

Places

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Caring about Places

Below the Surface
Lars Lerup

**The Immature Arts
of City Design**
Kevin Lynch

Urban Design
Francis Tibbalds

Our City
Eleni Bastea

A My Name is Alice . . .
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Albertland
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Growing Shade
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Summer Place
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Summer Cottage
William Morgan

Appleyard Writings
Dana Cuff

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Volume 1, Number 3, Spring 1984

The Writings of Donald Appleyard*

Compiled by Dana Cuff with the help of Kenneth H. Craik and the Institute of Urban and Regional Development (IURD), University of California, Berkeley, CA. *Editorial notes regarding the corollary research agenda were prepared by Leslie Gould, Assistant Editor, and are italicized.*

Introduction

When I began graduate school at Berkeley, Donald Appleyard was the first name on my list of professors to seek out. It was a good lead. Each semester, Don's seminars covered new issues, and his commitment to the exploration of ideas, to planning and architecture, and to his students was unrivaled. I remember most vividly evening meetings at his home, where small groups of students presented their own work for critical review, and where we met Don's friends from all over the country—some of the best scholars in design research. This amorphous field must have crystalized for others besides myself in that context.

It was in the fall of 1982 when the news came of Don's death. The finality of his death seemed irreconcilable with the vital memories we each held. Compiling Appleyard's written work is one way to pass along the influence he had on those of us who knew him. Some twenty years of prolific, scholarly, and creative achievement are evident in the artifact below: Donald Appleyard's bibliography. The intention of publishing this bibliography is to gather the dispersed writings of Donald Appleyard so that his oeuvre is accessible to scholars, researchers, designers, and students. His future research agenda is underscored, so that others may continue the work which Appleyard began.

In order to usher scholars, designers, researchers, and students into the corpus, five categories are used to summarize Appleyard's

work. The remarkable breadth of Appleyard's interests is apparent in this list of writings, which range from environmental simulation to street livability; from urban conservation to environmental symbolism. There is, however, a unifying theme in his work which stems from his own philosophy that people and physical place are critically linked in the understanding, evaluation, conservation, or planning of any environment.

**Environmental Perception,
Environmental Psychology,
and the Ciudad Guayana Project**
(Reference numbers: 1, 2, 24, 29, 30, 32, 37, 38, 49, 56, 57, 79, 80)

Donald Appleyard's work in the 1960s, with Kevin Lynch at MIT and with the Ciudad Guayana project in Venezuela, explores physical form as reflected in human understanding. He focuses on the ways people structure their perceptions of environments and the nature of those mental representations that are influenced not only by the physical setting but also by travel mode, spatial and temporal context, familiarity, and social significance. Dominating these works is the general orientation of cognitive psychology that leads to an understanding of the environment as it is understood by its inhabitants, and to the design of responsive environments. Many of the ideas embodied in these writings can be found in the book *Planning a Pluralist City*, based on the Ciudad Guayana research.

*A similar version of this bibliography was published in D. Amadeo, J. Griffin, and J. Potter, eds. *Proceedings of the 14th International Conference of the Environmental Design Research Association*. Washington, DC: 1983.

In his 1973 article "Professional Priorities for Environmental Psychology," Donald Appleyard set forth a formal research agenda for the field. He felt the overriding priority was to integrate environmental psychology research into the day-to-day design and decision-making processes. The specific areas of research he outlined were: (1) participatory communication—bringing more people, particularly non-professionals, into the environmental decision-making process; (2) situational research—integrating social science research methods such as interviews and observation into all stages of the architect's design process; (3) comprehensive checklists—detailed studies of the relationship between particular user groups (their needs, values, activities, perception processes) and specific environmental characteristics (surfaces, mass, views, enclosure, lighting, signs, smells) in order to understand the effective and perceived environment of those populations affected by them; (4) simulations and predictions—techniques for authentic, realistic representations of what a proposed environment will be like; and (5) manuals and cookbooks—publications which translate research findings into usable design guidelines for professionals.

Urban Planning, Design, and Conservation

(Reference numbers: 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 10, 15, 17, 22, 23, 25, 34, 77, 84, 86, 87)

In further writings about the urban environment, Appleyard brings an expanded set of concerns, which include not only psychology, but also economics, politics, sociology, and history, to his analysis of extant built and open spaces as well as to the planning of future environments. Appleyard was involved with his own cities, evident in the writings about Boston, Berkeley, and San Francisco. Most recently, he edited *The Conservation of European Cities* and contributed an eloquent introduction discussing the importance of integrating social and physical conservation in city planning.

Two urban design manifestos that Appleyard co-authored had similar themes: What is wrong with places being designed today?; What are the qualities of good, humanistic, urban environments?; and What design characteristics achieve those qualities? His evaluation was always focused on people's use and perceptions of their environment. The intent was to go on to develop design guidelines based on research for the public spaces of the city.

Neighborhoods, Streets, and Transportation

(Reference numbers: BART—12, 13, 14, 39, 41, 43; Livable streets—5, 11, 16, 18, 35, 44, 48, 54, 63, 75, 76, 81, 83; Transportation environments—26, 27, 28, 33, 45, 46, 65, 66, 85)

Appleyard was interested not only in the city's built and open spaces,

but also in the connections between them—the links, the systems within which we move from place to place. Precipitated in part by a major project for BART (Bay Area Rapid Transit) in California, Appleyard completed a number of studies on transportation networks, traffic, and streets. Each is scrutinized primarily in terms of its impact on the community, especially the neighborhood. A key notion underlying these studies is that the street's livability is central to that of the neighborhood, implying that we must consider transportation networks not only as functional circulation systems, but as living environments in their own right.

Appleyard had recently compiled his work in this area in two publications, a book entitled Livable Streets and a manual for traffic engineers, Improving Residential Streets. In this way he sought to bring his research efforts to bear on public policy and on community action.

The Process of Environmental Planning

(Reference numbers: Berkeley Environmental Simulation Lab—40, 42, 47, 51, 52, 62, 64, 70, 71; Participatory planning—9, 31, 36, 50, 72, 73)

Another kind of connection that concerned Appleyard was the link between extant and future environments—the planning process itself. His writings cover a range of issues in environmental decision-making, primarily

community participation and visual media as design communication tools. In terms of the latter, Appleyard spearheaded the development of the Berkeley Environmental Simulation Laboratory—an immense, intricate system for guiding a movie camera on a probe through small-scale models of environments. He had recently drafted a manuscript with Kenneth H. Craik and Peter Bosselmann, *Understanding Environmental Media*, reviewing work in the lab and providing a handbook on simulation as a tool in environmental planning.

One of Appleyard's intentions was to present to the public visual simulations of alternatives for actual planning projects. The lab was just beginning to be involved in such activities—preparing a film for public television airing that showed different growth scenarios for downtown San Francisco. The simulator is now being used (as part of the EIR process) to examine in detail how proposed development projects will perform when inserted into the downtown context. Studies cover solar access, wind, and visual impact as viewed by pedestrians, passing drivers, and people looking from a distance at the skyline.

Environmental Symbolism

(Reference numbers: 53, 55, 58, 60, 61, 67, 68, 69, 74, 78, 82)

In the last years of Donald Appleyard's life, one interest consumed an increasing share of his

curiosity: meaning and social symbolism in the physical environment. He was intrigued by the different connotations palm trees held for Northern versus Southern Californians, by the symbolic importance of place for communities, and by the family home's role as an expression of its inhabitants.

Appleyard's untimely death left unfinished the book planned to coalesce his work in this domain. As Kevin Lynch described in his review of the unfinished manuscript (Places I, Number 1) Appleyard was attempting to integrate a broad range of psychological and environmental themes: the formation of individual and societal identities; the expression of identity in the built environment; the landscapes of the local versus the tourist, and the issue of authenticity; the communication of status and power in the built environment; public places as theaters of social conflict; and as a summary the notion of a healthy place identity. The work sets forth a great deal of new thought on these subjects and, more important, raises many questions for others to pursue.

The citations below are organized first by the type of publication, next by year of publication, and then alphabetically. The majority of entries come from Appleyard's own vita, and from a bibliography compiled by his friend and colleague, Kenneth H. Craik. The majority of writings are obtainable,

while some are only available in select libraries (the Rotch Library at MIT and the Library of the College of Environmental Design at the University of California at Berkeley probably have the most complete collections). In addition, IURD distributes reprints of a large number of Appleyard's works for a minimal fee.

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Early in the deliberations that led to the founding of the new journal that became Places, Kevin Lynch made a list of possible topics, filled with joyous vitality. This Spring Kevin died at the end of a day planting his garden in Martha's Vineyard. We can think of no more fitting tribute to Kevin than if his ideas give rise in you to articles that could occur in later issues of Places.

[in no order whatsoever]

A review of where (if anywhere) environmental design has been effective in the US today.

What professional "urban designers" do as . . . what needs to be done.

Some spectacular planning failures.

The progressive specialization and abandonment of the street.

A quantitative analysis of the flow of material through a city.

Planning for area decline: good city decay.

The pleasures of dumps and waste grounds.

Some potential uses of city waste spaces; road margins, beneath the elevated, rooftops, side yards, alleys, etc.

Thinning out, greening, city gardens: a response to the progressive abandonment of the center.

A dreary industrial arterial: what can be done?

Designing buses, streets and stops for the pleasure and comfort of the bus rider.

The true possibilities of the commercial strips.

Making parking lots and garages a reassuring experience and useful when empty, and easily reusable.

Is there no hope for airports?

Offices, factories, warehouses and parking lots: the worker's view of the work environment.

Mobile home parks that people like to live in.

Reuse of doorways as public shelters: bums, lurkers, loafers, and those caught in the rain.

How to design corridors and tunnels.

Review from the wheelchair (or on crutches, or carrying two parcels): a day in the life of . . .

Sharpening our perception of wind, clouds, sky, sun, moon, stars and weather.

City childhoods: pleasures and fears.

Environmental ugliness: what is it? Where is it found? How is it perceived? What value does it have?

Environmental design in squatter settlements: creating humane places where resources are scarce.

The phenomenon of divided border cities.

Designing for immigration and mobility: the minimization of social and psychological cost.

Sign control: its achievements and failures.

The human experience of current new towns: can't we

do better or will time heal the wounds.

Lying down in public: is it really sinful?

The problem of public toilets, including a toilet access survey by sex and income.

The technique of analyzing visually observable misfits between behavior and environment.

Techniques for analyzing the environmental image of time.

1% for art: who the hell cares about public sculpture.

How to make breathtaking wind tunnels.

How to dump heat, or reflect it, back into public spaces.

Rollerskating in the city.

How to pile up snow in interesting ways, or to decorate it or color it, with an appendix on ice palaces.

Possibilities and pitfalls of sensory programming.

The idea of real time experiments in new environmental prototypes.

Chinese site design.

The residents of . . . describe their own neighborhood.

The corner of . . . and . . . Streets: how it got that way (in detail), and how it works.

Expressing predicted change or proposed plans on the site.

Ways of increasing the exploratory range of children and the aged.

Communicating the time of day, the season, or natural and human cycles.

Scorings for public celebrations.

Organizing and supporting street festivals.

Fun with utility replacement: games of digging up, filling in, taking down, putting up, repair and reconstruction.

Does semiotics have any meaning for environmental design?

What is this nonsense called post-modernism?

Who lives here? Guessing and expressing.

The role of the police in environmental design.

Could street sweeping become a respected trade?

An analysis of the users, makers and maintainers of the street.

Problems of mass transport by bicycle: experience in Holland, China, England, California, etc.

The possibilities of artificial light in the city environment and the resistance to change.

In what practical ways might a city environment be made educative? What has been done, with what success?

Encouraging the expression of local history and local ecology.

How to make public the analysis of local place quality.

At least, the list indicates what would interest me as a reader, and perhaps a mixed group of professionals and lay enthusiasts for the improvement of the everyday environment.

Below the Surface

Lars Lerup

Like all respectable modern cities, Stockholm has a subway. Much of the lore of a city originates in its subway—the Metro in Paris, the Tube in London, the subway in New York. In fact, a visitor would understand more about Stockholm if he took *tunnelbanan* (the subway) from the Old Town to Vällingby than if he climbed the tallest building in town, since to understand the modern city is not only to see but to possess it.

I used Stockholm's subway for the first time in 1960, when I was on a 24-hour leave from a navy vessel. Environmentally there was not much difference between the eerily lit tunnels of the city and the corridors of my ship, but the subway meant freedom, access, wheels. The stations reminded me of no more than large restrooms, but the hardware was good (designed by Sigurd Lewerentz) and it did keep us navy boys out of the snow. And it did more. Democratic, efficient, and far-reaching, the subway stretched its tunnels out into the new suburbs—Vällingby and Farsta—populated by an army of young office workers from the provinces, among whom were the only women willing to be seen with a sailor in a café or dance hall. Thus, we rode those wonderful green cars, dressed in our ridiculous Donald Duck uniforms, filled with dreams of possessing the city.

The subway system has expanded since 1960; several new lines and many new stations have been added. Sailors still ride the cars, but my own interests have shifted from worldly possession to a more subtle search for what is below. Stockholm's local transport authority, SL, seems also to have changed its goals from simple



I Half-cylinders form an artificial waterfall; in the back, opera events are posted on a giant pilaster.



2



3

efficiency, speed, and reach to a more poetic concern for the depths of the bedrock that forms the datum of the city.

The internal politics that lead SL and the city to devote both attention and capital to the new stations are complex, but clearly two architects, who successively headed the design division within the transport authority, had much to do with the shift from sheer transport to the art of the underground caverns. Michael Granit, the first of the two architects, brought a distinct obsession with the depths of the city to his job, as if he had unconsciously understood that art could only take place underground. Above ground, building was governed by an increasingly turgid and standardized attitude, leaving all innovation stranded on the shores of rules and regulations. Granit's successor and partner in many exhibits and competitions, Per Reimers, shared the obsession with the bedrock. Again, new stations—each more inventive than the other—resulted.

The official policy and the technical reasons for the new attitude were stated in one of the many documents about the new additions to the system

written by Michael Granit:

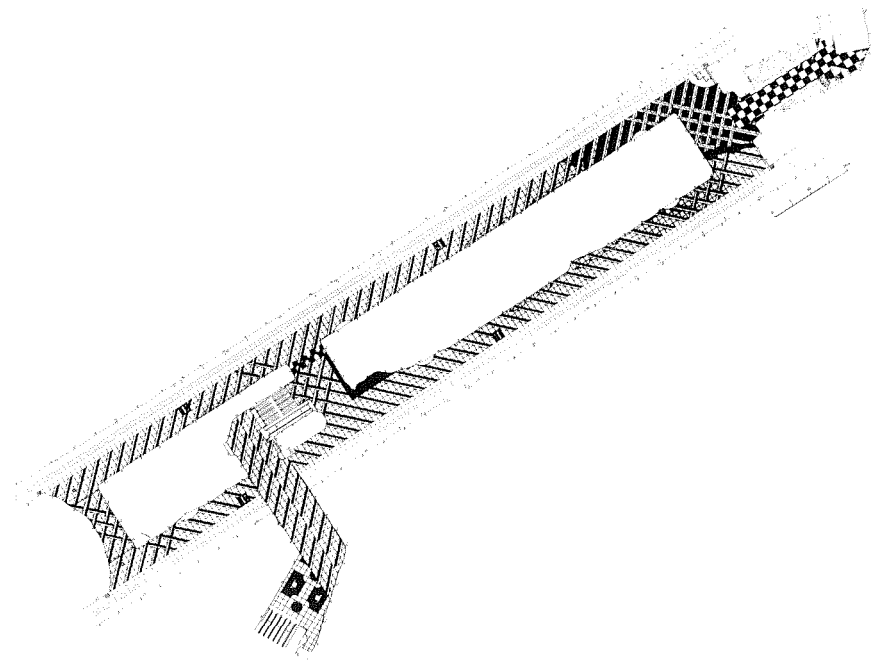
The underground railway of the 1970s is, in fact, underground. The stretch between the Central Station and Hjulsta, with its 11 stations, is one continuous cave 14 kilometers long, and between 20 and 30 meters below the earth's surface. Mainly because of improved methods of blasting, it costs approximately the same to build a railway in a tunnel as on the surface. The land cost is less, the environment is less noisy, and the effects of climatic changes are reduced.

After blasting, a 7 centimeter thick layer of cement was sprayed onto the rock. By reinforcing this, and when necessary draining it, a satisfactory surface treatment of the rock was obtained. Moreover, this results in a coarse uneven surface which gives an exciting contrast to the smooth easily cleaned surfaces of the terrazzo used to cover the floors and dados. In order to compensate to some extent for the loss of direct contact with the landscape, the whole space formed by blasting the rock has been transformed by the artists. The resulting works of art give each station its identity and help the passengers to find their way in it.¹

2 Harlequin's tights sweep along the ceiling next to the modern Altamira cave.

3 The stairs leading to the street.

4



4

To select one among the one hundred stations in the system seemed difficult at first, but after many trips Kungstradgarden (the King's Garden) stood out as the most generic and the most unique. Its central location under a popular public park surrounded by some of the most important cultural institutions in the central city makes the station imminently accessible. But since it does not serve many work places, there are no large throngs of people, and the station's own splendor is thereby made more accessible.

The station at Kungstradgarden was done in cooperation with the artist Ulrik Samuelson, who had established himself as one of the foremost painters and sculptors of the decade. Samuelson had worked on the architecture of the Central Bank with Peter Celsing, the most prominent Swedish architect of the 1960s, and was, therefore, concerned not only with sculpture but with the built world.

The sense of a newfound liberty below the surface of the city is visible in the work but also explicit in descriptions by both the artist and the architect. In quoting the architect below, we should keep in mind that a bureaucrat is speaking, and it is unthinkable that he

would speak the same way about any building above ground.

In (the station) nature stands as naked bedrock, after a long journey a wish has been fulfilled. The vegetation is there in the sprayed concrete, and down across the tracks in an under-ground baroque garden. Geometric patterns are brought out of the terrazzo floor, fossils from the past and present speak of the nature of things. Green, white and red becomes red, white and green—or did it go wrong?²

Each station follows the same basic principles: two parallel platforms about 180 meters by 8 meters in plan and access paths equipped with escalators and stairs from at least one street. The artist must stay within these simple outlines. Samuelson elected to create a shadow world, establishing a set of symmetries between the park and the institutions above. Certain aspects and themes ranging from operatic references, museological fragments, to stylized debris from the park are to be found in the station. In addition, actual displays of the activity of the various institutions are placed on the platform inside giant fragments of columns emerging from the rockwall—the

4 Kunstradgarden: the plan of the station.



5

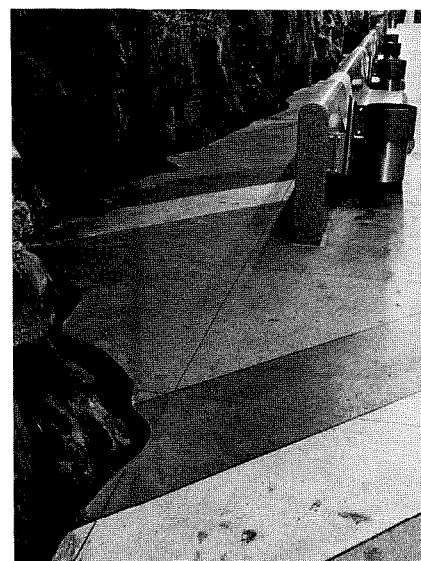
pillars of culture reach deep down into the underworld. But the sense of liberty established by SL allowed Samuelson to feel completely free to establish the links with the surface world. The very grammar of the 'real' world has been altered for a freer and more inspired structure in the depths of the city. Ulrik Samuelson writes about his intentions:

I have chosen these things—because they allow room for a human existence. That is, out of the petrified time we call history and with the petrified life that we call rock, concrete and earth, rooms emerge that somehow diminish our own petrification.³

Once one is below the surface, space is linear, pedestrian pace picks up, sounds are muffled echoes, the artificial light ranges from blue to glowing yellow. The ground plane takes on a new importance; both world and horizon, all else is close, the rock is almost too close. When you leave the escalators descending from the street, the ground plane, smooth as a ballroom floor, turns to the left and widens. The bare rock surface in front is covered by hundreds of posters advertising cultural events above ground—a modern Altamira cave,

5 Almost clumsy fantasy figures emerge from the rock.

6 The smooth terrazzo floor meets the rough rock wall along a miniature river.

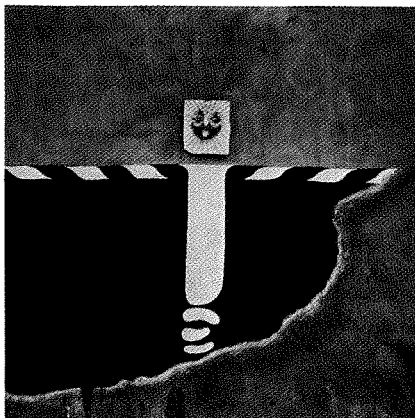


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now with men and machines. Sweeping by the ancient rock wall, lightly sprayed with concrete but still moist, another set of escalators takes us down on the main platform. The cries and whispers of distant trains fill the caverns. The ground plane sweeps around a rock formation in the middle of the platform along the sides to where we cannot yet see. There are very few people because it is a cul-de-sac station. You hear water dripping.

The floor made of exquisitely constructed terrazzo appears in this underground world as a natural gyroscope—the only bearing, our only means of navigation—a great petrified sea. The same sea that Henri Bosco encounters when he describes the descent in the cellar—the cosmic cellar that is below each house and every city. In Gaston Bachelard's *Poetics of Space*, Bosco writes:

Water! . . . An immense body of water! . . . And what water . . . Black, stagnant, so perfectly smooth that not a ripple, not a bubble, marred its surface. No spring, no source. It had been there for thousands of years and remained there, caught unawares by the rock, spread out in a single, impassive



7

sheet. In its stone matrix it had itself become this black, still rock, a captive of the mineral world.

The stylized ripples on the terrazzo plane, a matrix of red and white, hover as if they had floated to the surface just before the petrification. Hard, yet transparent, the great surface allows us access to the cavern. The walls of the cavern are sheer bedrock, the ceiling stabilized by a thin film of sprayed concrete, that—like a cocoon—allows the real nature of the rock to emerge or contour itself the way a body would under a blanket. On the walls are painted endless red and white swags that rope themselves around the walls. Parallel to these bands are the marks of the drills that scar the rock surface. Here on the vertical wall the sprayed concrete is kept away and the raw rock is exposed. Real water trickles and drips, occasionally following the drill marks, then the rock crevices, to end on a set of cascading granite half-cylinders. Here the water forms an almost unbroken bent surface. A crack along the floor leads the water back into the granite—back underneath the *terra firma*.

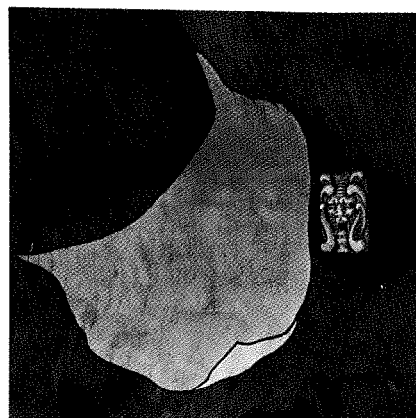
On the sprayed concrete in the vaulted ceiling, great, reckless swaths of



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Harlequin's parti-colored tights are laid out. Giant cola tabs are represented on the floor next to equally flat, but almost real, fossils. Cast cement figures occupy almost-niches in the walls. All these fragments from the world above have been brought underground, but the 35 meters has disfigured, transformed, and displaced them. Almost insubstantial, both painted and cast objects have lost not only some of their form but also their meaning. Their petrification has given them new life, radically contradicting their insubstantiality. Harlequin's tights have gained new force, their rude flattening has burst the seams so that his body has been fully erased—the references to the opera above fade away; liberated, the cloth of the buffoon is no longer a mere wrapping but rock itself.

