

**The Mall Society:
Illusion, Exclusion, and Control in the Urban Center**


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Montana State University
June 1986

Submitted to the Department of Architecture
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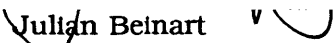
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**The Mall Society:
Illusion, Exclusion and Control in the Urban Center**

Daniel J. Glenn

ABSTRACT

Pre-planned, centrally-managed, privatized public space is rapidly replacing the traditional downtowns of our communities and increasingly, the centers of our largest cities--in the form of the shopping mall. This thesis explores some of the powerful implications of this shift: 1) the deepening of a consumer culture; 2) a heightening of socio-economic polarity; and 3) the institutionalization of a new form of subtle, omnipresent, largely consensual control.

Three key tools of mall design and private management--illusion, exclusion and control--are examined in case studies of two malls in downtown Boston: the urban mall as megastructure, Copley Place; and the "festival marketplace", Faneuil Hall Marketplace. Then, an exemplar of an illusory, exclusionary and controlled environment is presented: Disney World in Orlando, Florida. Finally, a speculative short story, *The Mall Society in 2038*, is presented, illustrating the potential society that could develop given the continued mallification of our socio-spatial environment.

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Source: *Wall Street Journal*, May 13, 1988.



The Mall Society:

Illusion, Exclusion and Control in the Urban Center

Introduction

We live in the age of the mall society. At the center of our communities we do not have the agora of ancient Greece, the cathedrals of medieval Europe, the bazaars of Asia, the piazzas of Italy, or the Main Streets of an earlier era in America, instead we have the shopping mall. The mall has greatly changed, perhaps irrevocably, our social, cultural and political landscape. Pre-planned, centrally-managed, privatized public space is replacing the traditional downtowns of our communities and increasingly, the centers of our largest cities. This thesis explores some of the powerful implications of this shift: the transformation of citizens into consumers, the redefinition of social centers into profit centers, the heightening of socio-economic polarity, and the institutionalization of a new form of subtle, omnipresent behavioral control.

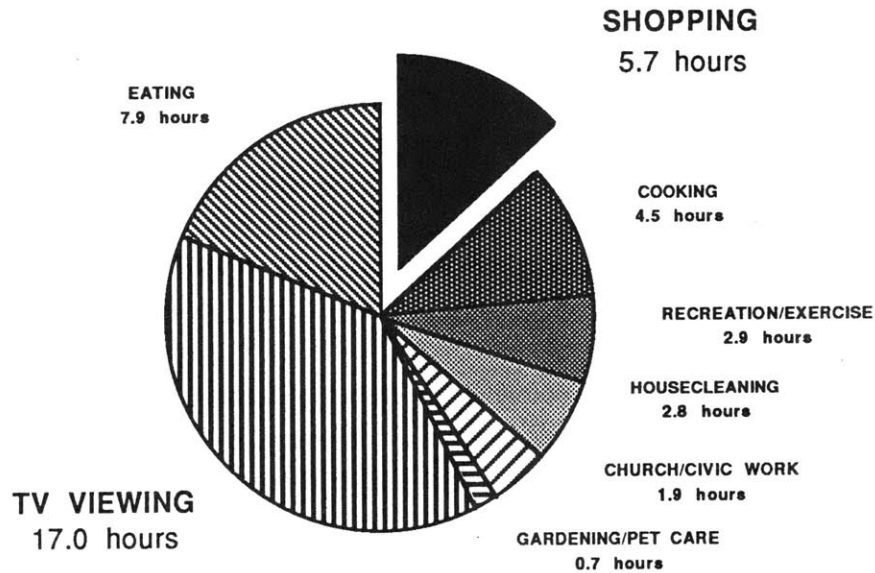
Key to the ongoing malling of society is the successful implementation of three key tools of mall design and management: illusion, exclusion and control. These three elements are identified and examined in case studies of two malls in downtown Boston: the urban mall as megastructure, Copley Place; and the "festival marketplace", Faneuil Hall Marketplace. Then, an exemplar of an illusory, exclusionary and controlled environment is presented: Disney World in Orlando, Florida. Finally, a speculative short-story is presented, illustrating the potential society that could develop given the continuation of these trends to their logical extreme.

America Malled

Thirty-thousand shopping malls dot the American landscape. There are more malls than there are cities, four-year colleges or school districts; and more malls than movie theaters, hotels or hospitals. There are even more malls than missile silos. Shopping, observed the former director of Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, has become the chief cultural activity in the United States. (Kowinski) And the majority of all that shopping is done in the malls; in 1987, Americans spent \$584 billion in the malls, comprising 54 percent of all non-automotive retail trade for that year. (Graham, p. 6)

Americans' Use of Time

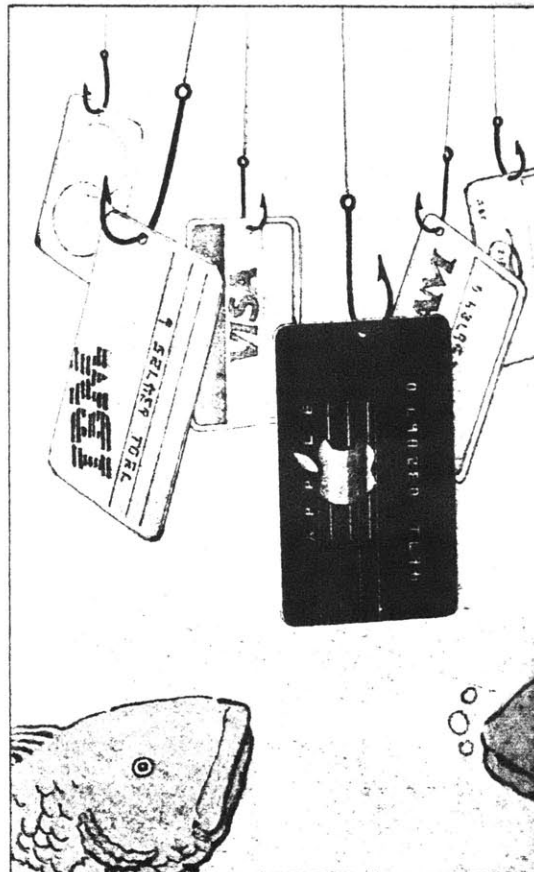
Preliminary figures from an unpublished study
(1985-87) of 5,000 Americans



Source: John Robinson, Survey Research Center, University of Maryland

The depth of the mall's impact on our economic, social and physical landscape is especially extraordinary given the fact that the mall as we know it has only been around for just over three decades. In 1956, Southdale, the world's first pre-planned, fully-enclosed, climate-controlled, and centrally-managed shopping complex, designed by Victor Gruen, opened triumphantly in Edina, Minnesota. (Kowinski, p.119)

Nearly all the elements of malls so familiar to us today were part of Gruen's original design: interior "streets" lined with open storefronts on two levels, a central "Garden Court" rising up to a large skylight, two major "anchor" department stores at either end, blank exterior walls, limited entrances, and an ocean of parking. Gruen's design was so successful in attracting shoppers and keeping them there to spend and spend again, that the shopping center developers turned Southdale into a basic formula; they replicated a stripped down, cheaper version and deposited thousands of them in suburbs nationwide. (Kowinski, p.121)



Source: *Forbes*, February 11, 1985.

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Gruen claimed to get his inspiration for Southdale from Milan's Galleria, the famous glass-vaulted shopping street; he could have been equally inspired by Walt Disney, who opened Disneyland in Anaheim, California, in 1955. At Disneyland, Walt Disney created a completely idealized version of a small-town main street called Main Street, U.S.A., lined with simulated storefronts 5/8 real size, and Americans came by the millions to stroll down its perfect sidewalks. With the rapid proliferation of the shopping mall, before long nearly every community in America had its own spotless, controlled Main Street, U.S.A., just a short drive from home.



Source: *Your Role in the Walt Disney Show*, 1987.

As the malls multiplied in number, they also got bigger and bigger in size. Garden State Plaza in Paramus, New Jersey, once billed itself as the largest mall in the world, with its 132 retail stores and 7,800 parking spaces on 102 acres of land. Garden State is dwarfed by the current reigning world champion, Canada's West Edmonton Mall, which boasts over 1,000 shops, theaters, restaurants and other attractions in 4.5 million square feet of space. Beneath West Edmonton Mall's vast roof there is a lot more than the average mall: visitors can sunbathe

on a sandy beach beside an enormous 10 acre reservoir complete with artificial waves, or view a full-scale reconstruction of a 15th century Spanish galleon and a fleet of four submarines floating in another of the mall's "lakes," or check out the Edmonton Oilers practicing on a National Hockey League-sized skating rink, or take the kids to an amusement park with a Ferris wheel, roller coaster and 45 other rides, and at the day's end they can stay at the mall's Fantasyland Hotel. All this and more is inside a mall that from the outside is indistinguishable, except in size, from any other suburban mall.

The mall's developers, the Ghermazian brothers, have plans for an American version in Bloomington, Minnesota. The mall is expected to be twice the size of the West Edmonton Mall. (Henry, p.75) The next step is, perhaps, entire "mall cities." The town of Winooski, Vermont, recently considered plans to cover the whole town with a giant dome. ("The Call of the Mall", p. 323)

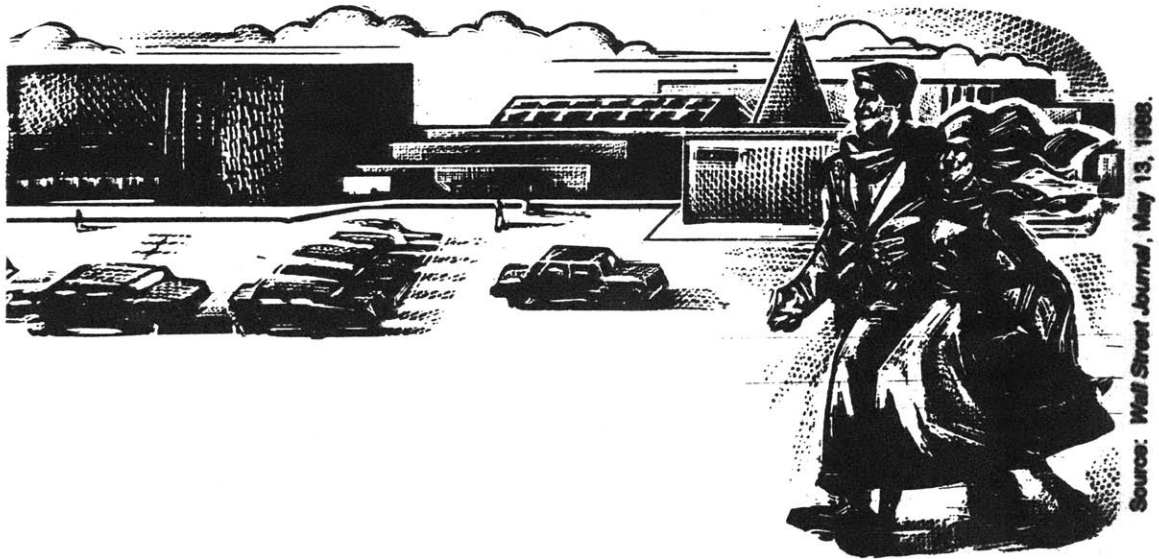
Shopping and amusement are not the only things going on in the malls. They are, for more and more Americans, the social center of the community: the place to meet friends, watch people, hang out, socialize, gossip, take a date, all the activities that normally take place on the main streets, and in the parks, squares, and downtowns of towns and cities. From the beginning, most mall developers have encouraged this social aspect of the mall, because it increases their sales. Many malls sponsor community events, such as beauty pageants, high school dances and telethons. Such events attract even more people and when they are in the mall environs, most people spend money. Eighty-six percent of the people who step into a mall's "food court", for example, will buy something. (Ibid, p. 323) Teenagers, senior citizens, and women tend to compose the majority of suburban mall's patrons. Teenagers are known in mall-talk as "mall rats"; they spend more time in malls than anywhere else but home and school. (Kowinski, p. 350)

Malls both grew out of -- and helped to shape -- American suburban culture. They seem an almost natural outgrowth of the automobile, the highway, the television, the Baby Boom, and the thousands of three-bedroom ranch-styles and neo-colonials that stretch across the rolling hills and prairies of suburbia,

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homogenous sanctuaries from the cities. William Kowinski, who trekked in and out of hundreds of the country's malls for his 1985 book, *The Malling of America*, concluded that the mall "was where all the postwar changes were tied together. It was the culmination of all the American dreams, both decent and demented; the fulfillment, the model of the postwar paradise."



While the suburbs and the malls were booming with babies and credit cards, the nation's cities were in a state of rapid decline. The white middle-classes fled the city in droves. Between 1960 and 1980, the white population fell by 6.5 million people in the 20 largest cities in the Northeast and Midwest. (Oppenheimer-Dean, p. 71) The exodus was prompted by a mixture of fear and middle-class dreams for the single-family house on a quarter-acre plot; six-lane ribbons of freshly laid asphalt provided the escape route. Their fears, infused with a heavy dose of racism, included growing crime rates, dropping property values, the desegregation of schools, enormous ghettos, decaying buildings, polluted air, and the growing influx of non-whites into the cities--the poor black population grew by two million in the same 20 cities.

In an effort to rescue the city from total abandonment, the federal government undertook a massive program during the 1950's and 60's called "Urban Renewal". With bulldozers and optimism, city mayors joined with the feds to tear down the offending parts of their cities: the decayed residential neighborhoods populated largely with low-income, minority renters. In their place, they built highway interchanges and huge plazas or they left the sites vacant, awaiting private development.

In city after city, however, the private development never came and cities had "nothing to show for their efforts but fields of rubble." (Frieden/Sagalyn, p. 2)

After years of waiting, the next great white hope of the cities became the urban mall. Malls were brought into cities by mayors, developers, and architects joined together in the hope of "revitalizing" the cities. The new urban mall has come in two forms: the *megastructure*, like Detroit's Renaissance Center, Chicago's Water Tower Place and Boston's Copley Place; and the *festival marketplace*, like San Francisco's Ghirardelli Square, New York's South Street Seaport, and Boston's Faneuil Hall Marketplace.

Both forms are variations of what Matt DeVito, the chief executive of Rouse Company, one of the premiere mall developers, has called, "the technology we developed in the suburbs." According to DeVito, "The suburban mall is perceived as attractive, safe, comfortable, and dependable, with lots of greenery, lots of light and entertainment. These things work. They work because a mall has one management that controls the environment, one mall manager who understands people have to be comfortable....Our mission is to do to downtown what has been done in the suburbs." (Kowinski, p. 310)

"To do to downtown what has been done in the suburbs," is to install in the urban center the *mall mechanism*, a unique blending of physical design and private management. The mall mechanism is one of the principle agents which embeds into our communities three societal phenomena: 1) a consumer culture; 2) socio-economic polarity; and 3) a new form of subtle and pervasive control.

First, promoting consumerism is the central purpose of the mall. The mall itself is created for consumption. Every decision and every activity in a mall is designed to maximize owner profit--through sales of retail space and goods. As the new center of our communities, the mall redefines all space in terms of Gross Leasable Area and per square foot profit. Further, the mall mechanism redefines "citizens" into two categories: consumers and non-consumers. Non-consumers, in a mall society, have no role to play and are considered "undesirables." Consumers are conditioned into their commercial identity and enact expected behaviors. The International Council of Shopping Centers commissioned a study on teenagers in the mall and found that, "The vast majority support the same set of values as does the shopping center management." As Kowinski explains:

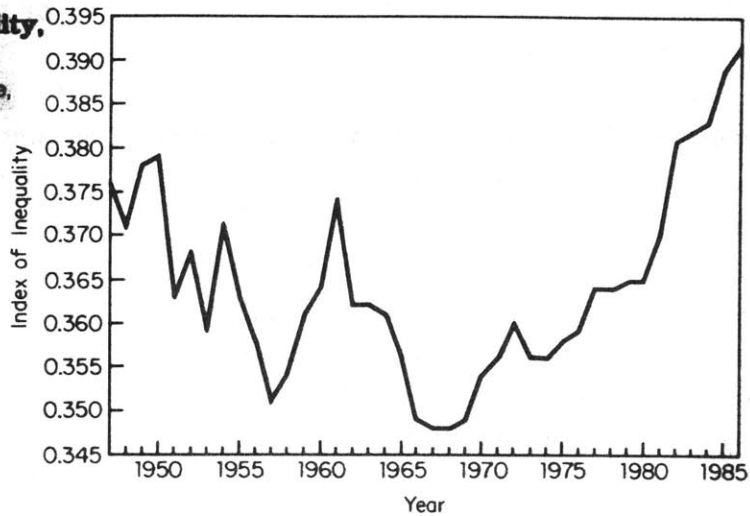
The same set of values means simply that kids are already preprogrammed to be consumers and that the mall can put the finishing touches to them as hard-core, lifelong shoppers just like everybody else. That, after all, is what the mall is all about. So it shouldn't be surprising that in spending a lot of time there, adolescents find little that challenges the assumption that the goal of life is to make money and buy products, or that just about everything else in life is to be used to serve those ends. (Kowinski, p. 350)

Thus, the perfect partnership between the mall itself, the private-owners/managers and the shoppers makes for an ever-growing consumer culture.

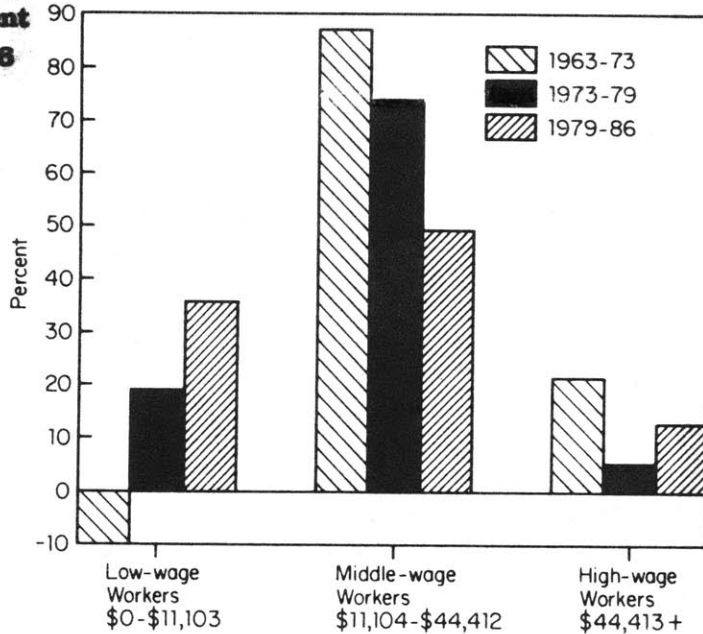
Second, socio-economic polarity is heightened by the mall mechanism. In the United States, there is a growing polarization: the rich from the poor, the served from the servant, the housed from the homeless, the apathetic from the politically-aware, and the people of color from the whites. Numerous books, including *The Great U-Turn* by Bennett Harrison and Barry Bluestone, have thoroughly documented this socio-economic polarization. De-industrialization and the shift to a "high-tech service economy" has contributed greatly to this trend by polarizing the job market between minimum-wage service jobs and well-paid professional jobs. One particularly telling statistic is that the fastest growing occupation in the "Athens of America", Boston, Massachusetts, "a city

known for high technology, major universities, and a world famous hospital system" is building custodians, which pays \$236/week. (p. 73) Family income inequity, as measured by the Gini Coefficient, is at its highest level since the government began keeping these statistics in 1947. As the low-income population has increased, the middle-income population has decreased. Homelessness is at Great Depression levels.

Family Income Inequality, 1947-86 (GINI Index)
 Source: Harrison and Bluestone, *The Great U-Turn*, 1988.



Net Change in Employment by Wage Stratum, 1963-86
 Year-Round, Full-Time Workers



Urban malls are an embodiment of the polarized society. They manifest the separation of classes in the city. They create a job structure with two tiers: low-paid retail and maintenance work, and high-paid management. They establish a two-tiered physical structure in the city: a controlled, exclusionary environment targeted consciously at one sector of society--a middle and upper income, generally white populace--which is physically, economically, and psychologically isolated from the surrounding community. They promote the illusion of a "revitalized city", consciously hiding the reality of growing homelessness, poverty and urban decay from the "target consumers".

Third, malls -- as privately controlled spaces in the guise of public spaces-- have introduced into the city center a new form of social control which is embedded, preventative, subtle, omnipresent, largely consensual, and embedded in the fabric of the mall. It relies on categorization of people and employs pervasive surveillance. (Shearing and Stenning, p. 347) The control is a function of the mall's physical design, which limits options and directs activities in the space, and corporate management's rules, which enforce standardized behavior and protect the mall's image. The control in the malls extends even to the control of emotions, in which consumers are treated as "objects to be lulled and manipulated." (Kowinski, p. 359)





The Mall of New Hampshire, Manchester, NH

Source: Sumner Schein, Architects & Engineers.

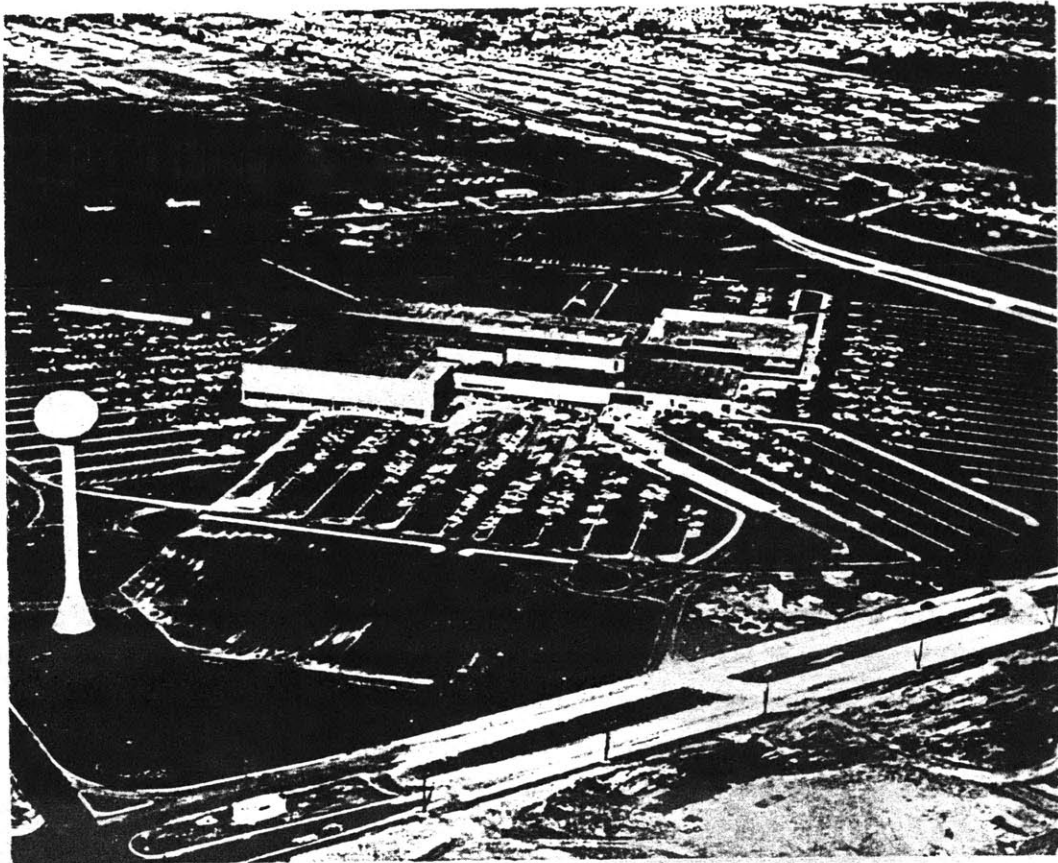
Invasion of the Public Space Snatchers

In the movie, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, a mysterious life-form from outer-space lands in small town America, and begins colonizing the earth by replacing real human beings with "replicants", creatures identical in every visible way to their earthly counterparts. The replicants, however, are single-minded zombies, lacking human heart, soul, and mind, who live only to serve some inexplicable but clearly evil force. The original 1950's movie was a cold-war metaphor for the "coming of the commies" to small-town America. Of course, neither the "commies" nor the aliens ever arrived, but a version of the "replicant" is here among us: the shopping mall. The mall is a heartless, soulless, single-minded replicant of the traditional town center. Shopping malls are designed to create the illusion of traditional community gathering spaces, like the town square, the plaza, the park, and Main Street. Like the movie's alien replicant, the mall is an extraordinarily different being than what it has replaced.

To take the analogy a bit further, in the movie, the replicants were created by plant-like "pods" that lay just within reach of a sleeping human. As the person slept, the pod would send out spores to attach itself to the person, then gradually suck away the life and the genetic information from the person--creating an exact replica. Then the replicant would awake, discard the body of the human, and take his or her place in society.

Like pods, malls drop out of nowhere and land on the edge of the city. They then gradually suck the economic and social life out of the city center. The town's stores, one by one, or sometimes *en masse*, shut their doors and move into the mall, or go out of business altogether. People gradually quit going downtown and the center dies. Eventually, the mall is the city center. Sometimes, in an act of desperation, the town's center itself is made into a mall.

The key to the successful "invasion of the body snatchers" in the movie was the aliens' ability to surreptitiously destroy the people without the people ever realizing they were being destroyed. Many, in fact, welcomed the change because the replicants were not simply replicas of humans, they were better than humans. They were more efficient, more orderly, harder-working -- in a sense, perfect. Alcoholics suddenly became model husbands; lazy workers became model employees.



The world's first mall, Southdale Center complex, outside Minneapolis
Source: *APA Journal*, Autumn 1985.

Similarly, the malls are surreptitiously destroying city centers, yet few cries of despair are heard, no alarms are being pulled. In fact, many people welcome the change, because malls are *better* than the old, messy, inefficient city centers. They are cleaner, brighter, safer, and most of all, in a car-filled world, a thousand times more convenient. They are, in a word, perfect.

...what is happening to your town? I went back to mine recently, and it made me realize why I hate malls as much as I do.

This was on a Saturday morning. The courthouse was still there, and Limestone Drugstore was still there (where I used to get fresh-squeezed limeade and read comic books), and Doc Gray's dry-goods store was still there (where I used to get jeans and cowboy boots). When I was growing up, these places and all the other stores around the square would be jammed on Saturday morning with the life of the town, people greeting each other, swapping news about the crops and about their lives as they made the rounds. I was sort of expecting to see that again, but instead I found myself walking around in the blazing sun, sucking on a limeade entirely alone. I mean, I was the only person on the streets! So I drove back out into the country to my friend Bob's house to ask him what happened, and on the way I passed a brand-new mall, big and flat and ugly as a prison. And I got the answer. The mall was jammed with all the people who used to go to the courthouse square on Saturdays.

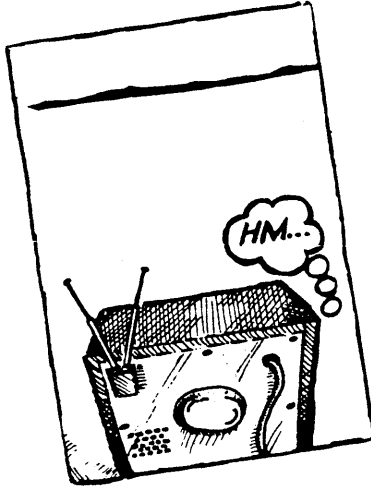
I'll put it to you real hard and simple: I realized that I hated malls because they killed my hometown.

A town is built by humans, and that takes a long time to do. It grows slowly, and the way it works may not be the easiest or most convenient way; some streets may be crooked or wind around wrong, and it may take you an extra few minutes to get from the beauty parlor to the luncheonette. But these are the things that give towns their character, what my girlfriend calls *quirk*. Quirk, in a big way, is what makes people different. It makes people in Alabama, where I'm from, different from people in Iowa or Oregon, and it makes the places different, too.

Malls do the opposite of that. They erase the human differences. They make everything easy, too easy and too modern and too smooth. And too much the same. If you were blindfolded and taken on an airplane to a mall in Minnesota and they took the blindfold off, you would know it was a different mall from those in your hometown, but I'll bet you wouldn't know where it was.

Imagine how bored we would be with the world if every person looked and thought and talked alike. Imagine how bored we are going to be when every place in American looks like every other place, and they all look like malls.

(Guy Martin, quoted in Seventeen, August 1987)

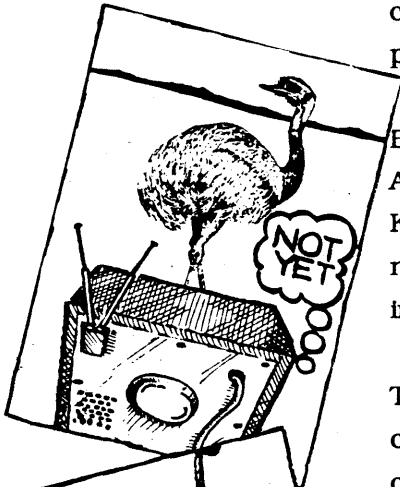


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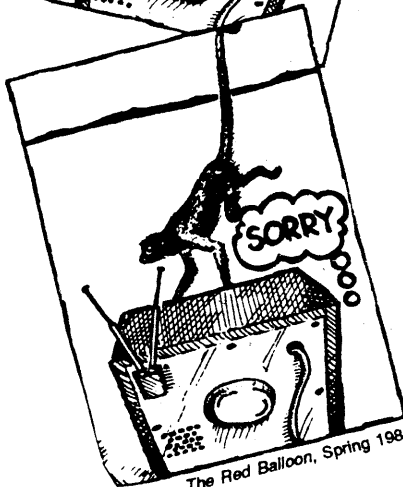
"I say to myself, all you're into is boys, clothes, malls, but...what else is there?" ("Bubbleyum" commercial)

If the malls are like the pods of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, then television is like the spores that attach the mall to the city, drawing consumers out of their homes, into their cars, and off to the mall.

