

"The Architecture of Community"

by

Vincent Scully

Twenty-fourth Annual Jefferson Lecture in the Humanities

National Endowment for the Humanities

Washington, D.C.

May 15, 1995

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by Vincent Scully

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Thank you very much.

Senator Dodd, I don't know how I can thank you for that introduction, which is probably the best I've ever had. I shouldn't be surprised, I suppose, since it came from a senator of the United States. I am touched. Also, ladies and gentlemen, I'm upset that you applaud me as I rise, since I fear that you won't when I subside. However, if we can get past that, I have to say that this is something for which I feel more honored than anything that's happened in my life. I am also more daunted. It's the biggest audience, it's the most distinguished audience, as I can see just by a rapid glance around, and it's in the nation's capital. Also, this is in fact a very inopportune time for me to try to give a lecture like this, because I've spent the last five months in Los Angeles, and now I haven't the slightest idea what I think about anything. It is true, though, that Los Angeles changes us all, and offers challenges for interpretation and for living in the future that are yet beyond our surmise. So I look forward to going back there for a while, after this if I can, to study it a little more.

There's another reason too, that I'm proud to talk here, in the sense that I owe it to the government of the United States: I am in fact a product of the generosity of the federal government.

Like so many of my generation, I was a beneficiary of the G.I. Bill. It made my graduate education possible. And after that, of Senator William Fulbright. I was one of many who benefited from his humane vision which helped bring the United States and Europe together. His initiation of the foreign study grant program was one of the great acts of the end of the 1940s. Because of that, because of him, and because of the G.I. Bill, I've become a historian, and therefore have had, I think, the finest gift that any

human being can have. I've been able to live in two kinds of time. I've been able to live in the deep past, which for me has been, more than anything else, in the past of Greece, and I've been able to live also, with the dimension of the past in my mind, in the present.

The past, of course, the time of the past, is the richest of all, because we can constantly re-create it, and we do so all the time. The slide on the right shows the Temple of Hera at Paestum, a Greek colony in South Italy. This is one of the very first photographs I took under the Fulbright grant. For me it has always said the most important things about Greece. There is the sanctity of the earth, there is the tragic stature of mortal life upon the earth, and there, in that relationship between the manmade and the natural, is the embodiment of those recognitions of the facts of existence which are the Greek gods. And those things have sustained me, those gods and that perception of Greece, since that very year of 1951.

At the same time, the present, since World War II, has been a wonderful time to live in as well. It's been a time which, with all its agonies, has also been marked most of all by liberation. I think especially of the three great movements of liberation which have marked the past generation: black liberation, women's liberation, gay liberation. Each one of those movements liberated all of us, all the rest of us, from stereotypical ways of thinking which had imprisoned us and confined us for hundreds of years. Those movements, though they have a deep past in American history, were almost inconceivable just before they occurred. Then, all of a sudden, in the 1960s, they all burst out together, changing us all. I think that Maya Lin's Vietnam Memorial, though it deals with the war in Vietnam and dates from the 1980s, is in fact the best single image we have of those liberations. I think that's probably why it attracted so much opposition when it was first proposed, because it wasn't only about the war; it was about what that war had done to set liberty in motion. Because that war was one of the major generators of the kind of thinking in America out of which these movements came. And indeed, in Maya Lin's memorial, we see the possibility of a new community in America made up of all the different kinds of people that we are. And as all kinds of people--men, women, blacks, gays, clearly all--move up and down in front of that surface, they are reflected in it and reach out and touch their dead and bring those veterans, who thought that their country had cast them out, back into the human community once more. And after they're led down into the depths of the war, the deepest, darkest part of the war, then they turn and are led up by Maya Lin to the Washington Monument, the obelisk pointing to the sun, and when you get a little farther up, the dome of the national capitol rises as well. So it seems to me so much of America, much of its pain, so much of the best that it's accomplished in the generation since World War II, is there in that Memorial.

Much the same kind of thing has happened in architecture and in town planning over the same generations. There, too, there has been a liberation, and it's been a liberation from stereotypical types of thinking as they were embodied in our view of modern architecture after World War II. It was an architecture which, whatever its many delights, was basically totalitarian in its point of view. There was only one way

to do anything. There was only one solution for any problem. The forms of the past were anathema and had to be cast out, especially the whole urban fabric which had grown up with such difficulty and so slowly over so many generations, but which is one of Western civilization's proudest creations. The streets, the squares, the whole organization of cities that made a civilized setting for life, all those things had to be cast aside in favor of the strange, impatient, utopian visions of a few architectural prophets. But then there arose during the past generation a revival as unexpected as the movements of liberation I have already mentioned; that is, a revival of the vernacular and classical traditions of architecture. And then, finally, with their reintegration into modern architecture as a whole, came the climax of that revival, which was the revival of traditional urbanism, the revival of architecture as a means through which human communities could be put together in ways that made sense rather than being destroyed, as they tended to be, I'm sorry to say, in the high modernist period.

Then, always supporting those movements and providing the mass popular support for them, giving them their political clout, came the great popular movement of historic preservation. That, too, had long roots in America. But from the 1960s on, it has grown in strength with increased rapidity, always wonderfully inspired and prodded by the federal government through the National Park Service, with its incomparable National Register set up, as you know, in 1966. But with that support, the National Trust for Historic Preservation, a private organization basically now under the energetic directorship of Richard Moe, is preoccupied not only with the preservation of individual buildings, but also with that of communities, with that of neighborhoods. It saved Northern Virginia from Disney World (applause). This was a great accomplishment in which Disney too should be honored for understanding, in fact, that it was a great mistake they were making, that they perhaps could situate themselves more intelligently in center city somewhere, where they are needed and where they could be the salvation of a deprived city rather than the destroyer of the landscape by the encouragement of sprawl. (Far better Disney than casinos, we can be sure of that.)

The movement toward architecture's liberation through preservation started in the 1960s with a renowned martyr, or at least took on a special impetus from that great martyr's demise. That was, of course, the destruction of Pennsylvania Station in New York. As you know, Pennsylvania Station was destroyed in 1963. It was one of the noblest monuments ever created in the United States. Despite that, it wasn't honored by modernists at all because it was clothed in a Roman form. How marvelously we entered the city through it. We came up those wonderful, open metal stairs under that high forest of metal trusses, and we went forward, beyond it, and all of a sudden the trusses were clothed in stone and we were in a Roman tepidarium. And the vaults were like those of Rome in the sense that they suggested windblown canopies lifting high above our heads. We entered into the city like gods. But it was all torn down to a very low level, so that now, as I have said perhaps too often before, we scurry into the city like rats.

The splendor of public decorum, of grand public space, began to disappear in America in general after World War II in favor of private display. Public splendor began to turn into public squalor. At that time, very few of us noticed or cared that this was happening, and those architects who were interested in historic preservation were very few. The only politician I know of who picketed to try to save Penn Station was John Lindsay, at that time a congressman of the United States, and the only major modern architect was Philip Johnson. Aline Saarinen, an architectural critic, was also there. The rest of us apparently didn't care.

But this shocking act of barbarism started everything: in 1965 came New York's preservation law, and in 1966 the National Historic Preservation Act. The general public outrage that had been aroused began to assume its powerful contemporary scale.

