Nothing is transmissible but thought. Over the years a man gradually acquires, through his struggles, his work, his inner combat, a certain capital, his own individual and personal conquest. But all the passionate quests of the individual, all that capital, that experience so dearly paid for will disappear. The law of life: death. Nature shuts off all activity by death. Thought alone, the fruit of labor is transmissible. Days pass, in the stream of days, in the course of a life....

Everything is harmony relationships, presences, and also thundering synthesis, an unleashing, a trigger, a flash of lightning for the sight, intervention, catalysis. *Raison d’être:* that which is impassably permanent in the midst of, beyond, above, below certain events, certain elements throughout everything.

There are presences: the eternal aspect of that which is permanent. Scientists claim to have arrived at knowledge! But how can one justify, how one can explain the existence of shellfish, lizards, dogs (good fellows), and others, elephants, men and women... Those who dissect but do not see: knowledge through reason, through intervention. Coexistence: the context, the fluid which passes on. Unity demonstrated in a personal act of humanity: understanding. Illumination. Between the why and the how: gradations, the whole range of various minds.

Observe! Where are the observers? To know that ants have radar, all right. But to know why they exist and why they share such a fate. Life weaves its web and never turns back...

From my early youth I had harsh contact with the weight of things. The heaviness of materials and the resistance of materials. And men: the diverse qualities of men and the resilience of men. My life was to live in their midst and to offer daring solutions to the weight of materials...but they stood up! And the knowledge that men are of one sort or another. To be amazed sometimes, and still today to be sometimes dumbfounded. But to recognize it, to admit it, having seen it, seeing it...and to play my humble part throughout hard times. And never to have been bitter, except when occasionally I have appeared to be so facing...the media and especially their photographers who, with their more or less average minds, ask you (and manage to get) your own masquerade by their numerous mistakes, absentmindedness, fecklessness, conformity...etc And this form of activity rhymes with journalism; it is based upon the day to day (Its name makes that dear) and on the notion: all that is, but for a single day.
"One must burrow into life again in order to put on flesh."

It is not I but Henry Miller who utters those timeless words, yet it seems to me that I had already thought them. Burrow into life again ... resist war, abundance over the whole earth...metamorphosis through equipment: machines and minds for the yellow the black, and the white. Then there will be the general awakening of civilizations. Then there will be death to Wall Street, and the fruits of the earth conquered. What remains is to plunge into what is divinely human: sufficiently to find in it the great deed of universal significance.

Life is a strange adventure. One is a ball, a sphere. And that molecule, that star, slides, strikes, shatters, we please X or Y. One is in one’s own sphere and this shapes one's own destiny.

I am seventy-seven years old and my philosophy could be summed up in this way: in life one must act, that is, one must act with modesty, correctly with precision. The only possible atmosphere conducive to artistic creation is steadiness, modesty, continuity, perseverance.

I have already written somewhere that constancy is a definition of life, since constancy is natural and productive. In order to be constant one must be moderate, one must persevere. It is a mark of courage, of inner strength, an essential quality of the nature of existence.

In life there are those who act and those who let things happen. Thus all sorts of consequences come about Look at the surface of water.... Look at the blue sky, filled with all the good works that men will have created...for after all everything returns to the sea.... In the final account, the dialogue is reduced to a man alone, face to face with himself, the struggle of Jacob with the Angel, within man himself! There is only one judge. Your conscience —in other words, yourself. Thus: very small or very large, but able to ascend (small or large) from the disgusting to the sublime. It depends on each individual from the very beginning. One can choose the honorable side for oneself, for one’s conscience, but one can also choose the opposite: profit, money.

All my life was filled with discoveries. It is a matter of choice. One can drive a magnificent Cadillac or Jaguar, or one can be passionately devoted to one’s work. The quest for the truth isn't easy. There is no truth in extremes. The truth, a thin streak of water or the mighty mass of a tumbling river, flows between two banks...and every day different...
And we live in a world of bureaucrats closed in upon themselves, incapable of making a decision. There are assemblies...councils...It's good that the fools take their turn to speak, because we others might forget the weight of stories and the sweat necessary to move them.

At seventeen and a half, I built my first house. Already I was taking a risk against the advice of the wise. A daring concept: two corner windows. Early on, at the site, I picked up a brick and weighed it in my hand. Its weight frightens me. I am petrified.

Thus one brick ... then millions of bricks laid one upon the other.

The advice of the wise, of our bureaucrats? It doesn't matter. I recall a conversation I had with Maurice Jardot around 1953. We were talking about Picasso. Picasso had asked Jardot: "My exhibit in Rome was a success, wasn't It?" and so on. I replied to my friend Jardot: "If you had said 'No, the exhibit was a flop,' Picasso would have said to you, 'I don't give a damn, I am right, your opinion makes no difference to me.'"

