

Post-walk interview....Simha

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 differ a little bit...they all seemed to be appealing to the same sort of thing. The quiet 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, an differing form the rest of them.

Of course "onwits" seemed to be the cricote ria, 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 surface of the ground. This seemed to be another world, a little out of its element in this area.

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

(represent) it seems to represent not so much Boston, but 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 know whether 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 feeling. 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 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 sense 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 facade 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 there, 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 quiet.

Automobiles that were 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 patte changed from a wide square to a small one...little patches here and there