

Leonardo Ricci

Architecture in Relationship to the Other Arts

Unpublished typescript of a lecture held during his stays in U.S.A. in 1952, precisely addressed to the University of Southern California Department of Philosophy. The document has been retrieved into the collection at Casa Studio Ricci, it was written by Ricci in English.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I am probably still I a sentimentalist, but your request to talk once more to you has been so cordial, spontaneous and moving that, notwithstanding my previous engagements in New York I have preferred to postpone them in order to remain longer with you.

Let us come to the subject of our lecture. You have selected it: "Architecture in relationship to the other arts".

I do not deny that for a moment I was uncertain whether to accept or not, owing to the magnitude of the subject, more apt to be thoroughly exhausted during a complete course than during a single lecture. Indeed in order to be consequent I should; first establish some points of theoretical character : what is art and what the several arts are, find the cause of different manifestations, make psychological¹ investigation of language and of its physical expressions, make a rapid review of the various arts in history and their relationship, and then come to modern times and the relationship among the various arts in modern times.

¹ Mistype: to be replaced with "psychological".



Here the field is enoarmous²: to find which art has determined the first movements of what some call modern revolution, and some modern crisis ; to define the relationship of the various forms of expression (what is for instance modern painting, and what are its influences on architectural esthetics), the reason for cubism and its relationship to modern architecture, the new spacial³ relations in the form, with reference to the research for a fourth dimension All these are subjects by themselves so large that j it would be difficult to exhaust them in a single lesson.

In this situation I shall do my best to clarify some points which I believe fundamental to the explanation of ail phenomena, and then pass to the examination of some points which may be useful to your education as architects.

Some time ago I decided to take the bull by the horns, that is, to go back to the origins, to investigate the causes before the phenomena. Thus I shall start from the beginning.

How was art born?

In a lecture which I am preparing for the! philosophy department of Brooklyn College, on painting, I start this way:

When men first appeared on the earth, whether born from the sudden whirl of God's magic wand, or from a slow and mysterious evolutive process (and for me there is no difference), men found themselves living in the lost Paradise or in an animal state very similar to that of the monkeys (and this also is to me indifferent).

Certainly at that time men obeyed to a rhythm, as now animals obey a rhythm more than men do. Then men were perhaps more happy (if one can speak of happiness among animals). It is certain that their relation to all surrounding things were more spontaneous and simple. It is also certain that at a definite moment men broke this equilibrium to pass to another degree of evolution. The Bible tells that men disobeyed God and for this reason were expelled from Paradise. I do not believe so. I believe that disobeying was an act of obedience, because men, following a plan to them unknown, were to leave this animal paradise to enter another one, to attempt to form another one, the paradise of men, even if the results are so far not too satisfactory.

Allow me now to follow my imagination.

I believe that the rebels to God were the artists. Or if you prefer it, it was art which! pushed men to rebellion. Because of art all were afterwards cursed. For this reason probably, artists suffer so strongly and inexorably in their research. They always bear on them more than the others, the markings of the curse. This may seem a fantasy, but it is not so far from reality. Let us examine why. Although perhaps thousands, or better millions of years have gone by since that

2 Mistype: to be replaced with "enormous".

3 Mistype: to be replaced with "spatial".

first apparition of man on earth, so that the factual memory we had of things is gone, we have remained in our being still so animal that it is not difficult for us to roll back in history to enter the clothes, or better the skins, or if you prefer the skin, of the first man. And if you wish some more help, there are still so many animals that observing them can give us a natural help. Thus let us for a moment imagine that we, just we who I are now one in front of the other, were animals. We don't know how to talk, how to write, how to do all the things that we do today. We know however how to do many nice things, much better than we know today. Indeed we know how to love much more naturally, with less complexes, in a more organic manner, following natural laws instead of those created by customs. We expend effort only I when we have to eat, sleep when we feel like it, follow the changes of the seasons and of the stars, do all in all a series of things that only a few rare men have the material possibility, the will, I the intelligence to try and do. We express our secret feelings that animals also express: love, hatred, jealousy, pain and so on, but we do not know in reality how the other being sees the world, hoy; it appears to him and what he thinks of it.