I was sixty years old when they gave me my first and only government project, and that, without a doubt, was for laughs! Everywhere the world was warned. The spirit: as it was in the Middle Ages. After the War: reconstruction; zero for Corbu. All my commissions are due to private enterprise. A great number of really good projects, let's be modest enough to admit it, were torpedoed by the bureaucrats. Once, while they were bestowing on me an eminent honor in order to keep me out, I admitted that I was a total failure. It is true, insofar that not all my projects were realized; it is true in the sense that later, after I am dead and gone, the times of the horse and buggy will continue. Gentlemen Naysayers, you will be always lying in wait, always against. Mediocrity will prevail, idiocies will always be written, spoken, or proclaimed ... obstacles will always be set up...my dear colleagues... the authorities ... the professional associations, the state boards...Do you remember those words, those punches below the belt? for L'Unité d'Habitation at Marseilles, for example: “slums to make you knock your head against walls...” And that psychiatrist, the president of the French Medical Association: “A hatchery for mental illness....

And also: "Against the laws of hygiene..." (from the Chief Council for Hygiene and Public Health).

I could tell you a true story: where are the dregs? It's too easy and smells bad...The boxer knows that he must get a bloody nose and the rugby player knows that he must dislocate his shoulder or knock his knee out of joint.... I am saying here that the problem is not how to make money, the problem is how to accomplish something (to produce, to
create, to organize, to supervise, etc.). It is the only way to find happiness. Happiness is inside, and I spare myself the drudgeries of Palm Beach or girls and the ostentation of "Petits Lits Blancs. You have to know, to see everything, to predict everything, etc., and then above all to make allowances and take into account the unforeseen: that is what it means to feel, to smell the fruit of a talent, of an experiment, of a life that one builds on daily.

At the age of thirty-two, with L’Esprit Nouveau, I was full of eagerness, loyalty, boldness, but also of courage, taking risks. Towards a New Architecture was written at the age of thirty-two, a clear vision and affirmation of a sense of reality (including the risks). When the roots were laid down, they took hold. Youth is toughness, intransigence, purity. Yet the spring stretches, has stretched. That is man's fate, his destiny. From childhood to the age of thirty what an intense uproar, what schemes, what accomplishments! He never knew, the little fellow. He went his way, the same way one sees ranks of boys (with their crewcuts) in Paris, going to the swimming pool with their class in the morning, or to the seashore on vacation, an intensity in their gestures, their remarks, their looks, their walk, the friendly gestures toward their friends. How much will remain of this vast potential, of so much purity? ...

The pattern of behavior of today's young people, who follow the example of their elders, does not necessarily seem to me to be the discovery of a transitory aestheticism but a profound, passionate, and intimate search for all the professional secrets they need to construct objects with precision, fit to provide tools for the new society that is being formed under our very eyes all over the world. Everything lies in the manner of doing (an inner labor) and not in the manner of being, which interests no one.

In Bogota in 1950 I had the feeling that a page was turning: the end of a world, immanent, imminent. Nothing remains to be known but the length in human hours, seconds or minutes until that... catastrophe? No, my friends, until that deliverance. An ordinary circumstance without any solemnity: a business trip to Bogota tilled me in only five days with a harvest of facts and findings, both personal and general, capable of affirming without anguish but indeed with the joy of tomorrow that a page was going to turn, an important page in human history, the history of the life of men before the machine and which the machine has shattered, ground up, pulverized. An example in the U.S.A., in New York with its fifteen million inhabitants, the horror of an affluent society without aim or reason. On Long Island, my friend Nivola, son of a mason, cultivates vegetables between the party walls enclosing spaces. U.S.A.: women, psychoanalysis everywhere, an act without resonance, without goal. Days pass by without results, except that of getting through them. People work twenty-four hours, without provision for the future, without wisdom, without plans, without stop. New York! That atrocious city, towering into the sky, bristling, without courtesy, everyone for himself! Land is sold by surface, by
the square meter. You have the right to do as you please. A city of
“trade” nothing but manufacturing and selling to get out a day's work.
People rush in all directions...without pity, without fun.

One evening at Chandigarh I said to Pierre Jeanneret: only those who
play are serious! When Pierre objected, I went on: “Mountain climbers,
rugby players, card players, and gamblers are all frauds because they
do not play....” They do not play....Conformity and nonconformity.
Everything one learns in school, in political dubs, in dance classes,
makes up for each individual according to his character a
constellation of fixed points forming an unalterable design, a
fortress between free judgment and the free and proper use of things
given to us by God himself, or the compromises offered by men.
Montaigne was right: “Sitting on the highest throne in the world is
after all still sitting on one's ass.” Yes, the rule has been to play
the game, there was money to be used, then it enslaved us, and men
have forgotten how to play. When my client fills my head with various
little requirements of his, I accept, I accept, up to a certain point
when I say no, impossible! For it is then beyond the rules of my game,
of the game in question: the game of this house, of that arrangement
whose order emerged at the moment of its creation and developed,
proved correct, became dominant. All within the rules! Nothing outside
of the rules! Otherwise I no longer have a reason for being. That's
the key. A reason for being: to play. To participate, but as a human
being, that is to say, within a clear and orderly system. But first of
all one must have scrutinized, seen, observed. Only then can one
separate sensations, perceptions, ideas. Metaphysics is but foam on
the surface of a conquest, the downward slope, an action where the
muscles have ceased to function. It is not an act, not a fact; it is
an echo, a reflection. And it moves and affects particular types of
human beings: speakers in debates. They attribute to me powers of the
occult, mathematics, numbers, etc.

