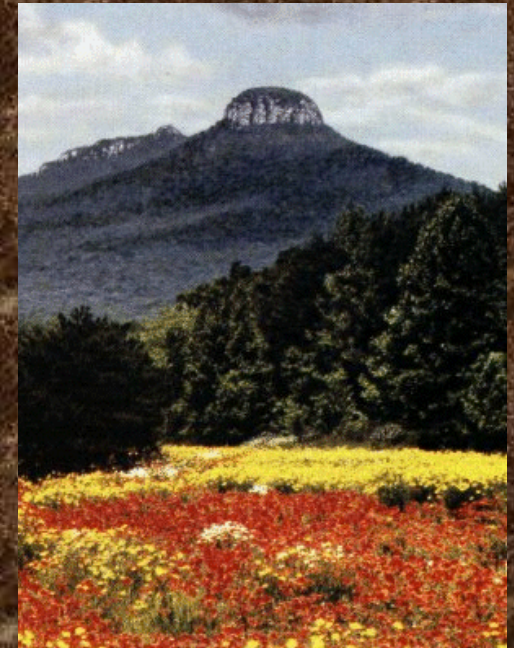


Jules Verne (1828-1905) et les Etats-Unis



Jean-Michel Margot

North American
Jules Verne Society,
president



Great Eyry

Sommaire

- Jules Verne aux Etats-Unis
- Les Etats-Unis dans l'œuvre de Verne
- Les éditions britanniques et américaines
- La recherche vernienne



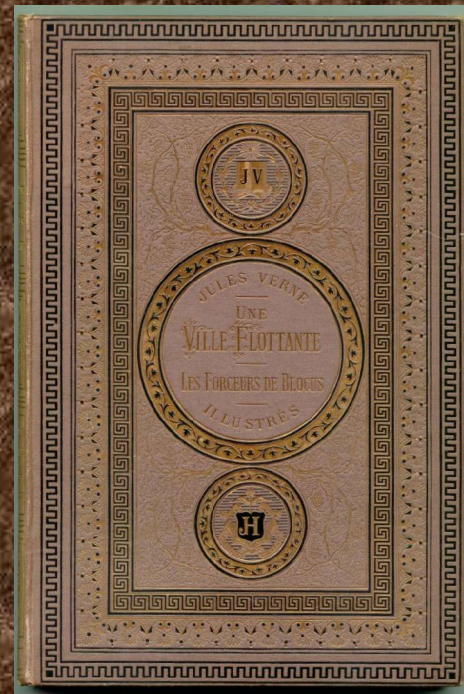
Liverpool – New York

Liverpool, Vendredi.
Mon cher et bon Helyé, vous savez
que notre retard a été retardé de 4 jours,
parce que le monstre n'était pas prêt; mais
maintenant, il a le ventre plein et il
va se mettre demain en route. Adieu

22 mars 1867



Great-Eastern



Une ville flottante

Great Eastern,
samedi matin.
mon cher Helyé,
je vous absolumme vous édifié en vue de
la terre américaine, et à bord du Great
Eastern. nous serons à New York à
midi, car il a fallu attendre la marée
jusqu'à ce matin pour passer la barre
de l'Hudson.