And then Adam ate the apple of knowledge. I would rather call it the apple of conscience. The taboo of mankind. And God punished him. Certainly God has a nature different from man, so I do not know in reality neither how he thinks nor how he acts; but if I am allowed for a moment to compare him to us, since we are told that we are made to his image and form, I assure you that God did! not punish us for this. Indeed we men are so happy to see an animal which is intelligent, a dog that carries a newspaper and obeys to our call and so on, that God should have been satisfied indeed of such nice and pleasant actions of men, that is to attempt to reach knowledge. When man for instance discovered fire, God must have been dancing with happiness. If he punished us, it is because we believed ourselves so important, owners of the earth and of the sky. But this is a kind of t talk bound to bring me out of the tracks.

Not to know what the other being thinks of the world, if he sees as one does or differently, I and so on, only means to be sick with solitude. Solitude which after all still exists today, with the exception of a few rare moments in life. Thus the first men were only sick of solitude. And all they did, good or bad, beautiful or ugly, they did only so as not to feel alone.

And now I try to imagine. I am walking bare-foot on the sand. A footprint remains. The sun is shining. My shadow falls on the earth. I look at I the water. I see my reflection. Animals do this. But once the moment of astonishment is passed, with philosophical sense, they get over it. Men do not. Men are born stubborn. These casual and simple observations became for them something important. They were intimately moved, and they felt the need to communicate knowingly with another human being. Here were born all the beautiful things, and also all the troubles of mankind.

The process of observing facts of connecting them together and expressing them in concepts means making philosophy. The process of articulating

sounds, grouping them⁴ arranging them in a certain order means making music. The process of looking at the sky and the stars, of judging human actions, of observing birth and death, of attempting to pass before the before and after the after, and making this objective, means to found beliefs or religions, (also if the relationship between religion and philosophy was never very marked among the ancient people).

Thus, since it is absurd to think that God after he made man, made the man-philosopher, the man-painter, the man-musician and so on, you will realize that at the beginning of mankind, making philosophy, painting, sciences and so on were fortunately actions correlated and not separated as is unfortunately today, at times so theoretical and specialised.

I do not raise the question of superiority! among the various human activities. But I really believe, and not in Leonardian sense, that the visual, being the most sensitive and the most evident of the human senses that mankind in order to express itself, used that language first, that we today call painting. Thus man looking at the moon and reproducing it on the wet sand, or stamping his own hand wet with color on a white stone, or trying to imitate the form of an animal when running, and so on, began to talk to the other man. Because it is true that all men looked at the moon at their hands at the running animals: but how to know if it was the same thing for them all? Instead, curse and joy, here a man goes by where another man has designed the moon. He sees the moon designed as he sees it. Do you see the miracle? Man has broken the door of himself and finds himself cosmically in the other being. This and nothing else can be a valid concept of what philosophers call esthetics⁵: the possibility through a language of color and forms, to talk to other beings. To say beautiful means nothing. A thing is beautiful only because it tells us something. A thing is ugly because it tells us nothing. All abstractions of this concept are useless. Useless sicknesses derived from a world of Platonic ideas far from life which now for me mean absolutely nothing.

As you will see from these first apparently obvious observations (but which cost me a lot of work before understanding them). Art is born as a necessity of language. And let me give you still another example. Let us suppose that man goes to another planet. If this is possible or not, this may happen sooner or later, whether other living beings may be found there or not, has no importance for my reasoning. Let us accept the fact that man goes to another planet and finds other beings with a possibility of sensorial exchange. Let us assume we are in Mars. Before us are other living beings. We do not know how they see the world⁶ world, what they think and so on. What shall we do? Shall we bring them our economic system? Our politicians, our science, our modern comforts? Can't you understand that this may have for them no meaning? What to do? Hand

4 Mistype: to be replaced with "thousand".

5 Mistype: to be replaced with "aesthetics".

6 Mistype: it refers to the following word "world".

gestures. We will mark signs on the ground. We shall point with our finger. With all possible J means, that is through artistic acts, we will try to communicate with them.

This is the wonder of art.

Admitting that art is a means of expression, the question follows: why different expressions? Why various arts?

