

(Re)Naissances des Territoires

ACL_03 Territoire Régional en Mouvement

ANNEXES

14 Avril 2015

Conception, organisation et accompagnement du stage :

Béatrice AUXENT, architecte urbaniste, CAUE du Nord.

Enseignants missionnés du CAUE du Nord :

Stéphanie Mathez-Bagot, professeur de Lettres et Histoire des Arts ;

David Campagne, professeur de Sciences de la Vie et de la Terre.

Cette séquence que nous vous proposons, est une séquence à envisager de manière transversale. Elle prend en compte un certain nombre de disciplines et de niveaux (collège/Lycée Général/Professionnel) et entre en lien avec les parcours Histoire des Arts, Parcours Education Artistique et Culturelle, Education Développement Durable

SEQUENCE: Remonter le temps de la carte

→ *Idées d'activités autour de l'architecture et de l'urbanisme :*
50 activités pour découvrir l'Architecture et l'Urbanisme avec les CAUE



- Pour aider dans la réflexion : La Cité Idéale, une invitation au banquet, anthologie réalisée par Françoise Gomez, IA IPR de Lettres, Académie de Lille, Scéren/Académie de Lille/Lille 2004
- Pour étudier la chronologie et la Première Guerre Mondiale :
 - série *BirdSong* (2012)
 - *Soldat Peaceful* de Mickael Morpurgo
 - *La Première Guerre Mondiale*, John Keagan
 - *Carte IGN*
 - *Journal d'Adèle* de Paule du Bouchet (à partir de 11 ans)
- Pour étudier la chronologie et la 2nde Guerre Mondiale :
 - Série *Generation War* (2013)
 - Premiers épisodes d'*Un Village Français*
 - *De la destruction comme élément naturel*, W.G Sebald
 - *La Seconde Guerre Mondiale*, John Keagan
- Pour étudier l'évolution du territoire
 - *Histoire de l'architecture et de l'urbanisme moderne*, Michel Ragon
 - Site S-pass Territoires du CAUE 59
 - Site Geoportail
 - Site de la DREAL

Introduction:

- La Merveille et l'Obscur de Christian Bobin

Extraits : « La France est une maison. On vit au rez-de-chaussée quand on est en province. On attend le facteur, on attend les beaux jours, on traîne sur le seuil. Quand on veut aller à Paris, on monte à l'étage. On va au grenier. Le grenier est toujours illuminé, plein de malles, de beaux meubles, de poupées, de trésors, éblouissant. (...) On marche dans Paris comme on irait dans un bourg de province. Tout se vaut –non dans le néant de tout mais dans le miracle de tout. (...) Vous voyez : là où il ne se passe rien, il y a toujours tout.... »

ET/OU

- Nouvelle de Jack Finney, le 3ème Sous-sol en français (pour toutes les classes, en lecture accompagnée pour les plus jeunes ou plus en difficulté, en autonomie pour les plus âgés ; travail possible autour de l'étrange (Fantastique ? /Science-Fiction ?), de la description, de la nouvelle...ancrage possible dans différents niveaux).

Extraits : « Quoi qu'il en soit, voici ce qui est arrivé à la Grande Gare Centrale. Un soir de l'été dernier, j'avais travaillé tard au bureau. J'avais hâte de rentrer à mon appartement en haut de la ville, aussi décidai-je de prendre le métro à la grande Gare Centrale parce qu'il va plus vite que le bus.

Eh ben, je me demande pourquoi il fallait que ça m'arrive à moi. Je ne suis qu'un type tout à fait ordinaire, nommé Charley, j'ai 31 ans (...). Le corridor où je me trouvais commençait par tourner à gauche, puis descendait, et je me disais qu'il y avait erreur, mais je me continuai à marcher. (...) Le tunnel tourna brusquement à gauche ; je descendis une courte suite de marches et aboutis au troisième sous-sol de la Grande Gare Centrale. (...) Une femme traversait un portillon ; elle portait une robe avec des manches gigot et ses jupes descendaient jusqu'au bas de ses bottines à boutons. Derrière elle, sur les rails, j'entrevis une locomotive, une toute petite Currier & Ives avec une cheminée en forme d'entonnoir. Et je compris.

