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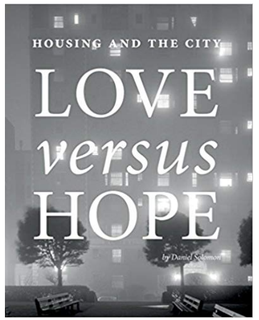
n. 16/ 2020: *Sixteen Commentaries on LOVE versus HOPE by Daniel Solomon*



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The Scientific Society Ludovico Quaroni was founded in Rome in 2010 as a tribute to Ludovico Quaroni, the Italian Master of Urban Architecture. Its purpose is "the study of the contemporary and historical city and architecture; the study of the design and theoretical works of the leading architects and scholars of architecture, the city and the territory". To achieve these goals, the Scientific Society Ludovico Quaroni has founded the present electronic review, "L'architettura delle città – The Journal of the Scientific Society Ludovico Quaroni". The title is a reminder of Ludovico Quaroni's earliest book entitled *L'architettura delle città* (Ed. Sansaini, Rome 1939).

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Prologue

Daniel Solomon

Late in life, architects seem more prone than other people to a particular form of compulsive disorder: the neurotic need to write a book. And not just a book, but The Book, the final book that explains everything, the validation of a life-work. How, after all, will the world get on with things unless they know what I know? It is an obligation – the polemical/memoir/monograph – that summarizes the thoughts and works of a lifetime

At home I have a special shelf for such books, mostly written by friends or colleagues in their late seventies or later. Some of these volumes contain interesting ideas, most contain beautiful or at least worthwhile projects. But with very few exceptions, they are awful books. For whatever cathartic, or therapeutic service they may be to the authors, most of them are terrible to read.

Often these books are only half-hearted attempts to enter the great library of the world's ideas. The real motivation is just to make a book – a bunch of pages with a book cover and a binding, a title and the author's name. The existence of the artifact is the main thing; whether anybody buys it, reads it, let alone likes it, are secondary matters. If one succeeds in making a book, it goes on bookshelves next to all the other books, all the other books, including the great ones. You don't have to write a great book to be on the shelf with great ones – just a book. From a distance they all look pretty much the same. And all the authors are *authors*. Everybody knows the game, accepts it for what it is, and doesn't read too critically. If things go well, there is even a cocktail party or two to celebrate the *author.*

I cannot claim that *Housing and the City, LOVE versus HOPE* is not a manifestation of this common mental disorder, but something weird has happened to it, something I can explain best in terms I learned during my mostly unsuccessful career as a football player. A book on a bookshelf is like sitting on the bench. Most guys who play, like most books, rarely if ever get in a game. They go through the rigors of training camp and daily practice, even the rituals of game day: the taped ankles, lamp-black under the eyes (fierce looking), and the fetish that many coaches have for new white shoe-laces every game day. But they almost never get in the game; they sit on the bench like books on a bookshelf, maybe read once or twice, but not the subject of weighty discourse.

Every boy who plays football dreams of getting to the NFL – at least to the bench. There one could sit between the two-hundred-eighty-pound bruisers who spend half their lives in the weight room, and the sleek black guys with cool names like Darnell Savage or Tarvarious Moore. Suit-up; be one of the guys.

I fully expected that *Housing and the City, LOVE versus HOPE* had the bench-warmer, bookshelf destiny ahead of it. Then my dear friends Lucio Barbera and Anna del Monaco had the incredible idea for this volume – a dozen or two first-rate critics commenting on the book and taking on its argument. Good God – the football analogy is clear: the coach turns toward the bench and calls my name. He says, "Get in there, and tell Skip (quarterbacks always seem to have names like "Skip") to call 47 cross-buck.

47 cross-buck! That's my play; I carry the ball! 4 back takes a one-count stutter-step to the right, cuts left, follows the pulling guard and explodes through the 7 gap to glory. Except half the time I tried it in practice, I was half a count late, the 7 gap had turned into a solid wall of flesh and I was smeared for a loss. No glory – quite the contrary.

Those were the excruciating memories that flooded my brain as this extraordinary group of architects, teachers and thinkers agreed with stunning generosity to contribute to this volume. I was not to be sitting on the bench next to the bruisers, but on the field banging heads with them. Terrifying.

As it has turned out, the bruisers are a bunch of sweethearts, incredibly indulgent and kind to me, despite their obvious critical talents and splendid prose. Kind, but not sappy. Some of them, most notably Ben Grant and Robert Campbell pose challenges to *LOVE versus HOPE* that will take a long time and much thought to answer. But I must thank Anna, Lucio and this amazing group for getting me off the bench and into the game. It is as thrilling as I dreamt it would be.

Editorial
by Lucio Valerio Barbera

Unity of Architecture

The Avery Library at Columbia University, NYC, is too cold for whoever comes from Rome. “Air conditioning, while it makes us comfortable anywhere – wrote Daniel Solomon – obliterates the time of day, the weather, the season, and the distinctiveness of the places of the world.” It is one of Daniel’s few claims with which I agree only in part. Air conditioning in the States always reminds you of that American distinctiveness of those five, six, or even ten degrees centigrade below human well being which the thermostat is obstinately maintained wherever the Star and Stripes is raised aloft, forcing you to feel uncomfortable anywhere, from Chicago to Miami, from Hawaii to Puerto Rico, passing through San Francisco and New York, in fact. But the Avery Library is one of those places where I love to linger a long while, without any clear aim, moving among its files of shelves to slowly harvest book after book, with that apparent volubility with which, in China, the women harvesters – large trousers and wide sunhats – walk among the rows of Camellia Sinensis, here and there picking of the very first precious tea leaves, immediately dropping them – as if gold coins – into the bag hanging from their belt.

Once concluded my small harvest of books, I then love to go down and leaf through them in the twilight of the lower floor of the Library where it is even colder, but peace more absolute. I choose my seat at the back of the room, facing the entrance. It is a pragmatic choice; on the left the door opens to a small photography room, where you can reproduce with the camera – today with a mobile phone – the most precious pages of your harvest. On the right, closer to the entrance, sits Ms. Librarian, very polite, whose courtesy tries to clothe strict American severity with good English cloth. It was July then and she was wearing a summer dress. For me wearing a sweater under my jacket and all the buttons fastened wasn’t enough. I was cold. But I had to resist, convinced then,

as I am now, that this is most certainly the test you must undergo in the States, to prove that yourself are worthy of their standard of civilization.

While reaping my small pile of books I was accompanied by a young Italian student who had completed her PhD thesis for La Sapienza at Columbia University. While I was settling at the table in the cold reading room, she had lingered a little longer among the shelves to glean some other texts; she soon joined me in the reading room, hurriedly on tiptoe. With an almost triumphant smile, she added a book of her choice entitled *Global City Blues* to my small stack. Nice title, I whispered quietly as I noticed the author's name: Daniel Solomon, still unknown to me. I thought that the young PhD wanted to bring that book to my attention because of the word "Blues". She was well aware of my passion for the twelve lines, the blue notes and all the rest, which I had cultivated since sixty years earlier – then, truly a child - General Clark's Fifth Army had appeared in Rome freeing us from the remains of General von Mackensen's Fourteenth. With the Americans, the New World suddenly arrived here in Rome with its hurried manners, with its unprecedented modernity, its music and, with it, the Blues. The real Blues I mean, not only the one that endorses Glenn Miller's boogies, but the deep and naive Blues that the black soldiers strummed on badly tuned guitars while leaning on their Jeeps parked in the street, waiting for the white graduates to come out of the Command and order to be taken elsewhere. And my mother, a musician who studied Folk music, responded to my precocious fixation for that repetitive round of notes by teaching me in detail the Blues scale and the most classic riffs.

But I was entirely mistaken; Daniel Solomon's book had not been chosen to please my passion for the Blues. This book is about Wu, the young student told me in a very low voice: it is about Professor Wu Lianyong.

Professor Wu Liangyong in those early years of the new century was already the great old man of modern Chinese architecture, a Beijing school. He was already over eighty. You perceived his immanent presence as soon as a Chinese colleague, pronouncing his name to introduce the history of the faculty of architecture at Tsinghua University to you, instinctively turns his eyes towards the top of the grand staircase that

leads to the upper floors from the atrium of that famous school where the reproductions of a Greek Order and the Chinese Order face each other. The founder-professor, thus, still dwelt on his Mount Olympus, so near to us mortals. At that time no one in Italy knew professor and architect Wu Liangyong. Not one history of contemporary architecture bore his name or published his works. Not one magazine article had ever been dedicated to him. In truth, modern Chinese architecture and the contemporary Chinese city were essentially ignored even by our historians who kept most abreast. The abstract elegance of Ieoh Ming Pei, a consonant tribute to Western modernity, seemed to have established the path that Chinese architects would have had to follow to enter the history of contemporary architecture. A path that would have been difficult to follow with conviction even by us Italian architects.

I had enrolled in the Faculty of Architecture in Rome almost fifty years before the discovery of Daniel Solomon's Blues. I was eighteen. I learned with mouth agape, the America of the soaring skyscrapers, Hollywood films, speed, the line of the 1954 Studebaker Commander; this is modernity, I said to myself, the only one that can make us young people feel alive. In my high school (Liceo Classico) books on the history of Italian and European art, I had looked for something that resembled that primordial vigor. Modern architecture, in those school books, was treated as an appendix added to the text to justify a new edition. Only one pen drawing, in black and white, by Erich Mendelsohn – the Shocken Warehouses – reproduced as a small image, seemed to me to have something of that vital impulse. I began redrawing it with my fountain pen and reinventing it every day, ignoring all I had learned, in the last three years of high school, from those massive volumes of Italian and European art history; enthusiastic, unsuspecting pilgrim on his way to Ieoh Ming Pei.

But, that the same period, leafing through another ponderous art book, discovered gleaning in my spare time in my mother's library – she was passionate about music and theater – I was attracted to the perspective reconstructions of the "*vedute per angolo*" by Ferdinando Galli da Bibbiena (1657-1743). Ah – I said to myself – here are the secret physical laws that are hidden behind the spectacular scenes of classical and baroque theater, rhetorical and musical; this is what induces in us,

unaware spectators, the illusion and perceptive emotion that makes us adhere even sentimentally to a place, whether imaginary or real, even when built repeating the most classic and "old" architectural motifs. "So – I said to myself – the great architecture of the old cities, of their dusty monuments, so far from the vital vibrations of modernity, is only the ceremonial dress of a very modern intellectual device, made of absolute and variable geometries, of mathematical relationships still incomprehensible to me, of flights towards different infinities – right, left, above, even below – that branch off from objects that appear stolidly traditional, almost stale in their centuries-old repetition of ancient symbols ...".

"No, please, seek your father's advice on how to build a house in this beautiful village." Is how my mother addressed the son of the farmer who had hosted us ten years earlier in Arquata del Tronto, the first summer of 1943 – the war had now come to Italy – while we were spending a semblance of vacation that was, instead, an escape to the countryside, where perhaps something to eat could be found. And where, above all, there was no danger of bombings. Arquata is a village dominated by the ruins of a medieval castle and overlooking the still narrow valley of the Tronto river that rushes from the Sibyllin mountains of the Apennines towards the Adriatic Sea. The young man was starting to build the house for his coming marriage; soon. He was very young, he wanted to get married before leaving for the front. With a group of friends he had begun to trace the foundations. I don't know how my mother perceived the young man's inexperience. Perhaps the materials chosen for the occasion – autarchic and cheap materials of modernity – perhaps the shape of the plan, perhaps the fact that it was built isolated on the lawn in front of his parents' house. I do not know. But I asked her. She told me something about modernity that makes you lose the rules of living; therefore of building. I didn't understand. She could tell. From that day, on walks through the village or on short visits to homes to buy some milk or bread just out of the oven, she never failed to point out to me the materials with which the houses were built, the spontaneous, but constant, order of the doors and windows, the very few variations of the external and internal stairs and the shape of the kitchen around which the whole house arranged the other rooms. When we went to the fields

uphill of the village, she showed me the profile of the distant settlements, the color of those clumps of ancient walls so like the other colors of the landscape. And finally, of course, she spoke to me about the great Sibyl, the goddess who once – even before the ancient Romans! – lived on the highest mountain and – who knows – maybe still lived there if the girls of a valley next to ours once a year join in an ancient dance to honor Her.

My cousin Giuseppe was 10 years older than me. Born in Catania, Sicily, he graduated in Engineering from the Turin Polytechnic; became one of the very first nuclear engineers in my country. While attending his Master of Science in Nuclear Engineering in Latina, not far from the capital, in a course held somewhat in secret by the US, he was often our guest in Rome. With him I talked about my future with more freedom than with my parents. I was still unsure: Medicine? Physics? ... Architecture? I spoke to him about architecture with passion, but expressing my deep disorientation. No, I didn't want to choose to be disoriented for life. Oh yes, architecture was beautiful, but it induced conflicting impulses, confusion, like being in love with three girls at the same time ... Cousin Giuseppe saw my naive modernist drawings, he let me talk about Bibbiena and the ancient villages, my questions on "the art of living" as my mother used to say. Of modernity and tradition (those days I used to say "old architecture"). Then I talked to him about Physics, of which I knew nothing, but seemed to me emanating the certainty of the search for truth; then of Medicine, which sought the truth in man to help him live, to survive. Two professions that seemed to me then without shadows, indeed even ennobled by a humanitarian purpose: the progress of science and the care of others. Which of path to choose: Physics or Medicine? I asked a new scientist of the most modern of the sciences of the time. You have to enroll in Architecture, he replied. Now you are like a library bookshelf where you have begun to place, side by side, books about the city and the men who live in it, books that seem to be in irremediable contrast with each other, whose mere sight creates disorientation. But it is precisely by transforming ourselves into a library in which everything – meaning all ideas – can communicate with everything – he meant with all ideas –, even with its own opposite, we can hope to contribute to the progress of science, of ... philosophy ... of cities ... of architecture. Dear me. He certainly

spoke with words acquired in the most exclusive Master of Science school in Italy. After a few more days of conversations I told him that I had decided: I will enroll in Architecture. "Then remember", he told me, "don't follow the latest fashion. Keep to one side, put your entire internal library between you and fashion". I didn't quite understand, but I liked that very much. That evening, at the end of the dinner, in the presence of my cousin Giuseppe – my sponsor – I communicated my decision to my parents. "Oh God!" said my father, a humanities professor from a family of humanities or science professors. And he looked at my mother who did not return his alarmed look, but smiled as she was peeling an apple with a fork and knife, as for her didactic and formal etiquette.

Formal etiquette was not contemplated in the style with which architecture professors, in my day, treated freshmen and, in general, first-year students. Relentless submission to work, learning architecture through the reconstruction, from life or from documents, of all the styles of the past and, above all, of the great architectural nodes of each style. Inflexible affirmation of the architect's profession as that of a very difficult craftsmanship, professed using every ancient tool with mastery. There were no modern tools yet. At least not in our school. In the upper three years, then, the tone of many professors was that of military authority which, in the case of the most cultured among them, assumed the tone – I believe – of medieval universities; theological absolutes of assumptions and, at the same time, Erasmian subversion of the students tolerated neglectedly by the teachers, only to be repressed publicly by the same teachers, if they had the time and the will. Modernity, modernity without adjectives, where was it to be found? It meandered only among us students and became synonymous with freedom. Ow!

In spite of everything, during that authoritarian training in which very few teachers, mostly young, seemed to ambiguously want to initiate a dialogue with us young modernists-by-youth, I learned a lot. Above all, I learned that my initial radical contradictions between primordial modernity, the mirage of meta-historical compositional rules and the enchantment of natural living – which seemed to eliminate the

need of the architect's existence at the root – in an Italian school of architecture would not have found the clear answer I was looking for in favor of one or the other. Especially in the school of Rome, where those contradictions, along with so many others I didn't even suspect at first, seemed to be resolved by all coexisting in a unitary, necessary multitude in the great flow of history.

My class, like the previous two or three, in the fourth year course encountered a professor who wanted to be decisive. Decisive and oppositional. Opposed not only to the teaching methods of the faculty, authoritarian but, ultimately, lax; oppositional above all and more precisely with respect to the unitary multitude of contradictions that, despite our modernist aspirations, we had begun to recognize in the identity of architecture. That professor was Saverio Muratori, who recently obtained the chair of Architectural Composition, in 1955. Modernity, tradition, language, technology, history – its flow, I mean, which renders every truth relative – everything in its course was used as an essential, but an ancillary, prop to research, that is, placed outside the scene that it helped to build, or rather: outside the framework of the aims of its research. Which wanted to be a scientific research on the laws of constructing man's dwelling on the planet: in the enormous and different natural and climatic spaces, in the differently opportunistic agricultural colonizations, in the villages of different materiality and culture and – finally and to begin with – in the city. Regardless of the period. That is, of history. And the city of Rome, the city *par excellenc*e, for him who came from a Po Valley family tradition – remember the Gauls? And the Lombards? And the medieval autonomous communes? – had been embraced with passion and chosen as the privileged field of research from which, with the greatest possible clarity, through the most intact and numerous examples of the highest form of construction, to extract the laws that govern man acting in giving form – or rather: in giving *language* to his own *da-sein*, to his own being, on the planet.

It was as if Rome, finally and in a literally master-ful manner, could provide the supreme subject of investigation for his research – begun years earlier in a Rome, Byzantine and medieval, of the outskirts: Venice – and, at the same time, represented proof that yes, indeed grammars and constructive principles of each culture possesses a common deep

structure and common formative principles. Years later, we young modernists could have recognized in Saverio Muratori's research the same inspirational motives as Noam Chomsky's *Generative Grammar*. But at that time – at the very end of the 1950s – in Italy nothing was known about Chomsky, even though, in 1957, he had just written his first major essay, *Syntactic Structures*. Oh, yes; when Chomsky's thought reached even us still young Italian architects – we were interested in his political positions more than in his scientific achievements – it really seemed to me that I held in my hands proof of what we had intuited in Saverio Muratori's research; it being a research similar to that of an entomologist who investigates winged hymenoptera's innate ways of building their habitat, we take bees, in their variants of species and environment – that is, of culture and context, coming back to the case of humans. Indeed: perhaps, was it not Chomsky who openly established that language, that is the highest expression of identity of each human civilizations dispersed throughout history and geography, was nothing more than an adaptive, contingent, therefore historical, variant of the innate and permanent linguistic structure of an animal species, ours? And basically, did not Saverio Muratori try to demonstrate that what we call architecture in all its linguistic variants, in all its thematic and formal, environmental richness, is never the result of innovative *decisions*, but only of obligatory *choices* in a repertoire, albeit vast, in any case limited because *given as innate and admitted as possible by our very nature*? Architecture *not* as a creative act, *not* as an always renewed decision of thought, but as *destiny*. Ow!

We discussed this, in different words, after each lesson with Professor Muratori. And we young modernists, who, in order to live with the idea of architecture as a unitary multitude of contradictions, had transfigured modernity into freedom, did not want to surrender to the idea of architecture as a preordained destiny. After having audaciously attended Professor Muratori's lessons and having learned to perfection – and out of spite – the classification tables of the birth and development of dwelling types and morphological aggregations of the human habitat and having finally designed a-functional spatial modules – almost original cavities available for every primordial need – elementary housing types, preordained aggregations of houses and

small services, modular workspaces and – here we are! Full circle – large monumental spaces that adapted their shape since the Pantheon and the great karst caves, we rebelled. We threw overboard both the course and Professor Muratori's dominance n the school. But the consciousness of architecture as a destiny of the species dove into the depths of our conscience as nascent architects, without dissolving.

Without telling ourselves, we well knew that in the ancient dialectic between freedom and destiny, freedom could truly win if fate yielded to human will. But, as the ancients teach us, fate does not even bend to the will of the gods. Thus, our will as designers who, chasing the flight of those we elect as the "stars" of architecture, would like to always have the revolutionary force of a dramatic overwhelming love to realize fully, in the freedom of invention, our identity as architects, in reality it is nonetheless a *will of the species* that remains in the space of its destiny.

For this reason, the experience, not without its drama, we had during Professor Muratori's course, instead of defeating the idea of architecture as a unitary, necessary, multitude of contradictions resolved in the great flow of history, perfected it. In the space of *the destiny of the species*, the contradictions are only *apparent*, all being only those that can be contemplated by our primal nature. And it seemed to me that the difficulty of being "modern" that transpires from the recent history of Italian architecture was not a symptom of backwardness, but of a conscious – more often than not, unconscious – resistance with respect to the illusion of considering history as a sequence of acts of rupture, denial – condemnation – overcoming of every recent past, the one from which every generation originates.

Thus, in my early academic youth, I read and reread in this framework the recent history of Italian architecture, bombarding it with questions to obtain confirmation: perhaps Italians between the two wars did not make of Futurism – so verbal and gestural and theatrical and moving with Antonio Sant'Elia's fate – the screen behind which to defend oneself from the desperate Germanic functionalism which refused by now – after the defeat in the Great War – any relationship with history? And in those decades, did not Italian architects use all the possible idioms of their culture – made up of deep and ancient

diversities – to re-establish in any case continuity with the architectural research interrupted by the First World War, among which, in fact, was Futurism itself? And had Terragni – and Libera with him – not wanted to understand modernity essentially as *a decisive formal experience in history* – always, therefore, maintaining himself free to let his own pencil and his own thoughts flow within all the symbolic forms of classicism – from Michelangelo to the twentieth century – and of modernity – from Futurism, to Expressionism, to the a-functional construction and deconstruction of space all the way to the sublime interpretation of the modern city as a pure symbolic form synthesized in the mysterious architectural lump of the Frigerio building? And how often did the Italians seek any "external" support for their linguistic convictions to support their position with respect to the modern world? After the Second World War, in fact, in the years of my first training, the official Italian architectural culture perhaps did it not continue in its effort to avoid the "international style" – now victorious – taking the path of neo-realism, as if this were really imposed by the particular backward conditions of the popular masses of modern Rome and of our South? and the linguistic and cultural revival of Neo-Liberty, was it not attributed to the needs of stability and identity of the industrial bourgeoisie of the North West? And did not the hyper-castellan image of the Velasca Tower revive the medievalist tradition of the 19th-century Kingdom of Lombardy-Venetia School of Architecture? And didn't Aldo Rossi's "reactionary" language affirm, therefore, the relevance of Lombard neoclassicism that all of us Italians had learned, as schoolchildren, from Giuseppe Parini's eighteenth-century poems? And finally: Carlo Scarpa's experience – Byzantine in the preciousness of gold, glass and humble materials made exquisite by his drawings – did he not perhaps use Frank Lloyd Wright's polilingualism as a passport to be welcomed into the realm of modernity without passing through the customs of the "international style" or even worse that of the more austere late Central European functionalism?

In order to broaden my polytheistic workout of questions, as the turn of the century approached, I began to visit the United States quite systematically, following, of course, Zevi and Giedon's "American" lesson of, but above all go back upstream, along the American current

that many years earlier had reached us Italians, surprising us with the emergence of Louis Kahn; an apparition that seemed to me to explode the concept of modernity in the very country that had produced the 1954 Studebaker Commander and which also dismayed Bruno Zevi, the American, somewhat. It was the opening of a window on an American landscape unknown to us that I have since promised myself to explore live when commitments allowed me. Piacentini, in the period of his undisputed domination, by virtue of his international experience, had, by carefully selecting them according to his judgment and his intentions, made the currents and the leaders of American modernity known to the Italian architects – very provincial for the most part. So in his 1930 book, *Architettura d'oggi* (Architecture today), he made no mention of the school of Philadelphia, relegating the name of Paul Cret only to a snippet in the caption of a photo of the iron pylon of the Benjamin Franklin bridge almost to prevent someone from realizing how crucial the knowledge of the Franco-American master's institutional works were in the development of his own grand and institutional language. Nor did Bruno Zevi, in his *Storia dell'architettura contemporanea* (History of Contemporary Architecture), mention the Philadelphia school and Paul Cret. The Philadelphia school, I told myself, is a place to investigate personally.

At the same time, I began my systematic visits to China with increasing frequency. It was inevitable, therefore, that the Philadelphia school would become even more the center of my attention. From my travels in China, I understood that not only Kahn's linguistic roots radiate from it, but also Liang Sicheng's cultural roots, the assertor of the need for modern Chinese architecture to find its language and its reason in the study of architecture, city, landscape of historical China. Thus was the reason of my startled response in the hall of the Tsinghua University School of Architecture in Beijing: Wu, Professor Wu Liangyong, Liang Sicheng's most important student, was still a living presence in the faculty he himself, when a young man, had founded on his teacher's mandate in 1946, starting the three-year Bachelor's program.

A year after that revelation, Professor Wu unexpectedly descended among us mortals during a subsequent trip of mine to Beijing and I was able to get to know him personally. I had created an international design

workshop for my School in Rome to be held in the Tsinghua School of Architecture in Beijing. Not unintentionally I had asked for Laurie Olin's collaboration, landscape architect from Philadelphia, professor of landscape at the University of Pennsylvania, academic heir to Ian McHarg. In Beijing, certainly not by chance, he had been called to found and launch, as the first director, the Department of Landscape, demanded by Professor Wu. The workshop was a challenging act of founding stable academic relationships that still endure. While the workshop was almost concluded, a small old man with a very young face, almost childlike to us Europeans, suddenly appeared in the large classroom where we were working, accompanied by a young faculty professor. He passed between the tables, always speaking in Chinese with his companion, stopping with interest, now here, now there, to observe the drawings on which the groups of students, Italian and Chinese, were laboring, and then disappeared as he had appeared, without another word. Sitting at my table in a corner of the large classroom I followed the scene as you follow the rapid hover and go of a bee from one chalice to another. It was Professor Wu, the young Chinese teacher whispered back to us. The next day we exhibited all the drawings elaborated in the workshop on the walls of the great hall. Almost the entire faculty of the School came. In the front row Professor Wu. As soon as we Italian teachers finished the introduction to the work, Wu stood up and, turning to his Faculty, he himself continued the presentation of our work speaking in English, describing each table in detail and overall, extracting qualities that, in my opinion, were barely hinted at in the drawings and sliding over, however, on the childishness and clumsy movements of student projects. The linguistic polytheism of us Italians in that experience was rashly enriched with assonance with the place and its history, both on the scale of the landscape and architecture, trying to merge them into a design act. Of this clear attempt he derived the greatest value of that didactic experiment. The applause was for him. By extension, for us too. I clapped loudly. A long friendship had begun, almost defined by the rules governing the relationship between student and teacher. A strong friendship, stable over time, based on growing harmonic consonances and my desire to learn, to understand. For this reason, in the icy shadow of the Avery Library I immersed myself in the pages of

Daniel Solomon's book and, guided by Wu's name, I read and reread all of Daniel Solomon's Blues Licks dedicated to Wu Liangyong, those short and fulmineous, those almost as long as a whole chapter. I rose when finished and in the tiny photography room, helped by the young scholar, I photographed all the pages of Solomon's book dedicated to Wu. "A perfect synthesis, I told myself, I could have written it myself". I wished I had written it myself. Who is this Solomon? Meet him, I noted in my memory. I continued reading Solomon's great Blues on the return trip. I did not forget it when, years later, I met Daniel Solomon in Rome.

In Rome, when I met Daniel Solomon, an ancient friendship began, I must confess, as of those who, separated by life's fortunes, unexpectedly find themselves together, with so many things to speak of, and the certainty of being understood by the other by the fact of coming from a distant and still present common root. It was not so, of course – geography, fortunes, languages, beliefs have separated his elders and mine for millennia – but it is as if it were. Even the docking on the beach where lives the ideal goodness – or rather the goddess – of the historical continuity of architecture – or rather, of the human habitat – took place in different ways, across different seas and different storms. And yet, when we talk about architecture I always feel the joy of the surprise of some unexpected harmony. With the difficulties that we Italians – I in particular – know how to inflict on those who respect us most, Daniel has undertaken at least a couple of projects with me and my tiny academic hive. This book is the fulfillment of one of these. Hurrah! I thank him for his patience, but above all for the opportunity he gave us to see gathered in this volume, which honors our series, so many extraordinary testimonies to his relevance as a designer and a man of culture and of our, common, stubborn intuitions about the city and its destiny. As responsible for this series, together with him I deeply thank all those who have participated, with their thoughts, their experience as designers and scholars in the success – sure, it will be a success! – of this book. Which is only a stage in a never-ending research.

Appendix

Never-ending research, as is our conversation. Daniel, who embraced Rome with almost the same trust that Saverio Muratori had in the messages hidden in the historical layers of the fatal city, at times seems more a pupil than I of that extraordinary and dramatic Italian professor. He too – like my ancient adverse-teacher – looks at the human habitat through the eyes of an entomologist who wants to save the Apes Melliferae from an increasingly recurrent disruptive syndrome – let's put the CCD syndrome [Colony Collapse Disorder] well known in America: flight of active individuals – where to? – abandonment of the orderly social structure of a wonderfully integrated habitat, loss of meaning and function of the spaces and structures of the industrious city. And in his work as an architect he is like the attentive beekeeper who tries to bring the bees back to the hive, society to its original integration by wisely building apiaries that are rich in articulated spaces for the natural, renewed development of balanced and productive life which is inscribed in the destiny of our animal species.

I, who, as an Italian of the Roman school, can but be with him, however empowered I feel to reflect more on the behavioral latitude of our species by asking myself if our destiny is really splendidly restricted like that of the very rich species of Apes Melliferae or rather includes instead, the multitude – albeit limited – of behaviors of the numerous winged hymenoptera – from honey bees to the many species of solitary and omnivorous wasps (Ammophila Sabulosa, to name one) in a single, innate greater complexity. And in this latitude of innate behaviors, my thoughts, my feelings, my consciousness, my intuitions being however intrinsic expressions of my destiny – which is that of a certainly complex species like the human – why not give credit to my perceptions to establish what corresponds to my innate aspirations which, however, cannot be *outside* those established by the original characteristics of my species?

It is evening in Gainesville, Florida, sunset is well advanced. My very kind escort tells me to wait for her there, in the long flowerbed that serves as a traffic divider, as she goes to retrieve the car left in a parking lot further away. I thank her. The flowerbed is lens-shaped, green, but with low plants. Two benches in the center. Wide streets curve around where rare cars pass. I know, it's already dinner time here in America. The city

– which city? – is all around me, rarefied, invisible. I glimpse the roofs of some isolated house. The homes of men are sheltered from the gaze like the lairs of solitary wasps, which love to reside next to flowered areas. And perhaps in some of those houses, in a closet, a rifle hangs, like the sting of a wasp, ready for anything, were it really necessary. I sit on one of the benches in the flowerbed, facing the sun in the silence made more evident by the soft noise of American cars, which rush away from time to time. Would this moment never end. I know the evening will be beautiful. The splendid specimen of Ammophila Sabulosa (red-banded sand wasp) that hosts me in Gainesville will return by car and accompany me to its nest among the plants. It will be an evening of peace and conversation in the enjoyment of isolation lived in the fullness of the family unit and selective choice of friendships. Is this the fruit of the CCD disruption? Or maybe this is also an innate model and in any case admitted by our destiny as a species? Otherwise why does all this so naturally enchant me too, who am an unarmed individual of my species? At the presentation of Daniel Solomon's book *Love vs Hope* at Sapienza, University of Rome, I wished to point out in my speech that Daniel, however, is an architect of the Acropolis. Or better. He is an architect who takes care of and reconstructs the sense and form of the social and architectural acropolis that the America city wants (or would have wanted?) to be. And I added that his teaching, his example, should be extended to other parts of the city of man, those that are not part of any history of architecture – such as the endless quality – less suburbs of the metropolises of every continent and the spontaneous, enormously vast housing concretions which, being desperately self-built, are just as desperately pure – yes extremely pure – expression of the primary ways of building human habitat, though they are just as, and perhaps more, desperately destructive of a relevant part of our species. Today, I add, I would like to invite him to reflect with all of us, on the profound and inevitable adaptation of every human habitat to the new condition that has made our species pasture and herd of every virus, of every present and future pandemic. In the certainty that for him too architecture is a unitary, necessary, multitude of apparent contradictions resolved in the great flow of history.

Editoriale
di Lucio Valerio Barbera

Unità dell'architettura

La Avery Library della Columbia University, NYC, è troppo fredda per chi viene da Roma. "Air conditioning, while it makes us confortable anywhere – ha scritto Daniel Solomon – obliterates the time of day, the weather, the season, and the distinctiveness of the places of the world." Questa è una delle poche affermazioni di Daniel con le quali sono d'accordo soltanto a metà. L'aria condizionata negli States ti ricorda sempre la *distinctiveness* americana a causa di quei cinque, sei o persino dieci gradi centigradi sotto il benessere umano cui il termostato viene ostinatamente tenuto ovunque sventoli la bandiera a Stelle e a Strisce, obbligandoti a sentirti *unconfortable anywhere*, da Chicago a Miami, dalle Hawaii a Portorico, passando per San Francisco e New York, appunto.

Ma la Avery Library è uno dei luoghi dove amo di più restare a lungo senza uno scopo preciso muovendomi tra i filari dei suoi scaffali per vendemmiare lentamente libro dopo libro, con l'apparente volubilità con la quale, in Cina, le raccoglitrici – pantaloni larghi e gran cappello parasole – camminano tra i filari di Camellia Sinensis raccogliendo qua e là preziose foglioline del primissimo tè, lasciandole subito cadere – quasi monete d'oro – nel sacchetto che pende dalla loro cintura.

Concluso il mio piccolo raccolto di libri, amo allora scendere a sfogliarli nella penombra del piano più basso della Library dove fa ancora più freddo, ma più assoluta è la pace. Scelgo il mio posto in fondo alla sala, guardando l'ingresso. È una scelta pratica; sulla sinistra s'apre la porta di un piccolo laboratorio fotografico dove puoi riprodurre con la fotocamera – oggi con il telefono mobile – le pagine più preziose del tuo raccolto. A destra, più vicino all'ingresso, siede la Signora Librarian, gentilissima, la cui amabilità tenta di vestire di buona stoffa inglese una rigida severità americana. Era luglio quella volta e la signora indossava un vestitino estivo. A me non bastava aver indossato uno *sweater* sotto la giacca e averne allacciato tutti i bottoni. Avevo freddo. Ma dovevo resistere, convinto allora come ora che questa sia certamente la prova

cui ti devi sottoporre negli States, per dimostrare d'esser degno del loro standard di civiltà.

Nella mia svagata vendemmia libraria ero stato accompagnato da una giovane allieva italiana, che aveva rifinito alla Columbia University la sua tesi del Dottorato de La Sapienza. Mentre mi accomodavo nella gelida sala di lettura, ella s'era attardata ancora un po' tra gli scaffali a spigolare qualche altro testo; mi raggiunse nella sala di lettura poco dopo, veloce, in punta di piedi. Con un sorriso quasi trionfante aggiunse alla mia piccola pila di libri un libro di sua scelta dal titolo "Global City Blues". Bel titolo, sussurrai sottovoce mentre notavo il nome dell'autore: Daniel Solomon, a me ancora sconosciuto. Pensai che la giovane PhD avesse voluto offrire quel libro alla mia attenzione in virtù della parola Blues. Ella conosceva bene la mia passione per le dodici battute, le *blue notes* e tutto il resto, che coltivavo da quando sessant'anni prima – ero davvero bambino – la Quinta Armata del generale Clark s'era presentata a Roma liberandoci dai resti della Quattordicesima armata del Generale von Mackensen. Con gli americani, di colpo era arrivato a noi di Roma il Mondo Nuovo con i suoi modi spicciativi, con la sua inaudita modernità. La sua musica e, con essa, il Blues. Il Blues vero intendo, non solo quello che sosteneva i boogies di Glenn Miller, ma il Blues profondo ed ingenuo che i soldati neri strimpellavano su chitarre male accordate appoggiati alle loro Jeep ferme in strada, in attesa che i graduati bianchi uscissero dal Comando e ordinassero di portarli altrove. E mia madre, musicista studiosa di Folkmusic, alla mia precoce fissazione per quel ripetitivo giro di note aveva risposto insegnandomene con precisione la scala ed i più classici riff. Ma sbagliavo in pieno; il libro di Daniel Solomon non era stato scelto per compiacere la mia passione per il Blues. Questo libro parla di Wu, mi disse a voce bassissima la giovane allieva: parla del professor Wu Lianyong.