I am an ass, but with a sharp eye. We are dealing here with the eve of
an ass who has the capacity of feeling. I am an ass with an instinct
for proportion. I am, and remain, an impenitent visual person. It is
beautiful when it is beautiful... but it is according to Modulor! I
don't give a damn about Modulor, what do you want me to do with
Modulor? And yet, no! the Modulor is inevitably right, and it is you
who feel nothing. I he Modulor elongates the ass's ear (Here I mean
the ass other than myself mentioned earlier.)

My travel sketchbook from Bogota, from '50 or '51, contained some
notes sent afterwards to Jardot, on 31 January '53. They will be
welcome in this connection. Here they are: "Recurrence of proportion
in the work of art," "the contribution of L. C." 1919: regulating
lines (the proof: in Choisy). From now on: exclusively personal
research. I repudiate all treatises. But I declare war, war on Vignola
(and Company), which always smells to me of dead bodies.
Corbu before: 1922. A contemporary city for three million inhabitants. The townhouse apartments (discovered in 1910 at the Carthusian monastery of Ema).

1919: The will to accomplish the task has become clear, in painting, in drawing. And the spirit of the architect has joined in, has made itself felt. Since then, consistency in research: architecture, painting (in fact sculpture, because it is space and light upon the shape of a new ethic).

Until 1928, not objects, glasses, and bottles but supports for geometry, instigators of proportion. After '28, then, human figure and objects with a poetic response...

At the end of 1951, in Chandigarh: the possibility of getting in touch with the essential joys of Hindu principles: a brotherhood of relationships between the cosmos and all living things: stars, nature, sacred animals, birds, monkeys, and cows, and in the villages, children, adults, and still active older people, the pond and the mango trees, all present and all smiling, poor but in proportion.

From the time of my first house, built when I was seventeen and a halt I continued my efforts amid adventures, difficulties, catastrophes, and, from time to time, success. Now, at the age of seventy-seven, my name is known around the world. My research, my ideas seem to be shared sometimes, but there are always obstacles in the way. My answer? I was always active and so I remain. I have always searched for the poetry that is in the heart of man. A visual man, working with his eyes and his hands, I am moved by revelations above all in the plastic arts." All is in everything: cohesion, coherence, unity, architecture, and urban planning interacting: a single problem that demands a single profession.

I am not a revolutionary. I am a shy person who does not interfere in what does not concern him. But the basic elements are revolutionary: in fact, the events are, too, and one must contemplate these things dispassionately, from a distance.

During my travels I see a lot of typical things. At one time ambassadors were indispensable; they were sent on a mission for two or three years, which they carried out in four-wheeled carriages – not with crossword puzzles but with coded messages. And they acted in the best interests of their employer, be it the king, the prince, or the republic. These days, when a problem arises you immediately take the plane and in ten hours, or twenty hours, you are there at the building site with the other party, you place a file on the table, you resolve the problem, and you go home two or three days later. This change is taking place throughout the management of world affairs and has
extraordinary consequences. I was brought in to Bogota to draw up the plan for the city. I travelled by plane and upon arriving, learned something remarkable. It is a city four centuries old. Founded by the conquistador of Mexico who, with fifty horses, had conquered the Indians - who did not have horses. Going from Bogota to Barranquilla, the port, took twenty-five days; now you need just two hours and fifteen minutes. For twenty years they had schools; books arrived in that Hispanic city. All of a sudden, the people there said, “Ah! We can get out!” And they went and saw the world, where they told others whom they met: “You can come over to us, too, come and see, there are things to be done.” People went, they found the riches underground, the fertile soil, and said. “We are going to build a city for a million inhabitants....”

You have the facts before you, the ground moves under our feet, but in fact it is not the ground that moves. We are on a moving sidewalk, which is the evolution of our epoch. We are a machine-age civilization, so we must adopt a point of view. Sociability is a natural human phenomenon: Adam and Eve to begin with, and so it has continued, The end result is the human occupation of the whole planet. At the Ministry of Reconstruction there are always kind people (and others far less kind).

They look my “little joke” and called it regional planning. On television you can even see very serious people talking about it on Sunday evenings, to break through the doors that I myself opened at least forty years ago. Well, that's the price of friendship. So I said. "Gentlemen, beware! Before planning one must occupy the land, and where is the land?" That's the problem of today. We must lay out the roads of the present day between the transforming, linear cities. Those are the prophetic, ancient roads of all time. Along these roads, linear industrial cities could spread their combined roadways, railroads, water ways across administrative borders. If topographical routes cross borders, with manufactured goods and new methods of production, then it is no less true that the whole human race needs to be governed; yet it is impossible to administer everything. Universality is one of the great ideas of modern times, but some administrative restrictions will always remain so that orders may be given to specific groups and so that order can come from elsewhere. Instead of orders for cannon fire, there will be instructions about the need for global planning.

Governments maintain boundaries, whereas these are really determined by evolution. There were once fortifications, the boundaries of Paris. As Paris grew, there were five or six of them in succession. Then, after the war of 1914, those last boundaries were removed, because of the advent of the airplane. Roads cut across and animate the land. The earth is round and extends, everything is contiguous; it is poorly inhabited, uninhabited, and so much remains to be done to occupy the earth instead of going to the moon. It's like the Stavisky Affair, which so occupied public opinion. The construction of roadways and
supplying water could be the great civilizing tasks of our modern society. It could be done with extraordinary ease. If you fly over the earth you can see where the inhabitants are and you can see that an immense space remains—but without water. No water? It has to be brought in. No roads? They have to be built...

