TOTALIZING ENVIRONMENTS:

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO DISNEY

AND TADAO ANDO, LOT/EK, ERIC OWEN MOSS,
JEAN NOUVEL, AND DAVID SALMELA
A lot of people think today’s technology...
Everything in life forms a crisis.
One of the biggest challenges is

is your place.

Therein lies your calling, your balance,
your power - Ken Rhyne

Antron: Innovate.
Trained in architecture and preservation at Columbia, architectural photographer David Joseph divides his time between editorial and private commissions and commercial location work. His clients have included Gucci, Kate Spade, Oracle Computer, Shiseido Cosmetics, Miller Beer, and Home Box Office. For this issue Joseph photographed Eric Owen Moss’s Hayden tract projects in the Culver City area of Los Angeles (page 104). While he thought Moss’s individual buildings “very photogenic,” Joseph found the lack of “real activity on the street made it a challenge to capture the urbanistic quality of Culver City.”

In his first story for Architecture, Canadian Centre for Architecture (CCA) Director Kurt W. Forster writes on the photography of Andres Gursky, whose work is now on view at the Museum of Modern Art in New York (page 60). Educated in the history of art and architecture, philosophy, classical archaeology, and literature, Forster has taught at Yale, UC Berkeley, Stanford, and MIT. Before heading the CCA, Forster was the founding director of the Getty Center for the History of Art and the Humanities in Santa Monica, California. In 1998 Forster wrote Frank O. Gehry: The Complete Works (Monacelli Press, 1998), and he is currently working on a book about Carl Friedrich Schinkel’s stage designs.

“Second-generation Californian society reflecting on itself” was what photographer and filmmaker Robert Polidori found at the new Disney theme park, California Adventure (page 84). Polidori’s photographs have been exhibited all over the world, including at the Art Institute of Chicago, Institute Du Monde Arabe in Paris, the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York, and Palácio do Itamaraty in Brasilia among others. His most recent solo exhibition was at the Pace/MacGill Gallery in New York. Polidori’s photography appears regularly in Geo, Condé Nast Traveler, and The New Yorker, where he is a staff photographer.

Best-selling author Witold Rybczynski is the Martin and Margy Meyerson Professor in Urbanism at the University of Pennsylvania. The author of the prize-winning Frederick Law Olmstead biography A Clearing in the Distance (Scribner, 1999), Rybczynski was surprised to find parallels between Olmsteadian landscapes and the new Disney theme park he visited in January for Architecture (page 84). California Adventure is “a thoughtfully planned environment,” he notes, “with similar illusions of size and perspective” to Olmstead’s Parks. Rybczynski contributes to Time, The New Republic, and The New York Times. His latest book, The Look of Architecture, is due out this spring from Oxford.
The Perils Of Populism: What We Learned From Morris Lapidus

By Reed Kroloff

Architecture contributing editor Peter Blake told me a great story about Morris Lapidus, who died on January 18th, at the age of 98 (page 29). Once, at the height of his career, Lapidus was touring his latest Miami hotel with Blake when he suddenly turned and asked, “Do you know why these stairs descend in the clockwise direction?” Blake looked hard at the swirling staircase but came up blank. “Simple,” Lapidus responded, with the tone of a teacher talking to a student who had missed an obvious question. “Jewelry represents status for women; they want to show it off. With a clockwise stair, women will drape their left hand on the rail as they descend, and their wedding rings will be visible to the people below.”

Blake recalls being astonished by this; not for its political incorrectness—this was the 1950s after all—but for the remarkable level of attention it implied. Blake is a modernist, and modern orthodoxy doesn’t address human frailties like vanity or envy. Lapidus did, and if that meant encrusting his generally modern buildings with decorative effects calculated to glamorize the clientele, so be it. He was quite willing to exchange political rhetoric and timeless formal purity for practical success and temporal theatricality. That exchange, which dealt with the populist devil, brought him many commissions, but destroyed his reputation within the profession. Sadly, the same thing would likely happen if he were practicing today.

In the eyes of the cognoscenti, populists like Lapidus can never be “serious” architects. Why not? Lapidus graduated from a prestigious architecture school (Columbia). He interned for a famous architect (Warren and Wetmore). He passed the licensing exam. And he built a large and successful practice making large and complicated buildings (Lapidus was responsible for more than 500 projects). That sounds serious to me. Further, much of the work is seriously good.

It’s easy to explain Lapidus’s midcentury vilification. His decorative aesthetic—“too much is never enough,” he said in his 1996 autobiography—proved more than enough for the profession’s leadership. Postwar modernism had not yet entirely abandoned its reformist social agenda, and it lived by a rigid set of CIAM-endorsed design principles. Lapidus broke those rules enthusiastically, and was driven from the fold as an apostate. His recent return from perdition, wonderful though it was for a man in his 90s, resulted more from our nearly insatiable demand for recycled popular culture than from a critical reassessment of his work. In describing his earnest populism, even today’s comparatively supportive critics and curators still betray a hint of condescension: Lapidus was “swanky,” not sublime; “fascinating,” not great. His architecture lacked the intellectual irony of postmodern populists like Venturi and Scott Brown or Charles Moore, and was therefore not “significant.”

That is the fate of unabashed populists in the history of architecture: Because their work often does not correspond to contemporary critical standards, or because they fail to articulate polemical positions that will withstand the withering scrutiny of academia and the media (mea culpa), most endure ridicule and derision, or are ignored altogether. Often, populists must die to get their due: Wayne McAllister, who invented Googie architecture and helped create the strip in Las Vegas, was all but unknown when he passed away last year (August 2000, page 60).

Additionally, the commercial success of many populists—who wouldn’t want David Rockwell’s client roster?—mystifies and irritates their more orthodox colleagues. Modernists see them as little more than toadies, profiteers who can never say no to a client. In some cases, that is undoubtedly true. But where Rockwell, McAllister, and especially Lapidus are concerned, it’s not. These are talented architects from whom all of us can learn. I’ll bet my biggest diamond ring on it.

Godspeed, Morris; we’ll miss you.
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The Obdurate GSA

As the architect who assembled the joint venture, secured the commission and designed “the district’s current courthouse, an obdurate ’60s structure clad in precast concrete,” I read with some amusement, and much sympathy for Ms. Andrea Leers, the description in your January 2001 issue (page 91) of her travails designing a new courthouse for this same general site and for the same clients as I did 30 years ago. After all, we must all remember that she is dealing with the GSA bureaucracy and federal judges, and I doubt that they have changed much since then!

Warren Smith
Lakeland, Florida

Skinny Bricks

Your December article “Historic Savannah Says No to Fake Brick” (page 25) on the rejection of thin brick systems by the Savannah Historic Review Board is somewhat misleading, including the title itself. What the Review Board was asked to consider was the use of an engineered thin brick system incorporating real, kiln-fired brick. There’s nothing “fake” about the brick units. They meet the same ASTM performance specifications as full-sized brick. It’s real brick, just thin.

The issue of visual compatibility was addressed by an exhibit showing thin and full-sized brick by the same manufacturer. Not surprisingly, no one on the Board could distinguish the full-sized brick from the thin brick. After all, they were manufactured from the same materials, by the same company, in the same kilns. The issue of durability was fully addressed with performance data and the longevity of the product in question. What remained as an issue was the performance in the Savannah climate of high heat, high humidity, and hurricanes, despite comparisons to projects in similar climates such as Florida.

The Board was unfamiliar with a system that has been in the market for over 20 years. Clearly it chose to err on the side of caution.

The American Brick Company respects the decision of the Savannah Historic Review Board. The opportunity to present the benefits of engineered thin brick systems can only further enlighten architects, owners, and developers. It’s also good to be able to clear up what is fake, and what is real.

