ARCHITECTURE, IDEOLOGY AND EGO
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When I decided last Summer, in response to Kline Robert's urging, to settle on a theme for my freshman paper, I came up with the rather pompous title: "Architecture, Ideology and Ego." I was prompted by a long standing interest in history and architecture to take a look at a common assumption: that architecture can, and often truly does serve ideology; that Versailles was the means by which Louis XIV organized all of France as a pyramid with a "Sun-King" at the top; or that a "Volkish" architecture served Hitler's National Socialist Germany; or that a democratic architecture fitting the U.S. republic was exemplified by the work of Thomas Jefferson, our only architect president.

The idea of ideological content in architecture was, of course, an idea pressed upon me in my youth by Frank Lloyd Wright, one of my teachers. Appropriately, he titled one of his many books "When Democracy Builds." It was, however, another book, published last Fall, that really stirred my thinking. This book, by one Tom Wolfe, whose standard attire and pallor makes him look like a white-suited ghost, was slim and sloppy, retailed for $10.95 and titled "From Bauhaus to Our House."

Wolfe developed the theme that a post-World-War-I "socialist-communist clique" which coalesced around Walter Gropius (who Wolfe, so help me, incongruously calls "The Silver Prince") conspired to put the whole world in "Socialist worker's housing." In this way, he explains the flat-roofed, boxy architecture of the 1930's and '40's. Of course, in McCarthyite fashion, Wolfe is not content with even this simplistic history. He carries this ideological gobbleydook all the way down to the present day and to a group of people he perceives as still proceeding, like lemmings to the sea, to occupy worker's housing. These current victims, Wolfe claims are, of all people, the corporate business executives who occupy "boxy" Park Avenue offices and live, say, in New York's "boxy" Olympic Towers.

According to the white-suited ghost all this can be traced to an idelogical conspiracy led by "The Silver Prince," to force everyone into a proletarian mold.

I will admit that I once thought about European modern architecture in a similar way. But I was 21 and had not yet studied with Walter Gropius at Harvard. I think of Gropius as not at all a "Silver Prince." When I knew him he was a rather

rumpled, shaggy man, puffing constantly on the stump of a strong cigar.

Tying these musings in ideology to consideration of the force of ego in architecture, came first from reading "Inside the Third Reich" by the late Albert Speer. Speer, regardless of his connections to a repugnant ideology, was one of the most comprehensively able men of the twentieth century. Running like a leit motiv through his writing are the questions: "Was my architecture valid even though done in service to an immoral cause?" and, "Was there anything other than playing ego-mania with Hitler in my designs?"

I decided, consequently, to tack on that last word "ego" (and to make my title almost quintessentially pompous).

This was probably a natural tie for me, considering that I had come through a growth process myself which linked architecture to ideology and ego. I was, I think, destined to be an architect by my very influential Grandmother, who decided it while first viewing the first male descendant of her husband, an architect of achievement and promise who died at 48. By the time I was eight, I was going to be an architect, (not a "screw-driver", as a much younger descendant of that husband-wife pair told me he wanted to be). One of my first, inimitable drawings is preserved: a school house complete with a bell tower and a sign reading "R.A. Miller School" (a sign, perhaps, of a professional future). In brief order, I was drawing slightly askew skyscrapers labelled all around the top "R.A. Miller Enterprises." This was inspired by a visit to Minneapolis where I was terribly impressed by that strange, obelisk office tower labelled "Foshay" in huge letters on all four sides. When I learned that Mr. Foshay had been a big business promoter, I decided that was for me. (I didn't understand what bankruptcy meant, so Mr. Foshay had an untarnished image as far as I was concerned.)

Then, with my bycycle festooned with Landon-Knox sunflower buttons, I began to trip into ideology with a design for a private railroad car labelled "The R.A. Miller Presidential Special." After the election I actually cried when I removed the Landon-Knox sunflower buttons from my bycycle, but soon I was off on a much more significant trip: I prepared a design for a Shangri-La on an island in the middle of a lake. My Shangri-La was a hierarchy: everyone lived lower down and further out in accordance with their proper place in a world at peace governed by a benevolent Delhi-Lama who dwelt in the middle of the island on top of a tall tower. And I don't suppose I need to tell you who the Delhi-Lama was!

What I didn't know then, but do know now, is that it generally takes two to play the architecture-ego game and almost

always takes two to play the architecture-ideology game. With the rare exception, perhaps, of Peru, where a distinguished architect is now President and eight of his predecessor President's were Architect's or, more specifically in the singular case of President-Architect Thomas Jefferson, the Architect is generally hired to massage the ego, or in a few cases as we shall see, to stimulate the ideological application. In this paper, I propose to look at the edifice complex from the point-of-view of the 20th century skyscraper and then to consider three notable practicing pairs: Louis XIV and Andre Le Notre, Adolf Hitler and Albert Speer, Nelson Rockefeller and Wallace Harrison; and, in addition, to look at that singular American who played both roles: Thomas Jefferson.

THE EDIFICE COMPLEX

The most obvious form of architectural egotism is the skyscraper. The competition for ascendency in this area really took off with the association of Architect Cass Gilbert and merchant Frank Woolworth. Gilbert got the little Wilkes-Barre dry-goods merchant to build the tallest building in the world, dubbing it the "Cathedral of Commerce" and festooning it with gargoyles on the outside and column capitals on the inside carved with the wizened visage of little Frank himself.