"Television advertising goes directly into every home; the TV networks feed the highway networks. The cars in front of every home are driven to places that are like little dots connected by the highways of the nation to form the picture of a new culture." (Kowinski, p.52)



Between 1945 and 1950, the number of TV sets in American homes went from 6,000 to 15.5 million. And, as Kowinski says in *The Malling of America*, "the major news that TV brought was all that neat stuff to buy...the images turned out to be amazingly persuasive."



The key to television's extraordinary ability to create consumerism lay as much in the programming as in the commercials. The programs often depicted idyllic "American Dream" lifestyles of supposedly average Americans. Yet at a time when the average American made \$2,000 a year, the ostensibly average family depicted on television--such as the Andersons of Springfield, the Nelsons, or the Cleavers--would have in reality required incomes of "some \$40,000 a year to pay for the home and cars and consumer accouterments they possessed." (Ibid, p. 51)

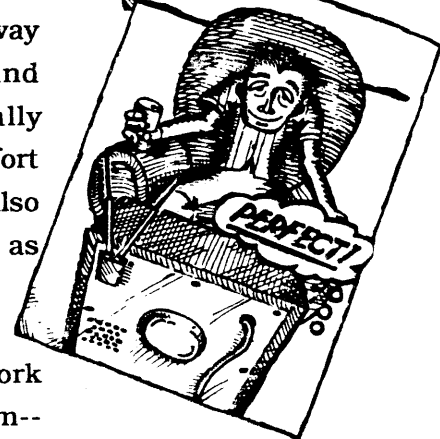
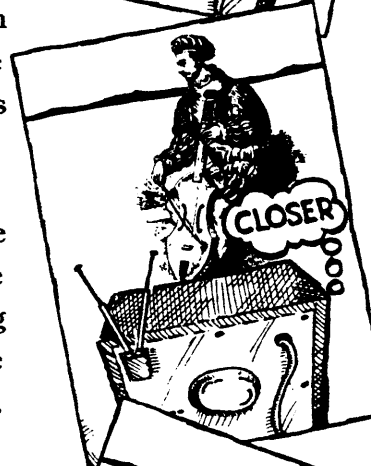
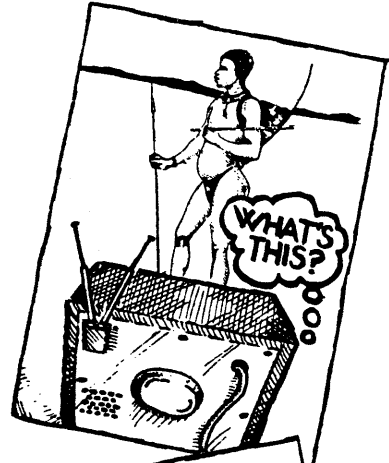
Source: The Red Balloon, Spring 1988

Thus, keeping up with the Cleaver's required an effort and an opportunity few Americans could match, yet millions of Americans were willing to try.

The national networks broadcast into every home the message of consumerism, and a network of chain stores, first on the "strip" and then in the malls, was rapidly being built to accommodate what amounted to a nationwide, post-war buying frenzy. One of the most significant effects of all this buying and selling was the homogenization of American culture. The illusion created by this mass infusion of products was that choice was being created; the reality was that uniformity was being created.

Suddenly, people in rural Iowa were eating the same cereal, watching the same programs, buying the same clothes and appliances, using the same sayings, singing the same jingles, and in a very real sense, thinking the same thoughts, as people in suburban New York, California, or Florida. As Kowinski states: "The shopping mall completed the link between the highway and T.V....The mall provided the perfect and complementary organization for the nationally replicated and uniform outlets of the Highway Comfort Culture. The mall, too, was national, and it was also replicated and uniform in management as well as appearance."

Thus, the highway/television/shopping mall network formed an almost perfect--efficient and uniform--"cultural apparatus" on a scale unmatched anywhere or anytime in history. The "cultural apparatus" is what C. Wright Mills called "the institutions and channels



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whereby authoritative interpretations and evaluations are fed into the general public in a society."

A 1932 brochure advertising for "White Castle" diners gives a pre-television glimpse at the world to come in proudly explicit terms:

Whenever you sit in a White Castle, remember that you are one of several thousands; you are sitting on the same kind of stool; you are being served on the same kind of counter; the hamburger you are eating is prepared in exactly the same way over a gas flame of exactly the same intensity; the cups you drink from are identical with thousands of cups that other people are using at the same moment; the same standard of cleanliness protects your food....Even men who serve you are guided by standards of precision which have been thought out from beginning to end. They dress alike; they are motivated by the same principles of courtesy." (Langdon, p. 30)

The shopping mall takes all of the elements of a White Castle diner and expands it in scale large enough to encompass an entire mini-city.

Besides fostering uniformity, television has greatly altered our perception of the real world. Was small town America ever really like it was portrayed on "Mayberry, RFD"? Is suburban life really the saccharine world of "The Brady Bunch"? Are inner-city urban neighborhoods anything like the sweet, zany fun of "Sesame Street" or the action-packed, violent world of "Miami Vice"? Are all Blacks and Puerto-Ricans murderers, pimps and drug lords, or yuppie-rich and fashionable like the Huxtables of the "Cosby Show? Does "Obsession" perfume really turn you into a desirable goddess of love? Do real people really care if they have "ring around the collar"? What may seem obviously ridiculous to many of us may be reality for someone who grew up watching eight to ten hours of television a day.

Ralph Keyes has argued that the illusory world of television has made the illusory world of the malls palatable, even expected (Kowinski, p. 71). "People have gotten used to two-dimensional effects, to cardboard reality," Keyes claims. The spic and span streets of the television stage-set have made the gleaming, polished brick streets of the malls appear perfectly natural. The same uncanny

perfection of life on T.V. exists in life in the malls. And like television, malls are largely a passive, visual experience. In my observations in the malls, people spend much more of their time wandering, looking--looking at commodities and at one another. Interaction certainly occurs, at the checkout counter, in conversations, but the majority of the activity is completely passive.

But Keyes went further than this, he said, "The mall is television." Malls, like television, "manage people's perceptions of space and reality, the elements that persuade people to suspend their disbelief. The magic of television!"

Single-minded Space vs. Open-minded Space

Like replicants in the movie, malls are the perfect servants of a single-purpose. But instead of that purpose being some mysterious unknown, the single purpose of the malls is quite clear: to make money. As Kowinski said, malls are the perfect "selling machines."

Of course, central business districts, the downtown and the main street, have always had the purpose of making money. That never has been, however, their *sole purpose*, the purpose to which every other activity within the center was subjugated. Neither has it ever been under the control of one corporate entity, except in the case of company towns.

Malls are what Michael Walzer has called, "single-minded" space, as opposed to "open-minded" space. Walzer described "single-minded" space as space "designed by planners and entrepreneurs who have only one thing in mind, and used by similarly single-minded citizens." Every aspect of the shopping mall, from the layout of stores to the placement and size of benches, music, and lighting, is designed for the sole purpose of "hastening the separation of money from the consumer." (Little, p. 9)

"Open-minded" space, on the other hand, is designed and controlled by a variety of actors, both public and private, who lack the potential or desire for total

control of the environment because of their varied interests in the space. Examples of open-minded spaces are public plazas and parks and streets. A public city street, for instance, is normally lined with a number of property owners who each have individual, sometimes conflicting, needs from the street, as well as shared concerns. The pedestrians and drivers who use the street have another set of interests. The city is responsible for maintaining the street and the sewer, water and electric lines that pass beneath and over it. Thus it is impossible, and undesirable, to program the space for a single purpose and to embed it with single-purpose controls.



**Boston's Lafayette Place Courtyard:
The Ultimate in Single-minded Space**

Erosion of Democracy

Corporate order which is hierarchical, self-interested, insular, and representative of a small group of interests, replaces public order which, ideally, is democratic, public-interested, open, and representative of a broad constituency. In his speech at Colby College in 1987, "The Erosion of Public Space in American Life," Craig B. Little argues that the erosion of our public space is, in fact, the erosion of our democracy:

The transformation of public activity from open-minded to single-minded spaces enervates democracy because in single-minded spaces we are less likely to see people unlike ourselves and to reflect on the realities and alternatives that their unlikeliness presents. Contrast in your mind, Trump Tower in New York City to Fifth Avenue or Central Park outside. Single-minded spaces tend to be sparkling, clean, polished, enclosed (which implies exclusive) environments. Their visitors also tend to be socially homogenous because such places draw in mostly only those with the affluence to buy or at least to feel comfortable in such pristine surroundings.

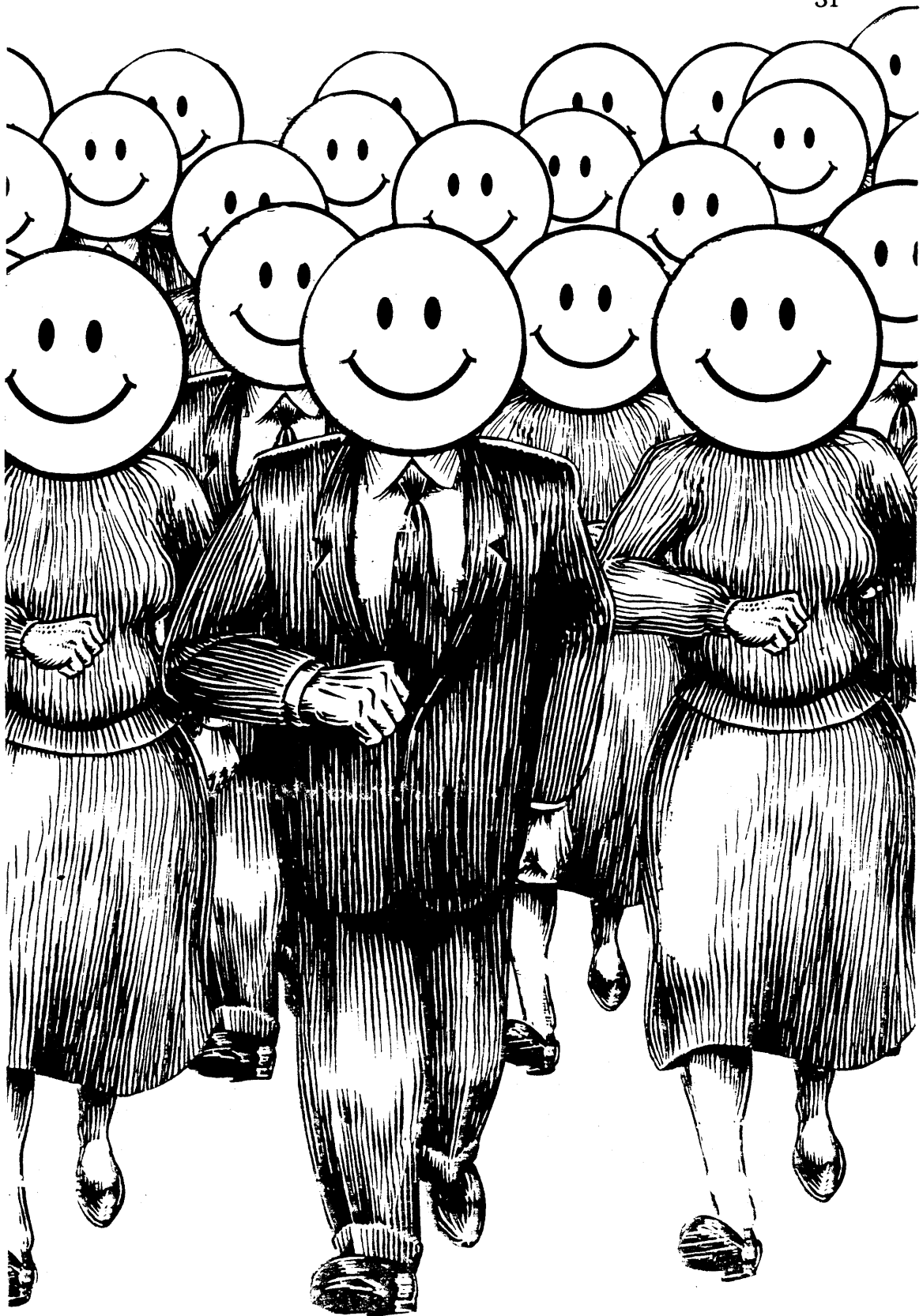
Second, and more directly, the authorities over single-minded, mass private property explicitly prohibit the fundamentals of democratic activity recognized in the Constitution. In shopping malls for instance the laws against trespass are invoked to prevent political activities such as leafletting or speech-making. The private police who monitor these spaces have two primary functions, both related to the profitability of the enterprises which employ them: 1) prevention of theft or vandalism; and, 2) maintenance of the single-minded, purely commercial character of the environment. As private, single-minded spaces expand and public, open-minded ones erode, the physical environments conducive to democratic activity decay." (Refer to Appendix: First Amendment Rights in the Mall)

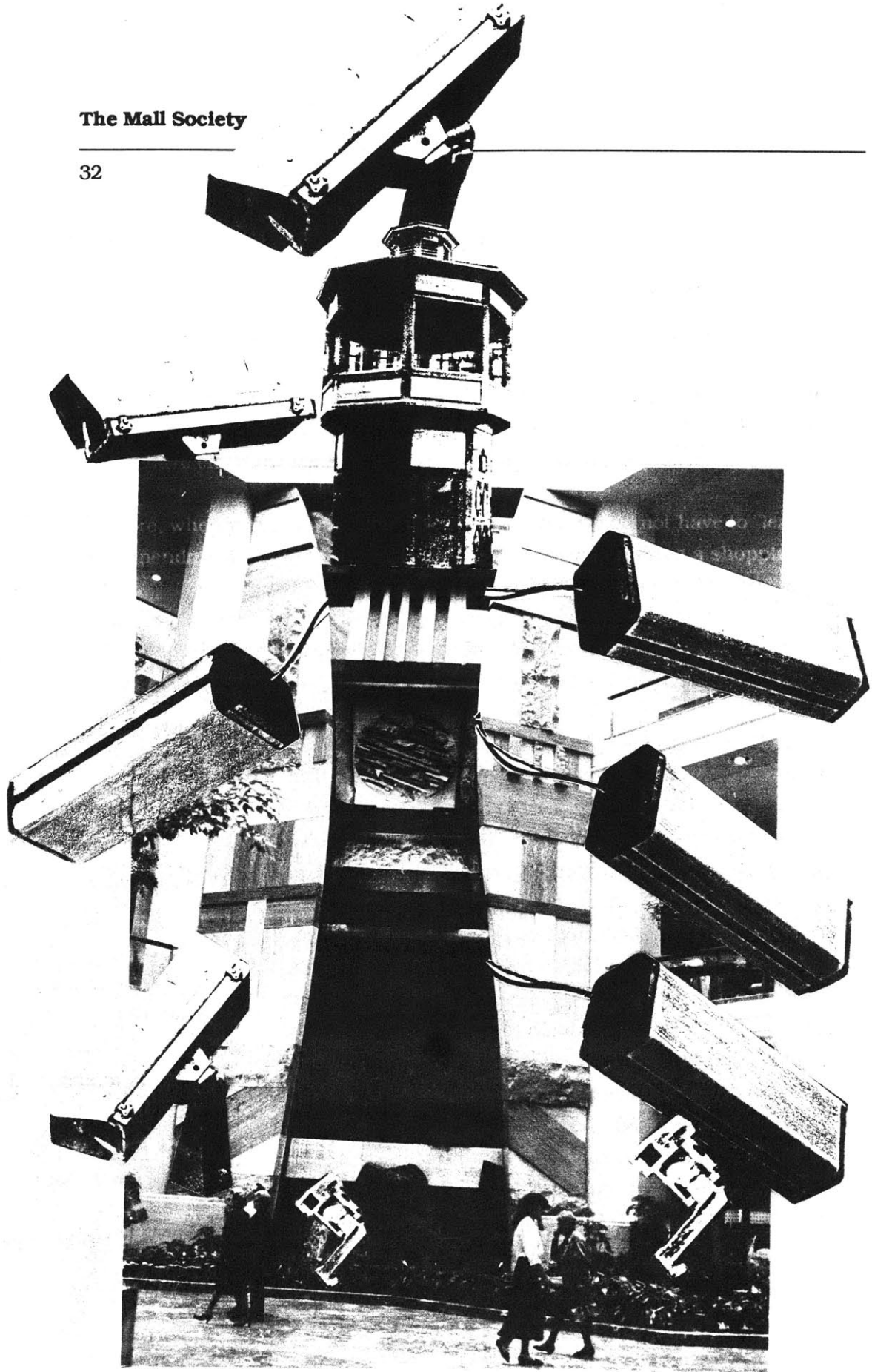
The potential for democratic activity in social centers disappears, and the politically aware are silenced. The irony is that both the cold-war "body snatchers" and the "public space snatchers" are in the end, "snatching" the same thing: democracy.

Further, the mall, like the pods, are "body snatchers", both transforming not just the environment, but the people themselves, into another type of *being*

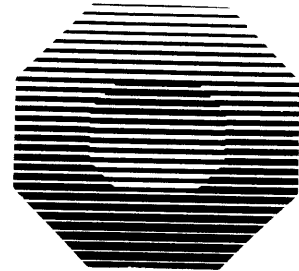
altogether, from "open-minded" people to "single-minded" people. This is, of course, an exaggeration. Malls alone cannot accomplish such a feat. They are, however, one extremely important component of a myriad of integrally-connected components that compose advanced capitalism's "consumer culture." Those components include: corporate power, television, movies, print media, sports, the fashion industry, shopping, the corporate/military economy, the lottery, surveillance, drugs and alcohol, etc. In 1932 Aldous Huxley described an advanced capitalist totalitarian state based on seduction and sedation. He stated in the introduction to the 1946 edition of *Brave New World* :

There is, of course, no reason why the new totalitarianisms should resemble the old. Government by clubs and firing squads...is not merely inhumane (nobody cares much about that nowadays), it is demonstrably inefficient.....a really efficient totalitarian state would be one in which the all-powerful executive of political bosses and their army of managers control a population of slaves who do not have to be coerced because they love their servitude.....I projected [Brave New World] six hundred years into the future. Today it seems possible that the horror may be upon us within a single century.





Copley Place: The Marble Panopticon



In his book, *City: Rediscovering the Center*, William Whyte describes the urban megastructure like Copley Place as a kind of fortress in the city, exclusionary enclaves behind massive blank walls. This resemblance to a fortress is not accidental, Whyte explains, it is their philosophical base. He quotes a proponent of the malls, who said, "They do look a little forbidding, but there is a reason. The hard fact is we're not going to lure the middle-class shopper back to the city unless we promise them security from the city." Whyte responds, "To save the city, they would repudiate it."

The capitalist city is a segregated city. There is Manhattan and the Bronx; Back Bay and Dorchester. There is Madison Avenue and East 176th Street; Newbury Street and Columbus Avenue. Cities are segregated economically, racially, culturally, and, especially since the advent of zoning, functionally. This segregation has, in many ways, provided much of the richness we now appreciate in our older cities. In Boston, for example, the people take pride in their neighborhood enclaves, so much so that they fight to retain them. What the advocates of urban renewal thought of as godforsaken slums, the residents thought of as home, a home in desperate need of improvement, but their home nonetheless. Some neighborhoods, like Boston's South End, are historically quite diverse, with blacks, Latinos, whites and Asians of lower middle to middle class, side by side. This has been the exception, rather than the rule, however.

Neighborhoods, by their very nature, are exclusionary in forms ranging from the subtle to the violent. When I walk into a Chinatown drug store and everyone is speaking Cantonese, I naturally feel a bit uncomfortable. A black teenager

walking through South Boston has a good chance of getting beaten up or even killed. A white suburban teenager wouldn't be caught dead in Roxbury.

So what's new about exclusionary enclaves in the city? I was asked this question specifically by Howard Elkus, the principal architect for the design of Copley Place, when I confronted him with the exclusivity of the urban mall.



Urban megastructure, Copley Place.

Source: Architectural Record, August 1986.

There is nothing new about exclusion in the city: what is different is the nature of the exclusion, the method of exclusion, and the meaning of exclusion as it is being practiced within the urban mall.

The megastructure of Copley Place covers 9.5 acres, or roughly, four city blocks. According to Elkus, within this complex is "the new city street up in the air...a diagonal street cutting through the entire project." That street, Elkus told me, is really no different than Newbury Street, other than the fact that it is climate-controlled.

In many ways, he's right. Both streets are lined with exclusive shops with impressive displays. Both streets are highly ordered, each with a standard bay and constant set-back. Both streets are pedestrian ways filled with well-heeled young professionals, executives and tourists. Both streets are highly policed and the stores generally are equipped with electronic surveillance, alarm systems, and often their own private security. Public laws and private rules prohibit loitering on Newbury and in Copley, respectively. Both streets are well-maintained, though given the constraints of an outdoor environment, Newbury can't hope to match the spotless perfection of Copley's polished street.



Boston's Newbury Street, mollified, but not yet malled.

A highly gentrified, retail street like Newbury is, in fact, very much like a mall. In my many walks along Newbury in the four years I've lived nearby, I have rarely seen a homeless person begging, or a political demonstration. You could then say that it is a mallified, or certainly mollified, environment.

There are, however, some important differences. First and foremost, Newbury remains, legally at least, a public street. Nobody owns it. The store owners along it have clearly done their best to control it, but nobody owns it.

Therefore, when you or I walk down Newbury Street, we do not have to "leave our First Amendment rights in the car," as you must upon entering a shopping mall such as Copley Place or Faneuil Hall Marketplace. (Peck, p. 23) On Newbury, we continue to have the right to set up a soap box on the corner and to discuss political or religious issues with passersby. We also have the right to pass out leaflets, or carry signs, or picket a non-union construction job.



Though Copley Place is a public right-of-way, built with multi-million dollar state and federal government subsidies on formerly publicly-owned air-rights, and though it covers nearly four blocks of downtown Boston, it remains private-property. And on private property, based on a 1976 Supreme Court ruling, "There is no First Amendment right to communicate...unless Congress expressly permits it (as in labor laws) or unless the property owner exercises the functions of government" as in a company town. Individual states have expanded constitutional rights in malls, based on the argument that they are the "functional equivalent of a town center" (*Viar v. Bergen Mall Shopping Center*, 1984) Thus far, courts in a few states, including Washington, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Massachusetts, have upheld varying degrees of political rights within the malls.

Just Shut Up and Shop

Source: *The Progressive*, October 1987.

At this writing, Massachusetts' mall goers, unfortunately, do not have First Amendment rights inside the malls. They only have the limited right to seek "signatures in connection with access to the ballot in a public election...under article 9 of the Massachusetts Declaration of Rights...in a reasonable and unobtrusive manner, in the common areas of a large shopping mall, subject to reasonable regulations adopted by the mall owner." (Batchelder vs. Allied Stores International, Inc., p. 84) Therefore, if you are engaged in any political or religious activities not related to an official public election, the mall owners can still legally throw you out. (See Appendix)

We also do not have to pass under the scrutiny of the ever-present eye of video surveillance to enter Newbury Street, as we must to enter Copley. We do not have to be subject to the approval of plainclothes security men who stand guard and wander constantly through the "street", classifying us by code names and passing the information to each other by walkie-talkie, as we must in Copley Place and Faneuil Hall.

On Newbury, we can run, play loud music, ride a skateboard or bicycle, (drive a car for that matter), shout loudly to friends across the street, go shirtless and barefoot, swear, goof around, make lewd remarks to one another, or carry a helium balloon on a string; all of which we cannot do inside of Copley Place without the risk of being immediately "chucked outside," or prohibited from entering in the first place. Of course, the public police can invoke "disorderly conduct" laws against citizens on Newbury, but they do not have the omnipresent power of the private police force and video surveillance in a mall to enforce it.

You could be a Puerto Rican teenager, a "suspicious looking" black man with a leather cap, a homeless person pushing a cart searching through the garbage for recyclable cans, or a group of rowdy teenagers, and still wander down Newbury Street without being under constant scrutiny, suspicion, and under imminent threat of removal by private police, as you would be in Copley Place and Faneuil Hall Marketplace.



Ken Sharples, an electrical engineer from Braintree, appears to be exactly the kind of person the Urban Investment Development Corporation (UIDC) had in mind when they developed their concept of the protected, posh, exclusive Copley Place. I requested an interview with him as he sat on one of the two marble benches facing Copley's glorious Dmitri Hadzi-designed waterfall. Mr. Sharples said he was waiting for his wife to return from a shopping spree at "Williams Sonoma, a very upscale kitchen retail outlet" in the mall. They often come to Copley, and when they do, they typically spend "a couple hundred dollars."

Mr. Sharples seemed to enjoy waiting for his wife near the soothing rush of the artificial waterfall, listening to piped-in classical music, and watching people.

"I tend to focus on...women who are extremely well-dressed, the wealthy, sophisticated" types who strolled by us as we spoke. "But you also get everyone else...I'd say half of these people can't buy anything," Mr. Sharples told me.

We discussed a variety of aspects of the mall's design and management, nearly all of which Mr. Sharples felt represented logical, thoughtful, and highly successful ideas which he would implement himself if he had the opportunity. "I would like to have a store in a place like this."

I pointed out the number of people sitting rather uncomfortably along a four-inch high marble curb encircling the water fountain and planters that surrounded us.

"Wouldn't it be a good idea to have more benches in this mall for people?" I asked him.

"Oh no...that's probably good design...keeps people on their feet and shopping," he told me.

He was right, of course. Yet I was a bit surprised to find someone so clearly enjoying one of the few benches in the place, while at the same time enthusiastically supporting a limitation on benches in general. It was kind of like drinking beers with an avid prohibitionist.

In the course of our discussion, Mr. Sharples asked me, "Do you think eventually all shopping areas, offices, and hotels will be interconnected and enclosed like this?"

"Maybe so," I said, "What would you think of that?"

"Oh, I think that would be a good thing."

"Why?" I asked him.

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"Because then they could keep it safe and clean. Like this, and keep out all the riff-raff."

"The riff-raff? Like who, for instance?"

"You know, young people who are into drinking, doing drugs, blaring music...it's pretty common out in the city...and the trash that's not being picked up. And the reprobates."

"The what?"

"The bums, sleeping on park benches, that sort of thing...management here is controlling that kind of thing."

"How do you feel about the regular shopping districts, Downtown Crossing for example?"

"I personally am uncomfortable in downtown Boston. My wife likes it there, so we go shopping there when we come into town. But I'd rather not feel the threat of some crazy walking around the streets of Boston, and I feel that threat downtown. This is a secure environment. So is Faneuil Hall. They have heavy police security there which is fine with me...I've seen a stabbing near Symphony Hall, I wouldn't want to go over there."

I heard a very similar story from a number of people I spoke with, confirming both my suspicions and the mall manager's wisdom in marketing. Not all the people with these views were suburbanites either. Stephanie Goldman, a 23 year old economics graduate of Wellesley lives in Cambridge and comes into Copley Place about once a month. She says she usually spends about \$75 to \$100 every trip. She told me she feels "safe here, it's nicer than Downtown Crossing. The people are better dressed....You don't see...I wouldn't say bums, exactly...but you're not harassed here."

Most of the people I spoke with were either entirely unaware of security guards or hadn't noticed them but assumed they were there. When I pointed out the

security guards in their blue suit jackets, grey slacks and walkie-talkies, both Ms. Goldman and Mr. Sharples told me that they would feel less secure if the police were uniformed and more visible. As Mr. Sharples put it, "it would look like there was something he ought to be nervous about."

An Evening at the Mall: No Bubbles or Balloons Allowed

We sat on a sienna-red marble bench, our feet resting on an inlaid marble floor and looked up at a 60-foot high waterfall that is sculpted, of course, from marble. From this vantage point, we observed the fascinating night-life of Boston's own "Manhattan of Massachusetts." It was a week night, so things were moving a bit



slowly, but that just gave us more opportunity to concentrate on the workings of the mall itself. The first thing we noticed was that the familiar sound of water, rushing down the oddly shaped slabs of marble that towered above us, was missing. In our many jaunts through the mall, we'd never seen the fountain turned off, so we knew something must be amiss.

The groups of name-tagged conventioners who occasionally wandered by during the evening didn't seem to notice, they were too awed by the vast heights of the atrium space itself to notice any missing white noise. Now and again, however, a group would pause for a photo of one another in front of the fountain, and then they'd realize the problem. They'd still snap their pictures, but then they would wander off with a slightly dejected look on their faces.

After a while, we noticed a couple of well-dressed men stop and stare down at the base of the Hadzi waterfall. They appeared to be in deep thought. Contemplating the intricacies of the design, perhaps, or discussing the varieties of plants at the fountain's base. They left, heading off with a purposeful stride.

We watched the conventioners again, as well as groups of teenagers and elegantly-dressed single women, and cute couples who strolled by us. Copley Place is the kind of place where you feel right at home in black tie and evening attire and many of the passersby were in them. Fur coats are not an uncommon sight. These GQ men and Vogue women tended to make the conventioners look like they'd wandered into the wrong place. Conventioners weren't hard to spot, even without their nametags. Their dowdy polyester sports coats and ill-fitting pant suits gave them away.

Before long the two fountain-gazers were back, this time they brought four of five other men along with them. They strode together to the stilled waterfall and gathered at its base. The original two men pointed at the quiet pool, and they all stared gravely downward. Some of the men scratched their heads in deep thought, others gestured at one another with great seriousness, another sent messages via walkie-talkie.