It was none too soon, because while we were destroying irreplaceable buildings in the 1960s, we were also doing much worse. We were destroying neighborhoods, we were destroying populations, we were destroying cultures. It's fascinating how much anthropological work had been done by American scholars in the South Seas, say, by the 1960s, but until Herbert Gans' book, *The Urban Villagers*, no one had seemed to know that a low-income neighborhood could be a neighborhood indeed, that it in fact had a cultural identity. It had social structures that mediated between individuals and nature's implacable laws in ways that were civilizing. And when those were destroyed, in ways that none of us understood or cared about at that time, those individuals were uprooted, disoriented. And we did that all over the United States. Robert Caro, of course, in his pitiless and, I think, quite just book about Robert Moses, meticulously describes how neighborhoods were destroyed, like those in the Bronx, when the Cross Bronx Expressway was pushed ruthlessly through it, serving Robert Moses' cruel and snobbish myth of the dominance of the automobile in American culture.

I suppose that I personally didn't pay any attention to that until all of a sudden it came to New Haven, where, by about 1967, it became all too apparent what redevelopment, with the best will in the world, was doing to a town. The mayor, Richard C. Lee, who was a great mayor, and Edward Logue, who was one of the pioneers among redevelopment administrators, used the very best professional advice they could get from architects and planners. The only thing was that they didn't know, none of us knew, that architecture and planning were at their nadir so far as knowing what to do with a city was concerned, and all the advice was wrong. So the connectors came smashing through in the old Oak Street neighborhood, which we used to regard as a slum. Now we suspect that it was a structure with a cultural life we didn't understand. It was smashed. And I-95: We can follow its path from Portland to New Haven to Miami. We can follow it down the Eastern seaboard, smashing community after community in its wake, until the people who once lived in those towns, with their houses gone, their schools gone, their churches gone, their whole system of support gone, became disoriented, displaced, and some of them came to be very dangerous to the fabric of society as a whole. And into the wastes so created, like the bacillus of the plague, the drug culture came.

The image of the free passage of the automobile coincided in the 1960s with the theories of modern urbanism as they had been propounded by Le Corbusier and to a lesser extent by Hilbersheimer and others. Le Corbusier was the most persuasive. In 1925, he told us how awful the street as we knew it was. He told us that it cut off the sky and forced us to look into the faces of other human beings. How depressing that was. What we had to do was to get rid of it all, to clean it out. (He had a truly Swiss passion for sterility.)

It was this that was truly destructive about the International Style; not its individual houses, which were often wonderful, but its urban image, which was impatiently, even psychotically, purist to a degree that no city could be. So we came to want to clean out all the mess of life and have instead the purest kind of death as in Le Corbusier's Voisin plan of 1925: the superblocks, the skyscraper apartments, and the connectors coming down. It was on that model that American redevelopment took shape. The two things coincided in the 1960s--a marriage made in hell right there--so that Le Corbusier's image of 1922 and 1925 about what an ideal city should look like was finally created in towns like New Haven. Eventually, all over the United States, the city centers were ripped out and the old density, the whole pedestrian scale, was gone. Not Le Corbusier's dreamy parks, but parking lots, took over.

It's interesting that while that was happening in the inner city, as we've come to call it, the same thing was happening to the suburbs, according to a pattern that Frank Lloyd Wright had hailed, though it was a pattern which he by no means created. But he celebrated it in his Broadacre City of 1932. It was, I think, much closer than is normally recognized to Le Corbusier's scheme of the same time for his "Four Routes," along which housing and factories and so on were to be stretched out in long, linear developments. Wright proposed spreading all of architecture out across the landscape, with no nodes coagulating anywhere. Vast road nets served single houses, and the total destruction of any urban order was perfectly clear.

But if we move just one block north of the Corbusian connector in New Haven, we find a model of the American community that goes back to the seventeenth century: the grid plan. It was unusual in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but after Jefferson came the centuriation, as it were, of the whole of the American continent, making it one great grid, shaping our vast plains and our cities. But the grid, we were taught during the height of modernism, was a rigid and impossible form. We have since found that nothing can be farther from the truth. Here in New Haven's plan as it looked in 1748 is the impress of a clear human order on the land. Nine squares, with the central one a common space, the Green. Originally in that eighteenth-century plan there was a square meeting house right in the middle. Around it were the typically American houses separated from each other, each on its own lot. As those grew up more and more densely on the grid, the skyscrapers, as in Chicago, would eventually rise out of them. But that basic pattern also became the normal American small town pattern across the country. And, despite some picturesque examples, it is the major suburban pattern as well.

By the early twentieth century, ways had been worked out by American planners to extend those old grids, those clearly contained towns, out into the developing new scale of the automobile and of the twentieth-century suburbs. In New Haven they worked with the grid of the original nine squares, linking it to the new railroad station by Cass Gilbert. From the station, a diagonal avenue, a boulevard lined with trees, itself a park, was to connect with a new square at Temple Street, running through the center of the Green. So there was the new world moving with that dynamic diagonal to extend the old world into new space. And that boulevard was not six depressed lanes cutting the town apart. It was a park serving at once the vehicles and the buildings that bordered it.

It had some of the quality that had created the consummate urban environment of modern times, which was nineteenth-century Paris. Its boulevards, its radiating avenues, were bounded by building blocks with mansards rounding them over at the top like clumps of trees. The whole city is, in that sense, a great garden, and it was there that modern art was born. It was a new landscape that human beings had never seen before, and it inspired the Impressionist painting that explored it. It is of course also a garden because its ancestors were the great gardens of the seventeenth century, especially that of Versailles. At Versailles the view of human political control of the landscape could stretch in concept to the borders of continental France, carried by Descartes' splendid vision of space stretching out "indefinitely" beyond the horizon. It made France the first modern state at continental scale, expanding to its mountain and river barriers and connected on two sides with the sea.

Out of that came our American image of sovereignty. It was a special blessing for the United States that L'Enfant designed this town of Washington upon the model of Versailles, with the avenues now radiating from two centers of power, the Capitol and the President's house, leaping out across the grid that Jefferson loved. Washington itself only came to its final scale in the early twentieth century with the City Beautiful movement which also inspired that diagonal boulevard in New Haven, of 1910. With the Park Commission Plan at the beginning of the twentieth century, the Potomac was partly filled in and the long reflecting pool stretched out to the Lincoln Memorial. Jefferson eventually finds his place in the monument on a cross axis, and the new scale finally surpasses that of Versailles. Out of that developed the whole rich fabric of American planning in the early twentieth century. The movement climaxed with John Nolen, the dean of American planners, in the 1920s. Nolen and his colleagues knew exactly how to put towns together with these elements of grid and hemicycle and radiating avenues, and they worked on cities all over the United States. Hundreds of them--more and more are coming to light all the time--were put together by this fine confraternity of planners. Nolen's plan of 1926 for Venice in Florida is a good example.

What came to be built in the 1950s and 60s in towns like New Haven was just the opposite. Those boulevards, those radiating avenues, that respect for the grid and the basic order, are totally the opposite of the connectors and I-95s. We can see it in

this view of New Haven, looking from the Green toward the railroad station; we see now that the boulevard was never built, and that we are not connected with the railroad station but cut off from it by that villainous connector highway of the 1960s.

