

Beyond the Journey	
“Adventure is worthwhile.” -Aristotle	
	How does travel transform both the inner and outer worlds ?
At the end of the Unit, I will	Right a story about a place you have been
What documents will be used ?	<p><b>1- crossing for a reason</b> → why</p> <p>1a – Australia will be Different, Melvyn BRAGG, abridged from <i>The Soldier's Return</i>, 1999,</p> <p>1b- A Quiet Call to America, Colm Toibin, Brooklyn, 2009</p> <p>1c- Travel, Edna St Vincent Millau, 1892</p> <p><b>2- travelling with an agenda</b></p> <p>2a- A Misguided curiosity E. M. Forster , <i>A passage to India Part 2, chapter 15</i>, 1924</p> <p>2b- A New perception, George Orwell, George Orwell, Shooting an Elephant, 1936</p> <p>2c- photo of a missionary school in Australia, undated</p> <p>2d -Meeting Sister Braga, abridged from Claire Coleman, <i>Terra Nullius</i>, 2017</p> <p><b>3- Mismatch expectation</b></p> <p>3a- Australia is an interesting place, Abridged from Bill Bryson, <i>Down Under</i>, chapter 1 , 2000</p> <p>3b-On Seeing England for the First Time - Jamaica Kincaid, <i>On Seeing England for the First Time</i>, 1991</p> <p>3c- I always hated holidays, David Lodge, <i>Paradise News</i>, 1991</p> <p>3d - Visting Antigua, Jamaica Kincaid, <i>A Small Place</i>, 2000</p> <p><b>4- World apart</b></p> <p>4a - The Jewel in the Crown - Shrabani BASU, <i>Victoria and Abdul</i>, 2010</p> <p>4b- A lonely Londoner - Sam SELVON, <i>The Lonely Londoners</i>, 1956</p> <p>4c- going to Britain ? BBC, Caribbean Service, 1959</p> <p>4d- Back from America Colm Toibin, Brooklyn, 2009</p> <p><b>5- culture for sell ?</b></p> <p>5a - <i>Examination of a Mummy</i> by Paul Dominique Philippoteaux, 1891</p> <p>5b Leila, Sir Frank Dicksee, 1892</p> <p>5c- The Absurdity Of The British Empire, James Acaster, 2020</p> <p><b>6- Hearing the Unheard</b></p> <p>6a- Speaking in Tongues, Zadie Smitt, <i>Changing my Mind</i> 2009 :</p> <p>6b -My Tongue is Divided in Two, Quique Avilés, <i>The</i></p>

	<i>Immigrant Museum</i> 2004 6c- Once were Warriors, Alan Duff, excerpt from chap 16, 1986 6d- New Zealand mountain gets same legal rights as a person Kathryn Armstrong, BBC News, 30 January 2025
What will I learn about ?	How travelling around the world has an impact what impacts indeed
Final PROJEC	You have been to a English Speaking country and found yourself in a funny situation

### INSTRUCTION FOR YOUR FINAL PROJET :

- 1- You will have an hour full to write your story
- 2 – your story must unveil some of the issues seen in the lesson
- 3- You will be given some mandatory obligation on D- Day
- 4- the mandatory obligations will concern a date, a tone (optimistic, sniggering, ironic...) and a person (1<sup>st</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, singular or plural)
- 5- You will be allowed to have a few notes concerning your country but nothing written

BEYOND THE JOURNEY								
You have been to a English Speaking country and found yourself in a sticky situation								
1- _____	2 _____			3 - _____				
	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
<b>C2</b>	J'ai rendu de <b>fin</b> nuances de sens en rapport avec un <b>sujet complexe</b> . Mon histoire a permis de développer de façon très construite les problématiques développées.	<b>30</b>	j'ai produit un texte cohérent et construit sur un <b>sujet complexe</b>	<b>30</b>	J'ai rédigé avec un <b>très haut degré de correction grammaticale</b> , y compris en mobilisant des <b>structures complexes</b> sur un <b>sujet complexe</b> .	<b>30</b>	J'ai employé de manière pertinente un <b>très vaste répertoire lexical</b> incluant des expressions idiomatiques, <b>des nuances de formulation</b> et des structures variées même sur un <b>sujet complexe</b>	<b>30</b>
<b>C1+</b>		<b>25</b>		<b>25</b>		<b>25</b>		<b>25</b>
<b>C1</b>	J'ai traité le sujet et produit un écrit <b>fluide et convaincant, étayé</b> par des éléments (inter)culturels pertinents. J'ai su répondre à des problématiques intéressantes et culturelles, variées.	<b>20</b>	J'ai produit <b>un récit ou une argumentation complexe</b> en démontrant un usage maîtrisé de moyens linguistiques de structuration et d'articulation. Mon histoire était riche en développement et éléments	<b>20</b>	J'ai maintenu tout au long de sa rédaction un haut degré de correction grammaticale, y compris en mobilisant des structures complexes	<b>20</b>	J'ai employé de manière pertinente un <b>vaste répertoire lexical</b> incluant des expressions idiomatiques, <b>des nuances de formulation</b> et des structures variées..	<b>20</b>
<b>C1-</b>		<b>15</b>		<b>15</b>		<b>15</b>		<b>15</b>
<b>B2+</b>		<b>12</b>		<b>12</b>		<b>12</b>		<b>12</b>
<b>B2</b>	J'ai traité le sujet de façon <b>claire, détaillée et globalement efficace</b> : j'ai	<b>10</b>	<b>J'ai produit un texte bien structuré</b> en indiquant la relation entre les faits et les	<b>10</b>	J'ai démontré une bonne maîtrise des structures simples et	<b>10</b>	j'ai produit un texte dont l'étendue du lexique et des structures <b>est</b>	<b>10</b>

<b>B2-</b> <b>B1+</b>	<b>écrit entre 200 et 250 mots, une histoire développée et prenant en compte les éléments demandés</b>	<b>8</b>	idées. Mon histoire était divertissante et cohérente	<b>8</b>	courantes. Les erreurs sur les structures complexes ne donnent pas lieu à des malentendus.	<b>8</b>	<b>suffisante pour permettre précision et variété des formulation.</b>	<b>8</b>
		<b>6</b>		<b>6</b>		<b>6</b>		<b>6</b>
<b>B1</b> <b>B1-/A2+</b>	j'ai traité le sujet de façon <b>intelligible et relativement développée</b> , entre 150 et 200 mots. J'ai globalement respecté les consignes	<b>5</b>	J'ai <b>rendu compte</b> j'ai <b>exposé et illustré un point de vue</b> j'ai <b>raconté une histoire</b> de manière cohérente et développée.	<b>5</b>	J'ai démontré une bonne maîtrise des structures simples et courantes. Les erreurs sur les structures simples ne gênent pas la lecture. .	<b>5</b>	j'ai produit un texte dont l' <b>étendue lexicale relative</b> nécessite l' <b>usage de périphrases et de répétitions.</b> .	<b>5</b>
		<b>4</b>		<b>4</b>		<b>4</b>		<b>4</b>
<b>A2</b> <b>A2-</b>	jai traité le sujet, ma <b>production est courte</b> . Mon histoire manquait de fluidité et de cohérence	<b>3</b>	j'ai <b>exposé une expérience ou un point de vue</b> en utilisant des connecteurs élémentaires.	<b>3</b>	j'ai produit un Mon <b>texte étatt immédiatement compréhensible</b> malgré des erreurs fréquentes.	<b>3</b>	j'ai produit un texte dont les mots sont adaptés à l'intention de communication, en dépit d'un répertoire <b>lexical limité</b>	<b>3</b>
		<b>2</b>		<b>2</b>		<b>2</b>		<b>2</b>
<b>A1</b>	J' ai simplement <b>amorcé une production écrite</b> en lien avec le sujet.	<b>1</b>	J'ai <b>énuméré des informations</b>	<b>1</b>	J'ai produit un <b>texte globalement compréhensible</b> mais dont la lecture est peu aisée.	<b>1</b>	J'ai produit un texte intelligible malgré un lexique très limité.	<b>1</b>

### 1- crossing for a reason → why

1a – Australia will be Different, Melvyn BRAGG, The Soldier's Return (1999) (abridged)

1. What is Sam's vision of England?

2. What are people's reasons for emigrating?

Nouns: turning point - magnet - asset atout - a means/way of V-ing moyen - prospects perspectives

burden fardeau - working class - barrier ['bæriə] - the underprivileged. Adjectives: excited -

impatient/ eager to V désireux, avide - determined - enterprising ● tired

niemabita

3. Imagine what follows this conversation and the end of the story.

4. Discuss the saying: Life is what you make it.

1b- A Quiet Call to America Colm Toibin, Brooklyn, 2009

repérage différent personnage : Father Flood, Mother, Rose et Eilis

distribution des rôles et des ambitions des uns et des autres (travail par groupe de 4, réflexions

commune puis présentation d'une série de 5 questions permettant d'arriver selon le groupe à une

conclusion. Distribution des questions aux groupes différents puis conclusion commune présentée à

la classe par groupe. Mise en commun des idées clés autour de qui veut partir, pourquoi, quelle

attitude, quels arguments ? Et rédaction commune

1c- Travel, Edna St Vincent Millau

The poem begins with the speaker stating that from where she lives, there is a railroad track “miles

away.” It is a feature in her life that is constant. Although she cannot physically see it every

moment, it is always there weighing on her mind

Travel’ begins with the speaker describing a part of her everyday life that is not directly before her,

but is always in her sight, a railroad track. The track is miles from where she lives but it weighs on

her mind throughout her days. The passing trains are like unshakeable totems that follow her from

moment to moment. The presence of the railroad tracks is a reminder of possibilities that are so

close, but still out of her reach.

