

ELE 07

Ministère de l'Education Nationale

CAPES EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS

CAFEP EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS

SESSION 2005

ÉPREUVE EN LANGUE ÉTRANGÈRE

Consigne

Dans le cadre de votre épreuve, vous procéderez :

- à la présentation, à l'étude et à la mise en relation des trois documents proposés
(en anglais)
- à l'explication des trois faits de langue soulignés dans le document
(en français)
- à la restitution du document sonore que le jury vous proposera
(en français)

Document B

I had heard marvelous things of this people. In some things we despised them; in others we regarded them as *wakan* (mysterious), a race whose power bordered on the supernatural. I learned that they had made a 'fireboat'. I could not understand how they could unite two elements which cannot exist together. I thought the water would put out the fire, and the fire
5 would consume the boat if it had the shadow of a chance. This was to me a preposterous thing! But when I was told that the Big Knives had created a 'fire-boat-walks-on-mountains' (a locomotive) it was too much to believe...

I had seen guns and various other things brought to us by the French Canadians, so that I had already some notion of the supernatural gifts of the white man; but I had never before
10 heard such tales as I listened to that morning. It was said that they had bridged the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, and that they had made immense houses of stone and brick, piled on top of one another until they were as high as high hills. My brain was puzzled with these things for many a day. Finally I asked my uncle why the Great Mystery gave such power to the *Washichu* (the rich) – sometimes we called them by this name – and not to us Dakotas [Sioux]. "For the same
15 reason," he answered, "that he gave to Duta the skill to make fine bows and arrows, and to Wachesne no skill to make anything."

"And why do the Big Knives increase so much more in numbers than the Dakotas?" I continued.

"It has been said, and I think it must be true, that they have larger families than we do. I
20 went into the house of an *Eashicha* (a German), and I counted no less than nine children. The eldest of them could not have been over fifteen. When my grandfather first visited them, down at the mouth of the Mississippi, they were comparatively few; later my father visited their Great Father at Washington, and they had already spread over the whole country.

"Certainly they are a heartless nation. They have made some of their people servants –
25 yes slaves! We have never believed in keeping slaves, but it seems that these *Washichu* do! It is our belief that they painted their servants black a long time ago, to tell them from the rest, and now the slaves have children born to them of the same color!

"The greatest object of their lives seems to be to acquire possessions – to be rich. They desire to possess the whole world. For thirty years they were trying to entice us to sell them our
30 land. Finally the outbreak [Minnesota, 1862]¹ gave them all, and we have been driven away from our beautiful country.

"They are a wonderful people. They have divided the day into hours, like the moons of the year. In fact, they measure everything. Not one of them would let so much as a turnip go from his field unless he received full value for it. I understand that their great men make a feast and
35 invite many, but when the feast is over the guests are required to pay for what they have eaten before leaving the house. I myself saw at White Cliff (the name given to St. Paul, Minnesota) a man who kept a brass drum and a bell to call people to his table; but when he got them in he would make them pay for the food!

"I am also informed," said my uncle, "but this I hardly believe, that their Great Chief
40 (President) compels every man to pay him for the land he lives upon and all his personal goods – even for his own existence – every year!" (This was his idea of taxation.) "I am sure we could not

live under such a law...

“In war they have leaders and war-chiefs of different grades. The common warriors are driven forward like a herd of antelopes to face the foe. It is on account of this manner of fighting –
45 from compulsion and not from personal bravery – that we count no *coup* on them. A lone warrior can do much harm to a large army of them in a bad country.”

It was this talk with my uncle that gave me my first clear idea of the white man.

Charles Alexander Eastman², Santee Sioux, in *Indian Boyhood*, 1902

1/ In 1862 the eastern Sioux Indians, the Santee of Minnesota, rose up against white settlers, killing some 800 men, women, and children within a month. American retaliation was swift, and Charles Alexander Eastman, then four years old, was among the Santee refugees who fled to Canada for sanctuary.

2/ Born with the Indian name ‘the Pitiful Last’, but later called Ohiyesa (‘the Winner’), Charles Alexander Eastman did not see a white person until he was sixteen. Later, he attended Dartmouth College and, in 1890, he earned his medical degree from Boston University.

Document C

A POUCH BY THE HIGHWAY

Shortly after Bill Clinton won the presidential election, a delegation of Navajo Indians came to Little Rock and presented him with one of their tribe’s famous blankets. He thanked them warmly. And that, if the record of his predecessors is a guide, is as close as the next president will come to thinking about Indian affairs. Although the numbers of those who describe themselves as
5 Indians is increasing – 1.9 million in the 1990 census, compared with fewer than half that number in 1970 – Indian matters rarely impinge on national politics.

