

Le Corbusier: Ville Contemporaine, 1922

Introduction

Man has a prejudice against himself; anything which is a product of his mind seems to him to be unreal or comparatively insignificant. We are satisfied only when we fancy ourselves surrounded by objects and laws independent of our nature. GEORGE SANTAYANA

But what is nature? Why is custom not natural? I greatly fear that this nature is itself only a first custom as custom is a second nature. BLAISE PASCAL

With these two statements—one a commentary upon inhibition and the other a question as to the eternal source of all authority—it might be possible to construct a theory of society and even a theory of architecture; but, if modesty restrains the attempt, there are also pragmatic reasons which make the same insistence.

The city of modern architecture (it may also be called the modern city) has not yet been built. In spite of all the good will and good intentions of its protagonists, it has remained either a project or an abortion; and, more and more, there no longer appears to be any convincing reason to suppose that matters will ever be otherwise. For the constellation of attitudes and emotions which are gathered together under the general notion of

modern architecture and which then overflow, in one form or another, into the inseparably related field of planning, begin—in the end—to seem altogether too contradictory, too confused and too feebly unsophisticated to allow for any but the most minor productive results.

By one interpretation, modern architecture is a hard-headed and hard-nosed undertaking. There is a problem, a specific problem, and there is an obligation, an obligation to science, to solve it in all its particularity; and so, while without bias and embarrassment we proceed to scrutinize the facts, then, as we accept them, we simultaneously allow these hard empirical facts to dictate the solution. But, if such is one important and academically enshrined thesis, then, alongside it, there is to be recognized a no less respectable one; the proposition that modern architecture is the instrument of philanthropy, liberalism, the 'larger hope' and the 'greater good'.

In other words, and right at the beginning, one is confronted with the simultaneous profession of two standards of value whose compatibility is not evident. On the one hand, there is an expression of allegiance to the criteria of what—though disguised as science—is, after all, simply management; on the other, a devotion to the ideals of what was a few years ago often spoken of as the counter culture—life, people, community and all the rest; and that this curious dualism causes so little surprise can only be attributed to a determination not to observe the obvious.

But, if presumably the ultimate conflict which presents itself is that between a retarded conception of science and a reluctant recognition of poetics, this being said, it is apparent that modern architecture, in its great phase, was the great idea that it undoubtedly was precisely because it compounded and paraded to extravagance the two myths which it still

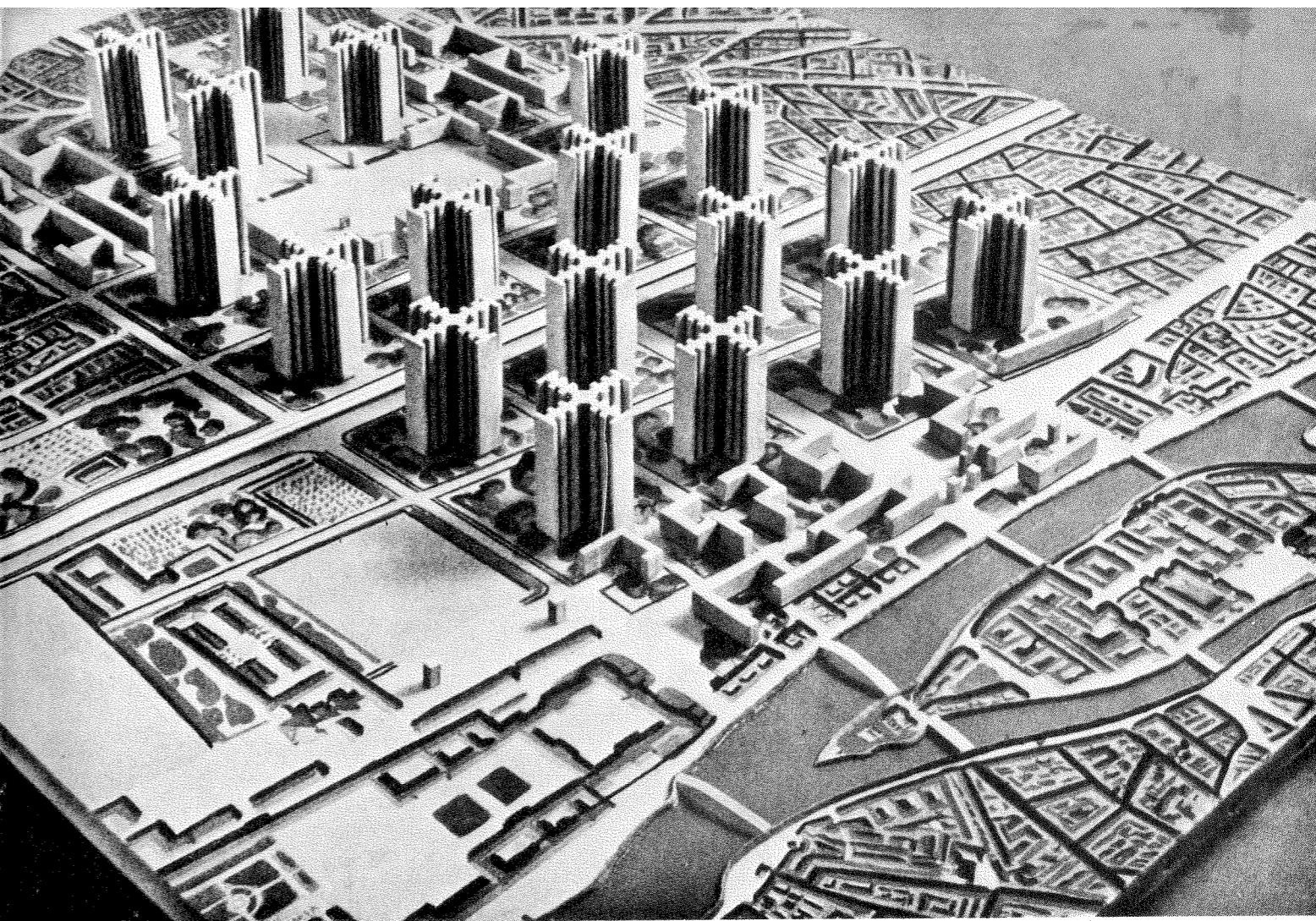
most publicly advertises. For if the combination of fantasies about science—with its objectivity—and fantasies about freedom—with its humanity—comprised one of the most appealing and pathetic of late nineteenth century doctrines, then the decisive twentieth century embodiment of these themes in the form of building could not fail to stimulate; and, the more it excited the imagination, the more the conception of a scientific, progressive and historically relevant architecture could only serve as a focus for a still further concentration of fantasy. The new architecture was rationally determinable; the new architecture was historically predestined; the new architecture represented the overcoming of history; the new architecture was responsive to the spirit of the age; the new architecture was socially therapeutic; the new architecture was young and, being self-renewing, it was never to be wearied by age; but—perhaps above all—the new architecture meant the end to deception, dissimulation, vanity, subterfuge and imposition.

Such were some of the subliminal suggestions which stimulated modern architecture and were, in turn, stimulated by it; and, as we look back on a doctrine so extraordinary and a message so bizarre, since we are speaking of a period now fifty years ago, we might also allow to come to mind Woodrow Wilson's hopes for democracy and diplomacy. We might briefly contemplate the American president's 'open contracts openly arrived at'. For from Woodrow Wilson's hopes for international politics to the *ville radieuse* is but the merest of steps. The crystal city and the dream of absolutely unconcealed negotiation (no playing of poker) both, alike, represented the total expulsion of evil after the purgation of war.

The ex-president of Princeton's dream, the pathetic by-product of a liberal Presbyterian faith which was both too good for this world and not good enough, which was only to be honoured in the breach, created its own portentous vacuum and devastation. By the exponents of *Realpolitik* he and what he represented were simply ignored or, at most, received a ritual deference which was worse than nothing; and, though the vision of the crystal city has enjoyed greater longevity, today its fate hardly seems to have been significantly more prosperous. For this was a city in which all authority was to be dissolved, all convention superseded; in which change was to be continuous and order, simultaneously, complete; in which the public realm, become superfluous, was to disappear and where the private realm, without further reason to excuse itself, was to emerge undisguised by the protection of façade. And now, even though the weight of the idea persists, it is a city which has shrunk to very little—to the impoverished banalities of public housing which stand around like the undernourished symbols of a new world which refused to be born.

Such has been the disintegration of an important frame of reference; and, like the idea of World War I as a war to end war, the city of modern architecture, both as psychological construct and as physical model, has been rendered tragically ridiculous. But, if so much is generally felt and if the urban model which achieved its decisive formulation give or take a

Le Corbusier: Plan Voisin, 1925



New York, public housing in Lower Manhattan



few years c. 1930 is now everywhere under attack, it is not very clear that either unorganized sentiment or self-conscious criticism has, so far, achieved any significant or comprehensive replacement. In fact, rather the reverse seems to have taken place. For, while the city of Ludwig Hilberseimer and Le Corbusier, the city celebrated by CIAM and advertised by the Athens Charter, the former city of deliverance, is every day found increasingly inadequate, apparently its very expediency guarantees its adulterated and all-devouring growth. So much so, that it might be believed that what here presents itself is a spectacle of spontaneous generation, a never-to-be-imagined nightmare and a wholly mindless version of Daniel Burnham's 'a noble diagram which once registered will never die'.

And accordingly, the present situation is knotted and almost insoluble. For the two increasingly desperate 'obligations' of the architect—on the one hand to 'science' and on the other to 'people'—continue to persist; and, as their old working symbiosis of the twenties becomes ever more shaky, these divergent drives acquire a literalness and a vehemence which begin to cancel out the usefulness of either. So modern architecture, professing to be scientific, displayed a wholly naïve idealism. So let this situation be corrected; and, from now on let us increasingly consult technology, behaviourist research and the computer. Or, alternatively, modern architecture, professing to be humane, displayed a wholly unacceptable and sterile scientific rigour. Therefore, from now on, let us desist from intellectualist vanity and let us be content to replicate things as they are, to observe a world unreconstructed by the arrogance of would-be philosophers but as the mass of humanity prefers it to be—useful, real and densely familiar.

Now, which of these two prospective programmes for the future—the despotism of 'science' or the tyranny of the 'majority'—is the more completely repulsive is difficult to say; but that, taken separately or together, they can only extinguish all initiative should not require inordinate emphasis. Nor should it be necessary to say that these alternatives—*Let science build the town* and *Let people build the town*—are both of them profoundly neurotic. For, up to a point, science will and should build the town and, up to a point, so will and should collective opinion; but the never ending insistence on the incompetence of the architect, which increasingly becomes more true and which is a continuous insistence on the evil of self-conscious activity, should at least be recognized for the psychological manoeuvre that it is—as a guilt-ridden attempt to shift the locus of responsibility.

But, if the architect's social guilt and the means he has employed to effect its sublimation is a whole story which has resulted in the complete disarray of the profession, more important is that we are here once more in the presence of Santayana's 'the human mind has a prejudice against itself' and, alongside this deep-seated prejudice, we confront the corresponding determination to pretend that human artifacts can be

top left
Paris, La Défense

top right
Paris, Bobigny

below
St Louis, demolition of Pruitt-Igoe housing, 1971



other than what they are. And, of course, given the anxiety to induce such illusion, the appropriate mechanism will never be lacking. For there is, after all, always 'nature'; and some concept of nature will always be invented—discovered is the operative word—in order to appease the pangs of conscience.

With so much said an initiatory argument is almost complete. For, on the whole, the twentieth century architect has been entirely unwilling to consider the ironies of Pascal's question; and the idea that nature and custom may be interconnected is, of course, entirely subversive of his position. Nature is pure, custom corrupt; and the obligation to transcend custom is not to be evaded.

Now, in its day, this was an important concept; and, as a conviction that only the new is fully authentic, one may still feel its cogency. However, whatever may be the authenticity of the new, alongside novelty of artifacts one might just possibly recognize novelty of ideas; and the twentieth century architect's working ideas have, for a very long time remained conspicuously without overhaul. There persists an eighteenth century belief in the veracity of science (Bacon, Newton?) and an equally eighteenth century belief in the veracity of the collective will (Rousseau, Burke?); and, if both of these can be conceived to be furnished with persuasive Hegelian, Darwinian, Marxian overtones, then there the situation rests, almost as it rested nearly one hundred years ago. Which is, very largely, a notion of the architect as a sort of human ouija-board or planchette, as a sensitive antenna who receives and transmutes the logical messages of destiny.

'It is the mark of an educated man to look for precision in each class of things just as far as the nature of the subject admits.'¹ It is hard to disagree; but, in the endeavour to provide architecture and urbanism with a precision that, of their nature, they can scarcely possess, the guidance of eighteenth century 'nature' has been all too well consulted; and, meanwhile (with the architect absorbed with visions of super-'science' or 'unconscious' self-regulation, with a make-believe unprecedented for absence of effectiveness) in a kind of resurgence of Social Darwinism—natural selection and the survival of the fittest—the rape of the great cities of the world proceeds.

There remains the old and enticing advice that, if rape is inevitable, then get with it and enjoy; but, if this central creed of Futurism—let us celebrate *force majeure*) is unacceptable to the moral consciousness, then we are obliged to think again. Which is what the present essay is all about. A proposal for constructive dis-illusion, it is simultaneously an appeal for order and disorder, for the simple and the complex, for the joint existence of permanent reference and random happening, of the private and the public, of innovation and tradition, of both the retrospective and the prophetic gesture. To us the occasional virtues of the modern city seem to be patent and the problem remains how, while allowing for the need of a 'modern' declamation, to render these virtues responsive to circumstance.

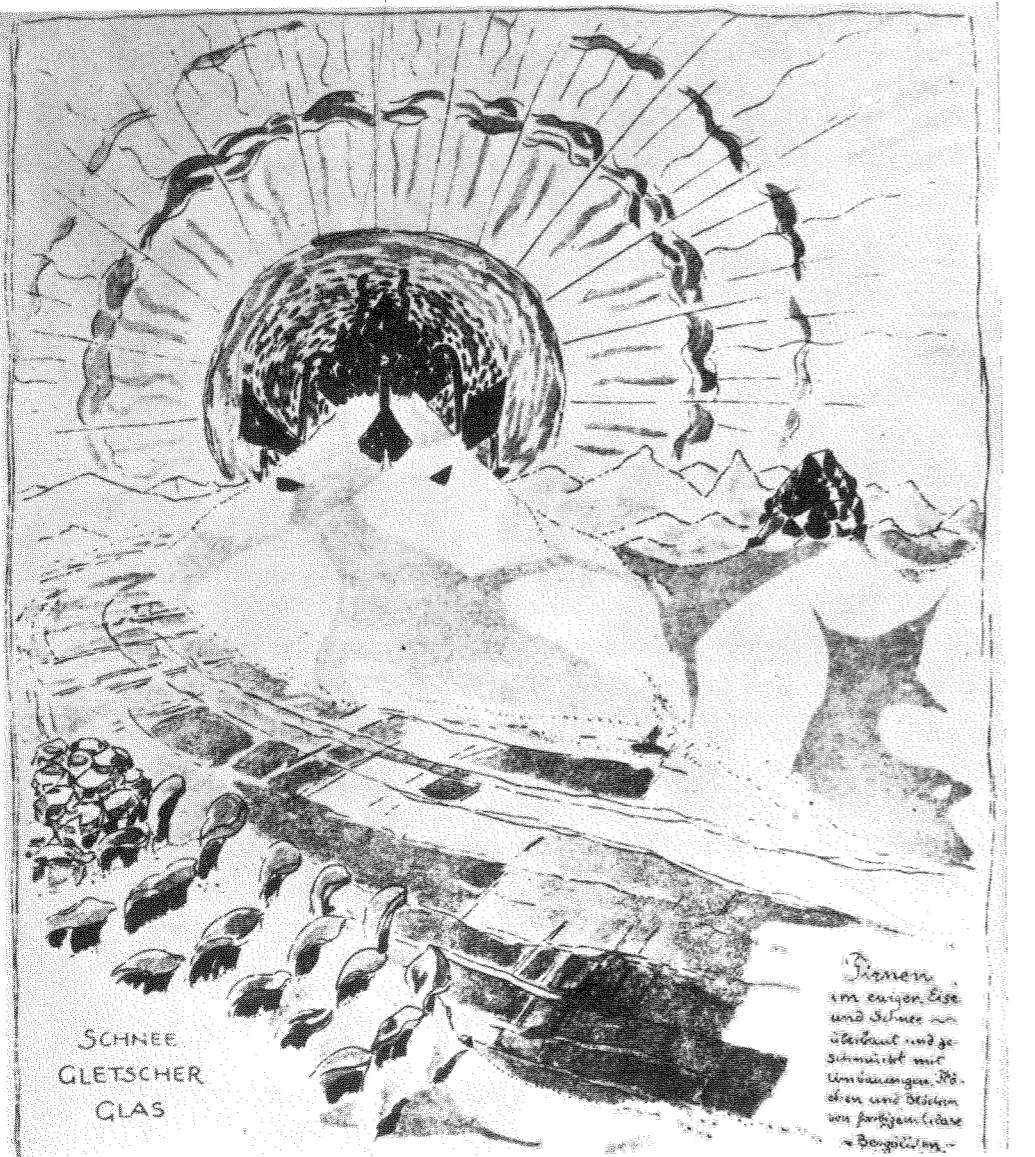
Utopia: Decline and Fall?