It is interesting to trace for a moment the process whereby it came into being. Here, too, France played a critical role: in the person of Maurice Rotival. Rotival began as a Beaux Arts planner in the tradition that had nourished Nolen. But then he became a Corbusian, turning his boulevards into cataclysmic throughways. Before he came to New Haven, with its grid plan, Rotival had destroyed another town with a beautiful grid. This was Caracas in Venezuela, where the grid around the plaza was laid down under the incomparable Spanish Laws of the Indies about which American planners and architects at the present time really don't know as much as they ought. In Caracas, Rotival cut an enormous avenue through the center of the city, destroying everything. Originally it had been intended to be a boulevard, but as Rotival became ever more Corbusian, it became wider and wider, until it was a vast desert that laid waste the whole center of the town. In Caracas now the basic problem is how to fill it in.

After Caracas, Rotival came to New Haven. These drawings that he did there in 1941 and later can't help but remind us of Aristophanes, who makes fun of Hippodamos of Miletos, the first great historical planner, in the person of a mad architect named Meton, who flies with the birds (in *The Birds*) and looks down on the world and plans it all from that hawk's-eye view.

That drawing on the right with the airplanes: There's Maurice. He is flying over it all. And indeed, it's at his scale. He was a delightful man, as are many of the most destructive human beings in history; he was perfectly charming. He wore the rosette of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole. I knew him well. At the time I was a young instructor at Yale in Jonathan Edwards College where Maurice was a Fellow. He would disappear for long periods. Then he would reappear and one would say, "Ah, Maurice, where have you been?" and he would say, "I have been planning Madagascar," just like that. There is his view of New Haven, the little gridded town. It's all surrounded now by superhighways, which also, you see from their intersection, penetrate right into its heart, right into the Green. He does this terrifying drawing showing how these vast avenues consume the Green. Everything's going to be gone when he gets through with it. Then his people draw these wild, loony images of what the roads are going to look like, the suicidal roads that are going to proliferate all around.

The war intervened, though this drawing on the right is after the war. But Maurice came back, as I said, and when some money was available, (and, of course, the great tragedy, the Greek irony of it all, is that all the federal money in the world was available in the 1960s to do the wrong thing with. Now, when everyone in the profession--almost everyone--knows a lot better, there is fundamentally no federal money at all to do anything with, and there may never be.) But then, with that money, New Haven's planners tried to bring Rotival's dream to fruition. So they brought I-95 along the shore and they intersected it with I-91 going north. They sent the Oak Street connector out, or wanted to send it out, across the western hills. And by absolute

accident, after wiping out the neighborhood that you saw earlier, it would have destroyed a tiny settlement of African Americans out there in the countryside. It's almost as if there were a terrible fatality operating here. Then the two roads like shotgun barrels you see on the upper right were to be part of the Outer Circumferential Ring Road (what names they had) that was to go up farther along there and destroy East Rock Park. That was stopped by a courageous architect in New Haven who organized the community and never got a job from the city again.

When that was done, they were going to have an Inner Circumferential Ring Road as well. These are not boulevards. They are all six lanes wide and cut down into the earth with limited access. They were going to separate Yale and downtown from Newhallville, the African American community just to the north. The whole town was to be cut up into these segments. There was no end to it. It was going to stop nowhere. Finally, when they worked it all out in this way, they were going to bypass the whole thing--build a highway bridge across the bay.

I've already noted what happened to the city's neighborhoods as those highways' connectors began to go through. Here I'd like to acknowledge the fact that Mary Bishop from the *Roanoke Times and World News*, (which I think is a wonderful name for a paper), wrote a beautiful article which she sent me about exactly the same thing happening in Roanoke in those years. This is a view of the largely African-American community in Roanoke before redevelopment. And you see the texture of life, the shapes of a town: the narrow streets, the trees, churches, and houses. It's the typical American plan, on the whole: single-family houses, which Americans have always wanted; the one diagonal avenue that opens out there toward the landscape. The whole structure makes sense. Then, when they got through with it, this is what it looked like: devastated, as you can see. And it was not only buildings, of course, but also the people who lived in it who were devastated. Their structures were destroyed. Finally, that great big new sort of postmodern tower was built up there, surveying the desolation, and around it a lake of bubbling asphalt.

In New Haven, exactly the same thing was planned for almost the last neighborhood toward which Redevelopment headed in 1967, a neighborhood, by that time largely African American, called The Hill. There, all the houses, like the kind you can see on the left, the frontal-gabled houses, the typical American vernacular, at least in New Haven, were to go. Instead there were to be apartment slabs defining an open space with a tower of old-folks' housing standing in it. Everything was eliminated that had to do with the vernacular, not only the streets but also the houses, those wonderful two- and three-story houses which in fact, when the New Haven elms grew in the grass plots in front of them, provided almost the articulation of the inner walls of the naves of gothic cathedrals: column upon column, gallery upon gallery, and finally the great gables that framed the street, made it a place. We couldn't see those qualities then, just as we couldn't see what made communities. The draftsman who made that design on the left didn't see it either. It is an International-style model he uses, because it's exactly the same design that was proposed at the height of redevelopment for the New Haven Green. Right across the Green, on the east side, was to be a new government

center. Only a fragment of City Hall on the left was to be allowed to remain. The truly grand postoffice on the right was to disappear. In its place was to rear up an enormous, way-out-of-scale speculative office building--paid for by the taxes of citizens, including the poor, who, under redevelopment, were in a way induced to finance their own removal. All of this used exactly the same forms as the housing in The Hill neighborhood: different functions, same forms equal same style, the International Style.

It was all unworthy of the Green and its long history. There's New Haven City Hall. It's moving to me because it faces all the splendid colonial Protestant and Yale Establishment across the Green. When it was designed in 1859, the city fathers, who just at that time were in the great flood of railroadization, immigration, and industrialization in New Haven, said they wanted something different from the churches on the Green. They wanted a style, here the Gothic, which they said was well known in Europe but had not yet been used--they weren't quite accurate, but nevertheless--in the United States. So we got this tall, dark, active, jagged building, very different from the tight, clear structures of the WASP culture, which is so powerful to this day in New Haven. And when the postoffice was built in 1913 by James Gamble Rogers under the impetus of the classical revival, which had to do also with that planning of the City Beautiful era which we've talked about, we could plainly see these two different aspects of New Haven together. It is the necessary complexity, the contradiction, of the city. There was geometric clarity, whiteness, precision on one side, and this darkness, this activism, this dance of the building on the other. But--and here is the law of the city--the buildings are basically of the same scale, they both face the Green. They are different, but can get along with each other. It is part of the allegory of the city which I will return to later.

In the 1960s, when we were trying to save both these buildings from redevelopment -- and I might say that we were led not by a hero architect, but by a lady who must be called a housewife at that time: Margaret Flint, the wife of Richard Flint of the geology department at Yale. Mrs. Flint was the head of the New Haven Preservation Trust in those years. She turned it away from the genealogical concerns which had tended to obsess it hitherto. She linked the preservation of colonial houses with that of the Green. She tried to save downtown. She tried to save The Hill neighborhood, and she tried to get New Haven's original plan listed on the National Register. As a matter of fact, later, she saved the railroad station. And she began to teach me, who thought I knew about architecture, what the scale of the problem really was, that of the whole town, and of its preservation against the mindless blows that were being directed against it. And we managed to save a lot. The City Hall eventually suffered a good deal, but part was salvaged. The Post Office was saved. Most of all, though, we learned something. We learned how precious the Green was. What New Haven would be without the Green one cannot imagine.