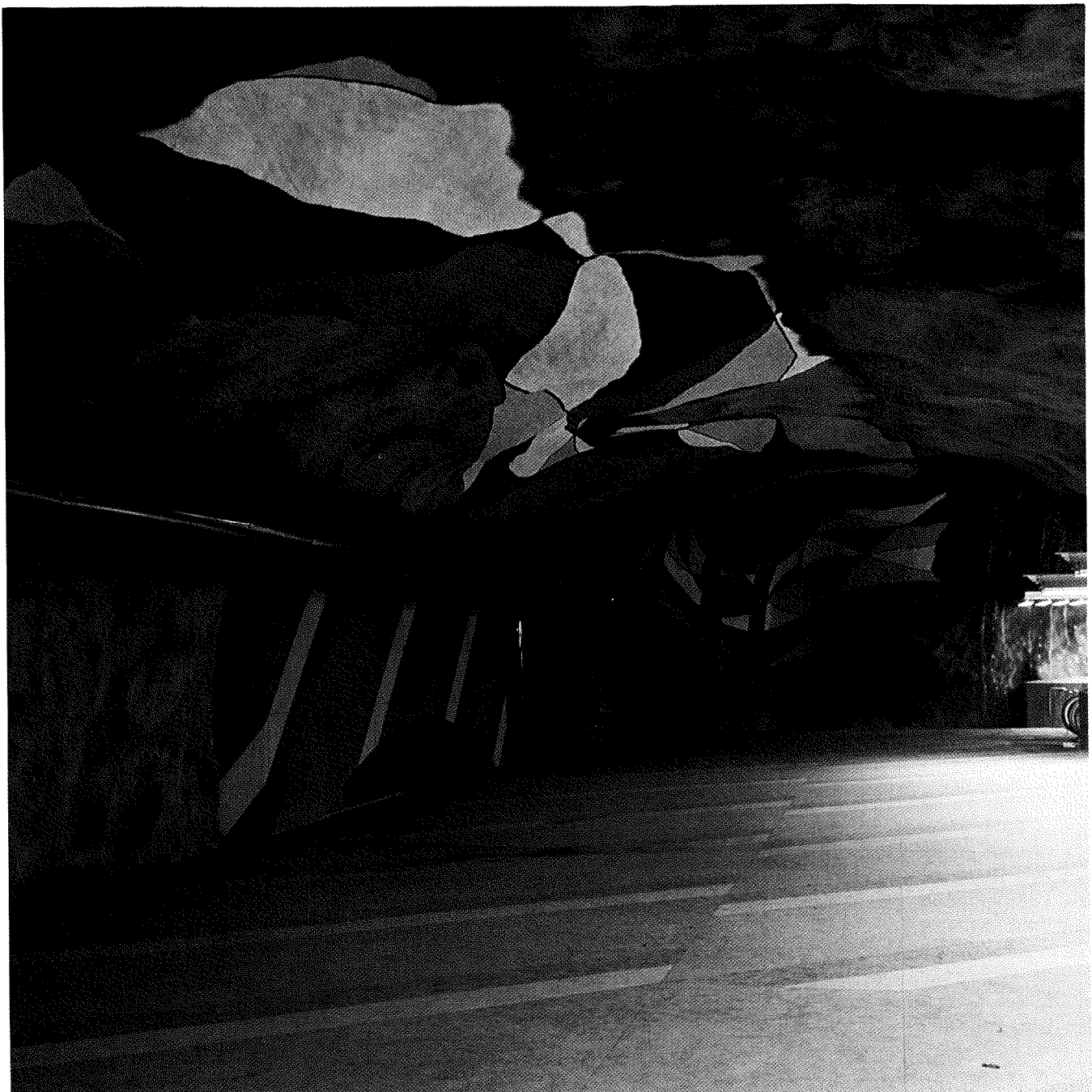
What emerges from these new stations is a sense of the backside of the city—not its base, nor its inside, but its other, its shadow side. Independent from the block structure of the city, the subways are like ancient cow paths, slowly and gently heaving themselves through the underground. Above is the modern city, the city of the individual, of independent actions, initiative, disorder, ambiguity, change



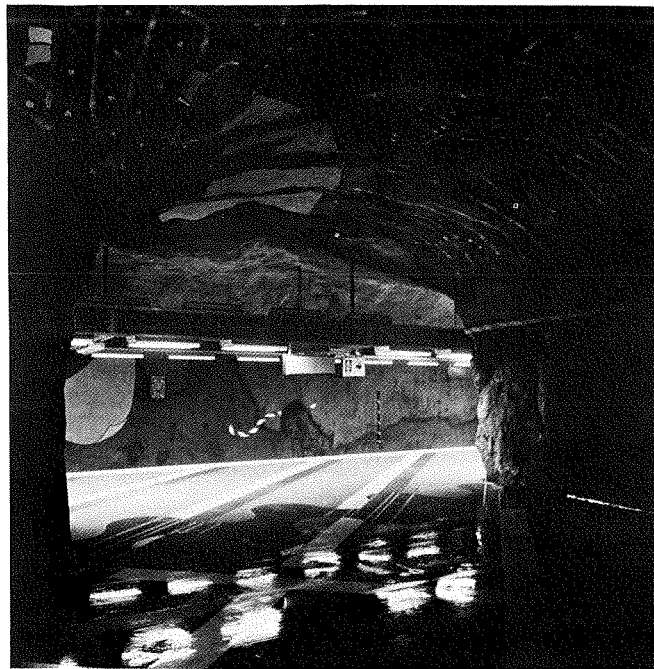
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7, 8, 9 Fragments of the painted rock world.

7



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11

and confusion. Here below in the depths of the city a collective atmosphere prevails—Freud’s city, the city of the unconscious. Sheep-like, or as automatons, people form lines, wait for trains and the opening of doors. On the train all are alike. The class system disappears; managers, lawyers, doctors, secretaries, nurses, workers, all follow the same pace—commuters, equals at last! A green train, like an iridescent snake, rushes through the bedrock, steered by some invisible computer. It stops. Throngs of people rush towards the surface as if the momentary collective petrification had given them a chill that only individual motion could repair. Per Reimers writes:

Up in the escalator’s foyer
Harlequin sweeps his garment
weaving it with the darkness
of the sprayed concrete. The
proscenium has not been raised
quite yet, but a choir of voices
from the stages of culture mix with
traffic noise and the facts of a
technological world, and down
there, the trains flash by. We hurry
through the petrified forest to the
rat race of the city above.⁴



12

NOTES

- 1 The Jarva Line (Advisory Committee for Art, SL:1977), p. 3.
- 2 *Kungsträdgården* (Stockholms Lans Landsting: 1981), p. 2.
- 3 *Ibid.*, p. 2.
- 4 *Ibid.*, p. 3.

10 Harlequin’s garment.

11 The platform at midpoint.

12 Man meets caveman.

The Immature Arts of City Design

Kevin Lynch

Few Americans think that city-making is a fine art. Most professionals agree, if judged by their actions rather than by their words. We may at times enjoy a city, but only as a fact of nature—just there, like a mountain or the sea. But, of course, we are mistaken; cities are created objects, and at times in history they were managed and experienced as if they were works of art. However misshapen, a city is an *intended* landscape.

If we think of a fine landscape, we usually think of a rural one, or of some historic city center. Those places evolved gradually, and within the confines of custom, site, purpose, and technology, they emerged coherent. Or, when we remember some deliberate act of city design—Paris, Rome, or Beijing—we also remember it as a demonstration of dominant power. If we abhor tyranny, perhaps we should not look for an art of city design. If we live in a pluralistic, changing high-technology society, perhaps we cannot hope for one?

Art (or design: the two terms are confounded) is something “soft,” irrational, concerned solely with appearance. At the scale of the city, it can only be a matter of decoration. It has no appreciable connection with the fundamental issues of city policy, which are economic and social. City planning is quantitative, rational, analytic. It speaks in words and numbers, not merely in pictures. It is oriented to policy, wrestles with administrative detail, skirts the political mine fields. Although it may appreciate the luxuries of design, it does not have time for them. Other things are too pressing.

This view of art as something isolated from other life concerns runs deep in our culture. “Arty” is a term of contempt, while “artless” means something genuine or natural. “Inartistic” and “unscientific” have very different connotations.

Even if we lay those prejudices aside, the judgment that modern cities cannot be works of art may be quite correct. There seems to be a universal division in the planning field, a division between those engaged with social, economic, and locational policy at the urban level, and those concerned with physical form at the project level. Schools, professional roles, clients, and institutions are all divided in that way. Those academic departments of urban design that try to throw a bridge across the gap are subject to the constant temptation to devote themselves to the architectural design of large-scale, unified development projects. Students with talents for the design of sensuous form drift to the established profession of architecture. Our schools of urban design depend primarily on foreign students, coming from countries in which there are greater opportunities for the design of large-scale projects—whether because of the stage of the country’s development, or the presence of a more authoritarian regime. This surge of foreign students will recede in time, as urban design begins to be taught in the schools abroad (or it *should* recede, since urban design is rightly tied to the particularity of place and society). Few U. S. cities have an urban design division. Is urban design un-American?

In any art, someone creates an object or event to convey meanings and

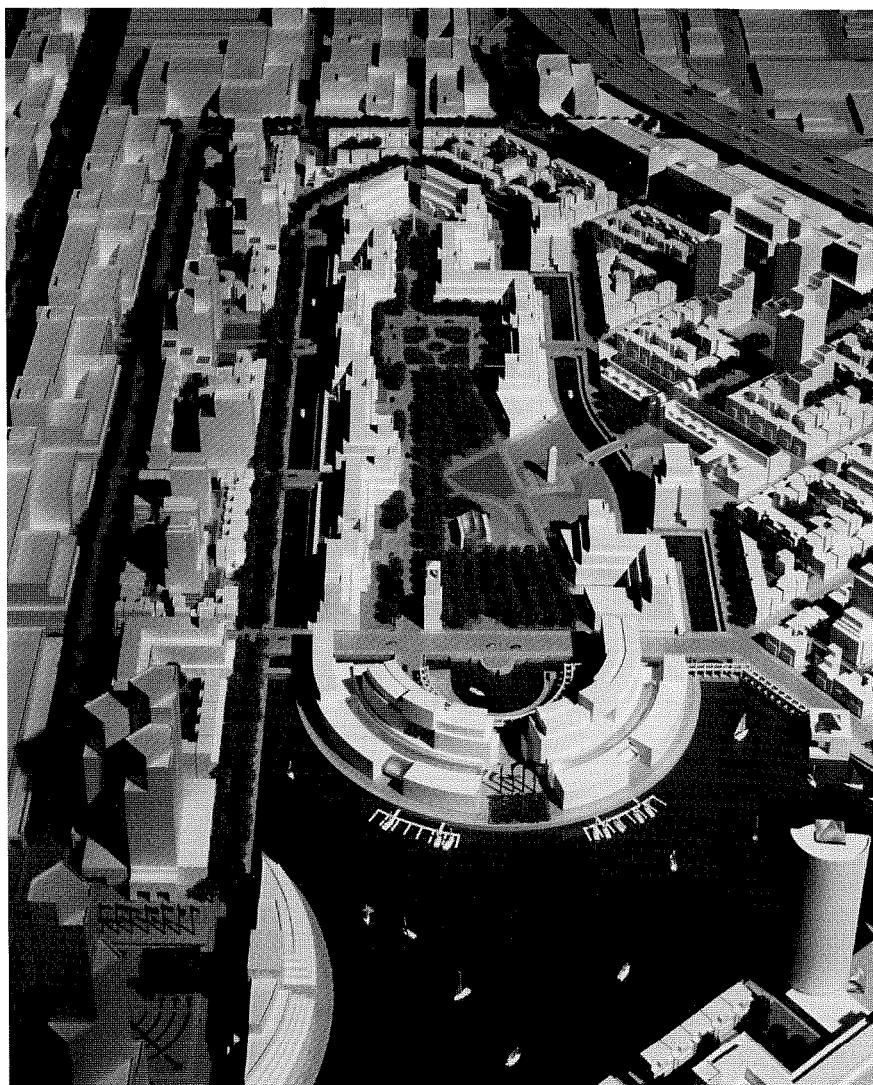
feelings to a critical audience. The various arts may be more or less complex and ponderous, but they all involve an intentional creation, and the conveyance, intentional or not, of a personal experience through the sensuous form of the thing created. The artist has precedents, a transmitted skill, and works within a style. He makes inventions. In part, at least, his creations are enjoyed for themselves, and not solely as means to other ends.

If it exists, city design is thought to be a branch of architecture. But it must manipulate things and activities that are connected over extensive spans of space and time, and that are formed and managed by numbers of actors. It operates through intervening abstractions: policies, programs, guidelines, specifications, reviews, incentives, institutions, prototypes, regulations, spatial allotments, and the like. Through all this clutter, it seeks to influence the daily experience of a bewildering variety of people. As a process, it is as far removed from the immediacy of direct handwork as one could possibly imagine, but in its effects it is just as immediate, and far more encompassing and powerful.

City forms are more resistant to design than architectural forms, for the city has a ponderous inertia. It is the accumulated product of many historic actions, and will surely undergo as much again. Just to attain a well-known form—an axis, arcade, cluster, or greenbelt—can be a notable success. While innumerable precedents and images run through the head of any architectural designer (grand staircases, serpentine walls, tent structures, broken arcs—who could

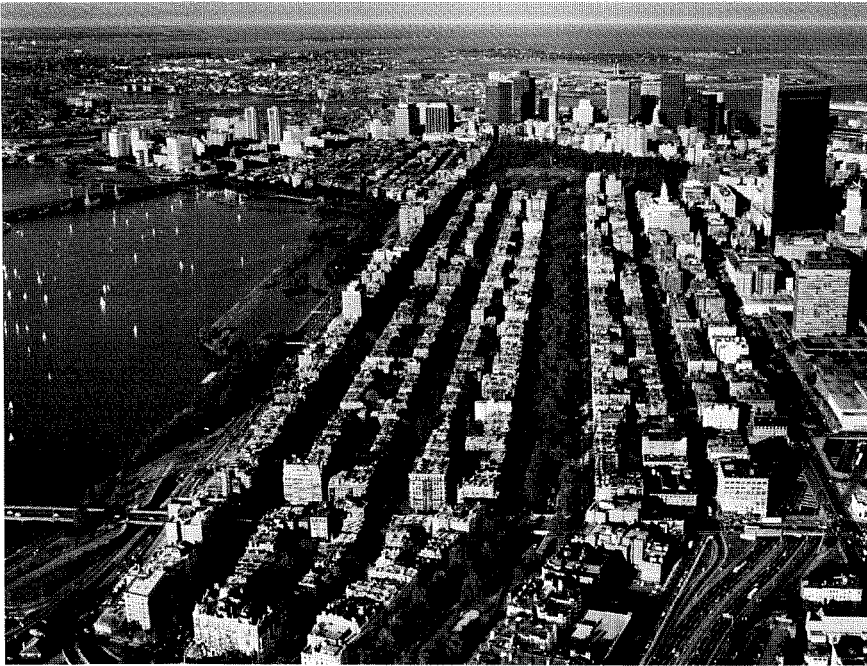
not go on and on?), the repertoire of the city designer is far more limited. City designers are piecemeal artists working within a persisting framework. Since they communicate only occasionally with each other, this persistent setting is an important link between them. Cities cannot be designed as comprehensive wholes in all their aspects. They must be dealt with in partial ways, whether as chosen groups of features, or via strategic abstractions. This combination of protracted time, complex and extensive material, collective design, a plural audience, and a perpetually unfinished result, must be unique among the arts, if art this is.

Baroque architects were adept at large-scale work. They could use irregular sites and disordered buildings in complex contexts, because they focused on movement and sequence, emphasized details, used illusion and cosmetics, played with contrast and ambiguity. But since they spoke to a restricted, courtly clientele, their work was also simplified. Later, architectural theory felt a broader social responsibility, but it stressed clarity and integrity of form, and the composition of complete, extended areas. It called for clean sites and total control. More recently, architects talk once again of context and contradiction and seem more comfortable in a disordered world. But they are still object-oriented, still intent on innovation and personal expression, traders of historical spare parts and refined allusions around a closed professional circuit. Their products follow a recognizable international style, despite the welcome deference to context.



I A typical big urban design proposal:

Mission Bay project for San Francisco. Will it in fact be built as shown? How will it fit into its surroundings, or match the desires of its future inhabitants. Photograph courtesy of I. M. Pei & Partners



2



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2 The Back Bay in Boston: in its day a “big” project, but one realized gradually under favorable circumstances, and now matured into a well-loved landscape. Here we can be sure of what public policy is designed to protect. Courtesy of Landslides/Alex S. MacLean

3 The essential structure of central Boston as perceived by one of its inhabitants. Could such an image be consciously designed? Courtesy of Landslides/Alex S. MacLean

Until architects change these attitudes, the city designer must unlearn much of what they have to teach. Landscape architecture seems closer to city concerns, since landscape architects deal with large areas that grow and develop in time, that are only partially under the designer’s control. Yet contemporary landscape architecture is not as intriguing or compelling as contemporary architecture. The fires that played behind the great French and English gardens seem to have gone out, along with the moral and political statements that those gardens made.

Three Accepted Modes

To begin, we can say that there are at least three ways of improving the sense of our cities, which most people who might stop to think would accept as reasonable. First, we can manipulate certain key *parts* of a city with aesthetic intent, wherever those parts are built new and at one time, under unified control—certain squares, principal streets, parks, or groups of buildings. Doing this well, and fitting those new parts smoothly into their context, is the task that “urban design” normally sets for itself. Such work draws on the skills and precedents of site planning, architecture, and landscape architecture, against a background knowledge of politics, sociology, and economics. The urban designer works with public or private clients who have the resources to achieve large projects of this kind. The traditions of such work lie in the achievements of kings and princes. Today it is based on redevelopment and big capital.

Indeed, it may rely on them too unreservedly. Many of these projects are alien intrusions in the city fabric, and unresponsive to their users. Critics can compare them with well-fitted small projects, and conclude that decentralized design is always a better way of achieving a humane and varied environment. Nevertheless, large project design can at times be quite legitimate, when the work is by its nature at that scale, as in a large new park, for example, or the refashioning of a major street. A lack of response to context or to user is not a necessary characteristic of large projects, even if it is a common one.

Large development projects occur at the city center or along the city margins, while the design of new towns or town extensions has become much less frequent in the United States. Elsewhere, much of the work at this scale is stiff and arid, even if there are exceptions, such as Tapiola in Finland. Turning to the past, we can cite the achievements of Amsterdam South, Boston's Back Bay, or Edinburgh's New Town. But these older extensions benefit from the incrustations of time.

Beyond this somewhat risky art of big parts, one may well deny that city design is possible. Perhaps a really fine urban landscape only results from some long and favorable historic development, an evolution beyond our ability to cause or direct. In that case, the best one can do is to protect those beautiful places, once they have evolved. Therefore, we should focus on conservation rather than on creation. In any new place, one can

only construct a stable, practical framework, which will perhaps later become the stage for some eventual flowering. This is a defensible, but rather despairing, view of city quality. Some will even assert that an adequate provision for the more direct requirements of a place—its accessibility, its healthiness, its close fit to behavior—will *insure* its beauty. But that extension of the familiar functional theory seems even less likely to be true of a city than of a good machine, since cities have such contradictory purposes.

Even if we believe that city design is not an art, in the usual sense of a direct creative process, yet surely sensory quality is a legitimate and necessary concern of city planning. Criteria for the immediate, sensuous, psychological effects of the environment should certainly be added to all those other impacts that we consider in setting city policy. Area programs should deal with shape, sound, smell, climate, color, texture, symbols, space, and sequence, as well as with use, access, bulk, and the like. Programs and criteria are effective ways of improving the quality of everyday life, even if their composition is a rational exercise rather than a creative act. Creative artists work within them, and are supported by them. I am convinced of their importance, and city planning is at last beginning to move in this direction.¹

And Six Possibilities

These three views of city design—that it is only a concern with big

new parts, or an exercise in conservation, or a preparatory programming process—are reasonable but unsatisfying. I would like to think that an art or arts of city design (peculiar arts, to be sure) are at least possible, certainly desirable, and, in prospect, engaging. Clearly, they cannot be big architecture, that dream of pervasive, never-failing control. City design is, indeed, concerned with big places, but it must deal with continuous change, a plurality of clients, conflict, and participation, and yet leave room for the creative act and the aesthetic response. It should be possible to create new forms and styles and to convey meanings and feelings worthy of critical judgment. What possibilities might we think of, that could sustain such development, judgment, and delight?

One would be a concern that focused on the basic *perceived structure* of a region. Such designs might deal with the character of key centers, landmarks, and districts and their connections, and propose a strategy of how those characters and connections should develop in successive stages. This mode of design fixes essentials and leaves openings; it is loose and tight at the same time. It is a proposal for developing the public image of a settlement, along with those physical interventions and guidelines necessary to create that image. "A line of towers and public plazas, following a suspended transit line, will be extended from the present cluster up that ridge, flanked by a close packing of low



4

4 Journeys could be shaped to create a coherent sequence of motion, space, and view, as in this diagram for an imaginary highway. Diagram by Kevin Lynch

workshops and residences on either side. The line will begin at the new bridge, at the confluence of the streams which everyone thinks of as enclosing the town, and it should be possible to see this core in foreshortening as one approaches up the river valley." This is the way (if too simple an example) in which great cities are remembered. But intended frameworks are not solely appropriate to great cities. They can be used wherever an area or a project will undergo substantial development, by numerous actors, over an extended period. They can guide growth in a renewal area, for example, or on a large campus.

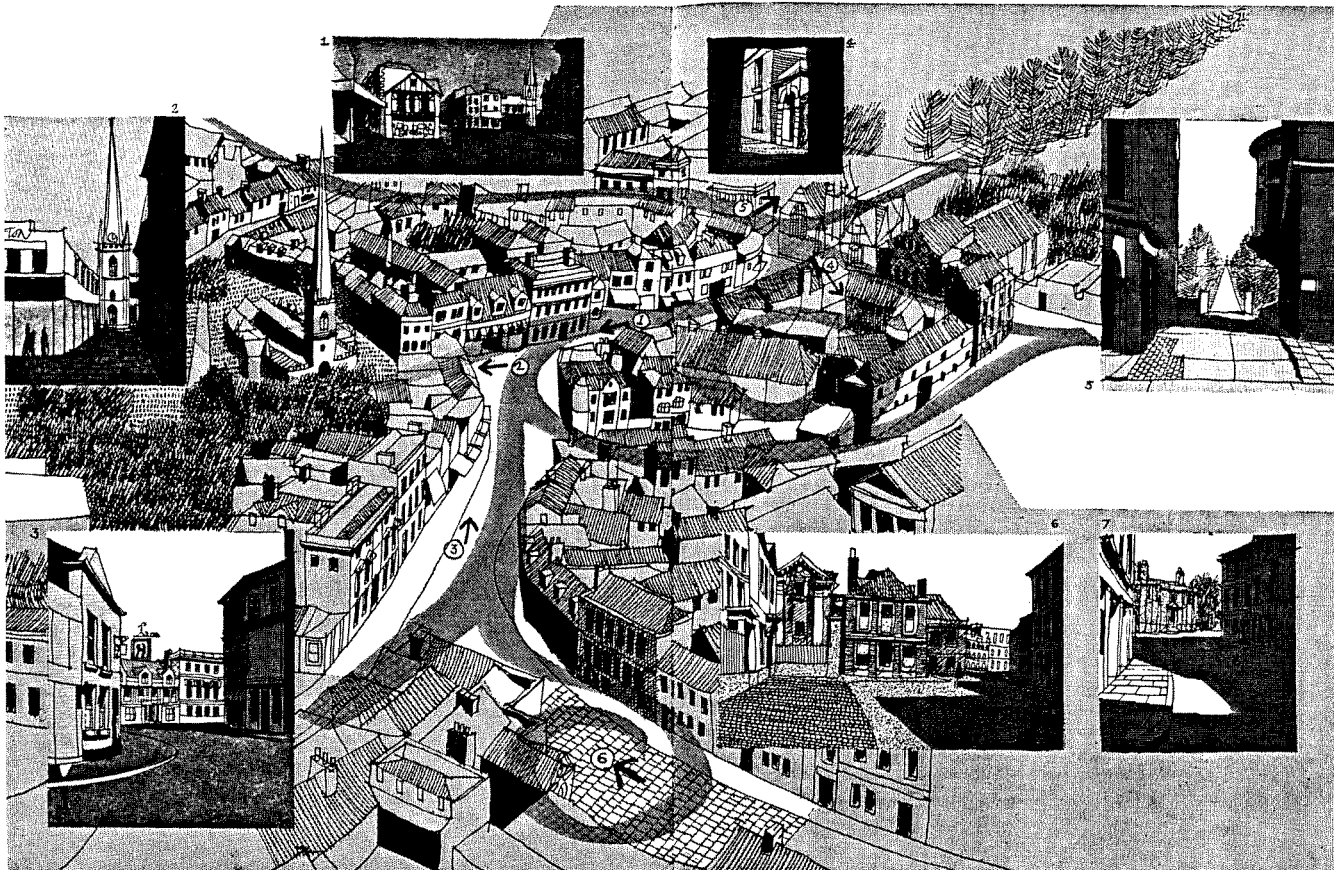
Such images are crossings of social meaning and recollected form that grow and elaborate in time. They link citizen and place, enhance the significance of everyday life, and reinforce the identity of group and self. "I am the citizen of no mean city." Just as topography is the basis of a site plan, present images are the basis for framework designs, and present hopes their guide. In daily converse, ordinary citizens participate in making those images, and yet they can also be conscious inventions, new forms. Images arise from changes in perception, as well as from physical changes. Newspaper critiques, "town trails," new viewpoints or entrances, painters' or designers' visions, or the enthusiasms of renovators, all remold a city's image.

