

"Se mettre dans la peau d'un personnage" Lycée, en Anglais euro , Mme Hachem

Ces petits textes ont été produits par des élèves de Seconde Euro. Il leur avait été demandé de se mettre dans la peau d'un des personnages d'une des photos de Jacques Windenberger exposées au CDI du lycée Daumier- Marseille.



1980 | Marseille
Baignade dans le Vieux Port devant le Fort St Jean [2^e art.]

In this summer period, it's very hot. The sun burns my skin. My grandmother decides to take us for a swim at the beach. We start from the house and go to the "Vieux Port". As usual, we settle at the end of the platform. While our grandmother sets up our things on the floor, my brother and I undress. Then we go for a swim. As for our grandmother, she reads her book while shouting at us not to go too far as soon as she finishes a chapter. In the water, I'm playing with my brother. I take a deep breath and put my head under water. I try to stay as long as possible freediving so that my brother thinks that I'm drowning. Unfortunately he doesn't even realize it.

Then comes the lunch: ham sandwiches with an orange for dessert.

In the afternoon our grandmother then decides to come and bathe with us, and it's like this until 6 p.m. when the air begins to cool. Then we go home for supper and sleep to get up and go to the beach again the next day. I love the holidays because I can go to my grandparents' and spend the day at the beach !

Julie AMADDIO DUONG

I'm sitting down on the rocks near the water. I'm looking at my nails and I need to change their colour. Also, there are children behind me who are with their grandmother, changing clothes because they swam in the dirty water. I wanted to be alone but there are a lot of people here. Anyway it's not changing the fact that I feel good because it's sunny today and it's pretty warm. I'm hot and I don't know if the water is hot or cold. Moreover, maybe it's polluted. Despite all this, I think the city of Marseilles is beautiful. I've lived here since 1979 and I feel at home now.

By Theo MILLIARD



1978

| Port-de-Bouc

Réfugiés vietnamiens au foyer Sonacotra,
quartier St Jean

I am a vietnamese refugee. And my family and I fled communism in our country wich made us live in hell. We joined France, my mother, my sister and me. But during the crossing I lost my mom and my sister. I found myself alone with other children without families. When I landed, people took care of us and took us to a hospital or a center to take some exams. After that we were taken to a dormitory in which I spent several months with other children. All this time I didn't understand what was happening to my family, I lost them and I foud myself with strangers all days. Today it's still complicated but I was adopted and I am quite happy in my family. But this period of my life was really hard and I'll nerver forget all this horror.

By Juliette LAMBERT

While holding my daughter in my arms, I remembered what we went through during these past few days. Just a week ago, I thought we would never make it to a new land and here I am, safe with my beloved daughter in a country I have never been to. A few seconds after taking my first steps in this new land, I was taken to a foyer and, at this point in time, I knew that everything would be different. It was the first time in one month that I could rest and, most importantly, that my daughter smiled. She was scared of this hospital-looking new home and everytime a stranger would pass by, she would tighten her embrace. I looked at her tiny hand slightly squeezing my shoulder, then at her face and all of my doubts were swept away. I would do my best, succeed in this new world and if it isn't for myself, it would be for my daughter.

By Alessandra ARCA



1992 | Marseille
Elèves de l'école mixte François Moisson [2^e art.]

Hoan's adventure

Hi, I'm Hoan. I'm 11 and I come from Hanoi, in Vietnam.

Do you want to know something else about me, or am I already categorized as a weird stranger from the East ?

As I consider this absence of response as a yes, I'll tell you my story.

It all started when I was born, on the 6 of April 2008. My parents, who were working in the rice fields, decided one year later to leave the country because of the economical crisis. I remember only one specific thing, the bus. We were piled up in a dirty 10 meter-long bus, and my parents told me we traveled to Taiwan in a rubber dinghy.

I was very courageous, they said.

After a 3-year long experience in the USA (my dad didn't want to tell me how he got the money to get there) we came to Marseilles, because it's a city that is easy to escape, and there is a big part of the population that is from abroad. And since, we moved 3 times, and I changed schools as many times.

