MINISTÈRE
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EFE ANL 1

SESSION 2019

CAPLP
CONCOURS EXTERNE
ET CAFEP

SECTION LANGUES VIVANTES – LETTRES :

ANGLAIS - LETTRES

ANGLAIS

Durée : 5 heures

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1. Composition en langue étrangère portant sur l'étude d'un dossier

Analyse the following three documents and comment on the ways they express and illustrate the theme they have in common.

Document A

All were seated at last, and I had to crawl back into my chair again. I heard a man's voice at one end of the hall, and I looked around to see him. But all the others hung their heads over their plates. As I glanced at the long chain of tables, I caught the eyes of a paleface woman upon me. Immediately I dropped my eyes, wondering why I was so keenly watched by the strange woman. The man ceased his mutterings, and then a third bell was tapped. Every one picked up his knife and fork and began eating. I began crying instead, for by this time I was afraid to venture anything more.

But this eating by formula was not the hardest trial in that first day. Late in the morning, my friend Judéwin gave me a terrible warning. Judéwin knew a few words of English, and she had overheard the paleface woman talk about cutting our long, heavy hair. Our mothers had taught us that only unskilled warriors who were captured had their hair shingled by the enemy. Among our people, short hair was worn by mourners, and shingled hair by cowards!

We discussed our fate some moments, and when Judéwin said, "We have to submit, because they are strong," I rebelled.

"No, I will not submit! I will struggle first!" I answered.

I watched my chance, and when no one noticed I disappeared. I crept up the stairs as quietly as I could in my squeaking shoes,— my moccasins had been exchanged for shoes. Along the hall I passed, without knowing whither I was going. Turning aside to an open door, I found a large room with three white beds in it. The windows were covered with dark green curtains, which made the room very dim. Thankful that no one was there, I directed my steps toward the corner farthest from the door. On my hands and knees I crawled under the bed, and cuddled myself in the dark corner.

From my hiding place I peered out, shuddering with fear whenever I heard footsteps near by. Though in the hall loud voices were calling my name, and I knew that even Judéwin was searching for me, I did not open my mouth to answer. Then the steps were quickened and the voices became excited. The sounds came nearer and nearer. Women and girls entered the room. I held my breath, and watched them open closet doors and peep behind large trunks. Some one threw up the curtains, and the room was filled with sudden light. What caused them to stoop and look under the bed I do not know. I remember being dragged out, though I resisted by kicking and scratching wildly. In spite of myself, I was carried downstairs and tied fast in a chair.

I cried aloud, shaking my head all the while until I felt the cold blades of the scissors against my neck, and heard them gnaw off one of my thick braids. Then I lost my spirit. Since the day I was taken from my mother I had suffered extreme indignities. People had stared at me. I had been tossed about in the air like a wooden puppet. And now my long hair was shingled like a coward's! In my anguish I moaned for my mother, but no one came to comfort me. Not a soul reasoned quietly with me, as my own mother used to do; for now I was only one of many little animals driven by a herder.

Zitkala-Sa [aka Gertrude Simmons Bonnin] (1876-1938), *American Indian Stories*, Chapter 2: "The School Days of an Indian Girl", Washington, Hayworth Publishing House, 1921, p. 53-56

