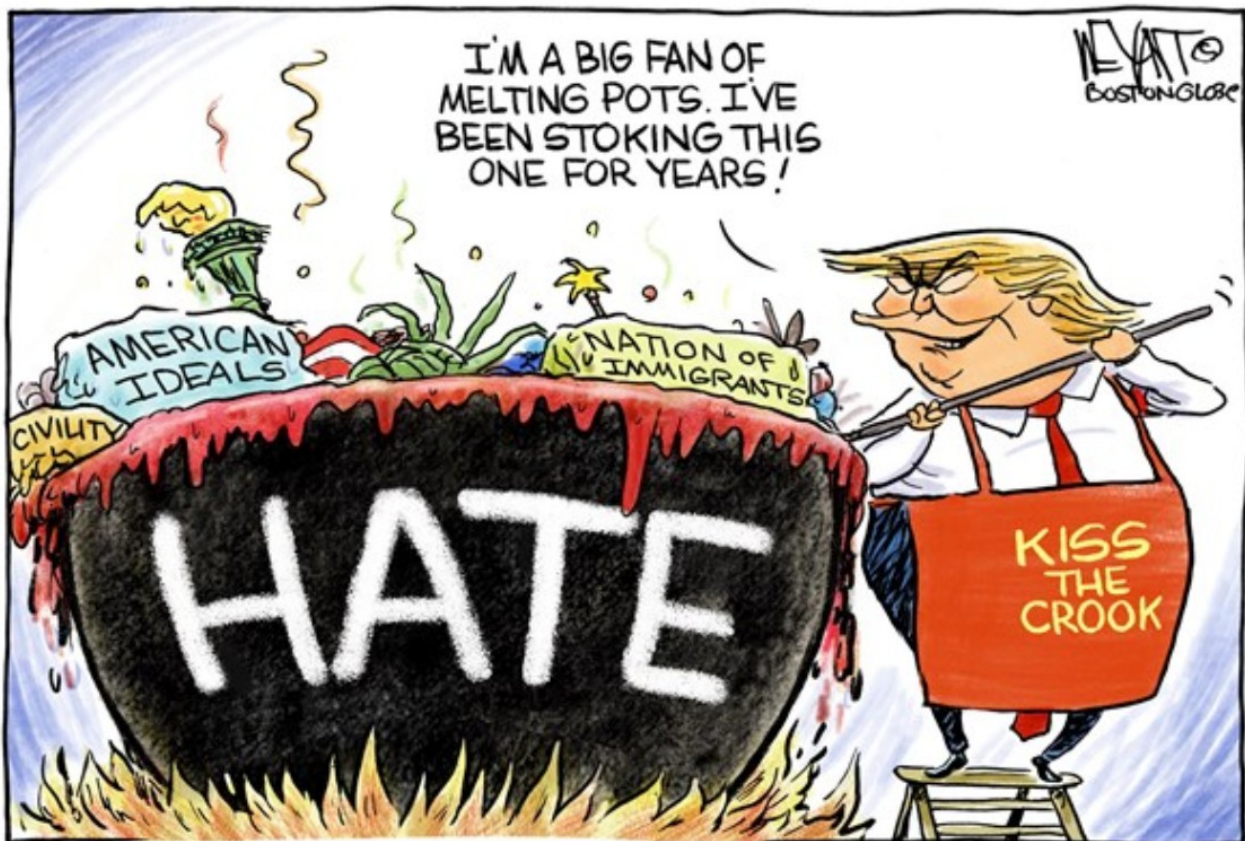
In lower Manhattan, he found work in an elegant French restaurant, where he peeled vegetables and washed dishes with the same eagerness that he would, years later, bring to his own restaurant. Only the owner was French; the rest of the staff were foreigners from other parts of Europe, who gesticulated and shouted scraps of Italian, Yiddish, Hungarian, German, and fractured English across the three long stoves in the center of the well-stocked kitchen. Not all had come to America as willingly as Stefan: some had fled from religion; others from family or war; but what kept each of them here was hope.