For unto you is paradise opened, the tree of life is planted, the time to come is prepared, plenteousness is made ready, a city is builded, and rest is allowed, yea perfect goodness and wisdom.

The root of evil is sealed up from you, weakness and the moth is hid from you, and corruption is fled into hell to be forgotten.

Sorrows are passed, and in the end is shewed the treasure of immortality.
2 ESDRAS 8: 52-4

Where we do not reflect on myth but truly live in it there is no cleft between the actual reality of perception and the world of mythical fantasy. ERNST CASSIRER



Bruno Taut: design from Alpine Architektur, 1919

Modern architecture is surely most cogently to be interpreted as a gospel—as, quite literally, a message of good news; and hence its impact. For, when all the smoke clears away, its impact may be seen as having very little to do with either its technological innovations or its formal vocabulary. Indeed the value of these could never have been so much what they seemed to be as what they signified. Their appearance was a thinly disguised alibi; and, essentially, they were didactic illustrations, to be apprehended not so much for themselves but as the indices of a better world, of a world where rational motivation would prevail and where all the more visible institutions of the political order would have been swept into the irrelevant limbo of the superseded and the forgotten. And hence modern architecture's former heroic and exalted tone. Its aim was never to provide a well-cushioned accommodation for either private or public bourgeois euphoria. Instead, its ideal, which was thought to be far more important, was to exhibit the virtues of an apostolic poverty, of a quasi-Franciscan *Existenz minimum*. ‘For it is easier for a camel to go through a needle’s eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God;’ and, with this belligerent and somewhat *samurai* dictum in mind, the austerity of the twentieth century architect must be abundantly explained. He was helping to establish and to celebrate an enlightened and a just society; and one definition of modern architecture might be that it was an attitude towards building which was divulging in the present that more perfect order which the future was about to disclose.

He (the architect) will build his rampart out of the Will. He will conquer the centripetal spirits of the air, stretch and spring over the ether mantle which envelops him like a skin, shed layer after layer and climb higher and purer over and above each of these transcended remains... Thousands of naked souls, thousands of lesser souls and diminished souls await the goal which should gape in front of them, the kingdom of heaven on earth.¹

With these words of Hermann Finsterlin, placed centre scene in the ethos of German Expressionism, one is empowered to sense its ecstatic motivations and chiliastic drive; but, though one may wish to restrict an interpretation of what is here read, it is also to be doubted whether this is possible. For, while extreme in all its naked extravagance, this statement also provides an hysterical condensation of much of what was said with more circumspection elsewhere. Alter the form of words only a little and one is admitted to the mood of Hannes Meyer and Walter Gropius. Alter it only a little more and the moods of Le Corbusier and Lewis Mumford will begin to emerge. Scratch the surface of modern architecture’s matter of factness, simply for a moment doubt its ideals of objectivity, and almost invariably, subsumed beneath the veneers of rationalism, there is to be found that highly volcanic species of psychological lava which, in the end, is the substratum of the modern city.

Now the ecstatic component of modern architecture has received a completely insufficient attention. Nor should it be very necessary to say

Sir Thomas More: frontispiece from *Utopia*, 1516

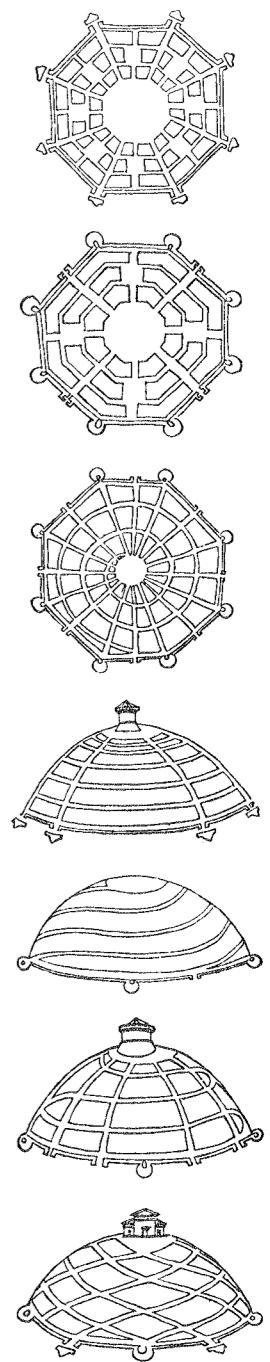
why. An apparently rational justification has been taken, for the most part, at its face value; but, if the architect and his apologist have been pre-eminently concerned with 'facts', it should still be evident that no scientific explanation of the modern movement will ever be possible so long as the architect's overt and entire reasonableness continues to remain an issue which is felt to require establishment. Frank Lloyd Wright's 'In this way I saw the architect as the saviour of the culture of modern American society, saviour now as for all civilisations heretofore'¹² and Le Corbusier's 'On the day when contemporary society, at present so sick, has become properly aware that only architecture and city planning can provide the exact prescription for its ills, then the day will have come for the great machine to be put in motion'¹³ for all of what now seems to be their utter grotesqueness, these are statements of far more explanatory power than the whole still-prevalent apparatus of exegesis. More explanatory because they disclose something of the architect's state of mind and make evident a quality of messianic passion, an anxiety both to end the world and begin it anew, which must surely have acted as some sort of intellectual distorting lens, enlarging or diminishing whatever material—whether formal or technological—it made visible and was, therefore, able to make useful.

We are speaking of a psychological condition of the greatest significance, of one of those elemental and eruptive occasions when the impossible re-directs the real, or when the expectation of the millennial kingdom subverts all reasonable probability; and if, in writing about late mediaeval chiliasm, Karl Mannheim has insisted on exactly these qualities, on a radical fusion of 'spiritual fermentation and physical excitement',¹⁴ we wish only to call attention to the one-time elevation of the architect's fantasy, to notice some of its causes and, later, to comment upon the subsequent devolution.

For which purpose, and particularly since we are speaking of cities, there are two stories: the first that of 'the classical utopia, the critical utopia inspired by universal rational morality and ideas of justice, the Spartan and ascetic utopia which was already dead before the French Revolution';¹⁵ and the second that of the activist utopia of the post-Enlightenment.

The story of the classical utopia of c. 1500 scarcely requires inordinate explanation. A city of the mind, ultimately compounded of Hebraic apocalyptic and platonic cosmology, its ingredients are never far to seek; and, whatever other pre-disposing causes one might choose to find, fundamentally, one will still be left with either Plato heated up via the Christian message or the Christian message cooled down via Plato. Whatever qualifications may be added, it will still be *Revelation* plus *The Republic* or the *Timaeus* plus a vision of the New Jerusalem.

Now, even five hundred years ago, this was scarcely a highly original conflation; and therefore it should not be surprising that the classical utopia never displayed that explosive component, that sense of an

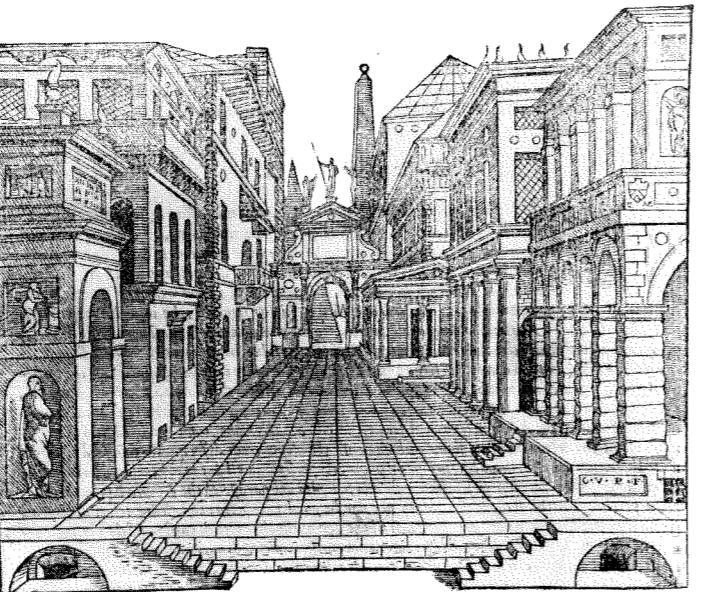
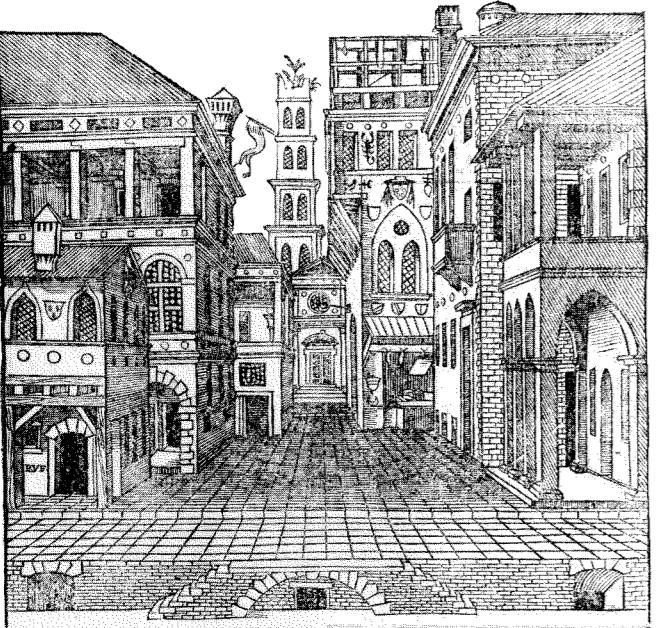


Francesco di Giorgio Martini: studies for ideal cities

Sebastiano Serlio:

left
Comic Scene

right
Tragic Scene



impending and all transforming new order which belongs to the utopian myth as it was received by the early twentieth century. And, instead, if one chooses to inspect it, the classical utopia will offer itself largely as an object of contemplation. Its mode of existence will be quiet and, maybe, even a little ironical. It will behave as a detached reference, as an informing power, as rather more of an heuristic device than any form of directly applicable political instrument.

An icon of the good society, the terrestrial shadow of an idea, the classical utopia was, necessarily, addressed to a conspicuously small audience; and its architectural corollary, the ideal city—no less an emblem of universal and final good—is to be imagined as an instrument of education addressed to an equally limited clientèle. As with the advice of Machiavelli, the ideal city of the Renaissance was primarily a vehicle for the provision of information to the prince; and, as extension of this, it was also an agent for the maintenance and decorous representation of the state. Social criticism it no doubt was; but it still offered not so much a future ideal as an hypothetical one. The icon was to be adored and was—up to a point—to be used; but as image rather than prescription. And, like Castiglione's image of the courtier, the ideal city always allowed itself simply to be observed and enjoyed for its own sake.

As a reference and no more than this, both utopia and the ideal city, the combination—however belated—of Filarete and Castiglione, of More and Machiavelli, of manners and morals, produced results. It was a combination which sponsored a convention; and then a convention which, while it did not seriously alleviate the social order, became responsible for the form of cities which are still today admired. To be very brief: it was a combination which acted to substitute the formula of Serlio's Tragic Scene for that of his Comic, a convention which insinuated itself into

existing situations in order to convert a world of random and mediaeval happening into a more highly integrated situation of dignified and serious deportment.

Now, whether this preference for the classical rules and by-products of tragic drama was good or bad is not an issue. But, evidently, it represented only a temporary situation; and, in the end, the metaphysical aloofness of the classical utopia was not to be sustained. Private glimpses of final goodness could only encourage a public appetite; and, as the stock of the prince and what he represented began to fall, so his strange models of round towns and the ideas they implicated also became scheduled for massive revision. For now, as the populace increasingly entered the picture, not only the idea but also the empirical condition of society became of significance. Interest was re-directed; and, as abstract notions of morality were softened by the demand that morality should become real, so the contemplative platonian model yielded to a far more energetic utopian directive. It yielded to a message which could be interpreted not merely as a critical reference for the few but which could be seen as a vehicle for the literal deliverance and transformation of society as a whole.

Such a vision, the basis of the activist utopia of the post-Enlightenment, was presumably first solidly fuelled by the stimulus of Newtonian rationalism. For, if the properties and behaviour of the material world had at last become explicable without resort to dubious speculation, if they were now provable by observation and experiment, then, as the measurable could increasingly be equated with the real, so it became possible to conceive the ideal city of the mind as presently to be cleansed of all metaphysical and superstitious cloudiness. Such was the scale of the venture. It was no small undertaking. But, if a Newton could conclusively demonstrate the rational construction of the physical world, then why should the inner workings of the mind and, better still, the workings of society not become equally demonstrable. Via a fully orchestrated appeal to reason and to experimental philosophy, via rejection of received and apparently arbitrary authority, it was surely possible that society and the human condition could be remade and become subject to laws quite as infallible as those of physics. Then—and soon—it would no longer be necessary for the ideal city to be simply a city of the mind.

But, if an overwhelming belief in the possibility of a rational society was short lived, if isolated doubts were very early entertained, a compelling interest in the creation of a harmonious and wholly just social order more than held its own; and, as it moved—still somewhat mechanically—towards the nineteenth century, this now much more literal utopian fantasy was enabled to acquire a spiritual substance and dynamic. For, if the workings of society were ever to be placed upon a basis of firm establishment, it was surely necessary that, just as the exponents of what amounted to scientific revolution had scrutinized simply nature, so the exponents of social renovation should scrutinize 'natural' society. And 'natural' society as the paradigm of 'rational' society could only lead

to the examination of 'natural' man.

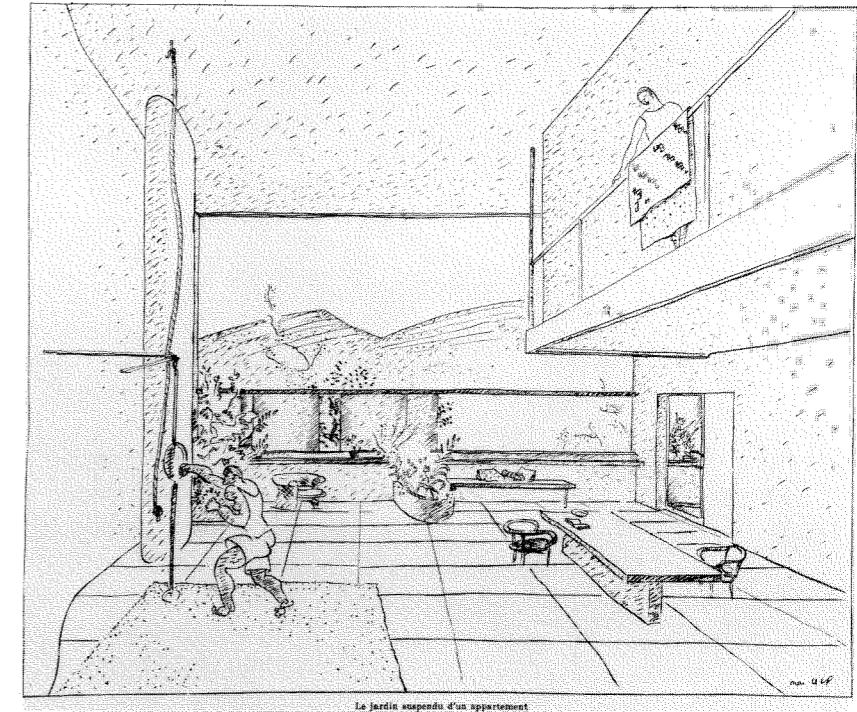
Indeed, in order that society be subjected to successful analysis, it was essential that a primary model of man be adequately isolated and identified. Man must be stripped of his cultural contaminations and social corruptions. He must be imagined in his aboriginal condition, placed at point zero, before Temptation, before the Fall. And it is against such a backdrop, an inextinguishable drive for reason and innocence, that the eighteenth century delivered its most earth-shaking fabrication—the myth of the noble savage.

