

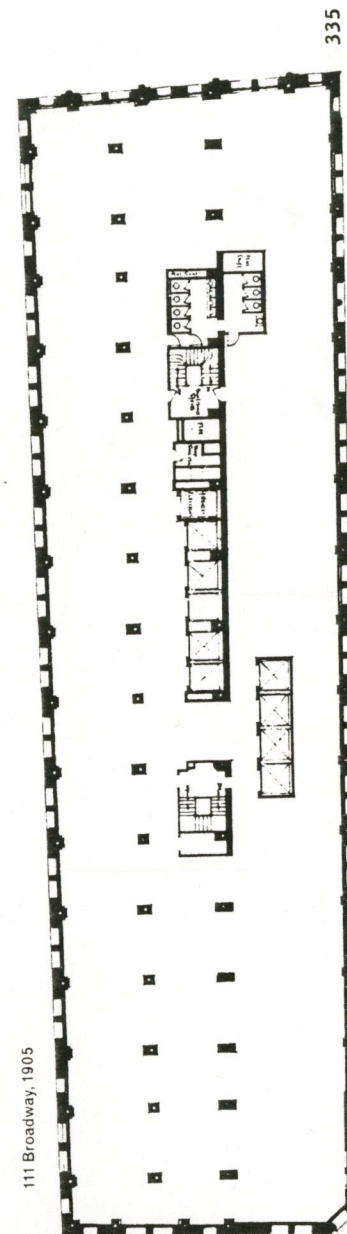
S,M,L,XL

Small, Medium, Large, Extra-Large
Office for Metropolitan Architecture
Rem Koolhaas and Bruce Mau
Edited by Jennifer Sigler
Photography by Hans Werlemann
1995 The Monacelli Press

Typical Plan

Typical Plan is an American invention. It is zero-degree architecture, architecture stripped of all traces of uniqueness and specificity. It belongs to the New World.

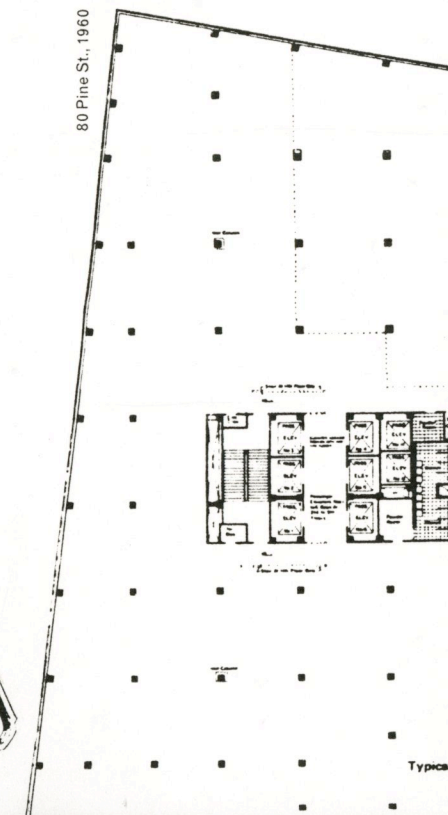
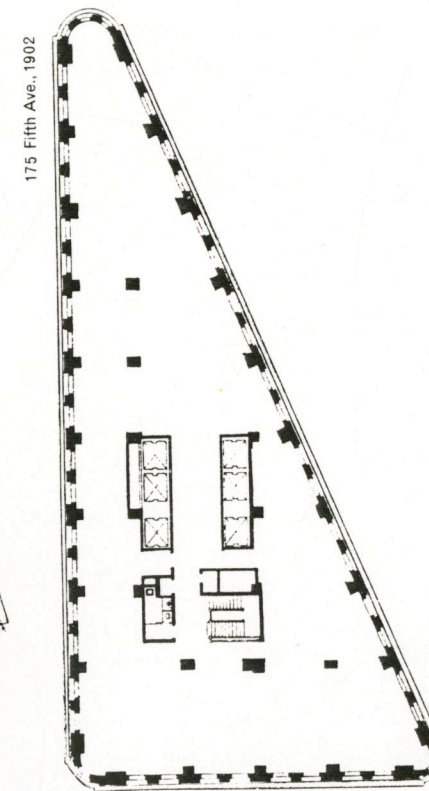
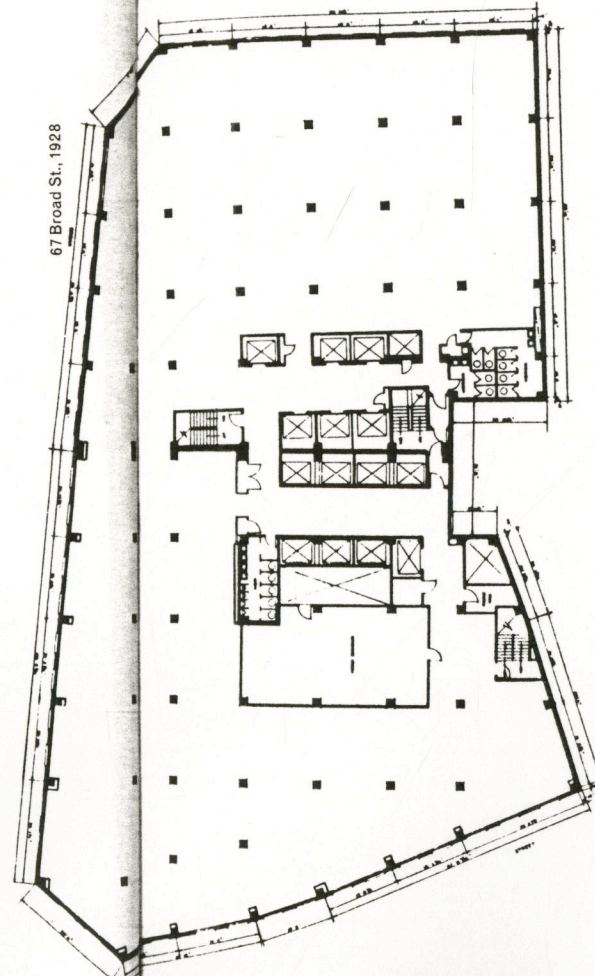
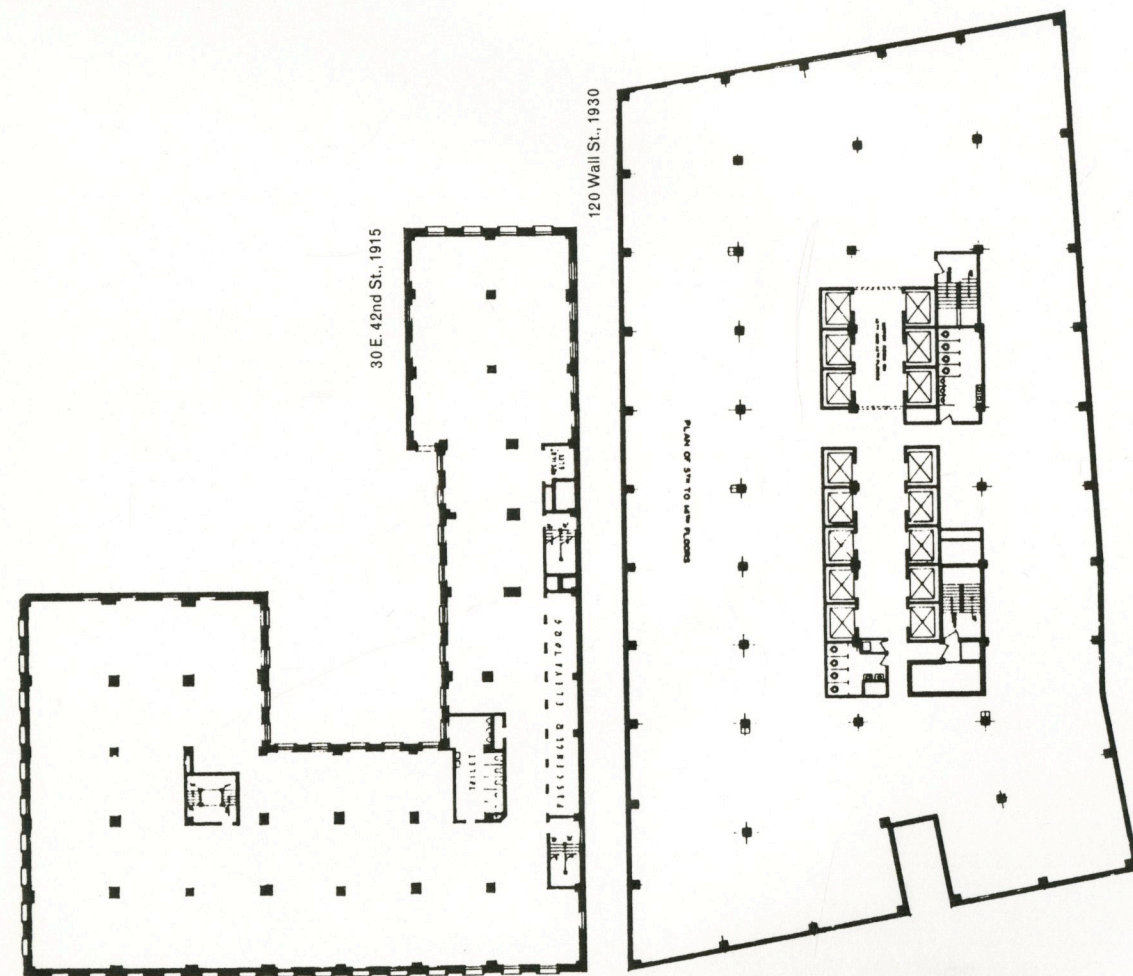
Photo: Berenice Abbott, 1932.



The notion of the typical plan is therapeutic; it is the End of Architectural History, which is nothing but the hysterical fetishization of the atypical plan. Typical Plan is a segment of an unacknowledged utopia, the promise of a post-architectural future.

Just as *The Man Without Qualities* haunts European literature, "the plan without qualities" is the great quest of American building.

From the late 19th century to the early 1970s, there is an "American century" in which Typical Plan is developed from the primitive loft type (ruthless creation of floor space through the sheer multiplication of a given site) via early masterpieces of *smooth space* like the RCA Building (1933)—its escalators, its elevators, the Zen-like serenity of its office suites—to provisional culminations such as the Exxon Building (1971) and the World Trade Center (1972–73). Together they represent evidence of the discovery and subsequent mastery of a *new architecture* (often proclaimed but never realized at the scale of Typical Plan).



Typical I

The ambition of Typical Plan is to create new territories for the smooth unfolding of new processes, in this case, ideal accommodation for business. But what is business? Supposedly the most circumscribed program, it is actually the most formless. Business makes no demands. The architects of Typical Plan understood the secret of business: the office building represents the first totally abstract program—it does not demand a particular architecture, its only function is to let its occupants *exist*. Business can invade *any* architecture. Out of this indeterminacy Typical Plan generates character.

Raymond Hood, one of its inventors, defined the typical plan with tautological bravura: "The plan is of primary importance, because on the floor are performed all the activities of the human occupants."

(Typical Plan provides the multiple platforms of 20th-century democracy.)

Typical Plan is an architecture of the rectangle; any other shape makes it atypical—even the square. It is the product of a (new) world where sites are made, not found. At its best, it acquires a Platonic neutrality; it represents the point where pragmatism, through sheer rationality and efficiency, assumes an almost mystical status.

Typical Plan is minimalism for the masses; already latent in the first brutally utilitarian explorations, by the end of the era of Typical Plan, i.e., the sixties, the utilitarian is refined as a sensuous science of coordination—column grids, facade modules, ceiling tiles, lighting fixtures, partitions, electrical outlets, flooring, furniture, color schemes, air-conditioning grills—that transcends the practical to emerge in a rarified existential domain of *pure objectivity*.

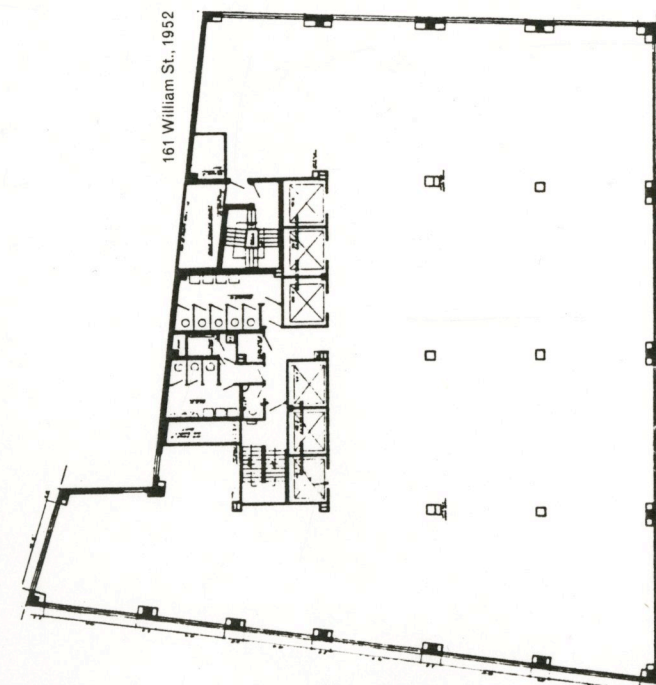
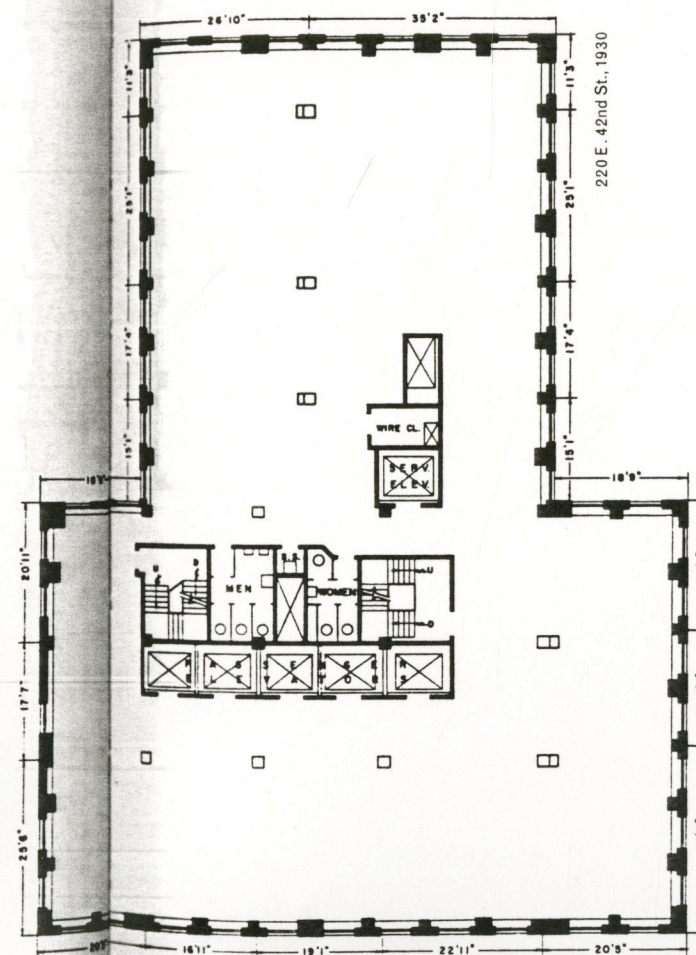
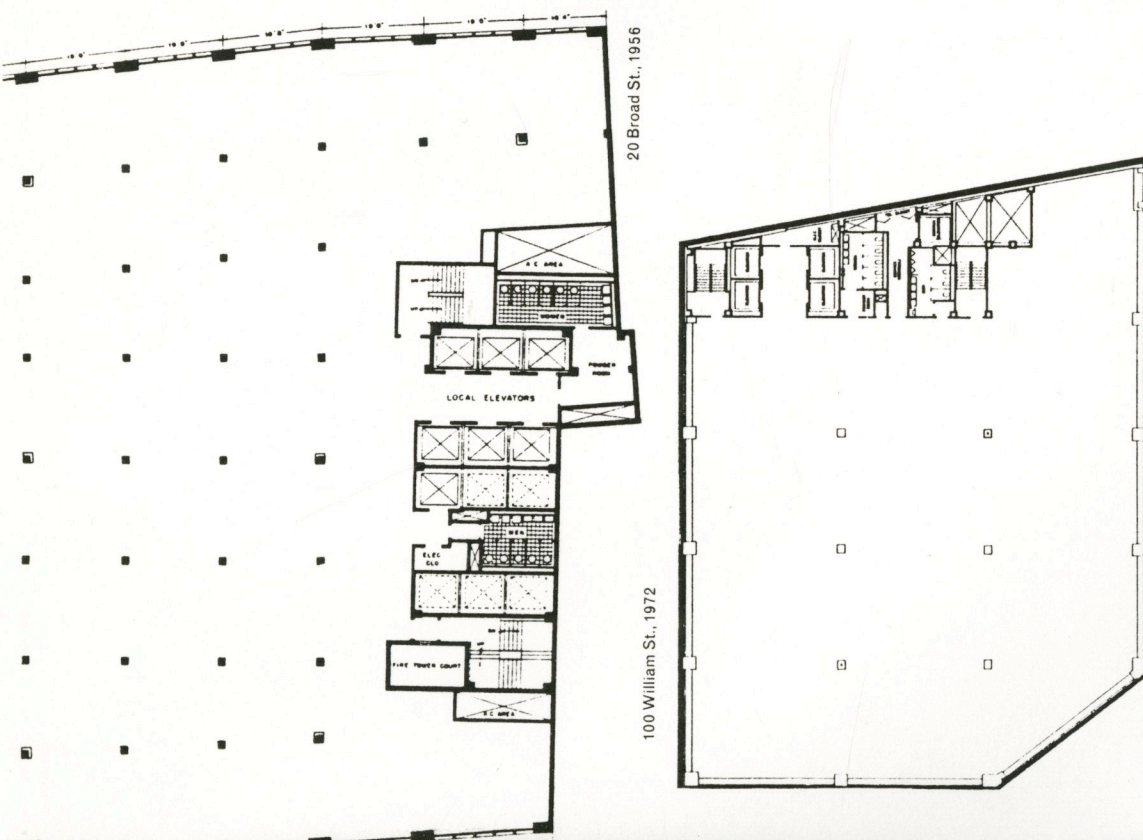
You can only *be* in Typical Plan, not sleep, eat, make love.

Typical Plan is deep. It has evolved beyond the naive humanist assumption that contact with the exterior—so-called reality—is a necessary condition for human happiness, for survival. (If that is true, why build at all? And anyway, aren't the disadvantages of the exterior—ozone-depleted, carbo-charged, globally heated—by now well established?)

Air conditioning, which is the *sine qua non* of Typical Plan, imposes a regime of sharing (air) that defines invisible communities, homogeneous segments of an airborne collective aligned in more powerful wholes like the iron molecules that form a magnetic field.

Heroically, Typical Plan delivers a world laundered of ego.

Typical Plan is Western. There is no equivalent in any other culture. It is the stamp of modernity itself. In the ever-increasing dimension from skin to core—the hidden potential of depth—it proclaims the superiority of the artificial to the real which remains, whether admitted or not, the true credo of Western civilization, the source of its universal attraction.

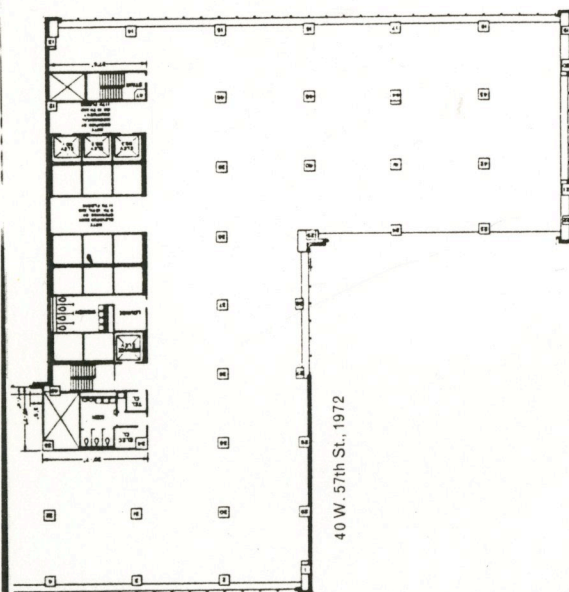


Typical Plan knows what European architecture will never learn: that modular coordination is at most *postponed failure*, a temporary rollback of the frontiers of chaos.

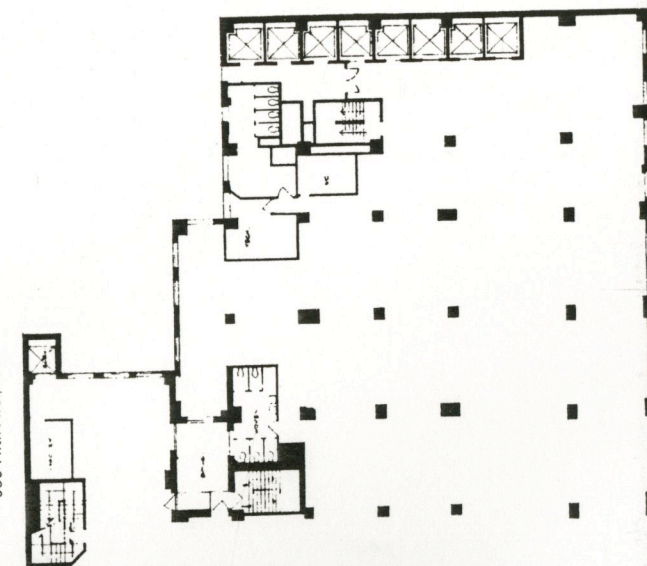
Typical Plan is gridded, not in the absolute, clumsy manner of European Platonics (a moralistic system to measure misfit and thus create unhappiness), but on the contrary, through the development of anti-ideological devices: *a metaphysics of slack* that gives an aura of crispness to even the most severely conflicted geometrical coexistences, bestowing the appearance of modular conquest on the essentially messy, reasserting orthogonality from the most compromised givens.

Typical Plan is neutral, not anonymous. It is a place of worship. More austere than a Cistercian monastery, it accommodates infinitely greater numbers, a 20th-century church without doctrine. Although the dominant emphasis of Typical Plan is on abstraction, there *is* plumbing. It doesn't deny those residual features that make humans animals still.

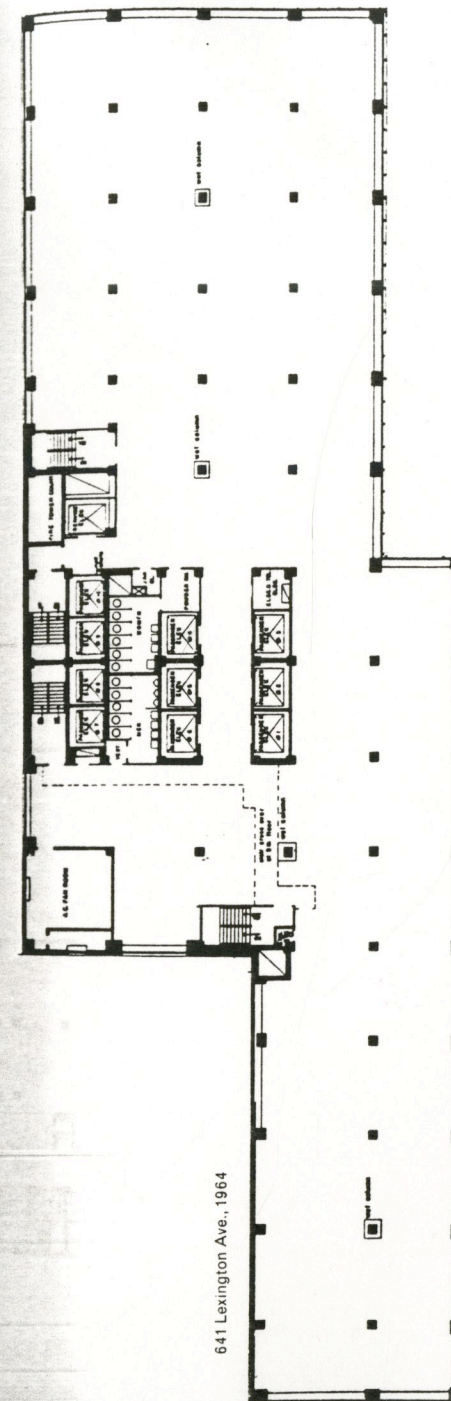
Ingenious architectural arrangements of miniature, very understandable labyrinths organize the traffic between the exalted and the impure zones of Typical Plan. These spaces—restrooms, urinals, pantries, service stairs, trucking bays—are the sanctuaries for all those primitive aspects upon whose *exclusion* the correct unfolding of business depends.



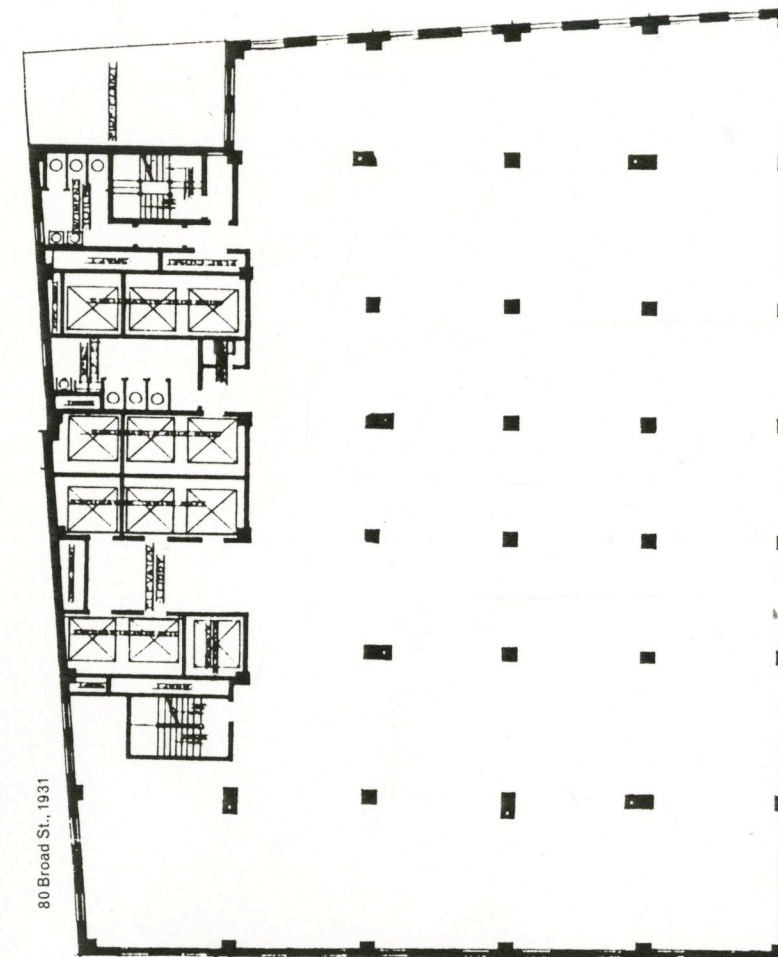
40 W. 57th St., 1972



535 Fifth Ave., 1926



641 Lexington Ave., 1964

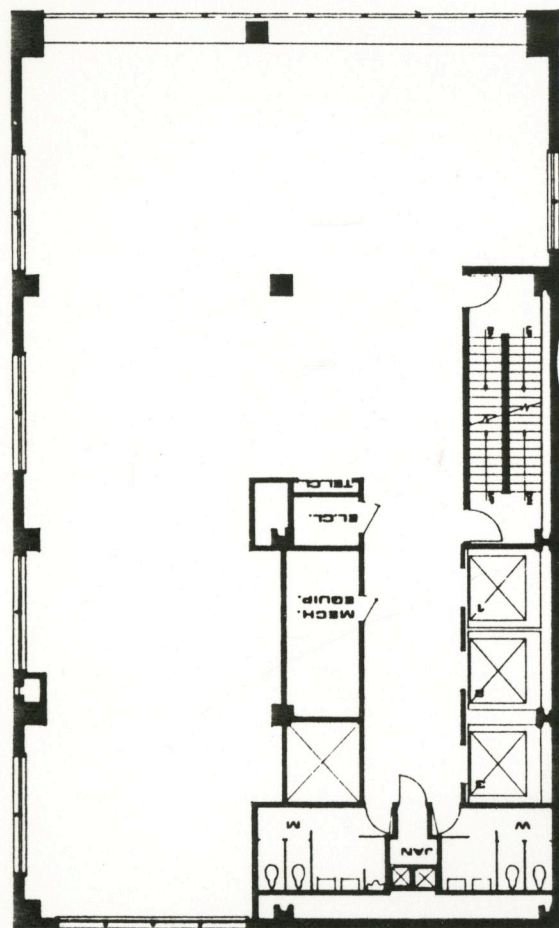


80 Broad St., 1931

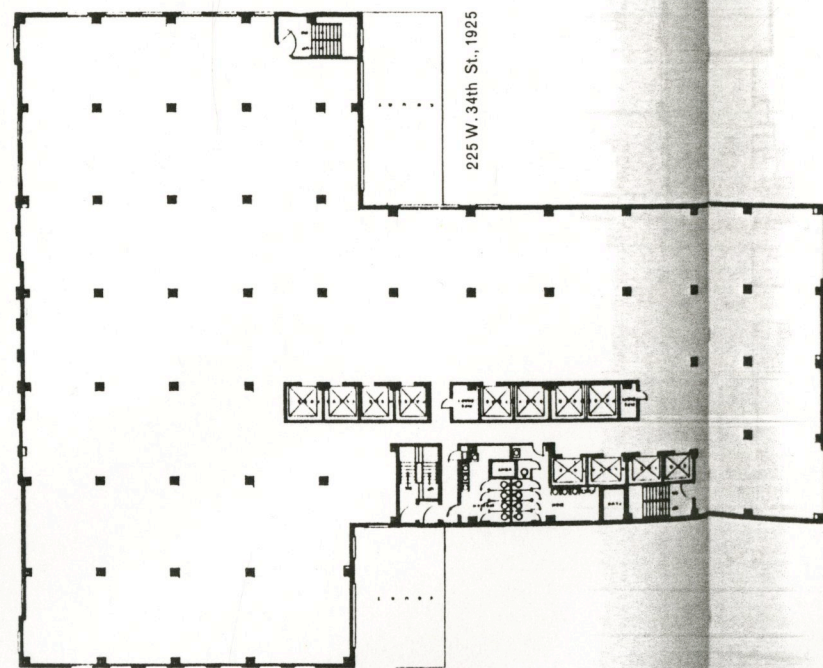
Typical Plan is to the office population what graph paper is to a mathematical curve. Its neutrality records performance, event, flow, change, accumulation, deduction, disappearance, mutation, fluctuation, failure, oscillation, deformation. Typical Plan is relentlessly enabling, ennobling *background*.

Typical Plan implies *repetition*—it is the *n*th plan: to be typical, there must be many—and *indeterminacy*: to be typical, it must be sufficiently undefined. It presumes the presence of many others, but at the same time suggests that their exact number is of no importance.

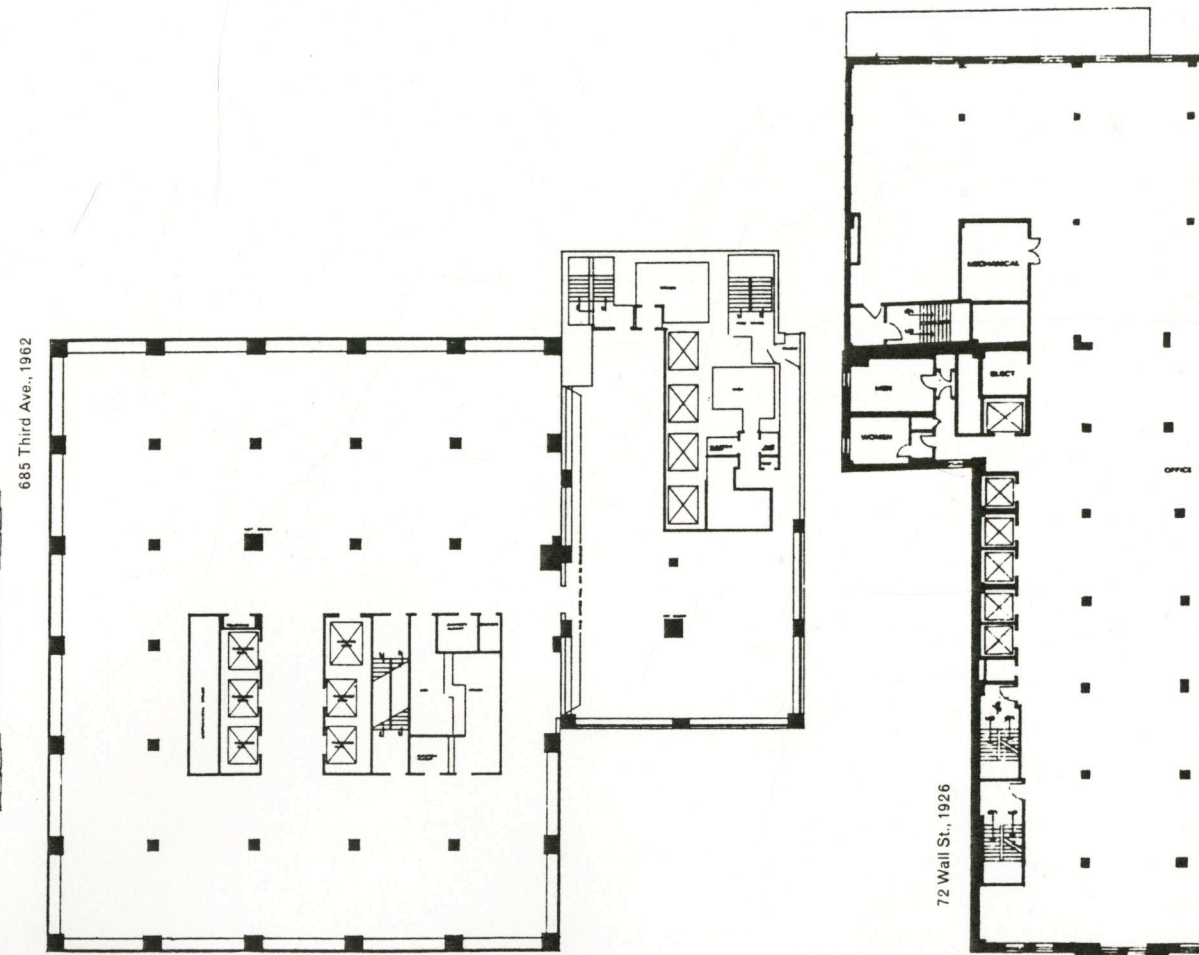
Typical Plan $\times n$ = a building (hardly a reason to study architecture!): floors strung together by elevators of incomprehensible smoothness, each discreet “ting” of arrival part of a never-ending addition.



