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Exhibition of Architectural Drawings

AAR Bookfair

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Words for David Childs

Interview with Carmela Vircillo Franklin

Interview with Yotam Haber

Jackie Saccoccio, David Humphrey

John Newman

Researching Rossini in Rome

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Letter from the SOF President

Campaign News — A Gift and a Challenge

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Rome Fellows 2008–2009

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These are the times that try a man’s soul. The summer sidewalks and the sunshine yellow, as the city—all the country—rubs that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman.

In this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman.
Yet sea level rise is just the static part of global warming’s impact. The dynamic aspect derives from the depth and extent of sea-level rise produced by storm surges. Because of higher global and local water levels, it is likely that the frequency and extent of storm damage due to storms and hurricanes will rise. And no matter—will increase dramat-ically. What is currently considered the 100-year storm—will rise to every 20 to 60 years. This means that the once violent winds and surges of hurricanes will increase the frequency and severity of hurricanes and thus the chance of extreme storm surges. With the Category 2 hurricanes, storm surge levels could reach up to 24 ft in the New York–New Jersey area.1

The hazards posed by climate change, sea level rise, and severe storm surges make the time to transform our coastal cities through adaptive design. The conventional response to—sealing, in recent history, has been hard engineering—fortifying the coastal infrastructure with seawalls and bulkheads to protect real estate, at the expense of natural tidal wetlands and ecosystems. This approach has been proven environmentally damaging, unsustainable, and often ineffective. The failure of levees and other coastal protection strategies facing Katrina and Sandy illustrates that.

In 2004, a group of engineers, architects, landscape architects, and planners, working together to imagine the transformation of the New York—New Jersey Upper Bay in the face of certain climate change. Our area of study is framed by the footbridge at the western edge of the Kill Van Kull (the tidal strait separating Staten Island and New Jersey), the Holland Tunnel and the Manhattan Bridge at the north, and the Vernazza Hurricane at the southeast. The surface area of the Upper Bay is approximately 127,777 acres, measuring almost four miles across at its widest point. We choose the Upper Bay as the site for the proposal not only because of the massive impacts that sea level rise and potential storm surge from hurricanes would have on this densely populated region, but also because of its potential to be transformed into an urban center for the region. This center would be based on shared ecological and physical boundaries, rather than the arbitrary lines of political distinction. We imagine the Upper Bay as a kind of Central Park for the region, a re-centering of the city away from Manhattan to the boroughs and adjoining New Jersey counties. We envision the bay’s potential as a common “ground,” a figure that could be appropriately translated into the reality of our proposal.

Significant research into the risks of climate change, sea level rise, and increased storm surge flooding. This research has been proven environmentally damaging, unsustainable, and often ineffective. The failure of levees and other coastal protection strategies facing Katrina and Sandy illustrates that.

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limiting their scholarly capacity to "talk" to one another, and they were especially individu- ular. They did not have a common platform or means of communication. All transactions were made with a few exceptions—mainly of a personal nature. However, as a new form of communication began to develop, and as more and more scholars sought a means of sharing their ideas, a new form of scholarly communication was born. This new form of communication was not only a means of sharing ideas but also a means of sharing resources. It was to be a five-year project, and it was to be completed within a month. It was the first step in a new direction for academic publishing.

In the early 1990s, the titles of the new digital monograph were already being planned. The project was to be a five-year project, and it was to be completed within a month. It was the first step in a new direction for academic publishing. In the early 1990s, the titles of the new digital monograph were already being planned. The project was to be a five-year project, and it was to be completed within a month. It was the first step in a new direction for academic publishing.
John had died.

John was a person who believed in the power of ideas, in the importance of dialogue, and in the transformative potential of the humanities. His work at HEB, which began in 1997, was driven by a vision of making the humanities accessible to all, and of fostering a culture of exchange and collaboration. His legacy continues at ACLS, where the Humanities E-Book collection, which he helped launch, continues to grow and evolve.

In memory of John, we will continue to work towards realizing his vision and building on the work he started. The Humanities E-Book collection and the other initiatives at ACLS are testament to his legacy and to the enduring impact of the humanities.

ACLS, and the move to new space, were momentous, and we decided to make the break with NTTV and invite our former colleague John to academia.

The next few years at ACLS were busy. The project soon launched its first 500 titles, under budget and a year ahead of schedule. Innovative ideas for new books and programs took hold, and the organization expanded rapidly.

One of the key moments in this period was the launch of the Humanities E-Book collection. This collection was a direct result of John's vision and leadership, and it has become a valuable resource for scholars and students around the world. The collection includes over 70,000 titles, covering a wide range of disciplines, and it continues to grow.

But how has HEB fulfilled John's vision? How have we fulfilled our promise to John to see this through? How have our own visions and John's diverged? We'll never know the answers to these questions. But we can look back on his work and see how much has been accomplished since he left us. We can also look ahead and see how much more needs to be done.

We will continue to work towards realizing John's vision and building on the work he started. We will continue to make the break with NTTV and invite our former colleague John to academia. We will continue to support the Humanities E-Book collection and the other initiatives at ACLS. And we will continue to strive towards making the humanities accessible to all.
In the spring of 1983, in the year of the bicentennial of the First World War, the United States and the Soviet Union were still at war. The United Nations, which had been founded in 1945, was still struggling to bring about a peaceful solution to the conflict. The Cold War was at its peak, and the world was divided into two blocs: the capitalist West and the communist East.