In one form or another the myth of the noble savage had, of course, already enjoyed an extended history. For the innocent natural man is first of all the decorative inhabitant of the idealized pastoral arcadia; and if as such he had been very well-known to Antiquity, after his Renaissance re-entry upon the stage of culture he could only become an increasingly useful moral accessory. But, though an intrusion into the mechanical system of things, the natural man (an abstraction which was felt to be real) was almost too completely made to order for the Enlightenment. Made to order not only because he could be presented as that universally valid specimen of mankind which science so badly required; but, more importantly, because a slightly tuned up and modified version of the noble savage could very well serve as a much needed component in the putting together of a reasonably elevated conception of common man. There was common man, a worth-while object of responsible consideration,

The Natural Man: from F. O. C. Darley,
Scenes from Indian Life, 1844



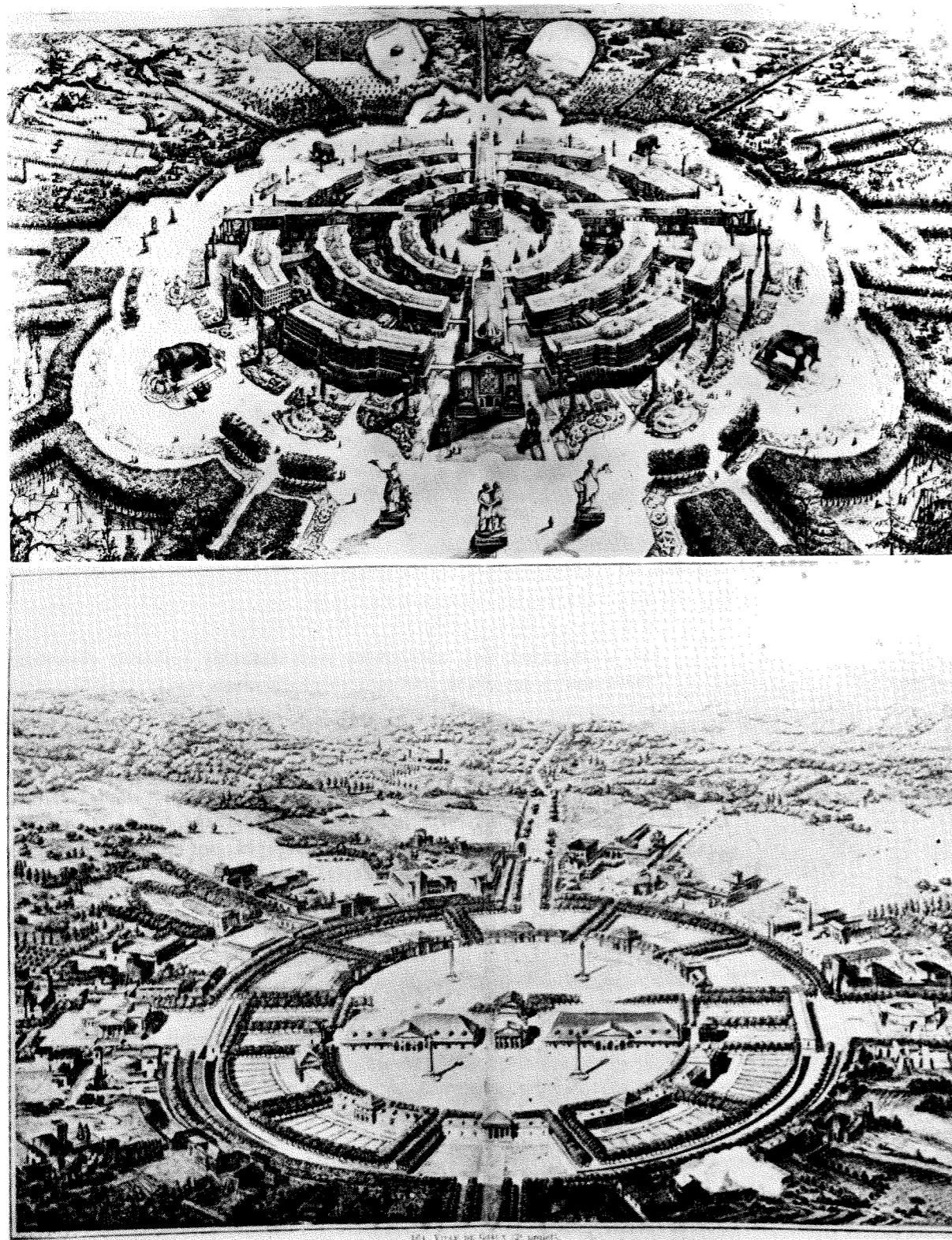
The Natural Man: from Le Corbusier,
Oeuvre Complète, 1910–1929



but a neglected, flat, anonymous and distinctly unheroic character. There was his deplorable and genuine plight; there was the question of his promotion which badly required both pedigree and colour; and, hence, there was a function for the noble savage who was able to provide more than sufficient amounts of both.

Once admitted to civilized society as something other than a literary convention, it was inevitable that the noble savage should be destined to a brilliant career. An abstraction he might be; but he was also nothing if not protean and dynamic. And certainly he turns out to have been a superlative role player—a classical shepherd, a Red Indian, someone discovered by Captain Cook, a *sans culotte* of 1792, a participant in the July Revolution, a denizen of Merrie England (or any other Gothic society), a Marxian proletarian, a Mycenaean Greek, a modern American, any old peasant, a liberated hippy, a scientist, an engineer and, in the end, a computer. As critic of culture and society, a useful presumption for conservatives and radicals alike, in the last two hundred years the noble savage has surrendered himself to the widest variety of performances; and in each performance, while it lasted, his activity has never been less than convincing.

But, considering the noble savage as a purveyor of innocence, it is obvious that, in bringing together the utopian and the arcadian myths, the Enlightenment was responsible for a decisive and fertile act of misce-



genation. For the two myths simultaneously corroborate and contradict each other. The one relates to an end of history and the other to a beginning; utopia celebrates the triumphs of constraint—even of repression—while arcadia involves the pre-civilized blessings of freedom; in Freudian language the one is all super-ego the other all id; but, nevertheless, the two myths experienced each other's fatal attraction; and if, after their linkage, nothing could ever be quite the same again, it is towards this typically eighteenth century liaison that we might look for at least some explanation of what was now to be the ongoing change in utopia's morale.

As a protagonist of a myth related to the beginning of time, the more the noble savage could be felt to be a real and an historic figure, then the more it became possible to imagine him as reproducible; and the more it thereby became reasonable to envisage the good society as a prospective rather than an hypothetical condition, the more utopia was encouraged to abandon platonic reserve for political passion.

However, while Enlightenment criticism clearly modified the content of utopia it exercised conspicuously little influence upon the form; and, whatever the activities of the noble savage may have been, utopia's continuing preoccupation with classical figure and decorum is one of the more notable characteristics of its early activist phase. The agreed and recognized utopian convention persisted; and thus, for instance, the ideal city of André c. 1870 (an influence of Fourierist speculation?)⁶ is no more dramatically deviant from *quattrocento* prototype than is Ledoux's project of 1776 for his industrial settlement at Chaux. Nevertheless—and even at Chaux—there is a breach which has been made. For, whatever its unlikely format, La Saline de Chaux is a proposal dedicated to the service of production; and, if its circular configuration may be construed as a tribute to the mythic potency of the classical utopia, it is still a distinctly subversive tribute. Simply the manager has pre-empted the place of the prince; and, if it is now not the law-giver but *le directeur* who is the informing power of the city, it is just possible that we are here, very incipiently, presented with a new idea for the constitution of the state.

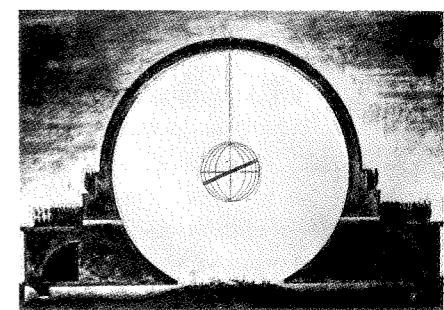
But, obviously, this is not the only way in which Chaux is to be read as a criticism of the traditional image; and, if we can have no doubt that the noble savage (supplied by Rousseau) lurks in the naturalistic environs, we can also be fairly certain that the circular dispensation is intended to evoke not so much the ancient authority of Plato as the present eminence of Newton. For this was a time when monuments to Newton were about to abound; and to move from Ledoux's Chaux to Saint Simon's proposal of 1803 for a Grand Council of Newton is merely to follow a tendency.

Henri de Saint-Simon (1760-1825) may be thought to have aspired to become a Newton of the political realm and his proposal was for a universal ruling body. Existing authority was condemned by its idiosyncrasies and, in its place, there was to be established a world govern-

left above
André: a mid-19th century project
for an ideal community

left below
Claude-Nicolas Ledoux: project for
La Saline de Chaux, 1776

Etienne-Louis Boullée: project for
Cenotaph to Newton, c.1784



ment of scientists, mathematicians, scholars, artists, who were to propagate the cause of Newton—and reason—and everywhere erect temples to the cult. The proposal, published in *Lettres d'un habitant de Genève à ses contemporains*,⁷ was madly academic if not a little demented; but, whatever may have been its extravagance, in its irrational exaltation of reason it prepared the way for momentous happenings. For, with the Saint-Simonian motto that 'the golden age is not behind us but in front of us and that (it) will be realized by the perfection of the social order',⁸ it is evident that the whole moral stance of the classical utopia has become effectively superseded. In other words, we are here at the point of turnover; and the activist utopia, utopia as 'a blueprint for the future' has finally made its decisive appearance. In a world of what was unprecedented scientific growth, the logical organization of society is felt to be imminent and therefore an ideal of *positive* social purpose must now be stipulated which, inspired by the triumphs of science, must be directed towards placing the 'science of man' on a basis absolutely beyond conjecture. The need is evident and hence the attempt must be made to establish science as the foundation of morals, to turn politics into a branch of physics and, ultimately, to enjoin the replacement of arbitrary government by the rule of rational administration.

Such were some of the Saint-Simonian ideas as they became developed over the next twenty or so years—a well-intentioned attempt to 'replace the government of man by the administration of things'. In spite of Saint-Simon's authoritarianism, his ideas are equipped with obviously gratifying social overtones—and, not least, for the arts. In the rational society production will prosper and, with this diffused prosperity, the arts will converge both to sponsor and to corroborate the new establishment. Such was the prospect. The alliance between progressive art and progressive society (all knowledge acting in concert) appears to have been one of the central intuitions of Saint-Simon's creed; and as being so was reflected by his disciples.

Art, the expression of society, manifests, in its highest soaring, the most advanced social tendencies: it is the forerunner and the revealer. Therefore to know whether art fulfils its proper mission as initiator, whether the artist is truly of the *avant garde*, one must know where Humanity is going, know what the destiny of the Human race is.⁹

And, if a statement of this kind is impossible to imagine without the influence of Saint-Simon, then we may also introduce another equally 'modern' proposition of some twenty years earlier. Driven by comparable convictions the poet Léon Halévy confesses his belief that the time is close when 'the artist will possess the power to please and to move (the masses) with the same certainty as the mathematician solves a geometrical problem or the chemist analyses some substance'; and then only, he continues, 'will the moral side of society be firmly established'.¹⁰

But, if such declarations seem to bring us immensely close to the utopian inflammation which characterized the early twentieth century,

one is still obliged to contemplate the relative sterility of French Positivism as an influence isolated by itself. For, whatever might be said about Saint-Simon, about the subsequent developments of Auguste Comte, about the parallel contributions of Charles Fourier and the rest, it can only be to recognize that, by and in themselves, these persons represented something of an historical cul-de-sac. In full nineteenth century they were operating in a version of the Enlightenment tradition; and necessarily, for better or worse, this tradition had begun to wear thin.

On the one hand, in a world where expanding markets could only incite the banker and the industrialist to enthusiasm, the purely intellectual optimism of the eighteenth century began to seem gratuitous; and on the other, at least in England and Germany, it had long been apparent that society could scarcely be the mechanical construct which French rationalism, apart from Rousseau, had wished to suppose. Instead, in both England and Germany, Rousseau's noble savage had long been regarded not so much as an abstraction which might facilitate rationalist argument; but rather as some sort of atavistic race memory, the very existence of which was a commentary upon the inadequacy of French pattern making. For, in both countries, under Romantic and *Sturm und Drang* influences, it was not so much an idea of mankind in the abstract as of society or the state in all their historical specificity which had begun to prevail; and, in both cases, the bias of this argument was to presume the notion of society as organic growth rather than French mechanism. The ultimate contributions to the argument were, of course, German and were to culminate in the Hegelian conception of historical dialectic; but the spectacular polemics of its important English phase can scarcely be overlooked. And the reference here is to Edmund Burke and his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*.¹¹

Now Burke's reputation has always been ambiguous. Aesthetic theorist—political philosopher: which is he? But, if Burke possesses further notoriety as a founder of modern conservatism, it also cannot be difficult to see how elements of his thought were able to embed themselves in the English socialist tradition. Such a utopia as William Morris's *News from Nowhere*,¹² wholly lacking in elements of classical format, might, for instance, be considered as finally derivative from Burkean influence; and, in any case, as with Morris at a later date, Burke's lack of interest in the potential of either science or industrial growth must be considered one of the negative distinctions of his position. He recoils from any ideas of simple utility—one imagines an older Burke and a younger Bentham as antitheses—and, like so many of his German contemporaries, reacting against the tradition of the Enlightenment, he makes his appeal to the imponderable and the not-to-be analysed, 'to what is so much out of fashion in Paris, I mean to experience'.¹³

Logically, one might feel that Burke should have been highly inspired by the French Revolution. For, if back in 1757, there he was—in full pursuit of the Sublime,¹⁴ then, by 1792 there he was—certainly presented

with an exhibition of the Sublime in action. But instead, of course, Burke reacted against his earlier intuitions. 'A strange, nameless, wild, enthusiastic thing', such was the Revolution. A case of abstract and tyrannical reason invading the prerogatives of established prescription, if this was an instance of Rousseau's 'general will', then Burke—who had his opinions in common with Rousseau—had very little use for it; and, for him, if society was indeed a contract, this was no imaginary legal document which happened to have gotten lost. Rather it was the accumulated traditions of a given society at a given time, traditions which should guarantee the specific exercise of liberty, but which should be understood to transcend any private and individual exercise of reason.

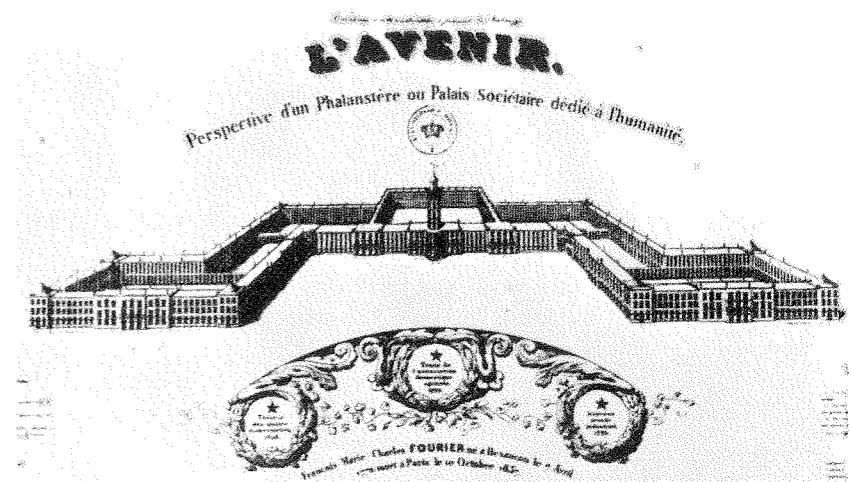
In such ways the appeal to experience became an appeal to the state as instrument of Providence and to history as concrete spectacle of social evolution. 'Without... civil society man could not by any possibilities arrive at the perfection of which his nature is capable',¹⁵ but, if with these remarks the noble savage is encouraged to leave the drawing-room, his memory persists as that of an ancestor who can only be respected. For civil society is: 'a partnership in all science;... in all art;... in every virtue, and in all perfection... a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born'.¹⁶ In other words, civil society is a continuum which can barely be interrupted.

These were some of the very anti-utopian sentiments, partly coercive, partly libertarian, of which Burke delivered himself, and their effect was certainly double-edged. For in throwing his own version of history in the face of French rationalism Burke was contributing, it may be argued, quite as much to the developed activist utopia as did those doctrines which he was at so much effort to condemn. For we should now consider the organicist conception of society as becoming diffused throughout Romantic criticism; we should imagine the Saint-Simonian disciples gradually deserting the less pragmatic aspects of their leader's cause; we should notice their propensity to become Second Empire industrialists; and we should then recognize how, by the mid-nineteenth century, the Positivist utopia must have come to seem elaborately constricted. The Positivists might well have been concerned with erecting a political order upon 'scientific demonstrations totally independent of human will';¹⁷ but, in spite of this programme, as the nineteenth century became increasingly drenched with notions of historical development, any simple ideas as to the 'wilful' and the 'scientific' were to become increasingly compromised.

