

EAE 0422 A	
Code Sujet	EHP
Sujet Jury	
Sujet Candidat	
Page	1 / 5

Document A

Henry B. Fuller, "Introduction," *The Cliff-Dwellers* (1893), Buffalo, NY: Broadview Press, 2010, pp. 57-58.

Between the former site of old Fort Dearborn and the present site of our newest Board of Trade there lies a restricted yet tumultuous territory through which, during the course of the last fifty years, the rushing streams of commerce have worn many a deep and rugged chasm. These great canyons – conduits, in fact, for the leaping volume of an ever-increasing prosperity – cross each other with a sort of systematic rectangularity, and in deference to the practical directness of local requirements they are in general called simply – streets. Each of these canyons is closed in by a long frontage of towering cliffs, and these soaring walls of brick and limestone and granite rise higher and higher with each succeeding year, according as the work of erosion at their bases goes onward – the work of that seething flood of carts, carriages, omnibuses, cabs, cars, messengers, shoppers, clerks, and capitalists, which surges with increasing violence for every passing day. This erosion, proceeding with a sort of fateful regularity, has come to be a matter of constant and growing interest. Means have been found to measure its progress – just as a scale has been arranged to measure the rising of the Nile or to gauge the draught of an ocean liner. In this case the unit of measurement is called the "story." Ten years ago the most rushing and irrepressible of the torrents which devastate Chicago had not worn its bed to a greater depth than that indicated by seven of these "stories." This depth has since increased to eight – to ten – to fourteen – to sixteen, until some of the leading avenues of activity promise soon to become little more than mere obscure trails half lost between the bases of perpendicular precipices.

High above this architectural upheaval rise yet other structures in crag-like isolation. El Capitan is duplicated time and again both in bulk and in stature, and around him the floating spray of the Bridal Veil is woven by the breezes of lake and prairie from the warp of soot-flakes and the woof of damp-drenched smoke.

The explorer who has climbed to the shoulder of one of these great captains and has found one of the thinnest folds in the veil may readily make out the nature of the surrounding country. The rugged and erratic plateau of the Bad Lands lies before him in all its hideousness and impracticability. It is a wild tract full of sudden falls, unexpected rises, precipitous dislocations. The high and the low are met together. The big and the little alternate in a rapid and illogical succession. Its perilous trails are followed successfully by but few – by a lineman, perhaps, who is balanced on a cornice, by a roofer astride some dizzy gable, by a youth

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	2 / 5

35 here and there whose early apprehension of the main chance and the
multiplication table has stood him in good stead. This country is a treeless
country – if we overlook the “forest of chimneys” comprised in a bird’s-eye view
of any great city, and if we are unable to detect any botanical analogies in the
40 lofty articulated iron funnels whose ramifying cables reach out wherever they
can, to fasten wherever they may. It is a shrubless country – if we give no heed
to the gnarled carpentry of the awkward frameworks which carry the telegraph,
and which are set askew on such dizzy corners as the course of the wires may
compel. It is an arid country – if we overlook the numberless tanks that squat on
45 the high angles of alley walls or if we fail to see the little pools of tar and gravel
that ooze and shimmer in the summer sun on the roofs of old-fashioned buildings
of the humbler sort. It is an airless country – if by air we mean the mere
combination of oxygen and nitrogen which is commonly indicated by that name.
For here the medium of sight, sound, light, and life becomes largely
50 carbonaceous, and the remoter peals of this mighty yet unprepossessing
landscape loom up grandly, but vaguely, through swathing mists of coal-smoke.

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	3 / 5

Document B

John Coleman Adams, 'What a Great City Might Be – A Lesson from the White City.' *The New England Magazine New Series* n°14 (March 1896), pp. 3-13.

5 While many observers during the great Chicago Exposition, made public their impressions of the artistic and industrial phases of the White City, and much was written of its dramatic side, the stream of incident flowing through the six months of its existence, the human procession marching and countermarching in its avenues, there is one whole aspect of the Exposition which received altogether too little attention. Yet it is a side which contained much food for thought certainly as any other for the American citizen. Nothing in any of the exhibits within the walls of those great buildings, illustrating the achievements of human skill and power, was half so interesting, so suggestive, so full of hopeful intimations, as the Fair in its aspect as a city by itself. In the midst of a very real and very earthly city, full of the faults which Chicago so preeminently displays, we saw a great many features of what an ideal city might be, a great many visions which perhaps will one day become solid facts, and so remove the blot and failure of modern civilization, the great city of the end of the century. The White City has become almost a dream; but it is well to go back to it, after this interval, and study anew some of its lessons.