We had the feeling that we were experiencing a real "mall crisis" in the making. These men must be engineers here to check out the problem, we thought, maybe it has a major structural crack. Perhaps there's something jammed in a pipe that feeds water to the fall. Whatever it was, it appeared to be terribly important to the powers that be in the mall. The gathering of men began to attract the attention of passersby, a few even stopped and joined the men in their inspection.

Suddenly, one of the men took off and walked hurriedly down Copley's broad walkway. Shortly, he returned; this time carrying a plastic spray bottle in his hand. He moved alongside the other men, leaned over the carefully pruned plants at the fountain's edge, and began spraying into the pond, or onto the plants.

"Spiders," my wife, Susan, said, "the plants have spiders."

He kept squirting away, as nonchalantly as possible in a business suit, while the others watched him. Whatever he was squirting seemed to relieve the men and soon they wandered off. A uniformed janitor with a broom and dustpan walked over cautiously and offered to continue the spraying job. The man graciously handed him the bottle and left.

I decided I couldn't wait any longer; I had to find out what all the fuss was about. I got up and walked over to the fountain and watched the Latino janitor. He was methodically spraying some liquid into the water, aiming at what appeared to be soap bubbles. Somebody must have poured detergent into the fountain. The janitor was walking along the marble curb of the fountain, leaning way over, and spraying at bubbles in the water.

The whole thing seemed so absurd I couldn't help snickering as I walked back to my marble observation post. "Soap bubbles," I told Susan, "they're trying to get rid of soap bubbles!"

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During this whole little episode, or rather major mall crisis, we felt more and more as though we were being watched as well as watching. Men in navy blue sport coats and grey slacks seemed to be keeping an eye on us. During the daytime, in the hustle and bustle of thronging shoppers, these young men blend into the crowd. But on a slow week night, they seemed to be everywhere. With the fountain off, and the classical music only faintly playing in the background, the buzzes, clicks, and static-filled voices of the security men's walkie-talkies filled the air. I couldn't help feeling a bit paranoid as they slowly circled around the mall, talking to one another and gradually closing in around us.

Their big concern, however, was the fountain, I think. That, and a group of black teenagers who were hanging around by the escalators.

On the way out that evening we saw a little boy wander into the mall with his mother. He was carrying a red balloon. As they passed by the Information Desk, a security guard came out from behind the desk and said politely to the boy's mother, "I'm sorry, ma'am, but helium balloons are not allowed in the mall."

"No balloons in the mall?" the woman asked with an amazed look on her face.

"No balloons," he told her.



The Marble Panopticon

In the basement of Copley Place, two guards sit before a Central Control console with two IBM PC's, direct audio link to the on-floor guards, telephone, a control panel covered with switches, and three closed-circuit television (CCTV) monitors. Rising up behind the console is a six foot high wall covered with 33 video screens arrayed on five panels of six and eight screens each, and one large central screen. Any one of the cameras can be switched over to be viewed on the console or on larger central monitor. Several of the CCTV cameras on-line with the video screens can be rotated 300 degrees with miniature joysticks similar to the ones that operate a rear-view mirror. Connected to the monitors are video

tape recorders. When the tape runs out, the guards are required to replace the next cassette in under two minutes. The tapes are stored in a back room where shelves upon shelves are stacked high with tapes labeled by date and time of day.

High above on the upper and lower levels of Copley, six more guards, three per floor, walk back and forth, walkie-talkies in hand, sending and receiving messages to Central Control. Another guard is posted at each of the four main entry points, for a total of ten men. The guards in Central Control keep a close eye out for any suspicious activity on the monitors, and if anything comes up, they quickly dispatch one or more of the guards to handle the situation. Meanwhile, the floor guards are constantly moving, constantly watching and awaiting orders from below.

"Post 1 to Post 4, five Black 10-2's are coming through sector 5, two look like 1K's, copy and follow."

"10-4, Post 1, we copy, we're right on them. Affirmative on the two 1K's, should we chuck 'em?"

"Negative, post 4, high visibility, just track them through."

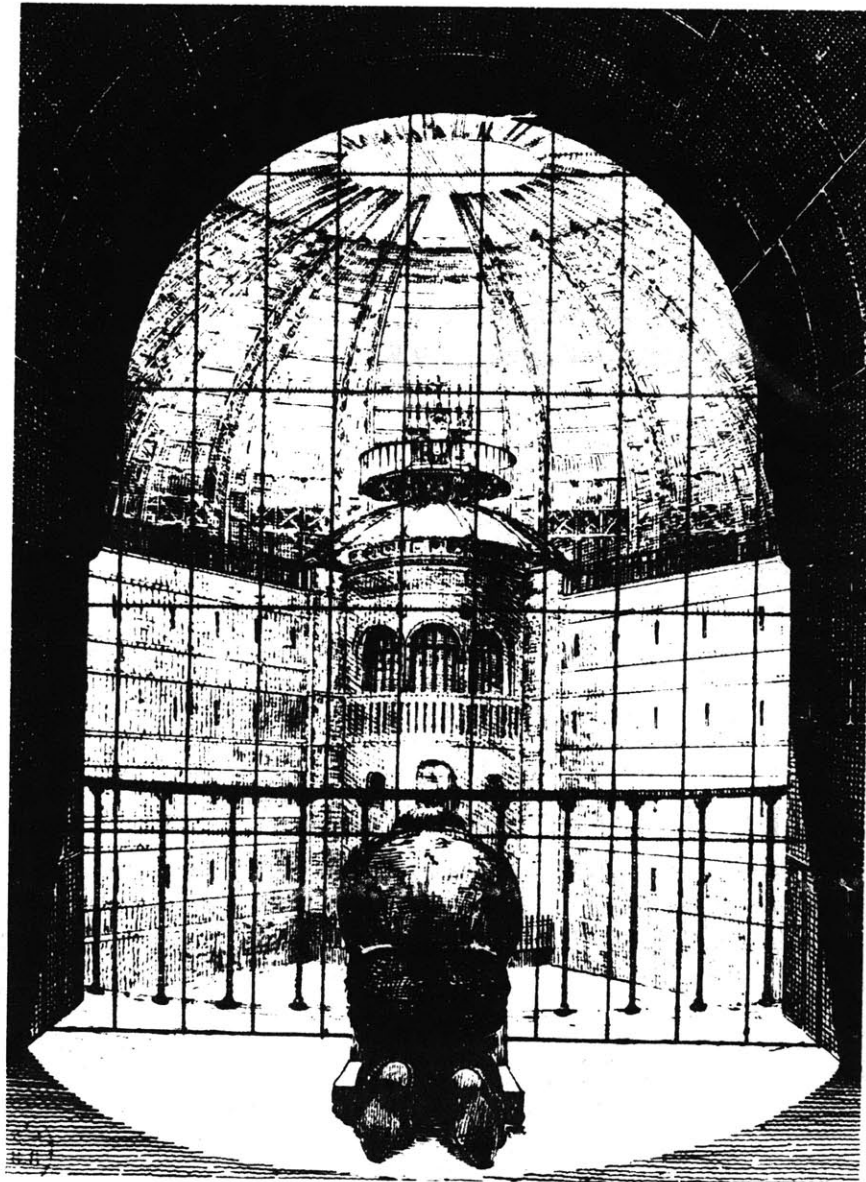
Two of the guards follow the five young men as they move through the complex; the guards continue passing messages relaying their whereabouts to one another and to Central Control as they move along through the crowds of hundreds of other men and women. They walk hurriedly past the more than one hundred large and small stores opening onto the broad, main walkways, each with either its own video surveillance system, security guards, personnel monitoring, or all three. The five young black men continue moving through, and the guards stay on them.

"Post 2 to Post 1, the 10-2's are heading into walkway 1, do you copy?"

"Affirmative, Post 2, we have them on camera...They are now moving out of the complex."



Guarding Copley Square entranceway to Copley Place.



Under the Panopticon, the controlled become the source of their own control.
Source: Foucault, *Discipline and Punish*, 1977.

The Copley Cowboys: Guarding the Image

Security men at Copley Place do not wear uniforms or badges; they are dressed to "look like professionals," according to Jim Schlueter, Assistant Vice President at Copley Place for the JMB Management Company. They wear navy blue blazers, grey slacks, shirt and ties. "They blend in," Jim said, "If it's not something that people see all the time, its better....We're dealing with high-end clientele who expect to see things handled in a discrete way."

"When you start making it obvious," Jim added, "people start worrying about it....If a gumshoe is on every corner, people will think, 'there must be some real danger here.'"

Nor do the security men carry guns, although at many malls they do. The Copley management prefers it that way. "We recognize where we are...we are in the city," Jim told me, "but we have not had a high incidence of armed activity, its surprisingly low."

One security guard, who I'll call "Ron", told me when I first talked with him that he was very adamant that they should be supplied with weapons. Currently, he said, he carries a switch-blade, a chrome bar that flicks in and out, handcuffs, and when they need them, their walkie-talkies serve as a decent club. But they really "need some firepower," he told me. "Man, we get everything in here, assaults, armed robberies, drunken fistfights, it's really dangerous not to be armed."

I mentioned to Ron that I had never heard of any of these crimes happening at Copley Place. "We don't tell anybody....none of it is made public," he responded. This is one of the big advantages of private police forces. None of their crime statistics have to be made public. If they can successfully control information about crime, they can maintain the image of the perfect, safe environment.

Recently, Ron has changed his mind about carrying guns. "I had a huge fight with this punk downstairs," he told me. "He called me a spick, and I lunged after him. I even pushed my supervisor out of the way, if you can believe it. I have a pretty bad temper, you know. I was all over him. Honestly, if I would have had a gun, I think I might have blown this kid away....After that, I realized I did not want to be carrying a gun."

So besides crimes against property and people, what are the guards at Copley Place watching out for? According to one security guard at Copley, who I'll call "Ron", they primarily watch for "undesirables," including 10-2's, the code name for "very suspicious looking people"; drunks; "skate-punks"; homeless people; 1K's, the code name for someone who's been arrested by mall security in the past; potential shoplifters, identified often as anyone looking suspicious and carrying a large bag; and generally people who look a bit off, "you know, scum," Ron explained.

"And definitely not punkers," he added, "we issued them a Trespassing Notice...We had a whole community of them hanging out by the fountain for months. They were taking coins out of the fountain and just generally being assholes to people....We issued them a notice which means if they come on UIDC property again, they'll be arrested for trespassing."

I asked Ron if they get many homeless people coming into Copley.

"Not too many," he said, "we've got three regulars, Mikey, Crazy Mary, and Stormin' Norman.....They come in and we ask them if they can please leave."

"Why," I asked, "do you have to ask them to leave?"

"Not the image, this place is all about *image*," he told me. "C'mon, you're out strollin' with your lady friend, you're wearin' a tux and she's in a mink coat. And you head into the Black Starr & Frost to pick up a little something for her. The cheapest piece of jewelry in there costs 3,500 bucks! When you're spendin' that kind of money you don't want to see homeless people here."



"Sometimes its hard to throw them out," Ron admitted. "You get to know these guys, seein' them nearly everyday. I'm always real nice to them. One time Stormin' Norman came in here and it was freezing cold outside...So I told Norman to wait with another guard while I went down to 'Lost and Found.' I picked out a coat that had been there awhile and brought it up and gave it to Norman. You should have seen the smile he gave me. He was so excited about it."

"The other guys thought I was nuts. My supervisor found out about it and was really pissed off. I couldn't believe it. It wasn't much of a coat anyway, and it had been layin' there for a long time."

Besides keeping out the "undesirables," mall security is always on the lookout for rule-breakers. Copley, like all malls, has an extraordinarily long list of rules which everyone in the mall must uphold. The following is just a sampling:

- No helium balloons
- No running in the mall
- No demonstrating
- No leafletting, including store fliers
- No samples outside the store perimeter
- No drinking or eating
- No shouting
- No swearing
- No riding skateboards or bicycles
- No loitering
- No shirt/No shoes/No entry
- No pets
- No blaring "boom boxes"
- No sitting on the floor
- No spitting
- No harassment of other shoppers
- No "professional" photography



A few months ago a group of "right-to-lifers" came into Copley Place carrying signs and passing out leaflets, according to a Ron. He said, "We told them: 'You can't stay here, you're on UIDC property, you can't demonstrate in here.'"

The guard said, "We threw them out in front of the Marriott, then they came back in over by the Sharper Image, and we said we'd call the police...they left before the police got there. "

"And just a few weeks ago, there was a group [of animal rights activists] demonstrating in front of the waterfall, and they didn't want to leave." After a bit of a struggle, the security guards managed to get rid of them.

Besides watching out for the "undesirables," and making sure none of the shoppers are breaking the rules, the guards have the additional functions of monitoring other employees of the mall, such as the maintenance workers, monitoring the tenants to see to it they are not breaking any of the long list of

rules in their leasing agreement, and even, monitoring one another. As Ron puts it, "We are the eyes and the ears of this place." Three Copley Place security guards, for example, were fired on three separate occasions for the same bizarre violation, turned in, I presume, by their fellow guards. They were all caught stealing coins out of the water fountain; a gross violation of mall etiquette, no doubt.

Monitoring the Janitors



Copley Place has three shifts of seven full-time janitors. They can be seen continuously roaming the glossy floors, carrying their brooms with the connecting dust-pans, looking for a cigarette butt here, a speck of dust there. Or they'll be riding up and down the escalator on one knee, sliding a cloth along the chrome curb or the railing. Or they can be seen working their way, marble step by marble step, up a staircase, meticulously scrubbing away with something resembling a toothbrush. They look a lot like Disneyland's perennial dusters. And they are busy maintaining the impeccable Disneyland standard. The one thing they all have in common at Copley: none of them speaks a word of English. Most of them, I was told in a roaming interview with "Juan" (a pseudonym), a young, recently emigrated Salvadoran, are from El Salvador and a few from Puerto Rico. They are paid \$6.00 per hour. At night, every night, when all the shoppers are gone, they steam-clean the entire complex.



It's the Copley Cowboys' job to make sure these fellows are always sweeping, dusting and polishing, even if there is not a speck in sight. As I interviewed Juan, he kept looking around nervously for the security guards, and kept right on sweeping. Ron, the security guard said to me, "You know, if he's not sweepin', I hate to have to go up to a guy twice my age and say, 'Hey Buddy, get sweepin'!" "But," he added, "it's better if I tell him than if some other guard sees him and reports him, the guy might lose his job."

Monitoring the Tenants

As Jim Schlueter and I strolled through Copley Place, he proudly pointed out the similarity between the store-fronts lining the "street" and the storefronts lining Newbury Street. Like Howard Elkus, the architect for Copley, Jim didn't see much difference between the two.

There are big differences for the tenants of Copley Place, however. For one, they pull in square foot average sales they couldn't dream of on Newbury Street,

averaging \$500/SF according to Jim. That's considerably better than a suburban mall as well, Jim told me, where average sales might be closer to \$325/SF. On the other hand, the rent at Copley is equally extraordinary. Stores pay between \$35.00 and \$70.00/SF, depending on location, plus an additional \$6.00 to \$17.00/SF for the common area fee.

The biggest difference for Copley merchants compared to their counterparts on Newbury Street is the long-winded leasing agreement. Like malls everywhere, the tenants must comply with dozens of rules. Nearly every aspect of each store's design, maintenance, management, operation, and retailing is tightly controlled by JMB Management Company.

The developer/manager approves all aspects of design and construction of individual stores, including storefronts, colors, signage, the store logo, and in some cases even the name of the store. As Jim said, "We have total control over the storefronts, any good developer does."

JMB Management Company can also mandate remodeling for the store, at the tenant's expense. This is to ensure that the stores always maintain a contemporary, ageless, quality. In malls, nothing ever grows old. Even window displays must meet the approval of the managers. Handwritten signs are forbidden, anywhere at anytime in the mall, and signs can never be taped to the glass.

Timely maintenance of the stores is of utmost importance to the managers. Jennifer Shores, a 19 year old sales clerk at the Coffee Connection said, "I remember once we had a broken window, and the mall managers came to us and said it affected the image of the entire mall."

Just as nothing ever gets old or out of date, no one is ever in financial trouble at Copley Place. At least if tenants are, they cannot express it in any way. "Going Out of Business Sales" are prohibited, as are fire sales, even if there was a fire. Remodelings, likewise, are never witnessed. Instead, a copper-colored metallic cardboard and wood frame veil is placed over the flawed storefront, hiding the shame of imperfection.

The management can also bar a store from selling any product that doesn't meet with their approval. And at Copley Place, stores open promptly at 10 AM and close promptly at 7 PM. Trash must be dumped, not left in the back utility hallway.



Masking imperfections, no failure allowed.

It's the job of the Copley Cowboys to ensure that all these rules are obeyed. They go on rounds in the morning and at night. If a store breaks one of the rules, such as not dumping their trash or closing a few minutes late, the penalty for infractions: fines of up to \$85.00. Ron, my informant in security, said that the dollar amount of the fine depends largely on the "mood of the [guard's] supervisor."

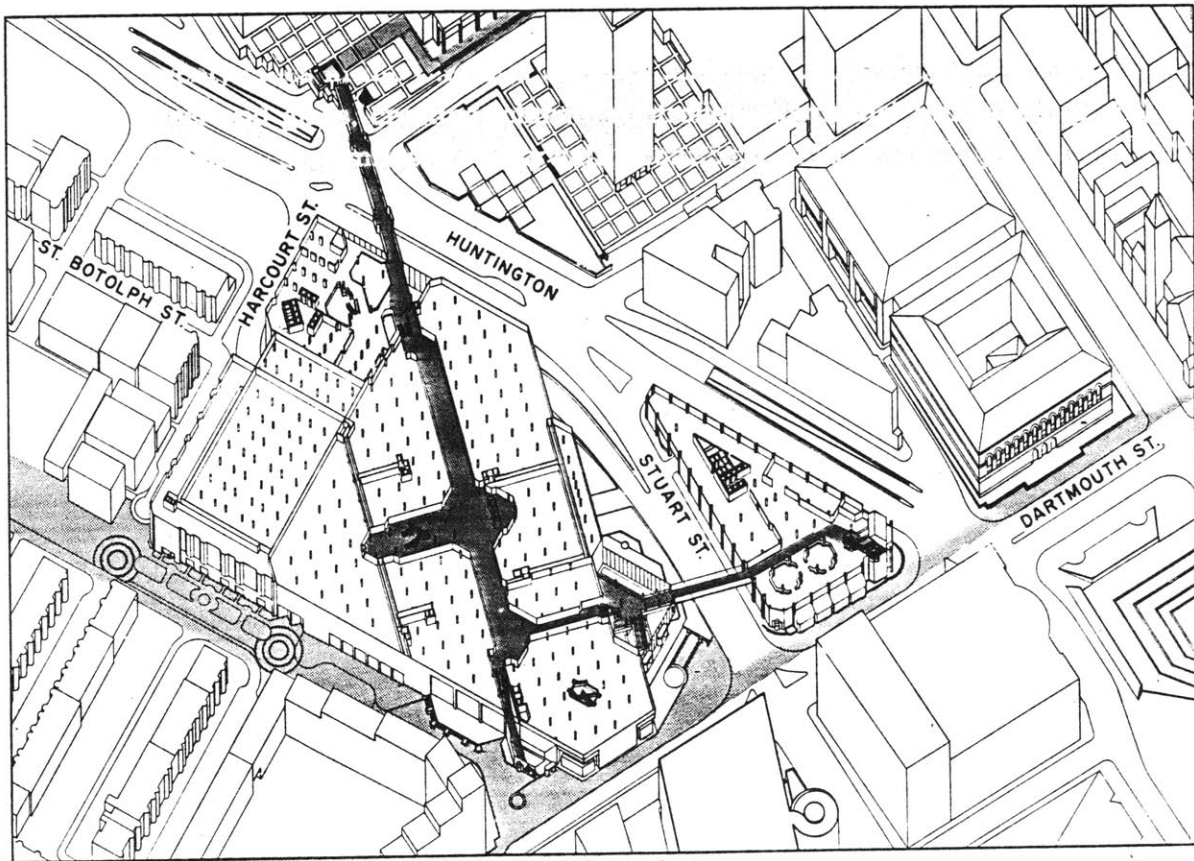
JMB Property Management, the owner of Copley Place, is based in Chicago, and is the third largest institutional real estate corporation in the country, the ninth largest retail developer, and the 22nd largest retail manager in the country, according to Jim Schlueter. They own and operate two major urban malls in Chicago: Watertower Place and 900 North Michigan. Copley Place's management company is responsible for the office buildings, the mall complex, and the parking garage. The anchor hotels are separately managed by the Marriott Corporation and the Westin Corporation.

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Therefore, a major Chicago-based corporation has total control over one of Boston's prime shopping "streets", even though the entire project sits on air-rights leased from Massachusetts' Turnpike Authority and was built with the help of substantial city and federal money and support.

The Architecture of Control



Plan axonometric of Copley's pedestrian pathway.
Source: *Architectural Record*, August 1986.

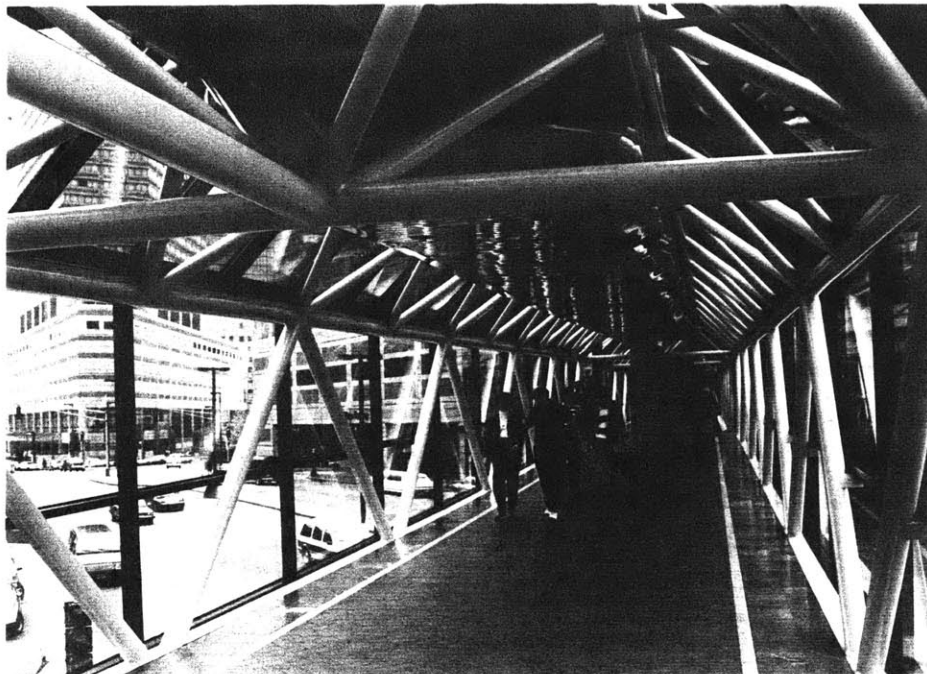
Security personnel, security-systems, management rules and regulations are some of the more obvious control mechanisms of the malls.

The power of the Panopticon, however, was that control was *designed* into the structure itself, it was literally a machine for control; a machine which "any individual, almost with random, can operate...." (Foucault)

Like the Panopticon, the structure of Copley Place was designed to control its inhabitants; the goal of the control, however, is entirely different. In the Panopticon, the goal was to "punish and redeem" the prisoner. In Copley Place, the goal is to orchestrate consumers to maximize spending, thereby maximizing per square foot profits. The Panopticon was a machine for punishment; Copley Place is a machine for profit.

The mall is designed to: channel shoppers through at a sufficient quantity and rate; limit the number of public choices and directions; entice shoppers to buy at every turn; eliminate real and potential distractions; focus attention on the products; hide imperfections and support functions; segregate functions considered incompatible by the owners; and, maximize the conformity/uniformity of stores.

To see how this is accomplished, let's take a stroll through the Marble Panopticon. We'll enter from the Prudential Center, one of the four main entries into the mall. Once we pass under the angled steel archway, and step through a revolving door, we are inside and on CCTV. There are six cameras in this walkway alone, and each camera is large and purposefully visible -- giving a sense of security to the frightened and a warning to the frightening. We have entered a "pedestrian walkway" or, for the more futuristically-minded, a "skywalk."

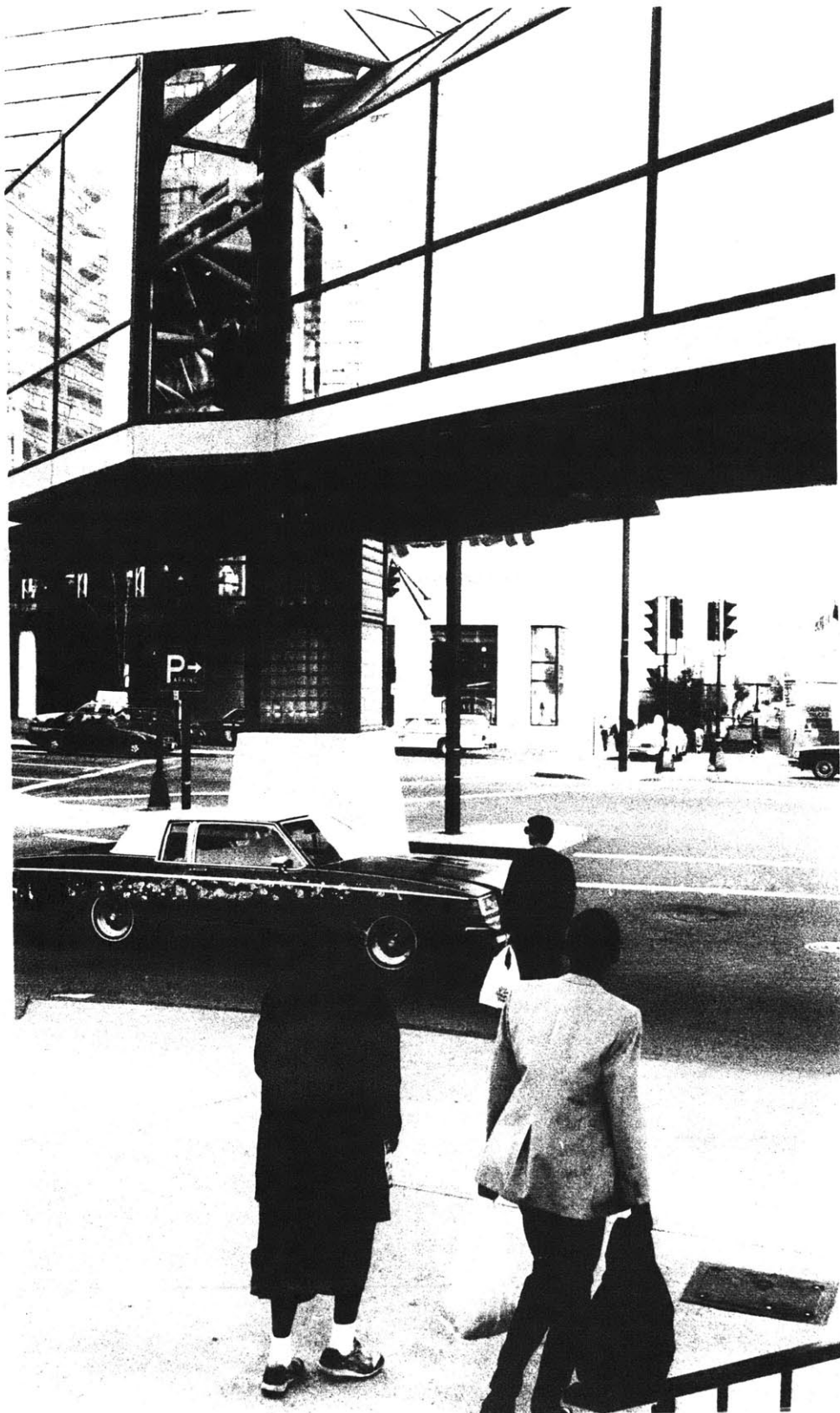


Pedestrian Condoms

Though "skywalks" have been likened to "sidewalks" by their promoters, they are, in fact, much more like long corridors with plenty of windows but no doors. This means no options. We only have two choices: walk straight ahead or turn around and walk back. Skywalks come with a warning: once one or two are in place, they have a habit of proliferating. Over the past 25 years, more than twenty cities in the U.S. and Canada have been knitted together with tubes of steel and glass, creating "climate-controlled labyrinths" (Andersen, p. 72) In Calgary six miles of skywalk connects 110 buildings and in St. Paul/Minneapolis, 73 skybridges connect 65 city blocks. In cold northern cities, walkways provide climate-controlled warmth. But as privately owned and operated spaces, they also provide socially-controlled spaces. William Whyte expresses this point, saying, "When you take a street away from ground level you take away what makes it work--things such as the intricate mixture of people, the shops, the hustle and bustle. What you are left with is a corridor." (Whyte, p. 202) Another danger of walkways, Whyte warns, "may be a second level walkway system that grows until there are two cities: an upper-level one for the white middle-class, a street-level one for blacks and low-income people."("State of the Cities")

Karen Gritter, a South End resident who was heavily involved in the Citizens' Review Committee for Copley, was strongly opposed to the construction of skywalks at Copley, as were a large number of other members of the Committee. Karen calls skywalks "the ultimate denial of pedestrian life...they are a kind of "pedestrian condom." Why a condom? Because they protect, or at least appear to protect city lovers from the diseases of the city: noise, pollution, dirt, poor people, street life, and crime. Instead of offering "safe sex", they offer "safe shopping."