Pour être sûr, je me dirigeai vers un petit vendeur de journaux et jetai un coup d'œil à la pile de journaux qui se trouvait à ses pieds. C'était le *World* ; et le *World* a cessé de paraître depuis bien des années. L'article parlait du président Cleveland. Depuis, j'ai découvert cette première page dans les archives de la Bibliothèque publique : elle était datée du 11 juin 1894. »

OU

- Nouvelle de Jack Finney en anglais, The Third Level selon niveaux.

The presidents of the New York Central and the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroads will swear on a stack of timetables that there are only two. But I say there are three, because I've been on the third level at Grand Central Station. Yes, I've taken the obvious step: I talked to a psychiatrist friend of mine, among others. I told him about the third level at Grand Central Station, and he said it was a waking-dream wish fulfillment. He said I was unhappy. That made my wife kind of mad, but he explained that he meant the modern world is full of insecurity, fear, war, worry, and all the rest of it, and that I just want to escape. Well, hell, who doesn't? Everybody I know wants to escape, but they don't wander down into any third level at Grand Central Station.

But that's the reason, he said, and my friends all agreed. Everything points to it, they claimed. My stamp collecting, for example--that's a "temporary refuge from reality." Well, maybe, but my grandfather didn't need any refuge from reality; things were pretty nice and peaceful in his day, from all I hear, and he started my collection. It's a nice collection, too, blocks of four of practically every U.S. issue, first-day covers, and so on. President Roosevelt collected stamps, too, you know.

Any way, here's what happened at Grand Central. One night last summer I worked late at the office. I was in a hurry to get uptown to my apartment, so I decided to subway from Grand Central because it's faster than the bus.

Now, I don't know why this should have happened to me. I'm just an ordinary guy named Charley, thirty-one years old, and I was wearing a tan gabardine suit and a straw hat with a fancy band--I passed a dozen men who looked just like me. And I wasn't trying to escape from anything; I just wanted to get home to Louisa, my wife.

I turned into Grand Central from Vanderbilt Avenue and went down the steps to the first level, where you take trains like the Twentieth Century. Then I walked down another flight to the second level, where the suburban trains leave from, ducked into an arched doorway heading for the subway--and got lost. That's easy to do. I've been in and out of Grand Central hundreds of times, but I'm always bumping into new doorways and stairs and corridors. Once I got into a tunnel about a mile long and came out in the lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel. Another time I came up in an office building on Forty-sixth Street, three blocks away.

Sometimes I think Grand Central is growing like a tree, pushing out new corridors and staircases like roots. There's probably a long tunnel that nobody knows about feeling its way under the city right now, on its way to Times Square, and maybe another to Central Park. And maybe--because for so many people through the years Grand Central has been an exit, a way of escape--maybe that's how the tunnel I got into . . . but I never told my psychiatrist friend about that idea.

The corridor I was in began angling left and slanting downward and I thought that was wrong, but I kept on walking. All I could hear was the empty sound of my own footsteps and I didn't pass a soul. Then I heard that sort of hollow roar ahead that means open space, and people talking. Then tunnel turned sharp left; I went down a short flight of stairs and came out on the third level at Grand Central Station. For just a moment I thought I was back on the second level, but I saw the room was smaller, there were fewer ticket windows and train gates, and the information booth in the center was wood and old-looking. And the man in the booth wore a green eyeshade and long black sleeve-protectors. The lights were dim and sort of flickering. Then I saw why: they were open-flame gaslights.

There were brass spittoons on the floor, and across the station a glint of light caught my eye: a man was pulling a gold watch from his vest pocket. He snapped open the cover, glanced at his watch, and frowned. He wore a dirty hat, a black four-button suit with tiny lapels, and he had a big, black, handle-bar mustache. Then I looked around and saw that everyone in the station was dressed like 1890 something; I never saw so many beards, sideburns and fancy mustaches in my life. A woman walked in through the train gate; she wore a dress with leg-of-mutton sleeves and skirts to the top of her high-buttoned shoes. Back of her, out on the tracks, I caught a glimpse of a locomotive, a very small Currier & Ives locomotive with a funnel-shaped stack. And then I knew.

