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L'usage de tout système électronique ou informatique est interdit dans cette épreuve.

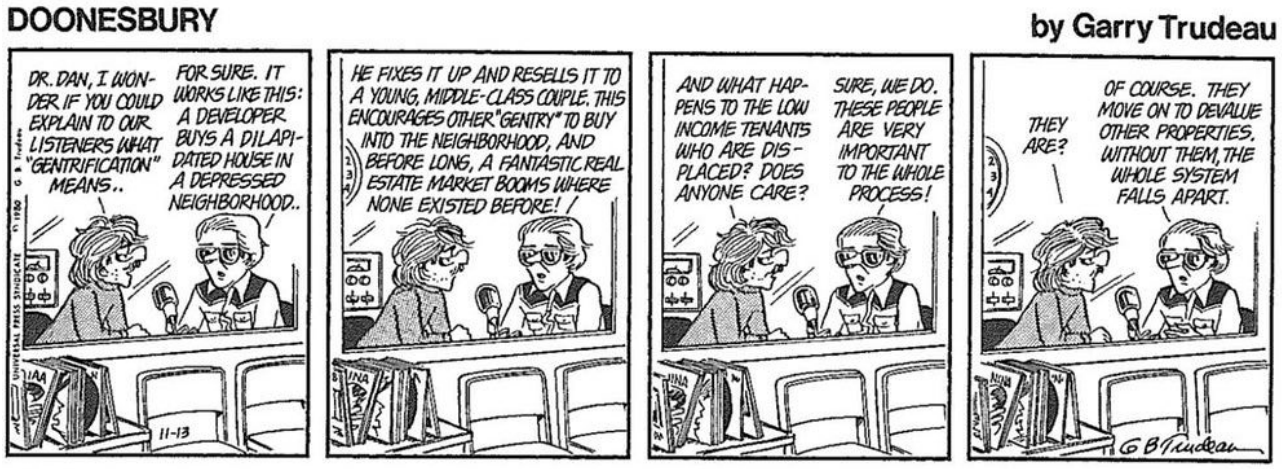
Rédiger en anglais et en 500 mots une synthèse des documents proposés, qui devra obligatoirement comporter un titre. Indiquer avec précision, à la fin du travail, le nombre de mots utilisés (titre inclus), un écart de 10% en plus ou en moins sera accepté.

Ce sujet propose les 4 documents suivants :

- un dessin de presse Doonesbury, 1980 ;
- un article de Peter Moskowitz paru dans *Slate* du 4 mai 2016 ;
- un article de Shaquina Blake paru dans *The Guardian* du 15 février 2015 ;
- un article paru dans *The Economist* du 21 février 2015.

L'ordre dans lequel se présentent les documents est aléatoire.

A Doonesbury cartoon (1980)



Doonesbury is a comic strip by American cartoonist Garry Trudeau that chronicles the adventures and lives of various characters, including the title character, Michael Doonesbury. It was launched in 1970.
This cartoon originally published in 1980 was reproduced in *The Guardian* on January 13, 2016.

Slate

Bulldoze Jane Jacobs

by Peter Moskowitz, *Slate*[1], 4 May 2016

The celebrated urban thinker wrote the blueprint for how we revitalize cities. It's time to stop glorifying her theories.

Wednesday is the 100th birthday of Jane Jacobs, the journalist and urban theorist whose 1961 book, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, changed the trajectory of New York and cities everywhere. In the book, Jacobs argued that the preceding century of urban planning had essentially "arisen on a foundation of nonsense" — that the old, white men who advocated for highways and high-rises, wide streets and buildings setback from sidewalks by acres of grass, were not only clueless but were actively destroying American cities.

Instead, Jacobs wrote, cities should be built with communities and street-level interaction in mind. Small, varied streets and small businesses would allow for the chance interpersonal interactions required for cultures and communities to flourish. Jacobs used Manhattan's Greenwich Village, where she lived (and where I grew up), as a prime example of how neighborhoods should look, and she fought her entire life to ensure it would keep look-

[1] Slate is an American online magazine on current affairs, politics and culture created in 1996.

ing that way, battling mega-planner Robert Moses, who wanted to build a highway right through SoHo and the West Village.