Being part of his new country would never be quite as total for Stefan as when he first arrived and wanted to be American in every way possible. How he loved the lack of convention, the instant familiarity. Here, respect had nothing to do with age but was earned with success. Class differences—that complicated ladder of human worth he'd grown up with—did not exist in America, he believed, and it would take him years to grasp the many subtle shadings of prejudice.

One day as he walked to work along West Street past vendors' carts and people on bicycles and horses pulling delivery wagons, he felt protected from the raw wind in his American coat and bowler hat, and it struck him that no one could tell he was a foreigner. As long as he did not speak and reveal his accent, he blended in like everyone else. He breathed it in, that certainty of belonging, held it in his body with deep exhilaration. From the head chef, Tibor Szilagi, a Hungarian with a slight limp and a contagious laugh, Stefan learned about passion for food and its preparation. He enjoyed the work, the effort of it, the results. Liked the scents of grilled meats and sautéed vegetables. His eagerness soon earned him the job of kitchen assistant, as well as an invitation to the poker games that the Hungarian organized in his apartment on Gansevoort Street in the early morning hours. (...)

Tibor Szilagi crushed half a cinnamon stick, mixed the tiny splinters into a handful of tobacco, and began to roll his special cigarettes.(...) "Use your money. Travel. There's a lake you would like, I swear. I've only seen it once, but it reminded me of Germany. Trees and mountains and so much water that you can never see all of the lake at one time." "Where is it?" "New Hampshire. I took the train there my second summer in America. To a town with the same name as the lake. Winnepesaukee." But Stefan didn't have time to travel. And he was far more interested in studying French recipes and checking the newspaper for yet another success story of immigrants. His new language was filling in around him, and he liked being able to read some sentences without looking up one single word.

Stefan liked hearing the story of how the Hungarian had come to America. Lame with polio since he was eight, he'd been unable to help on the family farm. His parents approved when he worked in the kitchens of married women, but when he was hired as cook in a bordello, his mother and her three unmarried sisters conspired to save his soul by hauling him to the priest for absolution and then bribing him with passage to America. After Tibor said farewell to his father, his mother and the aunts traveled with him on the train to Rijeka, where they hired a carriage and took him to the ship that would carry him south around the heel of Italy, west through the Strait of Gibraltar where monkeys lived in the crevices of high rocks, and then further west toward America.



From the Hungarian, Stefan learned to decode their employer’s moods as well as his favorite sayings. The Frenchman considered English a crude language and spoke it as seldom as possible, antagonizing the delivery men by pretending to understand less than he could. “C’est comme pisser dans un violon”—“It’s like peeing into a violin”—meant that whatever you were about to do would make no difference. Though extravagant by nature, the Frenchman would occasionally search for evidence of waste, stalking through the kitchen with its copper pots and painted serving platters, through the dining room with its marble fireplaces and stained-glass windows; yet, that same evening he might send you home with half a bottle of wine or a ticket to the opera. He’d urge you to buy American stocks—railroad and mining and telephone—while warning you not to make big plans based on shaky optimism: “Ne batissez pas des châteaux en Suede”—“Don’t go building castles in Sweden.” He liked to remind Stefan that he could afford to rent a better place, but Stefan was content in his room on Cornelia Street. It was small and on the top floor of the same boarding house where—during his first few months in the city—he had paid fifty-five cents a week to sleep on the chairs and sofas in the parlor with three men from Italy.