Woolworth was on top of the world for less than two decades, when the auto moguls put his cathedral in third place. Henry Ford almost entered the competition in the early 1920's with a tower planned for Broadway in the mid-50's, but the project was cancelled when James Couzens, his financial partner, convinced him to back out. It was one of Couzens last services for Ford. Then, in the late 1920's an architect named Van Allen and an upstart manufacturer named Walter Chrysler plotted not only to bring Woolworth down to size but to plan their coup with utmost cunning. The building was announced without some ten floors of pinnacle. These were made in pieces in a shop out of stainless steel, which they planned to attach at the last moment to reach higher.

Their triumph, however, was short-lived. In 1928, General Motors financial wizard, John J. Raskob, with the always quiet Duponts behind him, got together with architects Shreve, Lamb and Harmon to build the building that would remain the world's tallest in 18 months time: the Empire State Building.

Fortunately, the project was underway in time to give Raskob's protege Al Smith a $50,000 a year job as President of the Building after he was defeated in his race for the U.S. Presidency in 1928.

But, as they say, there was some good news and some bad news. Before occupancy, the depression in real estate hit before the dirigible mooring mast at its 102 story top could be finished. The mast was unused until the late 1940's when it became the perfect spot for TV distribution antennas.

Largely empty for more than a decade, the Empire State Building was the apotheosis of height, and the butt of drepression jokes.

Fred Allen, on network radio one night began his show by saying, "I passed the Empire State Building on the way to the studio tonight and saw a light on. I guess Al Smith is working late."

Not until Nelson Rockefeller got the World Trade Center built in the late 1960's was the Empire State's one-upsmanship upped. But the whole sequence had established the skyscraper as the particularly American expression of architectural ego-building.

Harry Helmsley, the New York real estate tycoon, once owned a piece of the Empire State Building. His subsequent record considered, it is strange that he did not name it the Helmsley Building. But perhaps that was because he had not then met his attractive younger wife Leona. Today, of course, we have the Helmsley Palace Hotel in New York with interiors by Leona with some posthumous help from Stamford White. And we have Helmsley and Harley hotels world wide, including one in Columbus. In case you didn't know, Harley represents the first three letters of Harry's first name and last three letters of Helmsley's last name.

For office edifices, Mr. and Mrs. Helmsley have settled for the Helmsley Building on 46th Street, astride Park Avenue. While Mrs. Helmsley was supervising goldleaf applications on every feasible square foot of the exterior, Mr. Helmsley was re-lettering the name of the building and the passages on either side in big letters. The passages are now called Helmsley Walk East and Helmsley Walk West.

The building, built before World War I, was originally a Vanderbilt construction, along with Grand Central Station next door. Called then the New York Central Building, it was acquired by new owners after the Penn-Central bankruptcy. These anonymous parties were content to rechristen the building the New York General Building - probably because they only had to change C to G and t to e on the building signage, thus saving a bundle. But when Harry Helmsley picked it up, the logo-types, stone carvers and sign painters had a field day and the price of gold leaf went out of sight.

At that, however, Helmsley today doesn't hold a candle to Frank Woolworth in 1913 for sponsoring architectural ego building. His new building projects, in fact, have generally been big, square flat-roofed boxes. Of course, this has nothing to do with current real estate economics - it really signifies that Helmsley is, in fact, one of Tom Wolfe's lemmings - another victim of the "Silver Prince" and the post-World-War-I socialist-communist conspiracy.

All this is the simple exercise of human ego - ideology has nothing to do with this kind of architectural expression. And when ego is modified by real conditions, such as economy of functional need, as in Helmsley's latest boxes, ego still offers a modest leaven to what might otherwise be a very dull and workaday world.

LOUIS XIV - ANDRE LE NOTRE

"On a Spring morning in 1679, Louis XIV, the Sun King of France," writes Joseph Barry in his book Passions and Politics, "had risen with the customary ceremony and good humor. Privileged courtiers had followed the chief doctor and the chief surgeon to wish him good health and a good day. One extended his majesty a slightly warmed shirt in an envelope of silk. The King asked: 'What news of our good friend Le Notre'."

At age 66, Andre Le Notre, the famous landscape gardener-architect of Versailles, received permission from the King to visit the Pope in Rome. Barry continues, "Today the first news of his journey had arrived at Versailles. After recounting how delighted the Pope was in seeing all the wonderous drawings of Versailles that Le Notre showed him, Le Notre wrote 'I was so moved by his pleasure in all I showed him that I said "Now I can die in peace. I have seen the two greatest men of the world: your Holiness and the King, my master."

"' But what a difference,'" said the Pope. "'The King is a victorious Prince. Whereas I am a poor Priest. He is young, I am old'."

"'Oh no, "I cried," 'you look wonderful. You will bury the whole Sacred College.' He was very moved by what I said, and I, more and more charmed, couldn't help embracing him."'

Barry continues: "At this point a courtier said, 'Embrace the Pope? I'll wager a thousand Louis' Le Notre would never dare.' 'Don't make that wager,' said the King, 'you will lose it. Whenever I return from the country Le Notre embraces me. He could well have embraced the Pope.'"