20 In the first place, when one entered the gates of the White City, he felt that he was in the presence of a system of arrangements which had been carefully and studiously planned. The city was orderly and convenient. The plotting of the grounds, the manner of their development, the placing of the buildings, the communicating avenues and canals and bridges, all exhibited a prevision, a plan, an arrangement of things with reference to each other. The problem of the architect, the landscape gardener and the engineer had been thoroughly thought out before the gates were opened. The result was preeminently satisfying. The features of the Fair could be studied as a whole, or the details could be taken up without loss of time or distraction of attention. The mind was helped and not hindered by the planning of the various parts. They seemed to be the details of an organism, not the mere units of an aggregation. The buildings were not a heap and huddle of walls and roofs; they were a noble sketch in architecture. The streets were not a tangle of thoroughfares representing individual preference or caprice; they were a system of avenues devised for the public convenience.

35 Of course every dweller in a great city will recognize the fact that these particulars represent just what most of our larger cities are not. If we except some of the newer cities of the West, we have extremely few in which there are any evidences of deliberate and intelligent plan, the perception of the end to be attained, and the effort to gain that end. Life in our cities would be vastly easier if only they had been planned with some reasonable foresight as to results and some commonsense prevision in behalf of the people who were coming to live in them. The great blemish upon our cities is the fact that their natural advantages have been squandered by uses which had no forethought of future needs. The blunders and stupidity of those who have developed them have laid heavy expense upon those who shall come after and try to remodel the territory they have spoiled. That work has hardly begun. When it is undertaken there will be

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	4 / 5

45 anathemas profound and unsparing upon the shortsightedness which permitted narrow streets and omitted frequent parks and open squares; which reared monumental buildings, and failed to dig tunnels for local transportation; which carried sewage away in drain pipes, only to bring it back by the water tap.

50 Of course the answer and defense made to this complaint is a general denial of the possibility of doing otherwise, and a claim that the conditions in the two cases were all so different that it is unfair to expect like results. The claim may be partly conceded. The American city is, in general, a surprise to its own inhabitants. *It grows beyond all prophecy; it develops in unexpected directions;* it increases in territory and population at a pace which is scarcely less than appalling. All these conditions make foresight difficult and possibly debar
55 hindsight from criticism. But the trouble has been that the builders of our cities have been blind because they would not see. They have erred because they chose. They have neglected opportunities which offered. When London suffered from its great fire in 1666, Sir Christopher Wren was ready with admirable plans for rebuilding it with broad streets conveniently arranged, with such a quay as
60 the Victoria Embankment, and with beautiful buildings advantageously disposed. But his plans were not adopted, and an opportunity was lost which will perhaps never recur, of making London a beautiful, well-arranged city. Boston had a like opportunity under a like calamity, and likewise refused it. She threw a tub to the whale of travel and traffic in the shape of a few parings of territory to widen
65 streets; but the whale still chases her perplexed and weary citizens through crooked and narrow thoroughfares. For many years it has been possible to forecast the growth of our cities as certainly as it was possible to predict that the daily population of the White City would be anywhere from 100,000 to 800,000 people. Our mistakes are therefore gratuitous and willful.

70 But there were other hints of the order which might exist in our great cities, conveyed in the general cleanliness and neatness of the Exposition grounds. The management had grave difficulties in its way. It had to contend with a great untaught multitude which had never learned in real cities how to be neat in this mimic one. They were as careless and untidy here as they were in their own
75 cities and towns. They littered the ground; they covered the floors; they filled the waters with the rubbish of lunch baskets and the debris of unconsumed luncheons; they tore up their letters and tossed the tatters into the air, they threw away in one building the cards and circulars they had collected in others. But every night when they were gone the patient attendants did their best to
80 clean up after them and to present the grounds fresh and bright for the new crowd next day. *When shall we carry the same methods into our municipal affairs? Why may we not at once take a hint in our everyday towns from this city of a few weeks? There is no reason (save such as are discreditable alike to our minds and our morals) why New York and Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago,*
85 *should not be swept and scrubbed every night in preparation for the uses of every new day. Sometime they will be. Perhaps that day will come all the sooner for the lesson of the White City.*

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	5 / 5

Document C

Yves Marchand & Romain Meffre, Robert Polidori. "Woodward Avenue," *The Ruins of Detroit*. London: Steidl, 2010, p. 17.