9 avril 1867

Niagara Falls



Terrapin Tower

Table Rock



-	Oct. Jan. 1848	W. A. R. Verne
- 12		Paris (France)
- 12		Paris

Les Etats-Unis dans l'oeuvre de Jules Verne

Quatorze romans – trois nouvelles

Nord contre Sud

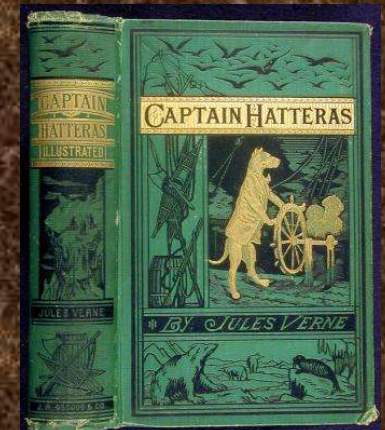
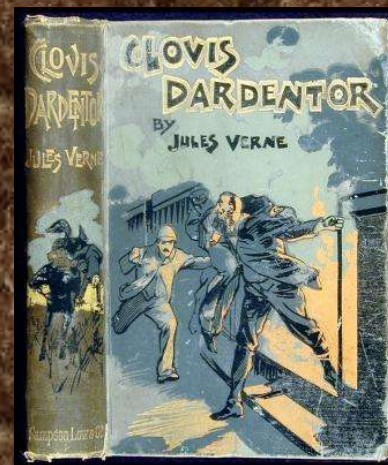
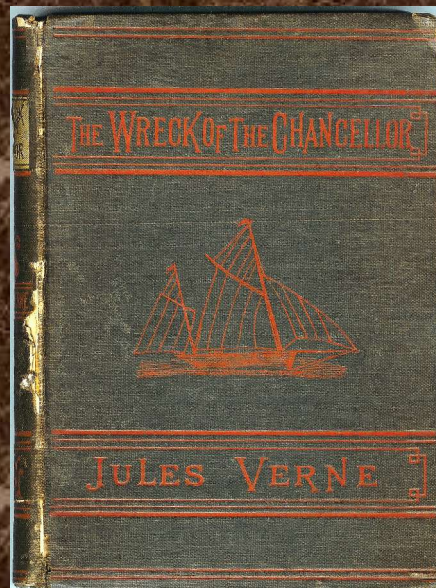
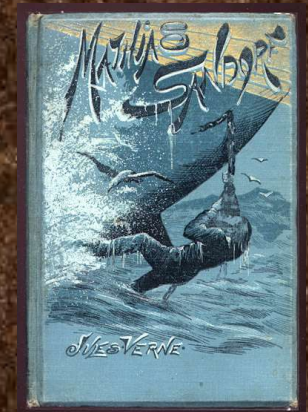
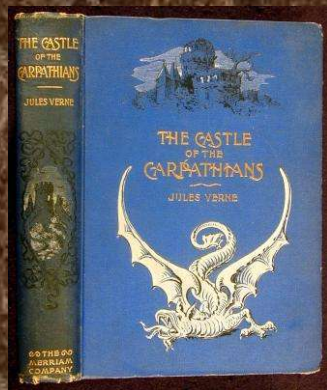
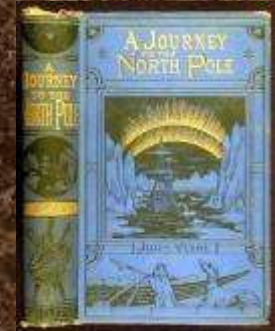
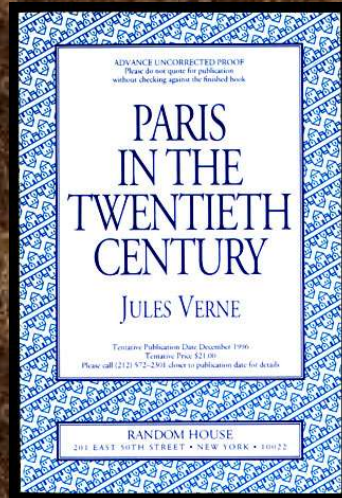
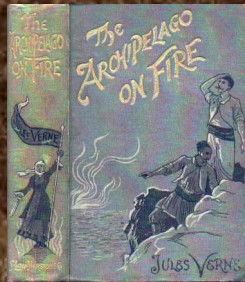
Le Testament d'un excentrique

Le Humbug

La journée d'un journaliste américain



Les éditions britanniques et américaines



Traductions de mauvaise qualité:

- Deux tiers des romans traduits
- Noms propres modifiés
- Nationalité changée pour des raisons politiques

La recherche vernienne

was deserted. I pushed open the door, and took some steps forward. Still the same monk-like severity of aspect.

