

LOBBY

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1961



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LOBBY

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on social media and visit our website for our 2017–2018 events.

Contributors

For our '1961' issue, we asked four of our most notable contributors: **You're asked to place one item representative of 2017 inside a time capsule that will be next opened in 2073. What do you pick?**

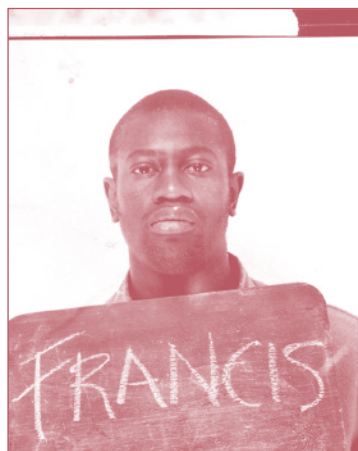


Grace Simmonds
Editorial Assistant

Grace is in her final year of Architectural and Interdisciplinary Studies at the Bartlett School of Architecture. If 'interdisciplinary' was less of a tongue twister it would be her middle name. When she's not helping organise fabulous LOBBY parties or making some wicked Moscow Mules, she's handing small children hammers and nails at Woodland Tribe adventure playground or making bad puns. Nailed it!

"My beloved NHS is going in that capsule, along with all its incredibly hardworking staff. I shall save it from the clutches of impending evil—i.e privatisation—so it remains free and available to all. Hopefully I'll still be around by 2073 to make use of it."

Instagram and Twitter: @grsimmo



Jermaine Francis,
Contributing Photographer

Born in the West Midlands, Jermaine's a part-time-armchair political analyst, part-time photographer of the weird and wonderful world we inhabit. He's got adverse allergic reactions to dogma, PPI claim calls and estate agents. Apart from LOBBY, you can see Jermaine's portraits in magazines like *Harper's Bazaar*, *Crash* and *Bon*. For this issue he went down to the AA Archives to photograph William Firebrace. The result can be seen on pages 130–135 of the Library.

"Myself, so maybe while bathed in cryogenic amnesia, I'll forget 2017. Also, I will probably be fashionable."

Website: jermainefrancis.co.uk



Emilie Carlsen
Designer

Emilie's a happy, intuitive collector of great people, adventures and stuff. She's big fan of all exciting things—visual and tactile—which makes her home look like a flea market put together by an old woman who used to sail the seven seas. Recently, she acquired her first record player and started her collection off with the Dr. DRE 2001 album. Mother of the Copenhagen based fashion brand FLOCK, Emilie has designed our psychedelic section starters which you can see throughout the magazine.

"Maybe the selfie stick? I think 2017 is a year of narcissism and big egos, but the selfie stick is also used as a tool for self-love and body positivity, which is great and important."

Instagram: @emilie_carlsen



Matthew Turner
Contributing Writer

Matthew hails from the perpetually overcast Midlands—the processed meat-filling-in-the-sandwich of the north and the south of England. A place where everything seems to happen at a distance and the locals sound like pigeons cooing a very ugly song. He escaped the region one windswept night and is now an architect and writer in London while also teaching at Chelsea College of Art. You can read his article on pages 62–66 of Exhibition Space Part I.

"A massive cat head. We worship them everyday on YouTube videos just the same as the Egyptians did with statues of cats. I don't think this has been monumentalised in a physical artefact yet, and future generations should know we liberated ourselves with technology only to waste the time we've saved by looking at funny videos of cats."

Twitter: @MjTurner_

Photography: Stella Gelardi Malfiâtre (Emilie)

About Time

Dear Reader,

Lately I've been thinking a lot about time. This issue is, after all, inseparable to it. As I write this Editor's Letter, it's currently 8:14 PM in San Juan, Puerto Rico—where I've lived for the past year. About an hour ago, I finished a four-hour Facetime call with our Art Director, Moa, going through page-by-page corrections to rid the issue of typos. Annoyingly, it's very likely we've missed a few, which is why I never read the issue once it's printed—I rather not know.

For Moa, it's 1:21 AM, in London. I'll wake up at 7:00 AM tomorrow morning, and in my inbox will be a couple of emails from her, finalising details before we send this issue to print on Monday. I speak to her almost every day, at all sorts of hours, and because it's always one-on-one, scheduling meetings with her isn't hard despite the five-hour difference between us. Meeting the other Editors, however, is a different matter. If I message them now, I probably won't receive a response—it's currently 2:29 AM for Gregorio in Italy and 9:29 AM for Marcela in Japan. So you see, even if I try to put aside the matter of 'time' in this '1961' issue, it's embedded into its very politics.

LOBBY No.6 '1961' is the first issue we've produced while the core team has been geographically separated for prolonged periods of time. It's a project undeniably charged with cultural relocations, bound by geographic specificity and made possibly, in great deal, by the technologies we have available in 2017. This is reflected in the issue's content: although each feature was conceptualised at the beginning of the year, the urgency of many topics have unfolded throughout the production process, almost in real time.

The most recent of these were the protests in Charlottesville, Virginia in early August—two and a half weeks ago. At one point, I found myself editing "Theme Park of the Lost Cause"—a piece that raises matters of racial discrimination and segregation in a Confederate-themed amusement park (p. 172)—while incredulously watching the protest's aftermath on the news. Suddenly I see and hear the term 'Neo-Nazi' left, right and centre, and I'm reminded of "Boxing the Holocaust" (p. 174), a text which dissects the spatial politics of the 'last' Nazi's trial. This

last Nazi may be gone, but the situation remains a hot topic. It's why we've placed the article at the very end of the issue: to close '1961' with a text that speaks of justice, while also raising questions and concerns.

But if you know us at all, you'll know that pessimism isn't our cup of tea. We raise these concerns in optimistic spirits that by critically discussing them and including them in a contemporary, spatial conversation we may take steps towards making things right again. For instance, right now, it's 5:40 PM for Tag Christof, the photographer who's shot a stunning visual essay in the issue called "West Side Stories" (p. 116). Tag captures spaces and citizens in America's Western states who exist outside normative cultural standards—immigrant, minority and transgendered identities who fight against stigma every day in Trump's version of America. And so, in a world where borders and labels are in vogue; where gay men *still* exist as citizens outside the law in a whopping 74 countries; where non-heterosexual identities are punishable by death—Sudan, Iran, UAE, and parts of Nigeria, Somalia, Syria and Iraq, to name a few; and where women have to fight for their rights, their visibility and their inclusion in fields saturated by men—as can be seen in our interview with Itsuko Hasegawa (p. 40)—this issue acts as a space to celebrate them. We too are them—a team of immigrants, queers, mothers.

It's ironic to then think of 1961's desire to erase boundaries—extending our reach into space being the most striking one—and be reminded of the walls we've unnecessarily built today. This issue is our attempt to look at our past, using 1961 as a mirror that'll help advise, inform and define our next steps. The mirroring of '19' and '61'—present on the magazine's cover, where flipping it upside down, back and front, changes the expressions on the illustrated masks—is then a reminder that we still have time to flip the tables, to transform attitudes and perspectives. Hopefully, even if in the smallest way possible, we'll succeed. But only time will tell.

Enjoy the issue,
Regner Ramos, Editor-in-Chief

Photography: Regner Ramos





The Dérive

Photography by Erik Hartin

Appropriating and reliving Situationist International founding member Michèle Bernstein's 1961 novel *La Nuit*, visual artist Erik Hartin took to the streets of east London guided by his friends from the collective Everyone Agrees. In their own act of *détournement*, bleakly 'trendy' Shoreditch is photographed and superimposed with quotes from 1961 lyrics and literature in dialogue with the commercial and visual media of everyday spaces—evoking the same feeling of anticipation that we could infer from the pages of *La Nuit*. Things are stuck between old and new, new buildings being erected despite the credit crunch crowd spaces formerly occupied by council estates and Victorian pubs—but there is no sense of urgency in the air, not yet a glimmer of a new world order. Through this visual essay, Hartin's critique is one: like in 1961 and the Situationists of its day, we should be looking to ignite a new sense of protest, duty and meaning into everyday life.







The Exhibition Space

—
PART I

Aspire



Pattern by Emilie Carlsen

This issue's Exhibition Space is divided into three parts. Each relies on thought-provoking visual stories alongside critical, culturally-conscious texts. Part I, aptly titled 'Aspire', takes a look at how the desires and ambitions of the early 60s defined a seeming spirit of the times, one that defied our own apparent limitations. From the Apollo space programme and how it reshaped our cultural imaginaries to how Itsuko Hasegawa rose to the top of the Japanese architecture scene, 'Aspire' celebrates how audacious, memorable and even absurd 1961 was.

Considering how 1961 contested the idea of individuality with a call to congregate and find our strength in numbers, Part II is called 'Unite'. It raises questions of planetary ecology as well as international, geographical politics through features that explore our individual and collective identities, whether it be through the lens of Greece's inclusion in the European Union or through portraits of citizens who lie on the outskirts of Trump's America. 'Unite' questions who we include and who we exclude from cultural and spatial discourse, as well as who we value and protect.

Lastly, and much like the name of this magazine, Part III is both a noun and a verb. 'Progress' opens a conversation dealing with the complexities of culturally advancing and how these—for better or for worse—manifest spatially and architecturally. In 'Progress', the final section of the magazine, you will find stories that acknowledge the irony of mainstreaming bomb shelters, advertising them as desirable domesticity, as well as ones that speak of how ongoing racial discrimination is etched into the histories of even the most whimsical of places, like Dollywood.

Although structured under these three conceptual narratives, the Exhibition Space is curated as a whole. Located at the boundary between culture and spatial theory, the Exhibition Space proposes a plea to encourage change, signals a call for inclusion and urges a step towards much-needed healing.

Hating The Beach Boys, Loving the Rest

Words by Lilliana Ramos-Collado
Illustration by Marie Jacotey



Huntington and Malibu/They're
shooting the pier/At Rincón they're
walkin' the nose/We're goin' on safari
to the islands this year/So if you're
coming get ready to go
— "Surfin' Safari", The Beach Boys

And there was I, waiting for *the last sunset*. The day had been *something wild*. I felt a victim of this *town without pity*, as if my whole life had been squandered in *summer and smoke*. The falling day was bestowing on me its ultimate *blast of silence* when my own *scream of fear* drowned in my ears. But I kept turning the year 1961 around and around to see if it stayed the same. I felt as if walking on *the naked edge* of time. I know: this reads like *The Human Condition III: A Soldier's Prayer* written by an Alzheimerized Hannah Arendt. I had been dealt an unexpected blow: forced to *return to Peyton Place*, I still had *five minutes to live*.

We writers feel we rule the world, mangling words, sort of waiting for *Mothra* to come and nest in our foggy brain, marooned in time, flipping some year like 1961 until we flop. Should I play *the illiterate one*... for once? Should I *go naked in the world*? Should I become *the best of enemies* or one more among *the happy thieves*... or just one of *the misfits*? Should I leave my mark? *The mark*? Gentle reader, please stay connected. I know, I know: we are trying to make sense under a *full moon*.

Nineteen sixty-one... The year we lost faith in time, as shown in these first two paragraphs brimming with titles of so many happy and hapless 1961 films that depict waywardness, doom, darkness, solitude, desperation, death, soullessness, the netherworld, drugs, unabashed sex, spiritism, occultism, confusion. Time stood still, and all our nightmares came back.

I was seven years old in 1961. At Rincón beach in sunny Puerto Rico, throngs of teenagers were flashing their Military Ray-Bans and crashing their brains against the waves, trying to surf while singing silly songs from The Beach Boys' debut album. Of course, back then nobody in Rincón spoke English, only the *gringo* safari-surfers. I tried a pair of pointy bottle-green Bans that made me look like Nabokov/Kubrick's *Lolita*. But I had already heard my calling: poetry was too melancholic for basking in the sun. And I hated The Beach Boys. So I permanently declined the *Lolita* look.

There is something anachronistic about this flippable year 1961, like being caught in a Moebius strip: no inside, no outside. Maybe it had to do with burying ourselves into our intestine desire for the irrational,

going back to moments of culture when we were still free to torch René Descartes's *Regulae ad directionem ingenii*, and read Allan Kardec instead. A time before we became so very well-behaved, like the 50s. We were too proper then, too Macarthistic, as if the whole 50s lasted just one day: *The Day the Earth Stood Still*... and the flying saucer vomited a mouthful of Hollywood extras exactly 10 years before 1961.

The 60s were bolder. We embarked in an intergalactic safari and got *lost in space* while aiming at the stars. In fact, 1961 inaugurated with two important astrology books: André Barbault's scientifically inspired *De la psychanalyse à l'astrologie* which—while in open battle against Theodor W. Adorno's critical stance about astrology's formal connection with the irrationality of racism and anti-Semitism—in fact agreed with the German philosopher's proposal that determinism was present in some important trends of psychoanalysis. The other book, Ivy M. Goldstein-Jacobson's *The Dark Moon. Lilith in Astrology*, caught the eye of a vast reading public avid to learn about the murkier side of religion. Lilith, who quickly became an avatar of feminism, was the shunned goddess

“The 60s were too colorful, too noisy, too full of sex, too free, too weird to be false.”

who ran with wolves, the queen of the night, the rejected and lubricious first wife of Adam, according to legend.

Irrationality, in the 60s, went hand in hand with soul-searching, with trying drugs to expand our psychedelic brain. It came with the reinstatement of intuition, a commitment to free love, alternate sexualities, peace, plus an interest in non-Western religions and ways of life. We followed the steps of the *poètes maudits*: Thomas de Quincey, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Charles Baudelaire, Arthur Rimbaud, and made films with stories similar to those of the Brontë sisters, Guy de Maupassant, Théophile Gautier, Wilkie Collins and Charlotte Perkins Gilman, just to name a few. The psychological gothic novel came back in films that delved into the unfathomable soul of humanity. The disquieting and perfect 1961 film *The Innocents* (directed by Jack Clayton and starring Deborah Kerr; based on Henry James' awesome gothic *novella*, *The Turn of the Screw*) comes to mind.

When the Fifth Dimension's song *Aquarius* hit the radio in the late 60s, we had already embraced a psychic side that had rejected plastic (as Dustin Hoffman in *The Graduate*, 1968), had staged our definitive battle against the inhuman while circling Jupiter (Dave vs. Hal in Kubrick's *Odyssey*, 1968), embraced nature and rock music (at the Woodstock farm, 1969) and taken the path of love as in The Beatles' "And in the end the love you take is equal to the love you make" (*Abbey Road*, 1969)—all spaced out while suffering the constant sorrows and carnage of the Vietnam War.

The 60s opened the door to conspicuous consumption goaded by media advertisement as studied closely by Marshall McLuhan in his famed *The Gutenberg Galaxy* (1962), *Understanding Media* (1964), *The Medium is the Massage: An Inventory of Effects* (1967) and *War and Peace in the Global Village* (1968), some of them quite wild primers of book design. McLuhan explained

how the 60s' unfettered freedom and the irrational impulse to shed rigid prejudice and the homey life evolved into their opposite: a society trapped in consumer debt, cultural prejudice and alienation, all yet unsolved.

Following Roland Barthes' 1957 prophetic comment on plastic, I would say the 60s had *plasticity*: "plastic is the very idea of its infinite transformation... a spectacle to be deciphered: the very spectacle of its end products". The 60s were the first nonstop decade, a time of perpetual metamorphosis. Too malleable to be true, too colorful, too noisy, too full of sex, too free, too weird to be false. I still dream of Twiggy dressed in a bright-yellow-and-pink sleeveless PVC dress in perfect beauty and fashion, shining as one of the decade's icons alongside The Beatles and Andy Warhol. Times were a'changin', and I still wonder how I managed to swallow it all, save for The Beach Boys, my hate for whom hasn't dropped one bit.

That is why, in *catch-22* mode, ready to hit the *revolutionary road* after mastering *the art of French cooking* and saving my *sneetches and other stories* just in case, I said "Go, Dog. Go!" I would follow *the wretched of the Earth* and keep together *madness and civilization* while trying to survive like *el coronel no tiene quien le escriba*. Mine was a *west side story*, a *call for the dead* riding a *pale horse* while meditating *sobre héroes y tumbas*. But there is still beauty and sadness in *the winter of our discontent: memories, dreams, reflections*. I now know that *heaven has no favorites*. In this *evil hour*, I realize that the 60s were not as fun as I thought: I raise *the golden goblet* to my lips to taste *the edge of sadness*. This brief essay is *an experiment on criticism, the coming fury* escaped from *the mad scientists' club*. So, *horseman, pass by me not: tell me a riddle, tell me how it is in the theater of the absurd*. In my *dark universe*, there is only *Solaris* and *the American way of death: no final harvest*. Not even *a house for Mr. Biswas*. ❁



EXTRA- TERRESTRIAL VISIONS



HOW THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF APOLLO 8
RESHAPED OUR GEOGRAPHICAL IMAGINATIONS

Words by Ben Webb
Photography by John Gribben

The Apollo programme of 1961 to 1972 has been one of the most significant scientific achievements of the modern era. It pioneered technological breakthroughs and apparatuses, but perhaps the most enduring legacy of the missions—the most important reason for going—are the photographs taken of Earth from space. In 1968 we were forever changed by one image. *Earthrise*, taken by William Anders aboard the Apollo 8 spaceship, provoked a tension between two distinct and antagonistic ideologies that continue to reverberate within our culture today.

When witnessing *Earthrise* we feel the human hand behind the Hasselblad camera and see the imperfect human eye of the heroic pioneer through the blurring of the lens. We empathise with the man 240 thousand miles from Earth, feeling its distance, and we sense civilisation's progress in our bones. It was one of those rare moments in history that we collectively feel humanity stepping forwards—we *all* took that giant leap.

For the US, the Space Race was explicitly a project “for all mankind” but implicitly intended to spread faith—in a Christian worldview, in liberalism, in democracy, in consumer capitalism. It brought a global audience together in awe on an unprecedented scale, and broadcasted a God's eye view of our planet onto our newsstands and into our homes. The mission was not just about scientific and technological endeavour, it was about proving the supremacy of one system

of beliefs over another. The images sent back to Earth were charged with soft power: the ability to shape the preferences of others, attract them towards a culture and ultimately persuade them of alternative political values. They were evidence of the power of liberalism, individualism and free market economics to build it faster, to send it higher.

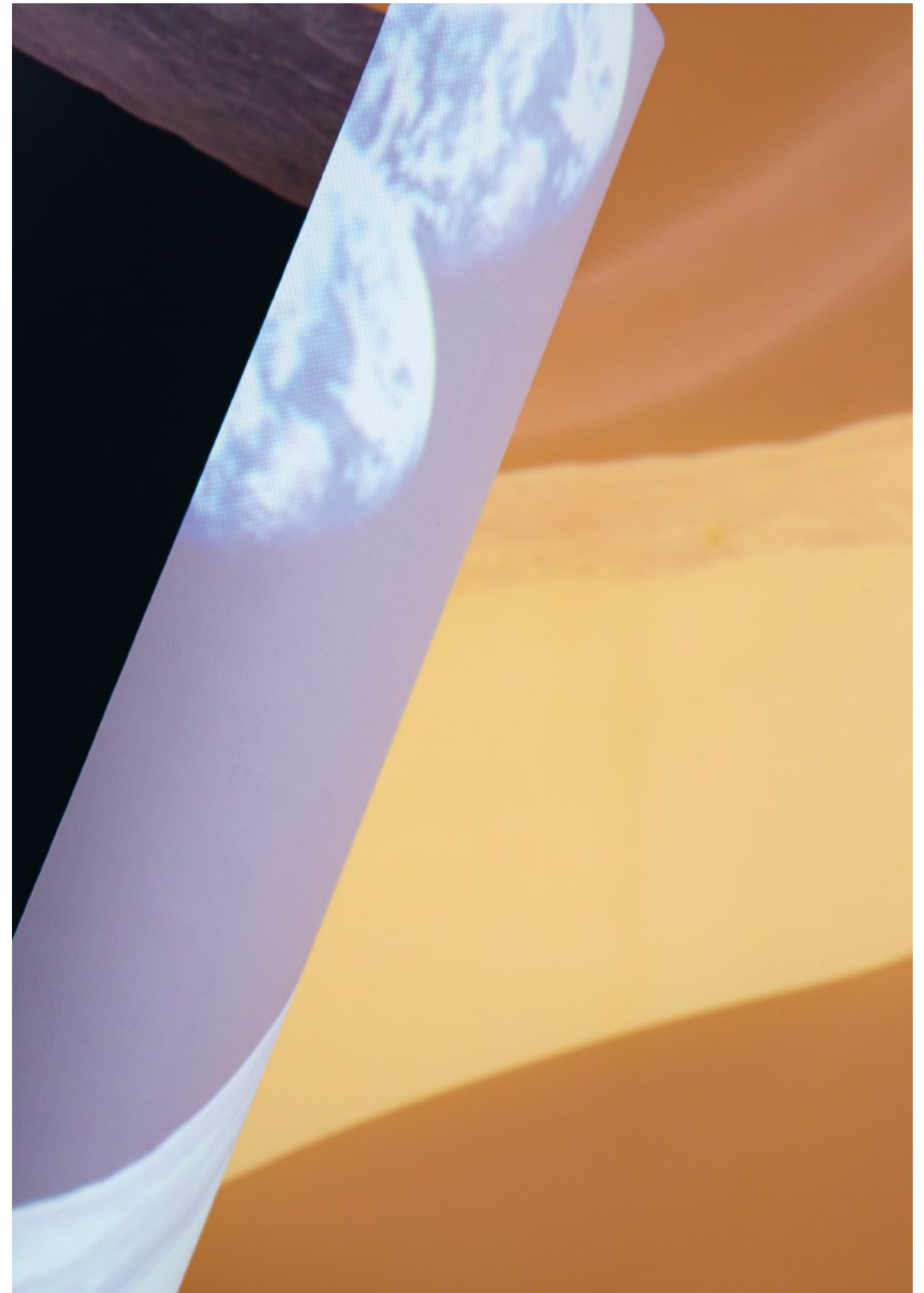
The greatest technological feat of the 20th Century, then, was a project of American imperialism, and the cultural materials of the Apollo missions were ideological tools. On the cratered battleground of the lunar surface, *Earthrise* emphatically proved the dominance of the capitalist system over Soviet Communism. Through *Earthrise*, the image of our planet became an icon, an emblem and the object of the imperial gaze. The photograph implied that the reach of capitalism's civilising power knew no boundaries—the world became ‘ours’ for the taking. From this vantage point the West was all-seeing, all-knowing, all-powerful.

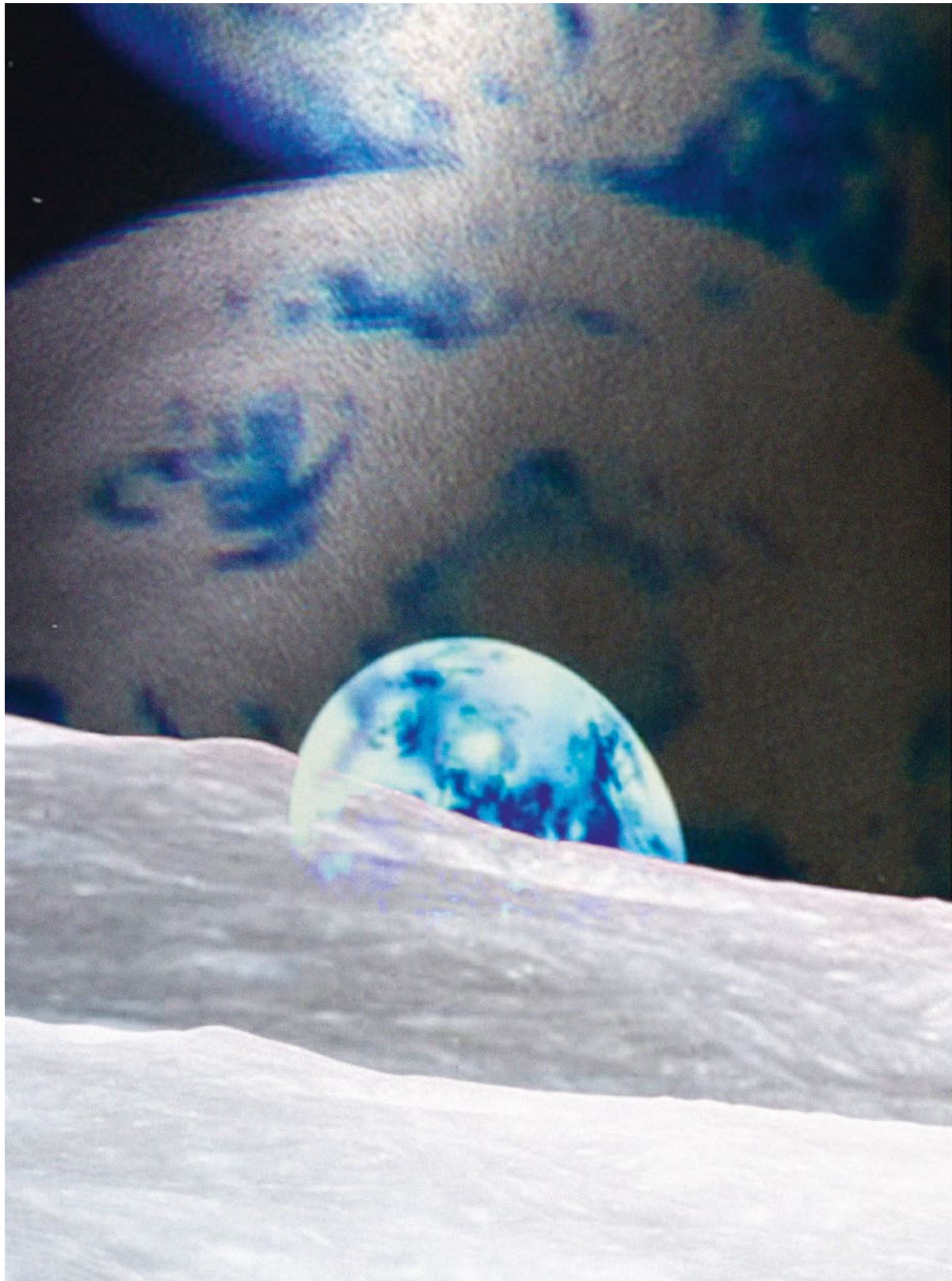
However, there is also an alternative way of reading the image. The representation of the globe in *Earthrise* starkly contrasts with cartographic tradition: the globe appears incomplete, set adrift within an encompassing absence of light, framed by a scarred and desolate surface of the moon. It is an improbable oasis amid a vast, unending desert. Never before had we felt so alone.

The sensation of seeing Earth hanging in space for the first time was intense and shocking—like seeing oneself in the mirror after a lifetime in the wilderness. American spacemen reported a profound cognitive shift of awareness, as well as a deep sense of connectedness with the Earth and its inhabitants after revelling in the divine beauty of the planet from space—a phenomenon coined the ‘overview effect’. To see it is to feel the transcendental pang of the sublime. These emotions were once reserved for God, but with *Earthrise* the celestial beauty of our planet reawakened reverence of the natural world. The rich blue of *Earthrise*—persistently imprinted throughout Western art history in our cultural imaginary as the colour of heaven, transcendence, the great beyond—revealed it in fact as the colour of *home*; our exquisite blue planet. Divinity was brought back down to Earth.

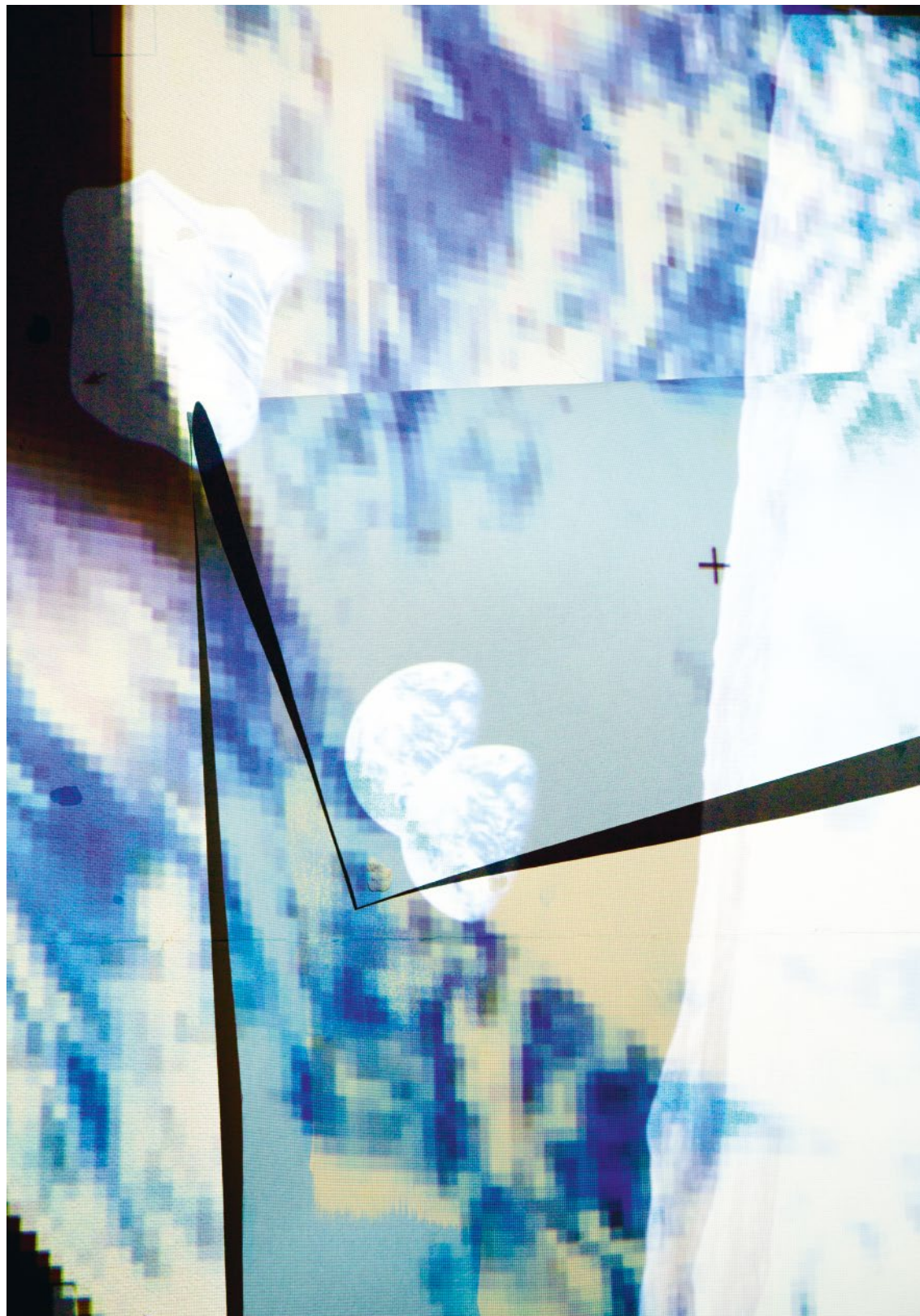
Earthrise atomised our understanding of ourselves; it stirred a sense of being-in-the-world that had been discredited by enlightenment thinking as ‘primitive’, destroying the human/nature dualism—that we are separate from or above nature. The image therefore conveys mixed messages: a tool of propaganda for US imperialism and an icon of humanitarian and ecological action. *Earthrise* embodies a conflictual dichotomy between consumerism and environmentalism, between progressive society and divine nature, and between unlimited capitalist growth and socio-ecological resilience. The latter is more urgent now than ever. Perhaps *Earthrise*’s over-view effect offers redemption from our blighted path—an outstretched hand from space to save us from ourselves. Presenting a particular way of framing the Anthropocene, it brings us back down to solid ground, reminding us that we are not a higher class of being. That we should be Earthlings once more. 🌀





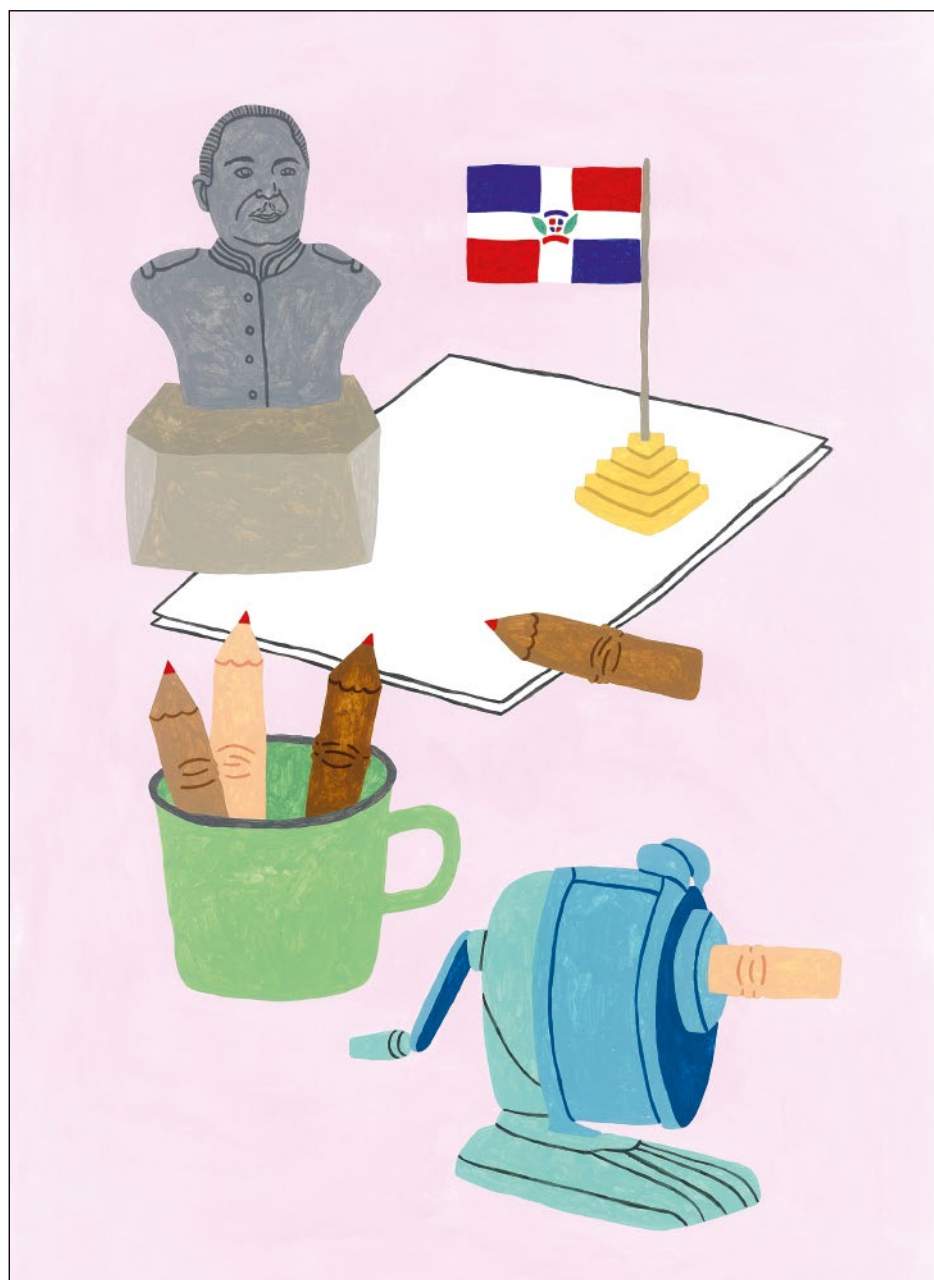






Expression Under Repression

CENSORSHIP AND CONTROL DURING A CARIBBEAN DICTATORSHIP



Words by Lorena Espallat Bencosme
Illustration by Fanny Wickström

The truths behind 31 years of cruel dictatorship in the Dominican Republic are likely to remain hidden. Between 1930 and 1961, for this Caribbean island, the government's manipulation of information and artistic forms moulded the history we know today, raising questions regarding their accuracy and objectivity. Often referred to as one of the most brutal dictatorships of the Americas, the authoritarian government of Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, *el Jefe*, exemplifies the manoeuvring and trickery of information to the point where its remnants are not a faithful reflection of the times, but a single version of historical events corrupted by the political interests of the dictator—a manipulation of art and information to present an alternative portrayal of the figure of Trujillo.