Jacobs died in 2006, but dozens of events are being held all over the world to commemorate her life. There's a lecture series in New York, a symposium on her work in the Netherlands, "Jane Jacobs Walks" in several cities, and a new version of an opera about her battle with Moses. This year also marks the release of a new book and a new documentary about Jacobs. This is befitting of the perch she still retains in urban planning. She was to her field what Freud was to psychology.

But as often happens when we remember the dead, nearly all of these celebrations and tributes fail to recognize Jacobs as a real person with deeply flawed ideas. Yes, she still deserves praise for challenging the urban-planning maxims of her time. But if we really want to honor her belief that cities can be nearly magical places capable of improving the lives of all of their inhabitants, we have to recognize the limits of her philosophies and the limits of the ways in which we've interpreted and remembered them. Looking at the Village today is a great place to start.

The same neighborhood Jacobs lauded for its diversity in the 1960s and '70s is today a nearly all-white, aesthetically suburban playground for the rich. The average price for a two-bedroom apartment is about $5,000 a month. Those small, varied streets are still there, but the small, community-oriented businesses have been replaced by banks and restaurant chains, upscale cocktail bars, and expensive shoe stores. When I walk its streets now, I mostly feel sad and disconnected, not to mention angry that global wealth has transformed my community into an upscale mall.

Jacobs, to a certain extent, warned of the Village's imminent transition, arguing that a neighborhood's outstanding success can ultimately be self-undermining. People are attracted to neighborhoods like the West Village, which become more and more expensive until "one or a few dominating uses finally emerge triumphant ... [and] a most intricate and successful organism of economic mutual support and social support has been destroyed by the process," Jacobs wrote.

It's not only the Village. Seemingly every Jacobsian paradise, from Portland, Oregon, to San Francisco to the newly revitalized parts of Detroit and New Orleans, is mostly white and well-off. Governments (no doubt swayed by the urban planners whose graduate programs hew to Jacobs' philosophies) spend millions on implementing Jacobs' recommendations — making streets more walkable, supporting new, local businesses, de-emphasizing cars – and nearly everywhere they do, gentrification and displacement follow. Dense, pedestrian-friendly spaces don't have to be accessible only to the affluent, of course. But without commitments to affordable and public housing and even the regulation of rent, any change to a neighborhood that increases its real-estate values will inevitably lead to increased urban inequality. When we boil down Jacobs' ideas to their simplest dictates, we risk those unsavory consequences.

Even Jacobs recognized the limits of her philosophies, saying *Death and Life* was not a panacea for the vast inequalities of society but that inequality would need to be addressed for any city to flourish. In the last (and possibly the least popular) book she wrote, 2004's *Dark Age Ahead*, Jacobs warned that American cities would become more unequal, boring, corporate, and stricken by police brutality if we did not address underlying issues of societal decay.

But when we celebrate Jacobs today, we don't celebrate the shortcomings of the urbanism she espoused, because if we did we'd realize how much work there is to accomplish before urban planning can really address her biggest goals. As University of Michigan urban planning professor June Manning Thomas points out, the field now barely attempts to improve the lives of poorer urban communities, instead focusing on visual improvements to already-exclusive spaces like downtown cores. "What we see as 'normal' is really the end result of cumulative privilege we've been building in this country for middle class whites since the 1920s and 1930s," Manning Thomas said last year. "We've essentially cut ourselves off from seeing the injustice."

Urban planning associations and schools seem unconcerned with the harder parts of Jacobs' mission: designing cities that increase racial and economic equality. One survey of the American Planning Association's members found that fewer than 10 percent were racial minorities. There isn't a class on race or social justice at Harvard's school of planning.

There are good examples of equitable urban planning and equitability-focused urban planners. While New York Mayor Bill de Blasio's plan to create and preserve 200,000 units of affordable housing is limited in its impact, it also includes semi-robust protections for the poor in areas being redesigned and rezoned to be denser and more pedestrian-friendly — more Jacobsian, that is. That, along with other cities' recent committals to inclusionary-zoning policies (which force developers to build affordable units along with their market-rate ones) is a sign that planners are starting to get it.

But there's still a long way to go. Thinking through how to make cities truly equitable is harder than uncritically reaffirming a small selection of the work of Jacobs. If Jacobs remains an almost-deific figure in urban planning, the profession will end up perpetuating what Jacobs fought so hard against: doing things to cities simply because they replicate the ways they've been done in the past. If we want to celebrate Jacobs, it's time to move beyond her.

theguardian

Gentrification in San Francisco is supplanting culture, not creating it

Shaquina Blake, Sunday 15 February 2015

Everything was worse before. That's often the way that gentrifiers dismiss neighborhoods — and their communities — before they arrived. Just the other day, I was reading a description in an article about my old neighborhood in which I could barely recognize it: "The Western Addition was a motley collection of crack houses," it said.