Forty years old when Louis XIV came to the throne at the age of five, Le Notre lived all his life in a corner of the gardens of the Louvre, in a small house surrounded by vegetable gardens amidst chickens and other farm animals with his wife, a woman who never consorted with the great at Versailles or in Rome.

Doubtless Le Notre, whose father had been gardener to Louis XIII before him, knew the story of the Dauphin's return from his baptism ceremoney when he was summoned to the bedside of the ill King. "What is your name, my son?" the King asked. "Louis XIV, monsieur," Louis replied. "Not yet, not yet." said the dying King.

It was said in the salons of the time that Louis XIII required divine assistance to produce his sons. Restless at court, Louis XIII preferred the hunt and the exclusively male companionship to be found at his hunting chateau at Versailles. Louis XIII started to go to Versailles; then a small village of rude huts with an inn, windmill and half ruined-chateau on a little stream; in the 1620's he had built a small chateau, about eighty feet long and twenty feet deep, of less than 20 rooms, of which only three were for the King and none for the Queen or the Court. A speaker in the Assembly of Notables called it "a paltry country house, which any ordinary gentleman would not boast of having built."

Despite the intervention of wars and the conspiracies surrounding the court during the King's minority, Louis XIV grew into his reign with a vastly strengthened state. The strength of his Mother, Anne of Austria and the eminence of Colbert, Chief Minister to the King, helped, of course. But behind the scenes was the image of the young King himself, carefully fostered for the nation. A popular gravure of the time was a portrait of the Sun King as a barefoot boy.

In August, 1661, Nicolas Fouquet, the King's Treasury Minister, invited the 23 year old King to a grand house party at his nearly completed Vaux le Vicomte, a chateau by Architect Louis Le Vau, which was decorated by the painter Le Brun and surrounded by gardens designed by Louis XIII's gardener, Andre Le Notre. From the grand terrace of the Chateau, the young Louis saw for the first time the magnificent vistas of parterre, bosques and allees, organized around a vast tee-shaped waterway.

Fouquet, who had indeed built much of Vaux on the public treasury and used bribes obtained from people doing business with the state, proudly showed Louis about, finally presenting him with a portrait of the King painted by Le Brun. If he had done the expected and given Louis the Chateau, he might have survived.

As it was, however, the King was angry. He was ill-housed in his minority. Anne was unable to obtain sufficient funds to complete the relatively modest work at the Luxembourg. Here was his Treasurer living in magnificence provided in less than four years by Vaux, Le Brun and Le Notre. Louis had Fouquet thrown into prison, where he remained the rest of his long life and took the Architect, the Painter and the Landscape Architect to Versailles. They went to work which lasted Le Notre's life-time to create that vast edifice with its gardens and adjacent town. To this day Versailles epitomizes the central power and hierarchical order of Louis' reign.

The focus of Versailles was the King's bedroom, which had been the bedroom of Louis XIII in the little hunting chateau. From the main approach, through the receding grand place and courtyards, the original building of Louis XIII can still be seen, rather incongruously placed at the center.

Louis would never replace it. He merely surrounded it. Along the back, the Hall of Mirrors was built, overlooking Le Notre's grand terrace. The Hall of Mirrors was, in fact, a kind of main street for the palace, connecting the long wings at either side. In the wings, the nobles of France were concentrated in small suites and even attic rooms, living there for years, sometimes even forgotten, while their own spacious estates lay empty. Le Notre, himself, was granted a favored suite, which he occupied his whole life when not visiting his wife on the "farm" in the corner of the Louvre gardens.

The ceremonial aspects of Court Life were literally formed around the architecture. As Louis' own intimates were acquired, suites surrounding the King's bedroom were provided - for the Queen, for his brother and wife, for the royal children, and for his mistresses. Among the latter was Madame Le Maintenon, who the King was ultimately to marry.

Life in the Chateau was a very public life. Security was light. Anyone could enter, and the passages and the Hall of Mirrors were filled with hawkers and tradesmen, the merely curious and the servants of the nobility. The nobles themselves were carried about in Sedan Chairs, and, it is said, the traffic jams were heavy, especially on the very routinized, regular occasions when the King was moving about on his way to chapel, to the theater or to fetes and parties in the gardens.

At the center, surrounding Louis XIII's original bedroom were a series of internal passages, providing private passage to and from the King's bedroom. These were centered around the Stairway of the Dogs, so-called because it was carved out of the area where Louis XIII kept his hunting dogs. He never wanting to be separated from them by great distance.

The image of Versailles as expressed ideology has persisted. Louis XV, for example, could not live in his predecessors' area. Louis XVI used the inner stairs and passages to move from the state rooms to his workshop, set up in the attic rooms above, where he tinkered with clocks.

After the revolution, Napoleon did not occupy Versailles, but lived usually in Paris. When he finally started to build the Palace of the King of Rome, on the Chaillot hill overlooking the Champs de Mars, he said, "If only Versailles could be transplanted there!" And then, he added, "Of course, if that were done, I would have the center front rebuilt completely in the latest style."

Finally, Ludwig III of Bavaria, worshipping the Sun King, began his last Palace on the Chiemnsee. It was a miniature Versailles, and Ludwig often said he would never occupy it. It was for Louis XIV.