Il professor Wu Liangyong in quei primi anni del nuovo secolo era già il grande vecchio dell'architettura Cinese moderna, scuola di Pechino. Aveva già superato gli ottanta anni. Ne percepivi l'immanente presenza appena un collega cinese, pronunciandone il nome per introdurti alla storia della facoltà di architettura della Tsinghua University, istintivamente volgeva gli occhi verso la cima della grande

scala che porta ai piani superiori dall'atrio di quella famosa scuola dove si fronteggiano le riproduzioni di un Ordine greco e dell'Ordine cinese. Il professore-fondatore, dunque, dimorava ancora nel suo monte Olimpo, così prossimo a noi mortali. A quei tempi nessuno in Italia conosceva il professore e architetto Wu Liangyong. Non una storia dell'architettura contemporanea riportava il suo nome o aveva pubblicato opere sue. Non un articolo di rivista era mai stato dedicato a lui. In verità l'architettura moderna cinese e la città cinese contemporanea erano sostanzialmente ignorate anche dai nostri storici più aggiornati. L'eleganza astratta di Ieoh Ming Pei, consonante tributo alla modernità occidentale, sembrava aver stabilito la via che gli architetti cinesi avrebbero dovuto percorrere per entrare nella storia dell'architettura contemporanea. Una via che sarebbe stata difficile da percorrere con convinzione anche da noi architetti italiani.

Mi ero iscritto alla Facoltà di architettura di Roma quasi cinquant'anni prima della scoperta del Blues di Daniel Solomon. Avevo diciotto anni. L'America, gli svettanti grattacieli appresi a bocca aperta nei film di Hollywood, la velocità, la linea delle Studebaker Commander del 1954; questa è la modernità, mi dicevo, l'unica che può far sentire vivi noi giovani. Nei libri di Storia dell'arte Italiana ed Europea del mio Liceo Classico avevo cercato qualcosa che somigliasse a quel vigore primordiale. L'architettura moderna, in quei libri scolastici, era trattata come un'appendice aggiunta al testo per giustificare una nuova edizione. Soltanto un disegno a penna, in bianco e nero di Erich Mendelsohn – i Magazzini Shocken – riprodotto in una piccola immagine , mi sembrò avesse qualcosa di quello slancio vitale. Presi a ridisegnarlo con la mia penna stilografica ed a reinventarlo ogni giorno tralasciando tutto ciò che avevo appreso, negli ultimi tre anni di liceo, da quei ponderosi volumi di storia dell'Arte Italiana ed Europea; entusiasta, ignaro pellegrino sulla strada di Ieoh Ming Pei.

Ma, nello stesso periodo, sfogliando un altro ponderoso libro d'arte, scoperto spigolando a tempo perso nella biblioteca di mia madre – appassionata di musica e di teatro – fui attratto delle ricostruzioni prospettiche delle "*vedute per angolo*" di Ferdinando Galli da Bibbiena (1657-1743). Ah – mi dissi – ecco le segrete leggi fisiche che si celano dietro le spettacolari quinte del teatro classico e barocco, retorico e musicale; ecco cosa induce in noi, ignari spettatori, l'illusione e

l'emozione percettiva che ci fa aderire anche sentimentalmente a un luogo, immaginario o reale che esso sia, anche se costruito nella ripetizione dei più classici e "vecchi" motivi architettonici. "Dunque – mi dicevo – la grande architetture delle vecchie città, dei loro monumenti polverosi, così lontana dalle vibrazioni vitali della modernità è soltanto il vestito di cerimonia di un congegno intellettuale modernissimo, fatto di geometrie assolute e variabili, di rapporti matematici a me ancora incomprensibili, di fughe verso diversi infiniti – a destra a sinistra, in alto, perfino in basso – che si dipartono dagli oggetti che sembrano invece, stolidamente tradizionali, quasi stantii nella loro secolare ripetizione di simboli antichissimi...".

"No, ti prego, fatti consigliare da tuo padre su come si costruisce una casa in questo paese così bello" Così si rivolgeva mia madre al figlio del contadino che ci aveva ospitato dieci anni prima ad Arquata del Tronto, nella prima estate del 1943 – la guerra era ormai in Italia – mentre trascorrevamo un sembiante di villeggiatura che era, invece, una fuga in campagna, dove qualcosa da mangiare si poteva, forse, trovare. E dove, soprattutto, non c'era pericolo di bombardamenti. Arquata è un paese dominato dalla rovina di un castello medievale e affacciato sulla valle ancora angusta del fiume Tronto che dai monti Sibillini dell'Appennino si precipita verso il mare Adriatico. Il ragazzo stava iniziando a costruire la casa per il suo prossimo matrimonio; in fretta. Era giovanissimo, voleva sposarsi prima di partire per il fronte. Con un gruppo di amici aveva iniziato a tracciare le fondazioni. Non so da cosa mia madre desumesse l'imperizia del giovane. Forse i materiali scelti per l'occasione – roba di modernità autarchica e di poco prezzo – forse la forma della pianta, forse il fatto che la costruisse isolata nel prato davanti a quella del genitore. Non so. Ma glielo chiesi. Mi disse qualcosa sulla modernità che fa perdere le regole dell'abitare; dunque del costruire. Non capii. Se ne accorse. Da quel giorno, nelle passeggiate attraverso il paese o nelle brevi visite nelle case per comprare un po' di latte o di pane appena estratto dal forno, non mancò mai di farmi notare i materiali di cui erano costruite le case, l'ordine spontaneo, ma costante, delle porte e delle finestre, le varianti, pochissime, delle scale esterne e interne e la forma della cucine attorno a cui tutta la casa disponeva le altre stanze. Quando andavamo nei campi a monte del paese mi indicava il profilo degli insediamenti lontani, il colore di quei

grumi di murature antiche così simile agli altri colori del paesaggio. E infine, naturalmente, mi parlava della grande Sibilla che un tempo – ancora prima dei romani antichi! – abitava sul monte più alto e – chissà – forse ancora ci abitava se le ragazze di una valle accanto alla nostra una volta l'anno si uniscono in una antica danza per onorarla.

Mio cugino Giuseppe aveva 10 anni più di me. Nato a Catania, in Sicilia, si era laureato in Ingegneria al Politecnico di Torino; divenne uno dei primissimi ingegneri nucleari del mio Paese. Mentre frequentava il suo Master of Science in Ingegneria Nucleare a Latina, non lontano dalla Capitale, in un corso tenuto un po' in segreto dagli USA, spesso era ospite a casa mia, a Roma. Con lui parlai del mio futuro con maggiore libertà che con i miei genitori. Ero ancora incerto: Medicina? Fisica? ... Architettura? Gli parlai dell'Architettura con passione, ma esprimendogli il mio grande disorientamento. No, non volevo scegliere di essere disorientato per la vita. Oh, sì, l'architettura era bellissima, ma mi induceva pulsioni contrastanti, confusione, come amare tre ragazze diverse, contemporaneamente... Il cugino Giuseppe vide i miei ingenui disegni modernisti, mi lasciò parlare di Bibbiena e dei paesi antichi, dei miei interrogativi su "l'arte di abitare" come diceva mia madre. Sulla modernità e la tradizione (a quei tempi dicevo "l'architettura vecchia"). Poi gli parlavo della Fisica, di cui non sapevo nulla, ma mi pareva emanare la certezza della ricerca della verità; poi della Medicina, che cercava la verità nell'uomo per aiutarlo a vivere, a sopravvivere. Due mestieri che mi apparivano allora senza ombre, anzi perfino nobilitati da uno scopo umanitario: il progresso della scienza, la cura degli altri. Quali delle due strade intraprendere: Fisica o Medicina? Lo chiedevo a un novello scienziato della più moderna tra le Scienze di allora. Devi inscriverti ad Architettura, mi rispose. Adesso sei come uno scaffale di biblioteca dove hai cominciato a mettere, l'uno accanto a l'altro, libri che parlano della città e degli uomini che la vivono, libri che paiono in insanabile contrasto fra loro, la cui sola vista ti crea disorientamento.

Ma è proprio trasformando noi stessi in una biblioteca in cui tutto – tutte le idee intendeva – può comunicare con tutto – con tutte le idee intendeva –, anche con l'opposto da sé, si può sperare di contribuire al progresso della scienza, della... filosofia... delle città... dell'architettura. Mamma mia. Parlava certamente con parole apprese nel Master of Science più esclusivo d'Italia. Dopo ancora alcuni giorni di discussione

gli comunicai che avevo deciso: mi inscriverò ad Architettura. "Allora ricorda", mi disse: "non seguire l'ultima moda. Tieniti un passo di lato, metti tra te e la moda tutta la tua libreria interiore". Non capii bene, ma mi piacque molto. Quella sera, al termine della cena, alla presenza del cugino Giuseppe – mio sponsor – comunicai ai miei genitori la mia decisione. "Oddio!" disse mio padre, professore di materie umanistiche proveniente da una famiglia di professori di materie umanistiche o scientifiche. E guardò mia madre che non ricambiò il suo sguardo allarmato, ma sorrise mentre era intenta a sbucciare una mela con forchetta e coltello.

Forchetta e coltello non erano contemplati dallo stile con il quale i professori di architettura, ai miei tempi, trattavano le matricole e, in generale, gli studenti del primo biennio. Sottomissione al lavoro senza tregua, apprendimento della architettura attraverso la ricostruzione, dal vero o dai documenti, di tutti gli stili del passato e, soprattutto, dei grandi nodi architettonici di ogni stile. Inflessibile affermazione del mestiere dell'Architetto come quello di un durissimo artigianato, professato usando con padronanza ogni arnese antico. Di arnesi moderni non ve ne erano ancora. Comunque non ve ne erano nella nostra scuola. Nel triennio superiore, poi, il tono di molti professori era quello dell'autorità militare che, nel caso dei più cólti fra loro, assumeva il tono – io credo – delle università medievali; assolutezza teologica degli assunti e, parallelamente, eversione erasmiana degli studenti trascuratamente tollerata dai docenti, per poi essere repressa, dagli stessi docenti, pubblicamente, se ne avevano il tempo e la voglia. La modernità, la modernità senza aggettivi dove era? Serpeggiava soltanto tra noi studenti ed era divenuta sinonimo di libertà. Ahi!

Nonostante tutto, durante quel tirocinio autoritario in cui pochissimi docenti, per lo più giovani, sembravano voler ambiguamente aprire un dialogo con noi giovani modernisti-per-età, imparai molto. Imparai soprattutto che le mie radicali contraddizioni iniziali tra la modernità primordiale, il miraggio di metastoriche regole compositive e l'incanto dell'abitare naturale – che pareva cancellare in radice la necessità dell'esistenza dell'architetto – in una scuola italiana d'architettura non avrebbero trovato la risposta netta che attendevo a favore dell'una o dell'altra. Specie nella scuola di Roma, dove quelle contraddizioni, assieme a tante altre che all'inizio neanche sospettavo,

parevano risolversi coesistendo tutte in una unitaria, necessaria moltitudine nel grande flusso della storia.

La mia classe, come le due o tre precedenti, al quarto anno di corso si imbatté in un professore che voleva essere decisivo. Decisivo e oppositivo. Oppositivo non soltanto rispetto ai metodi didattici della facoltà, autoritari ma, in fondo, lassi; oppositivo soprattutto e più precisamente rispetto all'unitaria moltitudine di contraddizioni che, malgrado le nostre aspirazioni moderniste, avevamo cominciato a riconoscere nell'identità dell'architettura. Quel professore era Saverio Muratori, titolare della cattedra di Composizione architettonica da poco; dal 1955. Modernità, tradizione, linguaggio, tecnologia, storia – il suo scorrere, intendo, che rende relativa ogni verità – tutto nel suo corso era usato come un'attrezzeria indispensabile alla ricerca, ma un'attrezzeria "ancillare", cioè posta fuori dalla scena che essa contribuiva a costruire, o meglio: fuori dal quadro degli scopi della sua ricerca. La quale voleva essere una ricerca scientifica sulle leggi del costruire l'abitazione dell'uomo sul pianeta: negli smisurati e diversi spazi naturali e climatici, nelle diversamente opportunistiche colonizzazioni agricole, nei villaggi di diversa materialità e cultura e – infine e per cominciare – nella città. A prescindere dal tempo. Dunque dalla storia. E la città di Roma, la città per eccellenza, da lui che proveniva da una tradizione familiare padana – ricordiamo i Galli? E i Longobardi? E i liberi Comuni? – era stata abbracciata con passione e prescelta come il campo di ricerca privilegiato dal quale, con la maggiore chiarezza possibile, attraverso i più intatti e numerosi esempi della più alta forma del costruire, si sarebbero potute estrarre le leggi che presiedono all'agire dell'uomo nel dare forma – meglio: nel dare *linguaggio* al proprio *da-sein,* al proprio esserci, sul pianeta.

Era come se Roma, finalmente e in modo letteralmente magistrale, potesse fornire materia suprema di indagine per la sua ricerca – iniziata anni prima in una Roma di confine, bizantina e medievale: Venezia – e, contemporaneamente, rappresentasse la prova che sì, davvero le grammatiche e i principi costruttivi di ogni cultura possedessero una struttura profonda comune e comuni principi formativi. Anni più tardi, noi giovani modernisti avremmo potuto riconoscere nella ricerca di Saverio Muratori gli stessi motivi ispiratori della *Grammatica generativa* di Noam Chomsky. Ma a quell'epoca – proprio alla fine

degli anni Cinquanta – di Chomsky non si sapeva ancora nulla in Italia anche se egli aveva appena scritto il suo primo saggio importante, *Syntactic Structures,* nel 1957. Oh, sì; quando il pensiero di Chomsky raggiunse anche noi ancora giovani architetti italiani e ci interessò più per le posizioni politiche che per i raggiungimenti scientifici, davvero mi sembrò di aver tra le mani la prova di quel che avevamo intuito della ricerca di Saverio Muratori; il suo essere una ricerca simile a quella di un entomologo che indaghi le modalità innate di costruire il proprio habitat degli imenotteri alati, prendiamo le api, nelle loro varianti di specie e di ambiente – cioè di cultura e di contesto, volendo tornare al caso umano. Infatti: non era forse Chomsky ad aver apertamente stabilito che il linguaggio, cioè la più alta espressione di identità di ognuna delle civiltà umane disperse nella storia e nella geografia altro non fosse che una variante adattiva, contingente, dunque storica, della struttura linguistica innata e permanente di una specie animale, la nostra? E in fondo Saverio Muratori, non cercava di dimostrare che ciò che chiamiamo architettura in tutte le sue varianti linguistiche, in tutta la sua ricchezza tematica e formale, ambientale, non sia mai frutto di *decisioni* innovative, ma unicamente di *scelte* obbligate in un repertorio ancorché vastissimo comunque limitato perché *dato come innato e ammesso come possibile dalla nostra stessa natura?* L'architettura *non* come atto creativo, *non* come sempre rinnovata decisione del pensiero, ma come destino. Ahi!

Di questo, con altre parole, discutevamo tra noi dopo ogni lezione del professor Muratori. E noi giovani modernisti, che per convivere con l'idea di architettura come unitaria moltitudine di contraddizioni avevamo trasfigurato la modernità in libertà, non volemmo arrenderci all'idea dell'architettura come destino preordinato. Dopo aver frequentato con ardimentosa stizza le lezioni del professor Muratori e aver imparato a perfezione – e per dispetto – le tabelle classificatorie della nascita e dello sviluppo dei tipi abitativi e delle aggregazioni morfologiche dell'habitat umano ed aver infine progettato moduli spaziali a-funzionali – quasi cavità originarie a disposizione di ogni necessità primordiale – tipi abitativi elementari, aggregazioni preordinate di abitazioni e piccoli servizi, luoghi di lavoro modulari e – ecco ci siamo! si chiude il cerchio – grandi invasi monumentali che dal Pantheon e dalle grandi caverne carsiche mutuavano il loro spazio,

ci ribellammo. Buttammo all'aria sia il corso che il predominio del professor Muratori nella scuola. Ma la consapevolezza dell'architettura come *destino di specie* scivolò nel fondo della nostra coscienza di nascenti architetti, senza dissolversi.

Senza dirlo a noi stessi, sapevamo bene che nella antica dialettica tra libertà e destino la libertà potrebbe davvero vincere se il fato si piegasse alla volontà umana. Ma, come ci insegnano gli antichi, il fato non si piega neanche alla volontà degli dei. Così, la nostra volontà di progettisti che, inseguendo il volo di chi eleggiamo a "stars" dell'architettura, vorrebbe avere sempre la forza rivoluzionaria di un drammatico travolgimento d'amore per realizzare pienamente, nella libertà dell'invenzione, la nostra identità di architetti, nella realtà è pur sempre una *volontà di specie* che permane nello spazio del suo destino.

Per questo l'esperienza non senza drammi che avemmo nel corso del professor Muratori, invece che sconfiggere l'idea dell'architettura come unitaria, necessaria, moltitudine di contraddizioni risolte nel grande flusso della storia, la perfezionò. Nello spazio del *destino di specie* le contraddizioni sono soltanto apparenti, essendo, tutte, soltanto quelle contemplabili dalla nostra originaria natura. E mi parve che la difficoltà di essere "moderni" che traspare dalla recente storia dell'architettura italiana non fosse sintomo di una arretratezza, ma di una consapevole – o il più delle volte inconsapevole – resistenza rispetto all'illusione di considerare la storia come sequenza di atti di rottura, negazione – condanna – superamento di ogni recente passato, quello da cui ogni generazione proviene.

Così, nella mia prima giovinezza accademica lessi e rilessi in questo quadro la storia recente dell'architettura italiana tempestandola di domande per avere conferme: forse gli italiani tra le due guerre, non fecero del Futurismo – così verbale e gestuale e teatrale e commovente per il destino di Sant'Elia – lo schermo dietro il quale difendersi dal disperato funzionalismo germanico che rifiutava ormai – dopo la sconfitta nella Grande Guerra – ogni rapporto con la Storia? E in quei decenni, gli architetti italiani non usarono tutti i possibili idiomi della loro cultura – fatta di profonde e antiche diversità – per ristabilire comunque la continuità con le ricerche d'architettura interrotte dalla prima guerra mondiale, tra le quali, appunto, stava lo stesso Futurismo? E Terragni – e Libera con lui – non aveva voluto intendere la modernità

essenzialmente come *decisiva esperienza formale nella storia* – sempre, dunque, tenendosi libero di far scorrere la propria matita e il proprio pensiero tra tutte le forme simboliche del classicismo – da Michelangelo al Novecento – e della modernità – dal Futurismo, all'Espressionismo, alla costruzione e decostruzione *a-funzionale* dello spazio fino alla sublime interpretazione della città moderna come pura forma simbolica sintetizzata nel misterioso grumo architettonico della palazzina Frigerio? E quanto volte per sostenere la loro posizione rispetto al mondo moderno gli italiani non cercarono ogni sostegno "esterno" alle loro convinzioni linguistiche? Nel secondo dopoguerra, infatti, negli anni della mia prima formazione, la cultura architettonica ufficiale italiana non continuò forse nel suo sforzo di evitare lo "stile internazionale" – ormai vincente – scantonando nel neo-realismo, come se ciò fosse imposto davvero dalle particolari condizioni di arretratezza delle masse popolari della Roma moderna e del nostro Mezzogiorno? e la ripresa linguistica e culturale Neo-Liberty, non fu attribuita forse alle esigenze di stabilità e identità della borghesia industriale del Nord Ovest? E l'immagine iper-castellana della Torre Velasca non ravvivò dunque la tradizione medievista della Scuola d'architettura dell'ottocentesco Regno del Lombardo-Veneto? E il linguaggio "reazionario" di Aldo Rossi non affermò, quindi, l'attualità del neoclassicismo lombardo che tutti noi italiani avevamo appreso, ancora scolari, nelle settecentesche poesie di Giuseppe Parini? E infine: l'esperienza di Carlo Scarpa – bizantina nella preziosità dell'oro, del vetro e delle materie umili rese preziose dal suo disegno – non usò forse il polilinguismo di Frank Lloyd Wright come passaporto per essere accolta nel reame della modernità senza passare per la dogana dello "stile internazionale" o peggio ancora per quella del più rigido tardo funzionalismo centro-europeo?

Per ampliare la mia politeistica palestra di questioni, avvicinandosi il passaggio del secolo cominciai a visitare abbastanza sistematicamente gli Stati Uniti seguendo, certo, la lezione "americana" di Zevi e di Giedion, ma soprattutto cercando di risalire lungo il filo di una corrente americana che tanti anni prima aveva raggiunto noi italiani sorprendendoci all'improvviso con l'apparizione di Louis Kahn; un'apparizione che mi sembrò far deflagrare il concetto di modernità proprio nel paese che aveva prodotto la Studebaker Commander del 1954 e che portò qualche sgomento anche in Bruno Zevi, l'americano.

Fu l'apertura di una finestra su un paesaggio americano a noi sconosciuto che da allora promisi a me stesso di esplorare dal vivo quando gli impegni me lo avessero concesso. Piacentini, nel periodo di suo dominio incontrastato, in virtù della sua esperienza internazionale, aveva fatto conoscere agli architetti italiani – per lo più molto provinciali – le correnti e i capiscuola della modernità americana selezionandoli occhiutamente secondo il suo giudizio e i suoi intenti. Così nel suo libro del 1930, *Architettura d'oggi*, della scuola di Philadelphia non aveva fatto cenno, relegando il nome di Paul Cret solo a una menzione nella didascalia di una foto del pilone in ferro del Benjamin Franklin Bridge quasi ad evitare che qualcuno si accorgesse quanto la conoscenza delle opere istituzionali del maestro franco-americano fossero determinanti nella messa a punto del suo stesso linguaggio aulico e istituzionale. Né Bruno Zevi, nella sua Storia dell'architettura contemporanea aveva accennato alla scuola di Philadelphia e a Paul Cret. La scuola di Philadelphia, mi dissi. Ecco un luogo da indagare personalmente.

Contemporaneamente avevo iniziato, con una frequenza che crebbe nel tempo, le mie sistematiche visite in Cina. Era segnato, dunque, che la Scuola di Philadelphia divenisse ancora di più il centro della mia attenzione. Dai miei viaggi in Cina avevo compreso che da essa si dipartivano non soltanto le radici linguistiche di Kahn, ma anche quelle culturali di Liang Sicheng, l'assertore della necessità che l'architettura moderna cinese trovasse il suo linguaggio e la sua ragione nello studio dell'architettura, della città, del paesaggio della Cina storica. Ecco il perché del mio trasalimento nella hall della Tsinghua University School of Architecture a Pechino: Wu, il professor Wu Liangyong, l'allievo più importante di Liang Sicheng, era ancora una presenza viva nella Facoltà che egli stesso, da giovane, aveva fondato su mandato del suo maestro nel 1946, avviandone il triennio di Bachelor.

Un anno dopo quella rivelazione, in un successivo mio viaggio a Pechino il professor Wu scivolò inaspettatamente fra noi mortali e potei conoscerlo personalmente. Avevo ideato un workshop internazionale di progettazione della mia Scuola di Roma da svolgersi nella Scuola di Architettura della Tsinghua di Pechino. Non casualmente avevo chiesto la collaborazione di Laurie Olin, architetto paesaggista di Philadelphia, professore di paesaggio presso la University of Pennsylvania, erede accademico di Ian McHarg. A Pechino, non certo per caso, egli era stato

chiamato a fondare e lanciare, come primo direttore, il Dipartimento di Paesaggio, voluto proprio dal professor Wu. Il workshop fu un impegnativo atto di fondazione di stabili rapporti accademici che ancora durano. Mentre il workshop era quasi al termine, nella grande aula dove si lavorava improvvisamente era apparso un piccolo uomo anziano dal volto giovanilissimo, quasi infantile per noi europei, sorridente, accompagnato da un giovane docente della facoltà. Passò tra i tavoli parlando sempre in cinese col suo accompagnatore, fermandosi con interesse, ora qui ora là, ad osservare i disegni su cui si affannavano i gruppi di studenti, italiani e cinesi e scomparendo come era apparso, senza altra parola. Seduto al mio tavolo in un angolo della grande aula avevo seguito la scena come si segue il rapido spostarsi e sostare di una ape tra un calice e l'altro. Era il professor Wu, mi sussurrò il giovane docente cinese tornando tra noi. Il giorno dopo esponemmo tutti i disegni elaborati nel workshop sulle pareti della grande sala. Venne quasi tutto il corpo dei docenti della Scuola. In prima fila il professor Wu. Appena noi docenti italiani terminammo l'introduzione al lavoro fatto, Wu si alzò e, rivolto alla sua Facoltà, continuò egli stesso la presentazione del lavoro nostro parlando in inglese, descrivendone nel dettaglio ogni tavola e l'insieme, estraendone qualità che, secondo me, erano appena accennate nei disegni e scivolando, invece, sugli infantilismi e le goffe movenze dei progetti studenteschi. Il politeismo linguistico di noi italiani in quella esperienza s'era temerariamente arricchito di assonanze con il luogo e la sua storia, sia alla scala del paesaggio che dell'architettura, cercando di fonderle in un unico atto progettuale. Di questo trasparente tentativo egli fece il maggior valore di quell'esperimento didattico. Gli applausi furono per lui. Di riflesso ne godemmo anche noi. Le mie mani batterono fortemente. Era iniziata una lunga amicizia, quasi definita dalle regole che presiedono ai rapporti tra allievo e maestro. Un'amicizia forte, stabile nel tempo, fondata su crescenti consonanze armoniche e il mio desiderio di apprendere, di comprendere. Per questo, nell'ombra gelida della Avery Library mi immersi nelle pagine del libro di Daniel Solomon e, guidato dal nome Wu, lessi e rilessi tutti i Blues Licks di Daniel Solomon dedicati a Wu Liangyong, quelli brevi e fulminanti, quelli lunghi quasi quanto un intero capitolo. Mi alzai alla fine e nel piccolissimo laboratorio fotografico, aiutato dalla giovane allieva, fotografai tutte le pagine del libro di Solomon dedicate a Wu.

"Una sintesi perfetta, mi dissi, avrei potuto scriverla io". Avrei *voluto* scriverla io. Chi è questo Solomon? *Conoscerlo*, appuntai nella mia memoria. Continuai a leggere il gran Blues di Solomon, nel viaggio di ritorno. Non me ne dimenticai quando, anni dopo conobbi Daniel Solomon, a Roma.

A Roma, quando conobbi Daniel Solomon, iniziò, devo confessarlo, un'amicizia antica, come di chi, separati dai casi della vita, si ritrovi inaspettatamente insieme, con tante cose da raccontare con la certezza di esser compreso dall'altro per il fatto di provenire comunque, da una lontana e pur sempre presente, radice comune. Non è così, naturalmente – la geografia, le sorti, le lingue, i credi hanno separato per millenni i suoi e i miei maggiori – ma è come se lo fosse. Anche l'approdo al lido dove vive l'idea – anzi la dea – della continuità storica dell'architettura – meglio, dell'habitat umano – è avvenuto per vie diverse, attraverso mari diversi e diverse procelle. Eppure, quando parliamo di architettura provo sempre la gioia della sorpresa di qualche inaspettata armonia. Con la fatica che noi italiani – io in particolare – sappiamo infliggere a chi più ci stima, Daniel ha intrapreso con me e il mio piccolissimo alveare accademico almeno un paio di progetti. Questo libro è il compimento di uno di questi. Evviva! Lo ringrazio per la pazienza, ma soprattutto per l'occasione che ci ha dato di vedere raccolti in questo volume, che onore la nostra collana, tanti straordinari testimoni della sua rilevanza di progettista e di uomo di cultura e delle nostre, comuni, testarde intuizioni sulla città e il suo destino. Come responsabile di questa collana, assieme a lui ringrazio profondamente tutti coloro che hanno partecipato, con il loro pensiero, la loro esperienza di progettisti e di studiosi al successo – certo, sarà un successo! – di questo libro. Che è soltanto una tappa di una ricerca non mai terminata.

Appendice

Non mai terminata è infatti, la discussione tra noi. Daniel, che ha abbracciato Roma quasi con la stessa fiducia che aveva Saverio Muratori nei messaggi celati negli strati storici della città fatale, a volte sembra più di me allievo di quello straordinario e drammatico professore

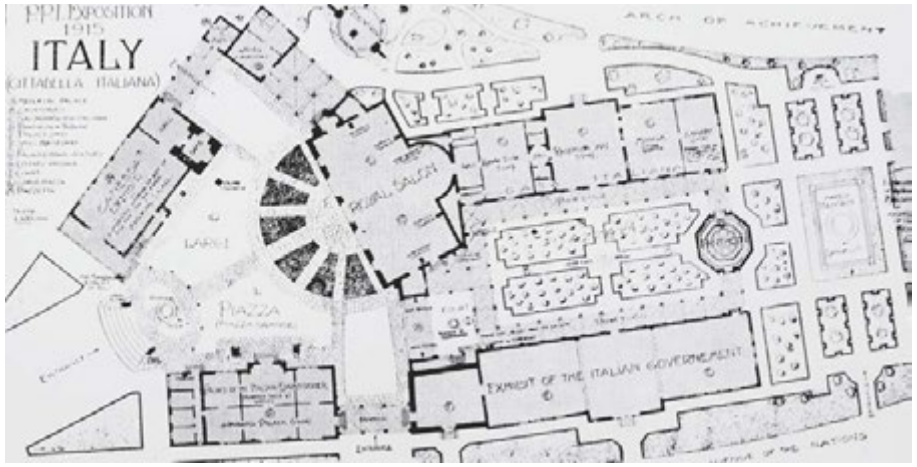
italiano. Anche egli – come il mio antico maestro avverso – guarda l'habitat umano con gli occhi di un entomologo che voglia salvare le Apes Melliferae da una sempre più ricorrente sindrome di perturbazione – mettiamo la sindrome SSA ben conosciuta in America: fuga degli individui attivi – verso dove? – abbandono dell'ordinata compagine sociale di un habitat meravigliosamente integrato, perdita di senso e di funzione degli spazi e delle strutture della città operosa. E nella sua opera di architetto è come l'apicoltore premuroso e sapiente che tenti di riportare le api all'alveare, la società alla sua integrazione originaria costruendo sapientemente arnie che siano ricche di articolati spazi per il naturale, rinnovato sviluppo della vita equilibrata e produttiva che è iscritta nel destino della nostra specie animale.

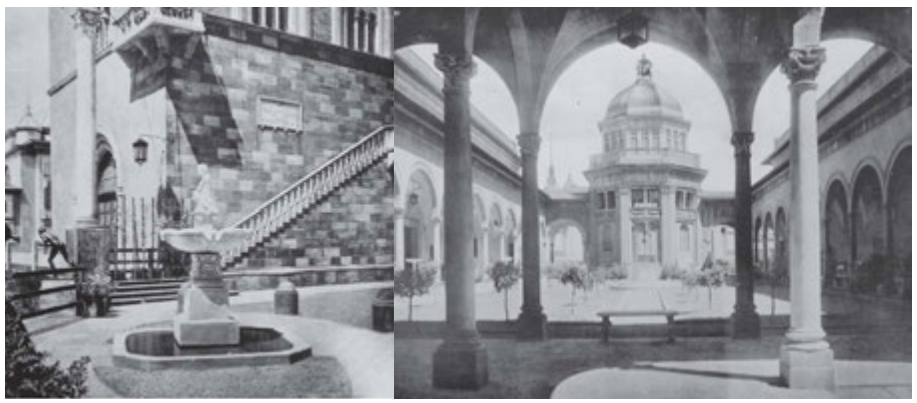
Io, che come italiano di scuola romana non posso che essere con lui, comunque mi sento abilitato a riflettere di più sulla latitudine comportamentale della nostra specie chiedendomi se il nostro destino sia davvero splendidamente ristretto come quello della pur ricchissima specie delle Apes Melliferae o non includa, invece, la moltitudine – pur sempre limitata – dei comportamenti dei tanti imenotteri alati – dalle api mellifere alle tante specie di vespe solitarie e onnivore (l'Ammophila Sabulosa, per dirne una) in un'unica, innata maggiore complessità. Ed in questa latitudine di comportamenti innati, essendo il mio pensiero, il mio sentire, la mia consapevolezza, le mie intuizioni comunque intrinseche espressioni del mio destino – che è quello di una specie certamente complessa come quella umana – perché non dar credito alle mie percezioni per stabilire ciò che corrisponde alle mie innate aspirazioni che comunque non possono essere *esterne* a quelle stabilite dai caratteri originari della mia specie?

È sera a Gainesville, in Florida, il tramonto è inoltrato. La mia gentilissima accompagnatrice mi dice di attenderla lì, nella lunga aiuola che funge da spartitraffico, mentre ella va a riprendere l'auto lasciata in un parcheggio un po' lontano. La ringrazio. L'aiuola è a forma di lente, verde, ma con piante basse. Due panchine nel centro. Attorno scorrono larghe strade in cui passano rare auto. Lo so, è già l'ora di cena qui in America. La città – quale città? – è tutta intorno a me, rarefatta, invisibile. Intravedo i tetti di qualche abitazione isolata. Le case degli uomini stanno riparate dallo sguardo come le tane delle vespe solitarie, che amano risiedere accanto a zone fiorite. E forse in alcune di quelle

case, in un armadio, sta appeso un fucile, come il pungiglione della vespa, pronto a tutto, se proprio fosse necessario. Siedo su una delle panchine dell'aiuola, il volto al sole nel silenzio reso più evidente dal rumore soffice delle auto americane, che filano via di quando in quando. Vorrei che questo momento non finisse mai. So che la serata sarà bellissima. Lo splendido esemplare di Ammophila Sabulosa (vespa delle sabbie) che mi ospita a Gainesville tornerà con l'auto e mi accompagnerà al suo nido tra le piante. Sarà una serata di pace e conversazione nel godimento dell'isolamento vissuto come pienezza del nucleo familiare e selettiva scelta delle amicizie. E' questo il frutto della *disruption* della SSA? O forse è anche questo un modello innato e comunque ammesso dal nostro destino di specie? Altrimenti perché tutto ciò incanta così naturalmente anche me, che di quella specie sono un inerme individuo?

Alla presentazione del libro *Love vs Hope* di Daniel Solomon alla Sapienza, Università di Roma, nel mio intervento volli segnalare che Daniel, comunque, è un architetto dell'Acropoli. Meglio. È un architetto che cura e ricostruisce il senso e la forma dell'acropoli sociale e architettonica che vuole (o avrebbe voluto?) essere la città americana. E aggiunsi che il suo insegnamento, il suo esempio, va esteso alle altre parti della città dell'uomo, quelle che non fanno parte di alcuna storia dell'architettura – come le sterminate periferie senza qualità delle metropoli d'ogni continente e le spontanee, vastissime concrezioni abitative che, essendo disperatamente autocostruite sono altrettanto disperatamente espressione purissima – sì purissima – dei modi primari della costruzione dell'habitat umano, pur essendo altrettanto e forse più disperatamente distruttive di quote rilevanti della nostra specie. Oggi, aggiungo, vorrei invitarlo a riflettere assieme a tutti noi, all'adattamento profondo e inevitabile di ogni habitat umano alla nuova condizione che ha reso la nostra specie pascolo e mandria d'ogni virus, d'ogni pandemia odierna e futura. Nella certezza che anche per lui l'architettura sia unitaria, necessaria, moltitudine di apparenti contraddizioni risolte nel grande flusso della storia.





Marcello Piacentini, Cittadella Italiana, The Panama Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco 1915 (Source: Berkeley Library, digital archive).

Marcello Piacentini, Cittadella Italiana, P.P.I. Exposition 1915 Italy: the Medieval Palace, the "piazzetta" and the "tribuna" (Source: L'Edilizia Moderna, 1915, cit. Tav. LI); in Rosa Ressa, op. cit.

On Daniel Solomon's life-long work on 'City of Love versus City of Hope'

Anna Irene Del Monaco[1]

Abstract: Cities of layered history and the new neighborhoods replacing or expanding the traditional urban fabric are the major interests of Daniel Solomon during his life-long career as architect and scholar. His early interest in the European and Italian culture of cities is grounded in UC Berkeley academic environment and in the living urban lesson of the city of San Francisco.

Daniel Solomon's *Housing and the City. Love versus Hope* «explores the successes and failures of cities such as San Francisco, Paris, and Rome in a century-long battle between the so-called 'City of Hope', which sought to replace traditional urban fabric with more rational housing patterns, and the City of Love – love of the city's layered history and respect for its intricate social fabric». A perfect statement to summarize the work of one of the co-founders[2] of the "Congress for the New Urbanism" (1993) a movement, as reported on the CNU (Congress for the New Urbanism) official web site, «united around the belief that our physical environment has a direct impact on our chances for happy, prosperous lives. New Urbanists believe that well-designed cities, towns, neighborhoods, and public places help create community: healthy places for people and businesses to thrive and prosper».