Suddenly the clock struck eight. The first beat of the hammer on the bell awoke me from my dreams. I trembled as if an invisible eye had plunged into my most secret thoughts, and I hurried from the room.

There my eye fell upon the compass. Our course was still north. The log indicated moderate speed, the manometer a depth of about sixty feet.

I returned to my room, clothed myself warmly—seaboots, an otterskin cap, a great-coat of byssus, lined with sealskin; I was ready, I was waiting.

VL, II/8

La Baie de Vigo

see me. Hearing no sound, however, I went closer. The room was empty. I pushed the door. I stepped inside. The same severe atmosphere, monk-like.

At that moment, my attention was caught by a few etchings on the walls that I had not noticed on my first visit. They were portraits of those great men of history whose lives were entirely devoted to a great human idea: Kosciusko, the hero who fell with the cry *Finis Poloniae*, Bozzaris, the Leonidas of modern Greece, O'Connell, the defender of Ireland, Washington, the founder of the American Union, Manin, the Italian patriot, Lincoln, who fell shot by a supporter of slavery, and finally John Brown,* that martyr to the freeing of the black race, hanging from his gallows, as so terribly drawn by Victor Hugo.

What link existed between these heroic souls and the soul of Captain Nemo? Could I finally solve the mystery of his existence by this collection of portraits? Was he a champion of downtrodden peoples, a liberator of enslaved races? Had he taken part in the political and social upheavals that had recently marked the century? Had he been one of the heroes of that terrible American Civil War, that frightful but forever glorious battle?

Suddenly the clock struck eight. The first blow of the hammer tore me from my dreams. I trembled as if an invisible eye had penetrated my innermost thoughts, and rushed out of the room.

There my eyes stopped at the compass. We were still heading north. The logline indicated a moderate speed, the pressure-gauge a depth of about sixty feet. Circumstances were favouring the Canadian's plans.

I returned to my room. I dressed myself warmly in seaboots,

n'entendant aucun bruit, je m'approchai. La chambre était déserte. Je poussai la porte. Je fis quelques pas à l'intérieur. Toujours le même aspect sévère, cenobitique.

En cet instant, quelques eaux-fortes suspendues à la paroi et que je n'avais pas remarquées pendant ma première visite, frappèrent mes regards. C'étaient des portraits, des portraits de ces grands hommes historiques dont l'existence n'a été qu'un perpétuel dévouement à une grande idée humaine: Kosciusko, le héros tombé au cri de *Finis Poloniae*, Bozzaris, le Léonidas de la Grèce moderne, O'Connell, le défenseur de l'Irlande, Washington, le fondateur de l'Union américaine, Manin, le patriote italien, Lincoln, tombé sous la balle d'un esclavagiste, et enfin, ce martyr de l'affranchissement de la race noire, John Brown, suspendu à son gibet, tel que l'a si terriblement dessiné le crayon de Victor Hugo.

Quel lien existait-il entre ces âmes héroïques et l'âme du capitaine Nemo? Pouvais-je enfin, de cette réunion de portraits, dégager le mystère de son existence? Était-il le champion des peuples opprimés, le libérateur des races esclaves? Avait-il figuré dans les dernières commotions politiques ou sociales de ce siècle? Avait-il été l'un des héros de la terrible guerre américaine, guerre lamentable et à jamais glorieuse?...

Soudain un coup de marteau sonna huit heures. Le battement du premier coup de marteau sur le timbre m'arracha à mes rêves. Je tressaillis comme si un œil invisible eût pu plonger au plus secret de mes pensées, et je me précipitai hors de la chambre.

Là, mes regards s'arrêtèrent sur la boussole. Notre direction était toujours au nord. Le loch indiquait une vitesse modérée, le manomètre, une profondeur de soixante pieds environ. Les circonstances favorisaient donc les projets du Canadien.

Je regagnai ma chambre. Je me vêtis chaudement, bottes

"Harry—Harry—Harry——"

I hastened to obey, but before I could reach his room, jumping three steps at a time, he was stamping his right foot upon the landing.