You will realize that men have senses. Man see, touch, hear, taste, smell. Doors which open a passage between the exterior world and our interior one. Without the senses the world would not exist for us. And in addition to these so-called senses, which are apparent, we have inside us other ones, or another one which is the term of comparison, sixth sense, or soul, or as you may wish to call it. We understand what we mean. Through these senses we receive and transmit. Thus in order to satisfy the other being, willing to transmit as much as possible of ourselves into the other being, we try to use all means at our disposal. Consequently I do believe that there exist no fundamental differences among all arts, but the means of expression. I do precisely believe that the motive is the same so that the same thing may be said in different ways somewhat as it happens in the different languages, where we are able to say the same thing in English, Japanese or Italian.

But let us have a more evident example.

I am one of the first men on earth. I fall : in love with a female. I wish to tell her that I love her. I do not take this example casually. I take it because I think that love is the fundamental spring of human behavior in all its manifestations be it love for God, love for a child, love for a cat. Thus I love this woman.

I remember that one day strolling through a I cane field the wind was playing the canes. Then by accident I broke a cane and blew into it. And the cane made a sound. Then I found out that putting more cages of different lengths together was obtaining a series of more pleasant sounds. Thus I discovered music. Then I made an instrument out of canes and playing with it I came near my woman. She was fascinated and stopped to listen to me. Then we sat on the sand on the sea-shore. We smiled and caressed. But inside there was still something to say which was oppressing us. I wanted to tell her that it was her herself that I loved and not a worn man, because I liked her more than the other ones. There was in her something which touched me more deeply. Then I remember I took a shell and where the sand had been made by the water wet and flush, I designed her profile on the ground. She recognized herself and smiled back with greater sweetness. There I became painter.

Thus I stood and mooted on the sand. Then, I became dancer and actor. Before sunset I took the wet sand and made two small dolls one next to the other. I wanted to tell her that we were like one thing, so much were we embraced. Then I became s sculptor.

The night was nearing. The sun was going down and giving me that feeling

of swoon that the dying light gives. Alone I did not care to remain . I was afraid that she would go away. After eating a few fruits on lake leaves I took her to the dunes facing the sea. I opened a passage into the jungle prepared a place to lay upon, weaved together some small branches, and made a little hut to spend the night together.

Thus with those branches and leaves woven together I made like longer arms to protect her better. That hut was something of myself enlarged. Then I became architect.

I remember. I remember that only later I j started articulating sounds, and with different sounds I expressed different things. That one morning at sunrise I told her words which meant: "The dark night has passed. During the night we mixed our blood together. Now the sun is shining and you are mine". There I became poet.

Millions of years have gone by. Now with few rare exceptions when a man says to a woman: "Dear, what could I do to show that I love you?" the answer generally is, "Buy me a Cadillac, my girlfriend has just bought one some days ago". Not that I object to this. To the woman I love I would love to donate not only Cadillacs, but the earth and the sky together, and I am ready to sell my soul to the devil, but the manner is different.

To satisfy my woman's senses I became musician, painter, sculptor, architect, poet.

I think it is by now clear that, notwithstanding the fact that love was my motive of action I expressed myself differently according to my faculties to satisfy all of her faculties. But what was the relation among all of these acts?

I remember that when I designed the profile of my woman on the sand through one sense I was expressing also the life of the other senses. I designed the hair with such a rhythm the wind couldn't have played any better with them. Her nostrils were open to grab that taste of sea and sea weeds and wild flowers.

But I also remember that when, more expert, by making part of the wall erected to protect her the stone with her profile engraved, by playing my flute near the wall so that the wind would not disturb its melody, by, in other words, correlating ay impressions, I could give of myself a more complete expression, that would better signify my whole self in love, instead of part of myself. I thus obtained a difference of potential if not of quality, because indeed when drawing her profile or playing the flute I was giving her the same identical love. Thus it seems evident, this marvellous correlation of arts among themselves as increase of potential if not of quality of the human expression.

Allow me to continue with my fantasy, go back in history, making here and there some brief remarks on what I love most or is more clear in my memory. I have said fantasy, but in reality it is not, because all of us, you and I, have in our blood the blood of men bygone and it is enough to be able to listen in the silence of ourselves to let to the surface, from the lake of the self, all that we men have

done on this earth. I remember.