At least this room was his alone, even if the windows were painted shut and he had to share the water closet down the hall with the Austrian family who lived in the room next to his. The building was better maintained than most on the block that had paint peeling from their doors and water standing in their cellars. By keeping his rent low, he could invest most of his wages and poker winnings, except for the money he used to send presents to his family. He also mailed letters to his sister's best friend, Helene Montag, who lived next door to his family and had started to write to him. Occasionally their letters crossed, a current of words—more than they had ever spoken to one another. While his family wrote to him about events that happened in Burgdorf—weddings and births and funerals—Helene's letters kept the texture of his hometown alive for him: high-water marks that the Rhein left on the inner slope of the dike; early frost that turned the hill by the chapel silver gray; willows arching with the weight of first leaves. As Stefan worked next to the chefs at the wooden counters, he volunteered for chores that carried greater responsibility. He began to smoke. Grew a mustache that met his thick sideburns and made him look more like a man. He had enormous energy. Thrived on hard work. By the time the new century began, he was nineteen and wore one of the starched white jackets that set the chefs apart. It was what he had wanted, and he felt as proud of his achievement as he did of the wanting. Because it was the wanting, he knew, that had brought him across the ocean. To this city. To being a chef. Pastries were his specialty: delicate concoctions of layered dough with creams and fruits and chocolate curls. Though his German accent would always tinge his English, he developed a flawless pronunciation of French words that related to food. One July evening, as the Hungarian poured cognac over medallions of veal, a slender flame licked his wrist. "Az istenit," he cursed and dropped the bottle on the stove where it shattered. The cognac ignited as it raced across the hot surface into a pan of sizzling beignets and from there through a basket with stained aprons and towels. After the fire leapt up the exhaust shaft, it twined itself through the dining room and an adjoining store, killing five women and four men, among them Tibor Szilagi who died while Stefan carried him into the street. Stefan knew the moment of his friend's death because the body felt suddenly limp and heavier. It seemed that without breath—breath that usually smelled of cinnamon and tobacco—Tibor's flesh could no longer sustain itself. The smell of burned hair and of burned flesh blotted out all else, blotted out all cinnamon, all tobacco, blotted out the starch-smell of table linen and flowers and cognac and freshly ground pepper; and what was most horrid about that smell of fire and flesh was how familiar it was, evoking the smell of chicken being grilled—or pork rather? don't think about it don't—just when the heat gets high enough to release its smell. The clamor of fire bells burst through the smell, the screams, through night that was brighter and hotter than noon as horse-drawn fire engines pulled up, brakes screeching. When Stefan hoisted the Hungarian's weight higher,

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rocking him up, up in his arms, he felt Tibor's face dry and hot against the side of his neck, felt it slide and, for the instant of that motion, let himself hope his friend was still alive, though he knew it was Tibor's skin coming off against his neck. After the flames had been extinguished and the bodies taken away, Stefan peeled off what was left of his white jacket and staggered home. His hands were blistered, and all hair was gone from his arms. Though his room was warm and stuffy, he was shivering as he crawled between the sheets in his scorched clothes. He slept, only to wake sobbing from dreams in which he was enveloped by fire and the familiar stench of burning flesh, dreams that got jumbled with memories of being small and soiling the kitchen floor with cow manure he'd dragged home on the bottom of his shoes, and his father—"How often do I have to tell you to wipe your feet?"—carrying him to the barrel of rainwater out back and then being inside that barrel—headfirst and cold and not breathing because how could you?—and afterwards the fever, hands like wicks of candles and yearning to cool them in the barrel that's no longer there. When Stefan finally got up, a sticky, clear-yellow fluid was seeping from his arms and hands. It hurt to wash himself, to chew a piece of rye bread, to think of the Hungarian on whose sofa he'd often dozed after a poker game. He wished he could open his window. As he stared at the ashen wall of cinder blocks across the alley, even the light that leaked into the alley was ashen. Ash. Used up by fire. All at once Stefan was taken by such a powerful longing that his throat felt raw, a longing for air and clear light and his parents and the Hungarian's laugh and his hometown and family's dog, Spitz, and the French restaurant—but most of all for himself as a boy. And it was then that he remembered Tibor Szilagi telling him about the lake that reminded him of Germany.--

immigrants arriving in New York City, 1887



My mother believed you could be anything you wanted to be in America. You could open a restaurant. You could work for the government and get good retirement. You could buy a house with almost no money down. You could become rich. You could become instantly famous. "Of course you can be prodigy, too," my mother told me when I was nine. "You can be best anything. What does Auntie Lindo know? Her daughter, she is only best tricky¹." America was where all my mother's hopes lay. She had come here in 1949 after losing everything in China: her mother and father, her family home, her first husband, and two daughters, twin baby girls. But she never looked back with regret. There were so many ways for things to get better.