In 1961, taking advantage of a few days of the flu, I wrote a little text which I sent to my friend Jean-Jacques Duval, at Saint-Dié. At that time I wrote: "I am sending you a first copy of my text The 'Irrefutable' Diagram. It's a real 'job' for you. In your millinery business your father used to make heavy socks for country folk and underwear for sixty-year-olds. In 1961 your millinery has become the ultimate in elegance for the zazous! Your socks are sheer poetry, and your sweaters, etc. You kept your machines, you kept your workers, your management, your accounting department. You've changed nothing except your program. There you have invented, created. You have thus restructured your business in keeping with social evolution, which was itself entirely independent of your will. My problem is the same. We make guns, atomic theories, agitate against unemployment, create a prewar atmosphere, build up a succession of preventive armament programs. Well then, today I propose: Let's draw a vertical line! To the left, cross it out. On the right, a new inventory is made—workers, bosses, social problems, the hierarchy of labor, industrial program, preparations for retooling machines, propaganda by a new workforce in favor of a new society visible on the horizon..."

This text, which treats the question of urbanism should, it seems to me, find its place here. Here it is.

"THE IRREFUTABLE DIAGRAM", "THE IRREBOABLE LINE." OR "THE END OF THE APOTHECARY"

A charming little revolution in the pharmacy, a brotherly, motherly revolution, has again shut the door in the face of Monsieur the Apothecary; it has meant in each household a decisive reform. New facts, even better than that—a miracle accomplished, with all its consequences: longevity, in France, has made an amazing leap; in less than a century, the life span increased from twenty-eight to forty years, and today it is sixty-eight years. Illness is fought in the heart of families by "civilized" means; the twentieth-century pharmacy is born! At home, a page has been turned on the Balzacian atmosphere. I have explained here the qualifying epithets brotherly, motherly, friendly...

Now let's talk about the "home" I a favorite theme of the talkative press), let's talk about the dwelling: the family, work, rest. Even better, let's talk about the “three human establishments,” which lead to a harmonious use of land by the works of machine-age civilization.
All is still confusion, obscurity, hostility, jealousy, ferocity, speculation, greed for money, displays of ignorance, a thirst for vanities: to tell the truth, a pure and simple ignorance of this essential, immanent phenomenon: the realization of works of peace...The discussion takes place in a void, under threat of bombs. All you hear is Khrushchev. Mao Tse-Tung, de Gaulle, or Queen Elizabeth. Kennedy! So many “trustworthy men” entrusted with authentic mandates, honest, intelligent, capable, impassioned. But also so many adversaries occupying fortresses, confronting each other. There are so many pretexts for killing one another rather than understanding one another) Each on his own pedestal, the pedestal of a machine-age civilization, which has been specifically entrusted with the safeguarding of our spirit, our will, our goals, our ideals...They all talk about the same thing and they all have kind and devoted hearts; and yet here they all are, polishing their weapons, bombs, and cannons. The world is going to collapse! They are going to blow it up! It won't misfire! And at the end of the race, why not?

I carry within me one consolation. I bring consolation like an honest donkey who has done his work and accomplished his task! I know that the horizon is free and that the sun is going to rise again...Consider this anecdote: One day, a century ago, gas was installed in all the kitchens of Paris.... The morning after, the population “woke up alive.” There were no dead bodies on every floor; there were no ambulances in the street lo carry away the corpses. The firemen stayed home. What had happened? To warm up their evening soup people had turned on the gas knob, and then they turned it off until it was time for the morning coffee. And since then children have been told.“Don't touch the gas knob!”

Far from the hustle and bustle, in my den (since I am a meditative person. I have even compared myself to a donkey, out of conviction), for fifty years now I have been studying “Everyman,” his wife and children. One preoccupation has concerned rue compulsively: to introduce into the home a sense of the sacred; to make the home the temple of the family. From that moment on, everything changed. A cubic centimeter of housing was worth gold, as it represented potential happiness. With such an idea of dimension and purpose, today you can build a temple to meet family needs beside the very cathedrals that were built...in another era; you can do it because of what you will put of yourself to it. But the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have instituted professional degrees in architecture; they have defined the concept of architecture while entrusting its control to the Beaux-Arts Institute and giving it jurisdiction over this matter...France, until its defeat in 1940, was the only country which did not require an official diploma from its builders, allowing new and free minds the possibility of inventing and building. France had its pioneers. France, country of inventors.

...The first law enacted by the Vichy government was a law requiring a professional degree, a law that had always been rejected by the
Parliament before then. In the schools they were taught how to design all-purpose palaces instead of “family enclosures”, “work enclosures”, leisure enclosures, etc., that is to say, instead of premises, France’s “town halls” were built, and so were churches in various styles, and railway stations like Orsay where the trains from one fourth of France converge in a basement, under a ceiling 3.5 meters high, while above it a titanic nave, more spacious than the Baths of Caracalla in Rome, is left for the sparrows. They also constructed the nearby “Grand Palais” titanic as well, for exhibits, what was exhibited there? Things for men and women. But men are on the average 1.70 meters tall; the nave of the “Grand Palais” is 50 meters high!