In fact, by the mid-century, what Marx chose to designate Utopian Socialism may be felt to have disclosed itself in its characteristic architectural propositions. Fourier's Phalanstery of 1829, in which a simulacrum of Versailles is to be a prototype for the proletarian future, is only too symptomatic of the condition; and it should not be necessary to intrude Anglo-American and Owenite instances of roughly comparable proposals to make the point. 'Pocket editions of the New Jerusalem' as

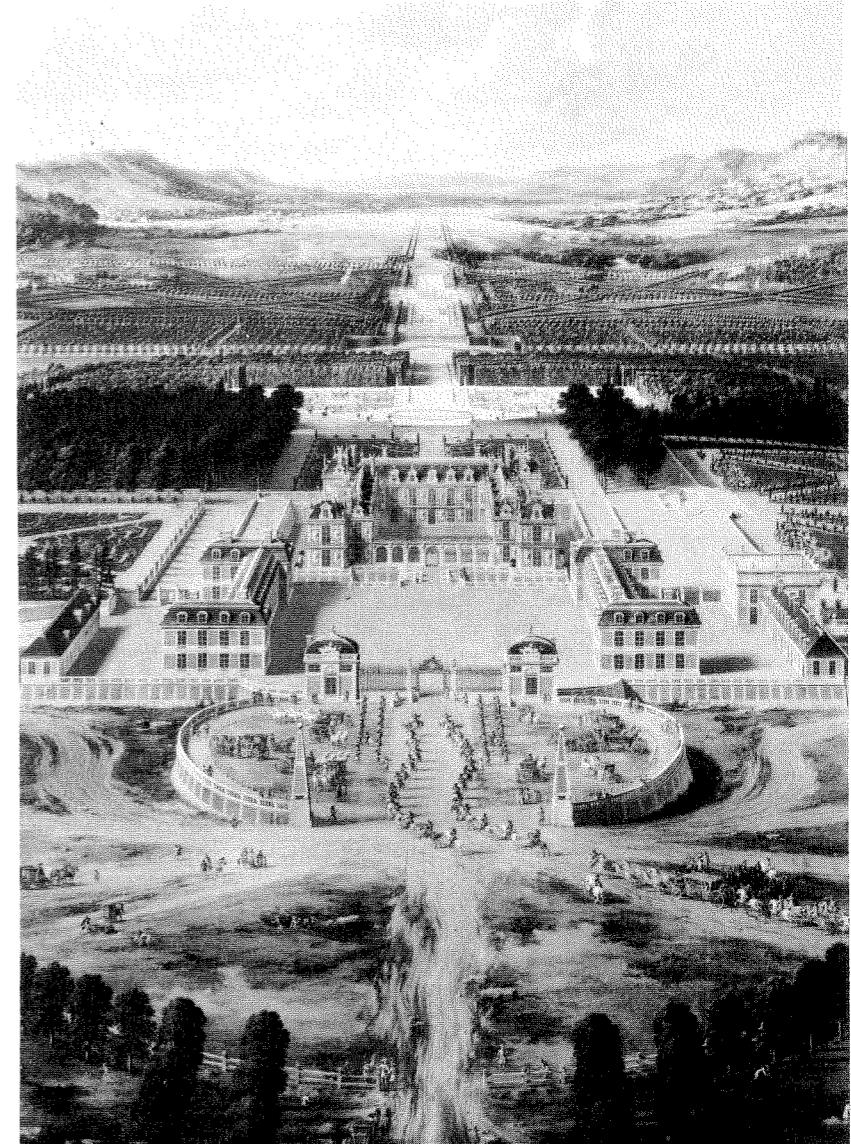
Marx found them to be, for all their virtues, these are prosaic and unevocative statements; and in an age of evolutionary aspiration and democratic upsurge, they were lacking in the comprehensiveness to convince.

At this stage an illustration might be allowed to infiltrate a commentary. Delacroix's superb allegory of July 1830, his *Liberty Leading the*



above
Charles Fourier: Phalanstery, 1829

below
Versailles, air view





Delacroix: Liberty leading the people,
1830

People, not only in its rhetoric but also in its size, may be considered indicative of that newly liberated sweep of emotions and ideas which Burke had recognized with alarm but which the Positivists had failed to accommodate. For this is politics gone beyond politics. It is the crowd inflamed by the dynamic of movement and destiny; the noble savage dispossessed of his proper heritage and consumed by that vision of emancipation which the eighteenth century had rendered substantial. But, whatever else it may be, this heroic tumult of the barricades is totally remote from the ethos of Positivism which—since we are dealing with illustrations—is more obviously to be represented by a picture of forty years earlier.

David's study for his never painted *Oath of the Tennis Court* is an altogether different conception of heroics. The occasion is the opening act

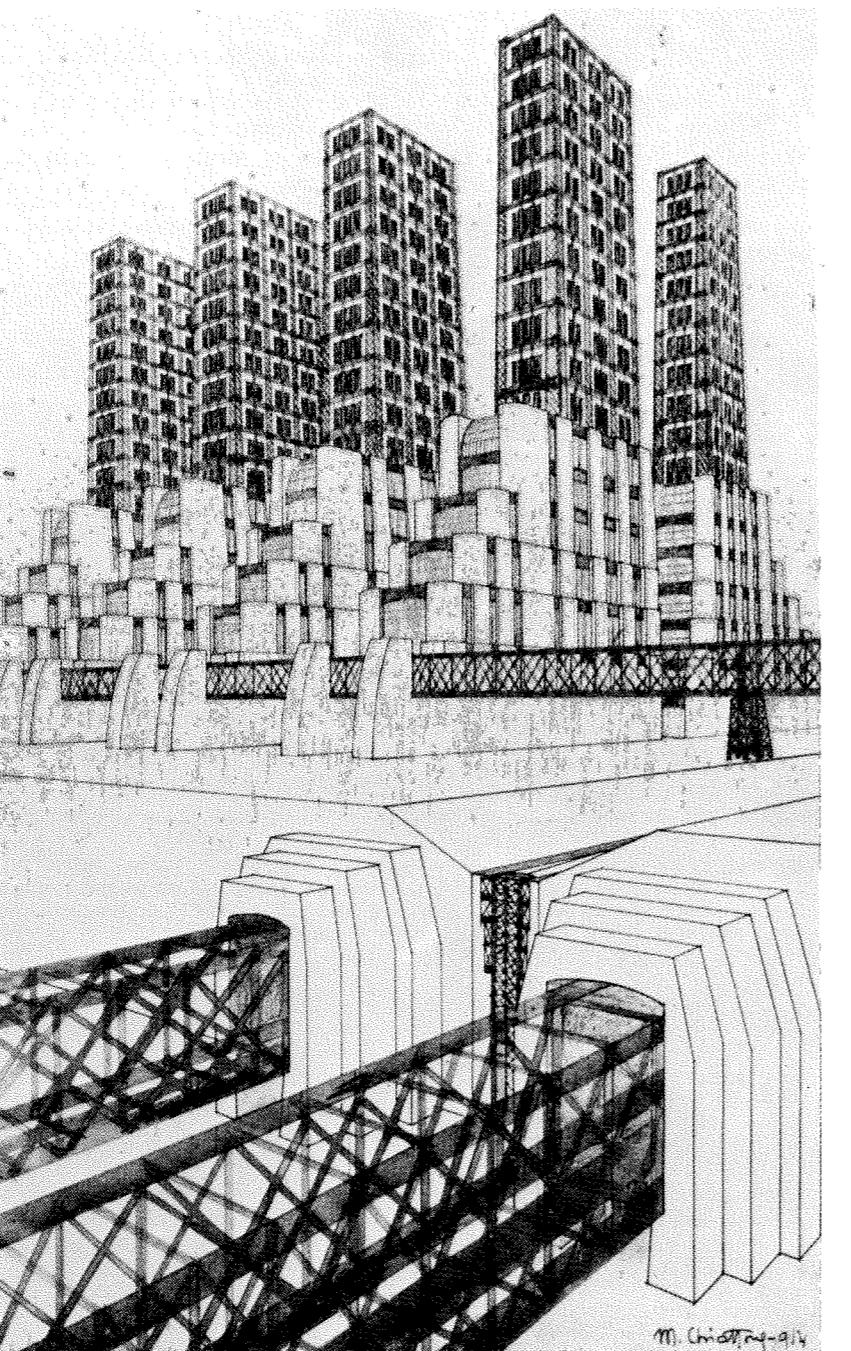
of the revolution, 20 June 1789, when the Third Estate resolved never to disband until it had obtained its purpose. The setting, the *jeu de paume* at Versailles, is appropriately Spartan; and the personalities are significantly privileged. There can be no doubt about their habitual and everyday decorum; and, if the wind of change causes the curtains to billow in sympathetic response to group excitement, then, whatever the imminent drama may be, one is disposed to believe it can only involve the educated. Thomas Jefferson, one imagines, could have been present here; and, indeed, it is not very hard to suppose the whole scene as shifted to Philadelphia during the time of the Continental Congress. Concerned with the declaration of eternal truths, of self-evident doctrine, of principles valid in all times and in all places, this assembly of excited lawyers is about to indulge in everything which Burke chose to criticize; and, if there is that ominous movement of the curtains, then it is to be doubted whether these individuals would ever ascribe the cause to any impending historical storm.

The comparison, although it may speak for itself, is perhaps a little banal; but, if it might help to locate the Positivists in a cautious Restoration-Biedermayer milieu, then Delacroix's image of Liberty and the People might still be brought into confrontation with yet another image. And, in this case, there can be no people involved.

Upsurge, movement, the celebration of the irresistible, simple dynamic, a recognition of the predestined, all of these qualities are to be found represented in the city of Sant'Elia. Delacroix's dramatis personae of excited proletarians and infatuated students has become an assemblage of equally excited buildings, and, if we contemplate this genuinely first of



David: The Oath of the Tennis Court,
1791



The city of Sant' Elia-Mario Chiattone:
an aspect of the new city, 1914

activist utopian icons and observe to what degree Delacroix's rhetoric has been transformed, to what degree the liberal 'power to the people' has become power to the dynamo and power to the piston, then, while we may recognize Sant'Elia's general descent from Saint-Simon we may still

be concerned with how this transformation was effected.

Delacroix, David, Sant'Elia, brought into such close proximity and obliged to behave as disputants in a history of ideas should be indicative of the cinematic method which is here pursued; but they may also be allowed to indicate its bias and direction, because, as here constructed, the route from Delacroix to Sant'Elia, if it does not lie via Marx, lies almost certainly via a conflation of ideas comparable to those which Marx deployed. In other words—and whether Sant'Elia was aware of it or not—the route probably lies via some interaction of the relative statics of Saint-Simon and Comte with the explicit dynamics of the Hegelian world view.

But the approach to Hegel, whose ideas are surely an indispensable component of the early twentieth century utopia, is attended with the most massive difficulty—with pain.¹⁸ Historical inevitability, historical dialectic, the progressive revelation of the Absolute in history, the spirit of the age or the race or the people: we are dimly aware of how much these are the outcroppings of a theory of society as growth and, also, of how much less visible is their influence than that of theories of purely classical or French provenance. For, like Burke, Hegel was also concerned with the analysis of material which scarcely yields itself to existing rationalist technique or terminates in any tangible image.

However, central to his position, there would seem to be the concept that reason itself possesses no accessible stability. But, if this is the idea of an aggressively mobile and energetic reason, it is also equipped with the proviso that such reason is not so much a human product as it is the activity of a spiritual essence. 'Reason is the Sovereign of the World'; and, apparently, an absolute sovereign who inflexibly insists on the relatedness of all phenomena. But 'the term world includes both physical and psychical nature'. There is the 'natural material universe' and the 'historical spiritual universe'; and since 'the world is not abandoned to chance and external contingent causes... [but] a Providence controls it', it follows that this Providence manifests itself not only in external nature but, even more significantly in Universal History. In other words, a divine and therefore rational creation is still in process; and, if 'the spiritual is the substantial world and the physical remains subordinate to it'—and if, simultaneously, history *must* be rational—then human passions, volitions, constructs are to be valued as the 'instruments and means of the World-Spirit for attaining its object'.

So much the fundamental doctrine would seem to be; and it is in such ways that nature, seen as history, is made to yield the spectacle of a divinely inspired and necessary drama. It is a fundamentally self-propelling drama proceeding towards a happy ending; but it is also a performance proceeding via the ceaseless interaction of affirmation and contradiction and, since we are immersed in its action, then the best we can do is to understand it. In fact freedom, which is an aspect of spirit, imposes the enterprise; and, if it is only through the activity of the historical consciousness that we, as captives of this freedom, can know

the substance of things, then it must also be in terms of this consciousness that liberty defines itself. Though, whatever this liberty may be, it is still faced with yielding—even when achieved—to the endless prospect of emerging and self-developing constellations of particulars, all of them equipped with 'reason' and 'spirit' and all of them insisting on accommodation.

But, if the mere contemplation of Hegel may oblige agreement with one of his first English admirers that his was 'a scrutiny of thought so profound that it was for the most part unintelligible', it is not so much his opacity that concerns us as his influence. 'Architecture is the will of an epoch translated into space; living, changing, new; 'the new architecture is the inevitable logical product... of our age; ' the architect's task consists in coming into agreement with the orientation of his epoch....';¹⁹ these statements, respectively of Mies Van der Rohe, Gropius and Le Corbusier, are perfectly illustrative of the manner in which Hegelian categories and modes came gradually to saturate all thought; and, if they seem never to have been interpreted in this context, they are only cited here to indicate the relevance of Hegel as a continuing presence in the early twentieth century utopia. For, in all three cases, an irresistible, coercive and logical 'history' seems to have become quite as real as anything equipped with dimension, weight, colour, texture.

However, this is to parenthesize. One is immediately faced with a body of ideas relating to measurement and mechanism and another body of ideas relating to change and organism. On the one hand, there are to be found notions of society as potentially logical—in terms of physics—and, on the other, as inherently logical—in terms of history. There are statements as to the possibility of a scientific politics—Independent of human will; and there are further statements as to the certainty of a rational history—also independent of human intervention. There is an older intellectualist mode and a newer historicist mode and which of these attitudes is the more conservative or the more radical has now become very difficult to say. Such as it is, Hegel's progressivism is sombre and a little unctuous—very far indeed from Saint-Simon's complex of science and secularism; but, if one were to subscribe to Hegel's own conception of historical dialectic, one might presumably recognize that what there could be here is a presentation of thesis and antithesis about to interact.

Which, to be very brief, is surely how both systems were envisaged by Marx; and the Marxian discrimination of 'structure' and 'superstructure' could only make a crucial contribution to his prospective synthesis. For, if after 1848, the disillusioned mid-nineteenth century rapidly turned from 'ideas' and optimism to 'facts' and force, from the superfluous to the basic (one thinks of Bazarov in Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*), then if one stripped away the trivialities of French rationalism and the pseudo-profoundities of German involvement with *Geist*, if one

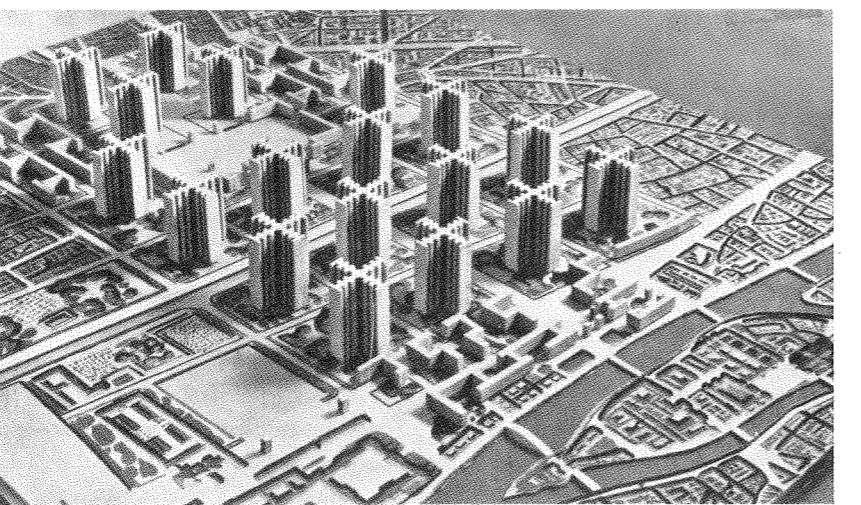
examined the real rather than the illusory, one would arrive at a true cognition of society's ultimate material base. One would perceive the essential naked 'structure', undistorted by the manipulators of the 'superstructure'. That is, by the representatives of religion and law, politics and art.