To make sure, I walked over to a newsboy and glanced at the stack of papers at his feet. It was the World; and the World hasn't been published for years. The lead story said something about President Cleveland. I've found that front page since, in the Public Library files, and it was printed June 11, 1894.

I turned toward the ticket windows knowing that here--on the third level at Grand Central--I could buy tickets that would take Louisa and me anywhere in the United States we wanted to go. In the year 1894. And I wanted two tickets to Galesburg, Illinois.

Have you ever been there? It's a wonderful town still, with big old farm houses, huge lawns, and tremendous trees whose branches meet overhead and roof the streets. And in 1894, summer evenings were twice as long, and people sat out on their lawns, the men smoking cigars and talking quietly, the women waving palm-leaf fans, with the fireflies all around, in a peaceful world. To be back there with the First World War still twenty years off, and World War II over forty years in the future . . . I wanted two tickets for that.

The clerk figured the fare--he glanced at my fancy hatband, but he figured the fare--and I had enough for two coach tickets, one way. But when I counted out the money and looked up, the clerk was staring at me. He nodded at the bills. "That ain't money, mister," he said, "and if you're trying to skin me you won't get very far," and

he glanced at the cash drawer beside him. Of course the money was old-style bills, half again as big as the money we use nowadays, and different-looking. I turned away and got out fast. There's nothing nice about jail, even in 1894.

And that was that. I left the same way I came, I suppose. Next day, during lunch hour, I drew \$300 out of the bank, nearly all we had, and bought old-style currency (that really worried my psychiatrist friend). You can buy old money at most any coin dealer's, but you have to pay a premium. My \$300 bought less than \$200 in old-style bills, but I didn't care; eggs were thirteen cents a dozen in 1894.

But I've never again found the corridor that leads to the third level at Grand Central Station, although I've tried often enough.

Louisa was pretty worried when I told her all this and didn't want me to look for the third level any more, and after a while I stopped; I went back to my stamps. But now we're both looking, every weekend, because now we have proof that the third level is still there. My friend Sam Weiner disappeared! Nobody knew where, but I sort of suspected because Sam's a city boy, and I used to tell him about Galesburg--I went to school there--and he always said he liked the sound of the place. And that's where he is, all right. In 1894.

Because one night, fussing with my stamp collection, I found--well, do you know what a first-day cover is? When a new stamp is issued, stamp collectors buy some and use them to mail envelopes to themselves on the very first day of sale; and the postmark proves the dates. The envelope is called a first-day cover. They're never opened; you just put blank paper in the envelope.

That night, among my oldest first-day covers, I found one that shouldn't have been there. But there it was. It was there because someone had mailed it to my grandfather at his home in Galesburg; that's what the address on the envelope said. And it had been there since July 1894--the postmark showed that--yet I didn't remember it at all. The stamp was a six-cent, dull brown, with a picture of President Garfield. Naturally, when the envelope came to Granddad in the mail, it went right into his collection and stayed there--till I took it out and opened it.

The paper inside wasn't blank. it read:

941 Willard Street

Galesburg, Illinois

July 18, 1894

Charley:

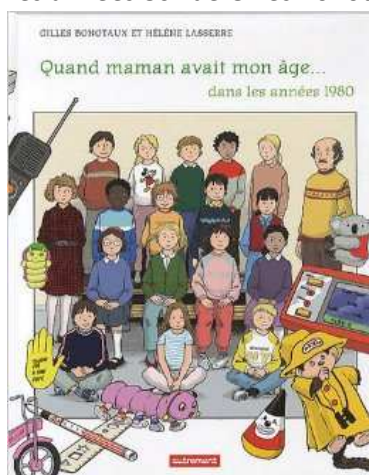
I got to wishing that you were right. Then I got to believing you were right. And, Charley, it's true: I found the third level! I've been here two weeks, and right now, down the street at the Daly's, someone is playing a piano, and they're all out on the front porch singing Seeing Nellie Home. And I'm invited over for lemonade. Come on back, Charley and Louisa. Keep looking till you find the third level. It's worth it, believe me!