Ludwig never did. He was deposed, after being declared mad. Shortly thereafter, he drowned in a lake on the grounds of his Father's modest palace, where he had been taken for incarceration.

As for Versailles - it is, of course, expressed ideology in concept and form. But the ego inspiration remains strong. When ideology is the expression of the power of a King is it ideology or merely ego?

ADOLF HITLER - ALBERT SPEER

Late one night in 1944, during one of his last, rare visits to Berlin, Adolf Hitler summoned his Minister of Armaments and War Production to the Reichschancellery Bunker. Emerging from the narrow stairway that led to the Bunker, Adolf Hitler and Albert Speer walked through the long gallery of the nine-year old Chancellery - a gallery longer than Louis XIV's main street, the Hall of Mirrors. Continuing through bomb-damaged reception rooms, where chairs were overturned and mud from military boots caked the elegant parquet floors, through the more modest old Chancellery of Bismarck with its paint-peeled walls' they came, at last, to a small door cut in the party wall between the old Chancellery and the former exhibition rooms of the Berlin Academy of Arts. As they had many times in the last eight years, equipped with flashlights and keys, they made their way to the Hall of Models.

Here, the center-piece was a 100-foot long model of the central area of Berlin. Through the first two years of war, the model was the focus of frantic, overtime activity for dozens of architects, draftsmen and model makers - all exempt from military service.

Down the center of the model was the new grand avenue of Berlin, struck perpendicular through the Tiergarten-Unter dem Linden axis and crossing it on the Tiergarten side, immediately west of the Reichstag; which now stands with its back immediately against the Berlin Wall.

Underneath was a network of narrow passages, and, on this night in 1944, Hitler entered and made his way to a removable panel in the center of the square which is now called the Platz der Republik, which was to be called Adolf Hitler Platz. He pushed his head through so that he could look once again, this time for the last time, at the architectural design for the heart of the Thousand Year Reich.

To the south, Hitler looked at the model of a boulevard, to be four times as wide as the Champs Elysee, for a distance of one and one-half miles, where a vast new railroad terminal was to be built astride the avenue. In its center a huge ceremonial reception hall for visiting satraps and gauleiters was set behind a ceremonial portal.

In the center of the frontal square, at the crossing of another avenue leading to nearby Tempelhof Field, there was to be a triumphal Arch, much taller, deeper and wider than the Arch de Triomphe in Paris. The arch design was a faithful translation of a sketch made by Hitler in 1925, who Speer had sensitively labelled as Architect "Triple-X." Hitler's arch was 550 ft. wide and 386 ft. high compared to the Arch de Triomphe, which is a mere 160 ft. high.

From this arch to Adolf Hitler Platz, the avenue was to be lined with captured enemy tanks and artillery pieces set on granite plinths 1-1/2 stories high. Speer, in fact, had officially requested that the Berlin Armory set aside and preserve more than 200 of these lethal beasts in lieu of trees for the proposed avenue.

Behind this incredible wall were to be buildings housing the heart of the Hitler-dominated world. Among these structures, on one side, was the great soldiers hall, a kind of Valhalla for all the Field Marshalls of the Reich. Since these marble coffins would by no means fill the hall, Hitler considered other exhibits - all the way from an exhumed, exhibited Frederick the Great to the Armistice railroad car from Compiegne.

Opposite this building, bulking as large, was to be the Palace of the Reichsmarshall, designed to suit the sybaritic life style of "Der Dicke" as he was called: Herman Goering. Goering had naturally taken his own hand to the specifications for this building. Over 800 feet long on the avenue, the

structure was to stretch an equal length along the southern edge of the Tiergarten. The building, occupying a site roughly where the Berlin Philharmonic Hall is now built, would contain more than 20 million cubic feet. My own estimate puts the size of this building as equalling the size of the State House and the James Rhodes State Office Building together.

Goering, who was a most effective expeditor for his major concerns, had managed to get this building considerably advanced during the time when the cities of Berlin, Nurnberg and Koln were being devastated by allied bombers. Nearly all the stone was cut and stored in quarries and stone fabrication yards set up in the Death Camps and one full size bay was mocked up at a nearby Luftwaffe base.

Inside this gargantuan building were offices for the command of Goering's major assignments, including the Luftwaffe, the Prussian Police-Presidency and the office of the Reich Master of the Hunt and Forests.

But the entire Tiergarten side of the building was to be a Berlin Palace for Goering and wife Emmy, which presumably they would use when they were not at Karinhalle, Berchtesgaden, The Ritz in Paris or at the scores of other homes he was acquiring. The two and one-half acre roof was designed for thirteen feet of soil, so that a garden with swimming pools, tennis courts, promenades, pleasure pavilions and trysting nooks could be developed.

These buildings were only two buildings of the array planned for the avenue. A stretch of monumental government buildings was planned to fill the central avenue and, in fact, to occupy another stretch of avenue beyond the railroad terminal. On streets and squares planned for either side were to be sites for embassies and legations.

At the time of the Munich crisis, Sir Neville Henderson, the British Ambassador, in fact, decided that it would be good diplomacy for Great Britain to request a prominent Embassy site in this area. He was non-plussed when Hitler simply stared at him in disbelief after he advanced this request in a personal interivew.