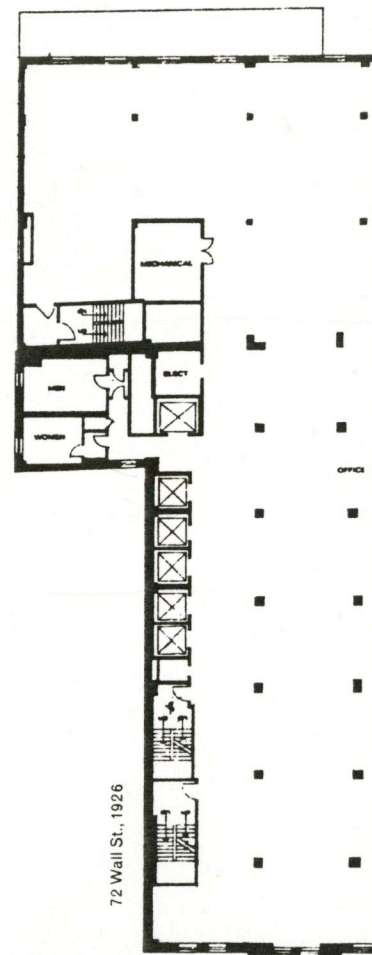
489 Fifth Ave., 1972



225 W. 34th St., 1925



685 Third Ave., 1962



72 Wall St., 1926

Typical Plan threatens the myth of the architect as demiurge, source of unlimited supplies of uniqueness.

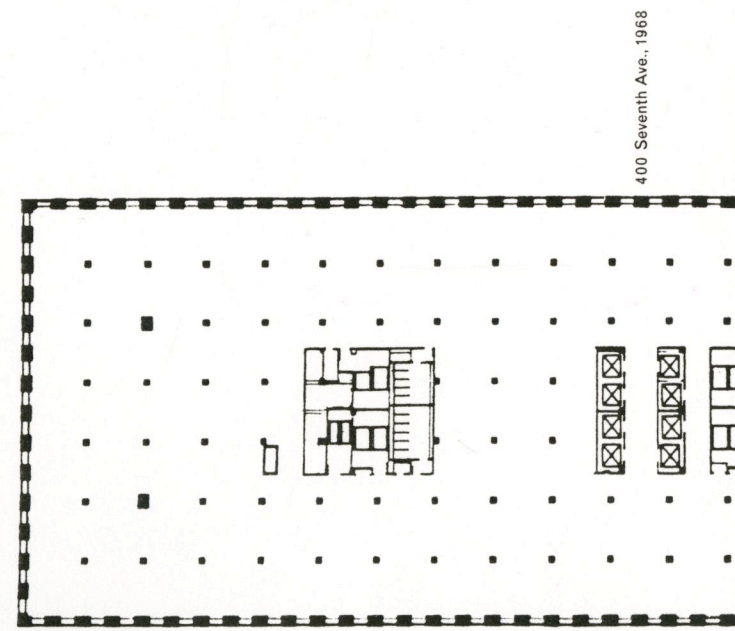
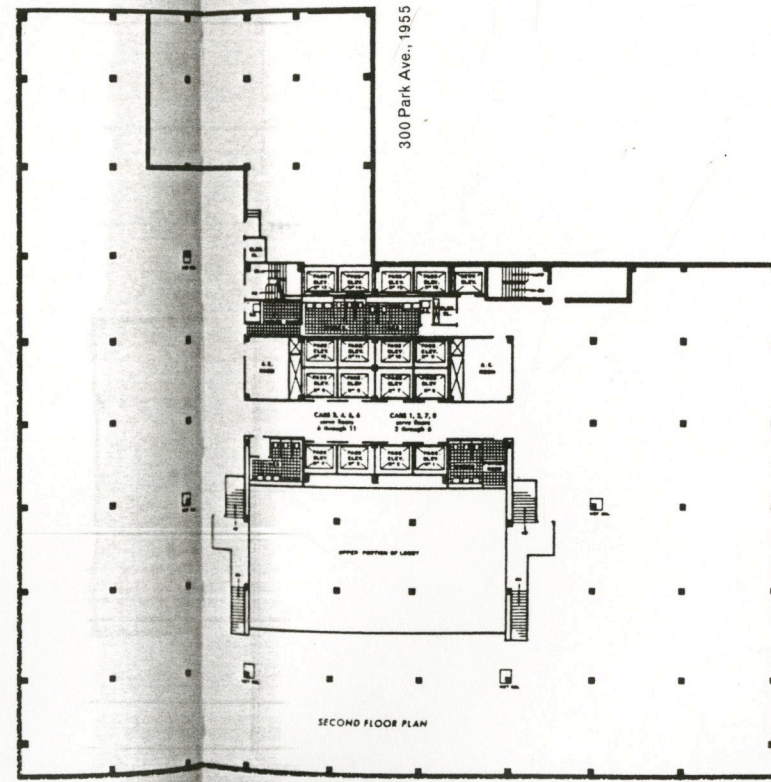
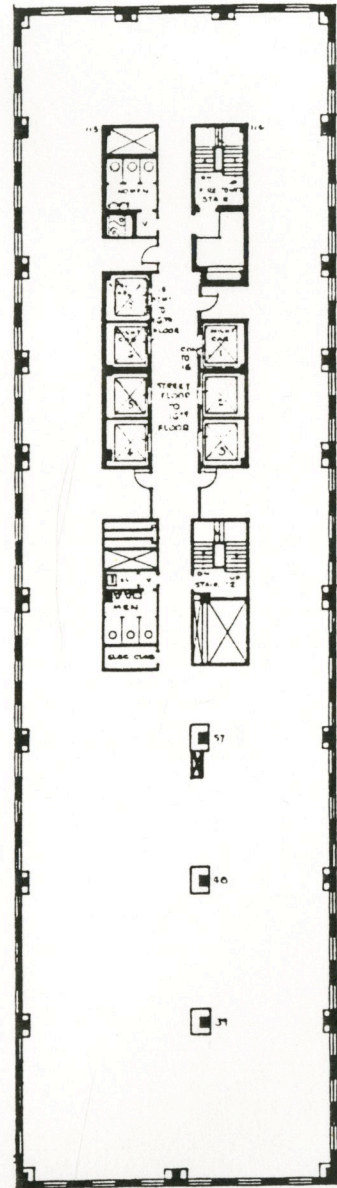
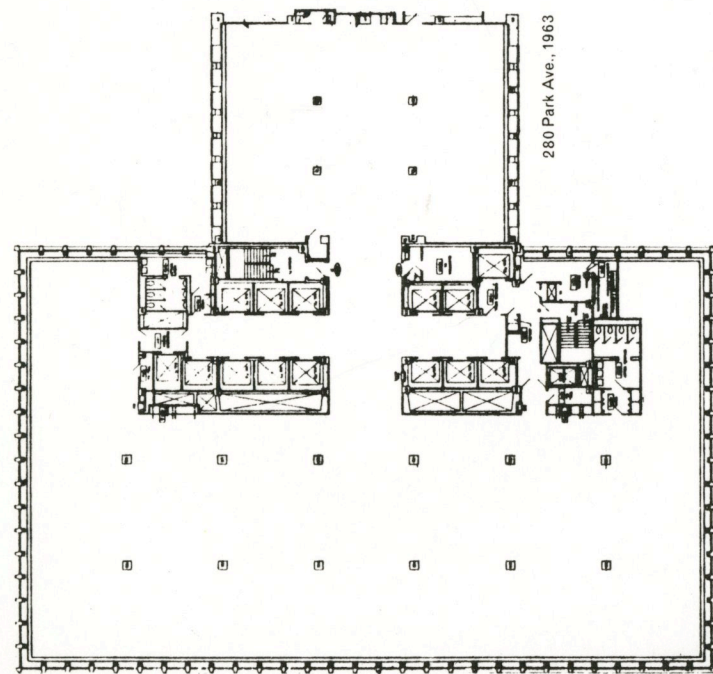
As in the scene of a crime, the removal of all obvious signs of the perpetrator characterizes the true typical plan; its authors form an avant-garde of architects as *erasers*. Its unsung designers—Bunshaft, Harrison and Abramovitz, Emery Roth—represent vanishing acts so successful that they are now completely forgotten. These architects were able to create aleatory playgrounds (interior Elysian fields accessible in anyone's lifetime), i.e., perfection in quantities—trillions of acres—that have become, 25 years later, literally unimaginable.

Securely entrenched in the domain of philistinism, Typical Plan actually has hidden affinities with other arts: the positioning of its cores on the floor has a *suprematist* tension; it is the equivalent of atonal music, seriality, concrete poetry, art brut; it is architecture as mantra.

Typical Plan is as empty as possible: a floor, a core, a perimeter, and a minimum of columns.

All other architecture is about inclusion and accommodation, incident and event; Typical Plan is about exclusion, evacuation, non-event.

Architecture is monstrous in the way in which each choice leads to the reduction of possibility. It implies a regime of either/or decisions often claustrophobic, even for the architect. All other architecture preempts the future; Typical Plan — by making *no* choices — postpones it, keeps it open forever.



The cumulative effect of all this vacancy — this systematic lack of commitment — is, paradoxically, density. The typical American downtown is a brute accumulation of Typical Plans, a *massif* of indetermination, hollowness as core.

Could the office building be the most radical typology? A kind of reverse type defined by all the qualities it does *not* have? As the major new program of the modern age, its effect is one of deprogramming. Typical Plan is the initial mutation in a chain that has revolutionized the urban condition. Concentrations of Typical Plan have produced the skyscraper: unstable monolith; accumulations of skyscrapers, the only "new" urban condition: downtown, defined by sheer quantity rather than as a specific formal configuration. The center is no longer unique but universal, no longer a place but a condition. Practically immune to local variation, Typical Plan has made the city unrecognizable, an unidentifiable object. Typical Plan is a quantum leap that provokes a conceptual leap: an *absence* of content in quantities that overwhelm, or simply preempt, intellectual speculation.

What insecurity triggered the crisis of Typical Plan? Where did the rot start? Was it its very apotheosis that turned neutrality into anonymity?

Did the plan without qualities create men without qualities? Was the space of Typical Plan the incubator of the man in the gray flannel suit?

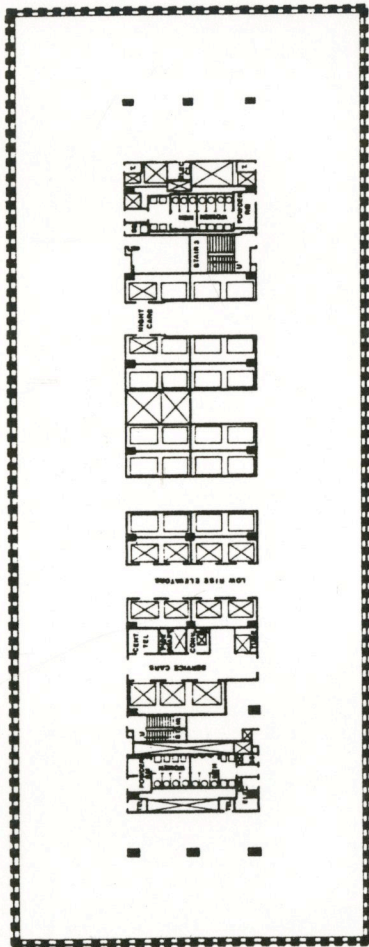
Suddenly, the graph blamed the graph paper for its lack of character.

It was as if Typical Plan created the castrated white-collar caricature, suppressed family photos, frowned on the fern, resisted the personal debris that now—20 years later—makes most offices ghastly repositories of individual trophies, packed with the alarming assertions of millions of individual mini-ecologies.

An environment that demanded nothing and gave everything was suddenly seen as an infernal machine for stripping identity.

Nietzsche lost out to Sociology 101.

1251 Avenue of the Americas, 1971



120 West St., 1970

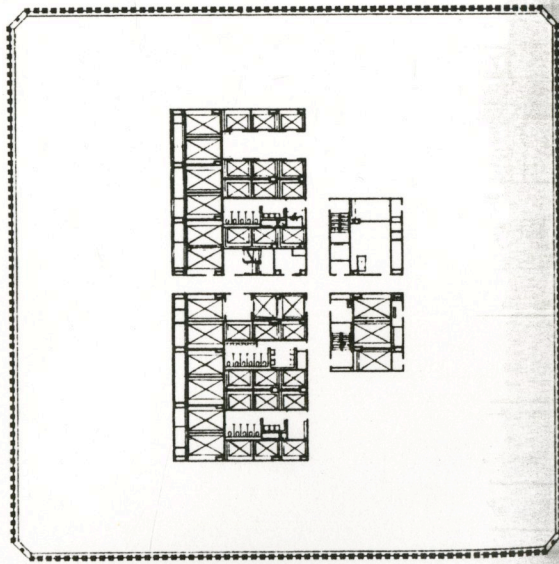
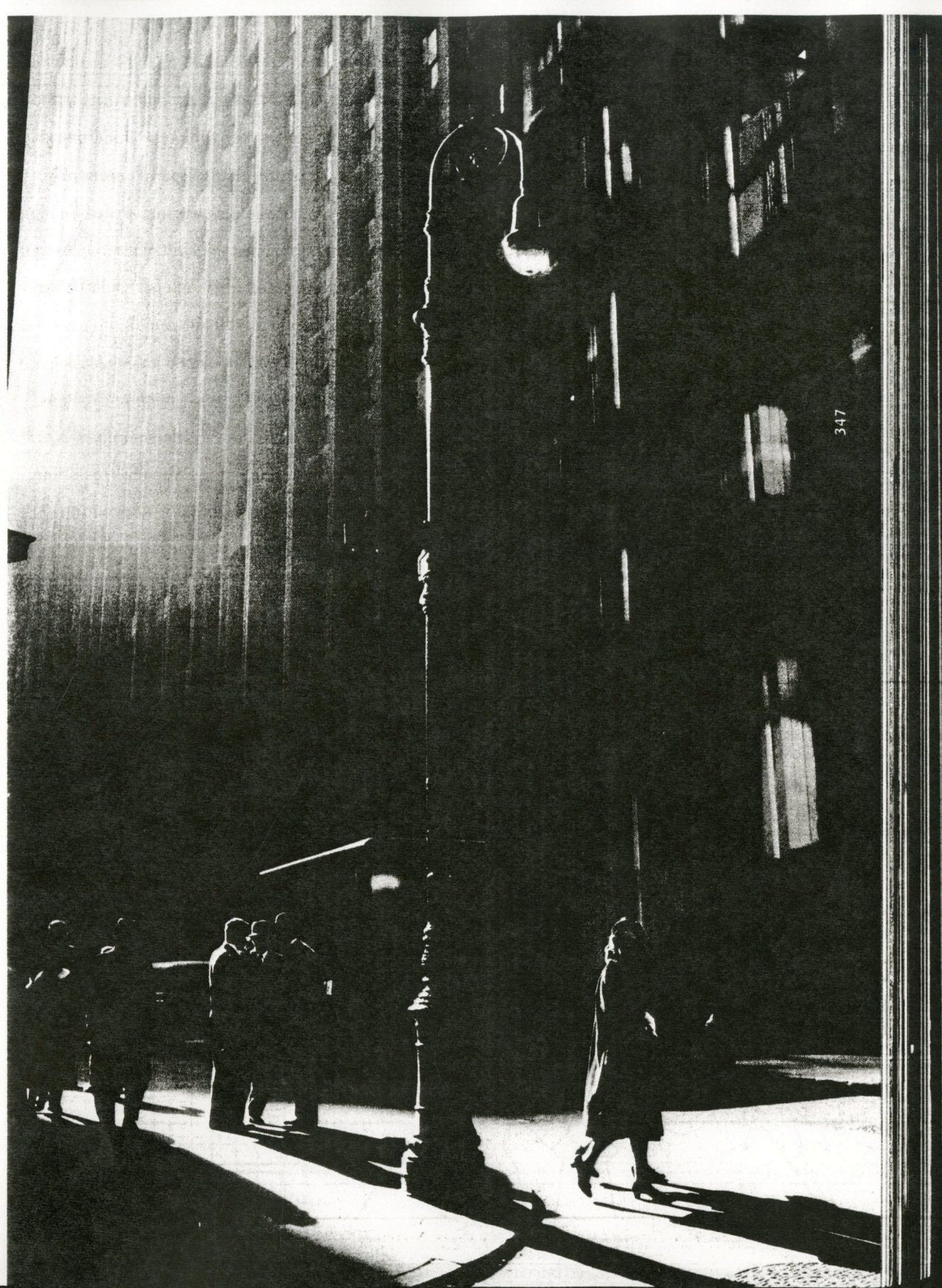


Photo: Neil Libbert.

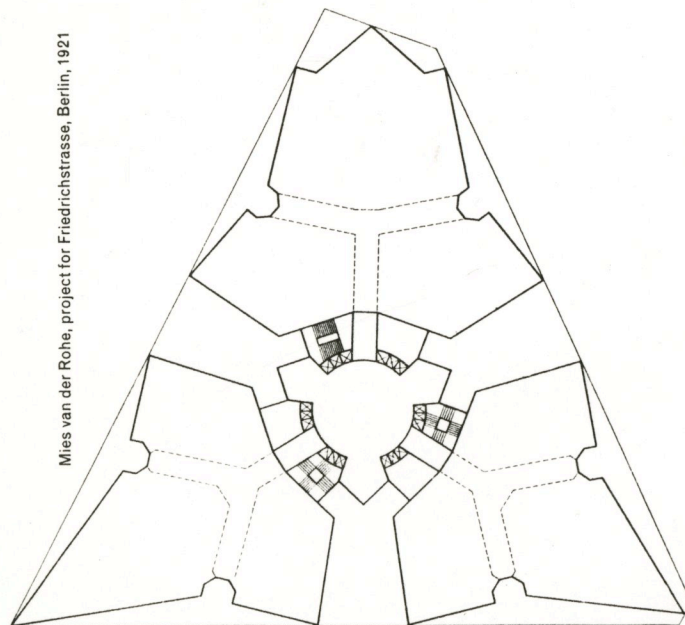


In Europe, there are no Typical Plans.

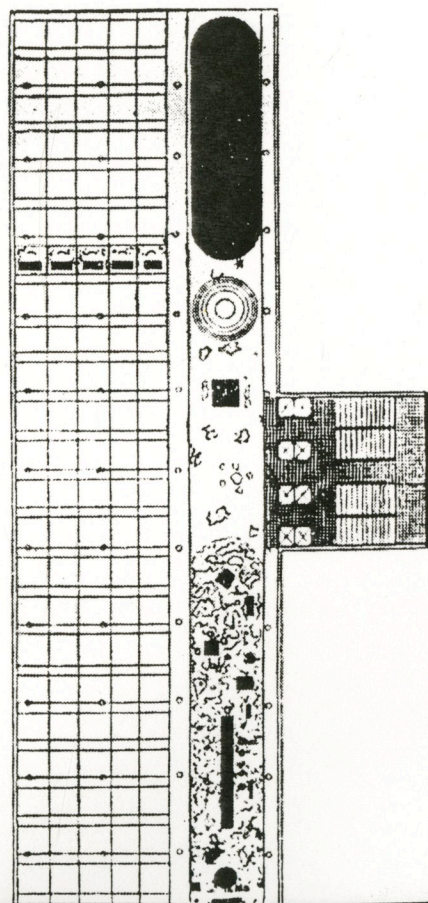
In the twenties, European architects fantasized about offices. In 1921, Mies imagined the ultimate atypical plan in Friedrichstrasse; in 1929, Ivan Leonidov proposed the first office slab for Moscow, a House of Industry. Its rectangles were conceived as socialist Typical Plans: a parallel zone reintroduced the full paraphernalia of daily life—pools, tanning beds, clublike arrangements, small dormitories—to create a compressed 24-hour cycle not of business-life, but of life-business. In 1970, Archizoom interpreted Typical Plan as the terminal condition of (Western) civilization, a utopia of the norm.

Since then, the one really new architectural subject this century has introduced has been endlessly denigrated in the name of ideology—its occupants “slaves,” its environment “faceless,” its accumulations “ugly.” Europe has suffered from a catastrophic failure to accommodate—to “think”—the one typology whose emergence was architecturally and urbanistically irresistible. Typical Plan has been forced underground, condemned to the status of parasite—devouring larger and larger sections of historical substance, invading whole centers—or exiled to the periphery.

Mies van der Rohe, project for Friedrichstrasse, Berlin, 1921



Ivan Leonidov, House of Industry, Moscow, 1929



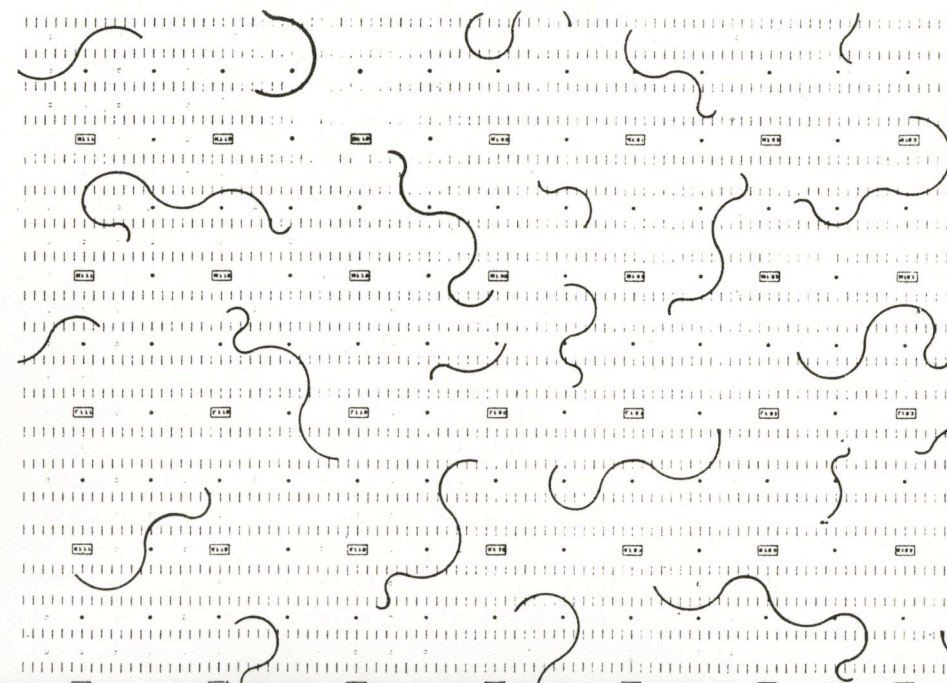
For offices, Europe multiplies a plan known since the Renaissance: a corridor with rooms on both sides. (Is there a connection between the notorious absenteeism of the Western European office population and its sacred cow, the private cell?)

The European office is thin, as thin as its more historic substance. The European needs day-light and air, even though a simple extrapolation of the square meters involved reveals that this need will destroy the very decor that reassures him of his historical status.

Where the American office assembles a critical mass, the European office dismantles it, simply because the things that happen in an office are supposed to be “bad”; we like our badness in small doses.

There is something almost insane and masochistic about the quantity of utterly inferior substance that is generated in the Old World—in the name of identity, even.

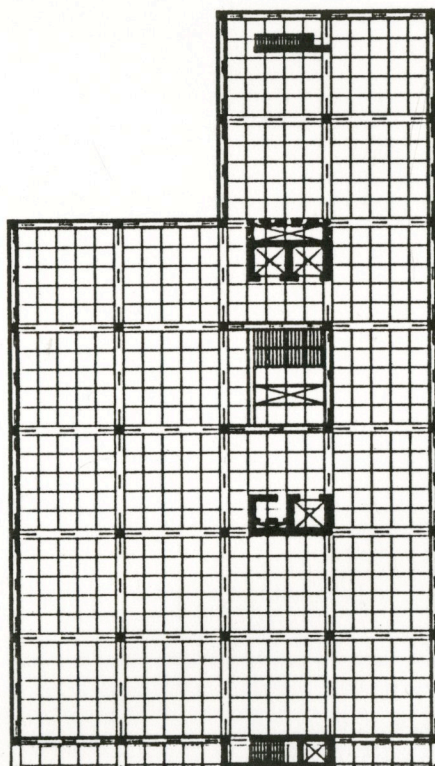
Archizoom Associati, “No-stop City,” 1970



Morgan Bank is an attempt at a typical plan in Europe. It is a loft building—a block of Typical Plans. Because it is projected in Amsterdam and within Berlage's famous extension—a fragile composition of axes, coherences, coordinations, controls—it undergoes a minimum of adaptation to perform certain urbanistic duties: a negative corner of two high walls defines an important Berlage plaza and the entrance—a slit that communicates as little as possible about the interior; a roof patio consolidates the “not-office” program—cafeteria, meeting rooms, etc. Otherwise the building is simply abstract office space, its dimensions chosen to enable a maximum of permutations, introducing, in Holland, unusual (and ultimately unwelcome) depth. The raised floor distributes homogeneous conditions of services across the entire surface. Columns give minimal interference. The single “feature” is a glass staircase that connects all floors. Since the project is in Europe, a height limit was imposed. The proportion typical/atypical plan is itself atypical: a typically European 50/50 split.

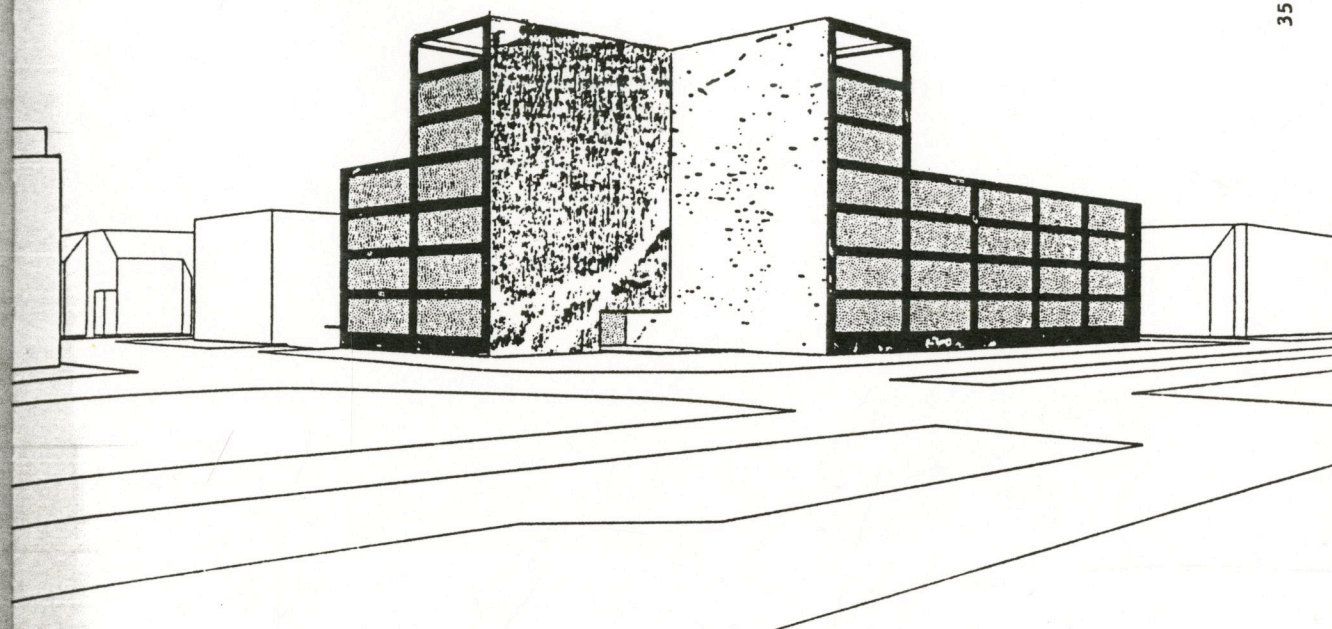
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OMA, Morgan Bank, Amsterdam, 1985