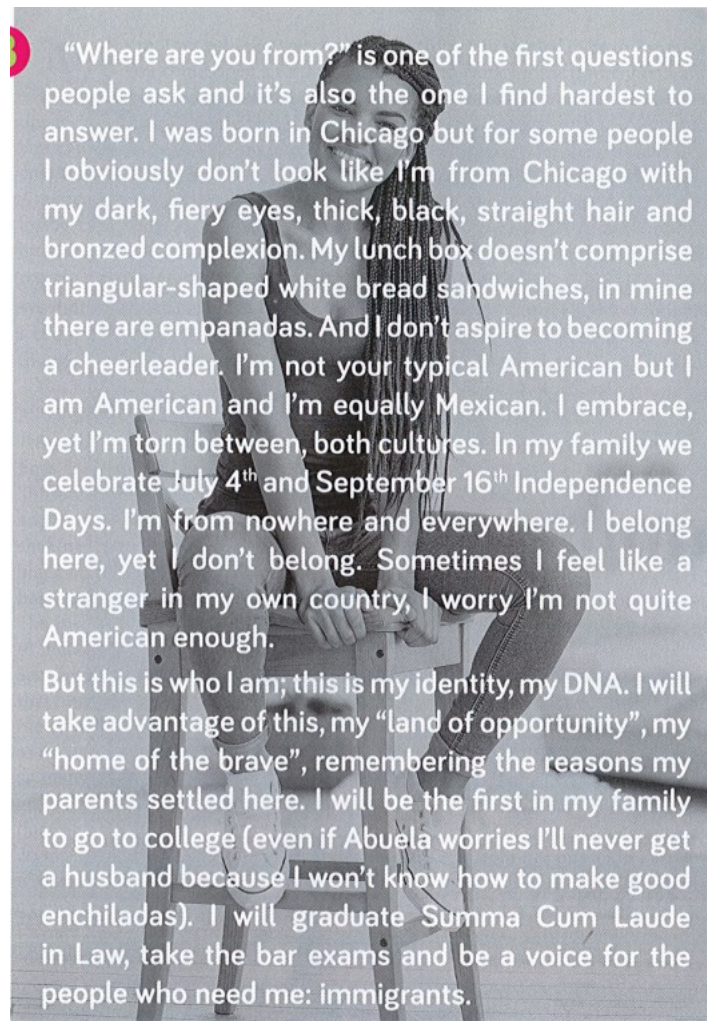
We didn't immediately pick the right kind of prodigy. At first my mother thought I could be a Chinese Shirley Temple. We'd watch Shirley's old movies on TV as though they were training films. My mother would poke my arm and say, "Ni kan" – You watch. And I would see Shirley tapping her feet, or singing a sailor song, or pursing her lips into a very round O while saying, "Oh my goodness."

"Ni kan," said my mother as Shirley's eyes flooded with tears. "You already know how. Don't need talent for crying!" Soon after my mother got this idea about Shirley Temple, she took me to a beauty training school in the Mission district and put me in the hands of a student who could barely hold the scissors without shaking. Instead of getting big fat curls, I emerged with an uneven mass of crinkly black fuzz. My mother dragged me off to the bathroom and tried to wet down my hair. "You look like Negro Chinese," she lamented, as if I had done this on purpose. The instructor of the beauty training school had to lop off² these soggy clumps³ to make my hair even again. "Peter Pan is very popular these days," the instructor assured my mother. I now had hair the length of a boy's, with straight across bangs⁴ that hung at a slant two inches above my eyebrows. I liked the haircut and it made me actually look forward to my future fame. In fact, in the beginning, I was just as excited as my mother, maybe even more so. I pictured this prodigy part of me as many different images, trying each one on for size. I was a dainty⁵ ballerina girl standing by the curtains, waiting to hear the right music that would send me floating on my tiptoes. I was like the Christ child lifted out of the straw manger⁶, crying with holy indignity. I was Cinderella stepping from her pumpkin carriage with sparkly cartoon music filling the air. In all of my imaginings, I was filled with a sense that I would soon become perfect. My mother and father would adore me.