Two generations later, the stories of these bleak times are deeply embedded in the minds of Dominicans. Freedom of expression was not only suppressed but also brutally condemned through imprisoning and torture. An article published in 2009 in the newspaper *El Nacional* titled "Darío Bencosme: Preso por preguntar" ("Darío Bencosme: Imprisoned for asking") recounted the story of how Bencosme, a professor at the institute *Escuela Nocturna* in Santo Domingo—and also my grandfather—was ambushed by two students—part of the military forces—at the end of a lecture to take him to prison, because he enquired about the number of men currently listed in the army. A month later, he was released from the prison Fortaleza Ozama with a warning: never to ask about the government again. Even though it was not an outwardly illicit act, attempting to openly discuss government-related topics demonstrated disregard for the dictatorship, and this

did not go unnoticed. To instill fear was, in Bencosme's words, the ultimate purpose of these sort of acts, which gradually silenced the expression of opinions, especially in public settings.

Public knowledge of the government's censorial control through violence and coercion was a highly effective way of intimidating editors, writers and publishers. Writers that did manage to get published were all supported by Trujillo, making the contents of the writing highly biased. It is true that Trujillo funded a wide range of publications, which earned him the titles 'man of letters' and 'benefactor of the arts', however, they always favoured the dictator's legacy while deliberately keeping the harsh realities that the nation was facing out of the public's sight. This was even more evident in broadcast media, financed by Trujillo. Their messages were broadcasted according to what the dictatorship considered people should and shouldn't know. The undertakings of Trujillo's violent gang, The 42, the deterioration of the Dominican political system and Trujillo's encouragement of racial discrimination towards Haitian and Afro-Dominican citizens, are only pieces of a reality that, although was widely known, was never discussed or featured in any form of publication.

In addition, he dismantled the press's structure by assigning newspaper owners new political functions both in the Dominican Republic and abroad. The official radio and television station La Voz Dominicana was only challenged by Rahintel in 1959, a private and more liberal television station which intended to contribute to education and the development of the arts. Despite the attempts of Rahintel to promote music and education through television, the

limitations of what could be transmitted as well as its late appearance within the dictatorship limited its impact; what *really* went on during the first 29 years of Trujillo's control remains uncertain, resulting in historical gaps composed of half-truths that were then consumed by the population.

The repercussions of this control also extended onto the built environment, with the government prohibiting communal gathering spaces where ideas could be exchanged. The rough conditions for the creative arts—architecture included—gave rise to the creation of monuments and buildings symbolising the figure of Trujillo. According to the historian Sención Villalona, at the time there was a mass production of busts made in Trujillo's likeness located mainly around grand new buildings he inaugurated. Among these were schools, public housing complexes, hospitals and government ministries which were—and still are—seen as symbols of a forward-thinking and prosperous society.

Almost six decades later, the legacy of Trujillo's government remains tainted by versions of a truth that is difficult to grasp. Dictatorships are characterised by suppressing citizen's freedom to communicate and access information. As a consequence, this affects how a population assumes an informed position towards public affairs—a cautionary tale, no doubt. Amid an abundance of news sources and platforms for exchanges, still today we should be wary about how historical truths are blatantly presented as facts. We should continue to encourage the arts and remind the media of their social responsibility: to be catalysts for social change and documentation rather than sole entertainment, and of their duty not just to inform, but to transform. 🌱

A Gentle

Itsuko Hasegawa has always operated as she pleases, shaping up a remarkably singular architectural career all on her own. Here, she offers a sharp vision of her past mentors, alongside an insightful account of her esteemed design and theoretical production.

Words by Marcela Aragüez
Photography by Ko Tsuchiya

Revolution





Photography: Mitsumasa Fujitsuka.

The 1960 Tokyo World Design Conference is often regarded as the event in which the official presentation of the Metabolist group took place. A manifesto signed by architects Kiyonori Kikutake, Kisho Kurokawa and Fumihiko Maki, among others, under the avuncular supervision of Kenzo Tange, set the basis of a movement that would be internationally considered as an example of the production of radical and technologically driven architecture, largely based on fixed megastructures and replaceable cells. Far from being conceived as paper architecture, many of these schemes were in fact realised across Japan.

Robin Middleton, former editor of *Architectural Design*, recalls how members of the Archigram Group carried around the issue dedicated to the Metabolists in October 1964, excited by the audacity of their Far Eastern colleagues. Meanwhile, less known Japanese figures in the West at the time, like Kazuo Shinohara, refused to abandon tradition as a source for inspiration and the small scale as the working field. In 1961, by the time the Metabolist manifesto came hot off the press and Tange presented his visionary Tokyo Bay project, Shinohara had just built the Umbrella House, a pitched-roofed, timber-framed house of 55 square metres with an extremely clear—and non-technological—arrangement of carefully crafted spaces. Declaring the house as a work of art, Shinohara's revelation towards the hegemony of technology as the advocate of architectural progress was seen by younger generations at the time as a controverted alternative to the Metabolists, one paradoxically rooted in tradition.

It was the Umbrella House that caught the interest of a young Itsuko Hasegawa while she was working for Kikutake, on the other side of the board game. Driven by this interest, she made up her mind and started working for Shinohara at his lab in the Tokyo Institute of Technology. Among

the pupils that the upraise of post-war Japanese architecture produced at the beginning of the 1960s, Hasegawa stands out as a rare example, blending in her work the technological aims of the Metabolists with a profound knowledge of traditional spaces. This combined with a sensible taste for materiality and experience, largely driven by the teachings of her two opposing mentors.

Hasegawa is one of the first female architects in Japan. She has eased the ground for future generations almost singlehandedly. Her work also introduced practices of user-involvement, participation and an early application of computers to the design process.

Today, a warm and humid summer afternoon, I visit Hasegawa in her atelier in Tokyo, which has just moved from its former, nearby location—a building designed by her. The building now functions as Gallery IHA, a space curated by Hasegawa that gives voice to young Japanese architectural practices and researchers.

Hasegawa is kind but firm in her statements, expressing herself with conviction in a soft tone. As she speaks, she points at sketches and models to make sure that her concepts and ideas are understood alongside her built production. After our conversation, she walks me around Gallery IHA, proudly pointing at the models of some of her

most famous projects, like the house in Yaizu 2, the Shonandai Cultural Centre and the competition entry for the Cardiff Bay Opera House. At 75, Hasegawa has a number of projects under construction and no intentions of slowing down. In fact, she invests much of her efforts in encouraging the coming generation to produce spaces for today without forgetting the lessons of the past, with the conviction that Japanese architecture is still in a process of modernisation.

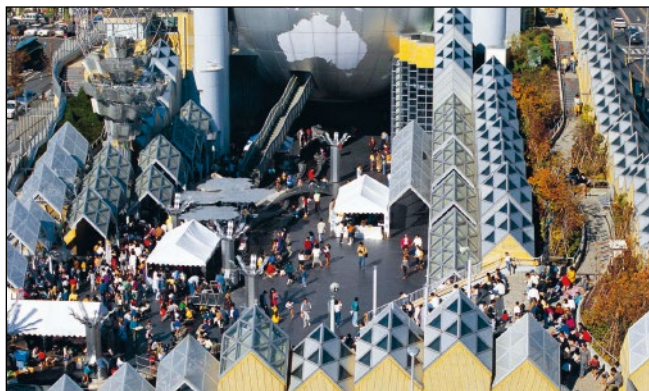


Before joining Kazuo Shinohara's lab, you worked with Metabolist architect Kiyonori Kikutake, mainly for large-scale projects. Some of these projects have been extremely influential. How did Metabolist ideas contribute to reshaping the image of the Japanese city during the 60s and 70s?

At the time, the Metabolists were working on speculative projects. Kenzo Tange proposed the Tokyo Bay project at the Tokyo World Design Conference and this eventually influenced later developments of the Tokyo waterfront. Also, projects like Kurokawa's Nagakin Capsule Tower became very famous. However, other architects were not that interested in building these ideas. I think Kikutake was not particularly



Niigata-City Performing Arts Centre



Shonandai Cultural Centre

“Projects like the Umbrella House were not only based on the understanding of Japanese tradition—they pursued its reinterpretation.”

interested in realising the Metabolist style. If you look at Kikutake’s Tokoen Hotel in Tottori, built in 1964, you realise how he was rather interested in the structure of traditional architecture rather than in Metabolist ideas. Kikutake did not have many projects in Tokyo either, so in that sense Tange was much more influential in reshaping the image of the city.

You made the decision to join Shinohara’s lab at the Tokyo Institute of Technology after seeing his Umbrella House, built in 1961. What about it struck you?

I first saw the Umbrella House in *Shinkenchiku* magazine when I was still working at Kikutake’s office. The main interest for me is that projects like the Umbrella House—and also Shinohara’s House in White—were not only based on the understanding of Japanese tradition, but they pursued its reinterpretation. In fact, House in White seems to accomplish an abstraction of traditional housing elements, and the fact that it is completely painted in white reinforces this abstraction. I became very interested in designing small houses, and that is why I went to go to work for Shinohara. It was only after I started with Shinohara that I visited these houses.

The Umbrella House was actually built the same year the Tokyo Bay project was introduced,

right after the celebration of the internationally acclaimed World Design Conference in Tokyo the previous year. Do you have any memories of this event?

I had just started architecture school in 1961, and I remember that Kikutake was actively engaged in the conference. He was asked to present his Marine City project. Shinohara was not that actively involved in the conference but he met some architects from the US that were taking part in the event. It was a good way for him to know what was going on overseas.

Reyner Banham once said that the most ‘dangerous’ megastructures were the ones designed by the Metabolists, since they were closer to reality and many of them were actually built. How do you think they changed the image of cities like Tokyo?

At the beginning of the 1960s, Tokyo and many other cities in Japan were mostly covered with an aggregation of small houses in a sort of chaotic scenery. Metabolist architects proposed designs with gigantic structures on top of these chaotic small houses with the aim of building housing blocks ‘in the sky’. To be honest, I did not like this architecture, and I hoped that these ideas did not turn into reality. I think that this was a common feeling shared with other people in Japan, and in the end not many of these projects were realised. Kikutake did want to build the Marine City, which was partially realised in Okinawa and it was further developed in other places like Hawaii. He also referred to the fact that Japan, as an island nation, has a limited land available and these projects would become necessary sooner or later in order to increase the land.

So, how do ideas by Kikutake

—large projects, urban, highly technological—and Shinohara—looking at tradition, inward-looking and closer to art works—both feed into your designs?

Photography: Shuji Yamada.





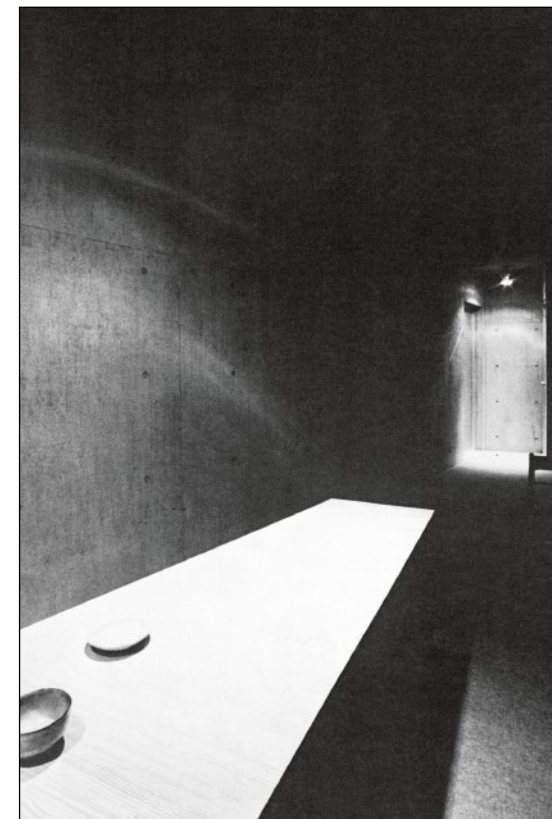
Photography: Hiroaki Tanaka.

When I entered Kikutake's office, he had just coincidentally gotten a few public commissions for large-scale projects. It seems that Kikutake was impressed by my draughtsman skills and he really liked my sketches and hand drawings, so I usually sat next to him to work together on initial conceptual sketches for these commissions. I paid special attention at how Kikutake interacted with these conceptual sketches in order to understand his approach to the project, as well as how he took the context of the site and the city into account. It was only when I, myself, started working on public projects in the early 90s that I realised how prevalent Kikutake's influence was for me.

As for Shinohara, he was engaged in projects like the Unfinished House when I started working for him. This house already belongs to a time in which he was dealing with the use of exposed concrete and structures. He was already trying to overcome tradition, although I still was interested in his early projects.

In fact, your interest on tradition is such that you started your own research on Japanese Housing and travelled around Japan to visit examples of Minka, the Japanese traditional rural house. How do you think this early research influenced your practice? What did you learn from them that you think is still relevant today?

Minka is a housing typology that was very common before the modernisation and industrialisation of Japan, up until the end of the 19th Century. The typology is based on a 'void', a main space in which there is nothing except the light coming in and the soft textures of floors, walls and doors. In my visits to different examples of Minka, it always felt really comfortable to be surrounded by soft textures. You feel almost wrapped by them and they somehow create a sense of gentleness in space. This is what I most appreciated



House in Midorigaoka

from the Minka. So in my work, although some people argue that the interest resides in the exterior appearance, I actually pay a lot of attention on how to create this sense of gentleness in interior spaces. Even in large-scale projects, I tried to translate the gentleness of spaces found in the Minka. Although Minkas are built using different materials and construction systems, depending on the region, they all share this sense of gentleness in space. So Minka is basically a multipurpose void, where people can celebrate weddings or simply coexist together with other people from the community. People living and working together is rooted in the traditional Japanese life-style, and the place inside the Minka sustains and promotes this kind of culture.

The house in Midorigaoka is your first built house, designed in 1975, and a year later you built the house in Yaizu 2, which seem to be radically different. Can we see in them any influence from your research on traditional Japanese housing? Do they follow similar spatial principles with different geometries, or do they each have different rules?

During my work at Shinohara's Lab at the Tokyo Institute of Technology from 1969 to 1979, I designed 10 housing projects. They were more like design studies rather than actual practices. The house in Midorigaoka is one of them, and it is based on my learnings from the Minka. Initially, I wanted to design the house with one big space, but the client wanted to have four separate rooms. I tried



House in Yaizu 2

“The diagonal line is an exception, an anomaly in modern architecture.”

many options to divide the space by adding perpendicular walls, but none of them worked very well, so I finally came up with the idea of having an oblique dividing wall, which would provide larger spaces in the two opposite corners of the house. I wanted to create this diagonal line with columns, but this idea was again rejected by the client for privacy issues.

Architecture critic Koji Taki describes this house as a space in which elements seem to be decomposed, scattered and not integrated with each other. He argues that there is no space in the house, but instead a sense of place, and I think that this effect is originated by the diagonal wall. The diagonal line is an exception, an anomaly in modern architecture and that is why the house became so special.

The starting point of the Yaizu 2 house comes from the availability of a lot of timber. The client wanted to build an atelier. I decided to use these bars and started trying different ways to combine them with the help of students from the Tokyo Institute of Technology. The idea was to reduce the types and number of joints to be used, so we came up with a customised joint design. This was an experiment in construction rather than a conceptual

experiment, but you can also see here the idea of void embedded in the space. There are no partitions, and spaces are not functionally defined except for the bathroom and the kitchen.

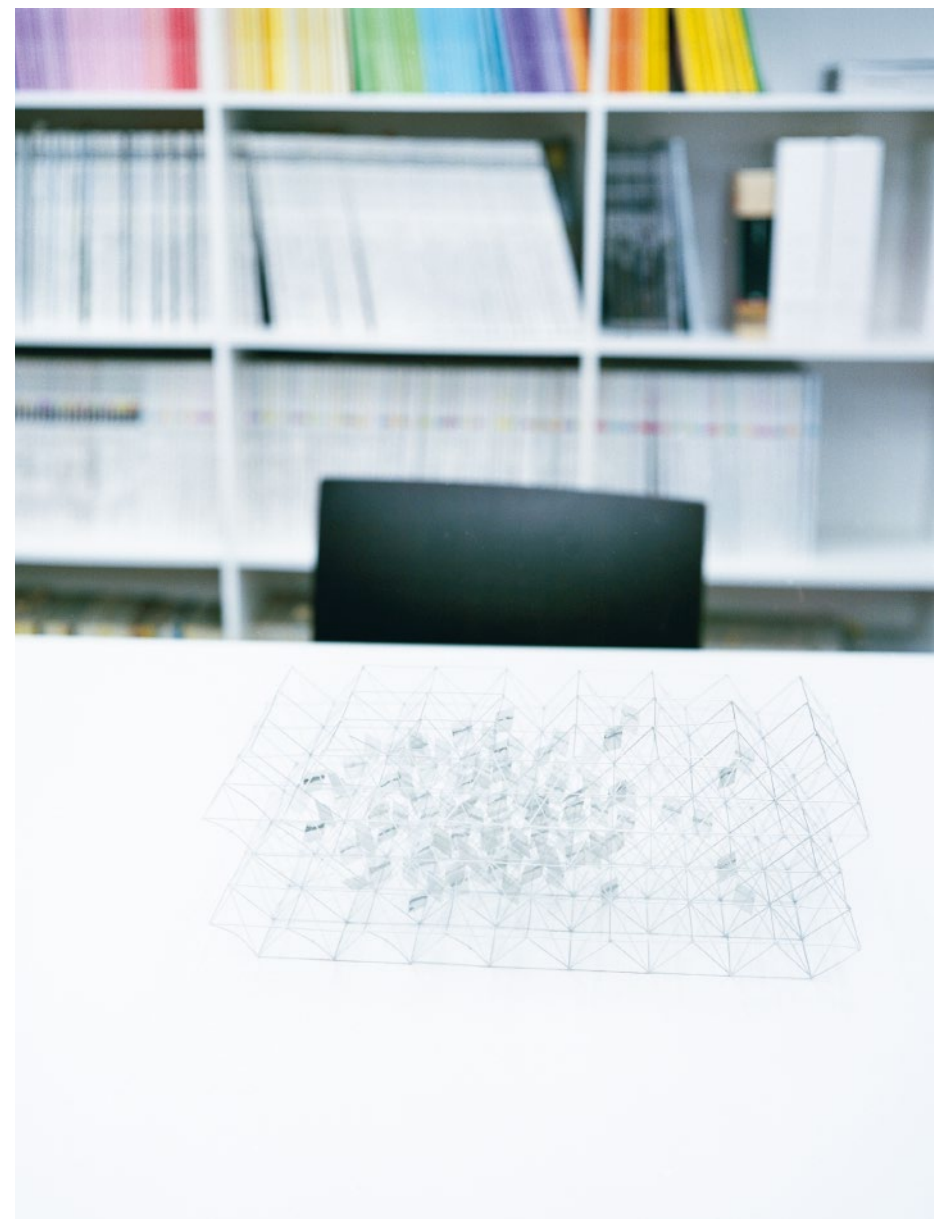
Often quoted in your design work are the concepts of *harappa* and *Garandō*. Can you tell us more about these concepts and where they come from?

Garandō is a difficult term to translate in English. In traditional architecture, and particularly in temples and shrines, the interior is often empty. There are futons and other temporary elements, so basically what is inside these spaces are the different kinds of *activities* that can take place there. The use of spaces also changes between daytime and night time. This nothing-ness inside space helps create a strong connection with the surrounding nature, and it is nature that witnesses the change of uses inside space. *Garandō* is then a spatial quality that simultaneously changes and lasts over time, it is the resultant quality of a shared space among the people who coexist in a community.

The concept of *harappa* has urban implications. Every city in Japan used to have its Harappa space, something like an urban void. If you go to China you will not see anything like this. There will only be designed gardens. In Japan, *harappa* used to be the only public space besides temples and shrines. It is traditionally one of the few spaces where people could play games and parties and even host circuses. It used to be a festive space for the community, a leisure void in the city in which multiple cultural activities and their histories are overlaid. I tried to create a *harappa* space in my public building projects, like in Shonandai Cultural Centre.

You have been also interested in the production of multipurpose spaces, flexible buildings that are designed using a concept of *archipelago*. Can you tell us more about this?

Photography: Mitsumasa Fujitsuka

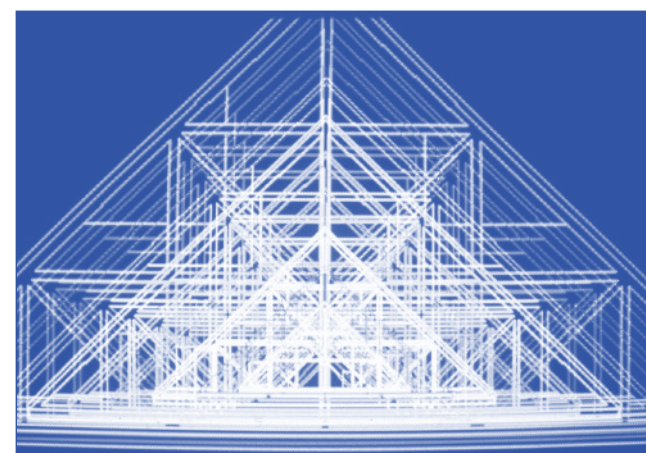




“Some Dutch architects got angry with me, one of these architects was Rem Koolhaas.”

The concept of *archipelago* first became prominent in my work when I started to work in large-scale projects like Shonandai Cultural Centre or Sumida Culture Factory. In these projects the site is large and the exterior has to respond to the presence of surrounding buildings. Very often these buildings contain totally different programmes. For the project of the Yamanashi Fruits Museum I was required to locate programs separated from each other within one site, and I started thinking about how to connect these different programmes not only between them but also with the nearby buildings. I decided to connect the programmes using bridges so that the flow of people became visible, and this led to the concept of *archipelago*, in which the important feature is not the location of the programmes but the flows between them.

With this notion I wanted to enhance the public spaces in that area of the city. In the Niigata City Performing Arts Centre, the site is surrounded by a city hall, a theatre and a memory hall, among other buildings. I connected these buildings with bridges and extended the bridges over a river next to the site. After I won the competition



House in Yaizu 2, computer drawing by Hasegawa

everyone told me that it was impossible to extend the building beyond the site, but the government allowed me to do it, and they even took care of the river shore close to the site, replacing the gravel with grass.

You produced some very nice computer perspective drawings for the Yaizu 2 house. During that time your office was pioneering in the use of computers. Did you use them to represent ideas or were they actually conceived as tools to be used during the design process?

My younger brother owned a very primitive, 60-bit computer in the early 80s, which he used to play the game *Go*. In this spirit, I drew the section of the house in Yaizu 2 and took pictures of the screen—because printers at the time had really low resolution—and I superimposed pictures of the same drawing with different colours. This was more like a game, just for fun, but it made to the front cover of *SD* magazine in 1985!

At the time I had not yet introduced the use of computers in the design process. This came a bit later when I started to work on the design of the Yamanashi Fruits Museum. For this project I had to find out how to combine a set of four different domes, so I bought a very expensive, state-of-the-art computer in order to create the drawings that could not have been done by hand. When I went to the Netherlands to give a lecture in the early 90s I showed some of the drawings that I produced using my brother's computer, and some Dutch architects got angry with me as they would not believe that computers could be used as a design tool. One of these architects was Rem Koolhaas. Certainly, using computers for architecture was completely unthinkable in Japan too; architecture was considered a human-scale profession. Your work is also very interesting for introducing the user as an active agent during the design

process. When did the idea of user-participation come about in your work? Is this common practice in Japan?

Traditionally houses in Japan have been designed and constructed by carpenters, and during the design process there was an intimate communication between the carpenter and the client. Very often it was not the husband but the wife who would communicate closely with the carpenter. I took for granted this interaction between the designer and the client, so for the housing designs I spent a long time communicating with the client even before I actually started designing the houses.

I wanted to translate these exchanges in my public buildings. When I started working for competitions, I used to go to the local library to create a survey of the history of the site but I realised that it was more important to look at the 'physical' history, the history carried by the people living in the area, their memories. When I explain my projects to the people, their reactions are very different depending on the community and the area. Their behaviour greatly differs, and this is also translated in what they wear, what they eat and the climate they are used to. I wanted to understand these differences and accommodate them in my public buildings.

Participation in your work is now also translated in the public programme of lectures and workshops taking place in Gallery IHA in Tokyo. How do you understand your role—perhaps not only as designer, but also as a facilitator and 'producer' of discourse—in the current Japanese architectural scene?

I believe that the process of modernisation since the Meiji restoration is still ongoing. I often go to other countries in Asia to give lectures and I realise that architects there respect the locality in their practices much more than in Japan. I think that Japan somehow lost

its cultural identity in architecture during this process of modernisation. We started to create uncomfortable spaces, forgetting locality and fundamental notions of Japanese space. In this sense, I am counting on younger generations to create an architecture that is rooted in Japanese culture and that is why I invite young architects to give lectures and exhibit their work at my gallery, to try to figure out the future of Japanese architecture.

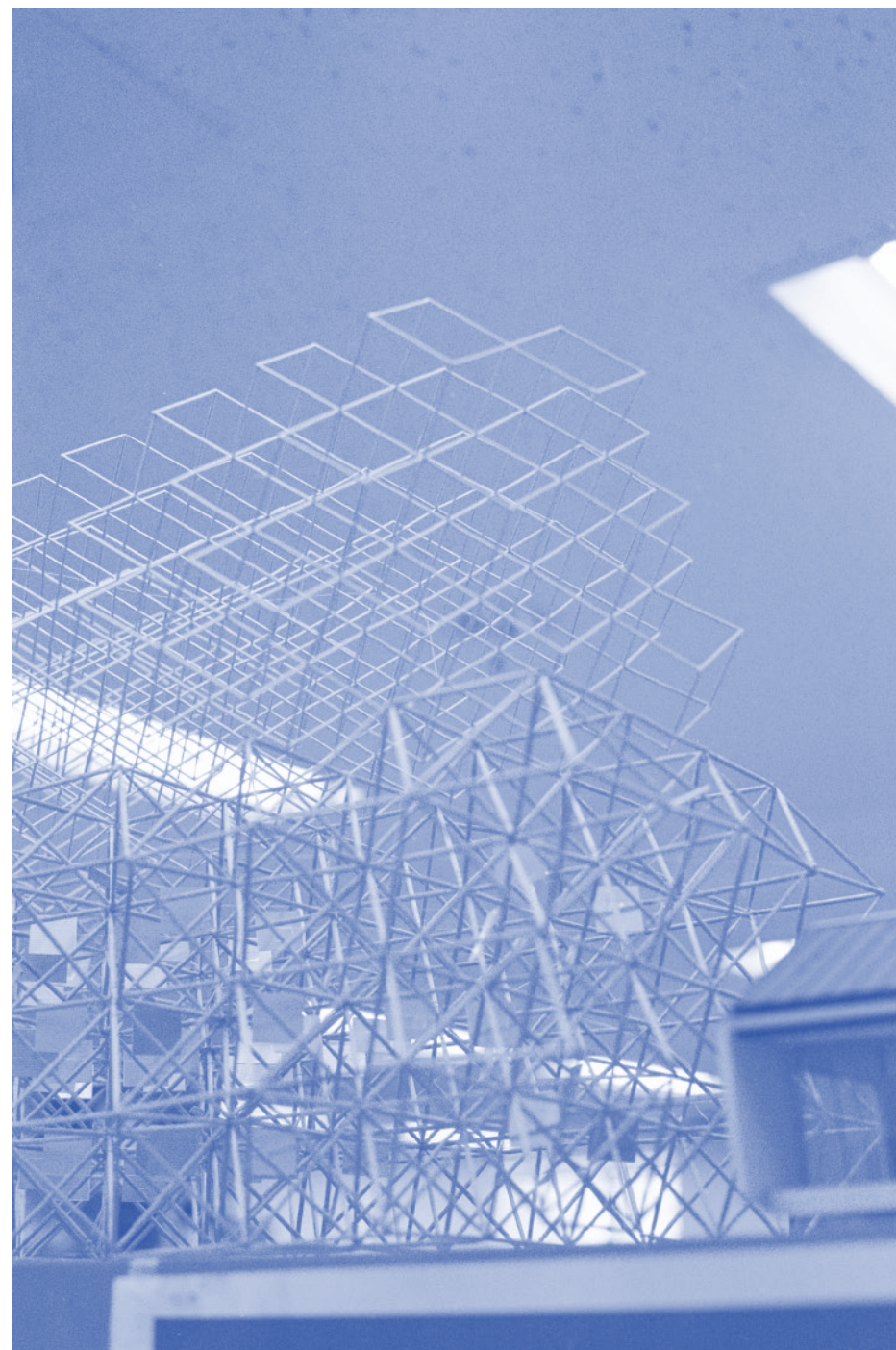
Finally, you are a pioneering female architect in Japan, and certainly an example for the next generations of women architects in this country. A majority of architects in the West can probably only name one female Japanese architect: Kazuyo Sejima, who belongs to a younger generation. Do you think that a change of paradigm occurred between Sejima's generation and yours? Why do we know so few female Japanese architects?

Sejima is 15 years younger than me, and she actually applied to work in my office! But she started to win international competitions only after she partnered Ryue Nishizawa. Practically, you need to have a male partner in order to build outside Japan. In this sense, I believe that the architectural world outside Japan is even more male-centred. Female students are generally talented, and we need to ask ourselves why they cannot become real architects. At the moment, you need to have a good male partner, otherwise you cannot be an architect. In Japan, up until 2000, I won every competition I entered. Competitions used to be anonymous, so it did not really matter whether you had a partner or not. But the system changed after 2000 and now many competitions require you to submit information of your professional background, i.e. how many people work in your office and which kind of projects you have done. I then stopped winning competitions. ❁



Sumida Culture Factory, Tokyo

Photography: Itsuko Hasegawa.





Television and the Public Interest

SPEECH BY NEWTON N. MINOW

Photography by Jurgen Landt-Hart

On 9 May 1961, Newton N. Minow—American attorney and Chair of the Federal Communications Commission—addressed the National Association of Broadcasters in Washington, D.C. In his highly critical speech, Minow held TV broadcasters accountable for not fulfilling the social duties of their role, condemning ratings as the primary goal of commercial television. To this day, his contentious description of television as a “vast wasteland” is still remembered. Resonating with our contemporary realities, excerpts from his controversial speech are republished here.



Governor Collins, distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen. Governor Collins you're much too kind, as all of you have been to me the last few days. It's been a great pleasure and an honour for me to meet so many of you. And I want to thank you for this opportunity to meet with you today.

As you know, this is my first public address since I took over my new job. When the New Frontiersmen rode into town, I locked myself in my office to do my homework and get my feet wet. But apparently I haven't managed yet to stay out of hot water. I seem to have detected a very nervous apprehension about what I might say or do when I emerged from that locked office for this, my maiden station break.

So first let me begin by dispelling a rumour. I was not picked for this job because I regard myself as the fastest draw on the New Frontier. Second, let me start a rumour. Like you, I have

carefully read President Kennedy's messages about the regulatory agencies, conflict of interest and the dangers of ex parte contacts. And, of course, we at the Federal Communications Commission will do our part. Indeed, I may even suggest that we change the name of the FCC to The Seven Untouchables.

It may also come as a surprise to some of you, but I want you to know that you have my admiration and my respect. Yours is a most honourable profession. Anyone who is in the broadcasting business has a tough row to hoe. You earn your bread by using public property. When you work in broadcasting you volunteer for public service, public pressure and public regulation. You must compete with other attractions and other investments, and the only way you can do it is to prove to us every three years that you should have been in business in the first place.

I can think of easier ways to make a living. But I cannot think of more satisfying ways.



One editorialist in the trade press wrote that “the FCC of the New Frontier is going to be one of the toughest FCC's in the history of broadcast regulation.” If he meant that we intend to enforce the law in the public interest, let me make it perfectly clear that he is right: We do. If he meant that we intend to muzzle or censor broadcasting, he is dead wrong. It wouldn't surprise me if some of you had expected me to come here today and say to you in effect, “Clean up your own house or the government will do it for you.” Well, in a limited sense, you would be right because I've just said it.

But I want to say to you as earnestly

as I can that it is not in that spirit that I come before you today, nor is it in that spirit that I intend to serve the FCC. I am in Washington to help broadcasting, not to harm it; to strengthen it, not weaken it; to reward it, not to punish it; to encourage it, not threaten it; and to stimulate it, not censor it. Above all, I am here to uphold and protect the public interest.

Now what do we mean by “the public interest?” Some say the public interest is merely what interests the public. I disagree. And so does your distinguished president, Governor Collins. In a recent speech—and of course as I also told you yesterday—In a recent speech he said:

“Broadcasting, to serve the public interest, must have a soul and a conscience, a burning desire to excel, as well as to sell; the urge to build the character, citizenship and intellectual stature of people, as well as to expand the gross national product. ...By no means do I imply that broadcasters disregard the public interest. ...But a much better job can be done, and should be done.”

I could not agree more with Governor Collins. And I would add that in today's world, with chaos in Laos and the Congo aflame, with Communist tyranny on our Caribbean doorstep, relentless pressures on our Atlantic alliance, with social and economic problems at home of the gravest nature, yes, and with the technological knowledge that makes it possible, as our President has said, not only to destroy our world but to destroy poverty around the world—in a time of peril and opportunity, the old complacent, unbalanced fare of action-adventure and situation comedies is simply not good enough.

Your industry possesses the most powerful voice in America. It has an inescapable duty to make that voice ring with intelligence and with leadership. In a few years, this exciting industry has grown from a novelty to an instrument of overwhelming impact on the American people. It should be making ready for the kind of leadership that newspapers and magazines assumed years ago, to make our people aware of their world.

Ours has been called the Jet Age, the Atomic Age, the Space Age. It is also, I submit, the Television Age. And just as history will decide whether the leaders of today's world employed the atom to destroy the world or rebuild it for mankind's benefit, so will history decide whether today's broadcasters employed their powerful voice to enrich the people or to debase them.



