“Brotherly Love”

- an essay given to the December 15, 2015 dinner meeting of The Kit Kat Club, in Columbus, Ohio.

American urban historian Sam Bass Warner has remarked that:

“Ours is not a nation dominated by its capital city, the way France is by Paris; instead it functions as a confederacy of regional metropolises. Each city is at once the competitor and partner of all the others…(and) Philadelphia is not, like London, a mother of cities, but she is the eldest of the sisters.”

However, when it comes to cities known for their architecture we first look westward to Chicago, then certainly to the many brilliant gems on Manhattan Island, and on to the stunning monumentality, scale and plan, as well as public purpose, found in the District of Columbia.

But what is it about Philadelphia? Why have we come to speak of a “Philadelphia School of modern architecture? From the earliest plan of scaled blocks and geometrically agreeable streets and small parks drawn up personally by William Penn as a blueprint for a more tolerant and fair small city growing quickly to the west and north from a commercial port of on the Delaware River, to the red brick row houses so even and so perfectly adjusted to each neighbor, offering humane scale worthy of the Society of Friends meeting throughout the city, “brotherly love” – the roughly translated meaning of the Greek name for this the largest and most cosmopolitan 18th century city of the new world, the birthplace of a new nation – holds an unquestioned meaning. All who walk here walk together; all who work or trade here are brother to the other.

Yet, after the Civil War, there returned to his home and bride in Philadelphia a young officer from the socially elite Rush’s Lancers (latter renamed the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry) and a decorated Medal of Honor veteran of the Battle of Gettysburg, a robust 26 year old Captain named Frank Furness. Having grown up in the parsonage of Philadelphia’s Third Unitarian Church, accustomed to greeting his father’s longtime friend, Ralph Waldo Emerson, during the author’s many extended visits to the Furness’s home, and overhearing conversations that would doubtless grow into essays such as “Nature,” or “Self-Reliance,” or even “The American Scholar,” Frank Furness understood the war he entered as something grand and filled with sacred purpose, much like the singular buildings he formed later in this Quaker-run city.

The beacon in our post-modern 21st century for all things about Frank Furness is the Williams College art historian, Michael J. Lewis, and in his near-perfect illustrated biography of the architect, *Frank Furness: Architecture and the Violent Mind* (2001), he paints this picture of the war into which Furness and many others were drawn:

"For Frank Furness, the start of the Civil War must have had something fundamental and final about it, like Biblical judgment coming to pass. Slavery and its abolition were the lodestones of his childhood and youth, and the prospect of a great cleansing war had hung suspended over the Furness family dinner table for as far back as he could recall. Though raised to consider architecture a profession, he had also learned that abolition was the holy calling – and one which included the prospect of martyrdom…After Lincoln's election, the Rev. Mr. Furness came under intense scrutiny by the pro-Southern contingent in Philadelphia. To them he was neither patriarch nor prophet, but a meddlesome troublemaker."

As for the architect son, "meddlesome troublemaker" translated overtime to become *original force* for a new, fierce design that very well understood the past yet refused to be held down by it. Following important early years, before and after the Civil War, in the New York City offices of Richard Morris Hunt – famed designer of the Vanderbilt's Biltmore House in western North Carolina and the Breakers in Newport, as well as the New York Stock Exchange building in Wall Street and the entrance facade of the Metropolitan Museum of Art (all still standing) – Furness began to build in his home town. It is instructive to know that two pivotal turns took place over the years of his practice that proved decisive into the 20th century – he died in 1912. After several commissions to build houses for city-dwelling and surburbanite members of the Union League and Main Line crowd (many of these friendships coming from riding with Rush's Lancers in Hampton Roads and Gettysburg), the more public commercial and academic works came forth. And with this work also came a long string of imaginative apprentices who saw in this old warrior something of an aesthetic sage.