There are powerful precedents for such structures. Analyses of existing city images have often been made. Image *designs*, on the other hand, have been rare. They require a

fluent, diagrammatic language that can be interpreted and applied by a broad public, and can be followed or modified over a long period of time. Image design must be supported by concrete illustrations of the character implied by the diagrams, and by such familiar abstractions as a proposed network of public spaces, the locations and visibility of future focal points and landmarks, such as a tree-planting plan, and, surely, a scheme for the principal approaches. As an area develops, and these elements gain prominence and character, and as their popular image matures, the proposed structure is more easily apprehended, and its conservation and enhancement are more likely to be supported.

Image designs require the intuition of latent public perceptions and the application of this forecast to actual development decisions. But they do not require total control, since there are many ways of carrying out such general structures. They *do* demand sustained interest and continuity of application, however, which implies an agency concerned and competent at that scale, or at least a body of informed opinion that can exert effective influence. Framework designs are an appropriate way of dealing with something as large, as dynamic, and as persistent as a city. Sensory programs can be grounded in them. They would be works of art, lengthy social collaborations. They are not customary.

In a more concrete and realistic mode, city design can focus on the



5 Gordon Cullen shows us how the center of a small English town can be considered as a series of engaging views. Courtesy of Van Nostrand Reinhold Co. Inc.

journeys by which people actually experience cities. City trips are enjoyed or suffered, but they are remembered. The pleasures of motion, and its connotations of energy and life, are, perhaps, especially meaningful to us today. Streets and vehicles are under public control, and this is accepted as normal and necessary. It is routine to design streets, bridges, tunnels, and sometimes street façades, but only occasionally are they treated as sequential experiences: as comings out and goings in, as arrivals, glimpses, risings, fallings, a winging around, a sudden view—as approaches, progressions, or foretellings. There are techniques for recording such temporal forms, although they may be unfamiliar to most designers.

There are precedents for this in modern highway design, which at its best has a well-developed style: the rural, long-curve, split-lane freeway, following the form of a rolling ground. Other styles can be imagined: ones that cut through, oppose, and so dramatize the ground, or which emphasize surprise and ambiguity, or exaggerate apparent speed, or open and close space rhythmically, or amble about and investigate oddities. We find rich examples of sequences in classic monumental approaches, or in the byways of old cities. Architects sometimes consider these spatial narratives within their buildings. Garden designers have created many marvelous outdoor sequences—the Wang Shih Yuan in Suzhou, the Sento Gosho in Kyoto, or great English gardens such as Stourhead.

But ordinary streets could also be designed that way, and as such could transit lines and cycleways and promenades: along a waterfront for example, or through a succession of neighborhoods. Such effects would seem natural to consider when making the initial layout of circulation, but they can also be considered in planting or lighting an established street, when opening a new connection or locating a major new roadside feature. Even the character of the vehicle is part of a sequence design. Wind and swooping motion makes almost any city ride memorable, when it is accomplished in an open-top, double-decker bus.

In the city, of course, one cannot remold the entire setting for the sake of serial vision, as one might do in a garden. One shapes the road—and perhaps also the vehicle—to reveal what is latent in the surrounding fabric, just as one would work with the topography of a highway corridor. While serial design is unfamiliar as a deliberate city intention, yet certain chance sequences are well known: approaching Pittsburgh by tunnel from the south, or New York on the Staten Island Ferry, or riding along New York's East River Drive or Chicago's Michigan Boulevard.

It is unlikely that anyone would specialize in sequence design (as one might specialize in some others of these possible modes). Sequence design should simply be a normal preoccupation of the engineers and site and city planners who arrange our public streets—an element normally considered and

normally commented upon. If they are unfamiliar, the principles of sequence design are hardly new. See various garden texts, or Philip Thiel's work,² or "The View from the Road,"³ or Cullen's "Concise Townscape."⁴ The opportunity is there, if rarely exercised. Journeys are real entities, deliberately planned and directly experienced. But to propose designing a succession of visual experiences only raises eyebrows.

In its third mode, city design can be a conscious art of *renewal*, an art of refurbishment, tinkering, and redoing. This work may not sit so well with some designers, who want to make it new and all their own. But we commonly find pleasure in renewing an old house, and an artist can be absorbed in recombining found objects. By making one's mark on something old, by recovering selected features, one achieves a richness otherwise unobtainable.

This is the appropriate stance when working in almost any city area. It is especially appropriate in a plural, changing world, so full of ambiguity and contradiction. Our middle-aged suburbs cry out for such enrichment. Current achievements in "place making" (as described by Fleming, for example, in his book of that title) are good examples of the art. Renewal is creative design, not just preservation. New and old are contrasted to bring out the meaning of each, and so the depth of time is made visible. There can be different styles of selecting what will be presented: should we pick out an underlying pattern of

function or condition, or emphasize an historic succession, or make a surprising contrast? To take another example, the color applied to old buildings need not be historically correct, as current conservation doctrine would have it. It can be used to glorify details, to create a disruptive pattern, or simply to be outrageous. We may deny that cosmetics is a fine art, but a tattooed face can blow the mind.

To paint add planting, lighting, graphics, shelters, and street detail, the insertion of “pocket” open spaces and public art, the placement of a modest monument or new building at just the right location, or the encouragement of street activity. Guides for any future construction can be part of the package. If most current examples of this art have been located in modest downtown areas or historic conservation districts, and have had a rather similar stylistic cast (we begin to have a sufficiency of Victorian main streets), yet refurbishment could also deal with newer areas and use different styles. Residents enjoy these accomplishments and can participate in them. The renewed neighborhood is reaffirmed as *home*, a place whose history and function has been made meaningful. There are institutional means for bringing this about, even if public budgets are slender.

Still another city art is the design of *events*, with which the artists of the Renaissance were quite familiar. The great aristocratic and religious festivals of the time required the collaboration of architects, painters,

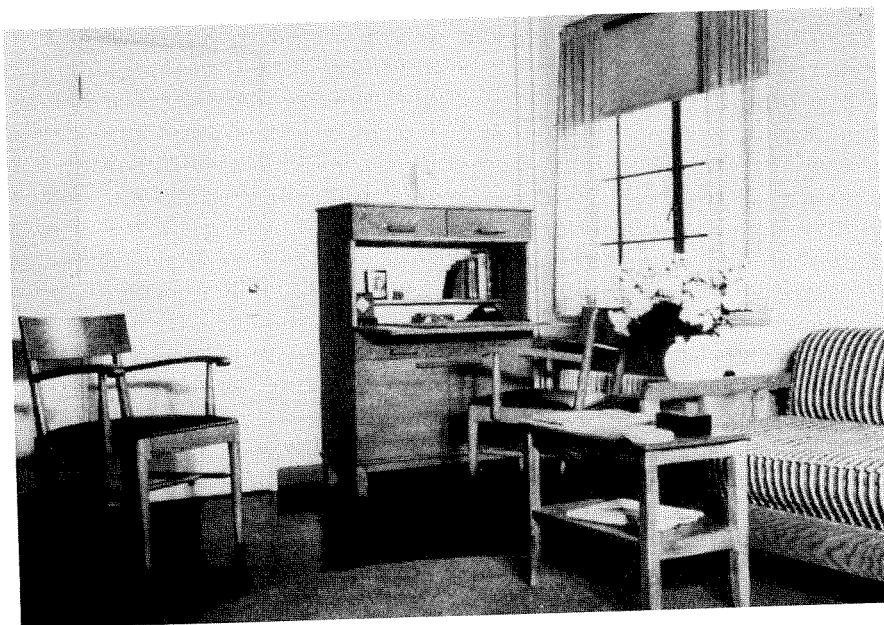
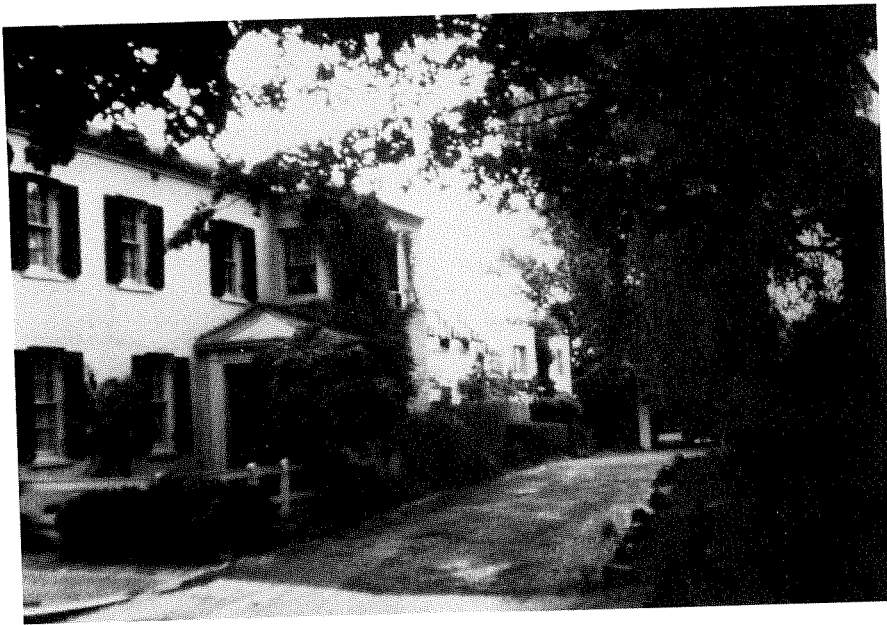
sculptors, poets, musicians, dancers, players, costume makers, cooks, and the confectioners of fireworks. Celebrations can be invented, streets decorated, sound and light shows composed, parades, fairs, carnivals, and dances organized. We all know successful examples: Boston’s First Night, Macy’s Thanksgiving Day Parade, Baltimore’s ethnic fairs, New Orleans’s Mardi Gras, the planned entertainments in shopping malls, neighborhood street dances, coronations, grand openings. Some are traditional, others consciously designed. They add meaning and sparkle to city life, and make us aware of our common humanity: we take joy together. Celebrations need not be confined to the special occasions. They can lighten and inform our daily routine. Of course they can also fall flat, like tired Christmas wreaths on the light poles along the street, and the jolly Santas at the corner.

Most city events are accepted as if they just happened. Event designers are unsung. Their professional role is precarious, their work ephemeral, and their next job uncertain. If these happenings had a more stable institutional base, and if their composers had more explicit recognition—perhaps if their works, like that of a composer or a dramatist, were repeatedly performed and thus attracted critical judgment—then event design might be a more compelling role.

Of course there is a danger here. The deliberate “animation” of a city street can rise to the level where we simply become the passive viewers

of an encompassing spectacle or, worse, the manipulated participants in some false demonstration of loyalty or “fun.” But if good event design makes use of showmanship, it does so not to compel the actions of its audience, but to give them opportunities for action. Moreover, in the human diversity of our streets (and except for the initial tourist experience), it is less than likely that any event will be long maintained without the assent and interest of those who attend it. Boredom, dissent, and disbelief are effective censors. While the freedom of the streets must be preserved, it is not so easy to subvert.

The fifth mode of city design is just routine: something unnoticed, of low order, a task for draftsmen, who are employed by towns or by equipment suppliers to shape those small repeating pieces of which the city is composed. Their work is everywhere: signs, paving materials, seats, fences, shelters, light standards, power poles, hydrants, trash cans, telephone and letter boxes, parking meters, curbs, and all the rest. Designed as isolated, standard objects, they coalesce into the commonplace jumbled scene. On the other hand, designing each piece afresh to respond to each particular situation (as one might design the special fittings for some exceptional building) would be enormously expensive. Design, production, installation and maintenance would then be unbearably complex. The customary process—piecemeal, standardized, and out of context as it may be—fits the way city



6 Greenbelt, Maryland, is not only an almost forgotten example of a fine new townscape, but also of how a system design (in this case of good furniture which could be rented by residents) can enhance the quality of the whole. Photographs by Gary A. Hack.

furniture is actually produced and distributed, and the way its parts are stocked. At least this process ensures the technical adequacy of each piece.

City designers might intervene more effectively in this area if they were to engage in *system* design. By that I mean the design of constellations of things that will be used repeatedly: a typical bus shelter, along with its signs, lights, seats, and associated services; or a minor street, including its cross-section, walks, carriageway, curbs, planting, lighting, signs, fences, and system of maintenance; and the ways in which all these may be interrupted or modified to fit changes in use, topography, or local preference. A pattern and schedule of landscape materials could be prepared for typical public places, in a certain urban region, with rules for their location, grouping, planting, and upkeep. One can deal with the shape and finish of subway entrances, steps, and tunnels; with a cycleway in relation to other ways and fronting uses; with a fencing system; with the location, form, and information content of public signs; with typical pocket parks and playgrounds; and with many more features to be used in a general locale. The craft of the industrial designer is relevant here, and perhaps these designers might venture into the municipal realm, if they could bear the confusion. Recent trials have not always been so successful, however, since industrial designers are accustomed to clients who are in firm control of their products, who can see that

they are made and delivered just as they are designed.

Where the institutional capability exists, system design can be highly effective. Much of the success of Haussmann's parks and boulevards hung on this attention to detail. Since system designs will be used repeatedly, they have significant influence and can justify substantial design attention and careful citizen consultation. Suitable parts must be found in supplier's catalogs or developed from local sources. Technical demands must be met, and maintenance procedures instituted. It must be determined where the system is relevant, as well as in what particular locations it should *not* be used. The operating departments must be satisfied.

This is where the city designer will be likely to find his stumbling block. Operating departments have long-standing ways of conducting their business, and, with some reason, are jealous of their control. System design is, therefore, best located directly within the operating departments, provided that they are open to new ideas, and have a unified responsibility for that system of objects. But in most cities the streets and their appurtenances, which are our primary public places, are managed by a great jumble of agencies. When the streets are under unified management, system design has been handsomely done: in parks, in shopping centers, in some new towns, and in renewal areas. Unfortunately, urban designers too often see this as lowly work.

System designs can be partial designs: intended, that is, to be completed or modified by other professionals or amateurs yet to appear on the scene. A basic bus shelter might be furnished, sited, and decorated according to the plans of a professional hired by a neighborhood association, or a pocket park of standard layout might be planted by those who will enjoy it. This has financial and administrative implications, as well. For example, instead of demanding that "one percent for art" be expended on works chosen by experts before a building is erected, let that sum be reserved for outdoor improvements one year after the building is occupied, as determined by the actual tenants of the building.

Design may also extend to features not under the control of the public or private agency for whom the designer is working. Designs then become illustrations, or *prototypes*: models to be followed by other builders, expositions of possibilities that other actors are neglecting. In that way, design services are brought to those who would normally not use them or could not afford them. Prototypes may even aim to inspire the formation of a new agency or client group in order to seize some newly revealed opportunity. Ideas for remodeling an ordinary storefront or for installing an engaging window display might be useful, as would models for self-built houses, designs for low-rise apartments to be put up by small builders, and schemes for a backyard community garden, a small workshop on a residential

lot, or a street vendor's stall. Christopher Alexander's "patterns" are outstanding examples of this genre. Early pattern books guided much of the house design in this country, and popular magazines continue that work today—if in a slick and illusory way. Fantasy designs, such as for a sea-bottom landscape or a communal house, may spark the formation of a group that seeks to realize them.

Prototypes must be done in communication with the shopkeeper, house builder, gardener, or street vendor, and in response to their felt needs. Otherwise, the work is fantasy (although fantasy, if explicit, has its own usefulness). Built and furnished examples in use, like the developer's "model house," will be much more effective than a plan. Once accepted, a model can have an enormous influence. Most current models do not come from public sources, but rather from the media, or some source of supply, or as an imitation of an object owned by people of higher status.

These Uncertain Arts

So we find six possible and, for the most part, undeveloped modes of city design, in addition to the three accepted modes with which we began. These are different ways of thinking about our city environment. For the most part—except perhaps in the case of renewal—they refer to relations and actions for which no public or private bodies take public responsibility today. They are

fitted to situations where actors and audiences are decentralized, and, in many cases, they imply some degree of redistribution of power, if they are to be successful. All of these modes have one thing in common: they are based on the ways in which we actually experience a place, rather than on some professional or administrative division—when we experience it as an event, as an image in the mind, as a journey, as a home place transformed, as a purposeful group of objects, or as a workable and familiar pattern. Here lies their potential power and, since they leap the institutional lines, their difficulties as well.

Each possible mode has its allurements and its difficulties. Structural designs for the underlying perceived form of a settlement match the sense of these places at their own scale, and deal openly with change and continuity. But communicating them requires an abstract language, and implementing them demands sustained concern. They must be firmly based on how the citizens see their settlement, and not simply on the perceptions of the single designer. To my knowledge, this mode is not taught or practiced anywhere in this country. Intentional precedents hardly exist, although a rich palette of structural form and element character is imaginable, or can be harvested from observation.

Sequence design is a more tangible possibility, since its material is normally under public control and its effects are consciously

experienced. There are notations and simulations for manipulating this material, and a store of historic precedents. This could become a strong and attractive mode of design, although not a likely specialty. On the other hand, it is a rarely considered mode. It still seems an odd thing to think about when laying out a street, a highway, or a transit line.

The rehabilitation of individual buildings has often achieved attractive results, and we are beginning to see some success at the community level. For the moment, renewal design is tied to downtown renewal and to historic preservation, and to the doctrines of those endeavors. It is unusual to see renewal design practiced in those ordinary areas where it might be more broadly effective. It is considered merely cosmetic and not a fine art with its own traditions, styles, and talents. But renewal has all those possibilities, and perhaps the continuing evolution of historic preservation is leading us in the direction of those possibilities. For designers, it begins to take on some modest glamor, glamor being the lodestone that attracts talent. To be more effective, this mode must develop better methods for involving the ordinary residents and users of a place.

On occasion, event design has been done with great skill, and surely it has its historic precedents. Well done, it is a common pleasure. It could be extended from the great holidays to our daily experience. Its practitioners are unknown,

however: their role unestablished, their budgets and their institutional base uncertain. If this art is to bloom, stable public or private agencies must take up the responsibility for happenings without sacrificing the freedom of the streets.

The design of city furniture, on the other hand, is commonly practiced, paid for, and implemented. These standard designs are uncoordinated, and respond primarily to technical demands. They focus on the “hard,” manufactured things. Imaginative designs for clusters of these objects—as they will be managed and used in typical public situations, and which allow further adaptation—would go far to humanize our cities. The obstacles to this particular mode lie in the structure of the supply industries, the fragmentation of municipal operating departments, and the stubborn values of trained designers.

Last of all, while prototype design could be an efficient use of scarce design talent, it requires a more intimate response to the user than most public or private planning staffs are accustomed to. Without that response, the work remains on paper, a prospect that reduces the enthusiasm of designers. Moreover, agencies must become motivated to provide such indirect design services. Good prototypes could reshape our daily environment. Their generation would be a model of participatory design.

None of these six modes is a developed art; some are emerging.

Each requires its own skill, models, languages, institutions, and practical experience. All six meet the criteria laid down at our beginning. They deal with the large environment in daily use; they are comfortable with continuous change, partial control, pluralism, and participation; and they are creative arts, eliciting an aesthetic response. The principal obstacles to their development lie in a lack of institutional support, in the attitudes and training of professionals, in the rarity of user participation, and perhaps, most of all, in the absence of any public or private responsibility for the way in which the sense of a city affects our daily lives.

Attitudes in the planning profession reinforce this lack of public support. Talented designers move into architecture, where they have some hope of seeing their dreams made flesh. Once there, they are socialized to value innovation, large and expensive projects, a fashionable surface, and strong personal expression. Planners, on the other hand, think of themselves as administrators and technicians, not as artists. The gulf between sense quality and public policy, between art and planning, widens and deepens.

All six modes could be taught, practiced, and critically appreciated. They could manipulate a rich variety of form, develop a style, and exhibit talent. They are possible but peculiar. Might our schools of planning and urban design lead off by demonstrating some of these

potentials? Or must schools always waddle after practice?

Even if we fail to nurture these arts, and so fail to make cities that are intentional, collective works of art, nevertheless we *must* be concerned with the sensory form of what surrounds us, since it is critical to our survival as well as to our pleasure. So we at least must manage city sense in a programmatic way. A concern for sensory quality is an absolutely necessary part of environmental policy. Otherwise, our cities will remain alien to us.

But why not hope for an art as well as for a policy?

NOTES

- 1 Kevin Lynch, "Managing the Sense of a Region," MIT Press, Cambridge, MA 1976. The Boston Redevelopment Authority, "Boston Tomorrow." New York City Planning Commission, "Midtown Zoning." San Francisco Department of City Planning, "Downtown."
- 2 Philip Thiel, "A Sequence—Experience Notation," Town Planning Review, Vol. 32, #1, April, 1961.
- 3 Donald Appleyard, Kevin Lynch & John R. Myer, "The View From the Road," MIT Press, Cambridge, MA 1964.
- 4 Gordon Cullen, "The Concise Townscape," Van Nostrand, New York City, 1971.

Urban Design— Who Needs It?

Francis Tibbalds

It is an oversimplification—but in large measure true—to say that in the United Kingdom and other European countries greater emphasis is placed upon “place-making” and the setting for a building than on the building itself. Consequently, we tend to have few great buildings but a lot of nice places. The converse may be observed in many other countries, including the United States. In fact, it’s amusing to photograph a beautiful and/or famous new building and then to step back and photograph the nature of the setting—all too often a proliferation of advertisements and uncared-for public space.

I apologize to American readers for this slightly unkind generalization. But it does enable me to proceed to point out the irony that, despite its rich history of “place-making,” the United Kingdom has largely failed to recognize the importance and value of urban design as a professional and academic discipline. What should have been a central focus or common ground between the environmental professions—architects, engineers, planners, landscape architects, and social scientists—is largely a void, which a handful of us are now trying to fill. In the United States, urban design courses appear strong, journals proliferate, and an Institute of Urban Design has been founded. In the

United Kingdom, academic courses have dwindled to a mere four, which are struggling for financial survival. The independently formed Urban Design Group (founded in 1978) attempts to hold together the like minds and committed individuals here, to hold meetings and conferences, to publish a quarterly journal, and to argue for the much-needed breaking down of the traditional and institutionalized separation between the various professions concerned with the built environment.