Like everybody, I wear more than one hat. I am the chairman of the FCC. But I am also a television viewer and the husband and father of other television viewers. I have seen a great many television programmes that seemed to me eminently worthwhile and I am not talking about the much bemoaned good old days of *Playhouse 90* and *Studio One*.

I'm talking about this past season. Some were wonderfully entertaining, such as *The Fabulous Fifties*, *The Fred Astaire Show*, and *The Bing Crosby Special*; some were dramatic and moving, such as Conrad's *Victory* and *Twilight Zone*; some were marvellously informative, such as *The Nation's Future*, *CBS Reports*, *The Valiant Years*. I could list many more—programmes that I am sure everyone here felt enriched his own life and that of his family. When television is good, nothing—not the theatre, not the magazines or newspapers—nothing is better.

But when television is bad, nothing is worse. I invite each of you to sit down in front of your television set when your station goes on the air and stay



there, for a day, without a book, without a magazine, without a newspaper, without a profit and loss sheet or a rating book to distract you. Keep your eyes glued to that set until the station signs off. I can assure you that what you will observe is a vast wasteland.

You will see a procession of game shows, formula comedies about totally unbelievable families, blood and thunder, mayhem, violence, sadism, murder, western bad men, western good men, private eyes, gangsters, more violence and cartoons. And endlessly, commercials—many screaming, cajoling and offending. And most of all, boredom. True, you'll see a few things you will enjoy. But they will be very, very few. And if you think I exaggerate, I only ask you to try it.

Is there one person in this room who claims that broadcasting can't do better? Well a glance at next season's proposed programming can give us little heart. Of 73 and 1/2 hours of prime evening time, the networks have tentatively scheduled 59 hours of categories of action-adventure, situation comedy, variety, quiz and movies. Is there one network president in this room who claims he can't do better? Well, is there at least one network president who believes that the other networks can do better? Gentlemen, your trust accounting with your beneficiaries is long overdue. Never have so few owed so much to so many.

Why is so much of television so bad? I've heard many answers:

“When television is good, nothing—not the theatre, not the magazines or newspapers—nothing is better. But when it is bad nothing is worse.”

demands of your advertisers; competition for ever higher ratings; the need always to attract a mass audience; the high cost of television programmes; the insatiable appetite for programming material. These are some of the reasons. Unquestionably, these are tough problems not susceptible to easy answers. But I am not convinced that you have tried hard enough to solve them.

I do not accept the idea that the present over-all programming is aimed accurately at the public taste. The ratings tell us only that some people have their television sets turned on and of that number, so many are tuned to one channel and so many to another. They don't tell us what the public might watch if they were offered

half-a-dozen additional choices. A rating, at best, is an indication of how many people saw what you gave them. Unfortunately, it does not reveal the depth of the penetration, or the intensity of reaction, and it never reveals what the acceptance would have been if what you gave them had been better—if all the forces of art and creativity and daring and imagination had been unleashed. I believe in the people's good sense and good taste, and I am not convinced that the people's taste is as low as some of you assume.

My concern with the rating services is not with their accuracy. Perhaps they are accurate. I really don't know. What, then, is wrong with the ratings? It's not been their accuracy—it's been their use.

Certainly, I hope you will agree that ratings should have little influence where children are concerned. The best estimates indicate that during the hours of 5–6 PM 60% of your audience is composed of children under twelve. And most young children today, believe it or not, spend as much time watching television as they do in the schoolroom. I repeat—let that sink in, ladies and gentlemen—most young children today spend as much time watching television as they do in the schoolroom. It used to be said that there were three great influences on a child: home, school and church. Today, there is a fourth great influence, and you ladies and gentlemen in this room control it.

If parents, teachers and ministers conducted their responsibilities by following the ratings, children would have a steady diet of ice cream, school holidays and no Sunday school. What about your responsibilities? Is there no room on television to teach, to inform, to uplift, to stretch, to enlarge the capacities of our children? Is there no room for programmes deepening their understanding of children in other lands? Is there no room for a children's news show explaining something to them about the world

at their level of understanding? Is there no room for reading the great literature of the past, for teaching them the great traditions of freedom? There are some fine children's shows, but they are drowned out in the massive doses of cartoons, violence and more violence. Must these be your trademarks? Search your consciences and see if you cannot offer more to your young beneficiaries whose future you guide so many hours each and every day.



You must provide a wider range of choices, more diversity, more alternatives. It is not enough to cater to the nation's whims; you must also serve the nation's needs. And I would add this: that if some of you persist in a relentless search for the highest rating and the lowest common denominator, you may very well lose your audience. Because, to paraphrase a great American who was recently my law partner, the people are wise, wiser than some of the broadcasters—and politicians—think.

As you may have gathered, I would like to see television improved. But how is this to be brought about? By voluntary action by the broadcasters themselves? By direct government intervention? Or how?

Let me address myself now to my role not as a viewer but as chairman of the FCC. I could not if I would, chart for you this afternoon in detail all of the actions I contemplate. Instead, I want to make clear some of the fundamental principles which guide me.

First: the people own the air. And they own it as much in prime evening time as they do at six o'clock Sunday morning. For every hour that the people give you—you owe them something. And I intend to see that your debt is paid with service.

Second: I think it would be foolish and wasteful for us to continue any worn-out wrangle over the problems of payola, rigged quiz shows and other

mistakes of the past. There are laws on the books which we will enforce. But there is no chip on my shoulder. We live together in perilous, uncertain times; we face together staggering problems; and we must not waste much time now by rehashing the clichés of past controversy. To quarrel over the past is to lose the future.

Third: I believe in the free enterprise system. I want to—I want to see broadcasting improved, and I want you to do the job. I am proud to champion your cause. It is not rare for American businessmen to serve a public trust. Yours is a special trust because it is imposed by law.

Fourth: I will do all I can to help educational television. There are still not enough educational stations, and major centres of the country still lack usable educational channels. If there were a limited number of printing presses in this country, you may be sure that a fair proportion of them would be put to educational use. Educational television has an enormous contribution to make to the future, and I intend to give it a hand along the way. If there is not a nation-wide educational television system in this country, it will not be the fault of the FCC.

Fifth: I am unalterably opposed to governmental censorship. There will be no suppression of programming which does not meet with bureaucratic tastes. Censorship strikes at the tap root of our free society.

Sixth: I did not come to Washington to idly observe the squandering of the public's airwaves. The squandering of our airwaves is no less important than the lavish waste of any precious natural resource. I intend to take the job of chairman of the FCC very seriously. I happen to believe in the gravity of my own particular sector of the New Frontier. There will be times perhaps when you will consider that I take myself or my job too seriously. Frankly, I don't care if you do. For I am convinced that either one takes this job seriously—or one can be seriously taken.



Another and perhaps the most important frontier: Television will rapidly join the parade into space. International television will be with us soon. No one knows how long it will be until a broadcast from a studio in New York will be viewed in India as well as in Indiana, will be seen in the Congo as it is seen in Chicago. But as surely as we are meeting here today, that day will come; and once again our world will shrink.

What will the people of other countries think of us when they see our western bad men and good men punching each other in the jaw in between the shooting? What will the Latin American or African child learn of America from this great communications industry? We cannot permit television in its present form to be our voice overseas.

There is your challenge to leadership. You must re-examine some fundamentals of your industry. You must open your minds and open your hearts to the limitless horizons of tomorrow. I can suggest some words that should serve to guide you:

"Television and all who participate in it are jointly accountable to the American public for respect for the special needs of children, for community responsibility, for the advancement of education and culture, for the acceptability of the program materials chosen, for decency and decorum in production, and for propriety in advertising. This responsibility cannot be discharged by any given group of programs, but can be discharged only through the highest standards of respect for the American home, applied to every moment of every program presented by television. Program materials should enlarge the horizons of the viewer, provide him with wholesome entertainment, afford helpful stimulation, and remind him of the responsibilities which the citizen has towards his society."

Now those are not my words. They are yours. They are taken literally, verbatim, from your own Television Code. They reflect the leadership and aspirations of your own great industry. I urge you to respect them as I do. And I urge you to respect the intelligent and farsighted leadership of Governor LeRoy Collins, and to make this meeting a creative act. I urge you at this meeting and, after you leave, back home, at your stations and your networks, to strive ceaselessly to improve your product and to better serve your viewers, the American people.

I hope that we at the FCC will not allow ourselves to become so bogged down in the mountain of papers, hearings, memoranda, orders and the daily routine that we close our eyes to this wider view of the public interest. And I hope that you broadcasters will not permit yourselves to become so absorbed in the daily chase for ratings, sales and profits that you lose this wider view. Now more than ever before in broadcasting's history the times demand the best of all of us.

We need imagination in programming, not sterility; creativity, not imitation; experimentation, not conformity; excellence, not mediocrity. Television is filled with creative, imaginative people. You must strive to set them free.

Television in its young life has had many hours of greatness—its *Victory at Sea*, its *Army-McCarthy* hearings, its *Peter Pan*, its *Kraft Theaters*, its *See It Now*, its *Project XX*, the World Series, its political conventions and campaigns, and the Great Debates. And it's had its endless hours of mediocrity and its moments of public disgrace. There are estimates today that the average viewer spends about 200 minutes daily with television, while the average reader spends 38 minutes with magazines, 40 minutes with newspapers. Television has grown faster than a teenager, and now it is time to grow up.



"You must help prepare a generation for great decisions."

What you gentlemen broadcast through the people's air affects the people's taste, their knowledge, their opinions, their understanding of themselves and of their world—and their future.

Just think for a moment of the impact of broadcasting in the past few days. Yesterday was one of the great days of my life. Last week the President asked me to ride over with him when he came to speak here at the NAB. And when I went to the White House he said, "Do you think it would be a good idea to take Commander Shepard?" And, of course, I said it would be magnificent. And I was privileged to ride here yesterday in a car with the President and the Vice President, Commander and Mrs. Shepard. This was an unexpected, unscheduled stop. And Commander Shepard said to me, "Where are we going?" "What is this group?" And I said, "This is the National Association of Broadcasters at its annual convention."

This is the group, this is the industry that made it possible for millions of Americans to share with you that great moment in history; that

his gallant flight was witnessed by millions of anxious Americans who saw in it an intimacy which they could achieve through no other medium, in no other way. It was one of your finest hours. The depth of broadcasting's contribution to public understanding of that event cannot be measured. And it thrilled me—as a representative of the government that deals with this industry—to say to Commander Shepard the group that he was about to see.

I say to you ladies and gentlemen—I remind you what the President said in his stirring inaugural. He said: Ask not what America can do for you; ask what you can do for America. I say to you ladies and gentlemen: Ask not what broadcasting can do for you; ask what you can do for broadcasting. And ask what broadcasting can do for America.

I urge you, I urge you to put the people's airwaves to the service of the people and the cause of freedom. You must help prepare a generation for great decisions. You must help a great nation fulfil its future.

Do this! I pledge you our help. Thank you. 🌟

Anxious Skies

FLIGHT OF THE CONCORDE



Words by Matthew Turner
Illustration by Aurelie Garnier

I remember seeing Concorde on my first trip to London. As my dad and I emerged from Tower Bridge tube station, he quickly pointed up to the sky. We both ducked while we looked at Concorde going overhead, amazed but also slightly terrified; it was uncomfortably modern in comparison to the grime of the tube station. It also looked like some deformed sea creature and made an alarming crackling noise (which I now learn was normal) like it was breaking up in the sky. To me, as to everyone else who couldn't afford its extortionate ticket prices, it would remain just as an image of utopia. But its sonic boom and its ability to smash the windows of buildings it flew over was a constant reminder that most of us would never fly on it. Images of utopia have a habit of quickly turning on us like this. They reveal our fears and anxieties about the world.

In 1961, the sky was inhabited and monopolised like no other time before, and like all types of encroachment into our personal space, it was perhaps the start of a new set of anxieties. Not only did the idea of Concorde, that great techno-utopian dream, take to skies, but 1961 also saw the start of Operation Looking Glass—an airborne command and control centre for US nuclear forces that has been almost continually in the air ever since. It is also rumoured to be an intelligence gathering operation that is continually watching us from the skies, hence its rather sinister sounding name: Looking Glass, a mirror of us all.

The idea of such a harbinger of apocalypse constantly roaming the sky would induce anxiety in most people (it was nicknamed 'the doomsday plane' during the Cold War), but

Concorde was different. Or was it? Perhaps under closer inspection Concorde stands as an object of design and a utopian image, as a monument to many of our modern day ills. Another kind of looking glass in the sky.

Concorde encapsulates, in many ways, the times we live in. It seemed to be lurking in the shadows of some of the world's major events during its short life, and its history compasses a period of massive optimism in the 60s where technology was the answer to the liberation of people's movement across the world (along with everything else). After what should have been a triumphant flight to New York—after its crash in 2000—Concorde happened to be in air during the 9/11 attacks. For many involved in its development, the symbolic unity between Concorde's heroic return to the skies mixed with the possible violent use of its technology signalled the beginning of its end.

But at the time, Concorde was the epitome of luxury with its much-publicised dinners of lobster, caviar and roast guinea fowl with truffle stuffing—to name but a few selections from its inflight menu. After dining, the frequently flying superstars (including Elizabeth Taylor and Mick Jagger) would slurp Dom Pérignon 1969 champagne and pass around Havana Cigars. Like many of the celebrities that flew on the plane, the projected image of Concorde was very different from the reality itself. According to those who flew on it, the experience itself wasn't much different to any other flight. The aircraft had a much smaller fuselage than many planes, meaning narrow seats (the same as economy seats today, in fact) and small amounts of headroom.

Concorde was known for its Mac 2 speed—faster than a bullet—and its ability to travel from London to New York in under three hours; this speed couldn't be felt and was similar to any standard flight. If you were lucky enough you might have been able to see the speedometer on the front of the cabin, providing you got the best seats, of course. As with most utopian ideals, passengers mostly experienced the idea of the experience rather than the thing itself; it was a simulacrum of supersonic flight.

This thin veneer of utopia continued to the interior design, which you might have been able to take a look at once the Havana smoke had dissipated. Concorde didn't have a gleaming metallic shell celebrating the beauty of speed like earlier planes, nor did it have large windows so you could clearly see what was around you. But you could see the curvature of the earth on a good day. The interior didn't express the excitement of travel like early trains and boats, but seemed to suppress it instead. Sir Terence Conran described his design for Concorde as a 'calm interior', which conjures images of spas and relaxation. It seems the design was kept calm to stop people from getting excited, to keep them under control, to stop them from descending into a frenzy of fear at 11 miles above the earth. Concorde's interior was not designed for *luxury*—its preferred projected image. It was designed with the anxiety of what might happen if 128 ego-and-champagne-drunk passengers became too excited. Even those awkwardly small windows were determined by the calibre of the Colt 45 handgun, designed so that they could be shot at and smashed by a bullet at 50 thousand feet in the air and the passengers would still remain safe.

“Ideas of utopia only ever exist in the fantasies of our minds anyway, arguably their most liberating characteristic.”

Rather prosaic and quaint in comparison, it was left, then, to earthly practicalities of cutlery to express supersonic flight. The bespoke plates, cups, saucers and of course the all important champagne flutes—which were also designed by Terence Conran—look rather institutional, like something you would find in a hospital (the oval canapé tray, inspired by the plane’s fuselage even looks like a hospital kidney dish). The knives and forks attempted to look like the plane itself, which of course makes sense if they are thought of as implements that deliver food speedily to one’s mouth. The chromium skin and excitement of early flight flourishes in the aluminium cutlery; light shimmers across their bulbous handles, reminiscent of the planes curves and conjuring images of quicksilver speeds and the melting blurs of supersonic flight. Eating, however, is just a shit waiting to happen—flying, it is not. But then again if the same celebration of flight had been used on the interior it might have evoked some primal fear about technology going too far.

The interior of the plane has the aura of some vast, sterile life support machine, with its wipe clean surfaces and highly specialised air-conditioning. Considering this, it seems rather perverse that people were excited to merge themselves sexually with this technology by joining the ‘11-mile-high club’ in the cramped toilets. But again, they were probably aroused by the idea of this utopian supersonic vessel rather than the actual experience of it. Perhaps ideas of utopia only ever exist in the fantasies of our minds anyway, arguably their most liberating characteristic—that we are in control of their creation, and every person can have their own private utopia perfectly tailored to their needs. So instead of being *uninspiring*, maybe Concorde’s clinical interiors were the perfect blank canvases for such projections.

But apart from its design, if we examine Concorde as a spatial

experience, it includes many of the things we fear about our everyday lives. It mirrors and makes physical some of the immaterial experiences conjured by everyday technology. Concorde was never stable, not *really*; it teetered on the edge of stability and instability just to stay in the air, constantly fighting the complex forces around it. The interior was calming and minimalist, giving the idea of frictionless passage through space, just how today’s digital technologies and the interactions they propagate give the illusion of a frictionless life. On the exterior of the aircraft, however, another story was playing out, one that passengers were blissfully unaware of.

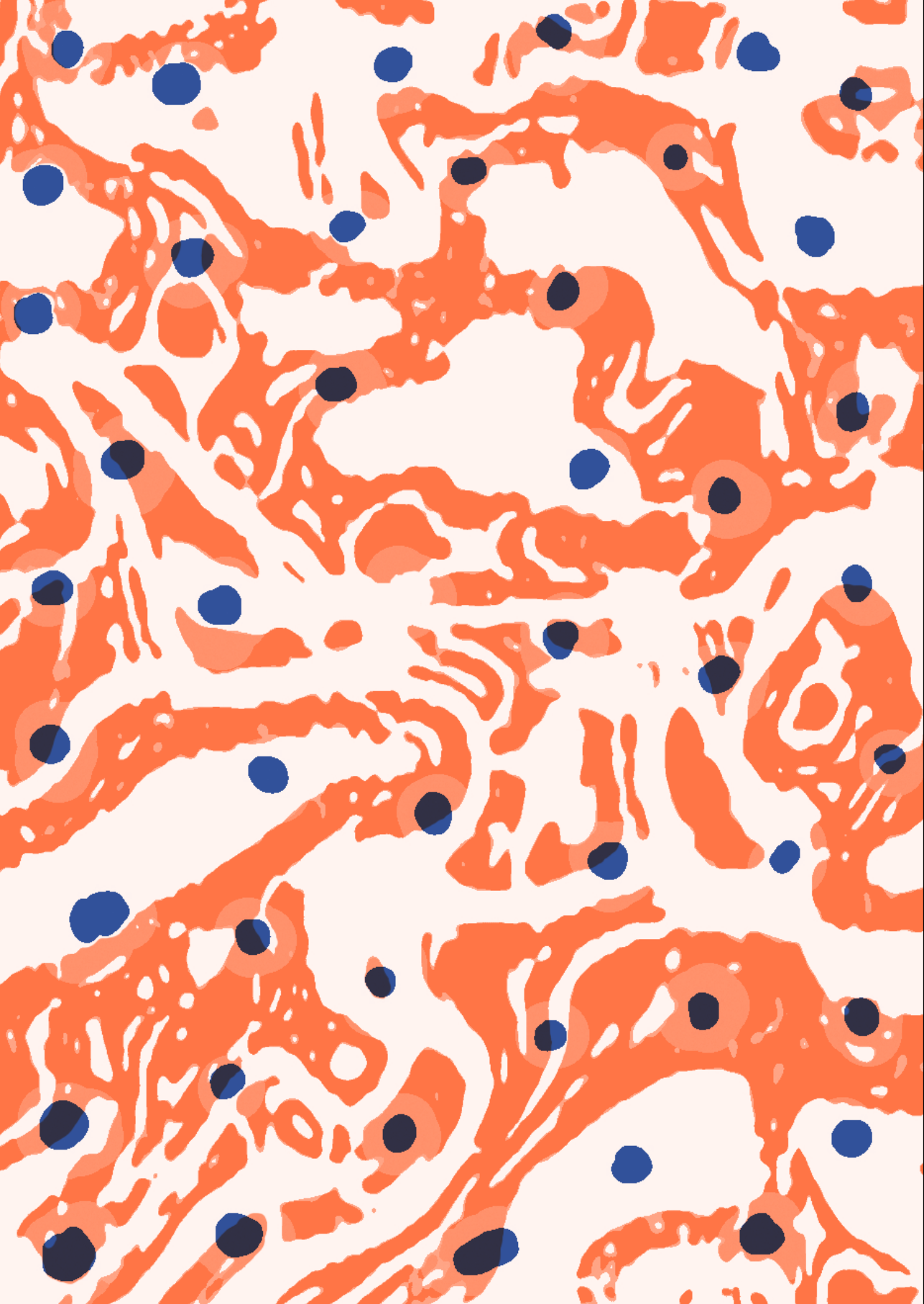
The exterior shell of the aircraft was at boiling point when it reached supersonic speeds, meaning that the whole fuselage expanded and warped by 10 inches. The expansion of the aircrafts outer skin created a gap between the pilot’s instrument panel and the outer surface of the craft giving them a place to store their hats (in Concorde’s last flight the hats were left in the gap trapping them when the aircraft shrunk again at normal temperatures).

This all seems to be a physical embodiment of our fears that life is lived too fast, and the consequent deformation of our experience and psyche this causes. It is this speed, the same speed Concorde strived for, that many feel we are ensnared by now. It has anxiety-inducing control over our lives which doesn’t come from a sinister Machiavellian mind; we have created it for ourselves. We made it by pursuing techno-utopian images such as Concorde, with all their connotations of glamour, luxury and escape, like some kind of class A drug. The more we inject them into our psyches the greater they warp and control our lives. Of course, Concorde was without doubt a great achievement and we can take pleasure in how it reflected technological progress, but pleasure can be the most terrifying thing of all. 🌱





The Crit Room



Pattern by Emilie Carlsen

The architects that were active in the pre-war years must have approached every new commission in the 1960s with equal doses of both liberation and befuddlement. The incursion of computer science and systems became applicable tools in the design process; they began understanding that the drawing board bore political and social power; it brought about the death of canonical styles with clear rules and paved paths. The truth is that the 60s not only breathed new life into the discipline, but it also brought a great sense of confusion as to what an architect ought to do. The Crit Room comes back in this issue wanting to entangle some of the most incisive actions and reactions produced in these years, by putting the morphologies of a selection buildings and built objects under study.

Using axonometrics and photographs as architectural tools for critique alongside texts, the Crit Room revisits buildings found around the globe, and even one in the sky. First, we seek inspiration with The Beatles, and we look to their concerts to study their various building typologies. Looking at a different icon, we then observe the golden arches of McDonald's, an odd precursor of Postmodernist principles, before looking at how the Berlin Wall represented the temporal loss of Friedrich Schinkel's architectural legacy. Eager to discover what exists beyond the walls we build in our planet, we board a rocket to address the limits between reality and fiction in outer space. From above, we then see how one particular bridge crossing the River Drina serves as an example of paradoxically linking historically deviant territories. Finally, a discussion on tropical Modernism turns a university campus into a symbol of ongoing political conflicts. As in any Crit Room, drawings and arguments are presented here to be commented upon and argued against. Hopefully, these will make you wonder whether their liberating and challenging aspirations have been accepted today or still remain to be accomplished.

Beat Quartet

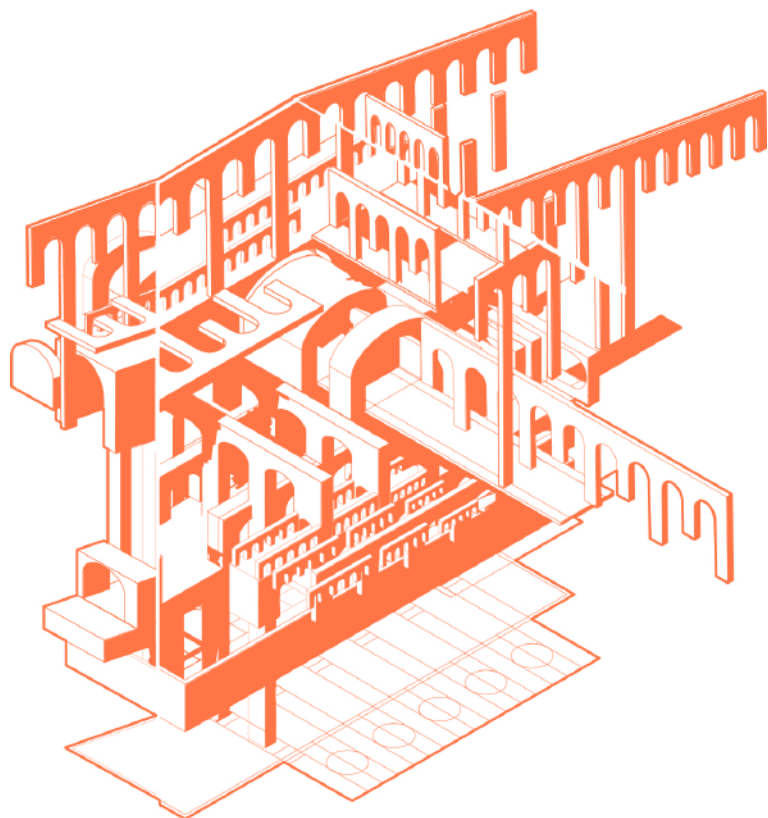
FOUR BACKDROPS FOR THE FAB FOUR



Rob's Room, 1988. Photography: elston. License CC BY-NC-ND 2.0, source bit.ly/2vZL350.

Words by Gregorio Astengo
Drawings by Kenismael Santiago

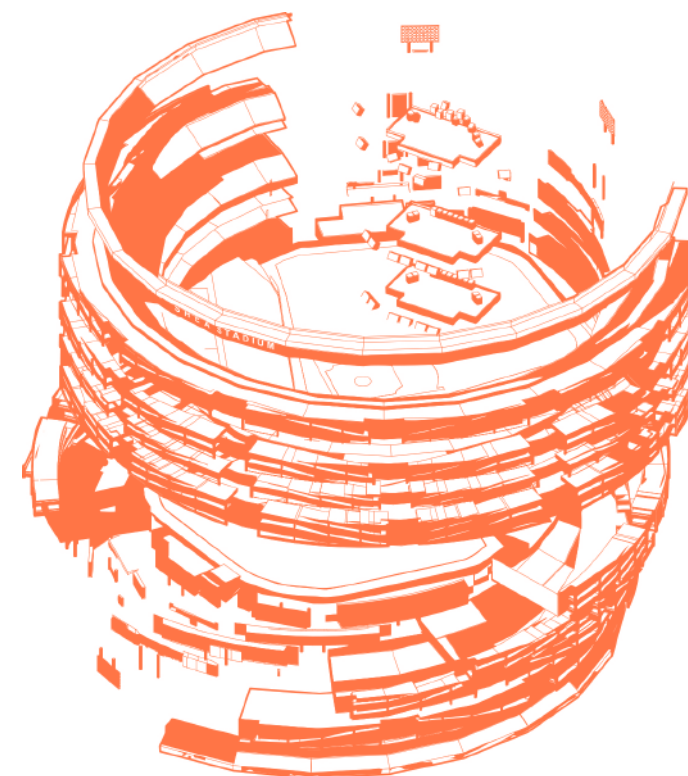
The cultural phenomenon known as Beatlemania has pretty much defined the social narratives of 1960s pop-rock music. To this day, The Beatles are widely accepted as the most influential popular trend of that decade, arguably of the century, possibly of all time. The legacy of the four musicians from Liverpool is still embedded in sounds, images, quotes, fashion and, as we are about to see, architecture. By looking at the decade-long career of the group, a corresponding quartet of scenes emerges: four locations that, perhaps a bit unexpectedly, were facilitators of their own typological redefinition; four buildings that, in four distinct seasons of the 1960s, were redrawn, revamped and reborn through The Beatles' musical upsurge.



Shrine

Autumn 1961. On a cold November day, 27-year-old Brian Epstein walked in a dusty nightclub in Liverpool. That day he saw for the first time four charming musicians playing on the tiny stage of the Cavern Club, during an averagely attended lunchtime session, and was immediately hooked. The Cavern had opened in 1957 in an old warehouse cellar, supposedly inspired by the celebrated Parisian Caveau de la Huchette, another jazzy cave of dubious reputation. The underground club was a rather uncomfortable place, small, smoky and smelly—the heart of that grotto being just a handful of square metres covered by arches and a low barrel vault. During the early 60s the club was at the peak of its worldly notoriety and was often overcrowded

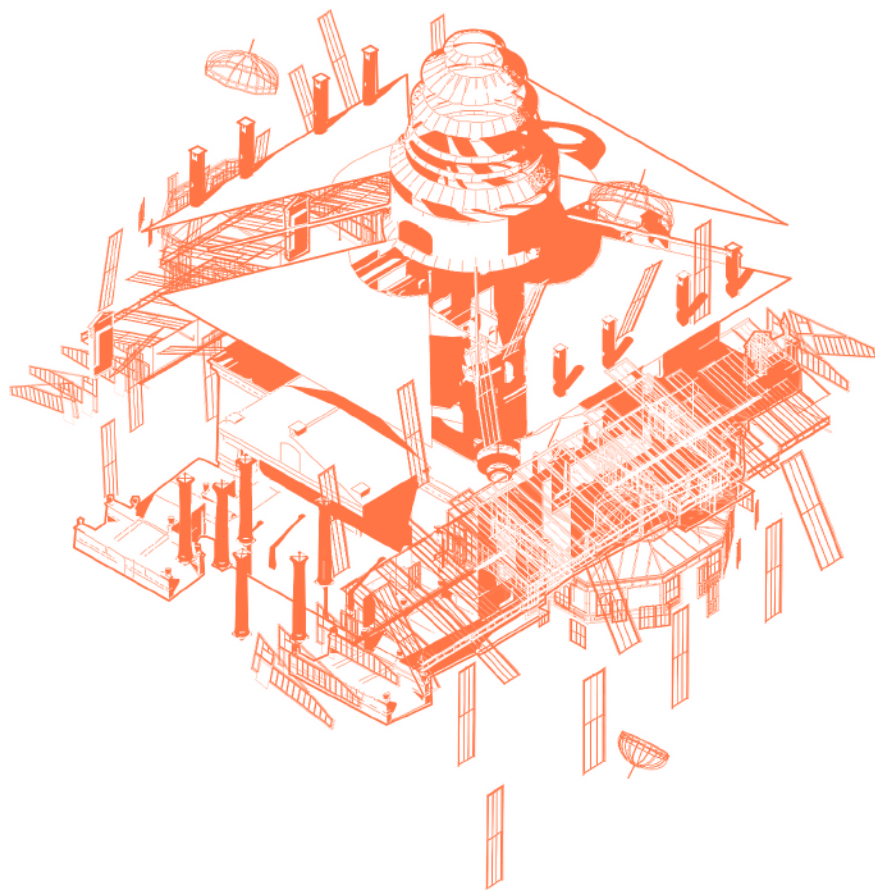
with pop music fans, young Beats and old Liverpoolians. It was there, in the shadows of a dusty cocoon of bricks and stone, that the Four became 'Fabs'. As history tells us, after that momentous encounter Brian quickly became The Beatles' fabled producer, in many ways responsible for projecting the group out of the shadows and into stardom. As a consequence, the Cavern's bricks quickly turned into holy relics. After a period of abandonment, in the early 1980s the run-down club reopened, a few blocks away but with the same bricks 'touched' by The Beatles and savaged from the original cave. Today, despite having changed grounds, the place still stands as a site of pilgrimage, the 'womb' from which the Four were truly born.



Colosseum

Summer 1965. Shea Stadium, Queens, New York City. On a warm mid-August night, 55,600 spectators looked down from their seats towards the centre of the baseball field. But there was no game that night. Instead, thousands of girls suddenly started shouting their lungs out, cheering, crying and fainting, while down there on the field, four small figures walked up to the mics. Conversely, thousands of parents, concerned and befuddled, observed their teenage daughters as they transformed the arena into an amphitheatre of hysterical clamour and vehement hair-pulling. Meanwhile the four young Brits, elegantly identical in their grey uniforms and perfect 'mop-top' cuts, played with composure a dozen of their hits. The brand new stadium, opened to host Major League Baseball

games just the year before, became the stage of a different kind of home run that night. That was the biggest music concert ever hosted in a major stadium, setting an unprecedented bar for all future musical performances, with record-breaking attendance, revenues and decibel level. Indeed, despite the several dozen metres standing between the stage and the seating crowd, from second base the music of The Beatles was hardly perceivable. Special amps were made for the occasion, but they were not enough to cover the desperate screaming of an army of adolescents, all severely sick with Beatle-fever. What was briefly just an unusual concert venue, quickly turned into the arena of a gladiator fight, between four musicians and a wall of high-pitched roars.



Hothouse

Spring 1966. Little after the tumultuous night at Shea, weary of years on tour and charged with musical creativeness, The Beatles decided to retire from their life on the road. The problem of how to promote their music while keeping a distance from the stage was solved in the Neo-Classical grounds of Chiswick House. Lord Burlington's Neo-Palladian villa in South West London and more specifically its highly experimental 18th Century gardens and the early 19th Century conservatory became the setting of a newly-invented film genre: the music video. Two unusual promos for the singles "Paperback Writer" and "Rain" featured the four musicians among the orchards and the classical statues of William Kent's Roman-style garden. The two short videos look like tributes to the colourful and decadent

greenery of the mansion, a pair of odes to the Italian *hortus*. George Harrison, Paul McCartney and John Lennon calmly play their unplugged instruments while in the background Ringo Starr, no drumsticks in sight, waves his head in peaceful harmony while sitting on a classical pedestal, leaning against a giant vase, or staring intensely into the camera. The outdoors cinematic staging of a mimed musical performance was so unheard of that in a later interview, George Harrison humbly commented that, in a way, The Beatles were responsible for creating MTV. Indeed, the absolutely uneventful surrealism of these scenes perfectly anticipates decades of dazzling, costly televised music. All that started alongside Burlington's Palladian homage.



Grandstand

Winter 1969. The closing chapter of this four-act pièce couldn't but be an unforgettable last concert. Already well into break-up mode, The Beatles decided, quickly over the course of one night, to spice things up one more time and do, once again, something unique. The legendary show, performed on a chilling January morning on the rooftop of The Beatles' Apple Studios in Savile Row, London, was to all intents and purposes, an improvised and unannounced urban coup. Alan Parsons, at the time 21 and an engineer at Abbey Road Studios, still recalls running hastily to the supermarket to buy pantyhose (that's right, pantyhose) to protect the mics from wind noise. Indeed, the day was freezing. From the recordings, we hear John complaining: "hands too cold to play the chords". The Fab Four, with fur coats and more generous facial hair,

looked like wise men, content and peaceful. Down on the streets of London, passersby stopped, looked up and quickly begun conquering every adjacent roof or window, trying to get the best view possible. Pipe-smoking businessmen, workers and incredulous students climbed fire escapes, scaffoldings and private stairs, in an act of urban reclaim. The roof of Savile Row was turned, in true Beatles-style, into the most intimate of stages, calling the audience for one last ride, free of charge. The concert was interrupted by police officers after little over 40 minutes. A few last words came from John, who famously closed The Beatles' final concert possibly referring to their entire decade-long journey with the perfect farewell: "thank you on behalf of the group and ourselves and I hope we passed the audition!"