"Harry!" he cried, in a frantic tone, "are you coming up?"

Now to tell the truth, at that moment I was far more interested in the question as to what was to constitute our dinner than in any problem of science; to me soup was more interesting than soda, an omelette more tempting than arithmetic, and an artichoke of ten times more value than any amount of asbestos.

But my uncle was not a man to be kept waiting; so adjourning therefore all minor questions, I presented myself before him.

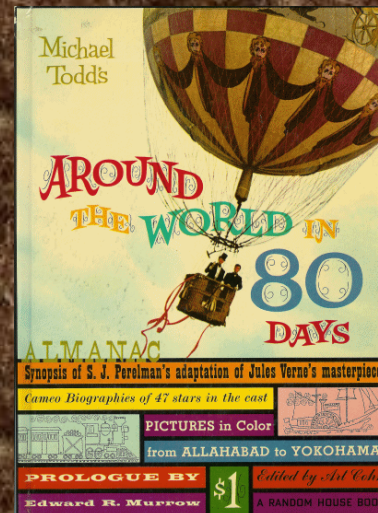
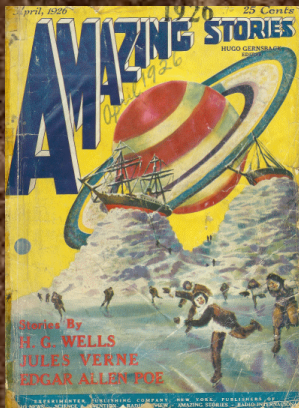
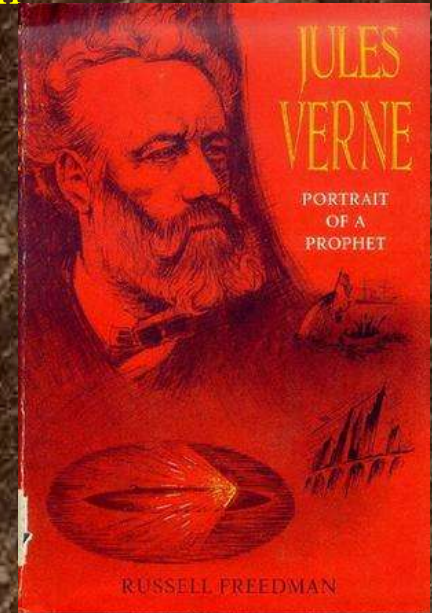
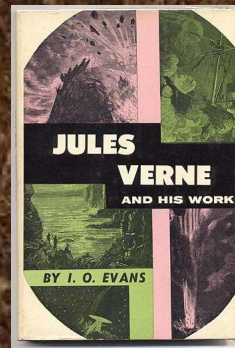
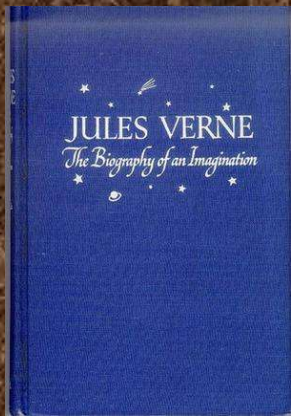
He was a very learned man. Now most persons in this category supply themselves with information, as peddlers do with goods, for the benefit of others, and lay up stores in order to diffuse them abroad for the benefit of society in general. Not so my excellent uncle Professor Hardwig; he studied, he consumed the midnight oil, he perused heavy tomes, and digested huge quartos and folios in order to keep the knowledge acquired to himself.