This article sets out a few of my thoughts and prejudices about urban design and its value in place-making.

What Is It?

There is, to my knowledge, no easy, single, agreed definition of urban design. The following alternative attempts at a definition, taken together, do, however, give a reasonably clear picture of what is meant by two words that are not yet universally understood and to many people conjure up images of Cullenesque “cobblestone” and bollards:

The coming together of business, government, development, planning, and design.

The interface between architecture, town planning, and related professions.

The three-dimensional design of places for people

in which to work, to live, and to play, and their subsequent care and management.

The development of proposals for urban sites ranging in size from one to five hundred hectares.

A vital bridge, giving structure and reality to two-dimensional master plans and abstract planning briefs before detailed architectural or engineering design can take place.

The design of built up areas at the local scale, including the groupings of buildings for different use, the movement systems and services associated with them, and the spaces and urban landscape between them, within a context of continuous change in the social, political, administrative, economic, and physical structures of towns and cities.

The creative activity by which the form and character of the urban environment at the local scale may be devised, modified, and controlled in circumstances of social, economic, technological, and/or political change.

And so on.

Some people think of urban design as “lots of architecture” or “the space between buildings” or a “thoughtful municipal policy” or “everything you can see out of the window.” The Social Science Research

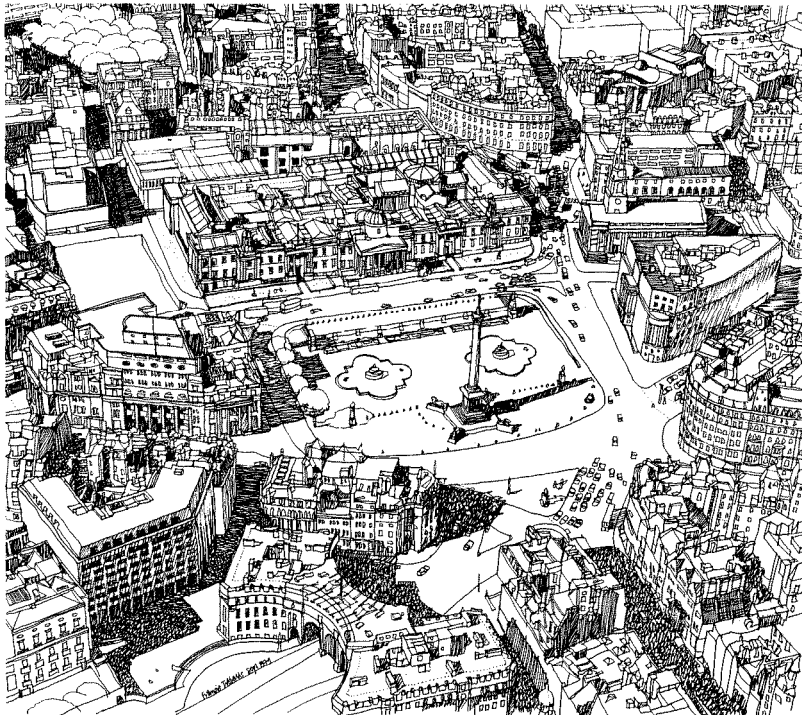
Council in the United Kingdom invented a rather more wordy definition of it as “located at the interface between architecture, landscape architecture and town planning, drawing on the design tradition of architecture and landscape architecture and the environmental management and social science tradition of contemporary planning.”

Who Does It?

The aspect of urban design most relevant to this article is that it occupies the central ground between the existing recognized environmental professions—architecture, planning, landscape architecture, engineering, transport planning, estate management, and so on.

This wide range of professions are involved either separately or collectively in the practice of urban design. Not only design skills are important, but a sensitive approach to the care and management of places is also required, as is an understanding of the economic and social dynamics of change and the ability to seize opportunities as they are presented.

Urban designers do not necessarily need to be architects, although historically many have been. They can equally well be town planners, engineers, landscape architects, or just good managers. First and foremost they need to be top quality people with breadth



1 **St. Clement Danes and the Skyline of the City of London.** The new, the old; the genuine, the fake; the good, the bad; the high, the low; the bland, the intricate; and a maze of fairly narrow streets . . . all adding up to one of the richest urban textures imaginable and one that has grown over time and is still evolving.

2 **Reguliersbreesgraat, Amsterdam.** One of the most interesting, lively and attractive urban environments is that where all the components—buildings, roads, spaces, people, traffic, color, graphics, sound—have been successfully blended. The concern of urban design is firstly to get this mix to happen at all and secondly, to get the mix right.

3 **Trafalgar Square & Environs, London.** One of the most famous formal 'places' in the world, yet, with the exception of the National Gallery, and St. Martin's in the Fields, created by remarkably mediocre buildings and an appalling traffic circulation system.

of vision, imagination, and flair, and with the stamina and commitment to work—often over long time periods and against daunting odds—for the good of the city or town as a whole.

Frequently, urban designers need to work in teams and in this instance the right mix of committed professionals is essential. But often major achievement in urban design requires passionately devoted individuals such as a “Mr. Guildford,” a “Mr. Bath,” or a “Mr. Milton Keynes,” and famous people like Sixtus V, Michelangelo, Sir Christopher Wren, Peter the Great, Baron Haussmann, John Wood, James Oglethorpe, and John Nash.

As a general rule, it is rare to find all the necessary qualities in individual Renaissance men—though when these do emerge, they should be carefully looked after. More usually, collective, complementary thought and action are required.

Why Does It Matter?

In my view, it is essential that urban design be properly recognized and promoted academically and professionally. It is particularly apparent in the United Kingdom that town planners have become too involved in systems and processes as ends in their own right. Architects have become obsessed with “going it alone” and breaking free from aesthetic and other

planning controls. Both groups are seriously at fault.

In reality people judge architecture and planning, landscape and engineering, by the *quality*—principally the physical quality—of what they see around them. They are concerned with the function and attractiveness of *places* as a whole and less with individual buildings, plans, and procedures, however well-conceived each of these may be in its own right.

Despair at the divisive attitudes adopted by architects and town planners in the United Kingdom led a small number of us to found the Urban Design Group five years ago and to try to fill the empty professional middle ground between these polarized factions. To our delight the response to the Group’s subsequent activities has shown considerable interest in matters identified with urban design among practitioners and academics in the United Kingdom.

How Do You Do It?

I believe that there are several fundamental prerequisites for good urban design, of which perhaps the most important is getting the right team together. The team must then be able to ask the right questions. Whom is the scheme for? How and by whom will it be implemented? It must also be very clear who makes which decisions and it must define at the outset—and

hold to unwaveringly—three or four key aims and objectives. Finally, the team must avoid getting bogged down in the “process” of working; the ideas, the caring, and the stamina count.

Either individually, or, more likely, collectively, urban designers need to exhibit certain attributes.

They must be able to operate at a “top level” and must be a force to be reckoned with by politicians, administrators, industrialists, developers, and so on.

They must be passionately concerned with achievability, the relentless dedication to putting design ideas to practical effect that has characterized all really fine historic examples of city building.

They must look outward and show proper deference towards the other professions and to the community. In the practice of urban design, the richness of the mix of people from different backgrounds is important.

They must be able to argue strongly for the necessary resources of finance, land, and manpower to see through their ideas. Reports, colored plans, models, advocacy, and the ability to negotiate are only a means to an end, which is to achieve something worthwhile *on the ground*.

They must possess astute financial awareness, in particular of the mechanism of public finance and the profit motivation of private developers.

They must be idealistic, spotting those of like minds, and realistic, recognizing why things go wrong.

They must have an unfettered imagination and a commitment to quality and to finishing the job.

What Are the Problems?

In the United Kingdom, urban design still has a long way to go. There is no handy succinct definition of urban design and very little contemporary academic tradition about it. Unlike several countries outside the United Kingdom, including the United States and Saudi Arabia, we do not have a professional Institute of Urban Design or any significant writers or publicists who are willing to promote themselves as urban designers rather than as architects or planners.

Moreover, while urban design is practiced for the benefit of the community at large, there is not always a readily identifiable “client” to pay for it. In the United Kingdom, urban design seems to be practiced either as the culmination of planning (usually by public authorities) or as a prelude to architecture (usually for

private or institutional clients). Thus, the “client” for urban design may be central or local government (politicians, elected councillors, civil servants, and/or professional officers), developers, industrialists, institutional funds, trusts, special interest groups, amenity societies, and so on.

Urban design projects often go wrong because of a lack of clear aims and objectives, long time periods, changes in political or economic climate, land acquisition difficulties, swings of public opinion, inflexibility, an overdeterministic approach, overcomplexity, and so on. We need to understand why this happens.

It has been suggested that urban design is a luxury at the present time. I do not agree. The world’s current state of economic recession does not diminish the need for *quality* and the need for *value for money*; in fact, it enhances these needs. Urban design is not necessarily concerned with lavish expenditure or grandiose redevelopment projects: it is equally concerned with small-scale, modest, sensitive, revitalization projects or encouragement to others to improve their surroundings.

So What?

Urban design can be daunting and frustrating. Good results are much more likely to be achieved through collective patience, stamina,

mediation, and compromise rather than pigheaded, dictatorial, and arrogant individualism. Urban design involves a meeting of minds and the taking of small sensible incremental steps. Very rarely is it about great extravagant strides.

Urban designers are not “special people” who can break the rules. Nor should they hide behind a professional or academic smoke screen of esoteric ideas and jargon. They *do* need to be worldly, wise, opportunity-seeking, problem-solving, and profoundly interested in doing a good job as urban designers.

Lest anything I have said appears to diminish the role of the individual professional—whether architect, town planner, or other—let me hasten to say that this is in no way intended. We all need each other. May I, therefore, in conclusion, quote the distinguished American urban designer, Jaquelin Robertson, with whom I had the pleasure to work a few years ago and who remains a good friend and professional colleague:

Historically, there have been Nashes (facilitators), and Soanes (individualists). Soane was unquestionably the finer architect, but Nash was of much greater significance to a much larger public. His canvas was greater and thus his beneficial

influence affected a greater number of people. In the end he teaches us “more about more.” More architects, I believe, will find professional satisfaction in trying to effect change at some larger scale. I do not mean that thinking about and making buildings like Swiss watches won’t be important—just not *the* only important thing intellectually.

Our City: Salonica

Eleni Bastea

This could be the script of a short film.

It is the representation of a city from the inside. Most of the cast has lived in the city long enough to consider it "home." The following stories and discussions have been heard, or could have been heard, in Salonica sometime in the last 10 years.

Together with the echoes of the different voices, their surrounding settings came to my mind. I have tried to describe these because they represent the settings in which the people chose, or learned, to live. The various stories and characters came to my mind in a continuous, and perhaps arbitrary, sequence that I have maintained in this essay. Several of the stories are relevant to the city's history; others are less so, but I have included them, also. The fate of the city has been intertwined with the fate of its citizens and it is impossible to separate the two. Some aspects of the city's life have inevitably been left out.

In this way I want to show how an insider's story can be meaningful to outsiders interested in a city's history.

Episode One

[Downtown. A small apartment living room filled with books, drawings, and slides. Small, decorative folk-art pieces from different parts of Greece hang on the walls. Light and mid-day street noises enter through the half-open balcony door. A gentle man in his late sixties.]

"I was born in a small village near Yannena. I finished high school there. My uncle, who lived in Salonica, offered to help me through the university. I came, prepared for, and passed the entrance exams. I entered the school of philosophy. Then you could choose between classics and archaeology. I chose archaeology. I went to Pella, several summers, on excavations. I taught at the University of Yannena for a few years. Finally, we came to Salonica, and I taught at the university here. Then, it was time to leave. . . . I spent a semester at Princeton, at the Institute. Now I teach some of the summer courses in the Institute for Balkan Studies. I write a little bit for *Macedonian Life* . . . You know. . . ."

Episode Two

[Dining room in an apartment near the sea. The interior is dominated by two crystal cases and a round table, covered with a heavy velvet tablecloth. Most of the furniture, including the antique chandelier, seems too large for the modern apartment. It is still light out, but the shutters are pulled for privacy. Otherwise, the residents of the apartments across the narrow street could easily see inside. An elderly woman. Her graying hair is carefully combed. Her eyes are lightly made up.]

"Oh, I came from Smyrna in 1922, with the exchange of population. I was a little girl then. I was an only child for quite a while. My mother lost three children, all boys, all before they reached three. We were all shattered then.

"They had set fires in our houses in Smyrna while we were leaving. You could smell the ripe cheeses burning in the cellars. Finally, our turn came to get in a boat. It was going to Salonica. We carried a few things with us, the icon of St. Onoufrios, pray for us. . . . My mother's sister and her husband embarked on another boat. That one was going to Athens. You see, my uncle already had a good position in Smyrna. He worked for the railways. My father was a butcher. He had a shop with his brother. But he was so naive, he never managed to make any money. Well, we came to Salonica. The people here, oh, they were shepherds, really, peasants from the mountains. The new-comers would ask them a question and instead of an answer they would go, 'ah?'. My uncles remembered that. We came and showed them the ways, really. . . .

"At first we lived in a nice house, with a yard. Your father remembers it, too. Mrs. Pappa lived next door. What a polite lady! They had a piano. Well, we had to move because my father's business was not doing well. We went to Raktivan, near St. Aikaterini's church. That house did not have a yard, but, you see, in those days, you didn't have all these apartment buildings all around. There was lots of open space and children could play outside all day if they wanted.

"Finally, when I got married I moved to your uncle's house. You remember that. Oh, all those dinners I gave there. My neighbors, those that are still left, remember. Madame Fernandez and her

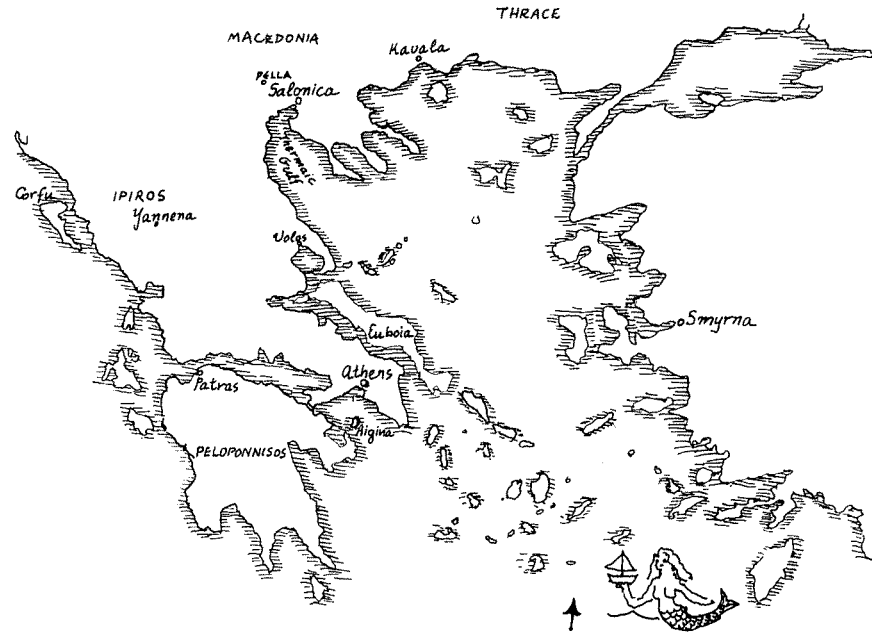
husband lived next door. They were Jewish, you know. But what nice people! They spoke in French to each other, so that others could not tell they were Jewish, but anyone could tell, from their accent in Greek, anyway. They slightly, ever so slightly, elongated the words. I had become so fluent in French all those years we lived next door. . . . Then the war came. There they went, with all the other thousands and thousands of Jews. We offered to hide them. But, poor people, they didn't know what was awaiting them. . . . After they left, the government started selling their properties. Very cheap, really. But your uncle did not want to get involved. What if they come back, he'd say. . . .

"At that time I had Costis, my first child, born while the Germans were bombarding the city. People said: 'Oh, they are not going to bomb the hospital!' But who was to stop them? We had to go down to the basement, your father carried Costis under his coat—it was winter then, you see. . . .

"We moved here, oh, 20 years ago."

Episode Three

[Art gallery, downtown. Like most galleries in the city, this, too, is in a remodelled shop basement. Large canvases hang on the walls. They depict people on the *paralia*—the city's broad promenade by the sea—one moment after the sun has set. The silhouettes virtually disappear in the vastness of the sky and the gray-tiled *paralia*. At a small table sits a young, bearded man.]





2

"I came from Serres. I have been running this gallery for almost 10 years now.

"You know this painter, don't you? He lives in Euboia. He comes up here once in a while to paint. He had come years ago. You were still in high school."

Episode Four

[Across from the church of St. Demetrios, in front of one of the few older houses in the area. Most others have already been replaced by apartment buildings. A young woman in dark clothes.]

"Of course I was born here. My mother was from an old, good family. She remembers when the refugees came from Smyrna. The women used to wear makeup and lipstick! You see, Smyrna was influenced then by the French.

"Our house was built around 1912. I found a pen drawing of the façade. I had a copy made for my sister. The upper two stories were added in the 30's, I think. But it is becoming impossible to live here any more. Aghiou Dimitriou is just too noisy. It has become a major thoroughfare. Oh, yes, I have lived

away from home a lot. I studied in Athens, at the School of Fine Arts. Then I went to Paris and studied there for a while. I came back, taught in the high school. Went back to Paris, lived with Nikos, then we got married, we came back, he had to go to the army. . . . My sister, Iro, has moved to Athens."

Episode Five

[This is filmed in the studio. Three university students are sitting at a café table. They are drinking ouzo and once in a while they have a bite of food. In the background a film is being projected. First we see several, imposing neoclassical buildings. Some are under restoration, a lot are abandoned, few have been restored. Then some views of the modern university town. The last part of the film takes us through the old town. Small cottages almost falling apart, old women peeking through their windows, girls carrying groceries.

Meanwhile, popular songs about Salonica are played in the background:

In your narrow paths,
I lived the best moments of my life

2 Salonica: Promenade (Paralia)

Drawn by the author from an old undated photograph.

3 Salonica: Arch of Galerios

Drawn by the author from an old undated photograph.



3

Oh, oh beautiful Salonica
Oh, oh how I miss your magical
evenings.

Slowly, the lights go out, the music
dies.]

Episode Six

[Downtown, in a delicatessen-type
store. Two middle-aged men work
behind the counter. The younger
looking one says:]

“Eh, here, all these years now. In
the sausages and the hams. With
my brother. A whole life in the
sausages. See, there opens the
General Store across the street.
Big store. Seven floors. They went
and turned the basement into a
supermarket. People don’t know
any better. They go to buy their
cassette tapes and their towels, they
go to the basement and they do
their food shopping as well. You
find everything there.

“Eh, we go for day-trips once in a
while, my sister and I. We go for
walks by the sea. Now that we
entered the Common Market, they
say we will close Saturdays, too.
What are people going to do? When
will they do their shopping? They’ll
have to run out Friday night and
shop for two days. . . .”

Episode Seven

[In the balcony of a five-story
apartment building. The
neighboring buildings are very
close; one can carry on a discussion
with neighbors from several
different apartments. A woman in
her forties sits out on a folding
canvas armchair, embroidering.]

“When I got married, I started
going for walks by the sea. When
my daughter was a baby, I would
take her, put her in the stroller and
go down to the *paralia*. Your heart
opens up when you see the water.
Out go the worries. We could see
the sea from our old house. But,
an old house is an old house no
matter what you do to it. You start
cleaning from one end, it gets dirty
again by the time you are through.
Let alone the heating costs. In
the heart of the winter we almost
needed a barrel of gasoline a week
for the stove.

“Not that apartments are perfect.
. . . You come out in the balcony
to enjoy your breakfast in the
morning, or your coffee in the
evening, and the ‘lady’ from
upstairs decides to clean her dust
pan on you! Or, she’ll remember to
water her plants, right then! I

remember when we got a television
set . . . right after the kid from the
store finished putting the antenna
up on the terrace she went and
called the police because, she said,
our antenna interfered with hers!
Well, she *is* crazy.

“One thing I don’t like in this city:
The approach. When you come
by train you have to cross all that
misery, by the train station. You
don’t want to be there alone at
night. Or, if you come by bus,
again, you have to go through the
workers’ housing and the military
quarters. Kavala, on the other
hand, has a beautiful approach.
You come in from high up on the
hills and the city appears suddenly,
down there, all in front of your
eyes. . . . That’s one thing Salonica
doesn’t have.

Episode Eight

[On a park bench, by the sea. The
sun has just set. Many Salonicans
are strolling along the *paralia*:
couples, families, visitors, holding
arms. Two older women are sitting
and talking to each other. One of
them says:]

“Of course, we have our sea and
our *paralia*. You can’t find one

like it no matter where you go. No other city in Europe, they say, has a *paralia* like ours. That's why all the foreigners come to enjoy our seas, our sun, to eat our fruits. And all those Germans who come in the spring. . . . What do you say about those? We are still in winter coats and they come to sunbathe. They don't even get nice suntans. They burn right from the first day. Let alone the Yugoslavians. Don't you see them flocking in every weekend? They come here to shop. They say that they go back and sell what they bought to others who cannot get visas easily. Who knows? I wonder if it is the same ones who come every weekend. . . . They have discovered all the bargain stores. They now go in the department stores, as well. See, now to become a salesgirl you have to speak Serbian. It used to be French, then English, now Serbian."

Episode Nine

[A very serene, spacious living room. Low lighting from two floor lamps. A few pieces of old furniture; bits of white lace here and there protect the sofa and the armchairs from getting dirty. A tall, composed woman in summer clothes.]

"Good evening. I am Martina Sofou and I teach history, Ancient Greek, Modern Greek, philosophy and logic in a private high school. Oh, yes, we do have to follow what the Ministry of Education says to the letter. I came from Thrace. I went to the university here and stayed here and made a nest. I have been teaching for 20 years now. I

like teaching bright students. They are all bright kids. We used to live here before this apartment building was built. The old house had three floors. We lived on the third, my sister-in-law lived downstairs. There was a bakery on the first floor. It caught fire one day, I remember, the big chimney of the bakery started burning from inside. We were sitting out on the balcony, the girl from downstairs and I, and we were talking. It was Sunday. Suddenly Maria said: 'Look, even on Sunday they bake! No respect!' Little we knew that the smell was coming from the inside of the chimney. All that fat that had accumulated with the years was slowly burning. The firetrucks came. I stayed in the kitchen making coffee for the firemen. . . . No, nothing was damaged, except for a glass the firemen broke. . . . After that we agreed to give the house to a contractor to demolish and build a new apartment building. In the meantime, we lived with my other sister-in-law, in the Analipsis area. We returned when the building was ready.

Now, why did my husband decide to install concealed lighting in the living room, I don't know. I hate those fluorescent lamps. I keep them off. He comes in, he puts them on. Anyway.

Sometimes, now that it is summer and I don't have school, I go for days without leaving the house. I'll go to get cigarettes once a day from Stelios who has a kiosk in the corner. They almost drafted him

in '74 with the episodes in Cyprus, but he got away without enlisting. He does well in his small kiosk. Very nice people, both Stelios and his wife. They come from Kavala.

In August we'll go to Aigina. We go to the same house every year. Every year more and more tourists there. Three, four, ten times the population of the island. What can the poor people do? They adjust.

Let me close the balcony door. It gets noisy here with all the cars going by. The noise gets trapped by the tall buildings on both sides of the street. They act as a funnel. It's impossible. You can hardly carry on a conversation. Only at about six in the morning do I find some serenity. I sit outside on the balcony and embroider.

[Same speaker, a later time. Standing by the balcony railing, looking down at the traffic in front of the church of Hagia Sophia.]