Many buildings in the adjacent neighborhoods would be torn down, particularly in the section now devoted to the open spaces on the East German side of the Berlin Wall. The Chancellery, however, was to be preserved. Hitler planned to turn it over to Rudolph Hess, because Hess had simple tastes and, because the building was so solidly built and finished that Frau Hess would be unable to plant her garish decorating idea very deeply.

Hitler was ready to sacrifice his Berlin home because he had Speer prepare plans of his new palace, to be located in the exact spot where Hitler poked his head up on that late night visit in 1944. Adolf Hitler Platz, the terminal of the vast central avenue, was, however, more than a mere site for Der Fuerher's Berlin pad. One side of the Platz, terminating the axis from the triumphal arch was designated for another building designed by Hitler in 1925. The site was to be obtained from diverting the River Spree to the north. In the bend of the River thus created Hitler's great Volkhalle would be built. Sixteen times the volume of St. Peter's, the hall would accomodate 150,000 people. Although Hitler was never a believer in Himmler's or Rosenberg's prattlings and proselytizings of an architecture of "Das Volk" (essentially architecture as an expression of the mystic and special soul and destiny of the German people) the domed hall was nevertheless planned as a place of worship.

Centered on the north side of the hall, under an arched recess 165 ft. high and 95 ft. wide was a marble pedestal surmounted by a huge gilded German eagle with a swatstika flag held in its claws. Behind the eagle was the podium of the Leader of the Nation.

But as Albert Speer concluded after the war, "Here was the fatal flaw in the design; under that vast dome, behind that eagle, Hitler would have dwindled to an absolute zero."

But, now let us imagine Hitler looking west, to the building flanking the Volkhalle in that direction as the Reichstag was to flank the building on the east. Here, where the Berlin Kongress-halle now stands was to be the Palace of the Leader of the Nation.

Conncected by passages to the podium, the Palace was to occupy a site of nearly 500 acres. This would have made it 150 times as big as Bismarck's Chancellery through which Hitler and Speer walked that night in 1944 and, incredibly, twice as large as Nero's Golden Palace. Its galleries, drawing rooms and dining rooms would accomodate thousands of guests. Its movie theater would seat 400.

But in the midst of the Palace, Speer describes the simple modest bedroom intended for Der Fuehrer himself. It would contain only a single, white enamel bedstead.

This description, of course, makes more plausible the story told by King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy: As head of state, Hitler was the King's overnight guest in Rome's Quirnale Palace in 1936. Given a great bedroom, he insisted, on sleeping in the small adjacent dressing room, and, in fact, the Palace had to be searched for a single, white enamel bed. When this

was found and installed, Hitler insisted that a matronly palace servant be sent to turn down his bed. Otherwise he could not sleep!

The front facade of Hitler's Palace, facing the ornate old Reichstag, which Hitler and Goering conspired to have burned but which Hitler now insisted was to be preserved, was pierced only by a monumental entrance gate, above which was a balcony for the appearance of the Leader of the Nation before the people in the square below. The square was calculated to be large enough for a million people.

Here it was that Hitler stood alone, at eye level, with his head poked through a hole, squinting at a model!

In speaking of his palace, Hitler had once told Speer, "You see, I myself would find a simple little house in Berlin quite sufficient. But believe me, those who come after me will find such ostentation an urgent necessity. Many of them will only be able to hold on by such means. I don't need such luxury to sustain me. I have enough power and prestige. Not so with those who follow me. You would hardly believe what power a small mind acquires over the people around him when he is able to show himself in such ostentatious surroundings. Such rooms, with such an historic past, raise even a petty successor to historical rank."

I have set forth, in some detail, and, in fact, some license, the movements and thoughts of Hitler on the last known visit to the Hall of Models in order to present a conclusion about the relationship of ideology and ego in architecture. It seems to me that in Hitler's case, the ideological pretense is essentially fraudulent, a prop, in fact, for an ego trip so wild as to be mad.

Certainly, Hitler, with Goebbels' by his side, used architecture and all the arts in an effort to promote the Nazi cause. They tolerated as harmless diversions of their essentially selfish purposes the investments others were anxious to make in ideological belief.

One such person, was Alfred Rosenberg, of "Protocols of Zion" fame. Rosenberg, a fuzzy intellectual, was promoted as the philosopher of the Third Reich. He became enamored with constructing what he called "Thing Places." These outdoor theaters, many of which can still be seen in the forests of Germany are, now, in full natural growth places of great beauty. Carefully contoured ground usually shapes a natural amphitheatre, with steps for seats and, commonly, a central focus on a natural feature. They are fine in the landscape; but they never served the purposes that Rosenberg intended.

The intention was that festivals of the Volk would take place in them, pagan rituals which would connect the people to their ancient heritage as aryans. The difficulty was that no art, no choreography, no drama was developed for them. In the few experimental ventures made, another problem developed: no one attended the performances - or gatherings, to describe the idea more specifically. They were places conjured out of a Wagnerian-opera view of life.

And the great Wagner himself preferred to play his great music dramas in the most advanced of traditional theaters.

