

# Dossier Manhattan

## **Document 1** :

Ouverture du film de Woody Allen *Manhattan* (1979)

Voir extrait vidéo en annexe

## **Document 2** :

Extrait de « Crossing Brooklyn Ferry », *Leaves of Grass*, Walt Whitman, 1892

- 1 Flow on, river! flow with the flood-tide, and ebb with the  
ebb-tide!  
Frolic on, crested and scallop-edg'd waves!  
Gorgeous clouds of the sunset! drench with your splendor me,  
5 or the men and women generations after me!  
Cross from shore to shore, countless crowds of passengers!  
Stand up, tall masts of Mannahatta! stand up, beautiful hills  
of Brooklyn!  
Throb, baffled and curious brain! throw out questions and  
10 answers!  
Suspend here and everywhere, eternal float of solution!  
Gaze, loving and thirsting eyes, in the house or street or public  
assembly!
- Sound out, voices of young men! loudly and musically call  
15 me by my highest name!  
Live, old life! play the part that looks back on the actor or  
actress!  
Play the old role, the role that is great or small according as  
one makes it!
- 20 Consider, you who peruse me, whether I may not in unknown  
ways be looking upon you;  
Be firm, rail over the river, to support those who lean idly,  
yet haste with the hasting current;  
Fly on, sea-birds! fly sideways, or wheel in large circles high  
25 in the air;  
Receive the summer sky, you water, and faithfully hold it till  
all downcast eyes have time to take it from you!  
Diverge, fine spokes of light, from the shape of my head, or  
any one's head, in the sunlit water!
- 30 Come on, ships from the lower bay! pass up or down, white-  
sail'd schooners, sloops, lighters!  
Flaunt away, flags of all nations! be duly lower'd at sunset!  
Burn high your fires, foundry chimneys! cast black shadows  
at nightfall! cast red and yellow light over the tops of the  
35 houses!  
Appearances, now or henceforth, indicate what you are,  
You necessary film, continue to envelop the soul,  
About my body for me, and your body for you, be hung our  
divinest aromas,
- 40 Thrive, cities—bring your freight, bring your shows, ample and  
sufficient rivers,  
Expand, being than which none else is perhaps more spiritual,  
Keep your places, objects than which none else is more lasting.

Walt Whitman,  
Crossing Brooklyn Ferry - (excerpt section 9), 1892 2/2