Morgan Bank
Amsterdam, Netherlands
Competition, 1985

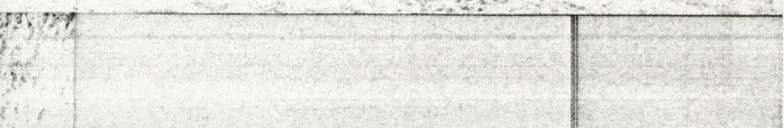
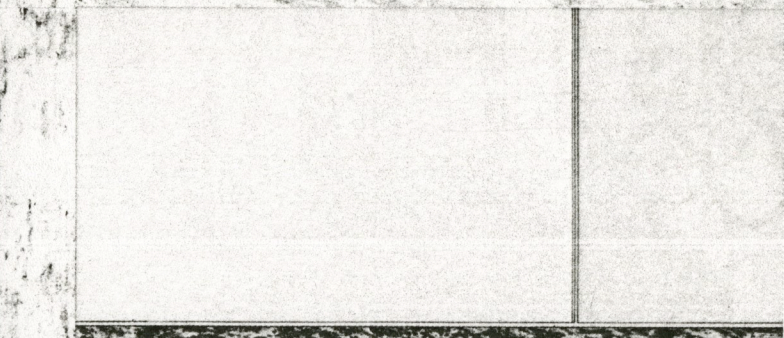
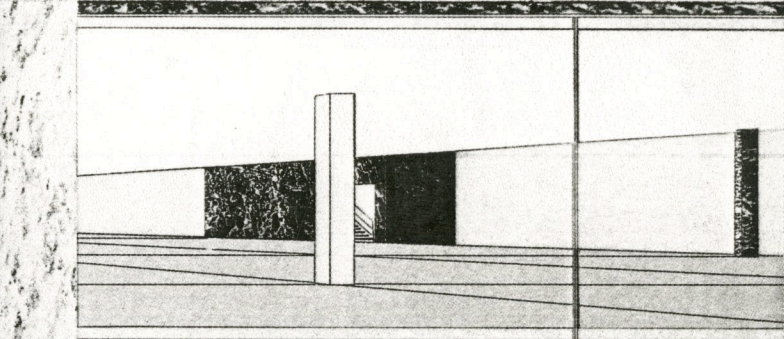
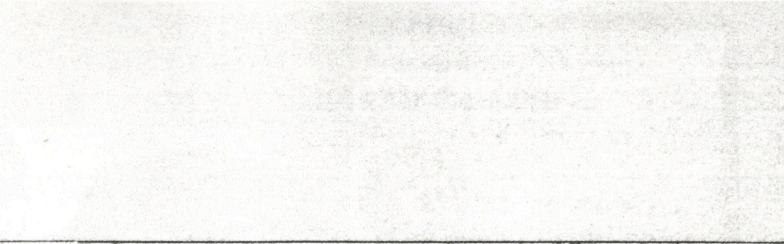
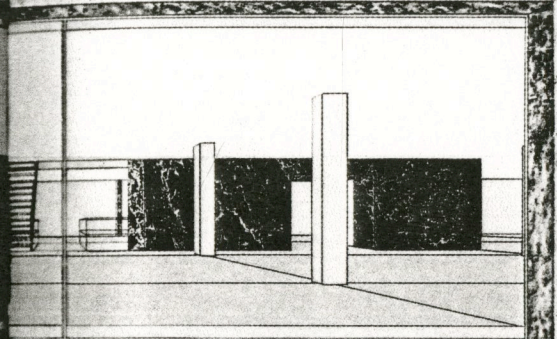
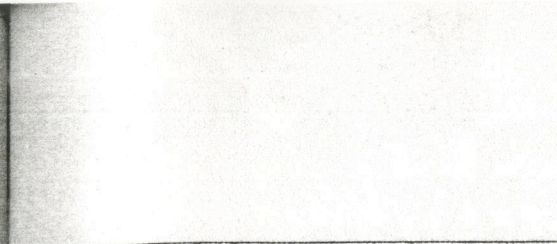
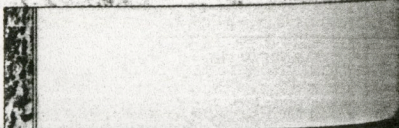
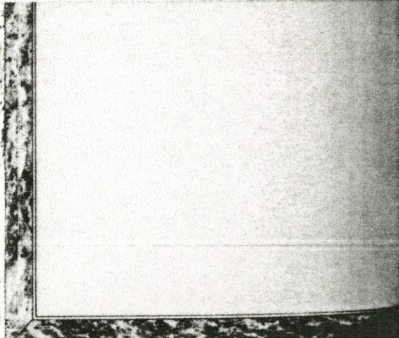
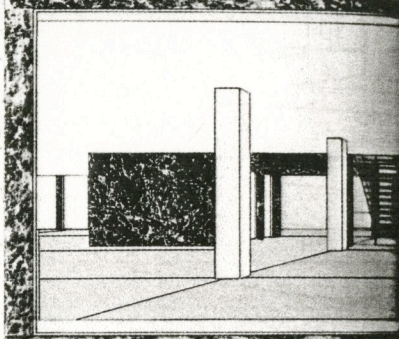
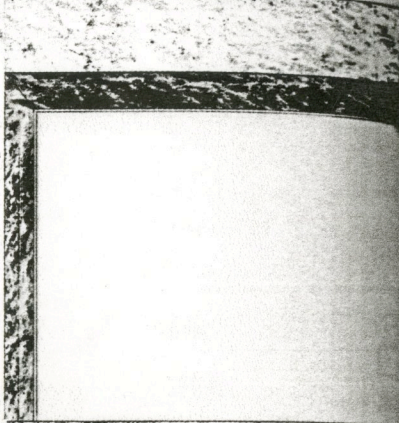
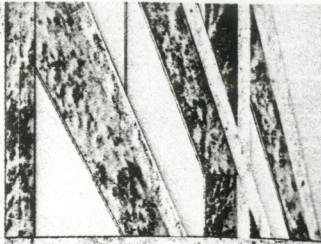
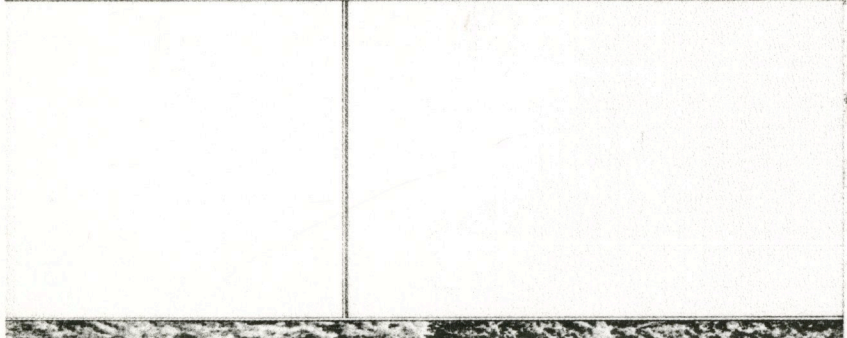
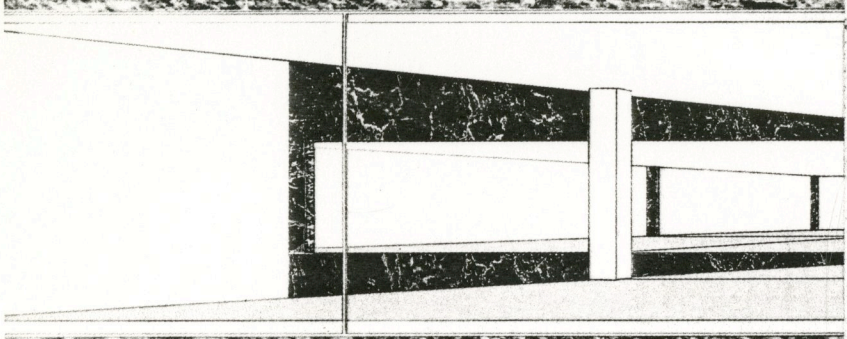
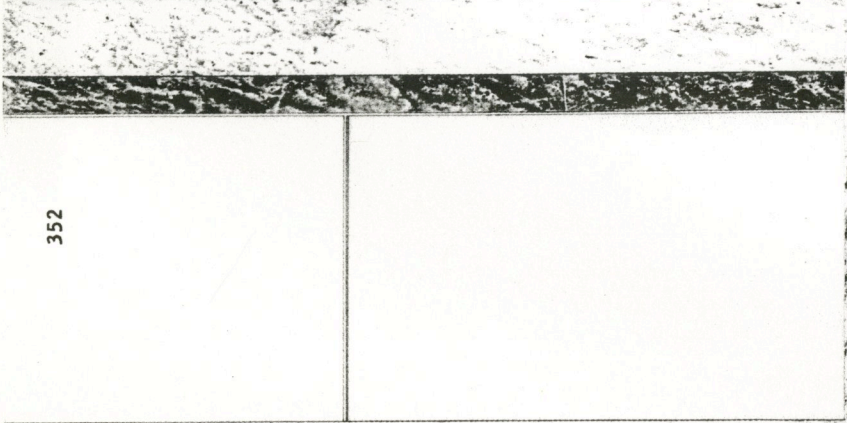
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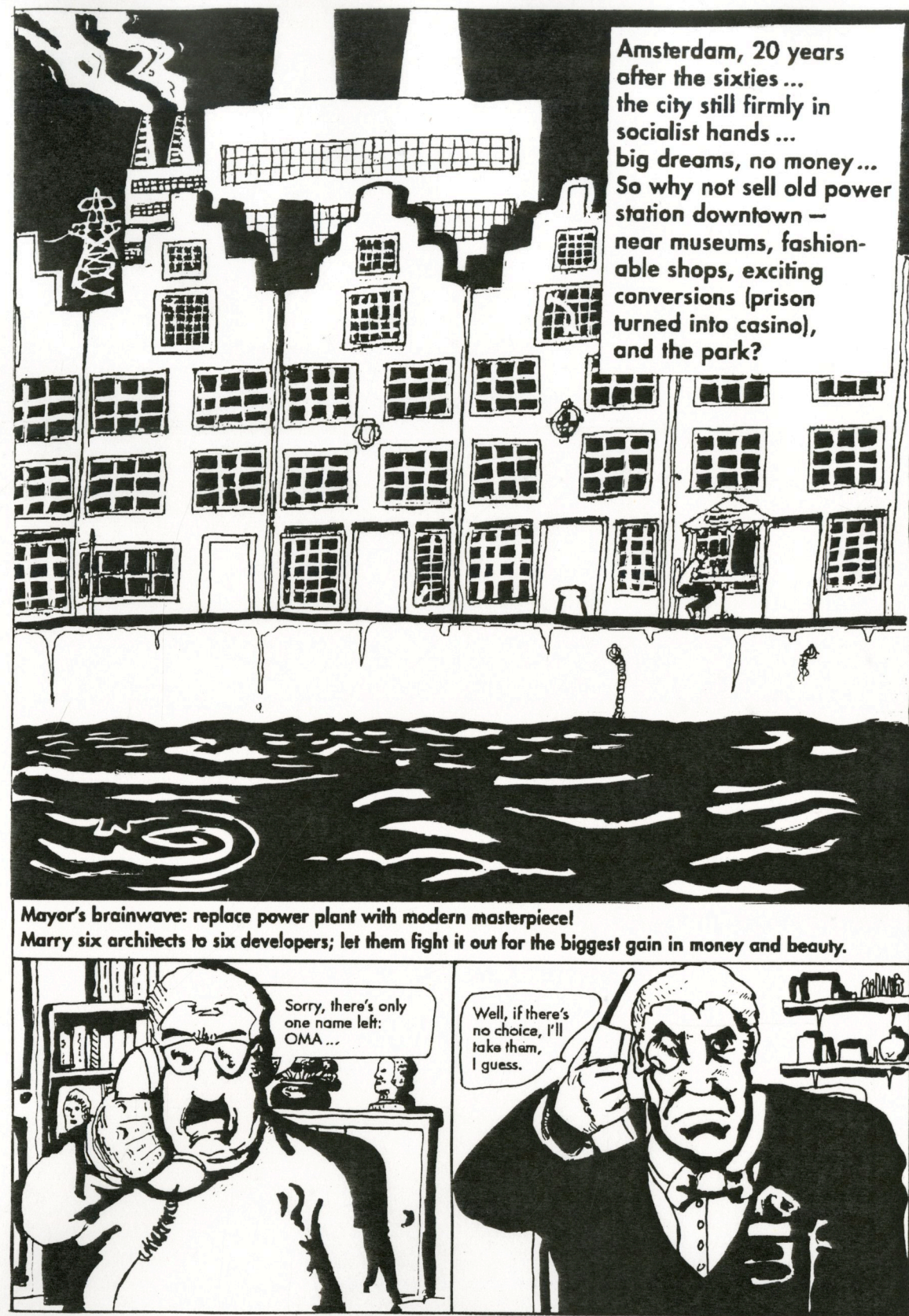
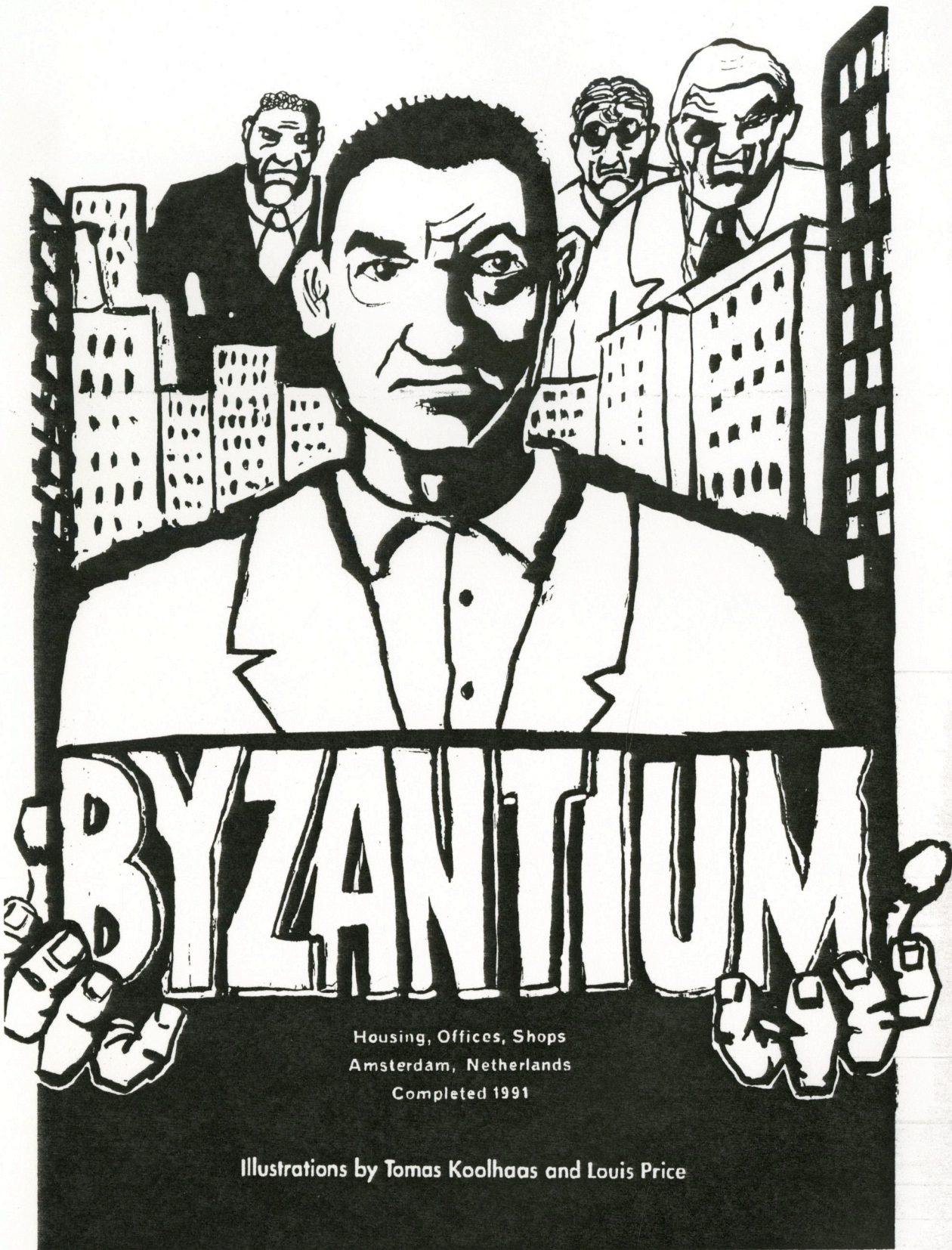
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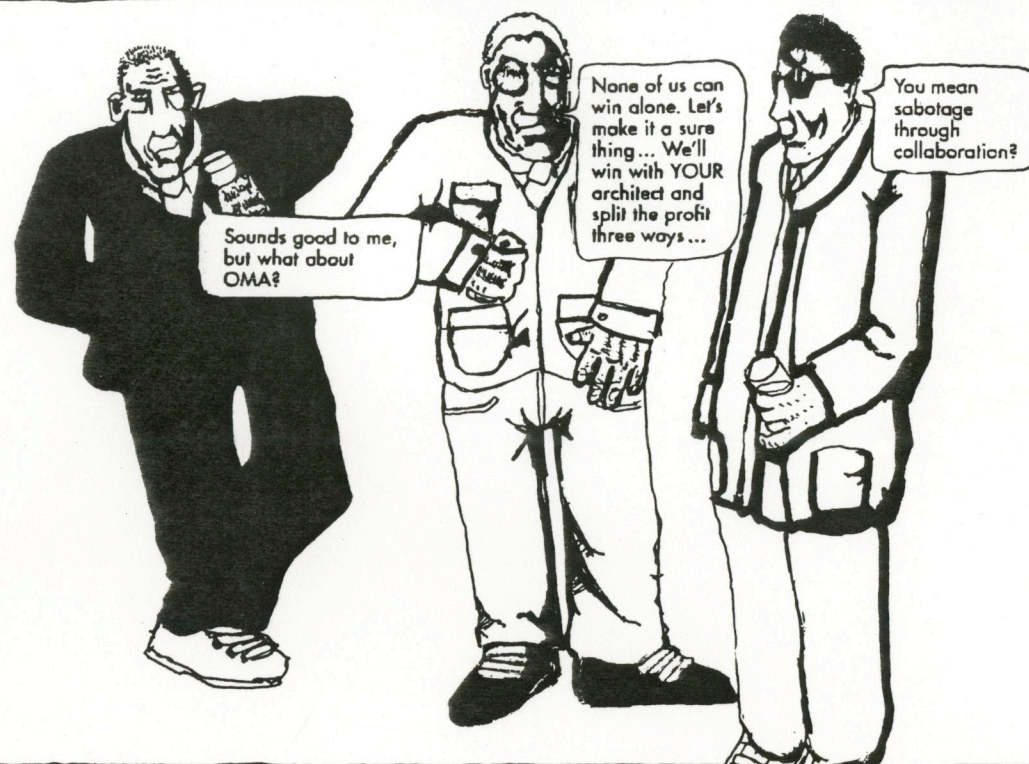
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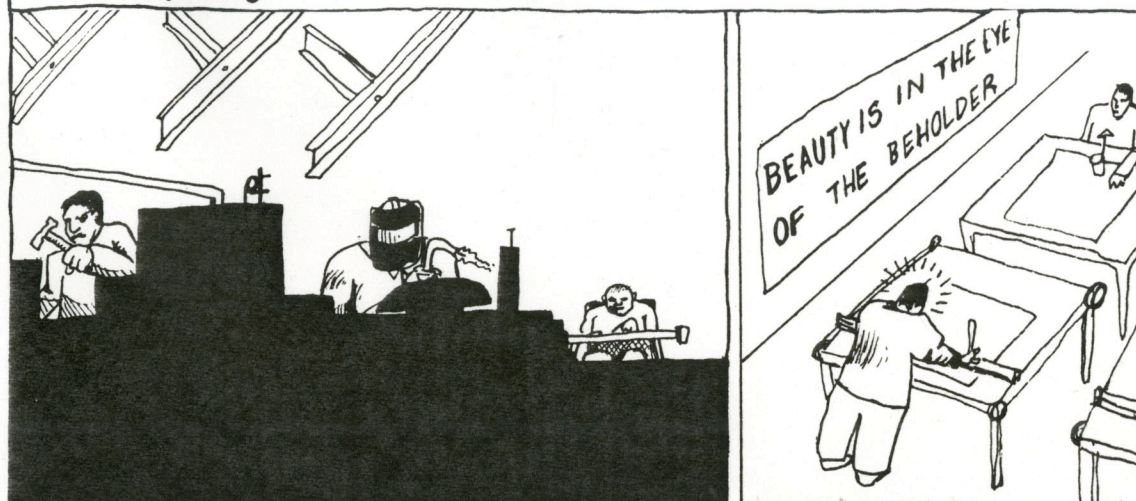
But the developer has a plan ...
Later, in another part of town, he reveals his "project" to his would-be competitors.



Next day, OMA is invited to meet one developer, but discovers a consortium of three ...



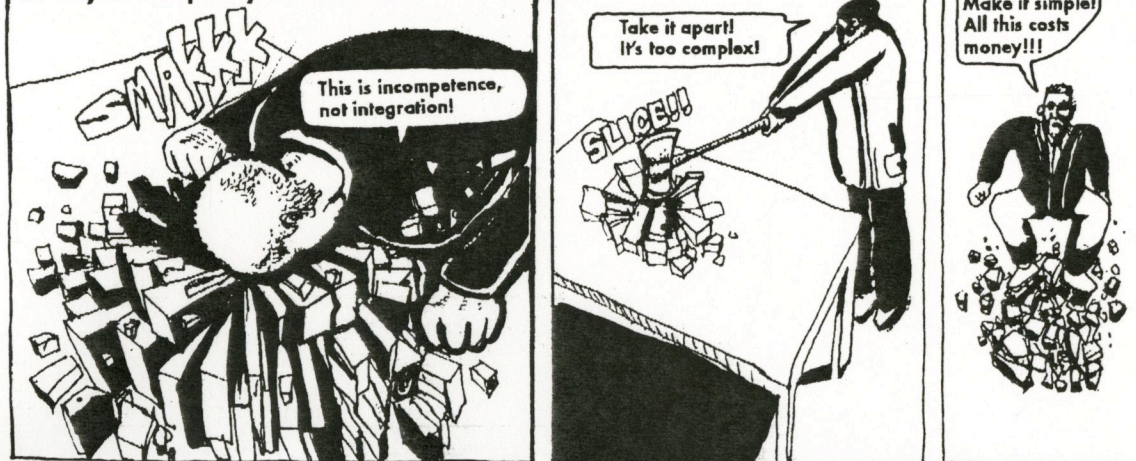
Back in Rotterdam... 24-hour work day at the OMA office. Day and night shifts.
How to create masterpiece from 10,000 m² housing, 5,000 m² offices, 2,500 m² shopping, 15,000 m² parking?



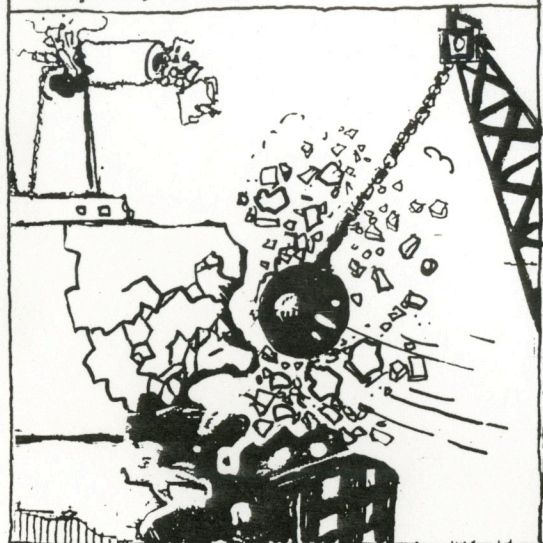
After three months of torturous labor, a project is born...



... only to be quickly dismantled.



Meanwhile, the power station is almost completely destroyed.

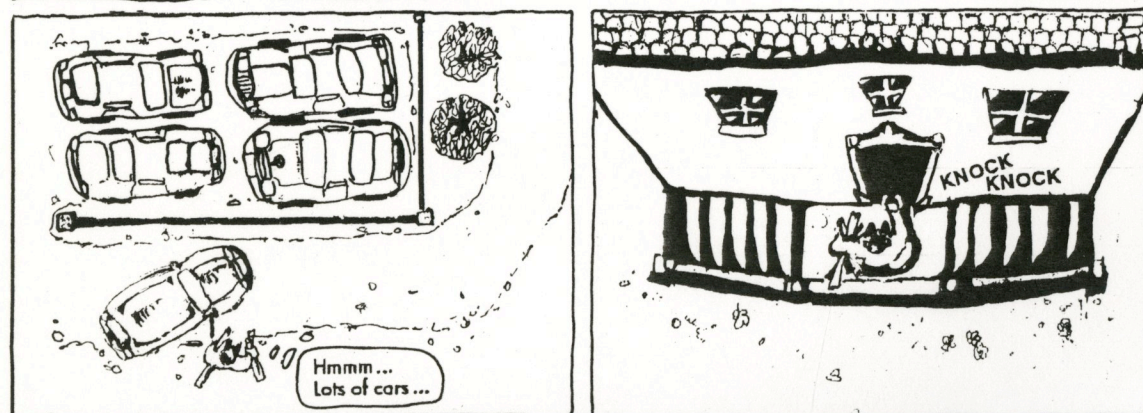
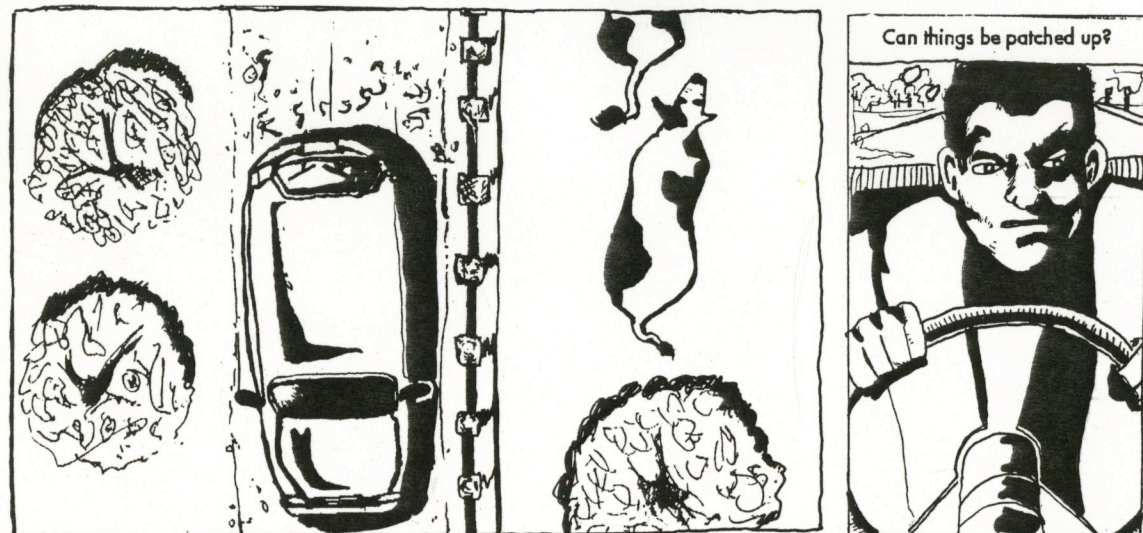


OMA talks to lawyer. All this interference raises issues of artistic integrity.

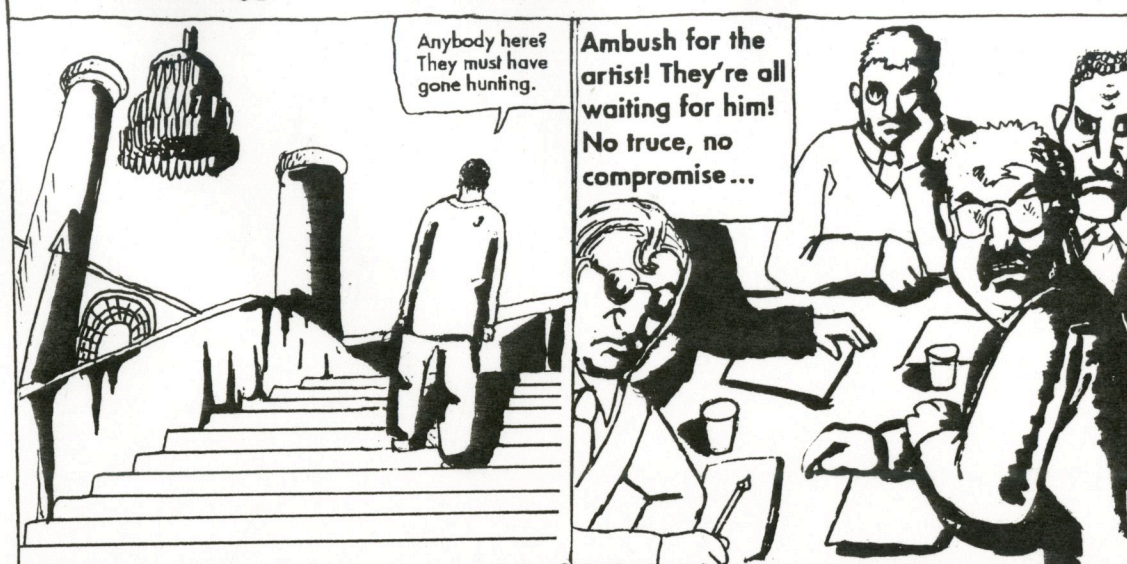


Final effort to break deadlock...

Man-to-man meeting with developer at his own castle, only days before deadline...



The eternal struggle — call it good versus bad — continues...

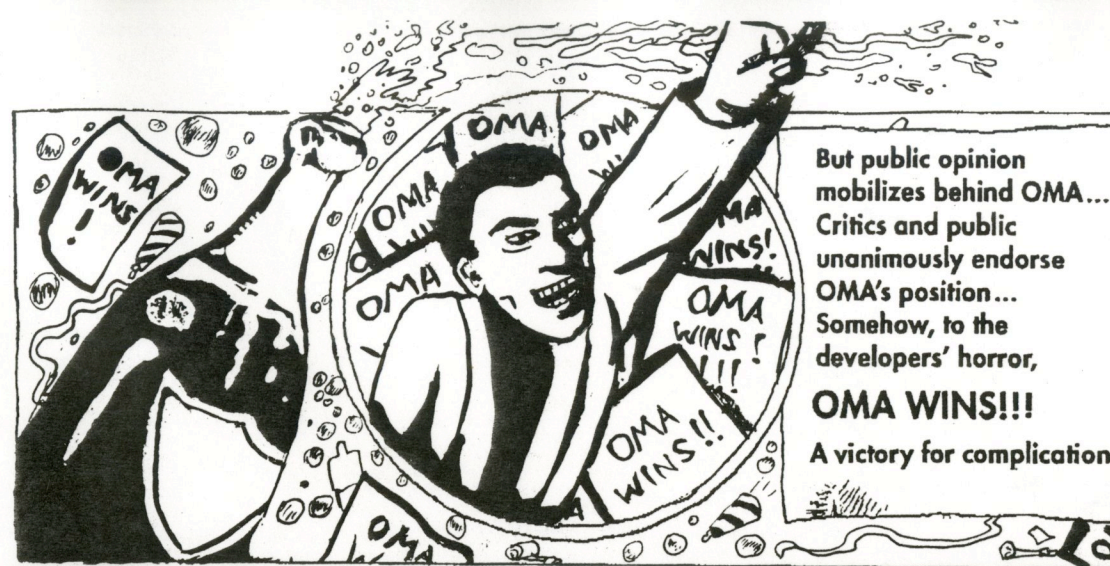
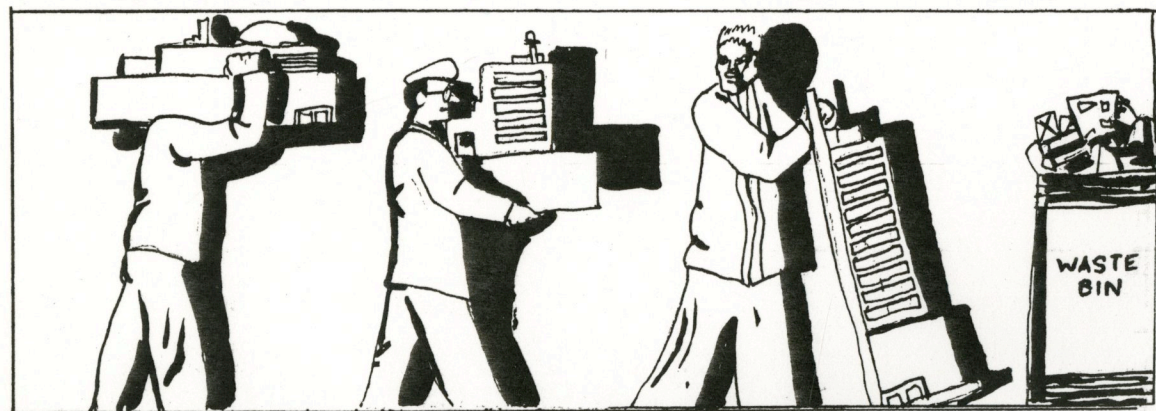


He's cornered.





Competition deadline arrives. Five architects file in with their wares... At the last moment OMA appears, out of breath. Developers back scheme, believing it won't win anyway.



END



Photo: Don McCullin.

Globalization

According to myth, Wallace Harrison was the “bad” corporate architect—if not simply a hack—who stole Le Corbusier’s design for the United Nations building (1947–50) and made it mediocre reality.

This myth was sufficiently established to prevent anyone from taking a serious look at the building itself. But a closer inspection of the dry theoretical pretension of Le Corbusier’s proposition and the polymorphously perverse professionalism with which Harrison realized it suggested, if not a reversal of the myth, a rewriting: the UN was a building that an American could never have *thought* and a European could never have *built*. It was a *collaboration*, not only between two architects, but between cultures; a cross-fertilization between Europe and America produced a hybrid that could not have existed without their mating, however unenthusiastic.

The Seagram Building (1957) can be reread in the same way as the UN, except that here the roles of Europe and America were enacted by the same person: Mies had to “become” an American to realize his European self. Without the combined intelligence of the two cultures, the Seagram Building could not have been.

Some of Paul Rudolph's most impossible megastructural speculations for New York—concrete houses of cards in inexplicable states of suspense proliferating over half of Manhattan—stand, 25 years after their initial conception, marooned among the palms in Singapore. Is Singapore an accident or a symbol? Is Singapore now a destination where ambitions spawned elsewhere are realized? Has the terrain of possibility shifted?

There is an Aldo Rossi building in Fukuoka, the "deep south" of Japan. In pictures it looks like a caricature—red Persian travertine facades hermetically closed, overblown copper roofline. Il Palazzo dominates its surroundings like a samurai castle. It looks cynical—deliciously fascist. It is a hotel; some even say a love hotel. Rossi did not do the interiors or the nightclubs that invade the stoic exterior, but his envelope has a weird fascination. It is pure emblem, Rossi without ideological ballast: hyper-Rossi.

The Japanese have realized Rossi's poetry *on the surface*, with a density he seems incapable of on his own ground: a masterpiece unimaginable for the Japanese, unbuildable for Rossi. As a hybrid, it is fundamentally different from the Seagram Building or the UN: its fertilization not the result of fusion, but reminiscent of more contemporary forms of bioengineering. It is a gene splice: Rossi's poetry, first stripped of ideology, then boosted by Japanese ingenuity.

Beyond Florida, there is an entire "Michael Graves World" in Japan—more than 40 projects, from skyscrapers to city halls for small villages,

mimetic devices for a culture unfamiliar with the initial sources, belated signs of a public domain they never had, and never will have.

Rome imported via New Jersey to Japan, the literal collapse of time and place.

At a conference in Japan, Japanese architects talk proudly about chaos: Tokyo is rapidly becoming a cliché; its very resistance to organization gives it an unforeseen glamour that paradoxically threatens to promote it to the status of model. The ultimate oxymoron: chaos as project. Injected into the bloodstream of architecture, its effects will be felt in Mexico, Africa, Paris, Lagos, anywhere. After all the imports, finally an export.

Richard Meier everywhere. A new category: *virtual space that exists*. The very sameness of the buildings is political, their cloning generating a universal currency of civic enlightenment.

We are by now blasé about these instances of transcontinental conception, but it is revealing to restore them to the status of geopolitical *alchemy*: architecture as compound, unforeseeable contaminations and recombinations triggered by the ever-expanding volume of architectural traffic, the architectonic deposit of globalization—architecture cut loose from its moorings.

Intimations of globalization as *movement*—a special branch of architecture, so far without explicit agenda—congeal at an American jury which presents a random cross section through the world's architectural production in a given year—1990.

There is one category of project whose automatic rejection forms a rapidly growing heap. A typical example: project by mild German democratic architect for new airport in rare remaining Asian dictatorship—a kind of quasi-Getty crossed with Albert Speer, complete with Warholesque likeness of the local dictator on an axis of asymmetry (it may have been built by now...).

Projects on this *mountain of the refused* are all:

1. ugly (still an issue at architectural juries);
2. big, if not colossal;
3. planned for tabula rasa conditions (the original sin of modernism in Europe, now the norm everywhere else);
4. complex montages of program almost Roman in their richness: pools, libraries, concert halls, universities, embedded in throbbing connective tissue of boutiques, malls, entertainment, atriums. They suggest a programmatic renewal, the discovery of a (new) collective; but at the last moment the ingredients curdle, and somehow dissociate;
5. produced by architects not remotely connected to the context for which their works are intended—an ignorance that leads to a "new purism";
6. repeating a single module of invention to its breaking point: this systematic exhaustion of inspiration perversely generates a condition of hyperbolized identity.

Just as the 40 Graves buildings in Japan, whatever their intended contributions to a new order, represent the true presence of chaos, this work is, in the scientific sense, *catastrophic*: architecture stretched, pushed beyond its own impossibility to the point of breakdown—the return of Babel.

Globalization:

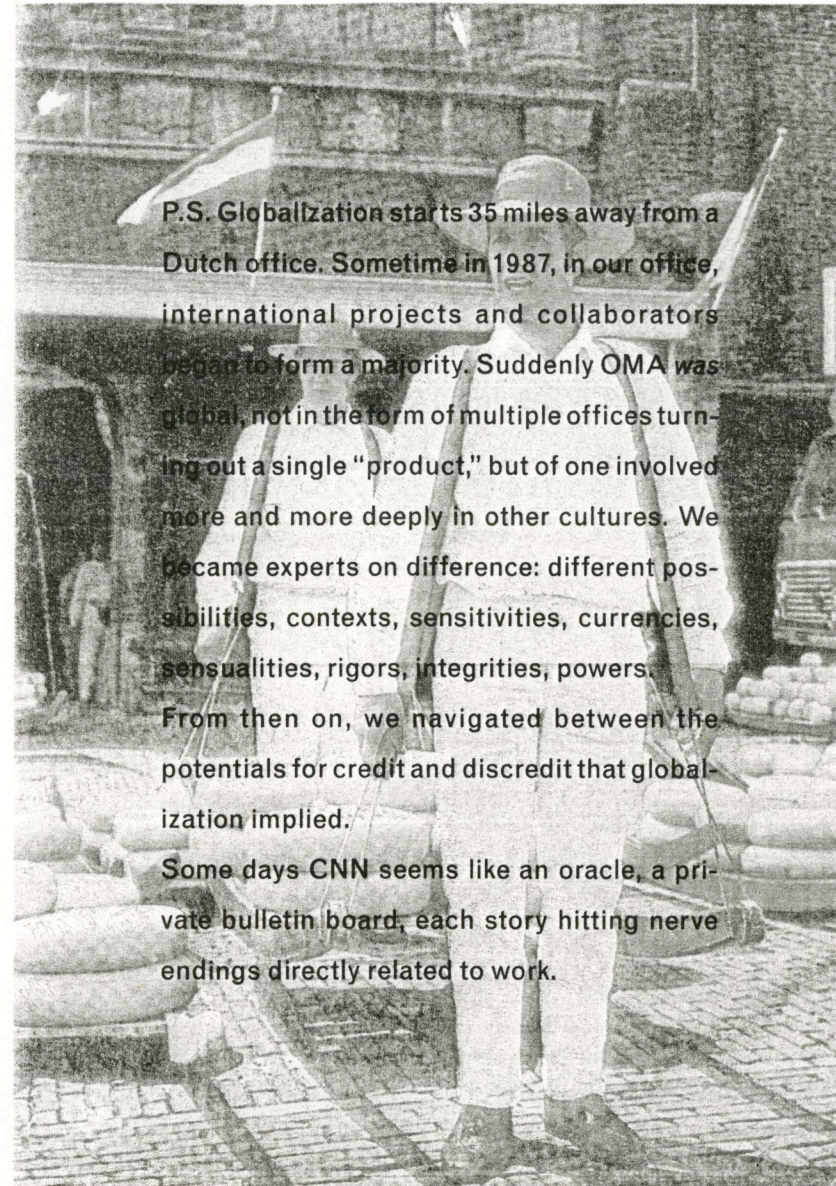
1. astronomically expands the realm of possibility, for better or worse;
2. exponentially depletes the architectural imagination;
3. exponentially enriches the architectural imagination;
4. scrambles the chronology of individual architects' careers; extends and/or shrinks shelf life;
5. causes, as in earlier collisions of formerly pure cultures, epidemics;
6. radically modifies architectural discourse, now an uneasy relationship between regional unknowing and international knowing.

Globalization destabilizes and redefines both the way architecture is produced and that which architecture produces. Architecture is no longer a patient transaction between known quantities that share cultures, no longer the manipulation of established possibilities, no longer a possible judgment in rational terms of investment and return, no longer something experienced in person—by the public or critics. Globalization lends virtuality to real buildings, keeps them indigestible, forever fresh.

Facing this Armageddon—the violent birth of a new architecture—the profession is in a profound state of denial. Following its fright instinct, it runs away from the possibly ridiculous to miss a rendezvous with the sublime.