For sixty-one years, lipsticks, benches 43 centimeters high, and 70-centimeter-high tables have been lost under these majestic vaults! This palace was the mortal enemy of all exhibitions: the paintings exhibited there had no scale, and the same goes for the statues. For sixty-one years (and several times a year) it has been necessary to undertake costly fittings in order to make the objects on display more presentable. Fortunes were spent there —billions and billions.

Life-long concessions were made for these yearly installations. Despite this unimaginable failure, despite this lesson taught over and over again for sixty years, they did not hesitate to repeat the mistake; they did not hesitate to redo it at La Défense, the largest vault in the world, “which can cover the place de la Concorde in a single span.” But the place de la Concorde remains in Paris! And La Défense is twenty kilometers away. Under the dome of La Defense there will be lipsticks, chairs 43 centimeters high, and tables 70 centimeters high. “The greatest in the world,” that’s what they call this vault. Magic word! But cars and pedestrians can neither get there nor return from there. So the Métro is being extended, the bridge at Neuilly is being enlarged, and the so-called avenue Triomphale is being redone by real estate agents.

It (the avenue) will terminate at the Arc de Triomphe, which is presently already congested with traffic beyond measure, and the Obélisque de la Concorde; it will come up against the walls of the Tuileries....There is already talk of running it under the Louvre, under Saint-Germain-l’Auxerrois; it will reach the Hôtel de Ville and will pass below it. Never has the word "g-r-r-r-r-rand" been used so tragically. Yet that's how the architecture of "modern times" has been created for Paris.

The necessary task is to give attention to places and buildings. That is the task of “builders.” And the “builders” are precisely the new profession that must link in a tireless and friendly dialogue the engineer and the architect, the left hand and the right hand of the art of building.
Under those circumstances, the dwelling had no chance to become the temple of the family. Rental boxes were made, and people were making their living by renting boxes. The notion of architecture was lopsided, because it did not obey any precise definition—that is, it did not try to create places and buildings for living, working, and recreation, it did not try to place its occupants in "the conditions of nature," that is to say, under the strict laws of the sun, our irrefutable master, since the alternation of day and night forever dictates the proper sequence of our activities. The sun (our master, friend or enemy) had not been taken into consideration. With the United Nations Headquarters the Americans woke up a bit late and decided to wrap it all around with glazing; but without the benefit of a "solar control device." New York, at the latitude of Naples, was hit by the sun lull force, through fixed glazing. They do no better for cultivating orchids...They installed "air conditioning." Refrigerants are very expensive. The heat had not been sufficiently reduced? Out of enthusiasm and inspiration, they baptized these glass facades "curtain walls." The fashion seduced Paris...The people behind the curtain walls faced cruel risks. And yet they persisted! Dear sun!...Dear sun, now the enemy of the inhabitant! Everything became so confused after the wars of '14 and '39 that we lost our minds! Laissez-faire, lack of conscience, and carelessness overflowed. Sprawling cities were born, developed, and reached their apogee: a scandal, a disaster. Here New York, twelve million inhabitants; here London, ten million; and here is Moscow; which is already at five million...This year, 1961, Paris is gloriously arriving at eight million inhabitants! It's done, they let it happen. Someone should have rung the alarm in time...But no one did!

It's been one hundred years since industry was born, since machine-age civilization appeared, they didn't know that it was the advent of a civilization, the birth of a new society. Rather they thought that it was a curse, a plague, a bad makeshift...a machine to make money. It look one century to fit people into that Infernal machine—bosses and workers, exploitation and ordinances. Revolt! A century of violence, of attempts at regulation, of proposed solutions for the harmonization of working conditions, of postulates to justify the existence of work! One day, to make work friendly.

On this round earth, two human establishments have existed since the beginning of time: an "agricultural unit" measured by the pace of a horse or an ox (four kilometers per hour) and by the strength of their hamstrings; and the "Radio Concentric City of Exchanges," which appeared at the crossing of two roads, three roads, four roads automatically causing the gathering and dispersing of consumer goods (merchandise), of ideas (schools and universities), of forces of authority and administration (government). Sites of exchange. Through incompetence, the modern workplace was located haphazardly, by chance, around built-up areas and within built-up areas. This event is now ripe: the twenty-four-hour day is completely distorted by uncoordinated and totally arbitrary distances between the home and work place. Man began to live on wheels: suburban trains, suburban
buses, bicycles, motorcycles, individual cars. The sun continued to turn impassively every twenty-four hours, dividing the solar day in two: day and night. And it was an insane expense: the squandering of modern times.

Then they cried out, "This is a total disaster. From now on we must disperse industry!" It was not a valid answer.

They should have said, "We must localize industry" and discover the meaning of the term "to localize." By studying this same problem of the equipment, of machine-age civilization, in all countries and under every kind of climate, I happened to discover (as one suddenly perceives a flying saucer or a sputnik, in other words, with amazement) that machine-age society did not have an industrial human establishment, did not have Industrial titles at its disposal. And I also discovered that the essence of this third and new human establishment, the "Linear Industrial City" was a necessary and redeeming form for the solution of problems they had preoccupied reformers of good will, of all points of view; even the most opposed.