Voyage au centre de la terre
Lidenbrock devient Von Hardwig
Axel devient Harry

Cf. Norm Wolcott à 15 heures

La recherche vernienne

Première époque: biographies inspirées de Marguerite Allotte de la Fuÿe, compte-rendus de romans, études en science-fiction

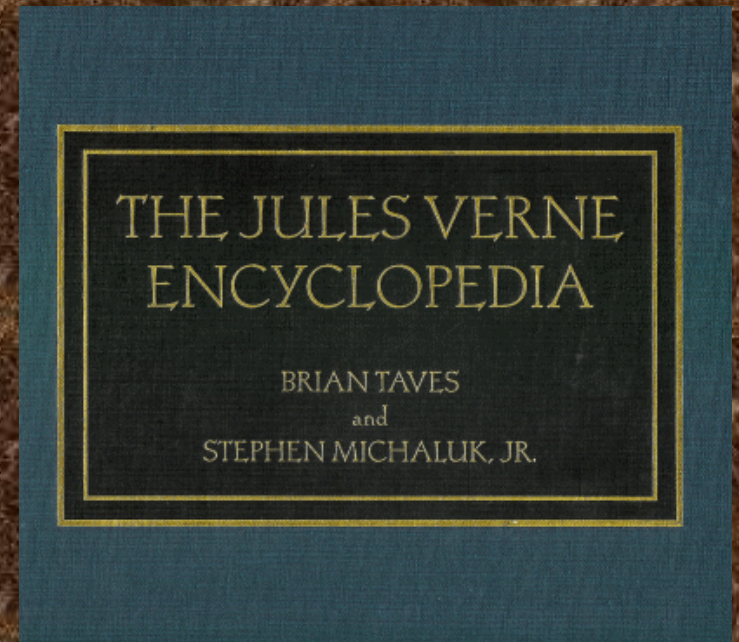
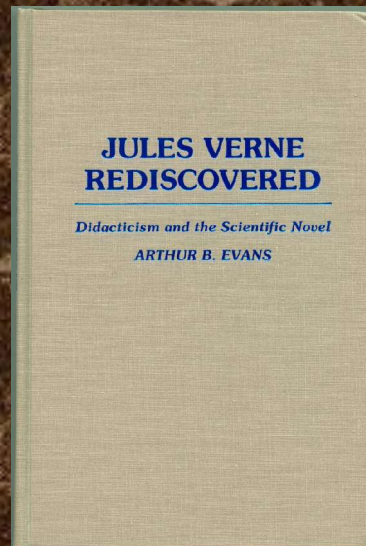
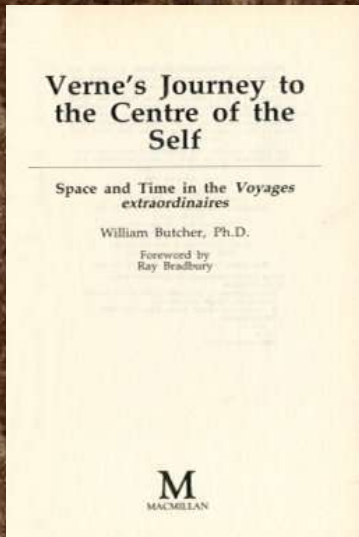


Jules Verne est considéré comme le père de la science-fiction et auteur pour enfants