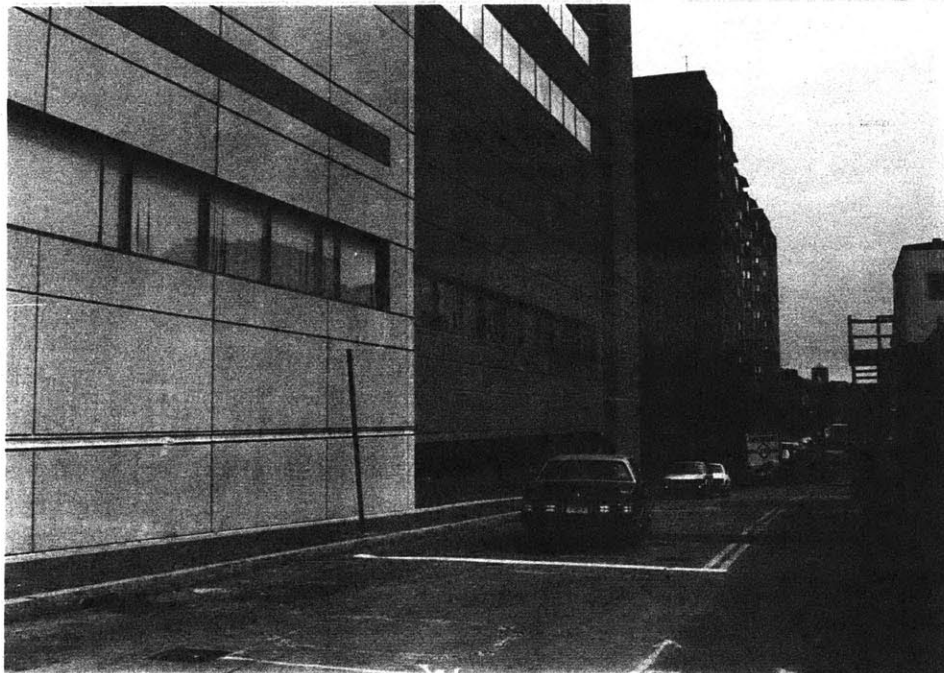
Fortunately, as we continue our tour of the Copley complex, this condom has a hole in one end, from which we spill out into the splendor of the Marriott Hotel's upper lobby. Directly in front of us is an enormous marble "Information Desk," which it is until 7:00 at night when it doubles as a security desk.



The two-tiered street.

At this point, we're still on camera, but we're less likely to be aware of it. The prominent, surface-mounted CCTV cameras in the walkway have been replaced with a subtler, built-in model, which takes a trained eye to spot. Now that we are in the mall itself a visible camera, like a visible cop, may be perceived as evidence of danger, and thus a distraction to shopping. Therefore it is now hidden. To our left is a large, glassed-in atrium, with escalators and handicapped elevator leading down to an exit onto Huntington Avenue. The entry appears, by observation, to be the least used entry of the complex. For good reason: the sidewalks along Huntington Avenue are an extremely unpleasant, harsh environment in sharp contrast to the seductive lull of the mall's interior.

This is not entirely the fault of the designers, as angry citizens of Copley's Citizens' Review Committee were repeatedly told: Copley is an engineering wonder built over a major highway interchange, with a three-way off-ramp, and three sets of railroad tracks. It was not a pleasant environment before Copley was built, and it is still not a pleasant environment, due largely to the fact that the platform had to be built 30 feet above street level to accommodate the interchange. Copley's architect, Howard Elkus, defended the design, saying "We tried to make every edge as active as possible given the physical constraints."



Dullified street, a view of Copley complex along Harcourt Street.

Those physical limits, of which UIDC was well aware of before beginning the project, fit together nicely with the basic mall concept: a self-contained, inward-focused oasis, where the shopping impulse can be finely honed and encouraged, with no outside distractions. The windowless expanses of concrete at Copley's edges also follow a Gresham's Law: "To protect their investment in upper- and lower-level streets, cities are dullifying their street-level streets." (Whyte, p. 204)

Seats for Sale

Thus, once we're inside, we're loathe to go out into that harsh and windy, deadly boring sidewalk, so onward we go. To our right is the plush and elegant "Terrace" lounge, and Sushi Bar in the distance. They offer plenty of tables and comfy chairs, the only seating available thus far on our journey. The chairs are ours for the price of a drink (\$5.50 for a mixed drink with tip) and, as I've discovered, repeated offerings to buy another or move along.

Within the vast expanse of Copley Place, with its 3.7 million square feet of space, which, they point out in their brochure, equals "2,500 average American homes or 822 football fields" or "more than two John Hancock Towers," they have a total of 6 "public" benches, "public" meaning you don't have to spend any money to sit there. Not only are there just six benches, any other possible seating areas such as ledges and planter curbs, are either non-existent or purposefully too low for comfortable seating. The fountain area is the best example of this, with 4" high planter curbs. Nevertheless, people use them for seats. If they give up altogether and choose to sit on the floor, security guards are quick to tell them floor sitting is prohibited.

I asked Jim Schlueter about this lack of seating, and he responded: "That is UIDC's policy. You don't give people a place to sit down, it's a retail center...you keep people moving along, going into shops and spending money." Jim told me that personally, he thinks it's a bad idea. He's been in the retail business for seven years and never before has seen that policy. He thinks it makes more

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sense to provide more seating, so that people can rest up in-between shopping sprees. Maybe then they will stay longer and buy more.

"But, then again, it's hard," he added, "We have limited parking space here...The time they're here, they are spending money, then they can leave and open up space for a new customer."

Besides keeping shoppers on their feet and theoretically buying more, lack of sitting space is also a method of controlling "undesirables." The less comfortable they are, the less likely "persistent non-shoppers" are to hang around

Music to Shop to

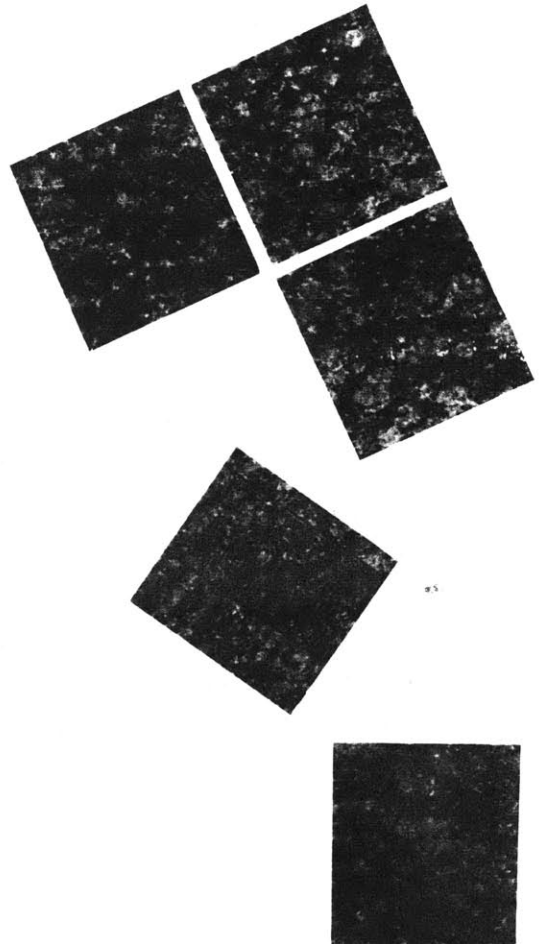
We still have yet to enter the mall proper, which begins as we step onto the polished chrome escalators and get carried heavenward. Classical music greets us mid-way up the escalator. They pipe-in classical orchestral music--Muzak would be considered too tacky for Copley's "upper-end" customers.

Music in malls is another mechanism carefully thought out by marketing experts, designed to create a soothing, timeless, environment that has been proven in marketing studies to increase per SF sales. In Japan's enormous underground malls, they are currently experimenting with pumping in perfumes that, like muzak, have been "scientifically developed" to enhance the shopping impulse. (Shimizu Insight, p. 6) We are now past the point of no-return, our last chance for escape was back on Huntington. From here on until we have passed all the way through the mall, the only exits are marked, elegantly but firmly, "Authorized Personnel Only."

Downtown Dallas

We are now on Copley's "Main Street," a broad expanse of polished tile and splashes of marble. The effect is immediate; this is not your average mall. Three of the people I interviewed said the feeling is akin to being suddenly flown into downtown Dallas, Texas. And Fred Hennigan, an 83 year old regular at Copley said, "This is the top shelf of Boston, quite comparable to Harrod's in London." That is exactly the effect JMB Property Management hoped to achieve.

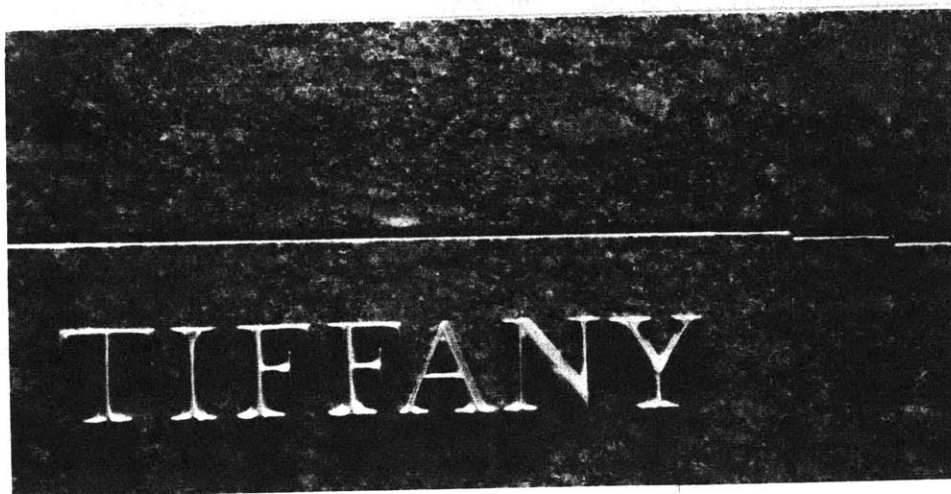
"We're aiming at the higher-end customers," Jim Schlueter, Copley's Assistant V.P., told me. What Jim calls, "an inflation-proof market." He describes the image Copley aims for as, "Retail excitement with a bit of subdued gentility." Instead of coming to Manhattan, Jim says, shoppers come here from all over New England.



The image of the environment is crucial to control of that environment, because, like Muzak, it creates a particular *feeling*, in this case, a feeling of luxurious refinement.

This is not, of course, Harrod's of 5th Avenue, or even Newbury Street. It is a shopping mall. So the architect is faced with a major challenge to create this illusion. The tools in his bag of tricks are, like all architects, materials, detailing, space, and form. Onward we go, deep into the heart Copley's marble spender.

Copley is awash in marble, the trademark stone of the opulent. It is too expensive to put everywhere, so it is splashed here and there, like expensive perfume on a woman's body. Even the benches, though few in number, are built of slabs of pink marble. The floors are tile, durable and buffable for the thousands of nightly polishes it will endure. Glass is used liberally, most of the store fronts are glass from floor to ceiling. The glass helps distract from the fact that the mall is a windowless environment. The stores' facades range, though they are always either some sort of masonry or all glass. Tiffany's storefront is a miniature replica of its famous slate-gray granite headquarters in Manhattan; the illusion of solidity is accomplished with 1 1/2 inch thick panels hung from a stud wall, and an enormous chrome vault-like entryway. Black Starr & Frost is certainly the most exotic, and perhaps the most expensive, with a store, inside and out, entirely faced with thick blocks of quarried corral shipped in from Florida. This extravagance was hardly worth the effort, since the walls look more like rough blocks of concrete or plaster painted white.



The detailing of connections is handled generally quite well, though the illusion of solidity of the masonry facades is often lost when, for example, in the Tiffany facade, the thin edge of granite doesn't wrap a corner, turning to gypsum wallboard instead. The corner faces a balcony that leads to a handicap elevator, but it is visible from the main entry escalator. Such details reveal how thin the illusion of richness and glamour really is, yet, as the developer likely wagered, the consumers will be too numb to notice.

The balance of the interior envelope is smooth, seamless concrete painted white. There are details of brass and chrome. The overall effect is definitely as elegant and refined as a shopping mall could hope to be.



The illusion unveiled: corner detail of Tiffany's granite facade.

Copley Place's wide walkways, high ceilings, floor openings, two-story glassed entryways, and dazzling seven-story atrium succeed in creating almost unmalllike expanses of space. Almost, but then again a mall is a mall is a mall. The effect, however, is more than sufficient to create the desired ambience of elegance. The mall is also consequently less disorienting than many malls, though the street's basic symmetry is still disorienting for a lot of people.

Disorientation, however, is not an undesirable quality in a mall. It adds to the general sense of timelessness and the feeling of floating, which, according to Kowinski, are essential ingredients in creating the shop-till-you-drop shopper.

Soft Controls

Based on interviews, observations and readings, the managements goals for the space's ambience are four-fold: 1) attract the "target" consumer, in this case, the "upper-end"; 2) set a tone for acceptable behavior; 3) discourage the lower-class "undesirable"; and 4) induce consumption.

The Target Consumer

The mall achieves the first two goals simultaneously. By creating a super-chic, exclusive, up-scale, "genteel" environment, Copley Place makes the upper-five percent of the social strata feel welcome and at ease. It's a place they feel comfortable strolling through and dropping a few thousand. For the middle-strata, this environment is also attractive, as a place to window shop, and dream of owning a Gucci bag or a \$50,000 diamond broach.

But, like the opera or a ballroom gala, the rules of the game are clear. In a ballroom atmosphere, even the middle-class is socialized, if by nothing else than by television, to "act appropriately." Copley's rules and regulations read just like the unwritten rules of the ballroom, church or other formal gathering spaces. Running, shouting, gesticulating obscenely, chomping on popcorn, wearing shabby clothes, lounging on the floor, blaring music, getting in fights, scribbling graffiti, bouncing a ball: such actions are simply *not accepted* in certain contexts by the vast majority of people. This effect is what Robert Parks called the "culture of territories." If the majority of people did not accept this unspoken code of public conduct, Copley's 10-man team would rapidly be exhausted, chasing after hundreds of anarchic rule-breakers.

Therefore, Copley's rules do not have to be posted on the wall at each entry, the rules are largely known and accepted. The rule-breakers tend to be, as the security guards are well aware, certain classes of people who are not fully socialized. People, either by age, socio-economic position, or circumstance (such as the homeless) who are outside the mainstream society and therefore not likely to play by the same unwritten rules. The other major category of "problem-makers" at Copley and at Faneuil Hall, are the drunks, who independent of their social rank, are freed from decorum by the haze of alcohol.

The ability to control large crowds by creating and maintaining a certain quality of environment was, if not discovered, most extensively utilized by Walt Disney. Disney proved, to many skeptics, that if a certain standard is rigorously upheld, in picking up litter for instance, then by-and-large, people tend to adjust their own behavior to meet that standard. This is a great deal of the "Magic of Disney", as well as the "magic of the mall". This is also, one of the subtlest, and most powerful forms of social control, because it is, again following Foucault, "a type of power in, and dispersed through, the micro-relations that constitute society." (Shearing & Stenning, p. 337)

"Self-Selection"

The third goal of the space's ambience is to discourage the lower-class "undesirables" from hanging out, thus distracting and unnerving the "target market." Just as the ritzy, glamorous feel of the space sets a tone for "proper behavior," it also actively makes people of a certain rank in society particularly uncomfortable. This is what the mall-owners and customers refer to as the process of "self-selection", when pressed to explain the low numbers of blacks and Latinos who frequent their establishment. Even though Copley Place is part of the South End, a neighborhood with a high percentage of blacks, Latinos, and Asians, the mall is conspicuously white. "You find precious few people of color there, other than passing through," as Karen Gritter put it.

Of course, the economic structure of the mall is at least as strong in this regard as the ambience itself. Many stores have little or nothing for sale below \$100. At Jaeger's, for instance, a British import store of women's fashions, the average sale is between \$400 and \$800. The store's manager, Margaret Huir, estimated that average shoppers in the store have "single" incomes of at least \$60,000. She said 30% of her sales are from tourists staying in one of the connecting hotels, 40-50% are Metro-based "mostly middle-aged married women", and 20% are young to middle-aged professionals. "Most are very wealthy," she added. Copley's target consumers are far from the norm in the South End, which has a high poverty rate of nearly 30 percent.

Apparently, having determined that Copley Place is not yet ritzy enough, the management is currently in the process of "re-doing the mix," according to Jim Schlueter. "It's the end of the first five-year leases," he said, "we have an opportunity to re-shuffle." Jim added, "The mid-line stores just aren't pulling their own weight."

3-Dimensional Television

The fourth, and most important goal of Copley's ambience, as in all malls, is to simultaneously prod, soothe and seduce; the perfect ingredients to induce maximum consumption. Malls are like 3-dimensional television, at once both soothing and stimulating. The classical music, the perfectly adjusted temperature and humidity, the rush of water from the fountain, the assuring continuous flow of pedestrians, the formal repetition of materials, lighting, and scale, the evenly spaced store fronts, the gliding ease of the escalators, the lace of views to the outside, the homogeneity of fellow shoppers, the lack of disruptions: all add up to a warm soft hum that lulls the consumer into a timeless haze.

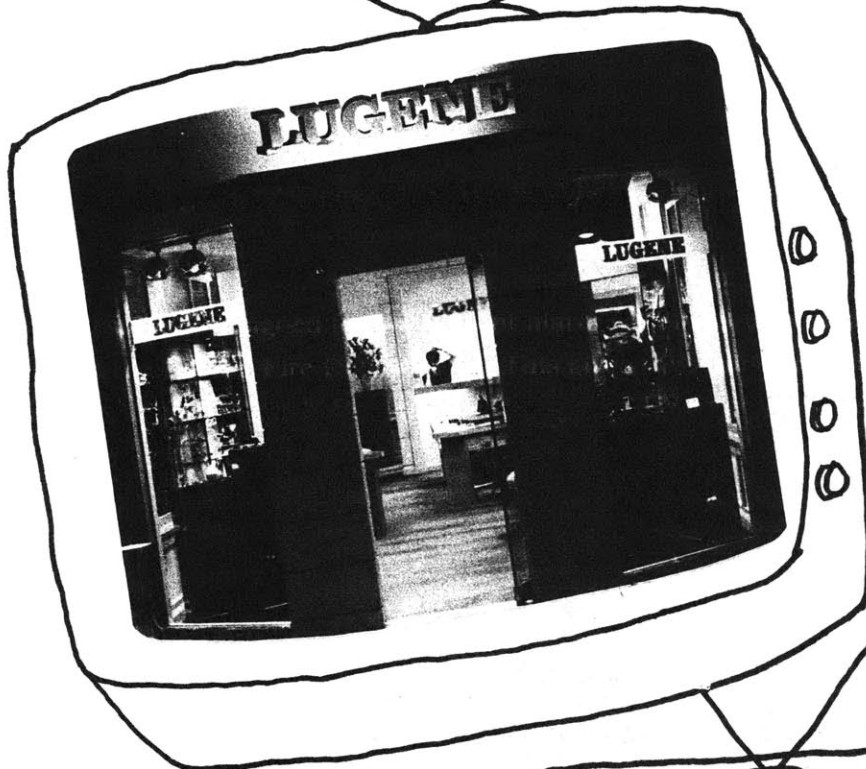
Simultaneously, against this soothing background, the main actors in this "retail drama", the products, beckon and beg the consumers. Lining either side of Main Street are "face-outs", the window displays, extra-artfully presenting a

barrage of shocking contrasts, brightly colored objects, mannequins in daring poses wearing the latest in high fashion, splashes of bravado and sex, flashing chrome baubles and high-tech toys.

Walking through the mall is like endlessly switching channels on television. On every channel there is a commercial. Each store front, like a television set, frames the action in a standard format. The window displays and the wide open views of each store's brightly-lit interior, endlessly beckon to the passersby to enter and consume to their hearts content.

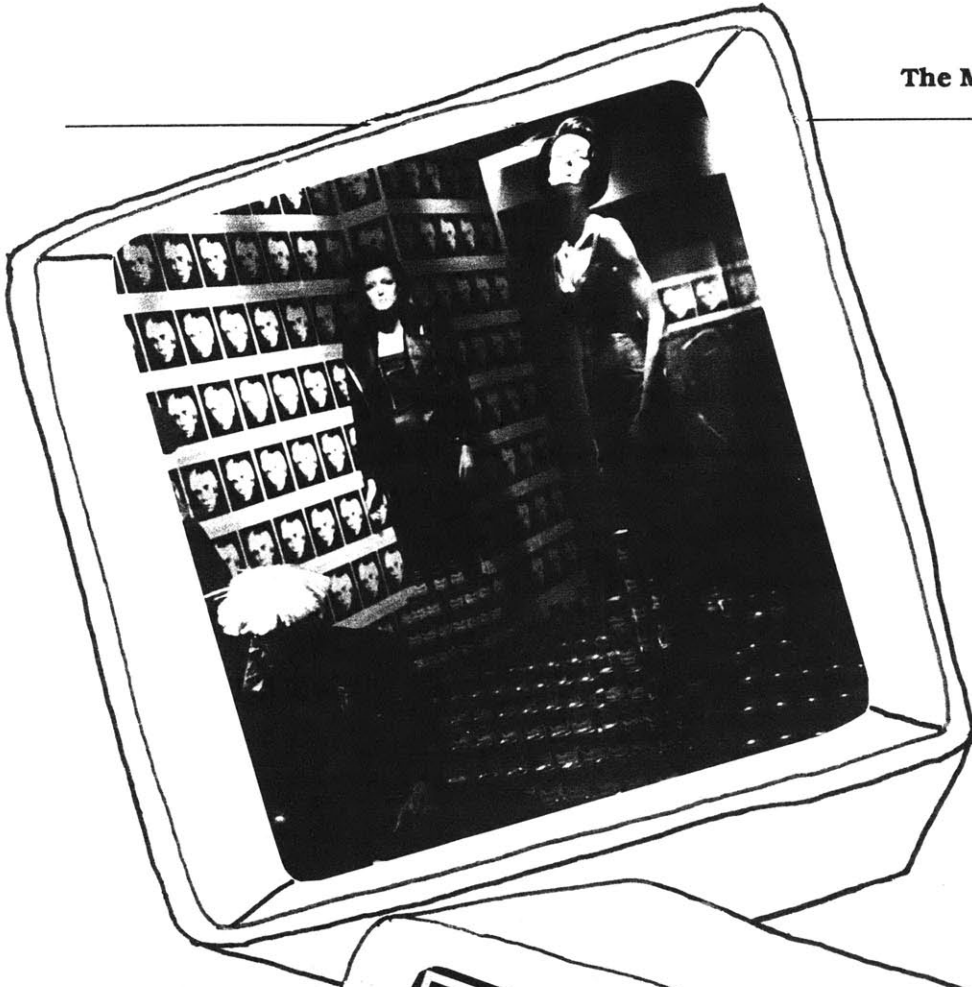
The soothing background creates a sense almost of floating; allowing the shopper to constantly move through the structure without needing to think about it, or anything else but that, thus freeing the mind to focus on the excitement and dazzle of the products. Thus creating, as Kowinski states, "A direct and unfettered connection between eyeing and buying; and the more you do it the easier it becomes. Malls make for great eye/hand-on-credit-card coordination." (Kowinski, p. 340)

As we move through Copley, we are apparently in an environment full of options: thousands of products to purchase in more than 100 shops, fifteen restaurants to eat in, eleven movies to choose from, and more than a dozen services, ranging from financial services to a travel agency. All of these apparent options, are however, simply different modes of consumption. So though for us, choosing among various products or services represents distinct activities, for the owners they all serve exactly the same function: extracting money from the consumer. And choice of pathways we are offered is equally illusory. Up, down, left or right, you cannot get through Copley without passing by shops and more shops. That's one of the main reasons mall's have limited entry-ways. Like a ride in Disneyland, we go in one end and come out the other and miss none of the attractions in-between.



3-D TV





Backstage

To really understand the way Copley works, we have to get beyond the illusions and go "backstage." Going backstage, as in a theater, requires an "in" with the actors or the director. At Copley Place -- if we wear a tie and ask all the right questions -- we can head back stage with our friend Jim Schlueter.

Copley Place is literally a stage-set, with onstage and backstage environments and activities. "What this is to us is a show...as such, we have an image," Jim Schlueter told me, an image in which, "keeping things pristine," is the name of the game.

When they are "onstage", employees wear costumes, the white-linen uniforms of the janitors, the suit jacket and tie of the security guards. Employees are expected to act in a particular manner which fits the "image" of the show and the "role" they play in it.

The backstage world of Copley Place, like the complex itself, is enormous, and it is entirely different in nearly every aspect from the world "on-stage." Just like theater, the audience (consumers) may be aware that the "backstage" exists, but they are never given the opportunity to see it, they are prohibited from seeing. In fact, the audience enjoys not seeing it...they like feeling like they are in a special place, where someone else is taking care of the mundane, routinized work that it takes to run a mall.

To enter backstage, we'll go through one of those many prohibitive exitways, posted with the "Authorized Personnel Only" signs. Once we're through those doors, the change is instantaneous and for someone not used to it, almost startling. Gone is the music, the soothing rush of water, the broad expanses of space, the "expensive materials", suddenly we are inside a narrow, shockingly ordinary hallway. In one brief moment, the "specialness" of the mall, the dreamlike quality, disappears. White plasterboard walls, cheap vinyl flooring, and slip-shod repairs here and there. The walls are lined with a wainscoting of unpainted particle board, an afterthought to protect the walls from rolling dollies and carts.

As we venture deeper into the various support spaces, it becomes apparent that we are in a completely windowless environment and almost as though we might be deep underground. Yet the mall we just left was also a windowless environment. In the mall, however, the expanse of space, the high skylights, and the continuous use of glassed facades on-stage offsets the reality of a windowless environment.

We ride an elevator downstairs to the parking garage level. This is the one part of the backstage space that many of Copley's shoppers regularly see. In fact, Jim says, this is the entry-point for the majority of shoppers. "They drive in from the suburbs or out of state, park the cars, and come into the complex," Jim explains, stressing that this allowed shoppers the opportunity to experience Copley as "an entity unto itself." Considering that this would be the first impression of Copley Place its odd that the garage would be so entirely undesignated, so lacking in any effort whatsoever to ameliorate the naturally disturbing quality of a parking garage. The ceilings, laced with criss-crossing structure and ducts sprayed with fire-protectant, look disturbingly like they're covered with a sort of grey, lumpy mold. Perhaps the hope is that the contrast of the highway and garage with the splendor inside will serve to heighten the dramatic effect.

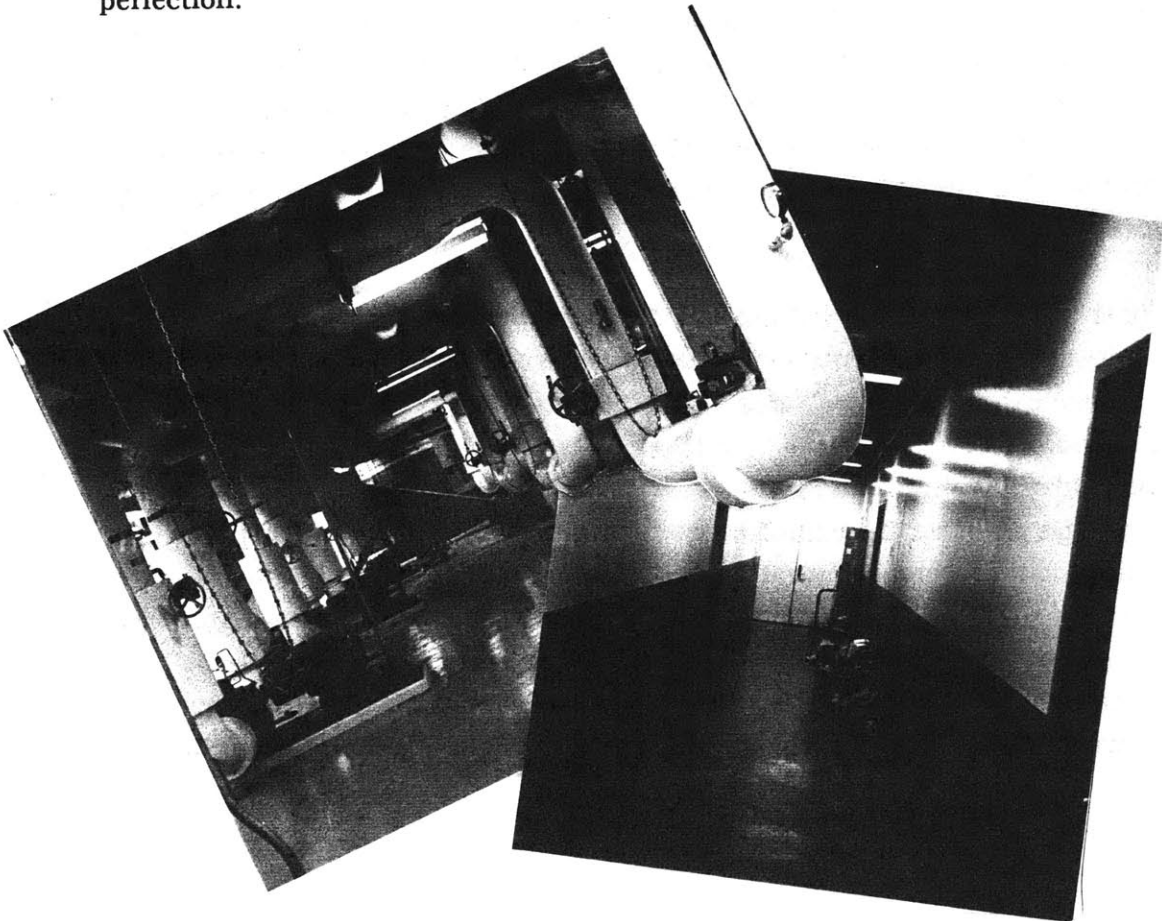
Next to the garage is a pick-up and delivery area, bustling with activity with a large number of personnel who remain forever backstage, since deliveries are not made through the mall area, but through back service hallways.