We learned something else, too. The most important building downtown really is the library, the New Haven Free Public Library. And this, too, was designed by Cass Gilbert. It was of 1908, and it was the first building of that City Beautiful classical

revival that I have mentioned already. Its door is the most important door in town, the door to liberty, to the future. In the 1920s my friends and I would rush in and get five books and run home and devour them and bring them back as soon as we could and get five more. It was the great American open door. And it was on the Green in the heart of the city. Under redevelopment's proposal, its building was going to be given over to the courts, who didn't want it. It wasn't going to be a library anymore. Fortunately, it was saved.

But we learned something else from it. When Cass Gilbert, that supreme architect who built the Woolworth Building, designed New Haven's library, he tried to make it get along with the buildings that were closest to it; that is, with the early nineteenth-century churches on the Green. He didn't try to knock the public's eyes out with something that would be conspicuously only his own (as the modern architect who recently built an addition to the library insisted on doing). Gilbert was confident enough in himself to design his building in a civil relationship with what was there. He wanted to enhance a place rather than to feed his own ego.

Gilbert's was conspicuously not the way that high modern architects worked. The Whitney Museum is a good example. It is as primitive as possible, as free as modern abstract painting from any of the conventions of traditional urbanism, as brutal as possible in relation to the little brownstones beside it. It was intended in every way as a gesture of contempt for the existing urban fabric.

The same is true of a much more genial building of the same time, the Guggenheim, whose quality as a lovely curvilinear object is made apparent to us only by the unsung civility of the buildings around it. If they were to be torn down and more Guggenheims were to be built in their places, we would have the Strip rather than the noble avenue we have at present. That fundamental architectural fact was valued not at all at that period, especially by the last frantic hero architects of the International Style.

Then in the 1960s one architect changed all that. He began to make us see that we could design in relation to what existed, and that the architect should no longer think of himself as an epic hero, as Le Corbusier and Frank Lloyd Wright had done. He replaced the model of mythic creator and destroyer with a much gentler one: of a kind of physician trying to improve or to heal what was there already. I refer, of course, to the great Robert Venturi. One of his earliest buildings, the Guild House, with its red brick and white trim, tries to fit into its street in Philadelphia, tries to be part of it rather than to outrage it. As his design matured, as in Wu Hall at Princeton, Venturi made it perfectly obvious that this was a modern building, indeed an International-Style building as many critics have pointed out. The columns are kept back, the walls are clearly thin and nonbearing, it's all glass, you see through it, it's stretched but its surface comes with thin masonry details suggesting those of Tudor architecture, as does its great bay of mullioned windows. These elements clearly refer to the Tudorish buildings of the 1920s which were on the site. So Venturi's building, stretched as it is to define a main path down through the campus, is also detailed to get along with what exists on the site, to complete a place in accordance with what is already there.

Of course, in using those Tudorish details, Venturi was committing the major sin in terms of Modern Architecture, because, like Wright or Le Corbusier, one was supposed to develop one's own style. One wasn't supposed to use any forms from the past. Venturi was degrading that great modern obsession, which has made so much trouble for us and which runs all through the nineteenth and twentieth centuries in politics as well as in architecture: the obsession with creating our own style, the fixed idea that our time demands something different, something special, and that it has to be cut off from the past. Venturi abandons that idea, but he goes further. Here he does a modern building that is modern indeed. It even employs Le Corbusier's *fenêtres à longueur*. But then, it's really not quite Le Corbusier because it's all decorated with what looks like a computer printout. It turns out that this is the Institute for Scientific Information, largely computers, in Philadelphia. Why isn't it Tudorish? Because its context, the urban setting in which it's designed, would have made a Tudorish building look absurd. So it's designed to get along with, but at the same time to humanize a little bit, to heal, to improve--on its own terms--that setting of International-style buildings on a street of fast-automobile velocity. The principle is clear: the determinant of design is no longer style, but context.

So style is degraded into styles, and it's degraded into what modernism hated most of all, eclecticism. You choose any of many styles according to a much more important principle, which we used to call contextuality, but everybody hates that word now, so I'd rather use Liz Moule's term, public decorum, which embodies a solid classical idea. We may now use any style, and all of a sudden the modern age, instead of offering only one choice, which seems unsympathetic if this is in fact to be anything of an age of liberation, offers many choices according to what the particular problem is. So classical architecture returns where it makes sense, as in the brilliant addition by Venturi to the National Gallery in London, the Sainsbury wing. There it all starts with what Venturi calls a cadenza of classical pilasters, because those are really the best thing about Wilkins's pre existing museum of the 1840s. The colossal order is maybe the best thing about that building. Venturi picks it up with a kind of eloquence that I don't think Wilkins could match, and then it slowly disappears as the building pushes out. And the thing that begins to dominate is the purely modern element of the design--the big, abstract, hard-edged void above which is poised the attached column, which calls to Nelson's column out in the middle of Trafalgar Square. That modern gesture, that stretch, is what most carries from a distance, from the far reaches of the square. It's that which stands out and controls, from this comparatively small building, the vast space, while closer at hand Venturi gently converses with Wilkins' shade. Here is the design of a place in the center of a great empire. It is an architecture which values and affirms the city, history, community. When I began studying architecture in the period directly after World War II, there is no doubt that the thing we knew or thought least about was community. It was the concern that late-modern architecture, despite the interest of the earlier modern architects in communal problems, had most cast aside, partly in favor of another modern objective, which was the liberation of the individual from everything--if possible, from all community restraints. Philip Johnson's Glass House, surely not as elegant as some of its predecessors in the work of

Mies Van der Rohe, is nevertheless much clearer in illustrating this point. Here almost all "design" disappears. The individual is simply plugged into the going sources of power; therefore the walls around him can be all glass and he is opened to nature thereby. He's liberated from everything else--from everything such as family, community -- or merely preconception--which might come between him and nature. One cannot of course design a community of such houses except by employing various shifts that are in fact destructive to the American urban tradition. This is only for the individual. There's nothing you can do with it except to build it in a vast landscaped space where you can be alone. At that time, when I designed my own house, which I show quite diffidently, it was poor-man's Johnson, if there is such a thing, because it seemed to me that Johnson was doing exactly the logical thing. You have just one big undifferentiated space, you get it out as far in the woods as you possibly can, you surround it with trees. If you don't have the resources to buy much land and you don't want to look at any other houses, you have got to be in the woods, invoking Chateaubriand or Daniel Boone. That's what I did. And, God help them, that's what I subjected my poor family to in those years. It really isn't an architecture for families. It is the individual's place alone.

It was perhaps especially odd that I should have done such a thing at that time, because I had already studied and written about an architecture with which you could in fact make community groupings, and had closed walls and windows and porches, so that buildings could relate intimately to each other. That was the American domestic tradition of the nineteenth century, especially what I thought of as the incomparable Shingle-Style architecture of the 1880s.