The first line describes the fact that these tracks, which are so important to the speaker's being, are "miles away." They are not something that she sets eyes on everyday, but they do come into her thoughts more often than not. At the present moment, the speaker is in the middle of another noisy day of her life. She is experiencing a sense of claustrophobia around the "loud...voices speaking" wherever she goes.

The voices that surround her work in two different ways, first, they are an irritant that she is unable to escape, and second, their volume, and the fact that she is still able to hear the train as it goes by, proves how important they are to her. The final two lines describe this second fact quite eloquently. The speaker says that of all the trains that go by, there is not one that she doesn't hear. She is always able to pick out the "whistle shrieking" in amongst the chaos of her everyday life. One important point of setting to note at this time is that the speaker does not say there is a railroad station near her, only a track. There is nowhere for the train to stop even if she could board it. It is always moving past her

In the second stanza of 'Travel', the speaker continues to discuss the importance of this moving train to her everyday life. The speaker is thinking of her own propensity to obsess over the presence of the train, and its ability to make its way into every moment of her waking and sleeping hours. It is nighttime at this point and she is describing how once it gets dark, there "isn't a train [that] goes by." Perhaps, a reader might think, the speaker is able to take a respite in these moments. If it is night, and she knows that no trains will be passing, maybe that puts her at rest.

Unfortunately for the speaker, this is not the case. Even though she says, "the night is still for sleep and dreaming" she sees in her mind's eye, and in the dreams of her sleep, the "cinders red on the sky." Even when there is no train there to see, she can't help imagining "its engine steaming," and feeling the same way she does in its actual presence. She knows exactly what it would sound, smell, and look like if she was directly before it, watching it pass.

It is clear that this point, if it wasn't previously, that the speaker has developed a kind of obsession when it comes to the train. To understand why this might be the case, a reader should consider what a train represents. What could it bring to someone who has no way out of their life? The final stanza will shed some light on this topic.

In the final quatrain of 'Travel', the speaker provides the reader with a few more clues as to why she has become so consumed with the sounds and sights of a railroad track. The first topic that the speaker brings up in this section is the "warm[th]" she feels towards her friends. She does not dislike her life, it is full of good friends that fulfill that part of her. The second line takes a step back from the first statement as she says that there are "better friends" out there that she doesn't know, and will "not be knowing" because she cannot board a train.

The narrator is thinking into the future that she might have if she was to get on one of the passing trains, and sees herself among new friends she prefers. These are people that she knows she could, but never will, meet. The speaker's tone is fully developed at this point, it is clear that she is becoming increasingly worn down by the fact that her life is not going to change. In the last two lines, the poet considers the fact that a reader will be curious about where the trains are going, and where it is exactly that her narrator would like to end up. The speaker concludes this debate by stating that she doesn't care where the trains are going. She would get on any one of them without even considering the destination. Her greatest desire is to leave, or, as the title states, to travel.

## **2- travel with an agenda → imperialism**

2a- A New perception, George Orwell, Shooting an Elephant, 1936

travaille sur le texte, où, qui ? Quel public, pourquoi ?

Quelle perception ?

2b- A Misguided curiosity E. M. Forster , *A passage to India Part 2, chapter 15*, 1924

travail sur le texte, repérage de vocabulaire : trouver 3/5 mots qu'on ne comprend pas et les échanger avec un camarade. Faire une liste de voc et correction avec le professeur

write a short biography of Mrs Quested / write a short biography of Aziz

=> description physique, habits, character, imaginez l'histoire autour d'eux, inclure la suite (choix du sujet au hasard, ramassé, noté)

1- I wrote 200 Words at least 1 pt

2- my physical description was precise and included the clothes they are wearing 2 pt

3- I've given some interesting elements of their personal life 2 pt

4- my character was well developed and particular 2 pt

5- I've imagine their past 2 pt

6- and their future 2pt

7- it was interesting to read 1 pt

8- lexicon 5 pt

9 – Grammar 5 pt

TOTAL / 22

2c- photo of a missionary school in Australia, undated

2d -Meeting Sister Braga

travail de repérage sur le texte,

explication de ce que pouvait être la Stolen Generation

### 3- Mismatch

3a- Australia is an interesting place, Abridged from Bill Bryson, *Down Under*, chapter 1 , 2000

analyse du texte, écriture d'un texte à la manière de (noté) : imagine describing a place of France this way (your country house, your current city, your High School

3b-On Seeing England for the First Time - Jamaica Kincaid, *On Seeing England for the First Time*, 1991

travail sur le texte, comparatif avec le texte de Bryson

quelles 1ère impression, pourquoi ?

3c- I always hated holidays, David Lodge, *Paradise News*, 1991

3d - Visting Antigua A Small Place by Jamaica Kincaid, 2000

### 4- World apart

4a - The Jewel in the Crown - Shrabani BASU, *Victoria and Abdul*, 2010

travail sur le texte

4b- A lonely Londoner - Sam SELVON, *The Lonely Londoners*, 1956

4c – going to Britain

4c -brooklyn : retour de Eilish différente

### 5- culture for sell ? → appropriation culturelle

5a - *Examination of a Mummy* by Paul Dominique Philippoteaux c 1891 : travail sur ce qui se passe,

Anne-Charlotte Legrand – Académie de Versailles – Lycée Alain

pourquoi, Egyptomania

5b Leila, Sir Frank Dicksee, 1892 : appropriation culturelle, code, fantasme – travail d'analyse sur la peinture

5c – James Acaster, On The Absurdity Of The British Empire, 2020

CO <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x73PkUvArJY>

repérage des éléments de communication – qu'est ce qui est critiqué ?

Rédaction d'un éléments de réponse

**6- Hearing the Unheard** → les conséquences et notamment stolen + le pardon + le retour à la 4c

6a- brooklyn : retour de Elish différente culture

6b- speaking in tongues Zadie Smith, Changing my mind 2009 :

travail sur le texte, importance de la langue en terme d'accent – ce que cela signifie,

// avec le personnage d'Eliza dans Pygmalion

6c -my tongue is divided in two, Quique Avilés, *The Immigrant Museum* 2004

6d- once were warriors chap 16 - alan duff, 1986

6d- New Zealand mountain gets same legal rights as a person Kathryn Armstrong, BBC News, 30 January 2025

journée du pardon

2a- A Misguided curiosity

Miss Quested and Aziz and a guide continued the slightly tedious expedition. They did not talk much, for the sun was getting high. The air felt like a warm bath into which hotter water is trickling constantly, the temperature rose and rose, the boulders said, "I am alive," the small stones answered, "I am almost alive." Between the chinks lay the ashes of little plants. They meant to climb to the rocking-stone on the summit, but it was too far, and they contented themselves with the big group of caves. En route for these, they encountered several isolated caves, which the guide persuaded them to visit, but really there was nothing to see; they lit a match, admired its reflection in the polish, tested the echo and came out again. Aziz was "pretty sure they should come on some interesting old carvings soon," but only meant he wished there were some carvings. His deeper thoughts were about the breakfast. Symptoms of disorganization had appeared as he left the camp. He ran over the menu: an English breakfast, porridge and mutton chops, but some Indian dishes to cause conversation, and pan afterwards. (...)

If his mind was with the breakfast, hers was mainly with her marriage. Simla next week, get rid of Antony, a view of Thibet, tiresome wedding bells, Agra in October, see Mrs. Moore

comfortably off from Bombay—(...) But as she toiled over a rock that resembled an inverted saucer, she thought, “What about love?”