Or at least, something like this combination of French scientism and German historicism seems—consciously or otherwise—to have been what was widely attempted; and it is, in this area, that one may understand something of Marx's belated centrality. Invert Hegel's hierarchy of spiritual and physical; or delete Hegel's 'spirit' and substitute mechanism; retain Hegel's prophetic component but give it more ample orchestration by appeal to the French precedent of world-wide revolution; then, while the French system will subvert Hegel's metaphysic, the German will contribute to the French a sense of destiny and depth, an assurance of the superiority of becoming to being, and a knowledge of the forces of unconquerable motion.

This thesis is in no way original; but, with or without Marx's influence, the bringing into proximity of Hegelian and Saint-Simonian propositions could only be to endow them both with an urgency that, understood separately, they could not possess. An almost equivalent composition could be put together via the influence of Darwin—for French physics substitute English biology; fold in equal quantity of German *Geist*; add freshly ground crumbs of theosophy to taste and warm thoroughly in a moderate oven—but, though this combination was much resorted to in Germany, Holland, Wisconsin and elsewhere, though its contributions to architectural cuisine are not be disputed, and even though Marx's favourite image of himself was the Darwin of sociology, this was apparently too particularized a strategy to lend itself to public establishment.

Nevertheless, Social Darwinism made its central contributions; and, as it dissipated something of the austerity of a physics-based world, corroborated Hegel's historicism, scarcely infringed his idealism, sustained his optimism, introduced the interesting ideas of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, and appeared to condone simply power, then we must recognize its contributions as being, in no way, to be despised.

And, at this stage, it is a temptation to say: And, hence the city of Sant'Elia—that city where static conceptions have vanished, where freedom has become the recognition of necessity, where machine has become spirit or spirit machine, and where the momentum of history has become the index to destiny. But, if it may be argued that there has here, in very impacted form, been presented a genealogy for the Futurist city, this is not a stage at which a halt can be called. For, as all the world knows, the Futurist city was no monument to the brotherhood of man; and thus, although we have cited it as the first of genuine activist utopian icons, it is also necessary to insert a qualification. There is the Futurist city as



Le Corbusier: Paris, Plan Voisin, 1925

proto-'modern'; there is the Futurist city as proto-Fascist; and there is the routine conviction that, because it may be the one, it cannot possibly be the other; but if there is here a problem which can only be related to the pervasive dogma of modern architecture's immaculate conception, then the time has now come to confront the *immaculata* at the moment of important delivery.

Futurism one might see as a sort of romantic front edge of Hegel; but, if the celebration of force is among its more important sustaining sentiments, this also allows us to insert it into an historical frame. Nietzsche's 'The human being who has become free—and how much more the *spirit* who has become free—spits on the contemptible type of well-being dreamed of by shopkeepers, Christians, cows, women, Englishmen, and other democrats; the free man is a *warrior*'.²⁰ bears an uncanny resemblance to Marinetti's 'We will glorify war—the only hygiene of the world—militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of anarchy, the beautiful ideas which kill, and the scorn of woman'²¹, and, after 1914-18, it was impossible that such sentiments could posture as *avant garde*, as other than retrospective. 'After that violent eruption,' says Walter Gropius, 'every thinking man felt the necessity for an intellectual change of front'²²; but, if after World War I, the Futurist programme rapidly demonstrated its intrinsic atavism, then, as the *ville radieuse* came to be formulated—except for the absence of nationalism and related phallic fantasies—the basic components seem to have been much the same.

L'esprit nouveau and the *dynamisme des temps modernes* are again the romantic front edge of a de-spiritualized Hegel; and, via an appeal to Saint-Simonian 'science' ('demonstrations independent of the human will'), then, as the most pellucid 'moment' of the twentieth century utopia developed intensity, it became indeed possible for the architect to feel himself an undefiled creature. For, not only could he suppose

himself to have shed his cultural wardrobe; but, to repeat the words of Finsterlin, he was even about to shed that constraining 'ether mantle' which, hitherto, had enveloped him 'like a skin'.

For present purposes, we see no reason to make a differentiation between the *ville radieuse* and *Zeilenbau city*, between Plan Voisin and Karlsruhe-Dammarstock; but, as we look back at the intellectual pedigree we have constructed for these, though convinced of its general correctness, we are also perturbed by its inadequacy. There is an abundance of ideas that are in themselves volatile; but one might still be obliged to recognize that, without the threat of all-consuming crisis (the equivalent of the threat of revolution), their mythical potency is much less than complete.

The utopia of the nineteen-twenties was born under a strange astrological combination: on the one hand Oswald Spengler, on the other, H. G. Wells; on the one side, eschatological prediction, the irreversible decline of the West, on the other the millennialistic future; and it is here that one may be concerned not so much with ideas as with ingrained, scarcely conscious habit.

If we have suggested an Hebraic thing—the promise of the messianic kingdom—and then its Christian version, if we have tried to discriminate this virulent thing, platonized in the Renaissance and secularized in the eighteenth century, then one could also be disposed to recognize the nineteenth century career of this secular residuum which, as it lost little of its virulence, now emerged from the political sphere to enter the aesthetic. It is a case of a metaphor of the good society thought of, quite literally, as becoming the thing itself, of myth become prescription and of prescription endorsed by the threat of Either:Or. A choice of utopia or else, the urbanistic vision of the nineteen-twenties is propounded in terms of the moral or biological problem of salvation; and building holds the key. 'The machinery of society, profoundly out of gear, oscillates between an amelioration, of historical importance, and a catastrophe'.²³

Such was the essential backdrop and it is against this blinding light that there ultimately might be placed the whole extraordinary orchestration of German 'history' and French 'science', of spiritual explosiveness and mechanical coolness, of inevitability and observation, of people and progress. It was a light which generated energy and which, (as it became compounded with the gentler forces of a liberal tradition and the romantic directives of a fledgling *avant gardism*) contributed to modern architecture the velocity of a projectile, enabling it to enter the twentieth century like some apocalyptic discharge of a newly invented shot gun; and, even though faded, this continues to be the light which still conditions any 'serious' endeavour connected with the 'structure' or the well-being of society. But, however once vivid, it must finally be recognized that this is also a light which permits only a restrictive and monocular vision and it is therefore from the bias of normal optics than we must recognize and can speak of utopia's decline and fall.

After the Millennium

Whenever the utopia disappears, history ceases to be a process leading to an ultimate end. The frame of reference according to which we evaluate facts vanishes and we are left with a series of events all equal as far as their inner significance is concerned.

KARL MANNHEIM

Come to our well run desert
Where anguish arrives by cable
And the deadly sins may be bought in tins
With instructions on the label.

W. H. AUDEN

The parousia of modern architecture. A bundle of eschatological fantasies about imminent and apocalyptic catastrophe combined with still others about instant millennium. Crisis: the threat of damnation, the hope of salvation. Irresistible change which still requires human co-operation. The new architecture and urbanism as emblems of the New Jerusalem. The corruptions of high culture. The bonfire of vanities. Self-transcendence towards a form of collectivized freedom. The architect, repossessed of virtue and fortified by the equivalent of religious experience, may now revert to his primal innocence.

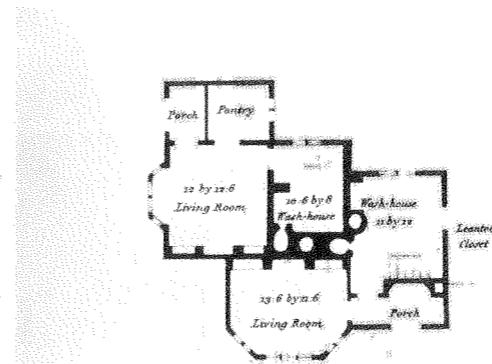
This is to caricature, though not seriously to distort a complex of sentiments often lying just beneath the threshold of consciousness, which have been crucial in forming the conscience of the modern movement.

Make me a cottage in the vale, she said,
Where I may mourn and pray.
Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
So lightly, beautifully built;
Perchance I may return with others there
When I have purged my guilt.

The sentiments which Tennyson in *The Palace of Art* (1832-42) attributed to his soul were still, more or less, representative of the modern architect in the twenties and it is often difficult to dispute their abstemiousness and moral dignity. But, if 'a cottage in the vale' (a *cottage ornée* no doubt) can be sharply devalued as a symbol of innocence, so can other



Robert Lugar: double cottage, 1805,
elevation and plan



things also; and when, in the late nineteen-forties, modern architecture became established and institutionalized the image of the modern city necessarily suffered. Modern architecture had certainly arrived but the New Jerusalem was not exactly a going concern; and, slowly it began to appear that something had gone wrong. Modern architecture had not, *ipso facto*, resulted in a better world; and, as utopian fantasies correspondingly contracted, so, from the blurring of critical target, there ensued a certain aimlessness which it is probably true to say has afflicted the architect ever since. Could he any longer conceive himself to be the protagonist of a new integration of culture? Must he so conceive himself? And, if so, how?

Now the extent to which these questions were consciously asked was probably never large; but, all the same, their implicit presence could only create a divergence of interest revolving around the evaluation of the urban models of the twenties. Thus, on the one hand, the *ville radieuse* could be seen as a frightening false promise; but, on the other, it was still possible for a somewhat too assertive optimism to survive—and this by interpreting the Corbusian city as no more than a launching pad for the elaboration and perfection of the technocratically and scientifically inspired city of the future. Thus, on the one hand, an overtly backward look and, on the other, an ostensible look forward; and thus the cult of townscape and the cult of science fiction.

Townscape, a cult of English villages, Italian hill towns and North African casbahs, was, above all else, a matter of felicitous happenings and anonymous architecture; and, of course it made its first appearance well before the issues just suggested rose to the surface. Indeed, in the pages of *The Architectural Review*, even in the early nineteen-thirties, one can detect the uncoordinated presence of all its later ingredients. A perhaps wholly English taste for topography; a surely Bauhaus-inspired taste for the pregnant object of mass production—the hitherto unnoticed Victorian manhole, etc; a feeling for paint, the texture of decay, eighteenth century folly and nineteenth century graphics; representative titles of these early days include: *The Seeing Eye or How to Like Everything*; *Eyes and Ears in East Anglia—a schoolboy's holiday tour by Archibald Angus aged 14½*; *The Native Style*; *Warmth in the West*; *A Cubist Folk Art*; and, most significantly, two apparently crucial articles by Amédée Ozenfant who, in *Colour in the Town* (1937), states with obvious reference:

Leave it to the H. G. Wells of architecture to trace the outline of ideal towns, to sketch a hypothetical Paris or London of the year 3000. Let us accept the present, the actual condition of the English capital! Her past, her present and her immediate future. I would speak of what is immediately realizable.

At first startling, on reflection, the presence of Ozenfant in this collection ceases to be so. For this was the period of his brief domicile in London; and it would seem that, during this time, he was led to resume—though with less passionate intensity—that process of bringing

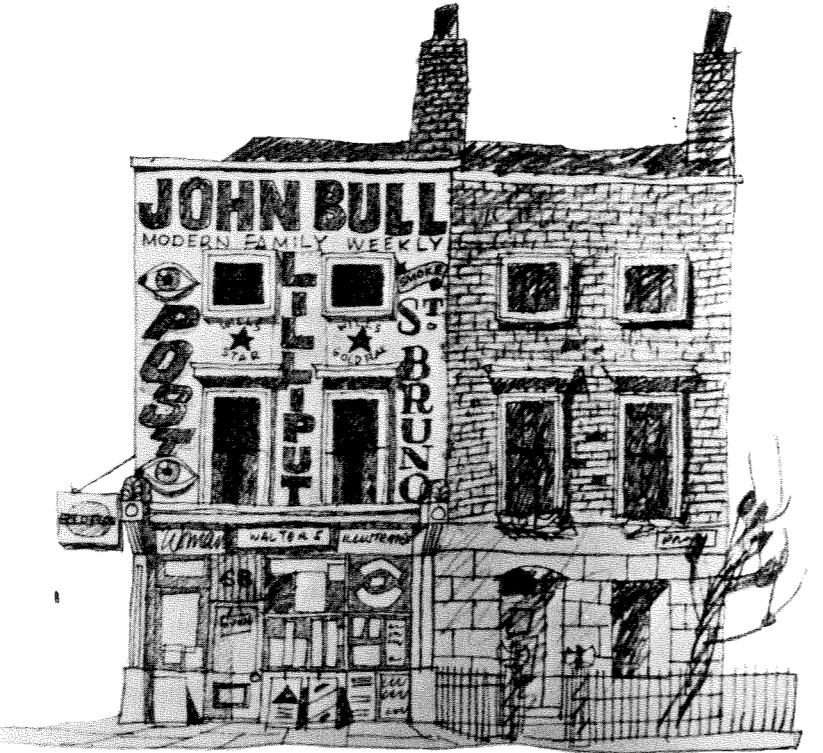
Gordon Cullen: townscape studies, 1961

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publicity

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Salisbury, Poultry Cross

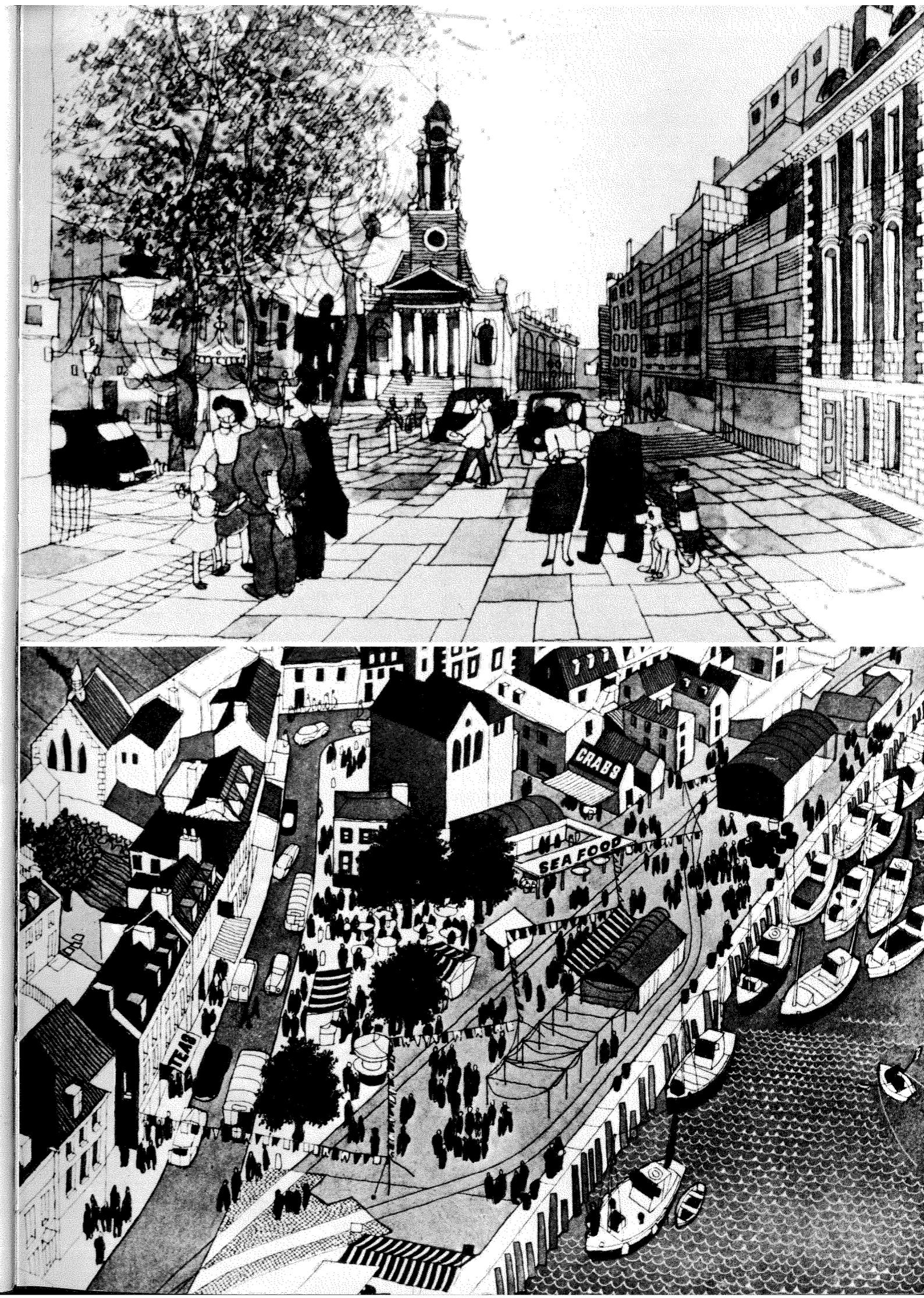
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pedestrian precinct