Raymond Henry
Vice President of Sales,
American Brick Company

Utter Foolishness

It would seem from your peculiar Protest piece “Design by Default” (December 2000, page 134) about my design of escalator canopies for the Washington, D.C., Metro system, that the seven members of the Commission of Fine Arts are all utter fools, because they declared in their unanimous enthusiastic approval of the design that it is truly a “response for the 21st century,” that it “has verve,” is a “brilliant concept,” and embodies a level of aesthetic “excellence,” called for in this much-needed project. Metro’s professional architectural and engineering staff must also be fools for thoroughly vetting the design for affordability and the myriad of functional and construction requirements any covering of the escalators must entail—and for approving it as well. Indeed, the Metro Board itself must also be fools for having approved the same design initially, before succumbing to political pressure initiated by a scurrilous letter from a non-registered architect, which was quoted in your irrational Protest piece…

Any serious writer on an important project would have investigated why so many people—from the members of the Fine Arts Commission to the architects and engineers dealing with the on-the-ground realities of the system—all enthusiastically endorsed my understanding of the problems as shown in the approved design.

Arthur Cotton Moore
Royal Oak, Maryland

Doing Strip-Mining

The new prison for the Virginia Department of Corrections in Big Stone, Virginia, highlighted in “Doing Justice” (January 2001, page 48) is shocking in its disregard of the environment. The previously pristine mountaintop has been viciously raped in a manner that I can only compare to a strip mine. I can only assume that the site selection process fell victim to the “not in my neighborhood” scenario, to which Mother Nature obviously had no voice. Projects such as this cause me to feel disgust at being in the profession of architecture. Architects are not only creators of the built environment, but guardians of the natural environment as well.

Randy A. Zaddach
Casper, Wyoming

CORRECTION


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Circle 36 on information card
India: Looking for Answers Amid Rubble
page 31

SOM Chief Departs for New Venture
page 33

China Tries To Clean Up Its Act For 2008 Games
page 34

Betsy Leaves SFMOMA For the Netherlands
page 38

Mourning Morris

Eulogy Flamboyance lost its biggest champion when Morris Lapidus passed away in January at 98. An architect who broke all the rules, Lapidus has been credited by many designers as the force that loosened up a stuffy, tradition-bound profession. Lapidus, raised in a Russian household in New York, was in many ways the embodiment of the American dream with all its myriad complexities. An architect whose visual vocabulary was based on emotion and instinct, Lapidus was admired not only for his work but his convictions. He was loud, critics and other architects be damned. One of the first 20th-century architects to understand the power of mass-media entertainment, Lapidus looked to the cinema for architectural inspiration. Swanky hotels like Fontainebleau and Eden Roc were the results. Perhaps because of his popular and financial success, perhaps out a kind of stylistic xenophobia, critics vehemently dismissed Lapidus’s work. It took three decades for much of the rest of the architectural establishment to catch up with public opinion, with Lapidus finally given the recognition he deserved in the 1990s. Susanna Sirefman

“Lapidus was an extraordinary man, a rebel, a popular rebel. I liked him. He was clever at decoration but I didn’t like the hotels. What I really

Morris Lapidus is remembered as a likable rebel.
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Richmond, Virginia. Or so the good folk of Richmond believe. The town just finished deliberating which architects will get to build the two-part development, comprising the monument and a welcome center named after the developer, the Council of America's First Freedom (freedom of religion): Michael Graves will design the monument and Tod Williams Billie Tsien will design the welcome center along with Ralph Appelbaum who will design the exhibition portion of the center. A source at the council says the $19 million project will be major—along the lines of St. Louis' arch. But for only $19 million, the good folk of Richmond might be wishing on a star.

Disney chairman Michael Eisner will receive the National Building...
Rockwell’s Horror

Architects rarely get the chance to design sets for Broadway musicals. So when the producers of the Rocky Horror Picture Show revival, now playing in New York City, called, David Rockwell jumped at the chance. Rockwell, best known for his theatrical restaurants and hotels, has transformed the dowdy, 700-seat Circle in the Square theater into a writhing, whirling nether region that embodies the play’s sexually charged send-up of the B-movie horror genre. The sets have gotten rave reviews in the theater press, and Rockwell says he “really want[s] to do another one. But I’m keeping my day job,” he laughs.

Reed Kroloff

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Step Right Up, Getcher Millennium Dome Here!

The door may have closed at the much-maligned Millennium Dome in London on New Year’s Day but the show still goes on.

Who gets the Dome and at what price lies at the heart of a heated, ongoing debate that has been percolating since before the tent even opened. After a government competition selected the Japanese bank Nomura in March 1999, then lost the bank after it pulled out last November, Robert Bourne and his Legacy consortium have become the front-runners. A key figure on the London property scene, Bourne is full of enough controversy to set the country abuzz with conspiracy theories.

His political connections are especially troubling. Although a one-time supporter of Margaret Thatcher and the Conservatives, who initially proposed the Dome (which New Labour followed through on and fumbled), Bourne has since conveniently shifted allegiances. His donation of $145,000 to New Labour as he was bidding for the dome set off cries of foul play.

His proposal, building a high-tech business park called “Knowledge City” and upmarket apartments, also has Londoners less than enthusiastic. Speculation that Bourne, who is trained as an accountant, would try to make a killing from the swanky pads caused the city to reemphasize one big caveat of sale: that a “significant proportion” of any housing projects on the site of the Dome be “affordable.” Bourne is looking to pay $182 million for the 63-acre property. If Bourne wins, he and Legacy will get a 999-year lease on the land, and will be barred from knocking down the Dome for the first 15 years.

Tony Blair’s government has not been beyond criticism, either. There are indications that New Labour wants to pocket the money from the sale instead of funneling it back into the Lottery, from where $908 million of the total $1.23 billion for the initial construction of the Dome was taken. This has especially angered Londoners because the Lottery supports a lot of charitable causes. R.S.

122 countries in overall environmental sustainability, according to a consortium of investigative agencies. Finland, Norway, and Canada were the top countries.

David M. Childs and Richard Meier have been chosen by Yale University to design two projects for the school’s arts area complex.

Eros magazine, visual epiphanies, and camouflage are a few of the wonders discussed in the American Institute of Graphic Art’s reconceived tri-annual publication, Trace. As part of an overall effort to update the AIGA’s image, Trace finds notable writers discussing various design topics gracefully.
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On the Boards

Michael Meredith, Chinati Foundation House, Marfa, Texas

Marfa, Texas, is best known these days for being the place that artist Donald Judd made his own: Though he died in 1994, his installations and projects there continue on under the auspices of the Chinati Foundation, an organization he set up to administer and continue his work. Judd's presence in Marfa remains strong, and visitors tend to speak of the town as a site of pilgrimage rather than just another tiny West Texas town.

Matthew Meredith, a designer who recently spent a summer in Marfa as an artist-in-residence at the foundation, is undoubtedly a fan, but takes a less reverential tone than many of his Judd pilgrims: While there, he designed a cushion for Judd's elegant (though somewhat unforgiving) plywood chairs. The outcome of a series of conversations Meredith had with Marianne Stockebrand, the director of the Chinati Foundation, was a commission to design a small house just at the edge of Fort D.A. Russell, home of the foundation. Stockebrand was initially interested in a simple, Miesian box which would focus on the view the desert and the Chinati Mountains in the distance.

The rigor of early schemes began to give way as Meredith thought about an ordering system that didn't start with a grid—he explains it as "trying to do exactly what Mies wouldn't do." A grove of pecan trees that separates the house site from the highway suggested an alternative. Between the concrete slabs of floor and roof, irregularly placed columns punctuate the rectangular space, and serve as stretchers for a series of flexible polyamide dividers. These fabric panels, which are essentially horizontal window shades, can be moved around to create a series of smaller rooms, or left rolled up to leave the living space undivided. The house's glass skin is set in accordion-like panels that open fully, allowing the wind that makes a Marfa July bearable to pass through. Meredith does tip his hat to Judd, though: If budget allows, the glass panels will be set in frames of milled aluminum, the material Judd used so effectively in his work. Site work for the 2,500-square-foot house was completed this winter. Anne Guiney
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Circle 35 on information card
“Perhaps we’re winded after a long sprint—we’ll just gulp down some air, refuel, and restructure.”

