

Art movement of the 1940s and 1950s.²³ This mixture was a good preparation for the United States in the 1960s.

In 1960, I joined the faculty at Penn and met Robert Venturi. As faculty colleagues, we shared an interest in subjects that ranged from Mannerism and the historical architecture of England and Italy, to Pop Art and the iconography of popular culture. Venturi was one of the few faculty members in the architecture department who had not gone to Harvard. He was also one of the few who showed sympathy with Penn's social planning movement, which was challenging me so strongly.²⁴ In fact, a close reading of Venturi's *Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture* shows that it was in many ways the child of that yeasty time of social uproar at Penn.²⁵ And in the final chapter, my ongoing forays into the everyday environment show up, as Venturi asks, "Is not Main Street almost all right?"

In 1965 I moved to California to teach at UC Berkeley and UCLA and to study the urbanism of the Southwest, which Penn planners admonished us architects to recognize, and which Crane would have described as an emerging urban form. While there, I continued my habit, started in Europe and Africa, of photographing urbanism and popular culture—Levittown, Las Vegas, inner-city urban tissue, commercial strips and malls, billboards, highways, and the transportation cathedrals of interchanges and expressways. These elements of the everyday environment were unlovable to architects, who preferred to find their variety in unusual places—in the urbanism of the Dogon of the French Sudan, for example. Perhaps Patrick Geddes would have understood, and Tyrwhitt's memorable observation that "neither Brahmin nor Briton" was schooled to countenance the Hindu village was often with me as I worked at understanding urban sprawl. I taught "the determinants of urban form" as both a lecture course and a studio project, honing my skills at running the kind of studio Crane had run, but using it for research as much as design.

When Venturi came to lecture to my students at UCLA, he found the environment as fascinating as I did. He agreed that automobile-oriented, neon-embellished Las Vegas (now long gone) was some kind of archetype for the emerging suburban commercial landscape. He shared my interest in analyzing its urban structure, and particularly its symbolism, via a studio research project. So it was that when we married in 1967, I brought to our joint practice these urban and pop culture interests, my planning background, a penchant for Mannerist breaking-the-rules, and this type of studio. One of the first we ran