I would be beyond reproach. I would never feel the need to sulk for anything. But sometimes the prodigy in me became impatient. "If you don't hurry up and get me out of here, I'm disappearing for good," it warned. "And then you'll always be nothing."

The Joy Luck Club, Amy Tan, 1989 ■

1. tricky: difficult – 2. lop off: cut off – 3. soggy clumps: wet mass – 4. bangs: fringe
5. dainty: small, delicate – 6. straw manger: open box for animal food



“Where are you from?” is one of the first questions people ask and it’s also the one I find hardest to answer. I was born in Chicago but for some people I obviously don’t look like I’m from Chicago with my dark, fiery eyes, thick, black, straight hair and bronzed complexion. My lunch box doesn’t comprise triangular-shaped white bread sandwiches, in mine there are empanadas. And I don’t aspire to becoming a cheerleader. I’m not your typical American but I am American and I’m equally Mexican. I embrace, yet I’m torn between, both cultures. In my family we celebrate July 4th and September 16th Independence Days. I’m from nowhere and everywhere. I belong here, yet I don’t belong. Sometimes I feel like a stranger in my own country, I worry I’m not quite American enough.

But this is who I am; this is my identity, my DNA. I will take advantage of this, my “land of opportunity”, my “home of the brave”, remembering the reasons my parents settled here. I will be the first in my family to go to college (even if Abuela worries I’ll never get a husband because I won’t know how to make good enchiladas). I will graduate Summa Cum Laude in Law, take the bar exams and be a voice for the people who need me: immigrants.

Why the caged bird sings

To reach New York City, Ana crawled¹ into the United States through a moonlit drainpipe, trudged across the Arizona desert, scrunched² 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's³ 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 laundry woman⁴ to maid⁵ to a successful broker⁶ 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 wired⁷ 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, [Ana] 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 siblings⁸, her family is building a sprawling two-story structure that overshadows the cinder-block⁹ shacks of her neighbors. The new home is already filled with plush sofas, stereos and television sets. As in many Mexican barrios, 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. "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. 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, in *Newsweek*, September 10, 2001

1. crawl: *ramper* - 2. scrunch: *s'aplatir* - 3. smuggler: *passeur* - 4. laundry [*lɑ:ndrɪ*] woman: *blanchisseuse* - 5. maid: *employée de maison* - 6. broker: *agent de placement* - 7. wire: *ici, envoyer* - 8. siblings = brothers and sisters - 9. cinder-block: *parpaing*.

Toolbox

Nouns: border *frontière* • a means / way of V-ing *moyen* - standard of living - prospect *perspective* - living / working conditions • (below) the poverty line (*sous*) *le seuil de pauvreté* - slum *taudis* • breadwinner • status [*stɛitəs*] symbol

Adjectives: determined - risky • undocumented *sans papiers* - unskilled *sans qualifications* - destitute *misérable* • cut off from - alienated - isolated - painful • jealous - envious • bright ≠ seamy side - appalling = awful - dreadful.

Verbs and expressions: flee = escape • settle *s'établir* • be uprooted *déraciné* / split *divisé* • long for sth / long to V = dream of sth / V-ing - lure [*ljʊə*] = attract • fight = struggle - support - improve - fulfill (one's dreams) - achieve (success) - climb up the social ladder *gravir l'échelle sociale* • reject - exclude.

