

today mainly where it has managed to survive. There are significant numbers of great old streets in American cities, many of which are healthy both as economic entities and as expressions of a lively urban culture (the two often go hand in hand). But there are few, if any, great new ones. There is no late twentieth-century equivalent of Madison Avenue, or Newbury Street, or North Michigan Avenue. Indeed, North Michigan Avenue in Chicago, for all its continued power as a majestic urban boulevard, seems as much an example of the new form of urbanism as the old: it is intersected by several large vertical shopping malls, punctuation marks of the new urbanism amid the old.

Our culture now creates what might be called urbanoid environments with a vengeance. From the South Street Seaport in New York, where a mall and food court sit on the edge of the most vibrant traditional cities in the world; to Grand Avenue in Milwaukee, where an interior mall has brought some modest, but limited, commercial activity to a troubled downtown, to Horton Plaza in San Diego, a kind of pseudo theme park-urban mall, we are awash from coast to coast in places that purport to offer some degree of urban experience in an entertaining, sealed-off, private environment. That they exist and prosper stands as proof that our culture has not discarded the most important urban value of all, the desire for physical proximity to others in a shared place. But even as these urbanoid environments show that we crave the satisfactions being in public places can give us, they make it equally clear that we are inclined to satisfy those cravings in places very different from traditional streets.

The urbanoid environment—the pseudo-street, the pseudo-square, the pseudo-piazza—is at bottom a kind of theme park, and in this sense, a descendant of that Southern California project from the 1950s that surely had more long-term influence on the American urban landscape than Le Corbusier: Disneyland. The architect Charles Moore was perhaps the first to see Disneyland's significance in terms of American attitudes toward public space; in 1965, in an essay entitled "You Have to Pay for the Public Life," he wrote: "Disneyland, it appears, is enormously important and successful just because it recreates all the chances to respond to a public environment, which Los Angeles in particular does not any longer have. It allows play-acting, both to be watched and to be participated in, in a public sphere. In as unlikely a place as could be conceived, just off the Santa Ana Freeway, a little over an hour from the Los Angeles City Hall, in an unchartable sea of suburbia, Disney has created a place, indeed

a whole public world, full of sequential occurrences, of big and little drama, of hierarchies of importance and excitement, with opportunities to respond at the speed of rocketing bobsleds or of horse-drawn streetcars. . . . No raw edges spoil the picture at Disneyland; everything is as immaculate as in the musical comedy villages Hollywood has provided for our viewing pleasure for the last three generations. . . . Everything works, in a way it doesn't seem to any more in the world outside."

As we seek to find places in which "everything works," Disneyland, and the private, pseudo-urban environment that it represents, has become the model. We see it in the biggest of the sprawling suburban malls, where the parade of shops, itself a series of changing stage sets in the manner of Disneyland, gives way every few hundred yards to some form of entertainment—often children's rides right out of an amusement park. CityWalk in Universal City, California, a pseudo-city street of shops and entertainment produced by Disney's competition, raises the curious question: Is it a city street masquerading as a theme park, or a theme park masquerading as a city street? We are not quite sure.

There is nearly as remarkable an ambiguity in the upmarket version of CityWalk, 2 Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. That is Disneyland's Main Street for grownups; instead of cute little shops selling mouse ears and stuffed animals, there are mock Art Deco and Spanish Colonial buildings, selling Tiffany jewelry and Hermes scarfs, all lined up on a make-believe street over underground parking. If nothing else, it is proof that the theme park has come a long way. Once a protected pretend-city, it has now broken out of its gates to become a kind of mutated urban form. Charles Moore showed us how the theme park "wanted" to be a city—we see now how the world outside its gates wants to be a theme park. Is it the real city playing at being entertaining, or entertainment playing at being a city?

The same question might be asked of a new Disney venture, the planned rehabilitation of the historic New Amsterdam Theater on West 42nd Street in New York, one of the first efforts in the city's long-planned Times Square renewal effort to show signs of life. That the Walt Disney Company, a private corporation whose innovative designs have all but created the new, private urban paradigm, would step in to restore a landmark theater off Times Square when public efforts to push an urban renewal project for Times Square ahead have so far borne so little fruit, might seem to be a metaphor for the moment. In this case a city is not looking to Disney