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Master and Tordo

Sarah Artick, pages 94

I turn to look. I look.
Now the angle of the shoulders.
William Barrow killed his wife while playing William Tell.
But he agreed to stand with this apple on his back there must be a
reason. Not a good one, but a reason.
The hidden wisdom will tell or will not tell.
A game, he said. He did not have to turn to look. He looked, and never
looked again.

Sebastian too agreed. Will he tell us why he lives on, and how.
He is pierced, she is his arrow's head is missing.

He can't see me, just as Sebastian can't: he is seeing god. I can see god
but I can see Sebastian, as the Master thought he was.

Sebastian also turns; he turns toward god. He also turns toward god
when she was struck.

Note the helmeted girl too. And roundly. Their limbs are smooth.

She has one arrow, pointing him. She has one breast.

She has two eyes.

He has the apple of his eye, he has his cheek.
She has her breast, cool apple.

When she was as homeless, the cool coat—
These are the passions and the games.

These are the games; will they tell us what the passions are.

Richard Meier’s Ara Pacis Museum in Rome: A Drive-By Recollection

Michael Cruiksh, page 94

A day or two later, the perm was granted. On a clear, sunny Saturday, I set up my truly old
black-shirted and wooden tripod in a cover of the Santa
Piazzale Imperiale. According to Richard, the
museum would be the real link connecting the
Ara Pacis building to the rest of the City of
Rome. In the same grand place as the City—
more important, it is of the same heritage,
material, and proportions, all waiting to be redis-
covered and appreciated. Richard had asked
him to highlight the piazza with a broader
design context in a series of essays on
education and re-education. And he wanted
Richard to start the process by writing some
Frank McCourt at New York City’s

August 2009.
The fax came through during the night. All it said
was: “Ara Pacis project. Do you still have your
commission? Yes, would you like some site
measurements?”

This was happily happening at the American Academy
via my two long summer in 1996 and was
instantly inspired beyond belief to be involved in
such a “work.” Anything about Rome fascinated
me, but images and thoughts of the infamous ancient
Hanoverian army put me over the
top. To me, the Ara Pacis is like the sister to
the long-sold-out, and I couldn’t bare to
be excursed. Just weeks before the fax arrived, I
was lucky enough to roll up my hundreds and stroll
in knee-deep, ice-cold water atop the marble
pavement and browsesheeting of what remains
of the Altar’s “forehead.” Suddenly, 20 feet before the
Villa Campesina Marte.

The formal message was from my boss, Richard

Meier (FAAR’98). Richard had been asked by
the then mayor of Rome, Francesco Rutelli,
to redesign a replacement for the long-gray stone
cardboard that housed the fourth-century Altar
of Augustus. Paesano. They also wanted a new “stimu-

lum” for the Altar and its environs, a 1960s
Mussolini-era plaza and a collection of permis-

sionary buildings centered on the Mesopo-
tan emperor Augustus. A “master plan” for

a new pedestrian-friendly plaza and a new

walking zone to the Tiber River with embark-

nine stridels set environed.

The showpiece was a barely Japanese from
the early 1960s. A column once was

in a museum to Rome, but now it

would be burned, and construction would be

halted. Opening-day protests would feature

black-shirted neo-Fascists and boisterous,

but mostly rounded. Roman graduates.

P

aul Muldoon invited the writers teaching at
the Lewis Center for the Arts at Princeton to
choose an essay from the collection of the
Princeton University Art Museum and write a
text that would be an essay or catalogue essay
called The Museum at Home. I chose those
two, thinking I would write about one or the other
it didn’t occur to me until I was alone at my
desk with the photographs that I had chosen
two objects that were uncannily similar, in
form and style, though the medium and epoch
are so different. In the end, the text arose from
both.

I turn to look. I look.
Now the angle of the shoulders.
William Barrow killed his wife while playing William Tell.
But he agreed to stand with this apple on his back there must be a
reason. Not a good one, but a reason. The hidden wisdom will tell or will not tell.
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Rome has had plans to replant the Tiberine
vernue roadway almost as long as express
has existed. The new Ara Pacis Museum is
accessible underground so that the new
park space will provide a direct relationship to the river. A large
city balcony connects to the 19th-century
embankment wall so vistas of Halicarnassus
would help to outline the background for
this new space within the City. There would be
a landscaped physical relationship of the ground
plane of the Museum to that of Rome itself.

Although the new Ara Pacis Museum opened in
2008, these last plans and design elements
were not conceived because of budgetary and political
realism. The gladiators needed for self-presentation,
managing the opening day, meets with their Chance and is
condemned. Often, they did not even dress their plastic
gloves to deck their way into the new building.

Time will tell how the City evolves around
this building, or, inversely, how this building
will educate the City. Maybe one day the
City will reveal how the City evolves around
the new Ara Pacis Museum.

Charles Gwathmey, from the Postscript
of Five Architects, April 2009. He was 41 years old.

The Narrow

SOF NEWS

Fall 2009
Published by the Society of Fellows
of the American Academy in Rome
7 East 60th Street
New York, NY 10022-1001 USA
Tel: 212.751.7200
Fax: 212.751.7220
www.sof-arrome.org
Editor
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Catherine Sweeney Neelon, faar’88
Design
Jad Kaul, faar’05
Art Workshops
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www.sof-arrome.org
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Fall 2009
Published by the Society of Fellows
of the American Academy in Rome
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