The building that first caught my eye was one that had been published by my master, Henry Russell Hitchcock, who began these studies, in his book, *Rhode Island Architecture*, of 1939. It was the Low house at Bristol, Rhode Island, by McKim, Mead, and White. It has, I'm sorry to say, been torn down by the owner because the roof leaked. In any event, Hitchcock praised this house in modernist terms. He said that it had almost no details, was perfectly simple, like a modern building. And I'm sure that what caught his eye was what caught mine: its clarity and simplicity, the more than modern geometry of its single, big, geometric gable. Hitchcock and I were both led to what we were used to seeing, but at least we were led here to the Shingle Style. But it never occurred to me, marinated in modernism as I was at the time, it never occurred to me we could use it again.

But then came the great leap, the courageous leap of the imagination by Robert Venturi. In one of his very first projects, the Beach House Project of 1959, he went right to that same house which had caught Hitchcock's eye and mine, the Low house. He takes the gable shape, but turns the chimney around in a manner that in fact recalls work by the great English architect, Sir Edwin Lutyens, then bursts it up out of the house like a symbol of fire to be seen over the dunes from the sea.

On the other hand, he also modifies the Low house, which is designed with bays with quite small vertical windows, by pulling the surface out horizontally to get big narrow voids and by putting the whole thing on posts. In so doing, he was in a way keeping his design as close as possible to that major icon of modernism which we all

loved, Le Corbusier's Villa Savoie, of 1929. You see in both designs the *pilotis*, the *fenêtres à longueur*, and so on. There is the wall that is absolutely thin, the horizontal stretch. There is even that square void in Venturi's upper room, matching Le Corbusier's solarium. It's the Villa Savoie in shingles and with a gable roof.

Venturi's reinterpretation of a Shingle-Style house in 1959 coincides with the very beginning of the new phase of American preservation. And the very first Shingle-Style house we have was built just as America's first preservation movement began, and was in part inspired by the objects of the preservationists' attention. That, of course, is the Watts Sherman house of 1874 in Newport, Rhode Island, by Henry Hobson Richardson. It, too, like Venturi's project, employs horizontal, continuous window bands and a great gable, a frontal gable controlling its shapes. That roof slope, that gable, came to Richardson from the Bishop Berkeley house near Newport, which was the first colonial house to be published as a photograph in a magazine of architecture, the *New York Sketchbook of Architecture* of 1874. In the early 1870s, Americans turned to colonial architecture, with a feeling that America, under the Grant administration, had grown too large and corrupt and had lost its way. So it began for the first time to love the older America which now began to seem small, modest, and pure. Indeed, they invested it with their own yearning for purity, which has been a constantly recurring theme in American culture. And there on the sides and backs of colonial houses are the big, simple, shingled gable slopes alike for Richardson and for Venturi, locking them both into the American preservation movement.

Still, I don't think Venturi would necessarily have turned to this shape without the influence of Lou Kahn. Now, Louis I. Kahn was an architect who didn't give a rap for historic preservation or for the American vernacular. He wanted to be a high modern creator. He wanted to reinvent the wheel in every building. But he wanted so passionately to do so that he somehow went right back to what he himself always called "beginnings"--the basic, primitive facts of architecture: the fact of structure most of all, here at Trenton of clear, simple gable structures, and ordinary concrete block walls, organized into the basic shapes of square, circle, and triangle, the very rudiments of a primitive classicism. So Kahn was able to begin anew. One had the feeling in those days of the decadence of the International Style that he really was starting up architecture all over again, and that you could start over with him and learn everything fresh from the beginning.

Venturi worked for Kahn for about nine months during one very important year in the middle of the 1950s. And as Kahn's work developed, its aura of primitive structural power became always more potent. Here at the Indian Institute of Management, under construction in the mid 1960s, are the brick arches, and there are the pure voids, holes in the wall that don't need any glass, so it is a Roman ruin after all. There are the lintels transformed into concrete tie-beams; we can almost feel them twanging like banjo strings under tension as they hold the arches together. This was a challenge that the young architect had to stand up to. How was he going to do so? Venturi's drawings for his mother's house, of which he does hundreds and hundreds in the late '50s and early '60s, show him trying to get away from Kahn, trying to deal

with the thing on his own, trying to break the powerful mold. It's really beautiful because we see the tie in the center, but it does not hold the arch--which splits apart. It slides laterally across the tie, and as it does so, the center splits, and the whole thing opens across the front--producing a dynamic form of enormous power, the reverse of Kahn's tense static order. This happens in almost the last drawing Venturi did in that sequence of drawings of that house. There he breaks free of the master as if wrestling with the angel, as Kahn himself had done with the gods of Egypt and Rome--like Jacob the whole night through.

Another interesting point here is that the frontal gable house type which Venturi uses echoes the work of Frank Lloyd Wright as well--not of the late Frank Lloyd Wright, not the fully developed style of Falling Water, where Wright in the eastern woodlands separate from any community, all alone in a primitive Native American setting, flings out his trays of space above the water--not that Wright, because nobody could break in there. As my colleague, Harold Bloom, has said, the strong poet has to confront his chosen precursor where he began. And that is what Venturi does with Wright. He goes to the frontal gable with the Palladian half circle in it that Wright employs in his own house of 1889. But Venturi makes it much grander. He takes that half circle, that Palladian motif, back to its own roots in the aesthetics of European classicism; that is, back to the archetypal image of Vitruvius--which itself probably derives from Pythagoras and perhaps Plato--and embodies the idea that the human body is magically proportioned in a wonderful way so that it can fit into the basic shapes of the universe, which are those of the circle and the square. In the hundreds of drawings that illustrate that concept the human form is heroic and always male, but the geometric shapes around it are thin and taut; they are pure Idea, not compromised by matter: pure Idea in the essential forms of circle and square. This image obsessed Western architecture all through the Middle Ages: Gothic architecture was built upon it, and Renaissance architecture as well. The most famous of all the hundreds of drawings involved is, of course, Leonardo's: here as always dominated by the heroic male figure. In Venturi's version the square is slightly wider than square, so that the eye, while still seeing it as square, also senses that it pushes out laterally, and it breaks the circle right in the middle. And in the center of that now explosive figure Venturi places not the heroic male figure, but his mother, Vanna Venturi, sitting on her kitchen chair. She breaks the mold. In 1960 it was dangerous to admit you had a mother; it was not something one discussed openly. But Venturi puts his mother where the heroic male figure had always been.

I maintain that this was intended as a gesture of women's liberation, a feminist gesture. Something of this sort has continued to be embodied in the equal partnership of Robert Venturi and his wife, Denise Scott Brown, and in the whole economy and character of their office from that day to this. It is a part itself of the movement toward women's liberation which I talked about earlier. But it drove architects crazy at the time, because Venturi was taking their proudest possession away from them, their myth of themselves as heroes. The image that I used in my book on modern architecture of the early sixties was Le Corbusier's embodiment of that myth in the High Court at

Chandigarh. The soldier stands in front of the building; the enormous piers rise up behind him, lifting the great roof. We are lifted too, heroically, and we feel the confrontational aggressiveness of this modernist mythology, of the kind that got us into so many of our troubles, as in foreign policy, for example, all through the 1960s.

Venturi turns away from all that, clearly, and architects for a long time could not forgive him for abandoning the heroic stance. But because he did do so he now became able *not to invent*. He was able not to worry about reinventing the wheel, as Lou Kahn had always been. So now he could go all the way back to the Shingle Style, as he did in the Trubek and Wislocki houses in Nantucket, of 1970, where they are, in fact, as Venturi said, like two Greek temples at Selinonte, turning slightly toward each other in the face of the sea. And the Frank Lloyd Wright half-round window still distinguishes the house on the right.

