

I think in general the area had a certain feeling of character, a well-polished character. All the stores, all the facades in the general area, although they were not all similar, gave a similar impression.....stability...a certain quiet character.....gave you the feeling of being permanent..... the in their similarity the fact that there was no real contrast in the line of stores, except perhaps in the changing of color combinations in the windows, or the way the glass was cut in the show windows...seemed to be the only distinction... One seemed to flow into the other, even though it may differs a little bit... they all seemed to be appealing to the same sort of thing. The quite conservatism.

There were one or two exceptions, but even they were not violently so. One or two stores had a more liberal type of advertising technique in the store front, as differen ing form the rest of them.

Of course {B} Bonwit's seemed to be the crieteria, or rather the pace setter for the entire area. It was the dominant thing. If filled your eyes, both of them with a almost entirety...set the mood for the whole place.

The only little bit of variance that seemed out of character was that little store beneath the {B} surface of the ground. This seemed to be another world a little bit out of its element in this area.

Although the parking lot was in {T} a sense a certainly not aesthetically pleasing, the type of automobile in it give you the type of impression the store fronts did.

(represent) it seems to represent not so much boston, by a particular part of every city,I think. But its architecture seemed to indicate that it was an integral part of Boston....Now, whether the merchants were using that to give you that effect, to merely repr the fact that this was part of Boston, escapes me. I don't knowether that was true or not. It certainly seemed to fit in with the rest of whatever I have seen of downtown Boston. The whole area around the commons, the Public Gardens seemed to be of the same general nature, and this seemed to be a part of it, as much a part of it as anything along the entire rectangle.

(general char) I think of a rather staid, a somewhat ultra conservative reeling. a little too conservative, in a sense a lacking of freedom in the continual view of the same color of type of home , building. A real pressure to imitate, to keep on doing the same thing, a sort of ingrowth. There were no real expression of freedom in the buildings a right around there.

There are some places over on the other side of Beacon hill that gave me a feeling of individual integrity...Faneuil Hall had a sens of integ and unity all of its own...a product of an individual's imagination in a different way from the others.the old brownstones. Here and there an old house, where the brickwork was a little imperfect, yet seemed to have its own integrity...with a dash of color...white façade or a blue trim, or an oddly shaped chimney or something like that. This indifference to the great bulk of reddish brown color that seemed to pervade over the rest of it.

(at ease) I was self confident ther, not particularly at ease. I felt no sense of communication with the area. It didn't appeal to me particularly. The one appealing thing was, I think the quiety.

Automobiles that were {T} there caught the eye, the big cadillacs, gaudy colors bright chrome. and then we sort of got away from that and we passed it, and that was behind us...and we continued walking and as I recall the cement patter changed from a wide square {Pa} to a small one..little patches here and there

Signs

Then we went around again and down the alley which {BP} I thought was interesting....Though it was dark and dank in a sense and really offered none of the light and attractiveness of the outside street, it seemed an interesting placd... more intimate...perhaps that it was obviously older, but it had a little more character...looking in the windows of the alley you could see {P} people working without the advantage of the façade. There was no of the main street salesmanish type smile..hello or what not... These were just the people who were actually doing something that would eventually find its way out to the main street.... but this was where it was actually being created.

As we walked out towards the end of the alley..I noticed the {C} firescapes. The sort of classical fireescapes, painted black, sort of ominous in color yet theybroke up the sky, the space in a peculiar way, their own. The fact that they were not solid structures, but made of stripe of metal that broke up the light in different patterns and the way the {MISC} refuse was piled at different locations in the alley. They all sort of represented the peculiar attitude of the particular individual who had the job of putting the stuff out. In some places it was neatly stacked, in others just heaved out. In some places the garbage cans were covered, some places not.

As we left the alley and cameout one more into the street the {N} sun was very nice, brilliant, then that walk we took into the park was nice. Crossing that street from where the {B} church was into the park was like walking from one whole attitude into a completely different one, and it became a lot more personal {SP} area...or rather an area where it was easier to feel comfortable in so to speak. Sort of a sense of freedom really. No mechanical just looking {margin note: example} at the trees and grass, way of setting off the area...not arbitrary...by any mechanical limits. There was no fence to say walk here, although the path was delineated. Just looking you seemed to have a rather greater freedom of vision than elsewhere.

People: a lot of young {P} women
middle aged gals with wax museum look about them
a little college gal dressed in uniform - legs stockings + contrasting sloppy shirt, a
contrast to very staid matronly persons,

Newb:

In park a different type - some older mks
sort of blending into the park.
Earnest fare of guy who operates parking lot -
very efficient - much in a hurry yet nonchalant,
pushing the large machine around.

Buildings - lots the same . {C} variance occurred in
facades - color made diffic to distng
above first floor from each other -
some fac-corners jutting out, other
around façade
some roofs had a weathered green
look in contrast to its trimmings. An interesting
antique store (on Boylston |

Signs: 2 - Bonwits - a combination of signs - one being a sort of script written Bonwits - sort of
flowing string with imp inviting anybody.

other brass and copper and on side of
bldg. sort of snob appeal - established
high level place.

2. a women's stop sign - began with a -
sort of left out into street at sort of rakish angle.

Sounds - lack of {SO} sound is some respect.
ordinary street and for noise - click of women's
heels - seemed little honking of horns.

Smells none.

first time there.