Death of a Mascot

UNSUNG VICTIM OF POSTMODERNITY

Words by Stylianos Giamarelos
Drawing by Kenismael Santiago



Photography: Ben FrantzDale. License CC BY-NC-SA 2.0, source bit.ly/2x5nly

Architectural history consists of deaths and murders, a relentless succession of 'this will kill that'. It is a story that goes back to the late Middle Ages, when Archdeacon Frolo, the fictional character in Victor Hugo's *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, posited that "the book will kill the edifice". The invention of typography eventually turned architecture into a bare skeletal polyhedron. Surrendering its main symbolic function to the printed page, architectural form degenerated to "the cold and inexorable lines of geometry". Five centuries later, Robert Venturi described cathedrals like Frolo's Notre Dame as billboards with a building attached. The postmodern architect's notion of 'the decorated shed' registered the divide long prophesied by the medieval Archdeacon: the symbolic and the structural were two distinct functions of architecture. This is why Venturi in turn revelled in the gargantuan neon signs of the Las Vegas Strip. Rich in a symbolism separated from their architecture, they showed the way forward for a modernism that was only producing 'dead ducks' at the time. Effectively stripped of this external symbolism, these modernist structures were only self-referential monuments to a dated industrialism and vacant space. However, the story of the relation of the shed to the sign was not as straightforward as Venturi originally thought. Rather tellingly, it involved yet another murder long hidden in the shadows of architectural historiography.

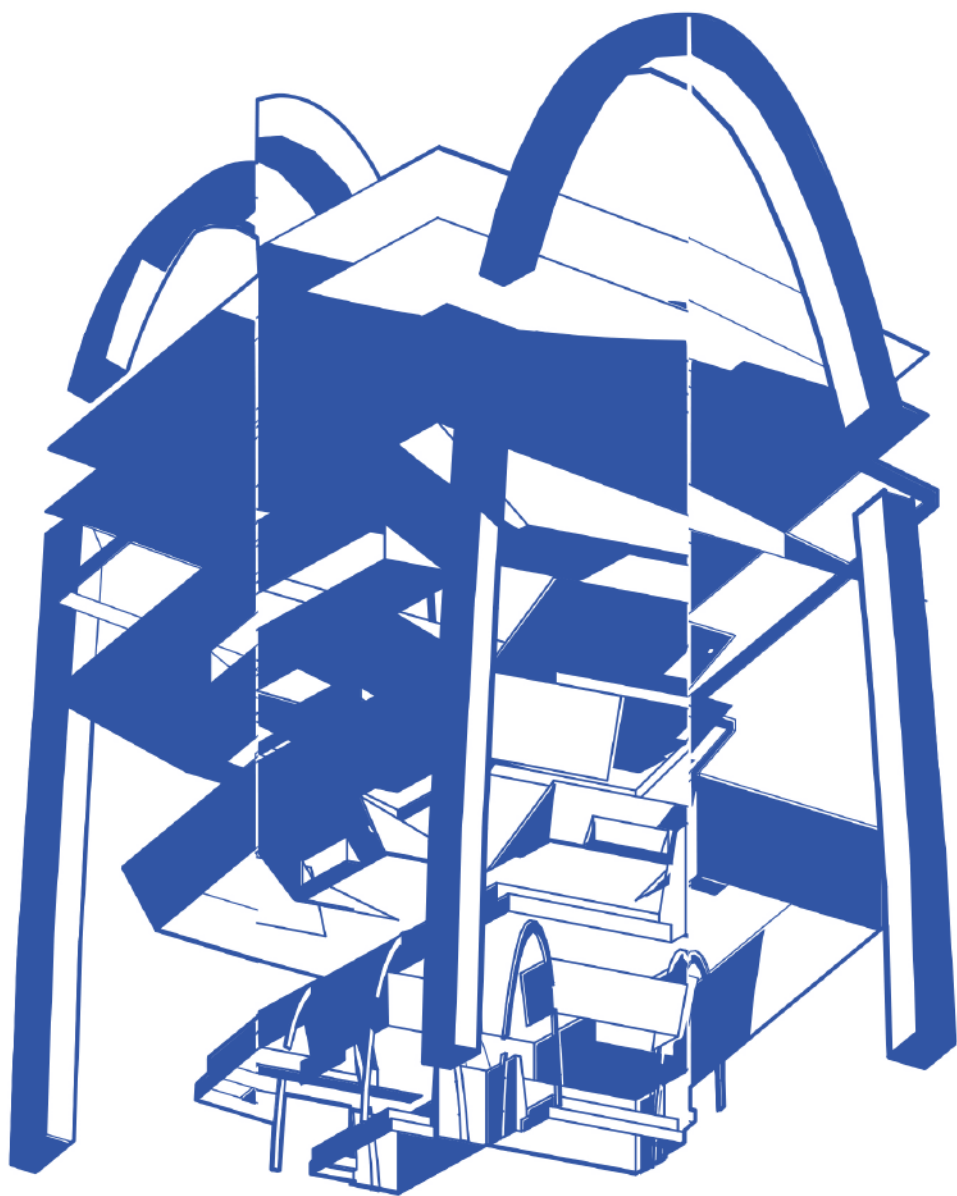
"Boomerang Modern, Palette Curvilinear, Flash Gordon Ming-Alert Spiral, McDonald's Hamburger Parabola, Mint Casino Elliptical, Miami Beach Kidney..." The founder of New Journalism, Tom Wolfe, recounts the eye-catching neon signs as he cruises the Vegas Strip in the mid-1960s. Unbeknownst to both Wolfe and Venturi, the McDonald's Parabola is the odd one out in this

series of logos. Thanks to the work of historians like Alan Hess and John Love from the mid-1980s onwards, we now know the minutiae of the Big M story. It is an unconventional tale of architecture with a vengeance, a story that shows that the shed was not as inert as Venturi thought. The architecture of the McDonald's shed actually went as far as killing Speedee, the brand's original mascot, to become the decorative logo in the oversized sign.

It all started in 1948, when a young Richard McDonald (and his brother, Maurice) had a stand in San Bernardino, California. More specifically, they had an octagonal, sparsely decorated drive-in hamburger shed. The two brothers replaced the slower carhop with a walk-up self-service that centred on a few popular items served in paper packages. They knew that this speedy self-service system of assembly-line standards was the key to their increasing popularity. This is why they named their mascot, the chubby character in a chef's hat that featured on the original McDonald's sign, Speedee.

Wanting to revamp the place to mirror their tremendous success, in 1952 the two brothers worked with their architect, Stanley Clark Meston. Capitalising on the two brothers' practical experience, the architect's layout polished and showcased the efficiency of their services. Queuing in the shadow of the cantilevered sloping roof, customers could now witness the clean kitchen with the red-and-white tile walls through expansive glass surfaces.

To render their stand more visible from the high-way, Richard McDonald came up with a first sketch of the iconic golden arches. In the hands of Meston, and his peer Richard Fish, this crude sketch turned into the sophisticated design of the McDonald's parabolas. Design-wise, the arches did not interfere with the efficient spatial



Photography: Rob Corder. License CC-BY-NC 2.0, source bit.ly/2wzrcr9

layout. Appended to the sides, they were also self-supported. In other words, the arches had no structural function. They were architectural elements deliberately conceived as signs that would attract the drivers' attention. The arches soon became a McDonald's trademark. This earned them a place on the sign alongside Speedee. Looming in the shadows, they waited for the right moment to pull the trigger and take the mascot's place.

By 1960, the firm opened its 200th store in the United States. Spreading across the country, all these new stands featured the arches as their distinctive architectural elements. A year later, Ray Kroc, the man behind the success of the franchise, acquired the original McDonald's stands from the two brothers. By the end of 1961, death was speedily approaching Speedee. Market research had shown that, more than anything else, customers identified McDonald's with the golden arches. Thanks to Kroc's exceptional entrepreneurial skills, the giant McDonald's parabola became ubiquitous and synonymous with hamburgers in the North American landscape. Speedee had in turn become redundant. Side by side, the instantly recognisable golden arches formed the familiar Big M logo that took his place.

The arches of the original stand were thus immortalised in the form of the logo. The ultra-modern form of the parabola was behind the postmodern sign of McDonald's at the Vegas Strip. This logotypisation of the architectural element possibly expresses the postmodern *Zeitgeist* more accurately than the explosive demolition of the Pruitt-Igoe. It marks the moment when the modern architectural element can only survive as an empty word, a logo attached as a sign on top of the decorated shed. The McDonald's stand was never a Venturian 'duck' in the sense of a 'hamburger-shaped hamburger stand'. In this case, it was the subtle association of the parabola with the brand that constituted the building's 'duckness'. In other words, the McDonald's stand was an instance of modern design that had not produced a 'dead duck'. From the outset, the golden arches connoted a burger brand, not a fascination with a dated industrialism.

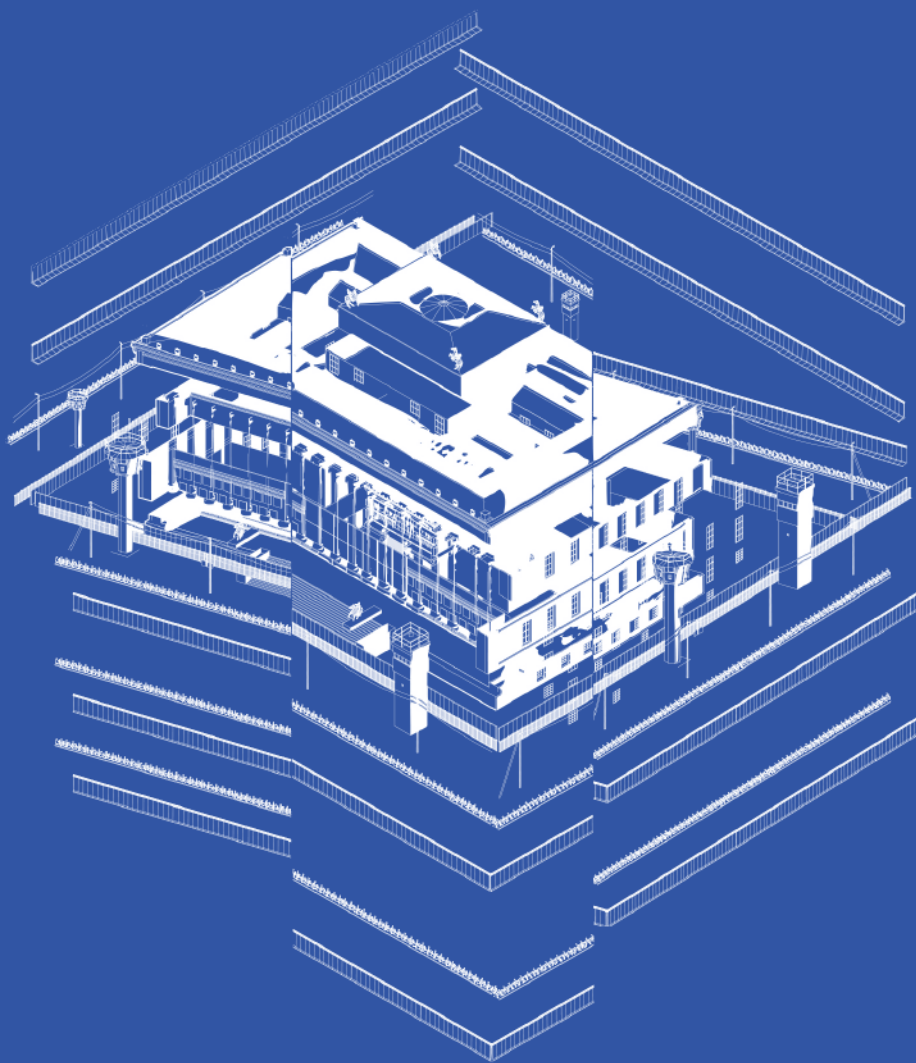
Speedee, the unsung victim of the McDonald's success story, rests in peace ever since. Unacknowledged by architectural historians up to this date, his tragic fate is yet another sign that, to really appreciate architecture, you may even need to commit a murder.☛



Photography: Ben Frantz/Dale Gribble. License: CC BY-NC-SA 2.0, source bit.ly/2iX4NoL

Hidden Behind the Wall

SCHINKEL'S EXILE



Words by Emma Letizia Jones
Drawing by Kenismael Santiago

The last 25 or so years have seen a great revival of interest in the work of the early 19th Century Prussian architect Karl Friedrich Schinkel (1781–1841). The availability of exhibition catalogues on Schinkel's architectural drawings now abound, not to mention an increasing number of books and articles inviting a reappraisal of Schinkel's work from scholars as diverse as Barry Bergdoll, Kurt Forster, Andreas Haus, Jean-Francois Lejeune and Fritz Neumeyer. But from a 40 year period roughly spanning between the onset of the Second World War and the early 1980s, there was very little new material to be found on what many consider to be the German-speaking world's greatest architect. Even the output of the currently 22-volume German-language *Lebenswerk* series—a somewhat dry, yet methodical and reliable catalogue raisonné of Schinkel's projects begun in 1939—trailed off in the late 1960s, only to be revived again around the year 2000 with a proliferation of new volumes.

What could have accounted for this Schinkel-sized 'black hole' during the middle of the 20th Century? The answer is twofold; firstly, it concerns a certain discomfort felt by German scholars after the war in discussing or promoting Germany's neoclassical tradition, whose symbols had previously been co-opted so forcefully by the National Socialism in its search for an architectural style emblematic of the regime. Not even Schinkel's buildings, at least for some time, were able fully to escape this taint. The other part of the story is more complex. It involves the erection of the Berlin wall in 1961, which, as it separated the city into two halves, also partitioned the Schinkel archives. This was certainly one of the less obvious indignities suffered by the Schinkel legacy as a result of the Second World

War which, among others, more prominently included the wholesale destruction of Schinkel's numerous Berlin palace interiors and the near-flattening of his most important public buildings for the city in the 1945 assault on Berlin.

When the ruthless physical presence of the Berlin wall was established, many of Schinkel's buildings found themselves on the less accessible (at least by the West) East side of it, and those that didn't, were often too close to the boundary for comfort. This applied in particular to the Schinkel palaces and gardens in Potsdam, just outside the city. Schinkel's Schloss and Casino Glienicke, for example, fell into slow decay during the Cold War due to their inconvenient position overlooking the Glienicke Bridge, where government agents were exchanged on a number of occasions between the Soviet Union and the United States. Yet it is the division of the Schinkel archives that has proved to be the most critical factor in the lack of widespread dissemination of Schinkel's work in the 50 years after the war, leading John Zukowsky, the co-curator—with Kurt Forster—of the 1994 Chicago exhibition on Schinkel, to exclaim: "Karl Friedrich Schinkel. Who was he? Why is his name so little recognised in America?"

The reason for Zukowsky's confusion can be explained by the fact that the entire Schinkel Drawing Archive was housed in East Berlin: kept from 1966 onwards in a basement room at the Altes Museum. It is certainly true that the GDR were active in organising their own exhibitions of materials from the archive during this time: there were two significant exhibitions in Berlin in 1981, one in Hamburg in 1982, and even one further afield in Venice in the same year. Yet even as late as 1988, the manoeuvres required for an outsider to view the collection were not insignificant: Zukowsky, a visitor from

America, described crossing the checkpoints at Friedrichstrasse in that year and being led down to the basement of the Altes Museum by the then-curator of the GDR Schinkel archive, Gottfried Riemann, whereupon Schinkel's drawings were revealed to him as precious jewels. These drawings had already been relocated numerous times prior to Zukowsky's viewing; evacuated from Berlin during the war, they were for a time stored in the Flak Tower at the Berlin Zoo. After the war ended, the entire collection was taken to the Soviet Union, where it sustained significant storage damage, and only returned to East Berlin in late 1958. After reunification, the archive became part of the Staatliche Museen zu Berlin Collection, and moved to the Kupferstichkabinett in the newly built Kulturforum at Potsdamer Platz. Since that time Schinkel's drawings have been made increasingly accessible to non-German audiences through exhibitions and their accompanying catalogues, and above all through the very recent digitisation of the majority of the drawing collection into a database available, since 2013, for viewing online.

Since the collapse of the GDR and the dismantling of the Berlin Wall from 1989, questions of how Berlin should be successfully reunited, and to what ends its identity as a city should be sculpted through architecture, have reignited an interest in Schinkel's projects not just in and of themselves, but also insofar as they have—and always had—the monumental power and resonance to create a unified context. Yet, perhaps more disappointingly, other aspects of the recent cultural interest in Schinkel have been fuelled by dangerous nostalgia by politicians and interest groups, which link the Biedermeier era with a 'golden age', and wish to uncritically reconstruct the city in order to wipe away the later machinations of history. There is no clearer evidence of this tendency than the municipal decision-making that led to the reconstruction of Schlüter's Royal Palace on the Spree Island: a building almost as absurd and ungainly at the time of its construction as it appears now, in its new steel-and-concrete iteration.

In Potsdam's New Palace, Frederick the Great's great folly of 1769, a scrawl of red painted Soviet graffiti yawns out from behind the gilded frames of the paintings hung in one of the rooms still awaiting renovation. There is perhaps no clearer motif than this for the ramifications of 1961 on

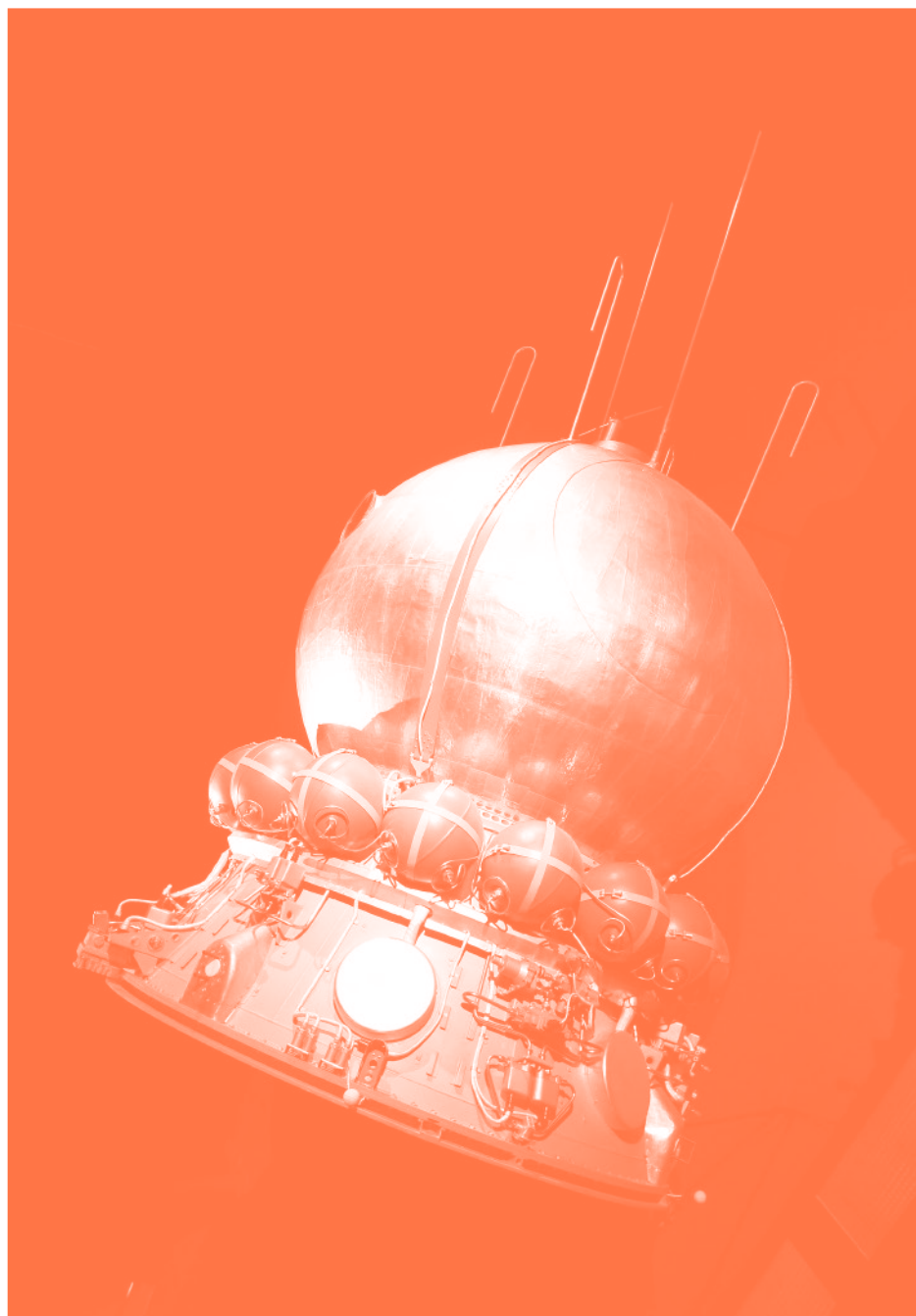


Photography: Andreas Lehnert, License: CC BY 2.0, source: bit.ly/2wz3j8R

the architectural legacy of Berlin and all the confusions and contradictions that still remain to be reconciled in its built environment. With this in mind, we might say that the recent renaissance of Schinkel beyond German borders is welcome. But we must also concede that it raises sensitive questions concerning who owns the traces of his genius, who has the right to decide how his legacy is used, and more broadly, who wields the cultural narratives that shape our histories. 🌱

Space Architecture

PORTAL TO A NEW REALM



Photography: Pline. License: CC BY-SA 3.0 Source: bit.ly/2vjfAlv

Words by David Nixon
Drawing by Kenismael Santiago

Space architecture is an umbrella term applied, for want of something better, to space stations, outposts, bases and settlements beyond Earth. That is to say, anything from low Earth orbit outwards into the cosmos. It is concerned with habitats that support human and plant life in extremely hostile and remote places. It is a field that, at maximum stretch, is roughly 100 years old. Its origins lie in the work of theoreticians and engineers such as Konstantin Tsiolkovsky and Wernher von Braun who envisioned early ideas, and in the seductive images by space artists and illustrators such as Chesley Bonestell and Robert McCall who depicted alien planets and moons up close, rich in feature and colour, and the missions that humans might one day conduct to them. Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, a schoolteacher from Kaluga in Russia, was among the first to develop the theories of spaceflight shortly before the First World War, when he sketched an idea for a doughnut-shaped space station. In a magazine article in the 1950s, Wernher von Braun, an aerospace engineer and developer of the V-2 and Saturn V rockets, contemplated a rotating wheel-shaped space station to provide artificial gravity. Before the advent of human spaceflight in 1961, ideas like these about what existence beyond Earth might be like were optimistic, futuristic and occasionally fantastic. Based on a frothy brew of theory and imagination, they had yet to come to grips with the huge technical challenges of launching anything into space.

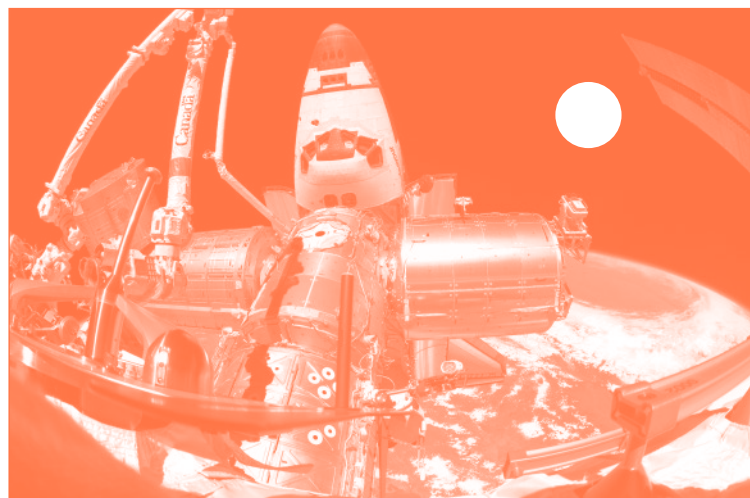
But all that changed in 1961. On 12 April, Yuri Gagarin became the first human in space aboard *Vostok 1* and for the first time in history mankind ventured beyond Earth. Crammed into a capsule just 2.3 metres in diameter, Gagarin probed the threshold of space and, orbiting the Earth just once, showed it could be done.

Vostok 1 unleashed an international space race and a chain of staggering technical advances and innovations in America and the Soviet Union that led to the first human landing on the Moon in 1969 and the first human outposts on Earth's orbit from 1973 onwards.

Gagarin's 1961 flight opened up a portal to a new realm for architects and industrial designers. Later in the 1960s they began to get involved with spacecraft interiors. In the Soviet Union, Galina Balashova, an architect at the Experimental Design Bureau OKB-1, worked on the interior layout of Soviet Soyuz orbiting outposts. In America, Raymond Loewy, an industrial designer who conceived the Exxon and TWA logos, Air Force One's livery and the Coca-Cola bottle, worked on the crew quarters for *Skylab*, America's first orbital outpost.

Though living in space became a reality by the early 1970s, imagination followed close on its heels and its practitioners began to portray the massive space structures and sophisticated space settlements that might evolve from these early beginnings. In 1968, just one year before Neil Armstrong's and Buzz Aldrin's *Apollo 11* landing on the moon, Stanley Kubrick released his stunning science fiction epic, *2001: A Space Odyssey*, based on a tale by Arthur C. Clarke. Kubrick's film and the first moon landing together presented the public worldwide with a binary vision of what space exploration was like. Fact and fiction voyaged into space together in the late 1960s. Fact demonstrated what was actually possible with the leading-edge technology of the day, while fiction speculated on what was conceivable with the extrapolation of that technology into the future.

Kubrick was a fanatic for getting into details and getting them right in his film, aided by his special effects expert Douglas Trumbull. In the second part of the film, there is a scene inside



a spacecraft bearing Dr. Heywood Floyd to the huge rotating space station on Earth's orbit. Carrying two meal trays she has taken from the galley, a white-suited flight attendant enters a circular chamber shaped like a ring. Stepping carefully around its inner perimeter in her surface-grip shoes, she rotates her body through 180° in slow motion until she is upside down to the centreline camera and exits sideways through a hatch to the flight deck. Kubrick commissioned the construction of a mechanically rotating set of the spacecraft's fuselage to convey the special effect of weightlessness in the constrained flight attendant's movements, otherwise impos-sible to achieve in Earth's gravity. It was the best he could do at the time as no one had yet floated freely in space. In less than half a century, the impossible became possible. Astronaut Sunita Williams, who commanded the 33rd expedition team on the International Space Station in November 2012, made a video of a guided tour of the station during which she performed a routine that was remarkably similar to Kubrick's scene. This time the circular chamber was part of a module that contained four crew sleeping compartments, arranged at 90° radials around the cross-section. Rotating her weightless body through 90° increments in front of another centred camera, Williams elegantly demonstrated how to float freely into and out of each com-partment in turn. The reality of spaceflight had caught up with the earlier imagination of it and reality was altogether more alluring.

Kubrick and Trumbull fleshed out their film designs and sets in the utmost detail that pushed the technical limits of simulated space stations

and space vehicles based on the available knowledge at the time. Yet neither they nor anyone else could foresee the exquisite mechanical complexity and anatomical intricacy of the world's first two space stations that arrived on orbit beginning in 1986. As examples of architecture, they were the quintessence of high-tech. Never before had mankind devised structures of such precision to support human life anywhere. Yet, the pressurised modules of the Russian Mir Station first launched in 1986 and the International Space Station first launched in 1998 were *crafted* not *manufactured* technological masterpieces. They had more in common with Charles Babbage's difference engine or John Harrison's marine chronometers than with an A380 aircraft or a London Routemaster bus. They were bespoke technology of the highest quality with their roots in Gagarin's 1961 flight.

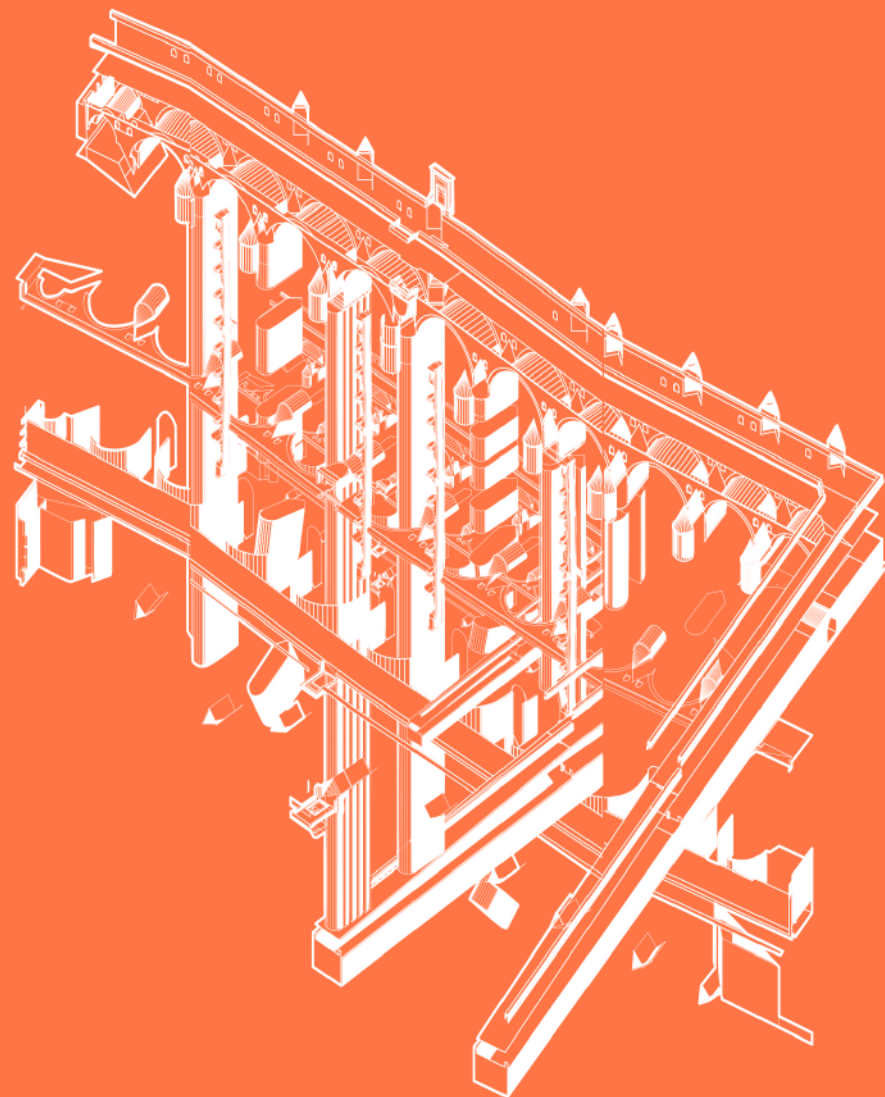
In the afterglow of the International Space Station's high-tech success, the pendulum has swung back to the past and imagination once again prevails over reality. Recent illustrations of future habitats on the surface of the Moon or Mars are as seductive and compelling as their predecessors of the last century. With their realistic attention to detail, they spice up an endless stream of studies and reports of mostly American origin on where to go next in the Solar System and what to do there. Grounded in inertia and indecision by the lack of visionary political leadership and bold international consensus that forged the Station in the 1980s, these new visions, to borrow Prospero's phrase, remain such stuff as dreams are made of. Further space architecture is on hold. 🌌

Photography: NASA



The Metaphor of the Bridge

IVO ANDRIĆ AND THE BRIDGE OVER THE DRINA



Words by Dragan Pavlović
Drawing by Kenismael Santiago

"From all of what man, following his life instinct, builds and erects, nothing is better and more valuable in my eyes than bridges. Belonging to everyone and being equal to all, useful, they are always built with a purpose, at a place where the most of people's needs intersect, they are more durable than any other building and they serve no purpose of anything occult or evil."
– Ivo Andrić

In 1961 the Nobel Prize in literature was awarded to Yugoslav writer and ex-diplomat Ivo Andrić, with the highlights on his masterpiece novel *The Bridge over the Drina*. Andrić's book is a story about the resistant nature of bridges—a life metaphor prevailing over conflicts and divisions. This message resonated in the world of literature and sciences at the beginning of the 1960s as a silent response to the rise of ideological divisions between Eastern and Western Europe, manifested through the construction of the Berlin Wall. But Andrić's book also gave us a unique architectural representation of a bridge as a metaphysical symbol, constructed through the social history of generations of local people in Bosnia and Serbia, whose lives, passions and sufferings during many years of wars were embedded in the bridge's narrative.

In his book, Andrić writes a chronicle about a bridge built near Višegrad—a small Bosnian town where he spent his childhood. The river Drina had been a natural wall between cultures and civilisations since Roman Emperor Diocletian split the empire in East and West in the third Century—the border between the two parts of the empire following the natural valley of this river. In the late 19th Century and beginning of the 20th Century, when Andrić was a little boy living in Višegrad,

the river Drina was also a border between two European empires—the Ottoman and the Austro-Hungarian. Today, it divides people from ex-Yugoslavia in two countries: Serbia and Bosnia and Herzegovina. The bridge over the Drina is, thus, more than an architectural structure. It symbolises the daring attempt of bridging a historically complex geographical, political and cultural division.

The person that first initiated the construction of the bridge in Višegrad in the 16th Century was Grand Vezir Mehmed Paša Sokolović. He was born in a Serbian Orthodox family in Bosnia, and—as it happened with many Christian children in the Ottoman Empire at the time—was enslaved at the age of 10, religiously converted and trained to be an Ottoman soldier. During the time of his military service for the Ottoman Empire, Sokolović gained the highest ranks and honours, becoming a member of the inner circle of Sultans. Despite having such a traumatic childhood, he worked on the cultural links between Muslim and Christian populations, and the bridge over the Drina—located where he saw his mother for the last time—stands as one of his manifestos.

Sokolović ordered the design of the bridge to the chief Ottoman architect Mimar Sinan, better known today for his Süleymaniye Mosque in Istanbul. Constructed in the period 1571–1577, the bridge has 11 wide, slightly pointed arches. It reflects the monumental stonemasonry infrastructure with a blend of Islamic and Renaissance styles. A widened area in the middle of the 179.5 metres-long bridge has two stone benches on both sides and a memory stone with an inscription acknowledging Sokolović as a main investor. Although the construction process entailed unpaid labour of local people, it also supposed the integration of various cultures coexisting in the Balkans. Andrić points out that the Ottoman

developers even engaged builders and stonemasons from Dalmatia—the territory under the influence of Venetian Western culture.

Initially built to connect two sides of the Drina within one strong Empire, the bridge changed its role and purpose during dramatic historical turn-overs. After a long period of Ottoman rule at the Balkans, the Serbian upraise in 1804 made the Drina a modern type of border between different countries. Andrić describes the bridge through the life of local people who would use it as either a gathering point when the Drina was not a

borderline or else as a place to avoid when the bridge turned into a military checkpoint and execution site. He finishes the book with the moment when the bridge was partly destroyed in WWI—a metaphorical sacrifice of the physical bridge for building a cultural and political one between nations from both sides of the river.