NAME: _____

DST RATTRAPAGE LLCE

Identification du contexte /de la situation d'énonciation	Identification des réseaux de sens	Identification des stratégies de communication

prenez connaissance des documents A, B et C et traitez le sujet suivant en anglais.

Write a short commentary on the three documents (about 500 / 700 words) taking into account the specificities of the documents, the different points of view expressed by their different author, the duality of their world.

DOCUMENT A



DOCUMENT B:

5 I was flipping through a worn copy of a Mike Hammer mystery when I heard a screaming and glass breaking. I dropped the book and hurried across the street. I found the Nguyens behind the counter, all the way against the wall, faces ashen, Mr. Nguyen's arms wrapped around his wife. On the floor: oranges, an overturned magazine rack, a broken jar of beef jerky, and shards of glass at Baba's feet.

10 It turned out that Baba had had no cash on him for the oranges. He'd written Mr. Nguyen a check and Mr. Nguyen had asked for an ID. "He wants to see my license," Baba bellowed¹ in Farsi. "Almost two years we've bought his damn fruits and put money in his pocket and the son of a dog wants to see my license!"

"Baba, it's not personal," I said, smiling at the Nguyens. "They're supposed to ask for an ID."

15 "I don't want you here," Mr. Nguyen said, stepping in front of his wife. He was pointing at Baba with his cane. He turned to me. "You're nice young man but your father, he's crazy. Not welcome anymore."

"Does he think I'm a thief?" Baba said, his voice rising. People had gathered outside. They were staring. "What kind of a country is this? No one trusts anybody!"

"I call police," Mrs. Nguyen said, poking out her face. "You get out or I call police."

20 "Please, Mrs. Nguyen, don't call the police. I'll take him home. Just don't call the police, okay? Please?"

"Yes, you take him home. Good idea," Mr. Nguyen said. His eyes, behind his wire-rimmed bifocals, never left Baba. I led Baba through the doors. He kicked a magazine on his way out. After I'd made him promise he wouldn't go back in, I returned to the store and apologized to the Nguyens. Told them my father was going through a difficult time. I gave Mrs. Nguyen our telephone number and address, and told her to get an estimate for the damages. "Please call me as soon as you know. I'll pay for everything, Mrs. Nguyen. I'm so sorry." Mrs. Nguyen took the sheet of paper from me and nodded. I saw her hands were shaking more than usual, and that made me angry at Baba, his causing an old woman to shake like that.

30 "My father is still adjusting to life in America," I said, by way of explanation.

I wanted to tell them that, in Kabul, we snapped a tree branch and used it as a credit card. Hassan and I would take the wooden stick to the bread maker. He'd carve notches on our stick with his knife, one notch for each loaf of *naan* he'd pull for us from the *tandoor's* roaring flames. At the end of the month, my father paid him for the number of notches on the stick. That was it. No ID.

35 But I didn't tell them. I thanked Mr. Nguyen for not calling the cops. Took Baba home. He sulked² and smoked on the balcony while I made rice with chicken neck stew. A year and a half since we'd stepped off the Boeing from Peshawar, and Baba was still adjusting.

40 We ate in silence that night. After two bites, Baba pushed away his plate.

I glanced at him across the table, his nails chipped and black with engine oil, his knuckles scraped, the smells of the gas station – dust, sweat, and gasoline – on his clothes. Baba was like the widower who remarries but can't let go of his dead wife. He missed the sugarcane fields of Jalalabad and the gardens of Paghman. He missed people milling in and out of his house, missed walking down the bustling aisles of Shor Bazaar and greeting people who knew him and his father, knew his grandfather, people who shared ancestors with him, whose pasts intertwined with his.

45 For me, America was a place to bury my memories.

For Baba, a place to mourn his.

Khaled Hosseini, *The Kite Runner*, 2003

¹ bellow: shout

² sulk: look angry and refuse to speak

Document C

Franklin Hata is a Japanese migrant who moved to Bedley Run, a town in the New York City suburbs, and opened a medical supply store.