The note is signed Sam.

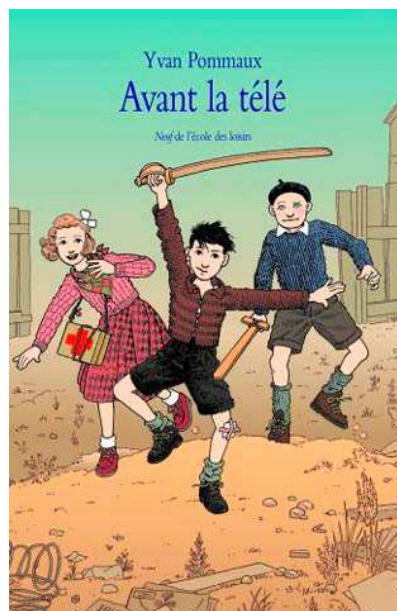
At the stamp and coin store I go to, I found out that Sam bought \$800 worth of old style currency. That ought to set him up in a nice little hay, feed, and grain business; he always said that's what he really wished he could do, and he certainly can't go back to his old business. Not in Galesburg, Illinois, in 1894. His old business? Why, Sam was my psychiatrist.

Séance 4: Plantons le décor: l'arbre généalogique

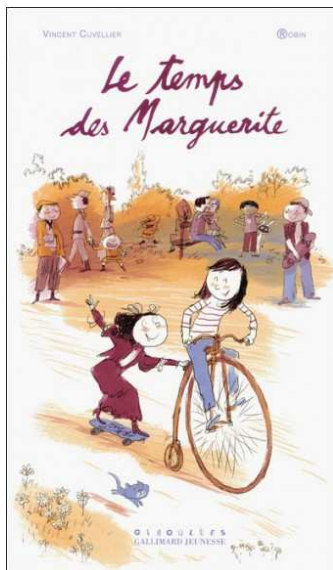
- “Quand Maman avait mon âge...dans les années 80” de Gilles Bonotaux et Hélène Lasserre



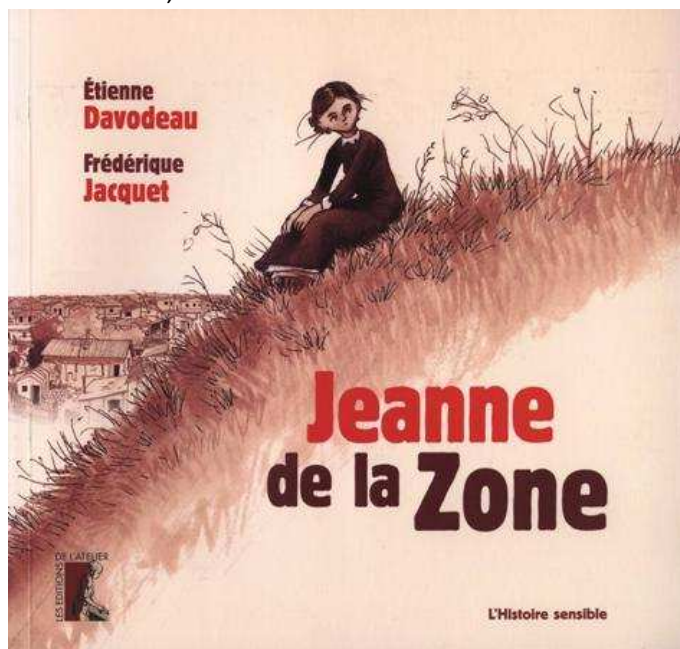
- “Véro en Mai” et “Avant la Télé” de Yvan Pommaux