“Do I take you too fast?” enquired Aziz, for she had paused, a doubtful expression on her face. The discovery had come so suddenly that she felt like a mountaineer whose rope had broken. Not to love the man one’s going to marry! Not to find it out till this moment! Not even to have asked oneself the question until now! Something else to think out. Vexed rather than appalled, she stood still. Ought she to break her engagement off? She was inclined to think not—it would cause so much trouble to others; besides, she wasn’t convinced that love is necessary to a successful union. If love is everything, few marriages would survive the honeymoon. “No, I’m all right, thanks,” she said, and, her emotions well under control, resumed the climb, though she felt a bit dashed. Aziz held her hand, the guide adhered to the surface like a lizard and scampered about as if governed by a personal centre of gravity.

“Are you married, Dr. Aziz?” she asked, stopping again, and frowning.

“Yes, indeed, do come and see my wife”

“Thank you,” she said absently. “And have you children?”

“Yes, indeed, three,” he replied in firmer tones.

“Are they a great pleasure to you?”

“Why, naturally, I adore them,” he laughed.

“I suppose so.” What a handsome little Oriental he was, and no doubt his wife and children were beautiful too, for people usually get what they already possess. She did not admire him with any personal warmth, for there was nothing of the vagrant in her blood, but she guessed he might attract women of his own race and rank, and she regretted that neither she nor Ronny had physical charm. It does make a difference in a relationship—beauty, thick hair, a fine skin. Probably this man had several wives—Mohammedans always insist on their full four, according to Mrs. Turton. And having no one else to speak to on that eternal rock, she gave rein to the subject of marriage and said in her honest, decent, inquisitive way: “Have you one wife or more than one?”

The question shocked the young man very much. It challenged a new conviction of his community, and new convictions are more sensitive than old. If she had said, “Do you worship one god or several?” he would not have objected. But to ask an educated Indian Moslem how many wives he has—appalling, hideous! He was in trouble how to conceal his confusion. “One, one in my own particular case,” he sputtered, and let go of her hand. Quite a number of caves were at the top of the track, and thinking, “Damn the English even at their best,” he plunged into one of them to recover his balance. She followed at her leisure, quite unconscious that she had said the wrong thing, and not seeing him, she also went into a cave, thinking with half her mind “sight-seeing bores me,” and wondering with the other half about marriage.

E. M. Forster , *A passage to India Part 2, chapter 15*, 1924

### I Always Hated Holidays

*Bernard Walsh is at the airport, on his way to Hawaii to visit his aunt. There, he meets Sheldrake, who works for Travelwise, a travel organization. Sheldrake is actually specializing in the anthropology of tourism.*



« I always hated holidays, even as a kid. Such a waste of time, sitting on the beach, making sandpies, when you could be at home doing some interesting hobby. Then, when I got engaged, we were both students at the time, my fiancée insisted on dragging me off to Europe to see the sights: Paris, Venice, Florence, the usual things. Bored the pants off me, till one day, sitting on a lump of rock beside the Parthenon, watching the tourists **milling about**, clicking their cameras, talking to each other in umpteen different languages, it suddenly struck me: tourism is the new world religion. Catholics, Protestants, Hindus, Muslims, Buddhists, atheists - the one thing they have in common is they all believe in the importance of seeing the Parthenon. Or the Sistine Chapel, or the Eiffel Tower. I decided to make it my **Ph.D.** subject. Never looked back. No, the Travelwise package is a research **grant** in kind. The British Association of Travel Agent



are paying for it. They think it's good **PR** to subsidize a bit of academic research now and again. Little do they know."

He **grinned mirthlessly** again.

"What d'you mean?"

"I'm doing to tourism what Marx did to capitalism, what Freud did to family life. Deconstructing it. You see, I don't think people really want to go on holiday, any more than they really want to go to church. They've been brainwashed into thinking it will do them good, or make them happy. In fact surveys show that holidays cause incredible amounts of stress."

"These people look cheerful enough," said Bernard, gesturing at the passengers waiting to board the flight to Honolulu. There were now quite a lot of them, as the time of departure neared: mostly Americans, dressed in **garish** casual clothes, some in shorts and sandals as if ready to walk straight off the plane on to the beach. I..J

"An artificial cheerfulness," said Sheldrake. "Fuelled by double martinis in many cases, I wouldn't be surprised. They know how people going on vacation are supposed to behave. They have learned how to do it. Look deep into their eyes and you will see anxiety and **dread**. [...]"

"What exactly are you hoping to achieve with your research?" "To save the world." Sheldrake replied solemnly.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Tourism is **wearing out** the planet. [...] In 1939 a million people travelled abroad, last year it was four hundred million. By the year 2000 there could be six hundred and fifty million international travellers, and five times as many people travelling in their own countries. The **mere** consumption of energy entailed is **stupendous**!."

"My goodness," said Bernard.

"The only way to put a stop to it, short of legislation, is to demonstrate to people that they aren't really enjoying themselves when they go on holiday, but engaging in a superstitious ritual. It's no coincidence that tourism arose just as religion went into decline. It's the new opium of the people, and must be exposed as such."

"Won't you do yourself out of a job, if you're successful?" said Bernard. "I don't think there's any



immediate risk of that," said Sheldrake, surveying the crowded lounge.

David LODGE, Paradise News (1991)

**mill about:** fourmiller - **Ph.D. ['pitetdi:]**: doctorat d'état - **grant:** bourse - **PR [pi:la:]**= *Public Relations* - **grin mirthlessly:** avoir un sourire forcé - **garish:** aux couleurs criardes - **dread:** terreur - **wear out:** épuiser - **mere [ma]:** simple - **stupendous** : colossale.

### **Australia will be different**

*In 1946, Sam Richardson returns from the "forgotten war" in Burma to Wigton, England.*

Since Alex had planned the idea, it seemed obvious and irresistible. Two weeks had passed and every day had strengthened his faith in this dramatic move. He had no doubts. He saw their future as if written in columns of fire. The word "Australia" made his **spirits soar** - there no apprehension, he would be **unbound, unbounded**, the words free and freedom flanked the name of the distant continent and he could not wait to go.

"But I'll never be able to get back."

Ellen's first reaction made him smile. She was wearing the dark blue-buttoned summer dress he liked and, with abs her hair down, she looked much like the near-girl he had married.

"We can save up."

"No. They can never afford to come back. I've heard them talk about it."

"I'm talking about going," Sam kept his voice light. "We can talk about coming back later."

"No. We can't. It's too far, Sam."

"I want it to be far."

"Why? What for?"

Her earnest tone, the stricken look suppressed Sam's optimism. These questions, so simple but full of such force, checked any easy answer. The excitement and plans and union of this conversation, imagined so vividly and so often in the past fortnight, collapsed utterly.

"I want to start again."

"You can start again here."

"No. I've just gone back to much the same thing."

"Well, find something else."

"It'll still be there, won't it? I'll still be the same penned-in' man."

"Who's penning you in?"

"Ellen, whatever I do in Wigton, I'll always be Sam Richardson who left school at fourteen and never got a trade and stuck in a dead-end job and," he struggled to say what he meant without claiming too much for himself, "and that's all I'll ever be. However long I live. However hard I work. I'm sorted out and labelled for life here, don't you see?"

"No." Ellen was curt. "If you don't like your job you can change it. What makes you think you can get a better job in Australia?"

"I'm not going for a better job."

Ellen waited.

"Although," he lifted up the two brochures he had thought they would study together. "There do seem to be much better openings over there."

"That's just to get you to go."

"It may very well be." He paused only for a moment. "But I believe them."

"It's a long way to go to make a mistake."

"It's new, Ellen. Over there they haven't got all this that holds us back. I've talked about it to other lads who are going - they're good lads, they're some of the best lads - and all of us want to get out

and find a better life. There's got to be a better life than what we can have here."

"Why has there to be?"

Sam attempted to stifle his growing frustration. "Look how pinched and cramped we are here." Sam felt a renewal of energy. "There's more rationing than there was in the war. We have to take charity from America – and Australia by the way. Everything is black or grey or clapped-out". Everybody has his place and that's it. There'll always be the haves and the have-nots in England and we'll always be the have-nots."

"What makes you think Australia will be different?"

Because of what I believe, he thought, and need to believe that was the heart of it, but it was too emotional to be spoken aloud.

"I'm sorry." Ellen felt Sam's yearning. The shock of his announcement had been absorbed somewhat and the strained, longing expression on her husband's face made her want to help him.

"I'm sorry," she repeated. "I just... can't."

She was definite. The three syllables went into Sam like nails.