The buildings stagger us with their scale, ornament, utility, power and strangeness. Today we walk thru the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts thrilled by its near-Oriental mysticism and originality; and we come, as I did this past Labor Day holiday, to what was the University of Pennsylvania Main Library – now known as the Furness Library, part of the university's School of Design and home to Penn's storied Aritechtural Archive – and smile a smile of heartfelt thanks that such places exist and we can enjoy them today! The red brick and stone, the stairways with cast-iron rails and marble steps and flooring, the loft-like upper design room where Penn's own Lou Kahn taught undergraduate and professional students for years long after all architecture studies moved across the Quad to the steady yet finally dull and decidedly anti-Lou Kahn Fine Arts School Building - these all seduce the first time visitor (and maybe even romance the regular user of the place?). But, it's the Main Reading Room inside filling the full first, second and third floor volume that thrills beyond parallel. What's been given to us recently at OSU's Thompson Memorial Library is to me joyful, settled and clean; and the restorations at the New York Public Library's 42nd St. main building or at Sterling Memorial Library at Yale are surely worth our close attention and demand time spent

reading and sitting in silence, but the Furness Library is of a higher order. Here's how Professor Lewis describes it:

"Furness's stroke of genius was to adopt the Gothic choir as the model for the great reading room, akin to his brilliant adaptation of the Gothic basilica type for the Academy of Fine Arts, which placed studios in the aisles and an art gallery in the nave. Now he seized the idea of a chevet of a French cathedral, with its corona of chapels wrapped around an ambulatory…No sooner was the site chosen than an expert was summoned to consult on the all-important issue of book storage. In early 1888 Melvil Dewey, the inventor of Dewey decimal classification was invited to speak with Furness. Dewey was librarian at Columbia University, the editor of the Library Journal, and America's most distinguished librarian. He offered to come as an 'intercollegiate courtesy' but Furness was adamant that consultants should be paid, 'so that he might feel free to use what he wanted.' (Dewey submitted a bill for $40.) Above all, Furness was concerned that the books be housed in well-lighted and well-ventilated magazines, or book stacks, as they had just been dubbed. Such stacks had recently been introduced at Harvard's Gore Hall, but they were still fairly rare. Furness's solution was to devise a system composed of an iron skeleton with glass block floors that allowed light from above to penetrate to the lowest level of the stacks. ..He designed a library stack that could be elongated as far as land was available: as books were purchased, the rear wall could be let down and the stacks extended infinitely…Dewey was captivated by his session with the architect."

As the son of a professional librarian mother I tell this detail simply because I grew up thinking Melvil Dewey was but a little lower than the angels. His scheme, now calmly surpassed by the rather imperious Library of Congress classification and, of course, the Internet, was brilliant in its comprehension and expectation of learning known and yet to be found. Libraries, like churches, were introduced to me in childhood as centers of hopefulness, purpose, and beauty. And Frank Furness's UofP Library is exactly that! A collision between a cathedral and a train station is how it has been described and, as Michael Lewis says, "this is not far off the mark. There is nothing serene or contemplative in this building of higher learning…(it was therefore) an appropriate emblem of the University of Pennsylvania…no New England university, marinated in the Latin learning of a theological seminary; instead it was a university on Quaker territory, established to translate useful knowledge to citizens…a running engine, where knowledge was stored as latent energy to be applied to active pursuits…a monstrous thing, a hulking Caliban of architecture, which looked as though it might easily pick up and move itself. Like a monster, it even had a moving part – the great limb of the expandable stacks."

Well, you get the idea. Please do go and visit this place that nearly was smacked down by the wrecking ball like dozens of Furness's other live, thrilling banks and apartments, insurance office towers and railway stations. See what came from the violent beauty of a

mind shaped by the strange admixture of sermon and canon fire, the mind of one who was named by his most famous apprentice "The Dog Man."