Moving even deeper into the bowels of Copley's backstage, through more narrow hallways and past small windowless rooms, we arrive finally at the heart of the beast: an enormous central heating, ventilation, and air conditioning room, serving all 3.7 million square feet of Copley Place. It lies behind grid-wired glass next to an adjoining room where technicians sit and monitor the heart with computer terminals. Row after row of huge tanks and machinery painted a dazzling white. The effect is something akin to the '20's movie, *Metropolis*.

except instead of sweating workers operating vast machines, there are spotless technicians in lab coats. Inside the room, the familiar pulsing roar from the machines is almost identical to the constant beating of *Metropolis*.

One technician demonstrates the computer's ability to track and locate problem areas and to make minor adjustments. But to fix major problems, he says, they have to go in with wrenches and flashlights the old-fashioned way.

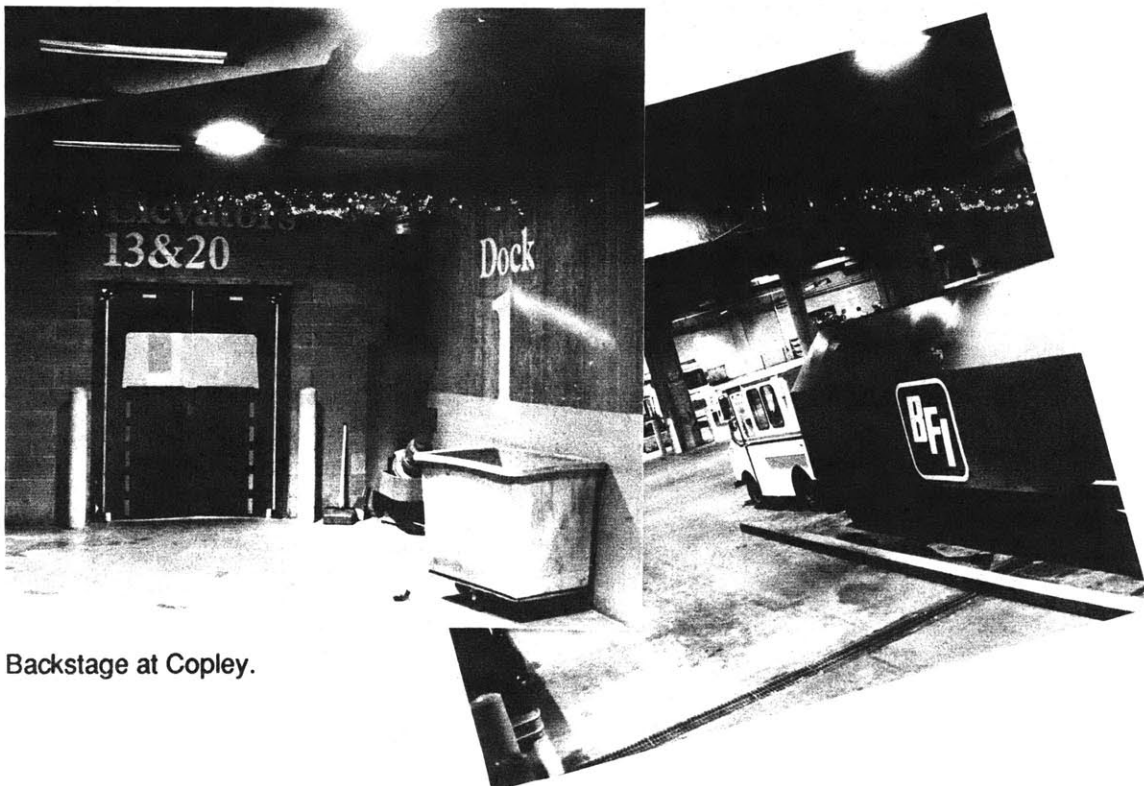
The fire detection system is also centrally monitored from this area. The alarm system is designed to give a silent alarm with an 8-minute delay before it goes off at the Boston Fire Department. This gives the mall eight minutes to locate a fire and deal with it before having the spectacle of the BFD running into the mall. False alarms are detected and it saves money and time for the BFD, but it also has the added advantage of maintaining the mall's cherished image of perfection.



Next to the beating heart lies the all-seeing eye of the Control Room, with its 36 CCTV monitors and two young men staring endlessly into the screens.

In addition to security, HVAC systems, loading docks, freight elevators, service stairs and hallways, there is also a number of offices, employee lounges, a large cafeteria, dressing/locker rooms and employee-only entryways. Backstage is off limits not only to the "audience" of Copley's show, but also to certain personnel, based on a strict corporate hierarchy. Janitors, for example, are limited to their cleaning zones.

Thus, the backstage is an entire windowless sub-city, bustling with activity, and supporting, controlling and adjusting everything that happens on-stage, while entirely hidden from the consuming "audience." High above both the mall complex and backstage is the JMB Property Management Company, where Jim Schlueter and the rest of the managers enjoy a 6th floor view of Boston. Unlike the sub-strata of backstage, posh materials and careful workmanship are once again the norm.

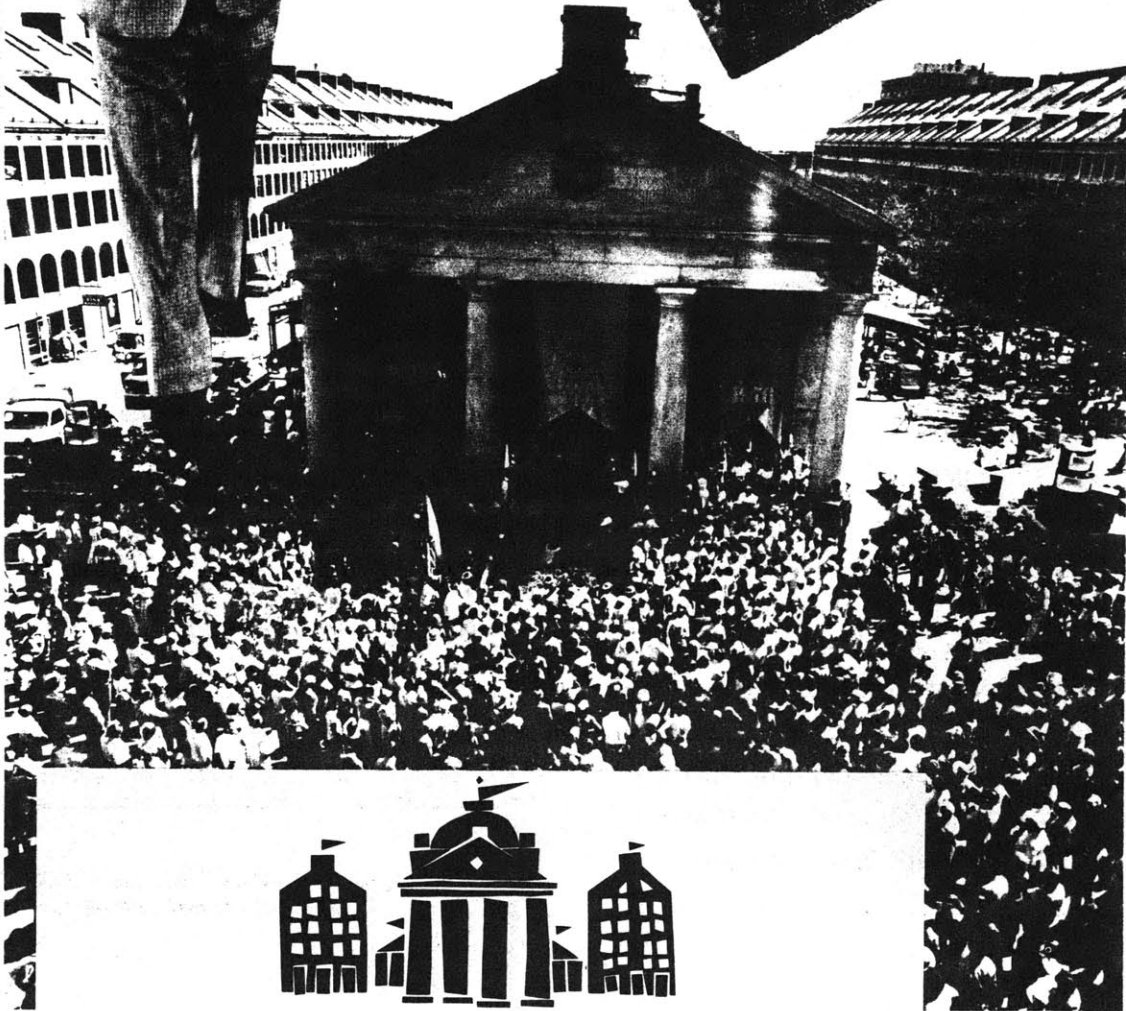


Backstage at Copley.



Benjamin Thompson, Faneuil's architect

James Rouse, shopping mall magnate



FANEUIL HALL MARKETPLACE

Faneuil Hall Marketplace: Potemkin Village in the Urban Center

Without a clear relation to what is genuine, our sense of values and ability to judge real from fake is seriously damaged -- or worse, never developed.

Ben Thompson, architect of Faneuil Hall Marketplace

In 18th century Russia a minister in the government of Catherine the Great, Grigori Potemkin, built a number of beautiful, orderly, and quaint little villages along a country route the Czarina often traveled. Catherine was delighted with the apparent prosperity of her kingdom. There was one thing wrong with the villages, however, they were fake; they were facades built to mask the miserable reality of an impoverished peasantry from the Czarina. (Blumberg, p. 239) Three hundred years later, the concept of the Potemkin village was to be revived in the midst of the decayed urban centers of the United States, in an effort to "revitalize the city".

The new Potemkin village is the "festival marketplace." Like the minister of Catherine the Great, the mayors, developers, and architects have joined together to prop up a thin but profitable facade, a tightly controlled, carefully choreographed reproduction of a clean, bright, safe, white, homogenous, orderly and prosperous city. But the show is not for a Czarina, or a king, or even a president: this show is for the white, middle and upper-middle classes who long ago fled from the city, in search of low anxiety, quiet and homogenous sanctuary.

All mall environments are illusory: artificial storefronts lining artificial streets beneath an artificial sun. Yet, despite the real sunshine warming the real 150 year old granite buildings of Boston's Faneuil Hall Marketplace, it is in many ways the most illusory of them all. Why is it especially full of illusions? Primarily because the people who experience it don't even realize that it is a mall at all, and because its management is constantly working to create the illusion of a spontaneous, open, dynamic, urban "marketplace". It is, in fact, none of these things.

Mall or Not a Mall?

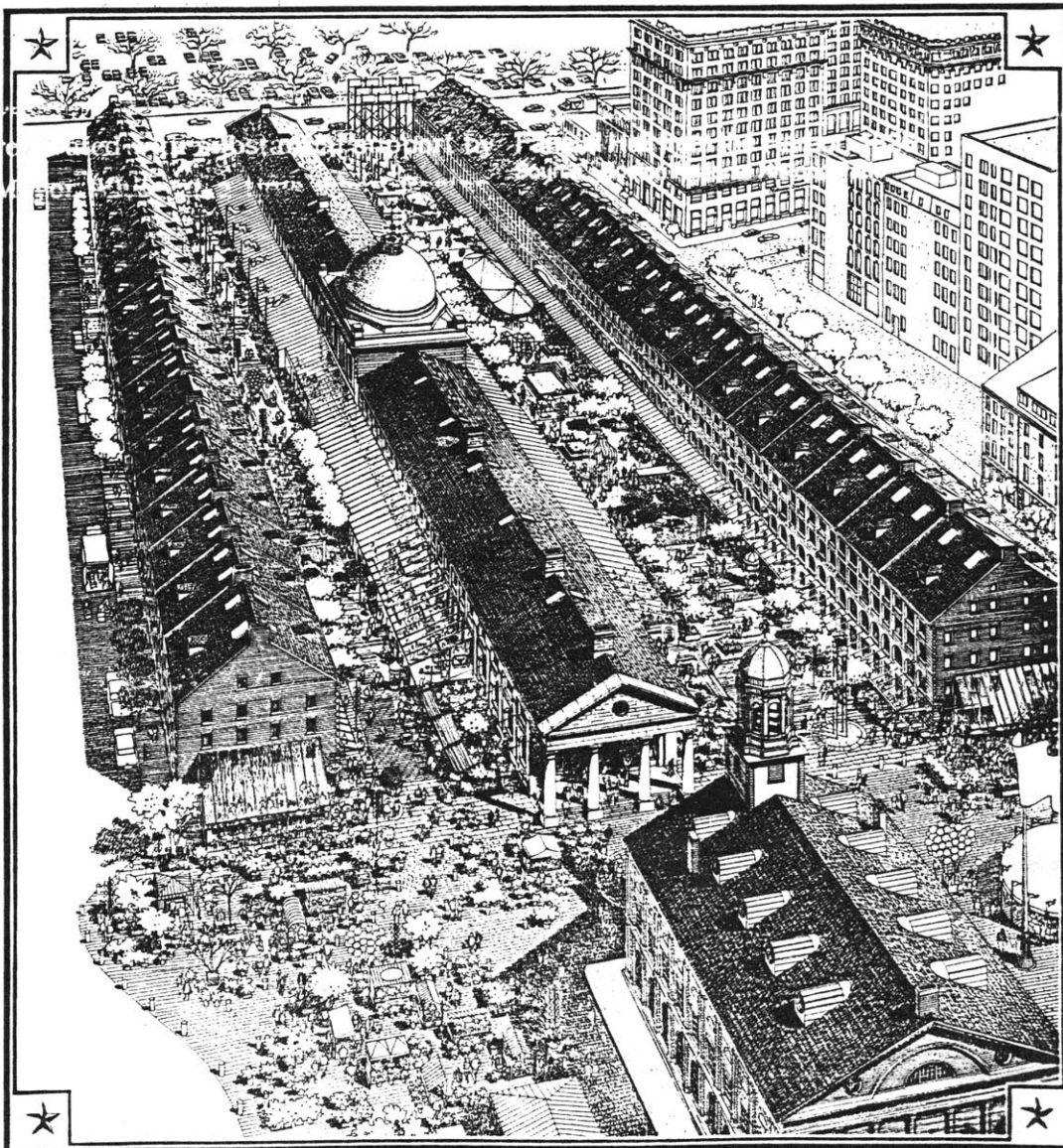
The wonder of a mall without a roof is that people don't consider it a mall at all. "It ain't a mall," Richard told me. Richard's a 52 year old retired warehouse worker who lives in Attleboro and hangs out at Faneuil Hall almost everyday. Generally, people were surprised when I asked them if they thought of Faneuil Hall Marketplace as a mall. Susan, a 21 year old Assistant Manager of the Information Booth, said, "You'd never think of this place as a mall." After thinking about it for awhile, she said, "I'd say it's almost a shopping village." She also referred to all the shoppers as "guests." James Lajoie, a corporate lawyer from Marblehead, responded to my questions as he had his shoes shined, saying, "I think of it as the Marketplace. I don't think of it as a mall."

Kenneth, a retired economist of the city's Division of Employment Security who lives in Cambridge, comes to Faneuil Hall once a month or so in the winter and more often in the summer. He said the same thing, but added, "I guess it is one, now that you mention it...but most malls have parking all around and big department stores...I guess it has the same mall atmosphere." Even the workers I interviewed at Quincy Market said that the place was definitely not a mall.

The fact remains, nonetheless: Faneuil Hall Marketplace is a mall. Boston's Marketplace was developed by one of the nation's premiere shopping mall magnates, Jim Rouse of the Rouse Company. Matt DeVito, the chief executive of Rouse Company, was talking about "festival marketplaces" when he said, "Our mission is to do to downtown what has been done in the suburbs." And Faneuil Hall certainly fits the Urban Land Institute's definition of a mall: "A group of architecturally unified commercial establishments built on a site which is planned, developed, owned, and managed as an operating unit."(Kowinski, p. 60)

Of course, people don't think of a mall in terms of the ULI's or anyone else's definition; they think of it in terms of their own experience. Yet the amazing

thing is that, with the exception of the missing roof, its historic enclosure, and the lack of the ocean of parking, the "marketplace" is identical to a suburban shopping mall. Today, it would even have the roof if Rouse had had his way. Ben Thompson, the mall's architect, with the help of then Mayor Kevin White, managed to convince Rouse to drop the idea. (Gordon, p. 22)

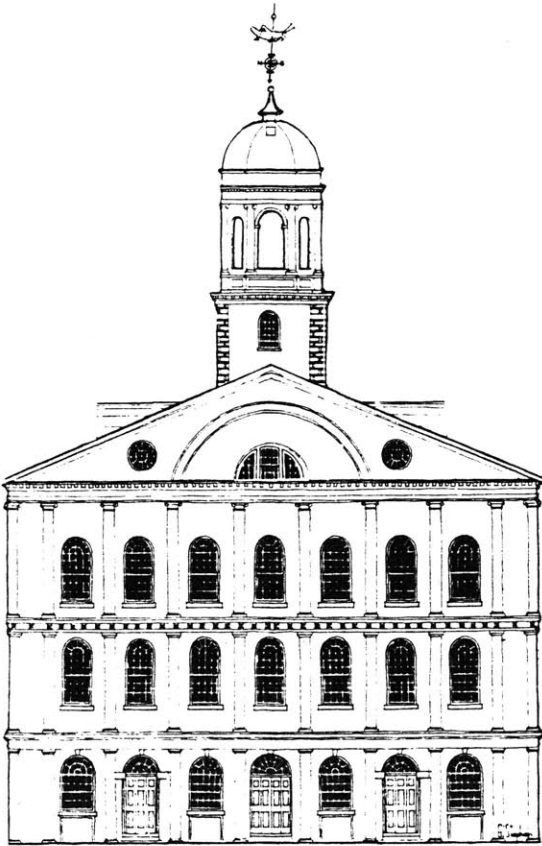


Faneuil Hall Marketplace, mall or not a mall?
Source: Benjamin Thompson & Associates

The Mall Society

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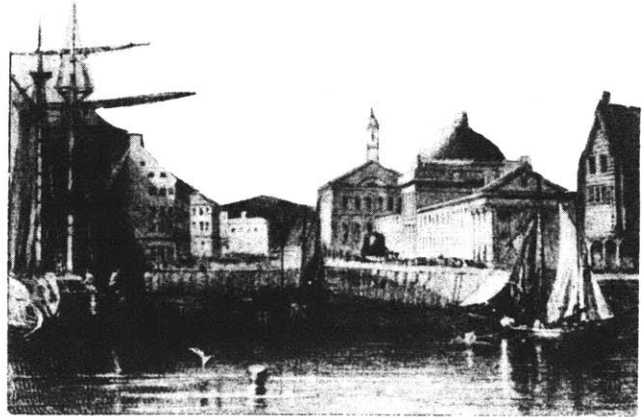
Yet people were so surprised that I even compared it to a mall. That is why they were also surprised to discover that the "cobblestone street" isn't really a public street, or that the "street performers" are auditioned and scheduled, or that they've suddenly lost their First Amendment right to free speech when they enter the Marketplace. There are no doors, and there is no roof, so presto, it's not a mall. Wrong again.



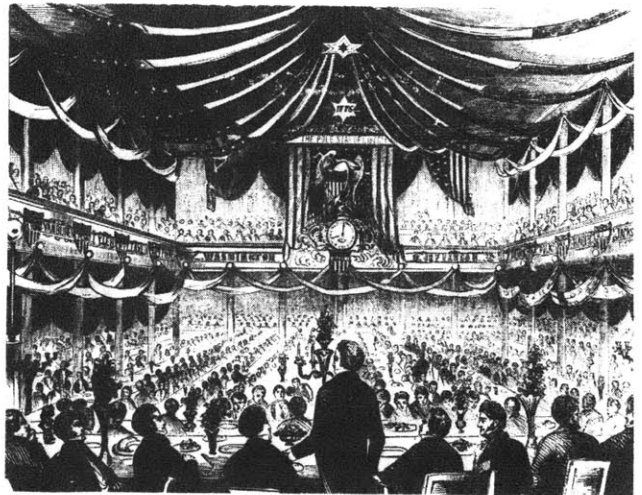
Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty"
Source: Boston National Historic Park

It didn't used to be a mall. Quincy Market, the old name of the place, was originally built as a *public* marketplace in 1825 by Boston's then-mayor, Josiah Quincy. The Quincy Market buildings--three Greek-revival granite structures designed by Alexander Parris--were built on land-fill in Boston Harbor. At the time, it was the largest public works project ever undertaken in Boston. The buildings were an extension of a public market at the base of Faneuil Hall, the historic public hall known as the Cradle of Liberty. Faneuil Hall became famous in the 18th century as a center of political debate for the new nation. Faneuil Hall was following an ancient tradition: the marketplace and the political center have been intertwined throughout history - since the agora and the acropolis and long before.

Quincy Market functioned as the center of Boston's bustling shipping industry. As Boston's economy shifted into finance and industry, the market building fell into neglect, though it continued to function as a wholesale market into the 1960's. (Morgenroth) In the early 1970's the badly deteriorated structures were renovated with substantial support by Mayor White at a time when Boston was on the verge of bankruptcy. James Rouse teamed up with Cambridge architect and retailer, Benjamin Thompson, to develop the structures into a "festival marketplace" on the model of Ghirardelli in San Francisco. The Marketplace was an immediate and extraordinary success on its bicentennial opening in 1976; it marked a turning point in Boston's recent history -- the beginning of the city's economic revival. Since the opening of Faneuil Hall, Rouse and Thompson have replicated the concept in cities around the country, including Baltimore's Harborplace, New York's South Street Seaport, Miami's Bayside Marketplace, and Jacksonville Landing, and they've recently taken the show on the road with Custom House Docks in Dublin, Ireland.



Faneuil Hall from the Harbor, 1826
Source: Boston National Historic Park



Faneuil Hall, center for political debate, 1854
Source: Boston National Historic Park

Illusions of the Marketplace

The Marketplace appears to be a real market, like the market it once was or the markets and bazaars of old Europe and Asia that the Thompson's claimed to be emulating. Yet it is not. A market is a chaotic, spontaneous, messy, dirty place with a lot of independent merchants vending their wares. There is an underlying order in a marketplace, and there are forms of exclusion and control, but these occur by consensus of the individual merchants. Mel King described to me the way the merchants that lined Washington Street when he was a boy would guard their produce from a likely thief. When one merchant would spot the suspect, her or she would shout, "Watch the oranges!" and the merchants down the street would pick up the call, shouting "Watch the oranges!" from one end to another."

This form of organization and decision-making is the diametric opposite of the Marketplace. In Faneuil Hall Marketplace there are no independent merchants--they are, like retail businesses in any mall, leasing tenants subject to rigorously controlled rules spelled out in 66-page leases (Gordon). Everything the tenants do, from the products they sell to the signs they put up, is under direct supervision and discretion of the Rouse Company. There is no chaos, no spontaneity, and no decision-making by consensus of the merchants, everything is pre-planned and decided by the hierarchical management of the Rouse Company. Instead of shouting "Watch the oranges!" the tenant/vendors call a security guard, one of the 21 full-time, round-the-clock, plainclothed and uniformed guards who constantly monitor the site.

Faneuil Hall Marketplace manages to create the spotless, urban fantasy without a substantial backstage area. The Rouse Company apparently has made up in staff what it lacks architecturally. They have a janitorial staff of fifty-five full time employees. Trash is removed continuously off the site on electric carts to an off-site trash compactor. The cobblestone streets at the Marketplace are steam-cleaned nightly. James McLean, the original manager at Faneuil Hall, learned these techniques from the master himself; the Rouse Company sent him to Disney World for lessons. (Gordon, p.61)

The Marketplace appears to be open, and very much part of Boston's urban environment. Though there are no walls around Faneuil Hall, the Market is as exclusive and homogenous as the Marble Panopticon. This is the magic of the marketplace. The Marketplace provides ample proof that the social control "technology [the Rouse Company] learned in the suburbs" is not dependent wholly on physical enclosure. Based on observation, and during interviews with tenants, security, and frequent customers; there are three urban populations conspicuously absent at the Marketplace: local minorities, homeless people, and political/religious activists. According to the Information Desk assistant manager, the only blacks she ever sees in the place are tourists. Local blacks steer clear of Faneuil Hall. One vendor, Jim Banfield, told me, "The blacks that do come here are not from Boston, I don't think they are made to feel that comfortable here." A black planning student at MIT, confirmed Jim's suspicion. She said, "This might sound paranoid, but whenever I've been at Faneuil Hall I feel watched....it is definitely mentally intimidating." Homeless people are simply told to leave by security guards if they make themselves obvious in any way, by panhandling or carrying a number of bags, for instance. Political action, solicitation or demonstration of any kind is prohibited in the market: violators are told to leave or be arrested. (See Appendix) According to Jane Thompson, Ben's wife and business partner, the Marketplace is the "way any good city should, or could be: a place that people want to be." White, middle-class anyway.



The "Street Performers"

"It seems there's always something fun going on at the Marketplace. Like the mimes, dancers, jugglers, magicians and all the other street performers who delight us all summer long."

Rouse Company advertising brochure

All of the people I spoke with at Faneuil Hall Marketplace are thrilled with the "street performers" they see performing there and all of them assume these performers are "off the street". They believe them to be just like the street performers of Harvard Square, the Boston Common, or the subway, or those who gather in the plazas of Rome or Paris. The "street performers" of the Marketplace are a key component that give the place that feeling of spontaneity. Market-goers never know when they'll turn the corner and find a juggler or a magician delighting an audience. Yet, in reality, if someone with a guitar strolled onto the "cobblestone streets" of the Marketplace and started to strum, a security guard would be on him or her in minutes, and asked to leave.

Cast members of the Marketplace's ballet of commerce and consumption.
Source: Faneuil Hall promo pamphlet

Welcome To The Food, Fashion And



The Market-goers may not know when or where they will come upon a "street performance", but the Rouse Company certainly does. All of the "street performers" of the Marketplace are auditioned, and carefully scheduled--where, when, and for how long they may perform--by a "special events coordinator." (Gordon) Auditioning allows the management not only the ability to limit the number of performers, but also to decide exactly what kind of performance is acceptable. Therefore, it is doubtful we will ever see, for example, a long-haired protest singer belting out rhythms condemning the ills of Corporate America, or a group of Jamaican reggae musicians in dreadlocks, singing Bob Marley's "Stand Up for Your Rights".

In *City: Rediscovering the Center*, William Whyte writes about the street performers of New York, saying, "It is interesting to watch people when they chance upon an entertainer. So often they will smile. A string quartet!.....Their smile is like that of a child.....People enjoy programmed entertainment, too, but not the same way. It is the unexpected that seems to delight them most."

The Rouse Company has discovered that planning the "unexpected" can be just as rewarding. What they don't know won't hurt 'em.

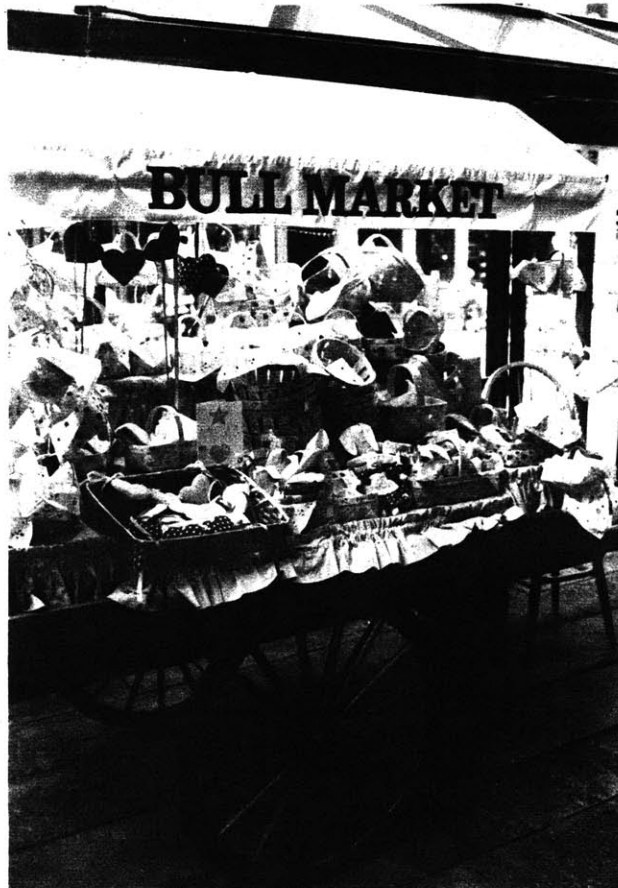
Fun Of Faneuil Hall Marketplace.



The Bull Market

A key component in creating the illusion of spontaneity at the Marketplace is the "Bull Market", a series of identical wooden pushcarts that line the covered "sidewalk" along the length of the old market buildings. The Rouse Company and Benjamin Thompson & Associates have made a concerted effort to re-create at Quincy Market the "Individual proprietorship and immense chaotic variety that was its character." (Thompson, 1976) According to a Faneuil Hall Marketplace brochure, "Nowhere else will you experience the excitement and freshness of one-of-a-kind gifts in an ever-changing market."