I remember so well when accidentally rubbing one against the other two silica stones some sparks came out. And when after rubbing because of the wonder at the shining sparks, some dry leaves nearby took fire. At first I run away scared. Then dominating my fear I came back and looked at the fire in ecstasy. And I also remember when I put on the fire the meat of an animal I had just killed, and ate cooked meat. Then I did not know that cooked meat can be better digested. I had strong teeth and a strong stomach. It was an esthetical pleasure. But I also remember how happier I was when in order to dry my little statue of clay I used the fire instead of the sun. I saw the black clay become golden like the sky at sundown and it seemed to me marvelous⁷ that the dark clay could become something like the light of the sun. Not only this, but it became stronger, something had I hardened add made it more durable, so that I could carry my statue home to my woman and show it to my children as something more precious and less temporary had happened inside myself.

I remember. I remember so well when at night, sorcerer of my wild people I was playing the tam-tam and the dancers with their gestures were following the rhythm. What was I doing then? I was killing the time. Think for a moment. I started at sunset and ended at sunrise, I was passing from the light to the shadow and from the shadow to the light. The stars were changing their position in the sky, so that we had the feeling of time which was going inexorably by. But I, by measuring the time with the rhythm, always the same, always the same, I was killing it. Because I, by so doing I was an immutable measure to the movement of things. I, with that rhythm, was signifying that something different from the things that live and die was hidden behind the appearance of things. It was only for this reason that at sunrise, tired of the dance and of that continuous sound, inebriated from the juice of tree bark, we were able to enter a new world where God was present with us, something like in the afterlife.

Do you think that when in the temple of Paestum I measured those columns and grooved the pillars, and engraved the triglyphs, and gave precision of relation to all these forms, I was doing anything but create, with more refined and I conscious means, an immutable rhythm in the changing of things? I remember.

I remember when I made the temple of Ankor⁸, and those roads lined with statues, and engraved in the rocks with the labor of slaves all those] monsters of elephants and snakes, broke the columns to have them create mysterious light contrasts, and in this apparent chaos X made precise the perfect figure of a dancer, and the face of a woman] of unknown sweetness. What do you think dl was doing then? I lined the roads with statues to remind men that they are not alone but only together they make life. I made my people walk through those long roads to free them from their daily tiring labor, from their egoism and self-pity. I shook them with that titan's strength and made them enter into a visceral

7 Mistype: to be replaced with "marvellous".

8 Mistype: to be replaced with "Angkor".

world of ancient chaos to give them in this earthquake of soul the smile and the embrace of a woman and a man reflecting the secret life of the afterdeath.

I remember. I remember when I built the dome of Constantinople and covered it with gold mosaics. I did not make something to protect me better from rain, but I wanted to reproduce for the first time the sky, covered with precious stones like the light of the stars. I aky⁹ which would remind me of the real sky but would not scare me as much, and under this sky be with the others In a similar expectation as when I was expecting the sun-rise after a night of meditation, conscious! of the same human venture. I remember.

I remember when I played the organ in the cathedral and could, in accordance to precise and written laws, push the sound through the arches and could make that matter of stones vibrate as if it were of flesh, and send my fugues outside the domes, breaking their limits! I broke then a crust of tiredness and flew our being in a world beyond tiredness and sorrow.

And if I were able here in this room to break its limits, to make you feel the gravitation of the earth and the attraction of the stars, and the subtle secret which makes the flowers close at night and open at sunrise, and if I were able to stop for an instant the time, I would tell you all I remember of myself, a little as I used to do with my wife, with my students in Florence, with my soldiers during the war, trying to dip you into the real meaning of things made toy man; the secret and intimate one, not the false and apparent one, only suitable to book-worms who classify forms and styles like stamp collectors, because to me this is the only way to understand man's history and what man testified in history. To pass through the vital blood which forced things to be born, and not to see things which are born only for curiosity and for a mania of statistical classification. Otherwise we are outside life, and thus being we cannot understand I it and consequently live it.

Remembering we can walk forward in history j and reach our today. Reach the present time which in the field of arts has created a deep break with the past, also if in the future, when the point of perspective will be farther, men will find that this fracture was not so wide after all.