That fledgling young draftsman and architect who gave Furness his nickname was Louis Sullivan, the first and greatest Chicago modern architect, the author of the mature skyscraper design, and the professional father-figurer for Frank Lloyd Wright. Well after Sullivan went to Chicago to seek his fortune, Furness, in the final year of his practice, trained another genius named George Howe. Howe had studied at Harvard and in Paris, later going strongly toward International Style high-modernism of the Bauhaus School of pre-Hitler Germany. He is most remembered tonight in this essay for mentoring Louis I. Kahn in his own Philadelphia office and later bringing Kahn to Yale to design a sleek and lasting addition to the stuffy University Art Gallery, and to teaching full-time at the Architecture School from 1947-1958. So the connections of "brotherly love" begin to emerge. Furness personally linked both to the Louis Sullivan - Frank Lloyd Wright Chicago axis and the George Howe – Lou Kahn axis. The latter, purely Philadelphian, expands our essay's thesis: In terms of architecture, something's really going on in Philadelphia!

For me, it was Louis Kahn who first got me into this Philadelphia story. I studied at Yale Divinity School in the late 1970's and early 1980's, and to me Kahn's spirit (and even a few of his buildings) seemed to be everywhere I turned! The Paul Mellon Center for British Art was barely five years old when I arrived in New Haven, and I visited that wonderful collection almost every weekend in my first year. It is bold and basic, and I loved the way it sets on the street like any other three or four-storied office building. Shops are on the face of the building, too, and I loved the way the entrance – not loved by all, to be sure! – took me from to busy street thru a low hanging roof quickly upward to the heavens of art with a shaft of light filling the open wooden vaulted lobby inside. I know I fell in love with modern design in that building. But much more about the strange magic of Louis Kahn lay ahead for me. Unlike the native Philadelphian Frank Furness – Kahn's artistic ancestor by way of his own mentor George Howe and his great teacher Paul Cret at the University of Pennsylvania, Louis Kahn (originally Leiser-Itze Schmuilowsky) was an émigré, and a very impoverished one, from the small Baltic nation Estonia. Since very early childhood his face was severely scared by hot coals spitting out of a fire in the family's house in the old world. (There is a story that some superstious members of his extended family proposed he be killed there and then because he was ill fated, but his mother said no, declaring that he was wonderfully blessed by these marks and it would prove to lead to greatness for his life.) At age three, Kahn arrived with his parents and a younger sister and brother in Philadelphia where the family settled into an out-of-the-way North Philadelphia neighborhood filled with other poor Jewish and Eastern European families. Early talent in music and art led Louis to Philadelphia's Central High School (Frank Furness's alma mater sixty years earlier), an academic admissions school that brought together the city's most talented young people and exposed yogr Louis to the foundations of architecture. Later, Kahn told students

whom he taught at Penn that winning a fellowship to the American Academy in Rome when he was in his early 50s was just about as thrilling as his days at Central High. Lou Kahn was a Philadelphia architect.

He graduated top in his class at the University of Pennsylvania, practiced with old Frank Furness's acolyte George Howe, and went out on his own in private practice until Howe, by now dean of Yale's Graduate School of Architecture sought him out to fulfill the request for "another modern person" made by the great Bauhaus painter and designer Josef Albers, who had recently left Black Mountain College near Ashville, NC, to become dean of the Yale School of Art and Design. While Kahn never was a full-on modernist or follower of the International Style made famous by Albers' colleagues Ludwig Mies van der Rohe or Walter Gropius, he was open to the clarity, precision, and order in that 20th century movement, and he used many aspects of modernism to organize his programs and designs. His most famous definition of architecture – "a thoughtful ordering of spaces" – seems in tune with the spirit of modernism in many respects.

Kahn received several decisive commissions from universities, schools, and art museums, even as his reputation for missing deadlines and bringing in drastic cost over-runs became legendary. Perhaps Kahn's finest gallery concept is in Fort Worth, TX: the Kimball Art Museum (1966-72). This is a warm, calm, exquisite building set on a hillside where the west begins, with landscaped gardens and rolling roofs that surround the eclectic collection like nurturing farm barrels. Space and time are melded here in a mystical way. For Lou Kahn, as for Frank Furness, Order was central and original. The key principle of design was not to fit into an historically honored pattern or school – Romanesque or Gothic or Renaissance or even Modern – but to find the true Order of the plan. Kahn told his students this:

"I tried to find what Order is. I was excited about it, and I wrote many, many words of what Order is. Every time I wrote something, I felt it wasn't quite enough. If I had covered, say, two thousand pages with words of what Order is, I would not be satisfied with this statement. And then I stopped by not saying what it is, just saying, 'Order is.' And somehow I wasn't sure if it was complete until I asked somebody, and the person I asked said, 'You must stop right there. It's marvelous; just stop there, saying, 'Order is.'"
(John Lobell, *Between Silence and Light: Spirit in the Architecture of Louis I. Kahn*,2000)

But primal Order took a new reality for Kahn at the Kimball Art Museum. Maybe it was the Order embedded in those local Philadelphia streets? Or maybe it was the same urge for the natural, the pure, even the violent that he shared with Frank Furness at his wildest and best? It took form just a few hundred yards from the great University of Pennsylvania library, and it came to be in the years 1957-61, following Kahn's return to Penn from his time in New Haven. The Alfred Newton Richards Medical Research Buildings at U. of Penn. is both modernist in its concern for function and natural materials and still is the

beginning of a new turn for Kahn. Here is where Lou Kahn first made a decisive distinction between "served" spaces and "servant" spaces – i.e. "served" for people and "servant" for pipes and ducts. It was with the design of the Richards Medical Buildings that Kahn began what is generally thought to be(your pick) either his signature teaching gimmick or his deepest philosophical inquiry: "The Conversation With Brick."

" Realization is Realization in Form, which means a nature. You realize that something has a certain nature. A school has a certain nature, and in making a school the consultation and approval of nature are absolutely necessary. In such a consultation you can discover the Order of water, the Order of wind, the Order of light, the Order of certain materials. If you think of brick, and you're consulting the Orders, you consider the nature of brick. You say to brick, 'What do you want, brick?' Brick says to you, 'I like an arch.' If you say to brick, 'Arches are expensive, I can use a concrete lintel over an opening. What do you think of that, brick?' Brick says, 'I like an arch.'"
(John Lobell, *Between Silence and Light*, 2000)

Is it Plato carried over from Central High School's classical education, or something spinning from those Greek and Roman temples seen while a fellow in Rome? Or is it John Ruskin straight out of 19th century Plato-obsessed Oxford? Or is it some sort of brotherly connection with Frank Furness, rooted in Philadelphia, that "Red City" with brick row houses and historic national buildings, colleges and schools, sidewalks and train stations – all using brick? Somehow, brick has a living nature – and Order – for Louis Kahn. And we see it sharply in a later educational work – the Philips Exeter Academy Library in Exeter, NH. (1967-72).

Learning in community are the main purpose of this prize-winning school library. When I visited it several years ago (my only visit, so far), I was struck by the juxtaposition of brick skin and stone interior. Some say the inside is cold, but to me it was serious, reflective, and somewhat formal – a good aspiration for the able students at a place like Philips Exeter. Kahn's idea for this library has become a model for many other well-designed libraries at small liberal arts colleges – think of Kenyon up the road or my alma mater Dickinson College in Pennsylvania – and even the library at the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley, CA. For Kahn, "there should be a place with great tables on which the librarian can put the books, and the reader should be able to take the books and go to the light." (J. Lobell, *Between Silence and Light*) And again, we see that as with the Quakers going back to William Penn and the Unitarian Furnesses education is meant to be useful, democratic, and public. "I think of a school as an environment of spaces where it is good to learn," Kahn is remembered to have said. "Schools began with a man under a tree, who did not know he was a teacher, discussing his realization with a few, who did not know they were students…Windows are essential to the school. You are made from light, and therefore you must live with the sense that light is important… Without light there is no architecture."