Rarely do I go in any more, even though it is two steps away. Sometimes I'll go in for a wedding. . . . After the earthquake they brought specialists from Italy to support the walls inside. They filled the place with scaffolding. Did you see it? It is like a forest. Of course I have always liked this church. Those greenish marbles on the walls, frescoes with the flowers make the interior so cool, like autumn. St. Demetrios' church, on the other hand, is like the summer, all warm reds and yellows. Of course they bastardized that church with the 'restoration,' no

question about that. Terrible, terrible. They went and put up those new, imitation capitals next to the sixth century ones. A mockery. The whole thing shows no respect. But I do like the church when it is full. We went there last Easter for the midnight celebration. People, people inside, people all over the courtyard, on the stairs, everywhere. We had to stand on the sidewalk. Of course we went 10 minutes before midnight. . . .”

Episode Ten

[An institutional canteen. Eating dinner with a young woman, a university student.]

“I remember arriving by train, from Athens, at 6:30 one morning. Vassilis came to pick me up. We went to eat *bougatsa* somewhere near the train station. But, how beautiful it was there! We went to a little corner store that sold milk, yogurt, and pastries. It was full of workers, eating their *bougatsa* quickly before they went to work. It was warm in that place. You see, the ‘high society’ was still asleep.”

Episode Eleven

[Street corner, downtown. Mid-day. The shops are open and the streets are full of women shopping. Cars go by ceaselessly. An older, agile woman advertises her lottery tickets as she crochets mechanically.]

“What can I tell you? I sell lottery tickets here, in this corner. Years and years now. With them I raised my children. I married my daughter off. God willing, I will marry her

children off, too. Whenever I find time I crochet something for them. They are still young.

“Here, take a ticket. They are lucky.”

Episode Twelve

[Early evening. Walking by the sea with a young man who has just returned from the army. Once again, the Salonicans are strolling up and down. Small vendors try to attract attention to their merchandise: roasted nuts, popcorn, roasted corn on the cob, and, occasionally, cotton candy. It is hard to see all this activity in the evening. The electric lights are few and high above. When one of them is out, a large pool of shade interrupts the expanse of the *paralia*. The vendors set up small gas lamps on their improvised stalls. Our friend comments:]

“There is a park in front of my old high school. Calithea’s Park. It has two marble statues of some heroes of the War of Independence. We used to climb up a small wall behind those statues and then we’d hit the back of their necks. Lightly. You know how you hit another kid who has just gotten a haircut. Otherwise we used them as markers when we played soccer. Occasionally the city would send someone to clean them of all the bird droppings.”

[Standing in front of an equestrian statue, flooded with lights.]

“Somehow, this statue of Alexander they put in the *paralia*, I never quite

liked it. There is something odd about it. Too pompous. The horse seems too small, doesn’t it? They made it in Italy. It has only been here five or six years.”

Episode Thirteen

[Sitting in the same crowded dining room with the round table and the antique furniture of the second episode, talking to the woman from Smyrna. Once again her hair is carefully combed. A pair of earrings follows the frequent movements of her head.]

“My brother—your father—still remembers playing in those empty lots back then. We had earthquakes then, too. Was it ’33 or ’34 that we had a strong one? But people were not scared as they are now because Salonica then was not built up. There were lots of empty spaces to play in and any time a tremor came you could run out in the open. You weren’t afraid of getting buried under some apartment building. . . . All the houses then were low, two, three stories high at the most. Now, if anyone gets stuck in an elevator during an earthquake. . . . God save us. So, what was I saying? My son, too, well, now he is not a child anymore, he’s almost 35, but he was also telling me the other day: Where are those years, *πέ μάνα* [mother], when we used to play out on the dirt-roads. . . . Ah, they ruined her, our city, our Salonica, where the hell could children play today? Remember we used to play, he told me, on the creek, in front of our house. . . . Listen, I told him, you forget when the

A My Name Is Alice

Ellen Perry Berkeley

A my name is Alice
And my husband's name is Alan
We come from Alabama
And we raise ants.

We bounced a ball to this little sing-song when we were children—in the days when it went unquestioned that all little girls grew up to have husbands and went off to live in interesting places and do exciting work.

We went through the alphabet several times on a summer's afternoon, taxing our imaginations to find ever-more-congenial husbands, ever-more-exotic places, ever-more-obscure occupations.

And then we grew up. As women we live now in a variety of circumstances and in a variety of places, some very far from what we imagined as children. I have tried to sketch the outlines of a few of these places, not just as physical environments but as places in which the full range of material, social, and emotional effects comes together—either to free us, putting us in full control of our creative and connective vitality, or more likely to enslave us, making us hate ourselves and everyone around us. Our housing is not to be measured in square footage and “facilities,” or in details of brick and mortar, but in what it costs us to live there (which is not the same as the rent).

Here are some of us, and some of our places, and some of what it costs us. I have written only the letters A through G. You may want to continue the alphabet.

A my name is Angie, and we're new in Avalon Acres
And I wonder if everyone else knows everyone
and I'm the only lonely one around.
Want to hear something crazy?

Sometimes I hate this brand-new house,
and I hate the shiny kitchen floor,
and I hate the kids, especially the kids,
and I hate the people I see at the A & P
who nod and smile, and back away smiling.

Those are the times I'm glad Arnie travels so much
So he can't see how bitchy I really am.

B my name is Bonner
That's my last name, and that's what they call us here.
Old ladies without first names.

They keep feeding us, and washing us, and walking us,
and putting us into clean beds,
And the view is very pretty from the day room.
I don't like to be so much trouble
But I wish they wouldn't call me Bonner
I had a friend here once who knew my Christian name
Hers was Martha, I think
We liked to be with each other, you know
But when they caught us, she got moved
to a different wing.

C my name is Celia
We have a marvelous new condo on the lake
I'd have liked something smaller
But Carleton says it's a marvelous investment.
Carleton says I should consider it my place
Since I'll be there a lot when he has to stay in town.
He wants me to do the fixing-up myself
never mind the cost
It'll be a staggering job
but I'm working with a marvelous decorator.

D my name is Deena
I was raped in this building.
In the basement. Doing the laundry.
He must have come in through the service alley
And he must have gone out the same way.
Damn Super is too damn lazy
to keep the damn door locked.
I lay in the corner, shaking,
curled against the last washing machine
And then I got up
and took the elevator back to the 12th floor.
I didn't get my laundry until the next day.
I didn't call the police until I stopped shaking.

E my name is Emma
My grandma was Emma before me
I remember her sitting on this same porch
looking out over these same hills.
My own grandchildren hardly know the place
They're city folks now.
Me, I've never known city life
and I don't miss it
I've never had indoor plumbing, either,
and I don't miss it

H My Name is Henrietta

Karen A. Franck

We always meant to add a real lavatory
but something always came up
And now I wouldn't add it just for me alone
Even if I had the money.

F my name is Francie and my husband's name is Fred
We bought a mobile home in Florida
when he retired.
There's always something to do,
and someone to do it with,
So I don't spend much time thinking
about what a hurricane
could do to these little tiny toy houses
When I do think about it, though, I hope we go together,
Fred and I.

G my name is Garnet
My mother named all us girls after precious stones.
I think of her sometimes, when I'm out in the fields
and I see an old woman
bending and stooping and picking
But I'm too busy myself,
bending and stooping and picking
to think much about her
And when I'm home I'm too tired to think
of anything at all.
Seems I've always got someone to be yelling at.
Too many of us in this leaky place.
At night the four oldest are in the next room
and the littlest one is in our room
That's the way I grew up, hearing things I shouldn't hear,
and wondering what my parents
were always fighting about.
I remember wanting it to be different for my children
but I'm almost too tired now to remember exactly
how.
I wonder if my mother ever got this tired.
I wonder if she ever kept pictures in her head
of the house she'd like to live in some day.

Editor's note:

Ellen Perry Berkeley's article includes an open invitation to others to complete the cycle, so we forwarded the article to three authors and seconded the invitation. Their letters follow.

H My name is Henrietta
This here is my home,
This is where I live and where I dream.
Some people call it an SRO but I dunno
if they rightly should
Cause when they do, they try to put me down.
They dunno many of us is clean
And careful
And lives by all the rules
And don't bother no one
And don't be no druggies and no winos.
Where we gonna go
If they tears down this SRO?

I My name is Irene
I moved to Manhattan after I graduated
From Harvard Law School.
I'm now an associate in a Wall Street firm
You may have heard of
Or maybe not.
I live in a loft on Green Street,
In Soho, that is.
It was written up in the *New York Times*
Sunday Magazine a few weeks back
The loft, that is.
I live there with my husband.
He works on Wall Street, too.
When we bought the loft, there were mostly painters and
sculptors living there.
Now it's mostly lawyers and stockbrokers
And other professional people
Like us.
Sometimes I wonder where all the artists went.
When I have time, that is.

J My name is Jeanine
I'll just sit here a while
And get the feeling of being home.
I have to go back to the shelter and see my children
Before I go to work.
I got their assignments from the teacher
I don't want them to get behind.
At least I have a place to come to.
The lease is in my name
And I have a job to go to and people I can talk to.
The other women at the shelter don't have anything.

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At least I have a place to come to.
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And I have a job to go to and people I can talk to.
The other women at the shelter don't have anything.

I'll just sit here a while
And get the feeling of being home.

K My name is Kathleen
I live at 16 Breeze Court, Bricktown.
That's the address I always give.
That way you might just think it was a house
on a regular street.
But of course if you thought about it,
You'd realize they never call regular streets "court."
It's very quiet here
And everyone looks the same and acts the same.
That's the whole point
I suppose.
I bought the house when Joe died.
My kids said it was a good price,
That I couldn't go wrong.
It wasn't what I wanted.
It still isn't.
But I couldn't tell you what I want instead
Maybe just to live on a regular street
With regular people.

L My name is Lydia
You must come see my house sometime.
I just finished building it.
It's what I always wanted,
A place that I designed
Just for me
And the way I like to live
And the way I like to feel.
There's lots of wood and textured surfaces,
The views are good from every room.
You never feel confined.
If anything, you might feel too free.
It's what I always wanted.
But why is it just for me?
I can't believe I'm really saying this
But where is he?

M My name is Miranda, Mirabel
And sometimes Mary Sue.
I change my name to fit my mood
Or where I live or what I do.
As you might guess, I like to move around a lot
And see a lot of places.

I'm glad that I can do this,
That there are
Motels and trailer parks, guest houses and rooms for rent
Or even the YWCA
Where any girl can stay.
Sometimes people don't understand
Or get the wrong idea
But mostly I don't have much trouble
In the places where I go.
Of course I haven't tried the big cities yet
New York, Chicago or LA.

N My name is Natalie
I'm an account executive with Jay Walter Thompson.
I love my job
Or career, I guess I should say.
My husband's name is Jim
He's a lawyer and has his own firm.
Together we make a good income,
Enough anyway to have a house in Westchester
And a housekeeper
And other things that make life pleasant.
What I really want
I feel I just can't have.
That's to be at home all day
And take care of our new baby
Myself.
After all,
I have a career.

O My name is Olive
I just moved in
With my two sons.
I love my apartment
There's no roaches and no rats
Everything's so clean and new.
The place we lived before
You wouldn't believe.
Well, there is one thing that bothers me.
You see, I get a rent subsidy based on my income
And that I'm a single parent
But my boyfriend stays here nights.
If they find out,
Do you think they'll
Throw me out?

P My name is Pat
I live with my lover
Her name is Marie.
We have a two-bedroom apartment
With a beautiful view of the Bay.
My parents are coming for a short stay.
It's their first trip West.
I can put them in the guest room that we use for a study,
That's no trouble.
The question is:
Shall I sleep on the couch
In the living room?

Q My name is Queenie
My husband used to call me that
And then other people
Kind of picked it up.
I used to be the Queen,
That's why he called me that.
But now everything is all mixed up
My husband's been laid off.
I go to work now
And he stays home,
This makes him mad.
It makes me mad too,
I go to work and then I come home
And shop and cook and clean and do the wash.
That's not what a queen does.

R My name is Roseann
And I live in Fort Lee.
I live alone with two cats
Heathcliff and BVD.
Sometimes I sit on the couch
With one cat beside me and one on my lap
And look at my photographs
And all of my things
And think how nice it is
To have my own place and be my own self.
Before, all those years when I was married,
It was more his house and his things
And his wife.

S My name is Saralee
But that's just a joke.
My real name is Laura, M.D., Ph.D.
I've given my self this nickname
Cause I've turned into such a hostess.
I love to cook, to clean, to cut fresh flowers,
To greet my guests and serve drinks on the deck,
To sit at the head of the table
And serve my latest creation.
It feels like playing house.
But this is just the summer
And my vacation
Will soon
Be over.

T My name is Tara
My mother named me after the house and the land,
Not the woman.
That's lucky.
I'm a potter and I've been living in Vermont
for the past six years.
Now I've come to stay with my parents in Portchester
To try to make some money
And figure out what to do.
Dad says I can stay here three months rent free
And then I have to pay.

U My name is Undine
That means water sprite or nymph
In Greek.
It's kind of a fancy name for someone like me,
I'm very down to earth.
I'm a stage manager
When I'm employed anyway.
Let me tell you what's really important to me.
Last year I met someone, an actor,
Who is the first man I've ever loved and I'm 28.
It's hard, we get jobs in different places
But when we are together,
It's so good.

W Our Name is Women

Susana Torre

V My name is Vera
And I go to Vassar.
You know it's coed now.
I think that's fine.
It's no big deal for me
Either way.
But sometimes I pretend
That it's all women again.
I try to imagine what that's like
To be all together,
Just us.

W our name is Women, aliens, outsiders,
displaced from the places of culture
misplaced within the places of power
ill at ease at the places of public appearance
deafened by the whispers of fear
blinded by the thrill of the challenge
to feel as safe and wanted in the world
as we are at Home.

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Objectifying Patriarchy: The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez

Galen Cranz

Through Ellen Perry Berkeley's verses we see how social arrangements affect the quality of everyday life and personal feelings. Patriarchy is such a big, all-encompassing entity—even bigger and more general than social class—that stepping outside it is particularly difficult. *The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez*, set in the past (1900), and in a cultural setting peripheral to ours (the Mexican-Texas border), enables us to do just that, to step outside our subjective experience and contemplate the power of a patriarchal culture. The writer managed all this without saying so explicitly; the theme lies in the film's structure.

The story is about the chase of a horse thief by a posse of rangers. We discover that at the source of a misunderstanding, ensuing crime, daring escapes, and final capture is a linguistic error, the mistranslation of the Spanish word for "mare" into the more generic English word "horse." To see the patriarchal theme of the film requires understanding the implicit equation of language with matriarchal activities and values. Language is traditionally part of the female domain. Mothers are primarily the ones who teach language to newborns; girls generally acquire language skills in their native and foreign tongues more readily than boys. In this film, the crucial linguistic nuance is

overlooked by a male deputy. A female translator discovers the error while Gregorio Cortez is being interviewed in prison. Here we see the opposition of white male attitudes to more gentle female ones. And the intermediary between female understanding and the white patriarchy is a gentle, almost hermaphroditic, fattish white male lawyer—a man of words, not action.

Looking back through the film one sees consistent polarities. For example, intimacy, trust, and pleasure in Mexican family life offer a counter vision to the male Anglo world. In one sunny afternoon scene, the children are playing, while Cortez' wife, serving but not subservient, shaves him. His brother is also part of the scene, so no rigid lines are drawn around the family—as that which the breadwinner owns and doesn't own.

Gregorio Cortez, as a representative of the matriarchal world, is at one with nature—his horse and the land he traverses. He thanks his horses lovingly for their valiant endurance; he knows the gullies and flora that can offer him protection. He even outruns the nineteenth-century symbol of man's dominance over nature, the locomotive, which the white male news reporters view as a humiliation. Fittingly, in the very end, the train takes

Gregorio away from his family to prison.

The only symbolism muffed by the filmmakers is the use of architecture to express the polarity established elsewhere. The places created by the dominant culture—most notably its jail—are horrifying, but one needs a visually fuller and more sympathetic treatment of the domestic architecture of the Mexican families. The sensuality, openness, and intimate scale of the adobe houses could be emphasized, so that the house scenes would not seem like rural poverty to twentieth-century urban eyes and the counterpoint to the jail would not be lost.

The film's analysis is sophisticated because the culture with its emphasis on power and money, rather than white men *per se*, is blamed. Accordingly, men of color also get caught up in and serve the dominant culture. The Indian, Skin, is used as a tracker to help locate Cortez after his stealthy escape. And, in the end, a Mexican man turns in Cortez (just as he is about to cross the river and escape) for the reward offered for his capture. Moreover, the culture of white men and not the men are blamed; in fact, the men are depicted as real, and even pleasant, at their victory dinner as they discuss the importance of having captured Cortez in order to insure Federal

continuance of the ranger program.

This film is neither sentimental nor blaming; its analysis is powerful, without being didactic. The film works at the level of sheer narrative excitement; it is extremely moving, profoundly sad. Cinematically *The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez* is interesting for its efforts to unify camera style with story line. The opening shots are handheld, unfocused, blurred, jumbled, confused, just as the incident itself is open to interpretation by many different people throughout the first half of the film until the puzzle is finally unraveled and the linguistic misunderstandings at heart are discovered. From this point on the camera style is clear and steady and the flashbacks are orderly, although not linear.

In a period when feminism can often be divorced from movements for the liberation of people of color, this film offers a rare but welcome chance to place ourselves outside the everyday to reflect upon the harshness of structures that ensnare us all.

Albertland

Sir Hugh Casson

“Albertland” is a campus—a complex of museums, colleges, and institutions lying immediately south of Kensington Gardens in West London.

It contains within its 87 acres perhaps the most spectacular serious-minded, ambitious, and elaborate set of mid-Victorian public buildings (1850–1900) to be seen anywhere in the world. Striped and pinnaced, glittering and multicolored, crawling with sculpture and symbolism, they are caged like sumptuous birds within a strictly rectangular and axial street plan imposed upon an area of West London, which 150 years ago was mostly market gardens enlivened with a few private houses and cottages.

The hero of this astonishing transformation, its indefatigable and much criticized impresario, was Sir Henry Cole. He had left school at 14, was director of the South Kensington Museum of Science and the Arts, had master-minded the 1851 Exhibition, and was a dedicated believer in the encouragement of living artists and of improving public taste by giving pleasure to visitors. His principal patron and supporter was the remarkable Prince Consort. His most inventive and indispensable “architect,” Francis Fowke (1823–1865), a member of his own



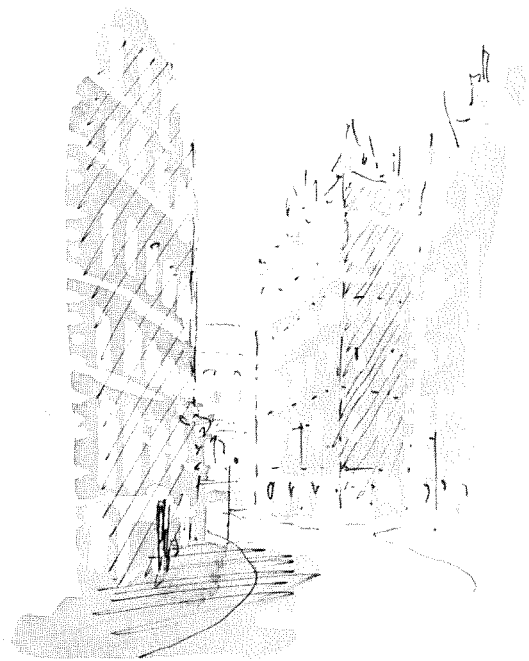
1 An equestrian statue of General Lord Napier guards the entrance to Queens Gate. Trees line the road and conceal the stuccoed architecture.



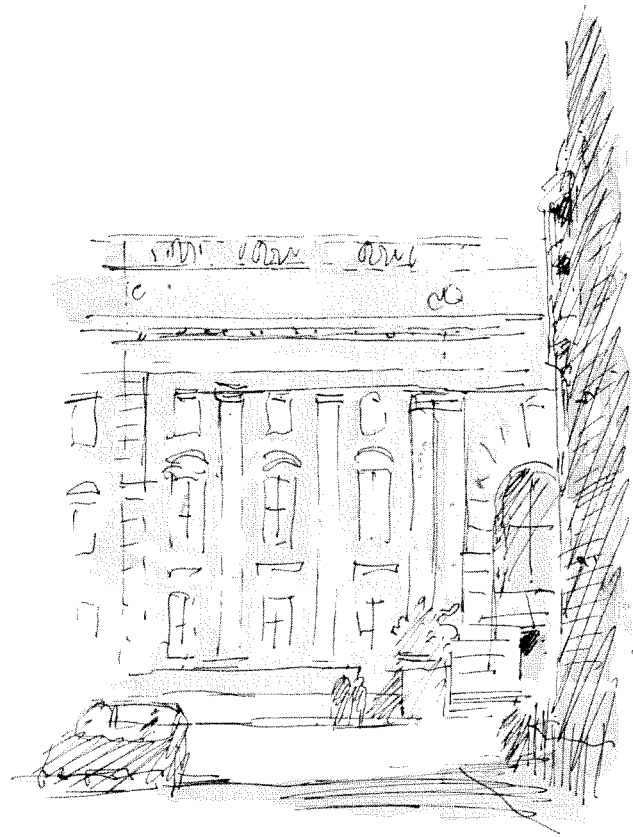
2 Prince Albert on his flight of steps is separated from the axially placed tower of the Imperial Institute by the red-brick Royal College of Music placed athwart the vista in 1890.



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museum staff. Fowke, most of whose work has disappeared, was ingenious, quick, unconventional, a modest and loyal colleague.

These three, Prince Albert, Henry Cole, and Francis Fowke (all amateur generalists), created “Albertland.” The professionals—among them architects Shaw, Webb, and Waterhouse, and builders Cubitt, Kelk, and Freake—contributed some fine work but the true glory must go to the professional amateurs.

After the 1851 Exhibition, the Royal Commissioners decided to purchase this area for institutions that—in the words of their president, Prince Albert—would “encourage the application of art and science to industry.” Prince Albert drew up the first plan himself, a symmetrical arrangement in which a National Gallery presides over its inspirers art and science and its hand maidens, the Museums of Industry and Invention. Like Cole, he believed strongly in the physical contiguity of teaching institutions and of illustrative collections.

The scheme was paid for partly by funds voted by Parliament, partly from the profit of the 1851 Exhibition, and partly by high-class residential developments along the fringes of the estate.

The scheme was not popular with the institutions. There were disputes at high level and long delays. The National Gallery wished to stay in Trafalgar Square, and the Royal Academy preferred Piccadilly to South Kensington. (Queen Victoria was so cross she refused for a long time to confer a knighthood on the president, Francis Grant.)

But events took over. In 1855 Queen Victoria paid a triumphant visit to the Paris Exhibition and the new South Kensington road layout, which was rectangular, axial, and formal, had consequently a strong Parisian flavor. The names chosen were equally formal: Prince Consort Road, Queens Gate, and Exhibition Road. In 1858 a central exhibition ground and garden was devised for the 1862 Exhibition.



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On 14 December 1861, Prince Albert died. The architectural consequences were dramatic.

A memorial committee was immediately set up, funds collected, and a site chosen in Kensington Gardens, on the axis of “Albertland.” The first idea, an obelisk, found no favor, and in the end nine architects were asked to submit proposals. The winner was Sir Gilbert Scott, with the only Gothic design submitted—an elaborately enriched polychromatic tabernacle building flanked by groups of symbolic sculptures. In 1872 it was completed and met with respectful praise from the British people, if not from professional critics. After a period during which the memorial was regarded as a tasteless joke, it has returned completely to public affection and is today never without its circle of perambulating admirers.

Henry Cole seized the opportunity of Prince Albert’s death to push forward the other great monument to the Prince Consort, the Albert Hall. It was conceived as a

3 Albert again but looking north to the Albert Hall. His statue was moved up the steps to make way for the Royal College of Music.