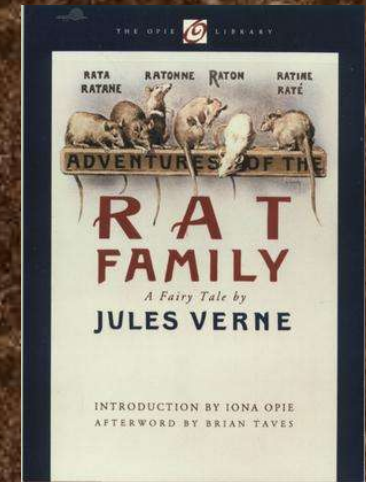
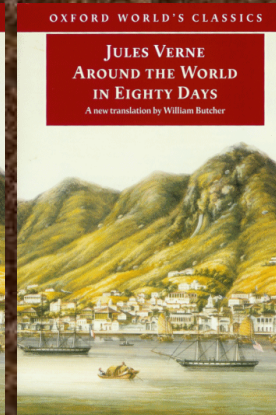
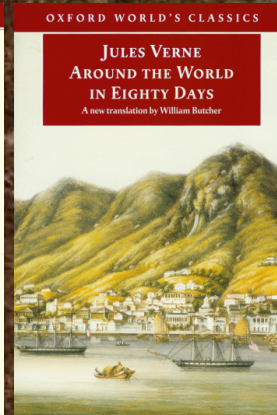
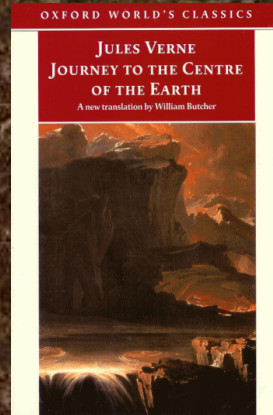
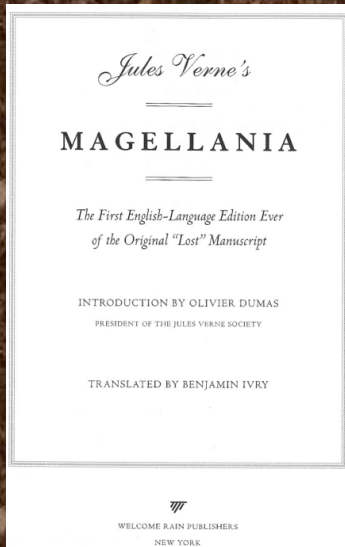
Rôle de Hollywood

La recherche vernienne

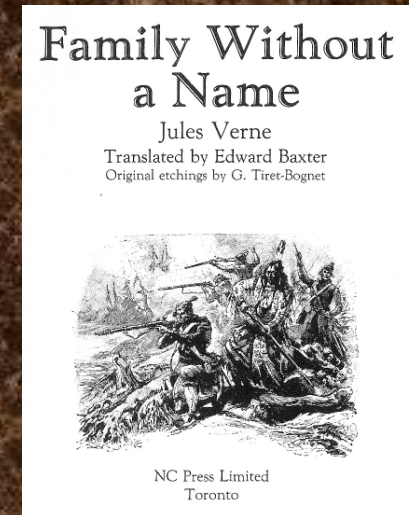
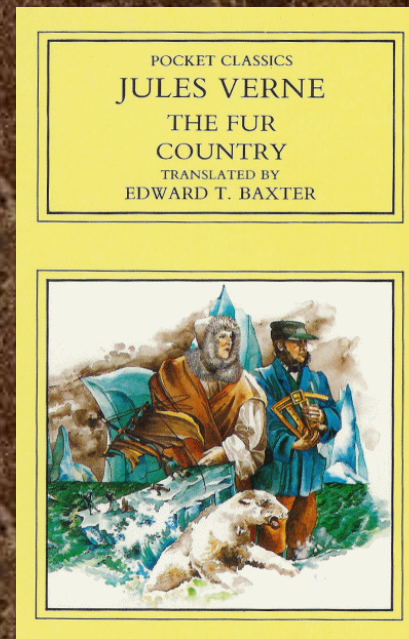
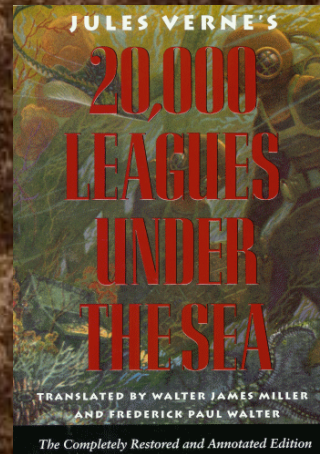
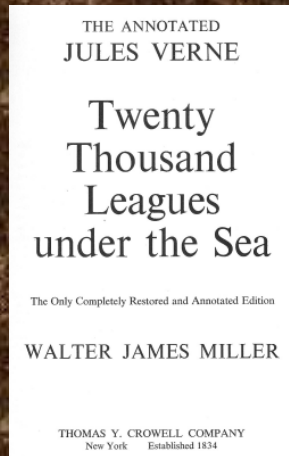
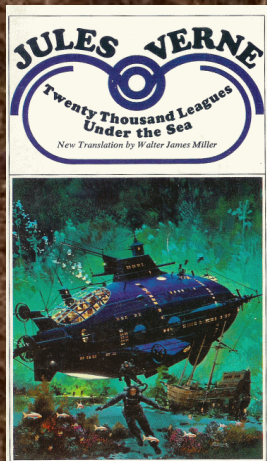
**Aujourd'hui: promouvoir
Verne comme un écrivain,
l'équivalent de Dickens**