Pushcart peddling is probably as old as the street itself. Rows of street vendors, with push-carts or with blankets laid out full of wares, create a joyful sort of anarchy. Visions of Victorian England or modern day Bombay are connected



with the street merchant, standing on a street corner and shouting out to passersby, "Fresh tomatoes, ripe fresh tomatoes here!" And perhaps for just as long, the merchants paying rent and taxes in storefronts have been cursing them. Because of that, street vending has been banned outright by many city governments. Illegal street vending thrives in New York City, however, where, according to Whyte, "the pitch is always the same: It's cheaper on the street. Ten dollars inside. One dollar here."

(p. 27)

Idealized street vending.

A related aspect of actual street vending is the vaguely seedy quality that vendors evoke, a quality similar to that of a carnival or cheap traveling circus. The sidewalks of New York's Chinatown and parts of Greenwich Village still evoke the carnival atmosphere that the "festival marketplace" appears to be emulating. Part of the attraction of this seediness is perhaps the feeling that we're taking part in something forbidden, and therefore tantalizing. William Whyte writes that there is a "widespread assumption among knowing New Yorkers that much of the merchandise is stolen. Vendors do nothing to discourage the idea. As in a con game, the latent dishonesty of the customer is all for the good. He *wants* the goods to be stolen. That explains why he is going to snare such a bargain." Whyte points out, however, that very few of the goods are actually stolen. Selling them on the street, though, is illegal. This sort of illusion in the real street has existed in the marketplace for millenias; here we're examining illusions of a more recent and more conscious variety.

The attractions of street vending for the vendor's themselves include the ease of entry and low-overhead, the potential to be sole-proprietors, and the ability to set their own hours and location. Many of New York's street vendors, particularly blanket-vendors, appear to be motivated as much by a spirit of bohemian rebellion as by economic desperation.



Street vendors in New York City's Chinatown.

Like the "street performers", the Bull Market offers a carefully selected, controlled and sanitized version of pushcart vending. Robert Campbell has aptly described the entire marketplace as "an orchestrated world, a participatory ballet of commerce and consumption" carefully choreographed down to the smallest detail; the Bull Market, then, is like the chorus line. A chorus of "ever-changing" pushcart vendors rush in and rush out on cue, paced at one-week intervals mapped out six months in advance. The actual pushcarts are never changed; it's the pushcart renters who do all the packing in and packing out. Rental of carts runs \$315 a week plus "overage" of ten percent of any sales over \$1,500. One week is the maximum length of rental and whenever possible, the same vendors are not allowed to rent more than two weeks in a row. Thus, the New York City pushcart pitch, "Ten dollars inside, one dollar here," is not heard at the Bull Market.

Arnold Markus, a leather craftsman and high school teacher, has been renting one cart for ten years of one week leases. In for one or two weeks, out for one or two weeks. "It's a gypsy life," according to Markus' assistant manager, Kathy Bond. During the intervening weeks, Kathy works as a waitress at the Museum of Fine Arts. They sell leather goods, ranging from \$2.95 for a coin bag to \$99.00 for a leather back-pack. Their most exotic items are eel skin wallets made in Korea. When he first started, Arnold made all of the goods he sold, but now he works full-time as a teacher and purchases the goods from wholesalers. Kathy is paid \$7.50 an hour plus commission. "It's not exorbitant, but for retail it's not bad," she told me. They tend to get mostly local customers, "a lot of repeats", which is something Rouse and Thompson were hoping for but which tends to be the exception rather than the rule. "It's not a uniquely Boston item, and the stuff is too expensive for most tourists," Kathy explained. The return customers are often annoyed that they can't find the pushcart. Not only do the vendors come and go but they also get assigned a different cart every time.

Kathy enjoys working at the Marketplace, and told me she would never work in a mall. She likes the fresh air and seeing the changes in weather. She doesn't like the fact that they are so tightly controlled by the store managers: "The carts are the most controlled of anything in the place because they are open to the managers' view, " and to the view of other cart-renters. Complaints to the

management often come from other vendors. The vendors cannot sell anything that is not approved by Rouse Company management, which Kathy described as "a whole hierarchy of managers." What can be sold is based on the desire for a variety of goods on the floor and "on the manager's personal preference." As Kathy explained, "What is good for one isn't good for another." Every aspect of the cart's appearance is under strict control set by written guidelines. Kathy has to be very careful, for example, that the bags that hang off the cart never touch the floor.

Thus the Bull Market offers, just like the brochure says, the constant "excitement and freshness of one-of-a-kind gifts in an ever changing market," if you consider rotation of goods "change." Creating the illusion of spontaneity is not easy, and it results in extraordinary absurdities. The Bull Market is a never-ending game of musical chairs that everyone is willing to play because there's money to be made. The thing I can't figure out is who is this game being played for? The tourists who come once or twice in their lives will certainly never notice. The locals who come often may notice the changes, if they are particularly observant: "Oh yeah, that leather bag cart was in this corner last week, and now it's in that corner." Or they may just get annoyed, like Kathy's customers. In any case, it is an extraordinary amount of energy being expended, that is certainly disruptive to the lives of the employees who have to play the game and pretend they are on a real street pushing around their own carts, while working another job or being unemployed every other week, for a minimum of affect.

The concept of the "Bull Market" began fifteen years ago when the Rouse Company was first attempting to lease-up the spaces. Their leasing agent, Sharon Cavanaugh, was working to fill the spaces with tenants that fit Rouse's and Thompson's bill of small, local merchants and craftspeople. Cavanaugh had difficulty, however, in getting "artists and craftspeople to sign 66-page leases" and go into debt finishing off unfinished retail spaces. With only two months to go before the scheduled opening in June of 1976, Cavanaugh still had 15,000 SF of unleased space. She suggested to Rouse that they rent pushcarts to artists and craftspeople, instead of inviting the pushcart vendors from

Haymarket to move to the Marketplace, as Rouse and Thompson had intended. They loved the idea and the Bull Market was born. Each pushcart vendor was originally charged \$50 per week, plus a percentage of their income, and had to sign a one-page lease. Most of the vendors came only once or twice a week, since they were all full-time artists, so the market changed constantly. (Gordon, pp. 46-7) As the profits shot up with the flowing millions, and the rent jumped to its current \$315 per week, the pushcarts quickly became full-time businesses; the goods were bought wholesale and the artists became businessmen. But the show must go on.

America's "Cradle of Liberty"

*Here orators in age past
Have mounted their attacks,
Undaunted by proximity
Of sausage on the racks.*

Francis Hatch, 1958 (Boston National Historic Park brochure)

They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.

Benjamin Franklin

'Give me television and hamburgers, but don't bother me with the responsibilities of liberty' may [one day replace] the cry of 'Give me liberty or give me death.'

Aldous Huxley

A couple of activists from MIT decided to set up a table outside Faneuil Hall one day to leaflet passersby with information about the General Electric boycott. They barely had the table set up before two security guards confronted them:

"Excuse me, but I'm afraid you'll have to leave. Leafletting is not allowed here," one of the security guards told them.

"What do you mean?" the shocked activists asked. "The sign says this is the "Cradle of Liberty", and we can't pass out a few leaflets?"

"You are on private-property, you will have to leave immediately or we will have you arrested for trespassing," replied one of the guards.

"Man, I thought this was America!"



Surveillance camera at the entrance of America's "Cradle of Liberty."

So like any other mall, Faneuil Hall Marketplace does not allow demonstrating, notwithstanding its historic location. (See Appendix) The property upon which the market buildings and Faneuil Hall itself rest is still owned by the city of Boston. However, the Rouse Company has a ninety-nine year lease on all but Faneuil Hall and an apron of stone skirting the building. So modern day emulators of the "Sons (and daughters) of Liberty"--like James Otis, Samuel Adams, and Dr. Joseph Warren, who led the opposition to injustices of the British King at Faneuil Hall in the late 1700's, or the anti-slavery advocates of the 1840's and 50's such as William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, and Frederick Douglas who held rallies there, or the 19th century activists for the preservation of the union, temperance, and women's suffrage such as Daniel Webster, Jefferson Davis, and Susan B. Anthony who made fiery speeches there--had better watch their step these days at Faneuil Hall. If they step over the property line, marked only by a change in paving stones, they must keep their mouths shut, hide their seditious political banners and pickets, and put their bullhorns in their bags, because otherwise, the Rouse Company's one dozen uniformed and plain-clothed private police will see to it that they are arrested.

Nearly everyone I interviewed in Faneuil Hall Marketplace, including many of the employees, said that they thought the "cobblestone streets" between the market buildings are "public spaces", just like a park or city plaza, or like the pedestrian mall just up the street at Downtown Crossing. Generally, the ones who discover otherwise are the ones who are doing something on the property not approved of by the management, such as the MIT activists or impromptu entertainers or "undesirables" such as homeless people, noisy teenagers with "boom boxes", drunks, or "suspicious characters". Such people are quietly escorted off the property.

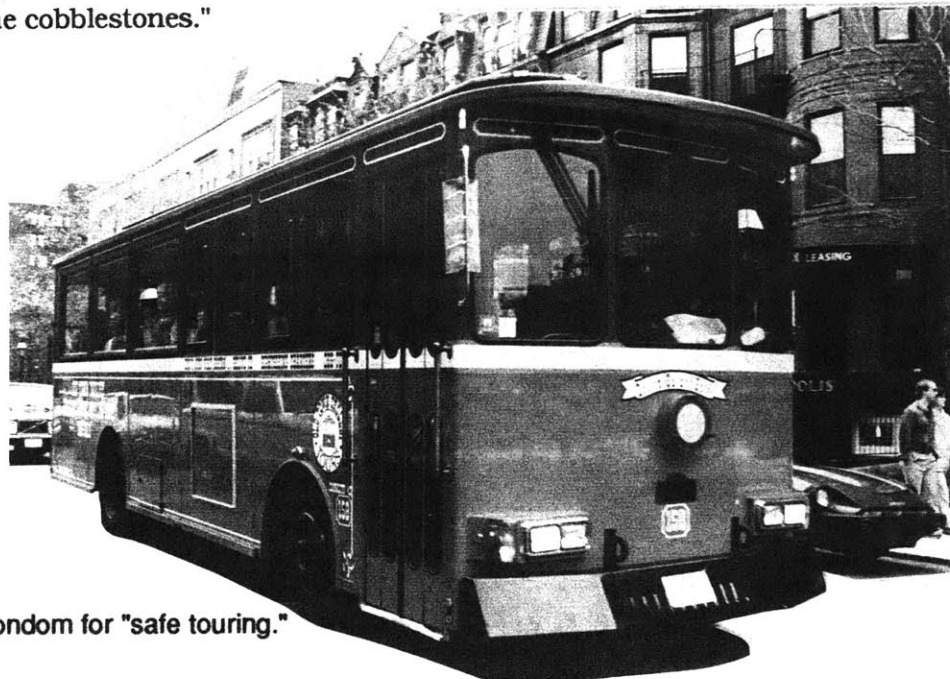
In this manner, along with a heavy amount of "self-selection" by those who for various reasons feel uncomfortable at the Marketplace, Faneuil Hall Marketplace has managed to become an oasis of suburbia in the midst of urbanity. The magic of the effect is that it is achieved without the walls that surround the megastructure of Copley Place.

Disneyland for Grownups

In the AIA Journal of June 1981, Boston's perennial architectural salesman/critic, Robert Campbell, wrote a fifth anniversary piece on Faneuil Hall Marketplace entitled "Evaluation: Boston's 'Upper of Urbanity'". Campbell proclaims right from the start that he's defending the Marketplace from what he calls a "snob attack": that the "marketplace is only for tourists...And only white, middle-class tourists at that...one vast cliché of preservation-style architecture...A sham. A cynical, choreographed, fantasy of urban-life. Disneyland for grownups....."

Campbell says this view is a "view of idiots" and then proceeds to admit that most of the criticisms "have truth in them--a great deal of truth, in fact--but the truths are small compared to the achievement."

Campbell argues that the urban marketplaces represent a stage in a process of relearning; a step towards recreating a renewed urban spirit. The marketplaces are "a halfway house for people from the car culture who are trying to learn to love cities again. To be induced to come at all, these people have to be reassured that the city isn't dirty, isn't full of suspicious-looking people, isn't confusing, dangerous, difficult, boring or frightening. The market is their bright, gay, safe city, a city in which you expect Gene Kelly to come dancing by in Technicolor along the cobblestones."



Mobile condom for "safe touring."

The Mall Society

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The fantasy is necessary to entice the suburbanites back into the city. It's O.K. that the marketplace is a "theatrical representation of street life." It has to be that, he tells us, "as we begin cautiously, self-consciously to re-enact the urban culture we abandoned." He reassures us that this is only a short-term phase in the rejuvenation of city-life, saying, "No doubt in the future the marketplace will feel real." No doubt, indeed. It will feel real to the millions who have never experienced anything else, but whether it will be real is another problem altogether.

So what's wrong with a little fantasy? Fantasies are fine, in small enough doses. Too much of it and people eventually don't know the difference between fantasy and reality. The reality is that Boston is *not* a "bright, gay, safe, city." Yet, the fantasy that it is has taken hold not just in the minds of a few million naive tourists, but in our mainstream press, much of our government, and even in



Disneyland for grown-ups
Source: Thompson & Associates

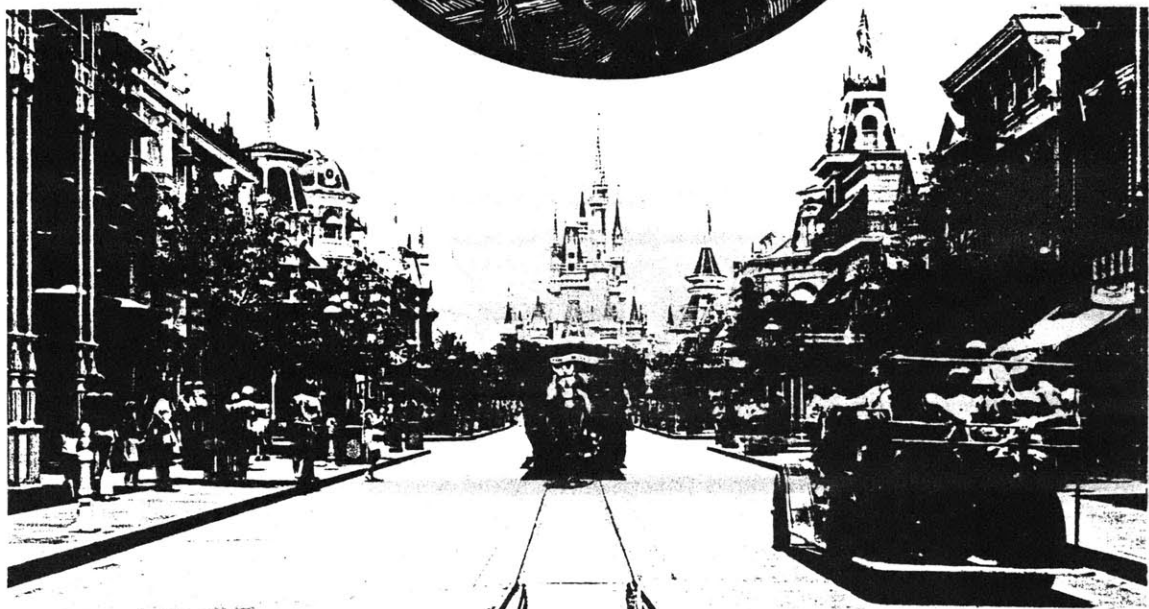
academia. Everywhere, the trumpet has been raised lauding the fantastic revitalization of the city. Yet when Boston's poverty rate has risen from 16 percent in 1970 to an estimated 23 percent in 1990, when there are more than 16,000 families on the Boston Housing Authority's waiting list for public housing, when there are between 3,300 and 8,000 homeless wandering the streets, when more than 50% of the Boston public school system's children never graduate, and when half the city is a war zone of drug battles and burned-out, abandoned buildings, only someone drunk on Faneuil Hall "Wine and Spirits" and whose concept of a homeless person is the fashionable shoulder-bag shop called "The Bag Lady" on the second floor of the Marketplace would ever believe Boston is a "revitalized city." ("A Civic Design Agenda")

Urban geographer John Berry has called the marketplaces and the rejuvenated condo and office developments "islands of renewal in a sea of despair." The magic and the success of the illusion of the marketplaces is that the suburbanites and tourists can be whisked into the city via expressway, train, and jet without ever having to pass through the "sea of despair." So when Mom, Dad, and the Kids return from their trip to Boston, they can reminisce about

the sparkling beauty of a revitalized city that is no more real than the Main Street of Disneyland. And the same can be said for the suburban commuters who come into Boston every single day. One commuter that comes into Cambridge every day told me that from his vantage point as a daily commuter from Lexington, "The shootings I read about or see on the nightly news that happen in Roxbury or Dorchester are no more real to me than terrorist bombings in Lebanon." He views this psychological separation between the "two cities" as a growing and dangerous phenomenon.



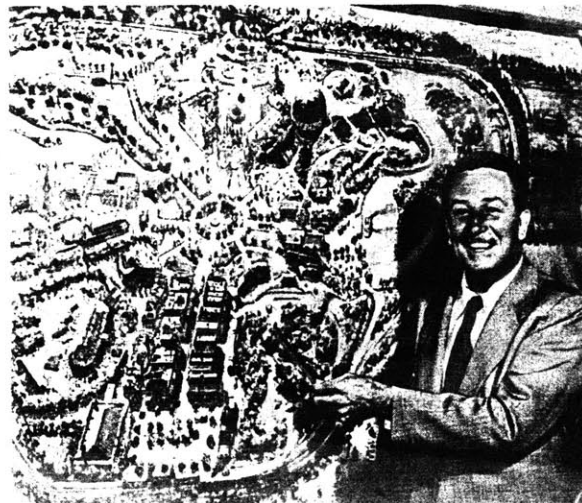
Advertisement in Where/Boston for "The Bag Lady" boutique.



Disney World: A Model for the Mall Society

Faneuil Hall Marketplace and Copley Place are small-scale glimpses of the illusory, exclusionary, and controlled environments which I have defined as the setting for the Mall Society. There does exist, however, a full-scale model, twice the size of the island of Manhattan, in the resurrected swamplands of Orlando, Florida: Walt Disney World.

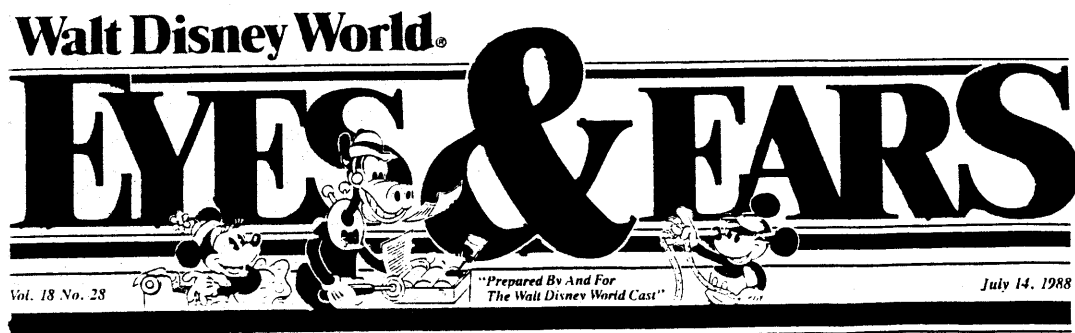
In 1955 Walt Disney created the first "three-dimensional theme show": Disneyland in Anaheim, California. The Walt Disney Company claims that the amusement park "would perhaps be the most significant advancement in the history of entertainment." They are probably right, but, in addition, it was perhaps the most significant advancement in the history of social control. It is with Disneyland that Walt Disney first proved the principals of design and management that made the large-scale handling of tens of thousands of people on a daily basis a possibility.



Source: Your Role in the Walt Disney Show, 1987

Ten years later, Disney began developing his next "amusement park." But this was to be much more than a park, it was to be, as Disney called it, an "Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow." Disney was building a "prototype" for the future, not simply in terms of futuristic gadgets, but in terms of a "community." He hoped it would "serve as a place where people could come from all over the world to learn about the promise of technology and free enterprise," according to Walt Disney Company literature. He was consciously engaged in a thoroughly political activity, propagating his system of beliefs and values and his dreams for the future worldwide.

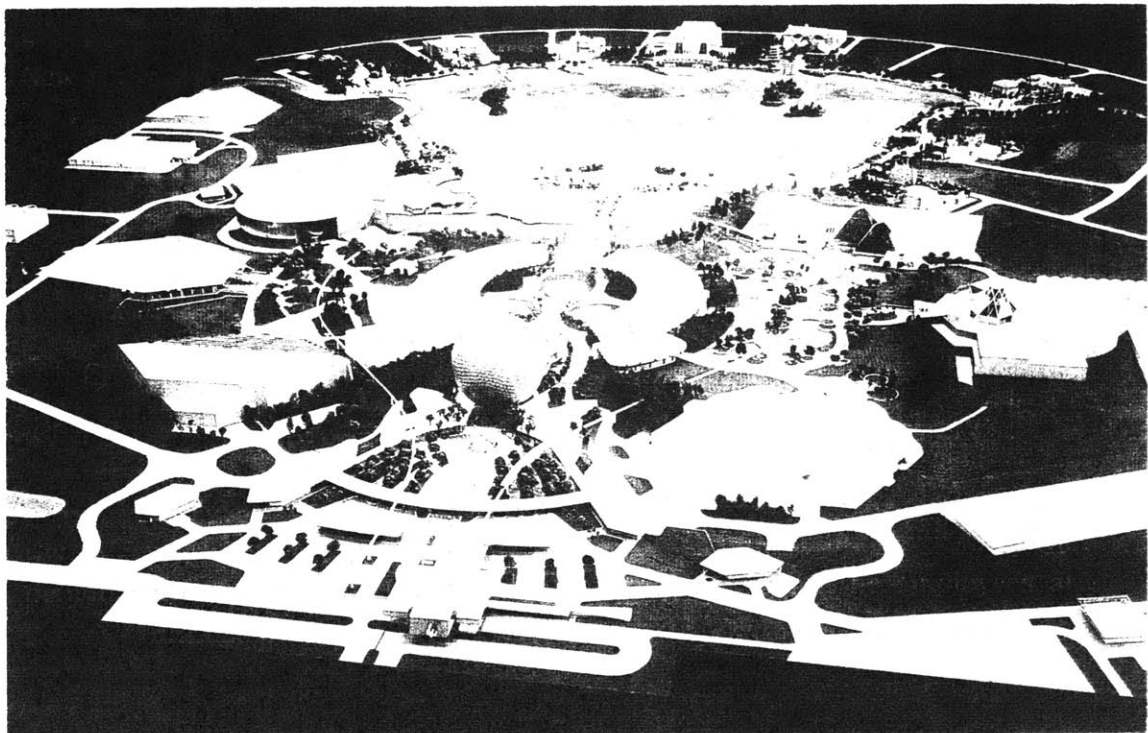
His "prototypical community" was built on 27,000 acres of land and receives tens of millions of visitors every year. David Brinkley called it "the most imaginative and effective piece of urban planning in America. And that is totally aside from the Mickey Mouse amusement park area itself....outside the park...they have built roads, transportation systems, lakes, golf courses, campgrounds, riding stables stores, hotels, etc. And they all fit together in a setting of land, air and water better than any other urban environment in America" (Your Role, p. 12). Disney World is nearly a world unto itself with its own fire protection, security, warehousing, phone company and other utilities (Ibid.). They also have a radio station which broadcasts promotional information to visitors as they near the complex and a Disney World employee newspaper called "Eyes & Ears".



Disney World's employee newspaper, *Eyes & Ears*.

At Disney World, illusion, exclusion and control are integral aspects of what the Disney Company calls the "Disney Magic." Illusions, at least the most obvious ones, are an explicit and expected part of the experience. People are paying for the joy of entering a world of "magical" illusion. Exclusion is maintained by the price of the entry tickets, food, and hotels; the cost of traveling to Orlando, Florida; and, by requirements for proper dress and behavior. Those who do not meet these expectations are either prohibited from entering or are removed by security. (Shearing and Stenning). Also excluded from the fantasy world of Disney are "all reminders of real life, such as crime and death." (Morse, quoting an anonymous former employee, p. 10) Thus, for example, they have a "publicized reluctance to use paramedics and real ambulances." (Ibid.) Control of the environment is absolute. In their paper entitled, "From the Panopticon to Disney World: The Development of Discipline," Clifford Shearing and Phillip Stenning describe Disney World as an "exemplar of instrumental discipline."

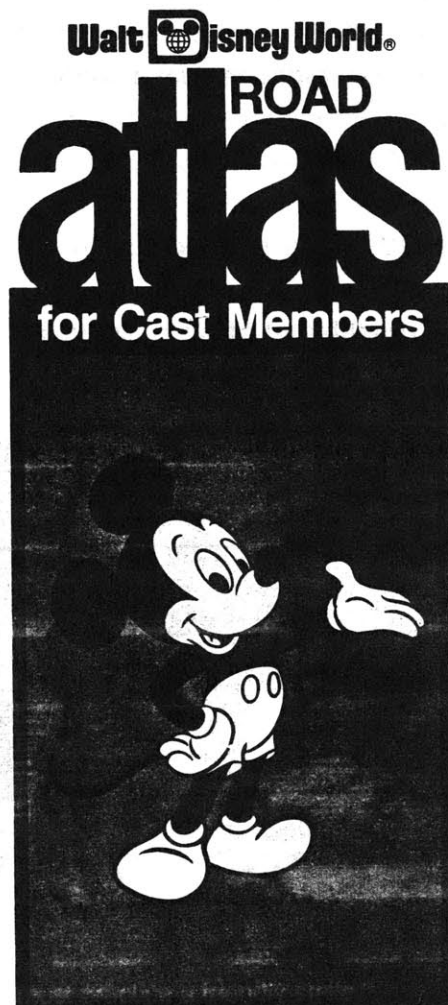
The creation of illusions is what Walt Disney World is all about, and Walt himself was the first to say so: "I don't want the public to see the world they're living in while they're in the Park. I want them to feel they're in another world." (Your Role, p. 4)



Model of EPCOT, Disney's 3-dimensional advertisement for corporate capitalism

To Walt Disney and to the Walt Disney Company, every aspect of Disney World is show business. Walt Disney created what he called, "A giant three-dimensional theme show." And just as in show business, the on-stage drama is meant to be as *real* as possible to the audience.

In a movie, everyone knows the action is all-illusory. They recognize that people who fall in love on screen aren't really in love, that when someone dies, they don't really die, but during the movie the "suspension of belief" is critical to the audience's enjoyment. Therefore, in Disney's "three-dimensional theme show," people join in the fun of "Adventureland" and "It's a Small World" and suspend their belief for awhile. But in Disney World, the show doesn't stop between the rides, everything in-between is just as much a part of the show.



From the moment we enter Disney World proper until the moment we leave, everything we see, everyone we encounter is part of the show, including in a very real way, ourselves. That's what happens when you step inside your television set.

The first thing Disney employees are taught is that they are not employees; they are "cast members", cast for a "role", not a job. Even the employment department of Disney World is called "Casting." Cast Members are not simply the people who wear Donald Duck suits or Frontierland cowboys, *every* employee is a "cast member", including the security guards, the information people, the tour guides, the maintenance people, the janitors, the cooks, the dishwashers, the waiters and waitresses, the bus drivers; all 20,000 members of the support staff of the Disney experience.

This role-playing identity is made very explicit to new employees in an introductory guide called, "Your Role in the Walt Disney World Show":

Regardless of your role, your performance will be on the world's largest stage, because all of Walt Disney World is a 27,000 acre *stage*, with the public areas *onstage*, and the behind-the-scenes support areas *backstage*. Just like any show, we have an audience, not a crowd, but we go even further. Our audience is composed of *guests*, not customers....and we, as *cast members*, are *hosts* and *hostesses*, whether we are in the Magic Kingdom or a resort hotel...whether onstage or backstage. We don't have police or guards, we have *security hosts*, with the role of providing security and assistance for our guests, cast members, and protecting property. We wear *costumes*, not uniforms...."

The Disney Company is not being facetious in any way when they intone this "new language of show business" onto their employees. They are very serious. Millions of dollars of profit per year depend on it.

The Five Disciplines of the Disney Show

Disney World employees are admonished to maintain without exception a "rigid set of disciplines." Underlying all these disciplines is, according to one anonymous employee, a "philosophy constantly reinforced to each of us who work there" which demands a "homogenization of life and effacement of any and all tensions and contradictions..." (Morse, p. 10) The first discipline is "We Work While Others Play." Disney is a year-round production, and it's up to the Cast Members to keep it going through holidays and weekends. The second discipline is: "Keep the Magic of Disney," this means in actor's terms that the Cast Members must never step out of character while onstage. Thus personal problems and production difficulties are never discussed with "guests." "We never complain to our guests" nor do we "eat, chew gum, nor smoke while in public areas...this is one of our absolute disciplines" (Your Role, p.10). The Disney Company lists a series of scenarios to reinforce the importance of this discipline and to impose a sense of guilt on those who break the rule:

Imagine yourself as a guest at the Contemporary Hotel's 'Top of the World' restaurant with your family. As you are looking over the menu your hostess begins to grumble and complain about how tired she is because her supervisor works her too hard....Or imagine strolling through the quaint streets of the United Kingdom in WorldShowcase, only to find a cast member smoking a cigarette and leaning against a phone booth. In each case, the destruction of the show is complete and total. And the disillusionment of the family is very real. (Your Role, p. 10)

Implicit in this is an apparently very human concern for the enjoyment of the family. The reality is, of course, that the Walt Disney Company is a major corporation that makes millions of dollars in profit a year by selling pleasurable experiences to families. Later in the employee manual, this is made more explicit, saying: "There is an indisputable fact of life in show business...if there is *no audience*, there can be *no show*. The audience is the "business side" of show business...they are the ones who pay our wages and keep our show operating. For that very reason, each and every guest that comes through our gates is, in a sense, our boss." (p. 8)

The third discipline is "The Disney Look," which must be maintained onstage or off. "Your total appearance is an important combination of clothing and grooming...next to friendliness, we receive more letters complimenting the neat, well-groomed personal appearance of our cast than anything else."