Daniel Solomon's *curriculum vitae* provides clear justification on his combined attitude on writing essays and designing architecture, on his pleasure for story-telling and building up stories rich of humourism, statements and metaphors, as well as good building up high-quality architectures embedded of social commitment.[3] Solomon's professio-

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2. With Peter Calthorpe, Andres Duany, Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, Stephanous Polyzoides and Elizabeth Moule.

3. Daniel Solomon was born in 1939 in San Francisco and studied at Stanford University (un-

nal and academic career could be compared, considering the balance between teaching and practicing, to his corresponding generation of Italian architects, the last fully experiencing a balanced double commitment in profession and academia (to which Lucio Barbera belongs to).

He has been practicing architecture, indeed, with the following firms: Mithun/Solomon, Partner 2012-present; Daniel Solomon Design Partners, 2008-2012; WRT-Solomon E.T.C. 2001-2008; Solomon E.T.C. 1996-2001; Daniel Solomon and Associates 1967-1996. In particular, it is interesting to notice that the early years of WRT, an architectural firm founded in 1963, by David Wallace, Ian McHarg, Bill Roberts, and Tom Todd, were immediately punctuated by large scale plans that formed the foundation for the firm's philosophy. And to highlight that W(M)RT's influential work included the Lower Manhattan Plan, Design with Nature, and the New Orleans Growth Management Program, demonstrating the complexity and richness of the professional and intellectual networks bridging the West and the East coast of USA, especially in the architectural practice, demonistrating that what appear as a contradiction in the theoretical debates can find the most productive and original opportunities in the city design practice.

As Solomon openly recalls in almost all his writings, among his mentors there have been Charles Warren Callister (Solomon was an intern in his office during his studies at Columbia NY), Catherine Bauer (leading architect-intellectual at Berkeley), Colin Rowe (the most influential intellectual for Solomon's generation of architects), Lewis Mumford (the great father of urbanism intended as a humanistic-technical discipline in US).

In line with his life-long convictions and as stated in all his other publications, collecting arguments on other urban and architectural contexts, Solomon demonstrates: «how the City of Hope has repeatedly failed its social purpose and driven a hot wedge into society's latent divisions, while the City of Love has succeeded as the portal of assimilation and social harmony».

dergraduate in Humanities 1957-1962), then he moved at Columbia University for undergraduate studies (B. Arch, 1962-1963) and finally enrolled at UC Berkeley for the Master in Architecture (M. Arch 1965-66). Today Daniel Solomon is Emeritus professor, after having been teaching at Berkeley since 1966 as lecturer, then as Assistant Professor (1967-1972), Associate professor 1973-1979 and Professor of Architecture (1979-2000).

In his 'Virtual Monograph' (this is how Solomon defines his web site www.danielsolomon.us) he describes two projects as "milestones" of his design achievements: the Pacific Heights Townhouses and the Fulton Grove. Both projects were somehow influenced and inspired by Colin Rowe theoretical works and correspond to a precise idea of a city.

In 1975-1978 he applied successfully for a Grants at NEA (National Endowments for Arts) to produce Change Without Loss, Residential Design Standards for the San Francisco Department of City Planning. In 1977-1978 Daniel Solomon designed and built Pacific Heights Townhouses, as demonstration of the ideas in Change Without Loss. «The thinking, the spirit, and the techniques of most of his works are grounded in this small project from long ago. Pacific Heights Townhouses is the foundation for later work; it clarified the idea of new architecture housing contemporary life finding inspiration in the place it is part of».

In 1992 Daniel Solomon designed and built Fulton Grove in the older San Francisco (crisscrossed with mid-block lanes). «Fulton Grove is a new lane on the old pattern, separated from but connected to the streets. Twenty small three-story townhouses, and two generous flats, each with its own entry, garage and rear garden, face each other along the private cobblestone drive. Access at both ends is through large apertures in new buildings which span the lane».

Before *Love vs Hope* Solomon authored the following books: *Bedside Essays for Lovers (of Cities)* (2012 Island Press eBook); *Global City Blues* (2003 Island Press); *Cosmopolis* (2008 Distributed Art Publications, Inc.); *ReBuilding* (1992 Princeton Architectural Press). All of them are «partly autobiographical, partly historical, and partly philosophical, an assemblage of priceless reflections on city building, urban development, politics, housing, music, ballet, and the like, all presented with wonderful erudition». There are recurrent themes and topics in Solomon's books: Continuous city versus Ruptured city, Modernity, Site versus Zeit, Chinese Urbanism (Wu Liangyong's Beijing project Ju're Hutong), the European cities and urbanism.

My 'encounter' with Daniel Solomon dates back in 2004 when on the bookshelves of the Avery Hall Library at Columbia University in the City of New York I stumbled upon the book *Global City Blues* (2003), an unseen (but somehow 'familiar') kind of writing for a young

doctorate candidate from Italy as I was. In that book the author demonstrates «how the power and seductiveness of modernist ideals led us astray. Through a series of independent but linked essays, he takes the reader on a personal picaresque, introducing us to people, places, and ideas that have shaped thinking about planning and building and that laid the foundation for his beliefs about the world we live in and the kind of world we should be making».

Reflecting on the themes tackled in Solomon's books it might be significant to provide evidence of the use of opposites: «Cosmopolitan is the best word I can find to describe the opposite of the sectarian tribalism that is so richly nourished by identifying races and classes by building type and style and then isolating them from the city around them».

The structure and the content of *Housing and the City. Love versus Hope* includes issues previously and partially explored in the book *Bedside Essays for Lovers (of Cities)* published in 2012 by Island Press by the same author. *Housing and the City*'s manuscript is integrated and expanded especially through two chapters one on Rome and one on Paris and their modern urban history. In both cases there is always as a background «the struggle between the City of Love and the City of Hope has minidrama within it, an epic within an epic, fought on the battlefield of American public housing» as a main topic.

Love versus Hope continues the use of the author to include his cultural heroes selected from slightly different contexts than in his precedent manuscripts and analyzing them from different perspectives, introducing new details and organizing the story plot in different ways, providing evidence of the genuine pleasure for writing expressed by the author. Among these heroes: «Choreographer George Balanchine, the jazz giant Duke Ellington and the couturier and entrepreneur extraordinaire Coco Chanel. They are all attractive for the same reasons and all of them embody exactly what it seems to me missing from the currently arid culture of architecture, architectural connoisseurship and especially architectural education». Then, as already mentioned, Wu Liangyong, the Chinese remarkable and modern architect and academician, is another of Solomon's recent heroes. Among Solomon's books this is the one which dedicates particular attention to Rome (two chapters), to Italian architectural culture, introducing two new heroes: Marcello

Piacentini and Gustavo Giovannoni and their respective idea of a city.

The scholars contributing to the book event presentation in Rome (May 2019) of Daniel Solomon's book *Housing in the City. Love versus Hope* organized by the Doctorate in Architecture and Construction DRACo (coordinator Dina Nencini) were Attilio Petruccioli, Antonino Saggio, Jean Francois Lejeune, Lucio Barbera, and myself acting as moderator. In particular, during the presentation Petruccioli traced a detailed picture – including Solomon's one – of the different approaches and personalities converged in the experience of the Congress for New Urbanism, and their coherent cultural connections with the most remarkable tradition of city design in the Italian architectural culture. Saggio focused his intervention on the ambiguity of the concept of *Hope* and *Love* and on the genre of writing of *Housing and the City. Love versus Hope:* Italian scholars-architects would arguably define a scientific autobiography (see Aldo Rossi well know scientific autobiography) while American architects and scholars would naturally consider this book as a kind of intellectual elaboration without the necessity to define it "scientific" being an experiential – and therefore highly valuable – narration based on beliefs, studies, direct experiences in practicing architecture. Then, Lejeune presented the continuity of Solomon's book and the joint work under development titled *Rome. Spendid Ordinary* on a selection of historical roman neighborhoods conducted by himself, Barbera, Solomon, Guerrero and Del Monaco.

To reinforce the mentioned arguments and to relate about the deep interest of Dan Solomon, an American architect from San Francisco, for the European and Italian architectural culture, two excerpts from his book *Global City Blues* are reported revealing nexuses and explainations: «Frank Gehry, the grand master, and movement he helped to unleash in the works of Thom Mayne, Michael Rodundi, Eric Owen Moss, Fred Fisher, Mark Mack, and others are products of Venice. Their work originates deep in the soul of a particular place, like Perrier water, and like Perrier water it is now a global commodity. Los Angeles teaches an architect to survive in, even to reveal in, a world that is disjointed, irredeemably ugly to many outsiders and far beyond the possibility of the normal kind of civic grace that cities have aspired to for as long as cities have existed. It is a world in which invention and iconoclasm are not

merely licensed but obligatory». [...] «San Francisco teaches something different. It teaches an architect to believe that the history of urbanism did not end a few years ago, that in fact it is still going on, that it demands the same skills that it always has, and that the confusion of the last half of the twentieth century was neither permanent nor inevitable. The San Franciscans consider these to be with the qualities of traditional urbanity functions as the setting for contemporary life. They also see the messed-up places in the city and the suburbs built in the last half of the twentieth century, and they are dead certain that these places are not nice to live, work, shop, o play in as the older parts of San Francisco».

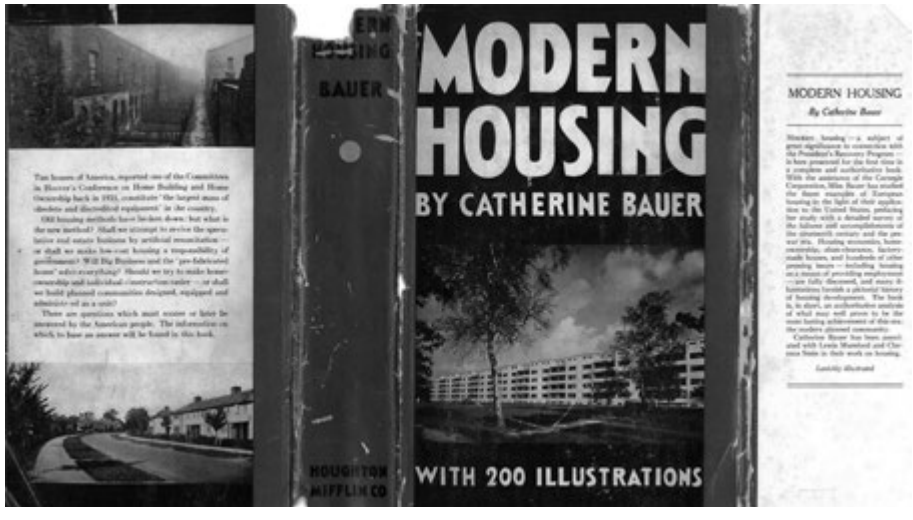
Therefore, the cultural nexus between Rome and San Francisco urban architecture – the latter probably one of the few cities in US experiencing the continuos and disrupted city –, considering the words of Solomon, is more direct than with other American cities, as Los Angeles, since new architecture in San Francisco deals often as in Europe with the existing context. As stated by Solomon in a paper of 1980 on his project *Fillmore Mews* – a project combining moderate income and market-rate condominium housing and neighborhood stores –, it represents a possibile solution on contextual fit, «how to complement the old buildings withiut demeaning them by creating cartoon replicas. The permissive climate of post-modenism has generated in Victorian San Francisco the 'Repli-House' as a New building Type [...] Fillmore Mews is deferential to the old buildings but does not mimic them"[4]. In this sense in 1969 Manfredo Tafuri had already introduced significant arguments within his essay *Toward a Critique of Architectural Ideology*[5]: «In the United States, absolute freedom is granted to the single architectural fragment, which is situated in a context that is not formally conditioned by it. The American city gives maximum articulation to the secondary elements that shape it, while the laws governing the whole are strictly upheld». [...] «The geometric design of the plan does not seek – in Washington, Philadelphia, and later, New York – an architectural counterpart in the forms of the individual buildings. Unlike what happened in St. Petersburg or Berlin, here the architecture was free to explore the most diverse and remote areas of communication».

4. Daniel Solomon, *Fillmore Mews, San Francisco, 1979*, "Design Quarterly," n. 113/114, City Segments, Walker Art Center, 1980, pp. 70-71.
5. Manfredo Tafuri, *Toward a Critique of Architectural Ideology,*in Michael K. Hays, *Architecture Theory since 1968,* Cambridge, MA; London: MIT Press, 2000, pp. 6–35. previously published in "Contropiano" n.1, 1969.

As a consequence, we could state that Solomon proposes an approach similar to *a third way* in architecture "buildings of the third kind" – for designs that rise above the vernacular fabric of the city but are not intrusive, disruptive monuments to architectural brilliance. *A third way* in architecture had been also the possibility explored by Italian master of architecture like Mario Ridolfi and Ludovico Quaroni with Neorealism during post-war reconstruction phase starting from both of them with Tiburtino Neighborhood (INA Casa) and evolving through different experiences as Terni's historical urban center architectural infills for Ridolfi and Casilino's later experience in Rome for Quaroni.

To continue evoking on "cultural intersections" and contraddictory practices it could be interesting to mention a significant architectural episode: in 1914 the Major of Rome Ernesto Nathan appointed Marcello Piacentini to design the Italian pavilion for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco of 1915 (after he designed the Italian Pavillions of Bruxelles 1910 and Rome 1911). Piacentini spent three months in US during the construction of the pavilion (in a lot of 15.000 sqm). It is considered almost a legendary experience, affirms Rosa Ressa[6], although Piacentini – which during the same years was experimenting a new architectural language in his Italian architectures for his Brussels and San Francisco projects – decided for a different approach, which «limited in freedom of experimentation by the expectations that this task entails. Piacentini creates highly didactic exhibition projects, where the image of Italy is flattened on an export stereotype, easily communicable and appreciated by the public and international juries». This is a story which could open to several discussions and further studies and act as a stimulus for the next book by Daniel Solomon who contributed to the understanding of contemporary architecture of the city that is relevant for Italian *lovers of cities*.

6. Rosa Ressa, *Marcello Piacentini e il mito della città italiana in America. La Cittadella Italiana all'Esposizione Internazionale di San Francisco del 1915,* in "Storia dell'Urbanistica" n. 6, 2014.



Back Cover of the book 'Modern Housing' by Catherine Bauer, 1934.

Reflections on an Architectural Manifesto
Daniel Solomon and the Search for Humane Housing

Richard Walker[1]

Abstract: Daniel Solomon is one of the great practitioners of humane housing design in the world today. His book amounts to a manifesto of sorts, though it is far from a systematic statement; it is, rather, partly biography, partly urban history and partly philosophy in a way that evokes the messy reality of and utopian hopes for great cities Solomon is reaching for his star, and that fact that he often comes up short in terms of social theory takes away nothing from the sense of an honorable quest by a great architect and fine human being.

Daniel Solomon's latest book, *Housing and the City: Love Versus Hope,* is chiefly addressed to architects and planners, but it is much more interesting than that. It is intriguing precisely because it is a contradictory book in several ways. The publisher wanted it to look like a coffee-table book but the author had something very different in mind (though it is good to have high quality images). It is a thing of many parts – autobiography, urban history, and philosophical musings – but, in the end, a Manifesto for architects working on housing. Lastly, and very much in the spirit of Solomon's work, it is a creative blend of ideas in tension with one another rather than a systematic statement of principles.

I quite like the book because it evokes something of the messy reality and high hopes of great cities. As a geographer, I feel a kindred spirit to Solomon both for his attempt to wrestle with the possibilities of urban life and his close attention to the built environment or 'the urban landscape'. Though I write about political economy and he about urban design, we share a love of cities, a sense of history and an aversion to simplistic absolutes. When it comes to urbanism, it is necessary to wrestle with contradiction, uncertainty and dialectics, from the surfaces down to deep social relations.

1. Richard Walker, Professor Emeritus of Geography, University of California, Berkeley. Author of *Pictures of a Gone City: Tech and the Dark Side of Prosperity in the San Francisco Bay Area (2018)*; email: walker@berkeley.edu.

The book is arranged in three parts: the story of Solomon's education and career (chapters 1 through 10); tales of the monumental modernist housing schemes in Paris and Rome in the 20th century (chapters 11-13); and an attempt to pull together his insights into a more systematic framework (chapters 14-19). In fact, the first and last chapters stand apart as bookends: chapter 1 is a statement of Solomon's basic themes (and basic design scheme) and chapter 19 is a passionate *cri de coeur* for the displaced, unhoused and wretched of the earth. The latter needs no further comment other than I couldn't agree more.

Openers: Basic terms

The opening chapter of Solomon's manifesto lays out a set of key terms for looking at urban landscapes. They are chiefly addressed to architects, but speak to other urbanists, as well. They are posed as dualisms and it's clear which side he comes down on. They are:

•Continuous City versus Ruptured City: meaning, roughly, seeing the city as a whole across space and, importantly, across time. Ruptured cities are those where oversized projects try to remake the urban fabric according to their own, large-scale vision of what cities ought to be.

•Perimeter Blocks versus Slab/Geometric blocks: this refers to the way buildings are or should be organized in the spaces of the city. Solomon prefers buildings that address the street and the city while still providing tranquil interior spaces, in opposition to the kind of highrises in the park favored by the followers of Corbusier.

•Modernism versus New Urbanism: Solomon is a kind of New Urbanist with a deep distrust of the High Modernists of the 20th century, with their sleek, geometric designs and arrogant belief in their powers to cure the ills of city and society through monumental design.

•Love versus Hope: this is obviously a key relation for Solomon but is hard to pin down. I think he means that architects and planners should love the cities they interact with and not engage in flights of utopian fantasy and destructive mega-projects.

All these are useful dualisms, which have provided Solomon with a set of principles for his career as a practicing architect. Nevertheless, he recognizes the limits of such simple propositions and, after a long detour through his career and housing history, he returns in the last chapters to an attempt to overcome such dualisms and absolutes. It is an honorable effort to inject some philosophical and dialectical

thinking into the architectural milieu, whose goal is to move beyond the simple formulae of New Urbanism for which he is known and push the envelope of urban design into the future.

Life Story

The first major part of the book is a reflection on Solomon's own life and practice.

It follows his personal journey as a practicing architect, which he sees as profoundly intertwined with the history of Modernism and modern housing policy. And it traces his voyage of discovery from Missionary of Modern Architecture to Apostate of the New Urbanism.

Chapters 2 through 10 recount various episodes in the education and work of Solomon the architect, starting with Graduate School and the Venice Biennale of 1980; moving through three cases of public housing in San Francisco (Hunter's Point), Los Angeles (Jordon Downs) and Philadelphia (Carl Mackley houses); and ending with the story of a massive Chinese New Town development that was never realized.

The education of a housing architect and planner at Berkeley in the mid-20th century was clearly inspiring. Some of the great innovators of the time were there, such as Vernon DeMars, William Worster and Jack Kent. Catherine Bauer stood above them all in the mind of the young Solomon – and he has never forgiven her for it. The blazing criticism of Bauer for shaping modernist public housing in the United States is, at times, too much. I think a fairer assessment would acknowledge the forces beyond the leading lights of the housing movement, starting with Progressives, unions and social housing in 1920s New York; squeezing through the eye of the real estate needle – the National Association of Real Estate Boards and Urban Institute – to gain national legislation; and watching as urban renewal carved away the meat of New Deal public housing to leave only the bare bones of badly designed slabs as monuments to the misery of postwar ghettoes.

Nevertheless, we see in Solomon's work the application of the principles of humane architecture for domestic living that he has crafted over many projects, many years and many places. He proves that it is possible to create livable places even in the toughest conditions of public housing in America. He further demonstrates that it is possible to fit into established neighborhoods in a way that allays the fears of even the worst obstructionists.

Two Housing Battlegrounds

The second part of Solomon's book home in on two of the most notable European cities, Paris and Rome. These three chapters go beyond the author's own work to look at what went wrong – and right – in two major battlegrounds of Modernism and housing.

Solomon's treatment of Paris is brief and a bit thin on the ground – the opposite of his intensely personal look at US cities and his own projects. Paris is really a detour on the way to the main story, which is about Rome. But Paris is both the 'capital of modernity' and the home ground of Corbusier, father of Towers in the Park urbanism that was so much the rage in the 20th century.

Paris is plagued by many horrible examples of Modernist inhumanity in its notorious *banlieu*, which have ended up as ghettoes of Maghrebian immigrants and their children. Things should have turned out differently, given the radical pretensions of most French Modernist architects and the Social Democratic outlook of French governments in the postwar era. What went wrong? Poor design and planning, for Solomon; so his challenge is to come up with counter-examples of public housing projects that work successfully and fit into the context of Paris' streetscape. As he shows, the many lovely pre-modern, social housing 'villas' scattered around Montmartre and other *quartiers* are proof that another model of humane housing existed and was forgotten.

Perhaps because I know Paris well, I was more intrigued by Solomon's discussion of the Eternal City and its shifting politics of public housing. Solomon clearly knows Rome very well and he wants readers to see that another road to Modernism was not only possible but realized on a massive scale. Strangely, it was done by Mussolini's fascist regime and its leading housing architects.

If the Italian fascists are mostly remembered for bombastic projects like ploughing an avenue through the old Roman Forum, they nonetheless produced some surprisingly good mass housing in several neighborhoods. It is mostly done in Art Moderne style, which partly saved it from the worst of the later fetish of geometric, boring boxes. Yet, as Solomon shows us through a close reading of the urban landscape, this Roman housing offers a vibrant combination of Big Planning and Situated Design – a dialectic that Solomon loves, even if he cannot quite articulate it. In an attempt to do so, he takes a detour through philosophical territory in the last part of the book in order ponder where his practical lessons and empirical cases might lead.

Grappling with Theory

In the third part of the book, Solomon attempts to go beyond the usual architectural fights between Modernists and New Urbanists. He is on a quest to push himself and the reader to reflect more deeply on cities and architecture and to think harder about how urban design might find new inspiration. He doesn't quite pull it off, but I respect the foray into the unknown.

In the opening chapter, Solomon waxes philosophical – even spiritual – as he ventures into the dark recesses of three innovative thinkers and artists: Fellini, Heidegger and Nabokov. Unfortunately, Solomon's three heroes are not only far out on the vaporous edge of film, literature and philosophy, they are notorious Idealists in the philosophical sense. Both things clash with his own materialist bent toward build-environments, situated practice and so forth.

In the end, Solomon plays the simple post-modernist card of using Carnap as a straw-man and logical positivism as a foil. The result is to leave a huge gap between thought and practice that does not solve the real problems he has posed about the need for a supple and dialectical approach to cities and design.

In the next chapter, Solomon goes after Michael Hayes and the Harvard Modernist dogma in architectural training. Hayes' ideas are incredibly annoying, but he, like Carnap, is a reductionist and philosophical simpleton (true of far too many scientists, social scientists and professionals who dabble in metaphysics and come away with slogans instead of critical insights). There is a sidebar to the ridiculous musings of Theodore Adorno on jazz – which serves to show that even a brilliant dialectical thinker can say stupid things because of his class and race blinders.

Solomon quickly pivots to three other great artistic minds to escape from the shadow of the deplorable Hayes. The shock is that they were all mid-20th century Modernists who revolutionized their fields: Coco Chanel in fashion, George Balanchine in dance and Duke Ellington in music. To this group he adds Otto Wagner, the great fin-de-siècle architect and city planner of Vienna – one the earliest Modernists. These are all wonderful characters and innovators, and they show that one could be a High Modernist and not a doctrinaire fool – a critical point in the debates of our time, when Modernism is usually relegated to the junk heap of history by oh-so-clever Post-Modernists.

Solomon never wraps up the discussion of great Modernists with a simple conclusion, which is admirable in one sense but also leaves the reader hanging. Hence, subsequent chapters oscillate between the hard ground of modern history and the high realms of post-modernist theory.

The first of these leaves high theory to focus on a key thread of modern urban history: the long ascent of mass production in housing. Solomon is unclear how this intersects with the loftier ideas of previous chapters, but I venture the guess that it puts the material conditions of the business of design in conversation with high theory of all kinds. I appreciate the tension this creates with the rest of the section, but it leaves too much to the reader to divine as to how to bridge the gap.

Shifting his sights from the Modernists to the Post-Modernists, Solomon devotes the next chapter to a critique of the doctrinaire side of the Congress for a New Urbanism, going back to the principles of Colin Rowe and Michael Dennis – with a detour through Borromini in Venice. He is nothing if not fair-minded, and there is a good deal of implicit self-criticism, given his allegiances.

After rejecting both Modernists and New Urbanists, Solomon proposes a third way in architecture. He sums this up with a neologism for the best in urban design – 'buildings of the third kind' – for designs that rise above the vernacular fabric of the city but are not intrusive, disruptive monuments to architectural brilliance. This is a wise formulation and suitably relational, contradictory and dialectical. Nevertheless, I had hopes that Solomon would go beyond this rule of thumb to something more abstract. He has a frustrating inability to formulate ideas in more theoretical ways – a well-known problem for great practitioners in all the arts, as John Berger noted in *The Success and Failure of Picasso*.

To his credit, Solomon makes one last attempt at theory in the penultimate chapter, where he introduces the Greek term "Metis" to refer to contextualized, relational knowledge (versus technical and rationalistic logics). The search for an appropriate 'metis' could have led him to take a deeper plunge into the early modern traditions of Hegel, Leibniz, and Marx, but that may be too much to ask of a working architect. Instead, he relies on two decidedly post-modern thinkers who have their virtues but do not really advance his project.

One is James Scott, whose *Seeing Like a State* is about the failure of grand Modernist schemes of social reconstruction, as in Brasilia. It is a post-modernist bible in the social sciences, which has much to teach but doesn't answer Solomon's question about where

to go beyond Modernism. The other thinker is Andres Duany, whose *Heterodoxia Archtectonica* is a bible of the New Urbanists. This, too, is a restatement of the problem Solomon has already posed about continuity and edges in urban design. While Duany hails the virtues of urban heritage and context in the history of architecture, it all boils down to a simplistic Smart Code of New Urbanism. Solomon realizes this comes up short of where he wants to go, so he tries to bridge the gap with a dollop of Nabokov – who offers up lovely wordplay that is neither serious philosophy nor a theory of good urbanism.

City and Society

I agree with Solomon that cities and urbanization cannot be reduced to the social order, as in such classic tropes as capitalist city, feudal city, or communist city. Cities are material/spatial facts on the ground with a life of their own. Urbanization is, indeed, a force of history. Nevertheless, we have to talk about other social forces shaping the city, impinging on design, and paying the piper. To keep this simple, on the one hand cities are crucibles of the *macro*-political economic forces of capitalism in its various political formations – fascist, Social Democratic, Neo-Liberal, etc. On the other hand, urban areas are constructed by the *micro*-political economy of property development and real estate in which housing and design are deeply embedded.

Take the case of the United States' disastrous 20th century public housing programs.

Is Catherine Bauer really to blame for the failures of US public housing? Is Modern architecture? Big Planning? Solomon admits that public housing was starved, isolated and hated - but what did this have to do with the real estate sector, led by NAREB, and its relentless attack on government housing provision? What about the Republican Party's commitment to neutering New Deal and Great Society programs? And, what about class and racial divides that keep US cities segregated and the ideologies that the poor and dark-skinned are unworthy of help?

By contrast, in Sweden or Britain lots of high-rise slabs (though far from all) worked very well and were appreciated by the workers for whom they were built by Social Democratic governments. Cuba is another striking example, where poor sugar workers got their first housing in slabs. Even some US projects, like the New Deal's Harlem houses, worked well for their residents for a long time. Of course, formerly successful public housing has been degraded by

penny-pinching administrations, corrupt bureaucracies and hatred of immigrants – *Even in Sweden*, as Allan Pred has shown.

Another case is the great urban planning schemes of modern times – Haussmann's Paris, Mussolini's Rome, Wagner's Vienna, and Robert Moses' New York – all of which were successful in remaking great cities, bringing huge improvements in living conditions and realizing brilliant urban designs. Why did these happen? What did they have to do with the changes underway because of capitalist growth, modern transportation, and new forms of finance? How were property development and real estate capital tightly wound into these regimes of planning? How was the emergence of a new bourgeoisie implicated in the design of Paris or Vienna? How were these great planners able to muster the dictatorial powers they needed by calling on Napoleon III, Mussolini or the NY Transit Authority?

Solomon offers nothing substantial for understanding these great, practical experiments, nor does he try. Alas, that is a systematic problem with architectural approaches to urbanism. Even when someone as well-intentioned as he tries to push the envelope to embrace better contextual and humane design, he runs up against the limits inherent in the project of studying cities chiefly in terms of physical form.

Ambiguity in Philosophy & Science

Since Solomon has raised the flag of philosophy, I want to pick it up and wave it a bit. His excursions into higher theoretical and cultural realms are to be admired. While his essential concerns are grounded in the material world of cities and housing, he's not afraid to take flight; and even if his efforts to get airborne don't go too far, neither did the Wright Brothers, at first.

What admirable is his willingness to accept a measure of ambiguity, tension and contradiction in the world and in architectural and planning practice. A shared fault of Modernism and Post-Modernism is too many manifestoes declaring the One True Path to enlightenment and a better future. Don't believe it.

I have learned a bit about the history of metaphysics and science in my academic career, so I'll take this opportunity to offer four talking points for those who want to follow Solomon's lead and think more about how to think about modernity, complexity and ambiguity in urbanism.

•Science should not be thrown out with the Modernist bath. We need to explain the world as we strive to change it. The Truth will not set you free, but without understanding what you're working with – whether steel girders or municipal politics – the job of making a building function or housing people well is infinitely more difficult. The same goes for rational inquiry in architecture and planning; without understanding cities, the practitioner is likely to fail.

A full-on anti-Modernist or anti-scientific stance cannot hold. Of course, the histories of both are strewn with the wreckage of bad ideas and worse practices. Neither Modernity nor Science is a single thread to be worshipped uncritically. Just like Corbu, Descartes, Linneaus and Lyell were brilliant thinkers who had much to offer, but were also trapped by seriously mistaken ideas that have been surpassed in time.

•Rejecting scientific reductionism for "complexity" is a dead end. It is fashionable among Post-Modernists to declare that science is wrong to try to reduce complex phenomena like cities to simple theoretical formulations, but that goes nowhere. It is undeniably true that things in the world are complex, even maddeningly so: does anyone think that Black Holes or global climate are simple systems? But to dismiss reduction is to misunderstand how science operates. The work of science is to cut through complexity to see what underlying patterns and forces can be discerned.

Science is hard work that gradually and painfully carves away intervening causes, holds certain things constant in labs or models, and musters data to confirm what is taking place. Even when science does come up with a Big Theory like continental drift, it does not translate back to simple explanations of facts on the ground because of all the secondary forces, intermediate theory and context needed to fill out the picture of reality. Good architecture operates similarly: it requires great ideas of design, building and purpose, but it must grapple with the difficult reality of real cities and people both in the conception and the realization of those ideas.

•Dialectical or relational thinking in needed. Dialectics got a bad name by being associated with the impenetrable discourse of Hegelians and formulaic tropes of Stalinists. Yet, dialectics is a useful way of thinking about reality and our approach to it. It means not dividing the world and categories of thought into clean boxes, but acknowledging fuzziness and tension in everything. That is, a single thing can contain contradictory elements, systems of things stand in relation to each other, and contradiction and movement are part of every system.

Photo ©Bruce Damonte.

For example, physics was once thought to be the domain of hard and fast objects in the Cartesian sense but is actually a world of weird particles that are waves, electrons that are there but not there, and more. Today's biology and ecology are almost wholly dialectical, e.g., DNA is both pre-determinant of the organism and unleashed in unpredictable ways during the process of growth. The same goes for social science, where Modernism/Post-Modernism is not a simple dualism, nor is design/building, architecture/planning, or city/society.

•Science is a human process. Science (social science) is not a nice, clean world of men (sic) in white coats, controlled experiments and congering up mathematical formulae. It takes place in institutions, comes laden with social prejudices, responds to power and money, and can be corrupted by all those. Scientists require commitment to seeking truth and a sense of honor about what they can and cannot do; science is thus emotional and moral at its root. The same is true of great architecture.

Scientific thought often uses logic, math, and distilled forms of rationality that are far from everyday thinking and hence strange to many people. Yet the scientific mind, like all others, uses many subtle but everyday modes of thought, such as metaphor, gestalt, and intuition, to grasp the world. Some of the greatest breakthroughs, like Einstein's, have taken a metaphoric leap from street cars to relativity. In short, science is a very human endeavor – like architecture.

My purpose in taking this detour to wrap up my reflections on Dan Solomon's *Love Vs. Hope* is to take up the challenge he has offered to think seriously about how cities behave and what the humanist practitioner can do to make them better for the people who live in them. Solomon's practice is brilliant architecture for living. Mine is trying to understand how cities work over larger sweeps of history and geography. Yet, we are asking the same question: how can we make cities and our interventions in them more truly humane?

Scene from the movie "La Dolce Vita"; Source: Wikipedia (public domain).

Wisdom and Whimsey
Love and Hope by Daniel Solomon

Craig Hodgetts[1]

Abstract: Solomon's book *Love vs Hope* mixes personal accounts with rumination, profiles of the protagonists while has to balance his own passion with the legacy of the New Urbanists, his very personal convictions with a sober reality-bats-last appraisal of the current state of urbanism, with a glum recognition of geopolitical forces, the aspirations of architects.

If you are ever up for a romp from Brunelleschi, on to Diaghilev, then on to Anita Ekberg, and back again (believe me, you should be) then Daniel Solomon's multifaceted plea for walkable, engaging cities should be at the top of your list. My goodness, the man has managed to embrace nearly the whole of urban history in a few pungent pages that leap from Nabokov's love of butterflies to the urban design theories of Heidegger and Colin Rowe. Within those bookends lies a field of elegant prose that veers from near manifesto to romantic description, with sometimes agonizing reflections on a promising personal project set adrift by the imperatives of specialist legislation.

Of course there are villains and heroes. A subtext (well, more overt than that) indicts Modernist architectural principles for the human costs associated with contemporary urban form, but valorizes the dark alleys where noirish transactions are wont to take place. In his relish for the full spectrum of human urban experience, Solomon often has to balance his own passion with the legacy of the New Urbanists, a powerful if tarnished movement which he helped to form.

1. Craig Hodgetts, former professor at the UCLA Graduate School of Architecture and Urban Planning, and was a Founding Dean of the School of Design at the California Institute of the Arts. A prolific writer, he has contributed essays and observations to the Los Angeles Times and Cosmopolitan Magazine,: Hodgetts+Fung design lab;email: chodgetts@hplusf.com

That tension, and its considerable intellectual demands, forms the backbone of the book, which mixes personal accounts with rumination, profiles of the protagonists – Catherine Bauer Wurster is singled out in detail as a siren whose infatuation with all things modern led to widespread adoption of the principles of Modernism – and historic references, to construct a thoroughly researched, fair-minded discussion.

What Solomon calls "the tyranny of empiricism" and its progeny: slab cities, swaths of vacant land, the residue of barely digested Corbusian imperatives, is weighed against a city in which "soulfulness – myth, history, memory, love of place, the hopelessly subjective" determine form as well as experience.

In Solomon's view, cities like Rome, which lay behind cinema masterpieces like *La Dolce Vita*, exemplify the layering of history, politics, and architecture he holds up as models of urbanity, while utopias like Brasilia, and rational settlements such as those in China, are proof positive of the failure of modern city planning.

In support of his argument, there are examples drawn from his own work, with cogent, well-reasoned explanations of the frustrations born of the modernist hegemony as he wonders aloud whether it might be possible to re-enact the charms of the Parisian courtyard apartments, which have only one staircase, «in an era of rating systems, points, and prerequisites, of universal codes and prescriptions, of measures that measure the measurable».

If this sounds like a contradiction in terms, don't be alarmed – because Solomon feints and fakes with consummate skill, revealing his "tricks" to cloak generic, program-driven projects with context-savvy articulation. The key to that strategy is his determination to assert the primacy of a livable city over any theoretical mandates, making it clear, by naming names – Derrida *et al* – that he considers architects so besotted to have been hopelessly subverted.