4 The Albert Hall glimpsed through the red-brick curving apartment blocks.

5 Edwardian “pompier” (the Royal School of Mines) revealed by the red and white striped flats that confront it. Another obstacle to the through-views originally planned by Albert.

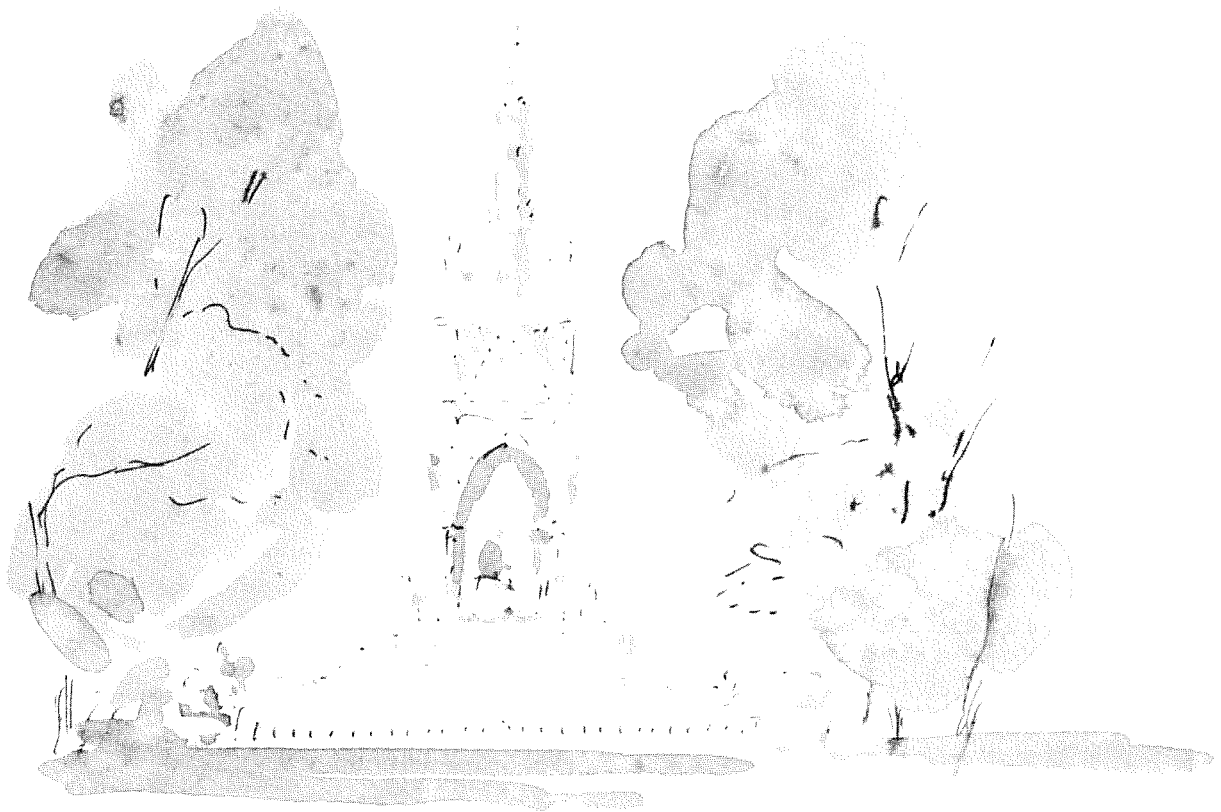
6 Porticoes sometimes rise two floors and the shadows of foliage flicker across the stucco.

7 Behind these stately mansions lies the mews—stables and servants’ quarters lining a cobbled yard and approached through grand pillared gates.

8 A typical “Albertland” house—pillared porch up steps above the lofty basement. First floor drawing room running full-depth—sometimes up to 80 feet, two or three floors of bedrooms and nurseries above. They have proved splendidly adaptable to conversion.



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conference center and concert hall. Money was short—most of it had gone to Scott's memorial—but Henry Cole made a brave decision. "The only way to get it built," he wrote to Queen Victoria's secretary, "is to build it." The Commissioners presented the site, and the design, an ellipse on the north/south axis, was by Fowke, and finished by a colleague called Scott, after Fowke's death. The monument took the form of an arena girdled by a ring of boxes and public promenades, staircases, and bars and supported on a sub-structure of stores and workshops. It was opened in 1871 by the Prince of Wales; the Queen was too moved to speak. Again, despite a troublesome echo and management problems, public reaction was initially favorable; later the response changed to affectionate contempt. Today the Albert Hall is safely embedded as a Yorkshire pie within public taste.

Natural History Museum

By now the institutional drift to South Kensington was gathering strength. In the 1850s the zoological, botanical, and geological collections of the British Museum were still in Bloomsbury and were being fast crowded out. It was decided to move them to South Kensington. Another competition was mounted and won by Captain Fowke, who died shortly afterwards. Its design was brilliantly

reinterpreted by Alfred Waterhouse and is now regarded generally as the masterpiece of "Albertland."

The Natural History Museum was followed by the Imperial Institute. It had been conceived as a teaching museum but suffered from lack of purpose. In 1887 a fund to pay for it was launched. A limited competition was won by T. E. Collcutt with a single symmetrical plan dominated on the axis of the Albert Memorial and the Albert Hall by a fine tower. In 1960 the Institute was all tragically demolished, except for the tower.

By now the site was filling up and the original concept of an open space guarded by great buildings was being eroded. The central north/south axis was still retained but could only be recognized from the air as, one after the other, new buildings were placed astride its path. Late arrivals included the Royal College of Music (1883), the Royal School of Needlework (1890), the Royal College of Science (1900), followed later by the Science and Geological Museums (1914 and 1929), and the Royal College of Art (1962).

Victoria and Albert Museum: 1899–1909

One of the largest, if architecturally least successful, of "Albertland's" great treasure houses is the Victoria and Albert Museum. This marks the southeast corner of

"Albertland." It fronts, and to some degree replaces, the old South Kensington Museum that straggled over part of the site, containing a mixture of collections and training schools—all directed by Sir Henry Cole (1808–1882). Various attempts were made to expand the museum—one of them a charming cast-iron "pre-fab" in 1856, another a Hansel and Gretel stuccoed and stencilled refreshment room—but eventually yet another competition was mounted to make a proper job of it. The assessor was Waterhouse, the winner, Aston Webb. It was opened in 1909.

Meanwhile, the great builder-developers, Aldin, Jackson, and Freake, were building to the southeast and west of "Albertland" an almost continuous range of vast Italianate mansions, stucco-faced for the most part, but after 1870 assuming the red-brick romanticisms of the domestic revival. They were five stories high above the basement, on plots about 25 feet by 80 feet. These houses were, for the most part, identical in plan and built for the wealthy, with mews at the rear for stables and servants. They were grand with their pillared porches, elaborate iron railings, marble chimney pieces, five servants bedrooms, and lofty staircases. Façades lacked a major order and depended upon string courses and elaborately modeled window

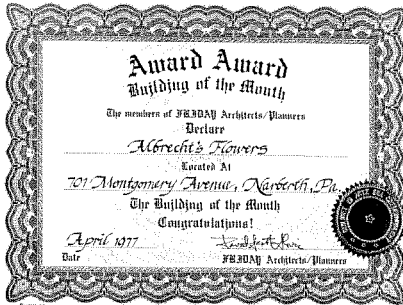
surrounds. The occupants were mostly middle-aged, middle-class, and prosperous. One of them was the Liverpool shipowner, Frederick Leyland, who owned Whistler's *Peacock Room*, which is now in Washington. Most of these houses still exist, although now they enjoy multi-residential use. "Albertland" is a conservation area and a great success story. As with all "university type" buildings, those imposing façades conceal areas of temporary shacks, service yards, and car parks. And the trees are rilled in rows marching tidily down the streets. National collections sometimes fit uneasily into such grand operatic settings, and a miasma of Victorian complacency still hangs over those deadpan stuccoed mansions. Nevertheless, Prince Albert, sitting beneath his jeweled canopy in Kensington Gardens and gazing southwards over his modest empire, which is dedicated to scholarship and the arts, might justly feel proud of this monument to his vision and his labors.

9 Today behind the façades lie the service yards, and car parks and temporary huts and stores that gather round the skirts of university buildings.

10 The Albert Memorial where "Albertland" begins.

Building of the Month Awards: Philadelphia

David Slovic and Ligia Rave



Cuilibet in arte sua credendum est: “Everyone is to be trusted in his own special art.” This Latin motto appeared in a gold seal on Building of the Month certificates, which, once each month during 1976–1977, were bestowed upon unsuspecting citizens in Philadelphia. FRIDAY Architects/Planners established the awards to bring attention to well-kept existing buildings and to reward publicly examples of loving care and innovation. The buildings selected were generally unknown, “one-of-a-kind” elements of a place.

The stated purpose of the awards was to increase general awareness so that the environment, urban life, and city fabric would be looked at in a new way, with an emphasis on recognizing “do-it-yourself” embellishments. For 20 months the Building of the Month Awards recognized, taught, cajoled, and pointed the way to straightforward and knowledgeable appreciation of everyone’s environment. The special efforts that turn simple, innocent gestures into communicative parts of the city were brought to the attention of the community.

Each winning owner/artist/creator received an official certificate and copies of all press releases. The real award, however, the important one, was the recognition of their efforts and the new status that they received in the neighborhood.

Professional journals, daily newspapers, and neighborhood weeklies published stories about and photographs of the selected buildings, praised the initiative,

and held public debates on taste, judgment, and aesthetic values.

Locally, the *Philadelphia Tribune*, the *South Philadelphia Chronicle*, the *Germantown Courier*, and the *Drummer* gave coverage to the selections, recognizing them as new local landmarks. As the effort to save the environment became a national issue, *Progressive Architecture*, the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, and the *New York Times* mentioned the award.

The choices—some in abandoned sections of the cities—although not limited by age, use, or style, did raise specific issues about architecture, design, and urban living. These issues were addressed to several audiences. The general public was encouraged to become more aware of the physical environment and to look at our cities in a more critical, objective manner. Seen as elements of the city fabric, the awarded buildings became the pretexts for local lessons on the revitalization of decayed neighborhoods. For architects, who have the tendency to identify as architecture only what is built by the educated hand and eye of other architects, the Building of the Month Award was a public celebration, a lesson in public aesthetics.

The awards are published here as an example of lively private initiative that refocuses public attention. The photographs are those that were released initially to illustrate the awards and the captions are adapted from the original information releases.



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Comments on the intentions of the awards program are set in bold face type.

Lynn Bense, Don Matzkin, and Frank Mallas, who were part of the FRIDAY Architects/Planners group from 1976–1977, helped with the selection of the buildings, the research and documentation, the press release, and the photography.

Architectural theories and debates too often sacrifice objective realities for private aesthetics. These buildings were embellished according to known traditions, not personal theories. Their common criterion was communication.

May 1976
Marra's Restaurant
1734 East Passyunk Avenue
Philadelphia, PA

Passyunk Avenue, one of the oldest shopping streets in the city of Philadelphia, has the atmosphere of a small-town Main Street. Along it are excellent examples of shops and storefronts dating from the turn of the century, and still in good condition.

Marra's is a family-owned restaurant on the ground floor of a three-story brick building; the family lives above. The storefront, added in 1939, has an outstanding black-and-white tile design that charmingly integrates signs and decoration, giving the entire street frontage a cheerful and inviting look; an easy-to-read neon sign complete with chef; and a well-patterned brick cornice. The restaurant exemplifies how work of high quality can add surprise and delight to a built environment.



I A

I Marra's Restaurant
 Photograph courtesy of Elliot Kaufman

IA Owner of Marra's Restaurant,
 Receiving Award.



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June 1976
Entire 2300 Block
St. Albans Place
Philadelphia, PA

The entire block was probably built in the early 1870s, since it first appears on an 1875 ward map. The townhouses are handsome, simply detailed structures that make an excellent enclosure for the garden/street.

The street is completely closed off to traffic; its lovely garden is landscaped with carefully tended grass, a variety of roses, and other plantings.

The garden appears to have been started when the houses were built, as part of an effort to soften the quality of urban living.

St. Alban's Place is efficiently administered through the common efforts of the block's inhabitants, organized by a garden club and a block organization.

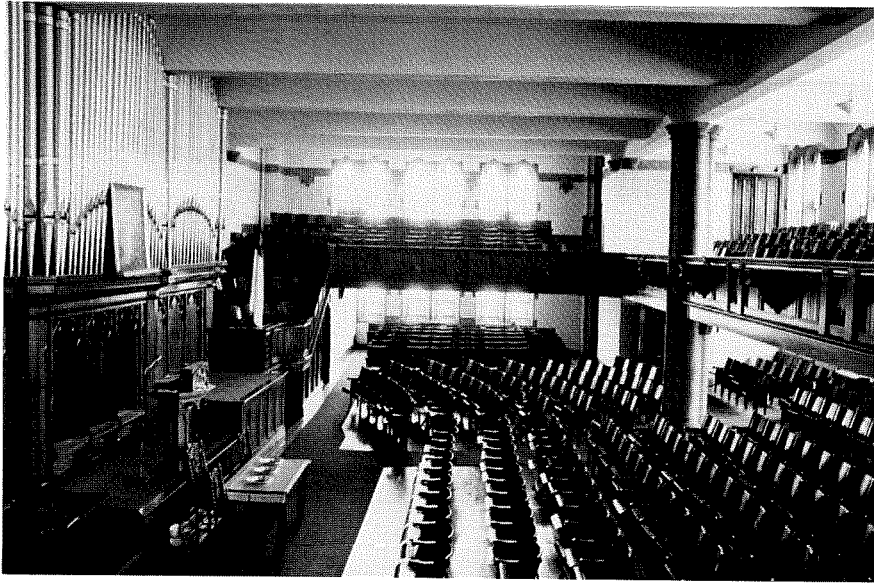
Philadelphia architect Louis I. Kahn once remarked that "a street is a room." St. Alban's Place is an example of the street as a landscaped garden extension to everyone's living room.

2 St. Albans Places
Photograph courtesy of David Slovic

2A The day of the award, St. Alban's Place.

3, 3A Spanish Baptist Church
Photograph courtesy of David Slovic

4 Steel's Fudge Shop
Photograph courtesy of David Slovic



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July 1976
Spanish Baptist Church
Hancock and York Streets
Philadelphia, PA

The church was designed by the architectural firm of Charles W. Bolton & Son just after the turn of the century. Extensively appointed using a thorough treatment of what might be called "neighborhood gothic," it has survived several changes in parish population. It now acts as a center for numerous daily community programs for its largely Spanish-speaking parishioners.

The structure has adapted well to its changing functions, while still retaining its original sense of purpose as a symbol in the neighborhood. Its gothic style, common to many buildings of the time, manages to reflect prevailing notions about what makes a neighborhood building important.

August 1976
Steel's Fudge Shop
1633 Boardwalk
Atlantic City, NJ

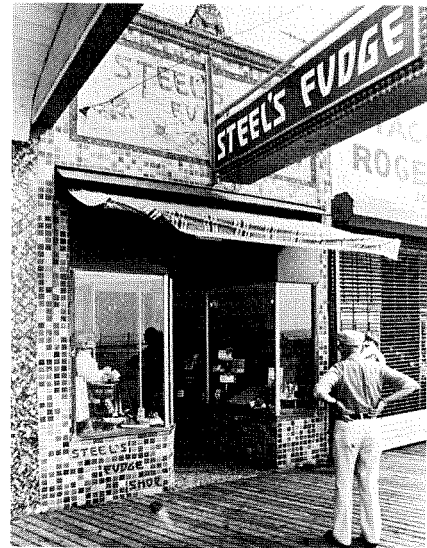
Steel's Fudge Shop, built in 1923, was once one of an elegant group of Boardwalk stores that included a furrier, a jeweler, an auction house, and a dress shop.

The shop is one of the smallest on the Boardwalk, but also one of the most colorful. The front is covered with multi-colored ceramic tiles. The sign board above the window depicts boxes of fudge and the shop's name inlaid in bright tile. A new self-illuminating sign that juts out from the tile front is the only concession to modern Boardwalk commercialism.

The interior is just wide enough for a serving counter and an aisle. The cases, fixtures, and decorations are all of the original quite delicate design, with ceramic tiles used for decoration and wall trim.



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September 1976
The Oliver Cornman School
Cornman Diagnostic Center
Melon Street
Philadelphia, PA

Designed by the school district itself under the direction of the then Superintendent of Buildings, Irwin Cathorine, this typical neighborhood elementary school was built in 1931. It reveals a simple but well-expressed massing, an excellent use of brick, and well-placed decorative elements. Each bay contains two windows per floor with decorative brick work above and below and a special pattern of brick work at the roof line to create a visual top to the building.

Glazed terra-cotta tiles are used to cap the vertical piers and to mark the entrances with a scroll motif that uses green, blue, purple, and white tiles in excellent Art Deco style.

The roof is used as an outdoor play area with a fully enclosed cage structure made from pipe and chain-link fencing. Two vertically extended bays contain the cage, which fits in handsomely with the building as a whole. This use of the roof represents an economical way

of fully utilizing a school building and at the same time providing controlled outdoor recreational space.

October 1976
The School of Allied Medical
Professions
39th & Pine Streets
University of Pennsylvania Campus
Philadelphia, PA

Built originally in 1858 to house the Convent of the Good Shepherd, the building is one of the oldest structures in West Philadelphia. The present building consists of the original structure and two additions, the first completed in the 1870s and the second a decade later.

The first addition, credited to the architects Deery and Kheel, extended the building toward Pine Street and produced the distinctive tall arched entry and bell tower. The later addition by architect F. F. Durang is skillfully attached to the west.

By setting the new work back from the building line and angling a part of the building's wall, Durang was able to add new space while retaining the individuality of the



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original symmetrical façade. The break in the façade also reduces the building's scale and, along with the small but regular pattern of windows, relates the building to the residential town houses on the rest of the block.

This is a wonderful lesson in designing for an urban environment. The three separate structures built at different times by different designers remain a single unified entity. Each addition respected the existing structure, improved it, and helped it fit into the neighborhood setting.

5 The Olover Cornman School

Photograph courtesy of Donald Matzkin

6 The School of Allied Medical Professions

Photograph courtesy of David Slovic



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The established architectural production of that time denied the communicative potential of ornament. To reward publicly the use of ornament and decoration in the individual style of each owner/artist made the architectural debate more alive. The award recognized the existing environment rather than the professionally conceived one.

7 Single Family Residence, 1946 North Lawrence Street
Photograph courtesy of Donald Matzkin



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**November 1976
Single Family Residence
2946 North Lawrence Street
Fairhill Section
Philadelphia, PA**

This two-story brick row house has been painted and embellished in an extraordinary and skillful manner. The brick is overall a shocking pink, but with individual bricks painted bright red in what at first glance seems to be, though it is not, a regular pattern.

The awnings are bright red trimmed in white. The symbolic appliqué shutters are also bright red with white trim. The lower one not only covers the first floor window and door but spans the entire front of the house, giving it an identity unique in this neighborhood of anonymous houses and treeless streets.

Neighborhood craftsmen did the work on the house. They had further embellished it with horse-and-buggy appliques on the lower shutters and an American eagle on the storm door, but both have since been stolen.

While exceptional in its intensity, this residence is typical of the

tenacious optimism found in many city neighborhoods, an attitude that may still prove to be the salvation of the inner city.

**December 1976
Family Residence
3428 Holyoke Road
Northeast Philadelphia, PA**

This semidetached house is typical of the surrounding neighborhood, but has here been transformed into a joyous display of holiday lights and figures to celebrate the Christmas season. From the edge of the front yard to the top of the roof, the house is ringed in red and green lights. Prominent on the lawn are a large Christmas tree, lit figures in a crèche, Santa Claus, and Frosty the Snowman. The television antenna above the roof is crowned with a glowing star.

This wonderfully festive display is the work of the family that has occupied the house for 12 years. They decorate it every Christmas, spending their spare time for nearly a month preparing the decorations, repairing fixtures, and designing the layout.

The energy of the display represents a gesture of holiday cheer and good

8 Family Residence, 3428 Holyoke Road
Photograph courtesy of David Slovic



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wishes sent out from the family to the surrounding neighborhood and a commitment to the community.

January 1977

**The Parkway House Apartments
22nd Street and the
Benjamin Franklin Parkway
Philadelphia, PA**

This high-rise apartment structure was built in the early 1950s by the firm of Roth and Fleisher, with Elizabeth Fleisher the design architect.

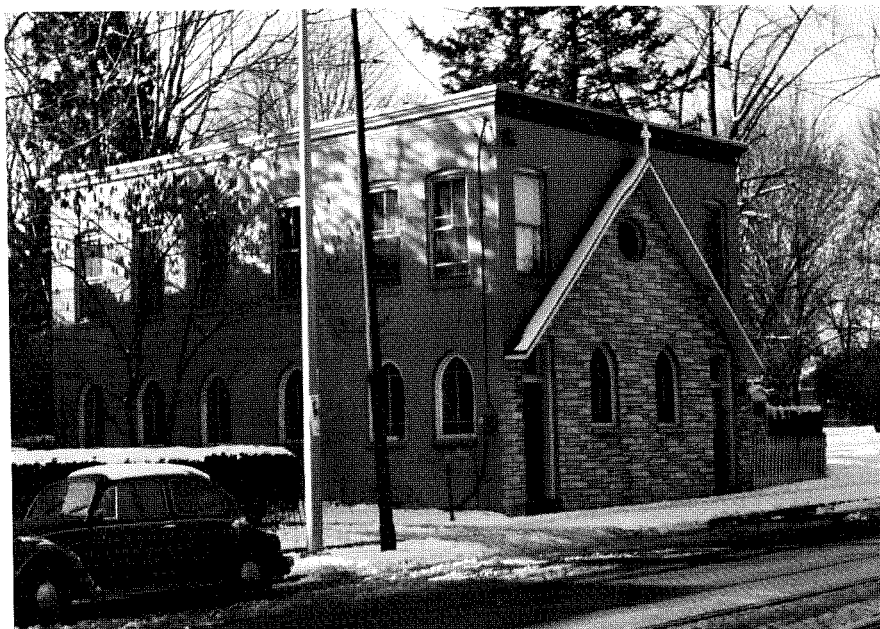
The primary façade faces south, overlooking the Parkway, and has a diversity of homey stepped terraces, balconies, and bay windows. Arranged symmetrically over the entire breadth of the building, these elements give a stately quality to the whole, while still reflecting some feeling of the active life within. Additions to individual outdoor spaces are accommodated well; in fact the building seems to encourage them through the variety of shapes and turns of the apartments.

Too often modern buildings require their dwellers to live in a uniform manner, forcing the individual to adapt to the structure rather than

the reverse. The Parkway House does not display the simple unity of a single glass skin or monolithic concrete. It is a skillful combination of habitable spaces using traditional domestic elements to make high-rise houses. The result is a strong visual, spatial, and symbolic presence. Its brick-sheathed forms achieve an elegance usually attributed to grander materials such as marble or granite, proving that elegance is inherent in form, proportion, and scale, not just in surfaces. Apartment developers could learn from this example.

9 The Parkway House Apartments
Photograph courtesy of David Slovic

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February 1977
Immanuel Temple
 6418 Germantown Avenue
 Philadelphia, PA

This modest church structure demonstrates an effective use of architectural symbolism to enhance a building's function.

Applied to the front of this two-story stucco building is a permastone façade superimposed over the original one. The applied face is in the shape of a peaked roof typical of one-story churches, providing an image closer to a typical church than is the building behind it. The permastone façade has an eave of its own to reinforce the impression of a rural church.

The use of a familiar building shape to transform an ordinary building into a church is an innovative and charming gesture. Though simple in detail, the applied façade is effective.