"Friendliness" to the "guests" and even among the employees is, just like any other aspect of the show, part of the script:

...there are a number of things that are musts in the script. First, *we practice a friendly smile* at all times with our guests and among ourselves. Second, we use friendly, courteous phrases. 'May I help you'...'Thank You'...'Have a Nice Day'...and there are others,

"We must practice a friendly smile."
Source: Your Role in the Walt Disney Show, 1987.

many others are all part of our working vocabulary. And above all, we use *please* with any suggested directive to a guest...But remember, smiling and friendly phrases always go together...they cannot be separated. (Your Role, p.6)



Such superficial scripting of "friendliness" apparently works. Thousands of people write every year to Disney Company commenting on the "friendly employees." The Disney World employee newspaper prints a column entitled, "Applause, Courtesy is a Feather in Your Cap," in which they list quotes from letters sent by appreciative "guests". One writes "Karen

was super! So much sparkle, wit, grace and love for her customers shone from her...." (author's emphasis). One reporter from the Wall Street Journal was so taken by all the friendliness he found at Disney World he wrote, "You can see more respectful courteous people at Disney World in one afternoon than in New York in a year" (March 18, 1975). He forgot to mention, however, that nobody gets paid to continuously smile and say thank you a thousand times per day in New York City.

"Applause" Courtesy Is A Feather In Your Cap



Eyes & Ears column, comments from appreciative guests.

The final two disciplines are "Safety" and "The Show Must Go On." The "Cast Members" are told to be constantly alert to accidents and mishaps, and to apply the "universal law of show business." In Shearing and Stenning's paper, they demonstrate that the alertness to "safety" required of all the employees at Disney World results in a broadening of the control mechanism, in which "every

Disney Productions employee, while visibly and primarily engaged in other functions, is also engaged in the maintenance of order." (p. 344)

The social world of Disney, similar--though more highly developed--to the social world of the malls, is aptly described by sociologist Robert Merton: "Society is experienced as an arena for rival frauds...in place of a sense of *Gemeinschaft* - genuine community of values - there intrudes *Pseudo-Gemeinschaft* - the feeling of personal concern with the other fellow in order to manipulate him the better." (Blumberg, p. 199)

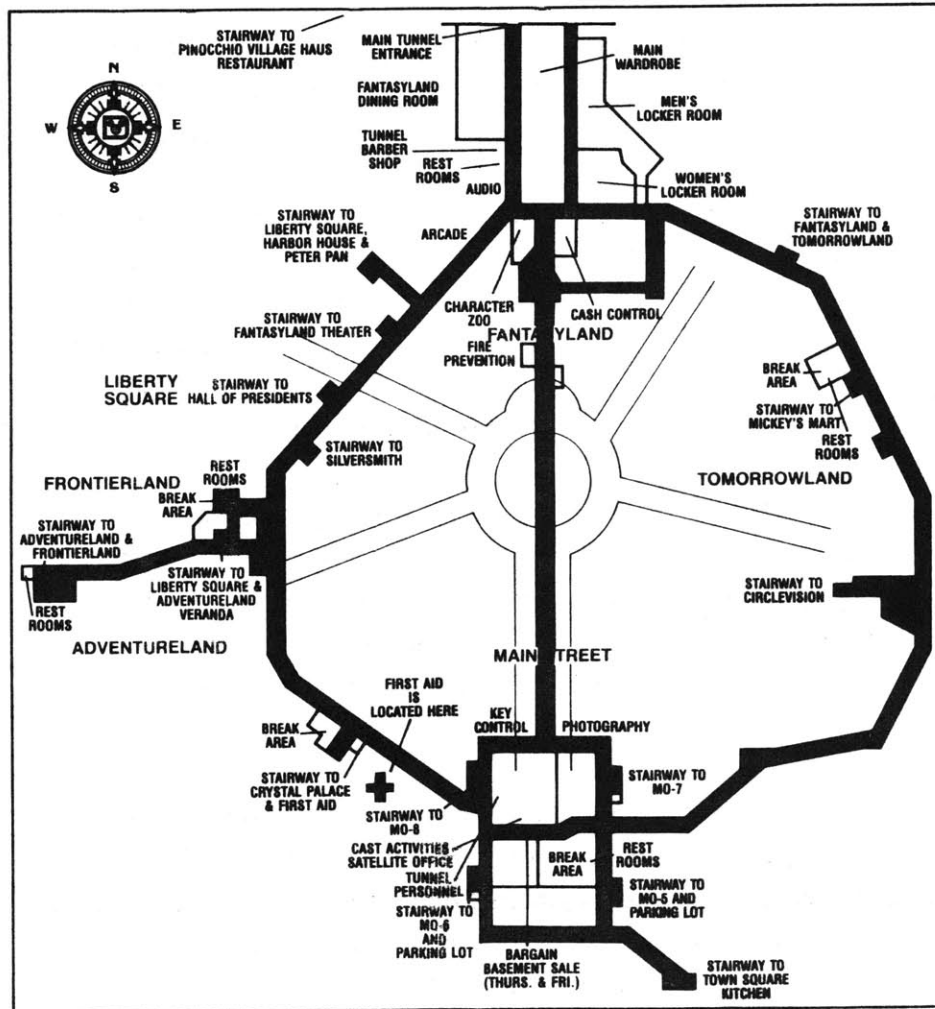
An employee at the "Coffee Connection" in Copley Place remarked during an interview that sometimes it's difficult to "switch off" the fake smiles and the empty "how are you's" at the end of the day. The superficiality of her daily interactions with customers would transfer into her personal relationships with other employees and with her friends.



In her book, *The Managed Heart*, Arlie Russell Hochschild remarks that the "emotional management" of customers, with the conscious use of acting techniques to make customers feel better about themselves and personally cared for, were once reserved for the actor's stage and for the prostitute's brothel. Now they are common practice for airline attendants, high-priced restaurants, the World of Disney, and increasingly in the malls. (Kowinski, p.359)

Corporate profits from emotional management.

The Disney "underworld" is an entire subterranean shadow city; an underground, windowless, utilitarian world which is nearly the polar opposite of the bright shining city above. Here lies reality, may it rest in peace.



Disney World's Magic Kingdom Cast Members Map, the "Underworld".

The latest extension to Disney World, Disney's MGM Studios, has taken the illusion one step further. There they offer to take visitors "backstage", for an insider's look at the movies and "behind-the-scenes action." Of course, this backstage is also a stage with its own subterranean support system and backstaging areas. In Disney's other theme parks, they've offered a staged reality, now they offer a glimpse behind the facade, and lo and behold, there's another facade. Perhaps next we'll see a "behind-the-scenes look at Disney World"--a tour of the "underworld." But to do this they'll have to dig another "underworld" below the old "underworld."

Buildings have historically required maintenance areas, backyards, cellars, utility rooms, etc. But the leap to dual environments, each nearly equal in size, with one entirely subservient to the other, is a relatively new phenomenon. If we are to take Disney at his word and consider Disney World a "prototypical community of tomorrow," we must assume that his future vision includes the "underworld" as an indispensable component, since Disney World's spotless fantasy above would be impossible without the massive substructure below it.

Disney World is, perhaps, what an urban environment in a "post-industrial service economy" will look like. Like the prototypical long, low mill buildings designed as the efficient production factories of the industrial revolution, these vast subterranean systems are the new service-factories of the so-called "post-industrial society."

The urban mall, both the megastructure and festival marketplace models, such as Copley Place and Faneuil Hall Marketplace certainly contain "backstage/onstage" divisions. Both the Rouse Company and JMB Property Management depend on staged environments for their success. However, the festival marketplace with a much smaller backstage area, relies more heavily on management of man power instead of on extensive underground spaces. James McLean, the original manager at Faneuil Hall Marketplace, learned the techniques for the ultimate in fantasy from the master himself; the Rouse Company sent him to Disney World for lessons. (Gordon, p.61)

"An Exemplar of Instrumental Discipline"

Malls have been quick to copy the maintenance techniques and the backstage/onstage concept of Disney's, yet in terms of behavior control, the king is still the king. Copley's "Panopticon" and Faneuil Hall Marketplace's security efforts pale in comparison to the total control achieved at Walt Disney World, but perhaps it is only a matter of time before they will catch up.

Shearing and Stenning describe in detail the set of "consumer controls" any visitor to Disney World will encounter. The controls are a combination of: 1) *constant verbal instructions* by "smiling young people" and "friendly disembodied voices" (beginning on the radio before the guests even arrive on the site) which encourage the "guests" to: "lock one's car....remember one's key's....stand safely behind guard rails....board the monorail in an orderly fashion....ensure that group's visiting Disney together stay together....remain seated 'for one's own safety'....how to get back from the monorail to the parking lot on one's return....take one's possessions....take care of oneself and children in one's care....have a good time and a wonderful stay; 2) *physical barriers* which "make it difficult to make a wrong turn...prevent access" and limit alternatives. Vehicles are also used extensively as physical barriers which "automatically secure one once they begin moving", control pathways and determine viewpoints; and, 3) *omnipresent surveillance* by employees "who detect and rectify the slightest deviation" and by extensive video surveillance, "an invisible apparatus of surveillance: infra-red cameras monitor the entire attraction at every ride." (Morse, p. 10)

Shearing and Stenning states that objects which appear to serve only an aesthetic function are in fact designed to control the movement of the visitors, saying that "virtually every pool, fountain and flower garden serves...to direct visitors away from, or towards, particular locations." (p. 344)

The power of the control at Disney World is that while it is pervasive and in many respects obvious, it is embedded in "other structures and is therefore consensual," (Shearing and Stenning, p. 344). Such control mechanisms are

much more powerful than externalized, coercive methods precisely because "it is affected with the willing co-operation of the controlled so that the controlled become, as Foucault has observed, the source of their own control." (Ibid.)

The goal of the order created by the control is to maximize the numbers of paying consumers who flow through Disney World, and minimize the damage to the property, the consumers, and the workers (damage which will, inevitably, cost the corporation money). Yet, for the visitors themselves, the order is apparently in *their* interest, if they calmly wait and follow all the directions, they get what they came for--the fun and excitement of the rides and the fantasies--and they don't get hurt. Therefore, according to Shearing and Stearns, "while profit ultimately underlies the order Disney Productions seeks to maintain, it is pursued in conjunction with other objectives that will encourage the willing compliance of visitors in maintaining Disney profits."

Just as in the malls, the system operates on mass consensus. For those individuals who make choices that don't fit within Disney's established order, Disney security will step in and utilize coercive power. Since they are dealing with a population that almost without exception desires to be there, the strongest coercion the Disney security personnel have at their disposal is the threat of expulsion from the property. Do as you are told, or leave. For actual criminal acts, they can, of course, detain the person for arrest.

Conclusion

Disney World is not, of course, a real "Magic Kingdom." It is, like the malls, a corporate kingdom, all 27,000 acres of it. Everything that occurs within the corporate kingdom is hierarchically controlled by the executives of the corporation, just as past monarchs and feudal lords controlled their kingdoms. Today, millions and millions of people enter the world of Disney and the malls every day, voting with their feet and their credit cards to become loyal subjects of the corporate kings.

This support from the masses for corporate kingdoms may not be as different from feudal times as it might appear. Feudal lords had more to offer than just whips and taxes, they offered protection to their subjects, protection from a harsh and dangerous world. Twentieth century citizens of the privileged First World do not have to fear the Huns or the Mongols, pestilence or famine, yet they live daily with an ample share of their own fears.

In my studies of surveillanced environments, for example, the overwhelming majority appear to view electronic surveillance as not only acceptable, but necessary. More than one person I interviewed said that they thought it would be a good idea to have closed-circuit television (CCTV) cameras throughout the city in all public spaces, even on street corners. We would all be a whole lot safer, they told me.

I was told this not only by people in Copley Place, but also by people in the nearby Christian Science Church plaza, an enormous outdoor plaza surveilled by a total of nine CCTV cameras perched high above the space on building cornices. I, like many people, never knew the plaza was under video surveillance, but I had always wondered why it seemed so eternally pristine. Like the malls, homeless people are apparently hustled off the site; there are many homeless people in the area, yet I have never seen one sitting there. A friend of mine learned that the space was surveilled the hard way. Late one night she and a friend, both drunk on Jack Daniels, decided to take a midnight swim in the plaza's untouchable reflecting pool. They looked all around for

guards, and not seeing any, hopped in. Within seconds of entering the shallow water, "green-jacketed" men came running out of nowhere," and detained them until police came to arrest them.

From this incident my friend also discovered that surveillance cameras are used for much more than protecting people from rape or burglary, or property from vandals. They are used to maintain a certain standard of behavior and a particular image that is in the interest of the corporation behind the monitor.

Most people I interviewed seemed to think of surveillance cameras as inherently benign and disconnected from any particular individual or corporation. They never seemed to be consciously aware of the fact that some twenty-two year old kid might be staring at them on a TV monitor (one guard admitted to me that they often pass the time by trying to see down women's dresses when viewing elevator monitors), or that a corporation might have more in mind than just protecting property and customer's personal safety. The camera is instead, a benign, disembodied shepherd not unlike the watchful eye that people have relied on for millenias to protect them: God.

The video-camera has rapidly become acceptable in almost any setting. Lately I feel as though I've seen my own image on TV more often than I see Johnny Carson's: there I am walking into Store 24, there I am buying groceries at the Stop and Shop, and now, heading into an elevator, and those are just the visible cameras. We accept being surveilled at stores because we understand that to the store manager anyone of us might just be a shoplifter or a robber. Michael Jackson was nearly arrested the other day in a shopping mall jewelry store in California. He was wearing a disguise to hide from his adoring fans, but the boys in the back room watching him on a monitor concluded he was a burglar busy casing the joint.

The Maximum Security Society

MIT sociologist Gary Marx has postulated that contemporary society is rapidly moving towards becoming a "maximum security society". He writes: "Many of

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the kinds of controls found in prison and in the criminal justice system are diffusing into the society at large. Techniques and an ethos once applied only to suspects or prisoners are now applied in the most benign settings. It is important to ask if recent developments in technology, culture and social organization are not pushing us towards becoming a maximum security society."

Marx has identified six interrelated trends, which he describes as "sub-societies" within the "maximum security society." These trends are conspicuously apparent at Copley Place, Faneuil Hall Marketplace, and at Disney World:

The engineered society: "choices are limited and determined by the physical and social environment. The goal is to design problems out of existence."

Examples in the malls:

1. Elevated walkways -- no detours allowed, the "pedestrian condom"
2. Controlled pathway through the mall -- illusions of choice
3. Lack of benches -- "keep 'em moving"
4. Sealable perimeters --between office and retail, store and hallway, "stage" and "backstage", inside and outside
5. Dual purpose objects -- control hidden in aesthetics
6. The dullified street -- keeps them inside
7. Music to shop to -- soma on the airwaves
8. 3-Dimensional TV -- architecture as advertisement
9. Veiling imperfections -- Storefront covers for ailing stores
10. Tourist trolleys --a "mobile condom" that both protects tourists and limits views and path in the city (e.g. they don't often cruise Roxbury)
11. The Potemkin Village -- Using stagefronts to hide (and hide from) societal ills
12. The Panopticon -- Designing the controls into the controlled

The dossier society: ""Computerized records and our 'data image' are central to the workings of the society."

Examples in the malls:

1. FBI checks on security personnel

2. Call-in instant credit checks for credit cards and bank accounts
3. Bad-check black lists
4. Maintaining records on "undesirables"

The predictive society: "Decisions are made about you not as a unique individual or on the basis of your current behavior, but as a member of a statistical category with a given probability of behaving a certain way in the future."

Examples in the malls:

1. Targeting market populations
2. Code-name categorization by security personnel based on predictive profiles, 10-2's, 10-3's, etc.
3. Race, class, and age categorization

The porous society: "Not only our actions, but our feelings and thoughts are made visible....information leakage is rampant. Barriers and boundaries--be they distance, darkness, time, walls, windows, and even skin, which have been fundamental to our conceptions of privacy, liberty, and individuality give way."

Examples in the malls:

1. Invisible video surveillance
2. Infra-red video surveillance
3. Plain-clothed police
4. Drug-testing of employees
5. Sales statistics/surveys are converted into seductive advertising and designs targeted at our innermost feelings

The self-monitored society: "We become co-conspirators in our own surveillance...the ultimate in de-centralized control. The security function becomes a general expectation of all roles (whether we are watching others or ourselves) and not just those formally designated as control agents."

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Examples in the malls:

1. Security guards watch other mall employees, including other guards
2. Tenants watch other tenants, the customers and the employees
3. Customers watch other customers, notifying security if they are concerned
4. High-maintenance begets high expectations of personal conduct--the Disney theory
5. Nearly universal acceptance of video surveillance
6. Prods, pressures, and seductions to conform to the status quo

The suspicious society: "everyone is suspect..'suspicion, like the rain, falls on the innocent as well as the guilty.' The Napoleonic assumption that everyone is guilty until proven innocent--increasingly extends beyond criminal justice and the French-influenced countries."

Examples in the malls:

1. Preventive policing (watch/guard everyone) vs. reactive policing
2. Blanket video surveillance
3. Dressing room rules: "3 items at one time"
4. Checking bags at the check-out desk
5. Magnetic detector security systems

Malls are clearly examples of the Maximum Security Society. The protection, both physical and psychological, offered by the corporately-controlled environment, is extraordinarily seductive to a populace nearly paralyzed by the fear of a world filled with dangers, real and imagined. In his book, *Brave New World Revisited*, Aldous Huxley, had this to say about corporate advertising techniques:

Find some common desire, some widespread unconscious fear or anxiety; think out some way to relate this wish or fear to the product you wish to sell; then build a bridge of verbal or pictorial symbols over which your customer can pull from fact to compensatory dream, and from the dream to the illusion that your product, when purchased, will make the dream come true. (Huxley, 1958, p. 51)

And so it has been with the history of selling the malls to the people. Malls, like Right Guard or Listerine, are sold to the people by playing on their deep-seated fears. Come inside and you will be safe, safe from a dangerous and dirty city, safe from people unlike yourself, safe from the poor and the homeless, safe from radical activists and religious zealots, safe from all the noises and smells, safe from disorder and confusion, safe from the dope dealers, gang wars, prostitutes, muggers, crazies, and Zip-guns. Not only do they offer a secure environment, but they fill it with the stuff of dreams: all the shoes, clothes, bags, baubles, videos, gadgets, toys, watches, books, movies, cutlery, toilet fixtures, bathing accessories, bicycles, barbells, foods of all kinds and on and on. Then they add to this pure fantasies, fantasy worlds of the imagination. Not just the idealized Main Street, but increasingly--as we saw with the Edmonton Mall--versions of Disney World. And there, the real world can be buried underground altogether, and forgotten.

The greatest danger in malls and a many other privately-controlled environments--such as condominiums, office parks, and corporation-planned communities--is that they isolate the privileged from the problems they have had a hand in creating, and that they are in the best position to help solve. The number of people who are excluded from the mall world is not insignificant. In Toronto's Eaton Centre, for example, 30,000 people were forcibly removed over the course of one year, 1985. (Whyte, p. 250)

That "removal of undesirables" hides a significant proportion of the population from the mall-goers. Homelessness is a good example. Urban malls hide the homeless from the suburban commuter and the yuppie urbanite and protect that person both from feelings of guilt and from a heightened consciousness.

Malls are where grown children hide from ills of their own creation.

The following is an effort to depict the Mall Society at its extreme, both to warn of a possible future and to clarify issues confronting the Mall Society of today.



Source: David Marshall, Street Magazine



The Mall Society of 2038

Leonard Johnson slowly and methodically chewed on his bologna sandwich, staring vacantly at the football game on the lunchroom's videowall. Around him sat four dozen other Gardeners all in identical green union suits, each absorbed in the game. The score was tied-up, and today it looked like it just might go into overtime. The Washington Redskins had the ball with 30 yards to go and 20 seconds remaining on the clock. Skins' QB Biltmore Jackson took the snap and went back to pass. The Houston Oilers' defense surged forward and crashed hard against the Skins' linemen. The Gardeners leaned forward in their seats in anxious excitement. Jackson threw the pass, as the Skins amazing Norville Thomas rocketed into position for the score. With less than a second on the clock, the Oilers tried to intercept but fell short. The ball glided into Thomas' skillful hands as the gun went off. Touchdown!! The Gardeners cheered uproariously. The Mall's lunch bell rang and the Gardeners rose and began filing out of the room, still excited about the games outcome.

"Shit, man, I knew the Skins had 'em; they're gonna go all the way this year!" one Gardener proclaimed to no one in particular as they all headed for the diagonal transport unit. Leonard was the last one in as the DT's doors slid shut. Once inside, no one spoke as the huge, utilitarian container began its long journey upward. The only sound was a soft, feminine voice announcing: "Service Level 12, inside please."

"Leonard," the voice purred, "you're always the last one in." Leonard looked sheepishly downward as the other Gardeners stared disapprovingly in his direction. He shifted uncomfortably, and sighed in relief as they slowed to a stop and the doors opened once again, "Service Level 11, inside please." A dozen more Gardeners filed into the DT-unit. "Jeremy Smith? Where is Mr. Smith?", the voice softly queried. "Here he comes," someone shouted from among the Level 11

Gardeners. "Oh, Jeremy, please come promptly, everyone's been waiting" the voice gently scolded. The doors slid shut once again, and proceeded without incident to each level. By Service Level 1 the DT was so packed with the nearly 200 Gardeners that Leonard could barely breathe.

The doors opened onto an intensively active, seemingly endless space. The air was stifling, damp, and rapidly ranging from unbearably hot to uncomfortably cold. The smell of fried foods mixed with the heavy, dank smell of human sweat.

Horizontal transports lumbered by and smaller six- and twelve-worker micro-units darted past in all directions. An enormous network of ducts crowded the heavy concrete ceiling. Here and there the ductwork shot downward into the depths. Stairways, ladders, and service elevators rose up and down through the space, usually located next to a tight cluster of activity and equipment: cooking facilities, sound, light, and scent centers, huge trash bins, and stacks of products of every imaginable sort. Within and between these clusters, running frantically about and up and down the ladders and stairways, and in and out of the elevators, were outrageously costumed figures, some so encumbered by their ridiculous outfits as to have difficulty maneuvering in the complex space.

The costumed men and women were known among workers as the Cartoons. Like characters in an old Fellini film, they created an air of absurdity within the service-factory environment. A menagerie of animals such as giant turkeys, rabbits, frogs, and lobsters ran about, as well as assorted consumer objects: walking Vacu-presses, LDP's, solar-pad applicators, video phones, Nike Flares, digitizers, and dozens of other consumables. Another group were dressed in various period, ethnic, and fad costumes, spanning the centuries from stone age to the information age. Hundreds more fit any fantasy, from space creatures to film stars, past and present.

Within and around the same service clusters were another group, known as the Moles, who were rendered nearly invisible by their sheer ordinariness. Like the gardeners they wore union suits but grey instead of green. These men and women never went beyond the Service Levels. They remained constantly below: frying burgers, packing boxes, baking bread, assembling products, receiving

shipments, hauling trash and doing cleaning and maintenance work.

A constant whistling and humming sound emanated from the maze of ductwork, and the buzz of activity echoed off the concrete floors and gargantuan concrete pillars supporting the structure. The only voices that could be heard were the non-stop, softly-delivered commands, reprimands and suggestions of the Mall herself. "Angelica Franklin, you're needed in Sector 119c, your co-workers are waiting....Cuidado con los cartones, Señor Florez, por favor, cuidado....Ms. Francis, Filene's morning delivery has arrived, Ms. Francis..." and on and on.

Leonard Johnson paid little attention to the sights, sounds, and smells of Service Level 1. In his 22 years working at the Malls, he'd had more than enough of the Service Levels. He was a Gardener now. He had reached the pinnacle of the Service Profession. He'd started out as a Mole in FraminghamMall back in 2016 and slowly worked his way up. The Corporation transferred him to BostonMall in 2026, a transfer considered to be an honor itself, as on the East Coast, BostonMall is second only in prestige to NYCitiMall. The Corporation dropped him a grade and gave him a slight salary cut for the transfer, but to Leonard it was well worth it. He was the first in his family to work at BostonMall. After five years of diligent service as a BostonMall Mole, he was upgraded to a Cartoon: His first chance in 15 years of service to the Malls to actually see Inside. He could still vividly remember the first time. Of course, he had a pretty good idea of the Inside from the holographies, but the real thing was almost too much to be believed.

It was July 5, 2031, the beginning of the Christmas Season, and he was to be dressed as an elf, which made it all the better because the elf's mask would only slightly obscure his vision. After an hour or so for fitting, and then a good half hour to struggle into his costume, he was ready. With great anticipation, a chorus of cheers from fellow workers, and a hearty congratulations from the Mall herself, he strode into the elevator, the excitement of the moment overriding a slight feeling of ridiculousness due to his jingling, jangling green and red synthetic wool elf's suit with the pointed shoes and hat.

The ride upward lasted only a few seconds, but the anticipation made it seem like hours. As the doors slid open, the mall proclaimed: "Welcome to the Inside, Leonard Johnson!" The view was overwhelming: lush greenery so deep and beautiful, so fragrant and sensual, that he nearly fainted. And water! Clean, clear, cool water splashed and burst from great fountains, erupting on all sides of him, and cascaded down from towering polished stone cliffs. A statue of George Washington astride a horse stood triumphantly over him. In the distance Leonard could see a clear blue lagoon, with bathers running gleefully about and boats floating lazily along. High above, Leonard saw the shining steel and glass webbing that stretched across the enormous BostonMall Garden. Balloons rose up all around him, each one proclaiming: "Only 165 shopping days 'til Christmas!" Perhaps even more spectacular for Leonard were the Shareholders themselves. They thronged past him, enveloping him in a whirl of brightly colored shopping bags, expensive clothing, and luxurious wafts of perfume. He felt so privileged to be among them. The only Shareholders he'd ever come in contact with before had been the Malltechnicians.

Of course, he didn't have much time to absorb his new surroundings. He had work to do. "Leonard, Oh Leonard," the Mall gently urged, "report to Newbury Sector 16, B-400 please...the customers are waiting."

Leonard had told that story to his son many times since then. If only his son could understand the joy he felt that day.

For five years, Leonard worked hard as a Cartoon, primarily in retail sales for Filene's and Tsutsumi's. He wore a variety of costumes, ranging from an elf to a Speedo Sportsmaster.

Not until two years ago did Leonard receive the green uniform of a Gardener. The Gardeners had the coveted role of maintainers of The Mall herself. Only they had full access to nearly every sector of the enormous, interconnecting structure, unencumbered by the costumes of the Cartoons and not limited to particular marketing zones. As Leonard had soon discovered, his brief glimpse of The Garden was to be his last as a Cartoon.

The Corporation limited Cartoons strictly to their assigned shop, restaurant, recreation area, university, historic district, hotel, office block, condo complex, park, or plaza. Except for parade days, Cartoons never left their assigned areas.

But now, as a Gardener, he was responsible for a much bigger area. Of course he was still a low-grade Gardener which meant his work was largely limited to the activities of what used to be known as a "janitor": emptying garbage cans, sweeping, scrubbing, waxing, vaccing, watering plants, and generally keeping the Mall spotless for the Shareholders. Only the top-grade Gardeners were traditional "gardeners," working in the Mall's vast park system. Leonard was satisfied with his work, however, as were most of the Gardeners he knew. The Corporation took good care of him. In the past few months, though, Leonard Johnson was not as content as he had been. The discontentment had little to do with his job; he knew how lucky he had been in that regard.

Leonard was preoccupied with the future of his teenage son, Norbert. Norbert was turning 18 soon and he was refusing to join the Corporation's Family Job Plan. As Leonard stepped into the Horizontal Transport with the other Gardeners that day, he couldn't stop thinking about Norbert. As the HT unit lumbered along, dropping off Gardeners at the Mall's request at points along the way, Leonard hoped that maybe his wife was right; Norbert was just in his "rebellion stage" and he'd soon be over it. She'd picked up that phrase at one of the Mall's employee workshops on "Coping with Kids."

The HT unit stopped in CommAve Sector 5. "Gardeners, we've got a big job this afternoon," the Mall called out, "there was a brunch-special Shareholders champagne parade from Kenmore to the Garden and they left quite a mess. Let's go clean it up!" The HT unit unloaded 50 of the Gardeners and appropriate equipment onto a DT, and they rose quickly to the main mall level. Leonard looked down the long, brick-lined pedestrian street, strewn with multi-colored streamers, broken champagne glasses, and bottles, horse-manure from the Clydesdales, and a few straggling party-goers. He hopped on a vacuumatic street-sweeper and headed down the road.

Filtered sunshine warmed the air. Green-leafed trees shaded Leonard's path. As he drove along, he glanced over at the 19th Century buildings lining either side of the street and wondered if he might someday get assigned to building maintenance.