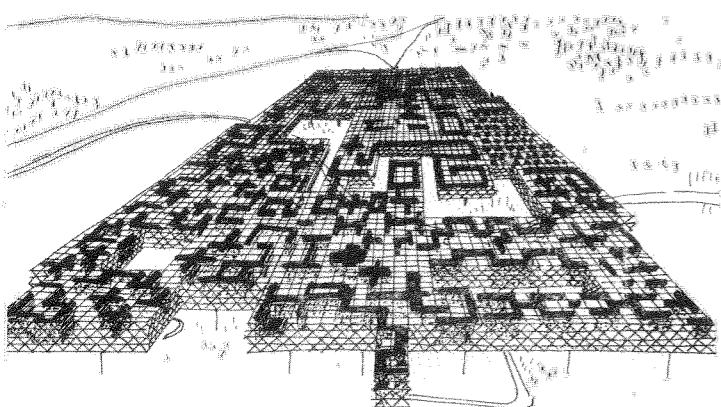
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Looe, a proposal



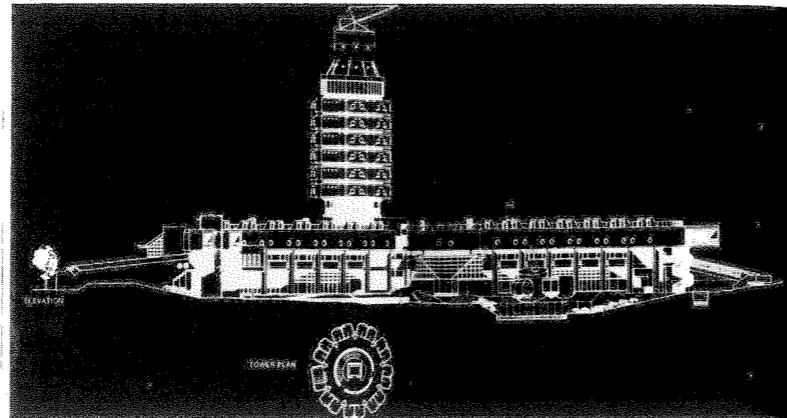
into prominence hitherto undiscriminated aspects of vernacular or folk culture or mass production which he and Le Corbusier had practised some fifteen years earlier. Involving attitudes derived from the repertory of Synthetic Cubism and a Surrealist notion of the *object trouvé*, what Ozenfant might be felt to have provided was a criticism of London from the point of view of specifics, a criticism somewhat analogous to Le Corbusier's involvement with a specific rather than an ideal Paris—with a Paris of studio windows, the foyers of Métro stations, random rubble party walls and generally emotive accidents, an empirical Paris which Le Corbusier so often quoted in his buildings but never in his urbanistic proposals.

Ozenfant's two articles belong to the incunabula of townscape and are of far more than simply period interest. But, if it would seem that for a time the possibility was open of seeing the townscape idea as affiliated to Cubist and post-Cubist tradition, this was an opening which World War II, involving a devaluation of things French, tended to minimize. For there was always available the attractive and more comprehensible alternative of proclaiming the enduring significance of an indigenous style of vision. In other words, townscape could readily be interpreted as a derivative of the late eighteenth century Picturesque; and, as it implicated all that love of disorder, cultivation of the individual, distaste for the rational, passion for the various, pleasure in the idiosyncratic and suspicion of the generalized which may, sometimes, be supposed to distinguish the architectural tradition of the United Kingdom, so (almost





above
Yona Friedman: the spatial city, 1961



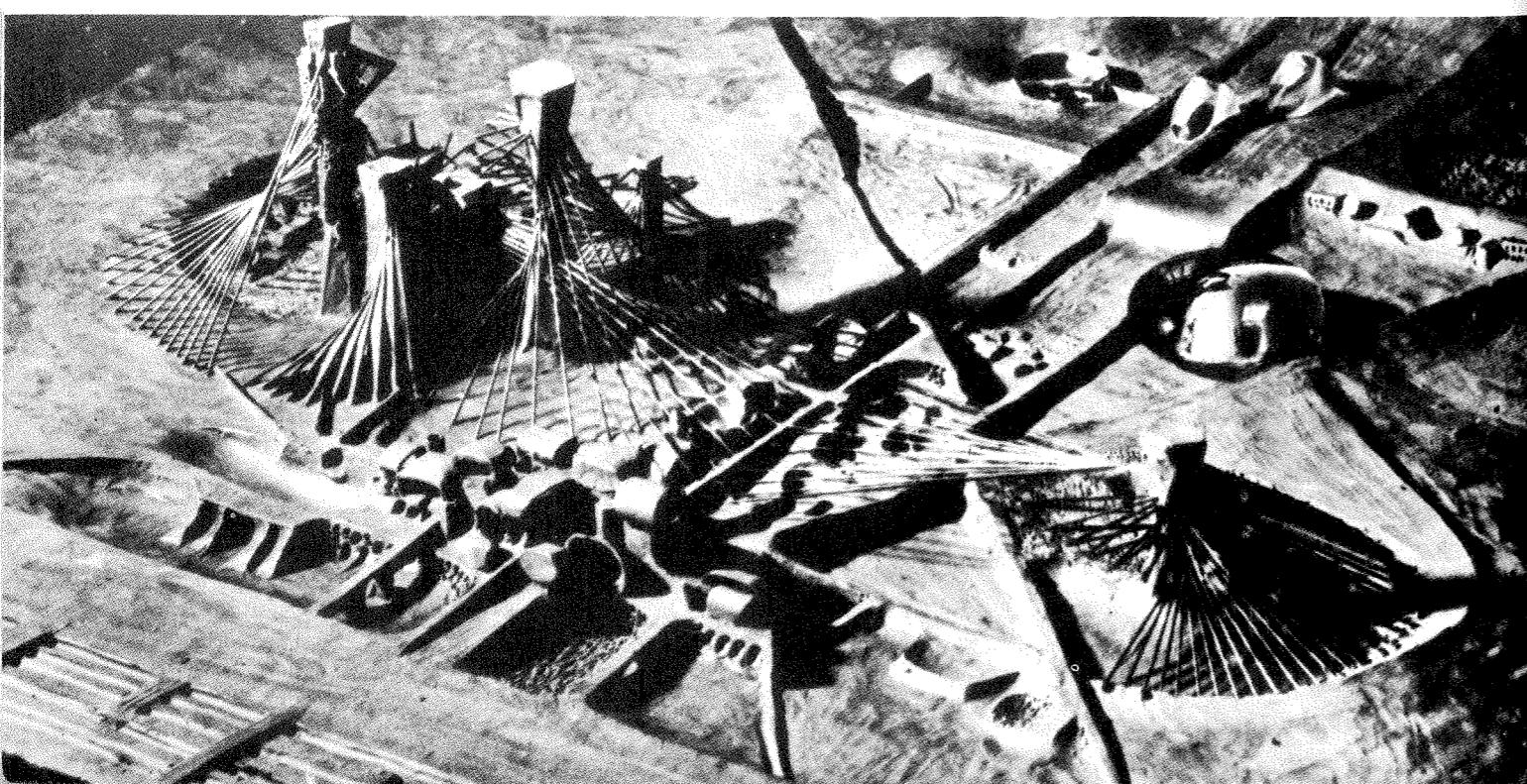
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Tatsuhiko Nakajima and GAUS:
Kibogaoka Youth Castel, c. 1971

like Edmund Burke's political polemic of the 1790s) it was enabled to thrive.

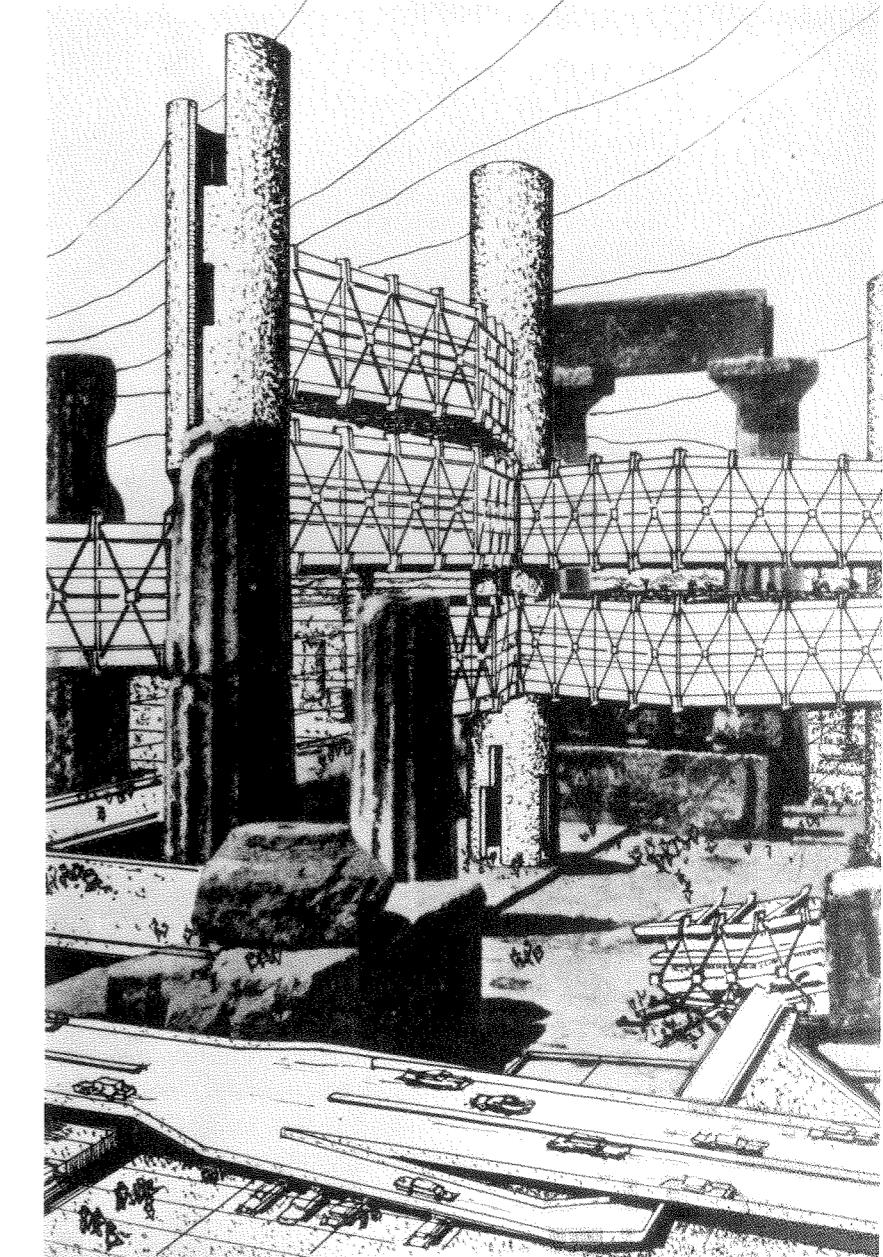
But, in application, townscape was surely less defensible than it was as an idea. It involved a highly interesting theory of the 'accident'—(its model was surely Serlio's popular and Comic Scene rather than the aristocratic and Tragic Scene which utopia had consistently employed) but, in practice, townscape seems to have lacked any ideal referent for the always engaging 'accidents' which it sought to promote; and, as a result, its tendency has been to provide sensation without plan, to appeal to the eye and not to the mind and, while usefully sponsoring a perceptual world, to devalue a world of concepts.

It may be argued that these limitations are not intrinsic to the approach, that townscape can be detached from what too early became an undue preoccupation with beer and yachting; but, meanwhile, it should be enough to stipulate its importance as a doctrine. Scarcely dependent upon Camillo Sitte, as is sometimes erroneously supposed, much of present-day activity is incomprehensible unless we are prepared to recognize the ramifications of townscape's influence. Beyond its basic visuals townscape has become the point of reference for a number of related arguments. Thus, it has been given a sociological and economic credibility by Jane Jacobs; it has been given rational gloss by the allegedly scientific notational systems of Kevin Lynch; and, if advocacy planning and do-it-yourself are inconceivable without the influence of townscape, so equally are Pop-inspired appraisals of the

below
NER Group, USSR: city project,
Moscow, 1967



Arato Isozaki: space city project,
collage, 1960



Strip at Las Vegas and enthusiasm for the phenomenon of Disney World.

Like townscape, what we have chosen to call science fiction also antedates the collapse of modern architecture's millennialistic idea. But, if it is to be related to Futurist and Expressionist precedent, it is also to be seen as, in some sense, a revival. Science fiction identifies itself with mega-buildings, lightweight throwaways, plug-in variability, over-city grids—ironing-board over Stockholm, waffle-iron over Düsseldorf—linear cities, integration of buildings with transport, movement systems and tubes. It displays a preference for process and hyper-rationalization, for crude facts as found, an obsession with the spirit of the times. Its vocabulary displays a conversance with computer technology; and,

if the *ville radieuse* carried with it the implication of a future, science fiction pushes this conviction even further.

To one extent, of course, science fiction is modern architecture with all its old style presumptions as to the rational determination of building surviving intact, even though a little hysterically over stipulated. That is: in so far as methodology, systems analysis and parametric design are elevated to be important pursuits, science fiction may present itself as an academicized version of what modern architecture was, anciently, supposed to be. But science fiction, like old-fashioned modern architecture, has also a less rigorous more poetic face. This is the familiar involvement with images conceived to illustrate science and then their advertisement as proofs of the designer's all-relevant objectivity.

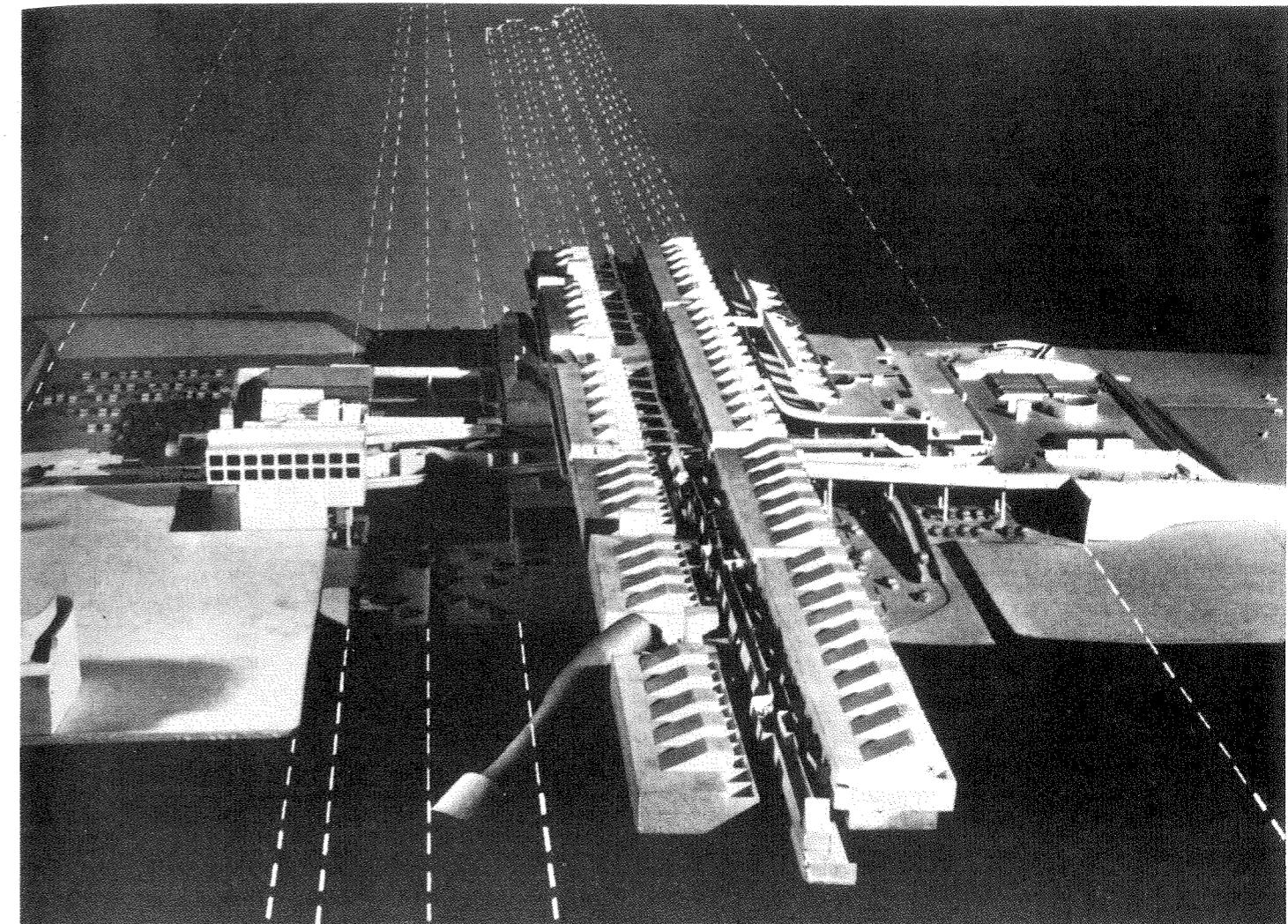
But science fiction, which may thus be either pure or Pop, in spite of all its prophetic gestures, may also be thought of as the reverse of anything revolutionary. The search for system, after all, is very like the old academic thing—platonic certainty in brave new disguise; while even elaborate concern for the future may also be seen as regressive and *status quo*-ist. In fact, science fiction, in some of its more free forms, suffers from some of the same defects as the Futurism of which it is the unconsciously ironical revival. Which is to say: that for all its action-directed posture, inherently, it is almost unbelievably passive; that rather than protest, it largely involves endorsement of what is supposed to be endemic; that, rather than being conscious of morals, it is apt to be success-oriented; and that, like the original Futurists, some of its devotees are perfectly willing, if useful (because such is cultural relativism), to describe black as being white.