Document B

Hard, Fast

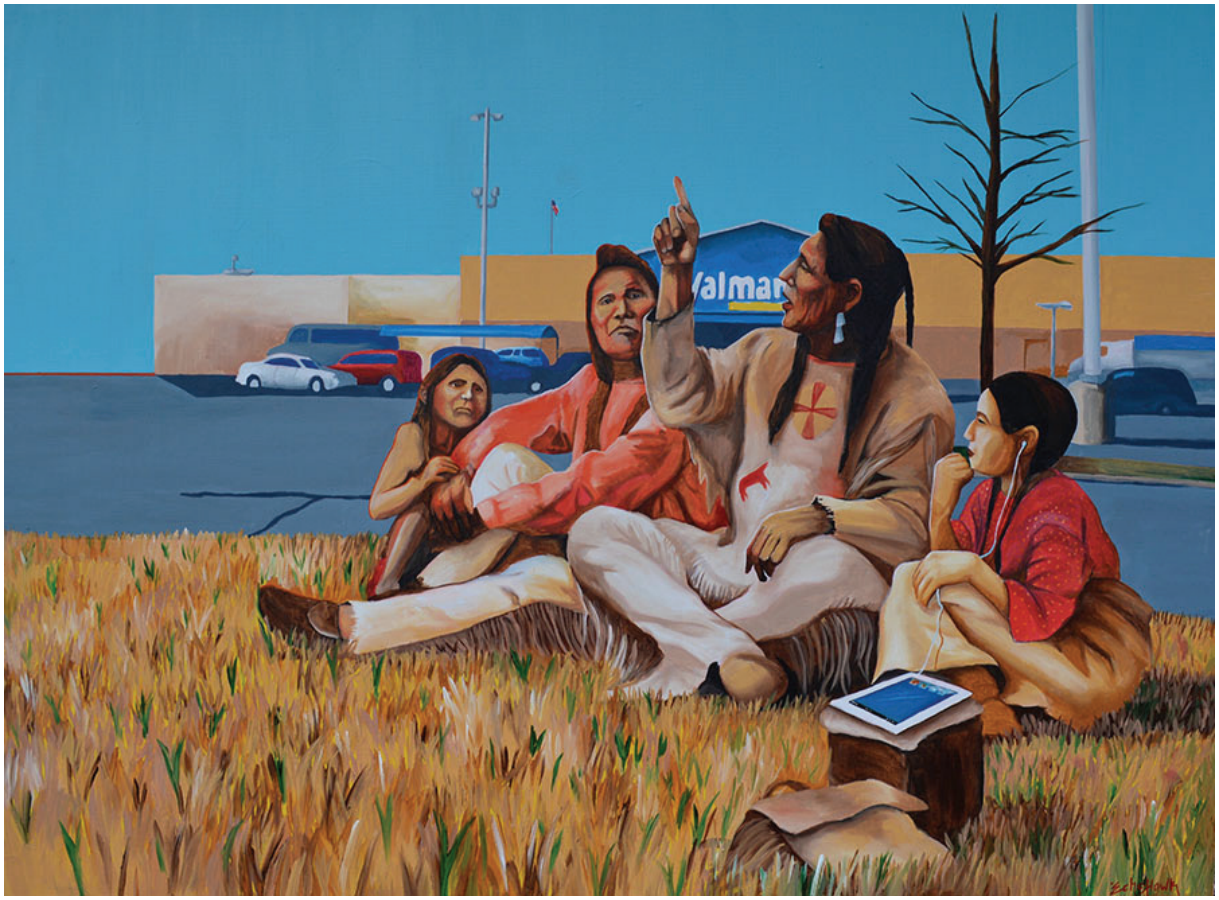
Getting us to cities was supposed to be the final, necessary step in our assimilation, absorption, erasure, the completion of a five-hundred-year-old genocidal campaign. But the city made us new, and we made it ours. We didn't get lost amid the sprawl of tall buildings, the stream of anonymous masses, the ceaseless din of traffic. We found one another, started up Indian Centers, brought out our families and powwows, our dances, our songs, our beadwork. We bought and rented homes, slept on the streets, under freeways, we went to school, joined the armed forces, populated Indian bars in the Fruitvale in Oakland, and in the Mission in San Francisco. We lived in boxcar villages in Richmond. We made art and we made babies and we made way for our people to go back and forth between reservation and city. We did not move to cities to die. The sidewalks and streets, the concrete, absorbed our heaviness. The glass, metal, rubber, and wires, the speed, the hurtling masses—the city took us in. We were not Urban Indians then. This was part of the Indian Relocation Act, which was part of the Indian Termination Policy, which was and is exactly what it sounds like. Make them look and act like us. Become us. And so disappear. But it wasn't just like that. Plenty of us came by choice, to start over, to make money, or just for a new experience. Some of us came to cities to escape the reservation. We stayed after fighting in the Second World War. After Vietnam too. We stayed because the city sounds like a war, and you can't leave a war once you've been, you can only keep it at bay—which is easier when you can see and hear it near you, that fast metal, that constant firing around you, cars up and down the streets and freeways like bullets. The quiet of the reservation, the side-of-the-highway towns, rural communities, that kind of silence just makes the sound of your brain on fire that much more pronounced.

Plenty of us are urban now. If not because we live in cities, then because we live on the internet. Inside the high-rise of multiple browser windows. They used to call us sidewalk Indians. Called us citified, superficial, inauthentic, cultureless refugees, apples. An apple is red on the outside and white on the inside. But what we are is what our ancestors did. How they survived. We are the memories we don't remember, which live in us, which we feel, which make us sing and dance and pray the way we do, feelings from memories that flare and bloom unexpectedly in our lives like blood through a blanket from a wound made by a bullet fired by a man shooting us in the back for our hair, for our heads, for a bounty, or just to get rid of us.

When they first came for us with their bullets, we didn't stop moving even though the bullets moved twice as fast as the sound of our screams, and even when their heat and speed broke our skin, shattered our bones, skulls, pierced our hearts, we kept on, even when we saw the bullets send our bodies flailing through the air like flags, like the many flags and buildings that went up in place of everything we knew this land to be before. The bullets were premonitions, ghosts from dreams of a hard, fast future. The bullets moved on after moving through us, became the promise of what was to come, the speed and the killing, the hard, fast lines of borders and buildings. They took everything and ground it down to dust as fine as gunpowder, they fired their guns into the air in victory and the strays flew out into the nothingness of histories written wrong and meant to be forgotten. Stray bullets and consequences are landing on our unsuspecting bodies even now.

Tommy Orange, *There There,* "Prologue" (excerpt), New York, Knopf, 2018, p. 8-10

Document C



Bunky Echo-Hawk (Pawnee, Yakama), *Before Here Was Here*, 2015, acrylic on canvas
http://www.nativeartsandcultures.org/bunky-echo-hawk

2. Thème

« Il paraît que vous êtes des sauvages ? demandent les jeunes Blancs avec un sourire complice.

— Mais non, vous êtes les sauvages ! », leur expliquons-nous en leur racontant les sornettes des missionnaires.

Nos nouveaux amis nous ouvrent tout à coup la porte sur un monde de découvertes et de possibilités jusque-là totalement inaccessibles à notre peuple. Nous sommes au début des années 1960. On nous initie à la musique de Ray Charles, des Platters et de Chubby Checker. On nous apprend à danser le twist et à nous balader dans les rues de la ville en décapotable. Grâce aux jeunes générations et aux personnes ouvertes d'esprit […], le regard des Blancs se transforme tranquillement. Depuis 1960, nous avons le droit de vote. Les interdictions d'autrefois sont levées et bientôt nous pouvons vivre un peu plus librement. Je me rappelle encore la toute première fois où j'ai pu entrer dans un snack-bar avec des amis. C'était peu de temps après ma sortie du pensionnat. J'avais commandé une orangeade à 15 cents. Bien calé dans ma banquette, sirotant à la paille ma boisson gazeuse en bouteille, j'observais tout afin de pouvoir raconter en détail mon expérience à mes parents.

Dominique Rankin & Marie-Josée Tardif, *On nous appelait les sauvages – Souvenirs et espoirs d'un chef héréditaire algonquin,* Montréal*, Le Jour éditeur,* 2012, p. 110