This democratic/enlightenment spirit – a Quaker sensibility in a man who grew up attending Hebrew school and seems to have perceived interplay between the prophetic voices of Scripture and the classical virtues of honor, courage, temperance, and judgment. Two lesser known, yet profound, buildings help us make these connections in the body of Lou Kahn's work. The Trenton (NJ) Bathhouse was designed in just four months in 1955, while Kahn was still on the faculty at Yale. He worked with a brilliant young architect and fellow Philadelphian Anne Tyng, who has long and rightly claimed major credit for the design. In the Academy Award-winning documentary/biography on Kahn, *My Architect*, Tyng visits the bathhouse and reviews the classical allusions found in this simple but paradigmatic treasure of modern American design. Much ink has been used and many class-hours have been spent discussing the Trenton Bathhouse and the unbuilt Jewish Community Center associated with it. For me, the connection to "brotherly love" is two-fold. First, Kahn wanted to do a great thing – small yet truly great! – for the Jewish community of Trenton. By the mid-1950s the original purposes for a Jewish community center in that small neighbor city of Philadelphia – assimilation of new European immigrants and first generation American Jews thru English classes, cooking and craft demonstrations, and physical education and recreation – was changing dramatically. Trenton's Jewish population was increasingly affluent, secular, and perhaps most decisive less urban. Many of those who grew up going to the Center now were living in nearby suburban Princeton or Lawrenceville. So, for Kahn, a bathhouse served a purpose both functional and spiritual: wholesome recreation for many people (some familiar with the JCC and others who were not Jewish but could benefit from the programs and the power of the classical design. Also, the term "brotherly love" is reframed here because of Anne Tyng's important association to the Trenton Bathhouse project. (She also was for several years Kahn's lover – one of two women practicing sequentially in his Philadelphia office, with whom he had a child each. This is in addition to the only child, a daughter, he had with his wife of forty-plus years who seemed to look the other way concerning this sort of thing…But that could be another essay, just not the one I'm offering you tonight.) Brick and Order and window-less light all come together in Rochester, NY at Kahn's First Unitarian Church (1959-62). I visited this church for worship several summers ago en route to western Massachusetts (and Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival), and I found it to be a most generous space for song and preaching, and a place filled with mystic light and shadows yet not in the least self-consciously "holy" or cloying in any way. As a pastor very familiar with a mid-19th century Gothic-revival church, I imagined what it would be like to gather each week in that sort of austere setting. In some ways, I see Kahn's use of brick and small monumentality (only 14,900 sq ft) as an acknowledgement of the transcendental affirmation offered by Rev. William Furness's close friend Emerson offered one hundred years earlier:

"In self-trust, all the virtues are comprehended. For this self-trust, the reason is deeper than can be fathomed…I might not carry with me the feeling of my audience in stating

my own belief. But I have already shown the ground of my hope, in adverting to the doctrine that man is one." (Emerson's Sermons, "The American Scholar," 1837

The First Unitarian Church in Rochester is judged by many Kahn specialists as a turning point of mature design and plan that led Louis to his greatest 'Spiritual Design" – The Salk Institute for Biological Studies in La Jolla, CA (1959-65). Kahn biographer Carter Wiseman introduces his chapter on the Salk Institue in this way:

"If a single image conveys to the public what Louis Kahn accomplished as an architect, it is surely the view west to the Pacific Ocean through the plaza of the Salk Institute for Biological Studies in La Jolla, California. The austere expanse of stone, bounded on either side by the serrated profiles of study towers and split down the middle by a narrow channel of water, immediately evokes resonant visual references. If the Richards labs recalled Italian hill towns or Scottish castles in the eyes of some, the complex suggests a host of other imagery: Greek temples overlooking the Aegean, the villas of Rome, and – most often – Thomas Jefferson's graciously expansive Lawn at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. Like these durable monuments, Kahn's composition has an almost irresistible appeal to the eye and to the camera lens."
(Carter Wiseman, *Louis I. Kahn: Beyond Time and Space – A life in Architecture*, 2007)

The friendship that developed between the two principles – Dr. Jonas Salk and Louis Kahn - during the more than seven years of imagining, designing, and building the Salk Institute revealed a kind of "brotherly love." Both men were children of Eastern European Jewish parents, both grew up poor and in isolated ethnic neighborhoods – for Salk the tenements on the Lower East Side of Manhattan' for Kahn Philadelphia's Northern Liberties, both attended strongly academic public high schools, and both had mothers who publicly pronounced their son's future greatness. Both were outsiders, to use Malcolm Gladwell's term, and both achieved lasting success in fields that did not often understand or even like them very much. Following the research that led to the cure for polio, Dr. Salk began to think about creating a vast, cutting edge research center devoted to finding a cure for cancer. And it was a monastery in the Italian hill town in Umbria, called Assisi that became his model. Again Cater Wiseman:

"He was particularly moved by the town's thirteenth-century Monastery of St. Francis, which centered on an intimate cloister of the sort Salk thought would be ideal for the contemplation of life's larger questions. It was a religious space, made famous by Assisi's most famous son, a former knight who was beatified for his service to others, especially children. Salk, having defeated a crippler of so many young people, may have sensed a personal connection to the home of St. Francis, for it was there that the saint-to-be had experienced his epiphany. Although Salk could not have known it, Assisi was also well known to Kahn, who had sketched it on his 1929 trip to Europe."
(Carter Wiseman, *Louis I. Kahn: Beyond Time and Style*, 2007)

Lou Kahn was selected personally by Dr. Salk following a tip he got from a friend who heard Kahn lecture at the Carnegie Institute on the topic: "Order in Science and Art." At a meeting between the two men in Philadelphia before the invitation was offered by Jonas Salk, Kahn showed the yet-to-be-completed Richards Labs at Penn and spoke about his philosophy of Order and the plan to create spaces that will aid research and benefit humanity. The plan for Salk was 100,000 sq ft of labs to be given to ten scientists who each wanted 10,000 sq ft for their research. Seeking to bridge what the then current British scientist and author C.P. Snow called "The Two Cultures," the Salk Institute was meant to be a place for the researchers to warmly welcome Pablo Picasso if he visited. A three-fold interest intersects in the Salk Institute. First is the importance of building composition; second the manipulation of light; and third developing a building that makes a positive difference for the world. Kahn's expanded friendship with Dr. Jonas Salk enabled this all to come to flower, making the Salk Institute for Biological Studies perhaps the highlight of the architect's expansive and brilliant career.

ANOTHER, MORE CURRENT BROTHERLY (?) PHILADELPHIA CONNECTION

In 1966 the world of American architecture was turned upside down when a 41 year old Princeton-trained Philadelphia architect named Robert Charles Venturi published a monograph for the Museum of Modern Art called *Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture*. Venturi, a past teaching assistant of Louis Kahn at Penn and a junior member of the great man's design office in Center City Philadelphia, was no sycophant. He proceeded in 110 pages (black and white photos included) to rip the top off the Modernist Project in American architecture. We need only listen to Robert Venturi in his Preface:

"This book is both an attempt at architectural criticism and an apologia – and explanation, indirectly, of my work…As an architect I try to be guided not by habit but by a conscious sense of the past – by precedent, thoughtfully considered….The examples chosen (in this book) reflect my partiality for certain eras: Mannerist, Baroque, and Rococo especially…As an artist I frankly write about what I like in architecture: complexity and contradiction. From what we find we like – what we are easily attracted to – we can learn much of what we really are. Louis Kahn has referred to "what a thing wants to be," but implicit in this statement is its opposite: what the architect wants the thing to be. In tension abd balance between these two lie many of the architect's decisions." (*Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture*, 1966)

So, does this mean that there is no Order that is beyond our tastes? Can we not touch the true "nature" of things in our design? And if not, can we at least hold on to the poetry, the beauty, the power and the thrill of the battle which is always the work of the creative person? Really, Mr. Venturi, have you no brotherly love?!?

Robert Charles Venturi was born and raised in Philadelphia in 1925. He graduated from Episcopal Academy on Philadelphia's affluent Main Line and went on to Princeton (A.B. *summa cum laude* and Phi Beta Kappa, 1947 and MFA, 1950). He was awarded the 1954-56 Rome Prize Fellowship to the American Academy in Rome. From 1954-1965 he taught at the University of Pennsylvania School of Design, assisting Louis Kahn and working in his cramped Philadelphia office. Two weeks ago, he and his professional partner and spouse (since 1967), Denise Scott Brown, were awarded together the highest lifetime honor for distinguished careers in architecture, the Gold Medal of the American Institute of Architects. (A side bar and factoid of note: some 20 years ago, Columbus architect Philip Markwood, FAIA, boldly yet unsuccessfully sought to change the AIA's by-laws to allow Denise Scott Brown – a woman – to be eligible for the Gold Medal. It took them this long to get it right, and the AIA finally did! (Phil, you can come down from the temple vindicated.)