An attitude to Futurism has already here been divulged, the celebration of *force majeure*, a nationalist and essentially pre-1914 manifestation; and, to this we might add Kenneth Burke's observation that the Futurist propensity was to make of an abuse a virtue. To the protest: the streets are noisy, there was the characteristic reply, we prefer it that way; and, to the proposition: the drains smell, there was the entirely predictable response, well we like stink.¹ But, all this apart, in Futurism, there still remains the Marinetti-Mussolini *degringolade*,² and, without wishing obsessively to insist upon this, it can only be conceded that it does qualify present judgements.

In any case, the results of science fiction, whether systemic or neo-Futurist, usually suffer from the same conditions which plague the *ville radieuse*—disregard for context, distrust of the social continuum, the use of symbolic utopian models for literal purposes, the assumption that the existing city will be made to go away; and, if the *ville radieuse* is now supposed to be evil, productive of trauma and disorientation, it is not easy to see how science fiction, which would seem to compound the ills, is in any position to alleviate the problem.

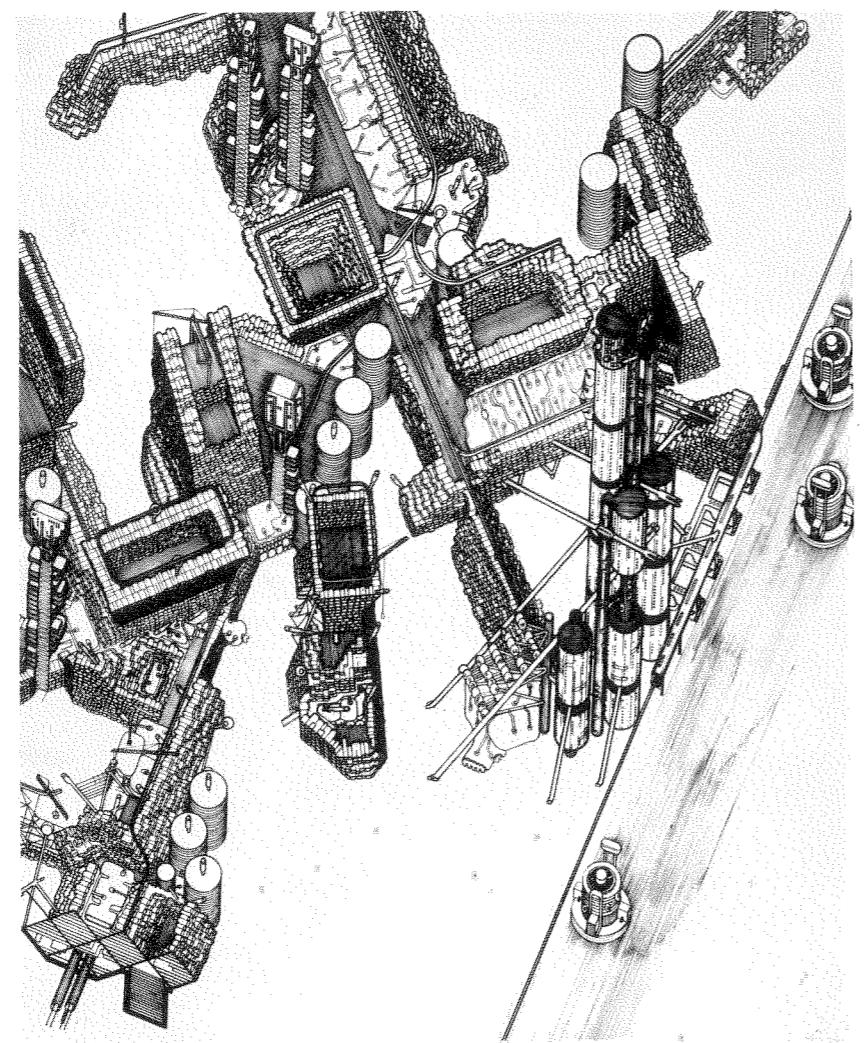
Nevertheless, an indebtedness to science fiction may still be proclaimed; and, if we are now provided with two models which Françoise

Cumbernauld town centre, model of early design



Cumbernauld, residential area





Archigram: plug-in city, 1964

Choay might designate *culturalist* and *progressivist*,³ we might reasonably anticipate their cross-breeding—a process which both parties may be at pains to deny. But, possible denials apart, the offspring are evident; and in such an example as Cumbernauld, for instance, a great clash of townscape and neo-Futurism is, perhaps inadvertently, the prevailing idea. We live in townscape and, after a trek, we shop in Futurism; and, as we migrate between the 'relative' and the 'rational', between fantasies of what was and what is to be, then, receiving as we do an elementary lesson in philosophy and its variants, no doubt we can scarcely fail but be edified.

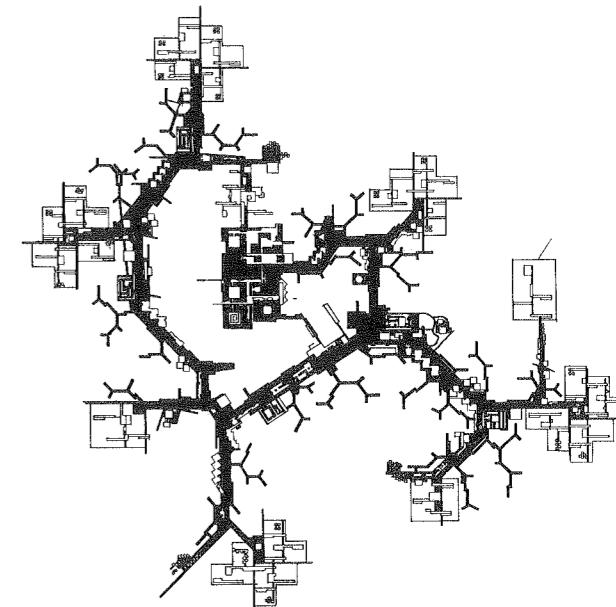
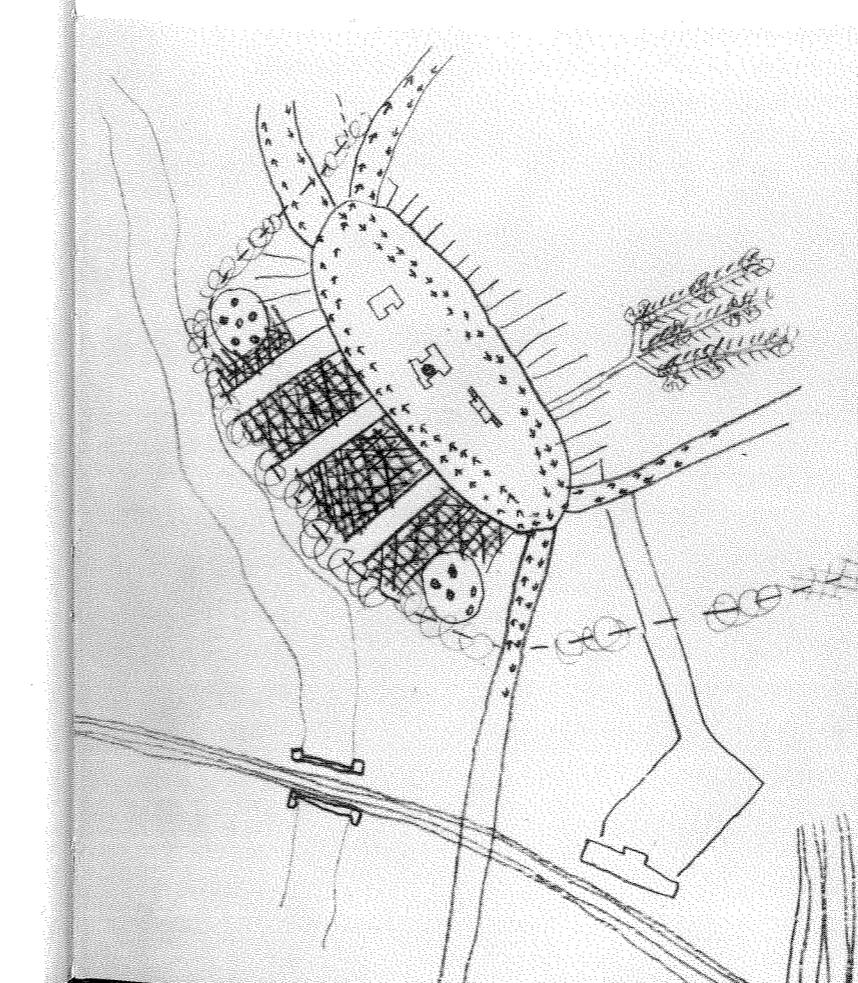
And of interest in the same respect is the work of Archigram and Team X. Judging by the bulk of its proposals for urban application, Archigram would seem to be making *picturesque images of the future*. For, all of the unplanned randomness, the happy jerkiness, the obviously high-pitched tonality, the aggressive syncopation, all of the famous ingredients of Englishness in action are now given a space-age gloss.

below
Alison and Peter Smithson: layout for a provincial market town with established local market, 1967

below right
Candilis, Josic and Woods: project for Toulouse-le-Mirail, 1961

Anything might here happen: the death of architecture, non-building, Andy Warhol bug-eyed monsters, immediacy of feeling for life, instant nomadism, the wished-for end of all repression. We are presented with townscape in a space-suit; but whereas the idiosyncrasies of the townscape images are supposedly attributable to the pressures of context, the Archigram images are generally presented in an ideal void which, for all intents and purposes is the same void as that in which the urban model of c. 1930 is located.

But, if Archigram might represent an engagingly incidental and accidental fusion of the retrospective and the prospective models, Team X, by reason of its loose organization and diversity of manifestations, is less easy to characterize. Team X found the ideality and the taste for generality of classic modern architecture to be largely without meaning; but, if it denounced the Athens Charter and the related pronouncements of CIAM as having become irrelevant, it would seem that (perhaps by intention), it has failed to develop any body of theory of equivalent coherence. For Team X bears the weight of what it supposes to be the apostolic succession; and, though it often endeavours to compensate for this elevated predicament by insubstantial graphics and verbal infantilism, though its members have been careful not to trap themselves in a web of *ex cathedra* statements, one senses in their invariably cautious performance the consciousness of almost ecclesiastical responsibility. It has been stated (Bakema) that Team X would replace the isolated building and building programme with the overlapping of buildings and programmes, that it would replace functional organization with 'human association'⁴ and, a more recent move, that for imposition it would substitute participation;⁵ but, admirable though all these proposals are (and who would wish to disagree with such





Superstudio: landscape with figures, c.1970



The mid-western prairie

wholesome generalities), the product is not, exactly, distinguishable. And thus Team X alternates between systems building and simulated villages, between growth fantasies and townscape tune up.⁶

Now, evidently, the various uneasy fusions of science fiction and townscape—all claiming to be libertarian and non-repressive—must signify a considerable investment of emotional capital; but, before proposing the question: Is it worth it? it now becomes necessary to recognise the latest representatives (the ultimate logical derivatives?) of the two models. At which stage the utopia of Superstudio and the 'symbolic American utopia' which Robert Venturi has professed to discover in Disney World⁷ may conveniently exhibit the extremes to which the two critiques of the *ville radieuse* have (for the moment?) reduced themselves.

Notoriously, the exigencies of freedom (no imposition of authority) will support the most contradictory positions; and, ostensibly, this is what we here find. The utopia of Superstudio—the world as abstract Cartesian grid—demands a final emancipation from the tyranny of objects, and the alleged utopia of Disney World—an essentially naturalistic situation—suggests that, rather than any problem, objects are a relief; but, if the one proposes the supersession of the object while the

other results in its fatal devaluation, they are, of course, both alike in insisting on the possibilities of apparently immediate gratification.

And to insist on the ideal shared. For Superstudio:

You can be where you like taking with you the tribe or family. There's no need for shelters, since the climatic conditions and the body mechanisms of thermo-regulation have been modified to guarantee total comfort.

At the most we can play at making shelter, or rather at the home, at architecture.

All you have to do is to stop and connect a plug: the desired microclimate is immediately created (temperature, humidity, etc.); you plug in to the network of information, you switch on the food and water blenders...⁸

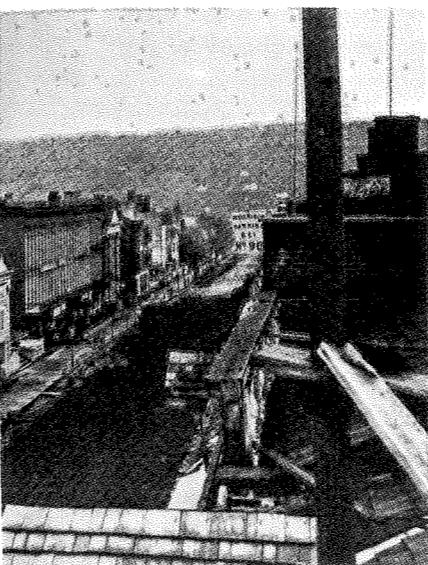
And thus, with certain qualifications, also for Disney World.

But, when Superstudio continues that, in the ideal society:

There will be no further need for cities or castles. No further need for roads or squares. Every point will be the same as any other (excluding a few deserts or mountains which are in no wise inhabitable).⁹

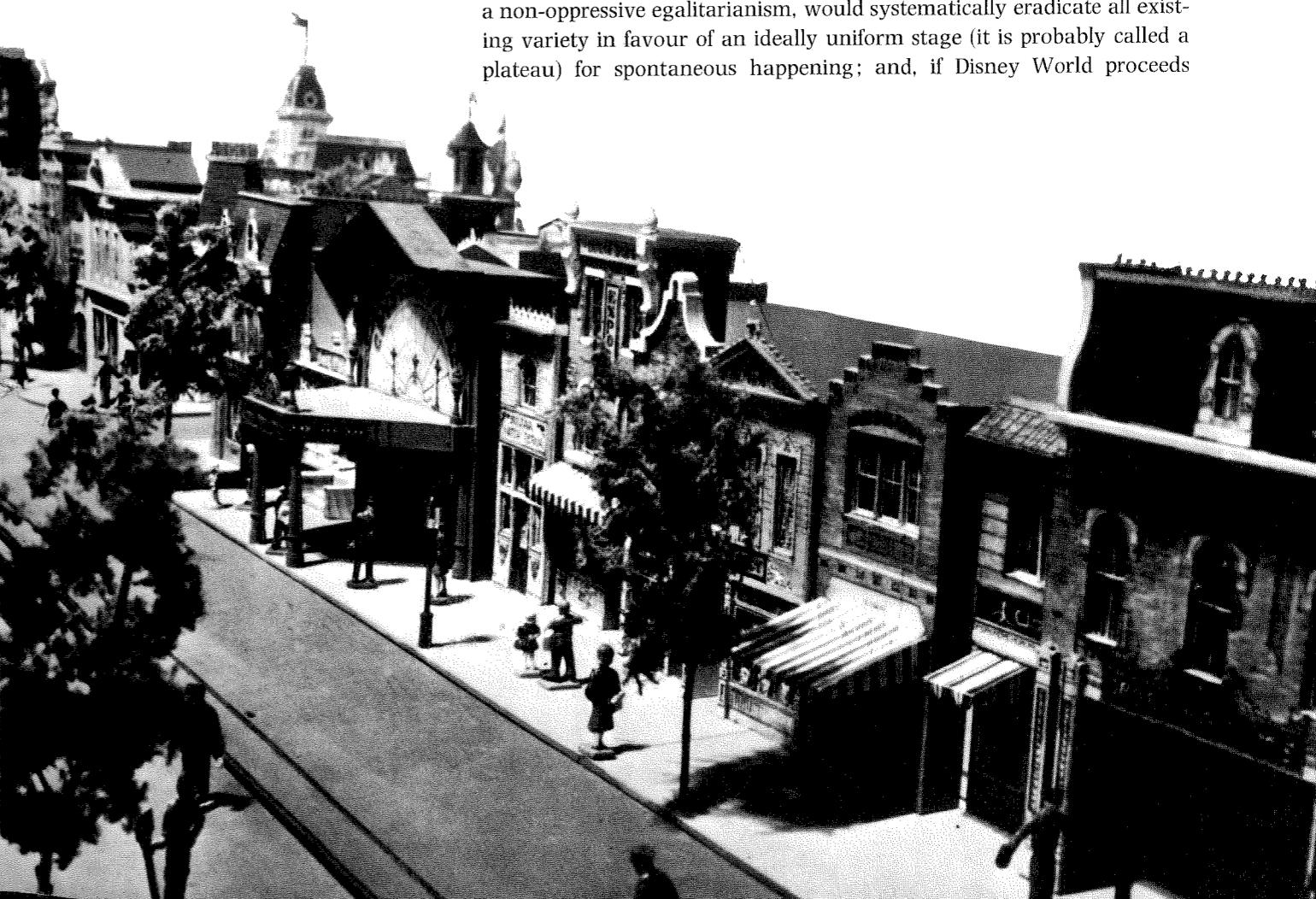
it is then, evidently, that the two visions again part company. For freedom in Florence and freedom in Dubuque, apparently, bear different faces; and it is precisely such a situation as Superstudio projects that Disney World grew up to alleviate. It is not a question that, in fact, in Iowa there are no castles or squares; but it is a matter that the absence of these items may (sometimes) be felt as deprivation, a matter that, where the 'ideal' Cartesian grid has long been a fact of life, some relief may (occasionally) be sought which has guaranteed the popular success of Disney World.