So next time, that you laugh at someone, try to imagine his own story and realize how lucky you are, because life is unfair.

by Benjamin LAGOSANTO

It was a day like any other for the city of "Parc Bellevue" where I lived. When I see this photo it reminds me of this day , I was far from imagining that it would end like this. Where I looked, I saw men in blue clothes coming away. The closer they got, the more clearly I saw them, now I know it was the immigration police. People began to whistle as if to warn their arrival, others started to run. As, at the time, I did not speak french well, I did not understand why such a heckling. These men began to speak with me but I could not answer, they then took me in their car where was written roughly police and I understood, it was too late. I prayed then that I was released and 1 hour later my wish became true. My mother came to get me and i was released. My mother explained to me later that she had been able to release me thanks to the identity papers that we had just received that morning.

Only today I realize how lucky I was this day.

By Joris Tourniaire



I'm a 12 year-old young boy. I've lived in Marseilles for 7 years with my family.

I left my country, Algeria to avoid the war.

I thought it would be better here in Marseilles but in the end I find myself in a country without war but in a city with drug dealers.

I dream later of living in a town with a job that tells me, that our choice to live in France was the right one .

I wish I could go like the kids from the 9th arrondissement to the beach with my dad, bathe in the sea at the Estaque or at the Prado. But unfortunately my parents don't have a driver's license and so no car to move around.

I would like to change the northern neighborhoods of Marseilles so that people who lack money and live in the midst of criminals or drug dealers can finally live at home without the fear of seeing the police go by every day.

Yesterday, my best friend's father was arrested by the police for the corner grocery's theft. So he came to live with us for a while.

But my greatest dream is to go to school to study and then have a job and save me and my family from poverty.

By Nicolas Gemot

Hello my name is Jean and I am the boy on the right of the picture, as you may notice I was quite young at the time this picture was taken. I think I was fourteen years old. I've got good memories of this day because it was my brother's birthday. He is the guy on the left with the bicycle, he was called Abdel. If I said "was", it's because he is dead. My brother was a nice guy, but he was easily influenced and fell into some illegal stuff. One day it went wrong and he died.

As you may know living in a block of flats (une cité) can be quite difficult, but it can also be a great place to grow up, if you mix with the right people.

For example, the man with the sun glasses, he is called Karim and he was respected by every kid on the block. He was always there to keep us on the right path. Me and my friends were also a nice bunch, always ready to help. I remember as far as I lived here I never had a friend that had the same exact origins than another. My neighborhood was a great mix of culture and mindset from all over the world.

To finish my story I'm going to talk to you about the guy that has his back turned to the camera, he is the worst person you can imagine, he was always ready to take advantage of you. He was called Bryan and it's mainly his fault that I lost my older brother.

Beside that our neighborhood was full of respect, loyalty and solidarity between us whatever your origins, you were always welcome in "La cité Bellevue".

By Antoine EAST



My name is Tao and I'm two years old. I was born in Saigon, a city in south Vietnam June 19, 1976. My family and I had to leave our country a few months ago, to flee the communist regime. We boarded a cargo ship, it was the beginning of a long, drawn-out journey. On the boat we were close to 2500 people. We stayed during many days without water and food.

I was covered in exema, all my body itch and I was hungry. My mother cried, my father was dead, I couldn't move, I had no strength left, she was scared. One-week later humanitarian aid were sent to us and distributed to us water and food.

There has been a lot of deaths, two weeks later the boat was full of corpse, it was horrible. A month after leaving the city we arrived at the port of Marseille where we were urgently welcomed because I was having difficulty breathing. My mother and I were placed in the Sonacotra home in the Saint John district like many other Vietnamese. We were all taken care of and housed. Today I live in good conditions with my mum who takes care of me, we had some very hard days, but I survived and today I feel safe.