Albert Speer began his walk to that very scene in 1944 as a young, relatively well-to-do architectural graduate. He had an expensive car when there was no real work for an Architect to do. Lending the car and his services to the Nazi party in the late 1920's, he advanced to the point of attracting Adolf Hitler himself. Hitler found the handsome, competent young man a kind of personalization of what Hitler, himself, had wished to be.

Speer decorated Berlin party headquarters for Goebbels, which brought his architectural and organizational talents before the leadership; and within a few months of Hitler's appointment as Chancellor, he was called to construct a balcony over the sidewalk in front of the Old Chancellery, for Hitler's then common public appearances. Next, he conceived the idea of taking every anti-aircraft searchlight to the Nurnberg party rally to create that still memorable, chilling setting, which most of us saw in the movie newsreels.

With the unexpected death of Hitler's venerated Munich friend, Architect Paul Ludwig Troost, Speer took Troost's place. Troost died in 1935 while Hitler's first major building project was under construction to Troost's drawings: The Munich "House of German Art."

When, in July, 1937, the House of German Art was dedicated with an opening exhibition of paintings selected by Frau Troost, Hitler made the opening speech. What he said then, is bone chilling now. Then, no one believed the meaning and intent behind his words:

"The new age of today is at work on a new human type. Men and women are to be more healthy and stronger. There is a new feeling of life, a new joy of life," he said. And then, the threat: "Artists who paint misformed cripples and cretins: women who inspire only disgust, men who are more like wild beasts, children who were they alive must be regarded as cursed of God, should be warned. If these artists really saw things this way, then one has but to ask how the defect of vision arose, and if it is hereditary. The Minister of the Interior

will have to see to it that so ghastely a vision shall not be allowed to perpetuate itself. Or, if they do not believe in the reality of such impressions, but seek to impose them on other grounds, it is a humbug on the nation. Then it is a matter for the criminal courts."

Is it possible that Hitler had the slightest notion that he was talking about himself? So much for Nazi ideology!

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Only a few weeks before his death on July 4, 1826, Thomas Jefferson made his last visit to the University of Virginia. As legend has it he rode his horse "Eagle" down the hill from Monticello into Charlottesville to view the placing of the first column under the propped up pediment of the Rotunda. The columns, of Italian marble, had been awaited an interminable time. Jefferson's last political intervention had resulted only that May in passage through Congress of a special bill exempting the columns from the import duty then imposed on imported marble. Delighted, he ordered the columns shipped from the customs sheds at Baltimore by water up the little Rivanna River to the docks he had built within a few miles of the University. And he immediately ordered the clock and bell which could not until then be fitted into the far over-stretched building budget.

It is most likely that Jefferson viewed the column-raising from the balcony of one of the pavilions intended as a residence and classroom facility for one faculty member. The drawing room was being used for the University library, and the student librarian brought a chair out on the balcony. It is said that he occupied the chair for one hour, after which he descended to go to the Rotunda itself to inspect the work being completed on the dome, and to consider the problem of the roof. As his biographer Dumas Malone writes, "His bad luck with roofs continued, for this one leaked."

When he was buried at Monticello, it was noted on his grave, as he had instructed, only that he was "Author of the Declaration of Independence and the Statutes of Virginia for religious freedom, and the Father of the University of Virginia. And, as Lewis Mumford wrote, "In every respect, the University of Virginia was the crowning episode in Jefferson's life: the seal of his conviction as a statesman, and a political philosopher, the proof of his greatness as an architect."

But how much of Jefferson's vision was rooted in an appropriate idea of a University, how much was rooted in an architectural preconception? Did the two make a good fit?

Mumford asserts that the fit was perfect. Jefferson called his plan for four "Ranges" in rows an "Academical Village." The central two Ranges were an orderly pattern of 7 faculty houses with classrooms within on each side, connected by arcades behind which student rooms were placed. The outer two Ranges, beyond the famous one-brick-wide serpentine walls were for "servants." These, of course, were slaves. Libraries, lecture rooms, drawing rooms and dining halls were decentralized. Each Professor would preside over a table sitting with his own "gentlemen" students.

Jefferson refused to open the University until it was all built, sending to Europe for faculty only after building had gone on for 12 years.

When the University opened, only the Rotunda was still under construction, and this was because Benjamin Latrobe had suggested that the center Ranges needed an architectural terminus, after building was well underway.

So how did the "Academical Village" work? Not very well, in fact. In the second year of operation, a frightened faculty was besieged by drunken Virginia "gentlemen" students who rioted in the central area after carousing in the Charlettesville pubs. As a result, most of the faculty hurriedly moved out into houses in Charlottesville.

The Rotunda, when finished, proved a fine place for a central library, which Jefferson had opposed, thinking of the Rotunda as only a fine place for assembly and ceremony.

Later yet, after nearly a century of chaotic management the Rotunda was also used as offices for a President and a central administration which Jefferson thought unnecessary.

Of course, there is still that incredibly beautiful place, (like Rosenberg's "Thing Places," perhaps). But that place is now adjusted to an entirely different concept of a University than Jefferson's. The beauty lasts, but as an expression of an ideological idea that worked, even for a time? No.

But, then, one can still stand on the hill at Monticello -- as if on an Acropolis, and see in the settled distance, that orderly assemblage which is, in a sense, the American version of the Greek Palestra. Only Socrates does not sit in the arcade. And up there one cannot help thinking that, perhaps, the architecture had something to do with ego.