- BD *Le temps des Marguerite* de Vincent Cuvelier



- *Jeanne de la Zone*, Etienne Davodeau , Histoire Sensible

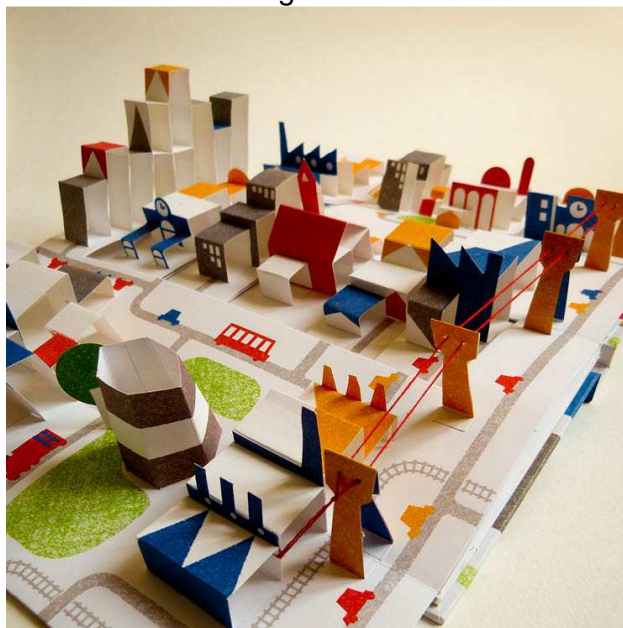


Cet album est en lien aussi avec la référence mentionnée par Frédéric de Lépinay sur « les fortifications qui laissent place aux immeubles et aux cités ouvrières », Actualités cinématographiques Gaumont Février 1930, 1'04'' source www.gaumontpathearchives.fr

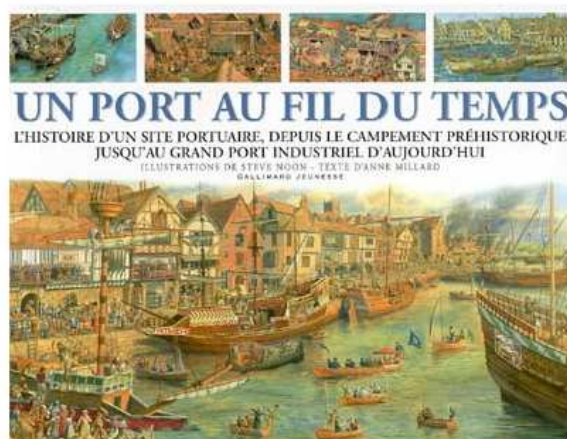
Séance 7: Reconstituons les étapes de notre quartier.

POP- UP commande CAUE 59

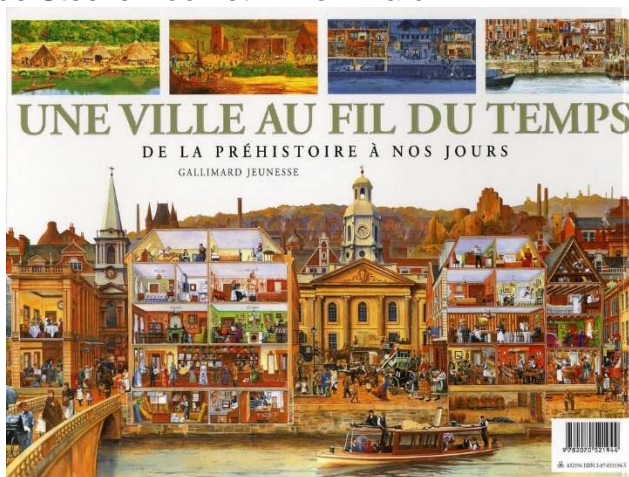
POPVILLE de Annouck Boisrobert et Louis Rigaud