This "Babel: The Sequel" contains the promise of a new architectural system; it establishes episodes of a global enterprise: an infrastructural project to *change the world*, its aim a montage of *maximum possibility* collected from any point, lifted from any context, pilfered from any ideology. It promises the final installment of the Promethean soap opera.

Together these episodes form a constellation of experimentation and invention—genetic engineering producing a completely new architecture, a revolution without program, instigators, theorists, heroes. It will need its own *Fröhliches Wissen*. **1993**



P.S. Globalization starts 35 miles away from a Dutch office. Sometime in 1987, in our office, international projects and collaborators began to form a majority. Suddenly OMA was global, not in the form of multiple offices turning out a single "product," but of one involved more and more deeply in other cultures. We became experts on difference: different possibilities, contexts, sensitivities, currencies, sensualities, rigors, integrities, powers. From then on, we navigated between the potentials for credit and discredit that globalization implied. Some days CNN seems like an oracle, a private bulletin board, each story hitting nerve endings directly related to work.

Vanishing Act

Biocenter, University of Frankfurt
Frankfurt, Germany
Competition, 1988

1. Frankfurt is green and diffuse; apart from a small cluster of towers in its center, it is more a federation of towns than a city. The price of its attractiveness is the consumption of what must have been an astonishing landscape.

2. It is so underdefined that it is hard to say where it ends. Mini-towns occupy the hills and valleys around it, generating a seamless condition of half-city, half-country.

3. One hill near the center is still relatively intact; covered with a tapestry of agricultural fields, it is colorful in the summer, brown in the winter. It has been designated as the site for a future technical campus. One laboratory already on the site—five concrete cubes rotated for greater informality—gives a taste of things to come.

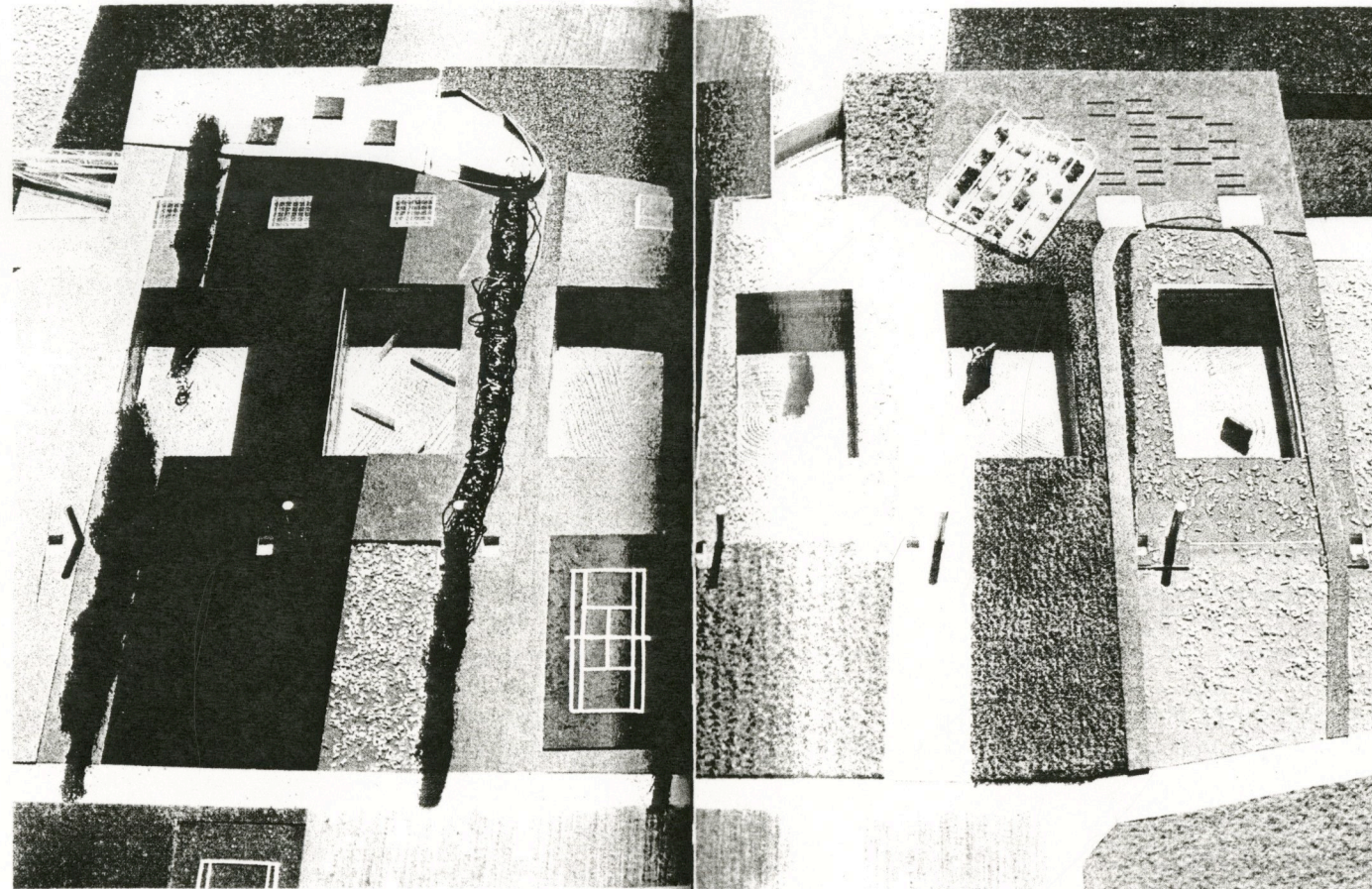
4. Extrapolation does not yield exhilarating prospects: eventually the entire hill will be covered with architecture. A second building is planned to contain more laboratories, offices, and public rooms for the dissemination of knowledge: lecture halls, a library, and a big room for what Hannes Meyer would call "carbohydrate administration."

5. OMA was invited to participate in the competition for this second building along with Peter Eisenman, Richard Rogers, and a handful of German architects. The site was strategic; located next to the existing eyesore, it was more or less at the center of the hill. A tall building here would condemn the surrounding fields to a premature status of residue.

6. The entire program could form a flat, double-height plate. Embedded in the hill, it would resemble a colossal step: one side exposed, the other half-buried.

7. The laboratories—the location of potentially dangerous processes—are placed in the buried side; six Zen-like patios provide daylight.

8. The public facilities are strung along an interior boulevard. Barely perceptible from the city, they offer a panoramic view of Frankfurt.



9. The patterns of the fields are reestablished in synthetic

materials on the roof of the complex, each surface accommodating different open-air activities, including a lecture hall.

10. In the long term, an experimental greenhouse will represent the only connection to nature.

11. When the campus is finished and the hill is entirely covered with architecture, the half-buried building will appear as an absence: a miniature Central Park surrounded by efficient factories of learning.

FOREIGN NEWS

ALGERIA

The Pep Talk

Heading off for a tour of French army bases in Algeria, Charles de Gaulle kept his itinerary secret, took with him only a handful of aides and a single reporter—Agence France-Presse's Jean Mauriac, son of Novelist Francois Mauriac. In Paris, wags cracked that the general was traveling more like a spy than a head of state, and in Algiers, disgruntled European settlers jeered that he was afraid to face them. But within 24 hours, diehard French officers in Algeria were gleefully proclaiming: "We've got him!"

Traveling across Algeria's rugged countryside in helicopters and observation planes, De Gaulle ate in brigade messes, insisted on delivering a pep talk to the officers of each unit he visited. Over and over again, according to both Reporter Mauriac and army spokesmen, De Gaulle plugged a single theme: "Separated from France, Algeria would not be able to live; on the other hand, the Algerian Moslems cannot be Frenchmen from Provence or Brittany . . . The Algerian problem will not be solved for a long, long time . . . It will not be solved before the final victory brought about by French arms . . . France is determined to stay in Algeria . . . She must not leave. She will stay."

In Paris, downcast moderates puzzled over the apparent direct contradiction between these statements and De Gaulle's previous insistence that the Algerians must be allowed to choose by free vote anything from complete integration with France to complete independence. Socialist Leader Guy Mollet challenged the accuracy of Mauriac's stories, and right-wing Deputy Colonel Jean Robert ("Leather Nose") Thomazo incredulously remarked: "I was expelled from the [Gaullist] Party for saying less."

But nobody in authority (particularly in the army, delighted by the new stand) challenged Reporter Mauriac's ears. The general had long ago warned: "If the Algerian rebels persist in behaving stupidly, I will wage war." The recent equivocal response of rebel "Premier" Ferhat Abbas to De Gaulle's cease-fire offers is said to have convinced De Gaulle that the rebels are not interested in ending the Algerian war, but only in shifting blame for its continuance onto him. To unhappy Parisians, peace in Algeria seemed farther away than at any time since De Gaulle took power.

MOROCCO

The Dead City

Lying between sand-colored mountains and the blue rollers of the Atlantic, the Moroccan seaport of Agadir (pop. 48,000) felt a slight earth tremor one afternoon last week. It was strong enough to tilt the pictures in Room 6 of the Marhaba resort hotel, but Mrs. Philip Mole, a British tourist, decided against

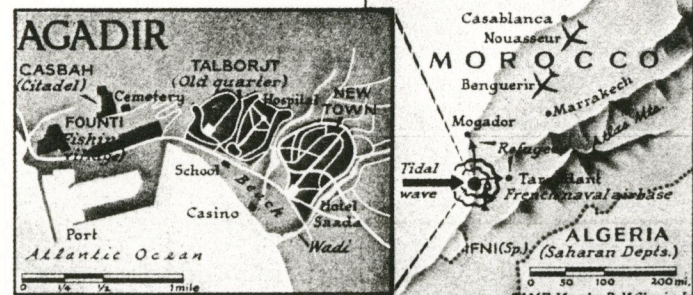
mentioning it to her husband because he might worry. On the hilltop Casbah, a 16th century fortress, the tremor knocked over a slop pail in the mud-brick house of 16-year-old Hassan ben Mohammed, and he was scolded by his father for not having taken the pail outside. In a five-story apartment building in the European-style new city, the shock woke Mme. André Alabert from her siesta, and she called to her husband that someone was knocking at the door. He told her to go back to sleep.

Homage to Strength. Next day, life in Agadir* went on as usual. Moslem workers from the Casbah and the Talborjt quarter at the bottom of the hill traveled to their jobs in the mines, canneries and on the docks. Agadir's small Jewish colony (2,200) opened its shops and trucking offices.

Tourists Philip Mole and his wife had a swim at Agadir's superb beach, André Alabert was in the office of his prosperous electrical-equipment factory, and young Hassan took his father's three donkeys to pasture. That night at 10:50, Agadir was shaken again. Seventy-five Moslems from the Talborjt quarter hurried to their mosque confident that, on this third day of the holy month of Ramadan, Allah would "not strike us while we are paying homage to his strength, omnipotence and mercy."

Dust-Choked Dark. At 11:45 p.m., uncounted thousands of people and the entire city died. The great earthquake lasted only twelve seconds, and all of the damage was done in the two "center" seconds. In that catastrophic moment, the earth under Agadir moved 4 ft. and then wrenched back again, bringing down 70% of the city and burying its citizens in the rubble of their houses. A tidal wave from the Atlantic swept 300 yds. in from the shore. Lights went out, and the city's streets were flooded by bursting mains. Screams pierced the dust-choked dark, and fires began to flicker in the broken

* Known previously to aging history students as the site of a crisis that almost precipitated World War I. In 1911, as France was extending its influence over Morocco, Germany sent a small warship to Agadir to protect the "lives and property" of German merchants. British pressure finally produced a settlement.



TIME, MARCH 14, 1960

city, but all of Agadir's fire engines were buried in the ruins.

In the Casbah, 98% of the buildings collapsed and nearly two-thirds of their 2,500 inhabitants died. Young Hassan saved himself and his baby sister but lost his parents and grandparents. The Talborjt quarter at the foot of the Casbah was 80% leveled. Only the minaret of the mosque remained standing; its roof and walls had fallen in, crushing the 75 worshippers. An estimated 1,500 of Agadir's 2,200 Jews perished in the night.

In the new city the ruin was not quite total. Philip Mole and his wife were playing bridge in the lobby of the Marhaba Hotel when the ceiling fell; they were even able to go to their rooms and pack their belongings before leaving the hotel. The other two tourist hotels in the city collapsed, and the wife of a vacationing U.S. Air Force lieutenant was pinned for 38 hours in the wreckage of the Hotel Saada before being rescued.

Rats & Jackals. The first help for Agadir came from the nearby French naval airbase, which sent trucks, stretchers and fire-fighting equipment. From three U.S. bases came 300 men with bulldozers, generators and portable operating rooms. Moroccan soldiers poured in the next day. The badly injured were flown out to Casablanca and Rabat 50 at a time, but the planes arrived with many dead. Other wounded lay on stretchers in the streets, calling for water during the stifling heat of day, moaning in the cold of the African night. Rats and jackals dug for food in the ruined city, and weakening voices still cried from the tumbled buildings in French, Arabic, German, Swedish and English. The exhausted rescue teams working under the blazing noonday sun wore wet handkerchiefs across the lower parts



MOROCCAN SOLDIERS LAYING OUT THE DEAD AT AGADIR
Catastrophe within the space of two seconds.

of their faces in a futile effort to cut down the dreadful stench.

Sprinkled Lime. The recovered dead were put to rest in mass graves. A U.S. bulldozer scraped a trench 2 ft. deep, up to 100 ft. long and 10 ft. wide. Moroccan soldiers rolled the dead in, while their dazed relatives mourned in the background. When the ditch was filled with bodies, it was sprinkled with lime, and the bulldozer covered the open grave with tons of dirt. Religious scruples complicated the gravediggers' job. Imams insisted that Moslems be buried close to the surface in accordance with local tradition in Agadir, thus increasing the danger of plague. Jews begged that their dead fellow men be buried separately from the Moslems and Christians.

Few of the living could see any future for Agadir. King Mohammed V of Morocco pledged his personal fortune to start the rebuilding of the city. But one survivor said in anguish: "The only thing I'm thinking of is getting away, really away. The quicker they destroy this place the better. I doubt if they can ever get rid of the odor." At week's end, as it was feared that the toll of dead might mount above 10,000, a French café owner uttered Agadir's epitaph: "We were a peaceful union of Moslem and Christian, Arab and European. This was a prosperous city, and we had a future. We worked and behaved ourselves. We were growing. What in God's name do you suppose we did wrong?"

FRANCE

Les Téléfilles

Ever since the brothels of France were closed by law after the war, amorous Frenchmen and tourists have had to make do with the makeshift arrangement of picking up a prostitute in a bar or on the street, and then retiring to the sort of

small hostelry often referred to as a *hôtel de vingt minutes*.

The system was much too crude to be Parisian, and Gabrielle Gaucher, 48, decided that the simplest solution was to introduce the call girl to France. Renting an office on Rue Laugier, not far from the Etoile, Gabrielle and a bookkeeper assistant soon assembled a list of some 400 personable girls. As the French once adopted the word "weekend," they borrowed "call girl," though some preferred to Frenchify it to *téléfilles*. When the clients came calling, Gabrielle had ready an album containing pictures of her *téléfilles*, and a brief paragraph that stated whether the girl was blonde, brunette or redheaded—and succinctly described other attributes. Sometimes Gabrielle would interview a client in depth before offering expert advice. On payment of a fee, varying from \$20 to \$60, the client received the telephone number of the *Fifi* or *Gigi* most suited to his taste.

The Spenders. Gabrielle usually divided the fee fifty-fifty with her girls, and had she confined her operations to supplying Paris with attractive *téléfilles*, she might never have run afoul of the law. But Gabrielle was greedy and sent some of her girls into service overseas in Casablanca, Dakar and Damascus, thus qualifying as a white-slave trafficker. Last week plump, double-chinned Gabrielle Gaucher was fined \$3,600 and deprived of civil rights for ten years. Her husband Marcel, a gay boulevardier who had lived a happy, dronelike existence on his wife's earnings, could not stand the publicity, and killed himself.

Frenchmen, who delight in intellectualizing sex as much as they do politics, noted that the principal difference between the old-style *poule de luxe* and the new *téléfilles* was the elimination of the pimp, who has traditionally dominated Parisian prostitutes and exacted a brutal

tribute from their earnings. In the opinion of Judge Marcel Sacotte, who has written a modest but informative monograph on the subject, the call girl is better educated than ordinary prostitutes. Gabrielle had insisted that each of her girls supply proof of her education, discretion and relatively amateur standing, and her list included teachers, artists, manicurists, models, a dentist, and a few young girls referred to as "starlets." An estimated 75% were divorcees, 20% unmarried, and only 5% wandering wives.

In Judge Sacotte's opinion, the call girls "have one feature in common: an extraordinary facility in spending money. As a consequence, their legitimate profession—if they have one—never earns them enough. Hence the necessity to obtain extra money through a partner of the moment, announced by telephone and furnished with discretion."

The Tolerance. Sacotte also finds that call girls often drop out of the business and then take it up again when in need of extra income. Thus, reasons the judge, there is more hope of eventually winning a call girl back to respectable life than is the case with common prostitutes, and more tolerance for the call girl from police and magistrates. In concluding his essay, Judge Sacotte gave generous and unstinted credit for this advance in "de luxe prostitution, perfected and modernized by the employment of the telephone," not to Gabrielle Gaucher but to its true innovator, the U.S.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Unhappy Memory

In London last week the bitterest and most divisive British political controversy of modern times flared into renewed life. Once again Englishmen argued in passionate detail the rights and wrongs of the Suez invasion of 1956. Cause of the furor: publication of *Full Circle*, the memoirs of former Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden.

In the *Observer*, Sir William Hayter, who was Britain's Ambassador to Moscow at the time, wrote that Suez "was morally repulsive to many people (myself included)." After World War II, Sir William continues, Britain, though declining as a military power, was gaining a new reputation for "moderation, wisdom, respect for international law . . . Suez blew it all away," and Britain was made to appear "the same old grasping imperialist as ever, but toothless and rather incompetent." If Eden had not resorted to force, "some kind of international element in the control of the canal would have been preserved; the weakness of Great Britain and France would not have been so publicly demonstrated, and many people now dead would be alive."

Labor Pains. Labor Party Leader Hugh Gaitskell, plainly nettled by Eden's statement that he regarded Gaitskell's rise to leadership of the Labor Party as "a national misfortune," said that his own view of Eden as a Prime Minister was "even stronger," and bluntly called Eden's account of the Opposition's role during the

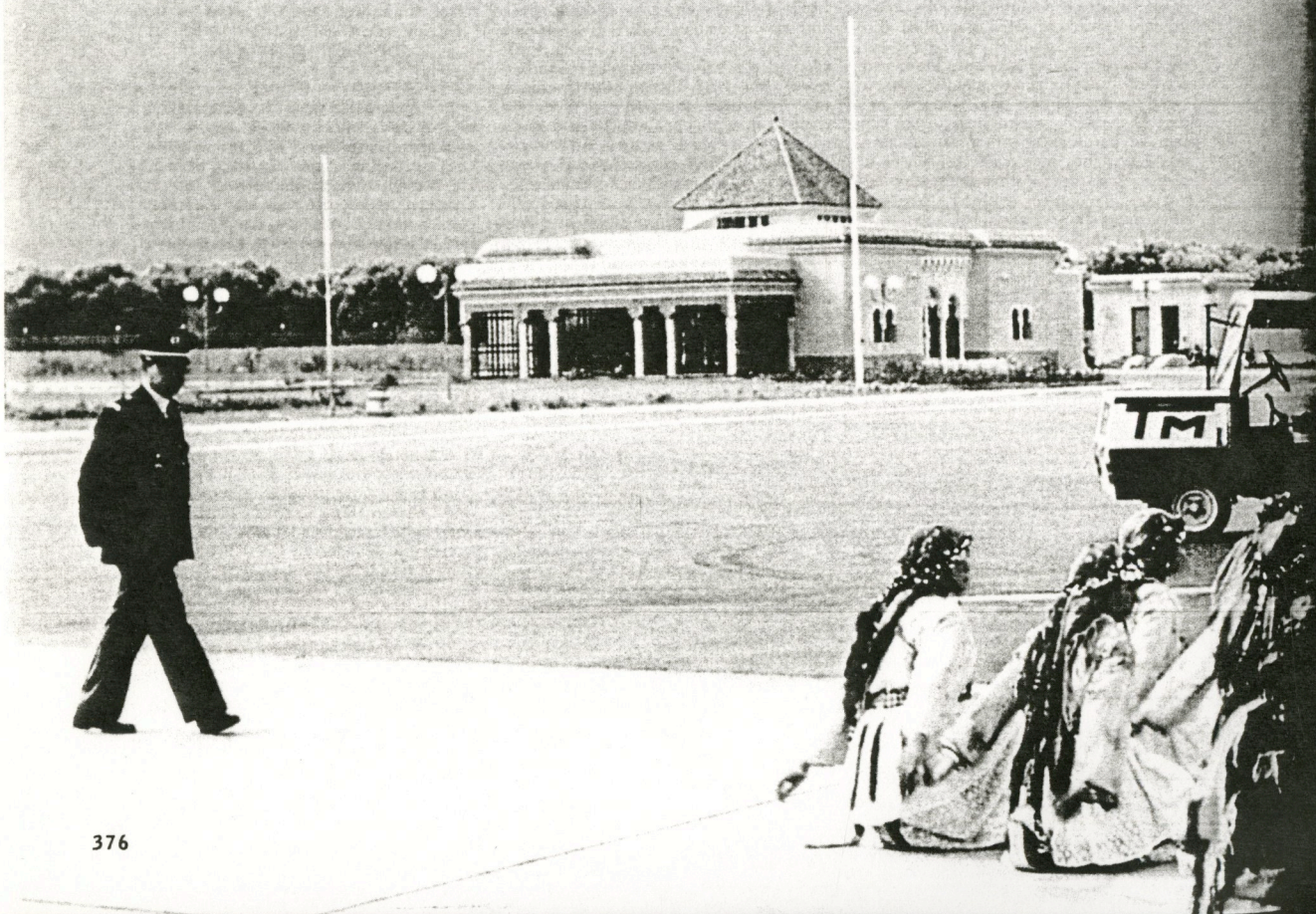
TIME, MARCH 14, 1960

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After the earthquake, Agadir was reconstructed in the 1960s as a typical New Town — mostly modern architecture by French architects in a kind of idyllic CIAM idiom, its post-Corbusian concrete cubes almost benign in the Moroccan sun. It is not grand; its only resemblance to a resort is the seemingly accidental fact that this small urban prototype confronts kilometers of impeccable tropical beach.

On the other side of town lives the Moroccan king, or at least a forbidden oasis there is the site of one of his five palaces. Comings and goings of helicopters are the only visible sign of his presence (or absence).

Between the invisible palace and the innocent town, a group of "friends of the king" is developing a "new" Agadir. A beaux-arts composition of boulevards, plazas, and axes defines individual plots the size of mini-palaces. Between this sector and the palace, a new 18-hole golf course ensures the king's privacy. For the launch of the new Agadir, the king and his party landed by Concorde at the otherwise unremarkable airport.



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Islam After Einstein

Palm Bay Seafront Hotel and Convention Center
Agadir, Morocco
Competition, 1990



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Two of the dominant axes of the new Agadir converge at a eucalyptus forest on the beach. This focal point is the obvious (too obvious?) site for the Palm Bay Seafront Hotel and Convention Center, which would remove definitively the stigma of sobriety that has clung to this city since the earthquake.

An international competition was held: from Japan, Kazuo Shinohara; from America, Antoine Predock (fresh from Euro Disney's Hotel Santa Fe); from France, Richard Simounet, architect of the Picasso Museum in Paris; from "Europe," OMA. Globalization reaches Agadir.

At first sight, the size of the program — its possible delusions of grandeur — seems overwhelmingly at odds with the fragrant, almost virginal beauty of the site. In a context of systematically compromised authenticity, it seemed cruel and unusual to destroy part of its remaining natural qualities. Were these boulevards and axes dreams of Africa? Should they be answered? What could be the status of projections in such a conceptual quicksand? Was there a way to escape the apparent necessity for a monument or a climax?



truth which the actual building expresses in material stuff.

EUGENIC

An agreeable group calling itself the Society for the Betterment of the Human Race picked three men and three women who have, it announced, the "natural endowments" to be the ideal "eugenic parents." The perfect ancestors turned out to be cinema actors Clark Gable and Burt Lancaster, radio singer Jack Smith and Hollywood's Jane Russell, Betty Grable and Linda Darnell.

EVERY

Rachmaninoff created enduring music at the Steinway, as did Paderewski, Berlioz, Gounod. Today virtually every great artist uses the Steinway: Brailowsky, Casadesus, Gorodnitzki, Hofmann, Horowitz, Kapel, Liszt, Mayner, Menuhin, Reiner, Artur Rubinstein, Rodzinski, Serkin, Wallenstein, Whitmore & Lowe, Zaremba, and many more ... For the name of your nearest Steinway representative, consult your local classified telephone directory.

EVERYONE

Everyone changes in time.

EX

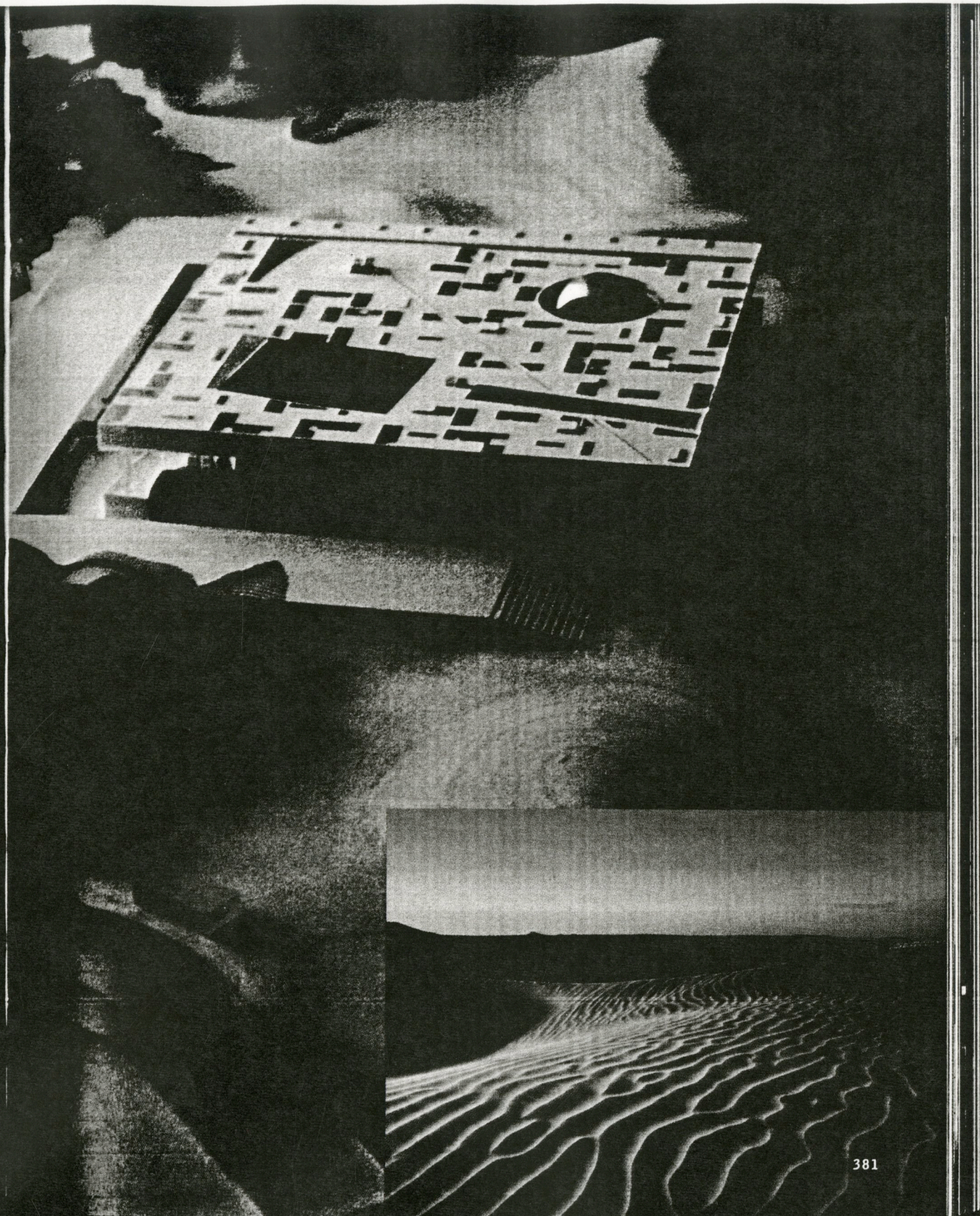
Look at it logically—an ex is usually an ex for good reason.

EXAGGERATION

In a certain kingdom once lived a poor miller who had a very beautiful daughter. She was moreover exceedingly shrewd and clever; and the miller was so vain and proud of her, that he one day told the king of the land that his daughter could spin gold out of straw.

EXCEPTIONS

"I have also thought of a model city from which I deduce all the others," Marco answered. "It is a city made only of exceptions, exclusions, incongruities, contradictions. If such a city is the most improbable, by reducing the number of elements, we increase the probability that the city really exists. So I have only to subtract exceptions from my model, and in whatever direction I proceed, I will arrive at one of the cities which, always as an exception, exists. But I cannot force my operation beyond a certain limit: I would achieve cities too probable to be real."



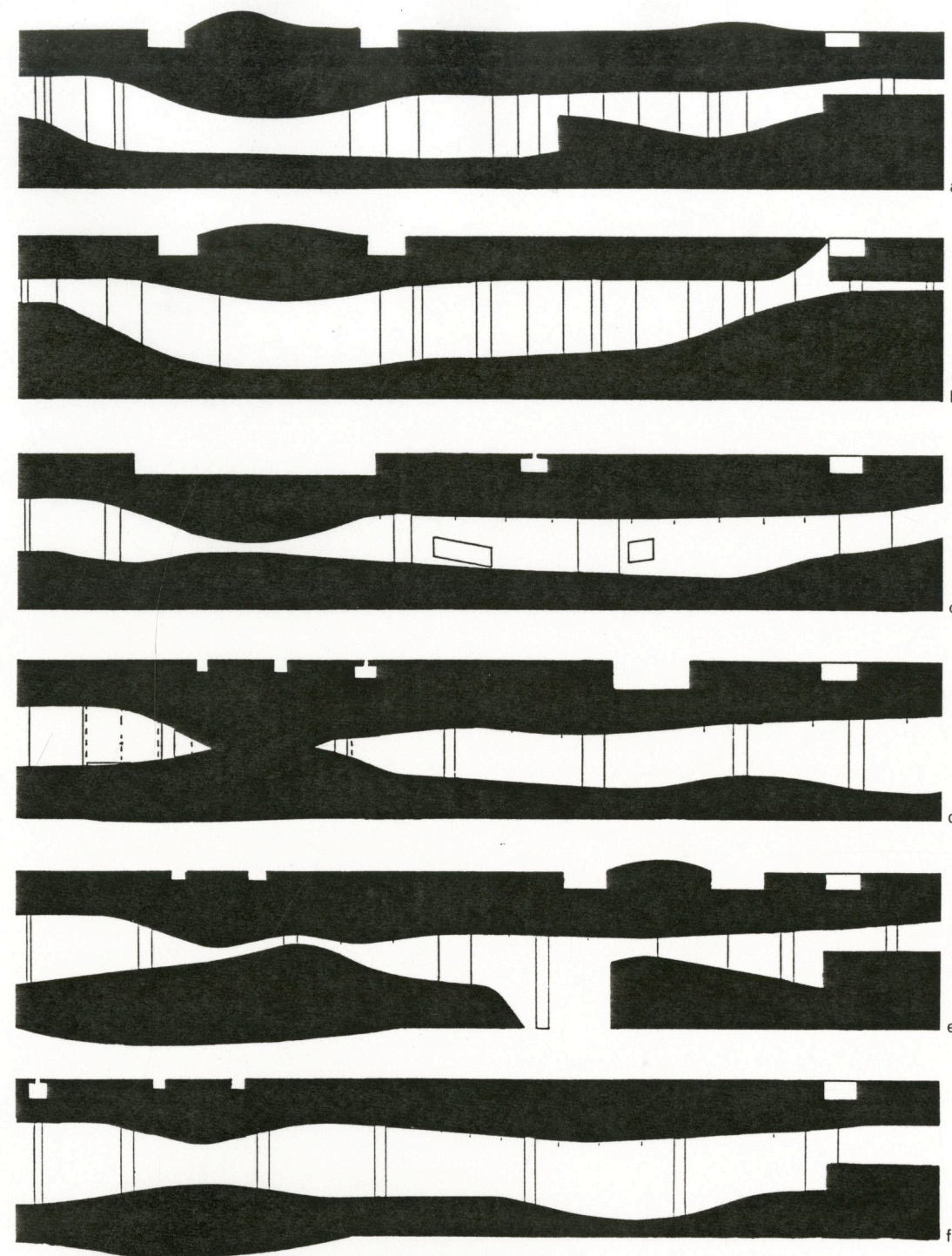
The building is a single block sliced horizontally in two parts. The irregular plane of the cut is exposed by separating the two halves, creating an enormous covered plaza on the beach. Rather than becoming a pretext for a beaux-arts culmination, the two axes run through this space without leaving formal traces.

The upper part of the block is a hotel, an orthogonal grid of walls that supports a tapestry, not of rooms but of individual apartments, each with its own exterior space. Small towers in each patio guarantee views of the ocean. In the lower part, the heterogeneous elements of the convention center — auditoriums, conference rooms, foyers — form artificial dunes, a seamless continuation of the surroundings.

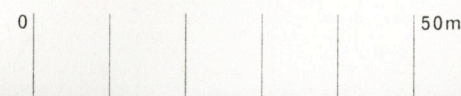
As a mirror image of this landscape, a similar relief floats on the ceiling of the portico, where a royal chamber and other special facilities — a long pool and a nightclub — are suspended below the hotel, a kind of upside-down Alhambra. The main axis of the new Agadir disappears into the garage that surrounds the conference center and reemerges on the covered plaza to serve the royal rooms.

The void between socle and roof with its concave and convex domes ... the floating upper half that seems a mirage of the socle ... the irregular forests of columns ... the blue light that filters through the glass floor of the pool ... the polished concrete, mosaic tiles, gold leaf: Islamic space turned inside out, Islam after Einstein.

The mood of Morocco — somnolence sharpened by the threat of explosion — is highly political. At one point, our chance to win the competition seemed good, almost regardless of the design. During the long period of judgment — it is still not over — relations between Morocco and France soured; then those with the US deteriorated beyond the point where it seemed wise to let one of its nationals construct the conceptual cornerstone of a new display of affluence. The king was going to choose. That was years ago. No one answers the phone at the Palm Bay Company anymore.



sections



EXCHANGE

Although I prepared my views well until my brain creaked, his opinion always defeated mine in the end. When I came up with yet another idea, he would merely say: "uninteresting" or "too long." I found this rather irritating and I'd think to myself: "I only get half as much sleep as you do, so I spend much more time thinking about these things." When I refused to give in and said: "I still prefer my idea," he would sit down at the desk without answering me. The result was always shorter and more interesting than my scribbles.