By Chloé Goury



1978

Port-de-Bouc

Réfugiés vietnamiens au foyer Sonacotra,
quartier St Jean

Today is March 19 of 1975 and something strikes me in the news papers. Last night, the 18th, happened the murder of a young Algerian teacher named Mohamed Laïd Moussa. He succumbed from multiple wounds after being attacked by a man. The youngster was about to travel back to Algeria. The police almost immediately closed the case and the murderer has not been found yet. The authorities don't seem to put much efforts into it, neither in the research of the man.

Marseille citizens are saddened and angry. As I walk down the street with this news in mind, I come across a group of young people talking about it, I join them, our conversation gets louder and louder, others join, some are screaming of anger, we all get excited by all those people. We start walking down the streets, screaming our disappointment. 500 persons and myself now are protesting about this scandalous affair. We are not letting the police behaviour be, we won't let it pass. So here we are, marseillais of 1975, manifesting for human rights.

Mohamed Laïd was a French citizen. And as such he deserves his rights. Racism will not monopolise our city as long as there are people fighting against discrimination. Protecting people's equality, pride and rights.

We are here, together, as one, to make thing better and change opinions for this to never happen again.

I see around me all people, young and old, of different ethnicities, united. And at this moment, I, am proud of Marseille.

By Capucine CLAYET



1975

Marseille

Manifestation antiraciste après la mort de Laïd Moussa



1992 | Marseille

Travailleurs intermittents d'une équipe de nettoyage de la C.M.R., dans les citernes d'un pétrolier en réparation à Moureplane (16^e art.)

Hey my name is Dominic, I'm the guy on the left, and those guys is what I consider as my second family. I live here in Marseilles with my family. Only my wife and my 3 kids, no one else. The society had condemned us to live a life of poverty. I did graduate, but no one wanted me. I tried to find a good job for more than 3 years. 3 years of nothing, with 3 boys to feed. I had to forget about my dreams away and I started to work in the dust, the mud, from the morning to the deep and cold night. What wouldn't we do to keep the ones we love secure... After 4 years of hard working for almost nothing, they moved me to another section. This is where I've met those guys. We became good friends, we can count on each other. I've never laughed so hard for many years. Those guys and my family is what keeps me standing up. 7 guys living a really poor and horrible life, but at the same moment the best lives ever. Another evidence to support the idea that money is not everything.

By Julien COUPAT



1996 | Marseille

Sympathisants du Front National durant l'allocution de Jean-Marie Le Pen

In 1996 during the speech of Jean-Marie Le Pen at the head of the Far Right Party.

My father was born in Algeria. Today I am a supporter of Jean-Marie Le Pen, the man who restricted the access of immigrants like my father on French soil.

The reality is clear. Jean-Marie is right to say the immigrants are dangerous.

Of course all what I have just said is a joke. My father is not a criminal. Jean-Marie Le Pen mixes up immigration and insecurity like those behind me. It's non sense, as if I said those wearing sunglasses don't want to be recognized.

I have imagined all this scene in the street to show the absurdity of Jean-Marie Le Pen's ideas.

I hope this scene I have imagined will never happen in the future in this cosmopolitan city and more largely in the world.

Yoann Le Coz



1975 | Salin-de-Giraud

Travailleurs saisonniers marocains (septembre-octobre)
au ramassage des tomates, domaine de l'Amérique

I'm on the right of the picture , my name is eddy.

I am going to tell you the story of this picture.

I was born in Marroco in a farming family , I was always interested in my dad's work.
In 1960 we emigrated to France in Marseille.

A few years later, in 1967, I work in Marseille as a farmer, Since my early childhood, I worked with my father in the fields and we've passed on our methods in the family since 3 generations, I am now a grown man and the land comes back to me, so with my friends present on the photograph, every summer, we reap the fruit of our hard work.
Here we harvest tomatoes that do not require pesticides or chemical fertilizers.

The reason I look so happy in this picture is that this year we have all together found a solution to get rid of the insects that feed on tomatoes.
We introduced a natural predator of this insect, which doubled the amount of tomatoes harvested.

That's why we decided to celebrate not only by taking this picture but also by buying a barn near our fields that we will renovate and where we will live together.

By Paul CHICHE