Thus the confrontation between Love and Hope in the title. The principles he follows, and cites, favor irregular sites bounded by buildings that hug the streetscape, ideally with a base of continuous retail uses. «It is about place-making in a complicated world in which many forces are unleashed to rob places of their distinctiveness, meaning, and sustaining power over the quality of our lives». Its counterpart, the city of Hope, is a vast plain, marked by isolated free-standing buildings, with few destinations. Regulations dictate spacing according to height for

solar access. Hope, in that case, is for the future, when the regulations are relaxed, and proper infill can be built.

Throughout, Solomon balances his very personal convictions with a sober reality-bats-last appraisal of the current state of urbanism, with a glum recognition of geopolitical forces, the aspirations of architects, and the pervasive effect of the Internet. Prognoses aside, Solomon perseveres, with against-the-grain examples of his firm's current work which, one imagines, might seem retro to today's up-and coming cadre of designers. "Hang it up!" One can hear them saying. But they'd better think twice, because Solomon's passion, his resourcefulness, and yes, his wry humor, can clearly go the distance. As a scholar, a storyteller, and committed urbanist, his prescriptions could well turn out to be a much needed RX for our ailing cities.

Rome: the urban texture; the juxtapposition of the continuous (especially on the former public land flatland, as the neighborhood of Piazza Mazzini, Flaminio) and the ruptured city (on the hills: Parioli, Belsito).

The 'Continuous City' versus the 'Ruptured City'[1]

Review of Daniel Solomon's book, *Housing and the City: Love versus Hope*

Philip Langdon[2]

Abstract: Daniel Solomon's *Housing and the City: Love versus Hope* examines why Modern architects and planners across the globe have produced so many badly connected cities and neighborhoods. Modernist cities suffer from too many self-contained buildings and projects and lifeless outdoor spaces. Rejection of traditional urbanism led to a fractured modernist cityscape in which walking is unpleasant or unproductive. Reviewer Philip Langdon says a New York Museum of Modern Art exhibition of city planning in post-World War II Yugoslavia unintentionally confirmed the validity of Solomon's argument. Solomon asserted that instead of building isolating, automobile-dependent "Ruptured Cities," we should create "Continuous Cities": places that mix a variety of people and that blend together buildings from past and present. Properly designed streets, squares, courtyards, and other open spaces help residents enjoy and learn from urban life. He presents examples of destructive urban development in Brasilia, Paris, and other cities, and discusses uplifting examples from Rome, Stockholm, Amsterdam, San Francisco, and elsewhere. The HOPE VI program in the U.S. is shown to be successful at redeveloping failed public housing projects.

Soon after finishing Daniel Solomon's *Housing and the City: Love versus Hope*, I took the train to New York and saw "Toward a Concrete Utopia"– a show at the Museum of Modern Art that celebrates the post-World War II architecture of Yugoslavia. The contrast between Solomon's clear-eyed book and MoMA's head-in-the-clouds exhibition could hardly have been starker.

1. This article was published in 2018 on "Public Square A CNU Journal"; courtesy of the author. https://www.cnu.org/publicsquare/2018/12/04/'continuous-city'-versus-'ruptured-city'

2. Philip Langdon, former senior editor at *New Urban News/Better Cities & Towns*, is author of *Within Walking Distance: Creating Livable Communities for All* and *A Better Place to Live: Reshaping the American Suburb*; email: plangdon@snet.net.

Housing and the City is nuanced, wry, and fun to read, like all the San Francisco architect's writings. Above all, it is scornful of sloppy thinking. Solomon finds, at the core of modernist planning, a utopian belief system that has had horrific consequences for cities across the globe. Modernist planning aimed to make the world a better place, especially for the working class, yet it rejected much that was soulful about traditional city-building, and thus ended up, in Solomon's judgment, "a toxic, self-devouring malignancy."

You won't hear that on West 53rd Street, of course. MoMA remains a stalwart of all things Modern. The Concrete Utopia show curated by Martino Stierli and Vladimir Kulic would have museum-goers believe that the buildings erected in Yugoslavia between 1948 and 1980 represented a triumph on several fronts—in technological innovation, sculptural expression, architecture-as-megastructure, and transformation of a rural society into an urban one.

Under Josip Broz Tito, an independent socialist autocrat who fended off several attempts by Joseph Stalin to assassinate him, modernist architecture and planning blossomed in Yugoslavia—if anything constructed of gray concrete can be said to blossom. Architects in a Balkan country the size of Oregon subscribed to rigid set of principles, including "a clear separation of zones for working, dwelling, leisure, and circulation, with free-standing high-rise buildings surrounded by greenery." That those principles took the zest out of city life seems not to have registered on the curators.

To be sure, some Yugoslav buildings achieved a sleek beauty. In the most fortunate locales, street passages of intimacy and loveliness were created. Yugoslavia shunned the bleakness of Soviet architecture. Nonetheless, Tito's program was a far cry from what we now understand to be healthy urbanism.

Influenced by Le Corbusier and other 20th-century form-givers, Yugoslav designers raised buildings on piloti. They shaped worker housing into Zeilenbau – long, slab-like buildings pioneered in 1920s Germany – that maximized exposure to sunlight and fresh air but didn't jell into a sociable neighborhood structure. Large buildings such as offices rose above antiseptic open space. Expressways cut swaths through the cityscape.

To forge contending ethnic groups into a unified nation, Yugoslav officials erected numerous structures commemorating the bitter struggle against Fascism. Many of those monuments now stand neglected or defaced. "Concrete Utopia" reveals MoMA's inability to come grips with what was wrong in the modernist dream. Thankfully, we have *Housing and the City* – the perfect antidote to such historical obliviousness. The book, illustrated with photos, sketches, plans, and models, amply fulfills Solomon's aim: to expose and explain «the destructive power of ideas that have dominated and still dominate the main institutions of architectural culture – MoMA, Harvard, and Architectural Record».

Enchanting the young architect

Solomon, a cofounder of the Congress for New Urbanism and partner in MITHUN/Solomon, can authoritatively tell this story because when he was an undergraduate at Stanford in the late 1950s, he too got caught up in the allure of making objects that had little deference to their surroundings. In an introductory design course, the instructor assigned him to buy a box of toothpicks and from them fashion a structure that would both span over an enormous green book – *Sweet's Architectural File* – and support the book's heavy weight. With lots of glue and much trial and error, 20-year-old Dan Solomon caused toothpicks to cluster and form tetrahedrons. They cohered into "a sort of geodesic dome" that was "strong as a house," recalls Solomon, a San Francisco native who went on to earn degrees at Columbia and Berkeley. "I had made perfection," Solomon reports. The instructor himself said so.

What did Solomon learn from this? The bliss of "thinghood." The thrill of being praised for making a remarkable object. A thing is "not an environment, narrative, or place—the distinction is important," he stresses. And it is possible for a budding architect to produce one coherent, self-contained thing after another. «People say nice things about you. If you are a student of architecture, it starts with your first student jury and, if you play your cards right, it continues through a lifetime, with fancier and fancier people saying nicer and nicer things. Even after you're dead».

"The best buildings [like the toothpick geodesic dome] are little utopias and their architects are little utopians," says Solomon. They embody perfectibility. "But does the perfectibility of many small things imply the perfectibility of everything? Do lots of little utopias make one big one?" The answer is no. Self-contained objects, no matter how perfect they are by themselves, rarely add up to a coherent or satisfying city. "Cities can be damaged," Solomon points out, "and, like other organisms, they can be killed by the things within them."

«The big utopian project of the ruptured modernist city was a giant bust a long time ago – at Brasilia, at Chandigarh, in the catastrophe of the American urban renewal, all over Europe,» Solomon says. «In the great battle of Jane Jacobs versus the Athens Charter of Le Corbusier (the Koran of modernist town planning), the result was Jane by a knockout decades ago». Yet at Architectural Record, the Harvard Graduate School of Design, MoMA, and other arbiters of architectural culture, that hardly matters. Declares Solomon: «The love of thinghood is the unifying theme, modern architecture's main idea, the bond that unites the shards, the blobs, the shiny boxes, and the latest parametric warpages». In *Housing and the City*, he tries to rescue us from misguided utopianism – from the "Ruptured City," as he calls it – and help us build cities that people will enjoy inhabiting.

How is a city 'continuous'?

The alterative to ruptured, disjointed cities, Solomon says, is "Continuous Cities." Many old urban areas, or large parts of them, can be categorized as Continuous Cities – think of the traditional parts of Paris, Rome, Amsterdam, and Stockholm and of parts of New York and San Francisco.

Such a city manifests continuity in three intertwined ways, according to Solomon. First, it is spatially continuous, or mostly so. "Buildings join with one another to form a great continuum of built fabric" – defining streets, lanes, squares, and courtyards. It is not full of holes and gaps. Freestanding buildings with space all around them are a rarity.

Second, the Continuous City is temporally continuous. "Past and present blend together," Solomon notes, "and the past is present in daily life, giving it depth and dimension like underpainting on a canvas."

Third, and perhaps most crucially, the Continuous City is socially open and embracing. "Everybody lives there," says Solomon. «No one is excluded. It is the best place, really the only place, to experience the full range of human possibility close-up».

A New York example: "If a Wall Street Master-of-the-Universe who lives uptown doesn't want to get stuck in traffic on the way to the office, he hops on the Lexington Avenue Express [a crowded subway]. For long minutes he can't help looking into the eyes of a thuggish sixteen-year-old and a Puerto Rican mom with two kids. He learns something about people whose life experience he cannot imagine. That happens on the Lexington Avenue Express all the time."

"The typical Ruptured Cities of the late twentieth and twenty-first centuries have none of these properties," Solomon points out. «Think of places such as Tyson's Corner, Virginia, outside Washington, DC; virtually all of Orange County, California; much of Atlanta, Houston and Phoenix; and of the Paris Peripherique. In these places, buildings and streets each march to their own drummer (the architect and the traffic engineer, respectively), and they scarcely greet each other in passing. The result is a proliferation of holes and gaps, leftover fragments, and parking lots – a fractured townscape where it is unpleasant or pointless to walk anywhere».

Ruptured Cities reflect the hostility that 20th Century modernists felt toward the messiness of the traditional city. The traditional city was seen as "an impediment to a just, healthy, and egalitarian society," Solomon observes. Therefore, housing of urban populations would have to be handled very differently.

But the modernist hopes turned out to contain "both hubris and contempt," as demonstrated by huge, isolated complexes on the outskirts of Paris that periodically erupt in violence and, in the US, by the ill-fated idea of Catherine Bauer that public housing should be divorced from the dense makeup of the cities.

Solomon was intimately involved in the effort to reintegrate housing for low-income people into mixed-use, mixed-income, walkable urban precincts. The federal HOPE VI program, brainchild of New Urbanists, proved that this could be accomplished in many places – and would succeed. That's one instance of the Continuous City winning out over the Ruptured City.

Metis knowledge

If the world is to build and preserve Continuous Cities, we will all have to overcome the current widespread reliance on "one-dimensional specialty nerds," whether they are traffic engineers who make expediting the flow of automobiles their life mission or, says Solomon, hydrologists whose "big, swirly forms of drainage courses" can be just as devastating to the tight fabric of a city as an urban highway. "One-issue planning," he says, "is a feature of the Ruptured City, often the very cause of rupture." Bureaucratic standards are a related problem.
How, then, should urbanists go about their work? Solomon suggests avoiding overdependence on "abstract universal technical knowledge and abstract reasoning." What's needed, he says, is "what ancient Greeks called metis knowledge"– essentially a "contextual and particularized feel for a subject."

A good example of that, he says, is Andres Duany's recognition, after Hurricane Katrina, that restoring a devastated New Orleans would entail something more than designing and building the right physical structures. It would call for comprehending the culture of New Orleans. Duany saw that the charm of New Orleans life «was based on the fact that people of very modest means, mostly African American and Cajun, had title to their houses and no debt. Families lived in communities, modestly but comfortably, without the constant pressure of mortgage payments. People did not have to work frantically to subsist. That left time for the cuisine of slow-cooking stews, the culture of the church, and for a music of great complexity and richness to evolve».

"If urbanists care about sustainability, the sustaining of urban culture should be the first order of business," Solomon contends. "The way they cook stews and make music in New Orleans; the way they dance in Havana, dress in Milano, use language in London, look cool in Tokyo, wisecrack in New York. Those are things for us to care about."
Hardly any organized group comes out of *Housing the City* unscathed. New Urbanists are no exception. Solomon takes issue with the LEED for Neighborhood Development program and DPZ's SmartCode, both of which he sees as too prescriptive and at odds with metis knowledge. He chides New Urbanists for making what he sees as a simplistic distinction between the "urban fabric," which can be tightly regulated,

and the "monument," which is free to take pretty much whatever shape its designer chooses.

The idea that monuments occupy the city's conspicuous sites while run-of-the-mill activities are embedded in the urban fabric does not comport with what actually happens, given "the normal dynamics of institutions and real-estate transactions," he says. Museums, churches, and other politically or culturally important institutions often occupy ordinary sites.

In historic cities, Solomon points to important buildings on otherwise ordinary streets, and suggests that New Urbanists will rob cities of a wonderful complexity if they stick to a fabric/monument mode of thought. Urban fabric, he argues, does not require a lesser architectural intelligence.

This is one of the richest, most stimulating urban books I've read in a long time. It abounds with sharp observations – about surprisingly humane housing built under a Fascist regime in Rome, about Solomon's own involvement in San Francisco planning, even about the perfume maker Coco Chanel. There's not a dull page.

The text is put together idiosyncratically. Personal anecdotes are mixed in with serious issues, and the cryptic table of contents is not much of a guide. Often you're unsure where you're going—but then that's true when walking the narrow, twisting passages of an alluring medieval village. At the end, you come out having had a magnificent experience, and wanting more of it.

I do wish Schiffer Publishing had given the book an index. It's hard to find things without one, and this is a book will inspire people to go back to it repeatedly, it's so loaded with fascinating material. Perhaps, when *Housing and the City* is rightly recognized as one of the great urban books of our time, an index will miraculously be added to future editions.

Eight years after neighbors defeated a proposed apartment building, a prime piece of San Francisco's waterfront remains as a parking lot and private health club.

The City of Love and its Discontents

Benjamin Grant[1]

Abstract: Dan Solomon articulates a compelling critique of the rationalist architectural modernism – what he calls the "City of Hope" – that dominated urban design for much of the 20th century. His answer, the "City of Love," prizes particularity and sensitivity to physical, social, and historic contexts, and has become a new planning orthodoxy, particularly in the San Francisco Bay Area. But the City of Love takes longer and costs more. It is careful, sensitive, seeks to do no harm, and defaults to inaction. While these are valid principles in response to the excesses of Modernism, they do not provide an urban program capable of meeting the mounting urban crises of housing, homelessness, and climate change.

Dan Solomon articulates in clear and engaging prose a compelling critique of the architectural modernism that dominated urban design for much of the 20th century. This is the so-called "City of Hope" that sought to eradicate urban ills through the erasure of the city's physical fabric and the application of a purely rational urban program. His answer, the "City of Love," like those of Jane Jacobs, Kevin Lynch, Leon Krier, and Colin Rowe, re-valorizes traditional urban fabric, with its human scale, legible patterns, and rich layers of social life. It prizes particularity and sensitivity to physical, social, and historic contexts, and has, in the generation since its ascension, formed the foundation of American urban design practice.

But like every point of view, the "City of Love" has its blind spots and unintended consequences. Its emphasis on localism, particularity, and citizen engagement has become a new orthodoxy, and has

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been encoded (quite imperfectly) into planning practice and law. In the San Francisco Bay Area, a generation of policies designed to ensure thorough public consideration of city-building and its social, aesthetic, and environmental consequences, have made this region one of the most difficult and expensive regions on earth to build housing, just as its economy has exploded, drawing new residents from around the world. Endless public hearings, appeals and environmental review processes (that ironically favor suburban sprawl over sustainable infill) create delays and sow uncertainty, with project approval decisions often falling to the moods of local elected officials. Land use decisions are devolved to the region's 101 local municipalities, with no mandate to respond to mounting regional crises in housing and transportation. Local planning commissions and city councils become venues for scandalized local homeowners (a privileged elite who benefit from housing scarcity) to resist housing projects on the basis of parking, traffic, shadows, and "neighborhood character" – the darker side of urban particularity.

Coded language about "those people" (ie- the poor and people of color) moving into new apartments is common. As a result, the Bay Area – a booming region of 7.5 million people – has seen its average annual housing production reduced by nearly half since the mid 1980s. Prices have skyrocketed, but the friction introduced (with the best of intentions) into urban growth has kept housing production from scaling up to meet the demand. The region's valiant nonprofit affordable housing developers can offer only a drop in the ocean of need, and the US shows no inclination toward a serious social housing program of adequate scale (or any, in fact). As a result, thousands live in vans and in huge, squalid tent encampment under freeways, and thousands more have left the region entirely despite abundant jobs.

The City of Love and its practitioners gave planners and designers fundamental insights about urbanism. But the City of Love takes longer and costs more. It is careful, sensitive, seeks to do no harm, and defaults to inaction. While these are valid principles in response to the excesses of Modernism, they do not provide an urban program capable of meeting the mounting urban crises of housing, homelessness, and climate change. None would disagree that the best suit is bespoke and made to measure by a tailor, but that is cold comfort to the naked man.

The physical fabric of the city is an essential expression of its social life, and can either facilitate or impede the kind of community cherished by urbanists. Cities embody the economic and spatial logic of a particular time and place. The careful replication of a bygone urban form is no more an authentic urbanism than the imposition of an exogenous rational order. This is in no way an endorsement of the wrecking ball. But lest we think timidity of intervention is harmless, we must remember that a city may also undergo a profound social and economic transformation with little change to the physical fabric, as in Venice, or San Francisco's Mission district, whose middle classes have been hollowed out with almost no physical development. indeed, sometimes the reticence to make big urban changes in the face of big urban crises is actually complicit in social injustice and dislocation. Such is the case in San Francisco.

I believe a synthesis is possible. There is no reason we cannot provide large amounts of new housing quickly, in a physical form that internalizes the lessons of the City of Love. We have learned an enormous amount about how the physical city can facilitate the social city. And how to create welcoming, humanizing places. We can put those lessons to work at a scale and urgency appropriate to the current crisis.

Thomas Hawk: East Bay Express Rated #1 Best Homeless Camp in Bay Area (Flikr).

A New Neighborhood Paradigm, Binhai Hexie New City, Tianjin, MITHUN.

Architecture for Communities

Houses can be Homes, but Housing is usually a Public Utility

Jonathan Barnett[1]

Abstract: Daniel Solomon's latest book of essays puts designing housing at the center of the design of cities; but he does not mean the banal towers which are the typical image of housing. He is advocating for communities built by carefully integrating new and old living places following a consistent street pattern and scale. China presents a test case for building such communities, and one of the most interesting parts of the book is an account of Solomon's attempt to introduce community into the Chinese housing system, by meeting all the official criteria that has created hundreds of thousands of repetitive housing towers, but turning these prescriptions in a better direction.

Daniel Solomon has devoted much of his long and productive career as an architect to the problem of creating livable places for groups of people residing in cities. He has written several books about his practice as an architect, all told in a readable personal style which mixes his own experiences with serious insights about architecture. His most recent book, *Housing and the City,* has the enigmatic subtitle: *Love versus Hope*.

Love versus Hope. We all know what these words mean, or at least we think we do, but what should we suppose they mean about architecture and city design? Let us begin with the distinction between houses and housing.

A house can be an expression of the personality of the owner, or of the personal design philosophy of the architect – or a mixture of both in varying proportions. Many well-known architects owe much of their

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fame to houses, and owners can be more famous for their houses than they are for their own lives.

Architects will risk losing money by entering design competitions for museums, educational buildings, religious buildings, corporate headquarters, or governmental structures. These commissions are opportunities to create experiences, express ideas about society, invest institutions with symbolic importance. Designing these buildings can bring recognition to architects. Designing housing tends to be the work of specialists. It has seldom been a road to fame. Architects who are already famous can lend their finishing touches to a few buildings for rich people, or some special urban projects, but designing housing restricts the imagination. Columns on multiple floors need to line up; plumbing stacks need to connect. It must be easy to get to a fire exit. Minimizing cost is always a consideration. Cost per square meter is the usual way of measuring desirability of housing. Think about the places where architects have turned housing for ordinary people into good architecture, such as Vienna or Amsterdam in the 1920s. There are not many such places.

The modernist movement in architecture correctly identified living conditions in cities as a major problem, and proposed comprehensive answers based principally on apartment buildings sited for the best sunlight and air, and separated from each other by green space. Modernist housing towers became the default development pattern all over the world. Daniel Solomon calls the areas built in this fashion the City of Hope – a generous description, as the original hopes for social betterment articulated by the Congrès Internationaux d'Architecture Modern, or by U.S. housing advocates, were soon supplanted by routine bureaucratic formulas which gave the architects very few choices. Housing, especially government-built housing, is widely understood to be a public utility like water and electricity. Safe and sanitary: at least when first completed, and not much else.

Daniel Solomon is unusual among talented architects in devoting a big part of his practice to designing groups of apartments to fit into a city, at a similar scale to the neighboring buildings, while respecting the existing streets, in order to achieve a coherent community where new and old buildings are part of the same design composition.

His work requires great ingenuity to master the technical problems of housing contained in something other than a simple box: the strict cost constraints, the safety requirements, the demands of structure and plumbing. He calls groups of dwellings built in this way the City of Love – perhaps because of the loving care that must go into their design, or because people can develop affection for where they live if it is a real community. A better description would be the City of Communities.

Of course, architects can't design communities, but they can create settings which make it easy for communities to form. People can make a community out of many situations; but most housing does not help create communities; and in some notorious cases there are housing developments that have totally destroyed any sense of community.

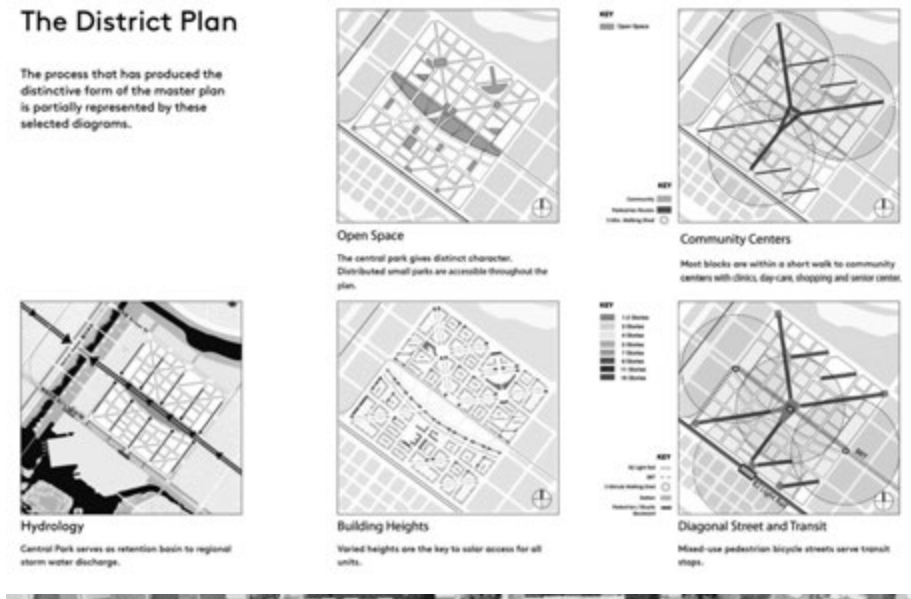
China has been extraordinarily successful in lifting hundreds of millions of people into a middle-class way of life, housing them in towers whose design is strictly controlled by national laws. One of the most powerful controls requires that every apartment must receive at least two hours of sunlight on the shortest day of the year, originally enacted to reduce heating costs, but also useful today to enable solar heating systems. All apartment buildings have their principal rooms facing south to meet this requirement, a practice reinforced by traditional *fung shui* beliefs that also make south-facing rooms the most desirable. The spacing of the south-facing towers and the widths of streets are also affected by the sunlight requirements. The result in all of China has been a cityscape of widely separated housing towers, built on large blocks, with empty lawns between the buildings, buildings which do little to shape the experience of the streets or the design of public spaces.

Recently the leadership of the Chinese government has recognized the limitations of the current housing rules and has been looking at alternatives, a process made more difficult because the entire Chinese housing industry has grown up around these requirements. Dan Solomon describes how he was asked by the planning authorities in Tianjin to design housing for a newly-developing area of the city. It was early enough in the development process that he could work with the transportation engineers on the location of station stops, giving him the opportunity to include walking to transit stations in his plans. Being able to walk to a transit station in five or ten minutes requires

more streets and a smaller block size than the standard Chinese city blocks. It is also helpful to rotate some of the blocks to enable diagonal walking trips that provide a shorter way to the station. Solomon's plan places all buildings at the perimeter of the blocks, creating both an interior open space for the residents and streets contained and shaped by the surrounding architecture. Because Chinese housing towers are so widely separated, their over-all development density is relatively low, even when the towers are twenty or thirty stories, Solomon's plans achieve the allowable density with building heights between five and twelve stories. The private courtyards for residents and the streets lined with mid-rise buildings are both known to help shape a sense of community. Children of residents can play in a protected courtyard, and the streets can have a lively mix of residents and shoppers – typical of the older parts of Chinese cities, but not possible when housing is a group of separate towers.

But Daniel Solomon's apartments still need to face south and have two hours of sunlight on December 21st; there has to be a desirable mix of apartments both small and large; and the building cost has to be competitive with usual Chinese practice. Did he succeed? He shows the drawings that lead him to believe that he has. The buildings pass computer-aided analyses for meeting the sun-light requirements. The architecture is composed as if it were a complicated, three-dimensional jig-saw puzzle in order to achieve the necessary straight plumbing runs and aligned load bearing elements needed for economical buildings. So far, unrelated events have prevented construction on the original site. The Tianjin authorities still want to try these concepts somewhere and discussions are continuing.

There are many other thoughtful and entertaining essays in this book, but the Tianjin story makes an especially important point: that an architectural theory – in this case about fostering an urban community – requires mastery of the necessary building components as well as the technology to implement them.



A New Neighborhood Paradigm, Binhai Hexie New City, Tianjin, MITHUN.

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On CNU, The Thirty-Year War, and the Environment

Michael Dennis[1]

Abstract: Dan Solomon writes beautifully; clever, sharp, pithy, but never snide. His prose is so deliciously accessible, however, that the full force and power of his underlying polemic can sometimes be overlooked. Such is especially the case, I believe, with his essay: "CNU: The Thirty-Year War—New Urbanism and the Academy" (Chapter 17 in *Housing and the City: Love Versus Hope)*. Almost hidden within this essay is a very important urban argument deserving special attention. Solomon's argument, however, is cloaked in an entertaining introductory discussion of CNU versus the Academy, and only emerges about half-way through the essay. In the beginning, he toys with the Academy and CNU like a cat with two mice: the Academy for narcissistically chasing only anti-urban, one-off, goofy buildings which can't make urbanism; and CNU for devolving into the production of dreary fabric without inventive architecture. He then posits "A Third Way," where urban fabric is enlivened by inventive civic architecture embedded in dense urban fabric. This requires real cities, however, and Solomon eloquently cites examples in Rome and San Francisco, thus challenging both CNU and the Academy to develop urbanity rather than suburbs and narcissistic architecture. The current environmental crisis injects unavoidable urgency into Solomon's argument because cities are the most efficient form of human habitation by consuming less energy and producing less carbon on a per capita basis.

Introduction

Dan Solomon writes beautifully; clever, sharp, pithy, but never snide. His prose is so deliciously accessible, however, that the full force and power of his underlying polemic can sometimes be overlooked. Such is especially the case, I believe, with his essay: "CNU: The Thirty-Year War – New Urbanism and the Academy" (Chapter 17 in *Housing and the City: Love Versus Hope)*. Almost hidden within this essay is a very important urban argument deserving special attention. Solomon's argument,

1. Michael Dennis, Former Director of the MIT SMarchS Urbanism Program, Founder of Michael Dennis & Associates, *Architecture, Urban Design, and Campus Planning* in Boston, and author of *Court & Garden: From the French Hôtel to the City of Modern Architecture*, MIT Press, 1986. email: Mdennis@michaeldennis.com.

however, is cloaked in an entertaining introductory discussion of CNU versus the Academy, and only emerges about half-way through the essay. In the beginning, he toys with the Academy and CNU like a cat with two mice: the Academy for narcissistically chasing only anti-urban, one-off, goofy buildings which can't make urbanism; and CNU for devolving into the production of dreary fabric without inventive architecture. He then posits "A Third Way," where urban fabric is enlivened by inventive civic architecture embedded in dense urban fabric. This requires real cities, however, and Solomon eloquently cites examples in Rome and San Francisco, thus challenging both CNU and the Academy to develop urbanity rather than suburbs and narcissistic architecture.

The War: Fabric vs. Monument

Solomon introduces the "War" by stating that the academy and most contemporary architects believe in: "Object fetishism, the city be damned," and that "New Urbanism does provide a place, but a limited and condescending place, for the object obsessions and formal preoccupations of architects. It is the idea of *fabric* and *monument*. In this conception, the normative buildings of the city are an anonymous tapestry that defines and frames a few special sites for buildings of special importance – the monuments." Solomon goes on to say: "… the fabric/monument conceit is simplistic, condescending to architects, and not a very useful model for the various interactions between architecture and city form. A big problem with the New Urbanist fabric/monument idea is the attitude toward city fabric as something normative, ordinary and requiring a lessor architectural intelligence than the creation of monuments …

This overly simplistic conception of fabric and monument has a fairly recent pedigree. It was born in the heat of the late-twentieth-century battle for the recovery of the city from the urban degradation of modernist architecture. This was a context where arguments that were too subtle or complex would not win the day. Simplistic battle-cries were required. Otherwise, historically, the conception never appeared in practice—except perhaps in the diagrammatic classical Greek city where only finely crafted temples were exalted above a rather banal urban background.

Buildings of the Third Kind

Solomon continues: "There is, however, a whole category of masterworks which one can call *Buildings of the Third Kind*. In these works, architects give expression and honor to special places, while simultaneously reinforcing the weave of city fabric that defines its streets and public spaces." He then gives a very focused, eloquent description of Rome and Francesco Borromini's San Carlo alle Quattro Fontane and the Temple Emanu-El in San Francisco as examples. This is a powerful argument, one that is at once a critique of New Urbanism and a subtle description of great cities.

It is true that for most of human history cities and towns have consisted of architectural monuments and urban fabric – temples and towns—but most civic buildings were in fact embedded within the urban fabric. In Classical Greece the most sacred temples were often located on the acropolis, separate from the town. In Hellenistic Greek towns and Roman towns, however, the temples were usually within the town and the number of civic buildings within the town fabric increased. For centuries this was the pattern: the traditional city – European cities like Rome, Paris, Florence, Bordeaux, etc. – has always been a dense agglomeration of contiguous buildings and narrow streets with only very few important civic buildings articulated as free-standing icons. Most civic buildings were embedded in the urban fabric. But even private buildings could simultaneously be assertive works of architecture, however, as well as supportive parts of the urban fabric; e.g., Florence and Venice. In the traditional city, style, or architectural language, could vary while still maintaining the city as long as there was hegemony of urbanism over architecture. Unlike today, architects were literate in both architecture and urbanism.

The Enlightenment Revolution: Free-standing Icons and the Birth of the Suburb

A condition of reciprocity between architecture and urban fabric remained until approximately the mid-eighteenth century, when important Western institutions began to be expressed as articulate architectural monuments – freestanding icons, or narrative architecture.

In both France and America, the preferred system of habitation became the one-family house in a romantic landscape. Thomas Jefferson saw this as an ideal model for an emerging agrarian democracy, and "Elm Street" and the American town were born. Frederick Law Olmsted, the great landscape architect and the father of American suburbia, believed that urban central business districts were necessary for commerce, but that people should live in the landscape outside the urban center.

The Modernist City

This Neoclassical change in sensibility reemerged after the frenzy of nineteenth-century city building as the spatial and philosophical underpinning of modern architecture and town planning. Essentially, the city disappeared; architecture became ever more assertive and violent; and the private realm of architecture finally achieved hegemony over the public realm of the city. As more bizarre architecture replaced urban fabric (e.g., Hudson Yards in Manhattan) sprawl replaced suburbia. The city, which had always been *urban*, turned inside-out. Thus, in addition to *suburban sprawl*, we can now speak of *urban sprawl* (think countless new Chinese cities). During this process, society lost its sense of community and urbanity; staggering amounts of finite resources were consumed; and our planet became so polluted that the damage may be irreversible.

New Urbanism and the American Town

It was against this background that New Urbanism emerged in the late-twentieth century. Intended as an antidote to suburban sprawl, New Urbanism espoused a return to the sublime principles of the classic *American Town*, thus connecting it inextricably to Enlightenment ideals. In other words, New Urbanism was never really *urban* in the city sense. It did reform ideas of the suburbs; it gradually caught on with developers and politicians; and its principles are those of traditional cities and towns. Nevertheless, most of its successes – some quite beautiful – have been as subdivisions or parts of larger suburban areas; e.g., Kentlands and Lakelands as part of Gaithersburg, Maryland (a confusing mess of a commuter suburb). New Urbanist planning still

focuses primarily on subdivisions rather than cities and relies heavily on single-family houses, low building heights, wide streets, and automobile-oriented compositions. In other words, it is a market driven improvement of suburbia.

Beyond the Status Quo: A New Environmental Reality

Contemporary environmental issues are challenging the status quo, however. Data indicate that in the beginning of the twenty-first century, our planet has passed into an irreversible environmental crisis – one that, without intervention, could result in the extermination of human life within the not-too-distant future. The most catastrophic outcome may still be averted, but it will be difficult, and life will be radically different than that of the twentieth century. Achieving this will require that we leap-frog over the status quo, speculate, and plan for life fifty or more years into the future. Oddly, environmental issues may do more to positively transform our cities and towns than any polemic or treatise. Historically, the defensive need for city walls created dense, compact urban environments. The current environmental crisis could provide contemporary impetus for similarly beautiful, livable cities.

At this point I am well-aware that Dan Solomon will likely consider the rest of these observations uninteresting, unnecessary, and irritating. But he should listen, as they reinforce and expand the principles of his work as the most urban of the New Urbanists.

Population and Lifestyle

The size and lifestyle of our human population are the drivers of the current environmental dilemma through production of food and materials, consumption of renewable and non-renewable resources, and waste and pollution. As the world continues to urbanize (over 50 percent of the world's population now live in cities); as population increases (it is predicted to increase from 6 billion to 9 billion by 2050); as the world's resources diminish (especially petroleum); and as we continue to poison the planet by continuing to burn fossil fuels; it will become imperative to reconsider human habitation including architecture and its relationship to the city.

In contrast to the global condition, two-thirds (68%) of the population of the United States live in the suburbs or rural areas. Only one-third (32%) live in the city. On a per capita basis, non-city dwellers consume a disproportionate quantity of energy and produce an equally disproportionate quantity of carbon. The population of the United States is predicted to grow by ca. 121,000,000 by the year 2100, or approximately 60 cities the size of Paris, France. (Not a bad thought.) If this increased growth is achieved at the current suburban/urban proportion (68:32), the ecologic results will be catastrophic.

The results of our complex, modern lifestyle of consumption are no longer unseen, but visible, including: toxic pollution of the food chain and water system, melting ice and snow caps, rising sea level, acid seas, deforestation, desertification, fresh water loss, soil erosion and loss, and species extinction. Of all of the results of our lifestyle, however, global warming is by far the most devastating. We can live without oil, but we cannot live on an excessively warm planet.

The concrete evidence of the past and the present may be described and argued with some degree of clarity, but predictions about the future almost always prove to be quite wrong. Even if the future cannot be predicted, however, there are facts that can be known and trends that can be identified with some degree of confidence. For example, the environmental and economic trends identified in *The Limits of Growth* in 1972 have proven to have tracked more or less as predicted over the last forty years, and point toward unprecedented environmental and cultural challenges that threaten not only the quality of life on our planet but possibly even the continuity of planetary life. Predictions of the future are not required, but an acknowledgment of the facts of the present is. As Aldus Huxley has stated: "Facts do not cease to exist because they are ignored."

Excessive consumption of both renewable and nonrenewable resources, population growth, waste, and pollution (including carbon) are crucial facts of our time. They are exacerbated by our non-urban lifestyle and have ominous implications for our future. At best, radical change will be required, and at worst, if we do not change, the near future could make the centuries of disintegration of the Roman Empire seem like a pleasant interlude.