EXCLUSION

In a society such as our own we all know the rules of exclusion. The most obvious and familiar of these concerns what is prohibited.

EXPERIMENTAL

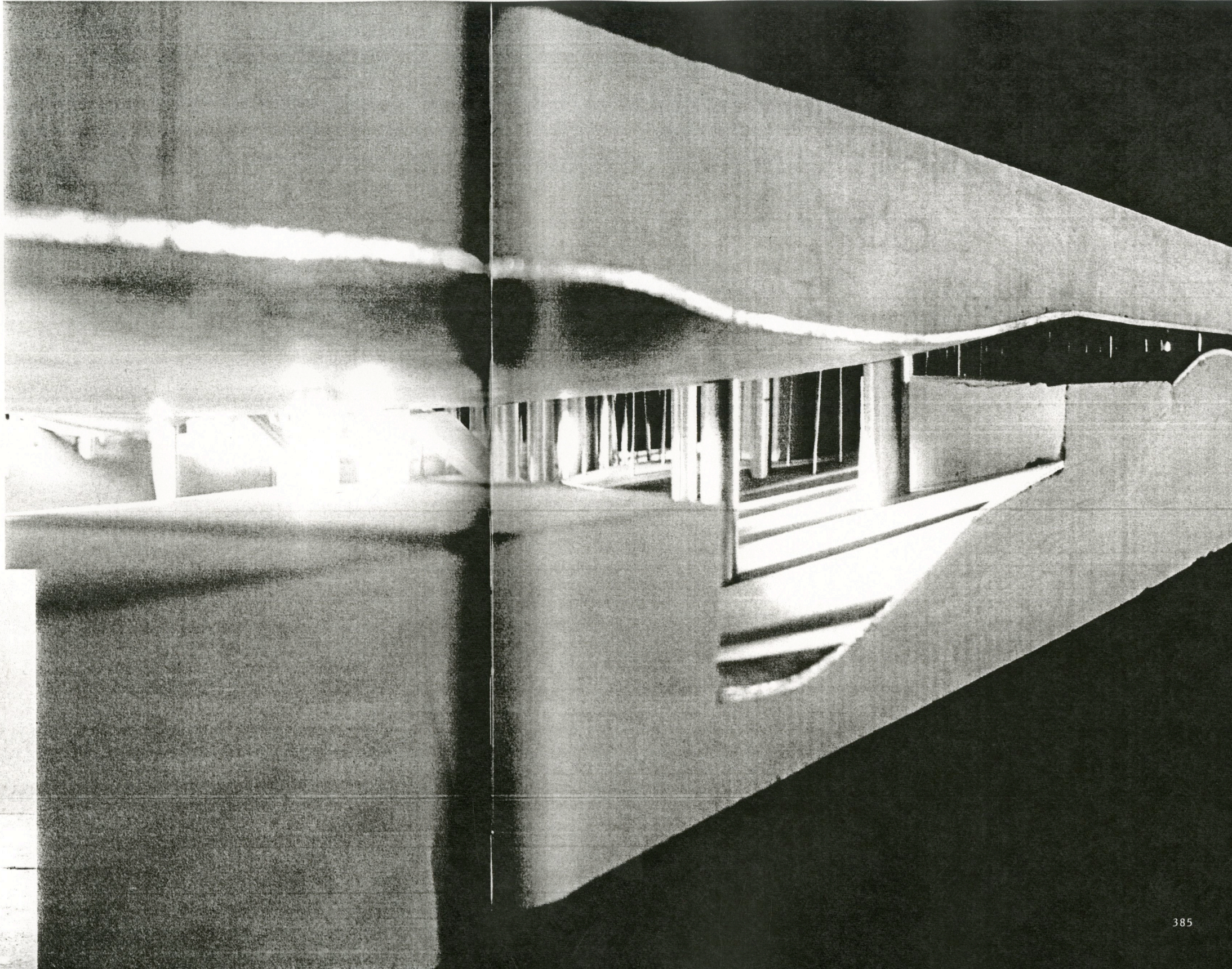
The really experimental direction of situationist activity consists in setting up, on the basis of more or less clearly recognized desires, a temporary field of activity favorable to these desires.

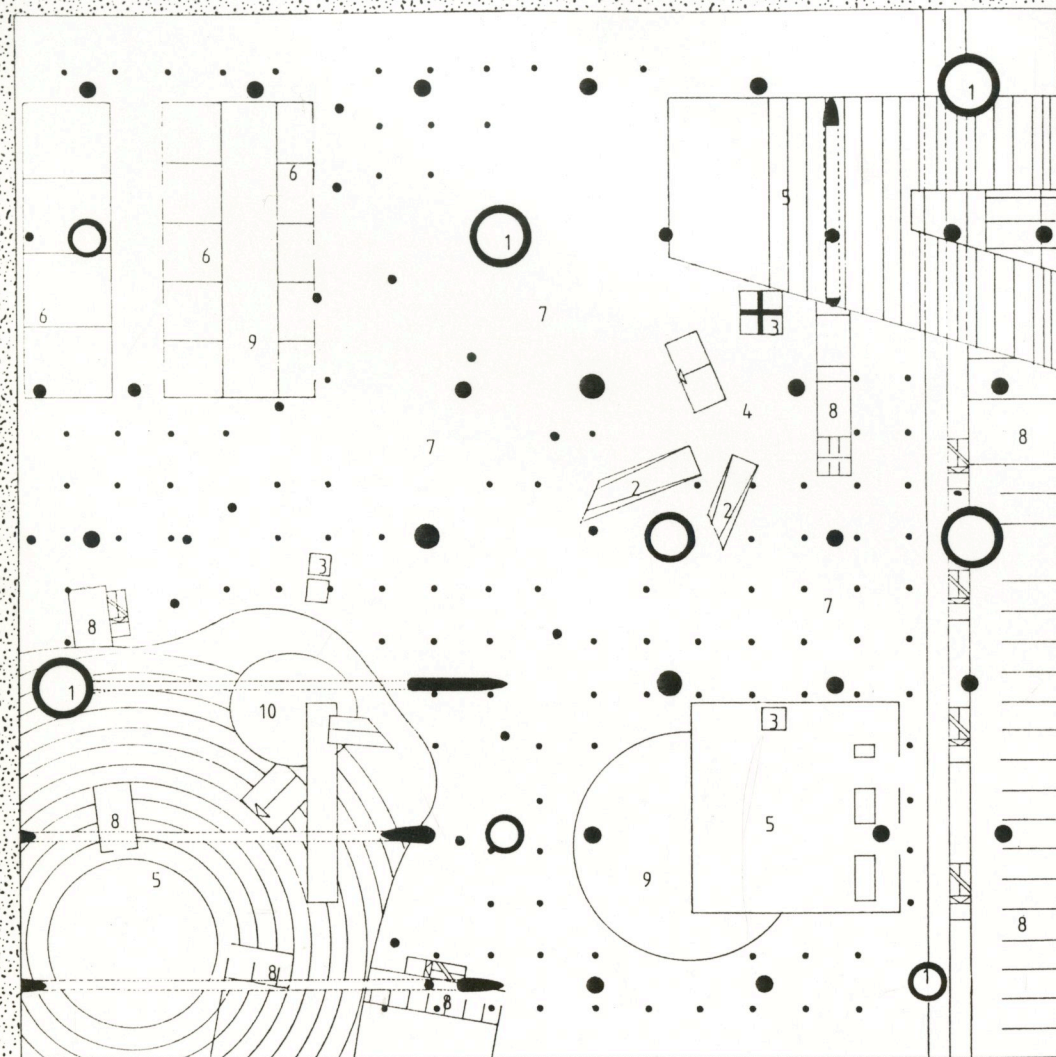
EXPERIMENTS

And this seems like sheer nonsense. *And yet Einstein's statements have proved to be true by experiments!*

EXPLANATIONS

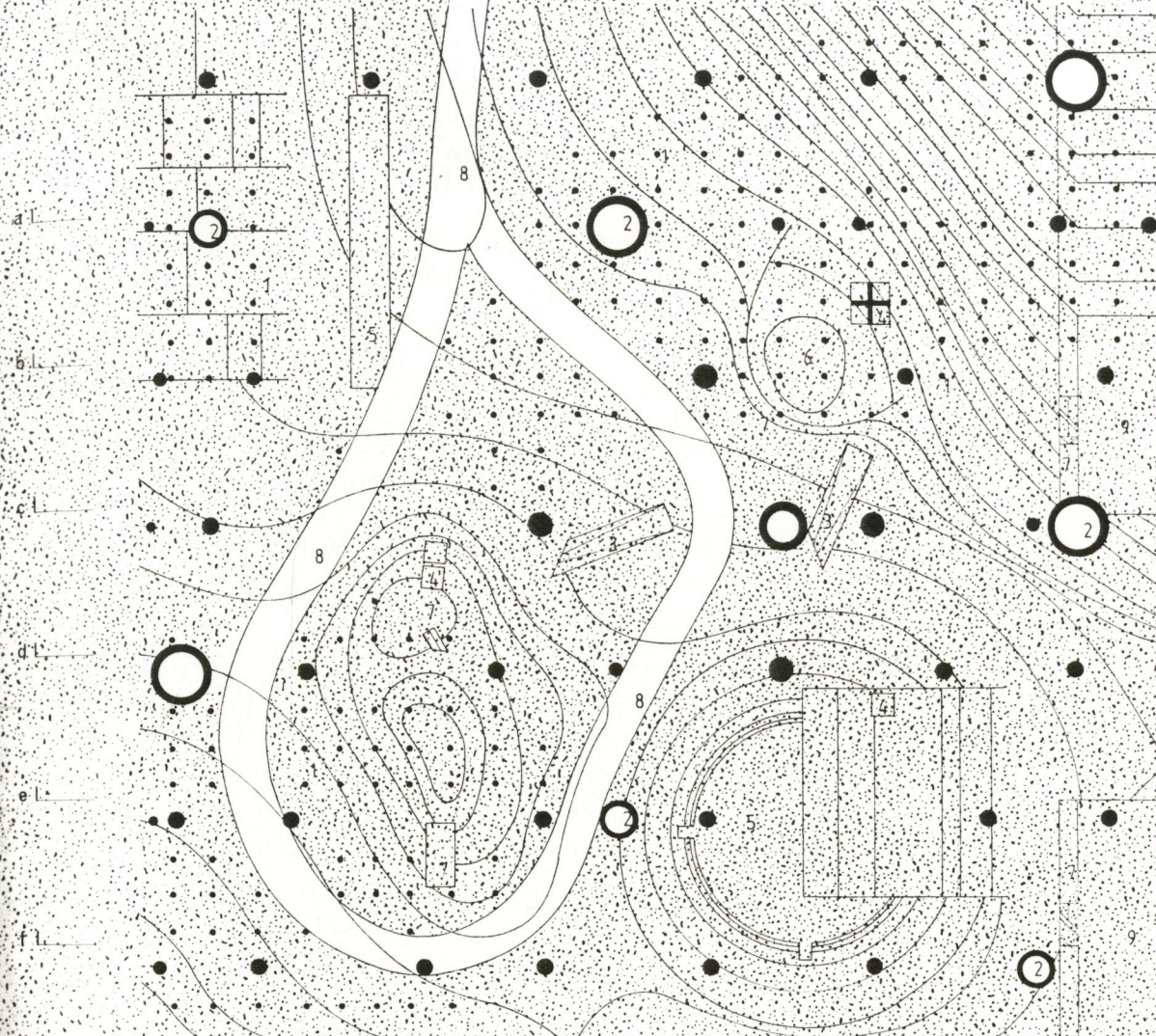
"There are no explanations," he said, "just as there should be no vows and





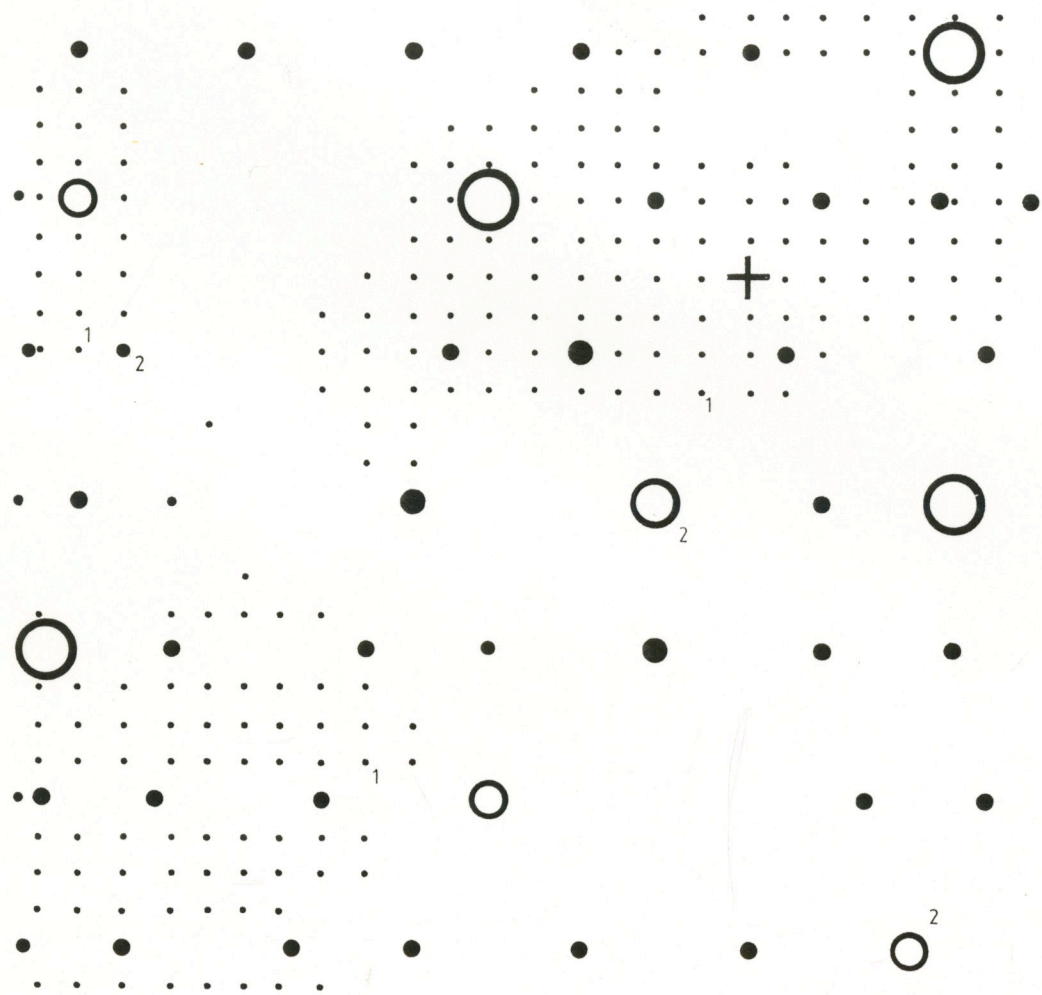
conference center (0 meters)

- 1. hollow column
- 2. escalator
- 3. elevator
- 4. reception
- 5. auditorium
- 6. committee rooms
- 7. exhibition
- 8. service and technical rooms
- 9. patio
- 10. bar



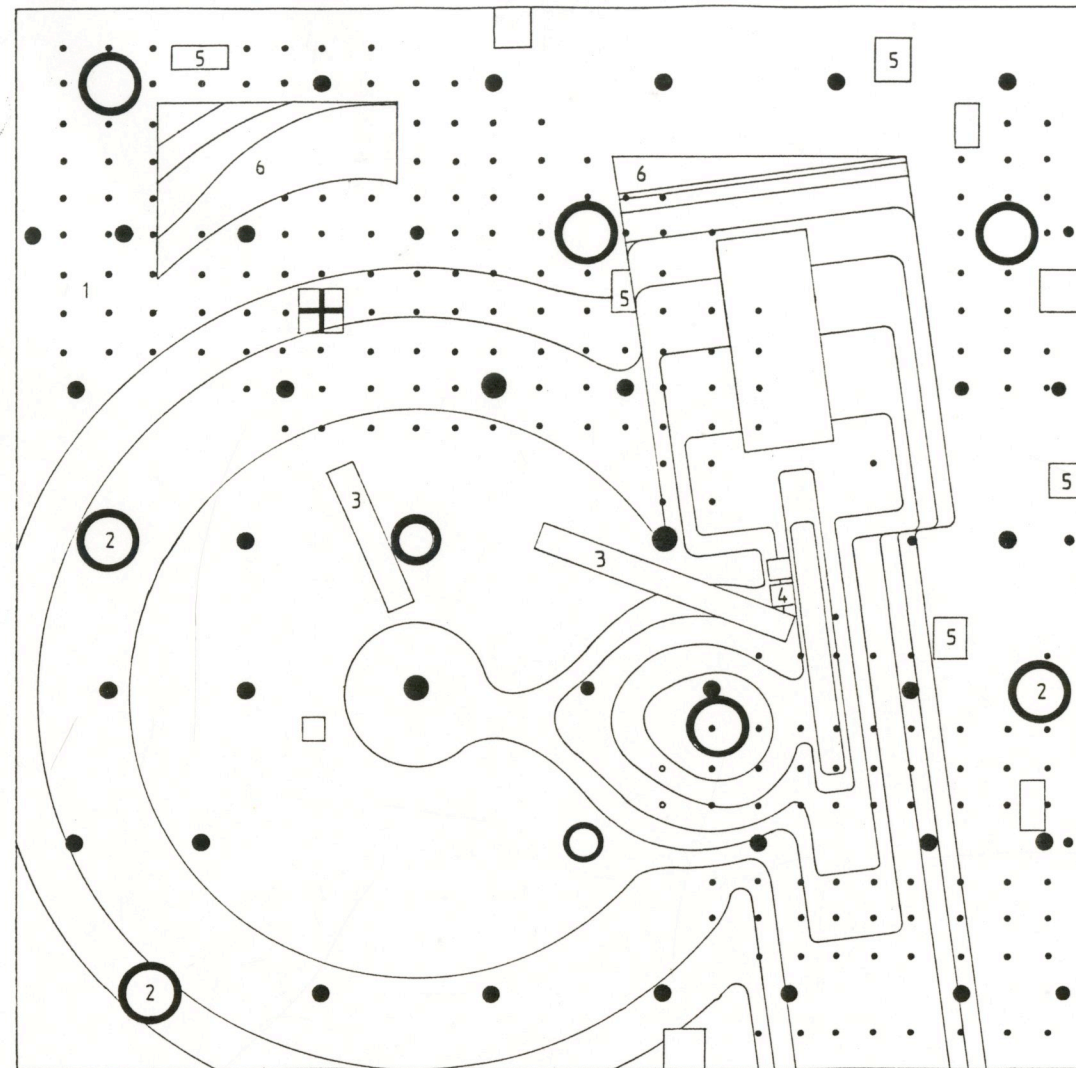
covered plaza (+4-18 meters)

- 1. hanger
- 2. hollow column
- 3. escalator
- 4. elevator
- 5. patio
- 6. entrance hall
- 7. void to basement
- 8. drop-off road
- 9. service and technical rooms



column plan, covered plaza

- 1. hanger
- 2. hollow column



ceiling plan, covered plaza
(+10-18 meters)

- 1. hanger
- 2. hollow column
- 3. escalator slot
- 4. elevator slot
- 5. suspended room
- 6. void to the sky

promises. To explain one thing is to make another thing — which only litters the world the more."

EXPLOITATION

Woman: she's present in practically every music video. As prop. As repoussoir. As entourage. As decor. As the ultimate lubricant . . . And yet, she's not simply misused, dominated or humiliated. Her genius resides in the fact that exploitation, and, indeed, everything which is pernicious from the point of view of freedom, equality, of a person in her own right, is a matter of utter indifference to her. She exploits her own exploitation. This is what makes the music videos not sexist, but ultra-sexist. It's in this ultra-sexism that woman's real freedom can be found, her absolute superiority. Who else can make such total fools of men?

EXPLOSION

The tension broke, violently, like an explosion. We were all standing up. Dr. Abasolo's mouth was open.

EXPOSED

She was wearing a white shirt. The buttons at the neck were open, exposing a triangle of skin above her breasts. Her skin was still ivory. One didn't need to touch it to know that it was warm and smooth . . . I gave a little smile.

EXPRESSION¹

I have seen how always, in every shape, a certain form, a certain line, repeats itself; how a forehead seems to tally with a knee, a hip with a shoulder; and how the essence of all this is the very being and temper of the person, who alone could have such a knee, or shoulder, or forehead. And this too, I have noted, which I saw one night, as I helped a woman bear her child: that the sharpest pain and sweetest pleasure seem to have almost one expression.

EXPRESSION²

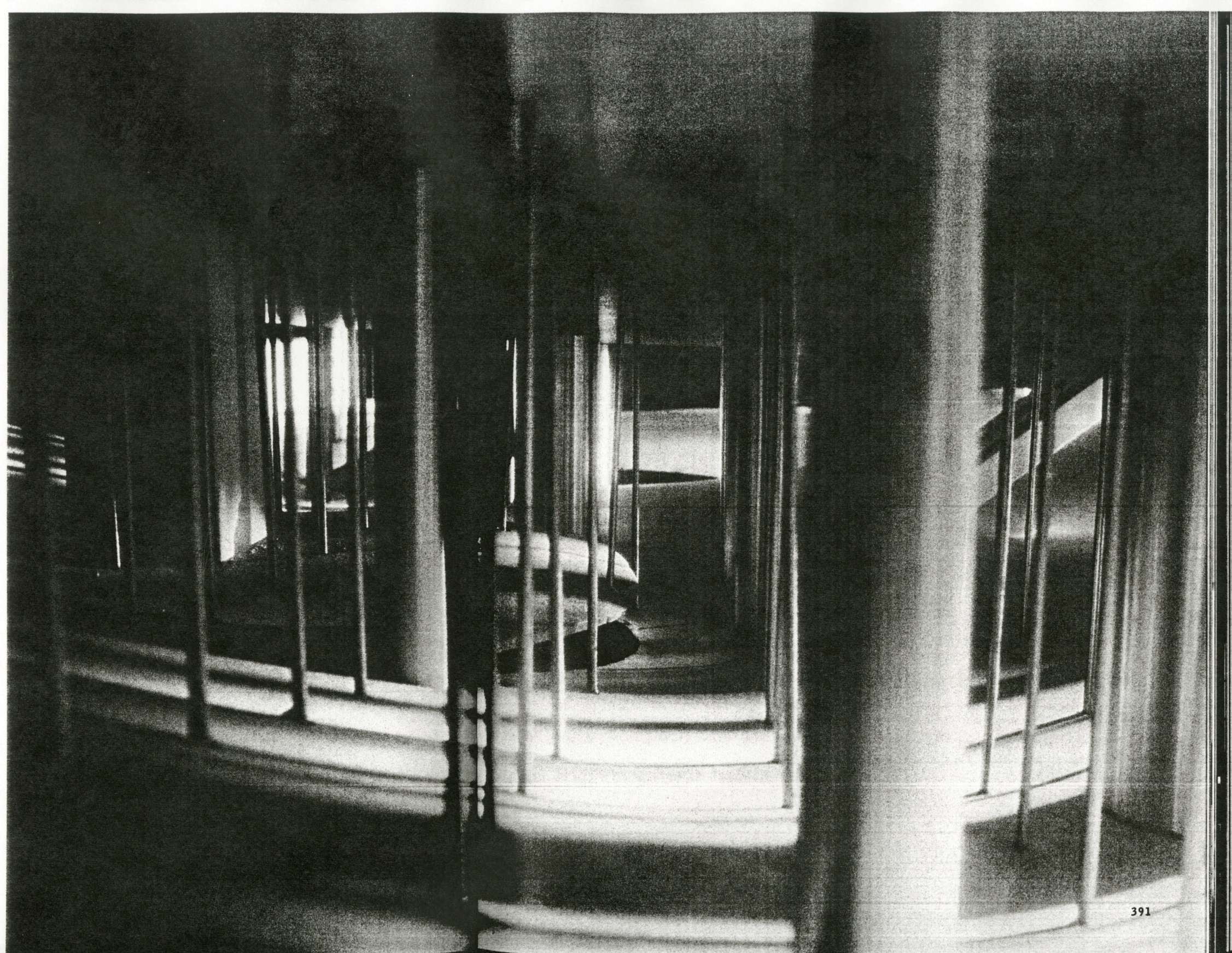
O Public Road . . .

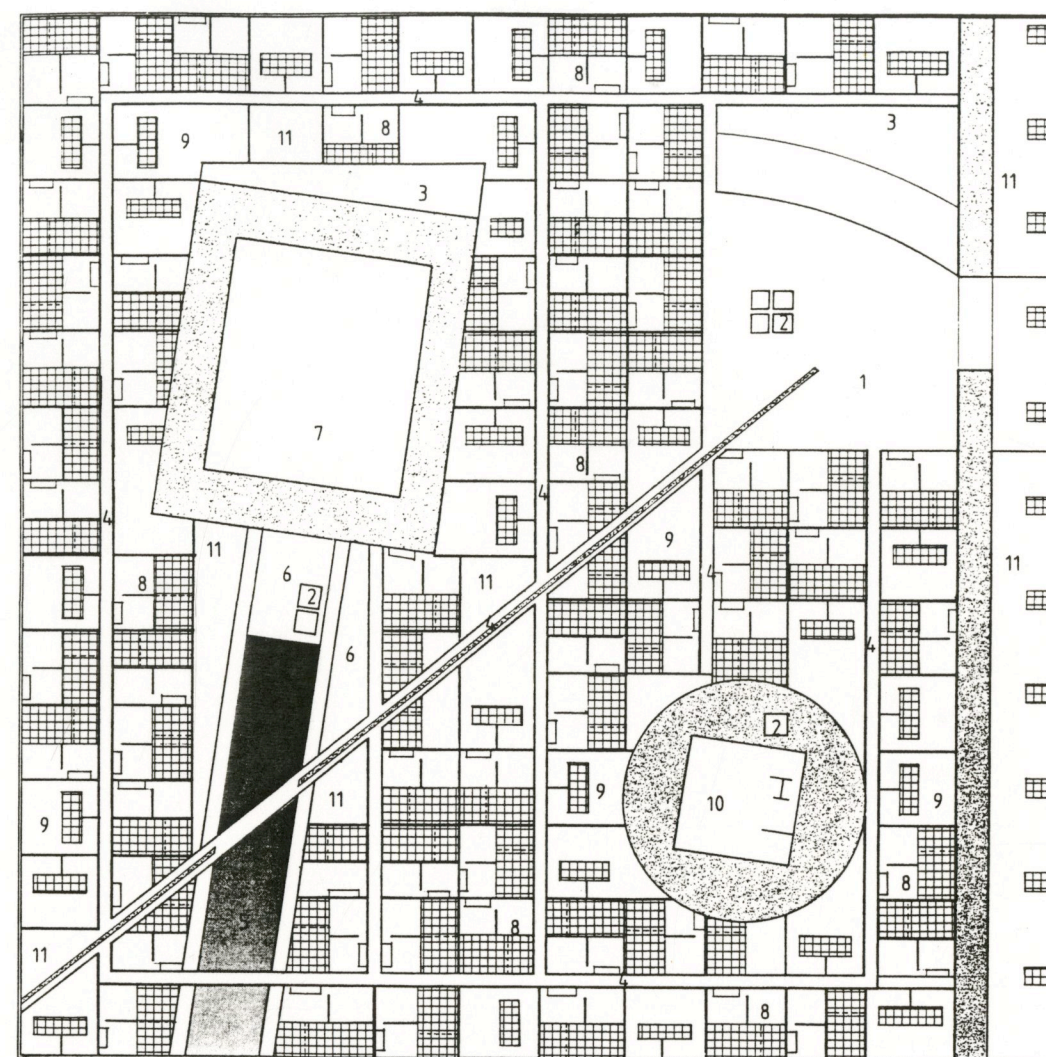
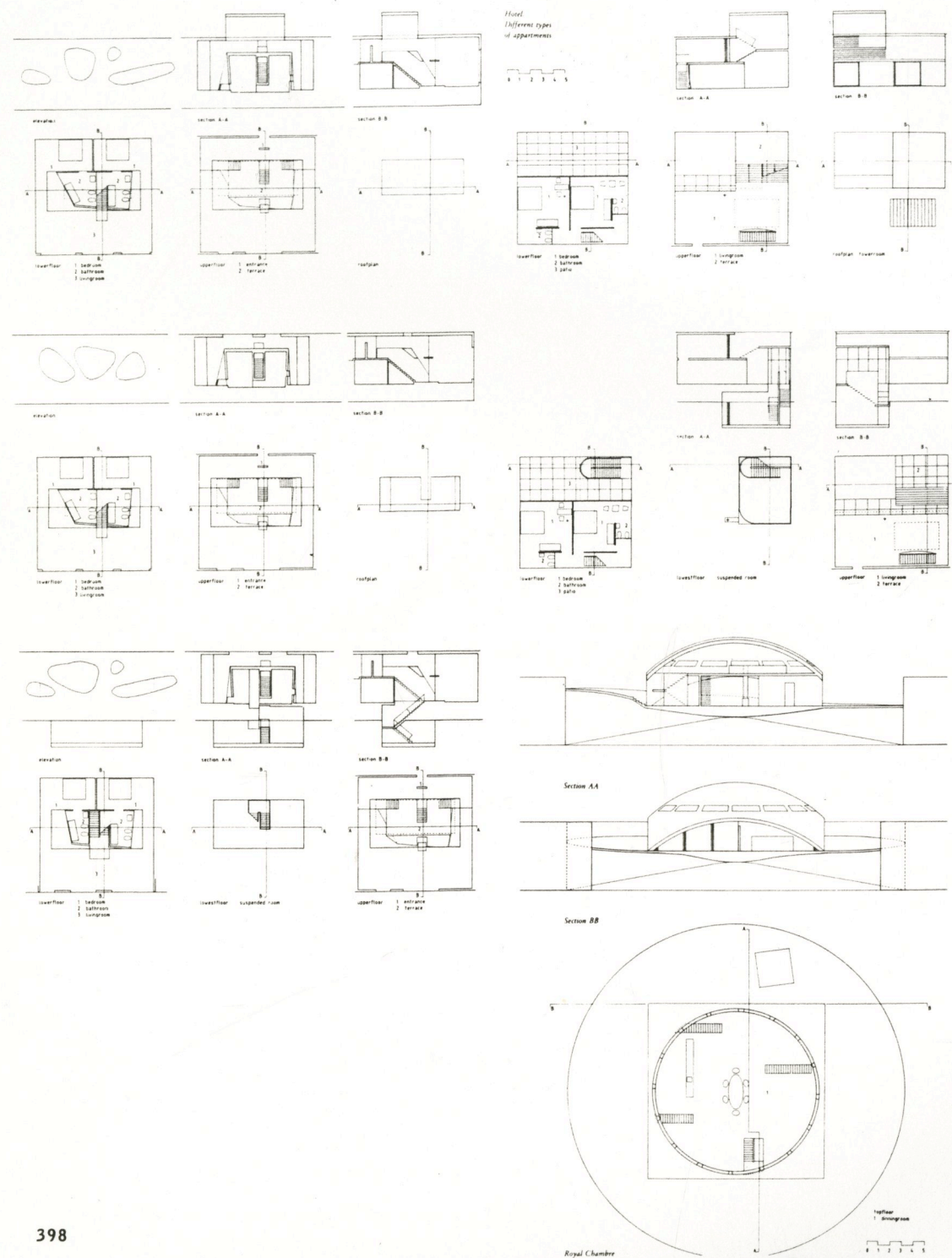
You express me better than I can express myself

You shall be more to me than my poem.

EXTERIOR

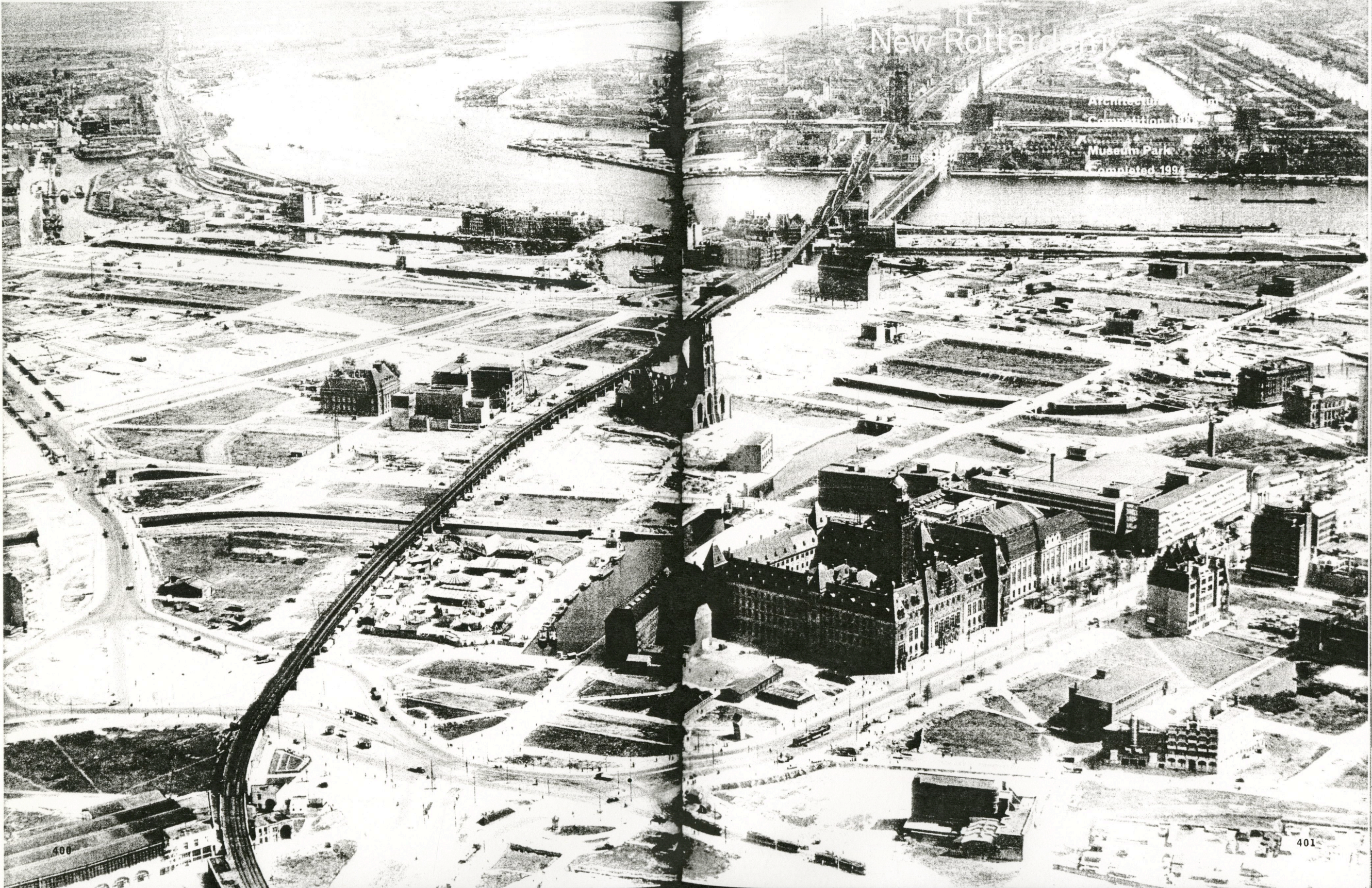
How can you be enclosed within emptiness, how can you visit a line? Yet incontestably the [Eiffel] Tower is visited; we linger within it, before using it as an observatory. What is happening? What becomes of the great exploratory function of the





hotel (+20 meters)

1. lounge
2. elevator
3. void to veranda
4. alley
5. swimming pool
6. dressing rooms
7. gymnasium
8. hotel suite type 1
9. hotel suite type 2
10. royal chamber
11. service and technical rooms



New Rotterdam

Architectural
Competition
Museum Park
Completed 1994

inside when it is applied to this empty and depthless monument which might be said to consist entirely of an exterior substance?