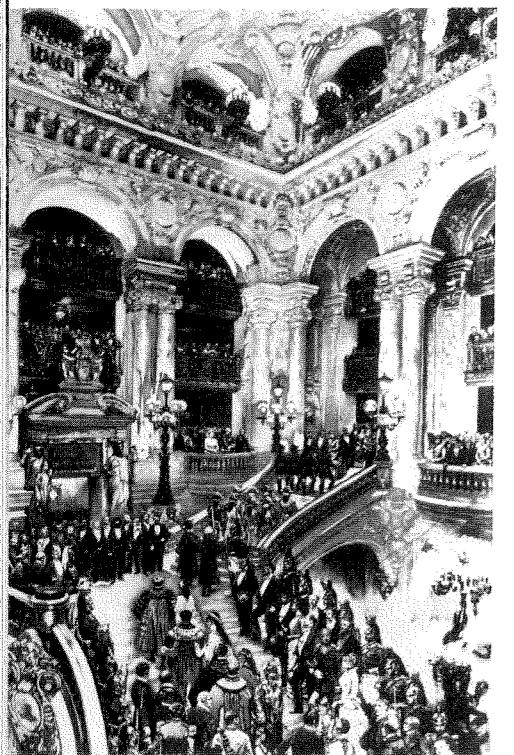
So, to a degree, since they are linked in a chain of cause and effect, the two visions are still complementary. Superstudio, in the interests of a non-oppressive egalitarianism, would systematically eradicate all existing variety in favour of an ideally uniform stage (it is probably called a plateau) for spontaneous happening; and, if Disney World proceeds



Ithaca, New York, State Street, 1869

Disney World, Florida, Main Street





Paris, grand staircase of the Opéra

from a commercial exploitation of the needs of just such a stage, then, perhaps, the only outstanding difference concerns the quality of the action or its source of origin.

In other words, the only outstanding difference relates to a conception of society, though, even here, relationships are closer than might at first be supposed. And thus, while Superstudio envisions the withering away of the state, Disney World is the product of a social situation where the evidence of the public realm was never very highly assertive. Simply, Superstudio proposes 'the elimination of the formal structures of power'; while Disney World is an attempt to furnish the resultant vacuum.

The problem may, therefore, ultimately reduce itself to one of style; to the question of what is acceptable furniture; to the question: may human bodies, preferably naked and surrounded by minimum apparatus, be construed as acceptable furniture, or are we obliged to assume that a little more is required? Which is also the question as to whether we make our furniture ourselves or order it from Grand Rapids. For, in both cases, the furniture is something which simply floats above an operative infra-structure and presents itself as 'real' or 'illusory' according to taste. In both cases we are in dream worlds exhibiting different styles of sophistication—with the implicit proviso that, for Superstudio, there is somehow an intrinsic connection between the infra-structure and what is dependent upon it. Given the 'correct' infra-structure:

We'll keep silence to listen to our bodies.
We'll watch ourselves living.
The mind will fall back on itself to read its own history.
We'll play wonderful games of ability and love.
We'll talk a lot, to ourselves and to everybody.
Life will be the only environmental art.¹⁰

Now the objectives of Walt Disney Enterprises are, surely, never to be formulated in exactly this manner. 'Buy homemade cookies from a turn of the century mercenary grandma on Main Street; visit the air conditioned Cinderella's Castle by elevator' (who needs Chambord?); in Adventureland 'come face to face with a gigantic python, be menaced by trumpeting African elephants;... pass under the plunging, thundering Albert Schweitzer Falls.'¹¹ in Tomorrowland, in seven minutes, ride an earthbound rocket to the moon; and, eventually, exercise the exotic emotions elicited by cheap air travel—Isfahan, Bangkok, Tahiti—in the hotels corresponding to these themes.

So much is a composite picture of the above-ground delights of Disney World where several hundred acres of mostly fibre glass fantasy rest upon an unseen technological substructure without earthly parallel, where, with easy access and accommodating all the vast priorities of change, are contained all the required services—vacuum garbage systems, electrical circuitry, sewage lines, complete supply tractor traffic routes and total behind (or below) the scenes access for the costumed employees

who fuel the various theatres of illusion above; and it should be evident that the correct analogy is that of the New York skyscraper: on the 65th floor is the Rainbow Room where the consumption of Transcendentalist cocktails is the order of the day and then, way, way beneath (out of sight but not out of mind) is the pragmatic sub-basement which facilitates both the upstairs afflatus and public euphoria. In both cases the two worlds of illusion and fact, of publicity and privacy are insulated. Inter-dependent but separate, they may possibly be equal, but, in no way, are they to be integrated; and, if the example of Second Empire Paris may here be quoted, what we have in each case is the underworld of Haussmann's sewers and the superworld of Garnier's Opéra.

To the strict moralist—though there may not be many left—there is in these conditions of apparent schism something which must be very profoundly wrong; but, if it will seem to him that here technology and art are simultaneously abused, it might still be desirable for this notoriously intolerant personage to suppress his initial reactions. For, if it is almost certain that the strict moralist, whose temperament is after all a little early Christian, will wish to assign primary value only to the technological catacombs, then, although his point of view is to be understood, this attribution of authenticity only to the props of illusion must, in the end, be considered self-defeating. For, given the rifting of 'reality' and 'fantasy', it is a question of what sponsors what: Do the sewers validate the Opéra or does the Opéra validate the sewers; which has priority, the servant or the served?

Modern architecture, and Superstudio following its general lead, has always wished to abolish this gross distinction, or even to obliterate the question; but if, in seeking to do so, it has, perhaps inadvertently, too much accepted the Marxian distinction of 'structure' and 'superstructure' assigning importance and significance only to the first, then the results of a total failure to consider the problem are not too hard to describe.

'Disney World is nearer to what people really want than what architects have ever given them'.¹² The judgement is Robert Venturi's; and, whether it is correct or not (because who really knows?), it must be allowed at least to embody an important half truth. So Disney World is justifiably popular; and, if we judge it for what it is, this should surely be enough. But when a derivative of townscape has been annexed by the entertainment industry and is then polemically represented as a utopia and as 'a symbolic American utopia' then wholly different critical standards become activated; and, if the inter-dependence of kitsch and government is nothing new, then surely (and however Fauve-Dada we may wish to be) this does not necessarily call for the inversion of all serious judgements of value.

Disney World deals with the crude and the obvious; and this is both its virtue and limitation. Its images are not complex; and, thus, Disney

Paris, a visit to the sewers, from
Le Magasin Pittoresque

World's Main Street is not so much an idealization of the real thing as it is a filtering and packaging operation, involving the elimination of unpleasantness, of tragedy, of time and of blemish.

But the real Main Street, the authentic nineteenth century thing is neither so facile nor so felicitous. It registers, instead, an optimistic desperation. The Greek temple, the false Victorian façade, the Palladian portico, the unused Opera-House, the courthouse sanctioned by the glamour of Napoleon III's Paris, the conspicuous monument to the Civil War or to the Fearless Fireman,¹³ these are the evidence of almost frenzied effort, via the movingly ingenuous reconstitution of stable cultural images, to provide stability in an unstable scene, to convert frontier flux into established community. Main Street was never very pretty nor, probably, ever very prosperous; but it was a posture towards the world involving both independence and enterprise and it was never lacking in a rawness of pathetic dignity. Its clumsy, would-be metropolitan veneers are the indications of a certain stoicism of mood, of a sort of embittered flamboyance, which acquires its final dignity from its essential lack of success. That is, while Main Street was an often grand attempt to dissimulate real hardship and deprivation—an attempt which could only fail, one may still sometimes, even in its physical inadequacy, discern the implicit grandeur of its moral impulse.

In other words, the real Main Street, about which there may often be something a little sardonic, is an exhibition of a reserved and scarcely agreeable reality, of a reality which engages speculative curiosity, which stimulates the imagination and which, for its understanding, insists upon the expenditure of mental energy. In the real Main Street there is, inevitably, a two-way commerce between the observer and the observed; but the Disney World version can scarcely allow for any such risky business. The Disney World version cannot seriously emulate its enigmatic original. A machine for the production of euphoria, it can only leave the imagination unprovoked and the capacity for speculation unstimulated; and, while it might be argued that the nausea produced by over-exposure to sugar coating and eternally fixed smiles might guarantee a certain genuine and unpleasant emotional response, then there is surely some question (sado-masochism notwithstanding) as to whether such a traumatic experience is really necessary.

But if, implicitly, we have assigned to Billy Graham the role of Archbishop of Canterbury (it could never be Pope) of Disney World, then we are still constrained to ask: How about Superstudio; Superstudio which moves upon Italianate levels of cosmopolitan intelligence and which, from a basis of bourgeois neo-Marxism, propounds (we believe correctly) the unavoidable *dénouement* of science fiction? And what to reply? To say that, in Superstudio, we discern a little too much of the *bella figura* syndrome, that we are not unobservant of an insidiously neo-Fascist content? We do not suppose these to be adequate responses. For Superstudio writes of: 'Design, become perfect and rational, (which)



Ithaca, New York, State Street, 1869

proceeds to synthesize different realities by syncretism... Thus designing coincides more and more with existence: no longer existence under the protection of design objects, but existence as design'.¹⁴ And what to say about this? That such poetry may seduce but can seldom convince; that insistence upon total freedom is to deny the small approximate freedoms which are all that, historically, have been available and are probably all that we can ever anticipate?¹⁵ Perhaps; and certainly, if Superstudio seems to envisage the future 'city' as a continuous Woodstock festival for the benefit of 'all' (meaning a highly restricted elite), a Woodstock without garbage, then as we examine Superstudio's images, we cannot exactly rid ourselves of an impression. For are we not to suppose—indeed can we do other—that these are the products of an enlightened gesture on the part of the editor of *Playboy* magazine? Certainly there is here no 'oppression'; and if the libido rides unchecked, we might even imagine that these are among the results of an invitation to Herbert Marcuse to prepare a special issue of Hugh Hefner's publication... so far as we can see a kitsch not unequivocal to the kitsch of Disney World.

But, if a pun may be admitted and we might believe that Superstudio and Disney World are only alternative versions of the kitsch of death, then, if one is to be relegated to the status of the reader of a 'heavy' skin magazine or obliged to find hope only in false pieties, the time has surely come to recognize that any argument (and particularly a partisan argument) if pursued to its logical termination can only be self-destructive.

tive. Thus we have cited Disney World and the images of Superstudio, not for their intrinsic virtues and vices, but rather as the logical extensions of two points of view which, in themselves, may both be valuable; but the presumption here inferred that only the middle ground of an argument is of use, that its extremities are likely always to be absurd, is now positively introduced, not from any passion for compromise, but as an intuition which might assist some kind of alert and workable *détente*.

Thus far we have characterized modern architecture as, first, a bout with destiny and then as a morning-after nausea which, for relief, made use of at least two time-tested recipes: an analgesic pain remover, or more of the same; but, if we have further suggested that sometimes these remedies were administered simultaneously and sometimes in excess, the question as to whether all this activity was really worth-while cannot any longer be postponed.

We have surveyed a scene which, fundamentally, endorses retrospective attitudes, exploiting known and, perhaps, popular references; we have also witnessed an extension of the prospective and future-oriented aspects of modern architecture, involving techno-scientific resources and, in the end, the dematerialized and oppression-free utopian state; but then one is also compelled to recognize that in neither of these two traditions has there emerged an urbanistic statement capable of offsetting that of early modern architecture. Nor have attempts to reconcile this duality of approach been, so far, very successful; and, because any such attempts have been too far removed from effective usage or too hesitant and various to admit of coherent interpretation, the problem presented by early modern architecture—the fantasy of the comprehensive city of deliverance, propounded as poetry and read as prescription, institutionalized in grotesque and cut-rate form—still remains, to become every day more impossible to ignore. And the problem remains what to do?

Given the recognition that utopian models will founder in the cultural relativism which, for better or worse, immerses us, it would seem only reasonable to approach such models with the greatest circumspection; given the inherent dangers and debilitations of any institutionalized *status quo*—and particularly a *status quo ante* (more of Levittown, more of Wimbledon, even more of Urbino and Chipping Camden)—it would also seem that neither simple ‘give them what they want’ nor unmodified townscape are equipped with sufficient conviction to provide more than partial answers; and, such being the case, it becomes necessary to conceive of a strategy which might, one hopes, and without disaster, accommodate the ideal and which might plausibly, and without devaluation, respond to what we believe the real to be.

In a recent book, *The Art of Memory*,¹⁶ Frances Yates speaks of Gothic cathedrals as mnemonic devices. The bibles and the encyclopedias of both the illiterate and the literate, these buildings were intended to articulate thought by assisting recollection; and, to the degree that they

acted as Scholastic classroom aids, it becomes possible to refer to them as having been *theatres of memory*. And the designation is a useful one, because if today we are only too apt to think of buildings as necessarily prophetic, such an alternative mode of thinking may serve to correct our unduly prejudiced naïveté. The building as a *theatre of prophecy*, the building as a *theatre of memory*—if we are able to conceive of the building as the one, we must, inherently, be able also to conceive of it as the other; and, while recognizing that, without benefit of academic theory, this is the way in which we habitually *do* interpret buildings, we might further observe that this memory-prophecy theatre distinction could well be carried over into the urbanistic field.

Of course, having said just so much and no more, it goes almost without saying that exponents of the city as prophecy theatre would be likely to be thought of as radicals while exponents of the city as memory theatre would, almost certainly be described as conservatives; but, if there might be some degree of truth in such assumption, it must also be established that block notions of this kind are not really very useful. The mass of mankind is likely to be, at any one time, both conservative and radical, to be preoccupied with the familiar and diverted by the unexpected; and, if we all of us both live in the past and hope for the future (the present being no more than an episode in time), it would seem reasonable that we should accept this condition. For, if without prophecy there is no hope, then, without memory there can be no communication.

Obvious, trite and sententious though this may be, it was—happily or unhappily—an aspect of the human mind which the early proponents of modern architecture were able to overlook—happily for them, unhappily for us. But, if without such distinctly perfunctory psychology, ‘the new way of building’ could never have come into being, there cannot any longer be excuse for the failure to recognize the complementary relationship which is fundamental to the processes of anticipation and retrospection. For these are inter-dependent activities; and since, quite literally, we cannot perform without exercising them both, no attempt to suppress either in the interests of the other can ever be protractedly successful. We may receive strength from the novelty of prophetic declamation; but the degree of this potency must be strictly related to the known, perhaps mundane and, necessarily, memory-laden context from which it emerges.

Which almost completes a phase of argument; and, since it is an argument which here must be left open, for present purposes it might conveniently be terminated in the form of three questions:

Why should we be *obliged* to prefer a nostalgia for the future to that for the past?

Could not the model city which we carry in our minds allow for our *known* psychological constitution?

Could not this ideal city, at one and the same time, behave, quite explicitly, as both a theatre of prophecy and a theatre of memory?