The political excuse for non-action is always economic. But remediation is more expensive than prevention, and extinction is even cheaper. If we continue what we are doing, the forces we have unleashed will purge the Earth of the problem – we humans. Even if it takes a millennium or more for the Earth to come back to equilibrium this is an insignificant period in the timeline of our planet.

Urbanism and the Environment

What do environmental issues have to do with architecture and urbanism? Almost everything. Our whole culture is based on the idea of limitless resources and continuous growth, and we have become so accustomed to the idea that we have forgotten that we live on a finite planet. We need to use fewer resources, rely less on infrastructure, and create less pollution. This means living smaller, closer, denser, simpler – *more urban*. We need to (again) conceive architecture and urbanism in these terms.

Urbanism is crucial to a solution of environmental problems as it is the most efficient form of inhabitation with the smallest ecological and carbon footprint on a per capita basis. The form of our cities and buildings are the solution, not the problem. We have several thousand years of excellent precedents to draw upon. But more than a century of destructive urban behavior has produced contemporary architectural and urban conventions that are impotent for twenty-first-century issues, much less for producing quality urban environments. And, when conventions are inadequate, principles become necessary.

Urbanism vs. Urbanization

Urban life may indeed be the most sustainable form of habitation, but rapid and increasing urbanization, primarily in India, South America, and China, does not suggest a livable sustainable urban future, nor does continued horizontal sprawl in the United States. These forms of habitation may technically be cities, or mega-cities, but they are not urban, because the civic realm is missing. They are simply social warehouses, the product of expediency, automobiles, and other aspects of the status quo. But the status quo of today is not very likely to be the

status quo thirty years from now. Indeed, if identifiable facts and trends materialize, the near future will be radically different from present-day reality. Thus, environmental prudence and good urban practice should conspire to produce sustainable and livable twenty-first-century cities.

More of the status quo will not produce beautiful cities; it will preclude them. If recent trends toward urbanism are to continue, as they should, architectural and town planning practice must change radically. The combination of excessive vehicular circulation and detached buildings have together done more to produce bad urban environments than any other factors – by far. Conversely, the combination of dense contiguous buildings and streets as narrow as possible would do more to produce good urban environments than any other factor.

Oddly, after all the theorizing, everyone knows which are the good cities: Paris, Rome, Bordeaux, Bath, Venice, Barcelona. All are compact, with continuous fabric, tight streets, and fabulous spaces. There is communal life because there is a civic realm. They are also among the world's most sustainable cities on a per-capita basis.

The basic form guidelines for good urbanism are simple: *dense, contiguous urban buildings forming modestly sized blocks; streets as narrow as possible, designed primarily for people, not cars (or diesel buses); a pattern of plazas or squares of moderate size; neighborhood and civic parks and gardens; mixed-use, walkable neighborhoods; a legible civic structure of public spaces and buildings; and efficient public transportation systems.*

These are all basic principles of New Urbanism. They simply need to be applied to an urbanism of the twenty-first century; i.e., real cities, not suburbs, and not as the simplistic concept of monument and fabric, but as more complex urban fabric outlined so cogently by Dan Solomon in his chapter on "The Thirty-Year War."

Rowe and Solomon at the Crossroads of Architectural Education

Matthew Bell[1], Brian Kelly[2]

Abstract: Dan Solomon's book, *Love versus Hope*, comes at a particularly propitious time for architects and cities. With a world facing complex overlapping challenges of climate change, mass immigration, shortages of affordable housing and the forces of globalization, to name but a few, Solomon's thesis about the power of place and the imperative for architects to understand how to shape it can be seen as an essential and necessary approach in promoting a more sustainable, just and equitable society. In Solomon's case, that shaping occurs through the design of dignified and equitable residential projects, based on context yet also recognizing that a simple-minded return to techniques of the past probably will not suffice.

Appearing (or lurking?) throughout Solomon's text is the figure of Colin Rowe, author with Fred Koetter of *Collage City*, arguably the first thesis to articulate the problems of "mod arch" as an approach to the city and to offer insights about how the problems of "light, air and sunshine" might be accommodated in forms other than the Radiant City of Le Corbusier or the Zeilenbau blocks of the Bauhaus. Like Rowe, Solomon is a "mod arch graduate", educated in the basics of modernism as a "true believer" and over the course of his career, began to see cracks in the theories that were the basis of his education. Like Rowe and Koetter, Solomon sees the power and grace of much of modernisms notable achievements yet unlike Rowe and Koetter, his insights and critique are largely based on insights gained through practice and observation, rather than through questioning the fundamental intellectual assumptions of modernism.

Solomon's conversational style of writing is both engaging and perhaps a tad misleading. Although accessible in a way many current critics are not, he delivers a critique of both the Congress for the New Urbanism as well as the orthodoxy of education in architecture at many of the (thought to be by many) leading schools of design. Solomon makes a great effort to identify workaday neighborhoods in Rome, often overlooked by the academic elite, that can serve a models for the making of the modern city. So, with the virtues of those models in mind and the current multiple crises of society compounding everyday, and recognizing that the poles of New Urbanism and the GSD might not be enough, what would an architectural education look like, as proposed by Rowe and Solomon? What sorts of changes would need to be made and how would that be taught?

This paper will propose an initial way of thinking about educating architects based on place and place-making, advocating for an education that can place architects in meaningful positions to address climate change, dislocation, and alienation. And, like

1. FAIA, University of Maryland.
2. AIA, University of Maryland.

Solomon and Rowe, seeking to synthesis urbanism and modernism without throwing the baby of "mod arch" out with the bathwater.

Colin Rowe once described himself as a "modern architecture graduate," (borrowing from Bernard Berenson's description of himself as a "Christianity graduate") and it might be equally fair to say that Dan Solomon could be described in much the same manner, a "graduate" of the school of modern architecture. Over the course of time as insights and experiences grew, both Rowe and Solomon formulated critical stances about modernism. Rowe's position was formed initially as a critic and Solomon's insights perhaps informed more from the point of view of a practitioner, but both have been deeply immersed over the arc of their respective careers, in architectural history and the translation of that history through theory into design practice.

Rowe, as is well known, possessed a deep and profound understanding of history – architectural and otherwise – and much of his work, from *The Mathematics of the Ideal Villa to Collage City* (authored with Fred Koetter) focused upon bridging the gap between a modernism assumed by many of its original propagandists to have been an ahistorical movement, and history itself. Rowe covers vast territory, from individual architects and buildings to challenging the assumptions about urbanism and urban form of the heroic modern period. His famous insights about the similarities between the Le Corbusier's Villa Stein at Garches and the Villa Malcontenta by Palladio speak to the historical/ conceptual basis of modernism and reside at the scale of the individual building, while Collage City, speaks to the rupture of modern urbanism and the idea that to rebuild the city one must view urban form as an engaging physical continuity with the artifacts of history.

Solomon's bandwidth of interest, illustrated in *Housing and the City: Love versus Hope*, is perhaps narrower, born out of an architectural practice deeply influenced by a singular place, San Francisco, and focused on housing, in particular how the aggregation of housing makes livable and equitable neighborhoods through the vehicle of urban design. Solomon, as related in *Love versus Hope*, embraces the genius loci, a sense that the architect, as a primary act, must understand the place from a variety of points of view-physical, social, cultural- in order to arrive at an architecture that is appropriate and meaningful.
Both Rowe and Solomon greatly value the city, but perhaps for different reasons. For Rowe, the city represents the possibility of continuity with the past, the physical evidence of history in built form. For Solomon, a

social equity imperative lies at the basis of his approach and practice, seeking ways to seamlessly weave the affordable into sites rich with history and the complexities of context. Rowe (and Koetter) sees the intersection of ideas, power and taste as a "collage" and readily accepts the possibility that the city can receive influences from outside its own supposed genius loci, for example Leo Von Klenze in Munich, transporting a Greek Neo-classicism to a Bavarian context.

Solomon's might be less catholic, his work defined by a search for connection to a place, an authenticity born directly out of a specific context and seeking to sustain "place" through the making of the residential blocks of the city.

Interestingly, despite evidencing a high degree of criticism and skepticism of "mod arch" in both *Collage City* and *Love vs Hope*, neither Rowe nor Solomon are willing to erase modernism from the collective architectural consciousness, as many today might propose. Rather, both seem to seek a détente with modernism, a thoughtful critical approach that might allow for its inclusion in a broader context of architecture and urbanism, history, theory and design. Both see modernism as brilliant and problematic, innovative and destructive, inspiring and depressing at the same time. Both seek to excoriate it for urban transgressions and yet salvage what might be worth salvaging.

Rowe's critical insights came as the world surged with prosperity, a capitalist economy embracing the forms of an urban theory born out of a post-World War I utopian theory of architecture and urban form, transplanted to the US as the country morphed into a production economy in the 1950's while the suburbs exploded in growth. Progress became synonymous with "newness" and the destruction of historic city cores a necessary consequence of "progress". Architectural education relegated "history" to a useful but non-essential role in the acquisition of knowledge.[3]

Solomon's intellectual context comes at a slightly different time than Rowe's. Solomon's world is one with increasing disparity of income, obliteration of the authenticity of place through globalization, an advancing climate crisis and an educational context paralyzed by theory and, for the most part, delivering an education in architecture rendering most of its recipients incapable of making urban form and cities.

3. Architectural History was marginalized in the 1990s when NCARB removed it from the Architects Registration Examination, and it has recently further been under attack as it is has been relegated to the margins of education by NAAB.

A few other distinctions might also be illuminating. Solomon seems focused on elevating the populist view ("Mommy you mean we get to live with the rich people now?"[4]) while Rowe seems intent on translating the architecture of the elite for broader usage, for example the Roman/Florentine palazzo becoming the model for the urban housing fabric of New York City. With Solomon we see a preoccupation with Serlio's Comic Scene, the bourgeois "life as it happens" crossed with the authenticity of the genius loci, with Rowe perhaps more aligned with the Tragic Scene an orderly place reflecting the impact of money, power and taste on the form of the city. Solomon sees the Roman neighborhood of Testaccio as an authentic 19th and early 20th century "place" reconstituting the principles of Rome, courtyard blocks, albeit in a perhaps rationalized condition. For Rowe "place" is an analogous experience, authenticity is negotiable (and transformed) as an accumulation (or invasion?) of set-pieces and collages from one place informing and (re)structuring another, the genius loci impacted by the forces of taste and power.

Solomon operates at the scale of the building in urban fabric, particularly housing, with the Comic Scene incrementally transforming the city, step by step with place specific projects, while Rowe's preferred vantage point is the scale of the entire city, embodied in the figure-ground technique, viewing type as a generalized building block of urban fabric with specific interest in set-pieces, gardens, stabilizers and other urban elements illustrated in Collage City that comprise memorable public spaces.

Solomon's repair recipe for the City of Hope mitigates the rupture brought about by modern architecture by strategically adapting housing typologies to define urban space. Rowe's urban design studio initially sought to mitigate the rupture brought about by modern architecture via traditional urban fabric (contextualism), eventually looking toward extensions of order through models that, although perhaps foreign to the place itself, had sufficient compositional, structural, and iconic form to be legible, transferable and adaptable.

Clearly Rowe and Solomon each offer a rich array of insights and approaches to repair the city of modern architecture largely based

4. Conversation between Brian Kelly and Dan Solomon, in San Francisco, in January 2019, while visiting his affordable housing project in Mission Bay at 1180, 4th Street. This child's impression of the building as luxurious, a trait seldom associated with affordable housing, is ever present in Solomon's built work.

on things Solomon would group as part of the City of Love. Both would likely agree that the city and "walkable urbanism" carries significant value and, as Solomon would agree, is a significant (if not the most significant) tool architects can use in the battle against climate change. So, if the approaches are compatible yet not identical, and if according to both authors all of this is worth learning and we assume that all of this is eminently "teachable", what would a professional curriculum in architecture look like based on a synthesis of their approaches and how might it be different than the typical education architects receive today? As a foundation, history and it's translation to design principles through theory would play a major role. Typically history and theory courses are taught as separate entities at most schools of architecture, leaving to the student to synthesize the relationship between the two. As Solomon points out, theory occupies a prominent position in the first few semesters of many architecture curricula and can serve to distance the student from the physical artifact of architecture itself and imply that the enterprise of theory is an end in itself, not subject to popular criticism. Rowe, similarly, was skeptical of theory in the absence of the physical object and interestingly cited, later in his career, the approach of French architect and theorist Julian Guadet as the model for how history and theory might be integrated.

Rowe was suspect of what theory, and even more so criticism, had become at the close of the 20th century. In an epistle to the Cornell Architecture Curriculum Committee penned on October 3, 1988, Rowe provided a scathing critique of a proposed new program in architectural history, theory and criticism. Noting that theory in the later half of the 20th century had become "rather more abstract," and "...pretentious, absurd, and detrimental to undergraduates who have no idea of how to put buildings together."[5] Guadet was offered as a tonic for this aliment. Ironically in his own education at the University of Liverpool, Rowe along with Bob Maxwell and Jim Stirling were indoctrinated in Guadet as part of the school's curriculum. But, in the context of an evolving modern movement in architecture, Guadet was understood by the trio as being particularly retardataire, so Rowe along with his peers rejected him. "We found them [the lectures on Guadet] abominable".[6]

But by 1988, Rowe had reconsidered his position on modern

5. Daniel Nagele (ed.), *The Letters of Colin Rowe, Five Decades of Correspondence*, Artifice Editions, 2016, p. 304.

6. Nagele, *The Letters of Colin Rowe*, p. 302.

architecture and on the value of Guadet's four volume *Eléments et Théorie de L'Architecture*, which had become a central doctrine of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and the baby that was thrown out with the bathwater by modern architects. Rowe recalled: So what was Guadet, super pontifical, all about?

As far as I remember, he told you all about beginnings, middles, and ends; about portes cocheres, vestibules, incorporated vestibules, circulations, types of staircases, where to place them, the gradients of stairs, how to arrange an enfilade, and all of the rest of the stuff which is now forgotten because it seemed assumed that, with the arrival of modern architecture (unlimited freedom?) and all such issues would vanish away.

However, this did not turn out to be the case; issues unrecognized simply become problems unresolved; and the results are only too evident in nearly all recent buildings... in short, there has occurred more or less a complete collapse of the capacity to produce a coherent plan.[7]

But resurrecting the corpse of Guadet would constitute a heroic undertaking that, even before 1988, had been recognized by Rowe. In a review of Talbot Hamlin's, *Forms and Functions of Twentieth Century Architecture,* which appeared in The Art Bulletin (1953), Rowe provided a cool reception to this attempt to update and modernize Guadet, "its successor [Hamlin's book] ...could have become equally significant had there been a greater realization of the essential reasons why Guadet had become "woefully inadequate".[8] In the review of Hamlin's book, Rowe shares deeper insights into Guadet and greater appreciation of the significance of his work than one might have expected from Rowe during his renegade Liverpool years.

The difficulty of indeed resurrecting Guadet or creating a modern sequel a la Hamlin, is perhaps reconciled in part in "Architectural Education: USA," a lecture that Rowe presented in 1974 at the Museum of Modern Art, New York City, and later published in *Lotus International,* no 27 (1980). Rowe, the "modern architecture graduate,"[9] provides a vignette of architectural education, which we, the authors, believe to be a valid starting point for an architectural curriculum:

7. Nagele, *The Letters of Colin Rowe*, p. 302-303.

8. Colin Rowe, *As I was Saying*, Recollections and Miscellaneous Essays, Volume One Texas, Pre-Texas, Cambridge, *Review: Forms and Functions of Twentieth Century Architecture by Talbot Hamlin*, The MIT Press, 1996, 120.

9. The lecture/article begins by referencing Berenson's remarks about having been a "Christianity graduate," and in which Rowe dubbed himself a "modern architecture graduate."

I presume architectural education to be a very simple matter; and the task of the educator I am convinced can be quite simply specific as follows:
1. to encourage the student to believe in architecture and Modern architecture;
2. to encourage the student to be skeptical about architecture and Modern architecture;
3. then to cause the student to manipulate, with passion and intelligence, the subjects or objects of his conviction and doubt.[10]

The sketch presents the ideas of "faith" and "doubt," which in Rowe's mind, and in our minds too, is essential to a student's mastery of a new language. You begin by learning and believing in the elements, principles, and syntax of the formal language of "architecture and Modern architecture," as Rowe characterizes the situation. The idea echoes Jean Piaget's description of early stages of play in which children learn game rules and believe them to be absolute.[11] The rules for architecture are history, both distant and modern. With time, students learn that there are alternative, opposing, or contradictory sets of rules, and that their own initial rule sets are not absolute, "skepticism" enters, and with that theory, which is the basis for explaining history and its ambiguities in design. The final stage of manipulation is often branded by Rowe's critics as "mere formalism," but is in fact related simultaneously to the ideas and forms (for without form one cannot have meaning), which are to be the basis for synthesis of new rules and new avenues of exploration.

With this in mind we might propose a framework of curricula, synthesizing in part Rowe and Solomon in support of:
Representation Skills in which students learn a variety of design media including manual drawing, physical model-making, and digital media, all of which have an ability to perform a "check and balance" on a designer's insights into the problem at hand.

Elements and Principles in which students rigorously learn about floors, doors, walls, columns, beams, arches, vaults, apertures, rooms, plan libre, enfilades, *poche*, *degagement*, *en suite,* re-centering, and more, providing for students the essential tools in the designer's tool kit.

10. Colin Rowe, *As I was Saying*, p. 54.

11. See: Jean Piaget, Play, Dreams, and Imitation in Childhood, (New York: Piaget posits that children learn first through haptic experience; then through adoption and application of a rigid set of rules; then they learn that other children may have contradictory or nuanced rules that don't neatly fit with their own, which in turn causes doubt; the final stage involves synthesis of new sets of rules.

History and Theory of Architectural Design in which students learn about buildings, cities, landscapes, interiors, art, and the cultures in which these expressions of architectural form developed over time and into the present day. History would provide insights into what happened and theory would extract principles from those histories that could be applied in the design studio. These are not two separate courses but an active synthesis between the two.[12]

History and Theory of Architectural Technologies in which students gain a historical perspective of building trades, crafts, materials and technologies as they have developed and informed architecture and modern architecture. Today technology is taught in the present, with a nod toward the future, but something is lost if one doesn't understand problems of building have been resolved over time.[13]

Design Process and Methodology in which students learn strategies and tactics for "manipulating with passion and intelligence, the subjects or objects of his conviction and doubt." Students learn that architecture is not about self-expression (architecture may in fact be the most impersonal of all of the arts) but rather learn design process and critical judgement by transforming investigations of precedent and place. The design process is simultaneously concerned with the "subjects" of architecture, meaning its ideas and the "objects" of architecture, meaning its form. It is about meaning and form simultaneously.[14]

Typology in which students learn about types of buildings, gardens, and urban constructs with little or no distinction between historical examples and modern architecture, seeking to illustrate the continuity of ideas and types, not a uniqueness or rupture based on chronology.

Design studio then, might seek a more active synthesis between history, theory and design, exposing the student to the context of

12. Rowe, in his letter to the Cornell Architecture Curriculum Committee, went on to quote Irwin Panofsky, "The relationship between the art historian and the art theorist may be compared to that of two neighbors who have the right of shooting over the same district while one of them owns the gun and the other all the ammunition. Both parties would be well advised if they recognized this condition of partnership." Nagele, The Letters of Colin Rowe, 303.

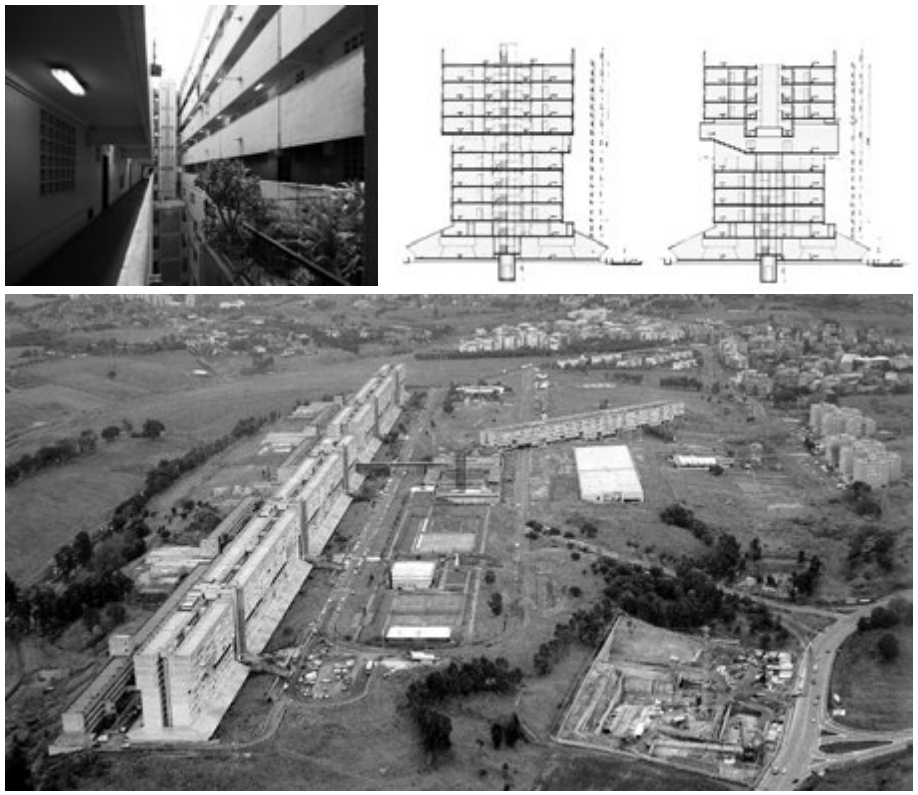
13. We are reminded of Le Corbusier's words, "There is no such thing as primitive man. There are primitive resources. The idea is constant, strong from the start." Le Corbusier, Towards a New Architecture (London: The Architectural Press, 1927), 66.

14. Our late colleague Tom Schumacher used to recount a discussion that took place at a Princeton faculty meeting in which one colleague defined architecture as "a system of building - baukunst," another colleague immediately chimed in, "but you are wrong, it is a system of representation!". Schumacher used to grin and say, "But it is clearly both."

historical examples (construction techniques, social imperatives, political ideals and ideas) building chronologically an understanding of what happened, why it happened and perhaps most importantly, what we can learn as architects from that knowledge. Theory, then, has the responsibility to take that history and reorder it based on things other than chronology, such as typology, circulation, spatial/organizational schemes, construction types, etc… so that the student has both an understanding of history or "place" (context for Rowe, genius loci for Solomon) and how to apply that understanding to architectural problems. And, unlike most curricula of today and advocated by both Rowe and Solomon, modern architecture would appear seamlessly alongside the rest of history, not as a special category, either to be worshipped ("we embrace the Zeitgeist") or to be ignored ("we reject it because it is modern").

To dive deeper, Solomon's approach might include, for design studio problems, lectures and readings that might more profoundly illuminate, aside from architectural history, the essence of the place through music, literature and political theory, the genius loci of all, so to speak. Rowe's might be more focused on how the introduction of the new precedent might impact understanding the context of the problem, provoking a confrontation between that which is and that which could be. Thus equipped, the student could synthesize both the formal issues (and potential) of the site and subsequent proposals and acquire some of the necessary cultural, social and political insights to make more informed critical decisions about the efficacy of design options.

With the above as an overall approach, the curricula would then alternate between core problems that make the fabric of the city, such as residential problems and housing (more Solomon in Love versus Hope than Rowe) and problems that make the public buildings, interiors, public spaces and set-pieces of the city, a la Rowe/Koetter in Collage City. Upper level studios could engage a broader range of issues, such as design for climate change and simultaneously, perhaps, challenge the purity of type learned in earlier semesters (belief and doubt!). Ultimately, the education delivered would render the idea that the city is capable of hosting inventions/interventions of form that could synthesize both the Comic and the Tragic, provide a greater taxonomy for students of how the city can adapt simple and complex programs, withstand and profit from change; and, continue to be the locus of sustainable and meaningful places to live.



Corviale, Residential Public Housing Unit by Mario Fiorentino, Rome 1984.

Architecture versus Occupants, the case of Corviale

Diane Yvonne Francis Ghirardo[1]

Abstract: Dan Solomon's study can be considered a deep skepticism about the very principles that unfortunately still animate architectural education today. The culture of the architectural expert and the embrace of a design process of impenetrable mystery accessible only to the practitioners constitute the very basic premise upon which architectural education rests today. Dan offers some troubling examples from the United States, but he also considers others from Paris and from Rome.

Daniel Solomon's leadership in housing and urbanism spans half a century – a remarkable accomplishment, especially because he constructed his accomplishments in the face of a dominant, domineering and ruthlessly powerful opponent: the Modern Movement. Dan confronts this powerful entity head on throughout his book, but the finegrained exercise of that power might still not be obvious outside of the world of architecture. It includes the end of year student presentations where faculty and professionals excoriate students for not hewing to a rigid modernist line; the criticism leveled by faculty during the course of the semester if a student dares to stray from a rigid modernist (or parametric) design; the broad refusal of the architecture community, through its institutions as well as through architectural criticism, to recognize, reward or promote any approach that departs from the approved lines.
Although such self-censorship dates from early in the 20th century, it persists. I periodically ask students in my theory classes what would

1. Diane Ghirardo: BA, San Jose State University; MA, History and Humanities, Stanford University, 1976; PhD, History and Humanities, Stanford University, 1983. Ghirardo's books include Building New Communities. New Deal America and Fascist Italy (1989); Out of Site: A Social Criticism of Architecture (1992); Mark Mack. A California Architect (1994); Architecture After Modernism (1996), translated into multiple languages and editions; Dopo il Sogno. Architettura e città nell'America di oggi (2008); Aldo Rossi. Drawings (with Germano Celant, 2008); Aldo Rossi and the Spirit of Architecture (Yale 2019). Her forthcoming books include Le Lettere di Lucrezia Borgia (2020). She also translated Aldo Rossi's Architecture of the City (1982). Former President of the Association of Collegiate Schools of Architecture (ACSA, 1993-6), member of the National Architectural Accreditation Board (NAAB, 2003-6), and executive editor of the Journal of Architectural Education (1988-99); email: ghirardo@usc.edu.

happen if they presented projects in their studios which included historical references. A round of laughter routinely greets such an outlandish idea. Likewise, during studio reviews, when students are asked about the eventual users, particularly for housing, or for apartments, they spell out how the future occupants are meant to act. To a question about the involvement of future occupants in the design of their communities, let alone their apartments, the typical response is a puzzled frown.

In this, my response to *Love versus Hope*, there are two parallel matters I would like to explore. The first is a direct elaboration of what Dan identified as Hope, and that which he identified as exemplary of Love. Let me begin with my own experience of both when I teach history/theory classes during USC's spring program in Italy, where I normally bring students to various 20th century housing projects in Rome. Because they often rent apartments in Testaccio, they enthuse over the community, the cafes, the shops, the clubs, the apartments, the district's walkability, not to mention the compelling presence of the ancient mound of potshards (Monte Testaccio). A visit to Corviale, on the other hand, triggers quite different responses. Dan writes about the long blocks of modernist slabs erected in cities around the world and into which were crammed lowincome tenants, with disastrous results. Among the examples he illustrates are Pruitt-Igoe in St. Louis, Hunter's Point in San Francisco, and Jordan Downs in Los Angeles. Though he acknowledges that each case is more nuanced that it might at first appear, nonetheless, when all is said and done, the evidence of the complete failure of the modernist vision of urbanism and housing is more than evident. Jane Jacobs eloquently demolished it nearly 60 years ago, not primarily on aesthetic grounds, but on the principles and assumptions which underlay it. It isn't necessary to repeat her critique here, because Dan's book impressively demonstrates his grasp of the very same problems.

What perhaps emerges from Dan's study most eloquently is a deep skepticism about the very principles that unfortunately still animate architectural education today.

The culture of the architectural expert and the embrace of a design process of impenetrable mystery accessible only to the practitioners constitute the very basic premise upon which architectural education rests today. Dan offers some troubling examples from the United States, but he also considers others from Paris and from Rome.

The Villaggio Olimpico for the 1960 Olympics in Rome perfectly illustrates the tedious, poorly maintained, yawning and desolate landscapes of an ideal modernist housing project. On the other hand, he pardons Ludovico Quaroni's Casilino project of 1972, organized along the same principles, because of the skill and elegance of architectural elements. This is not a new argument. In 2001, I accompanied an AIA tour group to visit Corviale (1972-1982), a kilometer long, nine story housing project designed by a group led by Mario Fiorentino on the far southwestern edge of Rome. Here too both the American and Italian architects present on the tour waxed enthusiastic about some of the architectural details that summoned references to the ideas of the yet-to-be deposed God of twentieth century architecture, Charles Jeanneret, detto Le Corbusier. The tour group neither spoke with residents nor the priest who lives in one of the apartments to learn how they felt about living in what is disparaged as the Serpentone (the Giant Snake). The visiting architects could only see the architecture, not the culture, not the society, not the hardships. How this monstrosity came about constitutes the very core of what Dan identified in some of the U.S. based projects. Fiorentino evidently sought a governing idea around which to erect what he defined as "experimental" housing for 6000 people. He drew inspiration, he reported, from Rome's ancient and long abandoned aqueducts along the city's eastern periphery, long, high and beautifully built to supply the city with fresh water. Who could imagine an aqueduct as an ideal setting for housing?

Immigrants from southern Italy, people evicted from their apartments, that's who.

In the years after World War II new arrivals and other emarginated groups began to erect shanties attached to the piers of the Aqueduct Felice in the Tuscolana district, shanties that became progressively more permanent. For the most part, manual laborers and women who worked as domestics fabricated the shacks, and most survived in part because they paid no rent. Served by a famous and much loved priest who moved into one of the shanties and also operated a school, don Roberto Sardelli, the residents formed a community with its own standards and controls. The notion that one could employ the imagery of an aqueduct to erect public housing as at Corviale did not, however, include the self-built housing of the sort found at the park of the aqueducts. After decades, the city began to ruthlessly dispossess the residents of their homes from the 1970s onward.

The idea that one could use that form, that long abandoned aqueduct, as the basis for an architect-designed project – now that was a great idea. Except it wasn't.

Those forced to live there, isolated on a hill with a view of the distant city from one side, struggled for decades to get the 774 elevators to work (most did not, and did not for decades), to obtain the promised shops, to obtain access to decent and regular public transit. In the absence of these basic necessities Corviale became, almost immediately, a high profile slum from which residents sought to flee as soon as they could. Unlike those living adjacent to the Aqueduct Felice, at Corviale residents even had to pay rent to stay in this quasi-aqueduct.

Architects defend the architecture and blame the city for not providing the relevant services. When I asked the AIA group and the Italian architects whether they would move in to Corviale, not surprisingly, the question was met with silence.

That silence points to more fundamental problems, those to which Dan refers and that lie at the heart of these issues, and which lead to the second line of thought I want to probe. Architects experiment with forms, geometries, homages to earlier architect-heroes, in cities and in housing projects with supreme indifference to those who will one day live there.

Nothing brings this home as poignantly as the reaction of my students when they visit Corviale. By contrast with the tour group, the students meet with residents and with the priest to hear about their experiences. They try to ride the non-functioning elevators,
they visit the empty 'communal spaces' Fiorentino's group designed, they suffer the bleak, irregular public transit, they stroll the long, empty halls and gaze down at the vacant spaces between the wings, and they note the absence of visible life, whether on a weekday or a weekend and despite Corviale housing nearly 6000 people.

The most consistent response is a demoralized reflection on how everything that they learned in their housing studio is a resounding, absolute failure at Corviale. One former student, now a studio instructor, reported that the visit to Corviale changed her life. The experience opens the possibility for broaching questions: how could architects believed to be highly competent get things so wrong? And how is it possible that the lessons have not been learned, when the evidence is so visible and so compelling?

Big questions, and Dan opens up some of the issues as he reports on how students at Harvard's Graduate School of Design learn about architectural theory. Taught by K. Michael Hays, the course quickly moves to install the theories of early twentieth century thinkers such as Sigfried Giedion and Theodor Adorno. Students read Adorno's essays on modern music, where he excoriated jazz, disparaged the mix of historicism and classicism in Igor Stravinsky and celebrated Arnold Schönberg's disagreeable dissonance and abstraction as a true expression of the modern spirit. In short, everything that is popular or agreeable is disparaged as populist and ignorant, while everything that is dense, disagreeable, unpleasant and abstract is truly modern. Standing outside this closed system, I can only wonder why a theory such as that of Adorno, predicated on misery and joylessness, should serve as a basis for architectural production. Adorno, one should remember, escaped the Holocaust by fleeing to America and in particular to Pacific Palisades, where he proved unable to enjoy the beautiful weather, the powerful Pacific Ocean, his freedom and the vibrant music scene (yes, jazz); instead he huddled miserably among other refugees while propounding his particularly bleak world views.

The architectural version of this is the notion of architectural autonomy, where form dominates everything, content is marginal, and deference to human needs is, to say the least, minimal. Corviale perfectly articulates this view. One wonders why Adorno (and Hays) get to make such rules, and more importantly, why anyone has to follow them. The position and prominence of the two leads them to be celebrated by cohorts who share the same views and who grant them what can only be described as a dubious authority. Hays' version of these grim theories serves as a convenient surrogate for social, political and even cultural engagement. In this world, the battles are conducted on pages of turgid prose and often inchoate thought rather than on the ground, in the battle to erect ecologically sound buildings or to design decent housing for all classes. It is, in short, almost criminal in its indifference to the world in which we live.

That such views continue to be promulgated in this day is nothing short of amazing. Cheers to Dan for exposing in great detail the profound shortcomings of this way of understanding architecture while proposing an alternative path forward for architecture.

Casilino 23, Residential Public Housing Unit by Ludovico Quaroni et al, Rome 1965-75.

Ludovico Quaroni is a super Venturi?

Antonino Saggio[1]

Abstract: Reading *Housing and the city. LOVE vs HOPE*, I was very happy to follow several examples from the Italian scene, and in particular by the presence of the urban development of Casilino in Rome, that was designed and coordinated by Ludovico Quaroni, but it was never at the center of the Italian debate on the topic. Other than Robert Venturi! The real genius of "Complexity and contradictions" was our Ludovico Quaroni. Who knows him, knows... his beginnings in Piacentini style, the opposite Neorealism of his Tiburtino and La Martella Villages which he refused in his churches, beautiful and massive.

The 10 of May of 2019 at Sapienza University of Rome, it was organized a presentation of the book *Housing and the City. LOVE vs HOPE* by Daniel Solomon.
Professor Anna Irene Del Monaco organized the event and several speakers were invited: Orazio Carpenzano, Dina Nencini, Lucio Barbera, Jean-Francois Lejeune, Attilio Petruccioli and my self.

I consider my self very privileged to have followed the different comments of the colleagues and to have read for the occasion Salomon's rich and interesting book. I try to recollect my intervention at the presentation at Sapienza and also what happened later. In my intervention I touched several points concerning housing, and housing in America. In particular I was recollecting my US experience in the field. In fact I studied at Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburgh with Louis Sauer, one of the major expert in Low rise-High density housing.

1. Antonino Saggio is an architect, scholar and professor and holds the Architecture and Informaton Technology Chair at the School of Architecture at Sapienza, University of Rome. He has been the Coordinator of the PhD program in Architecture Theory and Design which is one of the oldest and more relevant in Italy since 11/2001 until 2/2018. Saggio has carried out an intense editorial activity. He was also the editorial director of the international book series "The Information Technology Revolution in Architecture". He wrote "Architettura e Modernità. Dal Bauhaus alla rivoluzione informatica, Carocci, Roma 2010"; Then he wrote *Giuseppe Terragni Vita e Opere* in 2011, *Frank Owen Gehry. Architetture residuali,* Testo&Immagine 1997, *Peter Eisenmann. Trivellazioni nel futuro*, Testo&Immagine 1996; email: antonino.saggio@uniroma1.it.

When I came back in Italy I started to write about the architecture of Sauer and specifically his works in Society Hill Philadelphia. My book was originally published in Italian in 1988, but many years after a new edition in English was published. The topic of Low-rise-High density will fit perfect in the great fresco of experiences presented in the Solomon book. Reading his book, I was very happy to follow several examples from the Italian scene, and in particular I was very surprised by the presence of the Urban Development of Casilino in Rome, that was coordinated by Ludovico Quaroni, but it was never at the center of the Italian debate on the topic.

Solomon in his so airy and witty prose, writes: "Then you climb a driveway to a nondescript parking lot, turn left and there you confront Casilino – and good God – it is so superbly well done it takes your breath away.