Although mainly discussed in social and political contexts, Andrić's *The Bridge over the Drina* is also valuable as an exercise of architectural social history. By writing about the events related to the bridge over three centuries, Andrić challenges time and space in three figurative stages: *pre-figuration*, with Sokolović's idea of building the bridge at the place of his deepest trauma caused by violent separation from his family; *configuration*, as the process of its construction through the sacrifice of local workers, and *re-figuration*, illustrated by the bridge's functional changes and symbolisms due to political shifts. This way, Andrić integrates different historical events to represent a sort of transcendental architecture, not only in its material sense but also in an immaterial domain.

The author's fascination with bridges as an architectural and metaphysical symbol is also evident in his earlier texts. In the article "The Bridges" published in 1933, he mentions that all expressions of human life—thoughts, efforts, views, smiles, words—are like passages from one to the other side of a river. Crossing a bridge is a metaphor for our everyday intention to overcome disorder, death or meaninglessness. "That is because", Andrić states, "everything is a transition, a bridge whose ends fade into eternity, and according to which all terrestrial bridges are only childish toys, pale symbols. And, all our hopes are on the other side."

By writing in an objective chronicle style Andrić allows the history of the bridge to 'speak' for itself, recognising its architecture as a physical and spiritual link between civilisations and cultures. In the end, Andrić's *The Bridge over the Drina* stresses the fact that an architecture built with the purpose of connecting people and ideas is permanently under construction—a continuous process of associating life events and places in which experiences and identities are constituted. The way we understand this kind of architecture is the way we build ourselves and our world. We should think about this every time we take a piece of stone to start building a wall or a bridge—the choice is ours.✿



Image courtesy of Belgrad City Museum

Rotated Angles

TROPICAL MODERNISM AND
THE QUEST FOR A NATIONAL IDENTITY



Images courtesy of the UPR Architecture and Construction Archive, Henry Klumb Collection. Photography: Alexandre Georges

Words by Francisco Javier Rodríguez
Drawing by Kenismael Santiago

When president John F. Kennedy signed the Alliance for Progress in Uruguay in 1961, he initiated a new epoch regarding US-Latin American relations:

“...we propose to complete the revolution of the Americas, to build a hemisphere where all men can hope for a suitable standard of living and all can live out their lives in dignity and in freedom. To achieve this goal political freedom must accompany material progress...Let us once again transform the American Continent into a vast crucible of revolutionary ideas and efforts, a tribute to the power of the creative energies of free men and women, an example to all the world that liberty and progress walk hand in hand.”

The Alliance consisted in a 10-year economic collaboration plan that saw US aid to the Latin region nearly triple between 1960 and 1961. The plan called for a yearly increase of per capita income, the eradication of adult illiteracy, the adoption of democratic governments, fair income distribution and land reform, among others. Puerto Rico's Governor Luis Muñoz Marín was a close friend of President Kennedy and his administrator Teodoro Moscoso became the coordinator of JFK's Latin American Alliance *for Progress*.

Between the prosperous North and the great potential down South, the Caribbean region presented itself as a microcosms of a larger geopolitical chess board. The 1950s began with Puerto Rico finally electing its own Governor and ended with Fidel Castro celebrating a triumphant Cuban Revolution. Castro would declare himself a Marxist-Leninist and embrace Soviet Socialism, while Puerto Rico remained an American territory—a colonial experiment in relative autonomy, which could not vote for the President who would send its youth to the Vietnam War. In Puerto Rico, a referendum was held to amend its Constitution,

changing the text in the PR Federal Relations Act that regulated the Island's debt-incurring powers. Approved by over 80% of the voters, the referendum would prove to be a recipe for disaster in the long run, paving the way for Puerto Rico's virtual bankruptcy in the new millennium.

Back then, it was difficult to argue against Muñoz Marín and his team of highly successful institutionalist bureaucrats. In 1948 Muñoz became the first democratically elected Governor of Puerto Rico, a post he held for 16 years until 1964, having been re-elected in 1952, 1956 and 1960. If Moscoso was the Governor's economic strong man, then Jaime Benítez was his counterpart for the modernisation of higher education, serving as Chancellor of the University of Puerto Rico's main campus between 1942 and 1966. Parallel to its academic transformation, Benítez would entrust German architect Henry Klumb with the metamorphosis of the university's physical context: its campus.

While Klumb is a relatively unheralded figure in 20th Century architectural history outside Puerto Rico, his work has certainly been influential and relevant, not only in the general Modernist discourse, but also as a catalyst of a uniquely hybrid proposal of languages, cultures and traditions. Born in Cologne, Klumb emigrated to the United States in 1927 to work for Frank Lloyd Wright. He left Taliesin in 1933 and partnered with Louis Khan in 1937 before finally settling in Puerto Rico around 1944. It was here where he would leave an impressive architectural legacy, particularly at the University of Puerto Rico.

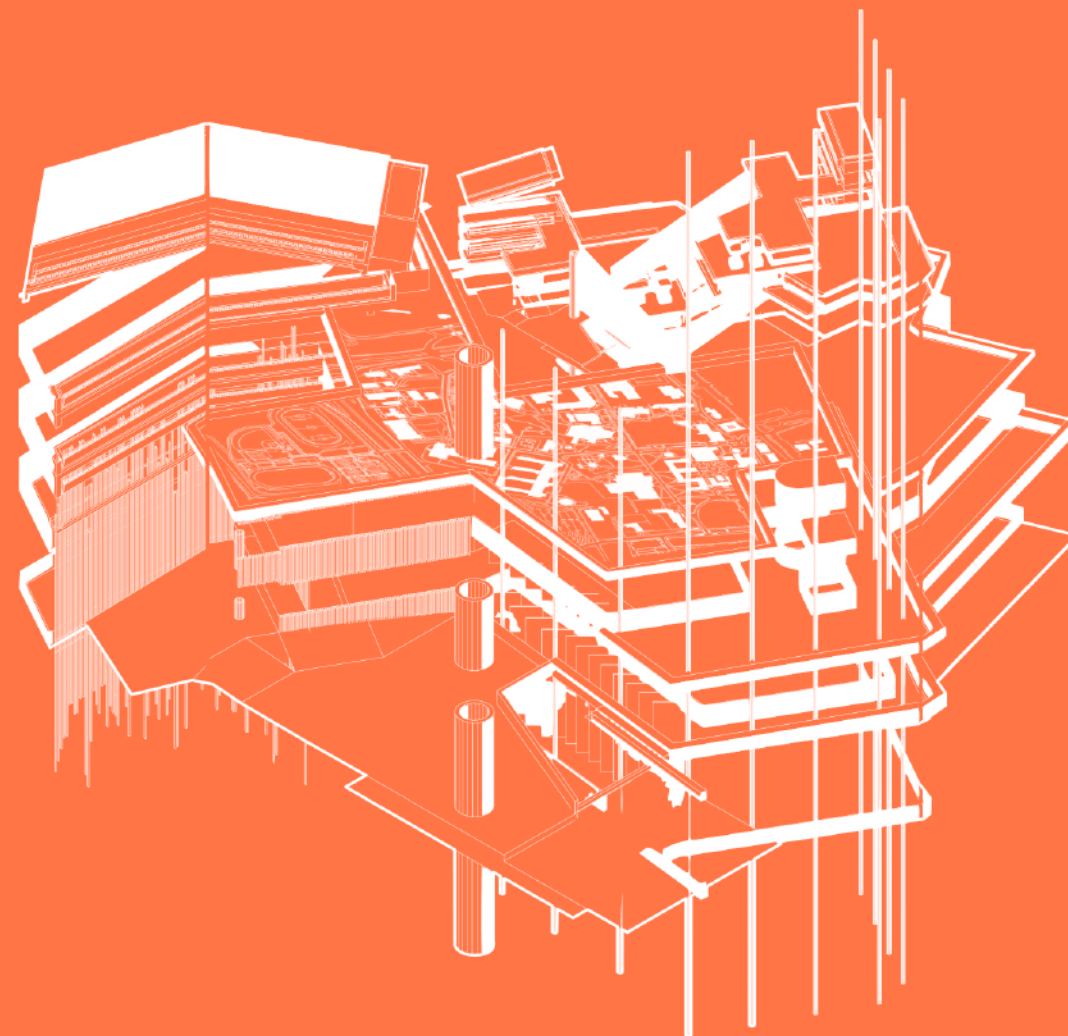
Originally Klumb was summoned along with Richard Neutra to collaborate on the Committee for the Design of Public Works. But while Neutra left after a few years, Klumb spent the rest of his life in Puerto Rico. Through his various



Dining hall at the UPR Río Piedras Student Services building

interventions for the public university's two main campuses—Río Piedras and Mayaguez—Klumb has been considered one of the so-called 'Tropical Modernists', along with Oscar Niemeyer and Lucio Costa in Brazil, Carlos Raúl Villanueva in Venezuela and other notable examples in Mexico and Havana.

Part of the historical particularity of the University of Puerto Rico is that it was founded in 1903 by the American administration of the Island. Although Spain founded several universities on its Latin American colonies, Puerto Rico had to wait until after the 1898 Spanish-American War to have a proper institution of higher education. But ironically, the original campus masterplan—a series of buildings composing the main quadrangle—was designed by an American firm prescribing a Spanish Revival style. The classical and symmetrical plan reminiscent of other universities on the mainland attempted to establish a connection to a past it did not share.



The UPR's architectural emblem, an iconic bell tower that acts as a portico to the quadrangle, features ornaments that include the coat of arms of both Harvard and the Universidad de Lima in Peru. Similarly, it flies both the American and the Puerto Rican flags as a daily reminder of its American backbone and Latin American soul: a bi-polar debate that has occupied its administrators since the 1920s and continues to this day.

When Klumb proposed, designed and built his first interventions on the Río Piedras campus—the buildings for the Faculty of General Studies, the Faculty of Natural Sciences, the Lázaro Library and the Museum of History, Anthropology and Art—he reinforced the existing geometry of the original quadrangle, and even completed its morphological intent. Eventually, he would free his subsequent proposals from the relative tyranny of Beaux Art symmetry and axis, allowing for a different reading between landscape and building.

Klumb would rotate his subsequent commissions on a 30–60 angle with respect to the Spanish Revival complex, reinforcing the dichotomy between the old colonial regime and the new Modern constitution. The campus would also undergo a symbolic transformation with a new, larger masterplan. While the traditional quadrangle framed the bell tower and the administration's building, reinforcing its symbolic power, Klumb's new masterplan positioned his Student Services building at the geographic heart of the campus, shifting the focus of attention towards the student and allowing the building to respond to the multiple forces exhorted by a heterogeneous and changing context that could no longer be spatially organised by traditional symmetrical axial relationships.

Klumb's masterplan for the UPR would be published in *Architectural Forum* magazine, showcasing one of the most important campus interventions of the 20th Century. The publication included the Student Services building, completed in 1961 and embodying one of the few examples of a stylistic hybrid between the Corbusian and the Wrightian: a pinwheel plan with horizontal lines that incorporated pilotis and brise-soleils. Klumb's beautiful buildings were also able to marry two seemingly irreconcilable traditions: his homeland and his adopted land.

Colonnades, ornament, roof tiles and static monumentality gave way to abstraction, material experimentation, climatic consciousness and

dynamic directionality. The beiges were jettisoned for the greys, and the traditional punch window for long horizontal openings, as well as exterior hallways sheltered by brise-soleils. Architect and scholar Jorge Rigau referred to Puerto Rico's 20th Century Spanish Revival as an act of denial that took place two to three decades after the Spanish-American War. If the traditional quadrangle sought to provide the university—and the Island—with an idealised version of history, Klumb's Modernist buildings evoked the promise of a future brought upon by the new constitution, a future that was possible through higher education.

Today, almost half a century after the signing of the Alliance for Progress in Uruguay, President Trump promises to make America great again by building a wall on its Latin American border. Meanwhile, Fidel Castro died in Havana and the US has appointed a quasi-totalitarian, unpopular and undemocratic federal fiscal control board in Puerto Rico to help consolidate a debt of \$73 billion. As a result, the University is slated to lose up to 50% of its budget and has—at the time this article is going to print—recently reopened its operations after a 70-day long student strike that put its campus's gates on lockdown. Furthermore, while many question the University's future ability to operate with such insensible cuts, it appears doomed to abdicate its role as the island's producer of both critical knowledge and its best collection of architecture.

During the last few years, several of the island's iconic Modernist buildings from the 50s and 60s have experienced the threat of demolition. What was a truly unique architecture that represented a new era in Puerto Rico is now viewed by some politicians and businessmen as old, boring, passé and useless. Fortunately, the UPR Student Services building and the General Studies buildings followed the footsteps of the magnificent La Concha Hotel and were recently remodelled by architects Andrés Mignucci and José Toro respectively. As a result, new generation of architects and students have grown conscious and even somewhat nostalgic of our mid-century Tropical Modernist avant-garde. Living in difficult times, it seems inevitable to look backwards into some idealised version of history for inspiration into an uncertain future, and rely on memories of the avant-garde to satisfy costly desires purchased by a debt we can no longer afford. 🌻

Photography: Conrad Eiger





CENTR

Photography: Regner Ramos

The Exhibition Space

—
PART II
Unite

THIS FRAGILE INHERITANCE

Photography by Lara Giliberto
Styling and Props by Giulia Querenghi
Words by The World Wildlife Fund

The World Wildlife Fund was founded on 29 April 1961, when a small, diverse group of committed individuals signed a declaration known as the *Morges Manifesto*. Today, WWF has grown into one of the world's largest and most respected independent conservation organisations, supported by five million people and active in over 100 countries on five continents. Over this time, WWF's focus has evolved from localised efforts in favour of single species and individual habitats, to an ambitious strategy seeking to preserve biodiversity and achieve sustainable development across the globe. Through a visual essay that deals with fragility and accountability, photographer Lara Giliberto sets out to capture the very heart of WWF's ethos: that we are all connected, to each other and to our one planet.

WE MUST SAVE THE WORLD'S WILD LIFE: AN INTERNATIONAL DECLARATION

"All over the world today, vast numbers of fine and harmless wild creatures are losing their lives, or their homes, in an orgy of thoughtless and needless destruction. In the name of advancing civilisation they are being shot or trapped out of existence, on land taken to be exploited, or drowned by

new dams, poisoned by toxic chemicals, killed by poachers for game, or butchered in the course of political upheavals. In this senseless orgy the nineteen-sixties promise to beat all past records for wiping out the world's wild life. Doubtless feelings of guilt and shame will follow, and will haunt our children, deprived of nature's rich inheritance by ignorance, greed and folly.

But although the eleventh hour has struck, it is not yet quite too late to think again. Skillful and devoted men and admirable organisations are struggling to Save the World's Wild Life. They have the ability and will to do it but they tragically lack the support and resources. They are battling at this moment on many fronts and against many daily changing and growing threats."



"The emergency must be tackled with vigour and efficiency on the much enlarged scale which it demands. But success will depend not only on the devoted efforts of enthusiasts for wild life but on winning the respect and backing of other interests which must not be overlooked or antagonised. Mankind's self-respect and mankind's inheritance on this earth will not be preserved by narrow or short-sighted means."



“Globally, forests are lost at a rate of 36 football fields per minute. Illegal and unsustainable logging, usually resulting from the demand for cheap wood and paper, is responsible for most of the degradation of the world’s forests.”





“All life needs water. It is the world’s most precious resource, fueling everything from the food you eat, to the cotton you wear. Less than 1% of the world’s water is fresh and accessible.”



"Today, 7.3 billion people consume 1.6 times what the earth's natural resources can supply.
In the next 40 years, we have to produce as much food as we have in the past 8,000."

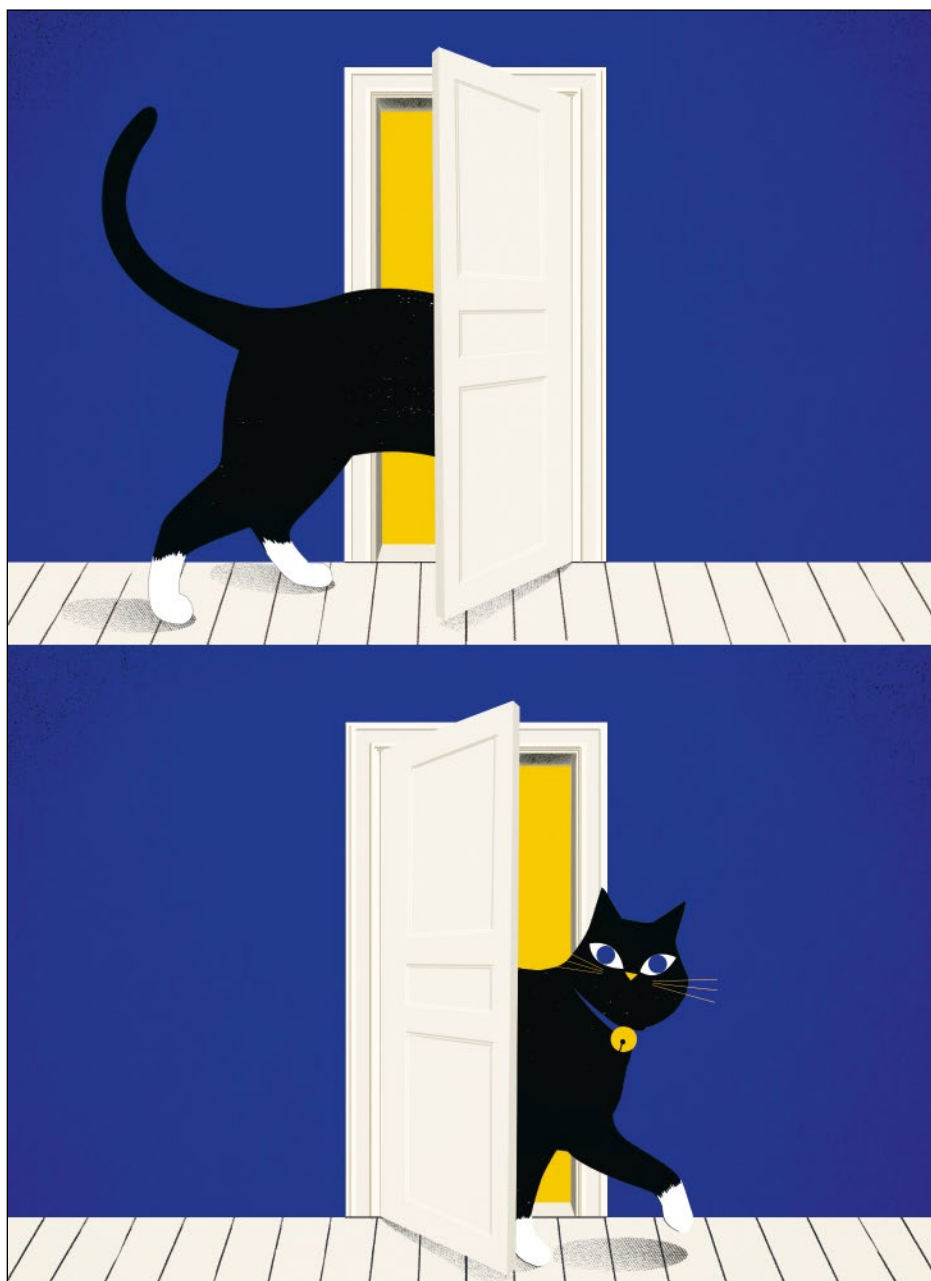


"Globally, we waste a third of all food produced."



What Remains to Be Shared?

GREECE AND THE EU, FOR BETTER OR WORSE



Words by Marisa Daouti
Illustration by Yeni Kim

Greece has been a headache for Europe ab initio. The trouble-maker of the EU was paradoxically the first European country welcomed to link its economy with that of the Common Market (EEC)—the precedent of the European Union. In the late 1950s, Greece was a civil war-ridden country recovering its cultural and political identity, while its economy was rapidly evolving into a hybrid of state capitalism. The government under Konstantinos Karamanlis, a centre-right figure later recognised as the ‘architect’ of Greek European policies, promoted Europeanisation as the only way to modernise the young and unstable Greek state.

On 9 July 1961, an Association Agreement was signed in Athens between the Greek government and the Six member-states of the EEC: Belgium, France, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands and Germany. The Agreement established a customs union between Greece and the EEC and paved the way for full membership when economic progress would allow.

The interest of the Six, motivated purely by geopolitical reasons, was a means to promote unity and cooperation in the European area, an act that insured the security and the interests of Western countries at a time of global political instability. On the other hand, Greece entered the agreement seeking to rebuild its economy, while simultaneously looking for a solid ideological edifice to establish its independence and restore national confidence.

Nurturing the promise of European integration, Greece entered a prosperous transitional period, the so-called ‘Greek economic miracle’: monetary stability, high economic growth rates, diversification of exports, rising standards of living and expansion of the welfare state.

But due to the military dictatorship that initiated in Greece in 1967 and the consequent political developments in Cyprus, the political relations with Western Europe ceased and the Association Agreement was put on ice.

After the restoration of a liberal parliamentary regime in 1974, the Greek government, led again by Karamanlis, applied for a full membership. The application arrived at a time of deep economic stagnation in the EEC—an aftereffect of the 1970s energy crisis that shook the whole Western world. The Commission responded with doubt and suggested the postponement of Greece’s entry citing reasons of economic backwardness, political instability and turbulent relations with Turkey. However, the Greek case was not assessed on these grounds. The preservation of democracy in Greece was indispensable for the EEC because of the country’s geostrategic importance in the years of the Cold War. In addition, the consolidation of Greek democracy was part of a political transformation in the Mediterranean countries that could potentially reinforce the European political identity which was being shaped at the time. Political criteria prevailed over the initial hesitations and Greece became a full member in 1981, ascertaining its uninterrupted adherence to the West.

The growth that followed echoed the economic prosperity of Western Europe. Under a socialist government this time, Greece underwent enormous reforms supported by European funding.

However, due to the asynchronicity of the reforms in the economic and social sectors as well as the enormous public spending, several internal crises occurred. Most managed to slip by, since they could be easily ‘covered up’ by extra funding from the

EU or other external financial sources. This reckless practice proved to be a long-term addiction for several Greek politicians, resulting in accumulation of international credit. Eventually, this vicious circle of artificial prosperity and internal corruption inevitably led to the notorious bubble burst of 2009. Since then, Greece stands as a paradigm of failure; the European identity so intensely cultivated in the Greek minds, strongly challenged. Along with Brexit and the rise of nationalist and Eurosceptic parties in most EU countries, the European project is on the verge of an extended identity crisis.

Is a European identity something that we can still share? Greece is the first to bell the cat. From the beginning, its participation has been marked by tension and contradiction. As the possibility of Grexit lingers, the anti-EU voices have amplified. At the same time, the enduring conformation to the dominant narrative and the particular visions of ‘Europe’ that was so necessary for the integration of Greece in the EU, seem now so irrelevant that they have produced an uneasy feeling of disorientation of the Greek identity.

Hoping for economic recovery, Greece is obliged to stay. But as the instructions for new austerity measures arrive, the concept of a unified Europe as the engine of progress is just a leftover of a frayed ideal. The optimistic promises of that summer of 61—of a shared post-national project of solidarity and cooperation—seem to have unravelled completely. The argument of European unity in order to *advance and prosper* has become the argument of European unity in order to *survive*. After 36 years of incessant effort at Europeanisation, in the Greek political consciousness, the EU now seems more like a necessary evil. ❁

How to Disappear Completely

THE STRUGGLE FOR ANGOLA



Words by Afonso Dias Ramos
Illustration by Phil Goss

Few would have been able to situate Angola on the world map in 1961. Even fewer would have predicted that this land, then under Portuguese control, was about to become the epicentre of historical transformations that would change the geopolitical contours of that map beyond recognition. At stake in the struggle for Angola was, after all, the longest colonial empire in the globe, the oldest Western dictatorship and the last bastion of white rule in Africa.

The media spotlight shined on Angola in February, when Portuguese dissident Henrique Galvão hijacked a luxury liner in Venezuela along with 30 exiled, political rebels from Portugal and Spain. The ship sailed across the Atlantic for a fortnight to draw global attention to the fascist regimes of António Oliveira Salazar (Portugal) and Francisco Franco (Spain), but chased by the international press, along with American, British and Dutch warships on the high seas, Galvão was forced to turn around and abandon his original plans: to land in Angola's capital, Luanda, and set up a rebel opposition to Portugal's dictatorship. Instead, he received political asylum in Brazil.

But the media circus around Galvão's act of piracy had already drawn scores of correspondents to Luanda, creating a unique opportunity for armed Angolans to storm a prison and police barracks. Finally able to bypass local censorship, this thrust the struggle against Portuguese colonialism into the global limelight for the first time. A series of massive uprisings had already been underway for months, in fact, protesting an economic system based on forced labour and racial discrimination. However, those events had not only been violently shot down

by authorities, but also met with a complete media blackout.

War begun in earnest in March, after the UPA liberation movement attacked coffee plantations across the north of the country, as machete-wielding groups rapidly invaded the region, butchering thousands of labourers and hundreds of settlers and their families. This had sent shockwaves throughout the entire territory but missed the desired reaction: the Portuguese did not leave Angola, nor did the Belgians in the Congo. Instead, in what became the largest campaign of atrocity photography in the late 20th Century, the pictures of those attacks—captured and circulated abroad by the regime in a public relations offensive—effectively built support for Portugal and galvanised resistance on the ground. The ferocious reprisals by the Portuguese armed forces and civilian vigilantes would nevertheless be mostly kept under wraps, after foreign journalists were deported and the international press was banned from entering Angola.

The scope and scale of the official retaliation—which included napalm bombs, torture and beheadings—has only recently started surfacing. In the US, where the civil rights movement gained momentum, Martin Luther King declared he knew of no more pressing situation than the brutality taking place in Angola, asking that the whole world rise up in protest. Only a few journalists managed to infiltrate Angola clandestinely, and they reported on a dire situation where a thousand Angolans died everyday and 800 fled into the Congo as refugees. Yet, the turmoil in Angola never attained mainstream priority, and the world remained little aware and

unresponsive. By the end of the year, over 50,000 people had died in this colony and over 100,000 found refuge in neighboring countries. This marked the beginning of the end for the Portuguese empire.

War against Portugal later extended to Guinea Bissau (1963) and Mozambique (1964), becoming the longest armed struggle for liberation in Africa. In turn, it prompted a revolution in Lisbon, as war-weary soldiers overthrew the fascist regime, putting an end to the conflict in 1974. This coup dealt a blow to Spain and Greece's right-wing regimes—which led to the democratic consolidation of Europe—and concluded half a millennium of colonial rule, recognising the independence of Angola, Cape Verde, East Timor, Guinea-Bissau, Mozambique and São Tomé and Príncipe. Moreover, it ended Portugal's secret alliance with Rhodesia and South Africa, thus paving the way for the liberation of Namibia and Zimbabwe, and hastening the downfall of Apartheid.

Tragically for Angola, this meant that the liberation struggle devolved into the longest African civil war, ensnared in proxy and regional conflicts for decades to come—the longest period of warfare in the modern era, raging incessantly from 1961 to 2002. This amounts to more than an indictment on the extreme violence that goes on unnoticed while many insist on a view of modern history leading towards peace and justice. It should also serve as a reminder of the often-unchallenged selectivity of the media in naturalising skewed hierarchies of attention and worthiness, which disproportionately enshrine certain events and populations at the expense of making others irredeemably absent. ✿



AUTUMN

West Side Stories

Words and Photography
by Tag Christof

I like to be in America!
O.K. by me in America!
Ev'rything free in America
For a small fee in America!

The quintessential American immigrant saga, *West Side Story*, was made into a film in 1961. Decades on, Stephen Sondheim's catchy lyrics for the ensemble number, "America", still brilliantly embody the tension and contradiction between the lofty mythos of the country—the equal, unqualified and unconditional pursuit of happiness—and its often brutal truth. This country of unparalleled technological innovation, immense wealth and pop culture, is also a country of endemic violence, shocking poverty and rigid hierarchy.

And perhaps not since the tumultuous 1960s have we been confronted so regularly by the spectre of this paradox. Racial tension, economic anxiety and political fragmentation are on constant rotation on the news,

and even in polite conversation. A quick glance at Twitter can make civil war seem inevitable. Meanwhile, our leadership—or total lack thereof—only fans the flames.

These are portraits of family, friends and acquaintances who—whether for their gender, preferences or origins—might easily be excluded from a clearly unequal pursuit of happiness. But they are also tenacious people who lean into their differences, insist on being resilient and have succeeded in making places for themselves in America. Krystle is the African-born fashion director of a major US label; Stuart is a British artist living in California whose brash work revels in marginalised identity; Mimi is a Shanghai-born designer; and Natasha is a biracial woman who has overcome a family history of mental illness. Roberto is my grandfather, a retired engineer who now owns an organic farm. And Autumn is a chef—and my younger sister, though she was born my younger brother. They are six of millions.



NATASHA



ROBERTO



Comfort is yours in America!



KRYSTLE

Knobs on the doors in America,





Wall-to-wall floors in America!



STUART



MIMI

The Library

No matter how comprehensive one can try to be, compiling a thematic library inevitably ends up being more about what is left out than what is kept in. The LOBBY Library, dealing with the printed sides of our architectural 1961, has therefore chosen not to focus on what was published in that year. So here is what you will *not* find in this section: there won't be any accounts on Lewis Mumford or Jane Jacobs, no critical assessments on Gordon Cullen or Parker Morris, no bibliographies on the raise of Archigram, the Metabolists or *Abitare*, not even a mention of the Bartlett's own student magazine *Outlet*, whose third issue appeared in 61.

Instead, the Library wants to promote chronological trajectories in order to produce temporal bridges (dare I say of the Einstein-Rosen kind?), with one or more of its ends located around that meaningful 1961. What you will find here, then, are ways to intertwine written dreams of the early 60s with our present, future and past. They may be slightly tangential, or even evidently literal: you will see how some of our stylistic understandings on Brutalism may have been misled, how our disciplinary open-mindedness as architectural theorists has often been 'stuck' in the past, and written ways to counter both these paradigms; you will read of how the qualities of certain Italian columns can carry collective meanings through the centuries; you will discover a literature heavily tinted with 1960s charm and firmly projected towards the understanding of spatial upwards and downwards depths; you will get to know firsthand a great little publication with a forward look towards the arts and a rear-view towards our Modern legacy; you will witness some members of Team 10 testifying on some of 1961's own architectural meaningfulness.

You may then consider this Library as a partial, incomplete, fractional collection of cross-temporal publishing, jumping back and forth in time, pivoting around 1961 and playfully endorsing its manifold written lessons.



Nadir to Zenith

From the tranquillity of the AA archives, a conversation with William Firebrace takes LOBBY on a journey through the depths of the sea to the infinity of outer space.

Words by Gregorio Astengo
Photography by Jermaine Francis



In his 1961 short story “Deep End”, sci-fi author J.G. Ballard envisioned a post-apocalyptic dried up earth where mankind, now able to walk on the deserted ocean floors, is forced to abandon this planet in search of a better, wetter future through the depths of outer space. Indeed, the seemingly endless undersea and the infinite deepness of the cosmos have inhabited our imaginations for centuries. These two extreme environments have attracted and inspired the most thrilling of fantasies—from the immortal Jules Verne to the above-mentioned Ballard—and the most audacious of designs—from nuclear submarines to space shuttles. We have for a long time wanted both to inhabit the undersea and to conquer space, on board of the most advanced ships, efficient purpose-built stations and innovative protective suits, and we have been keen to reproduce their environments, with immersive aquariums and imaginative planetariums.

Over the past few years, William Firebrace, AA alumnus and lecturer, architect and writer, has been investigating the manifold aspects of abyssal spaces, whether it’s the undersea or the outer cosmos. In *Memo for Nemo* (AA Publications, 2016) William explores the fictions and realities of underwater habitation, from profound cinematic scenarios to deep-sea homes and amphibian accounts. Conversely his latest book, *Star Theatre* (Reaktion Books, 2017), tackles an architectural chronicle of the planetarium, from early stargazers’ dreams to technology-driven projectors, through the development of semi-spherical typologies.

Driven by a mixture of positivist reverie and technological progress, understanding and conquering our most inhospitable environments is both unimaginable and real, attractive and terrifying, amazingly architectural and profoundly un-architectural. Accordingly, William’s interests and writing style perfectly embody all these dichotomies of peaks and pits, of zeniths and nadirs, of unfathomable depths.

In both *Memo for Nemo* and *Star Theatre*, there seems to be a tension between a mechanical and technological search towards innovation and movement, such as in the revolutionary Zeiss projectors, alongside a more imaginary, playful component, made of sci-fi tales, movies and poetry—for instance Jules Verne’s novels. What sparked your interest in researching the topics of your books?

I have always been fascinated by the technical side of architecture. In the 1980s I worked as an assistant in the offices of technically-minded architects like Richard Rogers and Ian Ritchie, where my job was mostly to work on technical details, which I greatly enjoyed drawing. I was interested in how things are put together and built, but also through this pragmatism in the more imaginative and poetic aspects of architecture. My book *Memo for Nemo* opens with a scene in a submarine in Jules Verne’s novel *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*. Verne uses a blend of science (or pseudo-science) and fantasy—the Nautilus is described in great detail even though it’s not really functional, it could not really descend to such depths. The whole idea of undersea adventure has these two aspects. The inhabitation of the undersea is very dangerous and therefore needs to be technically believable and precisely engineered, but it’s based on a wild dream, the fantasy of being able to live in another environment. In *Star Theatre* the projectors of the planetarium are highly technical but they also relate to the rapturous state of looking up at the night sky and imagining what might be there—to being in another location. Architecture can sometimes operate in a similar way, since what appears to be pragmatic is often not pragmatic at all, for instance in buildings which appear technical but are really technological

fantasies. I am drawn to this combination of the technical and fantastic, and its origins. The question of which one comes first frequently turns out to be the question of the chicken and the egg. Very often you can’t really tell if it’s the fiction and imagination that inspires actual technological inventiveness or vice versa.

The 1960s saw the raise of a seemingly unprecedented drive towards exploration and voyages. In *Memo for Nemo* you mention projects like Jacques Cousteau’s *Conshelf* (1962, 1964 and 1965), the American *Sealab* (1964, 1965 and 1969), the Russian *Chernomor*, (1968–1974), all developed to create undersea habitats. In *Star Theatre*, you talk about the planetariums in London (1958), Lima (1960), Kolkata (1963), Porbandar (1965), Buenos Aires (1967), just to name a few. What do you think is the common denominator between these two apparently opposite destinations—space and the undersea?