NELSON ROCKEFELLER - WALLACE HARRISON

There is no question that, throughout history, statesmen and tyrants, elected Governors and hereditary monarchs are, more often than not, builders. In our time, building is often a way to signify action in the short two- or four-year periods between elections. And, in many cases, building is a way of electioneering. In the short two and one-half year period when North Central Bronx Hospital (of which I was the Architect) was built in New York City, the sign in front was repainted three times - once when the Governor was changed, once when the Mayor was changed, and once when the President of the Hospital Corporation of New York City was changed.

For an Architect, this kind of glorification is obtained at some sacrifice of the Architect's ego. Once, for example, I sat in the last row of a platform of dignataries gathered to dedicate a hospital I designed in New Jersey watching Senator Harrison Williams receive a memorial for connecting with the source of the hospital's federal funding. I was therefore extremely impressed by the dedication plaque for the new Citibank building in New York City. Memorialized there are some 600 names, the names of everyone who had anything significant to do with the building. In the same small letters, and in alphabetical order, can be found the names of the Architect, Hugh Stubbins and of Walter Wriston, Jr. the President of the Bank.

But building is, for many political leaders more than electioneering. Franklin Roosevelt, for example, although he always registered in the Dutchess County voting polls as a "tree-farmer," was a great dabbler in architecture. The library at Hyde Park, the little White House at Warm Springs, the Jefferson Memorial and countless buildings around New York State which I like to call "FDR Colonial", were built from sketches made on the back of Presidential envelopes. Actually, using the backs of envelopes had more to do with Presidential parsimony than casualness. FDR was a tight man when it came to "small change."

Of course, the President's sketches had to be turned into working drawings by Architects, who, incidentally were expected to provide stairways and halls and windows in the right places, but there were lots of architects happy to do that in the depression years. One of them, in fact, was FDR's Uncle, Frederick Delano, who was founder of a firm called Delano and Aldrich. Aldrich was a brother of Nelson Rockefeller's Mother.

Nelson Rockefeller was doubtless the greatest of recent political clients. He wanted to be an Architect himself, but family responsibilities and the difficulties he had had with dyslexia combined to put him in charge of art works at the then

finishing Rockefeller Center instead of in an architectural school after he completed Dartmouth.

Rockefeller Center got started through an odd combination of circumstances. John Jr., who spent a substantial part of his career running the construction of his Father's house at Pocantico Hills and the reconstruction at Williamsburg, found himself after the stock market crash with a comittment to Columbia University for long-term lease on a big piece of mid-town real estate which was to have been the site of a new opera house. Encouraged by a group of architects assembled around the great Raymond Hood (architect of an ego edifice for Colonel Robert R. McCormick of the Chicago Tribune and another for McCormick's cousin, Captain Robert Patterson of the New York Daily News) John Jr. decided to begin planning a commercial enterprise for the site. Among the architects preparing the increasingly ambitious plans was Harvey Wiley Corbett, an architect of many skyscrapers. Young architects, too came on board, among them Wallace Harrison and Edward Durell Stone. Stone designed Radio City Music Hall sitting at various bar stools in the speak-easys of 52nd Street.

Nelson's art commissions were astonishingly prescient. Only once, when the mural by Diego Rivera was unveiled with American peasants in revolt against capitalist oppressors did Father ask to have it covered over.

Harrison, only slightly older than the Rockefeller sons, was a natural successor as Architect-in-Chief when Raymond Hood died young. But Hood led the group to the basic concept of the Center as it stands today.

The roof-top gardens were planned, but Hood planned to build garden bridges across the streets to connect them together at mid-height of the buildings to provide a 'sky-lobby" - an idea that had to wait until the late 1960's to be built, most noteably then in the Rockefeller sponsored 110 story World Trade Center Towers. The famed sunken plaza was planned, only Hood conceived it as a way to separate pedestrians from automobile traffic. By sloping the Plaza down slightly from Fifth Avenue, pedestrians would have landed at the lower level without a perceptible change of grade, thus allowing entrance to all the buildings from the concourse level, with auto drop-off above. John Jr. thought of it as a basement entrance and vetoed that idea. The plaza was then raised to street level, and, in order to put something down below, the ice rink was built. In all of this, the relationship between Wallace Harrison and the Rockefeller Brothers developed.

Immediately after World War II, Nelson Rockefeller was working hard to see that the United Nations would land in the United States. He had even consulted the family and received

their acquiescence to a scheme which would cede a piece of the vast Rockefeller state of Pocantico to the United Nations. The U.N. was not interested.

Then, Wallace Harrison, who had been doing some sketches for a building site which the fledgling real estate tycoon William Zeckendorf had acquired (the site of the slaughter houses of New York on the East River at the foot of 42nd St) met with Rockefeller. Harrison and Rockefeller got John D. Jr. to offer $8 million for the site to Zeckendorf in hard cash, if the U.N. wanted to locate there. Some say that it was the last hard cash Zeckendorf ever received in a skyrocketing career of borrowing and building.

Harrison showed his true abilities of organizing and soothing the operation of the huge, international U.N. project. When the great French Architect LeCorbusier, whose basic concept was adopted for the building dispostiion, lost out in the battle for the form of the General Assembly building and went back to France in a huff, Wallace Harrison completed the design himself.