Ghost of Ludovico Quaroni, I will take back every snide remark, but I don't know what to say to you. The almost parallel bars are the ubiquitous *casa in linea* again, this time raised up on *pilotis* in the fashion of "transalpine rationalism". The only the difference between this and most of the French, German, Swiss, Austrian and Dutch versions of Zeilenbau social housing, is that Quaroni's is really beautiful. On one side of each bar of units there are heroic stair towers, every other unit. On the other side is a syncopated rhythm of deep, well-used balconies. The bars splay slightly and slope slightly, from eight stories on one end of the long bars to four or ve on the other. Except for the concrete stair towers, the material throughout is a handsome Roman brick, impeccably detailed. Between each bar is a beautifully designed and perfectly maintained formal garden. On a level below the gardens is the cleverest, most economical and pleasant solution to a parking podium I have ever seen. e drive aisles of the parking are open to the sky with rows of garages, traversed by occasional bridges, and with simple, day-lit little stairs to the gardens above. It is all so straightforward that I blush never to have thought of such a simple and elegant parking solution myself." (Daniel Solomon, *Housing and the City. LOVE versus HOPE*, Schiffer, Atglen USA, pp.127-129). Partially during the talk and partially after it in a Facebook post, I developed a thesis that I want to summarize here. Other than Robert Venturi! The real genius of "Complexity and contradictions" was our Ludovico Quaroni. Who knows him, knows... his

beginnings in Piacentini style, the opposite Neorealism of his *Tiburtino* and *La Martella* villages which he refused in his churches, beautiful and massive. Each step of Quaroni contradicts the previous one! In urban design he wins the competition for Mestre *Barene di San Giuliano* with a strong towndesign. It is a project all based on "morphology" that Burno Zevi admired. Together (and with others) they realized the project for the *Asse attrezzato* in Rome, a mega-megastructure that made any other megastructure in the entire planet pale. But then, instead of pursuit the same road, again Quaroni "contradicts" itself. And does the project of *Casilino* in Rome. Now in ... Casilino ... Ludovico Quaroni denies himself again! He completely abandons the idea of megastructure and the ideology of the prevalence of morphology, to make an all typological project The urban form is not given by an "a priori dictated" by the architect's signature, but "follows", as a sort of DNA generated by the typological choices. Which are simple, brilliant and beautiful. Go there you will be amazed (viale Primavera, even by metro).

In my opinion, Ludovico Quaroni in Casilino was also thinking of Saverio Muratori's project in Mestre, his competitor for the Barene di San Giuliano. Because everything lives in the complexity of thinking and if one is as strong as Quaroni was, sooner or later he scores.

I was there to the Casilino after the book presentation because I wanted to see the project again. And Casilino is a marvel, it is a masterpiece, it exalted me. It reminded me of my "Hope" years, when I thought that the world could be improved with proper housing projects and that I could contribute with my work.[2]

2. After the book presentation I posted the above comment on Facebook. A notable serious of comments followed. In particular the comment of Anna Maria d'Olimpio, one of my class mates in High school. Anna bought an apartment in Casilino and shares his positive visions. Follows a comment by architect Francesco Ferrara who speaks of his visits of Casilino with professor Alessandro Bollati, an architect who followed very much the theory of Saverio Muratori. After this, an intervention of architect Alessandro Camiz who wrote a very detailed essay on Casilino in which he underlined the major paternity of the Casilino was that of Roberto Maestro. Finally a deep and very articulated response by professor Lucio Barbera. Barbera vehemently rejects this thesis of Camiz concerning with Maestro paternity explaining in details the method. of working in team of Quaroni. Not only. Barbera recollects a common theme that goes from Barene of San Giuliano to the project for Parliament to Casilino. He called it the "walling of the fan". Barbera short essay, as well as the other interventions, are very interesting indeed to reed for the specialized reader. They can be accessed (and directly translated into English) at this address: https://bit.ly/2UiTUwK

Ignazio Guidi, Palazzo dell'Anagrafe (1936-39), via Petroselli, Roma.

An overview and an account

Attilio Petruccioli[1]

Abstract: There are three teachings that Solomon's book gives us:The city is not a summation of serial parts, aggregated as modules of a submarine, but an organism of parts linked by instances of necessity. Contrary to the heroic image conveyed by the stars of contemporary architecture that sees users as spectators, the architect is a silent and anonymous civil servant who puts his profession at the service of the community. Large cultural movements such as New Urbanism that have changed people's feelings about housing and city issues require strict continuous self-criticism to maintain an avant-garde role in exercising discipline and not falling into the fashion routine.

Solomon's book is an emporium of reflections on the activity, the design adventures, the experiences of an architect, founder of the New Urbanism Charter, during a long professional life and didactic commitment. It is an overview of a passionate engagement for a more organic city both in downtown and in the alienating suburbs of American cities and an account asked to those street companions of the Charter, who found an easy shortcut in simplistic trendy formulas.

The book has different trails but the connector is given by the title itself: Hope is the city of the hope and Love is the city of love.

Hope is the city of the Modern Movement which has substituted the continuous stratification of the urban fabric of the city and history, with Rational models. It failed. It created a disruptive city of boxes in the middle of left-over spaces and produced social alienation. City of Love, on the contrary is the continuous city, the city of stratification, the city of the people. To give you an idea of what is intended for continuous city we can read at page 16: the piece is called: "A morning in Prati". Our protagonist is ready to leave his apartment in Rome early

1. Attilio Petruccioli graduated in Architecture in 1970 and Oriental Languages and Literature in 1980. He is full professor at the Polythechnic School of Bari and teaches at the Doctorate Course in Architecture and Construction of Sapienza University of Rome. Author of numerous publications on isclamic architecture and developing countries, he was editor of the Journal of the Islamic Environmental Design Research Center. Aga Khan Professor of Architecture for Islamic Societies and Director of the Aga Khan Program. Massachusetts Institute of Technology. 1994-1998. Founder of the Bibliotheca Orientalis in Trani (2019-).

in the morning, he closes the door goes into the elevator, then he goes to a market, he reaches a bar where he has a very good cappuccino with cornetto. Of course, he has a discussion with the bar-man and with the other clients of the bar. Then the protagonist continues walking towards the University seat. Total distance covered on food 370 mt. Total elapsed time 27 minutes, conversation 4 as participants and 3 as overheard. Such is the life in the neighborhood of a continuous city. The physical container is implied in this fresco of the continuous city, since the shop windows and the wide sidewalks and the street furniture of the bars, the decoration of a high quality civil construction, often anonymous, are the theater of life.

Rome occupies an important place in the book. Personally I read this section with interest and participation and I was hit by a detail: Solomon points out a very specific building of Rome that is never considered in due relevance, done by an architect whose name is Ignazio Guidi. Solomon says that the Anagrafe building is a good architecture since it is not invading the context, it tries to establish a dialogue with the archaeology that is in front of it. It tries to pass unnoticed.

In the last 50 years the best contribution of the American architects to the Italian architectural culture is the fact that they are pragmatic people that are not dominated by ideologies. This means a lot since the architect of my generation was educated to consider fascist architecture as a bad architecture, bad as Fascist until American architects – most of them host in the American Academy in Rome – started to claim: "the Church in Piazza Euclide by Armando Brasini is powerful!". Then I started to look at architecture of the 30-40s with a different attitude and I started to distingue not because of red or black architecture, but because of good and bad architecture. After April 25th, 1945 they liberated us a second time.

The second part of the book is a warning that Solomon addresses to the New Urbanism movements. He starts proposing an opposition between two terms that Solomon calls with the Greek term Metis on one side and Episteme on the other. Metis Is the intelligence that is flexible, that goes from the past to the present into the future, which is also smartitude. Episteme is the knowledge with a scientific bases. New Urbanism was born as an expression of Metis, it was based

on a pragmatically attitude and was dominated by pragmatical issues. Enough with the sprawl of periphery and the Federal Government housing project which produced slabs one next to the other and produced a disrupted city. Pragmatically New Urbanism never used directly the Academy, they addressed the organization of the people. But in the last years Daniel Solomon and Colin Rowe saw a change in the movement: The New Urbanism now is trying to find a sort of consolation in methods based on measurement guaranteed norms and universal values. They are accusing New Urbanism of moving slowing from Metis to Episteme and particularly they point the finger into the new way of the so called "smart code". The illusion that applying certain smart codes we can guarantee that a building, an environment, a city are sustainable. Since then the New Urbanism was forgetting that the Sustainability was not an issue in the city of continuity because all the necessity was dominated by the Surviving and Sustainability was implicit in every architectural operation. It was achieved also because architecture was local while nowadays with the globalization the sustainability becomes a product guaranteed through norms, codes... but in reality does not work in that way.

There are three teachings that Salomon's book gives us:

1. The city is not a summation of serial parts, aggregated as modules of a submarine, but an organism of parts linked by instances of necessity. The urbs which is the domain of architects is the theater of civitas, which manifests itself in daily activities, life.
2. Contrary to the heroic image conveyed by the stars of contemporary architecture that sees users as spectators, the architect is a silent and anonymous civil servant who puts his profession at the service of the community.
3. Large cultural movements such as New Urbanism that have changed people's feelings about housing and city issues require strict continuous self-criticism to maintain an avant-garde role in exercising discipline and not falling into the fashion routine.

State Route 480 (SR 480) was a state highway in San Francisco, California, United States, consisting of the elevated double-decker Embarcadero Freeway (opened in 1959 and demolished in 1991).

Daniel Solomon: An Appreciation

Why Architects in Practice should Teach

Ralph Bennett[1]

Abstract: Bennett identifies in Solomon's work a paradigm for deep understanding of urban situations which can produce sympathetic, constructive interventions in existing cities, and paradigms for new ones. Solomon is seen as a paradigm of values for professionals teaching in universities.

Love versus Hope is the latest accomplishment of an architect who has designed remarkable urban housing during a long career in which he has also been on the faculty of the University of California, Berkeley and a significant contributor to the Congress for the New Urbanism, helping to cause significant re-thinking of American settlement patterns. The story is very personal for me, since, as an architect of housing and a teacher of about his age, Solomon's accomplishments constitute a very high standard for our work as architects and teachers.

As a clueless architecture student at another university, I spent a summer in San Francisco at about the time Solomon was starting at Berkeley. The city was magic, then and now, but Solomon as a native who developed an appreciation of San Francisco which was deep and personal and which he vividly explains.

He describes the pre-occupation with 'Thinghood' in the architectural education (and the architecture) of the time – buildings seen to be isolated – designed without study or understanding of the 'continuous' environment of which they were to be a part. The consequences of this thinking gave us the cities of the late 20th century with their spatial vacuity and isolated buildings studied only in their own terms, not their connections to their contexts. He shows his own masters thesis – a group of outrageously tall towers on the sacred San Francisco waterfront. My own masters' thesis at the time, a hulking suggestion for a city hall for Fremont, California, a newly incorporated

1. Bennett Frank McCarthy Architects; School of Architecture Planning and Preservation, University of Maryland, email: ralph@bfmarch.com.

city on the East Bay, received an honorable mention in a competition in 1966. The design that won was built and has been demolished since the competition. Unfortunately, this object-centered thought remains strong in today's architecture. Solomon's counter-conception of the 'continuous' city is a major theme of the book – and of the reformed curricula of some architecture schools including my own.

As a young professional, he was animated by the local struggles I saw as a brief visitor – the damage caused by the Embarcadero Freeway, and all the other 'Hope'-ful efforts of the '60's and '70s to remake American cities using 'urban renewal' and the construction of highways. His engagement with community groups, developers, slightly subversive planners and the forces behind ruinous 'rupturous' acts against his city are full of the insights, disappointments and successes which brought him national attention early as an architect. His story is a 'Love' affair with his native city which can be a model for all of us.

His deepening affection for his city and its residents is told engagingly through his experiences in remaking Public Housing 'projects', illustratively the Hunters View reconstruction effort. This World War 2 labor settlement had devolved into a behavioral sink which housing officials, most of the residents and even preservationists agreed required replacement. Solomon's stories of some of the residents shows an engagement far closer than mere consulting. The resulting plan is still in progress, but shows his architectural successes at building streets with buildings, planning with connections, useful spaces and housing quite different, and more humane than the military types of the original development.

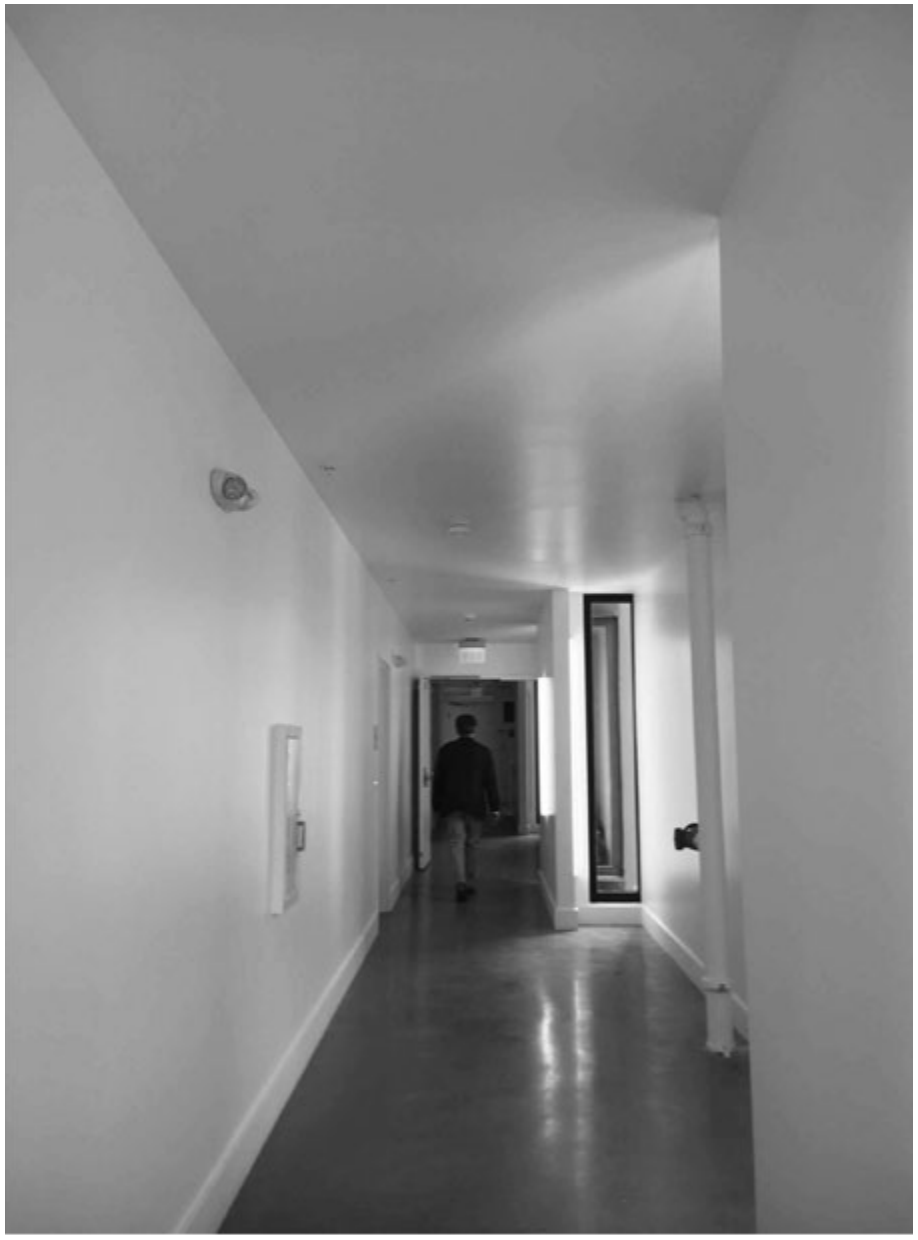
His early years at Berkeley included association with Catherine Bauer Wurster, one of the chief advocates for the importation of European models for mass housing. She brought the Zeilenbau model from Frankfurt: midrise parallel identical blocks separated for solar exposure, objects on an undifferentiated landscape – prototypes for places like Hunters View. This reminder of Bauer Wurster's role, associations and impact remind us of the seductive infuences of European examples on American housing design in the pre- and post-war years and their effect on architectural education, especially Berkeley, Illinois and Harvard.

Solomon's ideal urban type is the perimeter block which makes, or maintains streets, and provides courtyards for semi-public or private use – the opposite of the slab and tower in the landscape. His chapters on Paris and Rome show an enthusiast's knowledge of the modern histories of these two cities in a compendious but personal set of reflections on those cities and their interaction with Modernism.

His chapter on 'The Chinese Puzzle' shows his ingenuity at applying fundamental cultural sensibilities to a culture not his own to help solve one of the worst manifestations of Modern urbanism – the Chinese mass cities of isolating towers in a totally 'Ruptured' urban fabric. Amazingly, he has been successful in building a counter-prototype using the indigenous courtyard house as a component of an urban alternative to the current alienating standard.

At one point, Solomon refers to himself as a contextualist, the name given to a brief period of American architectural reflection in the '70's and '80's when the 'Rupture' of our cities become so apparent that stylistic pastiches were proposed to (purportedly) mend the fabrics. Solomon's architecture is not merely postmodern contextualism. Granted, when called upon he can produce ornamented buildings appropriate to parts of San Francisco (Biedeman Place Townhouses) but in other situations, his forms are abstract and closer to Italian rationalism (House for two Musicians, Hunters View). He speaks several languages fluently – an aspiration to be shared by all of us working in today's environment.

Universities today are somewhere between ambivalent and hostile to professional education. The term 'professional' has been applied in my university to non-tenure track faculty in acceptance of the idea that research and scholarship are nobler than professional activity in the status ranks. We appoint 'professors of the practice' but not 'professors of research' or 'scholarship'. Solomon's work and thought as recorded in 'Love versus 'Hope' is all three, and brings credit to U.C. Berkeley for Solomon's inclusion on its faculty. He sets an example for thoughtful, active and activist work which can motivate us all to think, work and even write as parts of our professional work – work which should have full citizenship in universities as paradigms for the young. And in Solomon's case, prototypes for a newer, restorative urban future.



Here is to Solomon's next lectures, his next project and his next book. But more so to the immense value of education and a university in the life of debate on our shared futures. Love vs. Hope captures all of this. And with appreciation to so many voices at the CED that I have not mentioned here including current faculty whose work I deeply admire. It's a school that I continue to learn from.

Neither / Or is not an Option

Daniel Solomon's *Housing and the City: Love vs. Hope* is really about both

Michael Bell[1]

Abstract: If you found the value of Daniel Solomon's newest book, *Housing and the City: Love vs. Hope*, in the direct urban query and analysis you would walk away with an immense amount of careful, academic but, also simply relevant concern about cities and what is possible – with creativity. In *Love Vs. Hope*, *Love* is calibrated to what Solomon has referred to as the continuous city; a sustained reinvention of historical pattern. *Hope* refers to distruptions or breaks with history; for better or worse, leaps that break the continuity of urban form. Solomon does not consider himself so much a scholar as a thinker, a practitioner and a deeply careful listener – to history, to leading figures from history, but more so to the tenor of the city itself. He read environments, seeking the forces that made them or more so what assumptions made them possible. Solomon does not avoid the stated / official narratives but he is unique in and completely apart from many of his peers in where and how he unearths the subtext of cities; the voices that are less overt, the assumptions unstated (we all make) that need to be unearthed to in fact confront.

Love vs. Hope reveals this in both detail and concept – the effect, both intellectual and material, is that Solomon leaves the reader unable to resort to major dichotomies of our recent histories – divides that often thwart academic discourse and that also leave cities often in the hands of everyone but architects and planners. Solomon moves from the real politic, to the academic as forged in specific eras, but also to the more personal posture of creative intellects.

Love vs Hope should not be held to account for the details I point to, and I don't mean to revise its conclusions. I do think it's important to see the book for its structure and polemical nature; Solomon might not

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want to see it this way, but I think he is creating a collage and series of sign posts; vectors and stoppages that have the effect of setting standards (of thought and action), but also that can dangerously be mis-cues. Solomon is constantly operating between professor and practice. *Love vs Hope* is surely about housing, but it's also a serious call to examine how we forge our identities and steel ourselves: what gives us the confidence to act and how do we acknowledge and craft a modesty that can see the continuity of the city (of lives) as we also try to shape its evolution.

Preface

Leaving 1036 Mission Street I found myself looking backwards, trying to sort out the experience I'd just had. A rapid-fire tour of a new building in San Francisco's Mission District; an affordable housing, mixed use work of architecture designed by Daniel Solomon. On this afternoon Solomon was focused on both completing the building's final few punch list items and also giving me a tour of this and several other works nearby. Solomon was deeply engaged an alternately distracted; he was moving quickly down the street after the tour – ahead of me, already.

1036 Mission is an 83-unit apartment building, and a mixed-use structure. Completed in 2018. Sitting on 1.45 acres, it was both high-density but also carved out, opened and filled with light. The lobby was at least two stories tall, asymmetrical. Light flooded the space down a wall and onto a generous wood bench. It felt more like entering a university library then a housing complex. Security was set deep into the building – a low profile desk that in our case was not populated. The space was relaxed; but you could see the quasi-station points – it was not unlike entering the lobby of Wurster Hall at U.C. Berkeley where Solomon is professor emeritus. Residents were seated on the bench, others took mail from the long elegant bank of mailboxes – a large community room opened to one side. But I was distracted and it was Solomon's fault. He was too fast; knew his work was new and perhaps important, but he was too much in the moment to know how important or at least how complex. By "the moment" I mean too much in the past 30 years of architectural history. I was in the current moment as well, but also back in 1982. I was on the Mission Street of 1982 (when I first visited "the Mission") and trying to get a grip on the phases, the junctures and the ways in which San Francisco had changed and not changed. In 1982 Low-Income Housing

Credits didn't exist; HOPE VI, the federal program to instigate mixed-income development in Public Housing didn't exist. Peter Calthorpe had not yet sketched the early DNA of New Urbanism – "pedestrian pockets". The Mission district and Mission Street have a long history yet since the dawning of the now defunct dotcom era the neighborhood has rapidly lost diversity. Solomon knows this and was thrilled his work would help keep people who might otherwise leave. The social side of this is critical; but what I was lost in was how abrupt the shift was. On exiting 1036 Mission we were instantly back in the San Francisco of today and the hyper gentrification was obvious, at the next structure. But what also was difficult to sort out was the often-beautiful qualities of Solomon's work: the entry, the upper hallways, the courtyards, the pacing but also the typologies and near autonomy he often strives for. 1036 has wide hallways; it has beautiful light. The buildings have fundamental qualities not seen in most commercial works. The tour of 1036 Mission as well as 1180 Fourth Street deeply affected this writing. They revealed subtlety complex spatial qualities to the work that sustains the "hope" side of "love vs. hope. The tour revealed the split personality of practice; the historical imagination of history; the punch list and the race to build relevant work in a city where gentrification has exceeded any historical definition.[2]

1. Love vs. Hope (recovering from Hope)

In the still recently published archive – *Team 10, 1953-1981* – interviews, letters, meeting photographs and texts from an array of Team 10 members illuminate a behind the scenes view of Team 10. The voices are a preview of the emerging period of architectural education that followed in the 1980's. The archive brings Team 10 up to 1981, but it is queries and concerns that emerged in the mature work of Team 10 – that reflect on the late 1960's and early 1970's experiences of its major figures – that still seem poignantly unresolved. They have a great deal to do with Daniel Solomon's book *Housing and the City / Love vs.*

2. In 2016 Urban Habitat published "Race, Inequality, and the Resegregation of the Bay Area". The report describes a deep reversal of gains made in racial diversity in Bay Area cities and counties in the last decade. Link to report: https://urbanhabitat.org/sites/default/files/UH%20Policy%20Brief2016.pdf

Hope and I think with the wider tenor of life at Berkeley's College of Environmental Design in the 1980's where Solomon taught.

How Solomon and the CED community of faculty engaged this period, the immediate aftermath of Team 10, in retrospect seems to have been as the transformed conscience – of Team 10 – if not its formal languages. The book, edited by Max Risselada and Dirk van den Heuvel, left me thinking that the Berkeley Solomon helped shape (and that I entered first a student then faculty member) was an early barometer of what the nation's architecture schools struggled with and at times paved over and hid. A struggle with scale, with the limits of architectural vs. urban design and planning, but more so with the increasing distrust of the patronage of government (in housing, in particular) and of architects simultaneously doubting their own authority and authorship.

Love vs. Hope, in the form of autobiography, polemic and historical lens, shines a light on this period. In some ways stubbornly not letting go of a time, but also elegantly and patiently begging us to not forget the scale of concern for life – for people – but also the literal mechanics of building and building from, that was at the core of rebuilding cities after World War II. *Love vs. Hope* operates where the city and architecture meet – at a scale where innovation, change, evolution, disruption are born. The effect is to see change as it emerges from the discipline of architecture, but also from the state, from the investors, from the users and owners – from people. With some edge to the commentary Solomon critically suggests change often arrives in near-reckless ways (as "Hope"); mis-readings of history and place and need have offered superficial results. The architect assuming postures that are based in these mis-readings misses the literal facts before them and the subtle signals from history.

Team 10, 1953-1981, was published by NAI Publishers, Rotterdam in 2006. The extensive archive includes several passages scattered throughout the volume on George Candilis. In the late 1960's / early 1970's Candilis reflects on the decade long construction of housing and urban planning at Toulouse le Mirail. The text places Candilis' observations in the context of him calling for a self-critique –

of Candilis-Josic-Woods work at Toulouse, but also of key components in Team 10's formal/spatial and ultimately social mechanisms. A key question that arose was that of *formal repetition*; in architectural form, in construction (and standardization – did it help with construction quality?) and in this case in housing design. The notes reveal something I had never even imagined in the context of Team 10; an emerging and overt sense of vulnerability and doubt that was only visible once they were deeply and well into the realization of their work. Candilis was asking Team 10 to face the literal scale and social ambition of their work, but also their own viability in the politically contracting welfare state that had been their patron and a conscience and ethical identity for their social cause. That state was under duress, it was shrinking, but also Candilis was realizing the scale of the role he played in thousands of people's lives; in the design of their daily lives.

I have to admit at the outset that I've known Daniel Solomon since 1986 – I met him when I was a student at Berkeley and later co-taught with him at the College of Environmental Design, Department of Architecture. We've had an ongoing conversation since that ebbs and flows and that has always been fueled by both of us returning to things that *register* – things we left unresolved in conversations. This often includes me pushing him to consider a subtext that sometimes rings true; and is sometimes shot down in minutes. Solomon is not shy to debate; his confidence comes from having been very hard on himself – even diminishing his own achievement, but I also think it comes from the everyday of practice and a lifetime of working with clients for whom polemics have little value. When he does shoot back he is not defending himself, or trying to be smarter, but often is simply saying he didn't see something in his work, or that history was not what I (or someone else) am saying it was. He does not exaggerate his claims and I've often felt this allowed him to put his work out there in a fair way. He will tell stories of his earliest commissions and losses of opportunities; he is clear eyed about his work and experience.

Over a six-year period I worked closely with Stanley Saitowitz and Daniel Solomon teaching design studios in various matrices at

Berkeley. While at Berkeley I began what I imagined would become a new CED journal that instead evolved into a book project. With my partner Sze Tsung Leong (also a CED alumni, later editor of the *Harvard Project on the City*) we published this as a compendium of essays on architecture and urbanism titled *Slow Space* (New York: Monacelli Press, 1998). *Slow Space* was completed at Rice University and deeply influenced by the context of Houston and sister cities such as Los Angeles (a comparable post-war sprawl) or Detroit (a comparable post-1970's disinvestment). Overarchingly urban in its direction, *Slow Space*, was accompanied by a parallel project titled *16 Houses: Owning a House the City*. The two works were in many ways a form of reconciliation with what I'd been exposed to at Berkeley – a search for an ethics of architecture in the context of the wider urban milieu that left architecture a very small actor in the emerging and deeply uneven global economy (of Houston in particular). In the context of *Love vs. Hope* Solomon shows strains that are more historical. Solomon's context moves from San Francisco, to Los Angeles but also to Rome and Vienna, to Columbia and Berkeley – from the histories he was taught to the ones he experienced. *Slow Space* made a direct reference to New Urbanism (of which Solomon is a founder) in its introduction: we claimed that New Urbanism was reducing the discussion of urbanism to a static form of geometry (of town planning) in ways that neglected (or masked) the liquidity (the flow) and deterritorializing forces of globalization. *16 Houses* was more directly architectural: while it traced the devolution of the public sector's direct funding for Public Housing (a decline in the welfare state) it also asked what might architecture offer in such a macro political and economic shift. *Love vs. Hope* is similar in its scope, and I think Solomon elegantly refuses to offer a simple answer. New Urbanism was far from a by-stander in all of this: the mid-90's Clinton Administration HOPE VI programs – HUD / congressional funding mechanisms for the repair and renovation of by then neglected Public Housing – made New Urbanism the official architectural/urban language the program. They literally are signers of the HOPE VI funding act. Despite all of this, Solomon, seems to have kept an intellectual distance from New Urbanism and in reading *Love vs. Hope* you can see the arc of his career before and apart from his affiliation with key New Urbanist leaders such as Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, Andrés Duany and

Peter Calthorpe. Love vs. Hope shows Solomon as a professor and in some ways using tenure to sustain some distance from practice.

Under the Clinton Administration HOPE VI quickly enacted the demolition of 300,000 +/- Public Housing *hard units* (actual apartments). The nation's Public Housing Authorities went from holding 1.3 million hard units to approximately 1 million over a span of four years. The lost hard units were *replaced* with as many or more Low-Income Housing Tax Credit (LIHTC) *soft units*; the new apartments (homes) were funded by tax credits (Treasury/IRS instruments awarded to nonprofit developers who then sold and syndicate their value to a wealthy corporation for equity). Instead of direct government investment state assistance takes the form of deferred tax revenue – in effect it is "off the books". The lost dwellings were transferred from being for the poor and working poor (those making 30% or less then area median income) to being affordable (for those making 70% or more of area median income). The wider matrix called for mixed-income housing development and was accompanied by other HUD programs to help instigate this. In what had been solely Public Housing development sites it moved what had been more centrally planned, designed, built and operated Public Housing closer to a type of normal market based real-estate's development. Towards a quasi-privatization of affordable housing. Solomon has built in this in this milieu for two or more decades and has staked a position here that would advocate for the people it serves but also for how it breaks development down to a smaller often near-building scale. It is an urbanism and social agency that revolves around single buildings, often woven or distributed into the urban fabric of cities. The sleight of hand here is, however, sincere: in disaggregating the federal funds from large scale development the former (post-New Deal) welfare state is in effect distributed into a finer architectural as urban grain. As many 3.1 million units of LIHTC incentivized housing were built in the United States since 1986 (when the Reagan era tax law created the instruments). If the goal was to bring the grain of federal funds closer to the per capita distribution of people and need (forgetting for a moment the loss of actual Public Housing hard units) what Solomon helps give rise to is a quasi-autonomous form of architecture that in meeting that grain is thereby relieved of being the full representation of the state.

That is, if Team 10 felt the pressure to be both urban planning and architecture – i.e. equity and everyday life – as well as the construction of infrastructure and domestic space, by the late 1960's it was inheriting criticism of the state as criticism of Team 10. Solomon's building, are not without inflection to everyday life and the subtlety of human need, but they are also at times classical in their form making and structural in how they shape public space. They are works of architecture often with a capital A. In their distributed array, they are not, however, a *total* environment as Team 10's work was.

Solomon's career and work occur wholly in the aftermath of globalization; the 1970's post Bretton Woods economy. Here again Solomon's architectural rather than urban design direction sustains him. As the flow of money became more liquid in an era of globalization the incantation of place in New Urbanism seemed to become more static. Its forms harkened to the urbanism of a pre-global economy – even a pre-industrial economy. Solomon, throughout *Love vs. Hope* seems to chafe at this. He knows too much urban and architectural history to not see the limits of this, and while he clearly falls on the side of a tighter grain and continuous form of historical place, he also fuses that incantation of place with a nuanced reading of how place and its forms emerge. This is particularly true where he speaks of concepts of fabric and monument in cities – and what he sees as New Urbanism's simplification of this dichotomy.

When I first got to know Solomon, he was emerging as an architect *with* an urban direction. I recall him speaking of professional work with the major land holder Catellus (in California and the west). Catellus held historic railroad rights of way that had long ceased being used for railroad work. Solomon as I recall was engaged with Catellus to help them develop properties; a particular concern was to give the developments a small grain or scale without literally and legally going to the effort to break them up as property. Far from Team 10, this work was nonetheless about the scale of patronage, about the forms of control over property that by nature the public suspects as inordinate – form of control and power that had to be in part hidden to be palpably sustained.

This was a moment when Solomon shot back quickly: this was a real project; real legal and financial history and it needed an answer now. Solomon rarely spoke of a buildings being realized in isolation of the wider urban context, but he also was not an urban planner by training nor did he demonstrate a desire to go far beyond the precinct or practice of the building. The building was a kind of safety valve, a governor on the exertion of power over people's lives. It also allowed him a way to access what he more likely sees as the discipline of architecture – it also kept the state at bay, the client and to some effect the personal side of the user. Solomon was in retrospect something closer to Aldo Rossi in speaking of the city thru architecture; seeking the limits of the practice as a fuse to the role of money and other forms of power.

I recall at that time sitting in on a lecture by Edward Blakely, Professor of City Planning at the CED. In this lecture I never forgot Blakely describing the elevated freeway infrastructures that racially divided Oakland and segregated populations from work, from transportation, from access to better lives and jobs. Today this would be largely seen in the context of social justice and equity; at that time, it felt like the front end of schools of design, planning and architecture beginning to see how form manifests itself as power. Berkeley was thrilling in this regard. At the CED the fusion of design and social ethics was everywhere; the fusion of progress vs. place and the side effects or forms of damage that works that claim progress often make were part of every discussion.

Solomon was often somewhat cool to the heat of the debates – *Love vs. Hope* shows him able to criticize himself, but also his partners in positive and creative ways. It shows in wildly inventive thinking as well – in *Love vs. Hope* he reprimands his own compatriots in New Urbanism for overly simplifying a key dichotomy between monumental building types and urban fabric in architecture and urban planning. He points to a more liquid mode of *fabric* that he sees as literally (geometrically) and historically (evolutionary) more active and nuanced. In this realm fabric is complex and qualitative, like monuments, it is also being born of and it can be disruptive. In a short passage on page 167 of *Love vs. Hope*

Solomon shows he's willing to counter a movement he helped form (by challenging what he sees as a reductive side of New Urbanism), but also launch a reading of form that is stable and dynamic at once (simultaneously). Sometime his "love" of the city stymies what is otherwise an abstract and animate reading of form. Solomon describes what he called motion and flow in urban fabric and chastises New Urbanism for making the dichotomy to static. To put this in context, and risk some criticism myself; a reader could imagine Solomon's observation within the opening paragraph of Lars Lerup's *Stim & Dross: Rethinking the Metropolis* (*Assemblage* no. 25, 1994). Lerup begins his essay with a view to what might be the fabric of Houston.

"Houston, 28th Floor, At the Window. The sky is as dark as the ground; the stars, piercingly bright, a million astral specks that have fallen onto the city. On this light-studded scrim the stationary lights appear confident, the moving ones, like tracer bullets, utterly determined, while the pervasive blackness throws everything else into oblivion. The city a giant switchboard, its million points switched either on or off. Yet behind this almost motionless scene hovers the metropolis, and the more one stares at it the more it begins to stir."