Really? If the Western Addition was a den of drug and vice, then the "Painted Ladies"[2] are the best looking crack houses I've ever seen.

For a native San Franciscan like me, born and raised in the Western Addition, it was unbelievable to see where I grew up portrayed like that. The crack epidemic did hit Fillmore[3] hard — like every other inner-city neighborhood in America. But, despite the crime, we had a community and culture. The criminals among us didn't define who we were.

The arrogance and elitism of the gentrifying class echoes back to our 19th century ancestors and their love for Manifest Destiny[4]. It's an attitude that your culture is more sophisticated than the natives you're replacing. This time, instead of armies and genocide, money and evictions clear out the undesirables.

Fillmore, or "Fillmoe" depending on whom you talk to, did have its problems. But my recollection of it differs from how I hear it described by people who didn't live there before.

Despite the crime, there were engaged citizens who were active in improving their community. On Sundays we went to Third Baptist Church, a black church that was founded in the Gold Rush period. Third Baptist is like many African-American churches: they are not only houses of worship but also engines of social and political change. I saw billboards against apartheid at the church before I ever heard anything about South Africa in the mainstream media.

We might not have had the trendy boutiques or art galleries of Hayes Valley, but our culture was thriving — and was best reflected in our music. As teenagers we whiled away our Sunday evenings listening to KPOO, a neighborhood radio station that programmed the rap music soundtrack of my childhood — music you'd never have heard on the mainstream radio. The station was the first in the Bay Area to consistently play rap records; I often bought tracks I heard on it at the local record store on Fillmore St. They sold music we couldn't find other places and, occasionally, you might even find a local rap star like Rappin' 4-tay browsing its selection.

There is a widespread idea that those who live in high crime areas are politically apathetic. How else could we have allowed our neighborhood to become so unsafe? But the Fillmore I knew was a perfect place for my politically-active grandmother. Every week she read the local paper, the Sun Reporter (which has since moved). It proudly calls itself the "oldest black paper west of the Rockies". The NAACP[5] is also headquartered in Fillmore. As a child I marched for civil rights issues with my family and local activists. The Western Addition can also count San Francisco's first and only black mayor, Willie Brown, as a former resident.

On the very lots of The Fillmore Center, where a two bedroom apartment can now go for $7,300 a month, we marked the beginning of summer with the Juneteenth Festival. The festival celebrates the last blacks freed from slavery, two years after the institution had been abolished and months after the Civil War ended. They are held all over the US but, when I was child, the festival in Fillmore was big enough to fill two square blocks — it was so big we even had carnival rides. I remember us wearing our finest 'fits on the occasion and watching aspiring local rappers, singers and dancers perform for the crowd. Political speeches were delivered every year by community activists. They sought to uplift us and highlight challenges in our community.

So often, the wealthy newcomers arriving in lower income ethnic enclaves pat themselves on the back for increasing the cultural offerings in the community. But from Harlem to LA, gentrification is not adding culture; it's merely replacing it. French restaurants and beer gardens take the place of soul food restaurants and bookstores in Harlem. I mean, if you lose a panadería and gain a Panera, is that really a mark of sophistication?

What the gentrifiers ignore is that all over our neighborhood were rich repositories of black culture we could tap into — long before they ever arrived. Community centers offered us an education that we couldn't get anywhere else and often at no charge. If I wanted to learn about black history, my mom knew she could enroll me in classes at Ella Hill Hutch Community Center. And when my first boyfriend and I decided to learn capoeira, the African-American Art & Cultural Complex offered us lessons that were affordable. Accessing a wide-range of African-American literature required

[2] San Francisco's Painted Ladies are Victorian and Edwardian rowhouses and buildings painted in bright colors that enhance their architectural details.

[3] The Fillmore district is a neighborhood in the Western Addition district of San Francisco, California. For much of the 20th century, Fillmore was San Francisco's premier African-American neighborhood.

[4] Manifest Destiny is the belief or doctrine, held chiefly in the 19th century, that it was the destiny of the U.S. to expand its territory over the whole of north America and to extend its political, social and economic influences.