La recherche vernienne



Des traductions complètes et fiables



La recherche vernienne

 **COMING!**
IN SEARCH OF THE CASTAWAYS
A WONDERFUL PRODUCTION

IN 5 ACTS

JULES VERNE
NOVEL FILMED
AN EPOCH-MAKING EVENT

JULES VERNE is a name to conjure with. It stands for that school of prophetic scientific fantasy to which the world is indebted for the inspiration that has led to so many modern inventions.

Incident is piled upon Incident in a wealth of variety that is almost bewildering, and the incidents are such as are dear to the hearts of all sorts and conditions of picture-goers, because they are full of intellectual excitement.

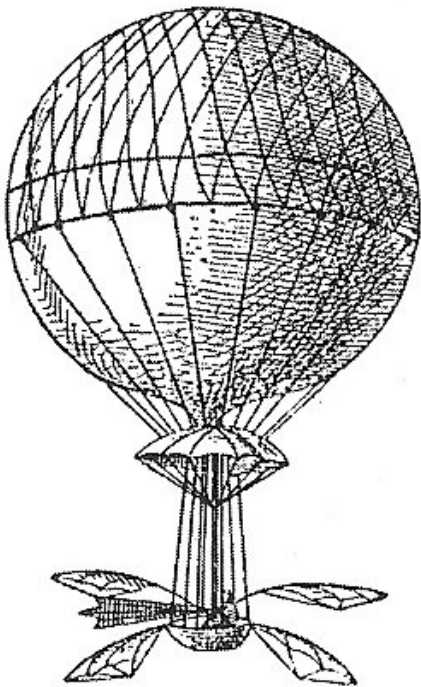
The fact alone that the active cooperation and collaboration of M. Michel Verne, the gifted son of the great Jules, have been employed during the preparation of these epoch-making films, is an event of no small importance in the World of Cinematography.