EYES¹

Our epoch is fixing its own style day by day. It is there under our eyes. Eyes which do not see.

EYES²

The real voyage of discovery consists not in seeking new landscapes but in having new eyes.

EYES³

The eye sprang out of his face like a yolk from a broken egg and rolled down the miller's hand onto the floor. The plowboy howled and shrieked, but the miller's hold kept him pinned against the wall. Then the blood-covered spoon plunged into the other eye, which sprang out even faster. For a moment the eye rested on the boy's cheek as if uncertain what to do next; then it finally tumbled down his shirt onto the floor.

F

FACADE

To the outside world the architect still seems to live glamorously and to hold a position in which great



Rotterdam is a city that makes no demands.

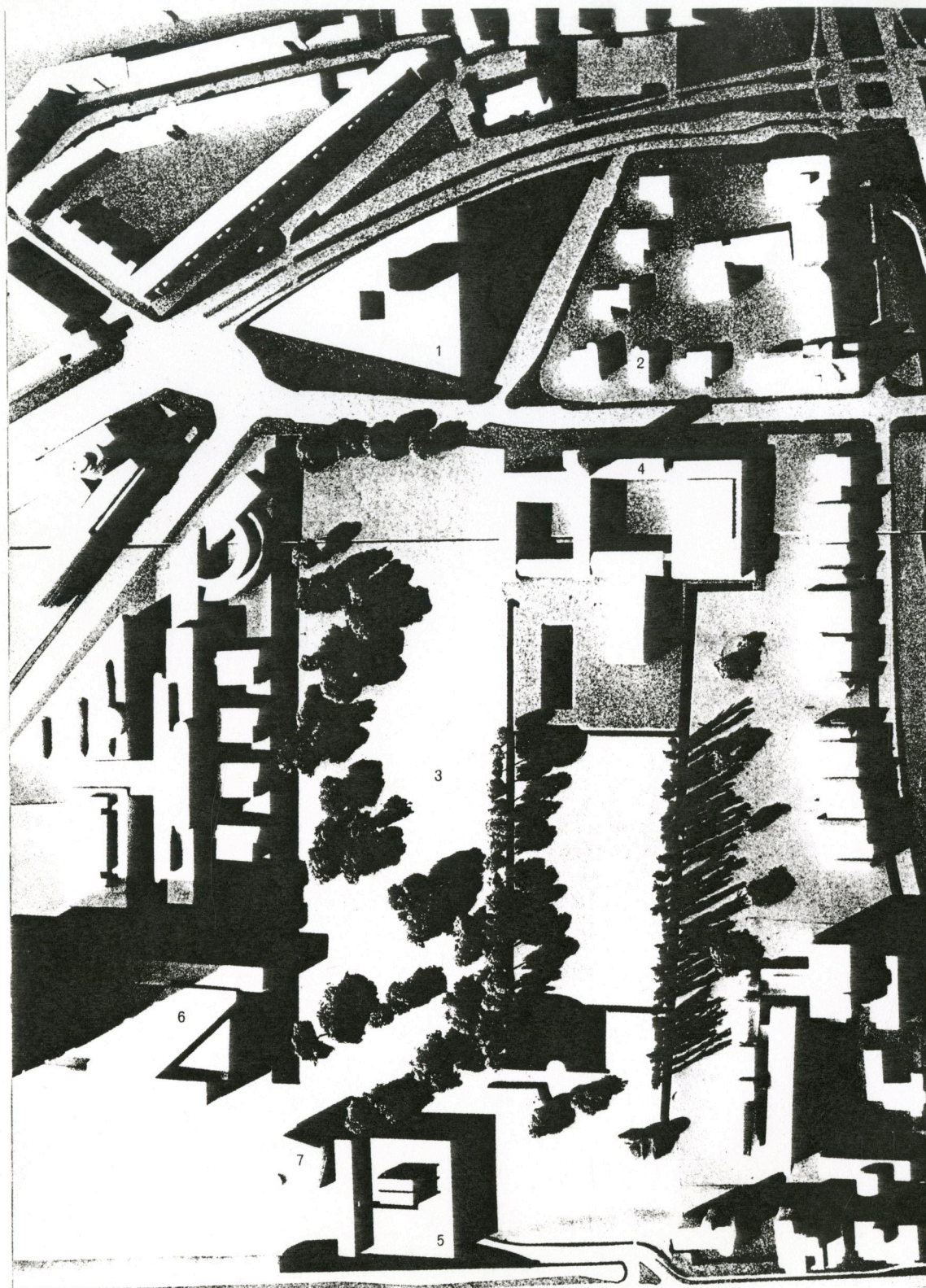
It is the *average* destroyed and reconstructed post-World War II European city, its attractions emptiness, neutrality, a work ethic, and the absence of history, pretension, "interest," temptation.

OMA opened its office in 1981, a moment when the first momentum of a kind of thoughtless making of the city had been exhausted; the harbor—its most obvious *raison d'être*—was moving toward the sea, leaving fresh voids in the newly reconstructed city; self-consciousness was emerging; the role of culture was considered for the first time, partly as a form of replacement therapy.

Exploiting its combined reputation for naïveté and possibility, the city established—in a successful image war—a dialectical relationship with Amsterdam as new vs. old and claimed cultural institutions from the central government as a reward for its sheer energy.

By the mid-1980s, these new ambitions focused on the Museum Park. A dilapidated *terrain vague* (one of the few remaining possibilities for furtive encounters in the city center) would be converted to a "park" that would contain the new Architecture Museum, the existing Boymans-van Beuningen Museum, and a new exhibition building—the Kunsthall.

As compensation for a series of unprofitable involvements in inventing the "new" Rotterdam, OMA was appointed architect for the park and the Kunsthall. The Architecture Museum would be the subject of a competition involving six architects, among them OMA.



The “park” in Museum Park is misleading; the site is a leftover rectangle — 440 meters long, 130 meters wide — between four different conditions: the north is defined by a mini-*Siedlung* of prewar white villas facing the brick and copper of the Boymans Museum (an embalmed frontline in the eternal conflict between modernity and tradition); the western horizon by a 1960s hospital tower, its white-enameled skin one of the last works of Jean Prouvé; the east by the Boymans rose garden; the south by an urban motorway elevated on a six-meter dike.

The two new institutions face each other across the park: the Architecture Museum at the north end confronting a schizophrenic condition of the city (streets vs. objects); the Kunsthal at the south end exploiting the juxtaposition of highway and idyll as it connects the polder to the dike.

The competition for the Architecture Museum represented an initial moment of megalomaniacal euphoria with OMA potentially in charge of a zone in which we could conceive two museums and the field between them as a single complex. For the first time we were obliged to define a contemporary idea of urban composition, to deal overtly with coherence, in spite of our advertised skepticism about its possibility.

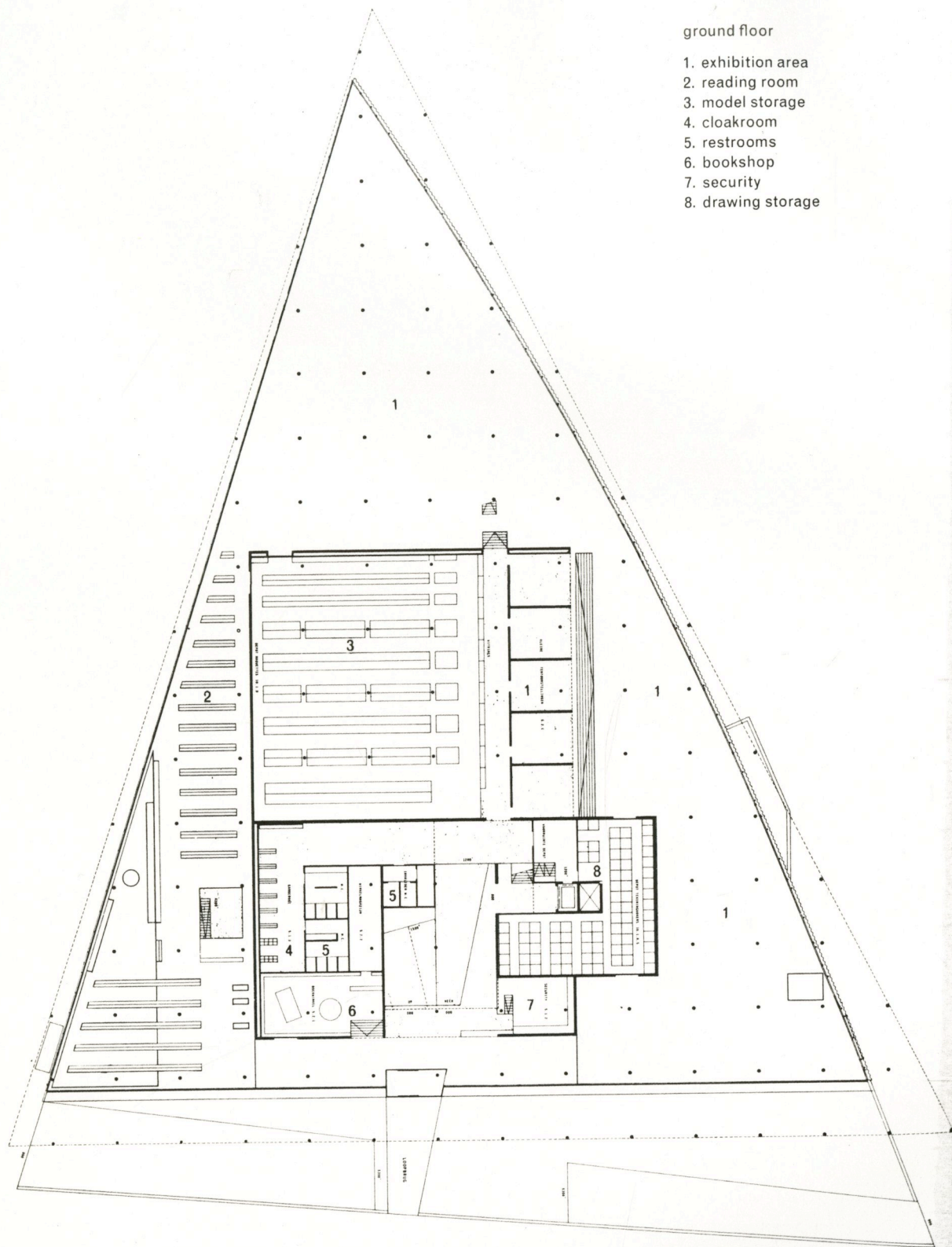
The Architecture Museum and the Kunsthal were conceived as opposites, with the park as a terrain where the tensions between them could be both resolved and intensified.

Is there any life left in the box? Both the museum and the Kunsthal were simple volumes, interrogated to see whether “the box” could play a contextual role, whether apparently dumb forms could accommodate complex programs and generate unforeseeable interest.

1. Architecture Museum
2. villas
3. Museum Park
4. Boymans-van Beuningen Museum
5. Kunsthal
6. hospital
7. Nature Museum

ground floor

1. exhibition area
2. reading room
3. model storage
4. cloakroom
5. restrooms
6. bookshop
7. security
8. drawing storage



Architecture Museum

The site is triangular; so is the building: a transparent/translucent box that represents *museum*.

A solid socle is placed inside the otherwise undifferentiated triangle in such a way that programmatic specificity is generated around it: entry, library, permanent and temporary exhibition spaces.

Inside the socle are drawing cabinets and offices. Excavated from the socle is the auditorium, which, when necessary, is further defined by a silk curtain that hangs from the roof. On top of the socle are a restaurant and a library.

For the offices, a patio — “negative” tower — injects daylight into the heart of the socle. All archives are stored in a “positive” tower that tilts toward the park, destabilizing the gold-pebbled roof.

The socle is of pale travertine, the tower of solid black concrete, the underside of the roof of white and black concrete, marbled like a mix of chocolate and vanilla.

The roof rests on a six-meter grid of circular steel columns, whose diameters — 18, 22, and 26 centimeters — increase with their heights. (Columns — an old Moorish device that makes architecture out of a box.)

To filter the urban presence, the north wall is made of corrugated polyester; the glass facade of the library is open to the park. An external chain-link curtain casts a shadow when necessary.

The short base of the triangle — a temple to asymmetry? — forms the entrance. The regularity of the grid and the socle, confronted with the irregularity of the site and the section, randomly creates “events” and “incidents.”

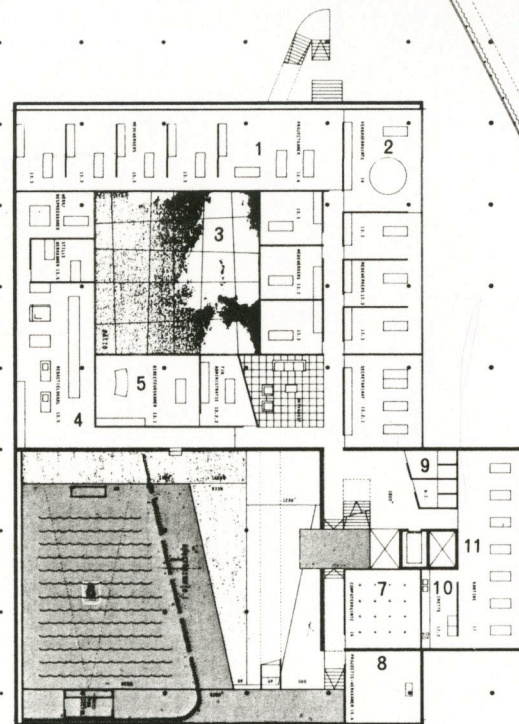
0

25m

407

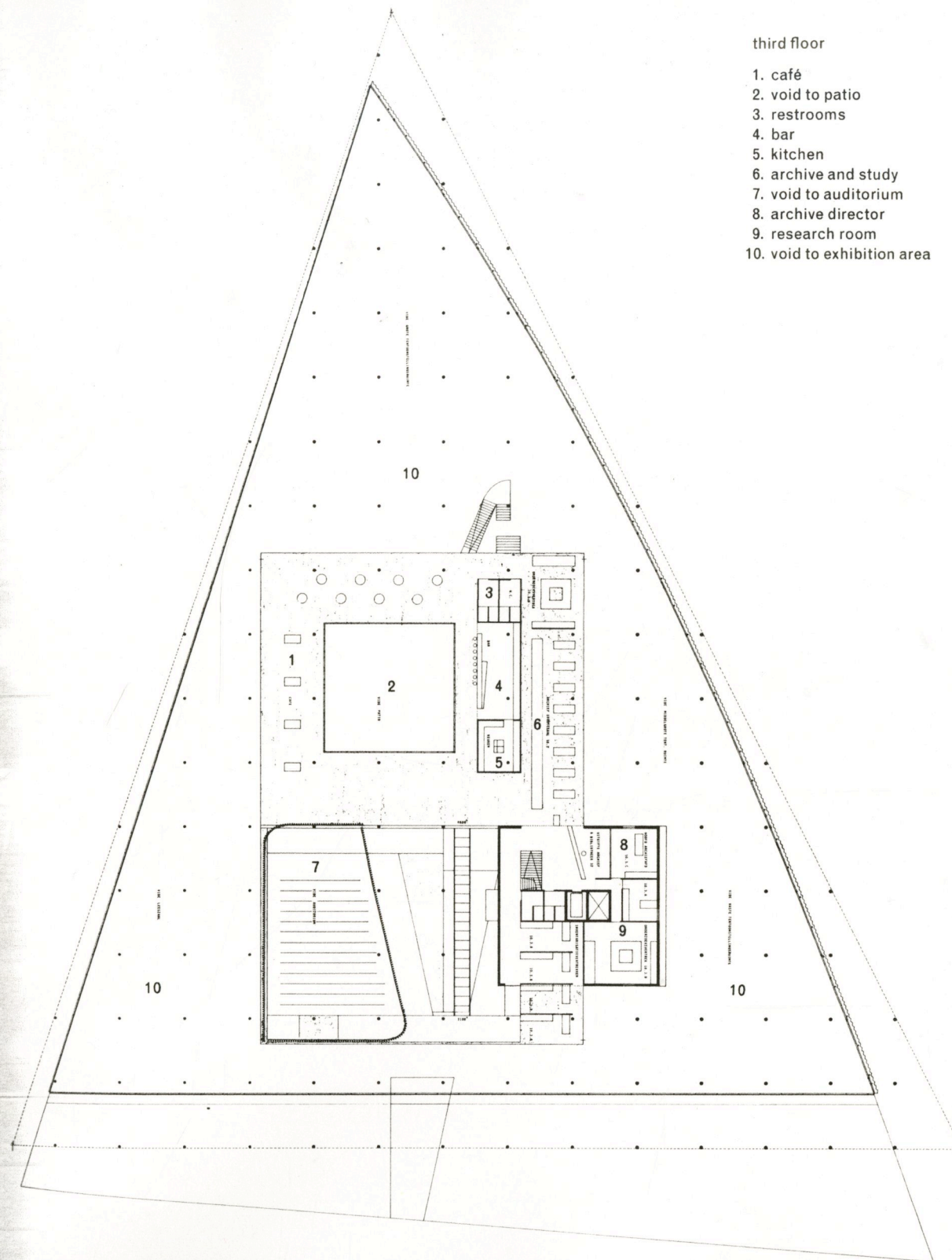
second floor

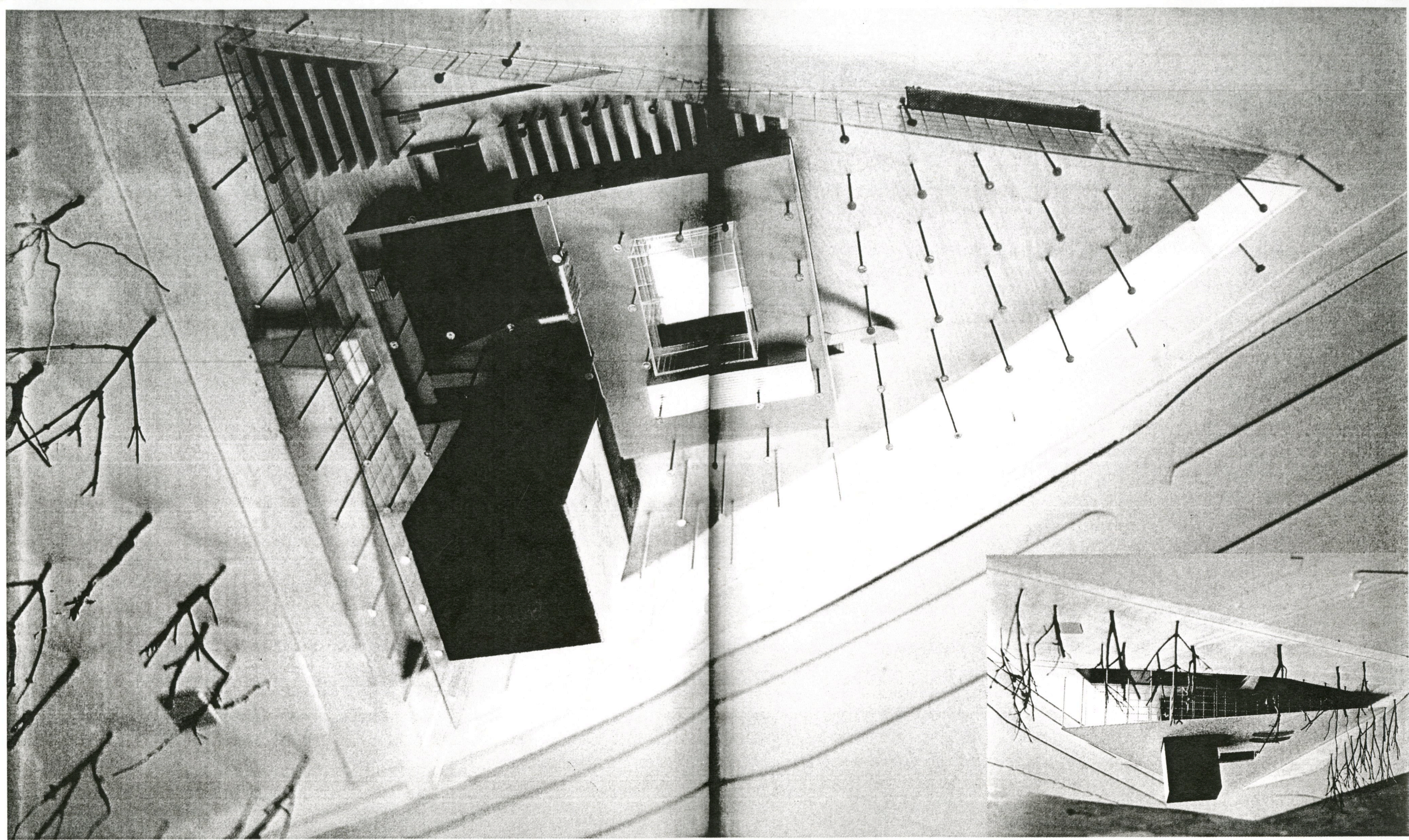
1. offices
2. meeting room
3. patio
4. editorial office
5. director's office
6. auditorium
7. computer room
8. projection studio
9. restrooms
10. kitchenette
11. canteen



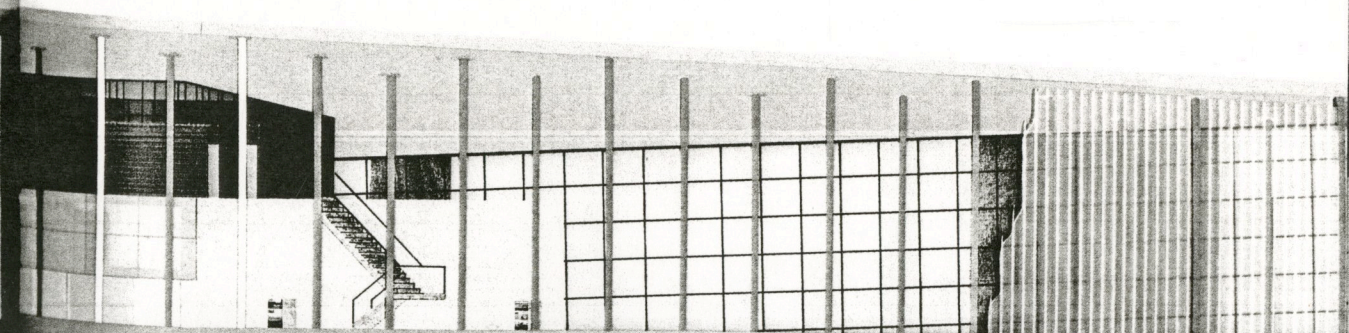
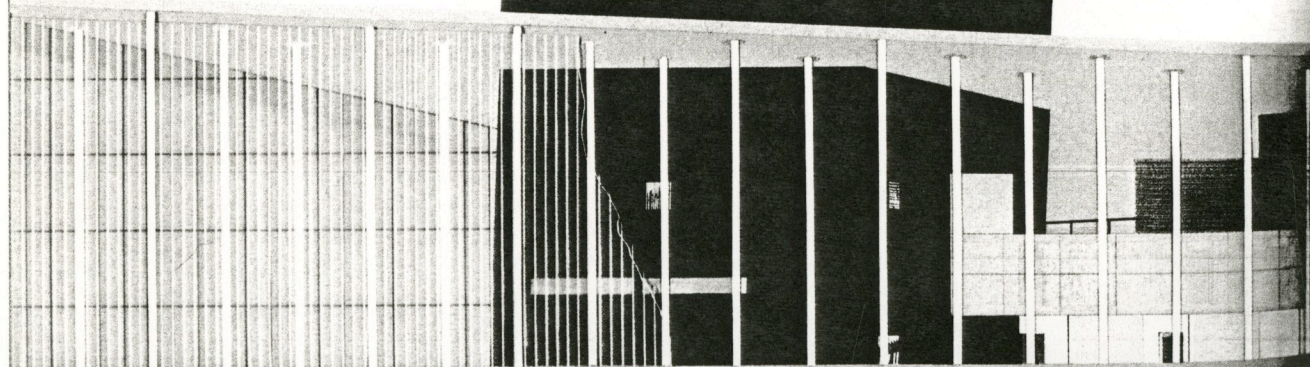
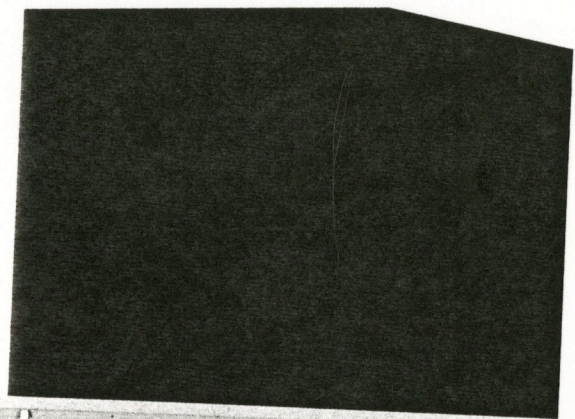
third floor

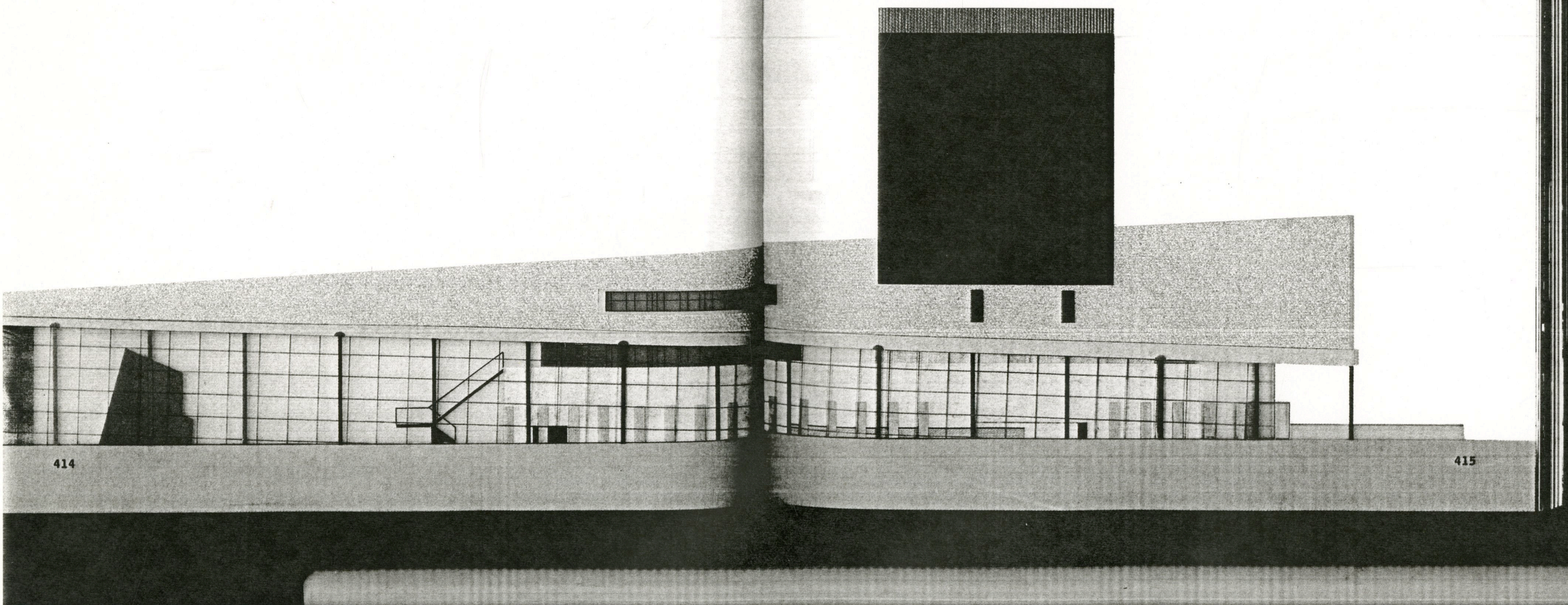
1. café
2. void to patio
3. restrooms
4. bar
5. kitchen
6. archive and study
7. void to auditorium
8. archive director
9. research room
10. void to exhibition area