Economy, page 48

“Shutting down the B.Arch. would only serve to attenuate diversity in degree programs.”
Education, page 52

Cabinetmaker

As President Bush and his appointees settle in, Jacob Ward asks whether architects will learn to love them or loathe them.

Politics

No matter which political party comes to power each election year, no matter what promises they make, no matter what reforms they plan to enact, architects are liable to groan and roll their eyes. “We spend all this time getting to know people in one administration,” complains one employee of New York City’s Mitchell/Giurgola Architects. “And then we have to start all over again.”

As George W. Bush’s term in office begins, architects and builders are wondering where to start ingratiating themselves to the new federal appointees, staff members, and aides who will be shaping policy for the next four years. After all, Bush has been described by himself and others as a “big-picture” leader, who leaves the details to his staff. His cabinet members are the central pillars of the new administration—get to know them.

Will the Bush administration have time on its schedule for architects? Only the cabinet members know for sure.
Preemptive Strike
Washington, D.C.'s Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial Library (above), designed by Mies van der Rohe in 1968, was never a favorite with the locals. It's not Mies's best work; there are no open staircases, the floor plans create a depressing interior, and the building lost its favoritism over the years. In November of last year, the group presented its plan to Mayor Anthony Williams: insert a four-story atrium from the second floor to the roof, add a set-back fifth floor, loosen up internal circulation, replace charcoal glass with double panes of E-glass, and paint the black exterior a Miesian white. Once Providence Associates, a library planning firm, completes programming, the library's board will seek funding approval from the D.C. Council. The board hopes to have an answer by the end of the year. In altering Mies's work, the team tried to avoid blasphemy by using only the architect's signature architectural vocabulary. "Since Mies buildings have such economical and complete compositions," noted team member Christian Zapata reverently in the team's report, "any addition needs to be considered quite carefully." B.M.

Any overtures by the NAAB to get rid of the B. Arch. would create a couple of conflicts. The first would be with the NAAB's own bylaws, which say the organization should not favor "standardization" of educational practice but instead promulgate "practices that are special to individual programs," says John Maudlin-Jeronimo, the NAAB's former executive director and now associate dean of architecture at the University of Maryland. For that reason, "the issue is almost moot" within the NAAB, he says.

The NAAB's 14-member board comprises three representatives from the AIA, three each from NCARB and ACSA, two from AIAS, two public members, and the NAAB's executive director. Some champions of the B. Arch. degree see the AIA and NCARB, through their representatives on the NAAB's board, as trying to codify their political preference for streamlining degree terminology, presumably to enhance the profession's prestige.

Not every student can afford to pursue a master's degree.

Neither group is talking. NCARB has "no opinion or position at this time" on the degree debate, says Executive Director Lenore Lucey. The AIA's Helene Dreiling, managing director of stakeholder relations, says that the AIA has not formally discussed the issue, so "we really don't have an official position as yet." Some argue that shutting down the B. Arch. would only serve to attenuate diversity in degree programs. An internship task force recently assembled by the five professional groups exhorts the powers that be to "broaden accessibility to the profession," notes Anthony W. Schuman, undergraduate program director at the New Jersey Institute of Technology, who is the current president of ACSA. "Eliminating the B. Arch. will have the opposite effect," Schuman says, because not every candidate can afford to pursue a master's degree.

Financial considerations must also be examined. W. Cecil Steward, architecture dean emeritus at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln points out that the schools offering the B. Arch. will naturally recall from any threat to the degree, having invested so much in their programs over the decades. "It's going to play havoc with the small institutions" such as Cooper Union and the Southern California Institute of Architecture, which offer students only bachelor's degrees in architecture, Stewart says. "State licensing boards won't know what to do with people five years later who get that degree." And providing graduate degrees is often more lucrative—under "formula funding" programs at public universities, schools get more money for graduate students than they do for undergraduates.

An alternative proposal, circulated by Steven W. Hurtt, dean of architecture at the University of Maryland, involves granting an NAAB-sanctioned "architecture diploma," attached to any accredited professional degree regardless of its title. "It's an...
Outside the Box
Believe it or not, the dreaded office cubicle was once considered avant-garde. Peter Hall examines the evolution of the modern workplace.

**Review**  “A warren of cubicles mixed with the occasional windowed office or conference room; bottles of spring water and Diet Coke scattered about; white boards and ergonomically correct chairs.” This was reporter Carey Goldberg’s description in *The New York Times* on December 28, 2000 of the Edgewater Technology offices, the day after a disgruntled employee allegedly shot seven of his coworkers. Goldberg also points out, however, that the description would have matched the offices of pretty much any Internet company.

How did this uninspired interior become the ubiquitous default for the American office? This question is implicitly addressed in two concurrent exhibitions, *On the Job* at the National Building Museum (NBM) and *Workspheres* at the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA). Workplace shootings notwithstanding, the American office is at a crisis point. As Thomas Hines notes in his incisive essay in the *On the Job* catalogue, a recent newspaper account contrasting the banal suburban America Online headquarters with the grand urban Time Warner headquarters bears out what has become conventional wisdom: “The business with the cheapest office will prevail.”

Between the old opulent cathedrals to industriousness that comprise the Manhattan skyline and the glorified California garages made legendary by Silicon Valley entrepreneurs like Hewlett Packard and Apple, there seems to be a missing alternative—a third model, for the office of the new, progressive, design-savvy company. The cathedral is overtly dictatorial and unyielding, and the garage is cheap and unedifying, if not demoralizing. Between the two echoes the question of how to create an environment flexible enough to accommodate the changing needs of a mobile workforce, while fostering a healthy, creative corporate culture.

These two exhibitions neatly address this question from two perspectives, the historical (NBM) and the provocative (MoMA). Where On the Job provides an account of the evolution and cultural significance of the modern office, Workspheres takes over with a classic MoMA-style attempt to hazard “solutions” to the workplace of the future, in the form of concepts commissioned from six international design teams.

The history of office design can be seen as a cycle in which revolutionary designs—like those at MoMA—are swiftly adopted and diluted in the name of economics until they become mediocre defaults, thus paving the way for the next revolution. Curator Paola Antonelli notes in her catalogue essay, for example, that the dreaded cubicle is a diluted version of a once-revolutionary design idea initiated with Herman Miller’s 1960s Action Office. Designed by Robert Propst, the Action Office gave designers “power over the walls.” But more important to bean counters was its economic benefits: The 1962 Revenue Act allowed companies to claim a 10 percent investment credit on movable panels—a deduction that could not be claimed on fixed walls. When the German Schnelle brothers pioneered their influential Bürolandschaft (open office) in the 1960s—an idealistic effort to arrange offices according to communications patterns rather than in orderly ranks dictated by hierarchies—it became clear that these arrangements could be best achieved with moveable furniture like that of the Action Office. Cubicle culture was born. This, despite the fact that, as Thomas Hines points out in On the Job, the idea that the open office improves office communication is a “flimsy 40-year-old dream.” The Internet and intranets have radically transformed the way information is controlled anyway, notes Hines, and a 1985 study by Michael Brill and Stephen T. Margulis found that granting individuals more privacy actually improves communication, since you are less likely to mince words if you think no one is listening.