In 1957 the Sputnik was launched into space, followed by Yuri Gagarin’s orbit of the earth in 1961, and the Russians appeared to be ahead in the race to conquer space. The Americans were naturally quite worried about this and as well as venturing themselves into space, they wanted to develop ways of inhabiting the undersea, in a sort of parallel colonial expansion. These two races into the unknown went hand in hand and both the US and USSR undersea projects you mention were funded by the military and the navy—the French ones by oil companies. Various American astronauts such as Scott Carpenter were also involved in the undersea programme. Undersea facilities were, and still are, used to accustom astronauts to the difficulties on living in an extreme environment. The two locations share certain characteristics, they are distant, hard to access, requiring survival equipment and then

“The idea is to be isolated in an unknown space, but also to be at home, to take your home with you wherever you go.”

also existing as much in the imagination as actuality. Of course the difference is that once you get at the bottom of the sea, you are in total darkness and you can't go any further down—unless you venture boldly under the earth crust!—while in space you are in the light, and in theory you can keep going forever. One of the reasons why undersea exploration slowed down was that it lacked the spectacular nature of infinite space. But then man has only explored about 1% of the surface of the undersea, it remains to a large extent an unknown environment. It is often said that we know more about the surface of the planet Venus than of our own undersea! Why do you think the 1960s was such a meaningful decade in this sense?

Alongside the excitement of the actual space race, from the late 50s up to the US moon landing in 1969, a certain kind of science-fiction became popular in this period, for instance the TV series *Star Trek*, which began in 1966, films such as *2001: A Space Odyssey* (1968) and its Soviet equivalent *Solaris* (actually 1972), and then the books of Isaac Asimov and J. G. Ballard and many others. The 1960s were an adventurous time: people were inspired to take risks similarly

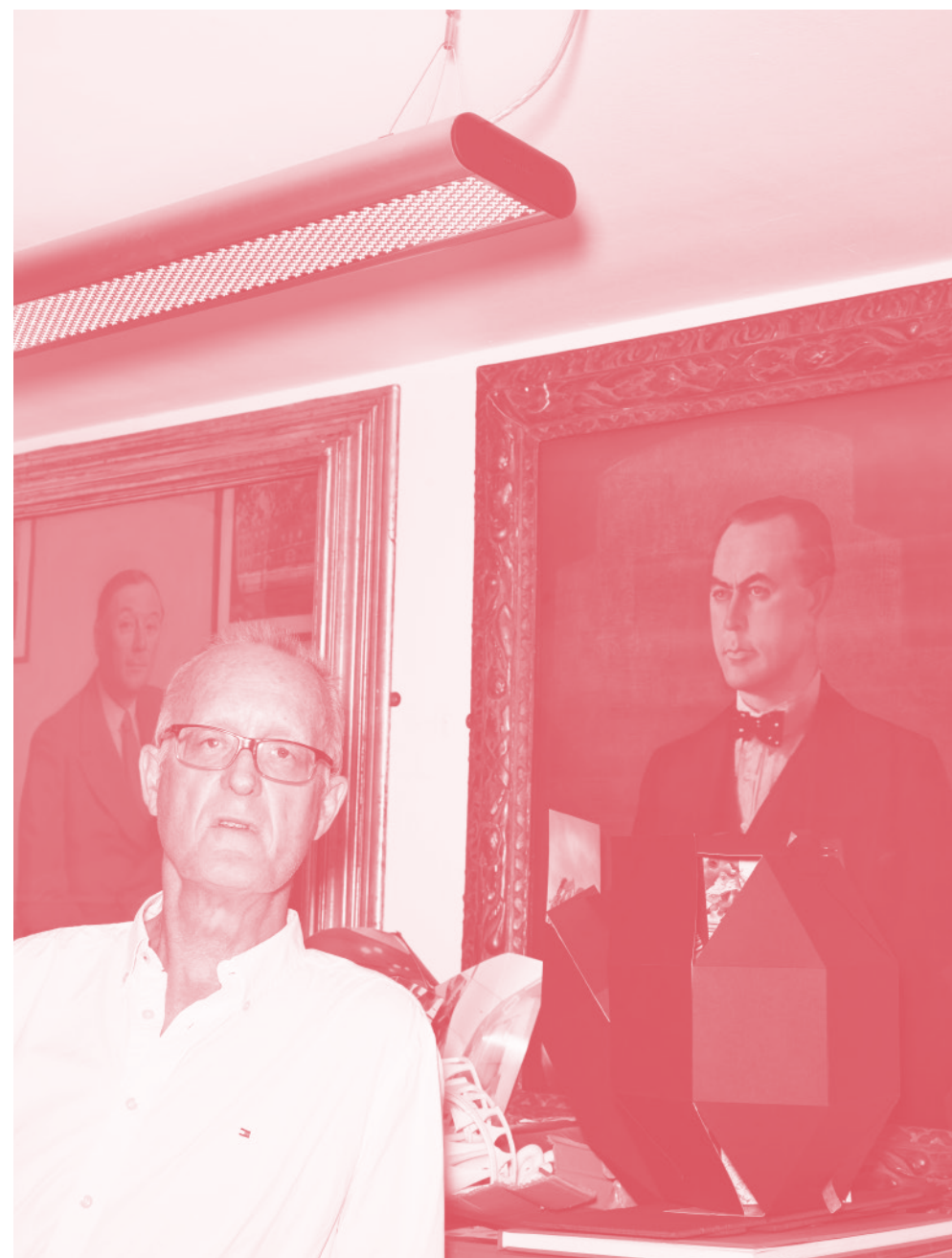


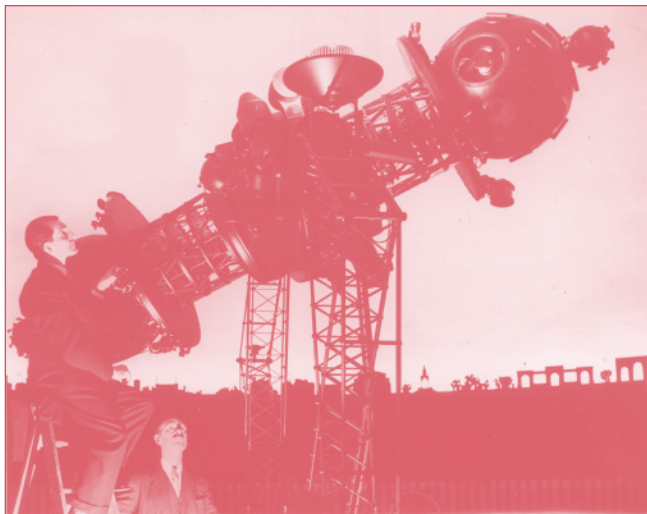
Bruce Mozart, Silver Spring, Florida © Bruce Mozart

to when in the 19th Century European explorers went to find the source of the Amazon or into the heart of Africa—even if often for colonial purposes. This 1960s drive toward explorations of the unknown faded in the 1970s, such adventures were too expensive and the public gradually became bored, wanting new thrills.

In his 1957 essay “The Nautilus and the Drunken Boat”, Roland Barthes points to the ‘inner humanity’ Jules Verne’s ships, suggesting that these technological vessels also help us understand natural aspects of our human condition. What is it about the ‘ship’ as a typology that is so attractive for writers, readers, inventors and explorers?

Ships, particularly fictional ones, contain closed communities. The sailors in the *Pequod*, the famous whaling ship from *Moby Dick*, are portrayed as a kind of family, living in an isolated world. Verne’s *Nautilus* submarine is similar, as are spaceships with their limited interiors. Roland Barthes writes that Nemo takes his home with him in the *Nautilus*—with a library, comfortable furniture, classical paintings on the walls, good gastronomy and so on. It’s a 19th Century Victorian house and a gentlemen’s home—Barthes describes the vessel as a cubbyhole, somewhere to hide away in comfort. The crew of the submarine even use a special language. The idea is to be isolated in an unknown space, but also to be at home, to take your home with you wherever you go. Of course the submarines and space stations that were actually built were quite impersonal, there were no grand pictures hanging on the walls or comfortable domestic environments. Perhaps the only example is the Russian submarine *Kursk*, a vast ship which sank in 2000, which contained a complete artificial habitat with gym, library and—for Soviet times—rather luxurious living rooms.





The Zeiss Mark IV projector at the London Planetarium, c1960

In *Star Theatre*, you mention the story of architect Enrique Jan throwing Ray Bradbury's *Martian Chronicles* into the concrete cast during the construction of his planetarium in Buenos Aires in 1957. Similarly, in your writing, literature appears to be deeply embedded in architectural discourses. What are your literary references? I'm thinking not only of narratives, but also writing style.

I mostly read fiction, but of a certain kind. I've always liked George Perec's novels such as *Life a User's Manual* (1978), which describes, through a very individual narrative structure, a Parisian house and its inhabitants. He has a methodical, almost technical writing style, and yet his stories are wonderful inventions. I try myself to use some sort of hidden system in my texts and then also to mix different kinds of writing and narrative: dialogues, descriptions, analyses and so on. My writing is not necessarily linear and I like going on long diversions and surprising the reader. I am intrigued by the short stories of the Argentinian writer Julio Cortázar who writes very unusual books in a variety of styles. *Hopscotch* (1963) for instance, can be

read in different ways, jumping across chapters like in a hopscotch game. *Devil's Spit* (1959) is partly related objectively by a camera and partly subjectively by a human. Sometimes the reader isn't quite sure which—the book was later made rather freely into the very 60s film *Blow Up* by Antonioni (1966). I—rather shamelessly—used a similar technique in my book *Things Worth Seeing* (1999), where the narrative is split between three points of view—objective description, personal experience and image. W. G. Sebald is another writer that I enjoy, melancholic and Germanic but who produces great architectural descriptions and long rambling diversions. More traditionally architectural, there's Aldo Rossi and especially his *Scientific Autobiography* (1981), another good mix of would-be scientific and personal narratives, with remarkable images.

One of the constant elements of your work is a dichotomy between microcosm and macrocosm: between the immensity of seas and the claustrophobic spaces of the bathysphere; between the infinity of outer space and its reproduction on a smaller scale in the planetariums. Did

you find a common thread in the design process, and especially around this notion of scale—of both planetariums and underwater architecture?

In both cases, human scale is only to be found in the interior space, whether it's inside a submarine or in a planetarium. If you're underwater, there is no way of judging the space around you and the usual perceptions of scale and distance are not applicable anymore. The same applies in outer space, where nobody can experience how big things are. One of the most interesting aspects of planetariums is that, when they were invented in the 1920s, they were intended primarily to show what you could see with the naked eye, the visible night sky. However the 1920s also saw the first discoveries of other galaxies and the expanding universe, of a vastly greater space requiring telescopes and other equipment to see. How might architecture, and the everyday spaces we inhabit, relate to this expanding vastness of outer space? And then, it has been recently realised that 95% of our universe is actually made of dark matter and dark energy, which we can't even see, but only trace through sophisticated technology. As an architect, how might you describe a space which isn't visual? Walter Benjamin wrote a short text in the 1920s entitled 'Zum Planetarium' (published in 1928 in *Einbahnstrasse*) where he questioned the way we can no longer understand things with our own eyes and need to rely on technology. Planetariums produce spectacular demonstrations of the visible universe as revealed by technology, but they can't show what is not visible.

In *Star Theatre*, you talk about the image of a flooded planetarium described in G. J. Ballard's *The Drowned World* (1962). You say that such a place 'pushes one back into a memory of pre-birth'. Indeed, both deep sea and deep space somehow possess an intimate, almost familiar quality,

“Evolutionary speaking we come from the sea, but now we can no longer return.”

which goes hand in hand with their deadly nature. Both sea and space are at once tomb and womb. How do you think this duality is present in your writings and how much do you think it guides you?

If the undersea has a familiar feel it is because that's where our species originates. Evolutionary speaking we come from the sea. But now we can no longer return, the lack of air and the pressure would quickly kill us. And the female womb with its amniotic fluid is also where each of us grows before birth. Astronauts go out into space with protective suits linked to the 'mothership' by a sort of umbilical cord. Similarly, *2001: A Space Odyssey* ends with the aged astronaut back in a domestic room, and then an image of a foetus floating through outer space, suggesting that going into furthest space is also returning to a point of origin. Otherwise very different spaces have similarities, the spaces that enclose humans, undersea or in the planetarium, are both spherical. The sphere is the necessary form for undersea vehicles, and planetariums are normally hemispherical in shape. The interior of the sphere suggests



Engraving from J. Verne, *Vingt Mille Lieues sous les Mers*, 1870

both intimacy, since it encloses with a continuous surface, and infinity, because it has no fixed points. I'm always fascinated by these uncertain dualities about inside and outside, going back and going forward, dangerous and safe. Architects are very often part of

your narratives, but they are not necessarily the main characters. For instance explorer Jacques Cousteau and optical engineer Walter Bauersfeld play major roles in the history of undersea habitation and planetariums, but they are not architects per se. Do you think your books have an operative component? What can architects learn from them?

Ha—my books are not pedagogical, they are not intended to teach anyone anything! But I am interested in the non-visual—that which is beyond what we can see—and where this might lead. Architects tend to work with the visual—with drawings and models and what buildings look like. In comparison it doesn't really matter how undersea habitations look like, they are down in the darkness and there is not much to look at anyway—although they do in fact often have certain aesthetic qualities, such the Conshelf habitations shown in Cousteau's films. These habitations have strong architectural qualities, but are not made by architects, but by engineers, or created through the imagination of writers and filmmakers. In a slightly different context, as a student I enjoyed Bernard Rudofsky's book *Architecture Without Architects* (1964), which consists, as the title suggests, of images of vernacular buildings, made without architects—disposing of the architect was another 60s trend. And yes, being enamoured of the technology of pods and space capsules is also a very 60s idea. But why not move beyond the merely visual? Why not be inspired by what lies outside familiar sources? Why not consider new techniques for exploring and questioning the world beyond that which we already know? 🌱



Columns of *Magnificenza*

PIRANESI AND NERVI IN THEIR 61

Words by Andrea Alberto Dutto

Magnificence', from the Latin *magnum facere*, literally means "make something great". When looking at Roman architecture, Piranesi had no doubt this concept would perfectly fit. In 1761, with the publication of his *Della Magnificenza ed Architettura de' Romani* (*Of the Magnificence and Architecture of the Romans*), he pointed out that making great architecture was crucial to the development of Roman civilisation. Piranesi did not just mean 'great' as a dimensional concept, but rather as a notion through which an overall multiplicity of actors, political stances and utilitarian issues could be synthesised into a greater entity. In the case of the Romans, such multiplicity was strictly related to the domain of the *Res Publica* and was therefore especially reflected in utilitarian buildings and infrastructures, such as underground canalisation and the *Cloaca Maxima*. These appeared to Piranesi to truly embody that civilisation, more than the villas and mausoleums of the Emperors. In his eyes, 'making something great' seemed therefore as the quintessential expression of a community and *Magnificenza* was the all-encompassing concept through which architecture could

mirror the Republican values. Perhaps even more importantly, for Piranesi the most representative element of the idea of Roman civil magnificence was the column. Of the 38 total plates in *De Magnificenza*, 20 are about columns, fragmented into constitutive elements, like capitals, entablatures, pedestals and bases. Indeed, the column appeared as the most evident device through which Roman civilisation could display the negotiation between spiritual and technical features.

Precisely 200 years after the publication of Piranesi's *De Magnificenza*, in 1961 Italy saw the celebration of its first centennial of national unity, accomplished in 1861 through a process of political resurgence and consolidation, appropriately named *Risorgimento*. Known as Italia '61, the exposition was held over the spring, summer and autumn 1961 in Turin, which became the first capital of Italy in 1861. During the late 1950s and early 1960s, the country was still torn by post-war structural cracks, evident economic divergences and complex regional conflicts. Conversely, the mainstream tendency in architectural design was mostly concerned with comfortable and representative solutions of bourgeois houses;

a kind of 'living room architecture' aimed at representing the luxury of higher classes. Contrary to this trend, the expo Italia '61 raised a different issue, which cannot but sound profoundly Piranesian: which architectural form can combine technical development and collective values (i.e. Risorgimento) as the foundational element of a national community?

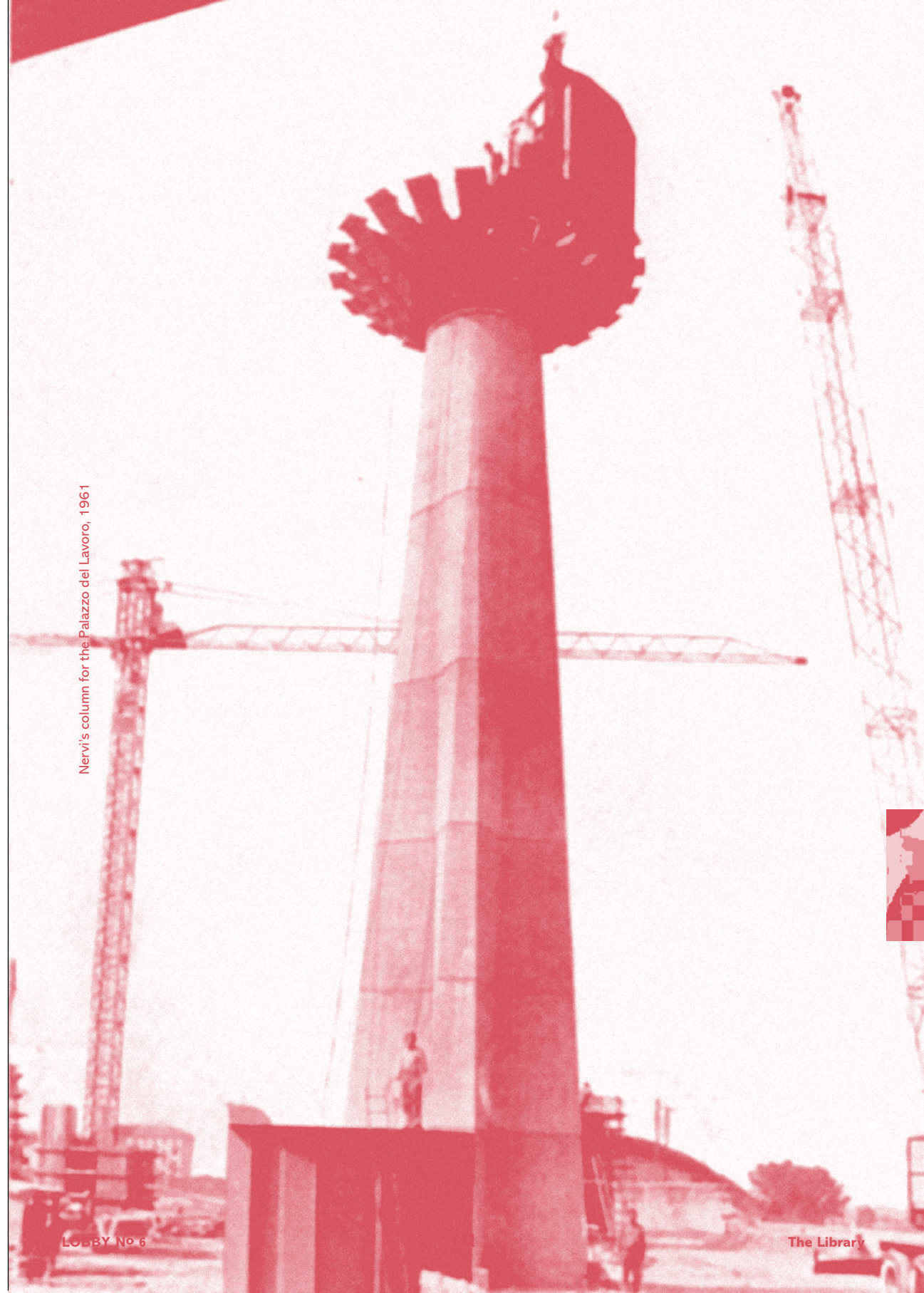
At a first glance, the buildings that made up the expo Italia '61, located along the river Po, may seem to simply reflect the technological and industrial vocation of Turin, known for being the home of Fiat's automotive industry: a drum-shaped 360° cinema; low pavilions dedicated to Italian and regional manufacturing; an elevated monorail; a cableway connecting the expo to the hilltop opposite the river. All this was achieved within a binding one-year's time and with a much-restrained budget—of which Rome was naturally deemed responsible. This made practical solutions, rather than symbolic gestures, paramount. However, the general urban morphology of the expo revealed more than just technological values. To a closer look, the vast majority of the buildings were in fact sustained by punctual structures, pillars, posts and concrete bearings. The whole expo hence appeared as a dotted surface of columns. Just as Piranesi considered the column as the crucial element of Roman ethos, filling its *De Magnificenza* with dozens of capitals and stone shafts, Italia '61 fashioned the column as the synthesis of both Italian civilisation and post-war construction. It is no surprise, then, that a Corinthian column donated by Rome as "a symbol of ancient Italic glories" was displayed—and still stands—at the entrance of Italia '61. A combination of tradition and innovation, at once spiritualist and positivist, the Roman column expressed in its simplicity the overall ambition of the expo.

The protagonist of the exhibition was undoubtedly the Palazzo del Lavoro, designed by Pier Luigi Nervi. The apparent monolithic splendour of this steel and glass block was produced, again, by the repetition of 16 reinforced concrete columns, forming a 160 metre-long square plan. Each column, 25 metres high with a cruciform base, was topped with a 40-metre-wide square roof supported by a crown of metal beams. The construction of this huge, 'great' building was conceived, in true expo-style, as a standardised process. Particularly, the repetitiveness of the columns allowed Nervi to build all 16

simultaneously, without having to abide to the unforeseen difficulties of ordinary construction processes. This way, Nervi's columns—currently on their way to becoming Piranesian ruins, as the Palazzo has basically been abandoned for more than 50 years—embodied the coexistence of technical solution and architectural design, almost raising a new classic order to the magnificence of Italian identity. After thousands of years, the column kept its potential for an encounter between intelligence and edification, design and technology, architecture and manufacture. In the age of industrial production, the column still seemed to embody an absolute topicality. Instead of inventing new shapes, the architect here only needed to understand the problems and figure out how they could be solved in the most elegant way possible. To this extent, the column was not conceived simply as a symbolic element, but rather as the most convenient architectural response to a realistic requirement. It could be argued that Nervi put on stage exactly what Piranesi represented 200 years earlier: civil magnificence as the ultimate way for a civilisation to self-represent not just itself, but also its overall setting and its internal contradictions, all through the vocabulary of architecture.

In 1961, fascism was still an uncomfortable memory, if not entirely taboo, and simply mentioning the column, its 'Romanity' and its 'magnificence' was risky to say the least. Such reference to the column today may still be considered reactionary, nostalgic, petit bourgeois and—why not—even a bit fascist. Indeed, Italia '61 still seems to be nothing but the story of a fashionable time when inspired architects knew how to turn dreams (whose dreams anyway?) into reality. However, speaking of architecture means speaking of its elements, of how it is made. After his panegyric on Roman virtues, Piranesi focussed his attention solely on columns, making them speak, each as the eyewitness of an otherwise mute stretch of civilisation. Likewise, Nervi's talent, if detached from his pragmatism, would have produced nothing more than a stunning image for lacquered magazines. We should then recognise that architecture, especially magnificent architecture, has always been about answering to a real problem. The column symbolises nothing in itself because—and this was very clear for both Piranesi and Nervi—architecture speaks the language of construction and not simply sentiment. 🌱

Nervi's column for the Palazzo del Lavoro, 1961





Stuck in the 60s

THE BUILDING AS A DOMAIN OF DISCURSIVE PRODUCTION

Words by José Aragüez
Illustration by Percie Edgeler

Spurred by an unprecedented awareness of theory's role in constructing architecture's disciplinary culture, the production of discursive knowledge in architecture started to undergo a major transformation during the 1960s. Partly as a reaction to the failures of modern architecture, partly as a way to address a larger crisis of meaning, this transformation occurred in an opening up to various other systems of thought—such as semiotics, psychoanalysis, Marxism and structuralism—and a consequent rewriting of some of those systems' key concepts—such as 'reification', 'signifier/signified', 'deconstruction', 'rhizome' and 'ideology'—into architecture's idiolect. Through the use of these *mediatory concepts*, architectural history and theory established important relationships with non-disciplinary structures and social realms, like philosophy, linguistics, psychology and anthropology. Importing thus became a unidirectional pattern, with one of the two codes—architecture—borrowing from the other. This pattern, still dominant today, ought to be called into question.

A tendency to apply external paradigms

inevitably recalls the view generally held in the domain of theory about the generation following that of the so-called 'age of high theory'. Unable to produce a comparable body of work, the group of authors that came to prominence around the early 1990s displayed an inclination to reutilise the ideas of the preceding generation—of figures like Lacan, Lévi-Strauss, Derrida, Said, Kristeva, Foucault and Jameson. As pointed out by Terry Eagleton in *After Theory* (2003), "Those who can, think up feminism or structuralism; those who can't, apply such insights to *Moby-Dick* or *The Cat in the Hat*."

To what extent has architecture been able to think up systems of thought specific to itself? In fact, to what extent has architecture been able to think up systems of thought *at all*? For instance, structuralism, which became relevant across the humanities and the social sciences, arose out of an investigation into the sign, an object of study pertaining to linguistics. Other examples include Freudian psychoanalysis, Frankfurt School dialectics and deconstruction. What are the architectural equivalents of these systems of thought capable of exerting a major influence beyond their original disciplinary boundaries?

In parallel to this dynamic, and especially since the mid-1970s, the status of the architectural object par excellence—the *building*—grew more and more unstable as it appeared in more and more guises: whether as the hypostatization of power structures, a facilitator of participatory processes, the locus of phenomenological content, a vehicle to reflect upon unmediated practices, a catalyst for investigating the psychology of perception, or a construct amenable to mirroring processes in the natural world, to name a few examples. While this diversification is an index for the increasing sophistication of architecture as a field, the building itself—if not altogether absent—emerges as a medium through which to tap into another domain, more often than as a realm of research in its own right. For a few decades now, therefore, the building has primarily been a means rather than an end in architectural history and theory.

Furthermore, these two dynamics—the constant process of disciplinary borrowing and the increasingly unsteady role of the building as object of study—can be easily seen converging into one single phenomenon. On one hand, the internalisation of those foreign concepts has demanded an attention shift towards the fields from which they were imported. On the other hand, this very realignment in focus has contributed significantly to the building's displacement, which in turn, given the fundamental link between building and architecture, has caused a certain estrangement of the discipline as a whole. This recurring logic, which we may refer to as *estranging internalisation*, has to a large degree defined the ways in which architectural history and theory have engaged with other fields since the 1960s.

As a result of this self-generated traction, architecture has for some decades occupied a blurred, uncertain territory relative to other disciplines in the humanities and social sciences. The tendencies to resort to mediatory conceptual frameworks—often in order to validate itself—and to avoid a deep engagement with its main object, fortify a culture for architectural history and theory that may very well be perceived as compromised, if not downright apologetic. A significant effect of this ethos has been a decline in the importance of *architectural thinking*—i.e. the practice of producing discursive knowledge through the analysis, discussion and conceptualisation of aspects concerning *the architectural design*

process and the building as the outcome of such process. Such a decline—which began to manifest itself more clearly around the mid-1990s—has reached a critical point: today, a dominant strain of current historical and theoretical work simply neglects architectural thinking as a domain of knowledge in itself, thereby reinforcing a decades-long status quo.

Capitalising on a combination of specificity and non-autonomy, my book *The Building* (Zürich, Switzerland: Lars Müller, 2016) presents an alternative to this state of affairs. It attempts to enable architectural thinking to grow into a potent formation on the general map of the humanities and social sciences by precipitating an upturn in its recent trajectory and catalysing a balancing out of the discursive tendencies dominant since the 1960s. Back then, the theoretical turn brought about a strong engagement with external disciplines characterised by the importation and illustration of concepts from those disciplines, while the building was used as a vehicle to focus on concerns elsewhere. Alternatively, the engagement advocated in *The Building* is based upon inverting the former dynamic by inverting the latter. That is to say, it is one in which the building, now turned into the main object of research, is recast to trigger concepts, theoretical frameworks, and, even more ambitiously, systems of thought that can alter fields outside of architecture by becoming meaningfully relevant to them. It thus aims to produce architecturally specific yet generalisable knowledge. In contradistinction to *estranging internalisation*, we may refer to this type of engagement as one of *outward projection*.

The Building suggests ways in which this shift is possible: ways in which knowledge grounded in the specificities of architectural thinking can be applicable outside the boundaries of the discipline; ways in which its tendency to import can coexist with its capacity to export. That is exactly, to stay with the same examples, what Freudian psychoanalysis, Frankfurt School dialectics, structuralism and deconstruction were able to accomplish. And that is exactly how architecture could become substantially more germane across the board—even beyond the humanities, in fields like computer science and the culture of Silicon Valley, which already display an inclination to use architectural terms. 🌱



Utopian / Present

RE-READING TEAM 10 PRIMER



Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1961. Police and secret services struggle to free President elect John F. Kennedy from a surging mass of Harvard students. Source: *The Atlantic*

Words by Montse Solano

“Team 10 is a group of architects who have sought each other out because each has found the help of the others necessary to the development and understanding of their own individual work. But it is more than that.

They came together in the first place, certainly because of mutual realization of the inadequacies of the processes of architectural thought which they had inherited from the modern movement as a whole, but more important, each sensed that the other had already found some way towards a new beginning.

This new beginning, and the long build-up that followed, has been concerned with inducing, as it were, into the bloodstream of the architect an understanding and feeling for the patterns, the aspirations, the artefacts, the tools, the models of transportation and communications of present-day society’s realization-of-itself.

In this sense Team 10 is Utopian, but Utopian about the present.”

Team 10 / Team 10 meeting, London, UK (05.07.1961) / *Team 10 Primer*

The nexus between the architects of Team 10, primarily of those who defined their ‘inner circle’, extended far beyond geographical limits: Alison and Peter Smithsons from the UK,

José Coderch from Spain, Shadrach Woods from the US, as well as the Dutchmen Japp Bakema and Aldo van Eyck and the German Oswald Mathias Ungers, only to name a few. Each member was working in different, often contradictory realities. Their meetings, without pre-established orders or places, were the primary system used to share their works, and their ‘compilations’ were the tool used to group individual positions in unitary documents and to show the Team’s collective imaginary.

During the London meeting, in July 1961, Alison Smithson started to edit the first compilation for the group. The first version was published in *Architectural Design* in 1962 as *Team 10 Primer 1953–1962*, a substantial A3 volume with different texts, descriptions of recent works and lots of diagrams. The second version was published as a complete book by Studio Vista as *Team 10 Primer* (London, 1968). These publications, deeply embedded in social and political realities of the 1960s and of 1961 especially, are the remnants of an architecture that transcended borders, languages, cultures and time.

Similarly to Team 10’s experimental writing style, three layers are adopted here to build a ‘compilative’ narrative of 1961: original texts from *Team 10*

Primer, published in various media; projects that architects of Team 10 were working on; political and social events that at the time were shaping their respective countries. By reading *Team 10 Primer* as a basic manual of 1961, architecture is stretched to a non-autonomous path, an essential cultural mechanism and a contradictory representation of our future desires. Through re-understanding the *Primer*, architecture can be, today more than ever, ‘Utopian about the Present’.

“Can architects meet society’s plural demand? Can they possibly [...] build a city that really is a city? [...] You see, when one says ‘city’ one implies the ‘people’ in it, not just ‘population’. This is the first problem confronting the architect urbanist today.

If society has no form—how can architects build the counterform?

Architects have always been concerned with single buildings or a complex of single buildings. I believe there is a paradox involved in his task today.”

Aldo van Eyck (1961) / *Team 10 Primer*

Van Boetzelaerstraat Playground (Amsterdam, 1961–64) / Amsterdam’s Municipal Orphanage (1955–61) // van E.

Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Luxembourg and the Netherlands express their wish to set up a political union (18.07.1961).

“As far as architecture is concerned, the question of appropriateness is a matter for radical organizational thinking; but it is also a question of language. What are the appropriate organizational forms of buildings groups which respond to today’s needs?”

How is the response to this need to be communicated? If no forms are discovered and no suitable language is evolved, the needs are not met and there remain unfulfilled, undefined, longings in society as a whole.”

Alison & Peter Smithson
(*IUA Catalogue*, 1961) / *Team 10 Primer*

The Economist Building
(London, 1959–64) /
Weekend house
(Fonthill, 1959–82) /
Steilshoop competition
(Hamburg, 1961) // A/PS.

Ireland formally applies to join the European Communities (31.07.1961). The United Kingdom formally applies to join the European Communities (09.08.1961).

London, UK. Police arrest over 1,300 protesters in Trafalgar Square during a Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament rally (17.09.1961).

“Today we are involved in mass production, mass distribution, mass consumption, mass housing, mass education, mass leisure. We are especially concerned with the relationships between these mass activities. (...) Town planning and architecture today must reflect the image of an open society. New techniques of planning must be developed. (...)

The important question is not “how?” but “why?” or “what for?”

Town planning, like architecture, has to help society to achieve its ends, to make life in a community as rich as possible, to aspire to a present utopia.”

Georges Candilis, Alexis Josic, Shadrach Woods (*Le Carré Bleu*, 1961) / *Team 10 Primer*

Bagnols-sur-Cèze (1956–61) /
Toulouse le Mirail
(Toulouse, 1961–81) /
Steilshoop competition
(Hamburg, 1961)
// GC/AJ/SW.

Paris, France. Police massacre: more than 200 Algerians are killed while marching in the city in support of peace talks to end their country’s war of independence against France (17.10.1961).

“Our task is to introduce into social life the play of volumes in space as a function. The new society will be that one which will enable the individual to express his personal opinion about total life. [...]

We have to start the battle in order that architecture may be recognized as an essential function in society. Creation or routine. Way of living or aesthetics. Freedom or dictatorship. Simultaneity or hierarchy. Integration or chaos. Town-planning or administration. Structure or decoration. Function of architecture or functionalism.”

Jaap Bakema (*Le Carré Bleu*, 1961)

Faculty Architecture – Delft University Technology
(1959–64) /
Auditorium – Delft University Technology
(1959–66) /
Steilshoop competition
(Hamburg, 1961)
// van B/JB.

Berlin, Germany. East German workers lay some of the first stone blocks of the Berlin Wall, shortly after the border between East and West Berlin was sealed (15.08.1961).

The first regulation on free movement of workers comes into force, in the European Union (01.09.1961).

“No, I don’t think that its geniuses we need now. I think geniuses are events, not goals or ends. [...] The conditions which form the basis for our work are also in continual change. There are problems of many kinds religious, social, economic; problems with education, with the family, with sources of energy, and so on, which can quite unforeseeably change the face and the structure of our society. [...]

It is naive to believe, as some do, that the ideals and the practice of our profession can be condensed into ‘slogans’ [...] there should be common feature discernible in the diversity of different paths followed by all of the conscientious architects, some one thing present in each of us”.

José Antonio Coderch (*Domus*, 1961)

Tapies House
(Barcelona, 1961–63) /
Uriach House (Barcelona, 1961) /
Rozes House (Girona, 1961–62)
// JC.

Madrid, Spain. The Organisation Armée Secrète was officially formed in Francoist Spain as a response by some French politicians and military officers concerning the Algerian War (01.1961).

“Team 10 is Utopian [...]. Thus their aim is not to theorize but to build, for only through construction can a Utopia of the present be realized”.