The Mall's streets seemed nearly empty that day. Only an occasional Shareholder strolled along. Leonard knew something big must be going on in the Garden. He could hear a band playing in the distance and hurried to complete his task so he could get there before it was all over.

The Garden was completely packed with tens of thousands of Shareholders; Leonard had never seen anything quite like this in the Mall before. He parked his vacuumatic street-sweeper near the edge of the crowd and stepped down. The other Gardeners did the same and since the Mall didn't seem to mind for the moment, they hung out and listened.

Leonard could hear the Shareholders buzzing with excitement. "Oh, the Chairman's about to speak, what a moment to remember!...Honey, just keep it down and hand me the Fujicam....I still say I'd take the Reverand any day over this guy, even if he's only a holograph.....Mommy, tell Bobby to give me back the hyposcope!.....You know Helen, I danced with him once at the Shareholders convention at the NYCitimall....Oh, my God, I think he's gonna announce another one of those Lottocorp winners, just hope this one doesn't move into our Condoplex.....It is steaming in here today, you'd think the Greenhouse Effect had moved Inside.....Did you hear about that nut they caught passing out leaflets bad-mouthing the Chairman.....Well, we all know what'll happen to him: banished to the Outside; God help him if Outsiders find out he's an ex-Shareholder..... Mommeeeeeee! I want my hyposcope.....Shutup, he's about to start..."

Leonard watched in fascination as the tiny stage in the center of the vast space was holographically enlarged and projected high above the crowd so all could see. The Chairman of the Board of Noreastcorp, Donald Trump, strode up to the podium to address the Board Members and the thousands of Shareholders who were gathered in the BostonMall Garden.

The Chairman, his boyish good looks chemically preserved at 96, smiled and waved to the adoring crowd. "Members of the Board, Shareholders, and esteemed guests, I have the honor of addressing you on this proud day of the 30th anniversary of the founding of our powerful, profitable and successful United Corporate Directorships of North-America." The well-heeled audience erupted into uproarious cheers.

"As we stand here in this gorgeous Garden of the BostonMall surrounded by its fountains and lush greenery, beneath the engineering wonder of its vast roof, we see just one of the many great accomplishments of this humble member of the UCDNA, Noreastcorp!" The crowd again erupted into wild cheers.

"In my address on this historic day, I felt it was only appropriate to briefly review part of our triumphant past that led to this most successful joint-venture. But before I begin, I would like to introduce a young man who is a symbol of the generous and democratic ideals this Corporatocracy represents, a man who not one week ago was just an average Mallworker living in a dilapidated house on the Outside.

"Today he comes before us as a proud Shareholder in our publicly-owned corporation. Ladies and gentlemen, let's give a big hand for Mr. Enrique Salinas and his beautiful family, now Shareholders in the Corporation. C'mon up here Enrique." The crowd roared its approval as Enrique and his family walked up to the podium to shake hands with the Chairman and receive a plaque commemorating their new status. Enrique Salinas was that week's winner in the Noreastcorp's lottery, Lottocorp. "With the Salinas's and the thousands like them across the country over the years, I can proudly report that Shareholders now are an astounding 27 percent of the continents' population!"

After the applause died down and the Salinas's step back to their seats, Mr. Trump begins his formal address. "The creation of the United Corporate Directorships of North America has roots deep in the glorious history of this land. When the Founding Fathers sat down in 1787 to draft the first Constitution of America, they were quite conscious of the intrinsic

contradictions between the 'democratic ideal' and the sacred right to unlimited accumulation of private property.

"They, like us, were property owners who desired to protect their property and their descendants' property from an unruly, illiterate and unpropertied majority. The system they devised, as outdated and naive as it appears to us today, was in fact an ingenious compromise which successfully protected the rights of the propertied minority from the unpropertied majority for over 200 years. But, of course, that system had its weaknesses, and was eventually outmoded.

"The framers of the Constitution were well aware of the growing dangers in the future, as James Madison said on the Convention floor in 1787: 'In framing a system which we wish to last for ages, we should not lose sight of the changes which ages will produce. An increase of population will of necessity increase the proportion of those who will labor under all the hardships of life, and secretly sigh for a more equal distribution of its blessings...According to the equal laws of suffrage, the power will slide into the hands of (those laborers)...How is this danger to be guarded against on republic principles?'"

"Mr. Madison was clearly a wise prophet of the future, he would've made a great investment banker!" Loud laughter filled the filtered air of the BostonMall. "As we all know now, that danger could not be sufficiently guarded against on "republic principles" so we had to rework 'em a bit! But that reworking took a long time, and many heroic figures in our corporate past took the fall on Wallstreet before the successful Buy-Out of 2008 in partnership with JapanCorp.

"Let's have a brief moment of silence for those brave investors who lost their shirts in the Deep Depression of the 1990's..."

"Now before we get too teary-eyed, let's remember that the ideals of this Corporatocracy were well in place long before the Buy-Out. The replacement of town centers with environmentally and socially controlled malls began way back in the 1950's. By the late 1980's there was barely a town or city in America that wasn't well on the way to complete corporate ownership of its city centers.

"And at a national level, multi-national corporations had control of the media, and as electronic media became more and more sophisticated, the control of the electoral process and public opinion just got easier.

"Corporate candidates were as marketable as any other product, and were packaged and sold to the voting public in complete openness. No attempt was made to hide the sales process, yet, amazingly to the social critics of the day, even blatantly superficial packaging efforts did not stop the average American from believing an actual democratic process was occurring.

"The electoral process was sufficiently alienating, however, to dissuade the majority of the unpropertied class from voting at all, a fact which is important to point out to the critics of our Corporatocracy. Though today the election of the Board of Directors is limited to Shareholders, this is little different from the old system which in law allowed universal suffrage, but in practice was limited to the 'shareholders' of the day.

"We simply have a more honest, direct, and professionally managed system in 21st Century America. Besides, what could possibly be more democratic than a public corporation?" A deafening applause echoed through the enormous enclosure of the Mall, reverberated down its long Skyweb-covered streets and deep into the vast service subsystem below, and carried out into the Outside.

Leonard was impressed with the Chairman. He was so happy the Mall had let he and his fellow workers listen to that magnificent speech. After the crowd cleared out the Gardeners spent most of the rest of the afternoon in the Garden, cleaning up the mess the Shareholders left behind. Just before 18:00 hours, the Gardeners went back into the Service Levels and after changing into their street clothes, they began the long commute home.

Leonard Johnson passed through the first set of large steel doors of the Mall's air-locked security system. Cartoons, Moles and Gardeners filed out with him, now indistinguishable from one another in their street clothes. They looked much

like factory workers of the 20th century after a long day's work. Most were Black, Hispanic, or Asian and most wore worn jeans and t-shirts.

A wave of heavy, hot, humid air rushed into the air-lock as the huge steel doors rolled back. They entered a world shockingly different from the sparkling clean, fantasy environment of the mall or its vast service subsystem.

The men and women started the half-mile, twice-daily walk through the barren but green Speculative Zone, a strip of completely vacant land that surrounded all the nation's citimalls. The zone served the dual purpose of providing readily available land for expansion of the mall and provided an added security buffer between the Inside and the Outside. No one but the workers were allowed in the Zone and only they were allowed to file through it between shifts. The ground was covered with Greenway, a patented genetically engineered moss-like bacteria that looked convincingly like grass from the air but required no watering and little ground preparation. The Greenway served to provide a pleasant illusion that the malls were surrounded by lovely park-like environments for Shareholder commuters who flew high overhead in their Moller VTOL's (Vertical Take-Off and Landing vehicles).

At the outer edge of the Speculative Zone, was a 30-foot high, electrified fence, with video scanners spaced evenly along its length. An enormous gateway opened for the workers as they neared it. Only a few workers left the Mall at any one time from this exitway, though the Mall employed thousands. The Mall had a number of such exits and total worker change-overs did not occur every 8 hours. Instead, every hour a new group of workers began their 8-hour shift during the entire 24-hour period. The system was designed, like nearly every aspect of the Mall's work environment, to assure that workers could never gather together in large numbers at any one time.

Just beyond the fence was a dust-filled dirt parking lot that seemed to stretch for miles. Ancient, 20th century land cars of every make and model filled the lot. Production of road-limited autos had ended completely by 2010 in North America, going the way of the horse and buggy and the steam-engine. But only

Shareholders could afford a Moller VTOL, so demand for road vehicles remained strong. The black-market, controlled mostly by the Mafia with heavy pay-offs going to the Corporation, continued providing parts, rebuilding engines, and even facilitating a relatively steady stream of imported vehicles from Brazil and the People's Republic of Central America.

Leonard Johnson opened the door of his beat-up '92 BMW and crawled inside for a steamy hot, late afternoon nap. He had to wait for his wife whose shift didn't get off for another half-hour.

As he lay there sweating, he could hear the rattling, coughing, sputtering engines firing up all around him as the other workers headed to their far-flung suburban homes.

Most Mallworkers live in the once posh suburbs that surrounded old Boston, where they rent from the Corporation. Suburbs that did not become mallified by the Corporation were abandoned by Shareholders who now live either within a citimall or, if they are wealthier, they live in a Wooded Compound, as far away as Maine, Quebec, or Upstate New York or in a Beachfront Compound, as far south as Florida. Compounds are isolated retreats, usually grouped into ten or fifteen families sharing a Solardome. With the VTOL's which have top speeds of 500 kmh Shareholders can commute hundreds of kilometers to the citimalls.

No Shareholders live outside environmentally and socially controlled spaces. With the heavy deterioration of the ozone layer, the greatly heated atmosphere caused by the Greenhouse Effect, predominance of toxic smog and acid rain, the Outside is simply to uncomfortable and dangerous for those who can afford to avoid it.

Leonard was woke by the sound of his wife Charlene knocking on the car window. Drenched in sweat, he groggily leaned over and unlocked the door. "Hey baby, it's good to see you! Let's get on home," Charlene said as she pushed open the door. Charlene Johnson had the tired look of a woman who'd had a hard life, but she still had the warm, gentle quality that first attracted Leonard

to her back in 2021, when they both worked the same shift at the FraminghamMall. She slid in next to him, started up the old engine, and began slowly moving out.

The BMW bumped along, weaving through the hundreds of randomly parked cars. They reached the edge of the parking lot and began the long, often dangerous, circuitous route through the slums surrounding BostonMall where the city's tens of thousands of unemployed lived; either squatting in abandoned buildings or paying rent to shady absentee landlords. Most of the buildings were, in fact, owned by the Corporation, who took over ownership of tax-defaulted buildings from the old city government after the Buy-Out. The Corporation's anti-squat police made raids almost daily throughout the city.

Besides the danger of running into one of the many riots or getting caught in gang war cross-fire, the Johnson's had to contend with the heavily deteriorated roadways. Since the VTOL's made roads and highways unnecessary for Shareholders, they had been allowed to deteriorate. Many sections were completely washed out. Paving had been reduced to a sort of indistinct gravel on most roads; the going was rough.

The Johnsons motored slowly along past the burned-out, decaying buildings that lined the streets. Peering through the dull brown haze that lay eternally over the city like a shroud, here and there they could see a vacant lot bathed in an eerie glow. As the beat-up BMW rattled close by one of these lots, the Johnsons could hear the sound of organ music beckoning out into the chaos. Often a large group of Outsiders would be gathered near these lots, basking in its comforting glow. Once in a while on their commute, the Johnsons were also compelled to pull over and watch. Since Leonard had been feeling so badly about his son Norbert lately, he urged Charlene to stop that day.

It was a dangerous neighborhood, so the Johnsons watched from the relative safety of their car. They stared over the mesmerized crowd that had gathered between two rotting brick buildings. Above them was an eerily realistic, holographic projection of the late Reverend Jimmy Swaggert, crying out to lost souls 24 hours a day, 365 days a year.

"Blessed be ye children of the Lord," he shouted to the Outsiders. "You must seek His forgiveness for your sins, and pray that God Almighty will deliver you from your suffering and your sinful ways!" The organ punctuated his statement with a choral flourish.

As the holographic Reverend spoke, high above the small gathering of worshippers the lights of countless Moller VTOL's could be seen streaking across the sky. The sound of their engines was so loud that some of the preachers words were hard to make out.

"Brothers and Sisters, some of you might ask, why is there so much suffering on this Earth if Jesus loves us so? I think the answer to that question is clear if we look deep into our hearts. There is suffering here on Earth not because Jesus does not love us, but because we don't love Him enough! You have to Believee... you have to stop sinnin' against the Lord and against each other.

" 'Ye shall reap what ye have sown,' so sayeth the Word of the Lord. When you drink, and steal, and lie, and whore, and hate, you are sinnin' against the Lord Jesus. When you start to waiver in your FAITH, you are sinnin' against the Lord. None of us can change the sufferin' in the world, and to try is sinnin' against the God Almighty.

"We can only change ourselves. Believe in Jesus, pray hard, and work hard and one day, my friends, you shall be blessed with the Fruits of Sweet Jesus, if not in this life, then in the next. Praise Jesus!"

"Praise Jesus!" shouted the crowd of Outsiders as the triumphant tones of an invisible organ began to play "Let the Saints Come Marching In."

Charlene started up the car and the Johnsons continued their journey through the night, still quietly humming the refrain. Leonard always felt a warm sense of comfort and relief after hearing The Reverend. His worries about his son's rebelliousness seemed so pointless now; he was sure Norbert would pass through

this phase as he got a bit older.

"Char, hon', we should be sure to tell Norbert to listen to the Reverend more often. A little preachin's all that boy needs to straighten him out," Leonard told his wife. She just nodded and kept on driving.

The cars ahead began to slow and Charlene looked worried. As they slowed to a stop they could see a huge crowd of Outsiders gathered in the street, blocking traffic.

Many in the crowd carried torches and others carried signs. The apparent leader of this growing mob was running around yelling into a bullhorn: "Fuck the Malls and Fuck the Shareholders!" A riot was definitely mounting. Outsider youths stripped to the waist and painted in day-glo yellow began racing up and down the line of cars, beating on the roofs and hoods of the Mallworkers' vehicles, shouting over and over, "Fuck the Mall and Fuck the Shareholders!"

Leonard and Charlene crouched down in the worn interior of the old BMW, too scared to move.

"You don't have to work for those bastards! What do they do for you!" the bullhorn blared. Leonard and Charlene could barely hear above the sound of the pounding fists on the roof of their car. they crouched even lower into their seats and hoped it would be over soon.

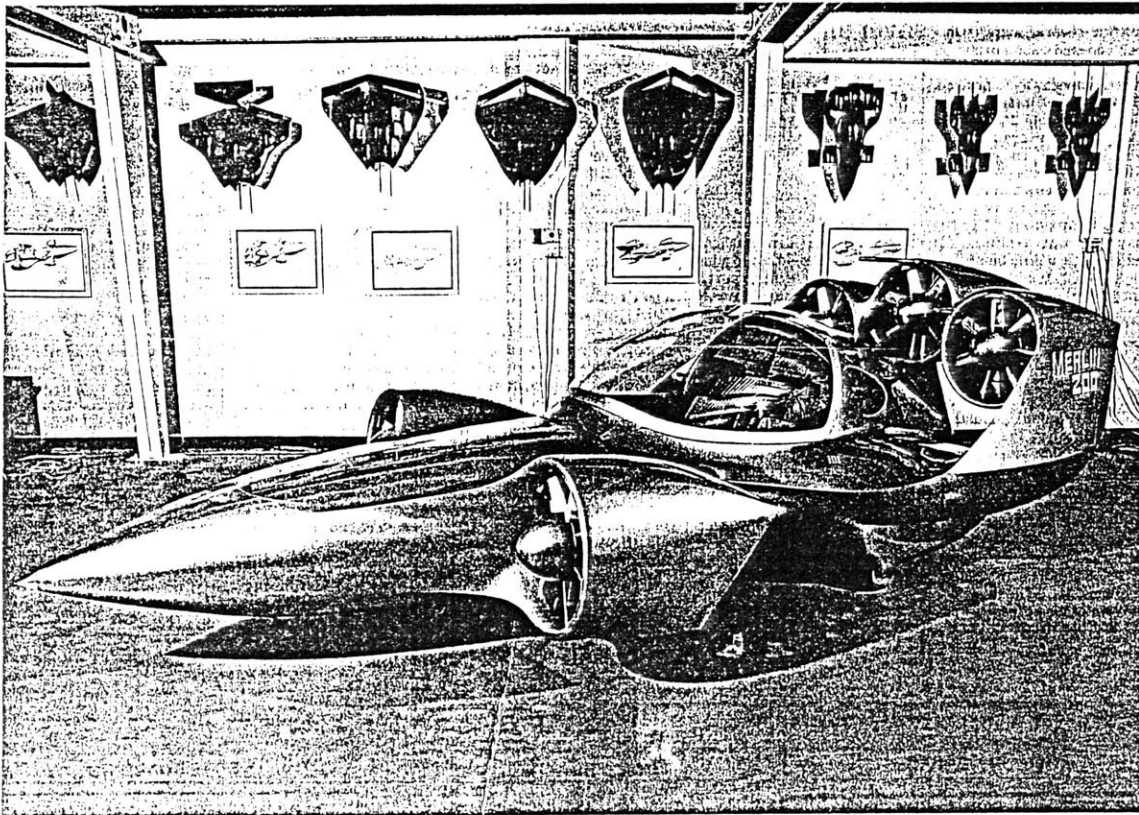
"You drive through here like you're goin' somewhere better just 'cause you collect those measly little paychecks the Corporation gives you!" the bullhorn blared. "But you're not goin' anywhere better than here. The suburbs are ghettos too! Does the Corporation pave your streets? No! Does the Corporation repair your broken sewers? No! The Corporation doesn't give a damn about you any more than they do about us. You're just doin' their shitwork!"

"We're all Outsiders! The Shareholders live like kings on the Inside, and they just throw us a few scraps like we were a bunch a dogs. Fuck the Malls and Fuck the Shareholders! We don't need those rich corporate bastards!!!!"

Leonard and Charlene listened in shocked silence; they recognized the voice. The man on the bullhorn was their son Norbert.

The Corporate Police were slow in coming that day. The Johnsons shuddered when they finally heard the sound of VTOL anti-riot units blasting in. Leonard buried his head in his hands as the Police quickly and efficiently moved in on the rioting youths and dragged them away. Norbert would've been such a wonderful Gardener, thought Leonard, as he and Charlene drove on through the night.

Works in Progress



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHUCK NACKE/PICTURE GROUP

Fly Me to the Mall

Appendix:

First Amendment Rights at the Mall

"The Constitution and the Bill of Rights...guarantee to us all the rights to personal and spiritual self-fulfillment. But the guarantee is not self-executing. As nightfall does not come at once, neither does oppression. In both instances, there is a twilight when everything remains seemingly unchanged.

And it is in such twilight that we all must be most aware of change in the air -- however slight -- lest we become unwitting victims of this darkness."

Justice William O. Douglas

"The death of democracy is not likely to be assassination from ambush. It will be a slow extinction from apathy, indifference and undernourishment."

Robert Maynard Hutchins

Though Copley Place is a public right-of-way, built with multi-million dollar state and federal government subsidies on publicly-owned air-rights, and though it covers nearly four blocks of downtown Boston, it remains private-property. And on private property, based on a 1976 Supreme Court ruling, "There is no First Amendment right to communicate...unless Congress expressly permits it (as in labor laws) or unless the property owner exercises the functions of government" as in a company town. (Peck, p. 24)

There has been, however, for many years now a state by state battle to protect first amendment rights in shopping malls. The primary argument, again and again, has been that shopping malls are, in fact, the "functional equivalent of a town center" (Viar v. Bergen Mall Shopping Center, 1984) and as such, should not be subject to censorship by mall owners. Since a landmark U.S. Supreme Court decision in 1980, *Pruneyard Shopping Center v. Robins*, individual states may

extend the right to free speech on private property under their state constitutions.

In that case, the Pruneyard Shopping Center was sued after a security guard stopped a group of high school students from soliciting signatures from passersby in the mall's central courtyard for petitions in opposition to a United Nations resolution against "Zionism". Judge Rehnquist's Supreme Court opinion states that the students were orderly, peaceful, and their activity was not objected to by Pruneyard's patrons. The guard informed the petitioners that "they would have to leave because their activity violated shopping center regulations prohibiting any visitor or tenant from engaging in any publicly expressive activity that is no directly related to the center's commercial purposes." (Pruneyard Shopping Center v. Robins, p. 74)

The trial court and the California Court of Appeals upheld the right of the mall's owner to restrict political activity in the mall, but the Supreme Court of California reversed, holding that "the California Constitution protects speech and petitioning, reasonably exercised, and that such result does not infringe appellants' property rights protected by the Federal Constitution." (Ibid.)

The California Court observed: "It bears emphasis that we do not have under consideration the property or privacy rights of an individual homeowner or the proprietor of a modest retail establishment. As a result of advertising and the lure of a congenial environment, 25,000 persons are induced to congregate daily to take advantage of the numerous amenities offered by the [shopping center there]. A handful of additional orderly persons soliciting signatures and distributing handbills....under reasonable regulations adopted by defendant to assure that these activities do not interfere with normal business operationswould not markedly dilute defendant's property rights."

The mall owners' arguments in defense of their policy reveals a lot about the rulers of these mini-kingdoms. First, the Pruneyard Shopping Center's owners argued that "recognition of such right violated their 'right to exclude others', a fundamental component of their federally protected property rights." They

claimed that the "right to exclude others is so essential to the use (and) economic value of their property that the state-authorized limitation of it amounted to a 'taking.'" (Ibid.)

Second, the mall owners claimed that " a private property owner has a First Amendment right not to be forced by the State to use his property as a forum for the speech of others." The California Court ruled that as the mall was open to the public, "by choice of its owner," the views expressed by a few teenagers passing out pamphlets would not "likely be identified with those of the owner." Further, the Court stated that "no specific message is dictated by the State to be displayed on appellant's property, and appellants are free to publicly disassociate themselves from the views of the speakers or handbillers." (Ibid.)

Clearly, the owners of the Pruneyard Shopping Center believed that anything short of absolute control over their domain was intolerable. They appealed the decision to the U.S. Supreme Court.

The U.S. Supreme Court upheld the decision, opening the way for state courts across the country to broaden free speech guarantees in the mall. The decision, however, reiterated that "Pruneyard may restrict expressive activity by adopting time, place, and manner regulations that will minimize any interference with its commercial functions." (Rehnquist Opinion, section IV). Thus far, courts in a few states, including Washington, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Massachusetts, have upheld varying degrees of political rights within the malls.

Therefore, as Keenan Peck writes in his October 1987 *Progressive* article, "Just Shut Up and Shop", "the scope of your civil liberties depends on where you live -- a situation that might have surprised those who ratified the Fourteenth Amendment, with its guarantee of 'equal protection of the laws.'"

At this writing, Massachusetts' mall goers, unfortunately, do not have First Amendment rights inside the malls. They only have the limited right to seek "signatures in connection with access to the ballot in a public election...under article 9 of the Massachusetts Declaration of Rights...in a reasonable and unobtrusive manner, in the common areas of a large shopping mall, subject to

reasonable regulations adopted by the mall owner." (Batchelder vs. Allied Stores International, Inc., p. 84) Therefore, if you are engaged in any political or religious purpose not related to an official public election, the mall owners can still legally throw you out.

The 1983 Batchelder vs. Allied Stores International, Inc. case began when on Saturday, March 22, 1980, Batchelder entered the North Shore Shopping Center in Peabody to obtain signatures and handout leaflets in support of his nomination as a candidate of the Citizen's party in the Sixth Congressional District and in support of the Citizen's party candidate for President. (Ibid.) Batchelder "solicited signatures and passed out circulars in an orderly and quiet manner." After he had obtained about fifteen signatures, a North Shore security guard "advised him that soliciting signatures and distributing political circulars were not allowed at the shopping center." Batchelder "objected, but left the premises." In the end, Batchelder succeeded in gaining the necessary signatures elsewhere and getting on the ballot.

Batchelder sued the mall, arguing under both article 9, "concerning freedom and equality of elections, and under article 16, the "right of free speech shall not be abridged." He lost at first. The appellate court considered only article 9, however, in granting its favorable ruling, stating, "We are concerned with ballot access and not with any claim of a right to exercise free speech apart from the question of ballot access."

A key part of the evidence was to prove that the mall constitutes a major civic center. The North Shore Shopping Center is, according to the court, "the largest shopping mall in Massachusetts" and at the time of the trial, "the fifteenth largest shopping center in the country." An average of 175,000 to 200,000 people visit the mall every week. On eighty-four acres of land, it contains ninety-five retail stores, movie theater, an exercise facility, a beauty salon, a bowling alley, and "a chapel affiliated with Roman Catholic Church." The mall pulled in gross sales of more than \$108,000,000 in 1980. The mall also sponsors a variety of "special events", including "Military Week; a Memorial Day service; a Peabody School Exposition; Fire Prevention Week; Bicycle Safety Week; Library Week; a

Dental Health Fair Exhibit; a Health and Beauty Fair; a Boat Show; a Winterizing Show; a Senior Citizens' Week; a Charity Week at which churches, PTA groups, Girl Scouts, and other nonprofit organizations may sell homemade goods; a United Cerebral Palsy Telethon; and orchestra and band concerts." (Ibid. p.)

The Court stated that the Mall owners were consistently "nondiscriminatory" in their policy towards political campaigning, not allowing any solicitation of signatures by anyone. However, once a candidate was on the ballot, they "may appear at the shopping center and shake hands with the voters." Just as with the mall's sponsorship of mainstream events of their choice; it was willing to support mainstream candidates in elections. The court could have more accurately stated that the mall was consistently *discriminatory* against anything not to the liking of the mall owners.

The court agreed that Batchelder was denied access to solicit signatures in "the most favorable area in the Sixth Congressional District to solicit signatures." According to the Court, "door-to-door solicitation, particularly for a member of a minority party, is far less effective" than at the mall. Further, the court stated, "the downtown areas of municipalities are also less attractive places to obtain signatures."

The Court concluded that "a person needing signatures for ballot access needs contact with the voters. He or she cannot obtain them in any other way." The most logical place to gain that contact is in where the voters gather in large numbers, which increasingly nationwide, is in the malls. "Shopping malls," the decision added, "function in many parts of this State much as the "downtown" area of a municipality did in earlier years."

Three justices of the Supreme Judicial Court, J. Lynch, C.J. Hennesy, and J. O'Connor, entered a dissenting opinion.

Keenan Peck, editor-in-chief of the Wisconsin Law Review, in his article, "Just Shut Up and Shop", describes his efforts with a group of friends to distribute the Bill of Rights at the East Towne Mall in Madison, Wisconsin. The article begins:

"I gave the woman a leaflet, but before she could read it, a uniformed guard ran up and snatched it from her hand. The woman turned to face the guard and asked, 'Isn't this America?'"

The U.S. Supreme Court first ruled on the issue of constitutional rights on privately owned "public" space in 1946. Peck writes, "the Court held that a privately-owned company town in Chickasaw, Alabama, could not keep Jehovah's Witnesses from distributing religious literature." The town was owned by the Gulf Shipbuilding Corporation, but, the Court ruled, since the Corporation had opened the streets for use by the public, it had to abide by the First Amendment.

The first ruling on a shopping center came in 1968, when the Court held that a labor union could picket outside a non-union supermarket in a shopping center because its sidewalks and roadways "are the functional equivalent of the streets and sidewalks of a normal municipal business."

That should have been the end of it, but the anti-war activists apparently scared the mall-owners and the new Burger Court. It ruled in 1972 that activists could not pass out leaflets in a shopping center. The majority argued, according to Peck, that the "pacifist leaflets had nothing to do with the purpose of the property at issue." The 1976 decision held that the First Amendment restrains only the government, and not private-property owners, from interfering with the exercise of free speech.

Peck's efforts in Wisconsin began when an anti-nuclear dance troupe, Nu Parable, was prevented from performing in the mall by a court injunction obtained by the mall's owners. The same mall regularly allowed military recruiters to "set up displays of firepower," while suing to stop an alternative viewpoint from being presented. (Peck, p.)

In 1987, the Wisconsin Supreme Court ruled that "the mall's proprietors could exclude Nu Parable or anyone else in their property from disseminating a message (that did not meet the approval of the owners) rather than shopping."

Peck points out that the 1946 company-town decision stated that "Ownership does not always mean absolute dominion." He concludes:

If the state can see to it, in the name of public health, that shopping centers keep their eating areas clean, why can't it make sure, in the name of democracy, that free speech be protected, in the name of democracy, that free speech be protected in the malls?

"Protecting free speech would not threaten the institution of private property; it would merely recoup some of the public space that the commonwealth lost when the shopping centers displaced government in the first place. The mall owners have built highly profitable private village squares, destroying the public's village square in the process. They should be required to repay the people. A bit of noise in the mall, or even a few scraps of litter, is a small price to pay." (Peck, p. 24)

The Massachusetts Civil Liberties Union is currently working to pass the following bill in the state legislature:

An Act to preserve the right of free speech and petition

Every person shall have a right of access to the common areas of a shopping center during routine business hours in order (1) to solicit signatures in connection with access to the ballot in a public election, (2) to solicit signatures on a petition and (3) to distribute political, religious, and other pamphlets, handbills, circulars, and leaflets; provided that such distribution or solicitation shall be conducted in an orderly and unobtrusive manner and may be subject to reasonable limitations by the property owner or owners through written rules respecting the time, location, and manner in which such distributions or solicitations shall occur. For the purpose of this section 'shopping center' shall mean any plaza, mall, or shopping area consisting of not less than four retail stores or service establishments.

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