The paranoid poststructuralist Michel Foucault would be pleased to note that surveillance has always been a key component in the layout of offices. The rows of desk-bound workers in early 20th-century offices, the open cubicles of the 1960s, and the closely monitored company e-mails
of the 1990s all point to the fact that employers like to keep close watch on their employees. But if this is as countercommunicative as Brill and Margulis suggest, why do we stick to it? The answer may lie in the militaristic foundations of the office.

In *On the Job*, office technology emerges as the purebred offspring of war. The Civil War gave birth to the typewriter—Remington, an arms manufacturer applied its interchangeable parts technology to the production of words rather than weapons. World War II initiated the suburban industrial park, where manufacturing was relocated to prevent cities' downtowns from being bombing targets. It also advanced the use of fluorescent lighting and air conditioning in a time when air raid blackouts kept windows closed. The Cold War, finally, led to the development of the Internet, initially the Pentagon's system for networking its radar defenses.

The military model has served traditional American corporate culture exceedingly well. But for a new work culture, this legacy is becoming a heavy burden. Several projects in *Workspheres* can be read as an attempt to remove all the military and mechanistic parameters from the contemporary workplace. Dutch designer Hella Jongerius eschews myths of hard-edged productivity with *My Soft Office*, a home/work environment including pillows that double as keyboards and a bed from which to conduct business. And the New York–based LOT/EK Architecture, rids us of the panoptical office by proposing one-person multimedia pods made out of airline baggage-transport containers. Dubbed *Inspiretainers*, they are modules for concentration when enclosed, and more collaborative workstations when their hydraulic flip-tops are opened. Explains principal Ada Tolla, “It's about pushing the environment to be more fulfilling,” rather than restrictive or paranoia-inducing.

Cynics might note that designers and architects are prone to creating environments that prescribe rather than accommodate behavior. The most famous example is Frank Lloyd Wright's 1904 Larkin building which, along with its lofty interiors, had three-legged chairs designed to force workers to sit upright. (“Sit straight or fall!” Wright advised. A few years and several complaints and bruises later, he relented and allowed a fourth leg to be added.) The idea of there being a “correct” posture and working environment is even embedded in today's ergonomic chairs. We sink cautiously into high-tech seats fitted with dozens of levers and controls and grapple for the “correct” position when, as veteran office-seating designer Niels Diffrient has pointed out, there is no correct position. The best position for the spine and circulation is simply to keep moving.

This philosophy extends to the entire work process, and underlies one of the most attractive ideas in *Workspheres*—that we may work and think best when we're on the move. This premise undoubtedly makes *Workspheres* the sexier of the two exhibits, with its display of intriguing concepts like the *MaxiMog* by Bran Ferren and Thomas Ritter, a home office in an SUV trailer for those expeditions to remote locations. Martí Guixé offers an ironic collection of 21 pills for every work situation, delivering everything from concentration (a hard, irregular pill to be rolled around the mouth) to “Go Crazy” (a metal pill to make those dental fillings squeal). This is about as far from an office furniture trade show as you can get, ultimately questioning whether we even need offices and all their peripheral equipment. Akiko Busch is quoted in the *Workspheres* catalogue: “For all the new tools of the workplace, for all of its electronic appliances and communication apparatuses, for all its human-engineered desks and ergonomically correct chairs, why do so many of us do our best thinking when we're someplace else?”

Most of us would rather be someplace else than the grim cubicle warrens where we spend increasing amounts of our lives. Returning to Goldberg's account of the Edgewater offices, it is worth noting that she describes the interior as having the "occasional" window. In Europe, one significant death knell for the open office came with union-backed protests against cubicles distanced from operable windows. Since then, Europe has seen a flourishing of innovative building designs obeying legislation that ensures employees' access to natural light and fresh air. Meanwhile, in the U.S.—despite the idealistic, near-utopian directions displayed in *Workspheres*—we're still stuck in the 1960s.

Peter Hall is a Brooklyn-based design writer who contributes to Metropolis, The Guardian, One, Men's Journal and Interiors.


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TOTALIZING ENVIRONMENTS

Let's face it: Architects are control freaks. Adolf Loos said as much in "The Poor Little Rich Man," his 1900 satire about a designer who upsets the life of a bourgeois family with his obsessive vision for their home. Dropping in unannounced, he catches the man of the house in an unwitting aesthetic violation, and shrinks, "What kind of slippers are you wearing?" The man replies, "But Herr Architect! Have you already forgotten? You yourself designed the shoes!" "Of course," the architect bellows, "but for the bedroom."

Loos was exaggerating to make a point; few architects go so far as to specify footwear. Nonetheless, the drive to determine every aspect of the built environment is a collective professional instinct, like wearing bow ties. The designers whose works are featured in this issue are no exception to this general willfulness; in fact, they are exemplary. Tadao Ando has managed to create a paradise garden on a site ravaged by years of strip-mining—not to mention its location at the epicenter of the 1995 Kobe earthquake. Eric Owen Moss has brought the industrial wasteland of Culver City, California, back to life with a handful of fantastic warehouse renovations. LOT/EK has transformed a cement mixer into a total immersion environment, using just paint, foam padding, and electronic equipment.

Control freaks? Indisputably, but don't go calling a therapist. The world would be a much less interesting place.

To walk the black, gridded corridors of Jean Nouvel's courthouse in Nantes, France (above), is to fall subject to the architect's overwhelming vision of crime and punishment.
Salmela uses traditional elements such as picket fences and board and batten wood siding (above) to make clients comfortable with what are essentially modernist houses. Landscape architect Shane Coen and his wife, a photographer, share a studio above their garage (below).
place a historicist feel. Yet the repetitiveness of elements, the spareness of details, and the continuity of forms bring to mind the housing developments of early modernism. The interiors, too, show the same intertwining of tradition and modernism. Their compact shapes, symmetrical layouts, and light-filled interiors are suggestive of the classic Nordic farmhouse, a vernacular that Salmela acknowledges admiring. But on closer examination, one realizes that the main floor of most houses, with their object-like cores and perimeter circulation, have a modernist free plan, with a continuous flow of space.

The control that Salmela wields here is a crucial part of the project, and one that cannot be overstated. When a prospective resident decides to buy a lot in Jackson Meadow, he or she is also buying the full design services of both Salmela and Coen + Stumpf. The client meets first with the developer, who explains the process, and then with Salmela, who explains the rules. The rules are simple: The house (and garage or shed) will be designed by Salmela, and within the preestablished guidelines of scale, material, and color. If the client decides that white won't do at all, that she'd rather have a red house, the developer will refund the down payment. However, most people who inquire seriously about Jackson Meadow have already decided that the rules are ones with which they feel comfortable. It is a simple shift of power, but a dramatic one: The architect and landscape architect are not an afterthought—they drive the whole process.

The strength of Salmela's work lies in his ability to exaggerate the everyday, pushing the ordinary to a point where it seems strange and familiar at the same time. Some of this may come from his professed admiration of military facilities, full of "simple, beautiful structures; virtually the same, yet all different," he says. Unlike many suburban developments, in which each house strives to trumpet the individuality of the owners, Jackson Meadow is restrained. While the houses themselves vary in plan and elevation, they are, like military facilities, virtually the same. "Why do we have this obsession with individual expression?" asks Salmela. "We have freedom, but why do we need to prove it again and again?" That echoes Hardin: "What does 'freedom' mean?...Individuals locked into the logic of the commons are free only to bring on universal ruin; once they see the necessity of mutual coercion, they become free to pursue other goals."

Those who own houses in Jackson Meadow seem quite content with the mutual coercion they have embraced in both their houses and their land. Indeed, part of the appeal of the place lies in its difference from the values that drive most residential development, which equate freedom with personal autonomy. Salmela argues that the pursuit of such freedom is futile. "In our drive for personal expression, we never get there. In overstating our differences, we compromise our real diversity." Such thinking sets Salmela apart from many architects, who, after seeing Jackson Meadow, have commented that it looks "too institutional" or "too pure."