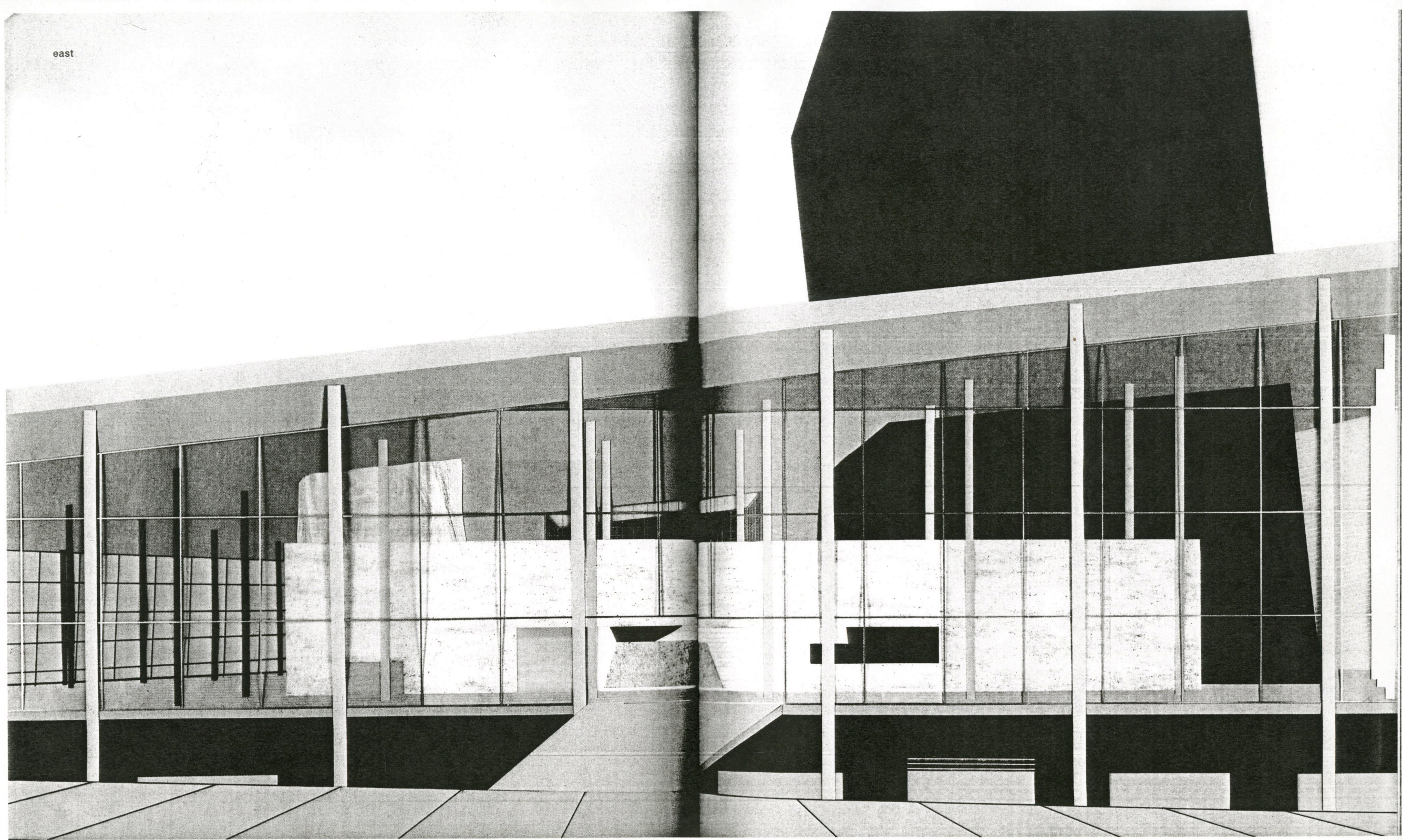


north

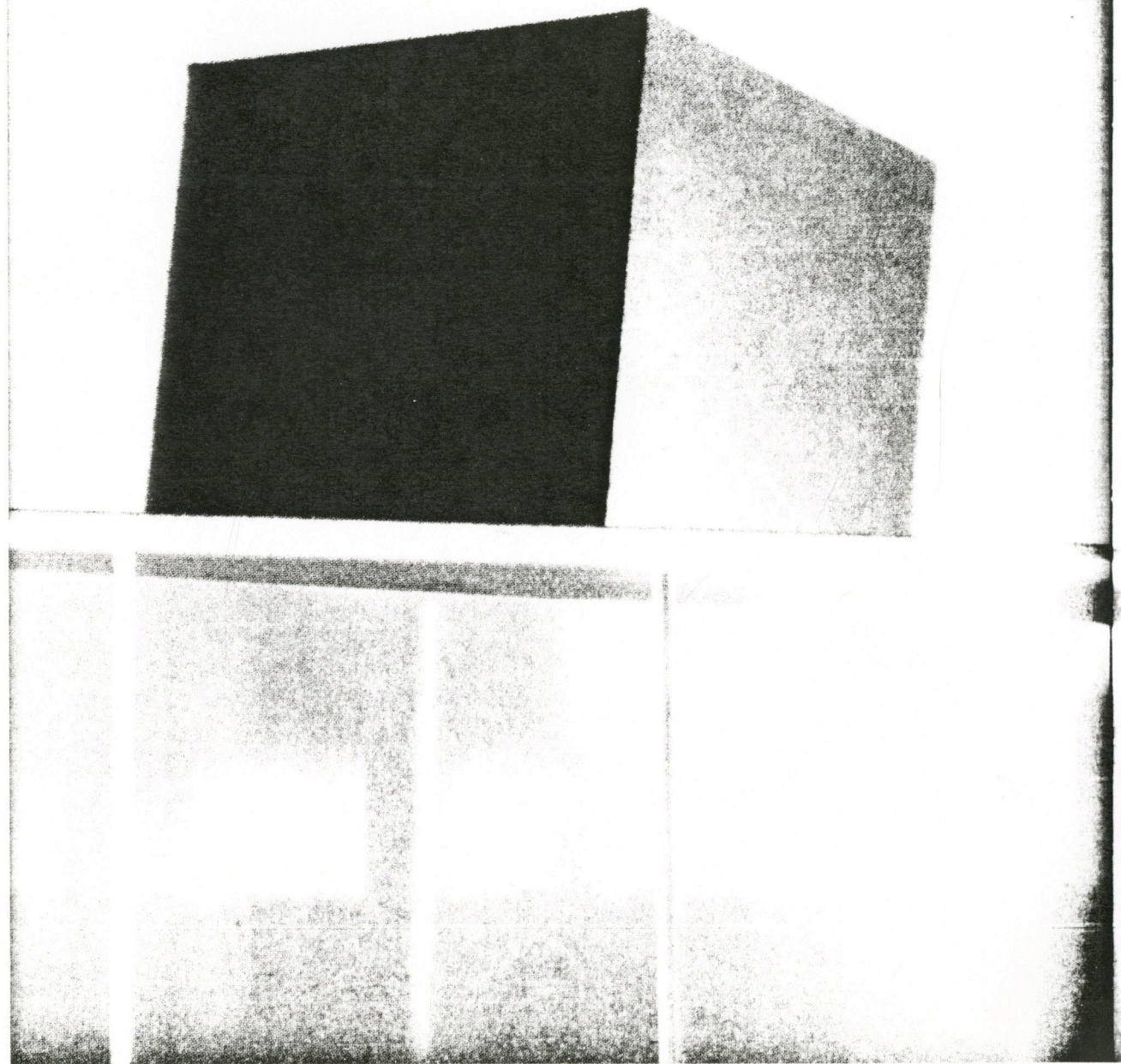


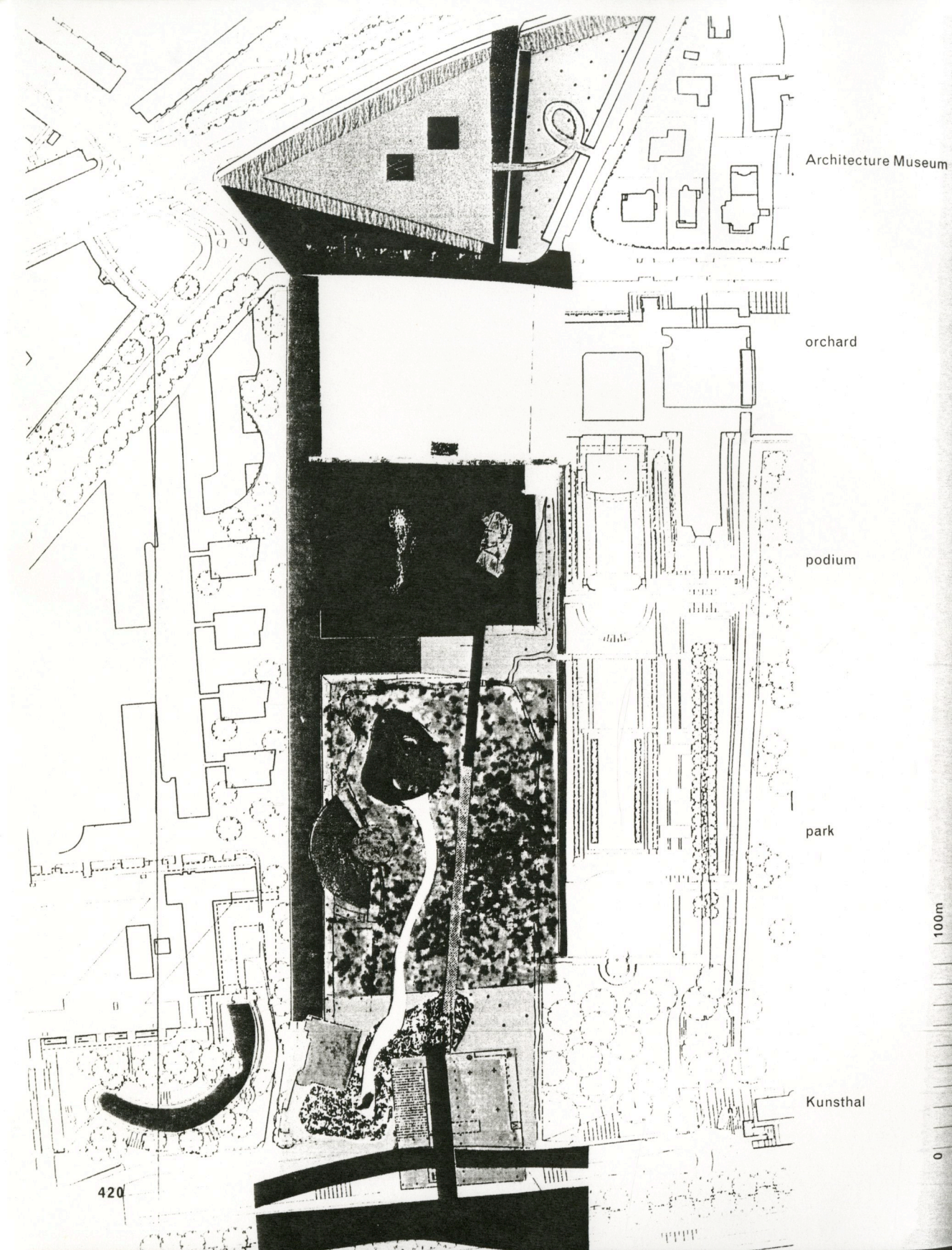


east



north





Museum Park

The Museum Park is exposed to conflicting demands: serenity and sensation, movement and stillness, buffer zone and connector.

The entire zone from the Architecture Museum to the Kunsthal is interpreted as a sequence of five equivalent situations, with two enclosed extremities (buildings) and three open-air sections in between.

1. Next to the Boymans Museum and facing the Architecture Museum, an *orchard* of apple trees is planted on a diagonal grid in a field of white gravel. Their trunks are whitewashed. Compared to the brick gloom of the Boymans Museum this white "vestibule" seems overexposed in its lightness, an effect reinforced by the mirror wall of the podium.

2. The *podium* is a raised repository of polluted earth next to the Boymans rose garden; its black tarmac surface is an abstracted fragment of the city. To receive traveling shows, circuses, and other performances, it is equipped with an electrical grid and other services. Small patios assert the "park" condition: black bamboo, the fluorescent yellow of the *Salix viminalis* willow, a curtain of monumental and weeping sequoias. A ramp leads from the podium to the park.

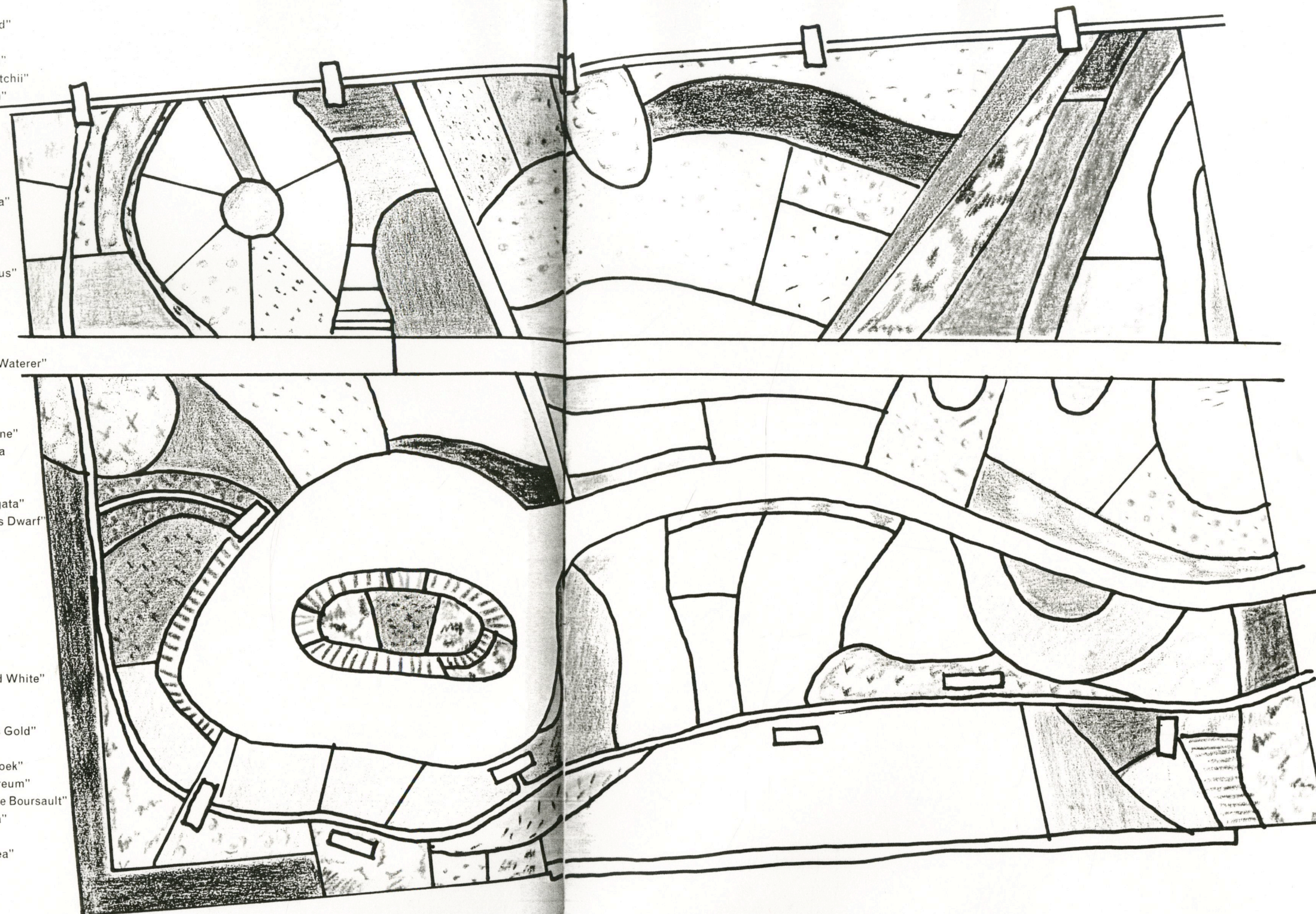
3. The old and beautiful trees of the abandoned *park* are kept. A river of colossal white pebbles and blue-glass rocks flows into an existing pond. The ground around the trees has been scraped and turned into a field of ornamental shrubs and flowers including bulbs, perennials, and annuals. The trunks of certain trees will be covered with flowering creepers (*Hydrangea petiolaris* and *Clematis montana*), blurring the distinction between the original trees and the new interventions. A black concrete bridge leaps over the seasonal waves of color and texture; pedestrians can look but do not have to trample the beauty below.





Key to Romantic Garden

- ☐ Spirea japonica "Snowmound"
- ☐ Spirea vanhouttei
- ☐ Viburnum plicatum "Mariesii"
- ☐ Hydrangea macrophylla "Veitchii"
- ☐ Viburnum tinus "Variegatum"
- ☐ Hamamelis japonica
- ☐ Hamamelis mollis
- ☐ Hamamelis virginiana
- ☐ Cornus mas
- ☐ Chimonanthus praecox
- ☐ Mahonia x wagneri "Undulata"
- ☐ Mahonia aquifolium
- ☐ Ilex aquifolium "Bacciflora"
- ☐ Amelanchier lamarckii
- ☐ Euonymus fortunei "Coloratus"
- ☐ Rosa virginiana
- ☒ Berberis thunbergii
- ☐ Rosa rugosa
- ☐ Rosa nitida
- ☐ Spirea x bumalda "Anthony Waterer"
- ☒ Ilex crenata
- ☒ Ilex crenata "Convexa"
- ☐ Hypericum "Hidcote"
- ☐ Potentilla fruticosa "Tangerine"
- ☐ Potentilla fruticosa var. rigida
- ☐ Rubus odoratus
- ☒ Cornus florida
- ☒ Cornus alba "Sibirica Variegata"
- ☒ Cornus stolonifera "Keysey's Dwarf"
- ☒ Salix alba "Vitellina"
- ☒ Prunus lusitanica
- ☒ Cotoneaster horisontalis
- ☒ Magnolia liliiflora "Nigra"
- ☒ Viburnum opulus
- ☐ Poncirus trifoliata
- ☒ Buddleja globosa
- ☐ Skimmia japonica "Thumb"
- ☐ Erica herbacea "Springwood White"
- ☐ Cytisus x kewensis
- ☒ Salix lanata
- ☒ Lonicera nitida "Baggesen's Gold"
- ☒ Salix viminalis
- ☒ Azalea mollis "Dr. M. Oosthoek"
- ☒ Acer palmatum "Atropurpureum"
- ☒ Rhododendron "Catawbiense Boursault"
- ☒ Carpinus betulus "Purpurea"
- ☒ Vinca minor
- ☒ Ajuga reptans "Atropurpurea"
- ☒ Asarum europaeum
- ☒ Viola labradorica
- ☐ Hedera helix "Glacier"



Kunsthal I

The Architecture Museum is a study in weight and heaviness; Kunsthal I floats above the park at the level of the dike. The core of the Architecture Museum is solid; the center of Kunsthal I is a void, a machine or robot that enables, like a stage tower, an endless series of permutations: walls, floors, slopes, sets, presence, absence, dry, wet — each condition contaminating the perimeter of the hall.

This 60x60-meter glass box is carried by vierendeel beams whose structural depth coincides with the usable depth of the building. The vierendeels form a catalog: each one is different, from the regular and closely spaced to a logarithmic sequence of ever-increasing intervals and structural dimensions.

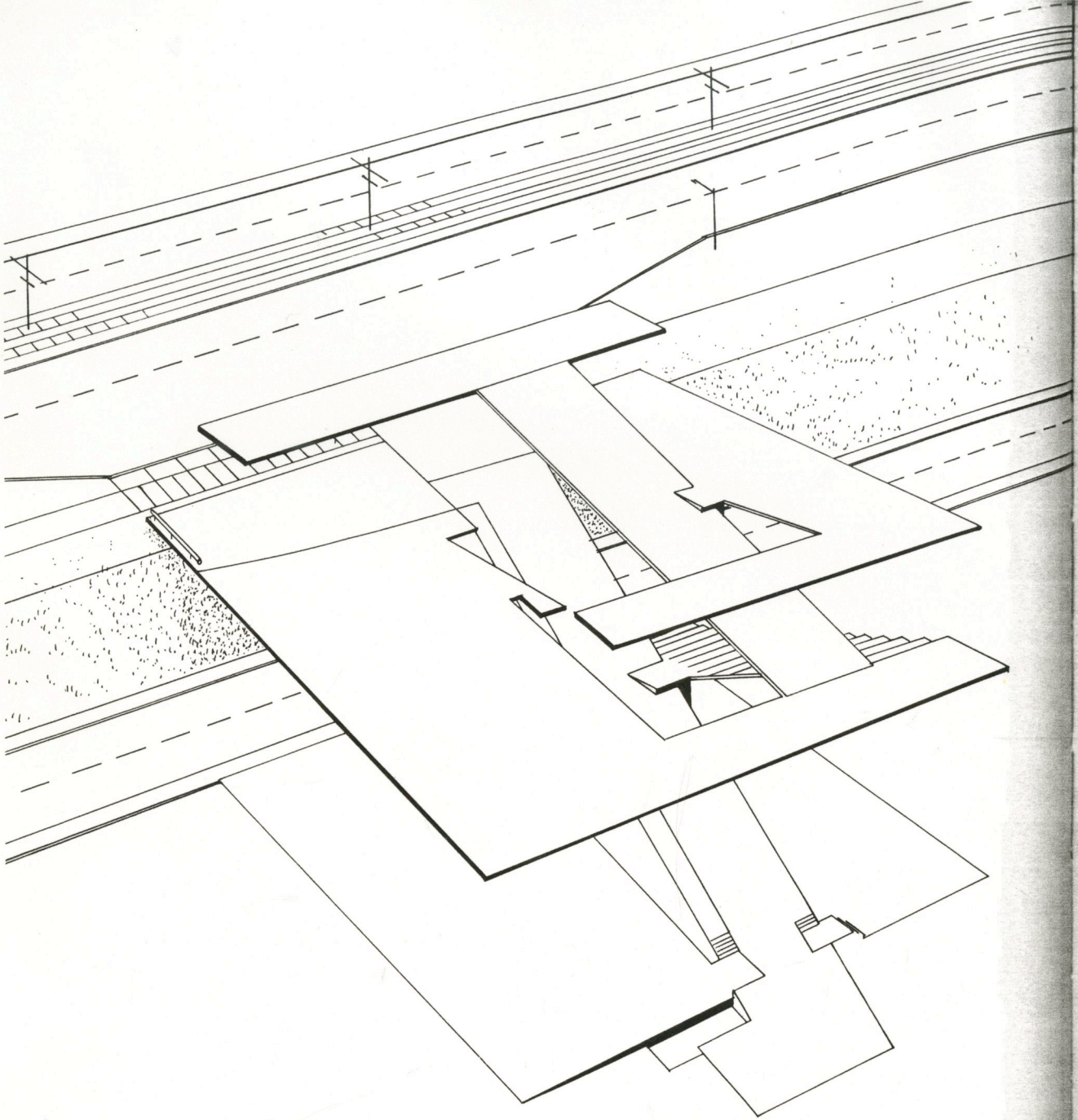
Since the horizontal sections of the vierendeels are accommodated in the floor and ceiling, the beams read as columns.

If in the Architecture Museum the regular grid of columns stabilizes an irregular form, in Kunsthal I the apparently chaotic aspect of the compressed perspective of the beams — a random anti-grid — destabilizes the regular form; its logic becomes apparent only in passing through the different planes of the structure.

Jo Coenen won the competition for the Architecture Museum and built it.

With the demise of our museum, Kunsthal I became a pathetic remnant.

But the future director's dislike for the design offered us a pretext to start all over again ...



Life in the Box?

Kunsthall II
Rotterdam, Netherlands
Completed 1992

We would keep the same square as a general envelope.

The square would be crossed by two routes: one, the existing road running east-west; the other, a public ramp running north-south, the entrance to both the park and the Kunsthall.

These crossings would divide the square into four parts.

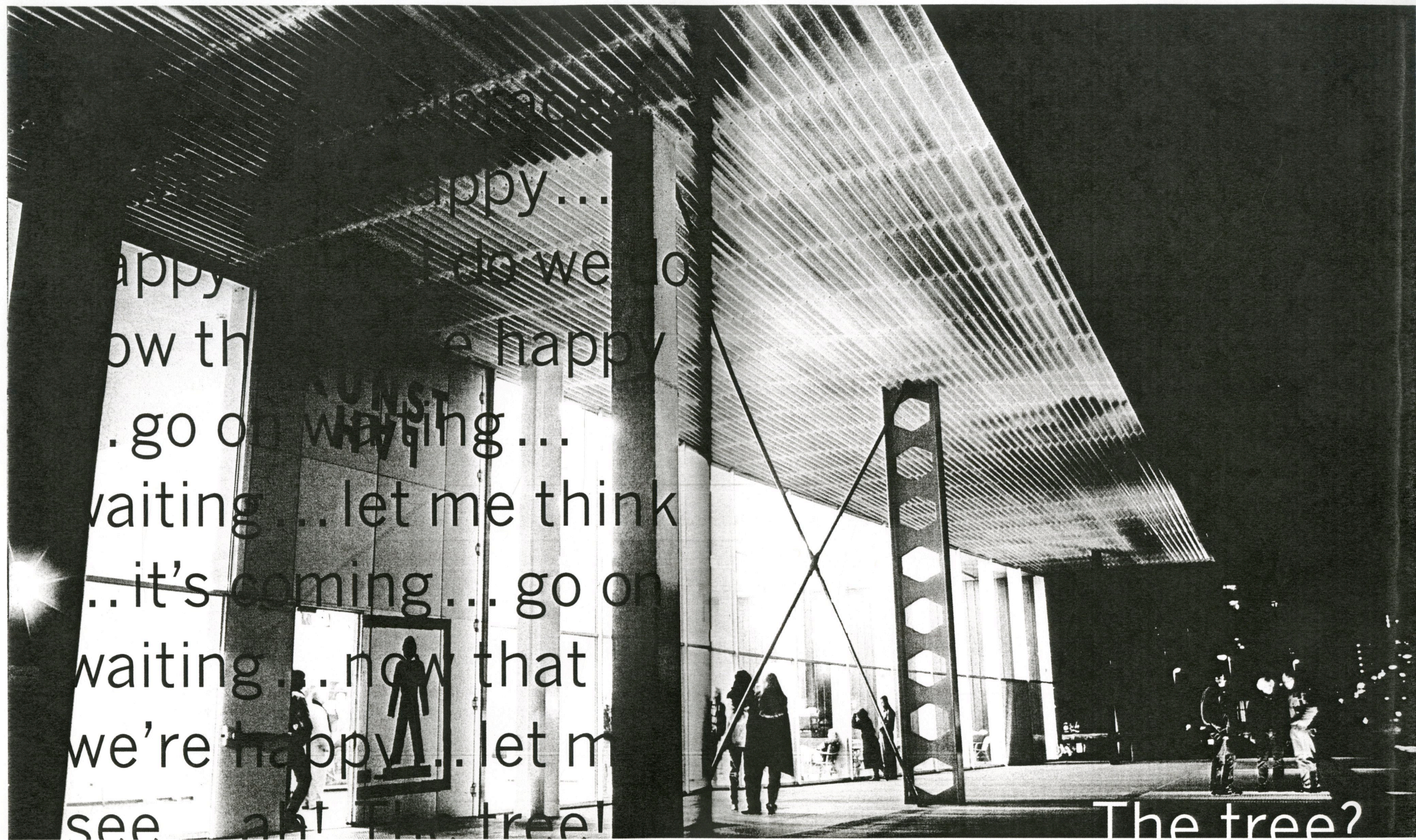
The question then became:

How to imagine a spiral in four separate squares?



I'm not
a historian.

Approach the building from the boulevard.



happy...
happy... I do we do
ow th... e happy
...go on waiting...
waiting... let me think
...it's coming... go on
waiting... now that
we're happy... let m
see... the tree!

The tree?



LOOK &

It slopes in the opposite direction.

I see not

A curtain is drawn, and



But yesterday
evening
it was all black
and white
And a

expectations are justified. But this is just appearance. In fact, architects are like kidnap victims who have to phone home to say that they are alright, even when the gun is being held to their head. Hardly any architect dares to point out the dangers, humiliations and absurdities of the building process or to explain who has the power in the daily struggle that has to be endured. As long as this does not happen, nobody, no matter how involved he may be, can see through the heroic facade of the architect.

FAC-DIFFERENT

At the exit, along with postcards and illustrated history books, they sell reproductions of historical documents, from the bill of sale of Manhattan to the Declaration of Independence. These are described as "looking and feeling old," because in addition to the tactile illusion, the facsimile is also scented with old spice. Almost real. Unfortunately the Manhattan purchase contract, penned in pseudo-antique characters, is in English, whereas the original was in Dutch. And so it isn't a facsimile, but — excuse the neologism — a fac-different. As in some story by Heinlein or Asimov, you have the impression of entering and leaving time in a spatial-temporal haze where the centuries are confused.

FACELIFT

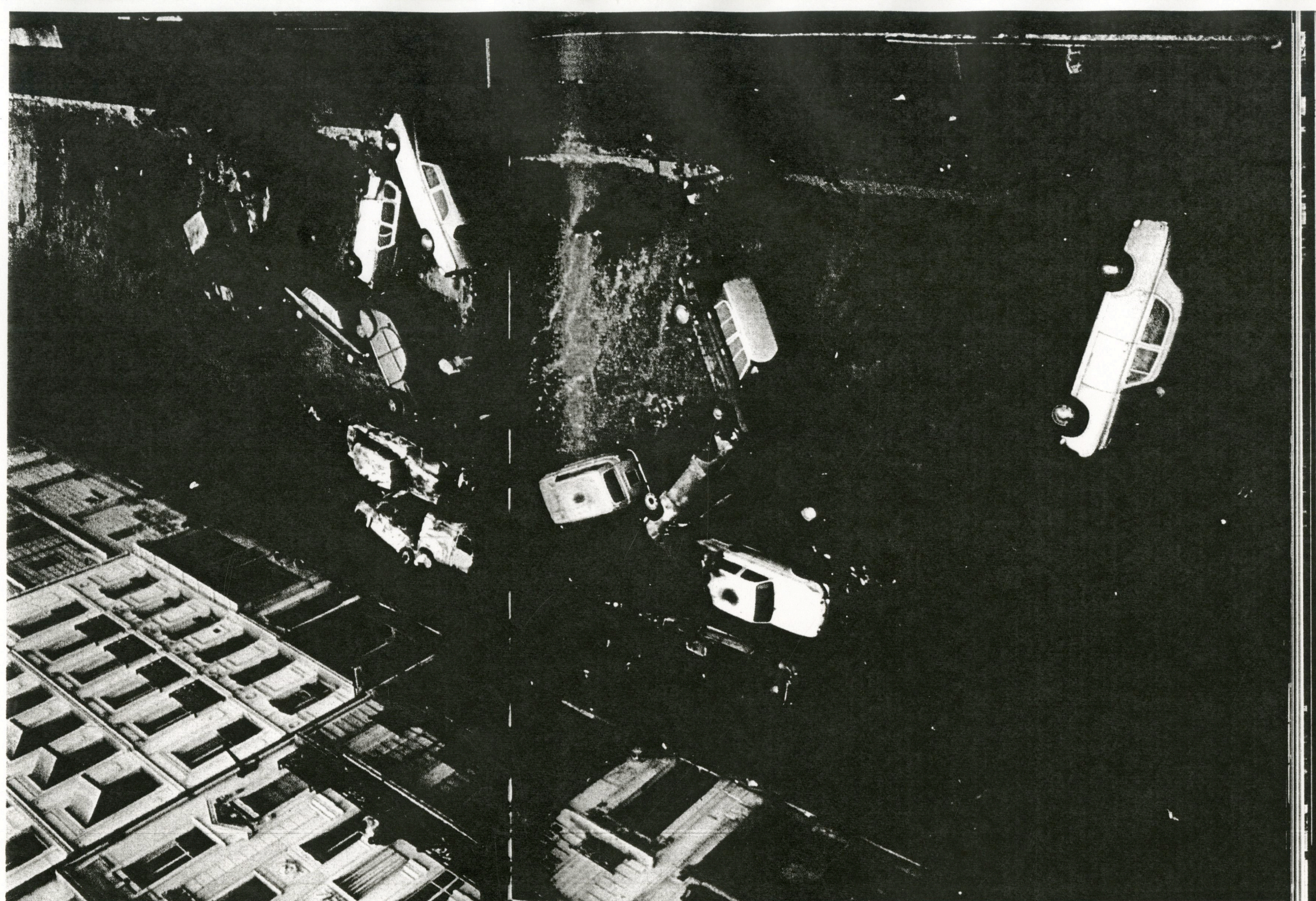
Through these incisions, undermining of the skin of the face and neck is initiated in the superficial subcutaneous plane. The undermining is carried forward in the neck near, or to, the midline, and in the cheek approaches the area of the nasolabial fold. After undermining, the redundant skin is lifted superiorly and the overlapping skin is trimmed, and the incisions sutured under moderate tension.

FACELIFTS

The most unique, most monumental parts of the Strip, the sign and casino facades, are also the most changeable; it is the neutral, systems-motel structures behind that survive a succession of facelifts and a series of themes up front. The Aladdin Hotel and Casino is Moorish in front and Tudor behind.

FACT

The weather has re-established itself.



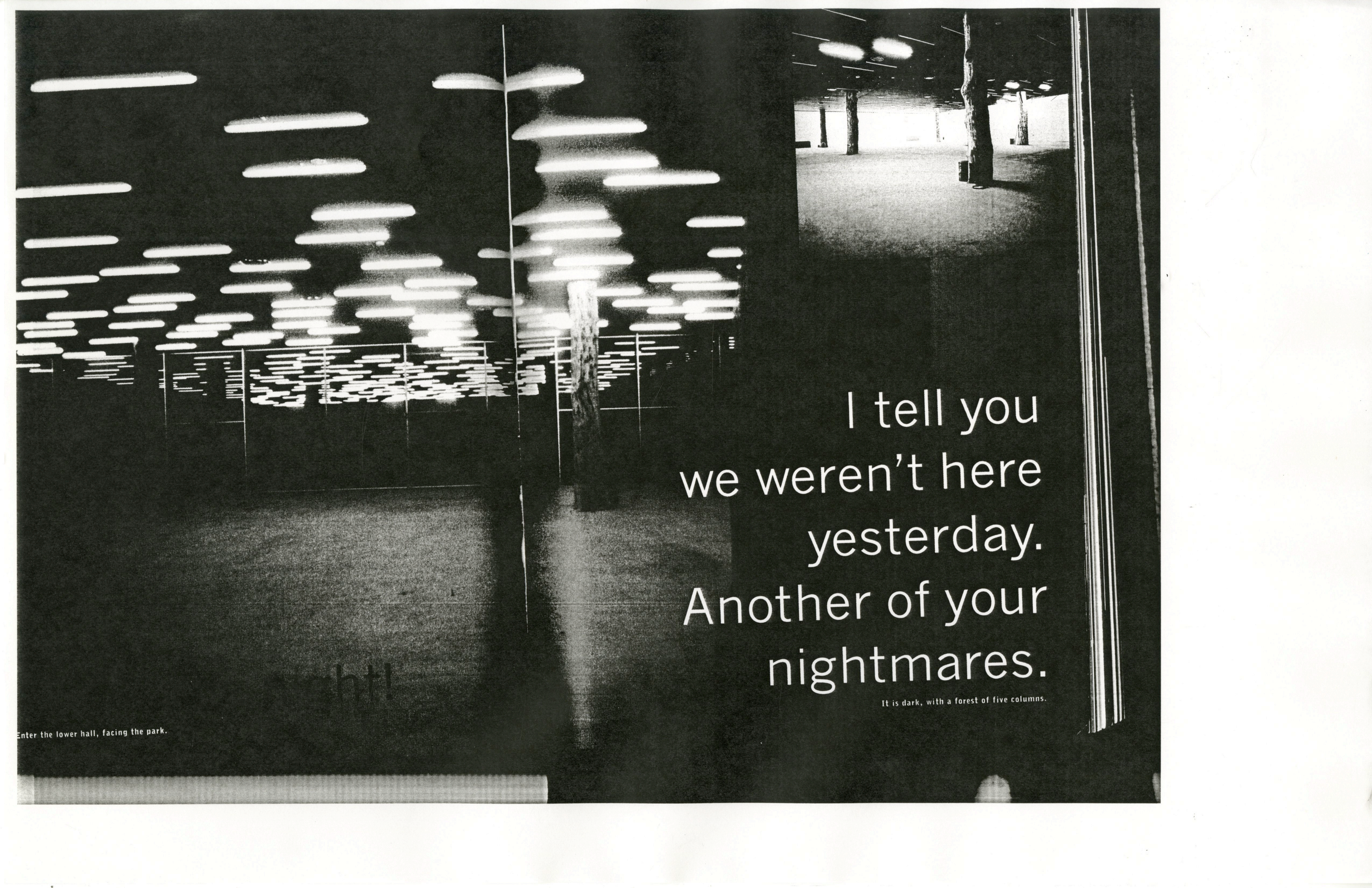


alk down.

a single night.

It must be the
Spring.

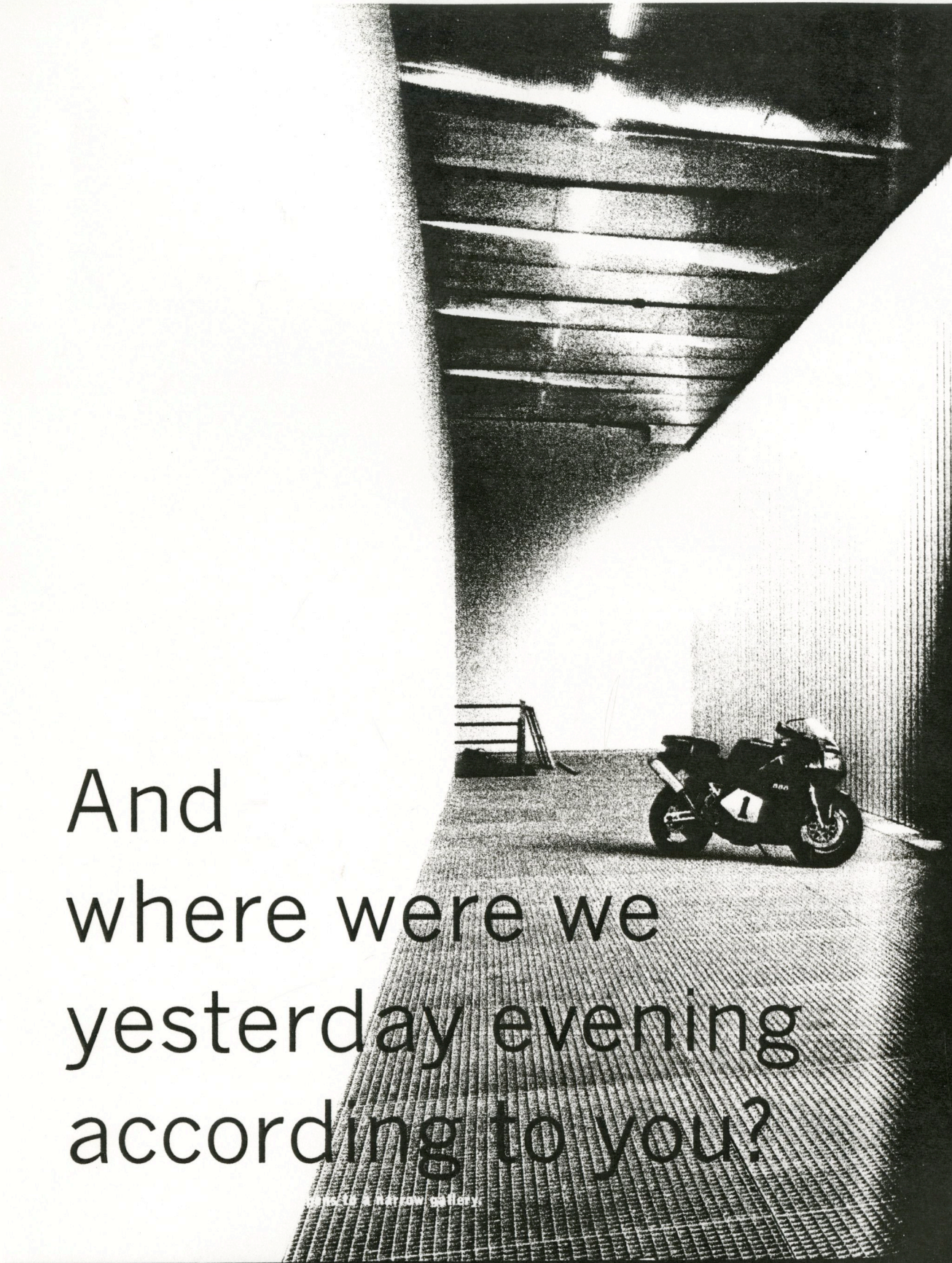
Turn the corner.