The "Industrial City" is "linear," shaped by the three routes - water, land, and railway - bringing in raw materials and shipping out manufactured products. The water, land, and rail routes have a common destiny determined by topography: the slope of thalweg along which mountain waters flow down to the sea - through wide or narrow valleys or wide plains. These three routes are interconnected, or can be interconnected, by the topography.

A fundamental innovation occurs: "transshipment," an invention of modern times. The means of distribution along these routes of water, earth, and rail were, until now; "branchings" by water, on roads, or on rails. These branchings (especially for railroads! required unloading on the ground, sometimes over immense surfaces, causing giant congestions (the switchyards of large cities are an example). The innovation is the "transshipment," which replaces the "branchings." From now on people will assemble, transship and distribute goods by "overhead cranes" set up perpendicularly to the three routes on land, rail, and water, and overhead, in the air. This is of fundamental importance: it is the articulation of the solution.

"THE IRREFUTABLE LINE
THE IRREVOCABLE GRAPH"

I can therefore sketch this figure:

A vertical line. To the left of this vertical line, a black area, a descending arrow, the trajectory of a catastrophe, of atomic war
(everything will be destroyed, including the newly rich of this adventure).

To the right of the vertical line an arrow soars upward toward the light bearing the fate of "The Three Human Establishments."

Two books appeared. One at the line of the Liberation, signed by ASCORAL (Association of Builders for Architectural Renovation, created during the war and comprising eleven study sections), was entitled "The Three Human Establishments." The small format required only one and a half metric tons of paper for six thousand copies, paper that had been denied for three years. This edition was entirely sold out without anyone particularly needing to attend to it. Twelve years later, in October 1959, Jean Petit, publisher of Editions "Forces Vives," reprinted this work in a different format, supplemented by many clear illustrations.

Everything was being built then. Everything was being set up. The program was set up punctually and the "reconversion of work" seemed possible; from then on it turns its back on the nuclear race, on unemployment. A reconversion of work dedicated to the common good, to people: a program for a machine-age civilization.

I began the writing of this text with an entirely random incident: the little revolution in the pharmacy, brotherly and motherly, and the obliteration of Monsieur the Apothecary. A modest invention had intervened, the creation of plastics, whose beginning had been a childish invasion of the children's toy market, with inflated dolls, all naked; one of its outcomes, in the modern pharmacy, has brought about the unparalleled longevity of man on earth, a lifespan carried into the sixties. A law governing insurance triggered the event, a generous law that stipulated: Let us help all our brothers irrespective of class. The status of the physicians was thrown into confusion and henceforth fixed: medicine was literally put into the service of man... Medication became as natural as eating for everyone: its precision, its cleanliness, its effectiveness, etc. Out of it, a new industry was born; from that point on it became the accepted state of things. The author of these lines ventures modestly to turn the reader's attention to this event, to the credit of modern society....Let us move on to the main theme: "The Three Human Establishments." Frontiers at gunpoint, social hatred, class hatred, the madness of competition; shameful abuses of business practices. "Struggle for Life," "Time Is Money."... Let's shut the door on atomic war. Let's establish over the topography of the Good Earth, the Three Human Establishments, the first of which, the Agricultural Cultivation Unit, will be determined by the tractor and no longer by the pace of an ox or a horse. This is the impending, immanent Innovation. The second establishment. "The Radioconcentric City for Exchanges," will be the setting into focus that will illuminate with a lightning flash the drama of sprawling contemporary cities and immediately find its
solution in an exodus along the "Linear Industrial City" This third establishment, the "Linear City" faces up to conflicts, parries hatred and selfishness. Confronted by such a prodigious source of productive labor offered to modern society, the choice is between a night without hope (placed to the left of the irrefutable vertical line, drawn above) and complete freedom of action, an enormous range of programs, the boundlessness of solutions entrusted to modern societies (to the right of the vertical line): the construction of radiant dwellings (to live in), green factories (to work in), facilities for leisure (to cultivate body and mind), mobility!

This is not madness. No! Since 1933 it has been the prophecy of the "Athens Chart" of CIAM. These are the conclusions of CIAM. "The International Congress for Modern Architecture." which, in the course of thirty years (1928-1959), established in the modern world the basis of urban planning, of honest research disinterested, persevering, detailed, and creative: its value is its honesty!

Urbanism, the human quest, honest and creative. Yes...laziness and the status quo must be shaken off. We must move beyond petty selfishness, beyond little things. We must try to discover life, to follow life. At least twenty years are needed for an idea to become known, thirty years for it to be appreciated, and fifty for it to be applied, when it then has to evolve. It is then that speeches resound over the tombs and commemorative tablets, and then it is too late, everything must be done over again. Why wait for misfortune or catastrophe to happen before taking useful decisions?

For my part, I devoted fifty years of my life to the study of housing. I brought back the temple to the family;" to the home. I restored the conditions of nature to the life of man. I could have never carried out this enterprise successfully without the wonderful assistance of the young people in my atelier at 35 rue de Sèvres —and without their passion, their faith, their integrity. I thank them all. Some fertile seeds have been planted, without a doubt, among all those who passed through rue de Sèvres. Perhaps some time in the future they will think of père Corbu who tells them today: "We must work according to the dictates of our own conscience...It is within this realm that the human drama unfolds..."