Quelques découvertes

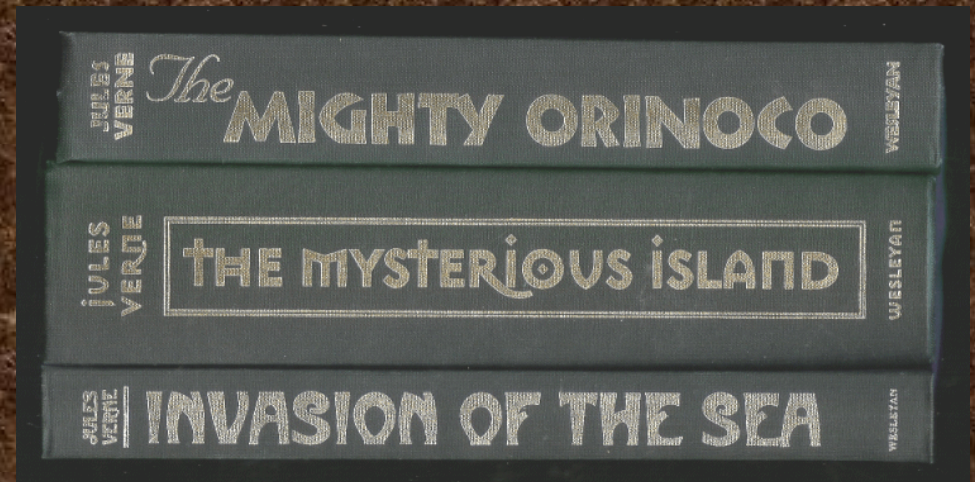
THE WESLEYAN
EARLY CLASSICS OF
SCIENCE FICTION
SERIES

GENERAL EDITOR:
ARTHUR B. EVANS



Une nouvelle collection

Avec introduction, commentaires et notes



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Les Frères Kip

Bourses de voyage

2005

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HISTRIO

A French theatre



LE VOYAGE A TRAVERS L'IMPOSSIBLE

de Jules Verne,
en collaboration avec Adolphe d'Ennery
pièce en 3 actes

The Little Racoon, a short play by Monique Lecomte

two Washington premieres

March, Th 3 & Fr 4 10:30 am for schools

March, Th 3 & Fr 4 8:00 pm

March, Su 6 2:30 pm

La Maison Française
at the Embassy of France
4101 Reservoir Road NW

A l'exemple des hirondelles, qui quittent les bois pour s'en aller vers d'autres bois, Rayon, la tête à deux pattes, son chien, les arbres, condais par la colombe, et appréciés par les nuages, s'en vont en direction du soleil, à la recherche du bonheur.

The Little Racoon

This tale was born during a walk through the shady wooded landscape of Glover Park. Monique was strolling with her dog when, all of a sudden, a racoon went scurrying up a tree, terrified by the dog. She and the racoon, motionless, stared at each other for several minutes. Once home, Monique took up her drawings-book and her pencils, and wrote and illustrated the story of her little friend.

HISTRIO

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http://www.frenchtheater.com

TRIBUTE

Prescient and Accounted For

A century after his death, novelist Jules Verne, who imagined Moon flight and deep-sea voyages, looks more prophetic than ever — BY DOUG STEWART

JULES VERNE, the French science fiction pioneer who died 100 years ago this month, is typically viewed in this country as a lightweight. For that, Hollywood deserves some blame. The 1959 movie adaptation of Verne's *Journey to the Center of the Earth* is a "juvenile adventure maintaining a credible tone of silliness," one critic recently wrote, noting that the expedition "includes a goose called Gertrude."

Verne is the second-most-translated author on earth, after Agatha Christie, and it's not because his books are silly. For the record, the original expedition in Verne's 1864 *Journey* includes no barnyard animals. The novel remains one of the liveliest introductions to earth science, fossil biology and evolution in literature. And it's one of the earliest: it appeared just five years after Charles Darwin published *On the Origin of Species*.

Best-known for 20,000 *Leagues Under the Sea* and *Around the World in 80 Days*, Verne has always been a major cultural figure in his native land. This month, his hometown of Amiens is scheduled to celebrate the centennial of his death with exhibitions and literary conferences. Yet in the United States, Verne has been pigeonholed as a lightweight, even though he foresaw deep-sea voyages, and



Verne's work, Evans and other revisionists argue that Verne's writings are more complex, more skeptical and more politically charged than is commonly supposed. Most English-language editions of Verne's novels are public-domain texts more than a century old. Victorian translators blithely removed references to Darwin, politics, the ills of British imperialism—and much of Verne's humor. Entire chapters were literally lost in translation. "For the first time," says Evans, "people in the English-speaking world are seeing what Verne actually wrote, as opposed to the bowdlerized hack translations that have been available previously."

A milestone in the reevaluation of Verne came in 1989, when his great-grandson, Jean Verne, of Toulon, had the door of a rusting family safe blasted open. Inside he found a small yellowed manuscript containing Verne's unpublished third novel, written in 1863 when he was a 35-year-old law-school dropout and part-time stockbroker. It's no uplifting tale of technological derring-do but a

bleak melodrama of Paris circa 1960. Verne forecast execution of criminals, harried Frenchmen bolting their food and warehouse bookstores whose clerks have never heard of Victor Hugo. Published in 1994 as *Paris in the 20th Century*, it is not great literature—a *New York Times* critic called it "a literary curiosity"—but its release was a major

cause of Verne's

Smithsonian
MARCH 2005 VOLUME 35, NUMBER 12

"The parad...

Grâce aux informations fournies par Brian Taves



Conclusion