But the house on the left was the real scandal. Here was a really dumb, ordinary building. Venturi at that time was writing a book called *Learning from Las Vegas*. As soon as the wags saw the house on the left, they called it *Learning from Fort Dix*, because here was a simple, dumb shack standing there with its crazy square windows, using crossed mullions and looking like eyes. And this all architects had been taught by the Bauhaus that one could never do, never use squares instead of golden sections, and no crossed mullions ever.

It's curious that this is where Venturi's track intersects that of another of the greatest architects now living, Aldo Rossi of Milan. At Fagnano Olona is a school by Rossi, a chunk of a building standing behind the tall brick chimney that Rossi loves to use. Behind, in the courtyard, is the cylinder of the library, like the baptistery of a medieval Italian town, and beyond that is the clock, the image of time. But right here in front are those same dumb square windows with their crossed mullions. Rossi tells the story, how, after having seen a design like this, one of his professors at the Polytechnic in Milan said something like, "Aldo, you're hopeless. You're like any dumb mason from the Abruzzi, a peasant." And Rossi replied, "Now you understand. I'm glad you finally grasp what I'm after." And what Rossi and Venturi both wanted was a building that was an absolutely basic presence, a type, not something all hyper-designed in the hysterical High-Modern way.

Rossi's types are much like those of Venturi. He loved the bathing pavilions on Elba, and does this wonderful drawing of them like a crowd of people all jostling each other, a Mediterranean crowd. Indeed, if a building is symmetrical and vertical and narrow, we then, empathetically, feel ourselves as persons in it; we feel ourselves in the type. Now, the basic type in Western civilization which embodies persons is the Greek temple. As I said, Venturi compared his two houses on Nantucket to the Greek temples of Selinonte. I show here, however, the two temples of Hera at Paestum. But I show on the right Selinonte as it is seen from the sea. Then, here are the Trubek and Wislocki houses as I first saw them. They were fixed on a beautiful board and were about an inch high, tiny little models. They can be read as brothers, or brother and sister, because they're the same type, and you can only read differences of character absolutely between beings of the same species. That is the reason why the Greek

temples were always the same but always different, so that each one can embody a specific aspect of the divinity. The first temple at Paestum is low and wide and the second is high and massive. It is Hera seen at different times and developing in power. As an English painter once said, Venturi's two houses stand there--these two little temple-like vernacular buildings--like silver gods from the sea. It's touching, too, because if you think of Rossi with his Teatro del Mondo, which he's able to moor at the Dogana del Mare with Santa Maria Della Salute behind it, so that the wonderful resonances of all the centuries are echoing there at once, at Nantucket it is little American houses under the northern lights, alone in the fogs from the sea, and each is like a little creature, like a sea bird wheeling in under the mist. So Venturi becomes contextual in terms of the landscape as well. At Block Island especially, the two little divinities there seem especially wind-stunned and primitive, amazed in the treeless landscape. But then how different in northern Delaware, where there is the gentle roll of the corn field carrying Ann Hathaway's cottage and the long wave of the arch in front of the big window echoing it. The whole thing has the softness of its mid-Atlantic farming landscape. So Venturi becomes contextual not only with the topographical shapes, but also with the human culture of the places in which he builds his houses.

By the mid-1960s, Venturi's importance began to be recognized by young architects, and one of the first and most perceptive of all was Robert A. M. Stern, who at that time was still a student in the Yale School of Architecture. Stern brought out the joint issues eight and nine of *Perspecta*, the journal of Yale's School of Architecture, in 1965, in which the work of Venturi had a central place. Chapters from Venturi's book, *Complexity and Contradiction*, appeared in it. So Stern was almost the first follower of Venturi, as well as an admirer of the Shingle Style, which he knew at first hand. Nevertheless, in those early works of his, Stern was still a typical High Modernist in the sense that he was determined to invent. He didn't want his work to look too much like his models. Hence the house on the left is in fact, though it may be hard to believe, modeled on the house called Shingleside at Swampscott, Massachusetts, by Arthur Little, of 1882, an important house which was published in England and certainly had an effect on English architects during the following decade. Stern takes the frontal slope of the window, and the two-story-high glass half-cylinder of the living room, and uses the columns as well, and then tears it all apart. As a matter of fact, he deconstructs it. He deconstructs it more fully, I think, than any of the so-called deconstructivist designs, most of which are really Russian Constructivist in character, that we've seen since that time. And he probably would have been better off not to have done so, so fundamentally tormented the result. In any event, Stern soon began to feel that way himself, that the idea was not to invent, not to outrage, but instead to learn how to build in the vernacular and classical traditions as well as one could. So a group of houses by Stern of ten years later--each with its classical details, its shingled walls, and its generous volumetric forms--derives directly from models like Shingleside. Stern's grouping follows that of the original groups of such houses, like this at Newport of 100 years before, when they were used to create communities.

Out of that came what is still, it seems to me, one of Stern's most important projects: his so-called Subway Suburb of 1976. His idea, just the opposite of those which had shaped the International-Style housing that had been projected for New Haven, was for a traditional grouping of houses for the South Bronx, where the land was burnt over, where nobody wanted to live, where the land could be bought for nothing, and where the whole infrastructure of power and subways was still in place. Here one could build the kind of houses that Americans wanted, poor and rich alike all wanting basically single-family houses, or types that are as much like single-family houses as possible, in ordinary town layouts, the way American towns used to be laid out. So there is the grid of streets, the houses defining them. There is the density of the gridded neighborhood, which is entirely different from that abstract sweeping out of the center that we find in International Style planning. Moreover, where the International Style ignored the American vernacular, Stern's houses are based on it, modeled very closely on the two- and three-family house types in New Haven of the kind I've already discussed.

Just before Stern proposed this design Andres Duany was working in his office. Duany and his wife-to-be, Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, had graduated from Princeton in the early 1970s and received their M. Arch degrees together from the Yale School of Architecture in 1974. I remember how Duany and Plater-Zyberk took our class down through New Haven's neighborhoods and showed us how well they worked, how the lots were organized, how the porches and the gables functioned, and how cars could be parked on the street and the houses could dominate. He showed us how the whole thing was a unique structure. We began to see that the houses on their lots with the trees, the sidewalk, the grass plot by the street, with its elms--the blessed elms now gone which were of the same scale as the houses--the curb and the street: that this was the true urban structure, not just the house. It was a structure which could get a very considerable density of housing in the centers of quite large towns and could dominate the automobile at the same time. More than this, Duany and Plater-Zyberk here in a sense completed the work of liberation that Venturi had begun. They tore aside the invisible membrane that had, during Modernism, separated us from the past. Now it was all there not only to be admired but also--this was the new thing--available to be used again.

Out of those perceptions, eventually, the urban planning of Duany and Plater-Zyberk took form--first of all at Seaside in the Florida Panhandle. There, of course, the vernacular, by its very definition, was not that of New Haven but of the Redneck Riviera, as it's called, stretching along the Gulf of Mexico to Pensacola. So there are the houses on their lots with their porches, and they are forced by building code to come up close to the street and to shape it with a white picket fence, and a town order is created. Originally, DPZ wanted that town to be directly vernacular and very simple. They wanted the roads to be surfaced with the crushed white shell of the Panhandle. But the new inhabitants of Seaside were so proud of the town that they demanded to be allowed to pay for brick streets. So Duany said, "We wanted to build a Cracker town, and they gave us Oz."