March 1977
Tudor Style Townhouses
 3400 Block of Midvale Avenue
 Philadelphia, PA

Although the Tudor style was originally developed in 16th-century England in modified forms, in the 20th century, it has become a popular style for residential development. The Midvale Avenue houses, built in 1931 by M. J. McCrudden demonstrate its use in a thoughtful selection of materials and detailing that includes large slate roofs, wood boarding on stucco, rough stone, and leaded glass windows, all elements commonly associated with the modern Tudor style. The interior living rooms carry through the style with a cathedral ceiling employing exposed wood beams relating directly to the high windows on the front.

The backs of the houses are faced in plain brick, and although generous and accommodating in function they do not continue the stylization so important to the façades. The houses provide a distinctive character to Midvale Avenue, creating an image and feeling in a familiar style well suited to the scale of the block.



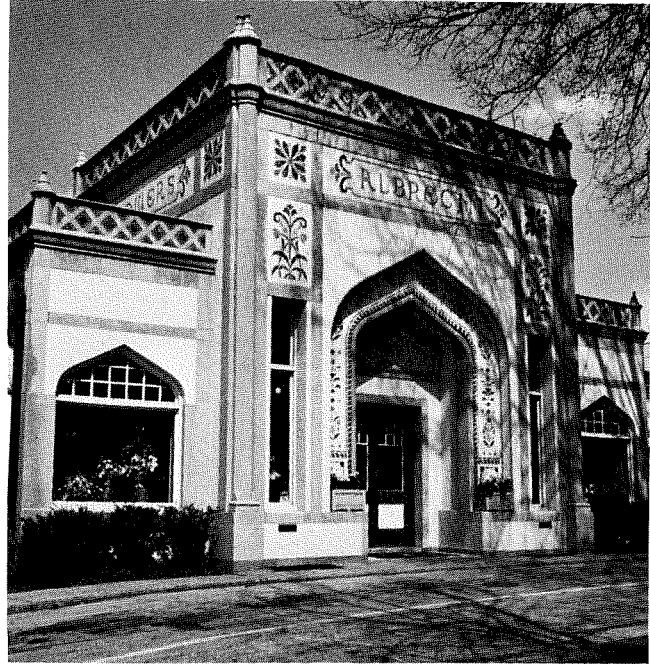
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The detailing is careful, employing materials appropriate to handle both the functional and associative aspects of the images.

April 1977
Albrecht's Flowers
701 Montgomery Avenue
Narberth, PA

After seeing a picture in a magazine of a building he liked, John Albrecht, founder of the flower shop, commissioned architect Louis S. Adams to build this structure.

The central stone and stucco building houses the main shop facilities and is flanked along the sides and rear with greenhouses. The shop is beautifully scaled to attract the attention of passing cars along Montgomery Avenue. The major openings are in an Indian style that is echoed in the profile of the adjoining greenhouses. The openings are appropriately decorated with a floral motif made of colored tile inlaid in the stucco. Above the main entrance and along the sides of the central structure appear the name ALBRECHT's and the word FLOWERS, also in tile.



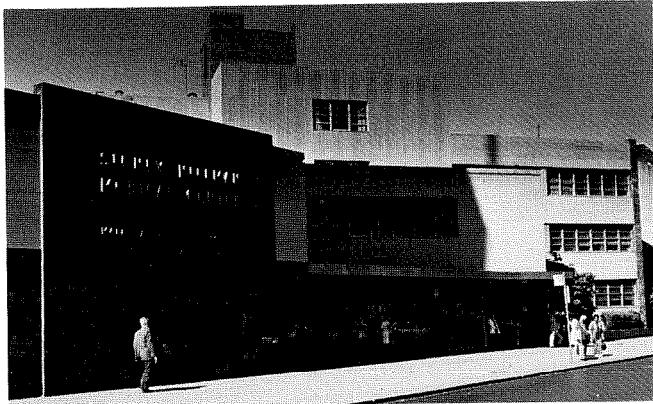
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The entire building is a delightful example of good commercial design. The entrance attracts arriving customers through its use of large-scale openings and colorful decorations that relate to the business that is going on inside. The more functional greenhouses are more modestly scaled and were left undecorated.

A few of the greenhouses were purchased from private estates and are over 125 years old. The entire distinctive ensemble has become a landmark of Philadelphia's Main Line.

11 Albrecht's Flowers
 Photograph courtesy of David Slovic

12 Tudor Style Townhouses
 Photograph courtesy of David Slovic



13



14

May 1977
Sidney Hillman Medical Center
 2611 Chestnut Street &
 2115 Sansom Street
 Philadelphia, PA

This medical center was the first facility of its kind in the United States. It provides medical, recreational, and rehabilitative services for the workers in the apparel industry of Philadelphia. Designed by architect Herman Polis in 1951, it displays a combination of massing and a choice of materials both sympathetic with and in contrast to Chestnut Street. The jagged massing of the orange-limestone front angles away from the street, while the reddish-brown polished granite base and endwall, aided by a band of stainless steel over the entry, hold the street line. The saw-tooth plan allows more natural light into the building by creating additional wall surface in which to place windows. This scheme also permits a clear view down Chestnut Street from the building's interior.

Perhaps the building's most impressive feature is the humane and cooperative spirit in which it was conceived. The initial funding, the continuing operating costs, and

the supervising trusteeship are shared equally by management and labor organizations of the industry to produce an up-to-date medical facility and a pioneering geriatric center.

June 1977
The Mayfair Diner
 7353–7373 Frankford Avenue
 Philadelphia, PA

Family owned and operated, this around-the-clock eating establishment serves several thousand meals daily to the merchants and residents in the area.

The family entered the food-service business during the sesquicentennial celebration in Philadelphia in 1926. With that experience behind them, they opened the first Mayfair diner in 1931. Since that time the Mayfair has expanded four times, moving to its present location in 1941. The present facility, an extraordinarily long dining car, was built on the site in 1956 by the now defunct Jerry O'Mahoney Dining Car Company.

The image of a diner has merged with its function. Whether it is the 1950s streamlined stainless look of

13 Sidney Hillman Medical Center
 Photograph courtesy of David Slovic

14 The Mayfair Diner
 Photograph courtesy of David Slovic

15 Brogan Real Estate Office
 Photograph courtesy of Donald Matzkin

16 The Boardwalk, Atlantic City, NJ
 Photograph courtesy of David Slovic



16

the Mayfair or the decorated villa look of the 1970s, the exterior of a diner acts as a sign and symbol to those seeking a place to eat. The hard materials used both inside and out are easy to clean and are used with a flair that appeals to all kinds of people.

July 1977
Brogan Real Estate Office
Long Beach Island, NJ

This simple one-story structure houses a real estate office on one side of a common-entry patio and a gift shop on the other, with the family residence added at the rear. The stucco and brick front portion was designed by Mr. Brogan himself and built in 1948.

Notable features are the tasteful placement and proportion of the windows in a handsomely symmetrical and carefully detailed street-front façade; the practical and decorative use of brick for color accent, as window sills, and to band the floor line on the exterior to establish a reference line against which the ground slopes; and the exaggerated cornice with its carefully placed recessed lights, which adds a rhythmic and minimal decorative touch.

August 1977
The Boardwalk
Atlantic City, NJ

Perhaps more than any other place on the East Coast the Boardwalk exemplifies summertime at the shore. The famous pedestrian street is bounded by dwellings and shops on one side and the Atlantic Ocean on the other.

First built in 1820, it was improved and rebuilt in 1880, 1884, and 1890 in 12-foot sections, which were removed each fall and stored until the following spring. The present permanent Boardwalk was erected in 1896, when its name was officially adopted. The herringbone pattern dates from 1916.

Today the Boardwalk extends over four miles and provides a public walkway unique to Atlantic City. It allows for the leisurely pleasure of a stroll and yet holds the fascination of a cosmopolitan boulevard.

With the advent of legalized casino gambling, the Boardwalk will change, but it is to be hoped that the casino developers will preserve the simple delights of the Boardwalk in their otherwise grandiose plans.



15

The value of these buildings is that they represent inventive communication, useful accommodation, and meaningful participation—the means for making authentic places emanate from the patterns of life at hand and from the joyful secrets of the buildings that house and encourage them.



17

September 1977
Rowhouses
4206–4218 Spruce Street
Philadelphia, PA

Like so much of West Philadelphia, these houses were designed and built around 1879 as speculative housing. What is striking about them is that they are not simply repetitive units, but a single architectural statement to be read as one large symmetrical house. A large projecting gable immediately focuses attention on the center, while identically angled, turreted, and dormered pavilions terminate the Spruce Street front with a flourish and dynamically turn the corner.

Each individual house is symbolically identified by a series of small gables. The main body of the building is ordinary Philadelphia red brick; fancy brick and terracotta elements supply emphasis and differentiation.

The more you look, the more you see in buildings from the high Victorian era. There are many levels of meaning and layers of subtlety beneath and within the obviously large-scale gestures. The strength of the overall composition works well at the speed of a passing motorist; the enormous variety of textures and profiles provides visual interest for the pedestrian and an endearing richness for the inhabitant.

The structure, attributed to G. W. and W. D. Hewitt, has been recognized as historically significant by the Philadelphia Historical

17 Rowhouses, 4206–4218 Spruce Street
 Photograph courtesy of Lynn Bensei



18

Commission. The extent to which such housing has succeeded in accommodating the needs of individuals and families is underscored by this particular block, where all seven houses are still owner-occupied. That several generations of owners have seen fit to preserve the integrity of the block, maintaining each separate part scrupulously without feeling the need further to express individual ownership by even minor alterations to the original façades is an eloquent testament to the effectiveness of this “flagrant architecture.”

October 1977
Arthur Hoyt Scott Outdoor
Auditorium
Swarthmore College Campus
Swarthmore, PA

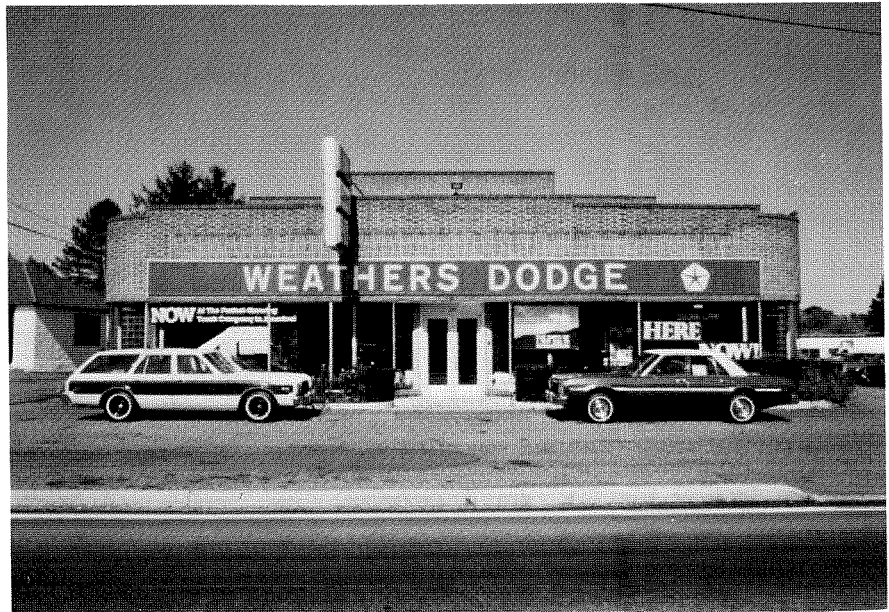
Built into a heavily wooded slope on the edge of the Swarthmore College campus, the auditorium is minimally and elegantly formed of entirely natural materials. Low stone walls make grassy terraces in circular arcs that step gently down to focus symmetrically on a slightly bowed stage platform. The backstage area lies seven feet below the parapet wall at the rear of the

stage, allowing actors to arrive—unseen by the audience—on a woodland path from a nearby building.

Magnificent trees and plantings provide an idyllic backdrop for the stage and enclose both sides, screening off the approach road from the rear. Stately poplars were left standing in the midst of the seating area and orchestra. Though their columnar trunks occasionally somewhat obstruct the view to the stage, their presence contributes greatly to the enchanted atmosphere inside the auditorium. The lofty green canopy they provide not only increases the sense of enclosure but also filters and directs the sunlight into patterns that animate the arena when it is not in use.

The auditorium was designed by Philadelphia landscape architect Thomas Sears in 1942. Although it was designed to be comfortable for small groups, its maximum capacity is about 2,000 people. It is not often used, but it is traditionally the setting for the college’s annual commencement exercises.

18 Arthyr Hoyt Scott Outdoor
Auditorium
 Photograph courtesy of Lynn Bensel



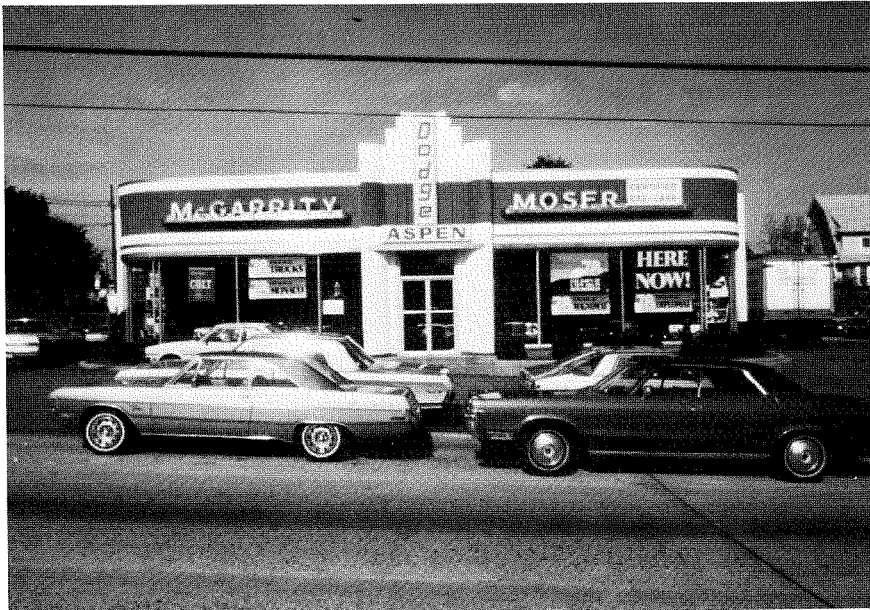
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November 1977
Weathers Dodge
Lime, PA
McGarrity-Moser Dodge
Havertown, PA

Although these two suburban Dodge dealership buildings have the same basic layout, proportions, and dimensions and relate to the street in the same way the differences in taste and attitude toward public image they reflect, as evidenced in different materials, colors, decorative elements, and internal proportions, result in totally different responses from the onlooker.

Built in 1947, both buildings have remained remarkably intact, with the only minor alterations in signage, probably because both are still operated by the founders or their offspring.

Both buildings were designed by their owners, yet they exhibit a thoroughness of concept and consistency of detail worthy of a professional designer.



19

19 Weathers Dodge, Lime, PA
McGarrity-Moser Dodge, Havertown, PA
Photographs courtesy of Donald Matzkin

December 1977
Christmas Tree Lights
Broad Street
Philadelphia, PA

These lights were commissioned by the Office of the City Representative as a holiday decoration appropriate to a city center. They line Broad Street, the main thoroughfare and longest straight street in the city, and frame City Hall Tower, the city's central point.

Designed by Alley Friends, they demonstrate how the simplest of shapes can be made a holiday symbol. The strings of green lights create a scale appropriate to the tall buildings that line the street and to a civic gesture toward the holiday season.

"Everyone is to be trusted in his own special art." Architecture needs more of this.



20

Growing Shade

Joyce Earley Lyndon

In a broad band of country north of the Alps the sun shelter which makes an outdoor room for a street café or a garden restaurant is likely to be an assembly of tree umbrellas—a double row of living and growing trees, Horse Chestnuts or London Planes, trained into a flat-topped structure with a ten-foot ceiling and a leafy roof.

Many of these outdoor rooms are more than a hundred years old, once used by strangers traveling on horseback over hot, dusty roads, as well as by the village inhabitants escaping from the summer sun. The tree trunks are thirty to forty inches in diameter and some of the cantilevering branches are as thick as the roof beams in the local barns; their robust scale is in keeping with the adjacent buildings and spaces. The Horse Chestnuts make dark, solid shade; the leaf cover of the Planes is more translucent, more open, making changing dappled patterns.

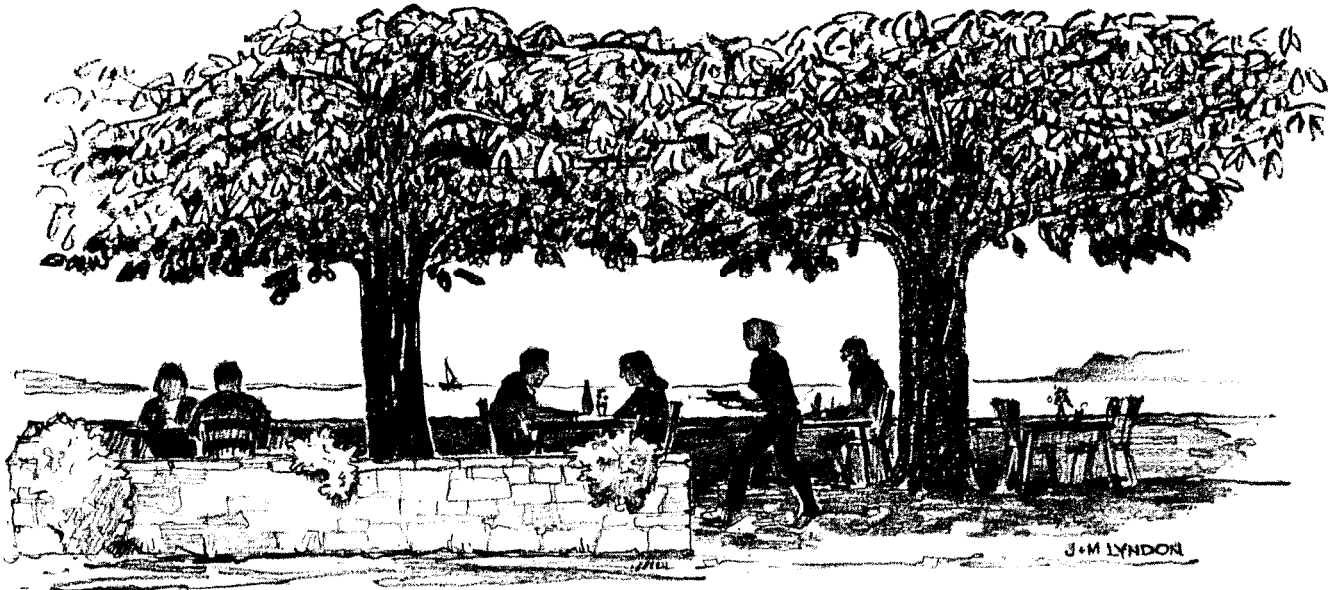
In this country of the tree umbrellas (a region which crosses national frontiers) the people are of Alemannic stock and speak variations of German. Their climate is classed as transitional. To the east are the hot, incontinent summers of central Europe—the Viennese escape in August to the mountains or the woods. North and west, the weather is tempered by the ocean—roofless cafés on Dutch beaches have glass walls to keep out the wind; the Danes add overhead heaters; the English grow roses over arbors and pergolas, more admired than sat under. In the south, Mediterranean peoples

have built colonnaded courts and arcaded market squares; the Greeks add ramadas for tourists, minimum structures roofed, on the beach, with matting and, in the towns, with grapevines (easy on water).

At first sight, the tree umbrellas seem to be a make-shift solution in a region where summer temperatures rarely exceed 90°F (102.5°F in Basel, July 1983, was an all-time Swiss record). In fact, they have survived and new ones are being grown because they are practical, inviting, and handsome; they do not block upper windows and when bare in the winter they let the sun through. They express the ethos of the people—happy among trees and like-minded company; skillful at combining natural and man-made components into outdoor places with a sense of permanence; content to invest time, work, and money on their surroundings—they live in small countries and they are not going anywhere.

As for training the trees, a German forester agreed that there was not much on the subject in books; and it would be under Parks not Forestry.

At the offices of a Swiss city parks department, the recommended expert explained: London Planes (*Platanus acerifolia*) are easier to manage than Horse Chestnuts (*Aesculus hippocastanum*), which persist in trying to grow high in the center. Planes will tolerate dirty air better than Chestnuts; dry soil is unsuitable for both. Buy the sapling, specially grown for the purpose, from a tree nursery. It will



Drawing by Maynard Lyndon and Joyce Earley Lyndon.

have an upright stem and three or four whippy branches. Plant and *at once* cut off the stem just above its junction with the top branch (Plane) or top pair (Chestnut). Train the branches by binding them to horizontal supports. As the tree grows, select and encourage subsidiary branches to become webs in the roof structure. Cut off unwanted growth in summer (*summer not autumn*), cleanly, back to its base. *Leave no stubs*. New shoots will sprout each season and produce the leaves; the shoots must be cut off biennially, back to their base, to maintain the required profile. Good luck!

As he was leaving the expert turned and called out, "Es ist nicht Kunst. Es ist fleissige Pflege." It's not art, it's diligent attention.

A Summer Place

Christopher Little

As part of our commitment to depict a variety of places in ways strongly felt, we are lucky that Chris Little's professional photographs can describe Fenwick as an insider. His grandfather moved there in 1920; four generations have enjoyed it. Both words and photos reveal a special world, honored and loved, but viewed with a twinkle in his sharp eye.

Fenwick

The tiny community of Fenwick lies on a flat, wind-swept peninsula at the confluence of the Connecticut River and Long Island Sound. It is called Fenwick, a very special summer place of 70 houses, grand old summer mansions, set in stately rows four deep along the sea shore. In the guileless elitism characteristic of the place, these mansions are called "cottages."

Its Place in History

Fenwick was settled in the 1630s after a bloody battle forever reoriented the Pequot Indians. Protected by a Royal Charter, signed by Charles II four years after the death of Oliver Cromwell, the community was named for Colonel George Fenwick, the colony's second governor. Fenwick, a commoner, and his wealthy wife, Lady Fenwick, conceived of their new settlement as a refuge for Puritan lords and ladies. Little, it seems, has changed since.

In the latter half of the nineteenth century the movers and shakers of Hartford, CT, 45 miles upriver from Fenwick, built the first cottages as exemplary of what Vincent Scully has called the "shingle style."

And they began the annual summer migration that continues today. Morgan Gardner Bulkeley, the roguish ex-governor of Connecticut, was farsighted enough to realize that such an unusual, ideally situated community would need some political clout to survive the inevitable encroachments. He finessed a new charter through the

Connecticut State Legislature.

The borough of Fenwick was incorporated and remains to this day the smallest governmental entity in the state. The borough has the power to tax and zone and "to prevent vice and immorality; to suppress gambling houses, houses of ill-fame; to license, regulate, or prohibit the manufacture . . . or use of fireworks, torpedoes, gunpowder, petroleum, dynamite, or other explosives . . . to prohibit the crying of newspapers upon the Sabbath . . . to regulate the removal of any inoffensive manure, swill, or nightsoil through the streets of the Borough . . . to prevent cruelty to animals and restrain inhuman sports."

Social Notes

The result of Governor Bulkeley's perspicacity has been a legislated conservatism and a unique form of automobile zoning in Fenwick. With few exceptions the architecture has endured throughout the natural processes of renovation, rebuilding, and even new construction. A tenacious group of residents—descendents of the community's founders—have conserved ample parkland, refusing to sell even at prevailing astronomical rates for land.