Melvyn BRAGG, *The Soldier's Return* (1999) (abridged)

**spirits:** ici, moral - **soar** [s:]: monter en flèche - **unbound:** libéré - **unbounded:** sans limites - **earnest:** sérieux - **penned-in:** enfermé - **sorted out:** classé - **labelled** ['lɜːblɪd]: catalogué - **lad:** gars - **pinched and cramped:** à l'étroit - **clapped-out:** en ruine.

### A quiet call to America

Father Flood was tall; his accent was a mixture of Irish and American. Nothing he said could convince Eilis's mother that she had known him or his family. His mother, he said, had been a Rochford.

"I don't think I knew her," her mother said. "The only Rochford we knew was old Hatchethead." Father Flood looked at her solemnly. "Hatchethead was my uncle," he said.

"Was he?" her mother asked. Eilis saw how close she was to nervous laughter.

"But of course we didn't call him that," Father Flood said. "His real name was Seamus." "Well, he was very nice," her mother said. "Weren't we awful to call him that?"

Rose poured more tea as Eilis quietly left the room, afraid that if she stayed she would be unable to disguise an urge to begin laughing.

When she returned she realized that Father Flood had heard about her job at Miss Kelly's, had found out about her pay and had expressed shock at how low it was. He inquired about her qualifications. "In the United States," he said, "there would be plenty of work for someone like you and with good pay."

"She thought of going to England," her mother said, "but the boys said to wait, that it wasn't the best time there, and she might only get factory work."

"In Brooklyn, where my **parish** is, there would be office work for someone who was hard-working and educated and honest."

"Ifs very far away, though," her mother said. "That's the only thing."

"Parts of Brooklyn," Father Flood replied, "are just like Ireland. They're full of Irish."

He crossed his legs and sipped his tea from the china cup and said nothing for a while. The silence that descended made it clear to Eilis what the others were thinking. She looked across at her mother, who deliberately, it seemed to her, did not return her glance, but kept her gaze fixed on the floor. Rose, normally so good at moving the conversation along if they had a visitor, also said nothing. She twisted her ring and then her bracelet.

"It would be a great opportunity, especially if you were young," Father Flood said finally.

"It might be very dangerous," her mother said, her eyes still fixed on the floor.

"Not in my parish," Father Flood said. "It's full of lovely people. A lot of life centres round the

parish, even more than in Ireland. And there's work for anyone who's willing to work."

Eilis felt like a child when the doctor would come to the house, her mother listening with cowed respect. It was Rose's silence that was new to her; she looked at her now, wanting her sister to ask a question or make a comment, but Rose appeared to be in a sort of dream. As Eilis watched her, it struck her that she had never seen Rose look so beautiful. And then it occurred to her that she was already feeling that she would need to remember this room, her sister, this scene, as though from a distance. In the silence that had lingered, she realized it had somehow been tacitly arranged that Eilis would go to America. Father Flood, she believed, had been invited to the house because Rose knew that he could arrange it.

Her mother had been so opposed to her going to England that this new realization came to Eilis as a shock. She wondered if she had not taken the job in the shop and had not told them about her weekly humiliation at Miss Kelly's hands, might they have been so ready to let this conversation happen. She regretted having told them so much; she had done so mostly because it had made Rose and her mother laugh, brightened a number of meals that they had had with each other, made eating together nicer and easier than anytime since her father had died and the boys had left. [...]

In the days that followed no mention was made of Father Flood's visit or his raising the possibility of her going to Brooklyn, and it was the silence itself that led Eilis to believe that Rose and her mother had discussed it and were in favour of it. She had never considered going to America. Many she knew had gone to England and often came back at Christmas or in the summer. It was part of the life of the town. Although she knew friends who regularly received presents of dollars or clothes from America, it was always from their aunts and uncles, people who had emigrated long before the war. She could not remember any of these people ever appearing in the town on holidays. It was a long journey across the Atlantic, she knew, at least a week on a ship, and it must be expensive. She had a sense too, she did not know from where, that, while the boys and girls from the town who had gone to England did ordinary work for ordinary money, people who went to America could become rich. She tried to work out how she had come to believe also that, while people from the town who lived in England missed Enniscorthy, no one who went to America missed home. Instead, they were happy there and proud. She wondered if that could be true.

Colm Toibin, Brooklyn, 2009

Parish: name given to the Christian community attached to a church.

### A New Perception

*The narrator is a British man, working as a police officer in Burma.*

One day something happened which in a **roundabout** way was **enlightening**. It was a tiny incident in itself, but it gave me a better glimpse than I had had before of the real nature of imperialism—the real motives for which despotic governments act. Early one morning the sub-inspector at a police station the other end of the town rang me up on the phone and said that an elephant was ravaging the bazaar. Would I please come and do something about it? I did not know what I could do, but I wanted to see what was happening and I got on to a pony and started out. I took my rifle, an old 44 Winchester and much too small to kill an elephant, but I thought the noise might be useful in **terrorem** [...] The Burmese population had no weapons and were quite helpless against it. It had already destroyed somebody's bamboo hut, killed a cow and raided some fruit-stalls and devoured the stock; also it had met the municipal rubbish van and, when the driver jumped out and took to its heels, had turned the van over and inflicted violence upon it. [...]

I had halted on the road. As soon as I saw the elephant, I knew with perfect certainty that I ought not to shoot him. [...] But at that moment I glanced round at the crowd that had followed me. It was an immense crowd, two thousand at the least and growing every minute. It blocked the road for a long distance on either side. I looked at the sea of yellow faces above the **garish** clothes—faces all happy and excited over this bit of fun, all certain that the elephant was going to be shot. They were watching me as they would watch a **conjurer** about to perform a trick. They did not like me, but with the magical rifle in my hands I was momentarily worth watching. And suddenly I realised that I should have to shoot the elephant after all. The people expected it of me and I had got to do it; I could feel their two thousand wills pressing me forward, irresistibly. And it was at this moment, as I stood there with the rifle in my hands, that I first grasped the hollowness, the futility of the white man's dominion in the East. Here was I, the white man with his gun, standing in front of the unarmed native crowd—seemingly the leading actor of the piece; but in reality I was only an absurd puppet pushed to and fro by the will of those yellow faces behind. I perceived in this moment that when the white man turns tyrant it is his own freedom that he destroys. He becomes a sort of hollow, posing **dummy**, the conventionalised figure of a **sahib**. For it is the condition of his rule that he shall spend his life in trying to impress the “natives,” and so in every crisis he has got to do what the “natives” expect of him. He wears a mask, and his face grows to fit it. I had got to shoot the elephant.

George Orwell, *Shooting an Elephant*,  
1936

**roundabout** : indirect - **enlightening** : instructive **terrorem**: Latin expression meaning “by way of intimidation” **garish** : very brightly coloured **conjurer** : magician **dummy** : model - **sahib** : word used in colonial India to address a European man

### **My tongue is divided into two**

By Quique Avilés

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

Anne-Charlotte Legrand – Académie de Versailles – Lycée Alain

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

Quique Avilés, “My tongue is divided into two” from *The Immigrant Museum*. 2017

### Speaking in Tongues



Hello. This voice I speak with these days, this English voice with its rounded vowels and consonants in more or less the right place-this is not the voice of my childhood. I picked it up in college, along with the unabridged Clarissa and a taste for port. Maybe this fact is only what it seems to be – a case of bald social climbing-but at the time, I genuinely thought this was the voice of lettered people, and that if I didn't have the voice of lettered people, I would never truly be lettered. A braver person, perhaps, would have stood firm, teaching her peers a useful lesson by example: not all lettered people need be of the same class, nor speak identically. I went the other way. Partly out of cowardice and a constitutional eagerness to please, but also because I didn't quite see it as a straight swap, of this voice for that. It never occurred to me that I was leaving Willesden for Cambridge. I thought I was adding Cambridge to Willesden, this new way of talking to that old way. Adding a new kind of knowledge to a different kind I already had. For a while, that's how it was: at home, during the holidays, I spoke with my old voice, and in the old voice seemed to feel and speak things that I couldn't express in college, and vice versa. I felt a sort of wonder at the flexibility of the thing. Like being alive twice.

But flexibility is something that requires work if it is to be maintained. Recently my double voice has deserted me for a single one, reflecting the smaller world into which my work has led me. Willesden was a big, colorful, working class sea: Cambridge was a smaller, posher pond, and almost univocal; the literary world is a puddle. This voice I picked up along the way is no longer an exotic garment I put on like a college gown whenever I choose now it is my only voice, whether I want it or not. I regret it; I should have kept both voices alive in my mouth. They were both a part of me, but how the culture warns against it! (...) Voices are meant to be unchanging and singular. There's no quicker way to insult an expat Scotsman in London than to tell him he's lost his accent. We feel that our voices are who we are, and that to have more than one, or to use different versions of a voice for different occasions, represents, at best, a Janus-faced duplicity, and at worst, the loss of our very souls.