Such aesthetic judgments, though, miss the point of the place. While aesthetics play a major role in the self-identity of a community, what the place looks like may matter less than what the architecture and site planning provide in terms of social interaction and in terms of a "commons" people can care for. The tragedy of the commons may lie not in our exploitation of what we share with others, but in our looking at our social and environmental problems from the perspective of the individual. And seeing development from the perspective is where Jackson Meadow's real contribution lies.

Jackson Meadow sits on what had once been grazing land for cattle, so only the hardiest grasses and plants—such as cedar, little bluestem, white pine, and sumac (clockwise from top left)—survived. Before a single structure was built, David Salmela made a series of drawings (facing page) illustrating a few of the possible forms houses in the development could take.
JACKSON MEADOW—MARINE ON ST. CROIX, MINNESOTA

CLIENT: Jackson Meadow Co., Marine on St. Croix, Minnesota—Harold Teasdale, Robert Durfey

ARCHITECT: Salmela Architect, Duluth, Minnesota—David Salmela (principal); Souliyahn Keobounpheng, Tia Salmela Keobounpheng (design team)

LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT: Coen + Stumpf + Associates—Shane Coen, Jon Stumpf (principals); Nathan Anderson, Jenneifer Gabrys, Travis Van Liere, Vera Westrum (design team)

ENGINEERS: Carroll & Franck & Associates (structural); RLK Engineering (civil); North American Wetland Engineering (other)

CONSULTANT: Carol Stumpf Design (colorist)

GENERAL CONTRACTORS: Cates Construction; Anderson Sorenson

COST: Withheld at owner’s request

PHOTOGRAPHER: Peter Bastianelli Kerze
The 19th-century town of Marine on St. Croix (above) provided the starting point for the formal and material guidelines at Jackson Meadow. The lone dissident from the all-white scheme is the pump house (below), which stands sentinel-like at the entrance to the development.
THE CODE NOUVEL

IN A NEW COURTHOUSE ON THE BANKS OF THE LOIRE, A TERRIBLE BEAUTY IS BORN.
BY ANNE GUINEY
In an explanation of his brooding and impressive new Palais de Justice in Nantes, France, Parisian architect Jean Nouvel wrote, "Justice should express its power." Both power and justice are abstractions though, and the problem of giving physical shape to these ideas necessarily involves reductivist thinking. In Nantes, Nouvel has chosen order as the characteristic architectural image of justice; the grid acts as both a symbolic representation of that order as well as the organizational device for the building. The equation between the logic of the legal process and the order of the grid is not as straightforward as it might seem, however, and Nouvel himself has complicated the variables, most significantly by rendering the entire building, from floors to walls to window mullions, in a dense and inky black. The combination of rigid geometry and relentless darkness imbues the building with an imposing quality that gets in the way of his representational intentions.

The Palais de Justice is essentially Miesian: A foursquare pavilion shelters three freestanding boxes containing courtrooms, and supports four bars of rooftop offices. One enters the vast, glazed lobby through a portico that looks north across the Loire towards the 18th-century stone façades of central Nantes. Every surface within the enormous entry space is black, and incorporates the grid in some fashion: highly reflective marble pavers, the 26-foot on-center column grid, a coffered ceiling, and an open metal screen that runs the length of the room. All of these patterns reflect on the polished floor, so that the already huge room seems doubled. The surfaces—both real and reflected—overlay one another in an overwhelmingly complex web.

The three self-contained volumes at the rear of the lobby house seven triple-height courtrooms—three in the center and two on each side. Nouvel went to great lengths to distinguish the courtrooms from the lobby, even setting them in self-contained concrete boxes within the larger building; the metal screen running parallel to the lobby creates a narrow, shielded corridor from which one enters each courtroom. For their interiors, Nouvel abandoned black, but not monochromaticity and the intensity it brings: Supersaturated red-stained plywood panels and naturally fire-colored Paduk wood floors seal off these windowless boxes from the activity of
1. courtroom
2. offices
3. basement/support spaces
4. lobby
5. open space

East-west section
the lobby. Banks of fluorescents clustered over the judges' benches focus attention (if by some chance it had wandered) at the front of each room. The three large courtrooms receive natural light from slot openings in the ceiling, but the daylight that enters from the skylights nearly 10 feet above the openings is attenuated; the resulting streaks of light on the walls serve more for a visual effect than for any practical purpose of illumination. The red-and-black color scheme and the order of the grid carry through in the rooftop accommodations for judges and support staff. These spaces are as precise and elegant as the rest of the building, and every office incorporates operable windows, doors to a planted terrace, or at least a view of a garden behind the building.

Nouvel chose the grid as an impartial, orderly representation for an impartial, orderly legal system, and the results are a formally exquisite demonstration of his sure and complete vision. The building's plan is simple, but the experience of being in it is not, and the imagery does not always behave in the way one might think. Every striped scarf, lumpen down jacket, and disheveled hairdo takes on a poignancy because of its irregularity against the perfection of the grid: Each becomes a sign of the unruliness of human behavior, even in the face of judgment's controlling apparatus.

Nouvel's unrelenting use of black raises other issues. He considers the color to be conceptually neutral, in much the same way that Richard Meier regards white, yet the color black is no more free of conceptual baggage than grids. Nouvel used the grid to invoke order, not imprisonment; the blackness light, not gloom; the red warmth, not blood. To many of its users, however, the imagery is that of a revolutionary tribunal, not a contemporary court: According to Silvain Liotard, the chief clerk and an admirer of the building, many judges who work in the Palais de Justice feel that it represents the punitive elements of the law, not its investigative process. Citizens of Nantes, he says, take an even more extreme view: "They say that they feel guilty merely by walking inside." This was certainly not Nouvel's intent. But one man's grid is another's cage, and in the end, the Palais de Justice is a study in the shear that can occur between intellectual intent and visceral reaction, between the rigorous application of a metaphor and the instinctive response it can elicit.
The red courtrooms (above) are illuminated by both fluorescent lights and a skylight. These skylights (right) pierce the roof in three parallel lines, as courtyards separating four blocks of rooftop offices.
THE STORY KING

DISNEY'S NEW THEME PARK IN ANAHEIM TELLS A TALE OF CALIFORNIA'S HISTORY. BY WITOLD RYBCZYNSKI. PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT POLIDORI
Disney parks. "This is not a shopping mall, nor is it like the downtown of Celebration," says Jaquelin T. Robertson, who was a consultant on the project. Robertson encouraged Michael Eisner, Disney's CEO, to go to Copenhagen and visit the Tivoli gardens. Tivoli's magical combination of fountains, lights, and landscaping became the chief inspiration for Downtown Disney's twinkling, gardensque atmosphere.

The promenade ends in a large plaza outside the entrances to the two theme parks. I spent an afternoon walking around the 55-acre site of Disney's California Adventure accompanied by Barry Braverman, the leader of the creative team for the park, and a group of his colleagues—an architect, a landscape architect, and two art directors. Walt Disney Imagineering has a staff of 2,000, and designs or oversees the design of theme parks, resorts, hotels, stores, ships, and office buildings—"everything that isn't movies," according to Braverman.

I had never been in a Disney park before, and I was impressed. While architects often talk about creating "environments," we are mainly interested in making buildings. Not so here—every detail of the surroundings is designed, including sounds and smells. Braverman points out the reddish tinge to the asphalt road that leads us through an area called High Sierras, the result of an aggregate that is characteristic of the mountain region. The landscaping, carefully chosen to survive Southern California's dry heat, completes the illusion. We traverse seamlessly to Cannery Row, a funky group of waterside sheds. The water level in the putative tidal canal, which functions as the overflow reservoir for a nearby water ride, rises and falls realistically. On to Paradise Pier, a re-creation of a Southern California seaside amusement park, where the booming surf crashes against the pilings, thanks to a hidden wave machine.