Team 10 / *Team 10 meeting*. London, UK
(05.07.1961) / *Team 10 Primer*



1961: Campaign for nuclear disarmament mass protest in London; Protest in Paris during the Algerian War; A section of the Berlin Wall; A US tank takes position at Zimmerstrasse; East German workers assemble the Berlin wall; A refugee during his attempt to escape to West Berlin. Source: *The Atlantic*



The Style of No Style

BRUTALISM AS FEELING

Words by Ben Highmore
Illustration by Daniel Clarke

In 1961, in Sheffield, the Park Hill council housing estate was opened. The architects were Jack Lynn and Ivor Smith and the estate was the most sustained exploration of the idea of 'sky deck' housing in Britain. Fifty-six years later, half of the estate has been refashioned for the private sector and the street decks are no longer public walkways. Some of the estate is still public housing but it needs serious refurbishment—you may know the flats from TV and films where they are often used as exemplary 'sink estates'. At the time, however, the scheme was heralded as a hugely successful articulation of architectural Brutalism. But Brutalism can't and shouldn't be understood simply as a style of socially conscious architecture that went wrong.

In a letter to *Architectural Design* published in June 1957—at the time that the construction of Park Hill was just starting—architect John Voelcker explained that the 'New Brutalism' in architecture "cannot be understood through stylistic analysis, although some day a comprehensible style might emerge". He was amplifying his friends Alison and Peter Smithsons's claim from two months earlier that "Brutalism has been discussed stylistically,

whereas its essence is ethical". Who are they arguing with, you may wonder? Who is it that has been treating Brutalism as a style?

Enter Reyner Banham, stage left. Banham, writing in *Architectural Review* in 1955, had famously laid out a programmatic account of New Brutalism that elaborated on three points: namely that architecture should be legible in terms of structure; that it should present a memorable image (or an image as a memorial); and that materials should be used in the 'raw'. In 1966 Banham published a large book that in its subtitle registers something of the discussion that took place in 1957: *The New Brutalism: Ethic or Aesthetic?* The book offers an extensive photographic tour of Park Hill and other buildings designated as Brutalist. There are two things that are worth saying about this book. The first is that the book comes down squarely on the side of aesthetics, if only through the barrage of examples of buildings that use board formed concrete and brick (for instance, my own university campus in Falmer, Brighton designed by Basil Spence and referred to as 'brick brutalism'). The second point to note is that Banham's large book is an extended account

of the *failure* of Brutalism as a radical architecture, and that Banham is a stringent critic of what it stands for. In other words, Banham's book accomplishes two things: it claims that he was right all along in seeing Brutalism as a style; and then proceeds to claim that as an architectural programme it never fulfilled its radical promise. It seems clear though, that this second assessment is based on viewing Brutalism as a style rather than as an ethics.

In my book, *The Art of Brutalism: Rescuing Hope from Catastrophe in 1950s Britain* (Yale University Press, 2017), I steer a different path, the one that Banham didn't take. This means taking seriously, not only that Brutalism wasn't a style, but also that, in the words of the Smithsons, "Brutalism tries to face up to a mass-produced society, and drag a

"Brutalism without concrete feels a bit like King Canute trying to hold back the sea's tide."

rough poetry out of the confused and powerful forces which are at work". This requires us to resist the immediate association of Brutalism with concrete and alienation, and to instead restore its place in the social firmament of the 1950s. It requires us to see the term circulating not simply with architects but amongst a milieu of artists, writers, and curators, all of whom had recently navigated the spiritual vortex of the Second World War. To wrestle Brutalism away from the association with concrete and alienation feels a bit like King Canute trying to hold back the sea's tide. Indeed, the tidal wash of Brutalism today is enormous. The shelves in bookstores positively howl under the weight of books on Brutalism that see it as a loose style that once dominated civic architecture in the 1960s and 1970s. Of course, the 1961 adventure in Sheffield finds its place in the midst of this stream: today Brutalism is a name associated with an uncompromising architectural aesthetic that looks like a monument to the Welfare State.

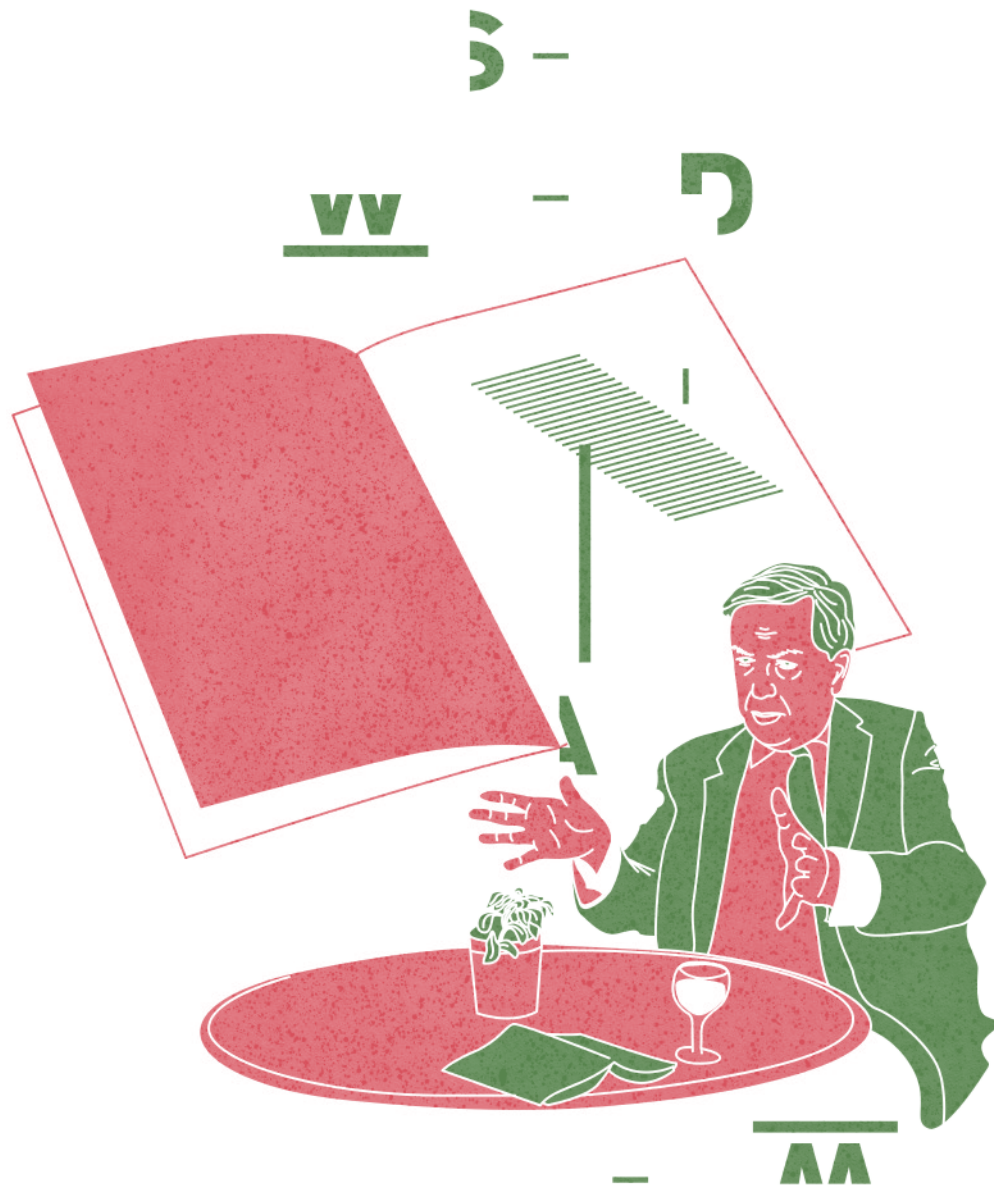
We can love it so much because today's dominant architectural form—of gherkins, shards and walkie-talkies—seems such a ruthless monument to mammon, such a savage declaration of moral vacuity.

The Brutalism that I found was more modest, more tentative, and more ambitious than I had been led to believe by both the champions and detractors of Brutalism as style. In the eyes of 'my' merry band of Brutalists, 'style' was in fact a distinct problem. It didn't signal innovation, it signalled sclerosis. The International Style in architecture had by the 1950s become a set of oh so tasteful tropes. The socio-cultural programme instigated by CIAM under the name of the Athens Charter looked like a bureaucratic machine for producing sterile urbanism (the Smithsons again: "the problem of human relations fell through the net" cast by CIAM). The classic avant-gardes such as surrealism had been outrun by the actuality of aerial bombing which produced 'surreal juxtapositions' as a matter of course. In this light Brutalism was never 'one thing', but a protean force emerging out of the ruins of war. What it produced was an oceanic rumble that has been submerged beneath what we might call the 'victory narratives' of art history where there is only room for 'Pop Art', 'minimalism' and so on.

Today, what would it mean to treat Brutalism as the style of no style, to recognise it as sensitivity, as a structure of feeling, a feeling that might still have some relevance? It might mean recognising that in the late 1980s Prince Charles was a lot closer to Brutalism than he could have ever conceived—one of his architectural advisors, Theo Crosby, had been responsible for publishing the statements by John Voelcker and the Smithsons mentioned above. The common enemy was the unfettered indifference to people's needs that is often shown by the most feted architects of the day. It might mean returning to 1961 and to the popular success of Park Hill—an architecture that clearly wasn't indifferent to people's needs—and to ask ethical questions about the cause of that estates' decline. But it would also mean that today's 'rough poetry' must also face up to today's 'mass produced society' as it heads for planetary suicide and increased social injustice. It would mean treating architecture, art, music and any other cultural forms as part of a 'whole way of life'. It would mean having to give up on the myopic specialisms that want to bracket off the interconnections that produce our cacophonous collective life. 🌱



Re-form



Words by Gregorio Astengo
Illustration Aurelie Garnier

In a decade defined by ‘swinging’, ‘popping’, ‘beating’ architectural magazine-production, *Form* magazine blended and blurred many identities of 1960s arts. *Form*’s designer and editor Philip Steadman talks to LOBBY about his decade-challenging publication.

If the culture of the UK in the 1960s saw a resurgence of radical practices in architecture, publications were possibly their most drastic manifestation. Dozens of ground-breaking architectural magazines appeared over in the 1960s and 1970s (for more on this, take a look at Beatriz Colomina and Craig Buckley’s *Clip Stamp Fold*, 2010). Yet, within such a frantic printing frenzy, and somewhat of an ‘upstream’ case—radical within its radicalness—was *Form* magazine, designed, produced and printed by Philip Steadman, together with Stephen Bann and Mike Weaver.

Summarising Philip’s long and multifaceted career is a hard task to accomplish. His research includes energy use and building forms, land-use modelling and urban transport networks, perspective representation and geometry in architecture, along with a range of publications including *The Geometry of Environment* (1971), *The Evolution of Designs* (1979), *Architectural Morphology* (1983), *Vermeer’s Camera* (2001) and *Building Types and Built Forms* (2014). Philip’s first publication was, however, *Form*, rooted in the early 60s, when many of his interests revolved around design, publishing and printing. The first issue

appeared a bit later, in the summer of 1966, and for the following three years was published on a semi-regular basis (generally every three to five months), the tenth and last issue appearing in October 1969.

Form has been recently described as “probably the first meta-little magazine”. Indeed, the publication had an unusual approach, bridging pre-war avant-garde thought and concrete poetry with kinetic art and early structuralist writings, with contributions and translations of El Lissitzky, Mies van Rohe, Roland Barthes, Josef Albers, Guillaume Apollinaire, to name only a few. *Form*’s design, also composed by Steadman, deserves special attention: the square shape of the book perfectly matches its young Helvetica typeface, born in 1957 from the seed of Swiss-style type design and still something of a shock for an art magazine. Through a complex blend of cross-temporal content and a geometrical, almost ‘anti-pop’ graphic identity, *Form* acted as a truly broad-minded publication, producing associations between experimental movements and the state of the arts in the 1960s. In that, *Form* was an experiment, produced largely without specific agendas or

ideological programmes, but rather for the sake of bridging interests and opening up creative modes of thinking.

AA

In *Form* you acted as co-editor as well as publisher and designer. How did you first get interested in typography and printmaking?

It started when I was at school at Winchester College, during the late 1950s. The school was given an old 19th Century printing press and a group of us developed a sort of printing ‘club’. I started understanding a bit about how printing worked, which in those days was a very laborious process. When I went to Cambridge in 1959 I already had that interest in my mind and I continued to work in publishing. There were a lot of student-led magazines at the time in Cambridge. I got progressively involved in several of them and in particular in a magazine called *Image*, launched in 1960 by a group of undergraduates. It was a very professional photojournalism magazine in the style of *Life* magazine. *Image* was then acquired by London publishers and I became the art editor in 1963–64. In many ways my experience with *Image* inspired *Form*, so much so that at the

“The only way that I could embark in some kind of ‘decorative’ venture was through a typographical project.”

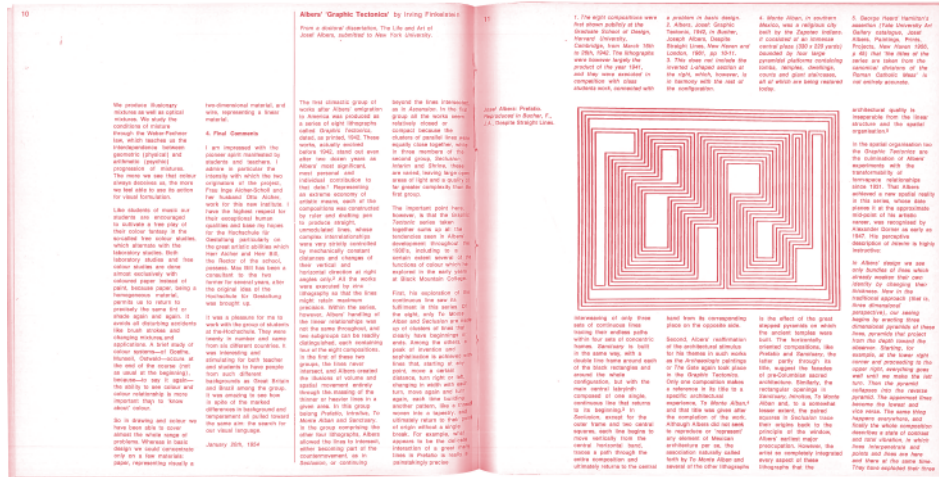
time I thought of going into graphic design professionally. Although *Form* was a product of the 1960s, it often seemed to challenge some of the popular notions normally associated with the decade, especially in London. It instead looked back to pre-war years and to the modern movement. What were your intentions with the magazine, both in contents and graphic identity? I don't think we really had a plan. All we did in that sense was publish a little 'manifesto' in the first issue, claiming that "The aims of *Form* are to publish and provoke discussion of the relations of form to structure in the work of art, and of correspondences between the arts". That was it! I feel like we mostly made it up as we went along. Stephen Bann, Mark Weaver and I simply shared interests in the arts. When you look at the magazine you can see that we were trying to make connections between kinetic art and concrete poetry and their explicit precursors in the pre-war period. We were greatly interested in continental structuralism, like Roland Barthes and Claude Lévi-Strauss, and in structuralist aesthetics and theories, many of which were not yet very well-known in the UK.

In terms of graphic identity, I was enthusiastic about German and Swiss typography. I had a book, *Die Neue Typographie* by Jan Tschichold (1928), which was in many ways an essential reference in typographic studies. I was also interested in the Hochschule für Gestaltung Ulm (Ulm School of Design) and in their magazine, *Ulm* (1958–68), on which *Form* was largely based. All this was part of a more general interest in design approaches and product design, especially the ones coming out of Germany, which prompted our interest in geometric abstraction. Practically speaking, the magazine was done with moveable type and all illustrations were photo-engraved and printed on high-quality coated paper—this was basically 19th Century printing. Helvetica was the font I chose, which at the time was a true revelation! The square format, very expensive and wasteful, was a sort of ideological choice: the plan was to carry on until we got to a cube-shaped stack of magazines. Unfortunately we never got there. Who did you imagine as your readership? To be honest we had no idea! We knew we didn't want it to be an academic journal but we didn't exactly

do market research. However, *Form* did build a fairly strong readership. In the end we were selling about 1000 copies—the magazine was very cheap, far too cheap in fact. I was responsible for sales, mainly in London, and a lot of university libraries bought subscriptions, especially in the USA. There were also private individuals, art critics, painters, poets and so on, although I didn't really register who they were. I recently found out that Italo Calvino was a subscriber to *Form*! Architectural history is filled with conversations between print-making, typography and architectural thinking and production: I think of William Morris but also Wright and Mies. Did you then—and do you now—see typography as a vehicle to facilitate some kind of architectural discourse or thinking? At the time I would have certainly said no. I started in 1959 as an undergraduate and got my diploma in 1965. I then was a PhD candidate and started working with architect Leslie Martin as a research assistant. When we started *Form*, the research I was doing had to do mostly with university planning. At the time the Cambridge School of Architecture embraced Modernism with remnants of Beaux-arts, but decoration was considered taboo. I think the only way that I could embark in some kind of 'decorative' venture was through a typographical project. Martin, who was the head of the school, was an Aalto-esque kind of Modernist and others, such as Colin Rowe and Peter Eisenman, were interested in geometry and mathematics. I myself, in my design work, was a stripped-down Corbusean and I was interested in geometry in architecture. In retrospect I can definitely see a connection between that and our project of *Form* in terms of geometric abstraction and grid-based systems. Were you then in contact with other academic environments or

academics in the early to mid-1960s that inspired you? I'm not sure that we were. Later on we had closer connections with the Bartlett, but at that time Cambridge had a provincial quality—in a way it still does. Our influences were mostly through reading, and most of what we published was acquired through private correspondence. At the beginning we commissioned a couple of articles and published translations of already existing articles—like Theo van Doesburg and Barthes—but later on we received more original contributions, for example Frank Popper and even Walter Gropius! In fact, in *Form* n°5 (1967) we featured Gropius and Marcel Breuer's yet unpublished designs for Black Mountain College (1939). At some point Weaver even went to Josef Albers's house! In 1967 you became part of the newly-established Centre for Land Use and Built Form Studies in Cambridge (LUBFS), with Lionel March and Leslie Martin. The centre studied geometrical built forms in order to investigate questions of choice in architecture. Did your involvement with LUBFS impact the magazine in any way? The two seemed to speak a similar language, especially in terms of geometry. Those years were indeed the beginning of my interests in geometry and architecture, which certainly shared a root with *Form*. But, like I said, *Form* was a magazine about the arts. Lionel March, who became the first director of LUBFS, had a mathematical background but was actually also a painter. He did systematic geometrical abstraction in the style of De Stijl and Mondrian, but with a rigorous mathematical basis. There was a common root in terms of geometry and the arts, which at the time I was certainly not aware of. It's not like we weren't exposed to other currents in the 1960s. Some of

us went almost every week to the old ICA in London, where there were talks by people like Reyner Banham, Lawrence Alloway and Eduardo Paolozzi. In fact Banham's first book, *Theory and Design in the First Machine Age* (1960), was really an eye opener for us into futurism, De Stijl and pre-war architecture and art, which we knew nothing about. I think part of what we were up with *Form* was trying to open up to areas that were not well-known. Each issue of *Form* had a concluding section called 'Great Little Magazines', where you presented extracts, indexes, library holdings and other practical information about magazines such as *Secession*, *G*, *De Stijl*, *Mecano*. How did you choose these publications and how were they meaningful to you? We wanted to shed light on movements and styles that were relevant to us and offer practical information, which was often difficult to access. At the time it was complicated to get hold of these publications and general knowledge of the modern movement was quite restricted. This is also where architecture comes more into the picture because some of these magazines were rooted in architectural culture—*G* was edited by Mies and Van Doesburg founded *De Stijl*. How did *Form* come to an end? *Form* stopped because I ran out of money. The main income was through subscriptions but it was never enough. When we announced closure, subscribers even wrote back saying that they would have paid more! In 1969 the two editors and I also moved apart and I was the only one left in Cambridge. In a way the moment had passed and we ran out of energies—although it would have been nice to carry on. The adventure was idealistic and completely uncommercial; but after 50 years one can look back and see that *Form* in turn has become something of a 'great little magazine'.



Albers' 'Graphic Tectonics', spread from *Form* issue 4.

Covers of *Form*
Issues 1–10
1966–1969



The Exhibition Space — PART III Progress

Just in Case

Illustration by Thomas Hedger
Words by Juan José Acosta

Shelters make us uneasy. They expose human fragility while also tangibly channeling human resilience. There's an intrinsic antithesis between the safety of the refuge and the harm that it protects from.

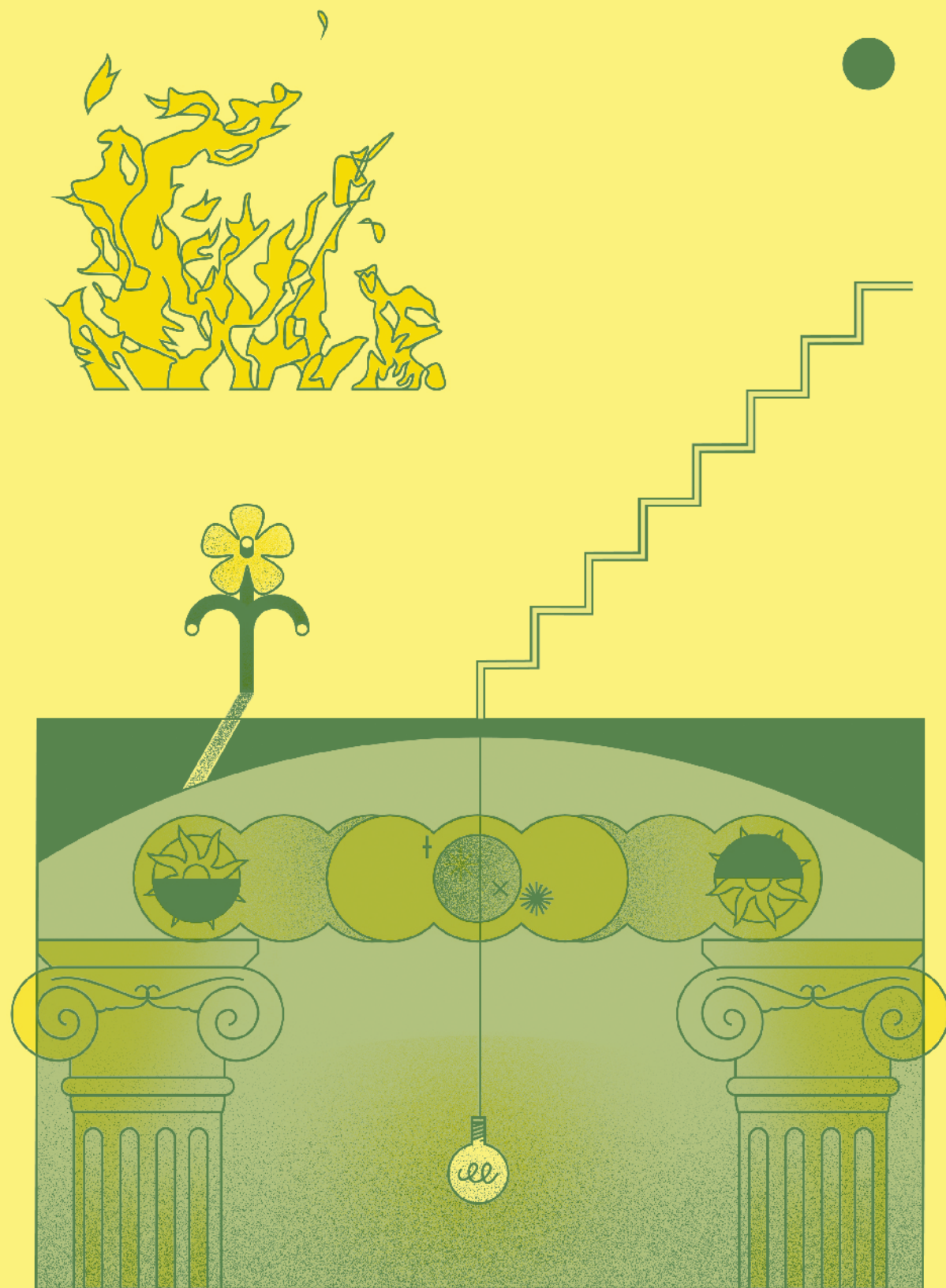
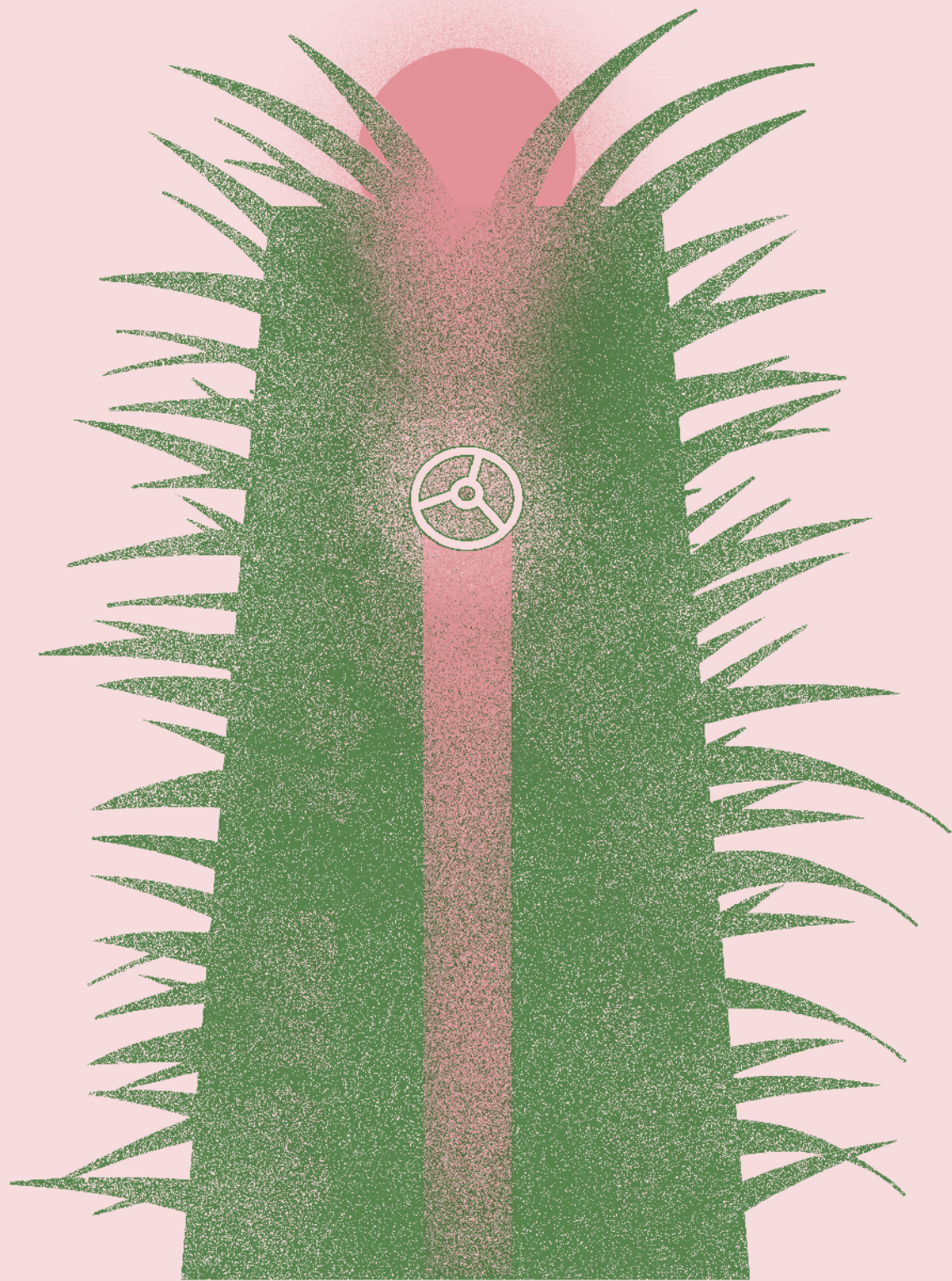
However, these roles have been reversed, and shelters are regarded as dreaded enclaves of otherness—places foreign to the refuge of the mainstream where only those whose destinies have condemned them to misfortune would live. In our collective consciousness, a shelter has become synonymous with danger and harm: a temporary home for the survivors of a tower block fire in London; camps for Syrian refugees fleeing a brutal civil war; refuge for Chechen gay men seeking to survive a regime that is torturing and killing them for their sexuality.

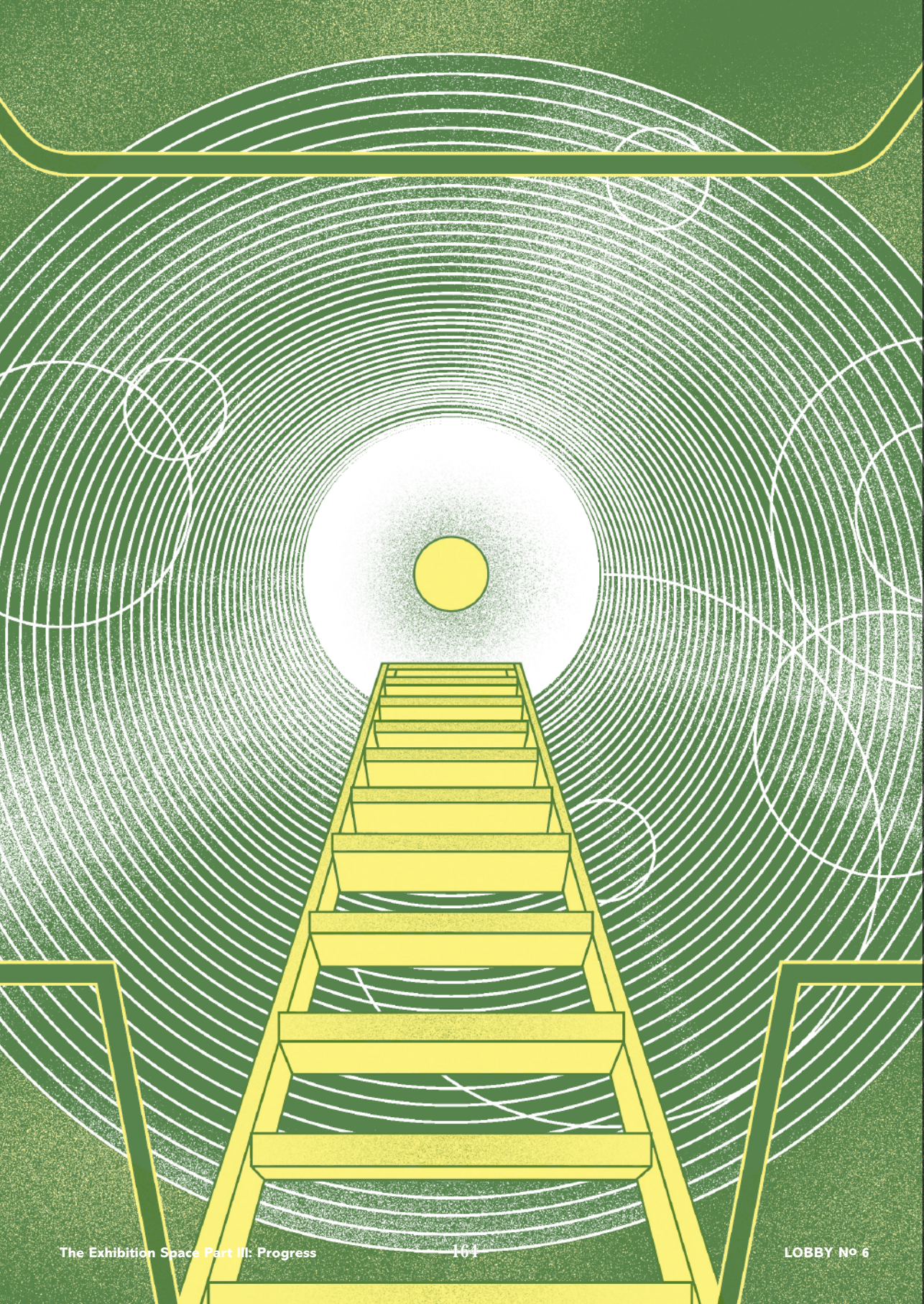
No one living a *normal* life considers having a shelter *just in case*. But circumstances were different in 1961. With the threat of a nuclear war becoming more serious by the day, the new normal was planning for survival *just in case* the USSR attacked the US. On 7 October 1961, *The New York Times* reported that President John F. Kennedy had spoken openly for the first time about the need for every “prudent family to provide itself a shelter”, and had instructed major cities to modify local laws to encourage private shelter-building. Historic accounts detail how the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization in Washington D.C. received a monthly average of 50,000 visitors towards the end of 1961, most of whom were asking for information about fallout preparedness. In response, the Office distributed a pamphlet that prescribed blueprints for simple do-it-yourself basement shelters, as well as three other more complex designs.

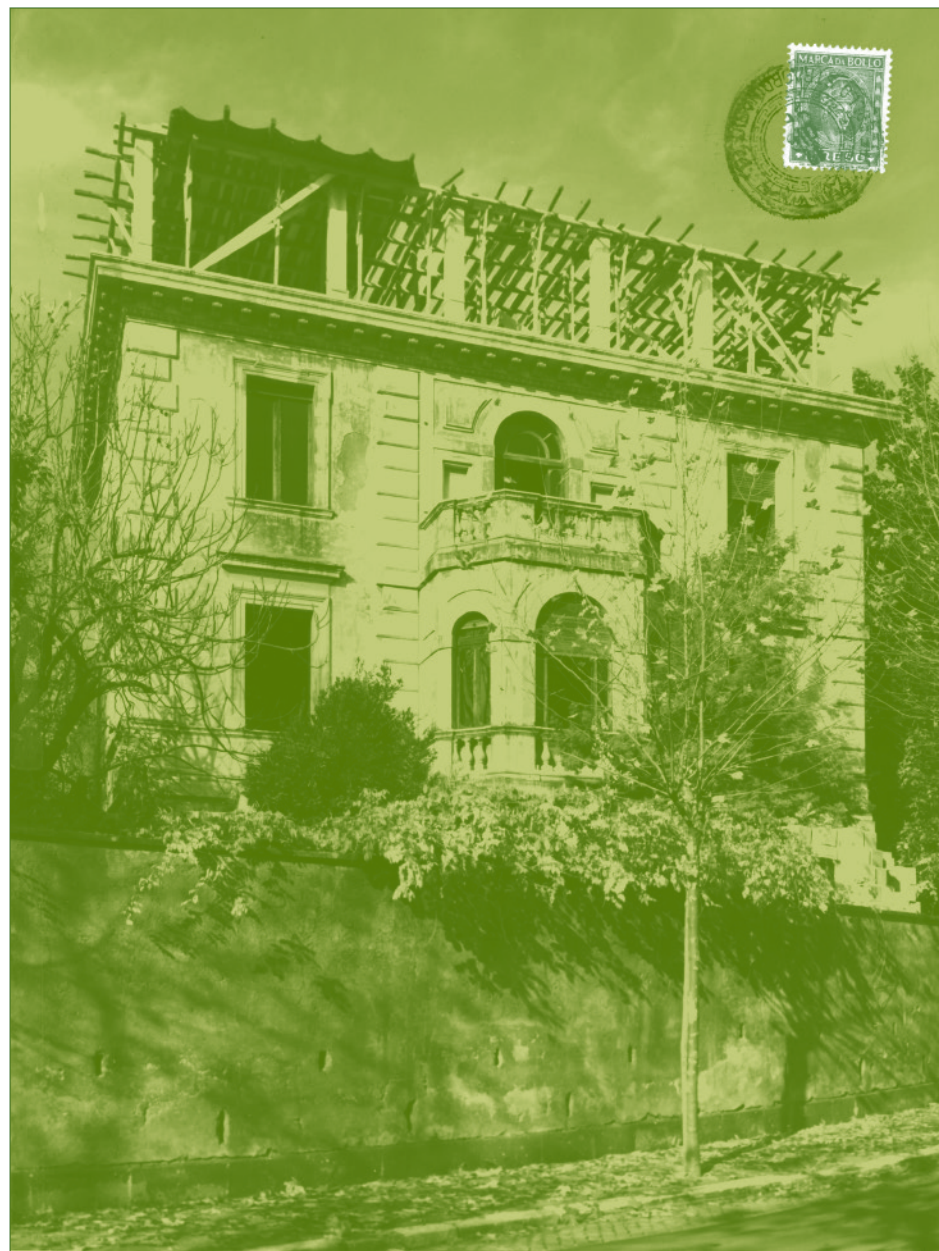
The demand for underground shelters grew exponentially. Builders started to advertise their services all around the country using imagery that portrayed characters living happily underground—unwilling to acknowledge the chaos from the outside—in scenes that, seen today, appear rather ironic. Comfortable shelters became a legitimate architectural design concern, given the possibility that the fallout from a nuclear attack could precipitate weeks of living underground.