Now, the other question about Seaside, the thing that had to intersect with this revival of the vernacular and vernacular organization, was the plan. It's clear that the plan of Seaside--which we see in a fairly early stage before the water tower was torn down and the west side of town filled up--represents a revival of the solid tradition of John Nolen and the American planners of the 1920s, as, again, at Venice, Florida. Here once again are the hemicycles and the grids and the diagonal avenues reaching out across space.

Moreover, what is shaped here is a town, not a gated community, not a fortified cantonment around a golf course in the pervasive old Floridian mode. The coast road through it is a public road and the white beach is public too. Nobody from the town owns a piece of it. Everybody owns it. The feeling is a good one. It feels like a town, and it has its Federal post office right there in the hemicycle in the center looking out to sea. And the post office is designed the way Jefferson would have done it, by the developer Robert Davis himself, who got out his architectural books and studied the details, and drew up this tiny civic building classically detailed. Its aspiration is therefore toward civic law, architecturally expressed.

Indeed, the whole grouping at Seaside depends on law, because to bring the houses up to a building line that's tight enough to keep the streets narrow enough and to have fences which will define the public and the private areas, all that requires a code. And to define buildings which can get along with each other by speaking the same common language, the same vernacular, all that requires a code.

It's interesting that the houses and the whole organizations of the towns around Seaside which have tried to imitate it can't do so successfully because they won't enforce the law, the code, far enough. That is to say, they've got the picket fences, but they tend to let the houses stand too far back, and most of all they permit the roads to be too wide. Every functionary from the local departments of transportation, every fire chief, is fighting to make those roads much wider than they really need to be. And unless you're ready to fight with them, and can write a code that can get around them, you are going to have no community sense. The cars will dominate as always; there will be seas of asphalt and houses nowhere, as against being close enough together to create a community, as they do at Seaside. Once again, cars need not be eliminated, but they must be made to serve human amenities, not to destroy them.

It is a fact in the development of the contemporary suburb that the law is required to bring people together. That is to say, to bring them closer together physically and emotionally requires law. The tendency has been to spread out, to make the lot as big as possible, to keep things as far apart as possible. It's interesting that in the Middle Ages the codes had to be used to keep people off each other's necks, to keep them a little bit apart. Now it's the opposite. And so the code can create several kinds of intense community scale, as in the wonderful narrow alleys suggested by Leon Krier that run through the centers of the blocks at Seaside.

It's also interesting that if we look at an architect who doesn't want anything to do with the vernacular in any overt sense, such as Frank Gehry, we find that when he can design a palatial house the way he wants it to be, he makes it into a village. He

makes a village like Seaside. His Schnabel house in Brentwood is an example of that. He says he wants it to be like an Italian town. He can do it himself as he wants within the garden wall, but to do it in a town, to give the town a shape, with many different architects designing the buildings, requires law. The code is a tool for designing towns almost as coherently as one can design a house. And why not? Uniformity is precisely *not* the goal. Lively variety of the kind possible only in a single supple language can be provided only by a carefully worked out code.

Indeed, when Gehry says that he wants to create the varied effects of an Italian hill town, such as San Gimignano, he must realize that such forms derived originally from political action and from the laws of the town. For example, the towers above the piazza of the fountain at San Gimignano are shorter than the tower of the town hall behind them, because when the family which built those towers revolted, their towers, as well as themselves, were decapitated, and the law, as embodied in the communal structure, was made to rise high above them. It shapes a clear image of civic triumph. It is all written there in stone.

In fact, the most beautiful image we have of the city as a whole dates from that period, from about 1344 in Siena. It's the fresco by Ambrogio Lorenzetti, which has usually been called The Allegory of Good Government, but which is apparently intended to represent specifically the Ideal Republican Town in its landscape. Its forms, which seem so varied, are largely the result of building codes which defend the open spaces and limit the shapes of individual buildings and prevent them from encroaching upon the piazzas so that the citizens can move freely through the streets and can indeed dance, as they are doing here, in the town squares.

Next to this ideal scene is a fresco of the town under bad government. Here, in a scene all too familiar to many of us; the buildings are all in disrepair and people are getting mugged in the foreground. This is what happens under bad government, they say, the environment deteriorates for everybody.

Then, the allegorical image of good government is exactly the image of the town itself, with the town hall rising above everything else. In the center sits the idealized figure of the town, the commune, and he holds a golden cord. That cord comes down from him and is held voluntarily by all the citizens of the town in the foreground, each one in his special costume, showing that the individual freely gives up some freedom in order to enjoy the major freedom of being able to live safely under law. Each accepts the bond; he holds the cord. That, of course, is the fundamental of preservation law, but it is being challenged by many state legislators today who raise the constitutional issue of taking, even though the question of the constitutionality of basic preservation regulation was established generations ago. This is the basic image: of the individual and the greater good: the law. Out of that comes, right in the middle, the figure that is the most conspicuous of all, the white figure of Peace. Today, when for various reasons--having to do with bad government which itself encouraged as policy a contempt for all government--there is such apparent hatred of the law among so many Americans, the sense of this being a very timely image can hardly be escaped.

Another thing here is that the city is completed by the landscape, which its people have shaped as vineyards and farms. Underneath that gentle Italian relationship, however, is the old Greek antagonism between the soft round earth and the hard-edged geometric walls of the town; the tragic relationship that all Greek temples affirm and explore. So in Homer, the city is the intruder, unnatural, hubristic and (as my son Stephen Scully has claimed in his book, *Homer and the Sacred City*) defended by heroes like Hector who must fall before heroes like Achilles, who embody the power of nature and are compared to flood and fire. So the relationship of the manmade to the natural is fraught with the sense of the ultimately victorious power of nature and the isolation, the fragility, and the wonderful, lawful, difficult presence of mankind.

At its best, you feel exactly that in Seaside, where the towers rise up--totally unexpectedly in the original designs--so that they can see over the dunes toward the Gulf; and then on the dunes are those cottages like Greek temples by Scott Merrill, looking out to sea. And when the mighty storms come rolling in across the Gulf and overwhelm the town, that's when you feel the reason for architecture in human culture, mediating as it does between the individual and nature's laws, affirming in the end the grandeur of nature and, however limited, the brotherhood of mankind. I think we feel exactly that in all our greatest works of architecture--in Battery Park City, for example, at the scale of the city, of the metropolis that I haven't talked about much tonight, where Cooper and Extut really make their east-west streets lock right into the heart of Lower Manhattan, and where Caesar Pelli, in his towers, manages to civilize the totally out-of-scale World Trade Center behind them and to bring it into something like the pyramidal grouping that the old skyscrapers originally had. That is one of the typical qualities of the city. It tends to go on, as for Gilgamesh, beyond our human lifetimes. We think it is finished, or ruined, and then it finds another way; it finds a way again.

One criticism, of course, that has been leveled against Seaside and this whole urban revival is that it can only be done for rich people, that it's only done by developers. That's been largely true so far, because the government, on the whole, hasn't put up any money for it, and Seaside and DPZ's other towns have all been wildly successful, thus increasingly expensive to buy into. But the accusation that its urban virtues can be made available only to the rich, can only create a kind of theater of community for those who don't really need it, has been shown by recent events simply not to be true.