Lerup continues:

"Visible patterns in the glass may be few, but the individual points and their various qualities and constellations are many: cool and warm, red, green, but mostly yellow. Closer – or better, in the lower portion of the glass – the moving lights easily match the intensity of the far more numerous immobile ones, suggesting the monstrous possibility that none are definitively fixed. All is labile, transient, as if it were only a question of time before these lit particles would begin to move - billiard balls on a vast felt-covered table – unless the table is not in itself a fluid in motion? Physicists abstract from these flux-fields features such as smoothness, connections to points-particles, and rules of interaction (among sources, sinks, cycles, and flows). "Where space was once Kantian, [embodying] the possibility of separation, it now becomes the fabric which connects all into a whole." "Nothing on the plane is stationary, everything is fluid, even the ground itself on which the billiard balls careen."[3]

3. Lerup is referring to Martin Krieger's Doing Physics: How Physicists Take Hold of the

So, what is the risk in the above? Solomon and Lerup were colleagues at Berkeley for two decades; the faculty included Christopher Alexander and Donlyn Lyndon, immense voices at the nexus of architecture and cities; but also, it included Clare Cooper Marcus whose post occupancy survey methods might have helped Candilis better understand the people Team 10's work housed (heuristically modeled by the state). Berkeley's faculty included an extraordinary range of voices who had imagined their own trajectory – thousands of miles from post-war central Europe and its state developments. Thousands of miles away from the eastern schools that had shaped the reception of this work in the United States. Solomon and Lerup would seem academically far apart by the references they relied on (and colleagues they cultivated) – and the wider CED faculty certainly did not believe they were solving Team 10's aftermath. Its provocative to so simply contrast them here, but it's hard to not see the CED as a hot bed of intense professors, for whom the battle's described in *Love vs. Hope* were real. It forged a creative zone where strong and talented personalities often clashed – frequently around how the architect (and their education) was to imagine the person they worked for and with. It would be impossible to mention the scope and depth of this faulty in a short essay; but it included Horst Rittel (*wicked problems*); Spiro Kostof and designers who were deeply connected to the Bay Area and place, but also to more universal aspect of modernism. The later includes Gary Brown house's in the Berkeley Hills and Howard Friedman offices and campus/factories for Levi Strauss. For a long period of time this was held together and cultivated by Richard Bender, CED Dean, who today will tell you how carefully and intricately he saw the faculty's talents and ideas. He saw well past the conflicts that sometimes spilled over into public view. *Love vs. Hope* traces experiences from Solomon's entire career even as he is still deeply active as well. It would be hard to see the book apart from the academic context of his debates – apart from the CED.

World, Bloomington and Indianapolis: Indiana University Press, 1992, p. 25.

2. A New Utopia and Blank Slate

A new utopia and blank slate or a modest entry to the historical fabric? Solomon is descriptive of his work in literal ways. Parts of *Love vs. Hope* enunciate the figure-ground of San Francisco, its fabric in a drawing by John Ellis (page 42) and another by Florence Lipsky (page 43). The Lipsky drawing showing the grid of San Francisco meeting the hills in part gives context to the Solomon's reading of *acceleration* and *movement* in fabric. This is not New York's grid but something far more topographic and also occupied by a host of wooden low-rise structures (not New York's masonry and steel). These are buildings often made by hand. Lipsky is mentioned in the context of Anne Vernez-Moudon's book *Built for Change*. Stanley Saitowitz drawings gave similar form to the city; Saitowitz, like Solomon, has practiced a form of urbanism by way of architecture. Like Solomon he also recognized the immense scale the hills give San Francisco and the often near uniformity of building types that become more unique by site. An *active* fabric allows historical context to persist and change; buildings themselves innovate and grow within type. It also allows place to be the conception of its own propensity to change. Change is born within (within the fabric).

In the late 1960's the housing project at Toulouse le Mirail was still under construction as Candilis began to exit the scene – largely, but not fully realized it now could house a significant portion of the 20,000 people it was designed for. There was a burgeoning awareness that the work had taken a decade to build, (was it obsolete in ways before done?) and that the post war reconstruction and then welfare state that undergirded such works was waning. Protesters called for less central control over building; students demanded professors disengage from work so centrally / top-down controlled. Candilis in an interview speaks of coming to the conviction that the people who shall live in a place – an architectural work of this scale – should have some hand in building it. In the United States one can think of the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO) originally founded in 1964 under the Johnson Administration, and led by Sargent Shriver. OEO required local actors to be part of development and programs where federal funds met neighborhoods. It was in part a way to show the positive effect of federal funds and to thwart abuse of such funds. OEO also

helped defuse criticism of a welfare state by helping make it more accountable to people. When I first encountered the Team 10 archive in 2006 – it seemed to shine a light on my entire architectural education and while there are literal connections to Berkeley (Giancarlo De Carlo was a guest at the CED and in conversation with Donlyn Lyndon and Richard Bender, for example) they also retroactively give some context to the wider post-modernism and later post structuralism that dominated the school's many of us teach at. There are still *wicked problems (Rittel's term)* at play in the world, there is still top-down forms of power, but they more likely manifest into the calculus of banking and trading systems, in institutional forms of segregation and exclusion. Power is dissimulated into what Michel Foucault often revealed as aformal means of power over people and territory.

I often felt that Team 10 was a missing part of my education; a kind of phantom and immense scale of work that was being *put away* (retired) by one generation as we began our own education. Populations were heuristically modeled by Team 10; social ambition was correlated to a formal apparatus of often exquisite care and proportion (Adèle Naudé Santos, worked with Candilis as she emerged from school, and can discuss the famous 120-degree angle prevalent in the building forms); means of construction were industrialized with the 'hope" that they might raise the standard of living for people (even as they made it materially less local). For my generation this work seemed to have been transformed from liberator to oppressor – I can't recall hardly a class where it was shown. In the archive one finds Candilis opening these questions himself – in *Love vs. Hope* I feel Solomon is doing something similar. He is diagnosing his work; at times its refreshing and a bit startling to see his criticisms of peers, but he does not fully spare himself either. With some humor I took this as a formidable use of academic tenure – I was grateful to see Solomon use his academic standing to instigate debate and like Candilis call for self-and institutional criticism.

Faced with criticism from both within and without Team 10 on the cusp of the 1970's seems to realize that they must re-cast their way to engage society – not, per se, its forms, not even its scale in the end. But to recast how the ideals of an *emergent* and *self-organizing* social life that the architects imagined could flourish in their works. Perhaps facing an inevitable generational backlash, or something far

larger, the 1970's students asked who their professors worked for – they demanded an ethical reply to the concept of client, of patronage (Aldo van Eyck and Jacob Bakema were, according to editors Risselada and van den Heuvel, censured by TU Delft for acting as a "lackey of capitalism" "even after they had themselves actively contributed to the democratization of decision-taking in the Architecture Faculty). The editors also note a rising tide of consumer culture that they see as contributing to the distrust between people and government, between makers and users. This would only accelerate in the post 1970's global economy and the nature of place in relation to commodities would be further exacerbated. Solomon's earlier book, *Global City Blues*, touches on this; in *Love vs. Hope* he is more open ended about how we got here, and polemical about how to think it through. I'd venture the struggle Team 10 was facing in the 1960's and early 70's was a sign of something far larger then generational change and something that is today still barely resolved – a kind of ethical concern that has shaped architectural schools since and that places architectural practice in yet newer forms of crisis in relation to who we work for. This is where I think *Love vs. Hope* is based and why Solomon is still asking for answers. This is, in a way, his most important work. One can put aside his conclusions and only abide his polemics – the scope of this book's concern is vital and alive in this way.

Love vs. Hope is from its outset a purposeful conundrum: are we really to choose one or the other. We need both. If the immense scale of Toulouse seems a past venture (safely ended) what would we make of the housing crash of 2008 – more people's homes were foreclosed on in the two years after 2008 (with little responsibility) than were ever built inside every form of social housing in the United States since the Catherine Bauer written Housing Act of 1937. Public Housing and its later evolution into Low Income Housing Tax Credits at the national level; Mitchell Lama and the Urban Development Corporation in New York City; and every other means of state or non-profit instigated housing in the United States does not add up to what was lost after 2008. Architects may have retreated from the scale of Toulouse; but

housing development did not retreat in scale. The post-1971 / post Bretton-Woods forms of globalization and financial speculation that ensued as Candilis walked away from Toulouse exploded in scope. This enabled the deep and enveloping financializaton of what was otherwise a distributed form of small-scale, single-family houses in the United States. A housing form we endemically saw as *of* and *for* the individual (as anti-urban). The housing systems, repetitive and scalar to each house/household were, of course, aggregated into a deeply active and nuanced form of globally traded financial instruments. This formed a *fabric* of money (and housing) – leveraged in time and extrapolated into untenable values it came crashing down at a financial scale that threatened a second Great Depression. In the United States household debt had grown from being equivalent to 18% of GDP in 1947 to nearly 100% by 2006. The greatest share of the growth, however occurred in the post 1970's era and then explosively between 1999 and 2006. In the post Bretton Woods climate. *Love vs. Hope* is part autobiography; that is perhaps the *love* part (Solomon is remembering his home); the hope part is the *not* letting go of the creative possibility in disruption and perhaps large-scale change. Solomon will tell you he does not know housing policy as an expert might; this may be true, but he knows it far more intricately then virtually any architect. What he would claim to know is housing *form* and *urban form* and *Love vs. Hope* I think shows this residue of human's building – over decades. It is where he places his most full bet. But Solomon's entire career has also occurred against the backdrop of that post 1970's economy; without a central state-based client to be a direct patron Solomon forged a career that often relied on non-profits who were funded at the nexus of private and government monies. His work is deeply imbricated in the nexus of architecture as commodity, of home as an asset and speculative instrument, but also as architecture and home as a hedge against large and aggregate forms of power. The love side of *Love vs. Hope* sustains that grain; the hope side, I think still begs for something disruptive. I think our entire profession and in particular our schools seeks that. We are often treading water, dealing in hesitant bets with forms of authority and money we don't trust; our work is often deeply hedged pitting progress against doubt.

Toulouse Le Mirail, Bellefontaine District, November 13, 1970. Photograph: Fonds André Cros, The City Archives of Toulouse. Source: https://www.toposmagazine.com/toulouses-infamous-mirail/#!/foto-post-11120-1.
Castro Commons, San Francisco, California. Daniel Solomon Architect, 1982. Solomon's work on in fill housing in San Francisco spans nearly four decades. Photograph credit: Gwendolyn Wright.

Before I attended Berkeley, I knew Solomon's work from a publication in "Architectural Record"; it was the *Record Houses* annual edition of the magazine as I recall. He published a work for San Francisco, called *Castro Commons* – a small apartment house for the Castro neighborhood built in 1982. I have not looked at it in some time, but I recall three aspects of this design: it was enclosed in thin flush wood siding (a careful geometric – even modern – pattern and yet also vernacular); it used a 4x4 wood post for outdoor structure (a cube like form of wood, again modern in syntax and yet a back-porch SF vernacular); and it had two master-bedrooms in a recognition that the households might not be a nuclear family. Solomon in the 1980's had begun to trace the city's materiality; its forms and its evolving private and social life. *Love vs. Hope* here were simultaneous. Startling and beautiful (even comforting). It was a change in the very fabric of the city.

Love vs. Hope does have another conundrum at play: if its largest goal is to make place more equivocal in the making of architecture; it begs the reader to wonder – can a book frame its polemics in the context of historically pivotal thinkers. Fellini, Heidegger and Nabokov appear in Chapter 14 – I follow the argument made, but have yet to try to sort out if Solomon might have instead found voices inside his practice or the communities he worked in. In the 1980's San Francisco had a narrow but long swath of Public Housing at the base of the Hyde Street cable car in North Beach (as it met Fisherman's Wharf). Today the ship-like modern housing of that site (place) has long been removed and replaced by a neo-vernacular Low Income Housing Tax Credit development.[4]

It is effectively not the same form of housing, not the same political or financial structure (it went from Public Housing to LIHTC) and not the same level of income (and poverty or social need). I lived near that site several times in my life and am still startled at how fully but not quite erased this development is. Throughout *Love vs. Hope* Solomon shows a detail of knowledge about San Francisco and its

4. SF Public Housing – https://www.sfgate.com/news/article/Projects-near-the-Wharf-to-be-razed-3120691.php

streets and places; at the risk of seeming superficial I wonder if there are more characters from the places he has worked that might show up. The North Beach/ Fisherman's Wharf Public Housing came down in 1996 – the nationwide project of HOPE VI begun at HUD was funded in those years and at the national level eventually dismantled 300K plus Public Housing hard units. In Houston, another CED voice, Dana Cuff, had worked several years earlier to help save parts of a Public Housing development known as Allen Parkway Village (APV). In the later 90's I worked in Houston's nearby Fifth Ward. In Cuff's case she became a colleague of Lenwood Johnson, an advocate and resident of APV; I worked closely with Reverend Harvey Clemons on new housing in the Fifth Ward – Clemons was also pastor of the neighborhood's most prominent church. Solomon must have a deep network of people inside his development teams and indeed living in his works – people who in part made the works. In the end I believe the incantation of Fellini, Heidegger and Nabokov is an acknowledgment of his academic life; *Love vs. Hope* shows a professor in practice; in the context of history and its shadows and light; and in the realization that ideas can take hold for better or worse. That the local is far from safe – at risk of being coveted and owned by the non-local.

3. Coda: Begin at the End

As *Housing and the City: Love vs Hope* reaches its conclusion its final four chapters ramp up to today – to a statement on the budget at the Department of Housing and Urban Development (in 1976 vs. 2016), and to an image of homelessness on a San Francisco street and refugees on a boat in the Mediterranean; chapter 15 is devoted to a reading of a core history/theory class at Harvard's GSD; chapter 17 is devoted the state of the Congress for New Urbanism at 30 years. If *Love vs. Hope* were written to support something and dismantle something the two chapters and the eventual conclusion are a letdown: Solomon is a professor, and despite the outward appearance of his ultimate conclusions these chapters show him aware of the way influence is formed as much as he is aware of how vulnerable even formidable entities are. Some of this is clear in simply the cadence of the book's concluding chapters; even

if one feels its unfairly written (at times). He discusses not just the role historian/theorist K. Michael Hays plays in shaping discourse over this past 30 plus years, but the actual syllabus from his course at the GSD. Similarly, he devotes a chapter that questions New Urbanism's short history and a claim that not only is self-criticism overdue, but that he has some sympathy for those who see it as ossified. He is asking if New Urbanism is by necessity and thru self-inflicted wounds estranged from the academy – he thinks it is. With Hays he sees a course that is devoted to reinventing the modern project in part by casting the populist rejection of it as philistine. Solomon takes some time to get to this point but what matters as *Love vs. Hope* reaches its conclusion is that Solomon is trying to bridge a divide and in doing so he is in part dismantling both goal posts and foundations and thereby *possibly the divide itself*. He knows there is a division but that it may be somewhere more profitably defined.

It's rare I think to read such direct calls for self and outward criticism, but it would be a mistake to see these as an attempt to undo one position and turn it into another. Solomon's invoking Hays is not, I believe, an attempt to seek a change in the core classes at the GSD (or Berkeley or Columbia or UCLA…). I also don't think he is seeking to bring New Urbanism to a more reflective mode or become something it's not. *Love vs. Hope* is written for something larger then this – Solomon is seeking a key to his own experiences: he is doing so in the form of book and the meter and texture of the short chapters here are working analogically. He is asking us to *reason* with him, if one idea seems plausible what if you consider this one. He is polemical this way and very much a teacher/professor.

But there is a bigger picture and I think the reader has to seek this out or fall victim to the string of insights and details that each chapter offers. Solomon can be ironic as well; I'd think it's unfortunate if that image eclipses access to the book's depth – the author surely intends this as a means to alert you to the way he hopes to break down received histories. The reference to Hays is, however, far more resonant. Hays emerged a major force in architectural history and theory in the 1980's. His reputation is immense and his body of work is easily available – he does not need an introduction, but his work does go thru phases and like Solomon his decades long tenure as a professor means he is exposed a

changed political economy and constituency of place.[5] While Berkeley had ways to access architectural theory the school offered no course like Hays' when I was a student at the school. At the time Michel Foucault was often on the Berkeley campus, hosted by Paul Rabinow[6], but also the Rhetoric department was deeply influential – as I recall the comparative literature section at Moe's Books on Telegraph Avenue was thick with post-structuralism. Hays' earliest writing appeared in Yale's architecture journal, Perspecta: a particular essay, titled *Critical Architecture* appeared in Perspecta 21 and under the wider editorial spectrum of questioning the then resurgent themes of architectural autonomy. The editors laid out a series of essays and projects that showed architecture as historically a form of vernacular; as a form of autonomy and type, but also as type inflected by and shaped by people and place. Hays writing on Mies van der Rohe seemed detached from place in the way the editors imagined. Steven Holl, for example, published a selection of his work on urban and rural types – offering ways in which architecture in effect made the city. Hays wrote that Mies' architecture was both deeply empirical and lucid as fact, but that under light, and as built, becomes optically impossible to read. It "tears a cleft in the surface of reality." In later writing Hays begins to address architectural history and theory and the passage of time since he became a professor himself. This is the writing by Hays that Solomon's writing might instead address. In the closing paragraphs of his introduction to *Architecture Theory Since 1968*, published in 1998 (MIT and Columbia), Hays wrote that younger readers (those students Solomon imaged in Hays' class) may have such an "altogether altered" relationship to consumption that they may be hesitant to engage in practices that resist the dominant economies of the city.[7] Hays did not specify a vein of consumption (of media, of commodities, of the metals in a Mies' column) but as a reader I interpreted this broadly as a historical reference to the role of commodities in urban theory. To the neo-Marxism of his writing and others such as Frederic Jameson. Hays' career up to that point traced the rise of the global economy and the volume on theory in taking a post-1968 theatre also traced the deep changes in the

5. I recall my Berkeley undergraduate students who had gone on to Harvard for graduate school mailing me Hay's syllabus – I assume Solomon had the same experience as I did in a pre-email era.

6. https://guides.lib.berkeley.edu/c.php?g=901488&p=6487003

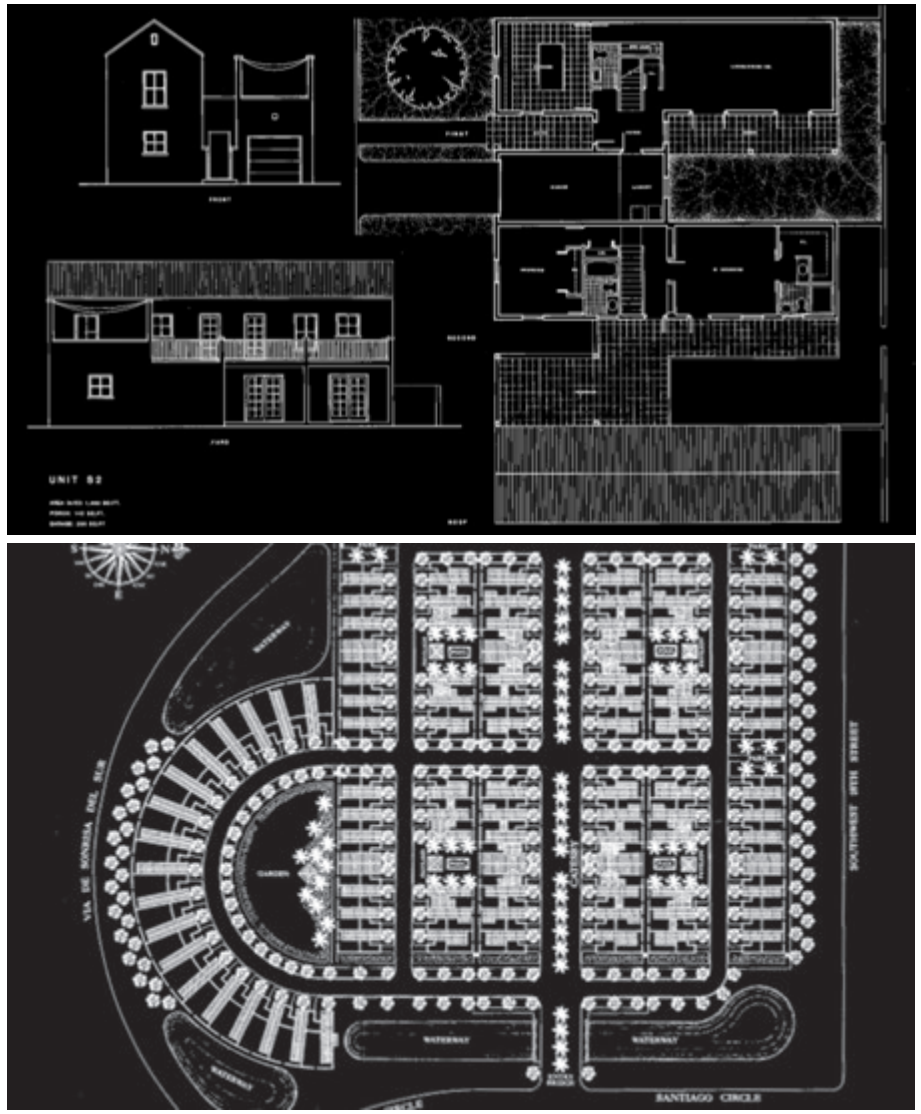
7. K. Michael Hays, *Introduction*, in K. Michael Hays (ed.) *Architecture Theory Since 1968*, MIT Press, Cambridge, 1998, xiv.

political economy of the world. In the 30 years since 1968, personal consumption (consumer spending) in the United States had increased from 58 percent to 65 percent of GDP. Now, in 2019, it is nearly 68 percent. The economic ground shifted under cities, under nations, and under architecture. Hays felt that a new generation was more willing, if only by necessity, to participate in or inflect commodity systems from within. In other words: the negative criticism based in Adorno that Solomon notes in Hays syllabus becomes more vulnerable and less attractive in Hays later thinking (at least he believes to his own students).

Team 10 felt that the rising consumer society around them, in the 1950's and 60's, had altered theirs and their users – people's – relation to a welfare state (as economy and city form). Thirty years later a deeply influential historian/theorist – Hays – was enunciating that the depth of commodity culture was such that it seemed to eclipse the imagination for something (anything) other. New Urbanism estrangement from the academy – if this is so – is often heralded as a form of "getting the job done" – New Urbanism is engaged with the real politic of the real world. But it is in itself deeply imbricated in commodity culture of every kind. What is often lost in all this is a finer discussion of what motivates creativity and agitates the designer towards change in the first place – before figures like Hays or Solomon and Duany and Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk (DPZ) gain notoriety. New Urbanism begins in part in tactics that Hays might have deeply approved of – as a way to avoid often the destructive normalizing forces of capital in real estate development. Forces that are often anti-urban in their place making. In describing a DPZ project before New Urbanism was formed DPZ write of "guerilla tactics" designed to subvert the status quo of suburban zoning, land use and development:

"When it was built in 1983, Charleston Place was the first traditional development based on an urban pattern to be executed in Florida in forty years. The project uses some of the best traditions of the American small town, which is understood to contain the following normative physical elements: a small-scale street network which becomes the primary ordering device, a housing type which may be perceived as an individual object but also defines the public realm, and a landscape pattern which is formally integrated with the order of the street."

"Such elements were at odds with the "marketing principles" of post-war



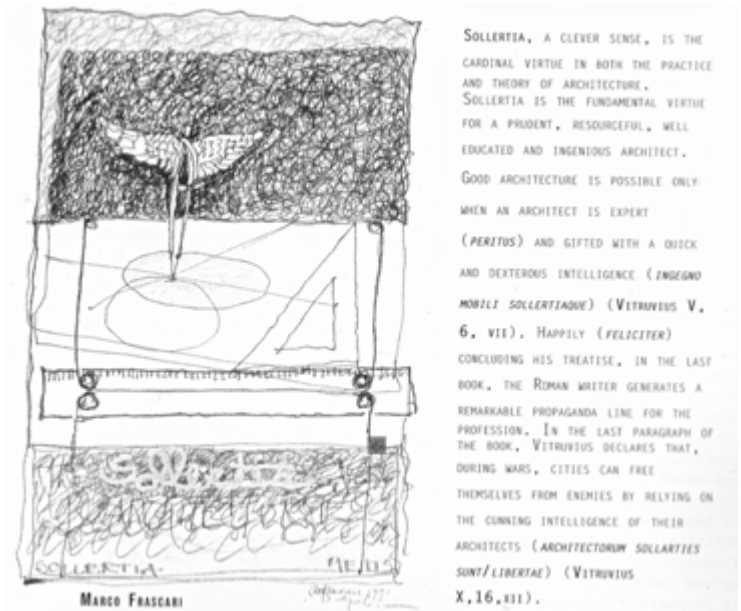
Master Plan of Charleston Place, Boca Raton, Florida, USA, 1983.

development, as they were proscribed by Euclidian zoning codes. Only the manipulation of certain zoning definitions enabled Charleston Place to be built. Streets were labeled "parking lots" in order to circumvent enormous setbacks, walkways were labeled "jogging paths", and so on. Despite the guerilla tactics, Charleston Place helped bring traditional urbanism back into the collective conscious of the urban planning and design profession."

"However, despite its social and economic success, Charleston Place falls well short of being a true neighborhood. The zoning precluded an intended connection of this residential district with any adjacent retail, which could have provided a "downtown" for the residents."[8]

Love vs. Hope cannot be held to account for the details I point to, and I don't mean to revise its conclusions. I do think it's critical to see the book for its structure and polemical nature; Solomon might not want us to see it this way, but I think he is creating a collage and series of sign posts. He posits vectors and stoppages that have the effect of setting standards (of thought and action), but also that can dangerously be mis-cues. Solomon is constantly operating between professor and practice; *Love vs. Hope* is surely about housing, but it's also a serious call to examine how we forge our identities and steel ourselves: what gives us the confidence to act and how do we acknowledge and craft a modesty that can see the continuity of the city (of lives – Love) as we also try to shape its evolution (of Hope).

8. See: https://www.dpz.com/Projects/8808



Sollertia is the Roman translation of what the Greeks called **Metis** (Marco Frascari, *Sollertia*, pp. 51-52 of full article pp. 51-54, "Offramp", Vol. 1 No. 5 Southern California Institute of Architecture, 1992)
This whick-wif is a crucial mental operation for any compassed architect who hurries up slowly. Aldo Manuzio, the great publisher of the late Venetian Renaissance, printed his books under the logo of an ancient Latin saying: FESTINA LENTE, hurry up slowly. To mark his productions in a meaningful way Manuzio used an emblem taken from an illustration of the "Hypnerotomachia Polifili" (Poliphilo's Strife of Love in a Dream) printed in Venice in 1499. This is the most mysterious book printed by the Venetian publisher, a book that reads very slowly but whose narrative develops at a dreamlike speed.
The Hypnerotomachia Polifili emblem is composed by a sinuous dolphin quivering around a heavy anchor. The books published in Manuzio's printing shop are characterized by a slow elaboration anchored to a tradition of printing accuracy while their reading will quickly stimulate quivering thoughts. The book art of speed. To discover speed, it is necessary to discover slowness, unless they are reached through a slow elaboration, human outcomes turn out to be utterly convulsive efforts. The objects equipped with speed can only derive from slow and meditated construction. Meditated constriction is a building event quickly executed whole the construction of an object for speed is slowly executed. This polarity of execution is to be found in the measuring unit that switches from a spatial to temporal condition. Sollertia is mobility of thought and caution of execution, or seeing in the past and in the future of the same time. This multiple dual nature of sollertia is essential to any craftsperson in producing contrivances that will become significant attributes for those who possess them. On the one hand, sollertia is a particular kind of intelligence which is based on a compassed prudence. On the other hand, sollertia requires a quick mind, able of presaging the problems of artful constructions. Accordingly, sollertia is a wily knowledge which dwells between slow formulas and quick metaphors. For instance, the Orders are defined by metaphoric references to female and male bodies, and by formulas defining the proportion existing between the diameter and the other dimensions of the column and the intercolumniation. Sollertia is forewarned prudence, meditated procedure of construction enlightened by flashes of intuition. We can represent speed metaphorically through the swift movements of the hands of a mason building a brick vault destined to be eternal, while we can represent slow execution with the slow construction of a racing car which will allow us to speedily move from one point to another. Both processes yield a saving of time to move around as much as we want. On the other hand, our moving from one place to another is nearly immediate nowadays, and as a result, we can spend our time contemplating the eternity of a swiftly built brick vault.

An Architectural Biography
Dueling Dualities for Daniel Solomon

EUGENE KUPPER[1]

Abstract: An Architectural Biography is a personal life story. It may be the biography of an architect, or the story of an architectural idea – even that of a single house. It can be the history of a city, from its geological formation to the latest event happening in town. When we think of architecture as "an ethnic domain" (Langer *Feeling and Form* 1953) then it is a community of dwelling in a place. Biography might be the transformation of a given place in time, or at a specific moment, or a Foundation Myth: "the primitive hut". Romulus plowed a ditch to encircle Rome. Gold was discovered in the American River. Biography is story-telling.

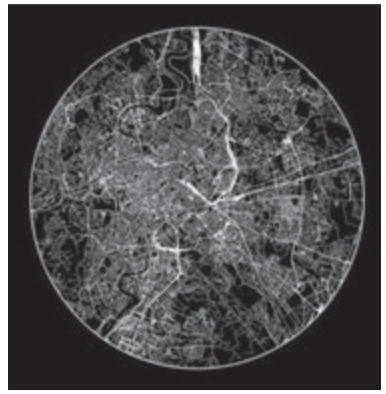
1. Eugene Kupper is an architect, painter and teacher. He is a Professor Emeritus of Architecture and Urban Design, UCLA, and has held visiting professorships internationally. Kupper is a graduate of the University of California Berkeley and Yale University. He is a Fellow of the Center for Advanced Study University of Illinois, and the American Academy in Rome; he was selected to the Biennale di Venezia in 1980. Eugene and Kathleen Kupper have taught Art, Design and Architecture to children Preschool through Middle School for forty years as the Vitruvius Program; email: vitruviusp@aol.com.

PROLOGUE: SAN FRANCISCO

1848: The earth cracked open; the river flowed with gold. A faraway country suddenly rushed into prominence and a city was born.
1906: A young city was filled with *Hope* as the earth again ruptured; fires scorched the terrain. Volunteers immediately rushed in Re-Building their city of *Love. On The Edge Of The World: Four Architects in San Francisco at the Turn of the Century* is a story beginning at the turn of the century of 1900: American Architecture in transition from Victorian and Academic Eclecticism to Regional Modernism active to the present day.

1939: San Francisco had become a regional metropolis. Two sons were born to tell us their stories – Daniel and Eugene. They are here to tell us a tale of a struggle between tradition and modernism. The period from 1906 to 1939 had experienced very dramatic changes in America, affecting San Francisco in specific ways.

1949: the San Francisco Museum of Art held an exhibition and debate on the *Bay Area Style*, in which International Style influences squared off against the prevailing architectural norms of the San Francisco Region. Ideological fault lines continue to rupture the territory of discourse. Daniel Solomon finds himself positioned in what Colin Rowe called *The Present Urban Predicament*. This rupture sings those *Global City Blues* well known to students of urban life today.



PROLOGUE: ROMA

1748: The City, a glory of Antiquity, now being once again rendered a Cosmic Myth. Two young architects have produced great representations – one lovingly accurate, another outrageously daring. We observe the effects of Nolli and Piransesi in mapping the lessons of continuity and rupture in Rome and in the more recent histories of America and westernized architecture – or should we say – the West and Americanized architecture. Nolli is the loving caretaker of his city, Piranesi is the brilliant and unpredictable publicist of "new ideas" – a modernist. In so many ways, the history of architecture is the history of Rome. It is appropriate that our report from San Francisco may refer to Rome as a benchmark for urbanism. Kyoto or Beijing could also serve as another place of comparison – but that is yet another story.

2019: Daniel Solomon's broad, deep experience reports from many years of professional and academic life, especially in the San Francisco Region. This unique region with a colorful and varied history may seem quite young from the perspective of Rome, but because of this the stories are still fresh in our memory. Today even aging modernists are fighting the "old-timers", while more conservative urbanists are seeking value in historic continuity. We enjoy the antics of *Roma Interrotta* and those who are engaging in shocking innovations on papera, just as we anguish over the constant worrying over every façade up for review in the Roman *Centro*. "The Present Urban Predicament" – indeed.

TWO CITIES

Daniel Solomon on the occasion of his recent book Housing and the City: LOVE *versus* HOPE wherein cross references between words / works weave tales of the two cities to tell us what architecture may be achieved as dwelling places from times past and times present. Debates that have asked for ways to draw from the city and to ReBuild its housing as the continuous or ruptured fabric of inhabitation. The Tradition of the New joins debates with Other Traditions in a balancing act that makes simple choices seem more complex for the innocent who desperately need a place to lay down their heads and to raise their families in peace. The Shape of Time must be understood again as concrete direct views of the cities, not by generalizations that name abstract theoretical concepts.

THE BRIDGE begins in Oakland near water's edge across mud flats rising slowly as a causeway lifting on piers then steel trusses – directly toward the island named "Yerba Buena", "Goat" or possibly "Treasure" depending who is doing the naming. We don't arrive at the island. We penetrate at its mid-height – right on through – but to where? There is sea air, but not the scent of mint as the Spanish thought they could detect on this island. Goats might roam the ridge, but probably not. Treasure awaits. **1939** Double-masted, cross-braced and silver-painted, the bridge now looms and towers, marking rhythms crossing westward into a misty city having a shaggy profile partly terrestrial, partly constructed – then swerving downward into the mist mixed with roasting coffee. We are again on solid ground surrounded by gray verticality. Arrival.

THE CITY as my father called it, and where my mother was born: San Francisco. Fathers and Mothers raise their sons and daughters to become architects. Two sons of the San Francisco Bay Area to become two kinds of architect.

THE TRAIN rattles through a slow curve slowing to its Terminus. Arrival. Before we can enjoy the splendors of the Eternal City we are propelled forward into the jumping modernist waves of Rome's Stazione Termini. **1950** An "urban situation": Diocletian and the railroad station stare at each other with conspiratorial glee across piazza offering a hemicycle among its choices. A natural way of thinking about Rome is solidified, with continuity through extensive overlays in an ecology of urbanity; the landscape written in travertine, brick and marble. Changes written as geological texts, sanpietrini ripple the floor; the walls rise in masonry radiating light and heat of the day. The occasion of this visit **1980** followed next at the American Academy in Rome **1983**. The study was urban architecture while the practice was drawing/painting/theory called *Linee Occulte*. An adjacent studio was Barbara Stauffacher Solomon's. One day a man named Daniel smiled a greeting. We remembered this exchange that would resonate years later. "There are (at least) two kinds of Dualism."

RE BUILDING 1992

THE SPLIT between a coherent and CONTINUOUS CITY and a disconnected RUPTURED CITY formulates an opposition we find in Daniel Solomon's three books and in the terms LOVE versus HOPE. He traces this back to the projects from a hundred years ago that were encouraged by planners who in later times had little regard for either architectural traditions of the old or those of the new. Noting a rift between avant-garde modernism and today's situation, he urges us to identify what kinds of continuity *or* rupture can be identified as we find more workable approaches for the future city.

SAN FRANCISCO: A city of many hills, drawn in cross-sectional grids, disappearing in the mist, returning as a magical dream, remaining through its changes. A wooden city, earth-shattered, burning, claimed from waters, re-built, destroyed, restored, huge concrete intrusions and then erased. Built for Change. ReBuilt. Changed.
GEOGRAPHIC URBANISM in San Francisco, was learned by Daniel Solomon from Nolli via Colin Rowe: *Collage City* 1979 more effectively by Anne Vernez Moudon: *Built for Change: Neighborhood Architecture in San Francisco* 1986] Solomon's collaboration with Moudon in a research in meticulous cultural geography led to important early achievements: *Pacific Heights Town Houses* 1977, Glover Duplex 1981, Castro Common 1980, Amancio Erigina Village 1985, Biedeman Place Town Houses 1989, Fulton Mews 1991. [*ReBuilding* 1992] Solomon's work and Moudon's research together form a model of "reflective practice" of the highest order. Bravo.
During this period a New Urbanistm was named, a program of neo-traditional city design. Daniel Solomon's work was representative of the trend. Yet for Solomon this was hardly anything new. From Ernest Coxhead to Joseph Esherick or Charles Moore, San Francisco has had a vital regional ethos joining traditional urban patterns with modern ones; Daniel Solomon clearly leads in this ethos. However yet an exhibition of 1990 *Visionary San Francisco* contrasts historical ideals of the city with an all-too-typical shock treatment of ruptured *Distopia*. Solomon finds the graphic play and pretentious "theory" of today's "youngish" architects to be out of touch with the possibilities of an engaged urbanism, even if the museum walls are nicely decorated with exciting texts and images.