Whoever changes their voice takes on, in Britain, a queerly tragic dimension. They have betrayed that puzzling dictum "To thine own self be true" so often quoted approvingly as if it represented the wisdom of Shakespeare rather than the hot air of Polonius. "What's to become of me? What's to become of me?" wails **Eliza Doolittle**, realizing her middling dilemma: a voice too posh for the flower girls and yet too redolent of the gutter for the ladies in Mrs. Higgins' drawing room.

And she leaves like this:

I can't. I could have done it once; but now I can't go back to it. Last night, when I was wandering about, a girl spoke to me; and I tried to get back into the old way with her; but it was no use. You told me, you know, that when a child is brought to a foreign country, it picks up the language in a few weeks, and forgets its own. Well, I am a child in your country. I have forgotten my own language, and I can speak nothing but yours.

**Zadie Smith**, *Changing My Mind*

***Eliza Doolittle** is the main character of the play *Pygmalion* by Bernard Shaw, a flower lady made to talk as a duchess by the best scientist of phonetics, Professor Higgins after a bet he made with his friend Colonel Pickering. The experience exceed expectation as Eliza is made to speak very differently from what she used to.*

### **Australia Is an interesting place**

Australia is, after all, mostly empty and a long way away. Its population, about 19 million, is small by world standards – and its place in the world economy is consequently peripheral; as an economic entity, it is about the same size as Illinois. From time to time it sends us useful things – opals, merino wool, Errol Flynn, the boomerang – but nothing we can't actually do without. Above all, Australia doesn't misbehave.

Australia is the world's sixth largest country and its largest island. It is the only island that is also a continent, and the only continent that is also a country. It was the first continent conquered from the sea, and the last. It is the only nation that began as a prison. It is the home of the largest living thing on earth, the Great Barrier Reef, and of the most famous and striking monolith, Ayers Rock (or Uluru to use its now official, more respectful Aboriginal name).

It has more things that will kill you than anywhere else. Of the world's ten most poisonous snakes, all are Australian. Five of its creatures – the funnel-web spider, box jellyfish, blue-ringed octopus, paralysis tick and stonefish – are the most lethal of their type in the world. This is a country where even the fluffiest of caterpillars can lay you out with a toxic nip, where seashells will not just sting you but actually sometimes go for you. Pick up an innocuous coneshell from a Queensland beach, as innocent tourists are all too wont to do, and you will discover that the little fellow inside is not just astoundingly swift and testy, but exceedingly venomous. If you are not stung or pronged to death in some unexpected manner, you may be fatally chomped by sharks or crocodiles, or carried helplessly out to sea by irresistible currents, or left to stagger to an unhappy death in the baking outback. It's a tough place.

And it is old. For 60 million years, since the formation of the Great Dividing Range, Australia has been all but silent geologically, which has allowed it to preserve many of the oldest things ever found on earth – the most ancient rocks and fossils, the earliest animal tracks and riverbeds, the first faint signs of life itself. At some undetermined point in the great immensity of its past – perhaps 45,000 years ago, perhaps 60,000, but certainly before there were modern humans in the Americas or Europe – it was quietly invaded by a deeply inscrutable people, the Aborigines, who have no clearly evident racial or linguistic kinship to their neighbours in the region, and whose presence in Australia can be explained only by positing that they invented and mastered ocean-going craft at least 30,000 years in advance of anyone else in order to undertake an exodus, then forgot or abandoned nearly all that they had learned and scarcely ever bothered with the open sea again. It is an accomplishment so singular and extraordinary, so uncomfortable with scrutiny, that most histories breeze over it in a paragraph or two, then move on to the second, more explicable invasion – the one that begins with the arrival of Captain James Cook and his doughty little ship HMS Endeavour in Botany Bay in 1770. Never mind that Captain Cook didn't discover Australia and that he wasn't even a captain at the time of his visit. For most people, including most Australians, this is where the story begins.

Eighty per cent of all that lives in Australia, plant and animal, exists nowhere else. More than this, it exists in an abundance that seems incompatible with the harshness of the environment. Australia is the driest, flattest, hottest, most desiccated, infertile and climatically aggressive of all the inhabited continents. (Only Antarctica is more hostile to life.) This is a place so inert that even the soil is, technically speaking, a fossil. And yet it teems with life in numbers uncounted. You take my point again, I'm sure. This is a country that is at once staggeringly empty and yet packed with stuff. Interesting stuff, ancient stuff, stuff not readily explained. Stuff yet to be found. Trust me, this is an interesting place.

Abridged from Bill Bryson, *Down Under*, chapter 1 , 2000

### Meeting Sister Braga

Sister Braga paced the oppressively dark, comfortably stuffy halls of her mission in silent, solitary contemplation. She was dedicated to her duty, to bring faith to these people, if they could be called people; to bring religion, to bring education to these savages. An almost completely thankless



task, a seemingly pointless, useless task. The recipients of her effort seemed totally incapable of appreciating what was being done for them, even going so far as resenting her help. She would persevere, she would fulfil her duty to the best of her ability. They may be out in the middle of nowhere, there may be nobody to see them bar the ubiquitous Natives, but that was no reason to allow decorum to slide.

The walls glowed faintly; an observer would guess rightly that in daylight they were a blinding pure white. The sort of white that hurts your eyes if you are foolish enough to stare at it for too long. There would not be a speck of dirt on the walls, no sand on the floor, no scuffs, nothing to demonstrate that the building was used. An army of hands kept her halls spotless. Her robes, her habit was too thick, too stiff, too warm for this ridiculously hot place, yet to not be dressed in the full dress of her Order was unthinkable.

She would never suffer a lowering of the standards of any of the women under her command, and she was always far harder on herself than she was on them. Her role, her duty was to suffer through discomfort if needs be; her job was to be disciplined, to teach discipline, to bring the Word to the ungodly, so suffer she must. There was no escaping the certainty that she did not belong in this place, it was too hot and too dry and the food – the quickest way to earn her ire, the easiest way to unleash her famous temper was to mention the food.

Certainly, there were local plants and animals that the savages seemed to relish, but surely she could not be expected to actually eat them. Attempts were being made to grow crops from home but they were hampered by the lack of rain and lack of farming expertise. So many people kept arriving: troopers, shopkeepers and merchants, missionaries and thieves. What they needed was just one decent farmer. The food, don't get her started about the food.

Stopping suddenly as if startled, she listened. She could hear the susurrus of voices – no intelligible words, just the faintest of tiny noises like the scurrying of the infernal mice that infested this unliveable hellhole no matter what measures they took to eliminate them. Wrapped in the comfort of her accustomed silence she followed the faint, bare trace of sound, finally tracking it down to the correct door. Talking after lights out, and in that jabber as well – that nonsense the Natives use instead of language. Will the little monsters never learn? She opened the door and slipped through it, she moved so fast she was almost invisible. Two children were kneeling beside their beds whispering. Surely they were newcomers to the mission school if they knew no better. They would soon know, that much was certain. She dragged the little animals by their too thick, too curly hair, chastising them in a constant hissing monotone, ignoring their screamed, unintelligible complaints. They had fallen before she had dragged them through the kitchen courtyard.

The dead weight of the children was no hindrance to Bagra in her fury, they left two uneven runnels in the gravel and dust. At the far side of the dusty red-brown courtyard was a neat line of three sheds. Two of them she opened, the bolts sliding with a snick like a drawing blade, and the windowless doors were yanked ajar. The screech of the doors opening was even louder than the wailing of the children as they were each in turn dumped unceremoniously in a box. They kept wailing after the doors were locked, screaming more of their jabber. She suspected that they were new to the mission but surely someone had told them enough to fear the 'boob' as the Natives called it. Some other little monster would have terrified them with the story. Sister Bagra had never bothered to learn the noises the Natives made instead of speaking; she could not see the point of learning a language so close to extinction. She berated them in hers, totally unconcerned whether or not they could understand her.