Wallace Harrison's and Nelson Rockefeller's grandest association is owed to Nelson's long-tenure as Governor of New York. This is the Albany Mall, or as Rockefeller preferred to call it, the Empire State Mall. (Posthumously, it is now rechristened the "Nelson A. Rockefeller Mall.") The scheme actually owes its specific form to a quick sketch by Nelson Rockefeller. On a truly Imperial scale, the vast collection of marble buildings dominates the old capitol from which it springs, bridging a valley cleared of nearly everything that had been there using federal urban renewal funds. One of the few buildings remaining is the old Governor's mansion itself, which Rockefeller had had the state rebuild when he took office.

The Mall itself consists of a row of skyscrapers so slender that the floors are almost entirely taken up with elevators. These buildings, like Egyptian Obelisks, taper from bottom to top. There is also a larger centrally placed skyscraper and an assembly building shaped like an Egyptian pyramid - only this building stands on its point and spreads outward to the top. Around the edges of the plaza are narrow five-story office buildings built like huge garden walls around the vast marble paved plaza and underneath, filling the old valley, there is a multi-level garage.

Of course, there is not room in all this grandeur to house the ordinary state offices. These still occupy space in leased buildings in Albany and New York City and take up space in the partially built State Office Campus outside Albany. The campus was built in the administration of that very parsiminous predecessor of Rockefeller's, Averell Harriman.

After all, $1.5 billion spent on the Empire State Mall could hardly be adequate to house the mere workings of the State.

Before Nelson Rockefeller came to the Governorship, construction of state office buildings in Albany had been held up for years in the iron-grip of Mayer Erastus Corning who managed thereby to keep speculative rental office buildings full in Albany. Averell Harriman tried to break the high-rent squeeze by starting the State Office Campus, an extensive although economically conceived group of functional office buildings. These buildings are still used. A New York State Resident still sends his Income Tax payments to a computor out there.

Nelson Rockefeller came to the Governorship, however, with bigger dreams. One dream resulted in building large state Mental Hospitals in time to see the existing and the new facilities emptied by a budget and staffing crisis in the State Department of Health. Many of these buildings now stand empty, while the subways and streets of New York are filled with lonely, frightened, helpless, uncared for former residents who, as the Psychiatrists in charge say, have been "de-institutionalized."

Another dream was the construction of a string of college campuses across the state for a University system that only got underway as the buildings were finished (shades of Thomas Jefferson). Naturally, one of these campuses took up the spare land at the State Office Campus. Here, Edward Durell Stone designed a campus modelled somewhat after the Palace of Diocletian, with 28 story dormitories in the center of four courts, in lieu of Diocletian's more modest watch towers around the external wall.

The genius of Nelson Rockefeller's plan for the Empire State Mall was not, as I have suggested, in the concept sketch which Harrison faithfully turned into actual buildings. It was, instead, in the way in which Rockefeller got around Erastus Corning's opposition. Once federal funds had cleared the land (using a grant to the City of Albany), Rockefeller, with legal advice from future Attorney General John Mitchell, got the legislature to pass enabling legislation to allow local governments to issue tax-free revenue bonds for local projects. Without much fuss, the necessary leases were signed with the State to provide a financible rating for the bonds, and Albany could build and legally own the Mall. At Albany, the leases were based not on the market, but on what was required to finance the construction costs; a procedure somewhat the reverse of the usual. This is only one example of Nelson's financial inventiveness in the public domain, which may indeed rival Grandfather John's private sector inventiveness.

The original lease commitments were generous indeed. Like many investments, these days, the State's investment in long-term leases begins to look like a bargain, considering the inflation of the last few years. The question one can ask, however, is whether the kind of deal that turned the Mall from a sketch into a somewhat kitsch reality doesn't in fact have something to do with inflation? I defer to the economists among us.

It is more than time to conclude. A very brief summary is, I think, in order.

First, architecture these days seldom serves ideology. The investment in building usually means that the ideology perishes long before the buildings are used up.

Second, where buildings do serve ideology, it is most generally because of a unique combination which personalizes ideology. Ideology, in fact, is as much a creation of ego as are the buildings.

Third, ego in architecture is almost universal. In its ultimate extension, ego can be seen in the design of the most ordinary residential doorway, in the planting of the most conventional front yard.

Fourth, what man builds is more often a truer clue to what he is than any of this other acts.

Fifth, anyone who thinks that architecture is an expression of the Architect's ego is under an illusion. This, the average architect learns when he is relegated to a place off the dedication platform or painted off a sign at the construction site. That architect who best serves his client's ego is likely to be the most successful.

Sixth, in politics, beware of the builder and of capital projects as solutions to human problems. At least, too often, a building program is likely to be a palliative to the solution of a real problem; at worst, it can be a sign of insanity and perversity.

But seventh, let us have the faith as a society to build, to build appropriately and to build well. That glorious range at the University of Virginia did not, perhaps, serve Jefferson's ideology very well; it did, in fact, serve his ego well. But think of its greatest contribution - 150 years as the setting for an educational endeavor that has, in diversity and variety, served the purposes of our democratic body politic.