The premise of this park is as convoluted as a Ray Bradbury novel. It is about California, of course, but past and present bear upon each other in complicated ways. The buildings of Pacific Wharf, for example, appear to be rehabilitated fish canneries, in one case housing a working sour-dough bread bakery, in another, a tortilla factory. Elsewhere, a "street" of fake façades turns out to be really fake since it is part of a disused movie set in a Hollywood movie backlot. A restaurant located inside a television shooting stage incorporates settings that a devoted viewer of daytime soap operas would recognize, or so Braverman assures me. Aerospace, an important industry in California, is commemorated by Condor Flats, an "abandoned" airstrip whose buildings appear to have been converted to contemporary uses. The Taste Pilot restaurant, for example, is shoe-horned into a jet-engine testing workshop, with Chuck Yeager's Bell X-1 suspended over the entrance. Elsewhere, the restrooms are in a pilots' shack, and a ride called Soarin' over California is housed in what appears to be an old hangar. Braverman insists that we go in. I generally avoid

Lobby of the Grand Californian Hotel
amusement park rides, but this one, thanks to a Disney-developed cinematic projection process called OmniMax, is truly breathtaking.

Jean Baudrillard once visited Disney World, and wrote archly about "simulacra" and "hyperreality." What would he make of this park? It is both about California and in California, it refers to the past yet is about today, it contains a portion of real vineyard and a real bakery next to a fake oceanfront and a simulated—but geologically accurate—mountain. It would all be grist for Baudrillard's intellectual mill, no doubt, but I imagine that the public, used to flipping TV channels and surfing the internet, will love it—all of it, the fake, the real, the half fake, the half real, and everything in between.

As Galen emphasized, the buildings in a theme park are scenographic. That does not make them any less real—there is a technologically sophisticated 3,000-seat Broadway-style theater on the Hollywood Pictures Backlot whose handsome interior was designed by Hardy, Holzman, Pfeiffer. But scenographic buildings have a different relationship to reality. Architecture is about itself—or, in the case of so-called signature buildings, about its architect. A building in a theme park is always subservient to the Story. Talking with the Imagineers, I learned that storytelling is at the heart of the Disney corporate culture, no doubt the result of roots in animated films such as *Fantasia* and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. Everything begins with a storyboard. When I asked Braverman about the function of stories in his project he insisted that they were primarily a creative tool, a technique for coordinating the work of hundreds of designers and technicians and for ensuring that everyone involved grasped the underlying premise. He assured me that it was not important for the public to follow the plot. However, as we talked, it became clear that the stories are meaningful. Not that all park-goers experience these stories the same way—how many people will recognize the reddish asphalt, for example? Probably no more than will identify the smell of wine musk in the Robert Mondavi film theater. What storytelling does is provide the park with depth, allowing a variety of perceptions on the part of the visitor, deep as well as shallow.

Storytelling is not entirely foreign to architecture, of course. Ever since the Renaissance, classicism has told and retold the myth of antiquity. Gothic Revival buildings, whether churches or college dorms, recount tales of medieval abbeys and cathedrals. Both offer the opportunity to read the story in the details as well as in the whole. Indeed, the experience of a classical or Gothic Revival building is vastly enriched by being both literary and architectural. Even early modernism contained a narrative—of ocean liners, fresh air, and technology—although the heroic harbingers of the new machine age hardly saw themselves as storytellers. But then they never went soarin' over California.
On opening night of a recent show at Henry Urbach's Manhattan gallery (which specializes in architectural work) there were about 600 people awaiting the chance to clamber into a cement mixer. Not your everyday cement mixer, of course, but one hollowed out and souped up by Urbach's architect-in-residence LOT/EK; complete with squashy blue foam interior lining, 12 video screens, and a cable TV-live camera-video game feed. It offered visitors the chance to be buried alive not in cold cement, but in digital information.

During its six-week installation at Urbach's gallery, Mixer again proved the point Marcel Duchamp demonstrated 80 years ago, that art can effortlessly double as a fairground attraction. The pleasing grenade-shaped form of a truck-top Redi-Mix is tipped up on a revolving platform, wired to the universe, and opened to the public. There is, on entering, something almost sacred or ceremonial about this media cocoon. Perhaps it is the command to remove shoes posted on the entry hatch, and the impulse to sit in lotus position rather than slump against the interior. But after just a few minutes inside—with video monitors configured to live footage of a Chelsea water tower from a rooftop camera, six screens of Jennifer Lopez, and eight screens of a car race Playstation 2 game—all but the most disciplined media junkie would be slouched in passive viewing position.

Like a Duchamp readymade, LOT/EK's Mixer is awash in jokes: the cement mixer that allows users to remix the media slurry. "It is no longer the mobile Redi-Mix on the road," as NEA Director of Design Mark Robbins writes in the accompanying booklet/assembly instruction manual, "but a vehicle that transports places to you." It is also, as Robbins puts it, "almost perfectly suburban in its self-containment," offering the "contradiction of solitary contemplation and the world at your fingertips." Mixer encapsulates the dissolution of the boundaries between public and private typical of the 24-hour surveillance and network-hopping of the age: You can hole up in a 3,000-pound cement mixer, shut the door and engage with the world outside through mediated tongues.

Whatever it is, there is something frighteningly marketable about Mixer. One could imagine Urbach himself immersed in enquiries from rock stars looking to install a media cocoon or two in their mansion. Eventually, perhaps, the device might appear in diluted form at Nobody Beats the Wiz as a kind of home-theater tank. As an addition to every home, its beautiful irony could soon be swamped in the ghastly reality of too much information and not enough control. It is a nerve center that, beyond button-pushing and reassigning channels to screens, allows very little room to maneuver. Confronted by too much choice, we are left with no other option than to slump against the walls in a kind of digital palsy. As such, Mixer is a profound and disturbing proposition.

**JUST ADD ELECTRICITY**

**LOT/EK CONVERTS A CEMENT MIXER INTO A MEDIA-IMMERSION TANK. BY PETER HALL**

**MIXER**

**EXHIBITED AT:** Henry Urbach Architecture, New York City  **ACQUIRED BY:** The Bohen Foundation  **ARCHITECT:** LOT/EKarchitecture, New York City—Ada Tolla, Giuseppe Lignano (principals); John Hartmann, David Magid (project team)  **ENGINEER:** Chrystala Kartambli  **GENERAL CONTRACTOR:** Marc Ganzglass  **COST:** Withheld at owner's request  **PHOTOGRAPHER:** Paul Warchol

*Mixer, Installation and Assembly Manual*, with text by Mark Robbins is published by Edizioni Press.
Yumebutai—a Japanese word most directly translated as “a place of dreams” and, alternatively, as “a place in which to dream”—is the name Tadao Ando has given his latest and largest project to date: a 70-acre garden complex on a mountainous slope of Awaji Island in Japan. The site looks across Osaka Bay towards Kobe, the city devastated by earthquake in 1995. Construction on Yumebutai was set to begin when the disaster struck, and as Awaji Island was at the epicenter of the quake, Ando reconceived his design not only as part of the physical rebuilding of the Kobe district, but also as a place for spiritual rebuilding—a place that memorializes the 6,000 who died with reminders of life and beauty, a place where survivors can rediscover the simple pleasure of being sentient humans in a sensory world.

Called to the site 11 years ago by the original owner, Ando was outraged to find a landscape ripped and scarred by greed. Over the preceding three decades the mountainside had been gouged out, and the rocks and earth sold as fill for such projects as Renzo Piano’s new Kansai Island airport in Tokyo. To mask the ravaged land, Ando was invited to design a commercial golf club—a job he refused—and the architect subsequently bent ears and twisted arms to get the property transferred to public ownership. At the same time he invented a program with a conference center, a 201-room hotel, gardens, and water parks intended to restore the site to life.

