

Shine Brighter 2de

File 5 Indian families

Extrait p.53 – Roman *The Namesake*

Ghosh, an Indian businessman, and Ashoke, a young Indian student, meet on a train in India.

Ghosh extended his arm out the windows, flicking the glowing tip of his cigarette into the night. "Not this world," he said, glancing¹ disappointedly about the interior of the train. He tilted his head towards the window. "England. America," he said, as if the nameless villages they passed had been replaced by those countries. "Have you considered going there?"

"My professors mention it from time to time. But I have a family," Ashoke said.

Ghosh frowned². "Already married?"

"No. A mother and a father and six siblings. I am the eldest."

"And in a few years you will be married and living in your parents' house," Ghosh speculated.

"I suppose."

Ghosh shook his head. "You are still young. Free," he said, spreading his hands apart for emphasis. "Do yourself a favor. Before it's too late, without thinking too much about it first, pack a pillow and a blanket and see as much of the world as you can. You will not regret it. One day it will be too late."

"My grandfather always says that's what books are for," Ashoke said, using the opportunity to open the volume in his hands. "To travel without moving an inch."

Jhumpa Lahiri, *The Namesake*, 2003

1. look 2. *froncer les sourcils*

Extrait p. 55 : article de Sanya Jain, *hindustantimes.com*

U.S. former Vice President Kamala Harris remembered her Indian grandparents and her childhood visits to India on the occasion of National Grandparents Day.

The Democratic Party presidential candidate shared a throwback¹ photograph that shows her with her grandparents, PV Gopalan and Rajam Gopalan, as she remembered the conversations she had with her grandfather.

"As a young girl visiting my grandparents in India, my grandfather took me on his morning walks, where he would discuss the importance of fighting for equality and fighting corruption. He was a retired civil servant who had been part of the movement to win India's independence," claimed Kamala Harris. PV Gopalan had joined the Imperial Secretariat Service during British rule in India. [...]

"My grandmother traveled across India—bullhorn² in hand—to speak with women about accessing birth control," Harris, 59, added, crediting her grandparents for instilling in her a love for public service.

Sanya Jain, *hindustantimes.com*, 2024

1. old 2. *porte-voix*

Bollywood–It Brings the Indian-American Family Together

Once my mom walked into my freshman dorm room during Parents Weekend, a sense of comfort accompanied me for the first time in weeks. I hadn't seen my parents in a month, and that was the longest I had ever been without them. So, naturally, I suggested we do the one thing we always did together as a family. "Let's go watch a Bollywood movie." We left campus, and drove 45 minutes away to a theatre that was showing a two-hour Hindi movie. And in those two hours, I felt at home for the first time in ages. But that is what a Bollywood movie does! It connects me with my parents and my Indian culture in such a unique manner. [...]

It creates a tradition where everyone, whether they're 6 or 60, sits down and just has some great entertainment. Furthermore, these movies (which are usually set in India) provide a great reference to see the type of culture my parents (and other Indian-American parents) grew up in. It provides great context about personality and lifestyle which helps bridge the gap between Indian-American kids and their parents.

Gaurav S. Majmudar, Huffpost.com, 2016

1. 1st-year student at university

Extrait p. 27 – Roman “*Dancing in the Family: An Unconventional Memoir of Three Women*”

The life of a dancer—as I learned from my grandmother— isn't always adoring audiences, standing ovations or beautiful garlands of flowers. In my own dance incarnation there were the inevitable highs and lows. It was when I was recruited as a guinea pig for the Artists in Schools Programme in Maine that I encountered some of my lows. [...]

One of my gigs¹ was an invitation to perform at my sons' elementary school in Harpswell Island, Maine. When I stepped on stage the student's jaws dropped... (did they think I had descended from the moon?). They received my performance with much enthusiasm and bombarded me at the end with questions: "Why do you have a red dot on your forehead? Why are your feet and the palms of your hands painted orange? Are those real flowers in your hair? Do all the women in India wear bells around their ankles?"

Once back home, as we were sitting down to dinner, my older son turned to me and said, "Ma, don't ever come to our school dressed like that again." I complied... thinking back to the times the grown-ups in my family had mortified me with their behaviour.

Sukanya RAHMAN, *Dancing in the Family: An Unconventional Memoir of Three Women*, 2005

1. performances

Auto-évaluation de la compréhension de l'écrit

Extrait p. 65 – Article de Laya Neelakandan, *today.com*

I'VE RARELY FELT COMFORTABLE WITH MY CULTURE. THIS SUMMER, THAT CHANGED

I've never had the privilege of knowing where I belong.

I've always had each foot in a different country—I'm too Indian for America and too American for India. But unlike most of my other first-generation friends, I have one more nuance to my relationship with my culture: language.

For the first time in twelve years, both of my grandmothers from India came to visit my family in Maryland at the same time this summer. They primarily speak Tamil, a South Indian language, and though they could get by speaking in English, they have a hard time understanding American accents. [...]

But what I've come to realize, especially after seeing my maternal grandmother again for the first time in five years, is that there is one language we can all communicate freely in: food. [...]

She likes to say that cooking is her meditation. But deeper than that—and perhaps she doesn't even realize it—cooking is her communication.

As my grandmothers' visit went on, my discomfort in my own culture began to lessen. Each morning, our first conversation was about breakfast: idlis or upma? [...] By the afternoon, the smell of spicy sambar or crisp dosa would be wafting¹ into my room, and we'd spend dinner talking about how the dish was made and family stories it reminded us of.

Laya Neelakandan, *today.com*, 2022

1. flotter

Évaluation de la compréhension de l'écrit – Guide pédagogique

Extrait de l'article de *bookbrowse.com*

An interview with Jhumpa Lahiri

The *Namesake* deals with Indian immigrants in the United States as well as their children. What, in your opinion, distinguishes the experiences of the former from the latter? [...]

The problem for the children of immigrants-those with strong ties to their country of origin-is that they feel neither one thing nor the other. This has been my experience, in any case. For example, I never know how to answer the question "Where are you from?" If I say I'm from Rhode Island, people are seldom satisfied. They want to know more, based on things such as my name, my appearance, etc. Alternatively, if I say I'm from India, a place where I was not born and have never lived, this is also inaccurate. [...]

Can you talk a little bit more specifically about the conflicts you felt growing up as the child of immigrants?

It was always a question of allegiance, of choice. I wanted to please my parents and meet their expectations. I also wanted to meet the expectations of my American peers, and the expectations I put on myself to fit into American society. [...]

My parents were fearful and suspicious of America and American culture when I was growing up. Maintaining ties to India, and preserving Indian traditions in America, meant a lot to them. They're more at home now, but it's always an issue, and they will always feel like, and be treated as, foreigners here.

bookbrowse.com