### **A lonely Londoner**

*Moses migrated to London from Trinidad 10 years ago. He often meets new arrivals from the Caribbean and helps them when he can with his knowledge of living and working in England.*

"Sometimes I look back at all the years I spend in Brit'n"

Moses say, "and I surprise that so many years gone by. Looking at things in general, life really hard for the boys in London. This is a lonely miserable city, if it was that we didn't s get together now and then to talk about things back home, we would suffer like hell. Here is not like home where you have friends all about. In the beginning you would think that is a good thing, that nobody minding your business, but after a while you want to get in company, you want to go to somebody house and eat a meal, you want to go on excursion to the sea, you want to go and play football and cricket. Nobody in London does really accept you. They tolerate you, yes, but you can't go in their house and eat or sit down and talk. It ain't have no sort of family life for us here. Look at Joseph. He married to a English girl and they have four children, and they living in two rooms in Paddington. He apply to the LCC for a flat, but it look like he would never get one. Now the children big enough to go to school, and what you think? Is big fight everyday because the other children calling him darkie." [...]

The changing of the seasons, the cold slicing winds, the falling leaves, sunlight on green grass, snow on the land, London particular. Oh what it is and where it is and why it is, no one knows, but to have said: "I walked on Waterloo Bridge," "I rendezvoused at Charing Cross," "Piccadilly Circus is my playground," to say these things, to have lived these things, to have lived in the great city of London, centre of the world. To one day lean against the wind walking up Bayswater Road (destination unknown), to see the leaves swirl and dance and spin on the pavement (sight unseeing),

to write a casual letter home beginning: "Last night in 30 Trafalgar Square..." [...]

One night of any night, **liming** on the Embankment near to Chelsea, **he** stand on the bank of the river, watching the lights of the buildings reflected in the water, thinking what he must do, if he should save up money and go back home, if he should try to make it by next year before as he change his mind again.

Sam SELVON, *The Lonely Londoners*, 1956

*LLC : London County Council – liming : hanging around – he : Moses*

### On Seeing England for the First Time

*This essay gives an account of the personal journey and reflection by Caribbean American writer Jamaica Kincaid when she finally sees England for herself.*

When I saw England for the first time, I was a child in school sitting at a desk. The England I was looking at was laid out on a map gently, beautifully, delicately, a very special jewel; it lay on a bed of sky blue - the background of the map - its yellow form mysterious, because though it looked like a leg of mutton, it could not really look like anything so familiar as a leg of mutton because it was England - with shadings of pink and green, unlike any shadings of pink and green I had ever seen before, squiggly veins of red running in every direction. England was a special jewel all right, and only special people got to wear it. The people who got to wear England were English people. They wore it well and they wore it everywhere: in jungles, in deserts, on plains, on the top of the highest mountains, on all the oceans, on all the seas, in places where they were not welcome, in places they should not have been. When my teacher had pinned this map up on the blackboard, she said, 'This is England' - and she said it with authority, seriousness, and adoration, and we all sat up. [...] And so finally, when I was a grown-up woman, the mother of two children, the wife of someone, [...] finally then, I saw England, the real England, not a picture, not a painting, not through a story in a book, but England, for the first time. In me, the space between the idea of it and its reality had become filled with hatred, and so when at last I saw it I wanted to take it into my hands and tear it into little pieces and only indulge in not-favorable opinions.

There were monuments everywhere; they commemorated victories, battles fought between them and the people who lived across the sea from them, all vile people, fought over which of them would have dominion over the people who looked like me. The monuments were useless now, people sat on them and ate their lunch. They were like markers on an old useless trail, like a piece of old string tied to a finger to jog the memory, like old decoration in an old house, dirty, useless, in the way. Their skins were so pale, it made them look so fragile, so weak, so ugly. What if I had the power to simply banish them from their land, send boat after boatload of them on a voyage that in fact had no destination, forced them to live in a place where the sun's presence was a constant? This would rid them of their pale complexion and make them more like me, make them look more like the people I love and treasure and hold dear, more like the people who occupy the near and far reaches of my imagination, my history, my geography, and reduce them to everything they have ever known to figurines as evidence that I was in divine favour, what if all this was in my power? Could I resist? No one ever has. And they were rude, they were rude to each other. They didn't like each other very much. They didn't like each other in the way they didn't like me, and it occurred to me that their dislike for me was one of the few things they agreed on.

I was on the train in England with a friend, an English woman. Before we were in England she liked me very much. In England she didn't like me at all. She didn't like the claim I said I had on England, she didn't like the views I had of England. I didn't like England, she didn't like England,

but didn't like me not liking it too. She said 'I want to show you my England. I want to show the England that I know and love.' I had told her many times before that I knew England and I didn't want to love it anyway. She no longer lived in England; it was her own country, but it had not been kind to her, so she left. On the train, the conductor was rude to her; she asked something, and he responded in a rude way. She became ashamed. She was ashamed at the way he treated her; she was ashamed at the way he behaved. 'This is the new England,' she said.

*Jamaica Kincaid, On Seeing England for the First Time, 1991*

### **DST looking accross the sea**

*Grandbois, Barbados, late 1830s. Antoinette Cosway, a white Creole woman born in Jamaica, is disillusioned with her recent marriage to Englishman Edward Rochester. Antoinette confides in Christophine, her childhood nurse and lifelong family servant.*

"When must I go, where must go I go?"

"But look me trouble, a rich white girl like you and more foolish than the rest. A man don't treat you good, pick up your skirt and walk out. Do it and he come after you." "He will not come after me. And you must understand I am not rich now, I have no 5 money of my own at all, everything I had belongs to him."

"What you tell me there?" she said sharply.

"That is English law."

"Law! The Mason boy' fix it, that boy worse than Satan and he burn in Hell one of these fine nights. Listen to me now and I advise you what to do. Tell your husband you feeling sick, you want to visit your cousin in Martinique. Ask him pretty for some of your own money, the man not bad-hearted, he give it. When you get away, stay away. Ask more. He give again and well satisfy. In the end he come to find out what you do, how you get on without him and if he see you fat and happy he want you back. Men like that. Better not stay in that old house. Go from that house, I tell you."

"You think I must leave him?"

"You ask me so I answer."

"Yes," I said. "After all I could, but why should I go to Martinique? I wish to see England, I might be able to borrow money for that. Not from him but I know how I might get it. I must travel far, if I go."

I have been too unhappy, I thought, it cannot last, being so unhappy, it would kill you. I will be a different person when I live in England and different things will happen to me... England, rosy pink in the geography book map, but on the page opposite the words are closely crowded, heavy looking. Exports, coal, iron, wool. Then Imports and Character of Inhabitants. Names, Essex, Chelmsford on the Chelmer. [...] Cool green leaves in the short cool summer. Summer. There are fields of corn like sugar-cane fields, but gold colour and not so tall. After summer the trees are bare, then winter and snow. White feathers falling? Torn pieces of paper falling? They say frost makes flower patterns on the window panes.

I must know more than I know already. For I know that house where I will be cold and not belonging, the bed I shall lie in has red curtains

and I have slept there many times before, long ago. How long ago? In that bed I will dream the end of my dream. But my dream has nothing to do with England and I must not think like this. I must remember about chandeliers and dancing, about swans and roses and snow. And snow.

"England," said Christophine, who was watching me. "You think there is such a place?"

### **Visting Antigua**

If you go to Antigua as a tourist, this is what you will see. If you come by aeroplane, you will land at the V. C. Bird International Airport. Vere Cornwall (V. C.) Bird is the Prime Minister of Antigua. You may be the sort of tourist who would wonder why a Prime Minister would want an airport named after him--why not a school, why not a hospital, why not some great public monument? You are a tourist and you have not yet seen a school in Antigua, you have not yet seen the hospital in Antigua, you have not yet seen a public monument in Antigua. As your plane descends to land, you might say, What a beautiful island Antigua is--more beautiful than any of the other islands you have seen, and they were very beautiful, in their way, but they were much too green, much too lush with vegetation, which indicated to you, the tourist, that they got quite a bit of rainfall, and rain is the very thing that you, just now, do not want, for you are thinking of the hard and cold and dark and long days you spent working in North America (or, worse, Europe), earning some money so that you could stay in this place (Antigua) where the sun always shines and where the climate is deliciously hot and dry for the four to ten days you are going to be staying there; and since you are on your holiday, since you are a tourist, the thought of what it might be like for someone who had to live day in, day out in a place that suffers constantly from drought, and so has to watch carefully every drop of fresh water used (while at the same time surrounded by a sea and an ocean--the Caribbean Sea on one side, the Atlantic Ocean on the other), must never cross your mind.