Marion Hepburn Grant, the resident historian, has aptly dubbed Fenwick "a Victorian commune." The social fabric of the community is as tightly woven as ever. Intermarriage is the norm; virtually all given names are prefaced by the title "cousin." Cousin June's house is diagonally

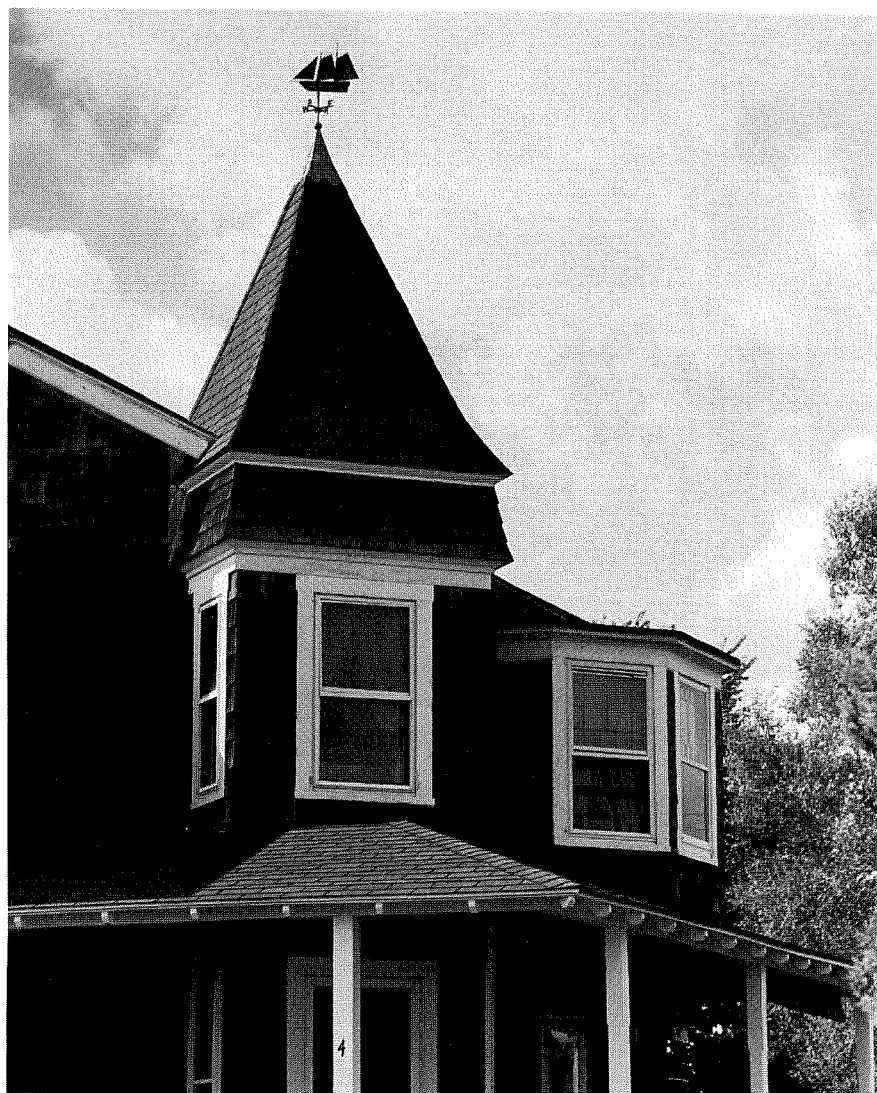
across from cousin Edie's and one door away from cousin Kelso's. If houses are sold they are sold within the family; sometimes people repurchase the very house in which they grew up. Many people move around, but almost nobody leaves.

Towers and Shingles: The Cottages

On the hottest, stillest summer days of my childhood, when the yacht club's burgee drooped and the Sound was becalmed, I cannot ever remember being hot inside a Fenwick cottage. Protected by deep porches, cavernous attics, and ample crawlways, which permit a constant flow of air (as well as the high waters of occasional hurricanes), these houses enjoy natural air-conditioning.

The cottages were built on a loosely flowing, asymmetrical plan that mimics the seaside their neighbor. From the deeply sheltering porches to the chateau towers (for example: The Francis Cottage) and Colonial gables, there is an explosion of diagonals intercepted by a thrusting chimney and mitigated by the continuous texture of the shingle sheathing.

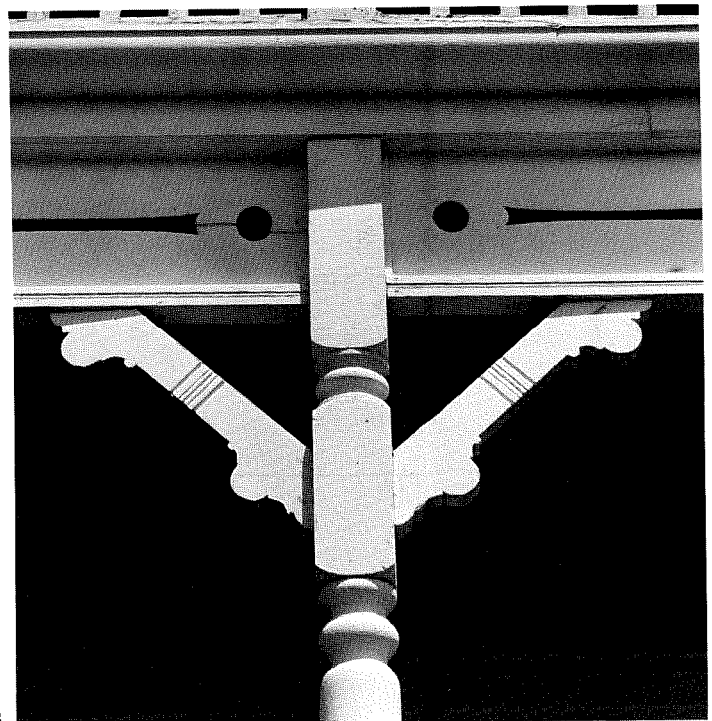
Imagine sitting on a westward porch with a drink in hand, looking at the huge orange sun touching the tops of the pine trees and being cooled by an on-shore breeze. The day-sailors on a broad reach are funnelling into the mouth of the river. And the little ones shriek delightedly as they play kick the can.



I The Francis Cottage.



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2 The Huntington Cottage.

3 The Huntington Cottage.



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Lightning Design: The Huntington Cottage

This perfectly splendid house with little rhyme or reason to its plan has a wonderfully modulated asymmetry, a charming octagonal bedroom tower, and a delightful history. James B. Moore, who made his fortune brokering mortgages in the South and West after the Civil War, returned to Fenwick for his fifth consecutive summer in 1890. Accustomed to the fine accommodations that the local inn, Fenwick Hall, had offered in the past, Morgan and his family took the steamer from Hartford to discover that Fenwick Hall was fully booked for the entire summer.

Absolutely furious with the proprietor of Fenwick Hall, Moore purchased Lots 91 and 92 directly

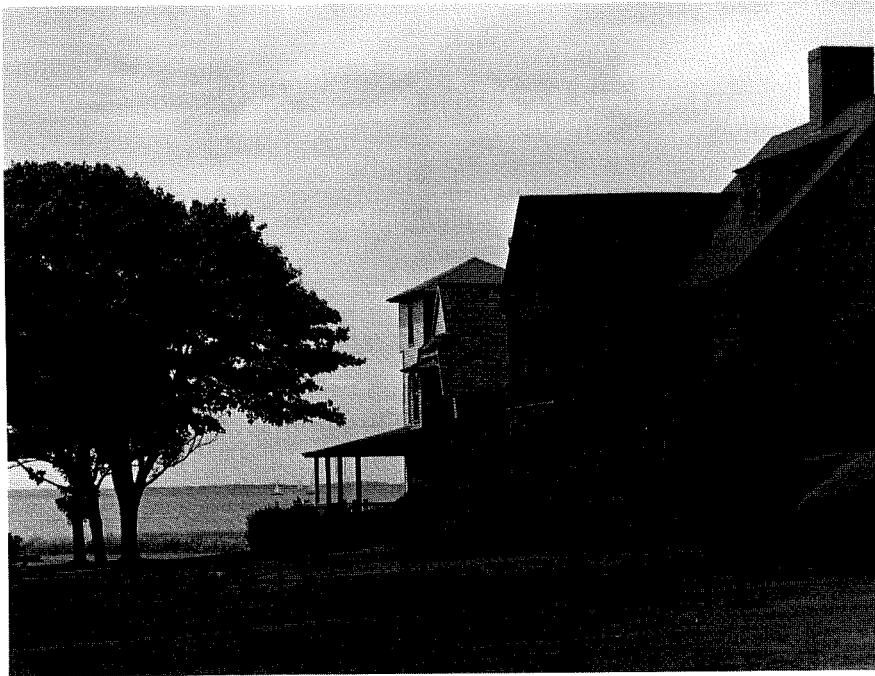
across the street from the Inn. With no architectural experience he quickly designed a house, hired favored local builder George Sheffield, and built this cottage in six weeks. On August 15, 1890, he and his family moved in. Although the house was a remarkable success, there were problems. Moore had built no halls on the second floor and no closets anywhere!

Modernization: The D. Wright and F. K. Davis Cottages

Viewed from the original site of Fenwick Hall, the Wright cottage stands in the foreground, the Davis house beyond, and Long Island Sound 50 yards further. The Davis cottage, its clapboard sheathing now painted light grey, started as a much smaller house and was

4 The Huntington Cottage.

65



originally constructed on another site. Leverett Brainard, a relative of the current owners, bought this cottage for the princely sum of \$850 on June 29, 1877. \$850 bought Brainard "the building and personal property contained therein . . . including the furniture, cooking utensils, tools, bedding, etc. . . . excepting the trees and well."

In the last 107 years the Davis cottage has been subjected to almost continuous renovation to accommodate a growing family. Recently the house has been "winterized," as have many in Fenwick. In a new era of tight money with the grandchildren of captains of industry only becoming corporals and sergeants, an exclusively seasonal residence has become a luxury. More and more people are turning this summer place into a Thanksgiving place, a Christmas place, and in some cases their sole residence. Unfortunately, this process has eroded the architectural qualities that have for so long made these cottages ideal for the hot season. Our house, for example, has suffered during the tightening-up required for winter use. An ideal summer house is now an inefficient year-round dwelling: Too hot in July and a little bracing (and expensive) in January.

The Wright Cottage (1887), on the other hand, is pristine. Its heavily weathered shingles, sharply angled gables, and umbrageous porches are a testament to the shingle style. The present owners are Judge and Mrs. Douglass Wright,



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a granddaughter of the builder, Mary Brace Collins.

Post-Puritanism: St. Mary's-by-the-Sea

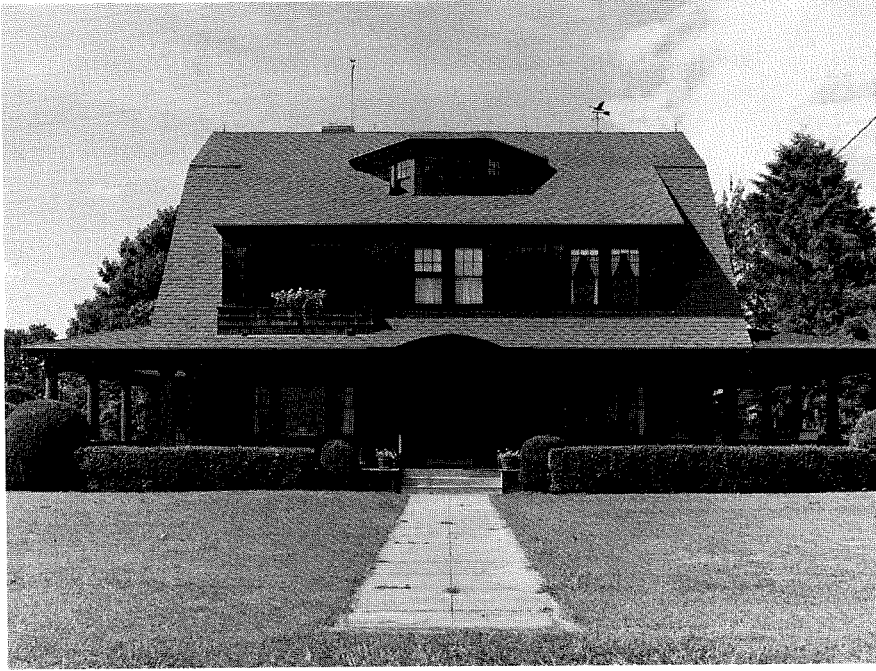
The Reverend Francis Goodwin's father, James Goodwin, another well-heeled Hartford scion, was president of Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company. Goodwin, a first cousin of J. Pierpont Morgan, forsook the family secularity and went to divinity school. A deeply religious Episcopalian, he was distressed that Fenwick, to which he had moved in the summer of 1880, had no religious center. He promptly started one in his living room. When his weekly services became over subscribed, he indulged his hobby by designing St. Mary's-by-the-Sea.

Actually, design was more than a hobby; the Reverend Francis had designed an elaborate house for his father in Hartford and by dint of his close friendship with Frederick Law Olmsted was a competent landscape architect. The chapel's simple, wave-like gambrel roof, undulating from west porch to east porch, and the blunt little bell tower, which was added in 1886, create an ideal, unassuming design solution—perfect, he felt, for the congregation it served. The chapel stands in the middle of what is now a golf course (one of the oldest in the United States); golf balls frequently strike the west façade during Sunday services.

Incidentally, the first christening in the Fenwick Chapel is amusingly related in a 1946 letter from

6 St. Mary's-By-The-Sea.

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Jeanette Goodwin Howarth to F. Kelso Davis: "During the summer of 1889 a band of English gypsies camped near [Fenwick]. Tryphena, Queen of the Gypsies, desired to have her little girl christened . . . at the chapel of St. Mary's-by-the-Sea in Fenwick. Elizabeth Knight . . . and Alice Fenwick Goodwin, daughter of the Rev. Francis Goodwin, were the godmothers. . . . The child was named Alice Fenwick after Lady Alice Fenwick, wife of Colonel George Fenwick, onetime commander of the fort at Saybrook Point. . . . There was a great deal of excitement in Fenwick and among the gypsies over this colorful and unusual ceremony. . . . What little I can give you is all that my sister remembers. I was a very small child at that time, but it made a deep impression on me. . . ."

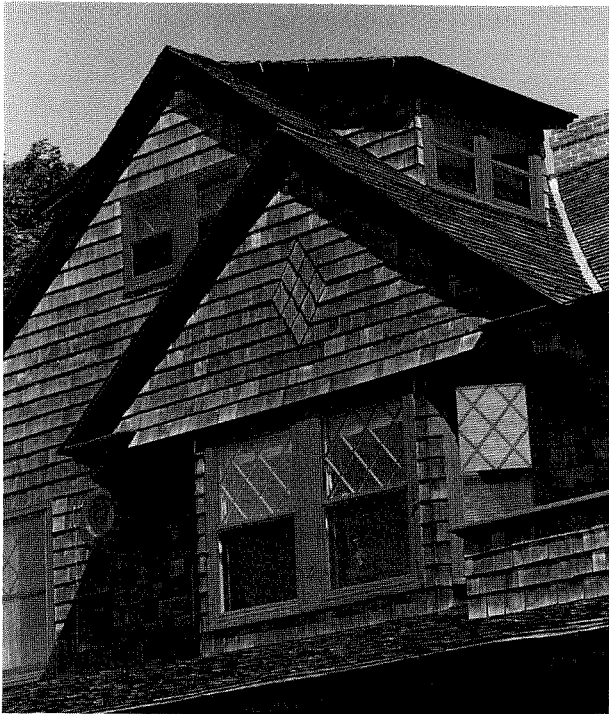
Picture Windows:

The E. C. Gengras, Jr., Cottage

A later entry on the second tier of cottages from the Sound, the Gengras house was built by George Sheffield in 1913. While considerably more symmetrical than the prototype, this snug little residence is punctuated with a delightful gabled porch on the second story, a refuge for the tenants of the master bedroom. The pair of Chicago windows on the ground floor were not part of the original plans; they were a gift to the first owner, Mrs. J. H. K. Davis, from her children in 1930: Mrs. Davis spent 95 summers in Fenwick.



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8 The Jensen Cottage.

9 The Jensen Cottage.



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Massive columns enclosing the ground floor give the house a powerfully rooted feeling (doubly so because they are painted dark green), which makes the cottage unlike most of the others and separates it in style. The triple-sided bay popping out of the attic story belies this effect, though.

A Gem: The Jensen Cottage

Entertainingly executed, this waterfront residence is, I think, particularly illustrative of shingle style architecture. It relies on the unexpected, but collects itself into a cohesive whole. Gables, bays, and details are all marvelously executed, and the house undulates and crests like the nearby Sound. The diagonal muntin upsets the massiveness of the shingle siding as does a circular bathroom window.

There is much to attack in the cottage's horizontality. Everything from a precious diamond ornament in the southmost bay to eleven thick columns with mock shingle capitals combine into a splendid paradigm.

The present owner of the cottage, Oliver Jensen, co-founded *American Heritage* Magazine in 1954, which seems somehow appropriate.

Crowbar Governor: The Staniford Cottage

Morgan Gardner Bulkeley was a formidable man. Bulkeley, who served five years on the Hartford City Council, eight years as mayor, two terms as governor of

Connecticut, one term as U. S. senator, and forty-three years as president of the Aetna Life and Casualty Company was, indeed, a man to be reckoned with.

In 1890 during his second gubernatorial campaign, when the votes were counted, no clear majority prevailed, and—with both sides claiming victory—the election was sent to the state legislature for a decision. The House was firmly Republican, while the Senate was nearly equally divided, with the Democrats holding a slight edge. Bulkeley, in the meantime, stated that he would obey all the state's election laws and in the absence of a clear majority he would simply remain in office, whatever happened. Enter another Fenwick resident: Senator Joseph Alsop. During the critical vote in the Senate, Alsop was sick in bed and in his absence the vote deadlocked. Alsop's party chiefs implored him to come down to the legislature and cast his ballot. He did, of course, and while making a rabble-rousing speech after voting dropped dead on the rostrum. His vote counted, though, and the House and Senate were now deadlocked. So Governor Bulkeley, true to his word, stayed in office.

In the meantime his political nemesis, State Treasurer Nicholas Staub, had been legally elected and contrived with his cronies to seal Bulkeley's office with a large padlock. Not to be outdone, Governor Bulkeley called for an even larger crowbar and pried off the hasp and padlock—an act which earned him the nickname, Crowbar

Governor. Staub escalated the quarrel and (being treasurer) was able to cut off all the governor's funds. Morgan Bulkeley counter-attacked by pledging his considerable personal wealth as well as the vast resources of the Aetna Life and Casualty Company to finance the running of Connecticut! And, believe it or not, he did so until the Supreme Court declared him Governor—*de facto* and *de jure* on January 5, 1892.

In 1899, Governor Bulkeley commissioned Hartford architect, W. E. Becker, to build what is still the grandest Fenwick cottage. Its shingle style is also exemplary and its details are executed to perfection. This is a magnificently well-proportioned, well-detailed house. Perfect Doric columns ring the porches; three Palladian windows front the seaward side; and the obligatory wicker swing graces the porch.

Fenwick Finis

Fenwick is a summer paradise, whose architecture—substantially and ethereally—infused our childhoods with a sense of well-being and confidence that all was right with the world when it really wasn't, and positively influenced our personal development, just as architecture should. The ultimate summer place. Fenwick.

Acknowledgments

I am especially indebted to Marion Hepburn Grant for her brilliant history, *The Fenwick Story* (The Connecticut Historical Society, 1974), from which I have cheerfully

plagiarized. I am indebted to the cottage owners, residents of Fenwick, who are my friends and whose permission for this piece was not sought but, I hope, is (tacitly) given. Also, to the great Vincent Scully, my teacher at Yale, for *The Shingle Style Today or The Historian's Revenge*, George Braziller, New York, 1974, as well as his earlier work, *The Shingle Style*, 1955.

Summer Cottage

William Morgan

I first saw the house that was to become our summer home several years ago when I was conducting an architectural survey in Dublin, New Hampshire. It was a bitterly cold February afternoon. The thermometer read only five degrees above zero and the sun seemed to have set shortly after lunch. Isabel Pratt, a member of the local conservation commission, drove me around to look at various historic properties in her end of the village. I had to scale icy banks of snow piled high along the roadsides, take a photograph with gloves on, and attempt to observe enough to write some hasty notes when I regained the warmth of the car. One of these houses was Pinehurst, the summer residence of Isabel's family for three generations. Her husband, Bert, had covered the windows with large sheets of plywood and its many gables supported thick blankets of snow. My impression was of dark-brown shingled planes glazed with a coat of frosting—rather like a gingerbread house painted by Cézanne.

Pinehurst's true character, that of a Victorian watering-place cottage, was revealed when we rented it last summer. It sits at the end of a dirt lane in a grove of towering pine trees which frame the north slope of Mount Monadnock. One might assume that the trees had given the house its name. But when it was built in 1886 by Miss Anita



Wheelwright of Boston it was known as Weecote and it stood several hundred yards up the hill in a pasture overlooking Dublin Lake. In 1897, Mrs. Emma Chapman of St. Louis bought the house and moved it to its present location, making way for a Tudor-style mansion called Homewood designed by her son-in-law, John Lawrence Mauran. Mauran, who later became President of the American Institute of Architects, summered in the older cottage and his daughter, Isabel's mother, was born in our bedroom in 1898.

The interior of the house appears not to have been much altered since the Maurans moved to Homewood in 1913. Its atmosphere is one of casualness and comfort. The faded wallpaper and the shelves crammed with turn-of-the-century novels gave me the feeling that I was visiting my grandparents in their Cape Ann house before World War I. Because the house had been moved and now rests on a makeshift foundation of boulders, the floors slant in every direction and the children promptly discovered that the living room floor was ideal for rolling marbles and pushing toy cars. This once grand parlor became the children's play area, the formal dining room became my office, while the kitchen became our family gathering place.

The kitchen and the attached laundry room are the

plainest rooms in the house, having been intended for the domestic tasks of servants. But the simple pine table, worn by decades of scrubbing, suited our vacation mood, as did the wood stove, its birch fire warming the chilly New Hampshire mornings. The sink is a six-foot-long trough of soapstone deep enough to conceal a day's unwashed dishes.

Pinehurst's six bedrooms provided the children the luxury of having their own rooms, but as darkness descended on our first night, they gravitated towards each other and finally settled in two adjacent rooms. All of the beds, including the two majestic brass ones my wife and I slept in, were as uncomfortable as those in a rural English hotel. Almost as compensation for the lumpy beds, a sleeping porch opened off our bedroom and provided a glimpse of the lake in the morning sunshine. Our bathroom had a marble sink and a proper size tub complete with ball and claw feet; the shower down the hall, a vertical pine box lined with tin, had the velocity of a gentle rain.

There was a note on the attic door which read "Please keep closed," for as we soon learned, Pinehurst is famous for its colony of bats and the third floor is their exclusive domain. Occasionally, one found its way to our quarters, and despite Isabel's humane suggestion of capturing them in coffee

cans and liberating them outdoors, we dispatched them with tennis racquets. However, the nightly ritual of hunting these eery flying rodents became somewhat exhausting and, as the bats had occupied the house long before us, we philosophically decided to accept their presence.

Most of my mornings were spent at the mahogany dining table writing, while my wife baked bread and the children wandered down to the lake or climbed along the stone walls that run through the woods and which a hundred years ago defined open pastures. In the afternoon, we would drive over to Peterborough to shop for groceries or plunder about in Dublin, looking at houses seen previously under mantles of snow, strolling in the town cemetery, or dropping by the general store. The evenings were reserved for drinks on the largest of our several porches, followed by supper in the kitchen and an hour or so of reading.

Tradition holds that Mount Monadnock, which the Indians worshipped and which attracted painters and poets to Dublin, casts a spell over summer visitors and compels them to return. We shared an unspoken agreement not to mention our winter home in Kentucky, and as the time neared to pack the car for the return journey, we realized that the sorcery of the mountain was not imaginary. During

our stay at Pinehurst a neighbor's son was killed in a freak bicycle accident. We stood on the shore one evening at twilight and watched as his ashes were scattered on the lake. A few days after we got back to Louisville and were already enmeshed in the frantic pace of school and work, our twelve-year-old boy casually remarked that when he died he wished to be buried on Monadnock.