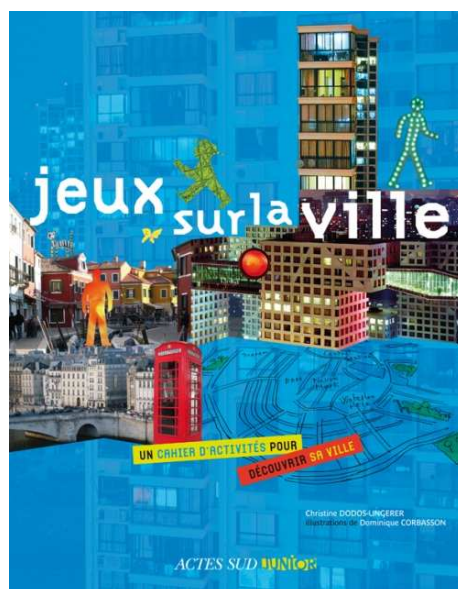
Un Port au fil du temps de Steeve Noon et Anne Millard



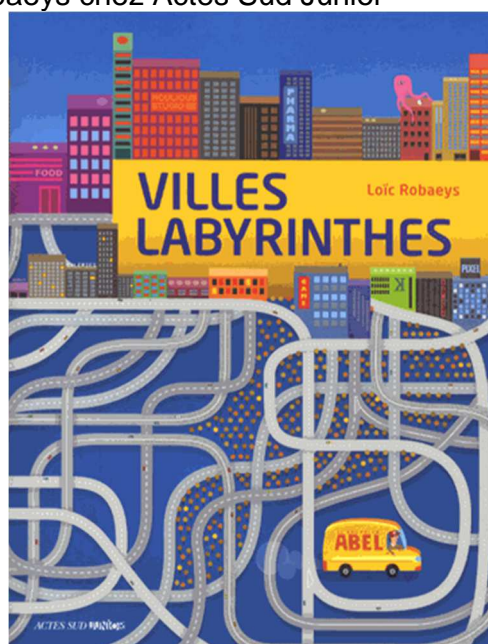
Une ville au fil du temps de Steeve Noon et Anne Millard



Jeux sur la Ville Christine Dodos-Ungerer et Dominique Corbasson Actes Sud Junior



Villes Labyrinthes de Loïc Robaeys chez Actes Sud Junior

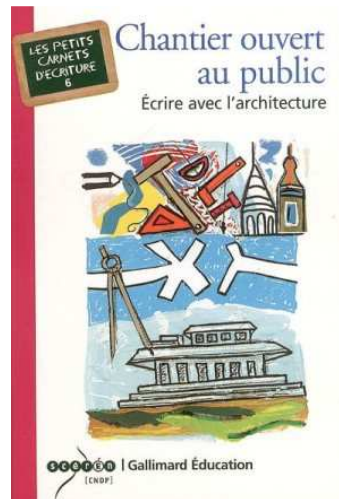


[En ligne, sur le site S-Pass Territoire, précédente séquence Intitulée Citadin/Citoyen, qui propose un travail autour des usages de la ville]

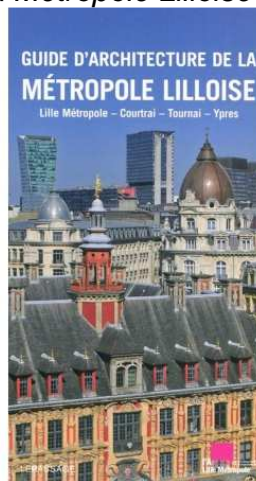
Séance 8: Retournons sur nos pas. Ateliers

Vidéo Politique de la Ville : http://www.dailymotion.com/video/x1zd2mo_comprendre-la-politique-de-la-ville-en-2-minutes_news

Chantier ouvert au public –Ecrire avec l'Architecture SCEREN Gallimard Education



Pour Lille, *Guide de l'Architecture de la Métropole Lilloise* Le Passage



Pour réaliser leur ville, les enseignants peuvent aussi étudier les supports suivants (prolongements) et les élèves peuvent s'en inspirer :