They should. The economic and social plight of Indians is, by and large, awful. Although more live in cities than on reservations, and some reservations handle their affairs much better than others, the worst of the Indian experience is so horrible that unwary visitors may forget that
10 they are in a developed country.

Perhaps the best-known example of such horrors is the Pine Ridge reservation of the Oglala Sioux in South Dakota. Pine Ridge looms large in modern Indian history; it was the site both of the massacre of ghost-dancers at Wounded Knee in 1890, and of the murder of two FBI agents in 1975, for which Leonard Peltier, an activist in the American Indian movement (AIM),
15 was later convicted. Two films have been made about that incident, and the most recent of Mr Peltier’s appeals is now before a federal court in Minnesota.

Most of the reservation, where more than 20,000 people live, sits within Shannon county, by any measure the poorest in the country. Unemployment on reservations is not easy to estimate; but nobody thinks it is less than 50% in Pine Ridge, and such jobs as there are tend to
20 be with the tribal and federal government. Housing is scarce and flimsy; many homes have no indoor toilets. Suicide rates are twice the national average, as are deaths from influenza and

pneumonia. Infant-mortality and murder rates run at three times the national average, and deaths from alcoholism are ten times as high. Almost everyone on the reservation has a story of alcoholism in the family; crude crosses and traditional tobacco pouches dot the highways. There is no bank, no clothes shop, no pharmacy. In the town of Pine Ridge, the closest thing to a restaurant is a small taco stand.

It is easy to conclude that nothing works. According to tribal officials, virtually every loan for a new business has failed to create new jobs; investors from outside leave almost as soon as they arrive. Agriculture has fared no better than industry. Although the reservation is dotted with neat smallholdings under wheat or potato, most of these are farmed by white tenants whose Indian landlord lives in a shack in town.

Tourism might be an answer; Pine Ridge has some of the most beautiful country in the northern plains. But tourist development is bedevilled by tribal infighting. The National Park service would like to work with the tribe to clean up the site of the Wounded Knee massacre which is marked, at present, by a shabby cemetery and a pock-marked sign. But Indian traditionalists, worried that the Park Service might want to sanitise the story of the massacre and take control of the site, oppose any change.

They also oppose, with more reason, the tribe's plan to build a casino where the reservation touches the interstate highway. Legal gambling, which is a matter for tribal rather than state law, has transformed the finances of many tribes; but the traditionalists argue that they could not imagine a casino without a drink licence, and that more opportunities to drink liquor are the last thing which is needed in Pine Ridge.

John Yellow Bird Steele, the chairman of the tribal council, knows what he wants – a new east-west road across the reservation, better telecommunications (a cry of all high-plains communities), new sewage systems – in other words, the infrastructure without which business cannot thrive. He no longer thinks that economic development can be handed to tribes by the federal government or by firms bribed into the reservation by grants and loans. Along with a growing number of Indians and sympathetic free-market economists, he insists that Indians have to do things for themselves. In the words of a recent economic paper on Indian economies, “Economy follows sovereignty”: give Indians control of their own affairs, and they may use that control to develop economically.

But the operative word is ‘may’. Tribes vary hugely in their ability to make the most of their resources. Stephen Cornell of the University of California at San Diego and Joseph Kalt of Harvard have calculated that the Crow tribe in Montana earns an annual return of 0.01% on its \$27 billion of tribal assets. The White Mountain Apache tribe in Arizona, by contrast, operates nine tribal businesses, including a ski resort with revenues of \$9m a year and one of the most productive sawmills anywhere in the western states.

Traditionally, the Oglala Sioux have been thought of as a ‘difficult’ tribe: more like the Crow than the Apache. Yet even in Pine Ridge there are a few signs of hope. Opposite the tribal offices is a brand-new filling station and convenience store, busy and (rarely for Pine Ridge) clean and tidy. One tribal clerk, an AIM warrior in the 1970s, says that when he was hitch-hiking recently (cars are a rarity, and public transport non-existent), a man he had shot at years before actually picked him up.

Ted Means, the brother of Russell Means, a national leader of the AIM, now runs a neat,

65 privately financed health clinic on the reservation. He thinks that the old Sioux divisions and intransigence may be waning. "We are a great people for dying," says Mr Means. "Our battle cry is 'It's a great day to die.' But you can't live for ever off the legends of Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull. We have to make our own legends now." He is trying.

The Economist, December 19th, 1992

Document A (Ph. Dennis Stock / Magnum)



Note: In the album showing his work, the photographer chose to present these two pictures exactly as they are here, i.e. facing each other.