Soltan from Warsaw, a veteran of the atelier, wrote to me around 1954 (without dating his letter) these encouraging words, which are for me a sort of consolation: "The latest piece of news from you is the last Girsberger" For a few hours I managed to hold in my hands the only copy of this book now in Warsaw. Of course you surely know that in Eastern Europe they reproach you for 'formalism and constructivism.' Obviously these reproaches are silly, but when one looks at your recent work, what is striking is the great growth in the importance of content and subject. The 'Open Hand' in Chandigarh, for example. "This importance of the poetry of the subject begins to give your work an
extraordinary aesthetic value, completely pharaonic, although these values explore a sensibility and a subconscious that are really quite modern. (Indeed, that is the great contribution of these works.) To reproach you for formalism then becomes simply comic, were it not tragic! Tragic, because the authors of these reproaches build a great deal, but how? That's the tragedy! Personally I am absolutely certain that, even independent of the social and political future which awaits you, your ideas will triumph throughout the world. Besides, they do have a solid social base, do they not?

"The future triumph of Corbu's ideas throughout the world will come one day, but when will it come? Within the reach of a human life? Mine, for example?

"Will I be able to see you one day and speak to you about things I cannot resolve, problems that are particularly "Eastern Europe": the accessibility of a work of art from the point of view of the consumer (for example)? The question of always being within the reach of the masses, etc. You certainly know those songs well... But there are so many others... Dear Monsieur Le Corbusier, friends who know me well laugh, saying that I always think of you when I work; I think that is very true, anyway...

Such remarks allow one to hope that the efforts of père Corbu have not been entirely in vain...

To Soltan, to all the others I can say: fellowship is an edifice where all is coherent, where one can find an entire range of interests indispensably present, some bringing shadow, others light. Light expresses the higher concerns of love, friendship, brotherhood. Shadow—material interests and selfishness. And depending on whether the light source is at point-blank range or at a distance, the view and quantity of the egoism or altruism will vary.

The Open Hand Monument, for example, of which Soltan speaks, is not a political emblem, not the creation of a politician. It is an architect's creation, it is the fruit of architecture. This creation is a specific case of human neutrality: he who creates something does so by virtue of the laws of physics, chemistry, biology, ethics, aesthetics, all bound in a single sheaf: a house, a city. This is different from politics in that the architect's equation requires physics, chemistry, the strength of materials, the law of gravity, biology—without which everything cracks, everything breaks, everything collapses. It is like the airplane: either it flies or it doesn't, and the verdict is delivered quickly. Thus in the relation of man to matter (the complexity of programs) we realize that everything is possible and that all conflicts can be diminished. All one needs to do is to be persuaded of this and to study the problem, to open one's hands to all materials, techniques, and ideas, to find the solution. To be content, to be happy. And not to be paid. Who follows me?
This Open Hand, a symbol of peace and reconciliation, must be erected in Chandigarh. This symbol, which has preoccupied me and my subconscious for many years now, ought to be realized, to bear witness to harmony. We must stop preparing for war; the Cold War must cease to provide a living for men. We must invent, enact works of peace. Money is nothing but a means. There is God and the Devil forces facing each other. The Devil is superfluous: the world of 1965 is capable of living in peace. There is still time to choose, let's equip ourselves rather than arm ourselves. This symbol of the Open Hand, open to receive the wealth created, to distribute to the peoples of the world, must be the symbol of our age. Before I find myself one day (a little later on) in the celestial spheres amid the stars of God Almighty. I shall be happy to see at Chandigarh, in front of the Himalayas, which rise up straight upon the horizon, this Open Hand, which marks for père Corbu a deed, a certain distance covered, from you, André Malraux, from you, my associates, from you, my friends. I ask help in realizing this symbol of the Open Hand in the skies of Chandigarh, a city desired by Nehru. Gandhi's disciple.

When asking me about these matters for his little booklets about Corbu, Jean Petit wanted a survey of my ideas...But I don't like to talk about myself. That should be left to journalists once I have been carried out feel first. However it is good lo put on the table some ideas that can be useful. The other day a large gentleman, big and plump, came to see me.

"Monsieur Le Corbusier, how about a new recording!"
"So there has already been one?"
"Yes, several years ago..."
"What! Are you kidding me?"
"No, it's true. Then it's all right?"
"Well, yes, but I forbid you to say a single word, or ask one single question."
"But no interrupt for a moment..."
"No. this will be Corbu all the way..."