For example, a recent work by the DPZ is a reconstituted African American neighborhood in Cleveland, a low-income area, where the vernacular houses--which are typically those of the Middle West, of the Cleveland type--define the street and use the existing solid grid plan to create green gardens in the interior of the blocks. It is not Seaside, but it is a place, a neighborhood of individual houses.

Or, to me most touchingly, in Coconut Grove, where the first settlement of African Americans in Miami still exists, DPZ has built a dense development more or less in the Caribbean, the Mediterranean vernacular, which Duany has identified as one

of the characteristic styles of Miami, but which is beyond that most appropriate for a people whose neighborhoods have so often been destroyed and who themselves built Miami up out of the mangrove swamps.

Or, in Los Angeles, we find that the history of the modern architecture of Los Angeles is being rewritten, as it has to be, by people like Elizabeth Moule and Stefanos Polyzoides. (Here is yet another married partnership like those of Venturi and Scott-Brown and the DPZ. There are a surprising number of others among architects and planners at the present time, which can hardly be regarded as anything other than a Good Thing from many points of view.) The way the modernists have written the history of modern architecture in Los Angeles gives us a little Greene and Greene in the beginning, a little Gill, then a bit of Frank Lloyd Wright, and then a whole bunch of little International-Style houses by Neutra and Schindler and so on, which, delightful as they are, are normally hidden way up on little tortuous roads, back up in canyons, totally avoiding where possible and taking no part in the wonderful urbanistic structure that all the most successful sections of Los Angeles, despite the freeways, have: Pasadena, Santa Monica, Palos Verdes, Beverly Hills, Long Beach, and so on--including the Civic Center itself with its splendid City Hall, which the Modernists tended to ignore. One of the most important types which made the city was written about by Polyzoides in his book on courtyard houses, many of them in the Spanish Revival style that the modernists so disliked, just as they relegated the greatest of Los Angeles architects and planners, such as Bertram Goodhue, to the role of villain in the modernist drama. Now, out of the traditional lessons newly relearned, ground is just being broken for the enormous project called Playa Vista, of which Moule and Polyzoides are among the major designers. It will create thousands of units, shaped as a traditional town involving courtyard houses, streets, and urban squares carefully crafted to serve pedestrians as well as automobiles, all built by developers, with private money, and of which thirty percent will be affordable housing. This is right in what can pass as one of the centers of the city, right behind Los Angeles International Airport. This is really taking the bull by the horns, conceived as it is at full urban scale and at least in part for those who need it most. It is at least a beginning after which we may hope that the percentage of affordable housing (nobody wants to say "low income" any more) will progressively go up. Or, at another scale but in those terms, there is the little group of houses once condemned, now bought by the Pasadena Conservancy and moved to an African American neighborhood. Moule and Polyzoides redesigned it a little bit and added garages. The interiors have the gentle, generous scale of Greene and Greene and the Craftsman tradition, which shaped so many streets in Pasadena, now made available again at the present day.

Good as these beginnings are, they are not nearly as interesting or, in a way, as important as what the United States government itself once accomplished in the days when we were doing architecture right instead of wrong. I refer especially to the Emergency Wartime Housing of 1917-1918. When we went into World War I, the government decided to build extensive housing for the workers in all the most important industrial centers, especially the shipyards. So we find them all up and down the

eastern seaboard, and around San Francisco and the Great Lakes. The government also insisted that the buildings were to be designed in the vernacular of that section of the country where they were to be constructed. For example, Henry Klutho in Jacksonville employed the cracker vernacular of Florida, which derives from the American Stick Style of the nineteenth century. These houses are of course organized in the traditional way into neighborhoods that are still loved, cared for, cherished. Some of the best places one can find to live in today in some of these cities are these low-cost housing groups of 1917-1918.

Even more moving, to me, is Bridgeport, Connecticut, which is now largely a burned-out sorrow, like so much of the northeast, but which, in World War I, was called the Essen of America. There, in 1917 and 1918, seven great groups of housing were built following the general planning direction of John Nolen. They are still gorgeous today. There is no other word, especially when they are seen in their tragic context. One of the most beautiful, and the one that was designed for the lowest-income workers in the nearby factories, is closest to the harbor and was therefore called Seaside Park. It was designed by R. Clipston Sturgis, a Boston-based architect, with Andrew Hepburn of the Boston architectural firm of Perry, Shaw, and Hepburn as associate architect, as well as by Arthur Shurtleff, a town planner who had studied at Harvard and worked for the Olmsted Brothers (and who changed his name in 1930 to Shurcliff), and by an engineer, A. H. Terry. These architects and planners were not hacks or bureaucrats but successful, even fashionable, professionals. Sturgis, for example, had been president of the A.I.A. from 1913 to 1915. And after their first collaboration in Bridgeport, Shurtleff and Hepburn went on to create Colonial Williamsburg in all its lush glory for John D. Rockefeller. I think they were even better in Bridgeport. Already, at Seaside, they were practicing in a colonial vernacular, one which is probably a little more southern than that of New England. They manipulate the type with tact and compassion. It is the single-family house--its identification is that--but most of the buildings are divided into at least two small apartments. It is also the American setting for the single-family house: the lot, the grass strip, the trees, the curb, the road. The road is narrow, they had the wit to keep them narrow then. Or, touchingly, in terms of the single-family house, whole streets are constructed with every kind of single-family unit strung out and interconnected and discreetly subdivided, to make a wonderful variety. But the type holds, the house type; the urbanism holds. It is a place, a part of a town.

When the war ended there was a congressional investigation, and it was decided that the United States government should get out of the housing business, that it was socialistic and shouldn't go on. The architects of Seaside Park were specifically chided for "undue elegance in design."

When World War II came along new housing was built right across the street from Seaside, on the other side of the boulevard called Iranistan, after P.T. Barnum's house. This housing carefully avoided that fault of undue elegance from which Seaside Park had suffered. It was no more than typical World War II housing. Modernism had struck. It was a barrack, planned like a prison camp set in black asphalt. It made a non-

place which has gone even more to pieces now. The buildings have all needed total rebuilding and, while Seaside is as lovingly cared for and pristine as it ever was, here, across the street, one of the centers of the local drug trade found its home. In Seaside there is none of it. If there ever was an indication of what environment can do for human beings, this is a perfect example. But it is only one of many because, from World War II onward we continued to do terrible, indeed unforgivable things to our poor. We stuck them in horrible, truly inconceivable, high-rises for which their culture was totally unfitted and of which they wanted no part, and which destroyed them. In turn, these high rises on the Corbusian, Robert Moses pattern, have had to be destroyed themselves in increasing numbers not only in the United States but also in England, and all over the Western world. It's interesting that the European poor, under different but comparable conditions, as in Vienna, raised fortresses of class war and took arms against capitalism, as in the great Karl Marx houses in Vienna which are red bastions in the center of the town. On the whole, Americans have never wanted that. All they've ever wanted, the working people in America, has been what they had in Roanoke, the single-family house if they could get it, the grass plot and the roses. Bread and Roses. That, and a community organization in which the poor are protected by law in the decency of their environment as much as the rich are. They almost had it once; it was almost accomplished. And with that memory, and with preservation, which sustains the living record of what we were, we'll do it again.

Thank you.