I wish I had the time at my disposal to demonstrate to you how this fracture took place, to explain the causes behind the various movements and revolutions in the field of arts during this last century, and how they influenced architecture, which began its revolution at a later date, because it is an art more strongly linked with society than other arts.

I would like to tell you my opinion, because I do not agree at all with the more prominent and official critics. They tend to accept the change! instead of investigating its secret causes, and I leave to public sentiment only the understanding of the legend of the life of artists, life which] after all is like the life of any other human being, because artists are men like everyone else. Let me give you an

9 Mistype: to be replaced with "A sky".

example: Van Gogh. There have I been so many books written on this artist that the field for investigation seems exhausted. And yet, I believe that the crucial secret of Van Gogh is still a secret. In Holland I was able to see approximately two thousand paintings by Van Gogh in the course of a few days, because at the time there were available to me not only the finest and most important local collections, but also those which I afterwards were toured round the world. I was made very curious by the fact that from a distance, when the complementary colors in Van Gogh neutralized each other, because of the excessive focal distance, the landscapes were looking like those colored postcards that the impressionists detested so much. The miracle, if you like to call it so, took place when I got nearer the paintings. Because only then could I feel that alive and vibrating matter which made the painting. So alive that it appeared not so much created by a painter who was expressing his idea of the world, but by a man who unconsciously had the knowledge of the secret of the world and with it was expressing himself. I remember the impression I got from paintings I was allowed to turn upside down. I found out that a field of golden wheat would become a sky at sunset, and a Verona green sky could become a grass field. Thus one could feel that he, before our physicists of today, discovered the atomic energy, or better the creative energy of all things on earth, and so doing was destroying that dialectic world of body and soul¹⁰, of good and evil, which was at the basis of our past cultural formation. He was therefore destroying all conventional conceptions of time, space, death, resurrection, and so on. These are I problems that today the most progressive theologian of both Catholic and protestant churches are forced to re-examine trying a new exegesis of their religious texts.

I would like to make you understand how the so-called "cursed" poets, French and not French, as Baudelaire, Rilke, and so on, and the painters such as Van Gogh Cezanne, Gauguin¹¹, or the philosophers such as Nietzsche and so on, prepared the ground for a new eschatologic¹² position of man on earth, trying new Justifications as the basis of the life of the modern man risking total failure, and whose best demonstrations are these last wars which, more than economic wars as they seem to appear, are religious wars in the largest meaning of the word.

And it would be very interesting to examine how the revolution brought by the modern architects, which has so far expressed itself with conceptions very far from one another both as far as both form, and human conception are concerned, have their roots in these first ruptures. It would be very interesting to examine the reason for a Wright, or a Le Corbusier, or of a Gropius, and of their manifestation. I would love to make a genealogical tree showing how these experiences give birth to new architectural experiences, but time is lacking. We have very rapidly reviewed how I see the theoretical correlation among the various

10 Mistype: to be replaced with "soul".

11 Mistype: to be replaced with "Gauguin".

12 Mistype: to be replaced with "eschatological".

arts. We will follow with some general deductions with what I see and do in today's life, leaving the remaining time to your possible questions.

Painting, architecture and sculpture. These three arts which had lived a parallel life up to the point of making it difficult to find a perfect line of demarcation¹³, started following different paths. Painting became from mural painting more and more easel painting. This separation may seem apparently damaging, but this is not the case. It has been very useful that these two arts have clarified their language of expression, since, for instance, painting is no nearer architecture than it may be to music. Therefore I today, both an architect and a painter, and exercising both professions, know that color in architectural function has nothing to do with real painting, because as an architect I reason and express myself in colored volumes, where color is within the matter forming architecture and is part of its intrinsic formal value. Painting is another means of expression which can live together as well as completely separated from architecture. So much so that much of the architectural works considered till today miracles of the exchange painting-architecture, are considered by me abortions, also if the painters who made them were very great painters. Indeed, if the painter, instead of expressing himself in a definite special¹⁴ world, changes the spacial¹⁵ relations to create architectural volumes, of whatever order they may be, he alters inexorably the compositive equilibrium belonging to architecture. Architecture is indeed three-dimensional, while painting is two-dimensional. The research in painting of the third dimension, and in painting and architecture of the fourth and nth dimensions, must proceed in altogether different manners. Particularly because the relation which takes place between a man and a piece of architecture is completely different from the one which takes place between a man and a painting. In the first instance the man is inside the work, in the second in front of the work. Thus many elements of esthetic order of modern architecture, derived from painting, and particularly from cubist painting, and afterwards from abstract painting, have introduced an improvement in the simplifying of many architectural forms.