[5] The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) is a U.S. organization working for political and civil equality of black people. It was formed in 1909.

nothing more than stepping into much-loved places like Marcus Bookstores, run by members of our community.

Western Addition was always more than just a collection of crack houses. It's just you had to do more than watch the TV news to see it.

Of course, it is now different than it was before. I returned home this year to find Fillmore gentrified. The black population of San Francisco is half of what it was in the 80s and Hayes Valley and Lower Pacific Heights are encroaching on what I knew as Fillmore. A hipster-preppy-tech-idea of Fillmore is gradually replacing the neighborhood I knew.

And that's OK. Cities evolve and neighborhoods change. We can't stop Manifest Destiny, can we?

But the idea that the wealthy newcomers are culturally superior is as old as white people "gentrifying" areas occupied by people of color. Gentrification supplants one culture with another; it doesn't fill in a void.

The Economist

Bring on the hipsters

WASHINGTON, DC | February 21st 2015

IN AN old bar on U Street in Washington, DC — a place that was once a centre of black life and is now an inferno of hipsterdom — Jay, the bartender, is talking about how the area has changed over the past decade or so. "They ain't got barmen any more," he says, with a grin. "They got mixologists." What happens in Washington, he explains, is that young white professionals move in, bars open, "and then you know that all the bodegas and liquor stores on every corner, they ain't got long either."

Such gentrification obsesses the bien-pensants. In November the New York Times instructed its journalists to stop comparing everywhere to gentrified Brooklyn. A Saturday Night Live sketch showed a young man in a tough neighbourhood talking about his "bitches" — only to reveal that he runs a dog-walking business, and even knits matching sweaters for his bitches. In Philadelphia and San Francisco, presumed gentrifiers have been the target of protests and attacks. Elsewhere, the term is used as an insult ("I would hate to be a gentrifier," says one young professional in Detroit). Yet the evidence suggests that gentrification is both rare and, on balance, a good thing.

The case against it is simple. Newcomers with more money supposedly crowd out older residents. In Washington, according to a study by Governing magazine, 52% of census tracts that were poor in 2000 have since gentrified — more than in any other city bar Portland, Oregon. Young, mostly white singletons have crowded into a district once built for families. Over the same period, housing in Washington has become vastly more expensive. And many black residents have left: between 1990 and 2010, the number of African-Americans in the District declined by almost 100,000, falling from 66% of the population to 51%.

In New York and San Francisco, which both have rent-control rules, soaring property prices create an incentive for property owners to get rid of their tenants. Stories abound of unscrupulous developers buying up rent-controlled properties and then using legal loopholes or trickery to force residents to leave. Letting a building deteriorate so much that it can be knocked down is one tactic; bribing building inspectors to evict tenants illegally is another.

Yet there is little evidence that gentrification is responsible for displacing the poor or minorities. Black people were moving out of Washington in the 1980s, long before most parts of the city began gentrifying. In cities like Detroit, where gentrifiers are few and far between and housing costs almost nothing, they are still leaving. One 2008 study of census data found "no evidence of displacement of low-income non-white households in gentrifying neighbourhoods". They did find, however, that the average income of black people with high-school diplomas in gentrifying areas soared.

Gentrifiers can make life better for locals in plenty of ways, argues Stuart Butler of the Brookings Institution, a think-tank. When professionals move to an area, "they know how to get things done". They put pressure on schools, the police and the city to improve. As property prices increase, rents go up—but that also generates more property-tax revenue, helping to improve local services. In many cities, zoning laws force developers to build subsidised housing for the poor as well as pricey pads for well-off newcomers, which means that rising house prices can help to create more subsidised housing, not less.

The bigger problem for most American cities, says Mr Butler, is not gentrification but the opposite: the concentration of poverty. Of neighbourhoods that were more than 30% poor in 1970, just 9% are now less poor than the national average, according to the City Observatory, a think-tank. In Chicago, yuppies can easily buy coffee and vinyl records in northern neighbourhoods such as Wicker Park. But the South Side, where racist housing policies created a ghetto in the 1950s and 1960s, remains violent, poor and almost entirely black. In Brooklyn the most famously gentrified district, Williamsburg, was never all that poor or black in the first place.

However annoying they may be, hipsters help the poor. Their vintage shops and craft-beer bars generate jobs and taxes. So if you see a bearded intruder on a fixed-gear bike in your neighbourhood, welcome him.