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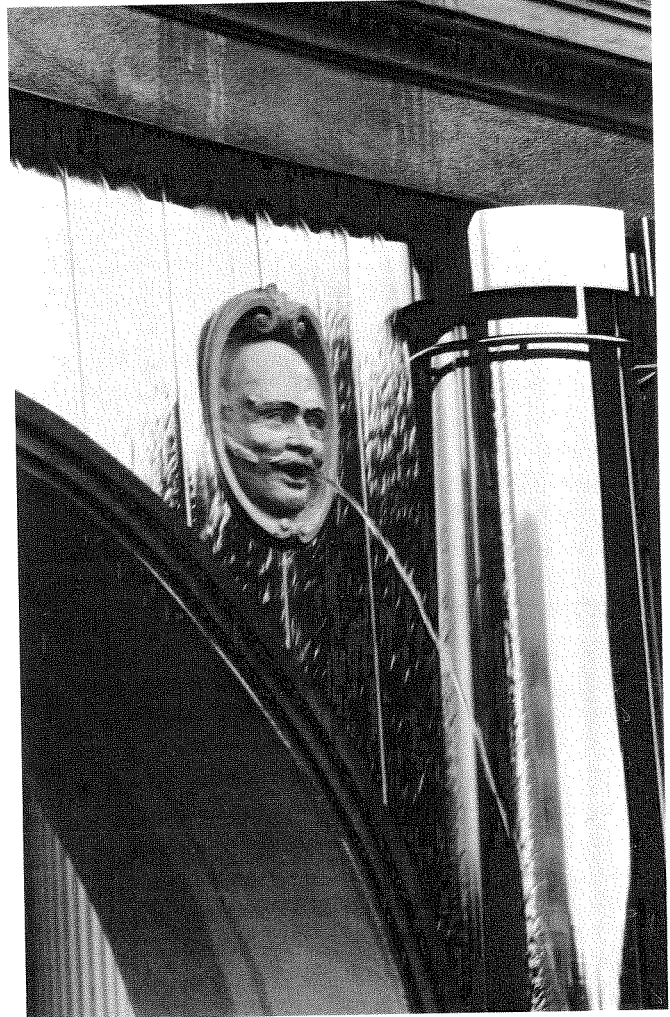
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A Youthful Tribute

Ron Filson

I remember how exciting and somehow naughty it was to fib to Charles W. Moore about the medallions on the Doric wall and tell him: "No, the windshield wipers were not possible; they were just too crazy for anybody, even the New Orleanians, and because of lack of imagination the only thing we could imagine were standard catalog 'dog heads' spouting water." All the while I was planning in secret with friends in New Orleans a private, commemorative plaque that represented our affection and respect for Chuck and physically and permanently stated the importance of our excitement in working with him on such a project. We planned all along for this surprise, so to have portraits sculpted that would reveal the true character of the man, elaborate excuses had to be made and cocktail parties invented to allow the plaster craftsmen to view the subject "up close." One of my favorite memories is having drinks and straining to refrain from giggles as mild-mannered craftsmen peered intently at the lofty wrinkles of Charles W. Moore's brow. Another favorite is the day that Allen Eskew, Moore, and I walked into the Piazza from Poydras Street and waited to see Charles' reaction to the plaster medallions that had been mounted on the wall. Allen and I lingered behind and let Chuck wander into the nearly complete fountain project. Although there was

no water, the majesty of the walls was becoming apparent. Moore strolled, hands clasped behind his back, looking upward, and smiling. He reached the far side of the Piazza, turned, looked back, and as he walked slowly toward the Doric wall a slightly more puzzled look appeared on his face. As he recognized and clearly understood what was mounted on the walls, a smile slowly appeared. Our hearts were beating quickly during all this but our effort was warmly received. I have never asked Chuck whether or not he had wind of these medallions although it was rumored that he knew about them. If he did, he did not indicate this in any other than the most appreciative way. For this I am grateful.



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24 Photograph by Allen Eskew

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