You disembark from your plane. You go through customs. Since you are a tourist, a North American or European--to be frank, white--and not an Antiguan black returning to Antigua from Europe or North America with cardboard boxes of much needed cheap clothes and food for relatives, you move through customs swiftly, you move through customs with ease. Your bags are not searched. You emerge from customs into the hot, clean air: immediately you feel cleansed, immediately you feel blessed (which is to say special); you feel free. You see a man, a taxi driver; you ask him to take you to your destination; he quotes you a price. You immediately think that the price is in the local currency, for you are a tourist and you are familiar with these things (rates of exchange) and you feel even more free, for things seem so cheap, but then your driver ends by saying, "In U.S. currency." You may say, "Hmmm, do you have a formal sheet that lists official prices and destinations?" Your driver obeys the law and shows you the sheet, and he apologises for the incredible mistake he has made in quoting you a price off the top of his head which is so vastly different (favouring him) from the one listed.

You are driven to your hotel by this taxi driver in his taxi, a brand-new Japanese-made vehicle. The road on which you are travelling is a very bad road, very much in need of repair. You are feeling wonderful, so you say, "Oh, what a marvellous change these bad roads are from the splendid highways I am used to in North America." (Or, worse, Europe.) Your driver is reckless; he is a dangerous man who drives in the middle of the road when he thinks no other cars are coming in the opposite direction, passes other cars on blind curves that run uphill, drives at sixty miles an hour on narrow, curving roads when the road sign, a rusting, beat-up thing left over from colonial days, says 40 MPH.

This might frighten you (you are on your holiday; you are a tourist); this might excite you (you are on your holiday; you are a tourist), though if you are from New York and take taxis you are used to this style of driving: most of the taxi drivers in New York are from places in the world like this. You are looking out the window (because you want to get your money's worth); you notice that all the cars you see are brand-new, or almost brand-new, and that they are all Japanese-made. There are no American cars in Antigua--no new ones, at any rate; none that were manufactured in the last ten

years. You continue to look at the cars and you say to yourself, Why, they look brand-new, but they have an awful sound, like an old car--a very old, dilapidated car. How to account for that? Well, possibly it's because they use leaded gasoline in these brand-new cars whose engines were built to use non-leaded gasoline, but you musn't ask the person driving the car if this is so, because he or she has never heard of unleaded gasoline. You look closely at the car; you see that it's a model of a Japanese car that you might hesitate to buy; it's a model that's very expensive; it's a model that's quite impractical for a person who has to work as hard as you do and who watches every penny you earn so that you can afford this holiday you are on. How do they afford such a car? And do they live in a luxurious house to match such a car? Well, no. You will be surprised, then, to see that most likely the person driving this brand-new car filled with the wrong gas lives in a house that, in comparison, is far beneath the status of the car (...)

Oh, but you are on holiday and the sight of these brand-new cars driven by people who may or may not have really passed their driving test (there was once a scandal about driving licences for sale) would not really stir up these thoughts in you. You pass a building sitting in a sea of dust and you think, It's some latrines for people just passing by, but when you look again you see the building has written on it PIGOTT'S SCHOOL. You pass the hospital, the Holberton Hospital, and how wrong you are not to think about this, for though you are a tourist on your holiday, what if your heart should miss a few beats? What if a blood vessel in your neck should break? What if one of those people driving those brand-new cars filled with the wrong gas fails to pass safely while going uphill on a curve and you are in the car going in the opposite direction? Will you be comforted to know that the hospital is staffed with doctors that no actual Antiguan trusts; that Antiguan always say about the doctors, "I don't want them near me"; that Antiguan refer to them not as doctors but as "the three men" (there are three of them); that when the Minister of Health himself doesn't feel well he takes the first plane to New York to see a real doctor; that if any one of the ministers in government needs medical care he flies to New York to get it?

A Small Place by *Jamaica Kincaid*, 2000



Abdul Karim was painted in cream, red and gold by the Austrian artist. The portrait showed a handsome young man in a reflective mood, holding a book in his hand. He

looked more like a **nawab** than a servant. The artist seemed to have captured the Queen's romantic vision of the subject. I learned later that Queen Victoria had loved the painting so much she had copied it herself.

Along the Indian corridor of **Osborne House** were portraits of Indian craftsmen, specially commissioned by the Queen. **Weavers, blacksmiths** and musicians stared back from the walls, 10 all meticulously painted so the Queen could **glimpse** the ordinary people of India. The striking life-size portrait of Maharajah Duleep Singh painted by Winterhalter stood out amongst the canvases. It captured the Queen's fascination for the young boy who had presented her with the Koh-i-Noor - one of the world's largest diamonds and still a part of the Crown Jewels - when the British had defeated the Sikhs and annexed the Punjab after the Second Anglo-Sikh War in 1849.

The Durbar Room, restored by English Heritage to mark the centenary of the Queen's death, had its own revelations. The room spoke to me of the Queen's love for India, the country she knew she could never visit, but which fascinated and intrigued her. If the Queen could not travel to India, then she would bring India to Osborne. The marble ceiling, the intricate carvings, the balconies with their Indian-style jali work were the Queen's Indian haven. Here she sat as Empress of that faraway land to sense its atmosphere. Fittingly, it was at her beloved Osborne, with its collection of Indian antiquities, that she had died. Was her love for Abdul an extension of her love for India and the Empire, her way of touching the Jewel in the Crown?

Shrabani BASU, *Victoria and Abdul*, 2010

nawab : nabab - Osborne House : a former royal residence on the Isle of Wight-  
Weavers : *tisserands* - blacksmiths *forgerons* – glimpse : *avoir un aperçu de*

### Back from America

*Eilis comes back to Ireland after learning about her sister's death, a (secretly) married woman.*

The house itself did not seem strange; Eilis noted only its solid, familiar aura, the lingering smell of cooked food, the shadows, the sense of her mother's vivid presence. But nothing had prepared her for the quietness of Rose's bedroom and she felt almost nothing as she stood looking at it. (...)

As they ate breakfast Eilis wished she could think of something more to say but it was hard to speak since her mother seemed to have prepared in advance every word that she said.

By the time she managed to say that she was tired and would need to lie down for a while, her mother had not asked her one question about her time in America, or even her trip home. Just as her mother seemed to have prepared things to say and show to her, Eilis had been planning how this first day would go. She had planned to give an account of how much more smooth the crossing from New York to Cobh had been than her first voyage from Liverpool, and how much she had enjoyed sitting up on deck taking in the sun. She had planned also to show her mother the letter from Brooklyn College telling her that she had passed her exams and would, in time, be sent a certificate to say that she was a qualified bookkeeper. She had also bought her mother a cardigan and scarf and some stockings, but her mother had almost absent-mindedly left them aside, saying that she would open them later.

Eilis loved closing the door of her old room and drawing the curtains. She had put no thought into what it would be like to come home because she had expected that it would be easy; she had longed so much for the familiarity of these rooms that she had presumed she would be happy and relieved to step back into them, but, instead, on this first morning, all she could do was count the days before she went back. This made her feel strange and guilty; she curled up in the bed and closed her eyes



in the hope that she might sleep.

Her mother woke her saying it was almost teatime. She had slept, she guessed, for almost six hours and wanted nothing more than to go back to sleep. Her mother told her that there was hot water in case she wanted a bath. (...)

When she came back into the kitchen, having had her bath and put on the fresh clothes, her mother looked her up and down in vague disapproval. It struck Eilis that maybe the colours she was wearing were too bright, but she did not have any darker colours.

They sat at the dining-room table going through all the letters of condolence and mass cards they had received in the weeks after Rose died. (...) As her mother read out lists of people, Eilis was almost inclined to giggle at names she had not heard of, or thought of, during her time in America. When her mother mentioned an old woman who lived down near the Folly, Eilis could not resist speaking. "God, is she still going?" (...)

For the next few days as she moved around the town, and on Sunday, when she went to eleven o'clock mass with her mother, people commented on Eilis's beautiful clothes, her sophisticated hairstyle and her suntan. She tried to make plans to see Annette or Nancy either together or separately every day, telling her mother in advance what she intended to do. On the following Wednesday, when she told her mother that, if it was fine, she was going the next day in the early afternoon to Curracloe with George Sheridan and Nancy and Annette, her mother demanded that she cancel her outing that evening and begin the task of going through Rose's belongings, deciding what to keep and what to give away.

They took out the clothes hanging in the wardrobe and put them on the bed. Eilis wanted to make clear that she did not need any of her sister's clothes and that it would be best to give away everything to a charity. But her mother was already setting aside Rose's winter coat, so recently acquired, and a number of frocks that she said could easily be altered to fit Eilis.

"I won't have much room in my suitcase," Eilis said, "and the coat is lovely but the colour is too dark for me."

Her mother, still busy sorting the clothes, pretended that she had not heard her.