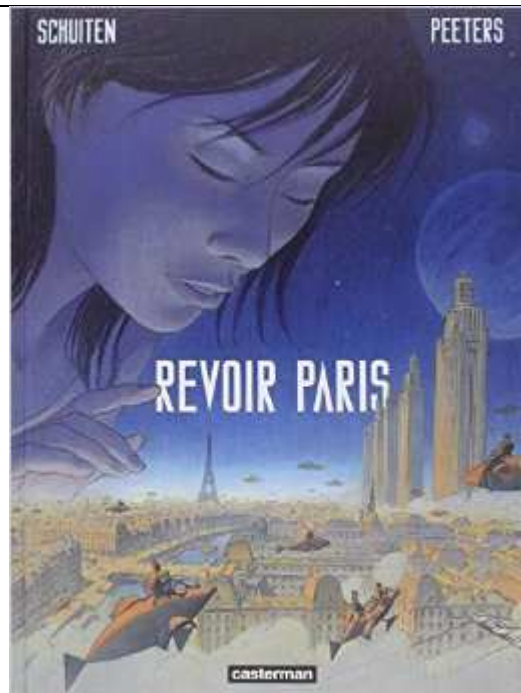
- le support écrit (la description, le poème/calligraphie) : un décrochage vers des textes de la littérature sont possibles (Apollinaire, *Zone 1912*, Verhaeren, *Les Villes tentaculaires* par exemple...+ voir recueil constitué par Mme Françoise Gomez, IA-IPR, *La Cité Idéale*, évoqué en préambule)

- le support BD

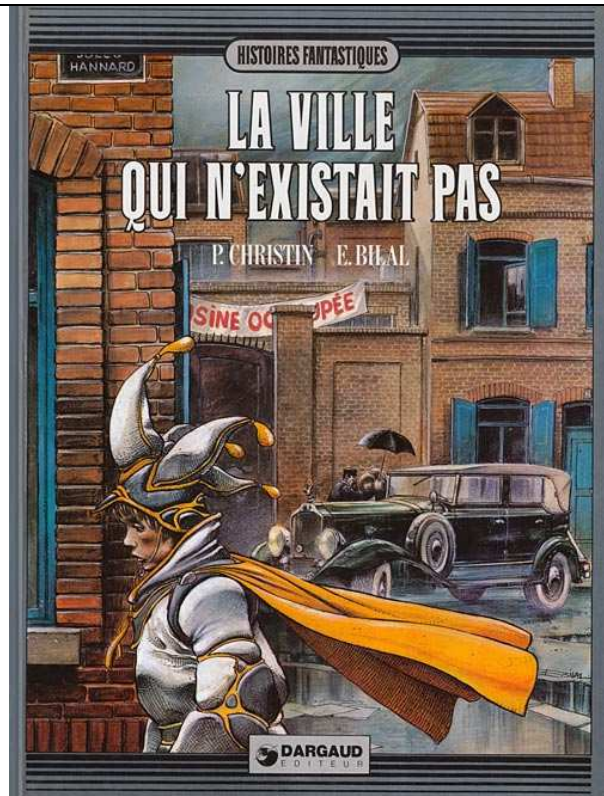
Schuiten et Peeters

+ exposition et dossier de presse

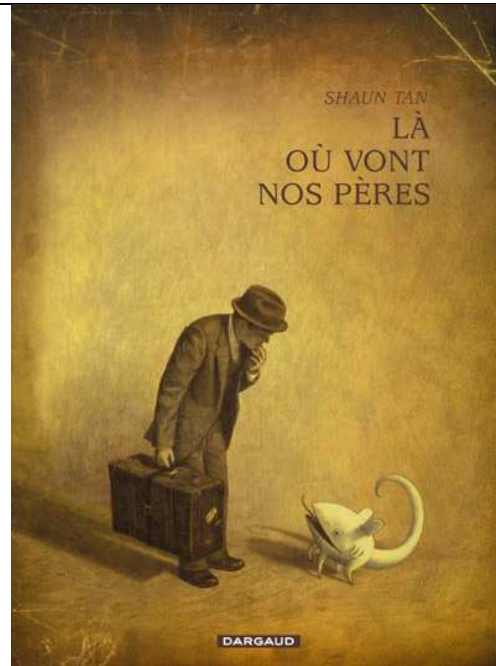
http://www.citechailot.fr/fr/expositions/expositions_temporaires/25655-revoir_paris.html