PEOPLE KNOW ME HERE. It wasn't always so. But living thirty-odd years in the same place begins to show on a man. In the course of such time, without even realizing it, one takes on the characteristics of the locality, the color and stamp of the prevailing dress and gait and even speech—those gentle bells of the sidewalk passersby, their
5 *How are yous* and *Good days* and *Hellos*. And in kind there is a gradual and accruing recognition of one's face, of being, as far as anyone can recall, from around here. There's no longer a lingering or vacant stare, and you can taste the small but unequalled pleasure that comes with being a familiar sight to the eyes. In my case, everyone here knows perfectly who I am. It's a simple determination. Whenever I step
10 into a shop in the main part of the village, invariably someone will say, "Hey, it's good Doc Hata."

[...] When I first arrived in Bedleyville, few people seemed to notice me. Not that they were much different from those in the other towns, at least not intrinsically. [...] I suppose it was because Bedleyville was still Bedleyville then, and not yet Bedley Run
15 (though desperately wanting to be), and pretty much anybody new to town was seen as a positive addition to the census and tax base. It was 1963, and from what I'd seen during my brief travels in this country, everyone for the most part lived together, except, I suppose, for certain groups, such as the blacks, or the Chinese in the cities, who for one reason or another seemed to live apart. Still, I had assumed that once I settled
20 someplace, I would be treated as those people were treated, and in fact I was fully prepared for it. But wherever I went—and in particular, here in Bedley Run—it seemed people took an odd interest in telling me that I wasn't *unwelcome*.

Chang-Rae LEE (First generation Korean-American novelist born in 1965)
Gesture Life, 1999

<p>Qualité du contenu</p>	<p>Doc A: photography / family: man – wife – child – Black and white – emotional Ellis Island – immigration / hope – freedom – Statue of Liberty – Full of promise Doc B : immigration - 2nd generation – intégration – problème de compréhension – ID / check – Kabul – tradition - closeness Doc C: Korean – settled – part of the setting / decorum – integrated / integration - Different paths- different vision – melting pot – wish for a success – leaving tradition behind</p>
<p>Cohérence de la construction du discours</p>	<p>Doc A : looking forward – new life – from scratch – immigration / hope – journey – American Dream Doc B : cultural gap – trust- nationality – melting pot – blending in – trying to live the American style – regrets - Doc C : blending in – being part / belonging – desire – hope – successful life – American dream – fulfilling cultural gap – differences – different path / desires – hopes which turn into something positive or negative new life – different success</p>

correction DST manuel:

LLCE- CORRECTION DST OF LAND OF MILK AND HONEY

<p>Qualité du contenu</p>	<p>Doc A : to illustrate - African American - professional opportunities - prejudice - bias - 1960s - civil rights - segregation Doc B : novel extract - receptionist - Mr Cooper (mentioned) - conductorette - the narrator - factual - indignant - 1969 Doc C: Photographie / family: man, wife, child – Black and white – emotional – Ellis island – immigration / hope - freedom / Statue of Liberty- full of promise Migratingto = leave behind - to make a fresh start - to start over - to settle - to face up to - challenges Building a new identity: to integrate - to cohabit - to assimilate - different values - a balancing act - to experience - to put up with</p>
<p>Cohérence de la construction du discours</p>	<p>Doc A :immigrant success - CEO - adamant – came a long way – role model - continuity Doc B : to illustrate - African American - professional opportunities - prejudice - bias - 1960s - civil rights - segregation - opportunity Doc C : Immigration / hope / looking forward opportunity- a journey - American Dream – what's left behind, what's to discover - a new territory Doc A :immigrant success - CEO - adamant - to come a long way - to have drive - to stand up to c. Explain how migrating to the USA means building a new identity Migrating: to leave behind - to make a fresh start - to start over - to settle - to face up to - challenges Building a new identity: to integrate - to cohabit - to assimilate - different values - a balancing act - to experience - to put up with</p>