Ando planned Yumebutai as an overlapping, intersecting, multidirectional assemblage of linear, circular, and irregular spaces, none of which has any particular precedence over the other, and through which there is no prescribed route or sequence. He describes the effect as a “spatial theme park.” Some elements recall earlier Ando designs (such as an amphitheater that echoes his unbuilt Theater on the Water project of 1987), yet when explaining his concept for Yumebutai, the architect usually refers to the Alhambra in Spain and the Villa d’Este in Italy, rather than to Hadrian’s Villa—which appears, at first, to be a more valid comparison. At the Emperor’s legendary retreat the architecture is the focus; in the others water gardens and plantings take precedence. At Yumebutai, as in so many of his other projects, Ando is
A shallow pool paved with seashells surrounds Tadao Ando's submerged Chapel of the Sea, with its adjacent bell tower (preceding pages). These, and the many other design components of his Yumebutai complex, nestle into a hillside of Awaji Island (above left), facing the city of Kobe across Osaka Bay. For 30 years the site was stripped for fill; Ando attempted to undo some of the damage with a design that is as much about landscape as it is about architecture: The terraces of the 100 Flower Gardens (above right) juxtapose Ando's spare, signature concrete forms with colorful floral displays. Two intersecting bars and buildings of concrete and glass (facing page, left) serve as hothouses. The open-air theater at the north end of the site (facing page, right) hosts concerts and picnics.

less concerned with the design of individual buildings than with the framing of nature by constructed elements. Within the tranquil cloister of the Hillside Gallery, for instance, only the sky and the mountain are visible.

Indeed, Yumebutai is unashamedly picturesque. Ando has taken an almost musical approach there to the composition of spaces, sounds, textures, colors, and fragrances. He develops, departs from, then returns to these compositional themes. The sense of them as a whole depends on timing, interval, and contrast, an architectural narration in which an individual's perceptions are primary. Ando's characteristically simple, geometric forms—simultaneously monumental and recessive—serve either as background to, or as facilitator of such experiences: a dark chamber echoes with the sound of a cascade and fills with sunlight reflecting off the agitated surface of the water; at the Sky Garden, there is an elaborate double staircase like Rome's Spanish Steps, where the dance of people's movement is as pleasurable to watch as to perform; a bell tower announces newlyweds ascending a staircase from the submerged Chapel of the Sea.

Yumebutai cannot be discussed as architecture alone. It is an overlap between architecture, landscape design, event planning, social programming, and environmental art. "Ordinary people see a building in terms of what it makes them feel," says Ando, emphasizing that the forms of his buildings are secondary to the experience they provide of nature and space. At Yumebutai, his intention is unmistakable.

Tom Heneghan is a British architect, working in Tokyo, Japan, and a Professor at Kogakuin University. In 1994 he received the Architectural Institute of Japan Award for Architecture.
AWAJI YUMEBUTAI, YUMEBUTAI, HIGASHIURA-CHO, TUNA-GUN, HYOGO, JAPAN

CLIENT: Hyogo Prefecture, Japan
ARCHITECT: Tadao Ando Architect & Associates, Osaka, Japan—Tadao Ando, Fumihiko Iwama, Hironobu Wakayama, Takashi Muto, Ryuichi Ashizawa, Kouji Nagasawa, Keisuke Toyoda, Kensuke Aisaka, Kanya Sago, Yoshimori Hayashi

LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT: Environmental Site Plannings
ENGINEERS: Wada Structural Engineer Consultant, Hojo Structure Research Institute (structural); Setsubi Giken Architectural Engineers Associates (mechanical/electrical), Karasawa Architectural & Acoustic Design (other)

CONSULTANTS: Obayashi Arai Awajidoken; Takenaka Aoki Zenidaka Sato Kanzak; Shimizu Izumo

GENERAL CONTRACTORS: Takenaka Aoki Shibata; Moricho COST: Withheld at owner’s request

PHOTOGRAPHER: Mitsuo Matsuoka
Ando, long was at the forefront of the 1995 Kobe earthquake, and in his design for Yumenoshima. Ando believed in the power of nature and beauty as a restorative for victims of the disaster. Even Ando’s conference center (top) and hotel (bottom), two commercial elements that helped finance the project, have a befittingly austere, modernist form character. The simplicity of Ando’s architectural forms are a deliberate foil to the gorgeousness of the surrounding nature, as in the distant ocean view from the Seaside Gallery (facing page, top) and the glimpses of treetops from the courtyard of the tea ceremony room (facing page, bottom).
Several of the elements at Yumebutai recall earlier Ando projects. His Chapel of the Sea (far right), for instance, paraphrases the 1988 Church of the Light in Osaka. To balance the characteristically pure geometry of such spaces, Ando is also interested in what he calls “interstitial spaces,” where irregularly aligned elements overlap: many levels; the intersecting.

The pure plan of his Circular Forum (right) becomes complex in three dimensions with stairs and ramps that link Yumebutai’s planes of his Water Garden (below) sit within two parallel walls.
...There is, it seems to us, 
At best, only a limited value
In the knowledge derived from experience.
The knowledge imposes a pattern, and falsifies,
For the pattern is new in every moment
And every moment is a new and shocking
Valuation of all we have been....

T.S. ELIOT, "EAST COKER," FOUR QUARTETS

Back in 1988, when Fred Smith walked into Eric Owen Moss's Culver City, California, office to collect the rent, neither could have foreseen that the meeting that ensued, which led to a dialogue about T.S. Eliot's Four Quartets, would jump-start Moss's practice and eventually lead to the creation of a Los Angeles version of SoHo. But Smith was a developer with the germ of an idea—architectural complexity—and Moss, a free radical still in search of his voice, was open to discussion.

In the 1960s, Smith had developed buildings in Northern California for the new computer industry, and he nursed notions about developing structures that represented the architectural corollaries of its new math. Capable of imaging complexity, the computer had opened science to nonlinear phenomena and chaos theory that in turn, Smith reasoned, might open up architecture to a nonlinear kind of design that would appeal to the shock troops of the emerging digital economy. Smith also either acquired or had access to a group of warehouses owned by his family in Culver City's Hayden Tract, a failing industrial zone with a motley array of low-rise structures. For his part, Moss had started a formal exploration of complexity with an administrative building for the University of California at Irvine. The project was diagrammatic but promising; the geometrically boisterous design strategy needed the support of nurturing commissions.

The collaboration between Moss, Smith, and Smith's wife and partner Laurie, started small, with a structurally fragile one-story factory on the wrong side of the Santa Monica Freeway, at 8522 National Boulevard in the Hayden Tract. After stripping off decades of accretions and taking the building down to its timber bones and saw-toothed roof, Moss wove a sec-
ondary steel structural system through the old bowstring trusses. Tectonic clarity blurred in a hybrid structure that, as at Irvine, generated complex, idiosyncratic spaces. Moss was not suppressing differences and exceptions into a homogenous whole but cultivating heterogeneity. His strategy was to use new elements to acknowledge existing conditions and catalyze unexpected and unpredictable formal directions.

Once devoted to serial production, in Moss’s hands the renovated factory became a testing ground of post-industrial thinking, its uniqueness a magnet for Los Angeles’ cooler-than-corporate media intelligentsia. “The Smiths used architecture to market to these people,” says Moss. The first project led to others in the Hayden Tract, as the Smiths and Moss bonded in a close and ongoing professional and personal relationship. “We were undertaking a large urban development, and it was advantageous to have one creative mind, to have an overall vision of the work,” says Laurie Smith. “Eric is sensitive to all the pieces when he adds another. There’s a fit, and he doesn’t want to jar it.” Samitaur Constructs, the Smiths’ development company, works on many projects in the Hayden Tract at any one time, each at a different phase in its development, from concept to construction. Fred Smith credits the architecture for the success of the projects, but adds, “They were well planned on every level—the legals, the security, the financing, the accounting, and the community planning.” Or, as Moss puts it, “This work has all the usual institutional constraints, and a penurious owner.”