ROME: A natural way of thinking about Rome solidified continuously on successive overlays, an ecology of urbanity. The landscape is written in travertine brick and marble. Change occurs in geological texts: *sanpietrini* ripple the floor, the walls rise in masonry, radiating light and the heat of the day. GEOGRAPHIC URBANISM initiated in 1577 by Leonardo Bufalini and perfected in 1745 by Giambattista Nolli gives us a loving appreciation of the city of Rome as a work of topographical study. Places of actual inhabitation and community focus were clarified. This was modified quickly in 1748 by Piranesi who sought not just scientific rigor but mythical speculation. From *Forma Urbis* to *Campo Marzio*, from practical document to experimental design. A complex entity that is deeply historical in its urban form might be willfully ignored by means of clever graphics however. A contrary development taken from Nolli was proposed in *Rational Architecture* 1978 showing that the dense fabric of residential Rome could fill the empty spaces of modernist projects, as was also demonstrated vividly in *Roma Interrotta* 1979.
By comparison, the 1980 *Venice Biennale* featured "Post Modern" architecture, yet without a significant shift from either "traditional modern" or "not-modern" i.e. traditional architecture. Another view was *Roma Sbagliata* 1979. Rome has been resistant to changes in its central city. A re-examination of quarteriri that have sustained a lively sense of place is occurring however, and the value of some "new old lessons" may be offered. The availability of such models point up the actual challenges to architectural urbanism today.

GLOBAL CITY BLUES 2003

THE GLOBAL CITY / THE REGIONAL CITY We think of the city today as a regional series of domains having many and varied connections. In central San Francisco there are the boundaries of the Pacific and the Bay, yet the Contra Costa has always been co-extensive spatially and socially. Lazio is also Rome and Rome has always been is a *territory of the imagination*. The GENIUS LOCI persists in every mythic city. Yet the physical region extends into space of non-place. Melvin Webber's papers Order in Diversity: *Community Without Propinquity and The Urban Place and the Nonplace Urban Realm*, published in 1963 and 1964 while we were students at Berkeley. At first we were upset at the implications for architecture. Now we are benefiting from an enhanced concept of connection. Daniel Solomon reminds us in *NEARNESS* that we were brought up under the powerful influence of *Toward Making Places* 1962 by Charles Moore, Donlyn Lyndon, Patrick Quinn and Sym Van der Ryn, a True Manifesto of phenomenology for architects. Solomon is clearly quite skeptical of a VR version of urbanism with its easy acceptance by Rem Koolhaas *S,M,L,XL* 1995 or Lars Lerup in After The City 2000. There are Regional economies and there are Global economies; for advocates of *NEARNESS*, the scales and boundary conditions remain for us *ecological* and somehow architectural.

Global City Blues 2003 sings of promises broken and love unrequited. Yet in the blues there is always the possibility of another morning. Daniel reflects (page 123), "*Spending most of a lifetime in a nice little city like San Francisco is especially good training for a urbanist ..... If all architects and town planners were forced to have such an experience before they built anything, the world would look different and probably much better*." This is the central message of Solomon's wisdom and his frustration. "Eichlers" (page 31) a Suburban version of Frank Lloyd Wright's "Usonian House", locates Solomon (and Kupper) within regional distance from San Francisco – in Sacramento and Walnut Creek, a California utopia of what is now called "mid-century modern." He and I learned modern architecture before we came to understand and appreciate the historical city. What Californians have learned is that sprawl is not any longer a practical enterprise.

THE REGIONAL CITY: SAN FRANCISCO
No more housing subdivisions! No more shopping centers! No more office parks! No more highways! Neighborhoods or nothing!" This slightly tipsy rant was chanted by the planners of Seaside Florida in Suburban Nation. Solomon's detailed, daily experience has clarified the ways of finding a broader regional view of the central city.

We view *Roma Sbagliata*: urban neglect with an aching heart. Repair, reconstruction, replacement. the mending of damaged urban tissue needs to be achieved. We repeat here the old saying: "*When in Rome, Do as the Romans Do*". An example to stimulate this appeared in *Vaisseau de Pierres: Roma*, 1985. Passionately Roman, these projects remain with a view of *urbanitas* while the consumerist Rome broke its boundaries after WW II. There is the territorial extent of a city; we think of those fragments of walls standing or buried in the archeology the *Centro* (*antico vs. vecchio vs. moderno*). Possibilities within and outside the center offer a more flexible definition of the transformations taking place – but not the California version of suburbia. *Fuori le Mura*, *Sacro GRA 2003* and beyond, the dispersed a-spatial virtual city, and situated places of historical continuity are becoming features of present-day extended Rome.

THE REGIONAL CITY: ROME
Darkness and light make the City; a dystopic *Suburra* is surely with us. Yet there are infinities of "invisible cities" within realization, especially for urbanists. Every city has a regional history, otherwise Hadrian would not have built his Villa. As Picasso reminds us,"— *the imaginary is indispensible*.

MODERNISM VERSUS HISTORY OR MODERNISM IS HISTORY?

The status of the debate on "modernism" is not settled. There seem to be several definitions and several points of view – not "postmodernism", but modernism regarded as *another* continuity. We San Francisco architects can look back at the failures and successes of modernist architecture *here* as a legacy or as a warning — as an agenda for the future. We have this in common with today's architects in Rome. Bay Area Modernism has enjoyed a regional flavor that counters avant-garde separatism or rupture. Not every choice has led to harmonious resolution, as we hear Solomon's stories of *Site versus Zeit*; the *Blues* will moan mournfully in ways that only San Francisco can sing. Signs of the Times suggest that the *Site* of San Francisco stubbornly resists any modernist *Zeitgeist*.

TIMES (pages 28 – 75) Solomon persists in his view that cities benefit from a strong contextual fit with the surroundings, near and extended. He tracks his passage from the 1940s on through the process of learning modernity, then modernism, then with a retrospective view – a greater respect for how a city such as San Francisco was built and how it should be built. Our personal history is mingled with received ideas during a short period: the rise and fall of urban housing, expansion into the metropolitan hinterlands, and the loss of landmarks from San Francisco's brief history: *Lost San Francisco* 2011 Meanwhile we learn that "*Eighty percent of everything ever built in America has been built since the end of World War II*" [*The Geography of Nowhere* 1993]. In "those times", we innocently went along with our elders' ideas of progressive transformation. Now that we have "got over" the avant-garde approach we may include it in a broader repertoire of ideas for the evolution of our cities. We might pass on from the crisis mode of stylistic aesthetics and return to bigger problems. This is what Daniel Solomon learned in time to be of service to his City.

ROMAMOR persists with our boyhood nostalgia: as Fellini's Roma 1972 and Amorcord 1973. Just as we have been perplexed by our personal histories – our tempi – public dreams have taught so many contradictory lessons. "America!" has an exotic lure from Hollywood. The Italy of 1940 swayed a turn toward neoclassical modernism that is still a puzzle for architects. A consumerist big-box "future" of SuperMercati succeeds, but Futurism was promoted by Marinetti in – 1909 ! Now an architect's re-evaluation of those "lost" eras is taking place and "the old world" remains attractive for sophisticated Italians today. After all, tourism was invented by the Romans – and let's face it: Italians love the future as well as the ancient legacy. Everywhere it has become a sport to trash International Style Modernism, and Solomon has done his part. In the next phase of our history may find much to re-learn from "The Heroic Period". We recall that Le Corbusier tipped his hat to Team 10 1958, when a group of youngsters claimed a broader humanist agenda for CIAM. Margaret Mead once reminded us that "We may know more about things today, but I dare say that we have forgotten much more."

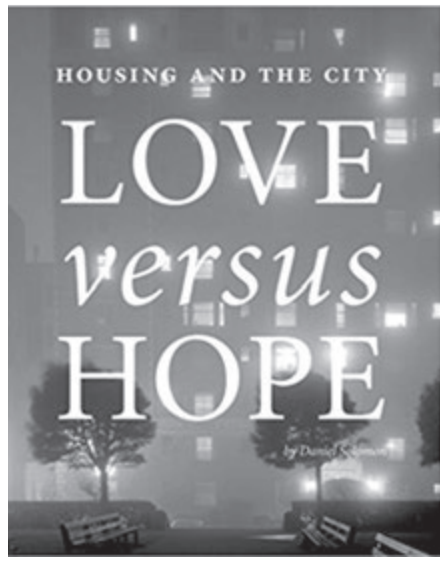
HOUSING AND THE CITY: LOVE VERSUS HOPE

TITLE: HOUSING AND THE CITY

This book is actually about URBANISM, of which "housing" is a part of "the city". Daniel Solomon immediately addresses another major concern in his presentation of ***The Central Freeway*** (4,5) in which his participation led to the repair of an urban sector: the ***Market Octavia Plan*** 1989 now being completed. Housing – that bureaucratic necessity – will be discussed, but as the opposite of embedded community life in cities. Housing as a hopeless *Hope*.

TITLE: LOVE versus HOPE

These emotionally powerful concepts extend far beyond Solomon's use of them in this book. The "versus" introduces us to Duality, Dualism and Opposition. To this reader, all three terms are far too complex to be limited to their use in the book; therefore we must find appropriate alternatives when addressing these concepts.



PART I:

The Continuous City and the Ruptured City
Solomon urges the significance of Continuity as a principle of Urban Design. This is a great strength in his work and philosophy. We shall try to get an understanding of this principle through Solomon's examples and our own. Continuous physical form joins with building typology in this approach. "Rupture" is taken as the opposing approach, as the case of the Central Freeway that ripped into the older and continuous fabric of San Francisco.

CHAPTER 1:
Love versus Hope: Ameliorating Force or Wedge? A Jeremiad theme of contrary possibilities for the city is an autobiography for Solomon. It is the autobiography of the American City, for Paris, for Rome, for China. We are living in a period of "*Complexity and Contradiction*", with opposing views of architecture being ideologically expressed. A 'gentle manifesto" of our times was written by Robert Venturi : he prefers "both – and" to "either – or". The twentieth century has been subject to "***Modern Movements***" (the phrase is in the title of Charles Jencks' first book 1965. Peter Collins' title was "***Changing Ideals***" also 1965. Note the plural in both.) The ***versus*** or the ***war*** of conflicting points of view in this book is what I have called "dueling dualisms", and my own preference is for a pluralist point of view. However – I must agree that Solomon has a point; we have been battered by ideology, and so much verbal combat has tried to pass as "theory", which it is not. Theory should take into account the variations in philosophical context that appear in each setting. Later in Solomon's book he will make a plea for diversity and for close observation of subtle ***differences that make a difference.***

CHAPTER 2:
The Story: "***front porches with pretty flowers***": Solomon's image proposed as a foil for the development of a (political) history of housing. This image is what we call "The American Dream". We North Americans *Love* houses that face the street, that are friendly neighbors. When in Italy, we photograph balconies with over-hanging flowers reminding us of Shakespeare in Verona. We react negatively to old slums and the new slums that replace them in "the housing projects". Yet – we have built them in the *Hope* that "the greater number" can find some kind of (minimal) "housing".

For students of Housing, Catherine Bauer was required reading. Confession: I have never read Bauer, because my view of her view of housing has *always* been negative. Daniel Solomon bravely undertook to study housing. My compliments. One's admiration of well-design and livable residential sectors of the city is the possible subject of the present book, which we now read with great interest and sympathy. Most important is his actual, in-the- trenches experience in ***ReBuilding*** parts of San Francisco, each decision measured against the actual site for real people. For all our Love of the American Dream, these houses create multiple identities within the urban context and not as dreamy escapes in suburbia (also a valid urbanism; Berlage's Amsterdam was a suburban idea as well!) Twenty-first century Architectural Urbanism needs a broad and rich critical typology from which to make its choices, it is here emphasized. Very true.

CHAPTER 3: Thinghood: Making things is – and should be – an urban designer's preoccupation. "Why urbanism is not an Art" was written to warn us not to take our Camillo Sitte or Hegeman and Peets too seriously. "The map is not the territory" – the aphorism of the great semanticist Alfred Korszybski; a model is a metaphor and vice-versa, however. How we critique the model is the task of critical theory – however not a biased "critical theory" as certain under-graduates and professors pose.

CHAPTER 4: Roots: Fred Lyon and Anne Vernez-Moudon to the Years of Rupture : A heart-full tribute to two who have closely observed and documented the city of San Francisco – a photographer and a research urbanist. Both seem to be tributes to another documentarian, Giambattista Nolli. However, Daniel first had to prune back his modernist roots to see the growth of another insight. A photographic and geographic urbanism in learned by Solomon from Nolli via Colin Rowe ***Collage City*** 1979 then more effectively by Anne Vernez Moudon in ***Built for Change: Neighborhood Architecture in San Francisco*** 1986 Solomon's collaboration with Moudon in a research in meticulous cultural geography led to important early achievements: Pacific Heights Town Houses 1977, Glover Duplex 1981, Castro Common 1980, Amancio Erigina Village 1985, Biedeman Place Town Houses 1989, Fulton Mews 1991. ***Re Building*** 1992. Solomon's work, Lyon's and Moudon's research read together formed a model of "reflective practice" of the highest order.

CHAPTER 5:
Roots Sprout: This continuation of "Roots" was reinforced by the ***1980 Venice Biennale;*** it travelled to San Francisco in 1982 with an invitation for Solomon to join in the presentation. His *Strada Novissima* exhibit is rendered as a *Vienna Rossa* in San Francisco. Nolli figue-groundmaps played a significant role, as Solomon's working tool for his groundbreaking 1978 Pacific Heights project.

Solomon joined Eugene Kupper from the 1980 presentation, selected by Paolo Portoghesi and his distinguished colleagues. A homecoming!

CHAPTER 6:
A Reconstructed Diary: From time to time we must reflect on our progress; rather it is our *perception* of progress. How we should proceed may require an autobiography that differs from our life story. Solomon here takes a tip from Fellini: ***Amarcord***. We all had a copy of ***Space, Time and Architecture*** didn't we? Then we drank espresso coffee and read Beat poetry. We watched Fellini in amazement. A beautiful brick ***Family Apartments*** was not what we were admiring in 1960. But in 2019?

CHAPTER 7:
On Deceit: Perhaps only Frank Lloyd Wright can defend his motto: ***Truth Against The World***. Solomon retains a bit of that righteousness in Love versus Hope. In order to defend our perception of truth we occasionally need to work to change others' perceptions. The willingness and ability to wrestle with perceived opposition requires a certain sense of humor. It also requires certain magic tricks of misdirection that Solomon offers to explain in his ***Disappearing Giraffe.*** Here and in other parts of his work he gives case–study examples of remarkable feats of urban design and architecture. Study them!

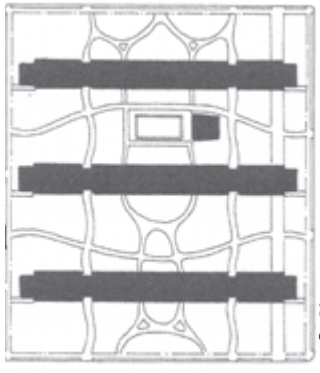
CHAPTER 8:
From Hope to Love: ***Hunters View and Jordan Downs*** are case–studies in such Solomonic Legerdemain. The stories of these projects are narrative disclosures that must be read in full; we shall not paraphrase. Like the ***Zygmunt Arent House*** these tell the personal experiences of the people of their cities. Architectural photography and colored plan drawings may be the expected medium, but here they seem almost beside the point. In other words, the "deceit" and "tricks" don't work unless they are invisible. We don't mean to disappoint. The photos are here, beautifully presented in this chapter, "before" and "after":

Hunter View / San Francisco, as it was 1943-2012

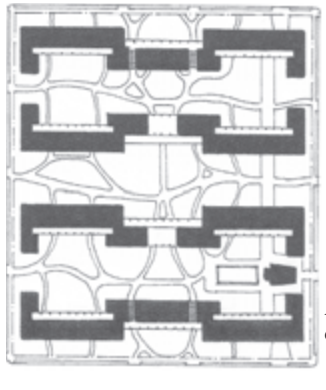
Hunter View / San Francisco, as it is 2014-present

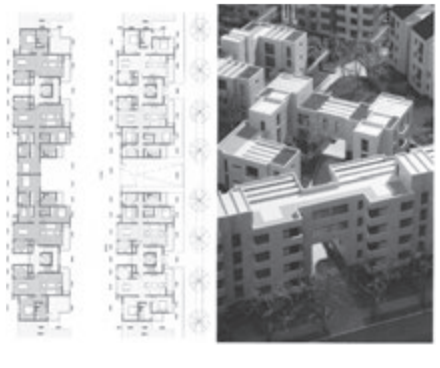
CHAPTER 9:
Hybrid 1: Carl Mackley Houses
This chapter tells part of the story of a project in 1930 by reports that are current to today, a successful case of social housing. We see two designs for the project, one early and one as built. Surrounding these designs are the stories of "influences and credits" so well known to architects. The top scheme seems to be three double-loaded parallel slab blocks, and the lower is a more developed plan with four single-loaded and more articulate massing. The site has been formed into more distinct zones, with a sense of varied courtyards. One agrees that this is a better plan regardless of authorship claims. We mention a significant change in scale and proportions of the buildings, offering varied views, spaces, daylight characteristics. That the project has been well-managed and maintained, lovingly inhabited – that is of the greatest significance.

CHAPTER 10:
Hybrid 2: The Chinese Puzzle
From Philadelphia in the 1930s – to today's China, the theme remains of housing as either false hope ver-sus true love: the bad guys and the good guys. The added complexities of social anthropology makes it more difficult for a California boy. Here Solomon again finds a qualified collaborative researcher at Tsingua University: some beautiful courtyard houses by Wu Liangyong. The model for houses in Beijing that very closely resemble traditional practices and forms.
The administrative and political challenges are similar – it seems that 1930s China endured a period of "rupture versus continuity" as well. Now, a large development in Hexie on open land shall be called a "New City". Solomon's experience in careful interwoven urban design is revealed – one that surpasses what he calls "Lego blocks" – yet ready to achieve a new urban synthesis.


Storonov's design


Ju'er Hutong by Wu Liangyon


Alfred Kastner's design



PART II:

TWO BATTLEGROUNDS
Two-ness and opposition: versus continues. Daniel reminded me that we once had a conversation where we called out a friend for his dependence on saying, "There are two kinds" – of something. Our reply: "Yes, there are (at least) two kinds of dualism." Architecture and Urbanism contains an infinity of important issues, expressed along another infinity of spectrums, in complementary mixtures of many hues. Or – we can take them as two battlegrounds.

CHAPTER 11:
PARIS: Two Pasts, Two Presents: There is the real Paris and the new Paris (just as there is the real San Francisco and the new San Francisco, the real Rome and the new Rome). We mean by this that Paris / Rome etc. are known to the world as charming towns of a previous era or century – the coherent image that was supposed to represent "essential" and "eternal" qualities. Any deviation from that ideal is the unreal, i.e. modern city. The global modern(ist) city is a hodge-podge of conflicting tendencies and experiments. Once called "progressive" it has over-stayed its visit and slipped into social ill repute. In the USA it is called "The American Dream".

CHAPTER 12:
ROME: Prologues
The Translucency of Fingers: Red-Orange
The Choice: Cheeses that Smell Success
Romanità: Wearing the Textures of the City

CHAPTER 13: ROME:
The Continuous City Achieved and Abandoned:
Today, the range of possible residential urban building types is a subject of a very limited architectural research. The "continuous city", as Daniel Solomon invokes it, is a value that deserves study and further development. Here he penetrates into Rome's "secret life" in those neighborhoods usually taken for granted as being real in the ordinary sense. Ordinary Reality is an overlooked value in this age of over-stimulation in architectural circles! The depth, complexity and extent of Rome's history makes a selection difficult; should we begin at the Palatine hut, in Ostia? "Modern" has another dimension here. Twentieth century architecture flows along with the Tiber. We have visited exhibitions (always exhibitions!) at A.A.M., *Piranesi Nei Luoghi Di Piranesi*, and EUR. Daniel Solomon points out that Arthur Brown and Louis Kahn were "born again" here; so again – a young San Francisco architect will lead us in tour of "forgotten Rome".

For this reader of Solomon's book this chapter is the most satisfying. In 30 pages he has packed in a reconnaissance of Rome today as seen through another era: Camillo Sitte, Gustavo Giovannoni, Marcello Piacentini, Margharita Sarfatti, and the communities of Garbatella, Piazza Mazzini, Prati and Testaccio, Tiburtino, Monteverde Nuovo, Parioli, Olympic Village, Casalino – followed by a coda meditating on Italian Rationalism then *Monditalia*. Such a list will bewilder the American who expects to visit MAXXI and snap a postcard photo. As a resident in only one of the above districts, I can recall well the gentle *dolce far niente* of morning strolls pushing a stroller with my baby. The other residents would call out to me "*O – povero Americano con piedi nudi!*" as we stopped for coffee or a small purchase in a one-room shop. My daughter convinced the owner of the restaurant to use his oven to bake a model birthday cake of the Pantheon. The simple and the complex are joined in such moments of Dwelling – the mysteries and secrets of Rome.

PART III: IDEAS

CHAPTER 14:
Three Giants and a Midget
The Giants: Fellini, Nabakov, Heidegger – to which we must add Joyce and Eco. Midgets proliferate, beginning with the fan of dueling dualism Rene Descartes. Solomon's enjoyment of dichotomy notwithstanding, he preaches a pluralism worthy of my friends Jencks and Norberg-Schulz. We join you, Daniel.

CHAPTER 15:
What Ever Happened to Modernity?
Excellent question. When did modern become "modernism"? Even Piet Mondrian painted lovely landscapes and loved to Boogie. My tentative answer is that we must take the entire twentieth century into account in order to truly understand the Modern. From Theosophy and Dada to Monte Verità and Carl Jung, from Joyce and Cage to Woodstock. We folks from San Francisco never had a big issue with modern thought at City Lights Bookstore.
As Solomon pointed out in his previous chapter even slab blocks can be nice places to live – if Quaroni designs them! The persistence of good places throughout architecture is what Paolo Portoghesi called the ***Presence of the Past.*** It really wasn't Post-anything. Love and Hope persist to make living cities.

CHAPTER 16:
Meet a Force of History:
"Pre-Fab" versus "Ticky-Tacky"? All through the long history of building there have been ways to take advantage of standard units, and how they might achieve some interest and variety.
Bricks, wood framing, precast concrete, etc. can be all employed with tectonic integrity and Heideggerist Place-fullness. No argument.

CHAPTER 17:
CBU
The Thirty Year War —The New Urbanism and the Academy: "Nostalgia" is a word that makes modernists shiver. The film by Tarkovsky makes me shiver in another way. Solomon need only return to early San Francisco for his example that shows what continuity can do for a city that builds well:

"New Urbanism" was a subject that intrigued and irritated me. It seemed both self-evident and provocative. If it differed from Raymond Unwin or the New Town planners one couldn't decide. A lingering folkloric feeling joined to some postmodernist polemic, it was redundant in terms of current architectural thinking. As the examples and program-statements grew, everything settled down. We knew Daniel Solomon's projects in San Francisco, and they seemed to be straight-ahead Bay Area Style work with a planning twist. That twist showed his willingness to roll up his sleeves and wade through developers and city hall, and that was laudable but frustrating. My teaching at UCLA tried to mix art and architecture with a regard for history; that should be enough, I thought. In retrospect, Solomon's efforts, both ambitious and overlooked by the fame-seekers and grand- standers of my acquaintance, seem just right.

CHAPTER 18:
Mêtis
This word was not familiar to me. Since Solomon didn't offer his definition / interpretation, I resorted to what we use for a dictionary these days. If one is Canadian, it refers to a slightly French mode of thinking, like Creole in Louisiana. It carries an inflected bias that is unique – somewhat like territoire is for wine growing. Or maybe like ***Genius Loci***. Maybe I could catch on. We can thank Daniel in urging us to misuse this word. He points out how Brasilia was not the fault of Le Corbusier, but might have been. Charles Jenck's ***Le Corbusier and the Tragic View*** of Architecture gave us an alternate reading that doesn't quite the master off the hook. Daniel Solomon concludes with a fox and a carrot; is this the ***The Hedgehog and the Fox*** in another guise?

Sollertia
In the first paragraph of the first chapter of the first book of his architectural primer, Vitruvius suggests that construction is a meditated carrying out of buildings. Then he advances the idea that theory is a graphic illustration devised to explain cunningly constructed objects. Sollertia, an act of cunning judgment, is an essential intellectual procedure required to build any construction.

CHAPTER 19:
Place and the Displaced

"Whatever Space and Time mean – Place and Occasion mean even more"
"Architecture is – Built Homecoming"

These pronouncements by Aldo Van Eyck in 1959 at the CIAM Team X meeting announce a revised agenda for contemporary urbanism – Solomon would repeat with melancholy in this concluding chapter "Place and the Displaced".

The Dream of a "good life in a good place" has been replaced by the dismal conditions of political terror. This may not be historically very new, but we are living in such a time.
Housing – not Homecoming – is confirmed as an administrative and political imperative. Nabakov's warning against systems, not situations, asks us to reveal the actualities.

Are these the quaint traditions of "well building"? Is this the Vitruvian heritage a Resistance in the face of a Philistine "reality"? Does that ancient Roman yet answer to times of tumult and rupture? A millennial NU cook book? Suzanne Langer has called Architecture an "ethnic domain". In his book, Daniel Solomon calls this: ***mêtis: the special intelligence of great city builders.***

He also calls this LOVE, versus HOPE, the *failed* version of LOVE in his book, However for this reviewer, we can look anticipate constant mixtures of both LOVE and HOPE, according to definitions that we use every day.

This image of well-intentioned but fatal housing has become a cautionary tale that we know so well. It has been repeated in every age of urbanism.
Housing is the term of bureaucracy. It replaces a better word: HOUSE, and an even better word: HOME. Yet even this story can have a happy ending for architects. HOPE springs eternal. The Eternal City was not built in a day. The archetype HOME has many forms, and the children of humanity have survived so many transformations. HOME is a word often degraded into a sentimental commercial version name for almost anything. A restoration of semantics is needed, and words will suffer– as will cities – from time to time. We are writing this from Phoenix – a city not built in a day – but certainly in need of REBUILDING. We remember well this title of Daniel Solomon's *first* book.

AN ARCHITECTURAL BIOGRAPHY
is a personal life story. It may be the biography of an architect, or the story of an architectural idea – transformation of a given place in time, or at a specific moment, or a Foundation Myth: "the primitive hut". Romulus plowed a ditch to encircle Rome. Gold was discovered in an American River near San Francisco. Biography is story-telling. even that of a single house. It can be the history of a city, from its geological formation to the latest event happening in town. When we think of architecture as "an ethnic domain" (Langer Feeling and Form 1953) then it is a community of dwelling in a place.

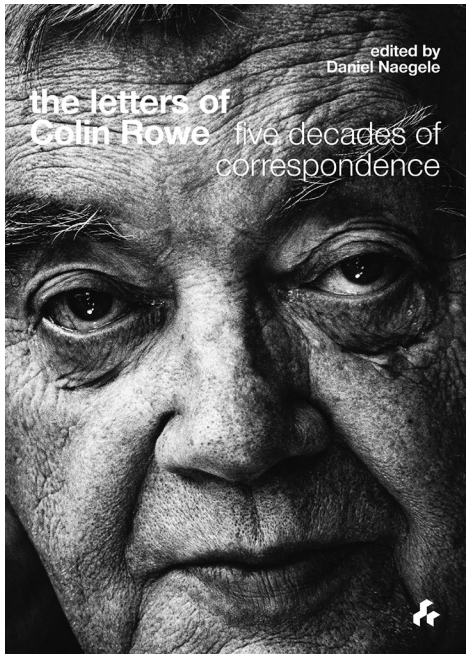
Biography might be the TRADITIONS that merge, morph and transform cities and places in cities. In San Francisco there are histories and folklores that persist despite any attempts at "modernism" – which has its own traditions as well. Styles of buildings or of cities can be identified. Guide books and travel literature tell us where and how to look – and what we might see there.

PLACES AND REGIONS locate us within a city and tell us of the (surrounding) country. A Place might be a single room: "the oval office" in "the white house", in "Washington". The quote-marks carry metonymic extended significance. Likewise, "Rome" is an Empire and the name of a store-front pizzeria. In the twentieth century, America had "suburban sprawl" outside the cities; urban regions now have cities within a connected network of relations. Today there are some American cities such as Houston and Phoenix that are almost entirely "suburban" in physical form.

A PERSONAL BIOGRAPHY:

Eugene Kupper was born in 1939 in Oakland California. His father graduated from Northwestern College of Law Portland Oregon; his mother was a librarian in San Francisco. Eugene attended Las Lomas High School in Walnut Creek, then University of California Berkeley after a three-year enlistment in the US Navy. He married and had three children in the 1960s, graduated from Berkeley in 1966, then Urban Design at Yale. We was a Fellow of the Center for Advanced Study, University of Illinois, then was appointed professor at UCLA, where he taught until 1994. He married again in the 1980s, and with two more children. After UCLA he taught in Switzerland, Virginia and Arizona. He and his wife conduct an art, design and architecture program for pre-school and elementary students: the Vitruvius Program.
He has been an Architect in the San Francisco and Los Angeles areas, was project designer for Frank Gehry for Concord Pavilion, California; since then he has been in private practice. He was selected to the Venice Biennale and is a Fellow of the American Academy in Rome. He now resides in Phoenix Arizona, working as a painter and writer.

Eugene Kupper, Phoenix, Arizona



Flip Cards and Parables

Robert Campbell[1]

Abstract: Solomon writes to explore what he regards as the bad design of cities during the past century. He blames the hegemony of modernism, defining modernism as a vain atempt to solve problems through abstract reasoning while ignoring the obvious lessons of history and experience. He argues from examples, not theories. Much of the book is a series of short essays that function as parables. Each of these illustrates the author's view of a particular issue. He often embodies his argument in the person of one of his heroes (Balanchine, Chanel, Nabokov, many others) or villains (Descartes, Gropius, CIAM, etc.). The result is a wise and entertaining book that falls just short of being a classic. A clue to the problem is the meaningless title "LOVE versus HOPE." This is the first in a number of such either/or flip cards that occur throughout the text, each presenting a Manichean choice between two opposing visions – sprawl versus erasure, slab block versus perimeter block, etc. We sense that some broader truth may be shared by all these independent conundrums, but the title informs us that if so, it has yet to be articulated.

When I first discussed with Dan Solomon the possibility of doing a commentary on his book "LOVE versus HOPE," he asked if I'd seen a new book, "The Letters of Colin Rowe." I hadn't then but I soon caught up and the two books have been a pair in my mind ever since. With apologies, I'll start talking about Solomon by citing Rowe.

Rowe's book is a selection of letters sent to family or friends or colleagues. In a 559-page volume, weighing five pounds on my bathroom scale, there is only one passage in which this eminent scholar seeks to characterize the kind of architecture he prefers: «He didn't like the word 'taste' but, since he was willing to accept its use, his own 'taste' in architecture was for 'the carefully careless'– what he called a Hadrianic disarray assembled out of highly punctilious bits and pieces».

That's a general statement about architecture that isn't quite a statement at all but a refusal to settle on one. Rowe maintains an

1. Robert Campbell is a writer and architect. He is currently an architecture critic for the Boston Globe. Campbell is a graduate of the Harvard Graduate School of Design. In 1996, Campbell won the Pulitzer Prize for Criticism. In 2003 he was a Senior Fellow in the National Arts Journalism Program at Columbia University. He published with Curtis W. Fentress, et al *Civic builders,* Academy Press (2002) and with Curtis W. Fentress, et al., *Cityscapes of Boston: an American city through time,* Houghton Mifflin (1992).

ironic distance from his text by writing in the third person as his own commentator. He offers poetic hints, not coherent values. "Hadrianic disarray" can bear any meaning you choose to project onto it. "Punctilious" sounds like a rhyme for "supercilious" in a lyric by W.S. Gilbert. What do these carefully nurtured references tell us about architecture or cities?

Both authors are brilliant and they largely agree with each other. Yet neither is willing to step forward to make the kind of general statement both seem to desire. They withdraw from commitment because they don't want to be seen as adding one more voice to what has been a century of too many know-it-all systems and labels, each promoted by one or another artist or critic or intellectual sect. Rowe shrinks from that shouted cacaphony into the soft-voiced vagueness of the quoted excerpt. Solomon, by contrast, multiplies specific examples of good and bad design, as if endless score-keeping would add to up to a coherent argument.

Solomon, as I try to say in my abstract, is writing for the purpose of exploring what he regards as the bad design of cities during the past century. He cites many causes of this poor performance, but the overriding one is the hegemony of the Modern Movement. He defines modernism as a vain atempt to solve problems through abstract reasoning while ignoring the obvious lessons of history and experience. Unlike Rowe, he argues from examples, not theories. Much of the book is a series of short essays, each of which can be regarded as a parable that illustrates the author's understanding of some particular issue. The parables are drawn from many different kinds of creative activity. Solomon often embodies his argument in the person of one of his heroes (Balanchine, Chanel, Nabokov, Duke Ellington, many others) or villains (Le Corbusier, Descartes, Gropius, CIAM, etc.).

The result is a wise and entertaining book. But it falls short of being the popular classic I was hoping for from this author. A clue to the problem is the meaningless title "LOVE versus HOPE." (Or is it HOPE versus LOVE? It's hard to remember.) The title offers no clue that urban design will be the book's topic. A subtitle, "Housing and the City," is merely generic.

The "LOVE versus HOPE" title, the reader discovers, is only the first of a number of what you might call flip cards. Each presents an either-or pair of options, a Manichean choice between two opposing visions for the city: Sprawl versus erasure, slab block versus perimeter block, object people versus place people, modernist abstraction versus

cultural memory, continuous city versus ruptured city, etc. The parables and flip cards are an educator's way, we suspect, of breaking down some larger lesson into teachable segments.

Earlier books by Solomon have been collections of fairly independent essays. At first "LOVE versus HOPE" appears to be another such Solomon anthology. But at some point, the reader begins to suspect that all the eloquent pieces of writing are in fact dealing with the same subject and that the book, far from being a loose patchwork, is more of a whole, gathering meaning and momentum as it progresses. Something is happening behind the scenes. Each parable, each flip card seems to express one aspect of a larger encompassing thesis, but no such thesis is ever made explicit. As readers, we begin to speculate. Coco Chanel and Le Corbusier, let's say, or Duke Ellington and Walter Gropius – why are they here? Are they linked in some way in a kind of existence we don't understand? Solomon is skeptical of simplified belief systems that seek to explain too much, citing those of Freud and Descartes among others. He evades that trap by presenting an immense diversity of thoughts and examples" punctilious bits and pieces," you might say. Perhaps a more summary view awaits us in a future book.

Solomon presents himself as a witness, someone who was there on the ground when history was happening. He calls himself a hybrid: a practicing architect, an urban planner, a teacher, and an activist. He refuses to call himself an autobiographer, but among the strengths of his book are the glimpses of his own experience from childhood on. Through them we become aware of the wholeness, the narrative connectednesss of the book. Personal history and cultural history begin to comment on each other.

"LOVE versus HOPE" is a set of brilliant notes for a book rather than a resolved work. It doesn't seem to know who it's written for. Different essays aim at radically different readerships. Only members of an inner group will fathom what is meant by a reference to "LEED-ND or the Smart Code." Other potential readers will puzzle over such terms as "floor plate" or "Stonorov."

Such lapses mean little. This is an endlessly fascinating book by a readable, sane, and savvy writer.

Epilogue

Daniel Solomon

Dear Robert [Campbell],

Well, you've got me thinking. Your brilliant reading of LvH gives me a better understanding of what I have done and not done, but I think (for now), I like the book in its current state more than you do.
Grant me the indulgence of being a little defensive.

I don’t long as you do for the bald statement of “a coherent thesis”. Perhaps it is best for the coherent thesis to remain anchored where it is, just off-shore, partially shrouded in mist. Is that not the charm of it – a bit of elusiveness that makes one discover as one reads, maybe twice, that the pairings Love versus Hope, Perimeter Block versus Linear Block, Continuous versus Ruptured, Heideggerian versus Cartesian, Cultural and Mythological versus Abstract, Metis versus Epistime are each the same theme restated? Isn’t elusiveness the only option for a 150 pound running back?

My heroes chose elusiveness, not because they couldn't think straight: Nabokov’s disdain for “idea mongers”; Balanchine’s “it's about twenty-eight minutes”; Fellini’s mocking of “stringent, unassailable logic”.

My (and all my Berkeley colleagues) thinking of Chris Alexander as something of a nut-case was based on observing his fifty year struggle to escape from the brilliant insights and modest truth of *A City is Not a Tree* that he wrote at age twenty-six. He really thought of himself as capable of “a coherent thesis” that explained everything.

From the arrogance that thinks it knows all truth, O God of truth deliver us.

Fond regards,

Dan

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