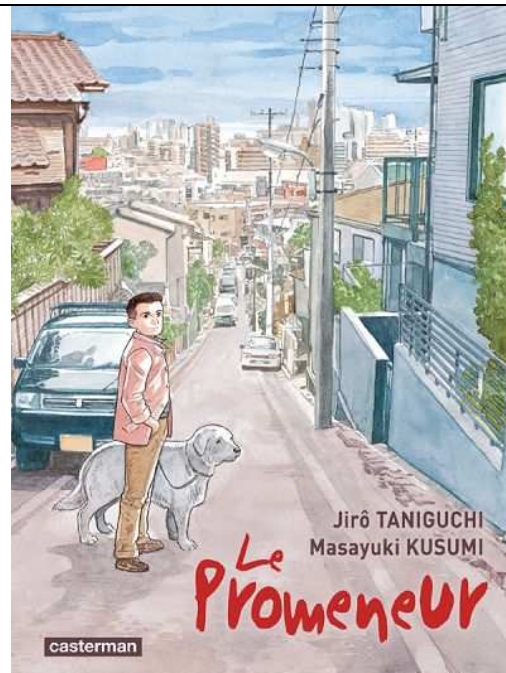
Enki Bilal



Shaun Tan




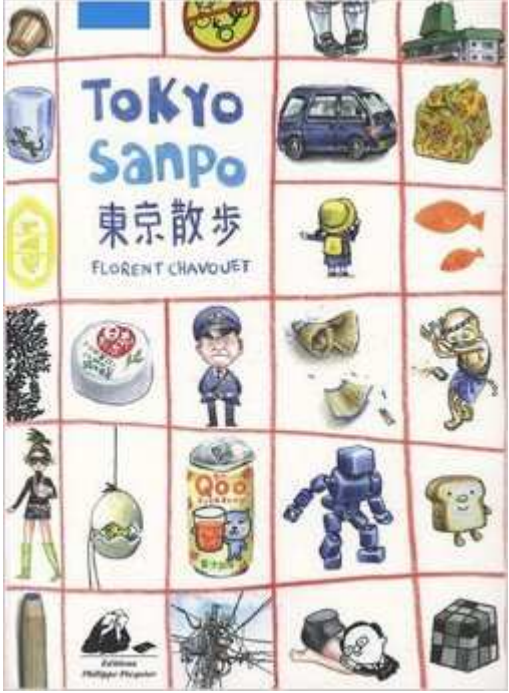
Jirô Taniguchi



Chris Ware

Jimmy Corrigan

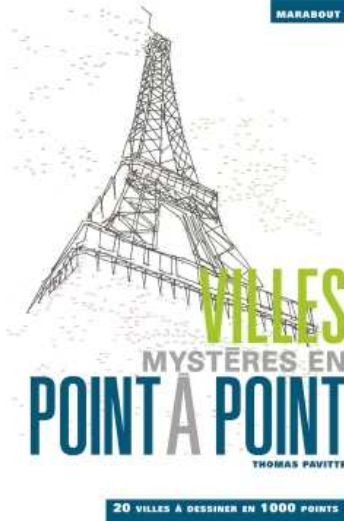


<p>Chris Ware</p> <p>Buildind Stories</p>	
<p>Florent Chavouet</p>	

- Le plan dessiné/ en relief
- Le support numérique (Google Sketchup,...) mais aussi Prezi ou Moovly
- Les collages
- Fresque cf *La Grande Guerre, le Premier Jour de la Bataille de la Somme reconstitué heure par heure* par Joe Sacco



- Autres ... *Villes Mystères en point à point* de Thomas Pavitte



- Il est possible aussi d'observer les génériques de films/séries pour comprendre l'évolution de la ville/ le regard porté sur la ville (évidemment plus difficile d'utiliser ce type de support dans la réalisation, mais utile pour la compréhension du sujet)
Ex : Game of Thrones/ House of Cards/ les Sopranos/ True Detective /...
- Enfin, travail intéressant trouvé sur Internet : <http://golem13.fr/70-ans-liberation-de-paris/>
Il s'agit d'associer les photos contemporaines des rues/bâtiments de Paris à celles de la libération.