These elements however have also created a great confusion as far as the relation is concerned between man and the architectural composition. They have brought to the absurd contrast for which many works of architecture are more in function of the photographic machine, or better, of the publication in an architectural magazine, as a beautiful play of abstract form, instead of being living forms in contact with man. This mistake is evident also in many great architects living today, and a demonstration would not be difficult by taking as an example the way of using reinforced concrete, as pilasters and beams, that is an a trilitthic system of support, (which is belonging to stone and wood) instead of using reinforced concrete in a dynamic sense, since concrete is a casting process like the casting of a statue in bronze. This naturally with the only exception of those

13 Mistype: to be replaced with "demarcation".

14 Mistype: to be replaced with "spatial".

15 Mistype: to be replaced with "spatial".

panels which are cast on the ground, and then erected mechanically and bound together, because in this type of construction esthetics are of a different order.

This confusion is unfortunately increasing today with the movement and the affirmation of many abstract painters and sculptors. In fact there is a completely misunderstanding of language and forms of expression when the architect tries to reason in the language of a painter or sculptor and vice versa. Because, let me emphasize one more, while there may be a very useful contribution indeed of critical exchange, there must be no confusion of means of expression. For this reason I myself, as an architect and an artist push my research and my teaching toward a world of forms as far as possible from naturalistic, mutative, sentimental, and consequently to an abstract vision, while as a painter and sculptor I go toward a new figurativism and that is a new representation of man through man himself. Let me express myself better. When I think, reason and create as an architect, I cannot abstract from man as a being participating and living in the architectural composition. When I make a project for a house a hospital, a square and so on I do not make a valid work unless when designing I imagine the man who is to live in these works, who must walk in them, measure them with his internal physical and spiritual dimensions and if on the contrary I just think of a piece of work of easy photography and possibility of easy eye-appeal. I have been often very much upset seeing works of well-known and highly esteemed modern architects first in a picture and then in reality. In the picture these works seemed very valid and well measured, but in reality they would appear to me, as we technically say, out of scale. And this because the designer had forgotten that human measure inborn to ourselves, which is the measure of all things. Thus for instance, a mathematical relation, two, three, four, which we may for the sake of example accept as harmonious, if it is not in relation to that number X which we have inside ourselves and to which we relate the other numbers, may become unharmonious and disorganic¹⁶. And here we could make several and well-pointed examples.

When I reason as a painter my reasoning is completely different. Man is no longer inside, he is facing the work. That number which is inside us and which in architecture must live in contact with the work, must in this case enter the painting. Thus if I must say what I think of the world and of man and of the things which live near man, also speaking in terms purely critic of abstract painter, I shall say: "There is no form designed by man which cannot find roots within the totality of the outside world. From the apparently simple and elementary forms such as the circle, the square, the triangle, to the most complicated, such as the graphic tridimensional representation of complex mathematical integrals (as I have seen in a museum in Paris) we can find the theory in nature. Be it the circle of the sky, the sun, the moon, be it the vegetal spiral of some plants of some sea-shells. Now in the visible world I am unable to find a more complete and evolved form than the human form, both biologically, and, if you wish, spiritually

¹⁶ In English this adjective does not exist, but it is expected that the author would have liked to employ "disorganized/fragmented".

speaking. Through this form, be it the gesture, the look, the smile of a woman, I am able to have penetration in the world. If I wish to use the word God I will say. It is true. The sky tells me of God, and thus the stars, the plants, the flowers, and thus the animals and thus all things, but what most tells me of God is man. And through man, through his acts, his gestures, his eyes, I am able to enter the most complete! understanding of this scatologic reality beyond the apparent forms. Thus, desiring to express myself. I am forced to pass primarily through these forms. Because it is true that the world is a machine, the world is mathematic, the world is law, the world is whatever you wish, but the world is above all living blood, heart, living breath which surrounds all things, and which for us men principally manifests itself through men.