Some of Venturi & Scott Brown's fun work is found in London (the Sainsbury Wing of the National Gallery of Art, 1991); at Princeton University (Gordon Wu Hall, 1983), (Frist Campus Center, 2000), (Lewis Thomas Laboratory, 1986), (Schultz Laboratory, 1993), (Bendheim/Fisher Hall, 1991); at Oberlin College (Allen Memorial Art Gallery addition and renovation, 1973); and of course in Philadelphia (Vanna Venturi House, 1961), (Franklin Court, 1972-76), and (Episcopal Academy Chapel, 2008).

Often at odds with his peers (although there really are few given his substantial and constantly excellent output), he received the Pritzker Prize for Architecture in 1991, and his double-barreled work as critic and designer was described in the citation of the jury

"His impudent aphorisms (the bawlderizing of Mies van der Rohe's famous saying "less is more" into "less is a bore") were immediately taken up by the advocates of the "new niceness,' but they found his article and buildings on the whole indigestible."

Venturi is always quick to say he is "not a Post-Modernist, but really a Mannerist." By this he is in many ways like Furness in the scale, color, drama, and movement of his designs. He also converses with his teacher/colleague/mentor/protégé, Louis Kahn, in stimulating ways. Since Kahn dropped dead in Penn Station in New York City in 1974, Venturi has pulled back a bit in terms of his critical bite…but it's still there:

From an interview in Japan in 1993
"Louis Kahn's use of historical reference in the fifties and sixties is usually attributed to the influence of his early Beaux-Arts training at the University of Pennsylvania and his

impressions from his stay at the American Academy in Rome in the early fifties. But I think it derived more from me when I was close to Kahn in the late fifties and sixties…"

Considering Frank Furness, it's another thing altogether:

From "Furness and Taste" 1991
"When I was young you hated Victorian architecture – especially the particularly perversely distorted forms and their gross juxtapositions in the work of *this* Victorian… But I well remember the serious debate in one of my first faculty meetings at the School of Fine Arts at Penn as late as the early sixties on the subject of should the School take a stand concerning the contemplated demolition of the Furness Library on that campus. My then future wife, Denise Scott Brown, was eloquently and courageously for saving the building; I sat there to shy to say I agreed…Thank the Lord our great Furness Library did not feel the wrecker's ball as practically all the other major work of Furness did in the various goody-goody periods of architecture that succeeded his."

And regarding "brotherly love," Ventuuri gets the last word:

"To me Frank Furness's mannerist tensions are essential. They make my kind of love respectable and valid. Furness does not use totally original forms, vocabularies, ornament, or oranization of form…But of course he makes these conventional elements signally original and he composes them in crazy ways; his relative sizes and scales of elements and his juxtapositions are dissonant/ambiguous, complex and contradictory. From these qualities that can be called mannerist I have learned much from Furness. Agreed he never heard of these terms or other also that you might employ – ugly *and* beautiful, lyrical *and* gross. But above all these forms are tense with a feeling of life and reality. Anyhow, I think that's how I can love the work of Furness and respect it as much as that of any architect in the history of America, and why."

Brotherly love – and now, thankfully, sisters are in on it, as well. We learn to look by looking first; we learn to look again by finding friends who will look with us. So, I want to turn one last time back to Louis Kahn as he describes the architectural plan:

"I think that a plan is a society of rooms. A real plan is one in which rooms have spoken to each other. When you see a plan you can say that it is the structure of the spaces in their light."

With these words I imagine Lou Kahn making a new, lasting friend and a brother to love with the others. And his name is William Penn, and he has a plan for city with spaces in their light right on a river.