"What we'll do is we'll take the frocks and the coat to the dressmaker's in the morning and they'll look different when they are the proper size, when they match your new American figure."

*Back from America Colm Toibin, Brooklyn, 2009*

## Idée DST :

### The Songlines

*Bruce, the narrator of this story, is touring Australia to try to learn more about Aboriginal culture. He is now in the Alice Springs area, in Mrs Lacey's Desert Bookstore, where a couple of American tourists are buying souvenirs. Stan is a **Pintupi** elder and artist who has come to sell one of his paintings.*

Mrs Lacey switched to her second pair of glasses and said: "What you got here, Stan?"

"**Honey-ant**," he whispered in a hoarse voice.

"The honey-ant", she turned to the Americans, "is one of the **totems** at Popanji. This painting's a honey-ant **Dreaming**."

"I think it's beautiful", said the American woman thoughtfully. We could buy it."

"Now, dearest," said the husband in an effort to calm her. "First we have to ascertain if this honey-ant painting is for sale. And if so, how much?"

Mrs Lacey fluttered her eyelashes and said, harshly, "I couldn't say. You'll have to ask the artist."

Stan rolled the whites of his eyes to the ceiling and rustled his lips. Obviously, he was thinking

of a price – the price he'd get from Mrs Lacey-and doubling it. [...] He then lowered his head and said, "Four hundred fifty."

"Australian dollars," Mrs Lacey chipped in.

"Fair enough," said the man, looking rather relieved. [...] "But now I want to know what's going on. In the painting I mean."

I crept up behind the Americans and watched Old Stan point his bony finger at the large blue circle on the canvas.

It was the Eternal Home, he explained, of the Honey-ant Ancestor at Tatata. And suddenly it was as though we could see the row on row of honey- ants, their bodies striped and gleaming, bursting with nectar in their cells beneath the roots of a mulga tree. We saw the ring of flame-red earth around the entrance to their nest, and the routes of their migration as they spread to other places.

"The circles," Mrs Lacey added helpfully, "are honey-ant ceremonial centres. The 'tubes', as you call them, are Dreaming-tracks."

The American man was captivated. "And can we go and look for these Dreaming tracks? Out there, I mean? Like the Ayer's Rock? Some place like that?"

"They can," she said. "You can't."

"You mean they're invisible?"

"To you. Not to them."

"Then, where are they?"

"Everywhere," she said, "For all I know there's a Dreaming track running right through the middle of my shop."

"Spooky," the wife giggled.

"And only they can see it?"

"Or sing it," Mrs Lacey said. "You can't have a track without a song."

"And these tracks run every place?" the man asked. "All over Australia?"

"Yes," said Mrs Lacey, sighing with satisfaction at having found a catchy phrase. "The song and the land are one."

Bruce Chatwin, *The Songlines* (1986)

**Songlines** : tracks/lines the mythical Ancestors followed as they sang the world into creation

**Pintupi** : an Australian Aboriginal group

**Honey-ants** Honey ants look like small crawling honey pots.

**Totem** an animal or a plant which is the emblem of a clan and sometimes revered as its ancestor

**"Dreaming" or "Dreamtime" is the Aborigenes' mythical time when the Ancestors walked across the land to create life.**

### Going to Britain

*Originally a series of radio broadcasts, this pamphlet was primarily written by Caribbean men who were already living in London.*

#### The People around You

From the time you start to live in England it is as if a sea of white faces is always around you. Don't forget this is no small island. In London alone there are more than eight million people living. [...]

#### You are the Stranger

However, your greater problem will be getting along with your white neighbours. One thing you

must always keep in mind is that their knowledge of your country is much less than your knowledge of theirs. [...] There are some parts of England where the sight of a coloured man is still an uncommon thing. [...] Children especially can be very curious about your colour. A child may point you out to its mother and exclaim: 'Look at that black man, mummy!'

### **No Offence Meant'**

Don't take offence at things like these. If in the house where you live, you see one or two of them whispering and pointing to you, it may well be that they are wondering why you wear your hat with the brim<sup>2</sup> turned up all around, for instance: it doesn't have to mean they are making fun of you. You may be surprised at some of the questions they may ask you, and you might feel that they are insulting you on the sly<sup>3</sup>, but it is only their ignorance of you and your country. I know a Barbadian who was asked, in all seriousness, if the people in his country lived in houses or if they lived in the jungle, and also, if he had ever worn clothes before he came to England.

### **Politeness is the Key**

The way how people live here, you can be in the same house for years and never share a word with the other tenants". Respect that privacy. [...] They don't stand up on the doorstep gossiping, or form a crowd on the pavement to talk about the latest ballad. I notice some West Indians still have that habit and I can tell you it isn't one that English people like. What they like is politeness.

## ***Going to Britain?, BBC Caribbean Service, 1959***

### **Once Were Warriors**

And he was talking in English, tellin em all gathered at his feet, his constantly moving feet, that their inheritance was their past and without the past they were nothing and, why, indeed, they had been nothing till he and his tribal elders and helpers and committee members came along at the request of this woman here, Beth, who used to be a Ransfield when she belonged to us. Hadn't been for not so much us but what we bring, the knowledge the knowledge of your great history, your illustrious ancestors, then you lot, boy, I have to tell you fullas and you girls and women (and there woulda been a hundred, oh, over a hundred ofem gathered there on the front adjoining lawns of Numbers 27 and 27B Rimu Street) you lot were gonna kill yourselves. Tapping his heart area, the paramount chief, Te Tupaea, and then his forehead. Dead in your heart, so dead in your minds. So.

He breathed out a long sigh and the people they shifted position and tried to make out it wasn't freezing but it was hard, boy was it hard; just as he, this great chief come amongst them, was hard. And some lit cigarettes and the smoke got instantly snatched by the chill wind but still no one got up and moved off to warmer parts, not even the kids, the unwanteds whose needs'd got one woman starting all this; they just sat there. And listened as history flowed down on them from above.

He told them of great acts of chivalry during the warring with the first white men: of warriors that's Maori warriors slipping out into the battlefield at night to tend to the wounded enemy, giving the enemy food, drink, even touches of comfort. And the gathering going, Wow, far out, but why? And the chief's eyes with that fighting fire in them saying: So the enemy might have more strength to continue the battle in the morning. And the crowd went, Ooooh! Smiling all over. Thinking: But we never knew that.

No one taught us this at school. They taught us their history: English history. They forced us to learn, off by heart, dates and names of great Englishmen and battles fought in a country none of us have ever been to nor are likely to go. And they gave us no marks in our exams when we couldn't remember these dates and funny names and strange-sounding places, and they never understood that to remember things of knowledge ya have to have fire in your belly for it, like the great chief there, or just ordinary passion of wanting to remember it because it, well, it's about yourself, historical knowledge most easily remembered.

And the chief putting into words their vague thoughts, giving their minds a shape they could visualise: We fought em at every turn. We never gave up. They came to this land with their queen and kings, and we, the Maori, set up our own king in defiance of them. YOU HEAR THIS? And the crowd roared, YESSSSS!!

And when they knew we would never give up they signed a treaty with us. The Treaty of Waitangi. You all heard of that? YESSSSS!! You all know what it was? Individuals answering they thought it was an agreement between two peoples to share the land, its resources. As equals! their fiery chief exclaiming.

A contract! IT WAS A CONTRACT. Then silence.

And just the coughs and sighs and rustle of movement.

Te Tupaea just stood there, legs astride, fists on suited sides. A contract... Whispering it, so the ones at the back had to ask what'd he say, and then their whispering dying down. And Te Tupaea again whispering: Which - theybroke.

Suddenly he was bursting into a roaring cry signifying the start of a haka. And so a line-up of older males behind him stood. Like a row of fierce-faced guards. And they danced. The dance of war. The expression of anguish. A dozen, no more, thundering voices led by their chief. A dozen chest-slapping, thigh-slapping, elbow-slapping, arm-out-thrusting, arm-dancing, feet-stomping Suddenly he was bursting into a roaring cry signifying the start of a haka. And so a line-up of older males behind him stood. Like a row of fierce-faced guards. And they danced. The dance of war. The expression of anguish. A dozen, no more, thundering voices led by their chief. A dozen chest-slapping, thigh-slapping, elbow-slapping, arm-out-thrusting, arm-dancing, feet-stomping warriors from yore. And this man in a suit and a carved walking stick dancing back and forth across their front, twirling his tokotoko this way and that. Gold fob watch flying. Spit flying. And joined by four women, who launched themselves into it with even greater ferocity than the men.

**Alan Duff, *Once were Warriors*, except from chapter 16, 1986**