The other day they brought me copper plates two millimeters thick, which I am etching with a burin. A burin is a fierce tool. At the age of fourteen for a short while I used a burin. With great strength of arm and flexibility of wrist you carve a sharp track. You must go straight forward, neither to the right nor the left. A person who knows and can use the burin is led onto I he path of clear-sightedness, straightforwardness, and honesty.
It's all there, to be seen or to be looked at. The qualifications of men. Those who show off and display themselves only act in response to others reactions, they become the superior "poets" of a humanity that itself feels superior in different ways. They are endlessly cutting off ties. Others, the architects worthy of their vocation, are identified with their work. The simple, true, propelling force of work. This force must rise up from physics, from imagination, from invention, courage, and risk. It is intense only when one takes risks. He risks it all: all his being, all his thought, his money, his family, and his job. He curses no one, nothing except the obstacles themselves, the regulations, the craftiness of the ambitious, the dirty tricks of business people, He is in full combat, always exposed. He doesn't think of himself or his public appearance, nor of the impression he makes, but only of what is facing him: his work. It is not settled in a short sonnet or a play of free words, in a list of abuses or In arguments at the Cafe de Flore or at La Rotonde. It takes a period of a year, two years, five years for his work to be born and to be introduced, not within the pages of a book with its margins and white space, but in the public domain. Here all is responsibility, vigilance, a permanent state of alertness. Slow, slow, the painfully slow patience of expression and the vital impulse tirelessly knocking against physical and intellectual laws. Opposition, customs, and that immense No! unrelenting.

Some people think that one should proceed like a conquering god with a halo of blond hair, surpassing all that has been seen up to then and without hesitating to say "Shit!" to everyone and everything. Others think: to conquer and perhaps to be conquered, without blond hair, but with hair that has turned gray from persisting every morning in carrying out one's task, without being predestined, without any sign appearing from heaven, but because one wanted to risk adventure, because one had embarked on a ship, a plane, a chimera... the moral lesson: honor to commerce and shit to industry. Gentlemen the creators, you are invited to buy yourselves a toothpick and to suck it publicly to get rich. You must; otherwise they will stone you.

Here, at this point, I must thank two men: Cervantes and Rabelais. The most beautiful reading for a man engaged in battle is the admirable Don Quixote of La Mancha. And life among these three companions, between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, finds its explanation, if not its Justification. Some are enraptured; others stand gaping and do not read the admirable Don Quixote of La Mancha. Don Quixote and Panza show us man hammering away with the persistence of the tides. In the most optimistic outbursts: confidence, faith, love, a giving, a blossoming, a flowering, and an ecstasy, and their most precipitous falls clean and indisputable: punches in the nose preceded by spankings. Panza gets through, always survives it, and thinks of eating. He is always right. He knows how to accept (to offer or lo thrash out a compromise! He lands on his feet. All this is extraordinarily true. At the other end, Panurge and Friar John carry on their discussions and commentaries beyond the limit of politeness, and rise above everything in the name of the wisest points of view,
through the most laughable coarseness which welcomes them into the highest levels of the nobility. Shit, shit!...braguetee et balleton, old whores beautiful as goddesses, dyspeps and werewolf, Homer and Pliny. Homeric, above and below, outside of pettiness, of the great words, the clash of battles and the cutlasses. One takes cover from the brutishness, one laughs. Thank you, Rabelais and Cervantes.

There are encounters, the permanence of existing facts, contacts...and thus Mallarmé:

Gleaming above the bewildered human herd.
Haunting their uncouth manes and filthy rags,
Beggars of azure skipped into our road.

Recently I had to proofread the manuscript for a book written in 1911: Le Voyage d’Orient. Tobito, a veteran from the atelier at 35 rue de Sèvres, had come to pay a visit from Venezuela to my apartment at rue Nungesser. Jean Petit then arrived with the text of Le Voyage d’Orient. Together we drank pastis and spoke at length. I remember telling both of them that the line of conduct of little Charles-Edouard Jeanneret at the time of Le Voyage d’Orient was the same as that of père Corbu. Everything is a question of perseverance, of work, of courage. There are no glorious signs in heaven. But courage is an inner force, which alone can justify or not justify existence. I was happy to see Tobito again, to see that he had persevered, that he was among the faithful. When the three of us parted, I said to Tobito, who was planning on coming back to see me the following year: "Yes, in Paris or on another planet..." and I said to myself: "So, from lime lo time they will probably have a good thought for père Corbu."

Finding myself alone again. I thought of that wonderful phrase from the Apocalypse: "There was silence in heaven for about half an hour."

Yes, nothing is transmissible except thought, the noble fruit of our labor. This thought may or may not triumph over fate in the hereafter, and perhaps it will assume a different, unforeseeable dimension.

Politicians, to be sure, leave no stone unturned and make the best of weaknesses in order to enlist support: they are bent on reassuring the weak and the doubting, the frightened. But life can be revived through plans—the potential life that lies in wail in the pastures and among the flocks, in these abandoned lands, in these sprawling cities that have to be pulled down, in the workplaces, and in the factories that must be made as beautiful as joy...outside the force of habit and jaded civil servants.
We must rediscover man. We must rediscover the straight line that joins the axis of fundamental laws: biology, nature, the cosmos. A straight line unbending like the horizon of the sea."

The professional man, also, unbending like the horizon of the sea, ought to be a measuring instrument able to serve as a builder's level, as a datum line in the midst of flux and mobility. That is his social role. This role demands that he be clear-sighted. His followers have set up a perpendicular line in his mind. The moral: not to give a damn for honors but to rely on oneself, to act in accordance with one's own conscience. It is not by playing the hero that one is able to act, able to undertake tasks and to realize them.

All this happens inside the head, formulating itself, passing through an embryonic stage, little by little in the course of a lifetime that flies by in a vertigo, whose end one reaches without even realizing it.

Paris. July 1965