Concerns about comfort were addressed in what could be considered the climax of the fallout shelter propaganda campaign: an *underground house*, part of the New York World's Fair exhibition in 1964. The official guide to the exhibition stated, “underground homes can provide more control over air, climate and noise than conventional houses—as well as protection from such hazards as fire and radiation fallout. The house occupies most of the area inside a concrete shell, the top of which is two and a half feet underground ... Windows in the house face scenic murals placed on the walls of the shell.” This luxurious upgrade from the Civil Defense's design included a sophisticated lighting system that could simulate the lighting qualities of sunrise, sunset and a starry night sky which could be observed in the *underground exterior space*. Promoting the inherently-contradictory *underground exterior* as its solution to the concerns of underground living, the propaganda campaign triumphed in the invention of a new architectural typology. Fortunately, Americans were never forced to experiment the livability of those spaces.

But maybe *we* should, just in case. 🌱







The Norwegian Institute in Rome 1961–1962. Photographer unknown.

Fill That Window

A DECISION BY CHRISTIAN NORBERG-SCHULZ

Words by Anna Ulrikke Andersen

When Christian Norberg-Schulz visited the construction site of the Norwegian Institute in Rome in early 1962, he made the following decision: to fill a large window located in the library with plaster. On the exterior, he suggested keeping the blinds permanently shut, covering the solid wall to maintain the facade's symmetry. This solution would allow for a slide projector to be installed in the library, he outlines in a letter to the building committee dated 31 January 1962. Nothing really implies to the reader that the architect had probably already decided to leave his profession for good and turn to theory and history. And it is as *theorist* he particularly made a mark, authoring the widely read books *Intentions in Architecture* (1963) and *Genius Loci: Towards a Phenomenology of Architecture* (1980).

Norberg-Schulz's prospects as an architect were nevertheless quite bright at the outset of 1961; he'd just designed a proposal for the Norwegian Institute in Rome that was to be built amongst other nations' cultural and educational institutions in Valle Giulia. A note dated 1958 outlines the agreement between Italy and Norway, securing a 'Norwegian' plot located on a prime location: next to

the Japanese Institute, close by the British School and overlooking the Swedish Institute across the valley. Also dated 1958, are Norberg-Schulz's plans, facades and sections of the two-storey institute.

But on 5 March 1961, Norberg-Schulz wrote an urgent letter to Hans Petter L'Orange, one of the Institute's founders. The architect is concerned. In the Italian newspaper *Il Messaggero* he's read that the Japanese Cultural Institute is planning a garden exactly where the Norwegian Institute is to be built, and the issue requires immediate attention, Norberg-Schulz writes. And if that plot goes to Japan, perhaps the land next to the Belgians (promised to Egypt) still might be free? Or how about attempting to negotiate with the Municipality of Rome for a new plot next to the planned Japanese garden?

A telegram from 9 March 1961 confirms Norberg-Schulz's suspicion: the municipality of Rome would give the plot to the Japanese garden project and stop any new construction in the area. The Norwegians were driven out of the valley, and Norberg-Schulz's design was discarded consequently. But later in the year, the institute's founders, L'Orange and Hjarmer Torp, find a suitable

villa at Janiculum, close to the American Academy of Rome, which would suit the Institute's needs if extended and renovated, and Norberg-Schulz is again involved as the architect.

Knowing the project's difficult funding situation, Norberg-Schulz agrees to 50% of a normal fee to design a two-storey extension, a roof terrace and the overall renovations. The work must be completed by 31 December 1961, which gives Norberg-Schulz less than five months to finish the building and renovations. Throughout the process Norberg-Schulz works closely with L'Orange and Torp, as well as Verga, the Italian construction company involved. But the project is marked by delays, conflict and miscommunication. L'Orange goes away for an arthritis rehabilitation in Vicarello in early September, and when returning 10 days later, he finds that important building materials have not been ordered. Work has been delayed, but Verga claims the order is the responsibility of the architect. Norberg-Schulz appears to have left for Naples.

"My contract does *not* include ordering materials", Norberg-Schulz writes on 19 October. But the damage is done. Verga leaves the project, due to "conflict with Norberg-Schulz".



The Norwegian Institute in Rome 1961–1962. Photographer unknown.

The situation is tense, and Norberg-Schulz writes to L'Orange: "I solemnly hope that this [letter] can end our discussion, as it is of importance for the build that the collaboration remains friendly." L'Orange and Norberg-Schulz remain lifelong friends, but as New Year's Eve 1961 approaches, the building is far from finished and the work would continue long into 1962.

Architectural historian Jorge Otero-Pailos, for one, attributes post-war bureaucracy as the main reason for Norberg-Schulz leaving architecture and becoming an "architect-historian: a person who authors architecture by redefining how others see it". Leaving out the disappointing events of 1961, Norberg-Schulz himself in 1993 addressed the professional shift in the following way: "My interest in architectural history was sparked by studies in Italy. I thought I would be able to combine design and

writing, but eventually had to make a decision". Impossible to do both, Norberg-Schulz chose writing. Ordering materials just wasn't for him.

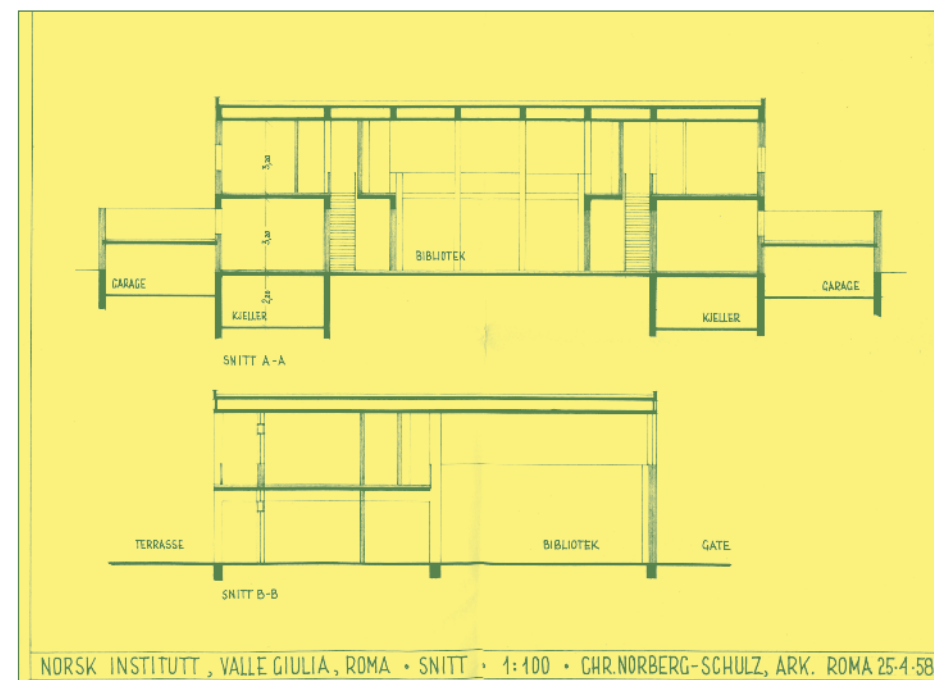
But he did order the window to be filled with plaster. The window: a frame filled with glass, separated by window sills, ordered to be removed and discarded, before the empty frame was to be filled with cold, solid plaster. Polished, painted and then covered up by a permanently shut blind, this window no longer holds the promise of view and air. Light or light projector? The architect made his decision, and the darkness of the library triumphed those fragile panes of glass.

The window is not only a physical construct, it is a widely used metaphor for framing, exposure—it is that strange boundary that both separates and attracts, which creates unexpected connections and relations. The physical features of the window are

interlinked with its meaning, and filling a frame by plaster is a strong statement: both in architecture and in language.

Norberg-Schulz knew and mastered language. His successful authorship of books, articles and lectures stand as solid evidence on this. And whereas Italy surely sparked his interest in architectural history, his choice of words when describing his decision is peculiar. He did not *make* the decision, he *had* to make the decision, but fails to tell his listener the reason behind this somewhat forced verdict. But to me, the frustrating events of 1961 stands as crystal clear reasons why he left and never looked back. Instead of stating so in words, he wrote his statement in architecture, and he did so in an almost aggressive manner. The Norwegian Institute in Rome (1961–1962) remains Norberg-Schulz's final, and southernmost, design project. As he filled that window, he permanently shut the blind to architectural practice. ❁

With the generous support from The Norwegian Institute in Rome, Stenseth Grimsrud Arkitekter AS and The Bartlett Research Projects Fund



Christian Norberg-Schulz, Norwegian Institute section, 1958



Christian Norberg-Schulz, Norwegian Institute section, 1958

Walking in the Mental Space

L'ANNÉE DERNIÈRE À MARIENBAD



Words by Renzo Sgolaccia
Illustration by Joe Rudi

British film director Peter Greenaway said that the release of *Last Year at Marienbad* “is comparable with the revolution in painting of non-figurative art.” It has constantly influenced directors, and at the same time is considered one of the most boring films ever made. Directed by Alain Resnais, *Last Year at Marienbad* represents a fundamental turning point in the history of cinema, and suggestive of the transition between Modernity and Postmodernity.

The film is a “story of a persuasion”, as Alain Robbe-Grillet, the screenplay’s author, puts it. A man, X (played by Giorgio Albertazzi), tries to persuade a woman, A (Delphine Seyrig), telling her that they’d met somewhere the year before and had an affair. But the woman doesn’t remember this and denies they’d met. The story also includes a third person, M (Sacha Pitoëff), who may or may not be the woman’s husband.

Until that time, it was common to conceive cinema as a sort of illustrated version of published novels. But Resnais intended to fully develop the potential of cinema as an autonomous art when he directed *Last Year at Marienbad*—a screenplay which in itself searched for ways to break with the aesthetics of the traditional novel. The fragmented structure of the narrative introduces an ambiguous reality where temporal and spatial references are constantly shifted and not localised; traditional rules of chronological order and causality are missing, confusing and disorienting for the audience.

Last Year at Marienbad’s innovation lies in the disrupted linearity of the narrative and in the way Resnais used and manipulated architectural space to translate this into visual form. The film takes place in a Baroque hotel,

which is in fact an imaginary building created by editing scenes shot in several locations—namely three royal palaces in Munich and a film studio in Paris. Rather than working with these different locations purely for logistics during filming, Resnais uses them to structure the filmic space so that it isn’t revealed in a linear way, but results in a slow process of discovery.

The hotel becomes a fantastic labyrinth where memory and imagination become one. This process of alteration of reality is carefully planned by Resnais and realised through specific editing and camera moves. For instance, A’s hotel room initially has little furniture and is extremely bright, but later appears with more and more decoration and furniture, arriving at the image of what a hotel room looks like more closely. Also, movable walls were used to expand the size of the room. The transformation of these spaces is a physical translation of A’s mental state as she *probably* starts to remember the affair with X, shifting from delirium to the awareness of reality. In fact, the entire hotel can be read in relation to the psychoanalytical aspects of the story. In September 1961, during an interview for the magazine *Cahiers du cinema*, Resnais explained that the large rooms in the hotels “indicate the tendency to narcissism”. Furthermore, he compared the ambiguity of the hotel space with a mental hospital, an interpretation dependant on the characteristic of spaces and behaviour of characters.

In light of this, the Hall of Mirrors of the hotel, shot in the late Baroque Amalienburg Pavilion in Munich, echoes Sigmund Freud’s studio, where a mirror hung on the window, reflecting him and his patient during therapy sessions. Moreover, the monumentality of the

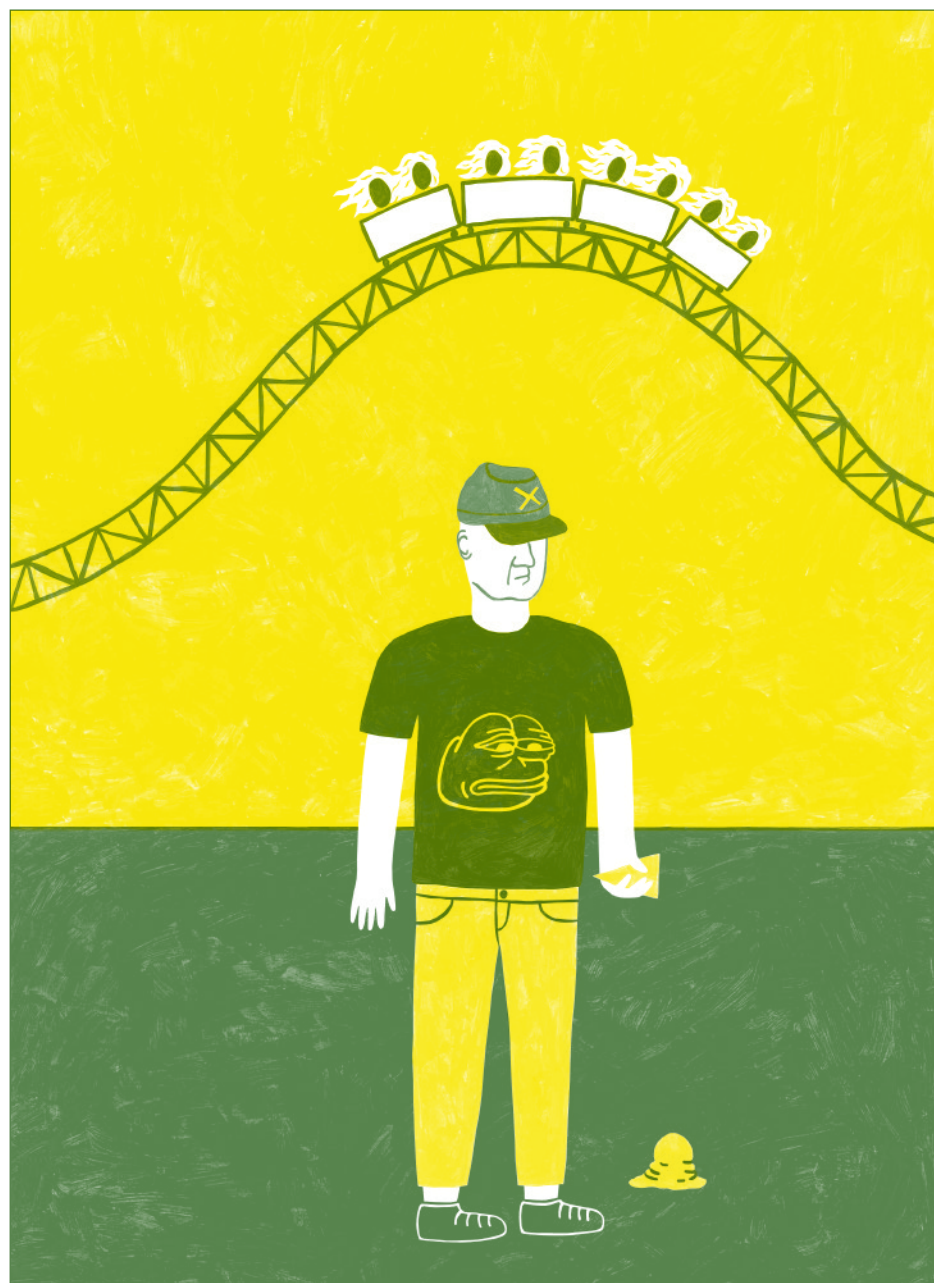
hotel may represent figurative mental obstacles and the feeling of isolation, emphasised by repetitive monologue. Even the costumes, which can be considered as part of the architecture of the hotel, follow the emotional engagement of the characters. X wears the same suit throughout the film, as his attitude never changes. Meanwhile, A alternates between black and white dresses, emphasising her emotional instability. The tension between X and A can also be read as the relationship between a psychoanalyst and his patient: the psychoanalyst confronts the patient’s defence and resistance bringing out repressed and unconscious inner conflicts which have caused the character’s problems.

The topic of ‘modern’ treatments for madness was very present in the early 1960s. It’s not a coincidence that Michel Foucault published the book *Madness and Civilization*, influenced by his working experience in a mental hospital, in the same year 1961. However, *Last Year at Marienbad* doesn’t only reflect the preoccupations of the 1960s; it takes place in an undefined time, in an eternal present that the spectator lives in for one and half hour.

The film engages the audience emotionally but not through acting. Inspired by his favourite comic *Mandrake*, Resnais instructed the actors to make use of rigid and artificial postures, requesting Giorgio Albertazzi (X) to perform without blinking. It is through architecture that Resnais expresses emotions. The architectural space created in *Last Year at Marienbad* is a device that deconstructs the logic of reality and stimulates the unconscious in the mind of the viewer. By watching the film, one is engaged in a retroactive reconstruction of Resnais’s mental spatial configurations in his dual role of director and architect. ✿

Theme Park of the Lost Cause

DOLLYWOOD'S BEGINNINGS AS REBEL RAILROAD



Words by Alyssa Skiba
Illustration by Fanny Wickström

Long before the site would become world-famous as ‘Dollywood’—in June 1961, Grover and Harry Robbins welcomed their first customers to the original theme park in Pigeon Forge, Tennessee.

The Robbins brothers had purchased a steam locomotive which previously had hauled cargo on the Alaskan Yukon Pass during World War II. In a new life as a tourist attraction, the former military train carried passengers on the five-mile loop of the park, ‘Rebel Railroad’.

A drawing conductor addressed anyone aboard as a “good Confederate citizen” and the train chugged through “hostile Yankee territory” as re-enactors staged the drama of saving fictional Fort Agony from the Union. As special treat for the young-uns, a sheriff handed out cap guns encouraging children to shoot at the Yanks.

At the time when the park opened, the Civil War Centennial, a nationwide commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the divisive conflict, had also just begun. Though the wounds of America were far from healed, the park still chose to lionise the “Lost Cause” of the Confederacy, with the Robbins Brothers stating that the coinciding Centennial was their direct inspiration for the park’s theme. Karl Betts, executive director of the Centennial, might have agreed with their business goals; in the spring of 1961, he proclaimed that the celebration’s potential to boost tourism would “be a shot in the arm for the whole American economy”. As echoed by the actors at Rebel Railroad, the Centennial also popularised Civil War reenactments as a sanitised method of play-acting historical memory, more akin to a sports match than any reality of war.

The commodification and dilution of the past did not go unnoticed at the

time. When asked by journalist Dan Wakefield why there was no commemoration of the Emancipation Proclamation—an order President Lincoln gave in 1863 that helped liberate slaves in the South—Betts replied that the Centennial Committee had chosen to not ‘emphasise emancipation’, even regurgitating the myth that, “A lot of fine Negro people loved life as it was in the old South.”

Friction hit the headlines when Madaline Williams, an African-American Centennial delegate, was denied a room at the Francis Marion Hotel to attend the opening events in still-segregated Charleston, South Carolina. John F. Kennedy personally asked the hotel to accommodate her. They refused. During the inaugural Centennial event in Charleston, the Confederate flag was raised for the first time over the Capitol’s dome, a move many saw as an assertion of ‘states rights’ in the face of a push for desegregation.

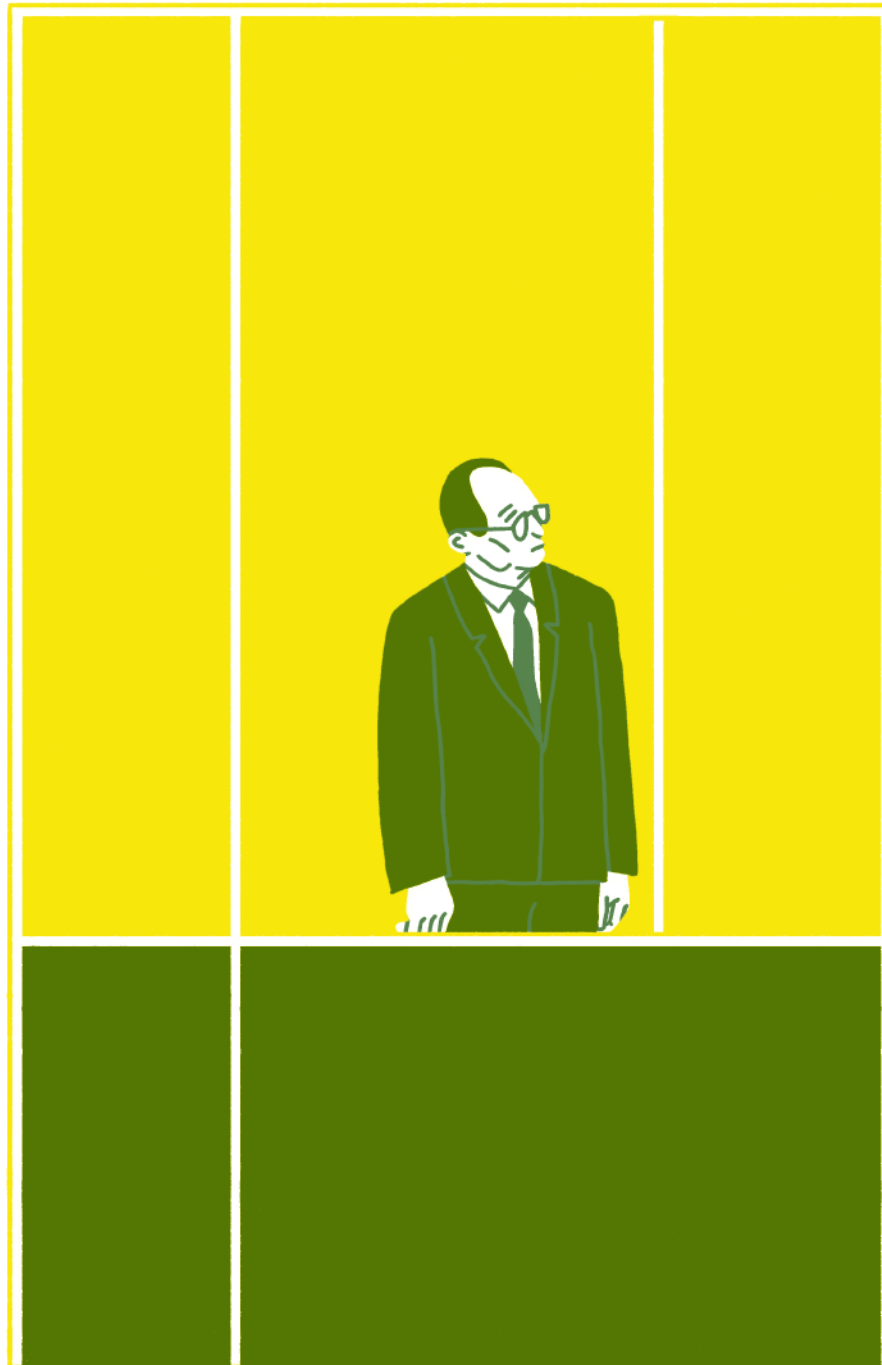
At Rebel Railroad, using armed Confederate soldiers as entertainment clearly also served as a an unspoken segregation policy and a way of signalling who was welcome. But by the late 60s, perhaps due to the recent victory of the Civil Rights Act, Centennial fever began to die down. The Robbins Brothers sold Rebel Railroad in 1970 to Art Modell who rechristened the park as ‘Goldrush Junction’ and the Union and Confederate plot was changed to ‘cowboys and Indians’, effectively replacing one questionable narrative of white supremacy with another. The property changed hands again in 1977 to the Herschend Family, and Dolly Parton finally joined them as a business partner in 1986. To this day, the same train used to cheer on the Confederates of Rebel Railroad is still in service as the Dollywood Express.

Of course, Parton herself isn’t complicit with the oppressive implications of Confederate symbols; at the time of Rebel Railroad, she was only a bobby-socked high schooler with nothing to do with it. And the park now reflects this; in contrast to a previously more aggressive tone, visitors can now follow Parton’s rise from rags to riches by visiting a replica of the two-room mountain cabin she shared with 10 other siblings, or meet Dolly in blue-sequined hologram form as a part of her Chasing Dreams museum.

Dollywood evolved as time passed and the tourist fad of the Civil War Centennial faded. But in other places, change didn’t happen as organically, and it was crucial to deliberately erase the shadows of the Confederacy. For instance, the Confederate flag that had flown above the South Carolina Capitol since the 61 Centennial was only—and finally—taken down in 2015 after white supremacist Dylann Roof gunned down nine churchgoers at Charleston’s African Methodist Episcopal Church. Roof’s website included photos posing with Confederate flags and he had commented to friends that he “wanted to start a civil war”. And on 14 May, another white nationalist, Richard Spencer, assembled a small group of like-minded racists to bear torches and contest the pending removal of a Confederate monument in Richmond, Virginia. Tom Perriello, a current contender for Governor of Virginia, responded via Twitter, “Get your white supremacist hate out of my hometown”. Spencer hurled back, “We won, you lost, little Tommy”. But Perriello was quick to fire back: “Actually, you lost. In 1865. 150 years later, you’re still not over it.”

Boxing the Holocaust

THE EICHMANN TRIAL IN JERUSALEM



Words by Lucia Tahan
Illustration by Chester Holme

Writing about wartime suffering is much like building a cage for it. Many survivors turned to writing as a means of containing the destructive, wild beast of their haunting memories as witnesses of unspeakable horrors. Piotr Rawicz's brilliant Holocaust novel *Blood from the Sky*, published in Paris in 1961, included some short verses on his negotiation with various agents: the past, the 'I', the other:

I have it on a leash,
The past,
Trailing it after me like
(But naturally!)
Like a dog.

The effort to put a leash on his own beast of the past was unsuccessful, however. He committed suicide in 1982. But while Rawicz was trying to contain his own experience through literature, Israel as a new nation was facing a similar narrative effort: catching the last of the major surviving Nazis and formally confronting him, for the whole world to see, in the 1961 the Eichmann Trial in Jerusalem.

Adolf Eichmann was a German SS-Obersturmbannführer—a paramilitary Nazi officer rank—and one of the major organisers of the Holocaust. He was responsible for the logistics of mass deportations of Jews to ghettos and extermination camps during World War II. After Germany's defeat in 1945, he fled to Austria and later to Argentina, where in 1960 a team of Mossad—Israel's intelligence service—and Shin Bet agents captured him in a now legendary operation. He was then brought to Israel to stand trial on war crimes and crimes against humanity and the Jewish people.

In the first decades after WWII and its declaration of independence in 1948, the Israeli priority was the future, as the nation kept itself busy with the

effort of building a new country from scratch. New immigrants were encouraged to give up their Jewish diaspora customs and languages and adopt the new refunded Israeli identity, which received the name *kur hitukh*, a Hebrew phrase meaning 'melting pot'. But amid Israel looking forward, 1961 shifted focus back to the past with the Eichmann Trial, flipping Israel's role as a project under construction to a legitimate judge of history.

The Eichmann Trial—the only one of its kind in the history of Israel—helped shape our collective memory of the Holocaust and current notions of ethics. It even served as an experiment for contemporary political practices, such as the careful crafting of audiovisual materials for mass media consumption in modern politics. The then Prime Minister of Israel, David Ben Gurion, conceived the trial to be seen on television and radio worldwide, acknowledging the importance of the materials broadcasted for the cause of presenting the world with a narrative about the entire Holocaust and not just demonstrating Eichmann's guilt. The trial also triggered Hannah Arendt's seminal work in modern ethics, *Eichmann in Jerusalem*.

Arendt, who reported from the trial for *The New Yorker*, went on to write *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, in which she described Eichmann as the embodiment of the "banality of evil", a concept that quickly infiltrated mainstream culture. From that position it contributed to the contemporary notion of a headless machinery of terror or oppression, where no single agent is directly acting out of an evil impulse. Our contemporary notion of 'the system' as an interconnected political and economic autonomous force has been largely influenced by

later interpretations of Arendt's seminal work.

But the Eichmann Trial, while also foundational to Israeli national identity, can be interpreted as the blackboxing of the Holocaust. In contemporary science and technology studies, the term 'blackboxing'—first introduced by Bruno Latour in *Pandora's Hope: Essays on the Reality of Science Studies* in 1999—is used to describe the social process by which scientific and technical work becomes successfully settled when focus shifts from its internal complexity to its input and output—that is, the kinds of problems it can solve and the solutions it provides. This concept has since been extended to the cultural and social operation of forming a narrative around a series of events: we give them a name and label them as 'true' so that society can operate with them as tools to build upon.

Before the witnesses's testimony was meticulously documented and broadcast to worldwide TV audiences for months, the world's notion of what had happened in the Holocaust was relatively vague; Holocaust survivors in Israel did not speak about their ordeals at the hands of the Nazis until the trial. To many, the Holocaust was an unspeakable memory, but the trial was a catharsis, and people began to tell their stories. It was during the court proceedings that American television used the word 'Holocaust' for the first time as a translation of the Hebrew word *Shoah* uttered by prosecuting attorney Gideon Hausner. For all its impact in our social consciousness today, we owe the Eichmann Trial the notion of what the Holocaust was, as a historical blackbox.

In the trial, the concept of boxing—or blackboxing—the Holocaust

manifested in two ways, each embedded with spatial politics. First, in the ritual and symbolism of a staged courtroom. And second, in the literal, physical boxing of Eichmann inside a glass booth built for his protection. The courtroom was never a courtroom, but a stage: the trial was held at Beit Ha'Am, an auditorium in central Jerusalem. While Arendt was highly critical of Gurion's intention to make the Eichmann trial a theatrical event, her description of the scene paints a picture of how the staging followed a symbolic and hierarchical order:

"The three judges, clad in black robes, took their seats at the top of a raised platform, facing the audience as from the stage in a play. The audience was supposed to represent the whole world."

The judges' long table was covered with more than 1,500 documents, and was flanked at each end by the stenographers, while translators were located below the judges. One tier below the translators, facing each other with their profiles turned to the audience, stood the glass booth of the accused in front of the witness box. Finally, on the bottom tier, with their backs to the audience, were the prosecutor with his staff, and the counsel for the defense.

This cascading arrangement symbolises hierarchy and intent, with the axis on which the judges, documents, translators, defense and prosecutor sat, representing justice. The perpendicular axis held Eichmann's and the witnesses's box face to face, an axis representing testimony. Symbolically, the historical events emanated from this testimonial axis towards the axis of justice, where they were then interpreted, judged and broadcasted to the audience in a variety of languages.

For Ben Gurion's political cause, Eichmann's deeds were less important than the events they were a key part of. Arendt wrote that for justice to truly reign, the importance of Eichmann's performance in the trial was crucial. She described him as "medium-sized, slender, middle-aged, with receding hair, ill-fitting teeth, and nearsighted eyes,

who throughout the trial keeps craning his scraggy neck toward the bench (not once does he face the audience)." On top of this, he had a nervous tic and a cold, and kept sneezing throughout the trial, qualities that downplayed the magnitude of the historical events. This creates a seemingly unsolvable narrative tension: how will the audience come to associate the horrifying events in the testimony with the dreadful, powerful Nazi regime if it is embodied in this powerless man?

The enclosure where Eichmann was placed is worthy of critical attention as a spatial intervention because it resolves this theatrical problem. The box acted as a symbol, imparting meaning upon Eichmann's insipid persona. His unremarkable physiognomy was rendered visible for the audience as the figure inside the booth. Ironically, the glass, a material associated with fragility, served as an excuse for a frame to be built around Eichmann. Furthermore, the booth was made of bullet-proof glass, intended to protect him from an attack from the audience. In the process, Eichmann loses his body to the box and his voice to the cacophony of microphones and translators that bring it to the audience. The box does not even have a door, leaving the audience incapable of imagining Eichmann walking out. Instead, he is effectively disembodied through this glass, bullet-proof cage—his disembodiment, a much-needed symbol of Nazism's power and wrongdoings.

Of course, architecture's capacity for imparting the attributes of power is not original of the Eichmann Trial. From the Greek temple's cella to the Bernini's baldacchino in St. Peter's Basilica, the enclosure and framing of a space contained within another has extensively been used to recast regular humans into figures of power. Whoever is placed inside loses their own identity to assume that of artifact's. Their contemporary equivalents, however, have abandoned the monolithic and ornamental display of power and thus are less ostensibly visible, yet still central

and commonplace. They descend from the semiotic approach of the Eichmann box, a symbol derived from functionality to the service of security and transparency associated with justice. Security, transparency and mobility are the attributes of today's power. We see them in everything from the glass dome of the Reichstag to even the Popemobile.

As the box mediated between Eichmann's body and the audience to express power, the fragility of a glass cage framed in thin white steel was indicative of a precious capture inside. This was not a brutal enclosure, or a cage with a clear function to restrain violence. Rather, it spoke the architectural language of the Modernists, a Miesian lightness associated with delicate rationality. Looking back, it tells us that its contents are valuable, rare. It tells the story of Eichmann not being just a man, but a Nazi captured in a distant continent, the last of his kind.

Placed in the courtroom, through its spatial and material qualities, the box creates a powerful distance between its inside and its outside. The dichotomy between friend and enemy, protector and assassin becomes a delicate spatial artefact. As any discrete volume inside another volume, it effectively divides the space into two subsets—a material division overlaid on both ritual and spatial organisation. The audience—the world—belongs to the same scenic space as justice, witnesses and documents, all representing history. The accused—evil—is alone in his box.

Ultimately, the Eichmann box reminds us of the narrative power of spatial design and its capacity to alter history. Architecture, however inconspicuous in form, is an exercise in staging and has the capacity to symbolise the shifting attributes of power. Whether it is through design shaping our understanding of past events or history fuelling our imagination to assign meaning to the present, the theatrical use of architecture presents every generation with the chance to narrate its past for itself in order to imagine its future. ❁