The same I could more or less say about sculpture, also if the language changes from two-dimensional to three-dimensional, from visual to tactile and so on.

Architecture and music. It is a strange thing that happens between architecture and music. Architects and composers ignore each other unless they come to contact in a theatre. Nonetheless not only many philosophers of the past in their treaties on esthetics made many parallels between the two arts, which I deem logic because though both arts express themselves through completely different languages but are both base on abstract and numeral elements, but also I would dare say also biologically in the musical and architectural reasoning there exist evident similarities. In modern music I and architecture the contacts are very rare, however I think that a meeting will become necessary. In the modern revolution, at whatever point in history! You may wish to place the starting point of this revolution? in music, be it in the tonal or coloristic variation of Ravel, or of Debussy or of Schonberg, the fact remains that also music is attempting a new language of expression, a simplification of form, a more constructive precisation¹⁷, a more mathematical responsibility of sound expression, particularly in the field of dodecaphonic music; on which I have no authority or time to pass judgement as to its validity, density and transparency, but where I often find analogies particularly regarding sound reflections, which are nothing else than to attempt in a different form spacial¹⁸ spatial and new openings in the traditional conceptions of space, time, life, death. And I wish that architects could deepen their study and devote more interest in the art of music.

Architecture and poetry and (allow me to accelerate my speech) philosophy. Poets and philosophers, separately and together, since some years are attempting a new justification of life, apart from the traditional consuetudes. Generalizing we may observe two quite distinct positions, one aiming at an existential¹⁹ position in life and the other to a positive and mathematical position. And just now some modern poet and philosophers are trying to relate these two currents. Architecture has already been doing so and has partially achieved its

17 To be replaced with "precision".

18 To be replaced with "spatial".

19 Mistype: to be replaced with "existential".

aims. Because architecture, owing to its intrinsic nature works in both fields. Modern architecture, after escaping from a mystic past, tries to live autonomically in its own poetry and self-justification, and is therefore existential. On the other hand, having to undergo laws of a physical character, it must answer to mathematical laws. Architecture too will have to saturate these two positions, which not so long ago were so confused that also professionally we had architects (poets and decorators of architecture) and engineers (those who kept architecture on its feet). Much more has been made in this field and much more has to be done. Architecture and the movies, I do not want to enter the discussion of whether movies are art or not, since it is evident that the movies, being a means of expression, could be art I wish only to touch on a fact which can be very useful to architects. The documentation of architecture before the movies was made through prints or photographs. This determined a very serious fault in the public the critics and the architects themselves. Architecture was unfortunately judged with a formal and aesthetical conception, as a critic for painting. The demonstration of this fact is that real critics of architecture did not exist. Architecture was judged only for the facade, so much so that more intimate architecture, more interested in the interior than in the exterior, was less known to the public, less esteemed, and less considered a work of art. Look at what happens also today to us modern architects when we have to photograph small rooms, for which large optical angles are needed, which bring to large deformations of scale. Since the movie camera is like a moving eye, it is able to enter architecture, move with man, and consequently correlate the volumetric sequences which constitute one of the fundamental characteristics²⁰ of architecture. In effect, the esthetic pleasure from a piece of architecture is the correlation of spaces and forms more than the esthetical enjoyment over a single form. Here the movies are of great help.

If I were a producer I would start a series of short shots on architecture, so as well as having picture books on architecture we could have short shots in order to reach a more evident documentation on architecture, and a better understanding of the problem of what architecture is.

And now allow me to end sentimentally, as sentimentally I have begun.

I am young, nonetheless I have the sadness and despair of being unable of seeing the birth of what I dream and would like to see in act. What keeps me in the fight is however a great hope, not an egoistical²¹ one for myself, but that soon all men may proceed together toward a new civilization. Because a civilization is a collective thing and not created by few individuals. For this reason I love to teach: to transmit to others that vital force that perhaps I will not be able to objectivate.

We must pass from the position of professor to student to one of master to disciple and even better of friends to friends, of a friend who because of culture,

20 Mistype: to be replaced with "characteristics".

21 Mistype: to be replaced with "egotistic".

experience and knowledge of life is able to say a word to the younger and open new visions for them.

I thank you therefore again for your affectionate welcome and I hope to meet you all again.