I tell you
we weren't here
yesterday.
Another of your
nightmares.


It is dark, with a forest of five columns.

Enter the lower hall, facing the park.



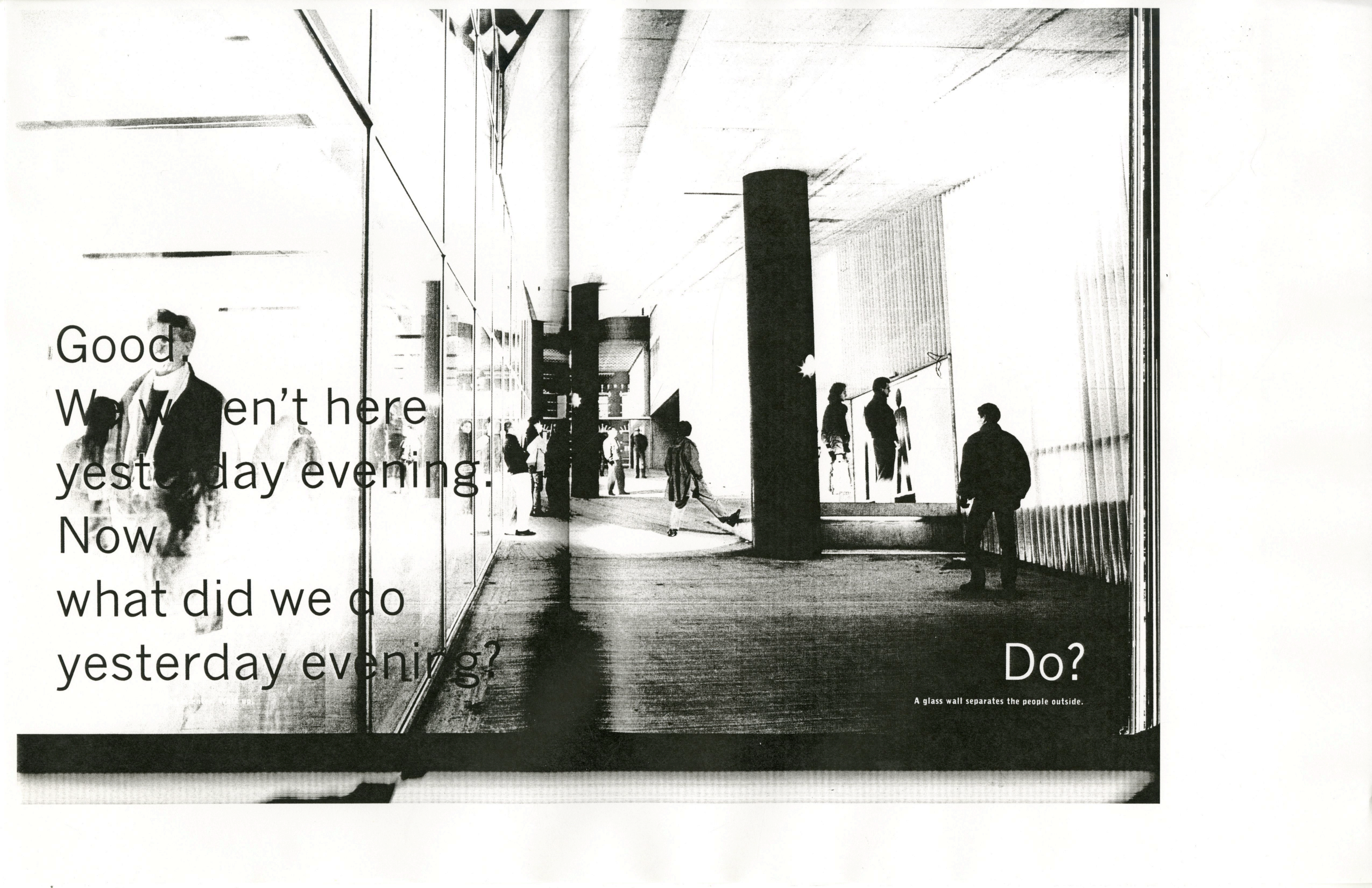
And
where were we
yesterday evening
according to you?

Photo: A narrow gallery.



How would I know?
In another
compartment.
There's no lack
of void.

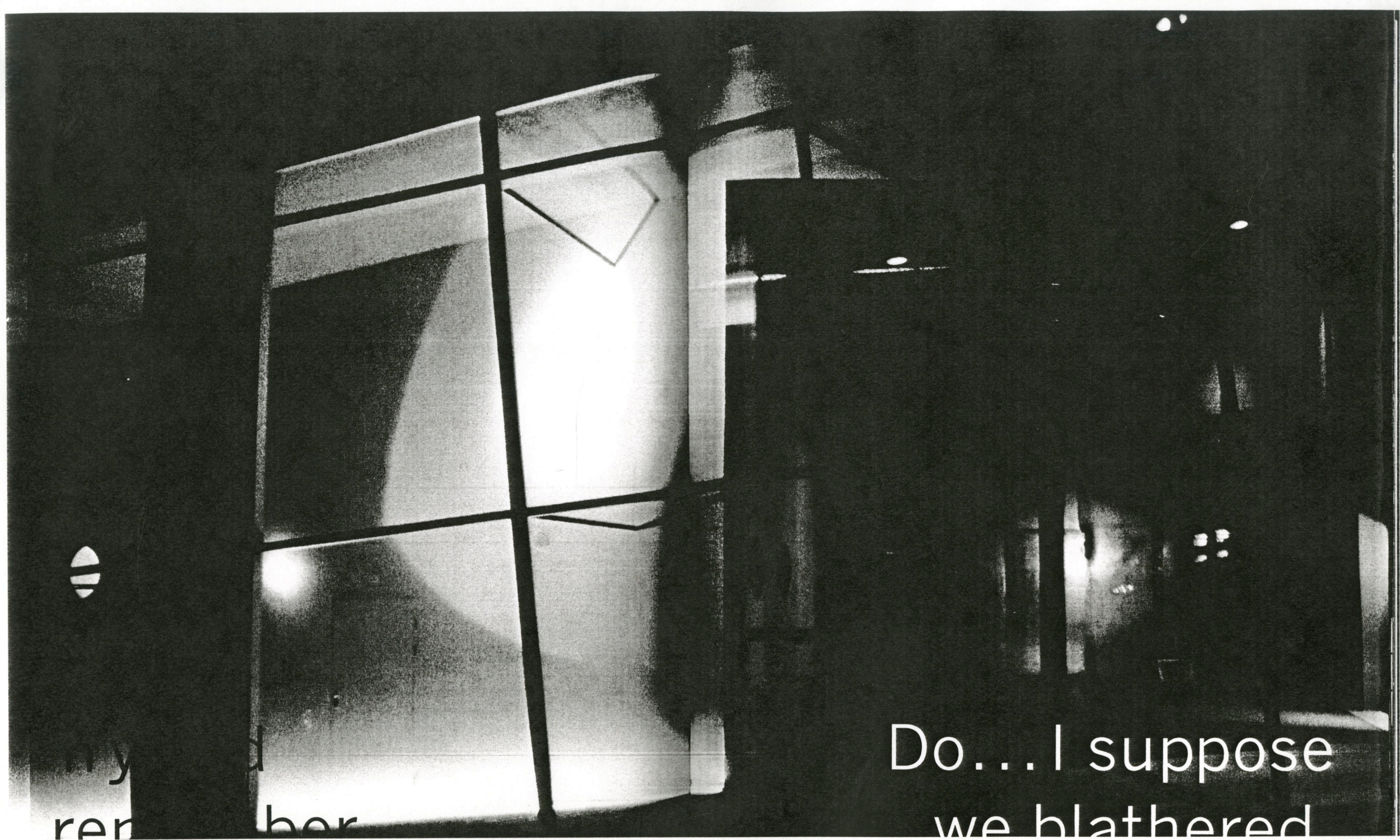
Look up.



Good.
We weren't here
yesterday evening.
Now
what did we do
yesterday evening?

Do?

A glass wall separates the people outside.



my d
ren ber

Do...I suppose
we blathered



Oh, and that

I suppose

particular

Yes, now I remember,

yesterday evening

we spent the evening

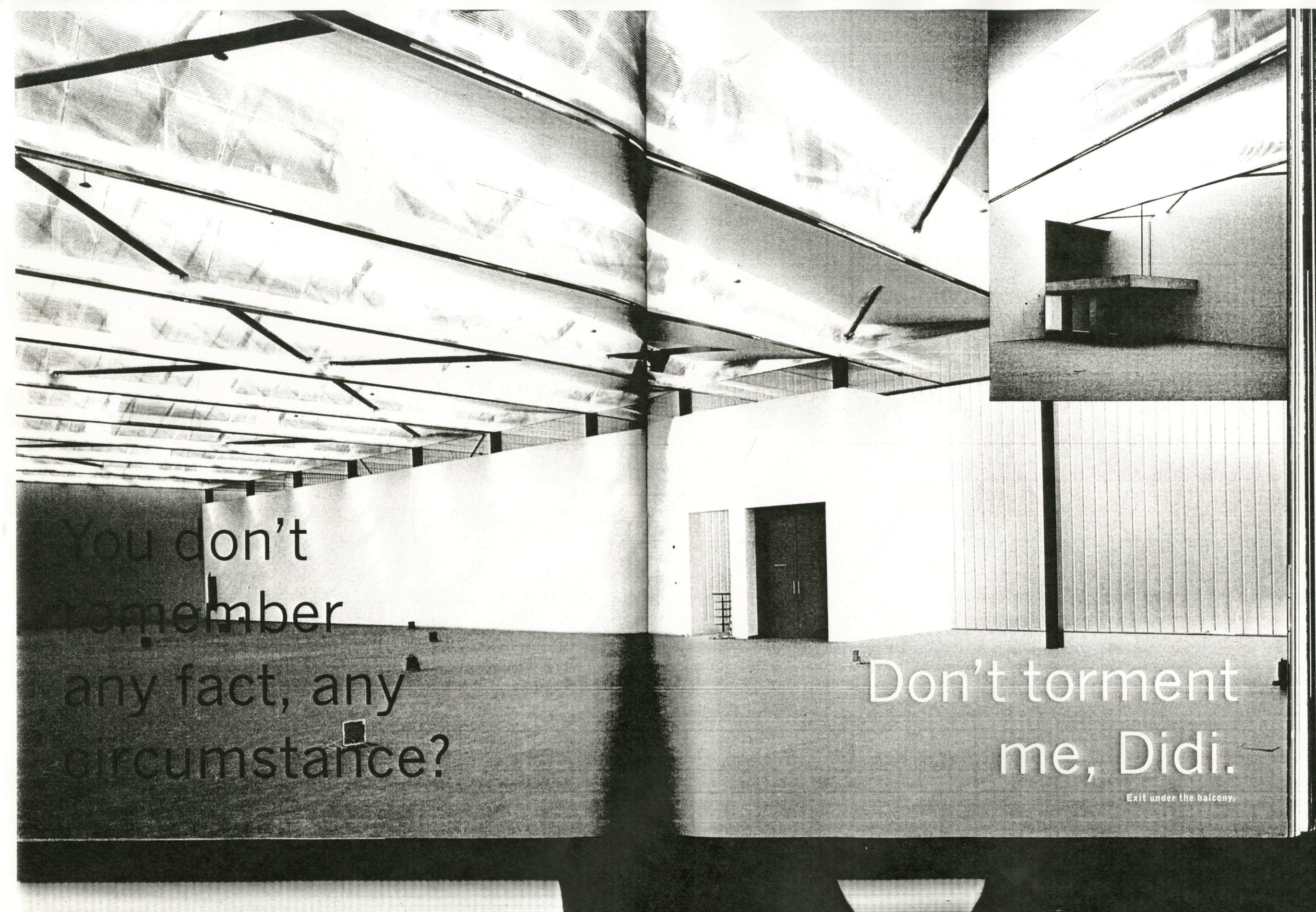
about nothing, in

particular. That's

been going on now

for some time.

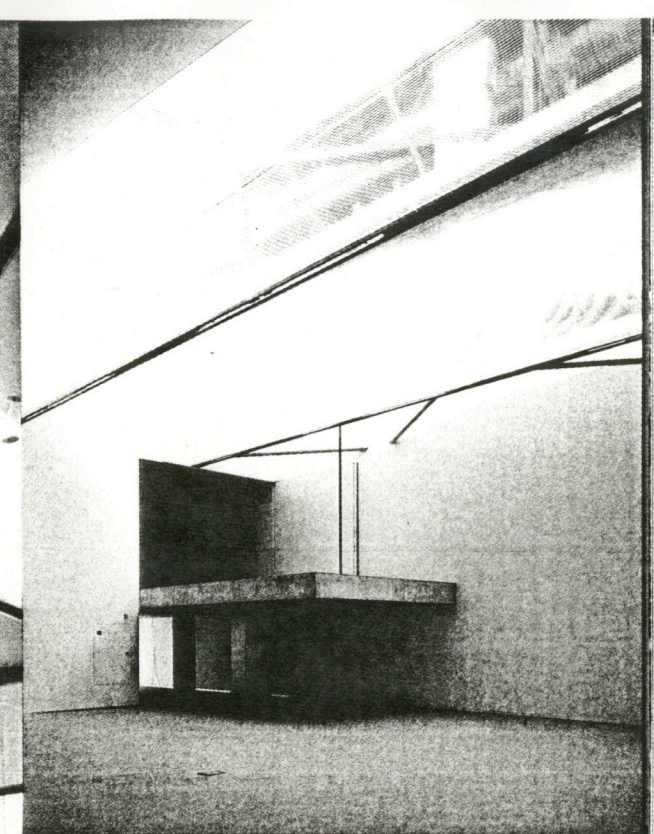
About what?



You don't
remember
any fact, any
circumstance?

Don't torment
me, Didi.

Exit under the balcony.

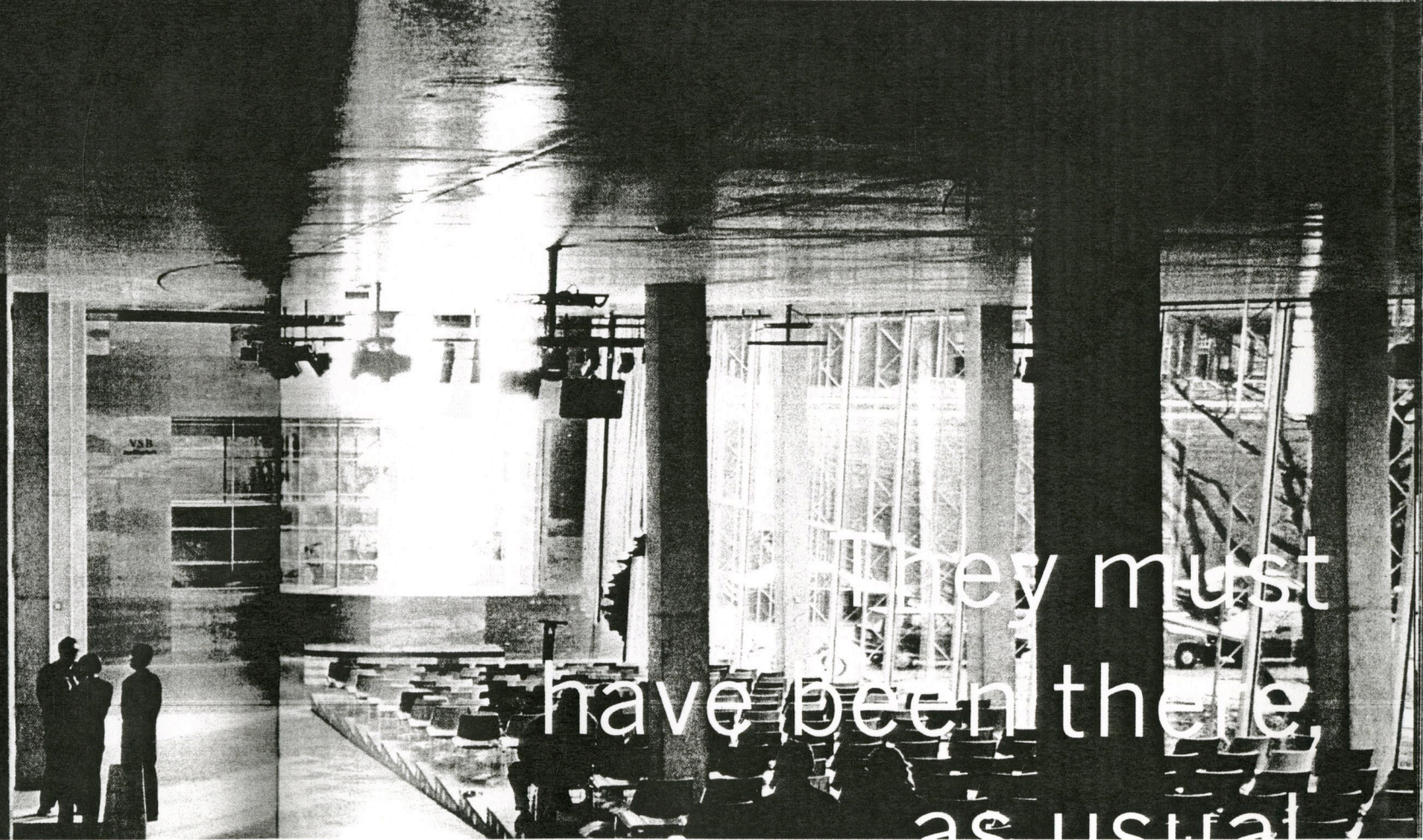
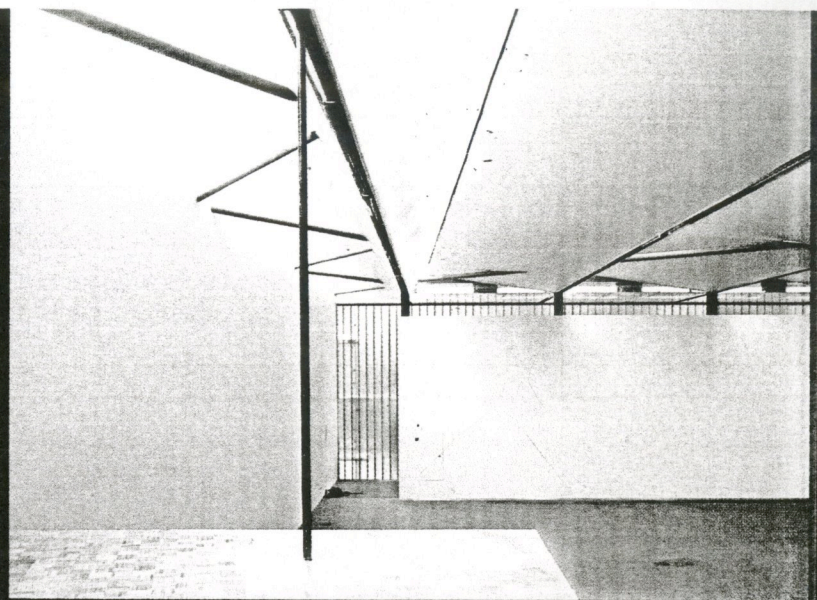




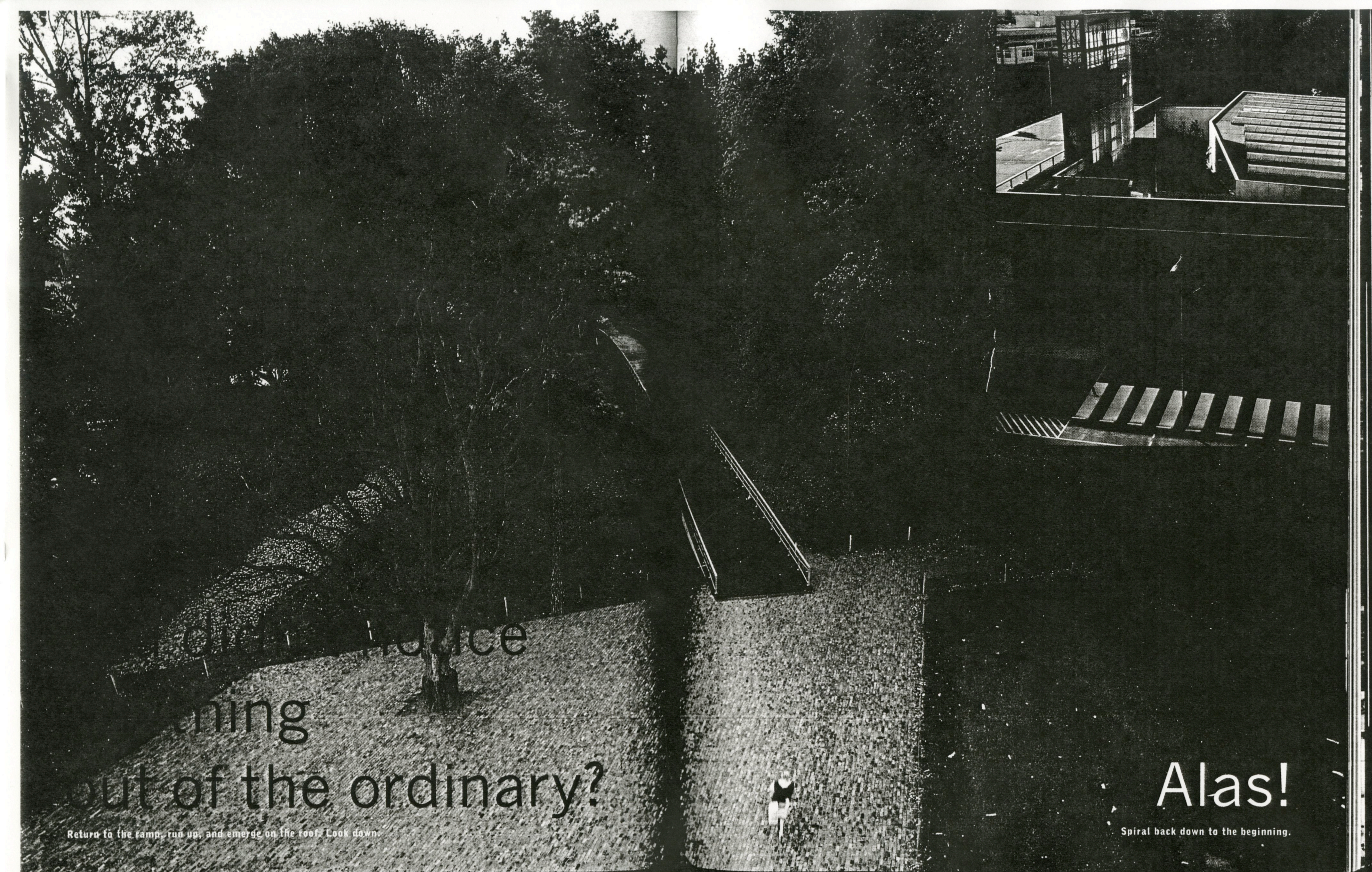
The sun.

The moon.

Do you not
remember?



They must
have been there,
as usual.



Can you produce
something
out of the ordinary?

Return to the ramp, run up, and emerge on the roof. Look down.

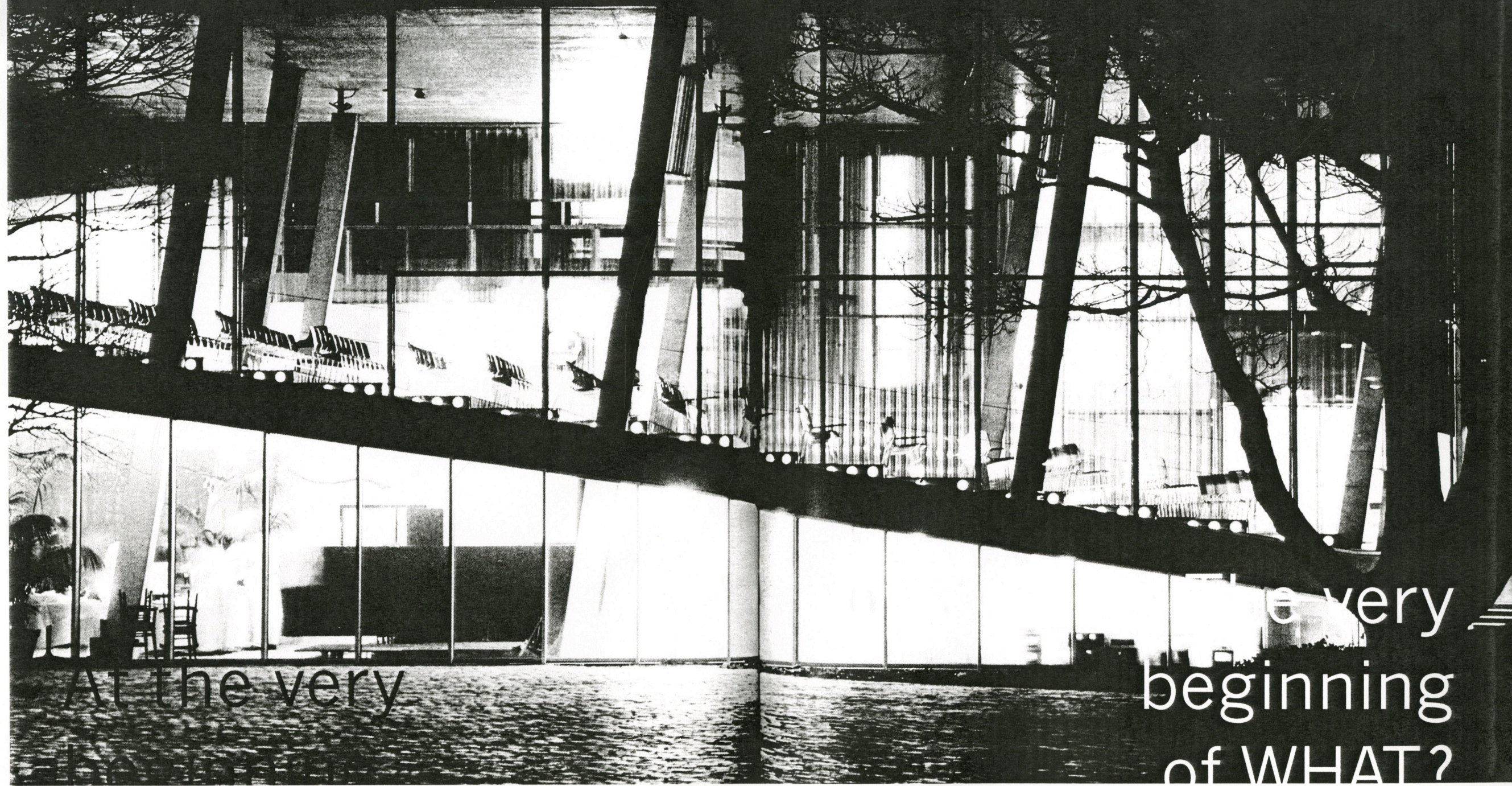
Alas!

Spiral back down to the beginning.



v sayin
could go on

what wer

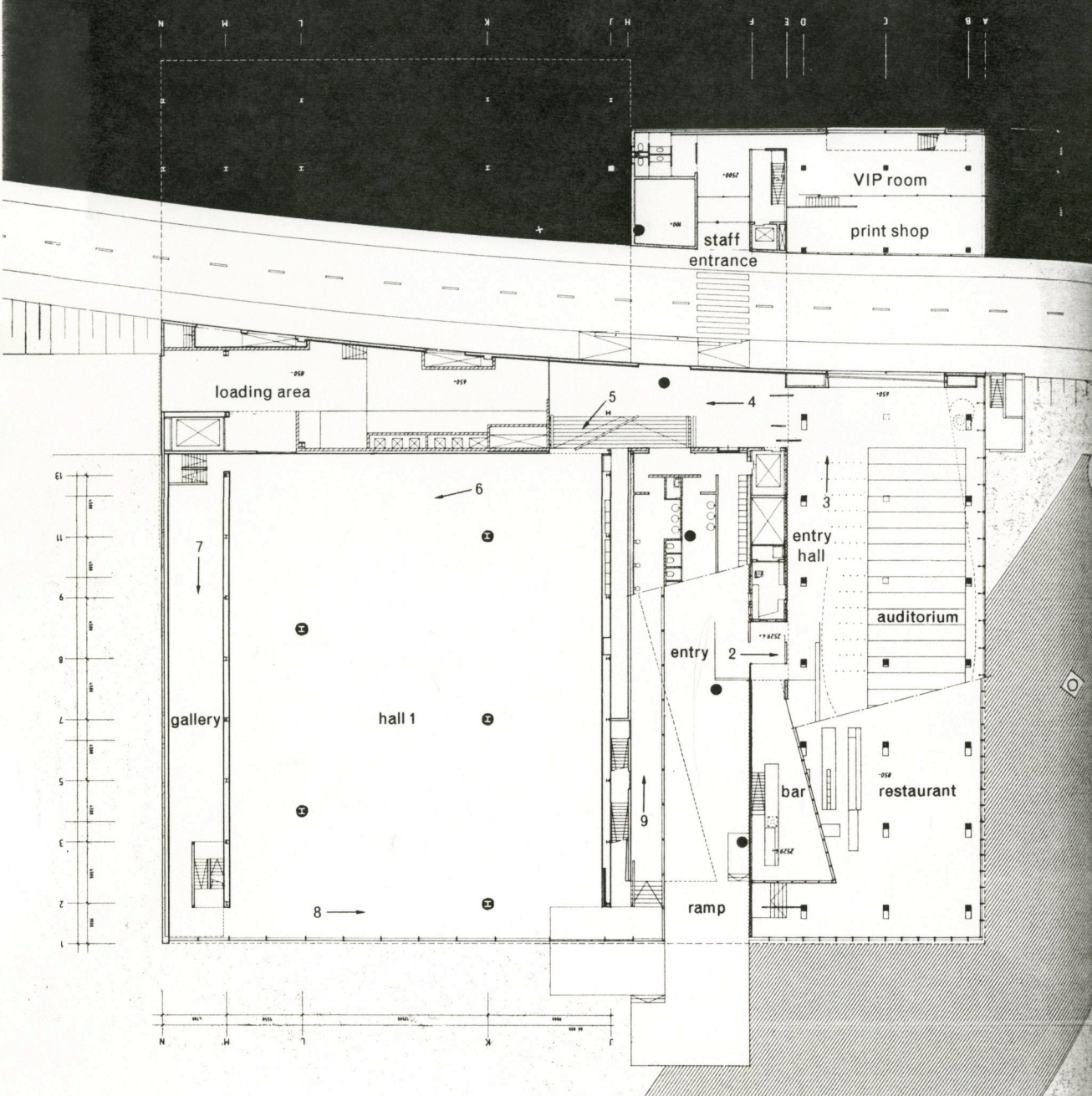


At the very

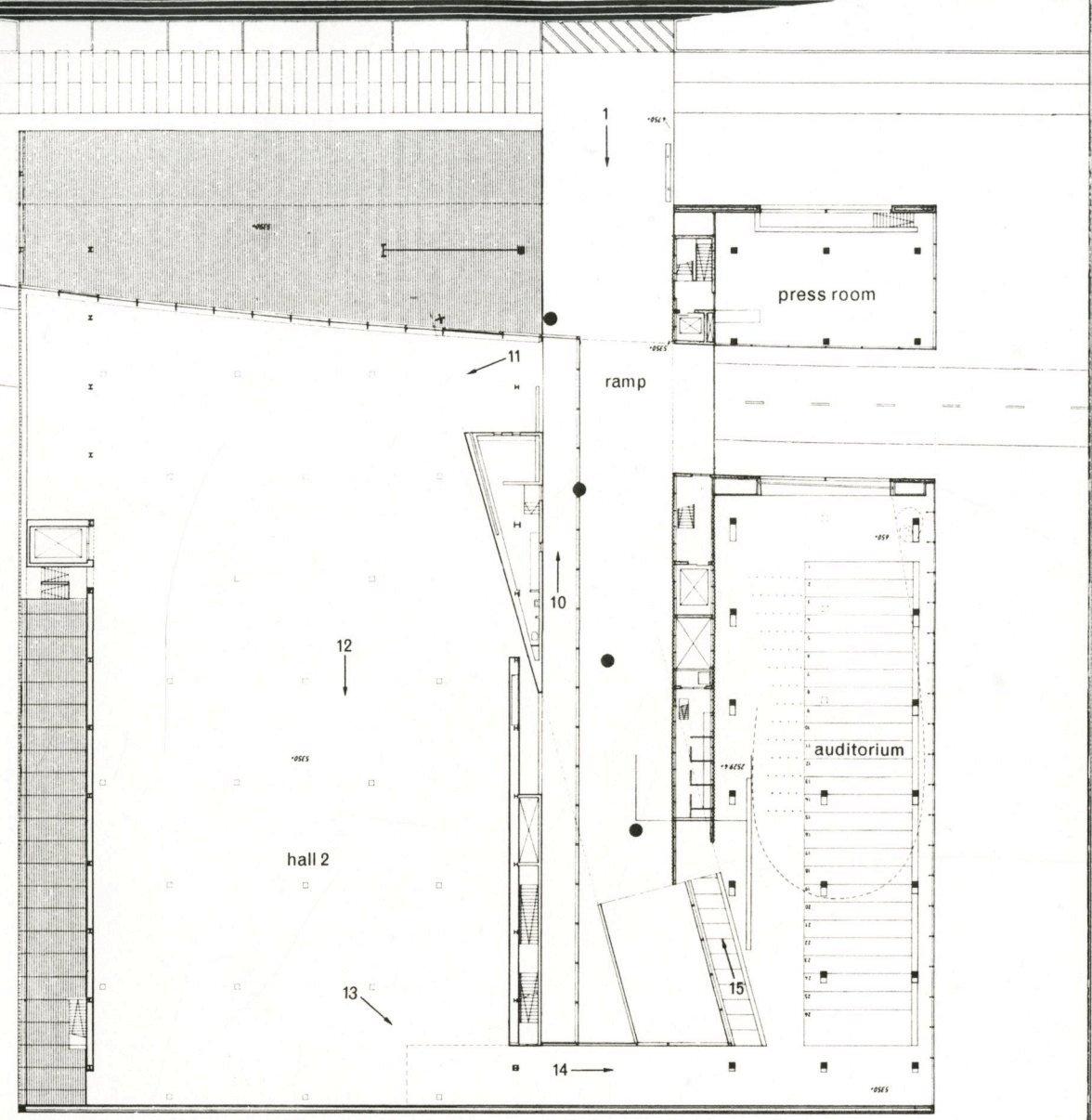
At the very
beginning
of WHAT?

Disaster from May to October 1993. The building was destroyed by a fire. The fire was caused by a lightning strike. The building was destroyed by a fire. The fire was caused by a lightning strike.





park level



dike level

0 25m