Unlike Frank Gehry, who sculpts buildings largely from the outside in, Moss worked substantially in plan, planting one system, often structural, against another, setting the interiors into play. This strategy did not at first...
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seeing and believing
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thomas ruff and thomas struth. in an age of digitized images, the reciprocal exchanges between photographers and painters have come full circle: if early photography lent painters a new tool, which many of them eagerly employed but felt should be hidden from the public, photographers have long abandoned the struggle to lend a pictorial cast to their images. but this does not rule out other, more intricate reciprocities between the Düsseldorf painters and photographers.

In Gursky's photographs, the artificial orthogonality, fictional smoothness, extreme bigness, and replication of seemingly insignificant details, the oddly scraped, stripped, or otherwise mediated surfaces suggest that these images have been built up and simultaneously dismembered. large in every sense of the term, Gursky's photographs encompass more than their structural framework can carry, but their dissection into an infinite number of composite parts reduces them to an ever-smaller scale, until the eye is defeated and the gaze distanced at the very moment it attempts to fasten onto the image. if this is what fascinates us in the architecture of Koolhaas or Herzog & de Meuron, then we are reckoning with Gursky's photography in a way that begins to do it justice.

breaking up is hard to do
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total comes to about 60 percent of likely city voters.
but so far there haven't been many concrete statistics available to help Los Angeles voters understand whether or not cityhood is financially viable for the seceding communities, and to what degree it will hurt the rest of city. the first reports from LAFCO on the specific financial implications of secession, originally due in February of this year, has been delayed at least three months.

In mid-December, the city of Los Angeles released a report estimating that residents of the Valley, who make up 35 percent of the city's population, contribute just 31 percent, or $956 million, to the city's revenues. Valley Vote and other pro-secession groups question the accuracy of the city's numbers, not surprisingly. since state law requires that any secession have zero impact on the city's income, it's possible that LAFCO can legally keep the issue off the ballot—or require the residents of the Valley to pay extra taxes to subsidize the city they just deserted. given that many of those residents complain they already overpay the city of Los Angeles, that would be a bitter pill indeed.

christopher Hawthorne is a frequent contributor to architecture.
Ed Feiner, who created the much-lauded Design Excellence program (January 2001, page 65), is a career civil servant, and will remain. Some of the GSA's most important initiatives are the work of career employees and are not therefore in danger.

The president himself has had little to say on the issues most important to architects. His record in Texas is thin on planning initiatives. But he's not entirely unfamiliar with the value of architecture. His one major private-sector success was based on a single building: the Ballpark at Arlington, home of the Texas Rangers, and designed by Washington, D.C.-based architect David Schwarz. Bush, who put together a group of investors to buy the Rangers in 1989, negotiated a deal in which taxpayers would build his team a new home. When he sold the Rangers in 1994, the stadium was sold with them, and Bush's initial $606,000 investment paid him $15 million. The success is widely acknowledged as having made possible his run for governor (and then for the presidency). Perhaps he'll look on architects with fond nostalgia, and his policy decisions will reflect that affection. But it's not much to go on.

Five (or More) Degrees of Separation

continued from page 54

interesting approach,” Pavlos remarks, but cannot promise that the NAAB will adopt it.

For now, Pavlos would like to make it clear that the board merely set 2010 as a benchmark year for shutting down the B.Arch. accreditation to gauge the impact on the schools. The NAAB hopes that its upcoming survey of schools, scheduled to wrap up in July, will determine whether or not it should advance the idea further. In the meantime, the decision not to accredit new B.Arch. degrees could be undone if the decision is to preserve the bachelor's degree's professional distinction. “It was felt that it would be wise not to encourage any new programs until we see where we want to head with this,” Pavlos explains.

It's a courtesy that some say the NAAB should have showed Hawaii, which developed its new seven-year doctoral degree with the NAAB's blessing but has yet to receive accreditation for it. “Hawaii is gonna end up suing them,” Steward predicts. “The Hawaii thing was one school. You're now talking about 50 percent of schools of architecture that have a B.Arch.” If the NAAB makes a decision those schools don't like, it's going to have its hands full.

Who's In Charge Here?

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Circle 114.
Tempest in 
A Beanpot

A Boston real estate juggernaut casts a lengthy shadow. Mickey O’Connor explores its dark side.

For years, Boston’s Copley Square has supported a healthy mix of real estate: high- and low-rise, old-fashioned and newfangled, residential and commercial. Philip Johnson and John Burgee’s 1972 addition to McKim, Mead & White’s 1895 Boston Public Library is just a block away from H.H. Richardson’s elegant Trinity Church (1897), which in turn is reflected in I.M. Pei & Partners’ glassy John Hancock tower (1975). Unlike much of the city, which often lives up to its stereotyped image of the disapproving dowager looking askance at change, the Back Bay has proved accommodating to newcomers.

One of the reasons it has worked so well is the careful planning of the Prudential Center, a 23-acre, 2.2 million-square-foot office and retail complex between Boylston Street and Huntington Avenue. The austere mixed-use development was completed in 1965, and was the first true high-rise complex outside of downtown, about 20 blocks away. While originally decreed for that very reason, it is now acknowledged to be an important precedent for planning large-scale developments in the area.

Unfortunately, the one that started the trend 35 years ago may also be the one to end it. In April 1999, construction began on 111 Huntington Avenue, a clunky, 36-story, 890,000-square-foot high-rise designed by local firm Childs Bertman Tseckares (CBT), which, along with a series of lower ancillary buildings, will fill out every remaining inch of the Prudential Center’s site. When completed, the bloated cylinder will be Boston’s eighth tallest building, and one of its most thoughtless. It will subvert the Prudential’s lauded circulation system, which now makes good use of its modernist plaza to help knit together the edges of the distinct urban conditions that surround it. The most brutish gesture 111 makes is toward one of the city’s most beloved public spaces: The 700-foot-long reflecting pool that is at the heart of Pei and Araldo Cossutta’s elegant 1974 Christian Science Center will have a new terminus in the form of a five-story wall when 111 is completed.

Capping the tower’s bumptious civic behavior is a stamen-like crown whose metallic sheen aims for skyline status. Boston has a dense concentration of skyscrapers downtown, where it isn’t noticeable when buildings indulge in a little flashiness. In Copley Square, however, high-rises are free agents. One-eleven’s glitzy hat isn’t just out of place, it’s downright weird.

Boston Properties manages to squeeze the bulky and ostentatious 111 Huntington Avenue building (at center) into the overcrowded Prudential Center.

Boston’s tradition of fierce civic activism hasn’t let the project go completely unchecked. Vocal neighborhood opponents have lobbied the powers that be, without much success, on reducing 111’s bulk. In January, developer Boston Properties’ curious response to the hubbub was to announce additional programming of a 200-room hotel on Boylston Street, supplanting previous plans for condominiums, which will be relocated to yet another building along the complex’s northeastern edge. Let the Prudential Center creep begin.

What’s done is done, though: With the approval of the powerful St. Botolph Neighborhood Associates and the Boston Redevelopment Authority in pocket, CBT’s hulking mass will be completed by year’s end. But 111’s story isn’t without lessons for architects, developers, and Boston’s planning officials. There’s still a lot of unoccupied sky over Beantown. Without careful evaluation of this project’s urban detriments, what’s stopping something like this from happening again?

Mickey O’Connor is Architecture’s former News editor.
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